

Erotogenic-Free

A free collection of erotic short stories
By Carrie White, Erotic Writer & Reviewer.

Re-published 2006

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Bonnie's Date

I have always had this fantasy about sex in the toilets. Not dirty sex, but exhilarating, naughty sex. It had to be in pubs or nightclub loos though. Somewhere where it is busy, likely to be cleaner than public toilets and, more chance of being noticed. So, you can imagine my surprise and delight, when my fantasy became reality.

I had been invited out for a meal with friends. Someone's birthday I believe. By the end of the evening, I left with such a smile on my face; you would be forgiven in to thinking it had been mine. I am sorry to say, that the poor sod that did have his birthday, was forgotten about. I really must make it up to him. Anyway, we were a party of six. Three of us were women. Obviously, the rest were men. No couples either. It's so easy for people to feel left out when others are kissing and cuddling. You get left twiddling your thumbs. Anyway, I was single at this stage. Too much heartache recently; just wanted to be on my own. The only drawback to that was the sex. God, did I miss the sex! I'd always had a high sex drive and was unable to go without for that long. A few days were my maximum.

During the meal, my attentions had been drawn to one of the waitresses. Let me explain, I am bisexual. I was just not actively, or openly bisexual. I'd had desires for women before but had never got the chance to satisfy. This waitress, though, caught my eye in a way I could never explain. She was cute, about average height, (just slightly shorter than me. I stood at 5ft 10, in my socks.), long dark brown hair and beautiful light blue eyes.

Throughout the evening, her services had been directed towards other tables but that hadn't stopped my eyes wandering. I had been looking vaguely for signs of interest from her. I had no idea if she was even interested in the same sex. I had certainly made my interest known to her! I couldn't believe how forward I had been. Not my usual way at all. I figured though, that the chances of seeing her again were more than remote so what the hell!?

My eyes followed her moves, everywhere she went, my eyes went too. Somebody must have noticed. I wasn't that subtle, believe me. She had this sort of wiggle that was beautiful to watch. To me, she swept across the floor. She wasn't aware, either, of the effect that she had on people. I noticed a few of the men, were glancing her way too. A spark of jealousy rose in my breast. Christ, what was I on? I didn't know her enough to be jealous. That emotion was for insecure people; people who were unsure in themselves. I had never let jealousy to interfere in my relationships. I had far too much of that from my partners; A nasty, destructive emotion. My thoughts had drifted back to my previous conquests and, without knowing, my anger had caused me to flush quite attractively across my cheeks. Perhaps, I would have been less wound up, if I had noticed the sideways glances of the gorgeous brunette. Feeling the need to visit the ladies, I made my excuses to my friends, and walked to the toilets.

I was still in a world of my own whilst I entered a cubicle, pulled down my briefs and sat down to relieve myself. Hearing the door to the toilets open, I didn't think too much of it, while I cleaned myself up and then opened the door to the cubicle. I didn't get a chance to go far out of the toilet, before a strong push sent me backwards and the object of my desire, entered. My initial gasp of surprise would soon be turned into gasps of pleasure at the hands of this temptress...

At this point I was sitting back down on the toilet seat. Spreading her legs, the waitress sat astride my thighs. Now, I was temptingly close to her heaving breasts. The one thing, that I hadn't been able to take my eyes off, all evening. I couldn't believe this was happening. I could smell the scent of her skin and her perfume, both making me heady with excitement. Placing her lips close to my ears, she purred: "Hi, my name is Bonnie."

"Hello," I stuttered.

Not normally this lost for words! Mind you, I am more of a doer than a talker. Lots of time was wasted by chattering too much. I was spellbound by her beauty and her sexuality. My lips were close to her cleavage. Taking the initiative, I planted a small kiss between her breasts. She gave a soft moan in response, so I continued tracing a path down the centre of the valley. She flung her head back in

pleasure, and then, placed her hands on my shoulders to steady her self. I became bolder in my attentions and moved my hands round her waist. My tongue tasted her skin where my lips had been before. At that point, she climbed off my lap and stood propped against the cubicle door. I saw it as a sign to get down to things deeper, so I took a deep breath and pushed my body up against hers. Taking her chin with one hand, I brought my mouth down to cover hers and we kissed deeply and passionately.

I could feel her breathing deepen as my tongue massaged hers. My whole body was on fire; my pussy becoming wetter with each second of her touch. I hadn't given thought to what my friends must be thinking, as I had not returned back from the ladies. I was so busy though that I really did not care. We continued to kiss and my hands travelled down her body to her thighs. Her legs were encased in black hold ups, feeling soft and velvety against my fingers. I slowly slid my hand up the inside of her thighs. Our lips had separated now. I found I needed to use all my concentration on what lie ahead. When my hand finally found her pussy, I suppose I was half expecting her to not be wearing briefs. I could feel her juices run on to my fingers. Her clit already was erect, just waiting for some fulfilment of its own. I did not stand in its way!

Crouching down, I lifted her skirt further up her thighs, so my tongue could take delight in her sweet nectar. I was in heaven and no doubt she was close to it too. This was my first taste of a woman and I was sure it would not be my last. It was exquisite. I wanted to stay down there for ever, but through my tender love making, her gasps and moans became louder, signalling the proximity of her climax. With a long sigh, her thighs and stomach trembling she exploded into my mouth, drowning me in her juices. Standing up and still smelling and tasting of her, I placed my lips against hers in a deep and sensual kiss. Although my needs had not been fulfilled, I was not disappointed at all. I had no idea that when I got ready to go out, that my evening would end so pleurably. She, eventually, broke away from me, and got ready to leave. I so much wanted to see her again but somehow I didn't think I would.

Her parting words to me were: 'It was great, sugar. Thanks. Oh, and thank Robbie again for me. It was his idea.'



Even Out the Score

I can hear him calling me. I know he is wondering where I am and why his meal is not on the table, as he expects it should be. Deep inside me, underneath the black leather, an excitement bubbles. It mixes with the familiar feelings of fear and the fading pain. Soon only the numerous bruises, that cover my body, will remain as testament to that pain. He has raised his hand to me for the last time. It should not be I that is afraid but, he, my beloved husband. In one hand, I hold a whip. Short and black, it has a loop at one end for my wrist and a number of thin leather straps to make up the 'cat-o-nine-tails.' I have tried it out on myself just to see how hard it would need to be flicked in order to achieve a desirable level of discipline. My head is covered by a leather mask. This obscures all but my eyes, nostrils and lips; the most important parts of the trade.

An annoying itch has begun in my lower calf and I use the loop end of the whip to try and relieve the persistent irritation. My attempts are blocked by the shiny, plastic boots I wear. These cover the whole length of my leg; only coming to an end at the top of my silken inner thighs.

The slamming of doors and growls of impatience, as he searches for me downstairs, grows louder as he nears the hallway. My armpits are already wet with perspiration and my hands have started to tremble. I can't allow myself to succumb to the rising fear. After all he has done; I cannot let him win, not now! I bite my lip in an effort to stay silent. I want to surprise him. I am standing in our bedroom; the one we have shared for the 10 years of our marriage. My body has long since shutdown to all sensations of pleasure by his touch. I can only hope that this 'game' we play will recapture that which I have lost. I catch my reflection in the mirror. I feel strong, powerful, in command and that is what I see in myself.

Loud, thumping, rhythmic sounds inform me that, not only has he not taken his shoes off, but he has started to make his way up the stairs. A wave of anger washes through my body. How many times have I

heard his scathing voice commanding me to take my shoes off before I enter his house?

"Don't you ever listen? I don't work hard so that I can give you the home you wanted and then have you ruin it by your irresponsible behaviour." As if he is doing me a favour! He would then turn away and mutter under his breath about how incompetent I was as his wife.

I ready myself for him to open the bedroom door. I cannot wait to see his face. Will he be shocked or excited by what he sees? I stand with my legs apart. The whip slowly taps the palm of my left hand to indicate my impatience. I draw my body up so that my height is increased by another couple of inches. My natural stature is in my favour. I am 5' 10" in my bare feet. The black boots I wear increases this to just over 6 feet. I will tower over him by 4 inches.

The door opens slowly. I feel a wave of anxiety, doubt. It passes. As soon as he enters the room his eyes fall upon me. His eyes greedily run up the length of my body until he reaches my eyes. He needs to read them to ascertain whether this is a game or if it is for real. My eyes have glazed over as I look through him in an attempt to hide the nervousness and fear. It works; all he sees is determination. I begin to play out my role so as not to give him time to question my intentions or allow the balance of power to shift in his favour. Placing the end of the whip on his left shoulder I order him to strip. He tries to grab the whip. I know that if I do not retain control I will lose this game before it has had a chance to start. I raise the whip and bring it down sharply across his shoulder. His shirt protects him from a lot of the pain; but the warning is clear.

"I am your new Mistress and when I order you to do something, then you comply without question or you will be punished. Do you understand me?"

He looks confused. I ask him again.

"Do you understand me?" I raise the whip again and this time he responds.

"Yes." He mumbles and I can barely hear him so I ask him to speak louder and to remind him of his forgetfulness.

"Yes what?" I ask.

"Yes, Mistress," he replies.

I again order him to strip and this time he obliges.

I intend that the lessons will not be easy to learn. His disobedience already is evident from the marks on his skin. They mirror those I used to carry.

I sit, on the edge of the bed, with my legs parted wide. He kneels before me, naked apart from his boxer shorts. His tongue creates a path of saliva from the heels of my boots to the top of my thighs. At the top awaits my glistening sex, Eager and ready for the servicing that only my slave can provide. His gaze is directed downwards. He knows he must not look up at me; but in the corner of his eye I catch a glint of something strange. In the end, have I won this game or have I just succeeded in pampering to his sado-masochistic urges? Time will tell.

Carrie White © 2003

Flames of Passion

The heat was intense, too intense and I referred not just to the flames that licked the walls around us. She lay unconscious in my arms but despite that, I could still sense the strong element of sexuality that she possessed. In my whole career as a fireperson, I had never felt this way before. She felt light in my arms and, I felt scared that she might break. I could just make out the slight reddish tint in the brown of her hair and it combined well with the colours of the flames. Her face was lightly covered in soot, and her breathing very shallow. I knew that if I did not get her out into the fresh air and medical assistance she would die. I could hear the shouts of my colleagues further into the building but they had the fire under control. They no longer needed my help so I decided to exit the building.

When I eventually got outside, the hive of activity did not begin to faze me. I acted as if on auto pilot. The cold air hit my skin and bit deep into my veins, chilling the blood coursing through them. I tightened my grip on the girl still unconscious in my arms, as I wanted to protect her body from the icy wind. Even though I may have felt this searing heat from the touch of her skin against mine, I had no reason to believe that she felt it too, and how could I be sure that it wasn't the heat from the fire? I made my way to one of the near-by ambulances, the paramedics impatiently waiting for any survivors of the inferno inside. As soon as they caught sight of me with my pitiful bundle, they immediately came to life as if they had been on stand-by. My job done, I looked back at the burning building. The remaining members of my watch had managed to control the fire and hot steam and smoke now filled the air. The heat from my body had dissipated and I felt suddenly drained. The adrenaline that had filled every corner of my muscles had started to leak from my body, its job done too. At the time, it had provided me with the strength and will to continue.

Whilst I fought fires, I felt truly masculine; when I was fighting the fires and saving lives. The added rush of strength from the adrenaline that pumped round my body gave me the edge I needed to be on equal footing with my colleagues. As the only woman on the watch, I could easily be seen as the weak link but the training I had received 5

years ago, gave me the edge I needed to be a valued member of the team.

As time went on, my fellow fire fighters came to respect my contribution as I did theirs and so naturally I found a niche in the duties I needed to perform. With my compassionate manner, gentle ways and slighter physique, I was able to fit into the smallest of areas to access those people trapped beyond. My strength never ceased to amaze people, but I just put it down to the increase of adrenaline that enabled me to perform acts that almost matched my male counterparts. I loved my role in the fire service and had gained a personal reputation in some areas of the town. Of those I had rescued, many returned to express their gratitude. The one thing that I thought would cause problems had been my sexuality. I had never hidden the fact that I was a lesbian but I suppose I posed less of a threat than a man did. After all, I worked in a group of men. Of course, I would be in contact with women everyday as they often needed to be helped, but this was 'on the job', and the risk of scandal was minimal. Along with my fellow fire fighters, I was careful to avoid any unnecessary 'mishandling' of victims. In all my time in the service, I had never once heard of a fire fighter brought up for misconduct in that manner.

~oOo~

The feelings I had felt for the woman I had just rescued that day, featured in my thoughts constantly. I was not sure of the best way to deal with the situation, though, so had decided to leave things well alone. I had no idea of her whereabouts after the fire so it seemed desperate to actually go out and hunt for her. I was not surprised, though, when my senior officer, a few weeks later, called me down to the yard. I had gotten used to these occasional calls and had come to realise that it usually meant someone had dropped by to see me. I didn't recognise her immediately as she had changed a lot since I had last seen her and she hadn't been at her best, but the feelings I had experienced then, alerted me now as to who she was. On that day, I do not really know who was the most surprised to see the other. As I said, I had decided to forget about her and move on, even though I could not stop thinking about the effect that she had had on me. She,

obviously, could never have been informed of exactly who had rescued her that day. She must have been given my name as no doubt, she would have wanted to know who had saved her, but my name, Chester, did not give away my sex. We are always called by our surname. So, here we were, both feeling extremely uncomfortable. She broke the silence first.

"After I left the hospital a week or so after the fire, I finally plucked up the courage to come along and thank you for what you had done. I just had no idea...' her voice trailed off. She lowered her head in, what I could only think of as, embarrassment. It could only have hit her then exactly what it would have sounded like, if she had continued to voice her thoughts. I could see her face quite clearly now and it provoked a passion in me that frightened me. Her eyes were cast downwards but I knew that they held a hint of green. I had a strong desire to take her again in my arms and protect her. It took all of my mental and physical strength to stay exactly where I stood. Instead, I attempted to put her at her ease.

"Most people are shocked when they realise I am a woman. The men are especially mortified. I don't think it does much for their over inflated egos!"

I could see a faint glimmer of a smile at the corners of her mouth. Her nervousness showed clearly in the way she licked her lips. The sounding of the bell and a flurry of movement down the pole relieved the awkward moment. We had another call out. In some ways, I was grateful for it broke the tension in the air between us but I was also disappointed, as I had no idea if I would ever see her again. As I climbed into the fire engine, I flung over my shoulder, "Thanks, it was good of you to come round. Maybe we'll meet again soon."

I heard no answer but as we moved out of the yard, I could not resist glancing back at her. She was still standing in the same spot, but her head was turned in the direction of the parting fire-engine. I had hoped she would wave but her hands stayed clasped in front of her. I decided, again, to focus my full attention on the job.

For the next few months, I had little time to reflect on the disappointment of not seeing the woman again. Ironically, I found out that her name was Rachel, though I figured it was unlikely I would ever get to whisper it. As my job was demanding, I did not need the complications of a relationship, anyhow, so to find later that I was to again rescue Rachel, I could not help but feel some resentment.

~oOo~

She had become stuck in a lift in the department store, and was quite visibly shaken by the whole ordeal. I later discovered that she suffered from claustrophobia and found it difficult to be 'shut in' for long periods of time. As the department store was situated just outside the border of the town, our watch were the ones called to attend, as we were the closest. Obviously, if there had been a fire, we would have had extra help from other stations.

The customers that had been stuck in the lift with her had been helped out one at a time through a gap in the doors. The lift had stopped to start with, almost at the bottom of one floor but what with all the activity in removing all the people, it had shifted further down and had come to rest in between the floor above and below. Now, Rachel, the last customer, could not be helped out through the usual way. The only other alternative was to reach her via the hatch opening at the top of the lift car. As I was smallish in frame and could fit easily through the hatch, I was volunteered for the job. To start with, I had no idea who the trapped woman was until another of my mates had spoken to her, asking for her name. When she answered, "Rachel", the voice was unmistakable. I tried hard not to show mixed emotions of excitement and resentment for fate placing us back together again and I was unable to decide whether this was a good or a bad thing.

The plan to rescue Rachel consisted of me being winched down to the lift car, open the hatch, access the car, help her up to the top of the lift and then together, we would be winched back up to safety. The thought of being in close proximity to her, caused my juices to flow and my pussy to throb, a lot more than when I had carried her to safety all those weeks back. As a safety harness was strapped around

me, I shouted down to her that she was to remain calm, as I would be joining her very soon.

“Chester, is that, you?” she called back up. I thought I could detect a bit of relief in her tone. “Please, get me out of here, fast!” Her voice broke and I knew she would start to panic. I did not want that. Not only would it make things more unpleasant for her, but also if she moved around more in the car, it increased the risk of it moving further down. It was already 3 or 4 floors down which was just about right for me to get down but any further and it would make things that little bit more difficult. There was also the risk of the thing falling all the way down to the bottom. I checked that the harness was securely strapped round me. The winch we used was standard for this type of rescue and as our equipment was checked regularly for safety reasons, I had nothing to worry about its security.

As I was being winched down towards the lift car, I could not help but think that for some minutes we would be alone together. I was so sexually excited about seeing her again; I was sorely tempted to take advantage of my position of power. Despite the fact that we had barely spoken to one another apart from that short exchange some weeks ago, she appeared to be relieved to know I would be there for her again. Had I made that much of an impression on her? In all my years on the gay scene, I thought I knew all there was to know about body language. Could I be that wrong? The journey down to her seemed endless and I worried constantly that the lift would move before I got the chance to get there. The lights of the torches above me were growing smaller as I descended. A shout reached my ears.

“You alright down there, Chester?”

I shouted back up that, I was fine and that I was almost there. Rachel was strangely silent and I hoped that she had not fainted. Eventually my journey down ended and my feet touched the comparative safety of the lift. It appeared to be reasonably stable though I kept as much of my weight off it until I could open the hatch. I did not intend to remove the winch throughout the rescue. From that moment on until I could safety attach Rachel to my harness, I would be on tenterhooks. I shouted back up the shaft that I had reached the lift and I would be

inside in a few seconds. My voice continued to echo around the shaft for some seconds.

The hatch in the lift opened easily which was a relief. The less time spent gaining entry the better. I slid quietly inside. I could not see Rachel immediately but as I had feared, she had blacked out. She had slumped up against the side of the lift. Her head had rolled forward onto her chest. Her clothes were damp with sweat and I could tell the heat in the lift had something to do with her fainting. She had removed her jacket and was left wearing a white blouse and skirt. Her legs were encased in near black stockings. At some point, she had also removed her shoes. Crouching down beside her, I gently stroked her face to try to rouse her. Her eyes flickered opened and for a split second, she could not remember where she was. She recognised me however and made to get up from the floor.

“Gently does it. I am not sure how much movement this lift can take. We’ll have to be careful from now on until I can get you attached to my harness.”

I had also moved away from below the open hatch. If the lift dropped, I would be smashed up against the ceiling. I had to attach her as soon as I could. I placed a hand up under her arm and helped her to her feet. She used me as a support until she had regained her composure. We were now very close to one another and I could smell the perspiration on her skin. The top few buttons of her blouse had come undone and as she moved, I got glimpses of her white bra underneath. My heart started to beat faster and the unmistakable feeling of excitement flooded my veins. If she was aware of the effect she had on me, she gave no sign. I turned her round to face me and proceeded to place a second harness on her, which would then attach to my own. Now she was as close to me as I could ever wish. She kept her face averted away whilst I tightened the buckles around her waist and her legs. I then attached the hook that would keep our bodies tight together. Only then did she move her face back towards mine.

Her lips were so close to mine I could feel her breath. I could not draw my eyes away from the fleshy pink of her mouth. Her lips were slightly parted. I still had one hand round her waist, supporting her as I would when we were finally winched to safety. This time I knew I was not

mistaken about her body language and against all my judgements, I finally placed my lips on hers. In that split moment, the combined pent up desires I felt for Rachel and the tension of our situation, came pouring out through my lips and tongue. Her response was exquisite; strong and willing, she met my passion with hers. Although our kiss only lasted a minute or so, I knew that I would soon be making love to her in my bed at home. I reluctantly broke off the kiss. She sighed, a sigh of frustration and need. Silently, I reached up to the winch line and gave the signal to my mates to pull us up.

~oOo~

We took our time exploring each other's bodies. Hers was perfect to me with skin so soft and scented with soap and moisturising lotion. I did worry at first that seeing me out of my uniform she would change her mind. I could not help but wonder that it had been my position of power that had excited her so much. She was fascinated by my body. She took her time running her fingers over my developed muscles, imagining what they felt like wrapped around her slim figure. I still felt this overwhelming need to protect her but her manner in bed soon convinced me of how off the mark I was. I got the impression that usually she would be the dominant partner but, in this case, I made love to her.

For a short while I held her in my arms wanting to hug away her experiences of the last few months. Only one good thing had come out of it; we had met. Gently I moved my body away from hers and gazed into her brown eyes. Her lips had parted and I could see glimpses of her white teeth and tongue. I bent to place my lips onto hers and we kissed deeply for a few minutes. My body grew hot with each minute that passed as our tongues entwined. Her breathing became hard and shallow and she pushed her soft body closer into mine. Slowly, I moved my hands from around her waist and up her back, feeling the muscles along her spine. I pulled her zip down, revealing her naked back to my touch. She gasped as my fingers caressed her skin. She pulled away from me so that she could remove her dress from her upper body, and I had my first look at her breasts.

They were small but perfect, the nipples standing proud. I swore that they grew harder beneath my gaze. I blew gently onto the skin around the nipple of one breast and watched small goose bumps cover the area. One hand cupped her breast whilst my mouth sucked on the nipple. She threw her head back in ecstasy so I continued to feed, delighting in the responses of her body. I rolled my tongue round the base of the stiffened bud, and then moved one hand down to between her legs.

I was amazed to discover that she wore no underwear. The heat from her pussy seeped through the sheer material of the dress. I longed to taste her, so I released myself from her arms and moved further down the bed. Already I could smell the scent of her desire and it fuelled my passion more. I kissed my way up her legs from her feet, tasting the sweetness of her skin. My breath blew soft ripples through the material of her dress, causing her to giggle. I smiled, before placing my lips onto the naked flesh of her legs. She moaned, softly. I pushed her dress further up her limbs until the entrance of her pussy became exposed.

From the moment my lips touched hers, I was in heaven. No doubt she was also. Her sex was like velvet, and I enjoyed running the tip of my tongue through the folds of skin. She tasted sweet and I couldn't get enough of her. She let me know whether I was doing things right by the occasional moan or sigh. If she did not make a sound, I moved onto something else until I could produce a response. This way, I learned very quickly what turned her on and what didn't. There was no need for words from either of us and I had never felt so tuned into another woman before. We made love all night, each taking turns in giving the other pleasure. We learned a lot from each other and of sex. Eventually we fell asleep in each others arms completely satiated.

When I awoke she had gone. I expected it really. She had never given any indication that our meetings would be permanent. She left a short note just thanking for me for everything. Only I know just what she was thanking me for. I never saw her again but, to be quite honest, I think that if we had formed a relationship it would have spoilt the magic that we had had. It was best this way, and she knew that.

Floodgates

Sarah had taken up this job offer only two months ago. The only downside she could see was the long commute to the centre of London each day. Before she had been working just up the road from her flat in a small local estate agent. It had suited her well for a couple of years but she soon felt she needed a better job with more pay and prospects.

Within a few days, though, she had found there were definite advantages to commuting to the city and one she had found on this very platform waiting for the tube.

She doubted that he even knew she was there but she lusted after him daily without fail. He even invaded her dreams at night. He'd attracted her with his rugged looks and strong muscles. His scent and sexuality, dripped off him like water. She longed to quench her thirst.

She felt her palms sweating, and her heart racing. Her breathing became quicker, louder, sounding so noisy to her, that it drowned out the sounds of the tube station. Her heart beat strong in her chest, pumping the blood round her body in the direction of her sexual organs. Her body felt as if it was floating, light, no longer a part of reality. She ached for the touch of his hand. Skin, damp with perspiration, moulding them together.

As he passed her, she followed closely behind not wishing to lose him in the crowd of people waiting for the tube. People coming through the other way jostled her, pushing her further back behind him. He stopped at the far end of the platform where it was empty. Following close behind, Sarah could feel the wind rushing through the tunnel and a loud thundering indicating the arrival of the train.

During the rush hour, on a London tube, it could be very difficult to move. Any degree of comfort would certainly be out of the question. Sarah, along with others, had come to accept it as part of the questionable charm of living in the capital.

Trying to find a seat was a waste of time. It was just as easy to stand where you got on. She watched him step inside of the carriages closer to him and not wishing to miss her chance she also stepped through the same doors. Several people got on after her so she moved so that she was standing just in front of him. She could hardly believe her luck. His heady aroma invaded and stimulated her senses.

She could feel his breath teasing, gently, on the nape of her neck. A tingle travelled up her spine and, then branched off eventually settling into her pussy. She felt floodgates open in her groin, soaking her panties and making her gasp. Her head began to feel a bit light.

She pushed herself backwards and felt his firm body against her own. He didn't resist so she reached round with her free hand, her other hand holding on tight to the bar close to the door. Finding the belt of his trousers she ran her hand further down and began to rub gently at first then speeding up as she gained more confidence. As she rubbed she could hear his breathing quicken and he shifted his position so he stood closer to her. It made her smile. She was so ready for him, it was unbelievable.

She kept facing away from him, wanting to keep the sense of anonymity. It incited a sense of daring and stimulation. Sex was always more satisfying when it did. She had always thought so. Most of men she had known had not been against the idea. Moving her hand away she pressed her arse into his crotch. Sarah performed a kind of a lap dance, wriggling her butt on his groin. She loved to hear his moans, as she teased his cock harder. She fidgeted, feeling her pussy grow wetter in response to her actions. Her clit grew harder, with the thought of that great cock inside her, stretching her vagina walls. She was going crazy with desire, wanting so much to be fucked, good and hard.

The tube got busier as it stopped at each station, the space lessening around them with each additional passenger. Sarah hoped that things would not become so tight that she would be pushed away from instead of closer to him. She desperately tried to keep still, planting her feet firmly into the floor, and holding tight to the handrail. The ache inside her was intensifying, almost forcing her to gasp out loud.

She felt every inch of his muscles through the pressure on her body and she closed her eyes so as to intensify the sensations. His arms snaked around her holding her firmly and steadying her. As he did so he whispered gently in her ear.

"Hi, my name's Nick. It's a pleasure to meet you."

"Hi," she breathed. "I'm Sarah."

He continued to press his hot cock into her, almost trying to penetrate her through her skirt.

"Here let me help you."

Shifting slightly, she obligingly lifted her skirt, revealing the softness at the back of her thighs. Her pussy now was sopping wet with her juices, with the naughtiness and excitement of what they were about to do. There was a high risk of getting caught, but it just made it even more thrilling. She heard him unzip his fly and release his cock. It was bigger than anything she had ever felt before, as he pressed it harder into her crack.

She longed to take the whole length into her mouth, and savour the taste. Her pussy ached to be fucked hard, to feel the walls widen with the breadth of his cock. She leaned into him so to achieve the greatest penetration. She moved aside the crotch of her panties and guiding his cock in one hand, Eliza positioned it at the entrance to her eager pussy. As he thrust forward to slide his cock in, she bit down on her lip hard to prevent herself from crying out.

None of it seemed real, but the atmosphere was electric. Heat and passion was heavy in the air. The other passengers seemed oblivious to their sexual act. It was way too good to stop, anyway. She could feel every inch of that cock, with the balls slapping against her arse. The heat in the tube was almost unbearable, and their combined passion was adding to it. As the train stopped at each station, their passion seemed to increase. The train took them on a journey of sexual satiation and excitement.

Her heartbeat quickened, this was unbelievable sex. Better than she had imagined. He breathed softly against the nape of her neck, her breathing intensified, the tips of his fingers exploring the warmth of her mouth. She wanted so much to kiss him, to feel his mouth open willingly beneath her own. She could imagine them somewhere else. Alone and so much into each other, that nothing else mattered. Her head became heavy with desire for him. His hands seemed to be everywhere. Fondling her tits, he tweaked and rolled her nipples in between his fingers through her bra. They stiffened and she could feel them pushing through the fabric. Great big waves of ecstasy ran up and down her body.

The build up was so intense. As his cock rubbed the inside walls of her pussy, she gave herself up to him completely. His strokes became urgent, stronger. He held her tighter, crushing her to his chest, as he felt the ripples of pleasure travelling over his cock to his balls. In a big, powerful orgasm, he filled her, spurting again and again lavish amounts of semen, until he was empty. Feeling the waves of orgasm running through his cock and body, she finally allowed herself to succumb, gasping and holding him inside her she experienced the most satisfying, fulfilling climax, she'd ever known. It seemed to go on forever, involving every muscle and nerve of her body. She cried out, tightening her vaginal walls around his still erect cock. As her climax ebbed away, the whole of her body became relaxed. Hot cum dripped out of her pussy, and down the inside of her legs. Using a travel tissue, she wiped up the sticky trail of fluid, running from her swollen lips.

As the train stopped at the next station, he pulled away from her. She knew that, after this morning, she would not be able to concentrate on her work at all. It had certainly made her day. As she stepped off the train, she glanced back towards the carriage she had just left. He stayed on the train. As he caught her eye, he winked and mouthed, "See you at home later."

Sarah nodded in reply and left the station through the ticket barriers.

Carrie White © 2003

Holiday Heaven

I glanced at my watch for what seemed like the hundredth time that morning. Where the hell was he? He was my boyfriend of 3 years. He'd grown tired of standing in the queue for check-in at Gatwick and had sloped off to the men's washroom. Just typical. He said he would be back very soon so that he could relieve me. I was desperate to go to the ladies. Shortly after, though, I had forgotten about my desperate need and what had kept my boyfriend, Keith. I saw him. He was absolutely gorgeous and I couldn't keep my eyes off him. He had joined the back of the queue along with two of his mates. Although they were something, I only had eyes for him. Of course, I didn't know his name and I didn't even know if he would be joining my flight, but that didn't stop me lusting after him. What was I doing? I was with Keith, wasn't I?

My time spent lusting soon came to an end, however, when Keith rejoined me in the queue.

"Where the hell have you been?" I whispered angrily. I crossed and uncrossed my legs to prove my point. "I desperately need to go."

He just shrugged, so I sauntered off towards the ladies in a huff. Whilst I was sitting down in the toilets, I thought back to that gorgeous bloke in the queue. He wasn't really my type, but I thought many girls would be after him. Even boys for that matter. He had this effeminate look about him with his curly blond locks and soft facial features. I preferred my men tall, dark and handsome, just like Keith, but there was something about him that I couldn't put my finger on.

I was still thinking about him when I returned to the check-in queue. Keith was standing at the desk talking to the girl behind it. I casually turned my attention to him at the end of the line. He was chatting to his mates and gave no indication that he was aware of me. If I didn't watch it, I would be caught out, so I reluctantly turned back to Keith. It seemed to me that Keith and the check-in girl were also flirting with one another but, when I questioned him about it on the plane; he

denied all knowledge of the fact. At least I wasn't so blatant about it! As far as I knew, he didn't even know I existed.

~oOo~

I never saw if he had ever boarded the same flight as Keith and I, so I was pleasantly surprised to see him checking into the same hotel as us. The temperature was sweltering in Corfu, so I was aching to get stripped off and sitting by the hotel's pool. Keith, on the other hand, was more than happy to get unpacked and settled in to our room. I suppose if I was honest, I wasn't planning on straying from Keith's side that holiday, but I had this strange tingle inside at the thought of the sexy stranger somewhere in our hotel. Eventually I left Keith unpacking whilst I changed into my bikini and made my way to the pool. The sun had started to set and the sky had a beautiful orange glow. Although there was no sun, I didn't want to take the risk of burning too much on the first day so I slapped on the lotion liberally. I had also brought a towel and a new romance novel to read, with me. I settled on my towel to rest.

It was quite quiet down there by the pool, with very few guests around. I figured that a lot of them were sleeping or still settling in, so I stretched luxuriously, hoping that the peace would not be shattered too soon. The silence was broken, however, by the arrival of several men, laughing and joking. I sat up, ready to give them a piece of my mind, when I saw that it was him and his mates who had joined me.

Embarrassed I settled back down on my towel, hoping that they hadn't spotted me, about to give them hell for making too much noise. I contemplated going back to my hotel room to find out where Keith had got to but I was also interested as to how this situation was going to turn out. Although the boys hadn't taken much notice of me, I had this strange feeling that something was about to happen, even if it meant that I would be the instigator. For some reason, I felt really wicked and naughty and I was desperate for some fun. I suppose it was the heat and the fact that we weren't at home that made me feel that way.

Surprising even myself, I casually got up and making sure that my bikini was covering up all the right places, I strolled off towards the group of boys. At this point, I wasn't even concerned that Keith, my boyfriend, could quite easily see everything from the hotel window, if he chose to look out. The pool was well lit up with side lights so anybody could see what was going on. All I was interested in was having that little bit of fun to make my holiday one to remember. As I approached them, I started to walk sexily, with one hand on my hip, hoping to encourage them to look at me. It seemed to work and I was aware of at least one pair of eyes watching my every move. I tried not to catch their eyes, and concentrated on what I was planning to do. Just in front of them, I turned towards the edge of the pool so my long tanned back was in view. I sat down, with my legs dangling in the water and slowly undid the strings to my bikini top. Now, my breasts were hanging free, my nipples jutting out with the excitement of being half naked in the warm air of evening.

I flung my top in their direction but wasn't able to see how they reacted. Slowly I slipped into the water and then turned onto my back. All three men had their eyes fixed on me, hoping for a quick glance of my breasts. I was hoping that I would at least attract him but it seemed that I had caught all of their attentions. I had no inkling of what was likely to happen next. With one jump, all three entered the pool with a splash. I covered my bare breasts with one hand by now feeling a little bit nervous. I started to walk backwards hoping to put space between me and them.

"Shit." I cursed out loud, as I came up against a warm, smooth chest. A pair of strong arms wrapped themselves around me. With one hand he removed my arm from across my chest, freeing my breasts to the sight of the other two men. I felt strangely turned on though it wasn't my intention to have fun with more than one man! His hand brushed across my nipples and they hardened with longing for his touch. I let out a soft moan. I leant my head back in the crook of his shoulder and I felt his lips exploring the underside of my chin. I sank back into him more as my knees went weak with desire. It didn't last long; with a push he sent me flying into the arms of one of the other men who had been watching with eagerness. He whispered in my ear, soft and gentle.

"Hi, I'm Peter. What's your name?"

I told him quickly as if I was scared that I wouldn't be around for very long before he shoved me toward one of his friends. "Fran. My name's Fran."

"Please to meet you. May I kiss you?" I nodded my permission.

My breasts were held fast against his hairy chest as his lips came down to cover mine. His kiss was firm and strong and I opened my mouth to allow him in. For a few minutes we stood there, lips locked and passion rising before he pushed me towards his friend to the left of him. After pushing me from one to the other, I came to know all of their names. Peter, Rob and Ben. They passed me for several minutes, spinning my head and making me dizzy with need. Eventually I came to rest in the arms of Rob. He turned me round, so I had my back to him, and grabbed hold of me around my waist. Peter came closer and with both hands he lifted my hips so I lay horizontal, supported by both men. Ben stood to the left of us watching the whole proceedings. I could see through the clear water of the swimming pool that Peter had removed his trunks. His erection stood large and enticing, and I gasped out loud when I realised what they were planning to do.

Ben moved towards me and pulled my bikini bottoms to one side, revealing my pussy. My breasts just broke the surface of the water, and my nipples stood erect. A faint breeze dried the drops of water resting on the surface of my skin, hardening my nipples even more. Peter positioned himself between my thighs and his erection came to rest at the entrance of my pussy. I wanted so much to thrust my hips towards him but my movements were restricted. Slowly, he pushed the head of his penis, between my pussy lips and I arched my back with pleasure. He thrust long and slow to start with, and then increased his speed as my body cried out for more.

Taking it in turns they each fucked me; Rob took it slow with long deep strokes that filled me up. Ben seemed to be eager to get things over and done with and took the less time. He kept looking around as if he was afraid that someone would turn up. I felt that I would love to have the chance to spend more time with Peter as we appeared to connect with one another. When it was over, the boys departed one at a time and I was left with Peter.

“Are you ok?” He was the only one out of the three to be concerned about my welfare.

Maybe that was why I felt so drawn to him as a person. Sometimes Keith, my boyfriend, could be a little selfish in bed, not always caring if I was satisfied or not.

He stayed around to make sure that I retrieved all my bikini parts and then helped me to tie the strings back up. Before he left, he gave me a soft kiss on the lips. I watched him walk back into the hotel and I decided then that I would make a point of bumping into him again. I returned to my hotel room and was surprised to see that Keith was nowhere to be seen. Whilst I was waiting for him, I took a shower and changed for bed. An hour or so later, he returned, smelling of drink and so obviously pleased with himself. It turned out that he had witnessed my lust filled orgy in the pool earlier and had gone to find himself some company. He had met up with a couple of girls that were also staying in the hotel and had had some fun of his own. I couldn't be annoyed with him because I had also cheated on him. That night we had the best sex ever so we decided that every so often we would each be allowed to find someone else to have a bit of fun with. As long as the other knew about it in advance. I told him then of my plans to meet up with the sexy Peter again and if he so wished, he could find someone of his own.



In the Archives

The trolley holding the return library books was filling quickly. Claire glanced over, thinking she had better place the books back onto the shelves, before it got even busier. Towards the weekend, more people came in to find books to relax with on their days away from work. Claire had always loved books, so when she managed to land a job in her local library, she couldn't believe her luck. She had done pretty well at school because of her love to read, and had left school with 9 O levels. The trouble was the job hadn't required qualifications to that extent. She was aware that her knowledge was going to waste. Luckily she no longer lived with her parents; they had wanted something more for her. Claire enjoyed the job, so she intended to stay. She loved to watch the different types of people and the sort of books they chose to read. Especially the young men.

Or one man in particular.

She wondered if he would be in today. The thought of him made her feel excited inside, sending a pulsing wave of desire through her. What if he didn't come in today? She tried not to think of that possibility. Her desire for him was so much that she ached inside at the thought of being without him. Claire had started earlier this morning, wanting that little time by herself just to think. Amongst the older books, in the reference section, she would sit, taking in the odour of the leather covers, the musty pages. She had first discovered the smell of books whilst she was exploring her Grandfather's house. At the age of 8, it had made an impression on her that she was unable to forget. From that moment on, her passion for manuscripts had increased. Her whole life seemed to be dominated by her love of books, but she was careful not to bore other people with the subject.

She even thought that she had found somebody to share that love with her. Then a book was placed on the counter in front of her, to be stamped, jolting her out of her daydream. She thought for a moment that it was he and looked up quickly, expecting to see his smiling face.

It wasn't him.

An old gentleman with a walking stick stood waiting impatiently. His frustration apparent in the whole of his manner. 'Come on girl, less of this wasting time. Bloody young 'uns.' Ignoring him, she hurriedly stamped the book, and watched him walk towards the exit door, keeping her eyes on it for a moment to see if he would walk through. The desire she felt inside now was starting to burn her up. Claire thought it best if she placed all the returns on the shelves, try and take her mind off him. There was one part of the library that Claire liked to go, especially when she was feeling nostalgic. Right at the back, there was an archive of some of the oldest book in the country. Although it was open to the public, very few came down there. It held some rare books and the rules stated that staff was to be in the vicinity at all times. She loved this place even more than the library itself. It was quiet, and though a little bit musty; it was kept free of dust. A couple of chairs had been placed as a token, but were seldom used. Placing the last of the books on the shelf, she wandered down to the archive. It was dark, so sunlight didn't fade the, already old, pages. She lovingly ran her fingers over a line of books, enjoying the smell and touch.

She was so engrossed in the feel of the books; she failed to notice the man at the end of the shelves. He suddenly came out of the shadows, and grabbed her wrist. Claire gasped, wondering what was happening for a moment, and then she saw it was he. He was here. She hadn't even seen him come in. Now, he was so close to her, she could hardly breathe. His fingers evoked a reaction in her, that she was unable to control. Her heart began to beat wildly, accelerating with each second he held her. "I didn't see you coming in." she started to say, but he gently placed a finger on her lips. There was no time for talk.

She looked into his eyes, wanting to see his objective. His gaze was intense, reaching into her very soul. She felt vulnerable, but strangely, aroused at the same time. Her lips parted slightly, in anticipation of his kiss. Bending slowly, he placed his arms under her legs and lifted her up. He carried her further into the archives, so they could not be seen by anyone entering. Claire knew that someone would be soon missing her in the library, but she was powerless to resist his attentions. Never before had she felt like this. Her whole body was tingling with pleasure and anticipation. He gently placed her back down, and guided her to a

table. Turning her around so she was bent over, he lifted up her skirt. His hands wandered freely over her black stockings, touching the softness at the top of her thighs. She threw her head back with the feel of his touch. She could feel the heat and wetness between her legs increased, as moved aside her panties. Kneeling behind her, he caressed her buttocks, parting them to enable his tongue to access the tight hole of her arse. Claire found it hard to keep still as his warm, wet tongue ran rings round the hole. She needed him inside her now. The ache was so strong inside her loins; her whole body was demanding release.

He found his way to the entrance of her now sopping pussy. He groaned, as he tasted her juices, wanting and needing more of her. He began to tease her clit, rubbing and sucking gently. She moaned with ecstasy as he pulled her panties down, spreading her legs wider to allow him closer. His hands moved up her legs, to meet round her middle. Pulling himself up he then released her breasts from the fabric of her bra. Her nipples were already erect and they were soon responding even more to his touch. Claire leant her head back against his shoulders, as his lips nibbled at her neck and her jaw line. She could feel his cock straining against her cunt. She so badly wanted him; she pushed her arse into his groin. With one hand, he undid his flies and released his hot, swollen cock, already leaking semen. Reaching round behind her with one hand, Claire took hold of his cock and began to rub her hand up and down the shaft. With each of his groans she pumped harder, until he had no choice but to push his cock deep into her pussy. His balls slapped against the cheeks of her arse, as he made each powerful thrust.

He grabbed hold of her breasts, squeezing them hard, as he rode her. Blood was pumping hard into Claire's brain, heightening the pleasure and making her dizzy. His cock felt so good inside her, like it belonged there. She wished that it could go on forever. As he felt his orgasm rise, he pumped harder and faster, wanting to get deeper inside her. Intense feelings started in his balls, consuming them; it steadily rose up his thick shaft to end in a massive climax, forcing him to cry out. He shot his load, high and deep into her pussy, until he felt the dull ache, underneath, as his balls emptied.

Pulling out, he then spun Claire around and lifted her up until, she was

sitting on the table with her legs dangling down. He forced her knees to bend, and pushing her back so she was lying down and he feasted on her pussy. He plunged his tongue up where his cock had been only seconds before, exploring the walls of her vagina and tasting her own fluids. With his lips he sucked and nibbled at her clit, until she was writhing around with the pleasure. She lifted her hips so his hands could reach under her arse. He buried his head, further into her mound, enjoying the response he produced in her. He wanted her to come so hard, so that she cried out like he had. Claire could feel the start of her orgasm, deep in her loins. The heat was so intense and the feelings so strong, she thought she would explode. She could feel the build up, stronger it grew until she could bear it no longer. She couldn't help but scream as the waves flooded through her body, leaving her drained and exhausted.

She became aware of his face inches from her own. Smiling he said: 'Hi, my name is Pete. Please to meet you.' Claire lifted herself up, so she supported her weight on her elbows. Holding out her hand, she couldn't help but laugh. 'I'm Claire, if you didn't already know.' Pointing to her name tag on her blouse, he obviously did already know. Retrieving her panties from around her ankles, Claire planted her feet back on the floor. She suddenly found herself flushing, as the realization of what they had been up to, came apparent. 'I don't normally make a habit of this sort of thing with strange women, but you got me so incredibly horny, I couldn't resist.'

He was rearranging himself in his trousers as he spoke, so was not able to see the expression on Claire's face in response to his words. She didn't know what to say in reply, so she made to leave to get back to her work. She was sure that someone was wondering where she had got to. As she passed him, he grabbed hold of her wrist again. His grip was tight and she was unable to remove herself. He looked in her eyes so he could see her reaction and lowered his voice. 'I'd like to see you again...' He left the question open. Claire nodded her reply. She found that she was unable to talk. She did want to see him again. She wasn't in the habit of picking up strange men either, but he was different. He brought her desires to life. 'Call me,' she whispered. 'My number is on the board in the main building.' Loosening his grip, he allowed her to leave. She carefully made her way back to work, slightly stiffer than when she had left all those minutes ago. She half

expected some questions from her friends, but everything seemed eerily the same as when she had left.

Even Pete had disappeared.

Love is blind

I could visualise the crumpled bed sheets showing signs of the previous client; screwed up tissues and discarded condom wrappers lying on the floor. I ran my fingers over the satin sheets, imagining the raw sexual emotions that had come together, within. Smoke, from the numerous cigarette butts in the ashtray, still hung in the air and hidden behind it, there was yet another scent. I knew it well as I had smelt it so often before. Even though the natural smells of the aroused woman were subtle, I was still able to separate the two. I bent closer to the bed to catch the remaining beads of sexual fragrance. Closing my eyes, the fine hairs in my nostrils captured the fine particles of moisture.

As a masseuse, I came close to many men and women and I would often use my knowledge to stimulate the erogenous zones subtly, so releasing the natural aroma of sex. I would lose myself in the heady smell, as my hands would continue to work on the softest of skins and tenseness of muscles. Many times, I yearned to use my lips and tongue but had to resist the temptation. My sexual and emotional needs were suffocating me. In short, they were controlling my life and to try to relieve those frustrations I resorted to masturbating several times a day. Very often, I would leave work, hot and horny as hell. At home, my fingers would then be a substitute for the loving touch of a velvet tongue, licking and probing at my pussy. As I rubbed at my engorged clit, I became lost as my mind created visions of a sensuous woman with a perfect figure. Her face hidden like people on the T.V, who did not wish to be identified. I would be so highly aroused that it did not take long before I toppled over the edge, moaning as the eventual build up of tension finally dispersed.

~oOo~

A sudden draft of cold air brought me back to the present. The sound of a toilet flushing sounded faintly from down the hall and, then, high-pitched squeals of laughter. I became aware of a slight change in the

air and very slowly, I turned my head towards where I instinctively knew there now stood someone or something. Although I could not see, I did notice the charge of electricity that caused the fine hairs on my arms to stand on end. I had never felt such a strong reaction to anything or anyone. The feelings intensified when a voice broke the silence.

"What can I do for you?" The tone was far from friendly despite being feminine. I heard a movement and a click and I guessed that she had moved inside the room, shutting out the noise from the corridor, as she did so. All of a sudden I felt afraid, but of what I did not know. Here I stood, alone and vulnerable in a room of unfamiliarity, and the power of my feelings, some of which, I could not understand. It made for a cocktail of lethal emotions. I could not be sure if she knew that I was unable to see her. I strained to catch the slightest of sounds; the softest of breaths, the lightest of footfalls but there was nothing but her scent. Through this alone, I could build up a unique picture of her in my mind of which I would always remember.

Standing there, I experienced a sexual thrill that I had never been able to produce with imagination. I did not feel afraid of the delectable form before me but of the unknown. It was the thought of what may happen in the next few minutes. Although I felt somewhat turned on by this woman, it was obvious that she was not too happy to see me there in her room. I longed to be on my way back to the sanctuary of my flat, to settle on my single bed, under the duvet with my thoughts and middle finger for company. I moved closer to where I knew the door lay, my heart beating fast. I hoped that this woman's sense of smell did not surpass my own. To me, the air dripped with the scent of passion and fear.

I was startled by a rough hand in my hair, forcing my head back. I could feel a soft warm breath on my cheek as she moved her lips just millimetres from my own. Through the strength of her grip, I knew that her anger had been taken place by passion and desire. Whilst she teased me with her lips, her other hand came to rest just below my breast. My nipples hardened with expectation of her touch and I almost thrust myself further into her grasp. What was I doing? It was only a minute ago I had been scared and quite rightly so! I was at the

mercy of a strange but strong woman. Would she treat me well, or did she not care for my well being, only seeking gratification for her self?

I knew only that she worked as a prostitute, pleasuring men to earn money. Her job was a risky one, placing her self in danger several times every day. Maybe she felt she needed to vent some of her emotions out and I was a prime target for this purpose. I was by no means weak although I was disabled. I had learned several ways in which I could defend myself if needs be. She was not aware of this and maybe saw me as someone she could dominate. Against my ear, she whispered, "I won't hurt you. I like to play rough but you have nothing to fear. If you wish me to stop, just say so now."

I thought about it, for what seemed like a long time, but it could only have been a few seconds. I chose to stay and find out exactly what she had in mind. Already my juices were flowing, and were running down the inside of my thighs. This would be my first experience with a woman and I did not intend to let the opportunity go. Her lips came down on mine and firmly forced my lips apart. I was not expecting the soft, silkiness of her tongue against mine. For me, the kiss did not last long enough. I had my first taste of a woman's mouth and I desperately needed more. By this time, her hand had found one of my breasts and was caressing it with the same degree of firmness that her tongue had with mine. Her hand in my hair had slackened its grip but she still held me tight enough so I could not move. Strangely, I had no desire to touch her; I wanted to experience it all from her.

Somehow, she managed to manoeuvre me away from the door towards, what I soon discovered, was the bed. The edge of its frame hit me on the back of the knees, forcing my legs to collapse under me. I fell backwards onto the soft mattress and the silky-feeling sheets I had touched minutes ago. Her body fell on top of mine, almost covering me from top to toe. She supported her weight on her elbows as she continued to cover my lips and face with kisses. I yearned for her tongue to enter my mouth again, but she teased me, endlessly. My heart rate had increased dramatically and I was sure it would burst from its protective shield. Her lips moved down my body, and she removed my clothing with her fingers as she went. Her lips felt cool on my body. The fire inside of me had reached the surface and was seeping through my open pores. Her touch had stoked feelings that

had been lying dormant for so long. I cannot remember exactly how many times I had dreamt of this moment. It made me determined to exchange my dreams for reality. I had missed so much, I could almost cry for those lost hours and days.

Her mouth found the sweet nectar between my thighs and I arched my back to greet her. Every so often, she would moan gently in appreciation of my sexuality and I would echo with my own groans. She gave me a ride I would never forget, as her tongue lashed my pussy mercifully. The bed soon became wet with my juices and her saliva. I was consciously aware that to her, I was only another punter but to me, she was my first, someone I would never forget. Her body and her touch would be stored away in the deepest of my subconscious, and I would then draw on this experience regularly to quell my desires.

As soon as I had come, my muscles contracting violently as my body demanded oxygen, she drew away. Her time with me had ended, but my mind and body were still alive from my experience. My memories of this special time would be with me for a long time after, fresh and exciting as it had been at the time. From now on, I will be grateful for my loss of sight. My whole life is attuned more to a woman's sexuality because of the fact I cannot see. The smell, touch and taste of her.

"It's time for you to leave now. I have work to do, but I am still curious as to why you were in my room." Following the direction of her voice, I made my way to the open door. She stood, waiting for me to leave. As I left, I smiled at her. How could I explain the real reason why I was there? That, I came looking for her. A client of mine had mentioned her to me in casual conversation and I had become intrigued. She sounded perfect for my first time with a woman and I needed her to treat me in the way that I had always fantasised. After all, she was the woman of my dreams.

On Lorie's Payroll

She was there, walking down the street as usual. I drove down the road in my car for the sixth time, hoping that she didn't think it was a bit odd that she had seen this same car going round the block so often. I used up some time researching into the company she worked for and the type of boss she was to her employees. I had also looked into the sort of people she employed. It gave me enough information to tell me that this company would benefit from my services on their team as well as fulfilling my objectives.

So, I had devised this plan. It was a plan to allow me another foot in the door of success in more ways than one. It then had been on my mind, day and night. My dreams were so full of it at night too, right down to the last detail. She had such a profound effect on my life that it almost scared me. Nobody had had that effect on me before. I, by the way, am Terry Malave and the object of my attentions was the lovely Lorie Portales.

On my seventh trip down the road, I parked at the side of the road so I could watch her walk past my car and turn the corner. From there she would hail a cab to take her to her offices on the outskirts of town. I would then tag along behind it as it weaved its way through the morning's traffic, until it dropped her off just outside the front of the building. I had it all worked out, my plan, but I had yet to gain the courage to carry it out. Nothing special or spectacular, just easy. It was just a matter of patience.

Patience and time, both of which I had plenty of. I figured that patience was a good trait to have; it was the time factor that was not so good. I had no job so had plenty of spare minutes and hours in which to while away my life, but that was because I intended it that way. It was necessary so that I could do this thing with near perfection.

It hadn't always been that way though. I used to have a good job and a brilliant flat. My social life had been full and I had been a popular person. I would be invited to so many social gatherings that I would be

out every single night. Then, it had started to go downhill and I soon found myself with a stack load of problems. Eventually I had to move out of the area completely as my income was unable to cover the living costs. That part of my life was not important now. I had a new life and things were definitely on the change. I was going to make sure of that. This idea of mine was just the start of my climb up the social ladder and I was sure it would succeed. Today, though, was not the right time. It could wait until tomorrow.

The rest of my time that day was spent relaxing. I knew I felt good but I had to be sure I was ready enough to carry this out. The plan would not work if she recognised me in any shape or form. I changed a lot over the years but I could not take any chances. There would be no second time. If I was successful then I would soon be part of one of the best social circles. It would be the beginning of a new life for me.

If I failed I would go back to my mundane existence. I had no margins with which to make any errors, but I was confident in my abilities and my charm. What more did I need? Things were definitely better that way, I thought. It was not necessary to add more complications to it.

What did I know of her? She was 40, slim, attractive, for a woman of her age, well disciplined and independent. She was also a strict boss. It was why she had made such a killing in the business she was in. That was why she was perfect. I wanted to break her down. Make her putty in my hands. Get her begging me for more of my attentions. Show her up to be the woman that I knew she was. At that point I decided it would be good to have an early night.

The next morning started out fine. I was glad as my plan would not be so enjoyable if we both ended up soaking wet! I glanced at the time and realised with trepidation that time was moving on. My car was renowned for troublesome starts first thing, so I had to allow time for that. I grabbed the car keys from the hall table and made my way to my car parked in the street. Already the neighbour hood was beginning to wake up. Before too long, most of the cars parked in the same place as mine would have gone.

Their owners on the way to work, some of them to do the weekly shop. Others like me, just whiling away a few hours. I pulled out of my

space and drove down the street towards the main intersection. I then turned left, and made my way down the familiar street of Lorie's walk. I had the shock of my life as I went past, as I could see no sign of her. Oh Christ! Now what would I do? I couldn't stop so had to drive round again. Perhaps she was late or she had been hidden amongst other people and blocked from my view? On my second time round, I was still unable to see her. This was just typical. I had the plan all sorted out. Now, it looked like it would all go to waste. The lights up ahead changed to red and I stopped behind a Mercedes Benz. It showed up my car something rotten, with its shiny new bodywork and its own chauffeur. I silently wished the lights to change again, not wishing to stay in that position too long.

The passenger door of my car suddenly opened just as I was about to pull away. My words were cut short by firm hand clamped over my mouth. A husky voice ordered me to 'Drive. Park somewhere quiet, and turn off the engine. I'm sure you know where you can go.' Hurriedly I put the car into first gear, crashing the gearbox as I did so. I winced and was sure that my passenger did so too. I didn't want look, so I concentrated on driving as normal. I did know where to go. There was a large car park towards the outside of town, made perfect by its size and its privacy in places. It belonged to a large film company but was concealed from the view of many of the offices.

Eventually, we got to the car park. It was not even half full yet. I drove to the furthest empty spot I could find. I still made no move to turn my head. I parked as I had been told and turned off the ignition. I waited. The next instruction came shortly after, accompanied by the pushing of a hand. 'Get out. Get into the back of the car.' I obliged. It was her. Lorie, Lorie Portales It didn't surprise me at all. She produced a length of rope and proceeded to tie up my hands. She then attached me to the hand grip above the window. I could have struggled but I was intrigued as to how this was going to turn out. I wanted to know what she had planned for me. Would it the same as what I had planned for her? Probably not.

'This isn't the way it was supposed to be,' I muttered. She grinned at me. 'I know, baby,' she whispered. How the bloody hell could she know? I hadn't told anyone. It was hardly the sort of thing you bragged about. She had already straddled me by now and her thighs

were gripping my waist firmly. I could not move. The element of apprehension heightened my senses and I could feel my body responding to her touch and her voice. The ache of my muscles in my arms straining above my head added to the feelings flowing around my body. It gave me sensations I had never felt before. I did not know what it was exactly that made this so enjoyable, maybe it was the pain in my arms, or perhaps it was the fact I was at the mercy of this delectable female. All I did know was that the ache in my arms had now been joined by the pleasant throbbing in my cock. She must have seen the increasingly growing bulge in my trousers. If she did, she gave no sign.

I was to experience yet another delight. Slowly she had begun to remove her jacket. Already her body had started to act in response like mine to the sights she had witnessed. Firm breasts were pushing against the fabric of her blouse wanting to be free of restraints. It made my mouth water just looking. I could only imagine how they would taste and how they would react to my lips and tongue. I didn't want to imagine though; I wanted to sample her, all of her, every single inch of that amazing body. Her blouse soon ended up in the same place as her jacket, discarded on the floor of my car. She was wearing a black Basque, not frilly, just plain. It did not need any extra trimmings. She would look good in everything, I was sure of that. Now, though, she didn't seem to want to wear anything at all!

She hitched up her short skirt so it was gathered round her hips, revealing the bottom of the Basque. Popper buttons hid a majority of her pussy but the odd pubic hair pushed its way through the sheer fabric. Her bikini line was smooth and no doubt impeccably soft to touch. She had been waiting for this, for me. Planning it down to the smallest detail like I had only days before. It was uncanny. She turned her attention to me, whilst I lay vulnerable beneath her. She could not fail to see my ever growing bulge in my trousers now.

The loose fitting slacks I had chosen enabled her to pull them down over my hips. She did not bother to remove my boxer shorts, just undid the few buttons down the front to release my cock. It stood up proud, making me feel swollen with pride to have been blessed with such bulk. Her face showed no expression as she took the sight of it all in. I was a little disappointed. Most of the responses I have had have

been one of shock and amazement to start with followed by sheer delight or was it one of resignation? I could never remember which...

She shifted forward so that she was just above the head of my cock. She teased me, gyrating her hips, so every now and again, and her pussy lips rubbed across the helmet. Oh! It was exquisite! It became unbearable at times, forcing me to thrust my hips upwards to impale her on me, but she would not allow it, pulling herself out of reach at the last second. She was a bitch, as she had me nearly begging for her. Gritting my teeth, I hissed at her, 'Bitch. You fucking bitch!' She threw her head back, and laughed a long and husky laugh. 'I love it. I love you. Talk to me more, honey.' If that's what she wanted, that's what she was going to get.

'Come on, whore. Fuck me. Fuck me good and hard. I'm ready for you. I'll take you places where you've never been before.' I was warming up and the words just flowed out of me, like I knew my semen would in time.

'Do you want it, honey? Do you want me bad? How bad? Tell me, how bad do you want it?' She leant forward, so her breasts dangled provocatively in front of my lips. They swayed backwards and forwards like a pendulum in a Grandfather clock. I stuck out my tongue, trying to catch her nipples as they swung past. She teased my tongue like she had teased my cock, keeping them just of reach. I could not get to her with my hands, so I used my legs. I bent my knees so forcing her forward and closer to my face. To keep herself falling flat completely over my head she grabbed at the hand rail where my hands were tied. It was my turn to laugh now. Well figuratively speaking of course as I had my mouth full of her breasts.

'You complete and utter bastard.' She managed to gasp in between groans of pleasure. She did not attempt to move out of the way so I used all my years of experience to great effect.

She wanted to be in control that part was obvious. The thing was how was I going to change that? The fact was I was enjoying myself immensely but it did nothing for my manly pride to be the submissive partner unless I was being paid for it. I had an idea and I was hoping that I was fit enough to carry it out. It meant that I had to do two

moves. Not easy especially not in my current position. Luckily for me, the rope she had tied my hands up in was slack enough to give me some leeway. At the moment she was in a vulnerable position, receiving pleasure, and I had the element of surprise.

I enfolded my legs tighter round her waist. The muscles in my thighs prevented her from moving too much. I wrapped my lower legs round themselves so I had more of a grip and leverage. With as much as strength as I could find, I twisted my body round hard, knocking her off balance in the process. We were facing each other yet again but this time we were lying on our sides. I had to now find the strength to complete the remaining move. With more power than I had needed to do the first move, I completed the final shift so that I was now on top of her with my arms still tied to the handgrip. I used my weight to stop her from getting away and I pushed upwards so her head was encased in between my arms. All I had to worry about now was the tremendous pain I would be in tomorrow after she had released me.

'You are crazy! What on earth do you think you're doing?' She was not impressed, only because I had taken her position of dominance and turned it around literally. This was my game, not hers. I had started this and I was damn sure I was going to finish it. 'Oh baby, aren't you happy?' My voice took on a whining tone, like a child pleading to its parents. 'Perhaps you will be after I kiss you, huh?' My teeth nibbled at her lips, whilst my tongue flickered into her parted mouth. The sensitive inner parts of her mouth tasted divine and I willingly lingered for a while, before my mouth covered hers in the most sensuous kiss I could manage. Our tongues battled with each other mimicking our bodies with matched passion. Wafts of light scent drifted from her hair to my nasal hairs, intoxicating me even more with her femininity.

Her fingers found the most sensitive part of my body; my nipples. She twiddled them until they were like rocks in her hands. I groaned into her throat, each one getting louder as she reduced my body to jelly. Eventually her fingers trailed a path down towards my groin, only changing destinations when she had reached my bollocks. In this short time, I had learnt a bit more about her in the bedroom department. She loved to tease. Her fingers had found the poppers on her Basque, and had separated them to open the flimsy fabric. Although I was aching to enter her, what I really wanted to do was to sample what lay

at the top of her thighs. Black stockings led the way towards her pussy already dripping with her sex juices. I could almost taste them on the air, it was that thick. She must have read what I wanted to do because I found she had undone the rope that was holding my hands together.

I scrambled backwards so I my rump was in the air and my face was close to her pussy. She obligingly opened her thighs so I could access her glistening lips more readily. Oh she tasted so divine! It made me think of eating al fresco on a warm summer night. No amount of small flying insects could take away the special flavour the food acquired. I was reluctant to stop and by the way she was moaning I think that Lorie felt that way too. Her head was thrown back but no longer in laughter. Her breasts rose and fell strongly as her body demanded more oxygen, her stomach quivering and her muscles twitching. I did not want her to come just yet, I wanted to be inside her so I could feel the muscles of her vaginal walls grip me just like her thighs had done earlier. 'Oh,' she breathed. 'Please let me come to you. Let me be yours.' Her impatience was fuelling mine. My own needs became stronger and I knew that I could hold off no longer. I wanted her as much as she wanted me.

I surfaced from between her legs and positioned myself above her, my cock just inches from her entrance. She drew up her legs and sank herself over me so I was deep inside her. It felt good like I was coming home, like I had been searching for this, all those years of sexual conquests. Our bodies grew rhythmic, pushing as if trying to achieve the ultimate gratification. Our needs and desires became entwined, with little thought of much else. The tensions of the previous weeks of waiting and planning were eventually let free causing us to lose our self control.

We were silent for a few minutes after we had regained our composure, each lost in our own thoughts. I had no regret about the last hour or so. It was the best time of my life; I just hope she thought so too. No, that was silly! I knew that she had had a good time. She would not have responded to me the way that she did if she hadn't. Eventually she broke the silence.

'Terry?' She sounded nervous, not like her usual self at all. She cleared her throat. 'I'm sorry. I...I should not have acted the way that I did. I

am so sorry.' I was incredulous. She what? She was apologising for her behaviour? What on earth for? I said nothing and waited. I wasn't prepared for what she had to say next.

'I apologise for not being more forthright. I am usually so much more dominant but you bought the woman out in me. A part of me that I had thought I had lost forever. You made me feel so special. Years of being in this business has made me such a cow. On the whole I get the money and I finish the job, my career is going great but I am no longer happy. Not really happy.'

I was speechless. For the first time I was lost for words. I felt that she had more to say, so again I waited.

'I want you, Terry. I need you. I want you to show me what a woman should feel like, really feel like. I want you to be a part of me. I also want you on the payroll. Someone like you can really turn this company upside down. Your experience and your looks are what our clients should be given. But I am going to be selfish. I want you for myself too. So come by my office tomorrow and we'll talk over the details, ok?'

She gave me a grin, and casually walked away from me, her usual self-assurance only slightly affected by the last couple of hours. I watched her walk across the length of the car park, spell bound by her saunter, and eventually she disappeared through a doorway. My eyes drifted upwards to the black words of The Exotic Film Company, and smiled.

I had finally made it. Lorie's life would now be mine and I could destroy her like she destroyed my life and that of my father's 15 years ago. I remembered what I had thought earlier when I had finally entered her for the first time. Yes, I thought, I was definitely coming home, only this time, I would not be the one to leave. She would be and she would be leaving this life for good. Calmly I got in to the front seat of my car, turned the ignition and drove off home.

The Dance of Death

Carrie White 2002

It captivated me this vision of pure expressive sexuality seductively moving just inches from my face. She simulated sex with the pole that grew up from the centre of the stage, her legs wrapped round it with her pussy rubbing a wet path up its length. She danced in rhythm to the music that filled the entire club with its soft pounding beat. I am sitting by the stage and from my vantage point, I have an excellent view of her long silken legs encased in sheer nylon and the tiniest piece of thong up between the cleft of her butt. I long to explore every inch of her form. I have never felt this need to pleasure or the wish to make love to a woman so much before. All her essence was drawing me closer. It was exquisite. Her breasts shrouded in black PVC wiggled provocatively at me. Long black hair reflects the red lights round the bar and the curls in her tresses fall down past her shoulders.

The poster on the door outside and on the street lamps around the city had eventually drawn me in. They had offered an experience never found anywhere else in London. The posters were black and told of nothing new in the gold lettering but the words jumped out at me and hit me deep in my subconscious. This compelled me to return to the club in Soho. I felt hypnotized as I am now with this swaying twisting body before me. I am not a regular in the clubs or bars of lap dancing but as I said, this time I felt that I should enter exotic dancing and darkness. The poster had promised me that I would never experience anything like it for as long as I lived. My interest in the dark and mysterious has been with me for most of my life, as has the morbid fascination with the dark side of existence, so this particular show sounded just my thing.

I am glad that I came as I am already feeling the beat of the music and the pull of this female's amoral behaviour. What is strange is that we are the only ones in the club. There are no other dancers and no other customers and yet I feel the sensation of unseen eyes watching the show as I do. So why are we alone? I soon begin to feel my hips start to shift in time to the music. My hands are gripping the arms; my knuckles have turned white with the power I exude. She stands now

before me; her face so close to mine. My breasts rise and fall in perfect synchronisation with hers as our breaths mingle. The heat from the red lights alone causes me to perspire and I feel my clothes stick to my skin. I am grateful for my decision not to wear underwear as the heat in the bar rises. She reaches forward and with painted red fingernails, and slowly peels off my clothes. Her touch sends currents of energy to my bare skin underneath so much so I find it hard to breathe.

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My thoughts are forgotten when she finally speaks to me. "Breathe," She hisses at me. 'You must breathe. Your blood must be warm and it must hold life.' Her words confuse me but I cannot find the voice to question her. She moves down on to her knees and my legs part expecting the warmth of her tongue. She does not try to oblige me; instead, she cuts into my skin of my legs with her long bloodstained talons and my blood mixes with the colour on her nails. What once I thought was polish now is blood. My eyes must have deceived me earlier and my heartbeat increases with excitement and fear.

I feel my body responding more to the beat of the music but it no longer spills from the walls of the club but vibrates in the soft tissue of my brain. One red fingernail traces a path between my breasts cutting into my skin like a razor-sharp blade. A thin line of my blood trickles down towards my navel. She cleans my skin with her tongue, licking her lips as she does so. On my stomach, I can feel no breath. I feel a strange emptiness coming from deep within her and yet to me she is so alive.

She takes my hand and leads me to the dance floor. As I move, my clothes fall. She encourages me to dance by moving her body sensually in front of me; her breasts are now free like mine. We move to the pole and she stands on one side and holds my hands around it. I stand opposite her with the pole's silver length through the middle of our outstretched arms. Red lights flash over our twisting bodies and they appear drenched with blood. I fling my head back so far that it almost touches the floor. My spine is suppler than ever before. She

laughs as the momentum of my body forces her closer to the pole and she does not resist, but she does not allow me to stay there for long and I sense that she needs me. Her tongue now runs up and down the pole and I feel the need to do the same. Our tongues now meet with increasing passion and my pussy floods with sex juices, so warm and wet; the entrance yearns now for fulfilment. My desire for her increasing with each second of our kiss.

The heat from the lights and the passion that we have created warms up the scent from between my legs and it soon infiltrates our nostrils, teasing and tantalising our senses with its heady aroma. She reacts strongly to my scent and releases my hands to kneel down between my open thighs. Her fingers grasp each of my thighs and her touch is cold against my hot skin. My pussy is now inches from her mouth. A small moan passes my lips in anticipation and my clit throbs with desire before she even touches it with the tip of her tongue. She torments me with her mouth and lips sucking and nibbling then moving away. A sharp pain startles me and I am unsure of the reason but the pain does not return so I concede to her command. She continues in this way for what seems like several minutes but I can no longer be sure. She raises her head, my blood coating her lips from my labia. The heat rises from my groin to my head and I can feel my face flush as it reaches the top.

As her lips graze the peak of my breasts, I can feel the volcanic rumblings ready to erupt. When her tongue reaches the lips of my mouth, the sensation overwhelms, and I feel the scorch of lava in the hidden crevice between my legs. I close my eyes and I soon feel light-headed and out of control. I am unable to move my limbs in the way that I want to her powers are that strong. I have no desire to leave her now she has made me her willing slave. She has tasted the vitality in my veins and the passion in my groin. Now all she needs is my essence; the part of me that keeps me alive. How can I resist her? Do I even want to?

I have no power and my thoughts surprise me more when I realise that I do not want to stop her. When I finally open my eyes, I find she has gone. I cannot see her in front or, to the sides of me and neither can I sense her behind me. I can only wait for her return. I feel suddenly vulnerable. I am aware of my nudity and I yearn to cover my

self-up with my arms. With her absence, her control has also left me and I am able to cover the naked parts of my body.

Suddenly I feel a warm river of a liquid running down my left thigh. My hand comes up red with my blood. There is so much blood I cannot see where it's coming from. Then I feel the same on my right thigh and I find blood there too. A chill in the air catches my attention and a cold wind blows through my hair. I still cannot see her or anybody else and the room is deathly quiet. My legs are trembling, as my muscles grow weaker. I can only presume that I am losing blood but I still feel powerless to help myself. I sink and my head hits the floor. I make a desperate attempt to stop the flow of blood from my legs with my hands. I feel them pushed aside as several mouths fix hungrily on the blood flow. They move upwards and they begin to feed on my stomach where a new wound has appeared. I can just see the shape of a cross through my hazy vision, the tips of the horizontal line just touching my breasts and the vertical line through its middle extending down towards my pubic mound.

Her face appears above mine and she smiles, softly running her fingertips across my parted lips she gently inserts one finger in to my mouth but I am too weak to suck on it. She removes her finger and whispers in to my ear. "It's time for you to meet the Master. To be with and serve him as we already do. Then you can join us in the Dance of Death for many times to come." She moves back to allow me to see the many faces of beautiful women, only I know that it is an illusion that they want you to believe.

Vision of Mourning

Marianne Swift had an imaginary friend, or one that she thought she had. Was it something you could even call a friend? She knew that if she told anyone about it, they wouldn't believe her. Besides how could she phrase it anyway? 'Oh hi Ma, How are you? I am fine. By the way I am having these dreams at night about someone having sex with me, but, hey, I don't think they are dreams. I think they are real.' She could just see their faces and of course that would be just before they carted her off to the loony bin. What a laugh that would be. They had always thought she didn't fit in this poky town anyway. It would be a pleasure for them to lock her up.

If it was an imaginary friend, one who appeared in her head only, why did it appear to her? Weren't children the only ones who were supposed to have friends that didn't exist? Surely adults did not. If they did, she had never heard of it. Marianne could understand why. It was a joke, a fucking laughable joke and that's what she would become too. She would never be able to walk down the street without people whispering about her, pointing and giggling like she was a bloody freak side show at a circus. Marianne stuck two fingers up at the vision of them in her head. No, that would never do.

She thought back to the first time she had had the dream. It had frightened her at first because she felt out of control, as if the dream has taken over body. She had them when she was asleep and it was always at night, but that's where the similarities ended. Whilst in the depths of the dreams it felt like someone was touching her, a soft and gentle breeze caressing her all over. It was like it loved her. Wanted and cherished her.

The dreams didn't threaten her in any way, but of course they wouldn't as they were only dreams, weren't they? What they did was to make her aware of her body, become more in tune to its needs. She could not figure out the reason why she had them. Did they have some connection to her life as she was living it now? Was she the only one who had these dreams? She wondered if she would still

remember them if for some reason they ever stopped. Would she forget the warmth that they surrounded her in?

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Tomorrow she would be eighteen, Marianne thought. The loss of her virginity had been late compared to some of her friends but she had been fussy when it had come to boys. She had led them all on but then had backed off at the last minute. She had enjoyed the effect it created when she had changed her mind. Their excitement had shown up clearly in their trousers and she had giggled at their obvious frustration. She had got more satisfaction from teasing them and had felt no real desire to go any further. She became known as a prick tease amongst her age group and very few boys had then bothered with her, but it did not bother her. It was only a game after all. That was of course until Jason had arrived on the scene.

Jason Ferris had been different. He had never treated her like the school girl that she so obviously was. He had been 5 years older than her at 19. Marianne had thought it cool to have a boyfriend so much older than her self. He wasn't immature like the boys at school. He knew what he wanted and he knew how to get it too. He said that he wanted her, he wanted to make her his. So she had agreed. Of course she was apprehensive. Who wouldn't be? They had decided on a day to meet up in his flat which was in the middle of town. She was to come straight from school and wait for him. She remembered feeling nervous all day at school, unable to concentrate and had been almost sent home. She couldn't wait for the final bell to go but at the same time she dreaded it.

He was three quarters of an hour later than he had promised, and already under the influence of alcohol. She could smell it on his breath and cigarette smoke on his clothes. The telltale signs that he had gone to the local pub before coming home. He would know that she would be on edge, and she in turn figured he would be too. Stupidly she had listened to some of the first time stories of the girls in town. They had told their experiences knowing full well that she was a virgin, and had cruelly played on her gullibility. It was only natural that she would

want it to be special, and Jason loved her, didn't he? He would make sure that that was the way it would be.

He had handed her a bottle of cheap cider and then ordered her to drink.

'It will make you relaxed. You need to be otherwise it will hurt like hell. Trust me.' She had then. Trusted him with the most precious thing a girl could give. Her virginity. They had fumbled initially as they were both unsure of themselves, but their confidence grew at the exact same time as their excitement. His mouth had been firm, conveying his desire for her through the urgency of his kiss. She had responded, pushing her tongue deeper into his mouth, sliding it against his own in a slippery dance of courtship. She loved feeling his lips on hers. A tingle had travelled all the way down to her pussy, wetting it like their mouths were with saliva. She had moaned softly and it had spurred him on more. There were hands that felt like they were all over, on her back, on her face and cupping her breasts. How come there were so many?

Eventually those same hands had lifted her up to take her over to the bed. He had lain her down gently and had then removed his clothes. Hers followed soon after, revealing her young, pubescent body to his hungry eyes. In the soft glow of the bedside lamp, her skin took on a light yellowy hue enhancing her beauty to him ten fold. To be the one who would be hers felt so good, he had told her as much as they held each other afterwards.

His lips had kissed her everywhere. She didn't think that he had missed one inch, kissing and gently licking her in every sensitive place. He kissed her where his hands had been only a short time ago, her shoulders, her neck and down to her breasts, delighting in the softness and smell of her skin. Her nipples stood proud as he took each one in his mouth and sucked. She had arched her back, overwhelmed with the feelings he created in her. She pleaded with him to never stop loving her. Silently, he had promised with all his heart. His tongue had flicked the top of each tiny bud sending shivers through to her soul. She felt so ready for him. If only he would take her now.

In between his lips and his tongue, she could feel each nipple harden. Jason ran rings round the base of each one to encourage them yet still

more. Marianne had gripped the sheets on the bed, clenching her fists tight so hard that she pulled them out from under the mattress. She remembered shouting his name out loud, and him covering her mouth with his own to quieten her cries. His tongue travelled downwards when she was calm once more. His lips had found her special place and she had tipped her pelvis forward, loving the new sensations, asking him all the time with her body to give that bit more. He had fucked her with his tongue then entered her with his cock, thrusting as hard as he could without causing her pain. Lying above her, he had tenderly kissed her eyes and her lips, reassuring her time and time again with his voice that was so soft in her ear. As he neared his climax his stroke became faster but still he did not hurt her. It felt good to her when he finally came, and she gripped his cock tight with her muscles to push his seed even deeper inside her. Then they collapsed.

They had lain close to one another afterwards sharing a cigarette and watching the shadows grow longer. Marianne had not wanted to go home. She had felt no desire to leave, wanting to stay there in his arms, but Jason had insisted. Eventually she had left him, promising to be with him tomorrow. That one time, though, when she had left him, she had resented her age. She had longed to be free of the boundaries laid down by her parents and those of the law.

For several months their meetings continued as Jason taught Marianne the things that he knew. She was a quick learner and had rewarded him with love in return. Their relationship was going well for them and Marianne couldn't have felt happier. Jason was always the perfect gentleman to her and had protected her from the rest of the town. She could see no reason why her parents had hated him so much. Arguments with them were frequent and always about his influence on their precious daughter. It drove Marianne nuts and she withdrew from them completely.

Then things had changed for the worse. Jason was involved in a car accident. His friend had been driving and he had lost control round a bend in the road. They had both been killed instantly. There had been no other vehicle involved and the coroner had ruled it an accidental death at the inquest. The time of death was reported as 4.21pm. She had lost him, but she remembered his promise that he had made that

first time together. Would he honour that promise? Or would he leave her to mourn his death alone? There was no help forthcoming from her family or friends. They had not agreed with their relationship and had made their feelings very clear. Now they held no sympathy for Marianne. It was a painful blow for her to deal with. Eventually she withdrew away from them.

~oOo~

Now almost 4 years later she was alone apart from her dreams. Her parents had both died and many of the townies that were left still had nothing to do with her. Her dreams were the only bit of happiness that she had. She had never got over Jason's death and she had always felt a big part of her was missing and somehow she just knew she would never regain that loss. He had known her so intimately, more than she knew her self. She still yearned for his touch, the feelings that only he could stir up inside of her. Why did she long so much for those feelings again? Shouldn't she have let go by now?

There was nothing for her in the daylight hours; no friends, no pleasure and no hope. She whiled away long hours just sitting by Jason's grave. Talking to him comforted her even though he could not reply to the one question she so often asked: 'why did he have to leave her?' She had become angry initially and for a time had not visited the grave. The fresh flowers she had lovingly laid there soon withered away and it would be several weeks before she returned to replace them. The thought of him angered her and then sickened her with the guilt she had for feeling that way in the first place. Confusion followed her everywhere. Her nights became her only solace as they were free from pain.

Then the dream came to her again the second anniversary of Jason's death. Marianne had been crying, remembering the happy times that they had shared. With her face red and tear stained she had felt physically drained. Her heart ached with the heaviness of her emotions and at one point it had felt so bad that she was convinced it had broken. Eventually she had drifted off with a sodden handkerchief screwed up tight in one hand.

Invisible finger like caresses explored her face, sweeping over her eyelids to soothe the ache and the weariness. It followed the line of the cupid's bow of her lips that once had been so tenderly kissed. Marianne parted her lips already her body awakening from its slumber. The coldness of the air against her hot skin made the fine hairs stand up on end. Her breath condensed in the chilly room but all she could feel was the heat of passion and desire. Why on earth was the air so cold?

She tried desperately to see, straining her eyes hoping to catch a glimpse of something however small in the darkness. What was happening to her? She could sense a presence, but there was nothing to there to see. The soft caresses continued over her breasts and her stomach. Her nipples grew hard, pushing against the fabric of her blouse. It had been a long time since she had felt this good, and had responded like this. Her nerve endings tingled with anticipation. The buttons of her blouse began to open one by one, the material parting to reveal her bra underneath.

Everything was so soft and gentle, that perhaps she was not feeling anything at all. Her whole body was alive with electricity, and a small moan passed her lips. Small butterfly like kisses covered her back and shoulders. They ran down the length of her spine to the top of her buttocks, resting there for a time before moving down over her hips. Marianne remembered Jason's lips resting there so tender at that same point. Oh, how she missed him! But why could she not let go? His face appeared in her mind as clear as if he was there with her, and in that second the dream melted away. She had so wanted to reach out and touch him, and she raised her hand as if his face was before her, but of course he wasn't there. Marianne closed her eyes as again the tears began to flow.

When she finally awoke in the morning, Marianne felt fuzzy and knew that her eyes would be puffy without even looking in the mirror. She was amazed to see that she was still clutching the handkerchief that she had when she had fallen asleep last night. It had been one of Jason's. Was that significant? No, it couldn't be. It was just a coincidence. She didn't believe in things that couldn't be explained by rational thought, so that was that. There was nothing strange or weird about it at all. There was one thing that she knew she had to do and

that was to visit the local priest. It was time that she had some closure from her grief. She would get the help she needed from the church.

The walk to the local church was pleasant enough made even more so by the smell of spring on the air. Marianne loved this time of year, it reminded her of her childhood and the fields near her home where she had played. A small white butterfly passed by her nose, bringing a smile to Marianne's lips, and she watched as it disappeared in to a field on the other side of the lane. Her gaze became fixed, lost in her own thoughts. She wished that she could just disappear like that, to be away from this town where there were reminders of Jason. She shook her head and carried on until she reached the church hidden away from sight by several large trees.

The Parish was now over seen by a young Priest who had been preceded by an old vicar. Marianne had grown fond of the old vicar and missed not being able to see him. He had been a great source of comfort when she had gone through some hard times with her family, but now it was the time she should introduce her self to the Priest.

Father Canon was busy with preparing for the Sunday's morning service at 10am the next day. He had worked the night before on the sermon and was making last minute adjustments to the church before he returned to the Refectory. Then he could settle down to a quiet afternoon in front of the box. There were no more pressing engagements on this Saturday. There were plenty of activities that he could be doing that were more interesting than the church. He still couldn't believe he had actually been accepted for the post. He just didn't feel ready for the huge commitment it would present. In his favour it was a small Parish, one that would not create too much trouble to him at all.

Deep in thought he failed to notice the arrival of the young girl behind him, so to make her presence known she resorted to coughing politely.

'Ah, hello Miss. Please forgive me I did not know you were there. How can I help you?' Marianne felt her self flush though she could not think why she should feel so hot. Maybe it was his clear blue eyes that ran over her body that made her feel so uncomfortable. Or perhaps it was because the air outside had contributed to her colour. He was a priest,

for Pete's sake! Why would he be looking at her in that way? She chastised her self, not knowing why she was feeling so sensitive all of a sudden. She couldn't help thinking that it had something to do with that dream last night.

'Sorry Father, I hope I wasn't disturbing you. I wanted to ask for your advice.'

Father Canon turned round to face her. 'I see. Come with me. We can sit somewhere quieter, if you like.' He led her to a small room at the back of the church and offered her a chair. He sat down opposite and waited for her to begin.

Marianne swallowed nervously. She could not rid her self of that feeling that she had when he had first turned to look at her. Even now it was there and she felt unable to speak.

'I'm sorry Father; I find it difficult to talk about, but the main thing is that I cannot move on from the death of my boyfriend. He died a few years ago and I still grieve for him daily.'

'You are talking about the Ferris boy, am I right?' the priest asked. His voice was soft and encouraging. Marianne nodded.

'I dream about him, Father. Every night it comes, the same dream. I cannot seem to forget.' She was holding back; could not yet tell of the intensity of the dreams. She hoped that she wouldn't need to. He could help her, she knew that. He would not need to know. She looked up at the priest and caught his eye. His gaze was soft but there was something else she could see in his stare. She was unsure as to what it was. In her naivety she was not able read his intentions.

Father Canon stood up and came to stand behind Marianne's chair. She made to get up but he placed a hand on her shoulder and pushed her back down. 'Please stay seated. You need to relax. You are so uptight; I can see it in your face.' Leaving the one hand on her shoulder, he brought his other hand to join it.

'Can you help me...please? I am so tired...and... .' Her words were silenced with his quiet and urgent, 'Sssh. Do not speak.' Then to her amazement, his hands began to rub the muscles in her shoulders easing the tension that lay there. She did not think that it was right that he should do that but it felt so good so she let him continue,

besides he would not, or could not take advantage of her in that way. She knew about the sacrifices that he would have made to God.

'Your dreams are the product of your sub-conscious. You dream about what you feel in your head and what is written in your heart. Your life is so empty now that there is nothing to help you leave your past behind. To move on from this boy and the ghost of his existence you must find a new life and maybe a new lover. Only then can you free yourself from this chain around your neck.'

Marianne shook her head in helplessness. 'But how? How do I find my way out? I feel trapped here; I cannot see a way out.' The priest's touch grew firmer as Marianne's voice rose in frustration.

'You have lost your way, Miss, ah I am sorry. I do not know your name.'

'Swift. It's Swift, Father.' The priest nodded in acknowledgment. 'Oh, Swift, yes I should have known...'

When he spoke again, he was stood in front of her, only inches away. In surprise and shock she drew back sharply.

'You came to me for help and guidance in your grief and I shall give you that help you need. Take from me, all that you need, child. Whenever you need to talk come and find me. Please do not hesitate.' He tilted her chin with one finger, gazing down at her tear stained face. 'You will promise me?' She nodded, all of a sudden overcome with emotion. All her pent up sadness and hopelessness built up from the time after Jason's death came pouring out all contained within her tears. She opened her bag and rooted around for a tissue, her breath coming in quick gasps and she felt a tightening between her legs. She became confused as sensations flooded her body like a whirlwind. She felt the beginnings of sexual excitement but at the same time she was overwrought with grief. She felt trapped and desperate for air. Scrambling up from her chair, she headed for the door. She could feel his eyes boring in to the back of her head and it unnerved her. She wish she could read his thoughts but had to be content with trying to interpret his body language, something she had never been able to do. It told her nothing. Disappointed she left him to his own thoughts.

Marianne felt that to visit the priest again would be extremely unwise. There seemed to be something there between them but it did not feel at all right. She could not take the chance that it may take her further with him and she would never forgive her self for that. When she left the church she decided to visit Jason's grave once more to see if she could find the answer there to her nightly visitations. Perhaps the priest was right. She needed to find some peace with Jason's passing. It had been sudden and a tragic accident that he had no control over. She wondered if he was at peace wherever he was or did he feel like her, all alone and confused.

She reached the graveyard where Jason was buried. To her, it felt different but she could not understand why. The air was colder whereas only shortly before it was a beautiful spring day. Why the sudden change in temperature? The sky looked dark and the sun had completely disappeared from view. Instead a full moon had taken its place. She glanced at her watch. She could just make out the position of the hands. 4.18pm. It was dark for the time of the afternoon which she thought strange, but she moved on down to the row of graves where Jason was buried.

Time seemed like it had slowed down and her legs felt heavy. She began to feel nervous. When she came to Jason's final resting place she knelt down at the foot of it on the grass. All of a sudden it began to feel like one of her dreams where everything seemed so soft and quiet. He was coming. Already she could feel him there; the touch of his hand sent shivers through her body. Then she understood who it was that visited her. Tears began to fall down her cheeks but she did not wipe them away. It had been Jason all along. He had missed her like she had missed him. She felt a calm wash over her whole being as the spirit caressed her skin. She reached out towards him wanting to be in his arms once more.

With her whole spirit and soul she pleaded with him to take her again as she knew that would be the only time that he would be at peace. Then she could get on with her life and finally accept that he had gone. He obeyed and embraced her with his arms. She could feel him as if he was there in body. She pushed her self closer to him and he took her once more. He loved and cherished her as he had always done until finally he left. Marianne's body lay on top of his grave a smile on

her face and her eyes closed. She and Jason were together once again for ever and for always. Her watch showed the time as 4.21pm.

Wandering Minds

The sun filtering through the windows warmed the air inside my bookshop. I had always loved this time of the year. It brought back good memories of my childhood. The sunshine helped to lift my mood and to shake off the winter sadness. Anyway, at this time in my life, I was feeling really quite good about everything. As the day wore on, the volume of people visiting the shop increased in volume. Through experience of the retail trade, I had noted that the earlier times of the day were usually busier. I made good use of this lull in trade in the afternoons, to stock take, sort the accounts or interview candidates for job vacancies. It just happened that this day I was running interviews.

I didn't have long to wait for the next appointment. I turned round from the shelf I was working on, to become face to face with a very good looking young woman. She introduced herself as Kate Crawley, my applicant for the job vacancy. I couldn't help but notice her confidence, so I was sure she would be ideal for the position. As a rule I did not go by first impressions, but this time, I was convinced. Her physical appearance was neat, tidy and practical. Her light blue eyes, sparkled, accentuated the gold streaks in her hair. A light, spattering of freckles covered the bridge of her nose. Her lips, parted in concentration as she waited for my response. I was suddenly aware that I was staring, which was very unprofessional, but I couldn't help but envy her good looks. I wasn't plain, but I was just not a head turner.

I reluctantly dragged my gaze up to look into her eyes. 'Afternoon, Miss Crawley, I am Mrs Seddon, but you are welcome to call me, Anne. All the staff here are on first name basis, after all, it makes for better work environments, I think. Don't you?' I could think of nothing other than her beautiful figure and her captivating gaze. I knew, then, that I needed to know more about her. I offered my hand. Taking my right hand with hers, she shook it gently. 'Hi. I'm pleased to meet you.' Her voice was soft and husky. She was standing over me, close and inviting. I had a remarkable view of her small breasts pushing through her tight blouse. My breathing became that much quicker, and my lips parted in excitement. We were so close to each other, I found

it very hard to breathe. I couldn't believe the effect that she had provoked in me. I could smell her; almost taste her. Her body spray was intoxicating, blending in with the natural odour of her skin. My eyes were drawn to the v-line of her blouse, down to the end point, where the soft mounds of her breasts lay. I forced myself to look into her eyes and was delighted to see the warmth and sexuality in her gaze. The corners of her lips slowly turned upwards. She definitely knew the effect she was creating on me.

Suddenly everything in the shop was forgotten. Voices grew distant and people and it felt like I was in another place entirely. I was hypnotised. Our lips were so close I could feel her breath on my face. I longed to kiss her; feel her lips on mine and to taste her sweet mouth. I turned to lead her towards my office at the back of the shop. I indicated the chair just in front of my desk. She sat down; waiting for me to, also, settle down in my seat. I looked through her CV, checking that her qualifications matched up to the job description. I began to find it difficult to concentration, her presence was that strong. My thoughts wandered.....

Again our lips became close, tantalisingly close. I tilted my chin so our lips locked together. She drew her breath in sharply, and parted her lips in surprise. I didn't need much more encouragement so I thrust my tongue deep inside her mouth. Her mouth was soft and it tasted of mints. Our kiss became longer and deeper. My hand rested on her thigh, feeling the muscles beneath the thin fabric of her skirt. My other hand held her chin firmly preventing her from moving away. After a few minutes of passionate kissing, I removed my hand away from her chin.

Somehow I knew she would not be moving away from me anymore. Instinctively she lay back down on the couch, waiting for me to make the next move. I took the opportunity to look over her gorgeous figure, from her slender neck down to her ankles. I started to unbutton her blouse, wanting so much to gaze at her breasts. I could see her nipples straining at the fabric of her bra. As my fingers grazed her skin, she moaned softly, arching her back with the anticipation. I planted a kiss between her breasts, smelling the sweet scent of her skin.

My fingers found the clasp of her bra, at the front for easier accessibility. I opened her bra with my lips, taking my time to savour

each inch of skin. Her breasts were small but perfectly formed and her nipples were already erect. I took each nipple in my mouth, sucking and nibbling each one in turn. My own body responded to her gasps of pleasure, my thighs moist with my juices. Placing my knee in between her thighs, I kissed my way down to her stomach. Through my lips I could feel her muscles quivering in bliss.

I could feel her hands run through my hair as I moved down towards her open thighs. Her fingers massaged the nerve endings in my scalp, unknowingly sending tingles of pleasure down my spine. I found it difficult not to cry out aloud with each stroke she made. Eventually she left my scalp and started to caress my shoulders and back, gradually getting more insistent as her pleasure increased. By now, I was moving her tight skirt upwards to expose her sex, already glistening with her juices. Her eyes were now closed, patiently waiting for me to take that first taste. Grasping one of her nipples with two fingers, she rubbed as I licked. I was drowning in her exquisite sweetness, thrusting my tongue deep into her crevasse and wishing I could stay down here forever. I loved how good she tasted. I could see that my attentions were bringing her so close to the peak of pleasure. Her fingers rubbed faster and more urgently as I teased and licked her clitoris.

I was jolted back to the present, by a gentle cough, to remind me of the reason why I was there. I couldn't think how I was going to get through this meeting with any semblance of dignity. There was a definite response in my body in connection to my naughty thoughts. I began to ask her many questions including the reasons about why I should hire her for the job. I also wanted to know about her family life and the hours she would be able to work. As she explained her situation and the reasons behind her decision to apply for the position of supervisor, I realised, too late, that my mind had wandered again...

Now, what I wanted to do was, to take her like a man, so I could feel her whole body up against mine and to feel her every response. The only way that I thought that I could do that was to penetrate her, and I had just the thing. This time though, I wanted to take her on my desk. With her thighs wrapped round my waist as I drove my penis into her sopping pussy. I got up and left her to retrieve my strap-on in a drawer in my desk. Her eyes widen with surprise when I showed her

what I had in my hand, but she made no complaints as she watched me put it on. I grabbed hold of her hand and pulled her up so she was standing up against me. My penis was already prodding her in just about the right place. I was eager to continue our passionate liaison.

'Your paperwork seems to be in order and you come across as a very capable person, Miss Crawley.' I said, though my thoughts said something more. Capable was not the word I would have used to describe my visions of her. 'One thing I will have to do is to check on your references, if you have no objections. Then we can possibly go on from there.' She nodded in agreement, and I then said 'Why don't you help yourself to a drink, coffee or tea, whilst I ring up some of the names you have listed, then if everything is ok, we can arrange your starting date. I don't believe that we will have any problems there, do you?' She smiled at me, and then walked down the hall from my office to the coffee machine. It gave me the extra time to finish the formalities in more ways than one.

I lifted her up onto the desk and pushed her back so that she was laid out in front of me. Her skirt had already ridden up her thighs so that her pussy was available so all I needed to do was to climb up between her legs and push my penis in. Her gasps of surprise as I entered her, soon turned to pleasure and then to exquisite ecstasy. I loved every minute of it and she obviously was too. Her thighs gripped my waist tight, her whole body rocking in time to my thrusts. It was all over far too quickly for me as she exploded in a powerful orgasm. I had achieved what so many men strived for. A partner's satisfaction at the hands, so to speak, of sensitive love making.

I was now ready to tell Miss Crawley that her application for a supervisor in my bookshop had been successful. She would be a valued and efficient member of my small team. I was sure we would get on very well indeed, even though I did not approve of romantic relationships in the workplace, but then I was the manager and who would question my authority? Miss Crawley? Somehow I didn't think she would!

Becoming Orgasmic

"You want to become what?" This was my first reaction when my flatmate Cara told me of her latest idea. I was used to her endless searching for the 'thing' that would change her life forever. It was safe to say that she was not happy with her lot and tried aimlessly to find something that would enable her to feel better about herself.

"I want to become orgasmic."

Usually I'm quick off the mark but this time she had stumped me.

"What the hell does that mean? 'Become orgasmic.' How on earth did you come up with that?"

We were sitting in a café inside one of the local bookshops in town. It was rare that we managed to have a day off work together so we took advantage of them whenever we could. Cara loved browsing round the bookshops, and I could usually be found checking out the latest fashions. For a few months now, I had secretly wanted to be more to Cara than the other girl sleeping in the other room. I wanted to be her mate, in her bed. But I didn't want to ruin our friendship, and my trepidations were warranted. None of Cara's relationships lasted very long, and those she had were few and far between.

"It's a book I spotted in a bookshop the other day. In fact, I think it was this one." She smiled wryly. "Becoming Orgasmic," she went on, "is a sexual and personal growth programme for women."

Cara's pretty features screwed up into an expression of enthusiasm. She looked at me with brown eyes widened with a passion of a different kind to the one that I wished I saw, and her rosy lips had parted slightly. Damn, she was so beautiful, so alive.

I, on the other hand, had my fair share of attention but never considered myself in the same league. I had shoulder length red hair and green eyes. Below them a spatter of freckles emphasised my cheekbones. I stood a couple of inches shorter than Cara at 5ft 6. My

figure was trim and well in proportion to my height. I could never understand why she always needed to revamp her life with these special programmes. She was already fabulous.

I shook my head. "You've lost me Cara. What the hell would an orgasmic programme involve?" I stumbled slightly with the 'O' word. I dreaded to think what people would be thinking if they overheard our conversation.

She was silent for a few minutes with that intent look she sometimes gets. For the first time, I realized how much it bothered me that Cara had so few lovers. It seemed more often than not she was alone, and I believed that her poor view of herself affected Cara's ability to find someone she felt would love her.

"Well this book, *Becoming Orgasmic* tells of a number of sexual exercises you can do. I need a partner to practice with. That's what I don't have. A partner."

Ah. So that was it. She suggested that I fill that spot, that I practice helping her become orgasmic.

"Why me? Why choose me to be your partner?" My heart beat faster and I could feel my panties becoming damp at the thought of us together. I looked at her eager face and although I was excited at the prospect of helping her with this, I couldn't help but think that it would have a detrimental effect on our friendship.

"Wouldn't it be better for you to wait until you found a boyfriend?"

She didn't say a word, just gave me that famous look she had. I caved. "Okay. How about showing me the book and perhaps we can go from there."

I stared into my coffee as she ran off to find the book. It was easier to concentrate on the swirling white froth of milk than it was to consider what I was getting myself into. I hoped that she wouldn't be able to find it. There was a part of me that didn't want to go any further with this idea but there was also that selfish bit that did. It was that fraction of desire that was playing havoc with my emotions, wetting

my lips. My clit throbbed as the rest of me fought for a semblance of control.

Cara returned and triumphantly slammed the book on the table in front of me. It had an attractive white cover with reddish-purplish butterflies below the title, which seemed apt considering what was flitting around in my stomach. The word ORGASMIC was printed in red, bringing my mind back to my irritated clit. I shifted uncomfortably in my seat.

I had a look at the back of the book and casually flipped through the chapters. After a few minutes of silence I looked at Cara and tried not to blush.

“Okay. I’m intrigued. How do you want to play this?”

Cara rushed off to purchase the book with a silly grin on her face.

We took the bus home. Cara grabbed my hand, already damp with perspiration. I snatched it away, and frantically rubbed it on my thigh to remove the beads of sweat.

I mouthed ‘Sorry’ as her eyes filled up with tears. “I’m sorry.” I said again. “I didn’t mean to be rude. I don’t know what’s up with me.” I did know, I suppose, but couldn’t bring myself to talk about it.

Cara stood, readjusted her bag so it sat on her hip, and said that she would see me at home. With that, she got off the bus two stops early. I watched her go and thought that she was holding herself together much better than I was. I felt a quivering wreck with feelings for her that grew stronger; all my doubts recklessly pounding away trying to convince the rest of me that I was about to do the wrong thing.

I returned home sooner than Cara and was busy making myself a cup of tea when she entered the kitchen. She immediately switched the kettle off and held up the bottle of wine she had bought.

“I think you need something stronger than tea right now.” She busied herself getting glasses and retrieved the bottle opener from a drawer. “I noticed you’re all wobbly. Not like yourself.” She winked at me.

She still hadn't answered my question that I had asked earlier that day. I was still interested as to why she chose me to be her orgasmic partner.

"Well you are absolutely perfect. You like women so you know better than most what to do. You're more likely to be sensitive and gentle, and we know each other. Simple."

I wasn't sure.

"Surely knowing each other makes things trickier, more complicated?"

Cara stopped pouring the wine to look at me. "So that's why you're all nervy. Okay, I should have realised. It doesn't have to be complicated at all. We'll just see how it goes. If it looks like things are going funny then we can stop, can't we?"

She came over and put her arms round me. "Look, I don't want anything to ruin our friendship either but this is what friends are all about, isn't it? Helping one another. Everything will be fine, trust me."

I smiled and Cara passed me a glass of wine. We made a toast: to becoming orgasmic.

It didn't take me long to loosen up after a few glasses of wine. I did feel though that this whole situation was contrived. It had no romantic or spontaneous feeling to it. It wasn't how I wanted it to be. I wanted to court Cara, to wine and dine her, to make her feel special. I couldn't see how I could do that in this forced scenario.

Cara turned the lighting down low and had music playing softly in the background. I sat in the corner of the room clad in my dressing gown. We had both decided to change into something more comfortable. Noting my empty glass, Cara poured me another drink and refilled her own. She knelt down in front of me.

"So," I said, softly. "What do you have in mind?"

I lifted her chin up towards me with one finger. I felt more like myself and wanted everything to be as good as it could be.

"Well, I've only read snippets from the book, but it's a start." Cara stumbled over her words, licking her lips nervously. I couldn't believe this. Only a few hours ago, Cara had been confident but now she had started to display signs of nervousness whilst I had regained my sense of composure.

"There are a lot of things that don't apply to us in the book, so I've chosen something that we could do together that doesn't involve anything too heavy."

I shrugged. "Sounds good to me." I brought my lips close to hers. She hesitated as if not sure of my intentions but I quashed her doubts and ran my tongue along her bottom lip. In immediate response she thrust her own through my parted lips and kissed me deeply. My mouth was firm on hers and I could sense her struggle to draw breath. The passion I felt was overwhelming. Eventually I stood up and led her upstairs to my bedroom.

We both removed our clothes and lay down on the bed facing one another. She whispered to me that we should just touch one another but not the most obvious parts of our bodies. That was the exercise. Tentatively she reached out and touched my arms and shoulders with her fingertips.

With gentle fingers I ran my fingers over her skin. It was soft and smooth. We explored each other's bodies taking care to exclude nipples, breasts and pussies in our exploration. Eventually Cara propped her head on one hand and closed her eyes. I could see her breathing grow deeper and regular and I thought at one point she had fallen asleep.

I whispered, "Cara?"

She opened her eyes and turned her head to me. "I'm not asleep, though I feel so relaxed. I love what you're doing to me. It feels amazing. How can I describe it-?" She paused for a second before continuing, "Like the first time I ever masturbated. It feels so good."

I ran my fingers over her hair, delighting in the sleek shiny texture

and the scent that I disturbed with the warmth of my touch. Eventually she lay back onto the bed and placed her arms down by her sides. Now I had access to all parts of the front of her beautiful body and I lost no time discovering wonders of a new indulgence for me.

I followed the path of my fingers with my lips, kissing and caressing every inch. My tongue traced tiny circles savouring the saltiness of her skin as I travelled downwards towards her pussy. I moved my body closer to her so that my belly pressed into her hip. I wanted to be close, to melt into her heat. She must have felt the same as she entwined her legs with mine. Our interlocked limbs drew the lower parts of our bodies nearer. I pressed my pubic mound into hers and we ground together.

She moaned as my lips again found hers, my tongue probing within her mouth. Our kiss grew stronger and deepened with each passing second. We were touching still but no longer with our fingers.

"Oh my god, Bev." she murmured.

"Sssh." I placed one finger on her parted lips. "Don't say anything. Just enjoy." I moved on top of her and raised myself up onto my hands so my hair fell over her face. I placed one knee in between her thighs and gently prised them further apart.

Her nipples were erect and I captured one into my mouth, sucking hard so it stiffened further. I moved onto the next, tracing a circle round the bottom of each, and then running over the peak with the tip with my tongue. Cara arched her back. Her movement forced her breasts further into my mouth. They felt soft against my chin as I suckled like a baby. My own hung down so that her stomach quivered as they brushed back and forth across her body. I gasped as my nipples became rigid and engorged with blood.

I could smell the scent of her arousal as I neared my goal. Her pussy lips glistened with her juices as my lips and tongue passed through the perfectly formed ringlets of pubic hair. I passed by her clitoris to pay attention to the sensitive spot just below it. I rubbed gently at that spot with the flat of my tongue, listening to Cara's vocal responses to my caresses. Every now and again I would flick gently at her bud,

teasing her to an orgasmic frenzy as she writhed on the bed. As I sensed her climax approaching I moved down to the entrance of her vagina, sweeping up and down with long strokes, before going back to the small area below her clitoris. I delighted in the taste of her juices, warm and sweet and lapped up as much as I could.

Before too long I was rewarded as Cara's body bucked as waves of pleasure ran through her whole body. I continued to suck and lick as her climax eventually ebbed away.

"Wow," she breathed. "That was something else."

I clambered back on top of her and covered her face with small kisses. I stayed that way until her breathing slowed. She placed her hands on my waist and rolled me over until she was lying on top. She brushed the hair back from my eyes and whispered, "Well, I don't think we'll need that book after all."

I looked at her with surprise. "Why on earth not?"

"Oh, I'm glad I bought it because if I hadn't I don't think I would have ever found you, and I know now what has been missing from my life. It's been sitting in front of me all this time and I didn't even realise it was there."

She laughed, and as she brought her lips back down on mine, I couldn't help but think that was the sweetest thing I had ever heard.

Casino

The air had become thick with cigarette smoke and I struggled not to cough. I wore my blonde hair in a chignon and a sleek, red dress clung to every curve of my figure. I avoided wearing too much make-up, preferring to accentuate my best features: my eyes and my lips.

I've always looked forward to a round in the casino. It brings me closer to my father, who had both lived and worked there until the day he died. Growing up, I lived a divided life: my mother's home and my father's gambling.

When my father returned home from work each night he would climb the stairs to say goodnight. No matter how tired I felt I would always plead with him to tell me all about his evening. He would lower his voice and lean close as if he did not wish my mother to hear. I used to laugh and enjoy the little secrets we shared. I was not aware of my mother's concern at the time. She later told me that she had often wished he would not tell stories about his sordid lifestyle.

Now I would carry-on that tradition. I returned to the casino he had worked and mentally noted all the things that he had told me. His stories came alive for me, experiencing all that he had seen, felt and heard.

The casino started to fill up now and after grabbing myself a Vodka Martini I settled down at the nearest blackjack table to watch the game. I try to guess each player's range of expertise by their mannerisms, and comparing those traits with the outcome of their hand. My father taught me that.

I soon realized I would be winning at a different sort of game tonight. I became aware of the presence of a woman dressed in black.

She had that aura about her; she oozed sexuality and presence. The one thing, though, that I found myself drawn to was her generous bosom. The woman's breasts were enormously large in proportion to her slight frame and it was difficult to imagine how she could stay

upright or even balanced. The dress she wore emphasized her cleavage and my eyes were drawn down the length of her dramatic v-shape neckline towards the rounded shape of her breasts. I found it difficult to pull my eyes away from the magnificent sight. This was new territory to me. To be attracted to another woman was a surprise, but I figured that it would be hard not to be attracted to this woman. I ran my tongue over my lips as if I could taste the saltiness of her nipples already in my mouth.

“Hit, please.” Her voice dripped with confidence, but it wasn’t about the cards she held, it was her sexuality of which she was sure. I imagined my hand removing the thin strap from her soft shoulder.

Her facial expression gave nothing away as to the value of the cards in her hand. She bet two red chips to the value of \$10, but when the dealer asked again of her intentions she said, “Stand.”

The woman caught me looking at her and I turned my head away in embarrassment. It wasn’t her game skill that attracted me to her. It was her breasts.

Across the table from me, she winked and smiled before taking a seductive, pouty-lipped sip of her drink. I bowed my head and studied the clasped hands in my lap. When I raised my eyes in her direction again, she had gone. I could not suppress the wave of disappointment that came over me. And then I felt her luscious warm breasts pressing into my back.

Through the sheer material of her dress, I could feel her hardened nipples and I stifled a short gasp. I glanced around the table and was horrified to find that we were being watched. Some of the men smirked and a couple of women look disgusted, maybe jealous. My mysterious vixen pressed something in my hand and then I felt her firm breasts leave me. I swallowed hard and looked down at what she had given me. It was small, black and rectangular and on one side it had a sliding switch. I tripped the switch a few times, on and off. It didn’t seem to do anything. Is this a garage opener?

A sultry voice rich with years of cigarettes and scotch whispered in my ear, "Steady on, sweetie! Take it nice and slow to start. I like a little foreplay, like any woman."

I blushed hard, feeling the heat spread from my face down my neck and chest. I held the remote control, clearly some sort of sexual device that my sexy lady had managed to hide in her snug-fitting dress.

Scanning the casino, I again couldn't find her immediately, and I knew she wanted it that way. My woman gambler was playing me; placing a bet on how I would play the hand she dealt me. I could feel the moisture between my legs; my head was swimming. I needed some fresh air, or a drink, or some kind of diversion.

I tried my best to casually saunter across the casino floor with as much poise as I could with my pussy throbbing. I held the control of another woman's sexuality in the palm of my hand. I still couldn't find her. Determined to act sophisticated I propped myself up at the bar. I ordered another Vodka Martini from the good-looking barman and casually flipped the switch of the remote. I imagined her watching me as I slowly sipped my drink. I could hear faint moans from behind me but when I turned round, there was no one there. Where was she?

I desperately scanned the room for her, the remote in one hand, and my drink in the other. I flipped the switch on and off rapidly and I spotted her. She was chatting to a tall, handsome man almost directly behind me, a few tables away. Every time the vibrator turned on, she gave a little jump, and then covered up her movements by pretending she had been touched up by someone passing by. The tall guy didn't seem convinced. I couldn't help but smirk a little.

Even from that distance it was obvious that his conversation was failing to hold her interest.

"So, what's that you got in your hand?" The barman gestured towards the black remote I clutched in my right hand. I jumped.

"What this? Oh, it's just a personal alarm." I placed it and my drink on the bar, turning to him. I smiled, and he extended me his hand. Just

act natural, I thought. I tried not to wriggle on the seat too much. Damn it ached.

"My name is Ben. Pleased to meet you." I took his offer of a handshake and introduced myself as Katy.

Then he asked, "Are you okay? You seem preoccupied." I turned back towards Ben and shook my head. Glancing at the box, I realized that I had switched the remote on. I imagined a trickle of cum running down the inside of her thighs. My tongue ached to lick it off, slowly climbing higher to her soft, warm lips. My clit swelled. I could almost smell the sweetness of her pussy juices. I closed my eyes and breathed in deeply. My pussy burned and throbbed and gushed for her touch.

"No, I'm fine. But yes, I am a bit preoccupied tonight." I nodded and smiled at the barman and he flashed me a smile but I could see disappointment in his eyes. He was looking over my shoulder, and then I felt her warm breasts envelope my arm. She reached across my chest, brushing my nipple, and switched the black box off.

I could feel her heat and her passion radiating against my side, she stood so close to me. I hoped my fingers would very soon be gently strumming her bud. Boldly I swivelled on the barstool and slipped my arms round her narrow waist, pulling her towards me between my legs. She leaned into my breasts.

"You frustrate me, sweetie," she murmured. "I love my games to last much longer." I gave no answer, preferring my heartbeat and my touch against her thigh to convey my feelings for her.

"Shall we go to my room?"

I nodded, against her soft, musty smelling hair. I surprised myself with my boldness, but I felt an incredible respect for her: she had awakened this side of me. I had never felt so aroused by a man before. My inexperience did not worry me. At that moment, nothing worried me.

She led me away from the crowds to the room she held in the casino.

She pushed me gently onto the bed and slowly removed my clothes, then stood back and admired my firm breasts and flat stomach. She removed her dress, and then her bra. I sat up and reached out to grab her with both hands. I massaged her breasts enjoying their vastness and watching her nipples grow harder with my touch.

She pushed me back into the bed and kissed me softly. Her long tresses hung loosely and tickled the sensitive skin of my neck. My nose was full of her scent, spicy and hot and smoky, like cider served on a cold night.

I closed my eyes, savouring the feel of her body on mine. Her gaze burnt a path of warmth down between my breasts and over my stomach. Each breath I took lifted my nipples up eagerly towards her, waiting to be nibbled and sucked. With each touch of her fingertips, her lips, her tongue, her mouth, she spread through my being.

Moving slowly down my body, she slid her hands over my bare flesh. I came alive; the fine hair on my skin stood on end mimicking a blanket to cover my nudity, pleasure bolts travelled to every nerve ending lighting a path down to my pussy, which she followed with her tongue. For several moments she licked and probed, exploring the folds between my thighs as if she wished to straighten each one out.

She caressed and kissed and massaged my body into orgasm. She held me close then as the tears rolled down my cheeks. I melted into her. She told me her name. Then I remembered she didn't know who I was. "I'm Katy," I said and she smiled.

Jo's Story

Jo sighed and standing with her hands on her hips, slowly looked around the bedroom. She stood at an average height with shoulder length blonde hair and the desired steely blue eyes. Her lips were full and red, slightly parted with the beginnings of anger. Her husband, Mike, always said she looked more beautiful when she was roused, either in temperament or excitement.

It's just typical; she thought to herself, Mike, disappears and leaves her to finish off the packing. She knew it would be a stressful time moving house. He did promise that he would be around to help her get the remaining boxes packed and sealed ready for the removal van early afternoon. But for some reason he had let her down.

Luckily there wasn't an awful lot left to do but Jo had other things she could be doing. Like sending off all the letters to notify friends and family of the new address. She sighed again and decided to empty out her side of the wardrobe first. She laid a suitcase and a box open on the bed ready for clothes and any other knick knacks that may appear.

As she worked she kept an ear open for the sound of Mike's car in the driveway. He said before he left that he was taking a trip down to the new house 5 miles away to make sure that it was open for the first load of furniture. Jo didn't think that he needed to do that as he could have asked one of the neighbours to do it for them but he insisted that it was necessary. She secretly believed he would make a quick trip to the local pub whilst he was at it.

Neatly folding all her dresses and shirts in the suitcase, she couldn't believe just how much clothes she had accumulated over the years. She was sure that she could get rid of some of them to the local charity and made a resolution to do that one day in the near future. Maybe when they were settled into their new home. She smiled. She was so looking forward to arranging the furniture and decorating.

She closed the suitcase after placing the final dress that had been hanging on the clothes rail inside. She knelt on the floor and reached

to the back of the wardrobe. She grabbed the first bag that she could reach and pulled it out. At first she didn't recognise the carrier bag with the faded logo of the local supermarket plastered on the front. Perhaps Mike had bought her something and had hidden it in the back of the wardrobe and forgotten about it. It didn't seem likely. Another thought crossed her mind and this was not as pleasant as the last one. Was Mike trying to hide something from her?

What was the matter with her? Why on earth would Mike do that? It didn't make sense. Then it dawned on her what was in the bag. Of course! She felt so stupid. A couple of years ago she had attended her school reunion and had had the idea of wearing her old school uniform.

Eventually she had decided against it and had stuffed it in the wardrobe. She had never told Mike about it and had wished that she had never bothered to ask her mum if she could dig it out of the loft for her. Jo blushed at the thought. Her mother had been so shocked and clearly couldn't understand why Jo had wanted the skirt and blouse but she had been too polite to ask her daughter about it.

Now here it was again and this time Jo had the urge to try the outfit on. She glanced at her watch. She had plenty of time before the first van would be arriving. As for Mike, well she guessed he would be at least another hour or so. She was certain she had more than enough time to try the uniform on and finish off the rest of the packing.

She stood in front of the mirror amazed at how well she had kept her figure in trim. Although there had been a few years since she had worn her sixth form uniform she was convinced that she could fit into it reasonably well. Even if she couldn't she thought, she would at least have fun trying. Slowly she peeled off her clothes. She had dressed simply that morning because she was aware that she was likely to get hot and bothered before the day was out. Her old denim dungarees were the first to go, followed by the small white tee shirt. She had purposely left her bra off to enjoy the feel of her erect nipples against the hard seams of the dungarees.

Soon she was standing in just her white briefs. She ran her hands over her large breasts and playfully tweaked her nipples until they stood hard and proud. She enjoyed seeing how far she could twist the rosy

buds before it brought tears to her eyes with the pain. It didn't feel the same though with her doing it to herself. She longed to get Mike to do things like that to her but had never plucked up the courage to ask him. She stepped out of her white briefs taking note of the damp patch in the gusset from playing with herself.

* * *

One by one she removed the items from the carrier bag and laid them out on the bed. A pair of frilly white briefs, a red plaid, pleated skirt, white blouse and a red tie. Jo could remember that the skirt had come down to mid thigh when she had worn it those years ago. She placed it against her body and was surprised to see that it now came to the top of her thighs. She knew that as soon as she put the briefs on too that the skirt would barely cover them. She was certainly glad now that she had never worn the uniform at the school reunion.

She grabbed hold of the briefs and gently slipped them on. They felt tight and the material stretched provocatively across the cheeks of her arse. Her fingers slid over the sheer smooth fabric at the front before moving round to explore the back. Bending forward slowly her fingers found a slight rip which had been barely noticeable to the naked eye. How did that get there? For as long as she could remember the uniform had been stuffed away in bags and had never been worn since her time at school.

So the only time it could have happened was when she was wearing them at school...She giggled out loud. The memory of that particular instance was extremely clear in her mind. She'd wondered for some time if she would be able to re-enact it. It had been her first experience being spanked and she had never looked back since. The only hindrance was that she had never been able to find anyone else that could instil the same sort of feelings in her as that teacher had done.

She had been with her small group of friends and had decided to have a little fun as it had been the end of the school year. Long summer holidays followed and everyone had been in high spirits. Perhaps too

high spirits. It had been a simple prank, one that many other pupils had thought of long before they had, but it had been too hot to endure staying inside a stuffy classroom any longer. So they had set off the fire alarm. Unfortunately the teacher's pet had spotted Jo breaking the glass on the alarm and had reported her.

After everyone had traipsed back into the school building, Jo had been called into the principal's office. She had refused to say anything about any of her other friends that had been involved and had accepted the punishment that had been dealt out. What she didn't realise was that the principal had no intention of making a report of the prank or the punishment given and had made arrangements for Jo to see him after school hours. Jo had felt nervous but could see no reason to disobey the order and had returned after school to receive her punishment.

The principal had ordered her to bend over his knee whilst he had spanked her. She had kept her knickers on and she had been relieved to see that he had used a wooden ruler rather than his bare hand. At first Jo had been nervous but after the first few smacks she had started to enjoy the anticipation of each smack, the short burst of pain, followed by the tingling sensation. She was disappointed that there had been only a few smacks but, her face flushed, she had been glad to finally leave out of sheer embarrassment.

She had never seen the principal again after that for any more punishments and she often wondered what had happened to him after she left school. Of course if she had been a little bit younger at the time she would have reported him but she felt that it had just been harmless fun in the end.

"Oh wow," she breathed.

Her panties had grown wet at the sweet memory and her clit had begun to throb. She rubbed her arse cheeks where she remembered the ruler had landed those few years ago. It made her smile to think of it again. She picked up the white blouse and had a quick look over the front and back, checking to see if there were any rips in the material but she could see none.

Carefully she squeezed herself into it and did up the buttons one by one. Although the rest of it fitted very well she found the blouse was a little tight and it stretched taut over her breasts. She squeezed them from either side trying to get more comfortable. She decided that she would have to be careful not to breathe in too deep other wise she would pop a few of the buttons.

She longed to reach down between her legs and rub herself into an orgasm but wanted to wait until she had completely dressed in the whole outfit. She pulled the skirt over her bare thighs and fastened the buttons at the back. She had been right. It fitted okay but was slightly shorter. Turning herself round she could see the bottom of her white briefs in the mirror. She bent down and reached between her thighs and ran her fingers over the damp crotch of her knickers. She moaned.

She couldn't believe how much pleasure she was getting through just dressing up in her old school uniform. No wonder her mother had been shocked! Finally she tied the tie loosely round her neck. She didn't want it to look too perfect.

Something was missing she thought to herself. She had bare legs. She had no stockings on. She rooted round in her drawer for a few minutes and came across a pair of white hold up stockings. Perfect!

Jo looked at herself in the mirror. Her nipples were hard and straining against the material of the shirt. She brushed them gently with the palm of her hand. She gasped with pleasure. Then slowly she ran both hands down the front and sides of her body, enjoying the sensation in her body, her skin tingling with the naughtiness of her actions.

"Mmm, this is what I've been missing," she whispered out loud.

* * *

"Well, someone has been naughty."

With a start Jo jumped. Standing in the doorway to their bedroom was Mike. Christ, she thought, how long has he been standing there?

"Hi, darling," she stammered. "I didn't see you there."
 "Obviously not."

Jo couldn't tell from his expression whether he was annoyed or not. She decided to play along and see how far it would go.

"I just thought I'd try on my old school uniform again. It brought back some good memories."

Mike was silent and he moved closer behind Jo, looking over her shoulder in the mirror.

"What kind of memories would they be then?"

Jo shrugged.

"What about the rest of the packing? The removal van's going to be here shortly and we haven't even finished."

"I know. I'm sorry. I got carried away. I didn't realise the time."

Mike moved away and with his back to her, said,
 "I'll just have to punish you then, won't I?"

A shiver of excitement and nervousness travelled up Jo's spine. Could this be what she was wishing for? Did Mike really like these games after all? She thought back to all the years she had missed out on by not talking to Mike earlier. She could kick herself. When she turned away from the mirror, she noticed that Mike had left the room. She wondered where he had gone. She became frustrated as the time passed and still Mike had not returned. She could feel a trickle of pussy juice running down the inside of her thighs. It soaked through the top of her stocking but she did not wipe it away. Let it stay there so Mike could see just how turned on she really was.

She sat down on a chair and waited but she found herself unable to sit still. She fidgeted getting more and more flustered and frustrated as time went on. She contemplated rubbing herself between her thighs just to ease the ache that had built up there. Squeezing her legs together did nothing. It couldn't reach the deep seated need burning

inside of her. Slowly her hand made its way to the waist band of the skirt. Then the bedroom door opened and Mike entered.

She did not say anything to him as he came to stand in front of her but looked up at him, trying to read what was in his mind. His eyes were blank, showing no emotion whatsoever and for a split second she felt a flash of fear. Had she misread him? Did she really know her husband at all? In his hand he held a wooden ruler. In a soft but firm voice he ordered her to bend over the chair and to lift up her skirt as she did so. She obliged. For a few minutes he spanked her brief-covered arse. Gently at first, as if testing her reaction, then gradually the blows got harder with each smack.

The material softened the blows slightly but she could still feel the sting of the wood as it rained down on her. She bit her lip, her heart rate increasing and her breasts threatening to burst through the seams of her shirt. She bowed her head and gripped the side of the chair. She continued to bite down on her rosy lips willing herself not to cry out just yet. The smacking suddenly stopped and she could feel Mike's hand removing her briefs. As the material past over her reddened cheeks, she gasped with a mixture of pleasure and pain. Her bottom felt sore and she wondered how much more she could stand.

She glanced round at her husband. He appeared engrossed in his job and the front of his slacks bore the signs of his own arousal. Catching her off guard, the ruler came down hard on her bare flesh and she jumped with the force of the blow. She parted her legs, easing the discomfort of the increasing heat from her pussy. She was in a high state of excitement and found it hard to keep still. Mike seemed to be aware of this as he grabbed her arm and encouraged her to stand. Without saying a word he loosened her tie further and, slowly freed her heaving breasts from their cloth prison. He ran his hand over her skin, circling each nipple with a thumb. Jo sighed and thrust them harder into his hands. He bent forward and took each red nub in his mouth, twirling his tongue round the areole and then drawing the nipple further into his mouth where he sucked firmly. The pulsating insistence of her nipples gradually decreased and she felt the need pass through her belly to her pussy below. She moaned.

She moved her hand to grab hold of the bulge in his pants but he moved further away from her. He showed control in his own desire enjoying the effect that he was having on Jo. He gave a small smile.

“Not yet.”

He spoke quietly but firmly. He sat down on the chair and indicated that she should lie over his lap. A feeling of déjà vous past over Jo. A picture of her school principal flashed through her brain. The sensation of fear that she had felt at that time though had been replaced with anticipation and elation. Her breasts pressed uncomfortably into Mike’s broad thighs and her pussy leaked juices onto his lap. He didn’t appear to notice however.

His hand lifted up her skirt even more placing her pink arse on display. The pain had abated leaving a warm sweet soreness in its place. The gaps between each spanking session gave Jo time to recover and built up the expectancy of each new blow. He fondled her exposed pussy lips and covered his fingers with her juices. He then rubbed them over the sore patches on Jo’s skin. She was amazed to find that her own fluid had helped to soothe her tender rump.

Very soon, though, Mike resumed his scolding and her arse began to sing out once more. Jo clenched her buttocks tighter trying to protect her complaining flesh from too much damage. She could feel his erection pressing into her belly and every time he smacked her, his hard-on responded in kind. Things were getting too much for Jo and she longed to have the desires within her pussy satisfied. She didn’t think that she could take much more spanking and she felt that she had paid the price of her laxity in full.

Mike seemed to agree as he pushed her gently to the floor and quickly removed his trousers and boxer shorts. His erection stood proud and a small droplet of pre-cum glistened at the tip. Jo licked her lips. She could almost taste his cock on her lips but this time she needed more. Without warning she took control of the situation. She jumped up and pushed back down hard on the chair. He winced as his bare flesh made contact with the unprotected seat. With one hand on his shoulder, Jo straddled over the head of his penis. She lowered herself down so that

his penis just sat at the entrance to her pussy. He thrust his pelvis up trying to plunge himself deep into her but she smiled and said, "Not yet."

In her own time, she rotated her hips rubbing her own juices over the head of his manhood, wanting it to be slick when she finally allowed him to enter her. Finally she lowered herself even further down and felt his entire cock penetrate her inch by inch. Simultaneously, they both voiced their satisfaction, and relaxed for a few minutes, each one not wanting to spoil the closeness. Gradually they began to move as one, their lovemaking reaching new heights of intimacy with each stroke Mike made. Jo knew that from now they had a new world to explore of pain and pleasure and also of each other. She felt glad that she had newly discovered the delights of her old school uniform.

Breaking her thoughts, Mike whispered in her ear, "Well did you enjoy your punishment?" Jo could not speak but she nodded and placed her lips against his. Their tongues met for a brief moment until Mike pulled away. "I'm glad. My father taught me well."

Carrie White © February 2004

About the Author

Born in Gloucestershire and now based in London, Carrie White's erotic literary work is gaining an international reputation. She began writing professionally in the year 2000 and has been published in many web-based publications, printed erotic magazines and has also made various international T.V appearances.

She often collaborates with fine art erotic photographers, producing high quality and original fiction. She self-published her first collection of erotic stories 'Erotogenic' in July 2003 and has sold many copies through self-promotion and hard work.

Since the year 2000 she has built her own website (<http://www.hentracks.co.uk/>) informing readers of her current writing projects and news, named Hentracks and then a couple of years later she began to work with Eva Almeida to review books and e-books. This, in turn, led to her successfully setting up her own reviewing service at Sexography (<http://www.sexography.co.uk/>)

Along with all the above she now works with Stevie Burns on the Salty Witch Circle (<http://www.yenrelish.com/>), and is a proud member of (<http://www.associationoferoticartists.org.uk/>)

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