

**Readerotica 4 – Erotica for Your Electronic Reader – Volume 4 – Exciting
Situations**

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Readerotica – Free Erotic Stories for Your Electronic Reader

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CHAPTER 1 – THE COUCHSURFERS

Jack and Naomi's latest houseguests were really making themselves at home.

It was a warm June morning in San Francisco's Noe Valley, and Naomi woke early, hoping for a soak in the hot tub before the guests were up. She nudged awake her husband, Jack, and the two crept downstairs with large bath towels in hand.

They needn't have tiptoed because in the kitchen they came across their Chilean guests, Andreas and Carmen, already up and making breakfast.

"I hope we didn't wake you," Andreas smiled. "We thought we'd slice some fruit for breakfast before you two got up. We made coffee, too."

Naomi looked at Andreas – ten years her junior – standing shirtless, wearing only a form-fitting pair of boxer briefs. He was peeling oranges on the kitchen's island countertop. His girlfriend, Carmen, was barely dressed, too. Above a little pink pair of boy shorts she sported a thin white t-shirt with a Brazilian soft-drink logo that did little to hide the circles of her dark nipples and their pointed tips.

Naomi thought it brash of the couple to waltz about their hosts' kitchen half dressed. But she was beginning to appreciate the youthful energy they brought to the house.

Carmen and Andreas were 20-somethings from Chile who were spending the summer traveling from Seattle to Los Angeles. They had found Jack and Naomi through a couchsurfing website that matched travelers looking for an authentic homestay with hosts willing to offer a couch.

Jack and Naomi themselves hoped to couchsurf their way through Spain one day, when they had saved some money for travel. They were married, in their late 30's – Naomi a tall, smart mediation lawyer with wavy blonde hair, and Jack a general contractor with the build of an outdoorsman. The couple had recently burned through their savings renovating their split-level San Francisco home, so the Pyrenees would have to wait. Until then they were hosting adventurous travelers from all over the world – though none yet as interesting as their current houseguests.

Carmen was 26, with dark features, warm brown skin, shoulder-length black hair, and a tasteful nose stud. She struggled some with her English, but came across as confident and highly sociable. Naomi wondered if the girl's accent was having an effect on her husband. She knew Jack adored foreign women.

Jack had noticed Carmen's accent, but not as much as her prominent, attention-demanding breasts. Round as cantaloupes, they were always well-presented beneath under-sized t-shirts that molded to her curves like cling-wrap around bowling balls. Yet she seemed unaware of how much her shirt revealed.

Carmen's boyfriend, Andreas, was a year older, and his thin, round glasses gave him the look of a campus intellectual. His dark, wavy hair had grown a bit unkempt during their travels, and his upper arms looked remarkably strong for someone with a bookish demeanor.

Naomi realized she was evaluating Andreas's build a little too long, and hurried into the kitchen to help them with breakfast.

“I’ll get some plates for the fruit,” she offered, and opened the cabinet door.

As she reached upwards, Naomi felt the kiss of air on the bottom of her ass cheeks. She remembered that she, too, was still in her nightshirt. She instantly felt the eyes of Andreas on her exposed bottom. Or she thought she did; she couldn’t be sure. She wished she’d worn sexier panties than the ones she had on, and then chided herself for having the thought.

For his part, Jack was cradling a mug of coffee in his hands while watching Carmen slice into a guava. Actually, he was watching Carmen’s breasts rise and push together ever so slightly with each movement of her arms. He felt his cock swell some, and worried it might be noticeable through his boxer shorts. Carmen raised her eyes from the cutting board to Jack’s strained underwear, and then caught his gaze; her left cheek lifted and her lips parted into a wry smile, as if to chide him quietly, almost playfully.

“I should get dressed for breakfast,” Jack stammered, and headed up to the bedroom. Carmen barely managed to contain her giggle.

During their six-day stay, the couchsurfers ventured out during the daytime to see the sights of the city and the bay. In the evenings they would bring home food and wine from the neighborhood farmers market and help to cook dinner. As the days progressed, their sensual style and free-spirited natures began to have an effect on Jack and Naomi.

On the third evening, Naomi was sitting alone at the kitchen table paying bills when Carmen finished her shower and came in wearing an elegant, semi-sheer chiffon blouse. Andreas followed and had cleaned up nicely, too, sporting a stylish pair of jeans and a black dress shirt opened several buttons from the top.

Naomi suddenly felt self-conscious about her and Jack’s casual housewears. So when Andreas asked Carmen where she’d put the wine they had bought at the market, Naomi used the opportunity to slip upstairs to the bedroom. She pulled her sweatshirt over her head and tossed it onto the bedspread. It was her favorite shirt to wear around the house but tonight it was making her feel frumpy.

In the wardrobe she leafed through one top after another until she came to the shirts she hadn’t worn for weeks, selecting a low-cut ruched top she knew would dip nicely in front (and could be worn without a bra). Jack would surely notice her sexier dress and wonder about her motive, but then, he was a guy – she knew he’d approve.

In the dining room that night, Naomi passed the salad around while Carmen was telling Jack about the farmers market where they’d bought the wine. Andreas took the bowl from Naomi and she watched him as he served the salad; he seemed to be looking at her the entire time.

Unlike the other morning when she’d had her back to him in the kitchen, Naomi was sure Andreas was looking at her now. Calmly. Intently. But was it more than what’s appropriate? Was he eyeing her up? She thought so, but she couldn’t be sure. The ambiguity of it electrified her.

The dinner conversation moved through wine and travel to Chile and road trips, and no matter who was talking, Andreas' eyes seemed to always rest on Naomi. The others didn't seem to notice. And Naomi never felt the need to look away.

Later that night, she shared all this with Jack in bed and asked him if he had noticed. "No, I didn't," he confessed. "Actually, I thought Carmen might have been flirting with me. I was going to ask if you saw it too."

But the next evening, a bottle of Chilean Syrah provided some useful intel.

Carmen was helping Naomi make dinner in the kitchen while Andreas was in the living room writing in his journal. Jack was in the back garden cutting two-by-fours for vegetable boxes. The girls had already started in on the wine – a Chilean red that Andreas had picked up that afternoon.

As Carmen peeled potatoes into the sink, she gazed out the window into the garden.

"Your husband Jack, he is very capable, yes?"

Naomi was brushing a marinade over flank steaks for the barbeque. "Well, he's handy around the house I guess, yeah."

"No," Carmen corrected herself, watching Jack work the saw back and forth. "I mean, he is rugged, and mature. Yes?"

Jack was certainly no sophomore college boy anymore, Naomi thought. He had a contracting business and a mortgage and some pepper-colored hair to show for it. "Yeah, I guess he is."

"I think he is very sexy. Like Harrison Ford." Carmen scraped the peels into the compost box. "But please don't mistake me, I love Andreas. And he's very ... full ... in me." Naomi nearly dropped the bowl of sauce. "But your Jack looks very seasoned. It must be like making love with Indiana Jones," she cooed. "Is it like that?"

Naomi chuckled to herself. She had never thought of Jack in quite that way, and she found it flattering to hear this young woman talk about her husband like that. Maybe this was normal chit-chat among Chilean women. Or maybe Carmen sensed how open Naomi and Jack were with each other and felt free to share her thoughts.

They continued talking and downing wine together. Half an hour later Jack poked his head through the patio door and saw the girls giggling. "What's so funny?" he demanded. Naomi replied with a casual, "Nothing, honey. What's up?"

"Are you ready for me to put the meat on yet?" he asked.

The girls broke out laughing again.

That night, when Jack and Naomi went upstairs to bed, Naomi could hardly restrain herself. She wasted no time on small talk.

She hit the lights, slipped out of her skirt and top, and pushed her husband down on the bed, straddling him at the waist. She reached her arms around her back to remove her

bra, and the moonlight coming through the window bathed her bare breasts in an ethereal glow.

Adjusting her hips, Naomi grinded against her husband until she felt his bulge grow through the thin fabric of her panties. She rocked her torso and pressed herself against him, feeling herself grow wet.

“Oh honey, those two downstairs are getting me so hot!” she confessed.

“I know, Jesus,” Jack said. “Those shirts she wears, those perfect breasts shouting, ‘look at me!’ I’m springing a hard-on every time I see them.”

“That Andreas is a lot more subtle, but that’s somehow even worse. It’s like he’s slowly seducing me, bit by bit, without even lifting a finger.”

“I’ll take your word for it, babe. I was too busy trying to eye Carmen’s tits without being too obvious.”

“Well, I sure noticed you peering, Jack. And I wouldn’t be surprised if she did, too.”

Jack pushed his boxers down and could now feel his wife’s wetness against his cock. “You know, Naomi,” Jack’s voice turned suggestive. “A lot of foreign men have fantasies about American women. Especially blonde, American women.” Naomi knew where he was going with this.

“Is that a fact?” she whispered, egging him on and feeling a new tinge of pleasure.

“Yeah,” he continued. “Andreas has a hot young girlfriend, but I bet he wants you, Naomi, wants to run his fingers through your blonde hair while he buries his hungry, Latin cock in you.”

It had been a while since the couple had talked dirty to each other like this. It felt long overdue.

Naomi dismounted and lay down on the bed, her head near her husband’s cock.

“Well Jack,” she began, “I think Carmen would love nothing better than to get a piece of you before they leave.” She circled her thumb and index finger around his hard length. I bet she has a thing for older men – falls for their maturity, their ruggedness. I think if she had you in the flesh, she’d probably do anything to please you.”

“Oh, really?” Jack pressed.

“Mhmm. She’d probably take you right where you’re standing, unzip your pants, look up at you with her innocent eyes and say, in that Chilean accent of hers, ‘Do you mind if I remove your cock now, Jack, and suck it for you?’ And she wouldn’t wait for an answer, she’d just slip it into her mouth and go to work on it.”

Naomi did just that, lowering her mouth down over Jack’s cock, as if her lips belonged to Carmen. Naomi alternated between oral sex and verbal torture.

“I’ve seen her look at you. I can tell she wants to wrap those thick red lips around you and just, just ... milk your cock with her mouth until you start spurting down her throat.”

Her two-pronged strategy worked – when Jack finally flipped Naomi over on all fours and buried himself inside her, he felt huge in her. Her teasing had engorged him beyond

his normal girth. His thrusts drove her shoulders into the mattress and her cheek pressed hard against the pillow.

Closing her eyes, she let herself imagine that what she had eyed through Andreas's underwear that first morning in the kitchen was now freed, hard, and inside her.

Naomi's moans soon arrived, but louder and more desperate than Jack had ever heard from her. "They'll hear you downstairs," he warned.

"I don't care," Naomi panted, and her mouth opened wide in ecstasy. Each of his poundings brought her closer to the brink, and her shaking knees struggled to hold her pussy up to receive them. She came just in time, her orgasm triggering Jack's own climax, and for a few seconds there was nothing else in the world but his pulsing cock and her gasping cunt.

She collapsed onto the sheets in exhaustion before Jack had fully finished, his last streams of come landing hot on the skin of her bottom.

Sweaty and spent, Naomi felt no guilt for imagining it was Andreas fucking her. In fact, when she caught her breath she'd probably tell Jack that's why she came so hard. Still, she did keep one secret from Jack that night.

She didn't tell him that all those provocative words about Carmen's lust were more than just sexy bedroom talk. Thanks to the Chilean Syrah earlier that night, she knew all about Carmen's desire for Jack – she had described it to Naomi word for word.

On Friday evening, Jack and Naomi were still on a high from the last night's fun but were stuck at a work-related reception at Naomi's law firm. She wanted to be there even less than he did, though neither one voiced their boredom.

Two hours in, Naomi's boss hadn't stood up to make her remarks yet when she squeezed Jack's hand and said, "Let's sneak out of here."

"I like your thinking," Jack answered. "What do you have in mind? You know, we could put a porno movie on tonight in our bedroom. One of the ones you like, of course. Just throwing that out there."

Naomi simply smiled and the two slipped out the back and drove home.

As they climbed the stairs from their garage up to the main floor, Jack heard music filtering down and guessed the Chileans were having a fun night. But he couldn't have known just how much until he opened the door and rounded the corner into the living room.

He stopped dead in his tracks upon seeing Carmen on the living room couch, facing him, topless.

Her lower torso was hidden by the back of the couch, but her top half, including those spherical breasts and dark nipples he had only yet seen through clothing, was on full display in front of both of them.

Andreas was nowhere to be seen. The lights had been dimmed and an iPhone was pulsing club music through the stereo speakers. They soon realized Carmen must have

been fully naked when they saw a pair of panties on the couch's backrest, and near those, the top of Andreas's head. Carmen must have been riding him right up to the second the couple appeared in the living room.

"Oh god, I'm so sorry," Carmen stammered, "I, ahh, we ..."

"Uhh, hi," came Andreas's voice from somewhere under Carmen. Any excuse from the couple at this point would have been comical.

Despite her apparent surprise, Carmen did not grab a seat cushion and cover her chest. She sat there poised, back straight, breasts bare. Much to Jack's growing delight.

"Should we, uhhm . . . put clothes on?" she finally asked. Only the beats from the speakers masked the awkward silence.

Jack was still speechless. Standing next to him, Naomi was smiling, seemingly in full control of the situation. "There's no reason to cover yourselves for us."

Carmen looked between Naomi and Jack. And then she closed her eyes. Slowly, she resumed riding Andreas again, lifting her torso, arching her back and biting her lower lip, before gradually lowering herself back down onto Andreas. Their hosts stood watching.

She continued riding him slowly, sensually, unashamedly in front of her hosts, before opening her eyes again and setting them onto Jack with a new look of purpose. She began fucking Andreas faster, gradually approaching the rhythm of the music, all the while keeping her eyes locked with Jack's.

Naomi put her hand in the small of her husband's back and nudged him forward towards Carmen until he was standing at the back of the couch directly in front of her. He looked back to his wife to gauge her intent. He'd known Naomi for many years and on her face he read amusement, excitement, and longing.

Carmen leaned forward, fumbled with the buttons on Jack's shirt, and bared his chest, her fingers running through the hair between his well-defined pecs even as her body bucked atop Andreas's cock. Underneath, on his back, Andreas could only see Carmen's arms extending beyond the couch, pulling Jack closer to her so her lips reached his nipples and her fingers grasped the waistband of his slacks.

In four deft moves Carmen had his belt undone and his fly wide open. The weight of his belt made his pants drop to the floor. She reached into the waistband of his boxers and pulled his stiff cock out, and as her cunt slid up Andreas's shaft again, her mouth slipped down over Jack's erection. She grabbed the back of the couch for leverage and then sat all the way down onto Andreas, both cocks all hers for the moment.

Naomi enjoyed watching Carmen indulge herself, and she walked to the other side of the couch to kneel down next to Andreas for a closer look. She was eager to see his cock, up close, fully aroused, and in action.

Carmen raised herself up again, slowly this time, revealing more of Andreas's member to Naomi's hungry eyes, inch by glorious inch. Carmen paused at the very top, keeping only the bulbous head inside her, the rest of his shaft on full display: thick, rigid, and glistening with Carmen's juices.

Naomi couldn't help but reach out to touch it. She wrapped her smooth, long fingers around the base, and when she had a good hold, Carmen dropped back down on it, her cunt swallowing his cock again and her pussy lips pressing hard against Naomi's hand, soaking her fingers with her warm drippings.

Jack's head was buzzing in pleasure, his eyes savoring the sight of this young buxom woman taking him deeply in her mouth even as her boyfriend was filling her cunt from below. For his part, Andreas was happy being used however the women wanted.

The music on the stereo changed to a slower, India-style beat. Carmen lifted her pussy off of Andreas, grasped his slick cock with both hands, and turned towards Naomi.

"Would you like this now?" she asked, as innocently as if she were offering a lollipop. Naomi's heart jumped, realizing the young man's shaft might soon be inside her. Her mind was unsure but her head nodded yes.

Carmen released Andreas and turned her attention to orally pleasing the "older man" she had coveted all week.

Naomi stood up, unsure how to proceed. She felt somehow naked, even though – or because – she was the only one of the four still clothed. So she unzipped the back of her dress, pulled it off her shoulders, gave it a tug and let it fall to the floor around her ankles. No panties needed removing – she had worn none that night. She looked over to find Jack watching her with an interested grin.

Naomi trickled with pleasure at what was unfolding. It was the kind of thrilling fantasy that had fueled the couple's bedroom talk off and on for two years. And now they were living it together, in the flesh, with their sizzling houseguests, feeding off each other's excitement.

Andreas had already removed his glasses, and seemed to her in the moment to resemble a star from some Brazilian soap opera. But naked. His sizeable shaft was pointing at her with bold intent. She certainly wanted it. No, craved it. But she wanted Andreas to come to her.

She walked towards the opposite couch, climbed up onto the cushions, and crawled slowly along the length of it while looking back at Andreas. He followed. She was being pursued like the prey she wanted to be. Coming to a rest on all fours, her forearms against the side cushion, she felt thoroughly submissive.

Naomi lowered her face against the cushion with her cunt in the air, just like she had done for Jack last night. And closed her eyes.

She soon felt his presence behind her; Andreas knelt between her legs, and pressed the head of his cock between her warm, slippery lips.

"Mmmph," she let slip. He felt big, every bit as big as she'd imagined. But she easily parted for his confident manhood; in two strokes he was deep inside her.

He started slow, wanting his hostess to burn with even more desire for him. Naomi had never felt so full; Andreas seemed to take up more space in her than there was, as if nothing else existed besides his penis within her. And still, she wanted more.

Andreas delivered long and deep strokes, building up a steady pace. He loved the powerful feeling of taking a woman from behind, but taking this bright, blonde Californian who had flirted with him all through dinner the other night was something else.

Swirling in ecstasy, Naomi hoped her husband was enjoying himself as much as she was. Opening her eyes halfway, she turned and looked over her shoulder towards the other couch. Jack was now on his back, and through her eyelashes she could see Carmen's form straddling him, bouncing away energetically, her breasts bounding just a half beat behind. Naomi knew Jack was relishing every minute of this.

Her attention whipped back to Andreas behind her. His size and thrusting finally overwhelmed her, sparking a powerful orgasm that radiated to the tip of every last toe and finger. In another minute he came too, and the pulsing within her nearly felt like her own second orgasm.

They both crumpled down onto the soft cushions, her young houseguest still throbbing inside her deliciously.

She lay deep in bliss, semi-conscious, until a few minutes later when she heard Carmen's rising moans and screams and some unintelligible cries in Spanish, and she and Jack then finished in a tangle of glistening flesh.

When they all came around, they sat up against the cushions, naked and satiated. Jack joked, "It's a good thing Naomi's office party was so dull or we might have got home after you two had finished."

Andreas added, "And it's good Carmen didn't wait until you had both gone to bed before taking her clothes off and tackling me."

Carmen and Naomi looked at each other and burst out laughing at their men's naiveté. They still thought their little foursome had happened by accident.

But Carmen and Naomi had timed things well. In fact, at the office party Naomi had been surprised that Jack hadn't noticed her checking her watch every five minutes.

But Naomi figured the guys didn't need to know just yet.

The next morning, as the four of them were kissing their farewells, the couchsurfers made their hosts an offer, which they accepted. Jack and Naomi still hoped to make it to Spain one day, but they immediately agreed that their next trip would be a homestay in Chile.

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CHAPTER 2 – FOREVER THERE, THEN GONE

In death I dream of you. You are beautiful and you are there and you reside in me, yet like the perfect stillness of a mist that rises and rests over a calm body of water in the early predawn morning; forever there, forever perfect.

The bath you've taken was long and warm and scented and was meant to help with your uncertainties and calm your anticipation. And it did, not completely of course, but it helped.

Your long and freshly straightened black hair falls over the heavy white robe that you wear now. You walk to our room and sit at the end of the bed and you rest. The heat of the tub has weakened you and you feel your resolve slipping. You need your strength, and so you remind yourself that this is something that you can do, something that you need to do, something, if you're honest, that you've wanted to do for a very long time now. Please, you plead with yourself; do it. Don't back down.

The day's light has begun to fade and you realize that you've been sitting for a while now. You stand and walk to the dresser and pick up the pile of things that you placed there earlier. You carry them back to the bed. You let your robe fall open as you select from the pile the lace and silk g-string you bought just for this occasion. You slip your legs through the thin lace straps and pull them up. You feel the coolness of the fine red silk against you. You put on the black lace garter belt. You roll up one of the silk black stockings, then the other. You put on your new red lace bra; it fits well and it makes you feel better and a little more assured. You look amazing, but there is no one there to tell you that. You hope it's true. You walk back to the dresser and finish the glass of red wine that you started while in the tub. You put on your jewelry; all fake, of course, nevertheless it shines and it glitters and it too makes you feel good. You apply your red lipstick and dab on your perfume.

You're downstairs now and it's just slightly past the time you should have left. If you're going to back out, now is the time to do it. You look in the long hallway mirror. The short tight black dress fits well. Your high black boots are on and you know you're ready. You put on your long black coat and take one last look in the mirror; go, just do it, please, you tell yourself, and before you can change your mind you open the door to the cold winter darkness and you go.

A slight wind picks up and so you put your hand to your hair to stop it from blowing. You start to run. You hope no one sees you; but why should you care? Why would anyone possibly think you were doing something you shouldn't? But you feel like they would. You can't help it.

A black town car is parked in front of the coffee shop and a driver waits by the door. You approach at a slow walk, uncertain and scared. Good evening, the driver says and opens the door. You don't answer. The sound of the door closing behind you makes you jump.

The driver gets in and pulls the car out into the oncoming traffic; there's a fully stocked bar, help yourself. You thank him in a voice you know he could not possibly hear and then you proceed to pour two small bottles of red wine into a glass. You look out the window as you sip the wine that is both warm and soothing. It helps to settle your nerves, but only just enough to stop you from shaking, which you know you must not do; for if it

starts, you won't be able to stop it. You mustn't start to shake and so you put back the rest of the wine. It helps.

The car pulls up in front of an elegant and very expensive-looking hotel. The driver opens the door and as you get out you see her standing there; and she is stunning, more beautiful than you remember. Her long blonde hair is done, her jewelry, real, glitters from beneath her slightly open dark mink coat. Her 5 inch high heels make her tower over you. She takes you by the arm and leads you towards the door.

Are you okay? she asks.

You nod slightly, unable yet to speak. Your pulse is racing and you're glad she has you by the arm, leading you, as your legs feel weak and you're unsure otherwise that you could even walk.

She stops at the door and looks down. You look up at her. Baby, don't worry, she says. Everything will be okay. I promise. I'll be with you every step of the way.

You enter the hotel.

The hotel suite is large and dimly lit. You can't see anyone. She leads you through the room and through an open set of double doors. This room is even darker yet, with just one soft light spilling out from a single lamp positioned in the far corner of the room. You make out a large poster bed in front of you and nothing else. She leaves you standing there as she walks towards an empty chair and removes her coat. She comes back to you and takes your coat. She places it with hers on the chair.

From somewhere behind you comes the sound of a man's voice; put her on the bed, the man tells the blonde.

She speaks to you softly; it'll be fine. She guides you to the large, high poster bed and you climb up onto it.

Again you hear the man's voice: put her on her hands and knees, his voice still coming from somewhere behind you.

And so you do, you get on your hands and knees; your heart racing now even harder than it was earlier and you close your eyes to try and stop everything from spinning.

For a moment nothing happens and no one speaks and for you this seems to go on forever. Your chest is pounding. Your head is pounding. You're afraid your whole body is about to start to shake violently when suddenly you hear the unknown man's voice again; ok, you hear him say, go ahead.

She too climbs up onto the bed. You can sense her behind you. And then it happens; you feel her hand on your leg. You feel her slowly pushing your dress above your hips, her other hand caressing your inner thigh. Her touch feels soft and reassuring. From behind you, she gently spreads your legs apart while you stay on your hands and knees. She moves along side you and you feel her warm curving body next to yours, you feel her breasts lightly graze your back as she leans over you to softly stroke your hair. She leans closer, her mouth next to your ear, her breath warm and soft and sweetly scented; shhh, she whispers, everything's okay. Keep your eyes closed and just let me do everything. Ok? she asks. Unable to speak, you just nod your head slightly.

She lays her hands softly upon your back as she moves her body back down behind you. And then you feel her hands slide gently down your back, her nails digging slightly into your skin. It feels good; just the right amount of pressure, but not too much.

And now she is there, on her back, her hands pulling you down towards her; gently, slowly, controlling you. You can feel her pull your panties to the side and then you feel her breath; warm. You are still tentative, a little rigid and yet you feel a slight urge to push yourself down so that you can feel her tongue on you, but she doesn't let you. She makes you wait. And then finally she lets you and you can feel her moist tongue as it gently touches you, ever so slightly, moving lightly all around you; on you and then off, and then on you again. It feels good; it feels so good. You're warm now; relaxed and you can feel your own wetness starting to well up inside you, on you. You want more. You desperately want more, you can't wait, and she senses that, and yet she still won't let you. Her tongue is still there, just barely touching you, teasing you. You start to ache, badly. Your every desire is now pulsating and pushing you to a place you have never been before and you want her to fuck you even though you have only just begun.

And then suddenly you feel her tongue; it pushes long and hard and up inside you and you moan. You almost cum, and then she pulls you down hard onto her face and she starts to gently rock you back and forth; then firmer and harder. Oh God it feels so fucking good and so you push down hard onto her face. And now she's right up inside you, eating you. Oh fuck you want to cum so badly all over her, and then suddenly she stops; and then nothing.

She pushes you up and slides out from under you. And now you feel her soft kiss on your shoulder as she gently rolls you onto your back. Your chest is pounding, your breathing is heavy. She lies next to you and begins to stroke the side of your head, your hair, your neck; you close your eyes. You can smell her, smell her perfume, and it smells wonderful and soothing in such a way that it makes you feel warm and good and right about everything that you are doing. You feel her warm breath and then her soft lips behind your ear. You're calm now, your breathing settles. You feel her light kisses behind your ear and on your neck. You're completely relaxed now and ready for more. And now, somehow, she knows it too.

You become aware suddenly of her fingers on your neck, you feel the pressure, not too much, but enough, and then you feel her mouth against yours and both your tongues suddenly explode looking for one another; both hard and firm and ramming and sucking. You can taste your own pussy and it makes you want hers.

She pulls her mouth away from yours and moves her head down to your chest; she waits for you to move your bra and you do, greedily. She cups your breast in her hand as she takes it inside her mouth. Her other hand finds your other breast and her fingers begin to tease your nipple. Now she is firmer with it. Now she is hard; rubbing and squeezing and pinching and you arch your back, your aching returning. You moan. Your wildest desires are burning again, but not for her to fuck you, no, now you want her pussy: Oh God, you think, right now, please. Give it to me!

You can't take it any longer and so you place your hands on her shoulders and you push her up and she knows what you want and so she moves onto her back. You're on your hands and knees again, your long hair dangling down over her, her beautiful curving

breasts moving up and down as she breathes heavily. You pull her white lace bra down so that her large full breast is there waiting for your mouth, you take and take it again, then you run your tongue hard around the edges of her nipple, but you can't wait, and so you take her knees which are right in front of you and spread them apart, her pussy now right in front of you; shaved, soft and waiting. You fight your impulse to go down on her, you wait, looking, and then you take your thumbs and you spread her pussy open exposing her full beautiful pink wetness. And then you do it, you put your head between her legs; your firm tongue searching and tasting and wanting. Your tongue is everywhere; down her lips, her clit, outside, inside, and she's wet, so wet and she taste so good, she tastes so amazingly good. You want more and so you push your mouth right up inside of her so that now her whole soaked pussy is all around you, she's thrusting now as she too wants more, so you push down harder, pushing, pushing, you're eating her out now hard and full and she can't take it and she lets out a low deep moan as she cums long and wet and all over you.

Just as you lift your face you feel two strong hands on your hips. At first you're caught by surprise and then you realize what is about to happen, grow strangely excited. Beneath you, she too knows what is about to happen and she takes your head in her hands. You look at one another, not saying anything, and then it happens; he penetrates you, and he is large and he is hard and it makes you gasp. You can tell he is a thin man with a firm middle as you feel him press up against you. He will not make love to you, you know; he will fuck you. And he does, your wetness allowing him in, deeper and harder each time he thrusts, pulling you to him by your hips. You're panting, his largeness filling you. It's slightly painful and yet it feels good and so you raise your head and close your eyes as you're pounded harder and harder. With your eyes still closed you feel her take your hand, she guides it down to herself and you slip your fingers into her; first three, and then four. And it's all faster and harder now, grinding and fucking; him you and you her. And then suddenly all of you gasp and cum at the same time. You feel him collapse against you. Nobody moves, there's just gasping and breathing.

The man removes himself from you without saying anything and leaves the bed. Your arms can't support you any longer and so you ease yourself down onto the bed next to her. You lay there together and neither one of you speaks. You move your head slightly closer to her so that her hair surrounds your face. You take in her smell and you breathe, calmly and quietly; content. After awhile she gets up and returns to the bed with a warm bowl of water, a washcloth and a towel. She gently washes and cleans you and towels you dry.

The car is waiting as together you walk out of the hotel. Splashed in the hard lights of the hotel you stop at the open car door. You hug. You did just fine, she tells you. I'll call you tomorrow and we'll have coffee and figure out where we go from here. She leans forward and kisses your cheek. Get some rest, she tells you before she leaves.

In the car you lean back in the leather seat and you think to yourself; I did it. Better yet, now you know you can do this. Even more than that, you liked it. But most importantly, you'll be fine, and he won't mind, gone as he is, because now you can pay the rent; take care of the kids, and everything will be just fine.

And now in his dreams, she is not there. She is gone; forever and free. Gone.

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CHAPTER 3 – HOW I LIKE MY COFFEE

Jeff barely waits for the door of her office to click shut before his hand is on her thigh, inching up the back of her skirt. Leanne tries not to smile at his eagerness, but it's difficult. She bites the inside of her cheek, keeping it in, and says, "Did you want coffee?"

She can practically feel the growl building in his chest, although he doesn't quite voice it. "Is that coffee in the euphemistic sense of the term?" His fingers rub rough over the back of her leg, tracing restless patterns over the smooth bare skin just below the hem of the skirt. Up close like this, she can smell him, spice and clean sweat making her clench hotly at his proximity. God, Jeff. She loves how big he is, the solid, unyielding maleness of him, but the best part of wanting him is knowing just how hard he wants her back. The longer she keeps him waiting, the better he'll fuck her when she lets him.

"Maybe," she says, and turns around to face him. The office is small, no higher-tier palatial splendor yet, and the shift brings them right up against each other, her foot between both of his. "But what if I want some of the literal kind first?"

"Leanne, come on," Jeff says, and Leanne can't help but laugh at the urgency in it, impatient and unconcealed.

"I'm kidding," she says, and shoves him down onto the couch. "We only get a fifteen minute break between meetings. You really think I wanna fuck around making coffee when I could be -- well." She steps forward, straddling his knees. "Fucking around with you."

He grins, dirty. "Thank Christ," he says, and she laughs again as he reaches for her, hand sliding up her inner thigh. "Did you --?"

She nods, lower lip caught between her teeth, and watches his face as he sucks in a sharp breath, eyes darkening. His hand is moving faster now, and she cants her hips unconsciously, coaxing him on as her own breath quickens, cunt getting slick. Any second now, and he's going to feel it, going to know she did what he jokingly suggested, and God, she can't wait to see his face when he does.

"Jesus, Leanne." His thumb brushes the bare swell of her pussy, traces slow along the sensitised part of her labia, and Leanne can't bite back a hiss at the jolt of heat, the sheer want on his face. "God, you fucking --"

"What you wanted, wasn't it?" she prompts, and rocks her hips against his hand, rubbing herself against his thumb so it slips inside, into her wet heat. He moans; she leans down and sets a hand on his shoulder, biting her lip.

"Christ. Come here." He catches at her waist with his other hand, and this time, she lets herself be pulled, falls forward so her knees are pressing into the couch either side of his thighs. The shift forces her skirt up, the silk lining sliding easy over her skin, and she's suddenly so lit up all over that even that feels good; even the rasp of his trousers against the insides of her knees.

"Gonna fuck me?" Her hand on his shoulder slides upward, into the hollow of his throat where sweat licks the jut of the tendon, further back to the nape of his neck where his hair is damp and clinging to his skin.

"How could I not," Jeff says, "when you've gotten all ready for me, Jesus." He twists his hand, palms her whole vulva for a minute, firm steady pressure against the span of it, and then his middle finger is crooking in and up, and -- fuck.

"Fuck," she murmurs, rocking forward onto him, swallowing his finger entirely. "Yeah, Jeff --"

"Yeah?" He smiles at her, eyebrows arched, and curls his finger, searching out that spot on her inner wall that makes her squirm and work her hips, face going slack as she jackknifes forward. "This what you want?"

God, it is. She works herself forward, taking him again, again, but then he's sliding his finger out slowly and she feels herself flutter helplessly in its wake. He lifts his hand, and she can see the shine of it, smell the earthy scent of herself on his skin. "Jeff," she protests, but he's way ahead of her, pushing two fingers into his mouth. He hums around them, eyes falling closed, and the sight of it makes her belly dip with a hot rush of lust, wanting that mouth elsewhere, wanting those fingers back inside her where she's empty.

"Fuck, Leanne." He withdraws his hand, and the sheen on it is different, now, the clean wetness of saliva, thinner than the slick-shiny wet of her cunt. "Taste so good. That all for me?"

She rolls her eyes; snatches his hand at the wrist and presses it back between her legs, grinding the palm against the wet heat of her pussy. "Of course it's for you. What did you think, I just get wet for anyone?" His eyes are still dark, pupils bled out into the irises, and Leanne leans in, breathes out warm against his parted lips. "Want you to fuck me. Been thinking about it all goddamn day, walking around half-naked like you said." She teethes at his lip, laughs a little dirtily. "Come on, Jeff. Easy access."

"Fuck." He lifts his chin, mashes his mouth against hers, and Leanne takes the opportunity to rub the heel of her hand against the hard, hot weight of his dick in his pants, swelling up against the fly. He groans, bucks up, and she flicks at the button, works down the zipper between finger and thumb.

"Gonna," she gets out, "put it, put it in me, Christ --"

He moans against her mouth, and then his hands are tearing at the buttons of her blouse, snaking inside to palm the hard peaks of her nipples, bare and chafing against cotton. When she gets him unzipped, he's, God, so fucking ready to go, springing up hard and firm into her hand, and she curls her fingers around the length of him, thumbs at the fluid gathering at the tip. "Jeff," she says, jacking him roughly, "Jeff, come on."

"Holy Christ." That, apparently, is all Jeff can take. He licks at her mouth, bites it once, and then he's ducking his head to teethe at her nipple, flicking his tongue over the nub and then sucking at the whole swell of her tit, as much as she can handle. She jerks, hand cradling the back of his skull, and he hums against her, hot and instinctual as her hand circles the base of his dick.

It's instinctual, too, to rub herself against him, the shaft of his dick sliding wet through her folds. She rocks against him, onto him, arching her back like she could force him to swallow her deeper, and he's pulsing up with his hips, now, little jagged fucks.

This isn't the first time they've done this. She grinds forward, feels the tip of him breach the entrance to her cunt, and that's, that's fucking it.

"Jeff, God." He tenses, fucks up as she fucks down, and just like that, he's inside her, the whole fat length of him rammed right up deep. He's big, this long hot stretch inside of her, and the burn of it skips up her spine, sparks in her nipples where he's mouthing at one and rubbing the other between his fingers. Leanne's never really gone for older men before, but after Jeff -- after feeling how good it is to be with a guy who knows just how to fuck, how hard to thrust, how long to tease, when to let go -- she thinks she might reconsider in the future. If, that is, she ever decides to let Jeff go.

"Ssssh, baby." The words are muffled against the soft swell of her tit where it's pressed up against his cheek, the rasp of his stubble rough and so fucking sexy against the delicate skin on the underside. He pulses up, hands coming down to support her at the waist, and she throws her head back, fingers carding through his hair.

"Jeff." The smell of them both is thick and heavy in the air now, sweat prickling under her arms and down the insides of her legs where she's braced around Jeff's hips. She rocks down onto him, unsheathing herself smoothly and fucking back down, and, God, he's rubbing her just right every time, sliding over all the sensitive places inside of her and slamming firmly home. She can hear his breathing quickening, his thumbs starting to rub frenetic patterns over the spurs of her hipbones, and the rhythm of it catches her up, takes root in the pit of her stomach and sets her moving faster. It's a burn, by this point, the long muscles clenching and pulling in her thighs, but he's working too, slamming up to meet her, picking up the pace until she's jolted bone-deep at the crest of every thrust. The build of it flares up between her legs, in her extremities, pulsing blood-hot through all those buried places in her body she can't quite find names for, and stopping at this point is the last thing she wants to do.

She's close already when his hand relinquishes the ridge of her pelvis and slips down between her legs. When he pushes two fingers into her wetness alongside his cock, something like a yell bursts out of her unbidden, and she clenches her fist fierce and instinctive in his hair.

"Fuck," she spits, thrusts going jagged, frenetic. "Jeff -- Christ --"

"Yeah?" His voice is this ragged, shattered thing as he withdraws his fingers again; slides them up and either side of her clit. "You like that, huh? Leanne..." He brings his fingers together, catches her clit tight between the tips and jacks it roughly, and the spark of it flashes violently through every nerve she has, sets her alight.

"Jesus, Jesus, Jesus." She's always profane when she's coming, and fuck is she coming now, her every pelvic muscle spasming wildly around the welcome intrusion of his dick. Her nails dig into the back of his neck, five deep points of contact keeping her anchored, and she feels it when he swells up further and final inside her, the rhythmic clenches of her body working him over the edge.

"Fuck." Jeff's no stranger to anchor points either, and his teeth sink into the soft flesh of her breast as he comes, hips jerking against her as he grinds up close and shoots. It's white-wet-hot, this sudden rush of wetness, and Leanne knows she should probably be worried about that, how they're going to clean up in time, but she's too fucking blissed out to care, her blood racing in her veins, her eyes half-blind from orgasm.

After a long moment, he lifts his head, unlatching, and she leans down to meet him, pressing her forehead to his. His breath is hot on her face, but he doesn't say anything. He rarely does, after, when they're coming down and he's still inside her. If he's anything like Leanne, maybe it worries him that he doesn't want to pull out; maybe it worries him that he doesn't know how the fuck to say so, what the fuck it means. Leanne could understand that. Sometimes she wishes she could just fuck Jeff till they were one seamless mess of come and exhaustion, with nowhere to go but to sleep.

He's still inside her when her PA knocks on the door, sharp barbershop rap. "We need you in the boardroom, Miss Barber, if you're ready."

They both start laughing at the same moment, hot and breathy and thrilled as teenagers against each other's mouths. "Oh, well," Leanne says, grinning. She lifts up, slow, and both of them catch their breath as he slides out of her, glistening with her slick. "Guess there's no time for literal coffee after all, huh?"

Jeff grins up at her; slides a hand up her skirt to rub through the mess of come smeared over the tops of her thighs. "Oh, well," he echoes. "Maybe next time."

Leanne doesn't even drink coffee, but Jeff doesn't need to know that. The tease is the thrill of the thing, after all.

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CHAPTER 4 – B&E; &B

When Melissa slipped her key in the lock and opened the door, she instantly knew something was wrong.

Her nostrils flared, scenting the faint, foreign smell of tangerine. Her pupils narrowed, sighting the slightly-open drawer in her cubbyhole desk against the wall. And her ears pricked, sensing the far-off squeak of something moving somewhere in the apartment. All that, and the fact there was light streaming from underneath the cracked-open bedroom door, clued Melissa into the probability that there was an intruder in her home.

She thought about phoning for the police, then dismissed the idea. This was her house (since moving out of the parental home two months earlier and twenty-two years later); and if anyone other than the snoopy landlord thought they could violate the sanctuary of her home and get away with it, well, they had another think coming. Shy by nature, independence had steeled the girl. And having her Smart car and mountain bike stolen in the course of the past two weeks, her identity briefly thieved, had left her growling like a crime dog.

She eased the door shut, lowered her pink canvas gym bag to the carpet. Fresh from Tae Bo, she was still wearing her pink exercise shorts and lavender tank-top, long, blonde hair pulled back and tied with a violet ribbon, lean body oiled with sweat, primed for action. She ducked into a fighting crouch, slitted blue eyes piercing the darkness, hairs on the back of her long neck standing up and taking notice as another squeak sounded – in the bedroom. Her bedroom.

She glided across the living room carpet, slid up against the wall next to the bedroom door. She considered a weapon – a bread knife, a pair of scissors, that Jesus-on-the-cross letter-opener her mother had given her – then dismissed that idea, as well. Her hands and body were her weapons. Far from lethal, but certainly slightly dangerous, at least. And who wants a weapon taken away and used against them?

More squeaking. Closer now, Melissa recognized the sound: a drawer in her childhood bunny-decorated chest of drawers being pulled open. She kept her underwear in that particular stick of furniture, and other, even less-mentionable, things.

Coiled body buzzing with high-tension adrenaline, she reached out a shaking hand and used four trembling fingers to sliver the bedroom door even further open. Holding her breath, she peeked inside.

Someone, a small figure dressed entirely in black – black shirt and jeans and toque – was rifling through Melissa's drawers. 'You don't send a midget to do a man's job,' the blonde thought grimly to herself, mentally sizing the break & enterer up at five-foot-two to her five-foot-eight, ninety-five pounds to her one-hundred-and-fifty.

The sneak thief plucked a pair of tiger-striped panties out of the drawer and casually sniffed them. And that proved the trigger point for Melissa's pent-up rage. She burst the door wide open and barreled into the room, squalling, "Grab wall, dirtbag!"

She was all over the perp's back in an instant, shoving the undersized intruder up against the wall and spreading arms and legs, pushing face into the winking moon and grinning

stars wallpaper. Putting her Citizen Awareness Day activities at the local police precinct to good use.

“Make love to that wall!” Melissa bawled. She kept the cat burglar kissing wallpaper with her left hand, as she yanked a pair of black stockings out of the open drawer with her right. She jerked the robber’s arms down, quickly winding the stocking around tiny wrists and knotting them together. “There,” she rasped a rodeo eight seconds later, spinning the one-in-custody around. “Let’s get a good look at you, scumbag.”

A woman’s face greeted Melissa, shocking some of the toughness out of her. A pretty, fine-featured face featuring a pair of brown eyes and red-glossed lips, a thin, haughty nose. The woman looked to be around thirty, and she grinned at the bewildered blonde, displaying teeth as white as Melissa’s knuckles.

“Guess you got me,” she commented, leaning back against the wall.

Melissa blinked her eyes, recovering some of her confrontation at the other’s insolence. She yanked the toque off the woman’s head. Midnight hair tumbled free, collecting in a shimmering curtain around the woman’s small shoulders.

“You’re going down – lady,” Melissa stated firmly.

“If you’re lucky – Melissa,” the woman replied easily.

Melissa snapped her hands onto her hips. “Just how do you happen to know my name?”

The woman grinned some more, glancing at the animal print panties crowning the bunny-dappled chest of drawers. “It’s sewn into all your underwear. My name’s Gabriela, by the way.”

Melissa chewed her lip, sniffed, “Well, I don’t want to lose anything. There’s a lot of crime in this area.”

“Copy down all your vibrator serial numbers, too, huh?”

Melissa’s eyes dove down to the bottom drawer, her face flooding crimson. “I’ll teach you to go digging around in other people’s private things.” She flung her head back and marched over to the SpongeBob SquarePants phone on the bedside nightstand, punched in 9-1-1.

She had her back turned to her prisoner for only a moment, just long enough to be put on hold by the overburdened police department, when she heard Gabriela say, “Maybe you should use these?”

Melissa whirled around. Gabriela was holding up a pair of fur-lined handcuffs, her wrists free and clear.

“Hey! How’d you get-”

“I’m really up to no good tonight,” Gabriela teased.

Melissa dropped the yellow sponge receiver and grabbed onto Gabriela’s shoulders, pushing her down into the padded chair in front of the bureau mirror. She hastily pulled the woman’s wrists back and cuffed her. Then she snatched up a pair of sheer blue stockings and fastened Gabriela’s slim ankles to the metal chair legs.

“Better tie me up around the waist, too,” Gabriela suggested. “I’m pretty slippery – when wet.”

Melissa had noticed that the otherwise cool and collected woman was perspiring almost as much as she was. So she dug around some more in her dainties drawer and pulled out a pair of black nylon pantyhose, kneeled back down in front of Gabriela.

“Pull my shirt out of my pants,” the woman instructed, “so you can tie it tight around my bare skin – like you did with my ankles.”

Melissa glanced up from the tangled hose. Gabriela’s face was glowing, her bronze skin shining, moist, red lips parted and liquid-brown eyes half-hooded by long, black lashes. Like she was excited, almost, anything but fearful. Melissa dropped the pantyhose in Gabriela’s lap and anxiously cinched the stockings around the woman’s ankles even tighter.

And as she did so, Gabriela moaned. Her eyes fluttered shut and she bit into her plush lower lip. Melissa quickly reached behind the hard-breathing woman to check on the boudoir handcuffs. Their faces almost touching, Gabriela’s eyes suddenly popped open. And she kissed Melissa, soft and wet and urgent, right on the lips.

Melissa recoiled, stunned, staring into Gabriela’s sparkling eyes. She wondered if the woman had just committed another chargeable offence; wondering just what she was up to; wondering, as well, if the soft, sweet impression left on her tingling lips would ever go away.

Her hands moved on their own, pulling Gabriela’s shirt out of her jeans. Gabriela shuddered, full-body jumping against her restraints when Melissa’s fingers brushed her bare stomach. “Tie me up – tight!” the raven-haired beauty hissed.

Melissa rapidly threaded the legs of the pantyhose around Gabriela’s tiny waist, the woman gasping encouragement, her breath coming hot and humid in Melissa’s burning face. Melissa knotted the pantyhose legs together and cinched them tight around Gabriela’s middle, the silky fabric digging into the caramel-colored skin.

Gabriela groaned, then desperately sought out the other woman’s lips and found them, pressing her mouth against Melissa’s mouth. Melissa just kneeled there and took it, her whole body flaming as hot as her face now, Gabriela’s wet lips moving against her lips, tangerine-scented body spray clouding her mind, flooding her good senses, the woman’s intoxicating lips and fiery heat setting Melissa’s head to spinning.

“Tie up my chest,” Gabriela breathed, the one controlling the situation, now and maybe from the beginning. She painted Melissa’s lips with her wet, pink tongue.

Melissa rushed to dig yet another silk stocking out of the drawer, to obey the bound woman’s command. She grabbed a white one this time, then fell to her knees and began wrapping the fine-woven leg garment around Gabriela’s t-shirted chest. Before she noticed Gabriela shaking her head. Melissa gazed up into the glistening pools of the woman’s eyes, confused. Until another kiss exploded against her lips, and she knew what to do.

She hurriedly rolled up Gabriela's tight shirt, up and over the twin swells of her breasts. She stared at the golden apples, the pointing, chocolate nipples, hypnotized by the rapidly rising and falling beauty.

"Tie up my tits," Gabriela said.

Melissa sashed the stocking around the woman's bare chest, Gabriela gasping, groaning as the sensuous material covered and caressed her little breasts, draped her jutting nipples. Melissa knotted the stocking behind Gabriela, her arms encircling the woman's body and their mouths meeting, tongues flashing together. Melissa pulled back and was bedazzled by the stunning contrast between the soft, snow-white fabric of the stocking and the burnt-sugar rigidity of Gabriela's nipples.

"Suck my tits," Gabriela ordered.

Melissa bobbed her blonde head down and captured a silken bud in her mouth, sucked on it. Gabriela arched against her bonds, pretty head tilted back in exquisite despair. Melissa looked up at the straining woman, baby-blue eyes wide, earnestly sucking and sucking on a rubbery, stocking-sheathed nipple. Then she released the one shiny nipple and moved over to the other, engulfing it with her warm, wet mouth.

Gabriela's yelp of joy reverberated all through Melissa, the two women connecting on a level Melissa had never experienced, never even really considered, before. She cupped Gabriela's wrapped breasts and licked the stiff, gauzed nipples, tugged on them with her lips, soaking them and the woman and clotting the stocking with her ardor. And when she sunk her teeth into a buzzing bud, she felt Gabriela shiver with pleasure, felt the woman's fingers dig into her blonde locks.

Melissa jerked her head back. "Hey! How'd you ..."

Gabriela smiled, wagging her once-again free hands in front of the girl's astonished face. Then she said, "I'll show you how to really tie up a woman." She easily unknotted the pantyhose that bound her stomach, the stockings that secured her ankles. Then, leaving the saliva-slick stocking around her chest, she jumped up and grabbed Melissa's hand.

"Um, I'm not really sure I want to be ... tied up," Melissa hesitated, the spell temporarily broken like Gabriela's bonds. "Because, well, um, I don't, you know, really know you ... that well."

"Think I'm going to steal the place clean while you're tied up, huh?" Gabriela wasn't smiling anymore.

"No, I-"

Gabriela yanked Melissa to her feet, jerked the girl to her toes in a half-nelson. She steered the protesting blonde into the bathroom that ran off the bedroom. She racked the ducky-spotted shower curtain to one side, shoved Melissa into the tub.

Melissa stumbled over the lip, and Gabriela spun her around and lashed her wrists to the shower curtain rod with the same stockings Melissa had used to tie her down. Only the knots were much tighter, became tighter still with struggle. And in the blink of an eye and bead of a pussy, Melissa was bound to the curtain railing, arms outstretched wide apart over her head.

Melissa fought against the bonds, rattling the rod. Until Gabriela jumped up onto the enamel edge of the tub and grabbed the girl and kissed her, mashing her mouth against Melissa's mouth, drowning out any further objections. She tore Melissa's tank-top down the center, fully exposing the girl's chest.

Melissa hung her head, cowed by Gabriela's strength, the woman's flashing eyes and fearsome sexual hunger. Gabriela licked her lips and unhooked Melissa's bra in the back, leaving the bound girl's pale, pink-tipped breasts heaving in the open. She touched the soft, smooth flesh of a rounded breast and Melissa gasped, the shower curtain rod shaking in rhythm to the rest of her.

Gabriela jumped down off the tub and stripped off her own clothes, everything, except for the Melissa-wetted stocking around her breasts. Her body blazed bronze under the bright lights, pussy shaven clean, lips shining pouty and dewy. She leaped back up onto the tub and clasped Melissa's creamy-white body against her own brown body, melding their heated breasts together, her tongue swimming inside Melissa's mouth and thrashing about.

Melissa excitedly entangled her tongue with Gabriela's, desperately tried to wrap her arms around the woman's pulsing body. But couldn't. She rattled the rod in frustration.

Gabriela pulled her head and one arm back and touched a finger to Melissa's vulnerable rib cage. Melissa shuddered, the fingertip traveling light and infuriating over her electrified skin, up and into her open armpit, teasing and tickling. The finger looped back down again, over Melissa's tingling breast. She closed her eyes and savored the sensation, the raw, sensual feel of the soft, balled fingertip brushing her brimming breast. Then she flat-out vibrated when the finger began tracing quick, fiery circles around her puffy aureole.

There were two fingers on Melissa's breasts now, tantalizing the girl, circling and circling her anguished nipples, tripping over the achingly-erect buds. The fingers trailed down her breasts, her stomach, traveling into her dampened shorts and panties and meeting at last at the blonde fur apex of her trembling legs.

Melissa opened her wet eyes and stared into Gabriela's eyes, hot tears rolling down her cheeks, her breasts and pussy burning like never before. Gabriela licked up the girl's salty emotion, then yanked her shorts and panties down in one fell swoop. She ran her fingers into Melissa's moistened fur, over the girl's slick, swollen pussy lips. Melissa fought with the railing, but it was no good. And oh-so-very-good.

Gabriela slid two of her fingers into Melissa's dripping sex, Melissa hanging her head and whimpering and watching, feeling all through her body and soul Gabriela dig the two slender digits deep into her needful cunt. "Oh, God!" she moaned.

Gabriela kissed Melissa, frenched Melissa, pumped Melissa, cupping her own brazen pussy and rubbing, polishing her puffed-up button as she finger-fucked the tied-up blonde. Her face contorted with lust.

Melissa quivered with delight, Gabriela's flying fingers swelling her with sexual electricity, pumping and pumping her full of white-hot joy. Gabriela glared at Melissa, bit

into Melissa's lip, her own body shaking, fingers frantically buffing her tingling clit, the pressure building and building and building.

"Yes! Oh God, yes!" Melissa shrieked, the pussy-pistoning and trussed-up eroticism sending her sailing far beyond her bonds.

Gabriela screamed back, blistered by her own orgasm, feverishly fingering the both of them to gushing ecstasy.

When the last spasm had finally sounded, Gabriela slowly extracted her sticky fingers from the pair of smoldering pussies. Then she unleashed the violet ribbon from Melissa's hair and looped it around her own wrist, as a reminder, perhaps. She left the gasping girl hanging, quickly dressing and exiting the apartment.

Melissa popped the shower curtain rod out of its bracket at one end and easily slipped her hands off. She smiled – a satisfied, satiated smile – confident that the pussy burglar would one night return to the scene of the crime.

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CHAPTER 5 – FULL BODY

"Is this your first time here?" The attendant made small talk as she lead me to the dressing rooms.

"Yes. I had a good friend of mine tell me about the island. I had never been to Hawaii before. It was the concierge at the hotel though who told me about this place. I'm glad she did, this has been great. Very relaxing," I lied. I wasn't very relaxed at all. I sighed as quietly as I could, but the attendant heard me. She stopped and turned a friendly eye.

"That sigh sounded a bit heavy for someone so 'relaxed'."

There is something about women that prompts them to respond to the smallest perceived level of kindness. The attendant probably couldn't have cared any less about what may have caused me to sigh. The comment and inquisitively raised eyebrow were more related to excellent customer service skills and salesmanship than anything. Years in the business had taught her how to find the tiniest opportunity to up-sell and exploit to the tune of hundreds of dollars in extra services the customer really didn't need. Despite my usual consumer savvy though, I fell for it anyway and shared my contemplation.

"I've only been here for two days and," as I sighed again, louder this time, "I just wish I wasn't by myself." I stopped there in order to maintain some shred of dignity and avoid the inevitable sales pitch on what would help uplift my mood. I fought not to think about RJ and how much I missed him; how our bodies fit so well together or the nasty, sexy, freaky, naughty things he used to say and do to me. I didn't want to think about how we could barely be in each other's company without some kind of sexual adventure taking place. I sighed again.

"That sounds to me like a broken heart. Was there a break up?"

"No, nothing as obvious as that. More like a drifting away."

"Well, no matter. I know exactly what you need."

Just as I suspected, the sales pitch. "Our Full Body service will not only relax you, but you'll spend a glorious few hours not thinking about whoever it is, that put the sigh in your heart. As I look here at your service request, we can fit it in for this afternoon and finish up with your manicure / pedicure combo."

"How much?" My budget was pretty tight when it had come to this vacation. I chose the all-inclusive resort to make sure I was able to maximize my vacation dollars. The spa and all its offerings came at quite the premium. At the last minute, an unexpected directly deposited royalty check afforded me a celebratory round of pampering.

"Actually, there won't be any extra charge. While you're in the dressing room, I'll redo the service sheet and you'll be all set. I'll be back to get you in just a moment."

The room was cavernous compared to the other massage rooms I had seen as we came along the corridor. Shut off from the hallway by two ornate, wooden doors; it was as if we had stepped into another building altogether.

There were several sets of chains hanging from the ceiling of different lengths and spaced in a linear pattern. A panoramic window took up one wall, open to a view of the ocean with mosquito netting blocking all but the breeze and the sound of the waves. The walls

were a soothing palm frond green with cream accented trim. There were stools of varying heights placed along the wall. My curiosity peaked but didn't stop me from following the attendant all the way into the room.

"I know it looks a bit unusual," the attendant said, "but once we get you situated you'll be fine." She opened the doors to a large armoire, which mirrored the look of the doors we had just entered. Inside it were towels, lotions, potions, candles and other items I couldn't identify but I'm sure had something to do with the massages given in this huge space.

She pulled a large bundle of what turned out to be terry cloth strips about 3 inches wide, from the bottom shelf. She walked them over to the chains and set them on a small table. She returned to the cabinet and removed an assortment of small pillows. My curiosity jumped a notch. She set those next to the straps on the table.

Her last trip to the cabinet produced the sounds of soothing music through the hidden speakers placed throughout the room. Instantly, the music mixed with the sounds of the ocean and I found my shoulders relaxing just a bit.

She motioned for me to stand next to her. "Okay, this may be a bit uncomfortable at first. I need to assemble the hammock so it holds you just so. If you'll stand between these chains here. Great. Now just hold still a moment. I'll work around you to get the seat in place."

The longer pair of chains stopped at the middle of my back. She fastened the widest of the straps to each of the chains creating a swing like seat.

"Now, sit down. How's that? Is it wide enough? Okay. I need for you to slide up just a bit so the strap sits right below your buttocks, just at the top of your thighs. I'm going to be right behind you so no need to be afraid of falling."

I did as I was told, holding onto the chains, mimicking a schoolgirl sitting on a playground swing, about to attempt some feat of childhood acrobatics. The attendant helped hold me in place with her leg acting as a stabilizer supporting my back. I could hear and feel her as she worked to affix more of the straps to the chains.

"Okay, now I need for you to lie back so I can adjust your back, neck and head supports." Again, I did as I was told and found more of the plush straps prepared to hold me across my shoulders, my neck, and finishing up with a pillow and strap supporting my head. The chains were spaced wide enough so that the straps didn't hug so much as provide a soft, supportive shelf designed to cradle my body gently above the floor.

"Okay, just a few more straps and we'll have your legs in perfect position." Each leg was supported by its own set of chains, straps and carefully placed pillows to maximize comfort. It was the strangest position I had ever been in, but certainly not the most uncomfortable. The feeling of floating was relaxing in and of itself. But as I reclined, I couldn't help but wonder what kind of massage I was about to experience. How was the masseuse going to reach my more tense areas of muscle?

After an expert check of the clips and chains all around, the attendant helped me remove my robe. I reclined against the terry cloth straps completely naked. The attendant draped my body with a warm, silken sheet. Fortunately, the room was the perfect temperature and the straps made of the softest cloth I had ever felt.

"Now, before I go, would you like some scented candles lit? We have vanilla, gardenia, rose, honeysuckle, melon, and spice." I asked for the vanilla and spice and before I heard her leave, the soft scent of the candles was delicately wafting through the room.

I closed my eyes. The feeling of being suspended in the air added to the relaxing ambience of the room. Tension continued to ease from my body as I gave in to the sensations; the sound of the surf kissing the beach outside, the caress of the silk covering where it rubbed against my skin, the scent of the candles all combined to lull me into a light doze.

I heard the doors open once again, marking the entrance of my massage therapist. I could hear the stools being moved and placed in positions surrounding my body. I didn't open my eyes as I trusted nothing was amiss.

The massage began. Strong hands grasped my left foot and with practiced, skilled moves, my instep and toes were rubbed and pressed and given expert attention.

Pressure points were triggered and the muscles gave up their fight to stay knotted and clenched. When the second set of hands began to massage my right foot, it took a moment for my brain to register. I opened my eyes with a start to find not one, not even two, but ten men in the room with me.

Skin tones ranging from sun-kissed bronze to deep chocolate adorned the bodies. Their looks varied from that of the "boy next door" to seductively masculine. Each one sat on a stool at different points along my body. I surmised that each part of me that could be reached between the chains and straps was to get its own personal massage.

Within seconds, each foot, leg, hand, arm and shoulder was being rubbed and caressed. A feeling I couldn't fathom before this moment as my brain struggled to meld the pleasure being generated at each point into one. But, because each set of strong hand produced its own individualized amount of pressure and tension, my mind stopped trying and instead left me dazed as it raced to embrace and respond to each. I was overcome, reduced to nothing more than a sigh carried on the wind.

I don't know specifically how long the massage lasted. I opened my eyes though as the last pair of hands stopped its ministrations on my scalp. The blood flowed easily through my veins, my heart at its slowest, most relaxed rhythm. The sun was low on the horizon and every muscle in my body felt loose. There wasn't an ounce of tension left.

"Would you care for a drink as we prepare for the next phase?" I barely had the strength to mumble a reply.

"I thought we were done. A drink would be lovely, though."

"I'll be right back."

The silk covering was removed and I was rubbed with a light, but silky-feeling oil and left to myself as the men went about arranging the room for Phase Two. The chains were adjusted so I was a bit higher from the ground and not quite reclining but still in a relaxed pose. I noticed two more men had joined my troop.

I couldn't imagine what Phase Two involved, but as the drink combined with the already relaxed atmosphere, I discovered I didn't care.

The men resumed their original positions around my body with the exception of the two additions. One sat on a stool between the two men at my feet and the other at the top of the group, just to the left behind my head. I settled back into the straps and once again closed my eyes.

Instead of just the hands I expected, I found my skin being touched by tongues, lips, teeth and warm breath; gentle nips and licks played across my flesh. My legs were spread and someone began to softly kiss between my legs; starting at my ankles, then ever so slowly inching up to my thighs. I made the connection now regarding the position of the third gentleman at my feet.

My arousal, which usually creeps into being, leapt to life. Had it not been for the ultimate relaxing of my body and mind from the massage, I'm sure I would have demanded the event come to a halt. My moral code would have rebelled at being so intimately fondled by just one of them, let alone a room full. My morals didn't stand a chance against the pleasurable onslaught of feeling though, as each tongue, hand, kiss, and bite was placed with individual timing.

If pleasure is pain, I would have needed the world's largest dose of morphine to survive. Instead, I became the shore being pounded by the weight of each wave of sensation as it hit then rolled slowly back into itself.

Excitement grew in intensity, building toward tidal wave proportions. When the first butterfly brushes of breath, saliva and fingers reached the very moist junction between my thighs, I exploded in the most powerful orgasm I had experienced to date. That was just the beginning as no sooner than I reached the peak of it, another was beating at the base of my spine.

The energy fed from the first orgasm as the contact in my most intimate area increased. Tongue and fingers combined to stroke me ever further up and up, bringing my juices forward in a slippery flood.

That sensation in and of itself would have guaranteed my release, but apparently, my complete undoing was the goal of this activity.

My breasts, which during the massage were ignored, garnered much attention as they were caressed simultaneously with individual pairs of hands. Nipples sucked or nibbled at unpredictable intervals. There was no direct connection between any one set of hands and the orgasms now running through me like an electrical current.

The man at my head had been kissing my lips, and uttering those dirty, filthy, hot words I responded to. He reached into my mind and pulled the perfect phrases from my memories of RJ.

"Is it good? Don't you love the way your nipples feel when he bites them like that? I can tell how hot and ready you are. You want to be fucked, don't you? Hmmm, for a man, to feel the slick walls around his shaft is heaven. You have to tell me you want it though."

"Oh please....yes, yessss, I want it so bad."

I surprised myself. It had been so long since I'd had the chance to voice my need. And almost instantly my scream turned to passion as another orgasm tore through me. I felt the cool sensation of lubricant being added to the flood of natural juices flowing from my body, the snap of the condom was surprising but thankfully loud. I relaxed completely to the sensations as the pressure of a dick sliding between my thighs, working its way excruciatingly slow into my body blotted out what little conscious thought I had.

I became light and air, free floating as I was gloriously and thoroughly pushed and pulled against the intrusion of a penis. I was held captive by the other hands and mouths; unable to move the way I wanted. Fingers continued to play with my clit, my tender back opening, and thighs.

I was touched seemingly by thousands. I could hear moans and sighs from what sounded like an auditorium full of men, all having their way with me. A lubed finger found its way into my rear passage and I was once again the victim of a tsunami sized climax. My scream of absolute ecstasy must surely have been heard all over the island.

I gripped the chains hard enough to leave deep indentations in my hands as the tremors rolled through me. The ass fucking was perfect as up to two fingers slid slowly in and out of my tender opening. Each thrust matched by a counter movement of the thick shaft inside my pussy.

Double penetration was a first for me. I relished it and called out to be impaled harder.

The fucking hit a staccato movement all its own, dipping in and out of my body in a frenzy of hip thrusts and simple flicks of the wrist. I allowed them to go as deeply as they could past my sucking lips and the restricted yet strong hip strokes of my own. All the while, the other ten never stopped touching, licking, biting, fondling and teasing.

I knew I was at the end of my endurance. My body reached for that final orgasm as I felt my mind slipping away. The waves before had been insignificant compared to this final building torrent. It reached ever higher, blotting out all other sensation. My mouth fell open in a lasting silent scream as it finally crashed down. It slammed my body into a seizure that was sure to negate the previous results of the initial massage. Stars exploded in the darkness behind my eyelids. I slipped serenely into its comforting embrace.

I was gently awakened by the ever attentive spa attendant. She was holding a refreshingly hydrating fruit drink up to my lips for me to sip. The smile on my face and the still, surprisingly relaxed, feeling in my muscles were the only indication that I had been pleased so completely.

"Take your time getting up. Some of our clients find it difficult to stand."

With her steady hand and support, I was removed from the cradle of the straps. I discovered that while I was weak, my legs worked fine and I was able to slowly make my way out of the room.

All was as it had been upon my arrival except for the straps still hanging here and there from the chains.

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CHAPTER 6 – TYING UP LOOSE ENDS

"You've been dating over a month," Carla said with a tone that struck Aimee as far more suited to a barrister than a best friend.

Aimee sighed, "Still no closer to the bedroom, however."

"Maybe he's just not that into you—or maybe you're not really into him." Her friend adjusted the soaring heights of her backcombed bob in the café window. "Have you *really* thought about it?"

Aimee laughed. "I think about it all the time."

Carla gave her the look. "I didn't mean sex. I meant your interest in him. Maybe you're just going through the motions because there's nothing else on the horizon."

Stifling a desire to strangle her friend—who it must be said, never found herself without a brace of men to choose from come the weekend—Aimee shook her head.

"No, definitely interested. Trust me." Her thighs tingled even now as Aimee recalled the daydream she'd had that morning as she lay in her bath, picturing Marshall slipping through the door to offer to scrub her back. Mmmm, those big hands of his would feel awfully good on her soapy skin.

Carla snorted. "Well, then you need to find out if he's just too polite or he's treading water with you. If so, it's well time to give him the push. Plenty of trout in the river as they say."

"You idiot." Aimee laughed but she had begun to wonder. She knew Marshall was very reserved when they started going out. They'd known each other sort of, friends of friends, but the day Aimee had finally realized that he ran a local bakery she frequented, things changed. She'd asked him out for coffee on the spot as he put the finishing touches on those white chocolate wonders with consummate skill. His artistry amazed her.

Marshall must have enjoyed their impromptu date because he phoned her up and asked her out for dinner that weekend—and each week since. But no closer to the bedroom, indeed. Maybe it was just platonic for him.

Yet she noticed the way his eyes swept her body, the way his hand traced her spine before settling in the small of her back as Marshall let her precede him into a restaurant. Aimee sighed again.

"Be direct," Carla said, getting up to shrug into her sleek leather coat. "You owe it to yourself."

Aimee kissed her friend's cheek in farewell and smiled, but she knew that her normal directness wasn't what the situation called for. If there was a key to Marshall's heart, she would have to unlock it carefully, not try to jimmy the lock.

She had offered to make dinner for the baker that night. Aimee saw it as a chance to impress Marshall in the arena he knew best. While not a brilliant cook, Aimee knew how to make a few surefire dishes that were both simple and pleasing. Surely Marshall would appreciate the rosemary chicken and roasted artichokes her own mother swore by.

"That smells wonderful!" Marshall announced when Aimee greeted him at the door to her flat. They exchanged kisses on both cheeks—warm and friendly, but no more than that. Aimee admired again his warm face and broad shoulders. How great it would feel to have those arms around her! *Let's see how the evening goes*, she scolded herself. As they stepped into the kitchen she held out an amber-coloured drink for him. "Salut!"

Marshall sniffed it and then drank. He grimaced. "What's that? It's awfully strong."

Aimee laughed. "It's an old Italian recipe. Goes with the dinner." *Never mind that I made it up of vodka, gin, lime and bitters.*

Marshall took another sip. "I don't think I can have more than one of these," he chuckled. "You might have me dancing on the table."

"Don't worry, there's just wine with dinner." But Aimee made sure to keep pouring the montepulciano whenever Marshall's glass seemed low. Not that she wanted him drunk—just a little more relaxed than usual. Aimee kept up a lively banter during dinner that hid her nerves well, she thought.

"That was fantastic," Marshall said, leaning back and groaning as he put down his fork after a last bite. "I don't think I can move."

"I guess dessert's out of the question then." Aimee laughed. "We can just sit and relax for a bit." She poured a little more wine in his glass.

"Oh, I think I've had enough wine, too. You've been a good hostess, Aimee. Thank you so much."

"You're too kind. It's one of the old family recipes. It always reminds me of childhood." Aimee laughed again. "We used to play games after dinner then. Truth or Dare was always the favorite."

"I don't think I've ever played that," Marshall said. "With us it was just football with anything resembling a ball. Usually ended with us breaking something and my dad yelling at us." They both laughed.

Aimee felt a curious prickling sensation at the back of her neck that spurred her on to follow her impulse. "Truth or dare?"

Marshall looked at her, grinning. "Ha, um—let's say, truth."

"Have you ever...dropped something unpleasant in a customer's cake batter on purpose?"

He laughed out loud. "What makes you ask that?"

"Truth," she reminded him. He grinned and Aimee had a moment to reflect again how much she enjoyed seeing Marshall's warm smile.

"Well, okay there was this one time." Aimee clapped her hands in delight. "It was this awful woman from that snooty advertising company across the street. Just a little too much salt, not enough to ruin it, but enough to make her clients unhappy."

"Oh, you evil mastermind!" Aimee laughed. "James Bond better watch out."

Marshall narrowed his eyes at her. "All right, clever clogs. Truth or dare?"

"Truth!"

"Have you ever...stolen something valuable?"

"Oh sure," Aimee answered at once. "My brother's Action Man doll."

"It's not a doll, it's an Action Man figure." Marshall scolded. "And it's not that valuable."

"It was to him! He cried." Aimee countered, pouring more wine in their glasses. "Truth or dare?"

"If I take a dare am I going to have to sing naked on the terrace?"

"Is this something you've been dying to do?" Aimee laughed.

"Is that the question?" Marshall's face was a little pink. Aimee couldn't be sure if it were the wine or the slightly salacious suggestion.

"No, but let me turn it into one: is there a sexual fantasy that you've never had the courage to try?"

If Marshall's face had been pink before, it had become scarlet. "Oh, I—ha, that's silly..."

"Truth or dare," Aimee repeated, feeling the warmth in her own cheeks as they flushed, too. The anticipation titillated deliciously. "What's it going to be?"

"Well," Marshall bit his lip and looked down at the table. "There was this fascination I had since I was little, one that somehow never went away, from playing, you know."

"Action Man?" Aimee giggled, feeling the wine warming her blood.

"Cowboys and Indians," Marshall said, blushing furiously.

"Does this have anything to do with tomahawks?"

"No, um...with, um, tying someone up."

"Someone?" Aimee grinned.

"All right, a girl." Marshall covered his face with his hands. "I can't believe I'm telling you this!"

"So you could have your way with her?" Aimee poured more wine into his glass. "Sounds kind of hot."

Marshall toyed with his glass for moment. "Truth or dare?"

"Dare."

"I dare you to let me tie you up." He seemed afraid to look up.

"All right." Aimee got up. "I'll be right back." She ran down the hall to her bedroom and started pulling out drawers. Grabbing every scarf she could find, Aimee headed back to the dining room and tossed them on the table. Then she settled back into the chair slowly, resting her arms on the chair's arms. "Ready."

Marshall's expression was both eager and a little apprehensive, as if she might change her mind any second, but Aimee shivered in anticipation of his touch. He picked up the blue silk scarf her aunt had bought in Paris and walked behind her chair.

"You're my prisoner," he said, his voice much huskier than normal, "So you have to be blindfolded." Marshall wrapped the soft folds around her head and tied them snugly. He plunged his hands into her hair below the scarf and Aimee enjoyed the feel of his fingers as Marshall pulled her hair out of the way, tucking it into the scarf. The whisper of his breath on her neck made her long to feel his lips brush her skin.

He moved away and then returned to begin wrapping one of the wool scarves around her left wrist. The scratchy yarn made her flesh tingle—or perhaps it was the suspense of wondering what Marshall would do. The unaccustomed immobility caused her skin to prickle all over.

"Is that too tight?" he asked, his voice soft as he lashed her other wrist to the chair.

"No, it's fine," Aimee answered, her own voice husky now. God, she was wet already. The warmth of arousal coursed through her flesh. The anticipation grew. *I wonder if it's making him hard?* She licked her lips.

Marshall moved behind her again, dropping another scarf around her waist and tying it tightly, though it had to be the Irish woolen one and it wouldn't stay that tight. But he grabbed another one and wrapped it higher, gradually tightening it until the fibre sat taut against the bottom of her breasts, raising them slightly. Her nipples hardened. Aimee could hear Marshall's ragged breath behind her. His fingers were warm when they slipped down the front of her blouse unbuttoning it to reveal her best lacy bra.

She groaned as he sought out her nipples, circling them with his thick fingers before roughly grabbing her whole breasts with each hand, kneading them and he leaned down to kiss and bite her neck. Aimee gasped with delight, her breaths coming quick and shallow. "Oh god, that feels fantastic!"

Marshall suddenly stopped and pulled away. Aimee whimpered with disappointment, then felt the chair move under her. Without warning, Marshall pushed up her skirt and Aimee gave a brief prayer of thanks that she had gone barelegged this warm summer night. Tights would have been such an inconvenience!

His hands rested on her thighs, sending shocks of delight through her body. Aimee yelped with surprise when she felt him nip first one leg, then the other. The cold air told her that her knickers must be soaked and the caress of his finger along the lacy edge of the fabric made her shiver.

Marshall slipped a finger under the elastic and into the wet warmth of her cunt. Aimee nearly sobbed with delight. He slid the finger out and replaced it with two and Aimee groaned and tried not to come right then. It was too soon. But her body throbbed with the urge as he reached up to tug down her panties.

Aimee obediently lifted herself to help him slide the wet fabric off her legs, but next moment Marshall tied her ankle tightly to the leg of the chair before lifting her other leg to rest it on his shoulder.

"Time for dessert," he murmured. Aimee braced herself, but when his lips enclosed her clit, she knew she couldn't last long. She let out a low moan as he sucked at her tender skin. When he jammed his strong fingers inside her again, she cried out as her flesh

spasmed around him and her body jerked against the restraints. He kept his mouth glued to her hard little bud as her thighs shook with powerful tremors and she came, gasping.

Marshall finally let his fingers slip from her warm depths and touched their tips to her lips as he rose. "I think I will need some more dessert," he said as Aimee took his slick fingers into her mouth. He pressed his rigid cock against her bound hand and she caressed its heat with her fingertips.

"Truth or dare," Marshall said, leaning down to kiss her slowly, thrusting his tongue deep into her mouth, holding her bound arms tightly. It wasn't possible to answer him just then, but Aimee figured either choice was bound to lead to sheer bliss. As Marshall pulled away from the kiss, she heard his zipper descend and Aimee opened her mouth for a treat.

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CHAPTER 7 – POTTERY YARN

"Hey."

"Hey yourself." She looked up from her knitting and glanced at the clock. "You were out there for a long time. I take it you're happy with your new fancy-schmancy studio?"

"It's fucking awesome," he said, kicking off his clay-caked sneakers by the front door and sitting next to her on the sofa. "I had something to finish up. Here," he said, holding out a shiny, purple gift bag. "I made you a present to say thanks for being supportive of my creative endeavors. Y'know, and for putting up with the occasional mess."

She put her knitting down. "You didn't have to do that," she protested, but grabbed playfully at the bag when he pretended to take it away from her. "Give it!" she said with a big grin. "You can fix a clogged drain, never leave your socks on the floor, and you have an ass that could crack fucking walnuts. And now presents! You might just be the perfect roommate ever. Is it an ashtray?" she teased, peeking inside. "God, I hope it's one of those ceramic frogs that sits on the sink and holds your wet sponge..."

"I'm a potter, not a fucking Girl Scout," he corrected her. "Now shut up and open it," he said, a wry smile on his face.

She looked into the bag and laughed out loud. "Seriously?" she said, and pulled out what looked decidedly like a pottery dildo. "Dude. Really?"

He faked petulance. "What?" he said. "You don't like it?"

"It's...well, it's beautiful," she said laughing and running her hand along the length of it. "But a dildo? Jesus, what am I supposed to do with it? Set it on the mantle?"

He smirked. "If the sounds I hear through your bedroom wall are any indication, I'd say put it in your toy rotation."

"Fuck you," she said, but she smiled at electric current that ran through her pussy at the thought of him listening in to her self-pleasuring sessions.

"Unless you'd rather have an ashtray. Or another berry bowl. Maybe something that doesn't make you do that really hot, half-moan thing right before you...you know." He raised an eyebrow at her, and she felt herself blush slightly.

She turned her attention back to the toy. "It really is gorgeous." She turned it over in her hands, appraising it. "These, um, ribs and bumps up the side, they're a nice touch. And the, um, curve of it looks like it will be...it's very well done." She cleared her throat. "I like the color," she said finally, setting it on the table next to her. "But it's really too nice to go in a drawer. This is art."

"I thought it came out pretty nice," he said. "I was going to make a vase, but then at one point I realized the clay was looking pretty phallic, and then I got wondering, well, why the hell not?"

"You're really talented," she said, running a finger over the smooth, round top.

"Thanks. I'm thinking of selling them. I mean, provided they're, you know, functional." He grinned suggestively. "I was thinking maybe you could give me a product review."

"I could, I suppose," she said, attempting to call his bluff. "You plan on just pressing your ear to the wall or will there be an interview? Perhaps a form with questions to fill out. 'On a scale of one to five, one being not at all satisfied and five being very satisfied, how would you rate this product's performance?' "

"Well," he said, sliding closer to her on the sofa, "I could always participate in the trial run. Maybe personally show you some of the fine, built-in features of the product. You know, strictly for research and development purposes."

She smiled, her nipples stiffening in response to his nearness. "Of course," she said. "Strictly for research."

He slid his hand up her thigh. "And development."

She ran a hand up his strong forearms and up under his t-shirt sleeve. She grabbed his large, powerful bicep and pulled him to her, and he responded eagerly, wrapping his arms around her and pulling her close. He bent his head and ran his lips softly along her bare neck, his warm breath causing goose bumps to rise up and down her bare arms. The thin strap of her summer top slipped down, and he kissed her naked shoulder, his lips seeking out the soft swell of her breast.

He slipped his hands around her ass and lifted her easily, guiding her onto his lap. She straddled him, smiling as she ran her hands through his hair. "This is not at all what I expected," she said, sliding her arms around his neck and caressing his broad shoulders.

"But not unwelcome, I hope," he said, as much a question as a statement.

She giggled. "You ever wonder who I'm thinking about when I make that little half-moan noise you like so much?" She pressed her hands against his chest and leaned in close to him. "I'll give you a hint," she whispered, and kissed him. His lips were full and soft on hers as he returned her kiss. She smiled at him, looking deep into his eyes. He reached up and smoothed her hair back from her forehead and kissed her there. He kissed her on the tip of her nose. He teasingly brushed his lips against hers, and they parted, letting a soft sigh escape that he could not resist. He kissed her again and she responded greedily, as if his kiss were the last drink of water on the earth.

Her tongue sought his as his hands caressed her back, his large, strong hands bringing every nerve ending in her body to life. He explored the soft curves he had seen every day, and imagined in his fantasies at night. "I don't know if I've ever mentioned this," he said, breathing hard as she kissed his neck and nibbled a trail up to his earlobe, "but I was kind of hoping that was the case."

"How come you never said anything?" she half-whispered in his ear, causing him to shudder slightly.

"I just did," he replied.

"Fair enough," she said, leaning back and smiling at him.

"How come you never said anything?" he asked, suddenly curious as well as aroused.

"What? And miss out on getting a very sexy, personal, handmade present? Which," she added, "I'm very much looking forward to trying out."

He stuck out his lower lip. "Well, now I just feel dirty and used," he said.

"Oh, poor baby," she said consolingly. "Here, will this make you feel better?" She reached down and grabbed the hem of her shirt and pulled it off over her head. Smiling coyly, she twined her fingers in her long hair and pulled it up atop her head, and arched her back seductively.

"Yes," he said, his voice half-sigh and half-groan. "God, yes. I don't know if 'better' is the right word, but I'm definitely feeling something."

She wiggled seductively on his lap, feeling his hardness against her. "I can tell," she said, leaning forward and brushing an erect nipple across his lower lip. She gasped with pleasure as he filled his hands with her soft, warm breasts. He drew her nipple into his mouth and sucked at it, pulling it into a hard, pink point. She dropped her hair and tipped her head back, letting it cascade down her bare back in long waves. He teased her nipples with his tongue and teeth, first one, then the other, then back again, taking his time and making her squirm.

His cock was hard and hot between her legs, and she could feel the heat of him through their clothes. Her own pussy was throbbing as she rubbed her clit against him and he moaned a little in the back of his throat. She leaned down and kissed him again, thrilled by the sensation of his big hands sliding over the soft curves of her ass.

"You are amazing," he said, his voice deep and husky.

"I know," she said, rising gracefully to her feet, her breasts swaying as she moved.

"You're beautiful, too," he added. "Turn around for me."

She giggled a little, and turned, crossing her arms demurely over her bare breasts and looking over her shoulder at him. She arched her back and stuck her ass out, wiggling it playfully for him.

"Oh, very, very nice," he said appreciatively.

She slipped her thumbs in the waistband of her soft, jersey pajama pants and slid them down over her ass slowly. She watched him over her shoulder as she bent, running her hands down her legs and back up again, then stepping out of the puddle of fabric on the floor. She turned, her wisp of a lace thong barely concealing the dark curls of her neatly trimmed bush.

"You like?" she asked, running her hands up her body and cupping her breasts. She squeezed the soft, hot flesh and teased her nipples into hard points, then let them hang free, swaying with her movements as she shook her long hair over her shoulder.

He stood and pulled her to him. She grabbed the hem of his shirt and pulled it up, and he quickly tossed it aside. She ran her hands over his strong, muscled chest, brushing her palms over his nipples and feeling them harden at her touch. She reached for his cock, but he stopped her. "Not yet," he said, taking her hands in his and kissing them. "You first."

"Is it time for my present?" she asked.

"Mmm hmm," he confirmed with a nod, and he guided her to the sofa. He lay her down on the cushions and wriggling out of his jeans, knelt between her thighs and spread them gently. Slowly, he lowered his mouth to pussy and she moaned in anticipation.

His breath was warm through the damp crotch of her thong and he slipped a finger under the bit of lace and elastic. He pulled the bit of cloth out of his way and pressed his lips against her clit, kissing her most sensitive spot.

It was hard and slippery and he sucked it gently, tickling it with the tip of his tongue. She ran her fingers through his hair, urging him to use more pressure. He spread her lips with his fingers, opening her wide and plunging in to her. She moaned as his tongue entered her and raised her hips to his mouth, urging him to go deeper. He laughed and withdrew, looking up at her, his lips and chin shining. "Down girl," he said, smiling at her, and she groaned and lowered her ass to the cushions.

With his fingertip, he gently traced soft whorls around her throbbing clit--barely touching it. She writhed, squirming as he smiled up at her, his fingers just dipping into her moist, eager hole and then pulling back out. Unable to control herself, she bucked against his fingers, trying to force them inside, but he pulled them away. "This just won't do," he scolded, kissing her gently and making her moan. "At this rate you'll never get to try out your present."

He picked the dildo up from the table and slipped the cold head into her pussy. The sudden coldness made her jump and she cried out a little. "Might take a minute to warm up," he said, lowering his head to her pussy and tickling her clit with his tongue. She relaxed and let her legs splay open, and slowly he eased the toy inside her.

"Oh, God..." she moaned as the cool shaft entered her, filling her up.

"Looks like a good fit," he remarked, emphasizing his words with a quick suck on her clit. "I had to guess on the size," he said, smiling at her. All she could do was moan in reply. Slowly, he slid it out of her, letting the bumps and ridges he'd hand-crafted rub against her clit on the way out. He pulled it all the way out and used the end to tease her clit before slipping it back inside. Again, he stroked it back into the hilt, faster this time, watching her hips come up off the couch to meet it.

She reached up and grabbed her tits, squeezing them together and pulling hard on her nipples. She was moaning, her hair fanned out behind her as her head rocked from side to side. The dildo was warm and shining and he worked it inside her like he would his own cock, riding high against her clit and letting her feel every inch of it.

The pleasure built in her pussy and she felt herself beginning to climax, like a wave building as it approaches the sand. Her cunt spasmed as the first white curl of her orgasm hit, and suddenly it was breaking, coursing through her and making her cry out with delight. She grabbed his hand and made him stop, sinking the cock inside her as far as it would go and holding it there, her hand on his while her cunt throbbed and her hips twitched.

She lay back against the arm of the couch, breathing hard. Slowly, carefully, he slid the dildo out of her, and she shivered all over again. "On a scale of one to five," she said, pulling him on top of her, "I give the product a five. Would definitely purchase again."

"And how would you rate the customer service?" he mumbled into her hair as he kissed her neck.

"I give that a solid ten."

"Really?" he said, raising himself on his elbow and looking at her. "I go to eleven."

"Prove it," she said, wrapping her arms around his neck and pulling him in for a kiss.

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CHAPTER 8 – ADJOINING ROOMS

My husband was supposed to join us, but he was stuck at work finishing up a project. So Ellen and I were on our own in wicked New Orleans. We didn't really mind. Our first night out we did Bourbon Street, but we skipped the strippers and the cross-dressers. I knew John would want to accompany us for those particular pleasures.

So it wasn't too late and we weren't too drunk when we caught a cab to take us back to our hotel. We cruised slowly down Canal Street, the driver talking in broken English, a mile-a-minute. I let his words wash over me, but Ellen was listening.

The hotel was a bit of a miscalculation. Ever on the lookout for a bargain, I'd booked it impulsively based on a few pictures and little else. It was on Canal Street; the Marriot is on Canal Street, the Crowne Plaza is on Canal, the Doubletree Hotel is on Canal. Seemed like a pretty reputable location. Until you get there. Turns out the Chateau Venir is on the wrong side of Interstate 10; in fact, one side butts up right against the highway.

Anyway, it didn't cost much and we had two adjoining rooms for a long weekend. Sitting in the lobby waiting for Ellen, I got a first-hand impression of the Chateau's clientele. There were lots of hot pants, lots of high heels and extravagant hair. If the women were peacocks, the men were sparrows. Most of them looked like business men who knew for a fact they shouldn't be seen at this hotel. You could practically see them flinch if they accidentally made eye contact.

Traffic was brisk and during my forty-five minute wait, I saw several of the peacocks leave and re-enter with a new partner. Ellen came down and apologized for keeping me waiting.

"Au contraire!" I said with a smile. "It has been an interesting interlude. If we should run short of cash, I have a plan."

My friend has an amazing sense of humor and a warmth that instantly puts people at their ease. Our taxi driver certainly felt easy. Or rather, I guess he thought we were easy. An understandable misconception perhaps, given our hotel. We were stopped outside the doors when his words finally penetrated.

"You, you and your friend, you make a pretty pair," he said, smiling broadly. "One blonde, one black-haired."

I smiled and nodded thanks.

"You very, very good friend?" His eyebrows arched, an almost comical effect.

"Oh, God, we've known each other forever," Ellen exclaimed, throwing her arm across my shoulder. "We've been through it all."

The taxi driver's grin got bigger.

"You like each other naked?"

We began to catch his drift and exchanged an amused smile. He took this for a "yes" and continued in a rush.

"You naked, you love each other, I watch from closet, yes?"

“I don’t think my husband would like that idea,” I said primly, sliding across the seat to get out. My husband and I had an ordinary, monogamous relationship, and I had never even daydreamed about anything different. But a tiny twist of speculation began to grow inside my mind.

I didn’t see it, but I think Ellen winked as she paid the cabbie and gave him a generous tip.

Unused to high heels, I slipped a little on the highly polished floor of the lobby and Ellen’s fingers brushed against my breast as she reached to catch my upper arm. When we entered the elevator there was a brief but odd fluttering feeling in my belly, or maybe lower down. I was acutely conscious of her body heat as we ascended to our rooms; when I glanced at Ellen’s breasts I could see the nipples hard and distinct against the thin silk fabric of her dress.

It felt a little awkward when we paused at our doors to say goodnight. Then I had to laugh at myself. This was Ellen, my Ellen, who’s known me forever. I’ve poured every secret in my life in her ears, she’s heard intimate details about my sex life I’d never even shared with my husband.

I grabbed her arm and tugged her into my room. “Let’s see what’s in the minibar!”

We found a tiny bottle of scotch (her drink of choice) and a bottle of beer and toasted our three-day vacation in the Big Easy. I took a big swallow of my beer and laughed.

“You know, that taxi driver gave me a turn. Can you imagine?”

She laughed along with me; then her face grew softer and she reached out hesitantly. I think if I had said anything at all she would have stopped, but I was silent. Her fingertip circled my nipple through the fabric of my dress and suddenly I was aroused in a way I’d never been before.

I wasn’t wearing a bra; my tits are small and I like the unconfined feeling as well as the appraising looks I sometimes got from men and women. Ellen’s breasts are heavy and lush; we’d often laughed about how different we are physically. I am tall and slim, blonde, while Ellen is nearly a foot shorter and beautifully sculpted, with an irresistible ripeness. My nipples hardened at the thought of touching her heavy, lovely breasts; I trembled to think of pulling one into my mouth, curling my tongue around the nipple of another woman.

I discovered I’d been holding my breath and I let it out, a little shaky. She withdrew her hand and self-consciously sipped her scotch. She started to speak but I gently held my finger to her lips. We were sitting cross-legged on the bed and I surprised myself by leaning forward to kiss her. When our lips met, I could feel Ellen start to pull away. But after this momentary hesitation, she relaxed into the caress, opening her lips to admit my tentative tongue.

As we kissed, time seemed to unspool like a dream. In an odd way, it was like kissing myself. We were both unhurried, our tongues twining and untwining, exploring the sensations. She tasted warmly of scotch; my breath had the sharp tang of a beer. I stopped momentarily, took her glass and took a tiny sip; I swirled it around in my mouth before swallowing and losing myself in that amazing kiss again.

Millions of minutes later--or maybe just two or three--I moved my hands to slip off her dress, unsnap her bra and cup her breasts as they fell free. I have been cupping my own breasts in my hands for years; I am accustomed to the feeling and the sight. But the feeling of cupping Ellen's breasts shot through me like lightning. They were so different from my own. Heavy, soft, beautiful. At first I merely looked. Then I caressed every velvety inch, almost with a sense of worship. I saw her nipples contract with desire and felt my own do the same.

Then I pushed her gently back on the bed and pulled one nipple into my mouth. That moment was so charged, so erotic, I could feel my cunt contract with desire. If I had only barely brushed against my clit at that moment I believe I would have exploded into orgasm. Ellen gasped, and I knew she felt the same. I buried my face and open mouth in her breasts, sucking greedily at one nipple and finding the other nipple with my free hand.

My dress slipped easily off my shoulders after Ellen gently guided my face back up to hers for another kiss. Naked except for a thong, my body was quivering with suppressed desire. We sat up, cross-legged on the bed again. She studied my naked body: teasing, she used just the tip of her fingernail to gently flick one of my nipples. It was my turn to gasp at the sensation of a simple touch. I could feel my cunt getting wet, soaking the flimsy fabric of my thong.

Now it was Ellen's turn to push me down onto my back. She began by sucking each nipple, lightly biting them from time to time. The surprise of that little flash of pain, unexpected in the middle of a caress, made me moan with a pleasure stronger than any I've ever felt. I was starting to feel the urgency now, craving the touch that would cause my body to convulse in orgasm.

My hand was reaching down to my cunt when it brushed against the luscious flesh of her breasts, and I forgot my need as I began to caress her breasts again. Now we lay side-by-side, breast to breast. I helped Ellen pull her dress off and discard it on the floor. I ran a finger down between her breasts, down to her navel, and slowly, slowly to her bush.

Just as our body types were different, so was our coloring. Her bush was black, curly, exuberant. I tangled my fingers in the hair as she reached down to pull my thong off. I heard it tear, but my heart was in my throat as she exposed my strawberry-blond thatch. My cunt was running with juices now, my clit so swollen with hunger that it ached.

My playful fingers reached the lips of her pussy; my touch was light as a breeze; Ellen gasped and responded by slipping her finger past my labia and deep into my cunt. I knew I would come at her very next touch, and I wanted to touch her forever, so I pushed her over onto her side again, straddling her, my pussy juices dripping onto her belly.

Kissing, then tonguing the line from her breasts to her bush was another electrifying sensation. Where a man's body would be hard, muscular, Ellen's body was soft and yielding. It was an eerie sensation, almost like I was licking down my own body, over my own soft belly. And at the nest of hair between her legs, nothing hard, just softness and heat and wetness. I was totally focused on this body so like my own., a hand on her breasts and another trailing down her body.

There may have been a click just then; a noise registered, only vaguely. I saw Ellen's gaze slip away from mine for an instant. Then she softly pushed my head just an inch or so lower, and I could see the glimmer of her pussy, overflowing with her juices.

This was another shock to me, and I savored it. I have seen my own cunt, but only in a mirror, and only from a distance. Here was my own familiar, beloved flesh: lips, swollen clit, secret folds and a shadowed opening. I could do nothing more than look, and desire. My mind was so confused with the erotic charge of making love to another woman I almost felt like I was seeing my own cunt. Touching it made my own pussy swell and contract.

Ellen seemed just as entranced. Between the two of us we managed to slip her hips under a pillow, elevating that wet, hot pussy on a kind of throne, open and ready for my tongue and questing fingers. I bent over her and roughly thrust my tongue as deeply as I could. It felt foreign and familiar all at the same time, and I cried out in an odd kind of triumph, or perhaps it was joy.

That sense of urgency returned; only this time, it was a strong need to see Ellen's cunt shudder and pulse under my tongue, see her back arch and hear her cry as I made her come. My tongue circled her clit, faster now, and I plunged two fingers into the wet, hot softness of her cunt. She was moaning so loud with pleasure, it sounded almost like a cry of pain. I licked her cunt lips, pulled away my fingers and my mouth, and she shuddered.

"Please," she whispered. "Please."

I started again on her cunt, her hips straining up to meet my mouth and fingers. This time I sucked, hard, my fingers plunging in and out, pressing against her clit with my tongue and against the walls and opening of her cunt with my fingers. I was lost in her pleasure; both of us were bucking our hips up and down. I knew, from touching myself, that the lack of touch on her cunt was exquisitely pleasurable when alternated with a strong touch.

Too soon, Ellen came. I left my fingers in her cunt as it contracted and pulsed; I licked my lips to taste her tangy, salty cunt juices. When I sat back to look at her whole lush body, my heel came in contact with my wet pussy lips and I closed my eyes and exhaled softly in pleasure.

Ellen sat up and leaned forward for another deep, questing kiss. Like a cat, she licked my face clean of her juices, then continued to move her mouth down to one breast and then another, taking them into her mouth and sucking so hard it almost hurt, with the same kind of mild, stimulating pain that makes me crazy for a touch or a finger or a cock in my pussy.

Her kisses trailed down towards my belly button and I leaned back, shaky with the sensation. It was again different than the touch of a man, knowing, somehow, or more confident. Her fingers tangled in my pubic hair briefly, then she pulled my body to the edge of the bed, my legs spread wide and my cunt open and ready. Kneeling, she gazed at me for a moment, no doubt experiencing the same weird feeling of familiarity. I ran my fingers through her thick, dark hair as she moved to cover my whole cunt with her mouth.

Her tongue circled my clit like it had circled my nipple, bringing an explosion of sensation that made me moan out loud. As if from a great distance, I heard another click, like a door opening. I turned my head towards the noise just as Ellen thrust two fingers into my cunt, her tongue still working my clit. I couldn't see anything; my eyes closed as I shuddered, on the brink of a world-shattering orgasm.

As if she sensed that, Ellen pulled her mouth back and looked at my pussy. With its honey-gold curls, the shadow of my pussy lips are barely visible. She stroked the inside of my thigh, scraping it lightly with her finger nails. She would start halfway down my thigh and slowly draw her fingers up towards my cunt, sometimes lightly touching it, sometimes not. I gasped when she touched the swollen, throbbing lips, and I could feel the juices pouring out. Now I was wet, even dripping, not just my pussy but the round curve of my ass, the tops of my thighs.

She moved forward, slowly, and now ran her tongue up my thigh to lightly flick against my clit. She smiled as I moaned. Leaning even closer, she covered my cunt with her mouth and her tongue moved like a fire inside me. I was shuddering, calling her name, desperate now for the release of an orgasm. I felt a finger unexpectedly against my rosy-brown asshole; when it slipped inside my ass, the world stopped for an instant as I came. I bucked, shuddering, almost in tears from the force of the orgasm. Ellen watched, quiet, until I could open my eyes again. We slowly turned to be side-by-side on the bed again, and I circled her nipple with my finger, still excited by the novelty of it.

Then a movement caught my eye. I raised my head to see a naked man leaning nonchalantly against the doorframe, arms crossed over his chest. He had an enormous erection; in spite of my earth-shattering orgasm a few moments before, I suddenly felt empty, hungry for that hard, relentless cock in my mouth, my pussy.

I tore my eyes off his dick to look up and drew in my breath sharply. A smile slowly grew on his face. "I finished my project at work. This looks like a real New Orleans party. May I join you?"

Without a word, Ellen and I held out our arms as he walked to the bed; my mouth reached his with a hungry, even greedy kiss. Below me, I saw Ellen's dark head descend to his cock, enfolding it with her lips still fragrant from my cunt. By dawn, we had exhausted every little game we could think of, and lay tangled in a web of sheets and legs and arms. Three more days of New Orleans. More importantly, two more nights.

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CHAPTER 9 – RENOVATION

Mattie chewed on the tip of her thumb nervously. “Well? What do you think?”

“Fucked that up pretty good.” Emmitt pulled a small hammer off his tool belt and tapped the wall gingerly. Several pieces of plaster promptly crumbled, little bits and a cloud of dust falling toward the floor.

“I couldn’t find the studs,” Mattie said.

“No wonder. That’s lathe and plaster. It looks solid to those electronic stud-finders, but it’s not.” A chunk of plaster the size of his hand dropped to the floor.

She covered her face with her hands. “Can you fix it?”

“Yeah.” He took a step back and surveyed the damage. “It’ll take a while. Most of this.” He motioned to the shattered plaster. “Most of it will have to come down and then I can put up a new layer and it should be good as new.” Emmitt paused. “Unless you want drywall instead?”

“No.” She shook her head. “I like the plaster.”

“All right.” The fingers on his right hand ticked as he calculated. “I should be able to get most of it done today.”

Mattie sighed, relieved. “You’re the best, Emmitt.”

He cocked an eyebrow and grinned. “I know.”

“Need anything?”

“Just room to work.”

“Oh. Right.” She waved a vague hand towards the door. “I’ll be in the kitchen if you need anything.”

“Sure.”

She went down the hall to the kitchen and paused for a moment, leaning on the counter. God, that grin. Still made her wobbly ‘round the knees. A little smile parted her lips and she chanced a quick peek down the hall. To her disappointment there was already plastic hung over the doorway to the front room. Damn.

Mattie scowled. Not that she needed another glimpse anyway. That door, the figurative one, had been shut a long time ago. At fifteen it had felt like the end of the world when Emmitt moved on to someone who was... more open to the physical side of the relationship. Even now her heart felt a little bruised thinking about it.

Whatever. She had made the right decision at the time. But she couldn’t help wishing that the offer... No – wishing the question was being asked now. Now when she really needed something good. Now when she could see all the things she loved about Emmitt. Now when she was ready to say yes.

An odd noise rattled up the hall. Sort of like something breaking. Sort of like a truckload of gravel being dumped on the floor. She looked down the hall again. Dust curled out around the edges of the plastic.

“Emmit?”

There was a lengthy pause. Mattie opened her mouth to try again when the plastic pulled back and a dust-coated Emmit looked at her sheepishly. “Looks like I’ll be doing the whole wall.”

“Was that what that noise was?”

“Yeah.” He tried to wipe the dust off his goggles. “I don’t suppose you have a fan. And maybe a clean rag I can wipe this off with.”

“Sure. Just a minute.”

The fan was in a closet back in the bedroom and took a moment to find. The washcloth was easier, but she had to dig to find a clean bucket. By the time she got back to the front room Emmit had scooped up most of the debris and shoveled it out the open window into a wheelbarrow. Everything, including him, was still covered in fine white dust.

“I brought the fan,” she said. “And some water.”

“Perfect.” He grinned and her pulse quickened. “Just plug that in over there so maybe some of this...” His gesture took in the vague white tint in the air. “Will go outside.”

Mattie set the fan in the window, plugged it into the wall-socket and turned around just in time to see Emmit pulling his shirt off.

It had been a while since she’d seen him naked. Well, nearly naked. Twelve damn years. He was taller and the lanky high school boy she remembered had been replaced by a lean, muscular man. The tattoo on his shoulder had been joined by another more complex one that spread across his shoulders.

She took a shallow breath and tried to swallow her heart back to its normal location.

Emmit reached up and pulled the elastic band out of his hair, shaking thick curls across his shoulders as he brushed little bits of plaster and dust free with his fingers.

Mattie caught her lower lip between her teeth and watched in fascination as he washed his face, wet the washcloth again and wiped down his shoulders and chest.

“That dust,” he said. “Gets into everything.”

She nodded and began edging toward the door. “I... uh. Some stuff. Work to do. If you need anything else.” Her foot snagged on the edge of the tarp he’d put down on the floor and she went down hard on hands and knees. “Ow.”

“Hey.” He knelt beside her, one strong hand resting in the small of her back. “You okay?”

“Yeah.” She nodded, staring at the floor between her hands. “Fine. I’m fine.” Actually, her right knee was stinging pretty bad. No doubt a stray bit of plaster. But that was much less important than getting away from him before she said something and made a complete fool out of herself.

“You sure?” Emmit shifted and suddenly she was staring at his crotch. Yikes.

Mattie turned her head quickly to one side. “Not a big deal. A scratch maybe. I’ll wash it in the bathroom.”

“You’re acting funny. Did you hit your head?”

“No.” She pushed up onto her feet, still staring at the demolished wall, her hands, over his shoulder towards the door.

“What’s wrong, Mattie?”

She felt his hand under her chin and closed her eyes just in time. I can’t. He’ll know. He’ll fucking know.

“Mattie.” Now there was a definite edge of concern in his voice. “Look at me.”

Reluctantly she obeyed. His eyes were the same. Rich and brown and totally able to read her every thought. She swallowed hard.

“Oh,” he said.

“I’m sorry. This wasn’t... I just called you because I thought you wouldn’t laugh at me for ruining my wall. And then. Seeing you. I missed you. A lot. More than I had thought. And you took your shirt off. You look good. I like the new ink. And I just want to go into the bathroom and clean up. Catch my breath. Please, Emmet.” She stopped short. Only because she didn’t have any breath left.

Dear god. I have totally fucked this up.

“You know,” Emmet said after a moment. “Me too.”

Me too? Me too what?

He knelt and examined her knee. The one that was stinging. “That’s not bad. Just a little scrape really.” He looked up at her reassuringly. “Already starting to scab.” Licking his thumb he brushed it across the cut. “By this evening I doubt you’ll even know it’s there.”

Mattie took a few quick breaths. His hand was still resting on the back of her knee.

“That’s real good.” Her voice squeaked sharply on the last word.

Emmet nodded and put his other hand on her other knee. Slowly slid them up the back of her legs – fingers brushing her thighs – and cupped her ass gently. She took another breath, dizzy. Excited. He brought one hand back down a little, crept his fingers under the edge of her panties and touched that hot, wet spot right at the apex of her legs.

Mattie gasped as he slid a finger inside her, legs trembling reflexively. He grinned and pulled his hand back out from under her skirt to lick the wetness – her wetness – off his finger. “You taste good, Mattie.” She stared at him, open-mouthed. “What’s wrong?”

“Just... no one’s ever...”

“Never tasted your pussy?”

She licked her lips. “Er. Not like that.”

He shrugged. “Their loss.” Before she could figure out a reply he slid his hand back up under her skirt and squeezed her ass firmly. Catching the hem of her shirt with his teeth he tugged it up a little and then kissed her belly button. She watched the top of his head,

the hard muscles in his back and shoulders rippling under tan skin as he pulled her panties to the floor. Warmth bloomed in her cheeks and she bit down on a whimper of impatience.

Emmit reached up and undid the first button on her skirt. She took a deep breath, hands fluttering at her sides. He paused, fingers hovering over the next button. "May I?"

"Yes, please," she said quick and he chuckled.

But he unfastened the rest of the buttons almost faster than she would have thought possible and pulled her skirt down smoothly. "Oh, my." He brushed his hand across the wild, red-gold hair between her legs.

"I'm sorry," she said automatically.

"No. It's gorgeous." He nuzzled against it, curling his tongue over her clit, then moving lower and deeper to lick her slick folds.

Mattie took a half-step back as her legs started to shake. "I might... come if you keep that up."

Emmit looked at her with a wicked grin. "Good." He put his hands on her ass and pulled her closer.

"But -" she began.

"I won't let you fall," he said gently. "Please let me make you come?"

There it was. The question. At long last she was ready to answer. "Yes," she said. "Make me come, Emmit."

He held her legs tight and licked her clit insistently. His tongue was soft, wet and hot and he stroked her quickly over the edge. She cried out as she came in his mouth and he laughed but in a happy way.

Carefully he let her down onto her knees and kissed her lightly on the mouth. "I've been waiting a long time to do that."

She sighed and laid her head on his shoulder. "Yeah. That was fantastic."

"You don't sound so sure of that."

Mattie kissed the side of his neck. "It was just kind of.... fast."

"We are just getting started."

"Oh." And then as the words sank in. "Ah." There wasn't much talking for a several long minutes while they kissed. Long. Hot. Deep.

Mattie's cunt was aching and she shifted, instinctively seeking the firm bulge of his cock. "Ow." She paused and rocked back onto her heels, rubbing a sore spot on her thigh. "This needs to come off," she said, fumbling with the buckle on the tool belt.

Emmit pushed her hands aside and unfastened it easily. "There." He leaned toward her, starting to rock her back onto the floor.

"Dust," she said.

“Right.” He stood up, grabbed her wrists, pulled her to her feet. “Bedroom, bathroom or kitchen,” he asked, ducking through the plastic over the door.

She shook her head. “Here’s good.”

His eyebrows went up a little but he didn’t argue. He unbuckled his jeans and she dropped onto her knees, pulling them down past his hips. His cock was pushing through the fly on his boxers and she pulled those down too. Oh, my. The tip was already starting to drip milky seminal fluid and she licked it off eagerly.

Emmit put his hand on the back of her head, encouraging. She wrapped her lips tight around his shaft and sucked him deep into her mouth. He made a noise, somewhere between a gasp and a grunt, and his fingers tightened in her hair.

Mattie began sliding his cock in and out, savoring the salty tang of him, enjoying the feeling of him filling her mouth. He got even harder and when she reached up to cup his balls they were tight. She stroked the ridge of skin on the bottom side of the tip with her tongue and sucked hard.

“God, Mattie.” Emmit grabbed his erection tight with his free hand and pulled her upright with the other. He shoved her back against the wall, set the tip of his cock against her pussy and thrust inside.

She mewled, toes curling with pleasure.

“Yeah?” Emmit said. He sounded out of breath.

“P...please,” she stammered. He grabbed her ass and lifted her up, pushing all the way into her. “Ohhh.” Mattie wrapped her legs around him tightly as little tremors started shivering from her cunt up across her belly and down her thighs.

“Like that?” he asked. He was thrusting in and out, not too fast, not too slow, and just hard enough to make her heart-rate double.

“Yes. Oh, yes.” She braced her shoulders against the wall and rocked with him. Sweat was starting to bead on his skin. He caught his lower lip between his teeth and fucked her harder. Oh, god. Faster.

The tremors were getting more intense. With every thrust of his cock, her cunt tightened up around him sending waves of sheer oh-sweet-Jesus rushing through her. She arched back, smacking her head against the wall. “Ow.”

“You all right?”

“Don’t fucking stop,” she said.

He slid a finger up her ass and fucked it fast while he slammed his cock deep inside her, holding the thick hardness of it tight against her sweet spot. “Come, Mattie.” Licked the hollow at the base of her throat. “Come, Mattie.” Sucked the sensitive skin just below her ear.

Heat and and light poured through her. “Emmit,” she moaned. All she could feel was his cock, filling her, making her come so hard her teeth went fucking numb. And still he was thrusting in and out. Each thrust playing a different, delicious chord across her body.

“Don’t stop,” he said. “Just... more.”

Mattie knotted her fingers in his hair and pulled his head down between her breasts. “Please, Emmet.” And he grunted once, twice and again as he came. She could feel him shaking and they went down on the floor in a blissful tangle of arms and legs.

She licked her lips, one hand drifting across his back, down to cup his ass and then back up. “Mmmm.” She wanted to say more but the neurons were firing more slowly than normal.

Emmet smiled. “Damn,” he said.

Mattie kissed his chest. “Me too.”

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CHAPTER 10 – ATTENTION

She inched closer to his side, and as if by second nature he readjusted his arm, letting her slip beside him to rest her head on his chest. She couldn't see the movie from her new position, but at the moment she preferred the mountain of covers and his warm body to the boxing-themed drama he'd chosen. She idly traced a pattern on his bare chest, imagining she felt goose bumps rising, and creating designs wherever her fingers touched. He fidgeted slightly and she felt him briefly look down at the top of her head. She casually grazed his nipple as she traced the patterns in a wider arc; he continued watching the movie, with what she suspected was overly exaggerated attention. She had been rather indifferent to his body when they'd first met because she hadn't thought he'd keep her attention long enough for her to want to sleep with him. He was completely the opposite of anyone she'd ever been in a relationship with. He was laid back where she desired assertiveness, full of good-natured humor when she wanted seriousness, brutally honest in moments that called more for tact and diplomacy, and to top it all off, he had been entirely too skinny for her liking. Her good old-fashioned female sensibility desired tall and husky, and height had been the only thing going for him. She was yet to let go of the fact that he'd looked like a string bean in high school, thankfully his muscles had filled out, although he was still undeniably skinny.

But she had grown to love everything about him, from his skinny body to his unfailing sense of humor. She absentmindedly kissed his chest as she mused over how she'd fallen in love with him. He responded by twining his fingers in her hair, his attention never wavering from the movie. She heard the sound effects of someone being punched, and his chest moved under her head as he exhaled an impressed breath. She supposed it must've been a good hit. Glancing up at him and seeing he was completely absorbed in what she felt was a rather waste-of-time movie, she gently kissed his chest and circled her tongue around his nipple. His hand froze in her hair, but he continued watching the movie. She let her hand slide down past his chest to toy with the top of his basketball shorts and felt his chest rise and fall more rapidly. Slowly, she slid her hand into his shorts, to stroke his rapidly hardening erection through his boxers. For a moment he continued to watch the movie, until finally, with a long suffering sigh and much rummaging under the covers he found the remote and paused it. She gave herself a silent congratulation for having garnered his attention and saved herself from another forty-five minutes of boredom.

"You couldn't have waited?" he asked. She knew he was trying to sound exasperated, but his amusement was obvious and it wasn't like him to not see the humor in such a situation. She gazed up at him with round doleful eyes and replied

"No", as innocently and contritely as she knew how; he rolled his eyes.

"Come here," he said gruffly, pulling her upwards for a kiss. "What do you want from me?" she pretended to pout.

"I just wanted a little attention," she told him in her most indignant and wounded voice, "And maybe sex too?" she added hopefully. He laughed.

"Well, tell me exactly what you want."

"...Sex," she said again, feeling as if she'd stated the obvious. She looked up at him, confused, and was slightly perturbed to see the huge shit-eating grin forming on his face.

“I know you want sex, but how do you want the sex, what do you want me to do to you? Tell me.” She scowled, realizing he was going to make this difficult for her.

“I obviously want you to stick it in me...that’s the definition of sex,” she replied, getting frustrated. His grin got even bigger, he loved annoying her and making her uncomfortable in equal measure.

“Not good enough,” he told her, “as the matter of fact, since you interrupted my movie because you needed some attention, now is as good a day as any for this.” She squirmed uncomfortably, suddenly unsure if she wanted so much attention from him.

“We are going to teach you how to talk dirty today,” he announced triumphantly. She shook her head vehemently but he continued on unperturbed. “You’re either going to say what you want me to do, or not get it, completely your choice.” She gave him her most incendiary scowl.

Her unwillingness to verbalize what she wanted him to do to her had long been a point of contention between them. While she wasn’t shy about sex, there was something about sex talk that embarrassed her and turned her on at the same time. In fact, the first time they’d had sex she had been completely floored by the stream of dirty talk that had issued from his mouth. Of course she’d had the best orgasm of her life, and she’d been so wet he’d actually had to change the sheets, but that had been beside the point. The point was, she hadn’t expected it from him at all. The mild mannered, goofball had completely disappeared in the bedroom, and she had been addicted to sex with him ever since. She was a moaner and an occasional curser, but her willingness to talk dirty extended only so far as responses to the questions he asked her.

Did she like it? Was it his? Did she love him? Yes, was an easy, uncomplicated, and true response. This new line of talk he expected from her was intimidating to say the least.

They looked at each other, locked in a standoff, until finally, wearily she broke.

“Ok, I’ll try it.” She didn’t have much of a choice after all; she wanted sex, and she knew he had a stubborn streak a mile wide; he’d sit there and refuse her all night until she did exactly what he said. He smiled victoriously, and then clearly feeling generous, pulled her back towards him and gently kissed her.

“I’ll help you start,” he whispered softly against the outer shell of her ear. He trailed kisses down her neck and held her around the waist caressing her curves and squeezing her ass. She moved closer to him, sliding her body against him, wanting him to touch her. He didn’t respond, but only continued to kiss her slowly, moving his hands to graze her breasts. She tried to move his hand downwards but he wouldn’t allow her, instead, stopping his kisses and gentle touches.

“Remember, I won’t do more than this unless you tell me to,” he reminded, she sighed, and began nervously.

“I want you to take my clothes off and...umm, put your mouth here.” She pointed to her breasts. The side of his mouth twitched and she could tell he was trying not to laugh, she scowled at him, and he tried and failed to hide his amusement.

“You want me to suck on your titties?” she nodded her agreement. “Ok,” he said easily, “as soon as you tell me to I will.”

“I just told you to!” she cried indignantly

“No you didn’t,” he responded, “put your mouth here is not saying suck on my titties.”

“Fine!” she growled, he looked at her expectantly.

“I want you to??” he prompted.

“Suck on my titties,” she muttered, averting her eyes.

“That was pathetic, but it’s your first try so I’ll let it slide,” he said, stripping off her shirt and gently caressing her breasts before lowering his mouth to gently suckle one of her nipples. She sighed in contentment under his ministrations. He rubbed her other nipple, rolling it between his fingers and she tried again to move one of his hands between her legs. He released her nipple with a wet smack and licking his lips said,

“You have to tell me if you want me to do anything else.” She nibbled her bottom lip, trying to think how best to tell him what to do.

“Umm, I guess, I would like if you uh, touched between my legs?” she trailed off uncertain; he didn’t even bother pretending not to laugh.

“Babe,” he said comfortingly, “it’s just me, what’re you nervous about? Just say what you want. You want me to rub on your pussy right?” she nodded mutely and he kissed her gently.

“Say it,” he commanded. She cleared her throat nervously and looked at some point beyond his head. He of course, wouldn’t let her.

“Look me in the eye when you say it, don’t be shy, do you know how sexy you are to me?” She met his eyes reluctantly.

“I want you to rub it?” her statement somehow came out sounding more like a question. His hand crept downward and paused, hovering around her navel and jumping past where she wanted him to rub her inner thighs instead.

“Say it like you mean it, don’t sound like you’re not sure...And 'it' doesn’t tell me shit, tell me you want me to touch your pussy.” She liked this commanding, uncompromising, side of him, and she felt herself becoming even more aroused, she felt like she would implode if he didn’t touch her soon.

“Touch my pussy.” Her voice sounded pleading and breathy, and she saw him grin before he pulled down her shorts, which she hastily kicked off her legs. Then his hand was delving between her legs, gently rubbing her clit and making her rock against his hand. His other hand tweaked her nipple and he kissed her, roughly nibbling her bottom lip. She was moaning in his ear, wanting his fingers inside her.

“Put them inside me,” she moaned against the side of his face.

“Put what inside what?” he demanded, “say it, say what you want.”

“Put your fingers in my...” she paused slightly, still getting used to the word.

“Pussy”, she finished, her desire overriding her nervousness. His breath caught and he groaned kissing her harder and pressing her against his hardness.

“You want me to fuck your pussy with my fingers?” he muttered, she moaned her agreement and two of his fingers slid wetly inside her.

“You’re so damn wet already,” his fingers worked in and out of her, and all she could do was moan in response. “I bet it tastes so good,” he whispered, nibbling his way down her neck. “Does it taste good?” he asked.

“Mmm, yess,” she moaned. “I want you to taste it,” she told him, another warm rush of wetness dripping down her legs.

“Taste what?” he said, his fingers were still stroking her, bringing her closer to orgasm.

“My pussy,” she moaned, “Lick my pussy.” She stumbled a little, still feeling slightly self-conscious, but he instantly shifted positions to move down her body and part her legs. He looked up at her and grinned, before lowering his head to lick her clit one long, slow, time. Her whole body jerked upwards and he locked his arms around her midsection to keep her in place. He looked expectantly at her from between her legs.

“What are...” she trailed off, realizing he was waiting for further instructions. “Eat it,” she told him, the last bit of her shyness evaporating in a haze of arousal and desperation to cum. “Eat my pussy”. She pushed the back of his head down between her legs and moaned in pleasure when she felt his warm breath float across her wet lips; she arched her hips up to meet his mouth.

“Ooh like that,” she murmured; he quickly flicked his tongue across her clit, she could hear him moan as he pulled her closer to his mouth. He secured her hand back on the top of his head while her hips moved in rhythm against his face. He moved his mouth on her in a way that made her bite her bottom lip so hard she thought it would go numb. Her toes curled and her thighs locked around his head, then her whole body stiffened as she came so hard her legs shook, but still, he didn’t stop. His tongue continued to lick patterns through her orgasm; and then he made her have another and another after that one, all the while pausing to tell her how good she tasted and how he was going to fuck her until she screamed. All she could do was writhe helplessly and shake as each orgasm came. Then finally, he moved back up her body, kissing her mouth and telling her to taste herself.

“Tell me what you want next,” he commanded, his erection rubbing against her stomach.

“Fuck me,” she told him, already pulling down his boxers and spreading her legs. He rubbed his hardness against her, sliding ever so slightly into her, only to pull out and teasingly rub against her, making her even wetter.

“Tell me how bad you want it,” he commanded.

“I want it bad,” she was grinding against him, trying to lock her legs around his waist. She reached down to guide him inside her, but he only pushed her hand away.

“How bad?” he demanded again, “tell me how bad you want this dick. Tell me you need this dick.”

“Please, please fuck me,” she said breathlessly. “I need it, I need your dick,” she repeated, wanting to feel him in her so bad. Finally, he slid in slowly, inch by inch, teasing her; she moaned as she felt her muscles tighten around him.

“Ooh fuck,” he muttered in her ear. “Damn, that pussy feels good”. Slowly he stroked in and out of her, and she wrapped her legs around him, loving the feeling of his warm, lean, body, pressing its weight down on her. He moaned in her ear, sliding deeper into her, she closed her eyes loving every moment of being with him.

“Harder,” she told him, wanting to feel more of him. He instantly began stroking deeper, making her moan louder.

“Put your hand around my neck,” she pleaded. There were times he did this, but she’d always been too shy to tell him it aroused her. He didn’t even pause. Grabbing her around the neck, he applied light pressure, and watched her face change as he fucked her.

“You like that?” he asked, his breathing heavy.

“Mmm yes,” she replied, playing with her nipples and watching him watch her breasts bounce.

“Play with your clit for me,” he said, his grip around her neck tightening.

“Shiiit,” he let out another stream of curses, “damn it’s so fucking wet and tight, it feels so good.” She felt her legs begin to shake and she knew she was close to orgasm; nothing turned her on more than when he told her how good she felt to him, how much he enjoyed her. Her head jerked back and she came, moaning and shaking, reaching out to pull him close, wanting to feel his lips on hers. But he wasn’t finished; he kissed her, barely giving her time to recover from her first wave of orgasm before he said;

“Mmm, turn over and raise that perfect ass in the air for me.” Wordlessly she did as she was told, arching her back just the way he liked. He let out an appreciative groan at the view of her trim waist and round ass, and then she felt his tongue delve into her from behind. She rocked back on her hands and knees, letting him explore her. One of his hands gently caressed her ass and she leaked with arousal.

“I’m gonna fuck you so hard,” he told her, rising and licking her wetness from his lips. He gave her ass a sharp smack that made her bite her lip in pleasure, and grabbing her by both hips slowly sank into her waiting wetness.

“Ooh, you feel so good,” she moaned, rocking back onto him.

“You like that?” he responded, delivering another sharp smack to her ass. “Ooh, bounce that perfect little ass on this dick,” he muttered, watching her slowly grind up and down. Obediently she sped up, meeting each of his strokes and crying out with pleasure. She could tell he would cum soon, his groans were louder and he gripped her hips so tightly she knew she would be bruised the next day.

“Fuuckk,” he muttered, “it’s so fucking good, so tight.” He thrust into her harder and she moaned louder, feeling his balls smacking wetly against the wet fold of her pussy.

“Oooh shit, you like that don’t you? You like feeling that dick deep in that pussy, don’t you?” He was grabbing handfuls of her hair, thrusting hard and fast, smacking her ass.

Her muscles tightened at the feel of his hands handling her so roughly, just the way she liked.

“Ahhhh,” she screamed as she came again, her whole body stiffening, her hands desperately gripping at the sheets.

“Ooh you’re gonna make me cum,” he told her, his thrusts becoming erratic as he felt her muscles spasming around him.

“Fuck, yeah, ooh I’m about to cum,” he said, thrusting into her uncontrollably. She heard his moans and grunts and felt the warmth of his seed shooting deep inside her. He let out a deep contented breath as his strokes slowed and he softly caressed her hips before sliding out of her. She curled up contentedly next to him the mini tremors of orgasm still racing through her body.

“Damn,” was all he managed as he pulled her onto his chest. She smiled coyly up at him.

“See, wasn’t that better than a movie?” He kissed her and laughed.

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