

Readerotica Volume II– Erotica for Your eReader

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Readerotica II– Free Erotic Stories for Your Electronic Reader

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Chapter 1 – Oh, Doctor

He dressed carefully for the office. His shirt was crisp and lightly starched; his tie had personality but wasn't loud. He slipped on his pants, enjoying the cool touch of linen along his legs, over his ass and finally closing over his dick, still faintly swollen from his morning erection. He wore no underwear. He tucked his penis neatly to the left and slipped on his loafers. Ready, he locked his front door and headed for work.

At the office, he wryly labeled his first three patients "normally crazy," feeling slightly reproachful for mocking his patients. All the same, he listened with scant attention and wrote refills for them without much comment. A new patient came in at ten and he looked up as she came through the door.

She was at first glance a typical suburban wife and mother. He noticed her figure was trim but not exceptional; she wore jeans and a shirt that showed just a hint of cleavage. She sat on the edge of the upholstered chair by the window and spoke. Like so many people, she had problems with depression, a little anxiety, nothing hard to diagnose or really even very memorable. She twisted her wedding ring as she spoke.

"I'm sure medication will help me feel better, doctor, but what really worries me are these... things that run through my mind."

He perked up a bit. A little psychosis would liven up his day. Then he mentally chastened himself for his flippancy. Maybe he needed a vacation.

"I imagine that I see people naked. I mean, some people."

He made eye contact with her and nodded, encouraging her to continue.

"Like, in the waiting room just now? There was a man in his thirties, he was wearing jeans and a tight t-shirt. I could just see him, his chest, his muscular arms, and imagine that he took me by the hand and pulled me into an empty office."

This was something he should nip in the bud, but he decided to let it ride a few more moments.

"He lifted me up to a desk, and we were kissing passionately. I could feel his cock stiffen as he pressed up against me and I reached for the zipper just as he was pulling my panties down..."

He had to interrupt. "So your libido is, ah, very active?"

She met his eyes. "Yes, doctor. Is that normal?"

He checked her chart. "You're married, I see." She nodded. "How is that relationship? Regular sexual activity?" He met her eyes; his libido ticked up a notch as he noticed her nipples were hard. She really did have a nice figure.

"Oh, yes, I guess so," she shrugged. Her breasts rose and fell. "Once a week or so?"

He deliberately moved his gaze to her chart. "Some women experience an increase in sexual drive in middle age. Anything else going on in your life right now?"

They filled the rest of the session with routine questions and answers. As he stood up to walk her to the door, he couldn't help noticing her long, slender legs. An image flashed before his eyes: her, naked, sweaty, passionate, those legs wrapped around his neck. He shook her hand and watched as she walked down the hall, with just a touch of a sexy swing to her hips. She went into the women's room and only then did he allow himself a small shake of his head, amused with himself. She was, after talking with her, very attractive indeed.

She came again a week later. There was evidence her medication was helping her deal with her anxiety. Uncharacteristically nervous, he paused before his next question.

“Any signs of sexual dysfunction?”

“Oh, no, doctor. I mean, nothing outside the usual.”

She shifted in her chair. Today she was wearing a casual summer dress, not terribly short but lightweight enough to flutter with the slightest movement. Her legs were smooth and very white, like her exposed shoulders. Overall, she had the look of something precious, something to touch with care. Her dress settled on her thighs softly, like a butterfly, or a kiss, and he felt a yearning for something; he didn't know exactly what or why.

“I've still been having those thoughts,” she said hesitantly. “We were at a little league game Saturday, and I was a little late. There was another parent walking to the bleachers and we spoke.”

The doctor nodded, remembering his strong attraction to this patient from her first session. He was on his guard this time.

“He wasn't tall but he was in good shape, nice arms, nice butt. In just an instant, I pictured the two of us ducking underneath the bleachers into the cool shadows. I was wearing...” she laughed and gestured at herself. “This same dress, in fact. He slipped the strap off my shoulder and it just kind of floated to the ground. He started to kiss me and his hips pressed against mine. Since we were about the same height, I could feel his erection against me and I had to touch him.”

She paused for a breath and he knew he should re-direct her thoughts. But he was a bit short of breath himself; when he saw the strap of her dress beginning to slide off her pale shoulders he could feel an erection starting. He didn't say anything.

“He was wearing pants, not jeans, so after I got them unbuttoned the only thing holding them up was his cock, hard as a rock and uncircumcised. I held it in my hand and felt its heat and the softness of the skin around the head and I felt like I was melting.”

Now she was talking fast, breathlessly, and the doctor was fully aroused. Her breasts rose and fell; through the soft fabric he saw her hardened nipples and a wave of intense desire swept through him. Distantly, he recalled his colleagues talking with disdain about another psychiatrist who had become involved with a patient.

“My panties, just white cotton bikinis, were soaked and his hands were rough as he pushed them aside to touch me. Two fingers stroked my slick, wet cunt and I quivered. Somehow I got out of the panties and I was standing in front of him naked. In the bleachers above us I could hear the other parents cheer and clap for a home run. In spite of the heat of the spring day, I was covered with goose bumps as the man held me by my shoulders and kissed me.”

“Stop,” the doctor whispered. “I can't listen to this.”

She immediately ceased and folded her hands demurely in her lap. “Oh, doctor,” she said. “I'm sorry.” Her demeanor was as calm as ever; she seemed neither to be especially aroused by the fantasy nor ashamed by it.

He cleared his throat and then spoke normally. “Our time is up,” he announced, his tone matching her coolness. “I think you should come back next week.”

“Of course,” she said, rising to leave. He sat a few seconds longer, hoping his erection would shrink, or that she wouldn't notice it. When he walked her to the door, her eyes never strayed below his chin, and he was absurdly grateful. He watched her walk down the hall to the restroom. He found himself straining to make out the lines of some little

white panties, then stubbornly continued to look even after he realized what he was doing.

He wouldn't consciously admit it, but there was really no need for her to return in a week. In fact, if he were to behave strictly by-the-book, he wouldn't see her again at all. These thoughts hovered just below his awareness; the uneasiness was masked by his continued state of desire, and a wide streak of guilty pleasure.

He was eager for Tuesday, her next scheduled appointment. She wore jeans again, and her t-shirt was cut tight and low, a child's shirt with some cartoon character on it. Her smile was warm as she shook his hand before taking her accustomed seat. As he sat down he was acutely aware of his cock, faintly hard just at the sight of her face. The cool touch of the fabric of his slacks against his skin felt intensely pleasurable and he held her hand just a little too long.

She was again serene, like a goddess, he thought, then banished that thought with a faint frisson of ridicule. What was he thinking, he wondered. He'd been in practice for more than twenty years and never been so unsettled by a patient. Her gaze was collected; he could see no trace of sexual interest or lascivious intent. He shifted in his chair and coughed. No matter what, he decided, he shouldn't waste a moment more of their session with these outrageous musings. He must focus, and direct the session like the professional he was.

"Tell me about your week," he asked.

"I really think the medication is useful," she began. "I've felt better, really, than I have in years."

She looked down at her lap. "I still have those intense imaginings, fantasies I guess you'd call them, but they seem so real."

He crossed his legs. He was certain there was an appropriate therapeutic response, but his mind became entirely filled with the thought of her hair swinging over his face as she rode him. He could almost feel the soft weight of her hair brushing against his nipples as they bucked, driving his penis deeper into the soft, wet folds of her vagina. He caught himself, his body visibly startling. When he looked at her again, that soft fall of hair was framing her features.

She took his silence as encouragement.

"This time it happened while I was taking a nap. I like to sleep on my side, with one leg drawn up." She twisted slightly to show him. Her legs nearly touched his and suddenly, he was so hard the seam of his pants cut painfully into his balls. He shifted slightly, and looked at her; he easily pictured her nude body turned to the side and stretched out on a bed, her crotch only partly exposed by her leg folded up toward her breasts.

"I imagine that I am asleep, and only gradually awake when I feel a warm hand slowly moving up my leg. I murmur like I'm waking up and the hand is still, and then I roll over on my belly, keeping my eyes closed." He could see it; he wanted that hand to be his own hand; he fiercely, suddenly, needed to touch her soft and yielding curves.

She turned back and crossed her legs. He could almost hear the soft glide of skin against skin as she moved, and his cock throbbed again. "The room is so quiet I can hear his lips part as he sucks on his fingers to make them wet." Her eyes became dreamy, half-closed. "It's daytime and there are warm squares on the bed where the sun shines through the window. The heat feels so good and he slips his wet fingers underneath me, just brushing

against the lips of my cunt.”

The doctor opened his mouth and tried to speak several times. If anyone had been watching, he would have appeared comical, like a fish stranded on dry land. But finally he was able to push the words through his lips, hoarsely. “Please go.” He stood up, towering over her, his crotch at her eye level. He didn’t even care if she saw his agonizing, unprecedented erection.

“I--I’m sorry,” she stammered, then turned and fled.

With great urgency he turned, too. He reached for his zipper and then he came, hugely, cum pumping out and staining his pants, his breath hard and painful. He didn’t even touch himself before he came to an orgasm, and he felt even more helpless with the thought.

He cancelled the rest of his appointments for the day, claiming a touch of a stomach bug. Feeling like a schoolboy, he held his folded jacket over his arm to hide his wet, stained crotch as he walked out of the office.

The next day he instructed his nurse to call the woman and schedule another appointment, this one in just three days. His skin practically crawled at the thought of her, not sure if he would

terminate her diabolical hold over him or fall into her spell and her arms as helpless as a fawn. With all his mind he yearned to end this weird relationship; his body told him otherwise. His mind told him one more session with this woman could be the end of his career; his cock responded instantly, rudely, to the thought of a lock of her hair sliding across his face.

The third day arrived and he felt like a teenager, like a moronic character in a sappy musical, his heart dancing to the tune of her name, beating absurdly fast as the time of her arrival came near.

He felt hot with shame, and cold with the thought of never seeing her again, and hot again with desire for her, the way she crossed her legs, how she smiled just so.

Taking a great gulp of air before she turned into his office, he managed to greet her as if everything was the same. As though watching himself from a distance, he hears himself ask her coolly, almost coldly, if she was still “troubled” by her “hallucinations.”

When she looked faintly hurt, he began to melt, and his mind immediately melded with his physical self again, with predictable results. She began to speak and he roughly interrupted her, closing the door and directing her to the chair.

“Do any of these fantasies ever play out in real life?” He hated himself for being so abrupt, but steeled himself with thoughts of surviving with his career intact, not crumbling into chaos because he made love to a patient with the intensity of worlds colliding.

She looked slightly surprised. “No, I’d never be unfaithful to my husband.”

“Tell me about him.” The doctor was nearly gasping.

She immediately became warm and animated. A chance meeting between her and her husband was followed by a series of other unplanned encounters, she said, making their relationship feel inevitable, “fated.” The physical attraction had been intense and undeniable, their relationship following a fast track that would be unthinkable by today’s standards. “He can still make me laugh,” she admitted with a small smile.

The doctor felt his tension draining slowly and was almost surprised not to see it like a thick, oily substance on the floor beneath his chair. She described falling in love,

spooning beside him every night for two decades, a deep companionship of spirit and body. This was not the talk of a sexually unfulfilled woman.

Now well in control of himself, he interrupted her once more. "If you're not unfaithful to your husband," he said slowly, carefully. "How do you resolve these frequent, ah, fantasies?"

For the first time, his patient looked shy. "I just find a convenient private place and, um, masturbate," she said softly. "Sometimes I only need to touch myself before I have an orgasm. A couple of times I even had an orgasm just imagining that touch."

He closed the session by saying she need only come back in six months, unless her anxiety troubled her sooner. He watched her walk down the hall to the women's room, saw the door close behind her, and felt only a little foolish as understanding began to bloom. Without thinking he followed quietly, stopping just outside and listening intently. Beyond the door, he heard the hushed but unmistakable sound of a woman reaching orgasm.

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Chapter 2 – Celtic Fantasy

We had been walking around for what seemed like hours, in and out of small stone churches, ruins, and old castles nestled in people's backyards. As we climbed the hill, the sun began to shine behind the slate gray clouds, casting mystical shadows across the Irish landscape. I was thirsty and tired but we had come here to see all things magical and I wasn't going to miss a moment. A misty rain had been falling and my red hair was wild. The sun was struggling to come out. It was quite warm despite the mist. We climbed, looking like the oddest couple in Ireland. I looked like a native with my red hair, freckles, and green eyes. Bill was dark-skinned, exotic-looking. People had looked at us as if to say, "Look at that stranger defiling a good Irish girl."

It didn't faze us. We were here to soak it all in. I wanted Bill to see where my family was from. I wanted to feel the magic of ancestry. At the top of the hill overlooking vast green fields dotted with thatched cottages, we found the ruins of what was once a monks' abbey. Grass and weeds had grown through its foundation and vines twined their way around half-standing walls. All at once, I felt a hush and a pause as I surveyed the scene. Something about those ruined abbeys and castles held for me a beautiful mysticism that swept through my whole body. I turned to face my husband. God, he looked amazing. His brown hair flowed around his shoulders in the breeze and his large brown eyes scanned the horizon.

I took out the canteen and drank long and deep, passing it to Bill, and decided that this would be the perfect place for lunch. Taking the blanket out of the knapsack and spreading it across the broken stone floor of the ruins, I sat down and beckoned Bill toward me. As he sat beside me I inhaled his warm smell: sweat, grass, and springtime air. I swooned with pleasure. My senses were heightened and I itched for his touch. Reaching out and rubbing my hand across Bill's chest, I felt the magnificent sinew beneath his shirt. As he lay back on his elbows, breathing in the sweet spring air, I touched my lips to the curve of his neck. I kissed his neck, his ears, his throat, gently, lightly. My hand strayed beneath his t-shirt, feeling the ripple of his stomach muscles. I bent down and kissed each ab, lovingly caressing his nipples.

The edge of his jeans was rough against my tongue. I was so aroused that part of me just wanted to jump on top of him and ride him like a madwoman. But I wanted to savor the moment. I peeked my head up to make sure no one was around, and I unbuttoned his jeans. I guess he was of a like mind. His erection strained against his pants and I was only too happy to free it. His cock was gorgeous—perfectly shaped and a solid 8 inches. I lowered my head to it. With my lips, I nibbled the head lightly. Bill gasped, reached forward, and grabbed the back of my head, prepared to shove it to the hilt. But I resisted, swirling my tongue tantalizingly around his head and flicking it along the shaft. I licked and kissed his cock, knowing that he was dying to be in my mouth. Starting at the bottom, I licked a long luxurious stroke to the top and just when I thought Bill couldn't stand it any longer, I took him in my mouth, pushing him as far back as I could. He

groaned and pushed his hips toward me.

He fucked my mouth, occasionally pushing as deep as he could, and I took it all hungrily. Feeling him getting harder than I ever thought he could get, I hiked up my long peasant skirt, and crawled up to meet his mouth. His dick rubbed against my clit and I held it there for a moment, savoring the insane tingling that comes from being so close to the edge. Slowly, I lowered myself onto his cock. The exquisite entry made me cry out. Suddenly, I was aware my surroundings—the feel, smell, the taste, enveloped by the abbey, the landscape, the birds singing. I glanced around. We were still alone. I pulled myself down, taking him in deeply and holding it there. Then I began to ride him, rhythmically undulating, rubbing my clit against his bush of hair until I felt warmth surge through my body. I was tingling from head to toe. I was going to come. Speeding up, I was fucking him harder now. His hips rose and fell in rhythm. His breathing came in gasps and groans. I exploded, climaxing from both my clit and my g-spot at once, screaming, "Yes! Yes!" My red hair flew around me as I threw my head back.

I stood and put my hands on one of the ruined walls, jutting out my ass in invitation. A split second later, he was inside me, pumping hard. I braced myself against the ancient wall, faced into the splintered sunlight and wailed out my pleasure, coming again all over his long, hard cock. At that, Bill groaned, "Come here." He pulled out, I swung around, and knelt down in front of him. Just in time. His hot load spurted all over my face in creamy rivulets. It felt so good. A wave of ecstasy rippled through me and I came again hard. The wind caught my hair and cooled the jism on my face.

We collapsed onto the blanket and sighed. I wiped my face on a napkin from the lunch bag. Breathing in the sweet Irish air and wondering vaguely if the spirits of the monks had watched us, I snuggled onto Bill's chest and fell asleep, the magic of the day and the abbey blanketing us in magnificent bliss.

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Chapter 3 – Sleeping Beauty

Adele turned over, burrowing deeper into the covers and burying her face in the pillow. She knew that it was Saturday; there was plenty of time to sleep, and the world could wait for a few hours. She was just beginning to fall asleep when she heard a door open and close and a kitchen chair scrape against the tiled floor.

Bryce is home from his jog, she thought drowsily. That's nice.

Drifting in and out of a light slumber, she heard him rummaging in the bathroom before the shower spray started. With a slow smile, she imagined the sheets of hot water sleeking down his muscled body and soaking his short black hair. He was lovely naked in the shower and soaping up, and she toyed with the idea of joining him. She could imagine herself running appreciative hands over his arms and back before traveling lower.

The warm bed was simply too tempting, however, and she drifted back towards sleep.

There would be plenty of time for that later, but then the door between the bathroom and the bedroom opened.

“Still asleep, sweetheart?” he asked softly, and she grumbled a response into the pillow.

He stepped closer and she could tell without opening her eyes that he was standing above her, watching her closely.

“It’s almost 11, you know.”

The bed creaked as he sat down it, and Adele turned away, burying her head under the pillow and shutting her eyes tight. If she just ignored him, maybe he would go away and let her sleep, though suddenly she wasn’t at all sure that sleep was what she wanted.

Then Bryce was curled up to her back, one strong arm thrown over her waist and she began to think that sleep might not be in the cards after all. She could smell the clean male scent of him and then she could feel his breath on the back of her neck.

“Are you sure you want to keep sleeping, Adele?” he whispered. “I’ve got plenty of things I’d love to do with you.”

“Well, go ahead and do them then,” she muttered, but instead of sounding grumpy, she sounded languorous and sensual. Bryce chuckled close to her ear, and she felt him tug the blanket up and baring her naked back. He pressed his naked body against her bare back, and she could feel his cock already half-hard against the back of her thigh. Involuntarily, she pressed back against him, letting him warm her far more deliciously than the blanket had.

“Go ahead and go to sleep, sweetheart, if you can,” he said, nibbling lightly at her ear.

That sounded like a challenge and Adele resolutely shut her eyes, determined not to give in.

He pulled aside her shoulder-length brown hair and trailed kisses down the back of her neck even as his hand stole under the blankets to stroke the side of her breast. His touch was light, not quite ticklish, and it drew goose bumps on her skin.

Adele bit back a sigh when his fingers stroked at her nipple, making it harden. She forced herself to remain still when he cupped her breast tenderly in his hand before laying a soft, wet kiss on her shoulder blade. The bed shifted as he rested his head on one bent arm, and ran his free hand down her flank and to her thigh.

She tensed when he brought his hand closer to her crotch, but he only smoothed his palm flat over her lace panties, stroking lightly at her mound before moving on to touch her stomach. Everything was so languid and gentle that she could feel herself drifting off

again, but then his hand moved over the curve her buttock.

Adele kept her breath slow and even, but her resolution to stay still only seemed to make her more aware of his touch. There was something intoxicating about the way he was touching her precisely as he pleased. At some point, this had stopped being a contest about whether she would get to sleep for another hour and became something much different. It was a game, and her part was to lie as still as she could for as long as she could.

Bryce ran a gentle hand over her ass before sliding his fingers inside her panties, seeking and finding her slit. Adele lifted her knee up to accommodate him, a gesture natural enough to be that of a sleeping woman, but his soft laugh told her that he wasn't fooled. She was only slightly wet, but he was patient, stroking the neatly-trimmed slit with the pads of his fingers until she moistened to his touch. Adele realized that she was gently but rhythmically pushing back against him and stopped herself, clenching her hands into fists to hold them still.

He kissed the top bumps of her spine as he worked his fingers over and over her slit, waiting until her folds were nearly soaking before parting them even a little. Now Adele's breath was rougher, and it was harder than ever to hold still.

Bryce slowly worked first one, then two fingers inside her. Slowly, he drew them in and out, making her ache for more. After a few moments, she could smell herself. Her breath was hissing between her teeth and now she couldn't stop herself from bucking back against him. Bryce's breath was coming faster too, and he licked her ear.

His fingers suddenly pushed into her hard and she started to moan, but then he pulled them out entirely. Adele keened in disappointment. She wanted more, she wanted so much more, and Bryce laughed.

"Beautiful, beautiful woman," he growled in her ear. "Do you know how fucking wet you are?"

His words made her gasp and she gave up any pretense of pretending to be asleep. Her hips bucked up against him, but his arm clamped around her waist, holding her still.

"Oh you're up now?" His low voice sent sensual shivers up her spine and she could only moan in response.

"Yes," she murmured shakily. "I'm up, I'm up."

"What a funny coincidence," Bryce said. "So am I."

Deliberately, he pushed his hips against her again, letting her feel the hard, hot length of him against her rear.

"I want you. I want you inside me now..." Her voice shook with need. She might have been embarrassed if she wasn't so aroused.

She heard him open the bedside drawer and was momentarily confused. She was fully wet, but then she understood when he pushed her legs tight together.

His slicked cock slid between her thighs, the lubricant making the glide silken smooth. Adele's breath caught at the feeling of his cock sliding between the sensitive skin of her inner thighs, brushing so tantalizingly against her wet cunt. His fingers tight on Adele's generous hips, he thrust himself between her legs, drawing back and forth.

"Oh you fucking tease," she gasped. His chuckle was strained and it warmed her how much it cost him to tease her like this, how much he wanted her.

Well, two can play that game, she thought to herself.

She pressed her legs even more tightly together and was rewarded with a surprised groan

from Bryce. He moved between her thighs for another few moments, long enough for her tighten her legs around his cock several more times and then he pulled away entirely. "You're a goddamn brat," he said, and Adele peeked over her shoulder mischievously. "Really? You think?" she asked and then she yelped when he rolled her over on her stomach.

"Yes, I do think," he retorted. "and brats get punished."

It was on the tip of her tongue to ask him how he punished brats, but then she squawked when he landed a light, open-palmed smack to her ass. The sting traveled from her rear straight to her cunt and the tingle warmed her beautifully.

"Yes?" he asked and she made an affirmative purr.

Bryce rubbed her bottom where he had struck her for a moment, and then he landed another blow in exactly the same spot. This one was slightly heavier than the first and it made her gasp. He followed it with a series of blows spread across her ass, and she could feel her skin heat and redden under his hand.

"Oh look at that," Bryce said. "Look at you."

Adele was confused for a moment and then she realized that she had inched her hips up underneath his hand. Her face was still pushed into the pillow, but she was almost on her knees, raising her hips to the delicious smacks.

She blushed even as Bryce ran an appreciate hand over her stinging ass.

"Not that I mind," he commented. "This is gorgeous."

She started to lower herself but then his hands were on her hips, pushing them even higher.

"Also, convenient."

Adele held her breath when she felt the head of his cock to her wet cunt. He was broad and long, and it took a moment for him to push inside. Even slick with lubricant, it was tight and when he was all the way inside her, she sighed with satisfaction.

"Is that good, honey?" he asked and she nodded.

That apparently wasn't good enough, because he swatted her rear with her hand again. It caught her by surprise and she moaned at the sting combined with the feeling of being completely full.

"Yes!" she said. "Yes, it feels good..."

"That's good, Adele," he said, his voice strained. "Because I think this is going to feel even better..."

His first thrusts were slow and deliberate. She could feel his cock draw in and out of her. He was taking his time, but then she tightened around him deliberately. She knew he could feel it, because he paused for a moment, before resuming that same torturous pace. Adele did it again, a secret smile on her face, and this time she was rewarded with a gasp. "You want it so bad then?" he asked, low and almost menacing.

She barely had time to nod when he took a tighter grip on her hips and thrust into her deeply, burying himself into her body to the hilt. Adele moaned at the deep pleasure this gave her, and then he drew back and lunged again.

Adele felt herself slip on the sheets and she grabbed handfuls of the fabric in her hands to steady herself. Bryce started fucking her fast and hard. His hands on her body were almost painful, but she didn't care. All she could think about was his cock pushing into her, filling her completely, and the weight of his balls slapping against her.

She raised her hips even higher, opened her legs even further, and then she could push

herself back against him. She was fucking him as fiercely as he was fucking her, and their cries mingled together in the room.

“Please,” she was chanting, “Please, oh god, please.”

She didn’t even know what she was asking for, but apparently Bryce did because one hand left her hip to find her clit again. He knew exactly how hard to work it, and her climax hit her with the force of a lightning bolt, making her throw her head back and wail. Her whole body shuddered with the force of her pleasure.

The powerful sensations rolled over her, leaving her shaken and weak. Adele rested her head on her crossed forearms, slowing her breathing and only distantly aware that Bryce was still pushing into her. She listened as his breath turned harsh and his hands tightened even harder on her hips for a moment. Then he groaned and she could feel him fill her. When Bryce pulled out, she collapsed slowly on her side. He drew her close again, stroking her hair. She was aware of being slightly sore, but it was delicious. She felt well-used and well-loved and she murmured soft, sweet words to Bryce, not sure if they made sense but certain he would understand.

“Are you awake yet, Adele?” Bryce asked. She could hear the smile in his voice and she turned over to face him. His smile was sly and satisfied and she reached out languidly to trace the curve of his lips.

“What happens if I say no?” She was faintly aware that her voice was hoarse from her shouts.

“Then we start over again.”

She thought for long moment, and then she firmly closed her eyes, while Bryce laughed with surprise.

She kept her eyes closed while his hands roamed her breasts and her sides, and this time he could kiss her mouth. Adele opened her lips under his tongue’s probing and even though she sucked lightly on his tongue, she kept her eyes closed.

“Greedy, beautiful girl,” he whispered, his voice rich with approval.

His hand slid down the curve of her stomach, teasing the top of her slit. He teased her labia lightly, taking pleasure, she thought, in how soft and wet she was. He stroked her folds until they nearly parted for him, and then he found her clit again.

She flinched slightly; she was still quite tender, but he was right when he said that she was also greedy. Adele heard Bryce make an apologetic noise, and his touch eased up, taking the sensation from overly-intense to bearable. He pressed lightly, making her rock her hips. She was not as impatient as she was before and he stretched her pleasure out for her.

“Is this what my sleeping beauty wants?” Bryce muttered. “Would she like more?”

Adele murmured her approval, and he began to stroke her clit, occasionally dipping his fingers into her cunt to draw that dampness up. It was slow and gentle, perfect, and soon she was moving against him again.

There was nothing urgent about his touch or her motions. They were locked together and Adele could concentrate solely on the sensations she was feeling. She might have really been dreaming, and Bryce might have been something she imagined solely for her pleasure.

Her second orgasm built up slowly. She could feel it coming a long way off, feel it swelling inside of her.

“Oh, oh, Bryce,” she said, and then she convulsed, grasping at his shoulders. The

sensations were blunter this time, but sweeter too. Adele let them carry her away as she went to a perfect blank space where she could only feel. She shook for several long moments and then she relaxed, looking up into Bryce's bright blue eyes with a tremulous smile.

"All right," she said softly. "I think I'm awake now."

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Chapter 4 – Ravenesque

Ever since her halcyon college days, Raven dreamed of owning a bookstore. She made her dream come true by attending book fairs all over the world, finding great reads at bargain prices. She called her store “Raven’s Haven,” for that’s what it was, an oasis of warmth and welcome for customers to come in and browse for hours without feeling harried. Raven’s store carried an impressive array of limited editions, leather-bound classics and “quality paperbacks,” but little did her regulars know Raven had a secret cache of book for her eyes only.

These books included romance novels and self-help books on how to visualize the right man stepping through the doorway and sweeping her off her slingback heels. Night after night while reading of heroines being ravished over and over again, Raven imagined a suitor with gentle hands slowly unbuttoning her diaphanous robe while her lips searched for his in the glim of a candlelit moment.

It had been a slow week. Raven was sitting cross-legged on a stepladder reading a hot romance and showing off her shapely calves, when the doorbells jingled announcing a handsome young man who could have stepped right out of an epic tale.

She recognized him. He had been in the store many times over the past half dozen weeks or so. Never bought anything, but always smiled shyly before leaving. Maybe he was the starving artist type, though he was always well dressed. He was certainly a welcome diversion.

“You must be thinking about your husband or boyfriend,” the stranger murmured archly. He had a serious but open face and a voice which bespoke of sumptuous tastes.

“Oh, no! Though I admit you caught me with a racy romance! May I help you find something? I’m Raven, the owner.”

“Raven, I’m pleased to meet you. I’m Yale. I teach at a community college and my name is Yale. Feel free to plaster me with puns, everyone does.”

What Raven wanted to plaster him with was her tongue.

“I’m looking for a book on Paris in the 30s. It’s for a Francophile.”

“A friend?” Raven hoped he wasn’t shopping for a significant other.

“Yes, a colleague really. She and her husband are taking a sabbatical to France.”

“Bet you’d like to go.”

“Not really,” Yale said, leaning against the counter and boldly staring at her with desire.

“I prefer local color. Like the deckle edge of pink I see hiding behind the gray silk of your blouse.”

Raven blushed and adjusted her camisole. She hoped he noticed how the seams of her stockings hugged the back of her legs as she hopped off the stepladder, flashing the lace tops of her thigh highs.

“I think I have just the thing,” Raven said in her flirtiest tone. “Follow me... if you dare.”

“I’m an intrepid sort.”

Raven found what she was looking for in her travel section; this book was a feast of literary lore. On the cover was a photograph of a woman sitting at a café gazing longingly into the camera. Perhaps she was waiting for a lover. She was wearing a jeweled turban, like an odalisque.

“I’ve often marveled at this photo,” the sultry bookseller said. “Here’s a gal sitting

outside in what looks like a peignoir!”

When Yale pried the book away, his palm met Raven’s fingers and lingered long enough to send signals of lust. “It’s a dress of some sort. I always thought women were more glamorous in the 30s and 40s. And look at her stockings! They shimmer even in black and white.”

“I don’t suppose you noticed my stockings,” Raven pouted.

“Raven, I’ve done nothing but notice you for weeks. The way you move and carry yourself... like you’re so proud of your curves and womanly flesh. I’d be honored if you had dinner with me tomorrow night. That is, if you could close shop a little early.”

Raven looked dreamily into the green eyes of a would-be hero and knew she had to take a risk. Images of two naked bodies flashed in her mind: one round, soft and female, the other long, lean and masculine. Very masculine. She saw Yale pinching her panties between his fingers before tugging them off to explore her moist delta. She could almost feel his hands kneading her bosom before they rucked her bra over her shoulders. Her nipples were erect and tingling and she risked a quick glance at Yale’s crotch.

“Well, it is my shop. And I have just the dress to prove glamour didn’t die with Jean Harlow.”

Yale stooped like a gallant and kissed the bookseller’s hand. Suddenly, a panicky sensation hit Raven spang in the chest.

“I’m probably a bit older than you. More than a bit, I’m guessing. Is that a problem?”

“Methinks you’ll be sexy at 100. Right now, you look irresistible.”

To prove his point, Yale ran his hands down the length of Raven’s spine, pausing at the small of her back to pull her closer to his groin. He then grabbed her rear end with both hands and lightly slapped her pillowy bottom. He couldn’t resist.

Raven could just picture their first date: gentle hands, candlelight and more. Only, she hoped he wouldn’t be *too* gentle.

Raven had a stark, restive beauty that sometimes put men off but more often had them torquing to get a better look as she passed them by. Her glossy black tresses fell an inch or so above her shoulder blades and bounced to their own healthy rhythm. Men would lift their heads in a crowd to get a whiff of the rose or lavender shampoo Raven had used that morning. Her long, delicate neck was the perfect pedestal for a heart-shaped face. Even her mouth was provocative. Those plump, juicy lips could widen into a heartbreaking smile or collapse into a tender moue faster than a heroine can murmur:

Take me.

She worried about the age difference between her and Yale.

“But women generally outlive men,” he reminded her with a chuckle. “So, when you’re a sexy septuagenarian still breaking hearts on the biblio circuit, I’ll be breaking open bottles of pills to enhance my, *ahem*, shelf size.

“Well, when you put it that way,” the bookseller cooed, “I feel compelled to supply you with ample storage of boinking memories to buffer your dotage.”

“Supply away, Lady Rave.”

She prepared for their Friday night date with the utmost care. Even had her chevelure coiffed at a beauty parlor. Yes, she knew it was a ridiculous expense, but she left the salon with an extra push of confidence. And as everyone knows, confidence is priceless. She could do with a little extra certitude when she went through her wardrobe and realized she had gone up a size or two. Fortunately, there was a dress shop next to the

beauty salon and she found just the cocktail cutie to seal the contours of her frame. She wondered if there would be sex right at the starting gate. She had no patience for men who judged women for wanting sex. And she had had only one lover who appreciated her fetish for fellatio.

Raven was that certain breed of female who absolutely loved giving blow jobs. It wasn't something she liked to admit (even to herself), not wanting to be labeled *bad*, but... she just couldn't help herself. When faced with a cock in need of a good coddling, she saw a chance to be creative, the way a chef gets a gleam in his eye when presented with the finest ingredients. She yearned for the current of heat passing from the base of a shaft to the head, loved every sensation she could coax along with her lips and taste buds. She squirmed in her seat. Just the thought of going down on Yale was twisting her panties into a tussie-mussie.

When Yale arrived right on time to pick up his date, Raven opened the door and gave a little gasp. He was bearing a huge bouquet of flowers and a bottle of wine. She had never felt so much electricity coursing through her veins. She wished they didn't have dinner reservations; she was hungry only for him.

"We still have an hour to make our reservation," the black-haired beauty informed her date. "Shall we have a glass of wine first?"

"You look magnificent," Yale said, caressing her shoulder. "Is this dress new?"

"Yes, I'm afraid if this new diet doesn't stick, I'll be buying a lot of new clothes." She bit her bottom lip, suddenly embarrassed. "You must have a thing for Rubenesque women, eh?"

"I think an elegant woman of your stature deserves a unique qualifier. Like Ravenesque. I have a thing for one Ravenesque woman and she's right here. How 'bout that?"

Raven clapped her hands in approval. "I love it. Have a seat and I'll pour us each a glass of this lovely vintage."

Whether it was the wine or the fact she hadn't been laid in over a year, Raven couldn't stop eyeing her man's crotch. And his face too, of course.

They were making the requisite small talk when Yale said, "You're thinking about something other than the last lecture I gave. If you're fantasizing about another bloke, I want my flowers back."

"What? Oh, no. I'm just so attracted to you."

That was all Yale needed to hear before making a lunge in the direction of her décolleté. They kissed and tugged at each other's clothes. Raven pressed her palm to the heat rising in her lover's pants and soon a glorious penis was sprung free of its zippered cage. Yale moaned as the light brush fingertips pedaled the length of his shaft. She stood in her strappy high heels and unzipped her frock. Dinner would have to wait.

She was wearing a bustier which allowed her breasts to spool over ribbons of black lace and her nipples were already tingling with anticipation. She knelt at the base of the ottoman and got comfortable. Yale ran his long fingers through her mane and lifted her face for another kiss but she twisted away, impatient for carnal fun.

She licked his cobs first, an act of pleasure that made his knees twitch and toes curl. She lavished him with her tongue. Yale reeled in ecstasy as Raven shifted her focus to the tip of his cock, letting her tongue circle the head, licking and licking as if moving a marble around a roulette wheel. She then took the length of him entire, loving the heat of his erection pulsing against the back of her throat. She saw her mouth as a flue for

conveying all the feelings and hungers Yale aroused in her voluptuous body.

“Oh, baby. I want you.”

And Raven wanted him so she hiked up her dress until it was a smile of silky material girding her waist. She had “forgotten” to wear panties. She worked her wet mound around her lover’s hardness until they fit together perfectly. The contrast between her jet black bustier and marmoreal skin was something to behold, especially with her diadem of inky curls capping the bottle of her womanly body. Yale pinched her nipples as she rode him hard and as his penis pumped her to the hilt, her excitement mounted until she came with a raucous orgasm.

Yale lifted Raven by her derriere and, with his cock still stuffed inside her, carried his lovely prize to her boudoir.

They fucked with a fluid abandon. Missionary style at first so Yale could cup his lover’s face while her long legs gripped his back like a buoy. His thrusts were rhythmic and smooth until he was moving inside her with all the urgency of a safecracker committed to his last heist.

“Take me from behind,” she demanded, and so he did, the last fleet dozen or so thrusts carrying him over the edge, his hands gripping her hips tight enough to leave a palimpsest of handprints afterward.

They stayed in bed talking for a while, sweaty and spent until Yale mentioned food.

“You must be starving, love. Of course we missed our reservation. We can have something delivered but I want you to know, I fully intend on wining and dining you in the best restaurants. What are you in the mood for? Food-wise, I mean.”

“Well,” Raven murmured coyly. “It is my birthday. There’s this lovely Indian place I know that delivers great curry *and* they have chocolate cake for dessert.”

Yale sat up in bed, his boisterous brown curls now a charming disheveled mess. “Your birthday! Why didn’t you tell me? I would have fain entered your demesne bearing gifts.”

“Which is exactly why I didn’t tell you. You would have felt obligated to bring me something and that’s too much pressure for a first date. Plus, I didn’t want to remind you of our age difference.”

Yale tsked. “We’re not going to have *that* conversation again, are we?”

“Oh, Yale. Do you think your friends will like me?”

“Of course! And if they don’t, I’ll find new friends. You’re my woman now. A great, curvy, beautiful woman smelling of rampant carnal desire. Want to take a shower together?”

“Good idea,” Raven said, glad she had thought to stock the bathroom with fresh towels and bars of soap.

They took turns lathering each other in the bath, Yale’s hands soaping his sweetheart’s breasts and belly while Raven caressed those marvelous cruciform chest muscles she was already addicted to. Then, unable to resist, she began stroking her man’s cock into a full erection. She kept stroking until it was nigh ready to explode and then she took Yale’s cock into her mouth while kneeling on the tub’s daisy-shaped skid guards.

Now, here was a man who could appreciate her singular oral fixation and she would give him the full measure of her tongue.

Yale caressed the top of Raven’s head, murmuring words of endearment until he leaned back in ecstasy taking his cock with him and then he was coming in long prolific reams,

anointing his lover's breasts and sternum with the philter of his sex.

They showered again: at this rate, they'd never have dinner!

Yale used a beach-sized towel to envelop Raven's limbs, drying her off before toweling himself.

"Had enough?" Yale asked as his lover stayed his hand.

"Touch me," she said. "Feel how much you turn me on."

He touched her with his fingers then with the tip of his cock. He mounted her and fucked her for all he was worth because he could tell that was what she wanted.

They came together in an explosive heap, their bodies guided by a single fulcrum of pleasure. Before the intrusion of morning light, they would possess each other again.

Raven never thought she'd be the heroine in a romance, but there she was on page one, at the beginning of a great love story. A hot, horny, erotic love story, but yes, a love story.

The kind she hoped would never end.

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Chapter 5 – Blue

She said her name was “Blue.” Not something more poetic like “azure” or “sky”... just Blue. A slim and sexy Chinese student from the university, she had come to the party by herself. My husband and I had already been sizing up the crowd, trying to figure out, between sips of whiskey, who we’d try to get with that night. There were a few hot couples there but we were pretty undecided. We knew, of course, that we would get lucky somehow, with someone or ones—we have the swing scene down to a science and emit a smoldering seductive vibe with ease. But Blue took me by surprise. She came up to me while my husband was refilling his drink and introduced herself. In somewhat broken English, she explained that she was new at the university and was looking for an adventure. She offered me a beer from the 6-pack she’d brought. To be polite (and because I do so enjoy a good beer), I accepted and we began talking. Blue had been in the US for about two months and saw this as her opportunity to, as she put it, to try something she’d never tried at home. I told her, “Well, you’ve come to the right place, but don’t feel like you *have* to do anything... we all respect the right of someone to say no.” She blushed and lowered her eyes, nearly whispering, “I have never kissed a girl before. I think I’m scared to.”

I was about to reassure her that I actually had rather kissable lips if she’d like a try when my husband came up beside us. I introduced them to each other. I could tell by the look in her eyes, that she was trying to hide that she found my husband sexy and intriguing. We sipped and made small talk for about 5 minutes before we took her on a tour of the club. We passed couples, threesomes and foursomes who had already found rooms in which to fuck. There was one room at the end of the hall that, during the day, served as a massage parlor, complete with a massage table all set up. My husband caught my eye and cocked one eyebrow; I gave a small nod.

“Why don’t we stay here for a bit and finish our drinks?” I suggested, knowing full well that we were hoping for more than a chance to drain our glasses. After a minute or two, I asked, “So, Blue, did you want to try kissing a girl? I’m really rather gentle...”

Again, she lowered her eyes and stared into her beer. Then, with a “Hold this, please,” she passed her bottle to my husband and leaned in, kissing me delicately at first, then with more conviction. She stopped. “Your lips are so soft...”

I told her, “You have a beautiful mouth. You know who also kisses nicely? Him,” pointing to my husband who was practically salivating by this point, watching the two of us kiss. She turned to him, stood on her tip-toes and kissed him softly. I could see the bulge in his pants getting bigger. I whispered to her, “He has a luscious cock too and I *love* to share...”

She seemed nervous, so I told her that I would stay there and either watch or join, depending on how she felt about it. Her black eyes shifted from his gaze to mine. She said, “Well, this is why I came here, right?” and put her hand on his hardness, taking his hand and placing in on her tit. “I would like to fuck you,” she told him. To me, she said,

“Please stay. Watch. I want to kiss you some more...”

“With pleasure,” I replied.

Blue stepped closer to my husband and unbuttoned his pants. He helped her out by pulling out his 10-incher and placing her hand on it. She seemed astonished at first. As she stroked him, they kissed and he guided her toward the massage table. I lay down beside her as he hiked up her skirt and removed her panties. I knew what was coming next. His head lowered and his tongue found its way to her clit. Being together as long as we have, I knew that this was going to be spectacular. I’ve never known him to go down on a woman without making her cum. Meanwhile, I had stripped down and was stroking her jet black hair as he did his tongue magic. Within moments, she was writhing with pleasure, letting out only the slightest peep of the ecstasy she felt. She turned to me, wild-eyed.

“Kiss me please.”

With my tongue, I traced the outline of her lips before pressing my mouth against hers. She took my hand and shyly led it to her exposed breast. Softly, I played with her nipple. Took it in my mouth and gently made tiny little circles until the combination of my tongue and his sent her over the brink. She grabbed my husband’s head as her hips thrust toward him and she bucked, coming all over his grateful face. He stood up, smiling, face glistening. “May I fuck you now?” he asked, remembering his manners. Blue merely nodded.

He stood next to the table as she reclined and slowly entered her. She turned to me, amazed, and gasped. He started gently at first, easing his hard cock in and out of her, sensing when she was ready to be fucked harder. I played with my wet pussy while kneading her breast. Her beautiful black eyes looked through mine and fueled my hunger. I kissed her again, a bit more forcefully. Her eyes closed. Her back arched. My husband’s hips moved rhythmically, almost musically. She was about to cum. She gasped at me, “Your husband, he’s so *big!*” I smiled and nodded. “Enjoy.”

I made myself cum as I watched my husband’s lithe body move gracefully with hers. As she came a third time, she told me again, “Your husband is so big!”

I could sense that he was nearing his finale. He put on the steam and fucked her as deeply and deliberately as possible, staring into her eyes. I fingered my clit, feeling myself on the brink again as well. In a magnificent, one-of-a-kind moment, the three of us climaxed almost simultaneously and collapsed, breathing together in a small heap. Moments later, Blue was up and dressed. She thanked us and told me that it was nice to know that she liked kissing girls. She inched closer and whispered, “And you are so lucky! Your husband is quite good *and* quite big.” I smiled and kissed her cheek. “I am lucky.”

Not long afterward, Blue made her way to the exit. She left without giving us her number, or her real name. She was Blue. And she was gone.

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Chapter 6 – Ride On, Cowboy

It was a beautiful summer day, the big sky clear and brilliantly blue, the yellow sun shining down. I was out in the meadow, just taking a walk after completing the morning chores, when the sun and the warmth and the soft, lush wind from the south got to me. I slipped into the stand of birch trees that bordered the meadow, found a smooth, white trunk and leaned up against it, surging with a tingling heat, thinking about the new ranchhand my husband had recently hired, Colt Sever. The man was tall and dark, lean and hard, with brown eyes and skin and a smooth, laconic way of talking and walking. My husband had taken to him instantly, the man and his get-rich schemes, and I wasn't far behind.

I unbuttoned the front of my dress with shaking hands and pulled it open. My pale breasts spilled out, full and lush and tingling, pink-hued nipples swelling with feeling. I sighed, letting the warm air and sun soak into my bared chest. "Mmmm," I murmured, cupping my breasts, squeezing the shimmering flesh.

I knew it was wrong for a respectable woman of the late 19th century to be outside, almost out in the open, feeling herself up, fondling her breasts. But I couldn't help myself, thinking about Colt, how the handsome man had roped me and my husband.

I slid my hands along my breasts up to the tips, pinched my stiffened nipples between my fingers. I arched against the tree trunk, twin currents of sensual delight coursing through my body. I rolled my buzzing nipples, lolling my head back against the tree and surrendering myself body and soul to the passion.

It wasn't that my husband couldn't satisfy me. It was just that all his energy lately had been focused on Colt Sever's ideas for enriching the pair of them, the three of us – by mortgaging the land my husband and I owned, and had developed into a successful ranch, to raise the capital needed to invest in a silver mine in Nevada. Colt said fortunes were being made there, and we shouldn't miss out.

I slid my hands off my breasts and down my sides, pushing the dress lower, over my round hips and down my long legs. I stepped out of it, naked, in bloom like the trees and the buttercups in the meadow. I bathed in the bright sunshine, my pussy moist and tingling under its golden tuft of fur. Colt stood before my closed eyes, as I slowly slid a hand down my stomach and into my fur and onto my pussy.

"Yes!" I moaned, spasming at the wicked touch of my fingertips on my blossomed clit.

I gently rubbed myself, undulating against the tree trunk, ablaze with lust, burning with want. I grasped a breast and kneaded the heated flesh, rubbing my clit more rapidly, the danger and openness of it all heightening the delicious sensations. I quickly drove myself to the very edge of ecstasy.

And then I heard hoofbeats.

I opened my eyes and stared at the rider galloping towards me – Colt Sever. I didn't have time even to take my hands off my body, before he was across the meadow and on top of me.

"Getting some air, Mrs. Burton?" he cracked, reining in his horse and smoothly dismounting. He looked over my blatant, shameful nakedness, pushing his hat back and licking his lips, his dark eyes shining.

"I-I-"

"I know," he said self-assuredly. "A beautiful young woman, with a husband twenty years

her elder. You have ... needs that have to be met. By a real man.”

He stripped off his leather vest and unbuttoned his blue cotton shirt, striding towards me. I opened my mouth to protest, but he was upon me, brushing my hands aside and claspng my nude body to his, pressing his hot, wet mouth against mine.

His desire was a throbbing force he was confident no woman could resist. I squirmed in his strong arms, and he thrust his tongue into my open mouth, writhing and powerful. I whimpered and went limp, letting him pull me tight into his hard body, his thrashing tongue exploring the interior of my mouth. And when I felt his erection pulsing against my stomach, I threw my arms around the rugged man and deep-kissed him back.

He grunted, his big hands roaming down my back to covetously grip my mounded buttocks, and squeeze. I moaned, pressing into him, clutching at his broad shoulders. We kissed and tangled our tongues together for a breathless, heart-pounding minute or so, Colt almost lifting me right off the ground and into his hungry mouth with the strength of his passion.

Until he pulled back, and stripped off his shirt. His chest was as richly sun-browned as the rest of him, sprinkled with curly black hair and cleaved into twin muscular plates, his stomach flat and hard. He picked up my hands and placed them on his chest, and I felt the searing strength. As he caught up my bare breasts in his bare hands and roughly squeezed them.

“Oh ... yes!” I gasped, powerless to resist.

He mauled my breasts. I dug my fingernails into his chest, feeling the raw energy of the man all through my trembling body. He ducked his head down and lashed one of my nipples with his red tongue, the other, making me quiver. He sucked almost half of one of my breasts into his mouth and pulled on it, making me shudder, did the same to my other emblazoned breast.

He stared up at me, licking and sucking my breasts, sinking his strong, white teeth into my nipples, arrogant and assured in his lovemaking. He pushed my breasts together and slashed his tongue across both rigid tips at once, and I moaned with abandon.

Colt shoved me back against the tree. My breasts shone with his saliva, red where he'd gripped them, buzzing where he'd mouthed them. He unbuttoned his pants, a smirk playing over his sensuous mouth. His cock was hard and thick when he pulled it out, pulsating when he shoved me down to the grass and fed the organ into my mouth.

I gasped, choked, the man's tremendous erection filling my mouth. He laced his fingers into my long blonde hair and gripped my head and thrust his hips forward, driving his cock almost right down my throat. He pumped his hips, and I grasped his lean thighs, luxuriating in the feel of all that meat surging back and forth in my mouth.

I sealed my lips to his shaft and bobbed my head in urgent rhythm to his thrusting, sucking wetly on his pistoning cock. He bucked, and groaned his approval. I gazed up into his grinning face, dragging my tongue up and down the veiny underside of his shaft, as I sucked.

Then I pulled his cock out of my mouth and pushed the heavy tool up against his heaving stomach, really painted it with my tongue. I licked up and down the vein-embossed shaft, tonguing wet and hard and eager. Colt jerked, his fingernails digging into my hair, his cock pulsing under my rapidly stroking tongue.

I pulled his manhood back down, swirled my tongue around the tip of the organ, teasing it harder and thicker still in my gripping hand. I pumped his slick, dripping shaft with my

hand, as I bathed his hood in warmth and wetness. He groaned and shivered, his cock a length of molten steel under my spell.

I tickled his slit, then poured my lips over his knob, consuming the rounded crown of his cock and tugging quick and tight. I devoured more of his manhood, flowing my mouth down the impressive length. His fingers bit into my scalp, as I took more and more of him into my mouth, and throat. Until I was packed full again, started sucking again, urgently shifting my head back and forth on his beating cock.

He took it for as long as he could, his body quivering with the sucking pressure, bowing under the oral onslaught. I tasted salty pre-cum, swallowed, pulling faster with my mouth.

“Don’t say I don’t know how to treat the ladies,” Colt said, suddenly pulling back, leaving me gulping empty. He grabbed me under the arms and jerked me to my feet, pinned me up against the tree trunk again.

He admired my heaving chest and reddened face for a moment. Then he dropped down to his knees in the grass, in between my legs. My pussy was sodden, dripping with desire, lips swollen pink and puffy. Colt stuck out his thick tongue and touched my flaps with the tip.

“Oh, God!” I gasped, jerking against the tree.

He slid his hands around my thighs and onto my buttocks, digging his fingernails into the rich, pliable flesh. Then he licked up my slit from deep in between my legs right to the top of my fur, dragging my steaming pussy in one long, hard, wet stroke.

“Oooh!” I moaned, bum and body jumping in the man’s clutching hands.

I grabbed up my tits again, desperately squeezed them, staring down at Colt and quivering. He looked up at me and grinned, his lips shiny with my dew. Then he licked my sex again, and again. He lapped at my pussy, stroking it with his tongue, scooping up my tangy juices and gulping them down.

My legs trembled uncontrollably, my body on fire. I slid my palms forward on my breasts and captured the jutting nipples between my fingers, rolling them, pulling on them. As Colt tongued me repeatedly.

Finally, he jerked his head back and smacked his lips. I tore my hands off my breasts and dove them down to my pussy, spreading my lips wide with my fingers, exposing my glistening pink, my swollen, throbbing clit. Colt blew on my clit, making me shudder. He fashioned his tongue into a blade and speared it inside me.

“Oh my God!” I cried, jolted beyond reason by the wicked impact of his tongue in my pussy.

He moved his head back and forth, pumping me, fucking me with his thrust-out tongue. Before burying it inside of me and squirming it around, digging deep into my burning sex. I bent over almost in two, overcome with raw emotion.

Colt slowly pulled his tongue out of my tunnel and licked at my flaps again. Then he tickled my clit with his talented mouth. I groaned, staring glassy-eyed down at the man. He flogged my hardened pink nub with his tongue.

“Suck it! Please, suck on my clit!” I gasped.

He kissed my clit, before finally engulfing it with his lips and sucking on the hard, pulsing button. I bucked, the wild sensation of the man sucking on my clit overwhelming me. His cheeks billowed, lips tugging.

“I’m going to come!” I wailed.

Colt abruptly unmouthed my clit and jumped to his feet. "Not yet, you ain't," he growled. He grabbed me by the shoulders and spun me around, pushing me up against the tree trunk face-first. I could feel his hungry eyes on my ripe, split-peach bottom, hear him stroking his erection sure and true. And then I really felt, his hard, wide hand whacking my butt.

"God!" I yelped, grabbing bark, shuddering at the man's violent blow.

"No better way of taming a woman, I've found," Colt sneered, smacking my ass again, and again.

I groaned with a strange mixture of pain and pleasure, trembling from head to toe. As Colt rippled, reddened my one butt cheek, then the other, spanking me.

"I'm not hurting you, am I, Mrs. Burton!?" he hissed in my ear.

I jerked my head side to side, gasped, "No-no!"

He slapped my right cheek, the left, searing the gyrating flesh. I bowed my head and pushed my bum back, my hair falling over my face, fingernails clawing into the tree. Colt set his hand into a rigid, horizontal paddling position and bent his knees and whaled the both of my blushing, battered cheeks at once.

The crack of his hand split the stillness of the meadow, the shriek from my lips even louder. I was consumed with a kind of violent pleasure I'd never experienced before. It rocked me, like the man's hand.

Colt drew back that battering hand yet again. The air crackled, I shook, waiting for the next savage, sensual blow. But the man had needs of his own that had to be met, on his schedule. He turned me back around, gripped his slickened cock and speared it into my sex, plowing full-length inside of me without warning. We both groaned, our bodies locked together, Colt's long, hard cock buried in my pussy.

He kissed me, tongued me, thrust into me, ruthlessly fucking me out there in that stand of trees on the edge of the meadow. I grasped his clenching ass, spurring him on with my fingernails, my own blistered bottom pressing back against the tree in rhythm to his pumping. Our moans, the hot, wet smacking of flesh against flesh, filled the heated air. Almost blocking out the sound of distant hoof beats.

"Fuck, you're wet – juicy!" Colt growled in my face, pounding into my tunnel. Too absorbed in his own savage pleasure to hear the approaching horse and rider. "You really needed a man, didn't you, woman!?"

"No! No! Please stop, Colt!" I cried, writhing in the man's arms as if to get away. But squeezing his pumping cock with my pussy muscles.

He loved it, fucking me harder, slamming me against the tree. He ravaged my mouth, churning my pussy.

"No!" I screamed, beating at him with my balled fists now, driving him wild.

Just as the rider pulled up and flung himself off his horse, drawing his heavy Colt dragoon out of his holster as soon his feet hit the ground.

As Colt Sever snarled, "Fuck, yes, sweetheart! I'm coming!" He jerked, on the cusp of shooting inside me.

A bullet smashed into the tree trunk above our heads, the heavy thunder of the blast sounding a split-second later. That got Colt's attention. He pulled out of me and spun around, his cock spurting.

"Blackguard!" my husband roared, firing again, the bullet whistling past Colt's ear.

The terrified man turned tail and ran for the bushes, his cock bobbing obscenely in the

sunlight as he took flight.

It'd been close timing – when Colt got back from the spread for lunch, when my husband got back from town for his lunch – but I'd timed it just right. I even had time to finish myself off with a quick rub on my throbbing clit, disguised as a gesture of cover-up. Then I collapsed into my husband's strong arms, sobbing and shuddering against him. He soothed me with comforting strokes and words.

Colt Sever was slick, but there was no way I was going to let him ruin what my husband and I had spent so many years building together – our love and our land.

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Chapter 7 - My Boss's Husband

Oh, I knew he'd come.

All night he'd been eyeing me off, filling up my glass with more and more alcohol and flirting with me. I had no choice but to sleep over; there was no way I'd be able to drive. Melissa, my boss, had passed out on the couch earlier. We'd been working long hours and had finished a huge account.

Melissa was the nicest person and a great boss. There was not a chance I'd ever think of doing her wrong; she'd given me a job when no one else even gave me the time of day and I was so appreciative of her. But now this: her husband coming into my room unannounced. What should I do?

She'd invited me to her house to celebrate: well, me and the rest of the staff. She lived in a ritzy part of town and I was curious to see what her home was like. Her husband's name was Ronnie. Not bad for an old guy. Had a good body, probably worked out, grey flecks in his hair. Oh, and his eyes. They were hypnotic.

When he shook my hand he held it just a fraction too long, staring at me as though undressing me. It was as if something passed between us. So when he came and spoke to me, asking me all about my life and how I enjoyed working for Melissa, I knew it was only pretence, that what he really wanted was sex. You can tell the way his eyes roamed over my body and I must admit I was flattered.

It was because I knew what he wanted that I foolishly thought I had the upper hand. I thought I could have a bit of fun, keep him at arms length and boost my ego with the attention. But as the night wore on my feelings for him grew, until having sex with him was the uppermost thought in my mind.

Anyway, after plying me with drinks, to the point I could barely walk a straight line, he insisted I stay the night. He assured the others he'd drive me home the next morning and helped me to the spare room. I staggered as we walked, accidentally brushing my breast against his arm, wondering if I read the signs right, if he was really interested or if I'd just imagined it. After pulling down the doona he left me there and said good night.

I must say I was disappointed but stripped down to my g-string and jumped in between the cool satin sheets. So this was how the rich live, satin sheets even in the spare rooms. I could hear him helping Melissa to their room and the distinct sounds of her throwing up.

Guess she wouldn't be getting up early tomorrow.

I peered about the room. Mirrored ceiling, very kinky. Floor to ceiling windows looking out onto the marina, antique furniture, half nude prints on the wall. Staring up at the mirror I threw back the doona and looked at my reflection. I ran a hand over my breasts, enjoying the feel of my nipples as they hardened and wondered what Ronnie was doing in his room, if Melissa was passed out or if maybe they were making love.

I imagined them naked and it certainly turned me on. I imagined his body, his toned legs, his cock. In my mind's eye I could see him mounting her, his broad back above her as he positioned himself between her thighs. It has been stupid of me to think he'd be interested. Now I'd have to face him in the morning and I blushed when I thought about how stupid I'd been.

When I heard the door handle turn I went still. My heart thumped and my stomach fluttered. I'd only managed to pull the doona half way up and my breasts were exposed.

I kept my eyes closed, my breathing shallow, wanting him to think I was half unconscious, almost asleep due to the alcohol. In reality I was now so wide-awake and desperate for a good fuck.

He pulled the doona down exposing my almost naked body. For moments he just stared but when his rough hand stole down between my legs, I moaned and tried to roll over, you know, move away from him. It was only a half-hearted attempt and he quickly rolled me back.

'Hey,' I murmured still pretending to be out of it.

He dropped his robe to the floor and stood there naked staring down at me. Through half opened eyes I saw his silhouette in front of the window and from what I could see he was very fit, with a large, erect cock.

'Very nice,' he murmured, running his hand down my torso, and I flushed at his compliment.

He placed his hand ever so lightly on the side of my face and for a second I thought he might leave, but then his fingers trailed downwards, over my breast, causing goose bumps to appear.

He leaned forward, his fingers groping around at my panties and with a quick tug he ripped them right off. I gasped, thrilled and excited by his forcefulness. In a flash he was down at my snatch, nuzzling in, licking me with the flat of his tongue like a lion would his lioness.

I peered up at the mirror, mesmerized by our reflection. My God, I looked so hot with him buried between my open thighs. I dropped them further open, grabbed at my breasts and massaged them in awe of how spectacular we looked together.

My legs tightened about his head and I heard his murmur of approval. Encouraged, I moved my pelvis further to his mouth, squirming with desire, letting him know I was eager to participate as I continued to watch myself being ravished by an almost stranger. I let out a moan when his tongue slipped down further before he pulled my legs apart, pushing them upwards so he could access me better. He ran his tongue down around my puckered hole. I tensed, tried to bring him back up, but he wouldn't allow me. No one had ever done that to me before. I heard a chuckle and then he was spreading my cheeks further and a finger was pushing in gently.

With one finger gently probing my hole his thumb found my clit and he began to rub. I was so hot, trying hard to stifle my moans as he rubbed quicker. I could feel my pussy gaping open, my nub hard, juices dribbling from me as he masterfully brought me to a hard, sweet orgasm.

Every time he leaned back I could see us in the mirror and my pussy became hotter as I imagined Melissa in the other room, sleeping, while her husband made me come over and over again.

I grabbed at my breasts, pulling my nipples, tugging them, pinching and squeezing, enjoying the exquisite pain I was evoking. The thought of a threesome and living in this sort of home thrilled me beyond belief. I relaxed, letting my legs drape open again as he continued to devour me.

Then his wet mouth was climbing up my body, kissing my navel, lingering over my breasts before kissing me with such passion I thought I'd pass out. I could taste myself on his tongue and his mouth was all over my eyes, chin, and neck.

I gasped as I felt his huge knob probing around my pussy. I opened my legs wider to

accommodate him. I'd never experienced one so hard and thick before. I was dying to see it. I wanted to throw on the lights and see him in all his glory.

I would never have thought an old guy could be such a stud. I suppose experience stands for a lot because he sure knew what he was doing. I was shocked at my own behavior, how quickly I'd turned into a wanton slut. Melissa had been so good to me and here I was fucking her husband in her beautiful home.

Spreading my thighs apart Ronnie leaned in, opening me up further. My pussy yawned at him, his knob probing for only a fraction of a second before sliding right in, all the way to the hilt. God, it felt fantastic. His shaft, hard and thick, slipping in and out of me while his mouth and teeth nibbled at my neck.

He rolled over, pulling me with him so I straddled him, his cock so deep inside me that my arse cheeks grazed his balls and pubic hair as I bounced up and down. Then he was pushing me back so I was resting on my hands, my clit pushed forward, hard and pulsating. He rubbed magically over the nub, expertly bringing me to the most amazing orgasm.

I wanted to scream as my juices dribbled out of me and down his pelvis. Maneuvering me over again he lifted one leg; ground himself into my pussy while my leg flopped about madly.

"Fuck me harder," I demanded and he obliged, slamming into me like a madman.

I've never come so much in my life.

When I thought it might be over he slapped at my thigh and hoisted me up into the doggy position. Kneeling behind me he slapped at my cheeks. I was scared the noise would wake Melissa but he didn't seem to be. Welts rose and he ignored them, kept slapping and grabbing my arse.

My pussy was twitching as he caressed my lips and slid in. The bed rocked; the force of the pounding so severe. My knees hurt; my legs were weak from the assault and then he was pulling my arse cheeks apart, his finger probing my hole deliciously.

With my juices dripping from his cock, he pulled away from me and began to probe my puckered hole. I tensed. That monster could not possibly fit. I clenched and squeezed involuntarily. His thumbs gently pried my hole open and then he was licking at me, his tongue probing where his finger had been before.

I relaxed, enjoying what he was doing and then his might knob slipped in, then the shaft and before I knew it he was all the way in, pumping carefully at first and then when I responded with such vigor and pleasure we both came together, him pulling himself away to spray over my back and me oozing all over the bed.

Collapsing together I rolled over and then clung onto him, eager for him to stay.

"That was fucking fantastic," I said.

"You're the best," he whispered.

"Really?" I asked, pleased and hoping this might lead somewhere.

"You bet," he said, squeezing my breast before rising and leaving me alone.

I had trouble sleeping, even though I was exhausted. Thoughts of what had just happened swirled through my brain. I couldn't wait to see him again in the morning, yet the thought of Melissa finding out sickened me.

I heard someone up so I showered quickly and made my way to the kitchen. Fortunately it was Ronnie; he was making coffee so I came up behind him and hugged his back.

"That was wonderful last night," I said, smiling up at him as he turned.

“It was,” he said, smirking. “Wasn’t it wonderful, Melissa?”

I hopped back out of his arms, and directly into Melissa, who had slipped into the room silently. My thoughts raced as I turned to look at her.

“Exquisite,” she said. She reached out with both arms, the soft skin of her hands pushing my robe off my shoulders. She laughed upon seeing my face, which I’m sure was showing all of my emotions: fear, disbelief and a little bit of hope. She leaned forward to softly kiss my mouth, and looked directly into my eyes, smiling.

“You were a bad girl last night. I’m willing to keep you on, but I’m going to have to punish you,” she said.

“I don’t...” I was having a hard time making words, still unsure of what she meant.

“Now hike up that gown and bend over,” she barked, turning me roughly toward Ronnie, who was also smiling. “Ronnie and I are going to have our way with you.”

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Chapter 7 – Sam

I inherited Sam when I moved into the crumbling apartment. Most people find cockroaches under the sink or maybe a stray cat in the back yard. I found a ghost who liked to fuck.

I was living alone for the first time in my life. There wasn't much money after the divorce and my credit rating was so bad that it was hard to find somewhere to live. The decaying concrete-block apartments were on the wrong side of Broadway, so they were less fussy in their choice of tenants. They let me live there. And apparently, at one time, they had let Sam live there. Most people eventually left; Sam stayed on.

At first I thought he was a dream. A very pleasant, sensual kind of sojourn into the nebulous world of fantasy. Light, barely-there fingers caressed my skin one night, with just the softest hint of touch, just enough to raise my fine hairs into awareness. The rustle of the sheets as they were lowered to bare my breasts to the kiss of the moonlight and streetlight coming in through the narrow window, all felt like part of my somnolent state. Questing lips, open-mouthed, drifted down from my neck to nestle in the valley between my breasts. A whisper of a sigh. I moved slightly, encouraging my dream lover to explore my nipples, which were already hardening in anticipation. I kept my eyes closed. I did not want to wake from this sensual lethargy in a hurry. I pressed my legs tightly together to build the ache of climax. I knew that if I moved to rub myself then I would wake up and I didn't want to let this beautiful torment end just yet.

The mouth moved to my nipples and circled around them, hotly, wetly. When it dropped down and started meandering over my belly I couldn't hold back any longer. Even if it meant waking up, I had to masturbate. I dropped my hand down to the clutch of hair between my legs. My hand encountered a brief resistance, as if the air was denser somehow, but when I moved my fingers into my slick-oil folds, the mouth moved back to my breast.

Even through my spiraling arousal, my foggy brain realized that something wasn't right. I was awake, no doubt about it. Which meant that I had been all along. Yet lips still closed over my nipple. I raised my head and looked down over my body. Nothing. The air seemed to distort slightly, ripple and coalesce into a denser pattern, like mist floating in from the sea. It drifted upwards and simultaneously my skin shivered with the absence of touch.

"Who's there?" I cursed my voice for wavering.

There was no answer of course. My arousal withered and dried. I was spooked enough to get dressed, turn on the light and sit by the open window nursing a cold cup of coffee until morning.

The next day I asked Marisa, my neighbor, if she had heard of anything strange happening in my apartment.

She grinned her wide, white smile at me. "Met Sam have you? Annie, who lived there before you always swore she would never move out—said that ghost was better lovin' than any man she ever had." Marisa rolled her eyes. "And hon, let me tell you, she had a few men!"

"Ghost?" My voice was surprisingly steady.

Marisa shrugged. "No one knows for sure," she said. "But what else do you call a phantom who comes to you at night and makes the sweetest love this side of heaven?"

"He made love to her?" My curiosity was roused.

"Oh yes, hon, he did. Some mornings Annie walked bowlegged from his lovin' the night before. She said," Marisa's voice dropped to a confiding whisper, "that no one gave her orgasms like Sam did. Three, four times a night. He doesn't come every night, but when he does, he doesn't leave until morning."

"Why's he called Sam?" I asked curiously. "Was he someone who lived here once? How did he die?"

Marisa shrugged vaguely. "Don't know," she said. "Annie called him Sam. Said she needed a name to call out when she came; Sam seemed as good as any."

"Why did Annie leave?"

"Not willingly. She didn't want to leave Sam. But her mom got sick and she had to move back to Cleveland. She kinda hoped that Sam might follow her there, but I guess he didn't." She kicked the doormat with her toe. "Guess he likes to stay in Denver."

"Did Annie have a boyfriend?" I was curious to hear what Sam had made of that.

"She did when she moved here. He didn't last long. And she said that Sam was better than any flesh and blood man, but when she did take someone home with her, he didn't seem to mind. She said she sensed him watching." She giggled. "Not the jealous kind obviously. The perfect man. Or ghost."

I smiled. I was beginning to like the sound of this.

Marisa winked knowingly at me. "Hon, if you move out tell me, I might just switch apartments."

That night I stripped naked and climbed into bed, the sheet around my waist, breasts invitingly uplifted. He didn't come. Not that night, nor the ones after that. I was beginning to think that it was all my imagination when he came to me.

It was around midnight, and I was in that half-hazy stage between sleep and consciousness. That elusive floating, drifting stage, when the soul leaves the body and spins pirouettes around the room. The time when the mind can finally make the leaps of association necessary to solve impossible problems and the weary end of the day when every muscle fiber relaxes, so that you feel you are sinking down into the mattress, bonelessly, until the edges of your body blur.

I felt a soft touch on my mouth. A gentle exploratory kiss. A welcome home kiss from some one who cared. I waited, my heart pounding slowly in anticipation, to see if it was repeated. The merest brush whispered again over my lips. I opened my mouth slightly, trying to breathe slowly and silently and I felt the push of a tongue, insinuating itself into my mouth. It ran around, twisting around my tongue before withdrawing.

"Hello Sam." I whispered the words into the charged air.

There was no answer of course, but I could feel the corners of his mouth turn up slightly as he smiled against my skin. He lapped his way down my neck, pausing to lave a collarbone, licking me lazily, before trailing his way down to my breasts. I turned slightly, encouraging him to my nipple with the wordless gesture. He didn't disappoint; I felt the warm wetness as he closed over my breast.

With a slight shock, I felt a disembodied hand cup my other breast. It hadn't occurred to me to wonder if Sam had hands as well as a mouth. My acceptance of his presence must have encouraged him, like a human lover, to become bolder. His hands slid over my skin with the drifting touch I preferred; not rough human hands with their too heavy press, but

a reverent glissade of sensation.

The mouth moved down my belly, lapping, sucking, open mouthed kisses that had me writhing in anticipation as I realized his ultimate destination. Automatically I reached down with my hands to tangle in his hair, steady his head and direct that mouth to where I wanted it most, but my hands passed through a slight heaviness, then nothing. Sam didn't appear to need direction though; I felt crawling fingers nudge my thighs apart and those same illusionary fingers advance, creeping up my inner thigh to touch the damp curls of my sex with a careful finger. When I thought he would push a finger into me, it retreated, to walk its way up the other thigh. This time it skated briefly over my clit, a frisson of feeling before it fell back.

It was a carefully planned assault. Advance, retreat, push forward, fall back, building me higher, on a roller-coaster ride to release. I don't know when I started begging, when I wanted the promised orgasm more than pride, when the soaked and twisted sheets under my fingers bunched and wound around my hands, but when the promise of what was to come was too much, I felt Sam's mouth on my sex, felt the damp rasp of a tongue as his whole mouth closed over me. I felt the catlike flicker of his tongue lapping on my clit until I came with a howl and a shriek, sobbing with release.

I took a shuddering breath, and another, and I felt his whole mouth descend once more, slurping and suckling, fierce and demanding until my whole body shuddered through a second climax, shocking in its intensity and sudden in its arrival. I never come twice. Not until Sam.

I lay and let the aftershocks wash over my body. How did one thank a lover who wasn't really there? I could hardly offer him coffee, lead him to the door and kiss him goodbye. But Sam wasn't finished yet. The sheet was gone and I sprawled in wet and sated abandon on the mattress. My body was already missing the touch of his mouth, when I felt the briefest whisper of a kiss on my lips. I dipped my tongue into his mouth, missing the taste of myself when a lover kisses you after going down. But the missing sensation faded when I felt the stretch of penetration.

There was not the weight of a body lying over me, nor the rasp of wiry hairs on the insides of my thighs. There was simply the unmistakable feeling of fullness, of a fat and turgid penis slowly pushing its way inside me. I gasped slightly in surprise and angled my pelvis the better to accept his thrusts. He slowly continued to push, until he was, I can only imagine, sheathed all the way. He was large; thick and firm. I clenched around him, as much to see if I could feel contours, to see if his fatness was illusionary or if he would shrink down like a pricked balloon with my counter pressure. He swelled inside me and my tightening muscles gave the glorious friction of real sex as he began to slowly move in and out.

I reached a hand down between my legs, curious to see what he felt like. I missed the feeling of encountering the hairy globular testicle sacks, but I ran a finger around my stretched opening. This was no illusion; some one, something, was inside me, fucking me with a steady rhythm. I moved my hand, unsure of where to place it. There were no buttocks to grasp, no back to run my hand along, no balls to tease. I settled for grasping the mattress on either side of me, and let him fuck me.

He was steady and relentless, moving in a slow-building tempo. The sensation was initially unnerving; to have such one-dimensional sex was strange. The only sense was that of limited touch; there wasn't the weight of a body resting on mine nor the musky

smell of male sweat in the air; the only scent was my own sharp arousal. There weren't the grunts and groans and creaks of lovemaking and there wasn't the visual stimulus of seeing a body lost in pleasure. No, it was more like masturbating with a vibrator except that I didn't have to do the work.

My analytical comparison shattered into a million fragments as his thrusts, firm and measured brought me sweetly to a climax. Through the blurring consciousness of orgasm, I was amazed. I never come from penetration alone. Sam's movements were faster, sliding easily in my wetness. His thrusts disintegrated into the jagged, fractured spurts of a man on the brink, then as I tightened around him, I felt the unmistakable feeling of wet, spreading warmth inside. I relaxed. He relaxed. I could feel him softening inside me and the slide of his spend, viscous and thick, trickled down onto the bed. Curiously I put a finger down to catch the liquid, but like the phallus it was an illusion.

"Sam." I spoke his name out loud. "You can come back any time."

His head was between my legs again, but I felt wrapped in the cocoon of his satisfaction.

I stayed in that apartment for seven years. Sam stayed with me for all that time. Even when I had a nearly-serious, nearly-permanent relationship with Richard, I always made sure I was home alone at least one night every week for Sam. Eventually Richard left me, but Sam stayed.

The eviction notice came as a shock. I knew that the run-down neighborhood was becoming trendy as real estate prices in Denver soared, but I hadn't expected anything to change that quickly. They were pulling down the old apartments and building modern condominiums. Luxury buildings, ridiculous prices.

That night, after Sam's loving had made me weak from more than sex, I told him. "Come with me," I said. "I don't know where I'm going yet, but please, come too."

There was no answer; there never was on the few occasions that I had addressed him directly, but I thought I detected a palpable sadness in the air. I knew then that Sam would never leave this space.

I live on the other side of Broadway now, in a sleek modern condominium that echoes with emptiness and loneliness, especially on the hot dry Denver nights that remind me most of Sam. His apartment has long gone, but I have studied the block that has risen in its place. Apartment 3C. That is his space. I never knew the exact boundaries of his realm, but apartment 3C contains the space that used to be the bedroom. In the five years since its construction, that apartment has come on the market six times.

I have the deposit now; the next time that apartment 3C is offered for sale, I will be ready. I hope that Sam remembers me.

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Chapter 9 – Clit Lit

After a lousy first year at college, I was forced to try to upgrade my marks over the summer. The thought of being confined to a stuffy classroom and a dusty library when I could be frolicking outside in the sun appealed to me about as much as a vaginal exam by Dr. Freeze. But I signed up for three courses, nonetheless. And of those, ‘Radical Writers of the 1930’s’, turned out to be twice as hot as the summer itself.

There were eleven of us in the class. We were given a reading list that included authors such as Henry Miller, Anais Nin, and Erskine Caldwell. The books were all available at the campus bookstore and online, but being cheap by circumstances rather than choice, I headed to the library instead. And just as I reached for ‘Women Involved’, by little-known author ‘InX’, another hand jumped up and snagged the book off the top shelf ahead of me.

“First come, first served!” Annabelle yelled.

I turned and looked at the girl. The short brunette with the voluptuous figure was one of my new classmates. A brilliant white smile split her pretty face, her brown eyes gleaming. “Okay,” I said. “You beat me to it. Now I’ll have to buy the darned book. Maybe not eat for awhile.”

I slumped my shoulders in a pathetic posture and started to lethargically drift away. Annabelle caught my arm. “Hey, why don’t we share it? Like, both read it – to each other.”

It wasn’t the exact reaction I was going for, but book beggars can’t be eschewers.

“Okay,” I replied, shrugging my shoulders.

Annabelle grinned and squeezed my arm. The girl was dressed in a dark top and white shorts, her shapely, olive-skinned arms and legs showing to full, shining advantage. Her large breasts pushed out the sleeveless top, her bouncy booty stretching the stitching on her shorts. Her dark hair cascaded in shimmering waves down her back.

I was wearing a thin yellow summer dress and leather sandals, my honey-blonde hair braided back in a ponytail, my slender, sunbrowned limbs popping goosebumps due to the AC flooding the library. Except where Annabelle’s hand gripped my bare arm – that patch of lucky skin was quite warm.

She knew a secluded spot in the library where we would have some privacy for our reading. It was up on the fourth floor, a couple of carrels tucked away behind a wall partition on an elevated mezzanine. We sat down next to each other and Annabelle started reading out loud.

She didn’t start at the beginning of the book, though. She started at the first explicit lesbian encounter in the book, reading the erotic passages in a hushed, husky voice, staring me in the widened green eyes. The girl was obviously very familiar with what to me was an unfamiliar work, intimate with the sections of the book that dwelt with and on female-female love and lust.

Her voice grew even thicker, sexier, as she read more of the sensuous lines. Her eyes

hooded, looking into mine, searching mine, her lush lips glistening with the moisture of sensual spoken word. My face flushed crimson under my tan, my body heating up way past the point where any air-conditioning could cool it down. The girl gave great oration. She knew it, giving me the amazing oral, giving herself a hand – up her top and onto her bare breasts beneath.

“Mmm!” she murmured, the book fluttering in her right hand as her left moved around under her top, over her tits. “Doesn’t she just do something to you?”

By ‘she’, I think Annabelle meant the author. But ‘they’ were both doing something to me, the written words and the visual cues. I swallowed, hard, watching Annabelle’s hidden hand explore her large breasts, cupping, squeezing, caressing, fingers bulging silky material outward as they scaled a nipple and pinched and rolled. “Tit, er, it sure does,” I gulped.

Annabelle’s breathing got more ragged, the impassioned words more breathless. I licked my cracked lips with a wooden tongue and felt sweat bead my forehead and palms, moisture my pussy. My right leg was crossed over my left, and I kind of rubbed the pair together, generating some friction where it’s felt most.

I always knew reading could be exciting (from my own private bathroom and bedroom x-rated browsing), but I’d never known how much better it could be with two people. Until now. The intellectual stimulation was intense.

Annabelle reached the end of the chapter, then opened a new chapter – for me. “Here, Kathy, read this,” she husked, handing me the book. “Please, read to me!” She opened her legs up wide and plunged her right hand down into her shorts, onto her pussy.

Annabelle arched up off the chair, rubbing her pussy undercover, feeling up her breasts. I just about fell out of my chair, astonished at the girl’s audacity. Astonished, and awesomely aroused. I was only a chair-length away from the babe blatantly groping her tits and stroking her cunt.

The book shook in my hands in front of me, my eyes refusing to focus on the words, staring over the top at Annabelle. I struggled to continue the remarkable story.

“Page 127!” Annabelle gasped. Her hand bulged up and down in her shorts, fingers flying on her pussy. Then they curled, a pair plugging right into her slit from what I could see and hear. She pulled on a nipple so hard I thought it would pop off in her other fingers. I leafed through the book, went past the right page, flipped back too far the other way. My fingers were trembling as wildly as my legs. I swear I could hear my pussy squish between my legs, the buzz of my achingly hard nipples, above the panting my dirty-digitated bookmate was doing.

I hit the correct page and splayed the book open, squeaked out a passage of younger/older lesbian lust in a gold-plated bathtub. The heat and dampness of the literary and figurative scene permeated me and Annabelle to our sexual cores.

The sultry brunette pulled her top right up over her breasts, exposing the ripened pair. They stood out huge and heavy and round and olive-toned in front of us, immense, darker areolas sporting jutting, pointing nipples. Annabelle arched back in her chair, pushing the

pair of smooth-skinned melons out even further. Then she gripped one with her left hand and hefted the luscious mass, bent the rigid nipple up to meet her long pink tongue surging down.

The brazen beauty licked her own nipple, tonguing around and around the rubbery spigot, her pebbly areola. I gawked, the book fanned up against my gaping mouth. Annabelle's hand in her shorts pumped faster, fingers plugging her pussy harder, as she sucked her own nipple into her mouth and tugged on it with her lips.

She dropped the one tit, lifted the other breast, sucked on that nipple, other hand almost breaking her zipper apart. "Oh, God, Kathy!" she cried. "I'm going to come! You're making me come!"

She was giving me too much credit, the author and herself too little. But I didn't argue the point, staring at her saliva-shined breasts, her pistoning hand in her shorts. The girl was pumping herself and me past the point of no return.

When a nun suddenly walked around the corner.

We both froze, shocked. The woman had come from nowhere, in total stealth. A small, black woman dressed in a grey habit. She didn't even look at us, though, walked right by. But Annabelle's top slammed down and her legs snapped shut, her hands moving fast as any female weightlifter jerking the snatch.

"Jesus, that was close!" she breathed, as we watched the nun disappear.

The college was founded by a religious order way back when, part of the campus still affiliated with the cause.

We stared at one another. Then Annabelle giggled. I giggled. Annabelle jumped forward in her chair and kissed me. I kissed her back. She grabbed my hand and we raced down from our not-so-private hideaway and out of the library, hot to find a sanctuary to give full voice to our lust.

The best we could come up with was a darkened classroom on the second floor of the neighboring Arts building. The door was unlocked, the hallway empty, the classroom deserted. Annabelle pushed me inside and shut the door. Then she pushed me up against the wall and pressed her body into mine, her lips against my lips.

She kissed me hotly, wetly, hungrily. Her fingers dug into my hair, her tits pressing soft and warm into my breasts. My back was up against the light switch, and I yelped, "Ow!"

We moved over a foot without breaking contact. I wrapped my arms around Annabelle's curvy, throbbing body. Her tongue burst into my mouth and flailed at my tongue, as I sailed my hands down her back and onto the outrageous humps of her butt cheeks.

"Mmm!" we gasped in each other's mouths, our tongues entwining openly. Annabelle gripped my shoulders and shuddered her tits against mine, her buttocks in my hands. I sunk my fingernails into the overstuffed flesh and kneaded.

She pulled her head back, her tongue out of my mouth, and swiped the loose straps of my dress off my shoulders. The top of my dress tumbled down, exposing my tits. Annabelle grasped my breasts and popped a full-blown pink nipple into her mouth, sucked on it.

"Yeesss!" I groaned, vibrating against the wall of the classroom.

The girl's mouth was so wet, so hot, so insistent, her sealing lips stretching out my blossomed bud to an incredible length, then releasing it with a snap. Then doing the same to my other buzzing nipple. She eagerly bobbed her head back and forth between my breasts, licking, sucking, biting, her hands squeezing my shimmering flesh.

I tore my own hands off her butt and grabbed onto her own boobs from the sides, anxious to do to them what she was so eloquently doing to mine. She released my tits and jumped back, peeled her top up, displaying her mams for my pleasure again. I grabbed onto them, worked the hanging masses like I'd worked her butt cheeks.

She flung her head and body back and her mouth open, her hands shooting into her hair. I held her up by her boobs, gripping the velvety-skinned pair. Then I bent my head down and stuck out my tongue and circled one of her wide areolas with my slippery sticker. She cried out with delight.

I absolutely fed on the girl's breasts, my passion inflamed to infernoic levels. I swallowed as much of her one tit as I could and wet-vacced the flesh, boob and nipple both. Then I popped the sopping wet sack out and mouthed her other breast, suctioned it for all I was worth. Her tits shivered in my hands and mouth, her nipples clogging the back of my throat.

"Yes, Kathy! Suck on my tits!" she shrieked.

Just as the doorknob suddenly rattled and the classroom door creaked open.

The lights flashed on, quick as Annabelle dropped the curtain down on her glistening tits and I yanked up my dress. A man in black clerical garb stood in the doorway of the classroom.

"Oh, are you ladies in my theology class?" he kindly inquired.

We bolted past him so fast his white collar spun.

We ran down the hall hand-in-hand, desperate to consummate our lust without any further divine intervention.

The women's washroom. We banged through the door, charged around the corner, smacked into the last stall against the wall.

I'd barely clanged the bolt home, when Annabelle grabbed me and spun me around.

There was a stark look of unrequited frenzy in her blazing brown eyes, as she tore my dress down and off, did the same to my pink panties. She stared down at my bikini-shaved blonde pussy, the glistening moisture on my lips plain to see, hers to taste. Then she shoved me down onto the toilet, dropped down onto her knees on the floor in between my legs. She pushed my legs up by the thighs and shot her head forward and planted her tongue in my slit.

"Oh my ...! Yes!" I hollered, the girl's versatile tongue spearing inside my most intimate, hard-to-read body part.

She plunged through my swollen wet red lips and deep into my pink tunnel. I hunched back against the wall, bent almost in two, the girl's tongue up my slit.

Annabelle squirmed her sticker around inside of me, shocking my body and soul with pleasure. I grabbed onto my tits and pinched and rolled my throbbing hard nipples,

getting tongued to a depth and degree I'd never dared dream of.

Annabelle filled my pussy, corkscrewed around inside it. Then fucked it. She pumped her head back and forth, drilling me with her hardened pink blade. Until she suddenly pulled out, leaving me achingly empty. Only to flatten out her tongue and mop my slit with it, lapping my cunt in long, hard, wet strokes.

“Oh, Annabelle! I'm going to ... I'm going to ...!”

I couldn't even complete the sentence, lit major that I was, the girl's orocity leaving me speechless. She crested my bloated button one too many times and I was blown away, orgasm exploding up from my pussy and blasting through my body in waves. I jerked around on the toilet seat, tits jumping in my death-gripping hands, Annabelle tonguing utter bliss into my very being.

“Now it's your turn to speak to my pussy,” she stated, pulling me up onto my feet.

I staggered, my head spinning, pussy dripping.

Annabelle shoved down her shorts and jumped out of them, jumped up onto the toilet seat. She grabbed onto my shoulders and pulled me close, so that I was sitting on the toilet in front of her, staring into the dark bush of her cunt.

“Lick me! Finger-fuck me, Kathy!”

I did both, with a fervour. As Annabelle gripped the top of the stall walls, I gripped her bare butt and buried my face in her bush.

She shuddered against me. I inhaled the girl's musky essence, her soft, springy pubes tickling my nose and lips. Then I shot out my tongue and slurped up and along Annabelle's slit.

“Yes, Kathy! Yes!” she cried.

The place could've been packed with incontinent nuns and peeping priests for all we cared. We weren't stopping for anyone now. I bit my nails into Annabelle's big, trembling cheeks for traction and ferociously tongued her pussy, lapping with even more intensity than when she'd cleaned out my cunt. I teased her puffed-up clit with the tip of my tongue.

“Stick your fingers inside me! Fuck me!”

I tore my right hand off her left cheek and speared two rigid digits into her slit, plunging through pubes and petals and deep into tunnel. She jumped up onto her toes, on the ends of my embedded fingers.

I sucked her clit into my mouth, pumping her pussy, fucking and sucking the girl. Her buttocks and breasts quivered out of control, hands shaking the stall walls. She was molten inside, swollen outside. I plowed her pussy with my fingers and tugged on her clit with my lips.

“I'm coming!” she shrieked. Her thighs clamped my fingers and her clit pulsated in my mouth. She shuddered, squirted, hot sticky juices flowing along my digits and dousing my hand and chin and neck.

Annabelle and I hold a 'reading' almost every day, and night. Sometimes summer school can be just as hot as the weather outside, if you pick the proper subject matter, get

hooked-up with the right classmate.

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(continued)

Chapter 10 – Wide White Sky

Her horse was ground tied. He stood with his head low, eyes closed, flap-lipped whiskery muzzle twitching in equine dreams. A pack was thrown carelessly onto the sagebrush, a Navajo blanket spilling out, a water bottle, and the military-surplus rucksack she used for collecting.

Calamity sat with her back resting against a pinyon pine. The ground around her was covered with cones, nuts and husks, gnawed by squirrels and small things that creep. I sat and watched her for a moment from the back of my horse, an elderly and arthritic animal, the only one that the ranch would consider lending to an untried, middle-aged city woman to roam the high desert alone. I dismounted stiffly, my inner thighs aching in protest, and let the reins fall. The stock horse understood and drooped his head to dream with his companion.

She was watching me, her dark unfathomable eyes intent on my face, cataloging my awkward gait. "I knew you would come," she said.

In truth, I had wondered at my foolishness. A woman my age was supposed to be established in her career, successful in her marriage, grown children maybe. She was not supposed to leave them all behind to pursue some nebulous dream of the west. Utah was a long way from New Jersey. A fractured mirror universe of possibilities and paths to be trodden.

The small Utah town had one motel and one bar. Calamity worked the bar; stalking the sagging timber floor with intent, flirting with the few customers, seducing them into leaving larger tips. She was a child of mixed-race, whose heritage had given her not the smooth olive skin and curling hair that is so beautiful, but a patchwork of skin tones, a tapestry of birthmarks and pigmentation. Calamity. A name her mother had given her in anger and despair. The hurtful name she had made her own.

Of course, I was lonely, the sad aura of a woman alone, whose dreams of escape were crumbling into reality. I did not know what I was doing here; I would not find myself in Utah, whose white respectability was safer and more straight-laced than my three thousand square subdivision in suburbia. So I sat at the bar, nursing my gin and tonic and watched her. And then she touched me and flirted with me as indiscriminately as any of the jowl-faced ranchers mumbling into their beer. And the evening promised heady excitement, far from home.

"I harvest pinyon nuts," she said. "I beat the sage for the Bureau of Land Management. Cut firewood. Come with me tomorrow."

Her eyes spoke of more than gathering seeds. So here I was, sitting awkwardly on the ground, my hair streaked with dust; leather and horse sweat ingrained in my jeans. Calamity licked her lips, a fey gesture of momentary doubt, then leaned forward to kiss me on the lips with the bravado of an orphan.

It was why I was here, of course, to take some comfort from this strange child, she of the sad little name and piebald skin. At first it was experimental. I had never kissed a woman before, the confines of marriage and respectability had kept me from indulging. I cataloged the sensation. Yielding lips, sweet with honey and bitter with coffee. Small lips coaxing mine apart, rimming mine, softer, less assured than a man. Icy from the air temperature, cold little nubbins of flesh. Satisfied with my response, Calamity rose to spread the blanket, a splash of color on the hard ground.

I watched her, the slight frame blending into the harsh landscape, her body golden in the weak wintry sun. Puffs of dust from her feet, as she moved around, shedding her clothes almost as an afterthought. Angles of elbow and shoulder, dried yellow sagebrush tangled in her coarse black hair. The air was sharp, but she seemed impervious to the temperature. I saw the jut of her ribs as she pulled the flannel shirt over her head, nipples pebbled with the cold.

I mimicked her movements, pulling off my fleece and layers of cotton, fumbling with the clasp of my bra, underwires and ribbing, designed for support, not seduction. Her eyes were on my breasts. I knew what she was seeing; blue veins on white, breasts for nurturing, no longer exciting. She crouched and small fingers touched me, tracing the weave of veins and fine lines, circling a nipple. She cupped one, testing its turgid weight with the flick of a callused finger.

I suppressed a small gasp as she bent and put her mouth to my breast. Warm wetness, cool lips, swirling tongue. Gently she pushed me back on the blanket. I felt sharp stones digging into my back, saw the crisscross of branches against the washed sky, smelt pungent sage and something else. Arousal, the sharp scent of excitement: mine and hers, strong in this place.

She used her mouth as others might use their fingers. Crawling over skin, learning textures, imperfections and taste. Her lips mumbled over freckles and moles, She suckled me, moving to the waistband of my jeans, tickling her way over the creases of my belly, scars and lines of childbirth. I closed my eyes and let her work, seeing the kaleidoscope of sunlight behind my closed eyelids. She tugged at my jeans and I raised my hips and let her remove them, leaving me naked and ridiculous on the geometrically patterned blanket.

I sucked in my belly, trying to flatten the folds, so that the fast-food curves were minimized. She traced her lips over my C-section scar, still keloid and livid after more than twenty years.

"You don't have to do that," she said, and poked me so that my exhalation was rapid and my belly expanded. "You have an honorable body."

The appreciation in her eyes gave the truth to her words. Is this what it is always like with a woman? I wondered. This unconditional acceptance?

She shifted to lie next to me, and my hands moved to her body, tentatively fingering the small ribs, tracing the mottled skin tones, the patches of pigment, shades of chestnut like the horse who dreamed nearby. I stroked one nipple. It was dark, a hard little coffee bean, fine hairs around the nipple. It hardened, sharp little cone-breast, rigid peak. The other nipple was pink, dusky ashes of roses. She closed her eyes and moaned, a breathy little sigh. I continued to tease, gentle circles with my fingertips, watching the shadows of the branches make further patterns on her skin. Sunshadow shapes.

My fingers moved down to the waistband of her baggy pants. They were loose enough that I could slip my hand underneath them, over the concave planes of stomach, down to the elastic of her underwear stretched tight over the narrow span of her hips.

Tentatively I undid the drawstring on her pants, and dipped my fingers down between her legs, over the cotton underwear. The undulations of her hips encouraged me, and I moved a finger under the gusset of her panties. My finger touched curls of hair, as coarse as the hair on her head, springy and resilient like the sage brush she harvested. I explored, feeling my way around familiar anatomy. It was not like touching myself. Oh,

she was younger, firmer, skinnier, but it was the subtle little differences in folds and creases that I noticed. I pictured what she looked like through my fingers, feeling creamy wetness, a landscape of textures.

My wrist was straining at the angle. She gently removed my hand and shed her remaining clothes. Pinto girl.

I started to shake slightly, desire warring with uncertainty. "Show me what women like," I said.

"You already know," she replied, and straddled me, shifting around to lower herself to my mouth. She dipped her head. Her hands cradled my buttocks, raising me to her mouth. I grasped her and used my thumbs to spread her open, to see her, then explored with my fingers, tentative movements, trying to please. She had no such reservations, and buried her face between my legs, so deeply I wondered how she could breathe. And the pleasure was abrupt and intense. I could see her in my mind's eye as if in a mirror. Folds of my sex mashed against her cheeks, her mouth pressed up against me, her tongue lapping around the small folds, secret valleys, the small pointed tongue flickering around the hood of my clit, not too hard, not too direct, just that slight off-center stimulation that I like. Quick laps, teasing points and then unbelievably the gentle scrape of teeth. Ah, the shock, the instinctive withdrawal. She drew me closer and the scrape became a suckling, gentle suction on my clit and I came, a gasp, a shudder, a tightening of thighs around her head.

When sensibility returned, I found I had been grasping her skin so tightly that I had left individual prints. Cloudy, crushed-purple marks on the hues of her skin. Two of my fingers were inside her. I felt immediate guilt for my selfishness and moved them gently, a pistoning action so beloved of male lovers. She wiggled upright on top of me, moved around, settling herself firmly on my face. A lap, an exploratory movement of tongue. Salty sage taste, different from my own. I circled my tongue, flickered, tasted. It was hard to breathe, the musty smell of her pussy surrounded me. I wondered if she had taken one of the self-righteous ranchers into her bed last night. The thought was both repugnant and exciting. How could she, I wondered, be so careless with her body? How could she, I wondered, be so free and unfettered? My tongue savored, trying to pick the familiar thick taste of semen, but I couldn't. My senses were filled with everything that is intrinsically female. There wasn't room for anything else.

Calamity moaned a little, and I lapped harder, striving to give her a fraction of what she had given me. It was difficult; my tongue ached and she was wriggling around so much that I couldn't keep a steady rhythm. I kept trying, soft flickerings, more forceful rubbings. I used my fingers, my tongue, even teeth, trying to emulate the feelings she had roused so carelessly in me. And still, she ground herself on my face, grunted, sharp little animal squeals, tightened her thighs around my head. But she didn't come.

My concentration started to waver. I opened my eyes and studied the patterns of the tree boughs above my head. There was a sharp point of a rock digging into my back under the blanket and I jerked convulsively when some small insect skittered over my thigh. But still I persisted. I wanted to give her something purely for herself, and this was all that was within my power.

And just when I was about to stop, when my discomfort was so great that I couldn't last any longer, I felt the first clench of muscles around my fingers, felt the ripples of her orgasm and heard her long wail. I opened my eyes, She was arched up into the light, the

curve of her body silhouetted against the wide, white sky, her head thrown back, her mouth open as she panted. The tangle of hair fell in static disarray over her shoulders, covering the deep chestnut nipple, the pale shell one still visible. And she was beautiful. Much later, we dressed, and she shook out the blanket releasing a shower of horse hairs, throwing the scent of our lovemaking into the breeze. Her horse had wandered off. We rode back together on my borrowed elderly pony. She curled trustingly into my body, riding behind me, her head resting on my shoulder. Her hair tickled my nose.

I was content. A relaxed permeating comfort that went far beyond the euphoria of climax. I held the reins confidently and pretended to guide my horse home. Calamity murmured into my shoulder, reaching around to cup my breast.

I knew that tonight she would don her false cloak of self-assurance and play the sassy flirt for the ranchers once again. Maybe she would come to my room afterwards and we would make love in the sagging bed with the faded sheets. Or maybe she thought that to show that need was a weakness she couldn't allow and so she would stay away. But for now, at this moment in time, she was mine.

I curled my hand back around her thigh and moved my body to the horse's rhythm, letting the friction of the saddle build the memories of Calamity that I was already storing away.

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