



Sexy Briefs

Knickers in a Twist

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Sexy Briefs: Knickers in a Twist

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Adult Content Warning

These stories contain sexually explicit acts involving consenting adults. They are not intended for minors under the age of eighteen.

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Foreword by Tessie L'Amour (Editor)

The idea for the **Sexy Briefs** collections started with a few authors chatting on Google+ and quickly took on a life of its own. Erotica + Free = Win. There's an equation everybody could understand. For the readers, it would be a gold mine of well written erotica by both well known authors and ones they might want to know better. For the authors, it would be a chance to introduce themselves and their work to the legions of readers out there.

These stories are brief, averaging about 2000 words, but their quality (and downright wanton naughtiness) should encourage you to seek out the longer works by the authors you enjoy. Below each author is a set of links, both to places where their books and writing are available, and links to social media sites, especially Google+ which is quickly becoming **the place** to be for authors of erotica.

One last thing. If you visit our Sexy Briefs Google+ page at <http://bit.ly/MmmSexyBriefs> and add the page to your circles or +1 it, or our Sexy Briefs Facebook page at <http://facebook.com/MmmSexyBriefs> and then **Like** the page, you will be eligible for our drawings for free eBooks and other prizes. Plus, you'll make the authors feel warm and appreciated, and there's no telling where that might lead!

Thought So by Cecilia Tan

I have news for you, boys: there are horny women out there. There are women walking the streets, in bookstore aisles, riding trains, who are practically crying inside because they want it so bad. Either that, or I'm the only one. But I would put money on the fact that I am not the only one. Especially given what Jason has told me. It's because of Jason that I don't have to prowl those aisles, those trains, anymore.

I first noticed him in Walpenny's, in the cookbook section. I was thumbing through a spiral bound volume on Thai cookery when I caught him looking at me. Or maybe it was he who caught me. By that point, I was frustrated. It was a summer evening, cool and breezy, and though I wore a brief, swishy dress, and had arranged my hair suggestively, I had not had good luck. The only mild interest I'd gotten was from people I had no interest in. And while I was starting to think I'd hump an aardvark if I had to, I knew better.

I was biting my lip and trying to decide if I should give up and go home, the book open in my hands but my eyes unfocused, when Jason stepped out from behind a tall bookcase. My eyes flickered up and then back down to the book. He was tall, a little underfed, blue eyes, light brown hair... and was he looking at me?

He was. I gave him a longer look, and a smile. He returned the smile in a knowing way. Thank goodness. The hook was baited. I put the book down on the table, and let my head fall back, some of my curls brushing my bare shoulders. I saw him gulp--hook swallowed.

He came toward me and said "Hi."

"Hi," I said, lowering my eyes with a shyness that wasn't entirely unreal. I was accustomed to being the cute one, the desirable one--but Jason would have turned my head even if I hadn't been having one of my horniest nights. Suddenly I wasn't sure what to say to him.

He saved me by speaking first. "I've been following you for a while."

"How long is a while?" He blushed, but kept talking.

"Since Alton Station." He reached his hand toward mine, and brushed his fingertips against my arm. I had to stifle an audible intake of breath. "Would you like to go somewhere?" he asked.

I nodded. "My place, if that would be all right with you."

There was that smile again. "Lead the way."

He orbited me with a crooked arm as I turned toward the door, but he did not touch me.

He waited until we were sitting on a bench at the station to do that. I was almost shivering by then, fantasizing his arm around me, waiting for it to happen--and then he slid close, his blue-jeaned leg touching mine, and his arm slid across my shoulders. His breath was warm in my hair, against my ear, in the air conditioned coolness of the station. If I had an engine, it would have revved.

I didn't want to wait until we got home. It would be twenty minutes on the train, and then a five minute walk, and I was so hot and ready that I was afraid I would slip off the peak and lose my edge. The frustration and need of the long evening made my jaw stiffen; the ache in my belly only intensified by the proximity of our bodies.

His lips nibbled at my ear and tears almost sprang to my eyes.

He smoothed my dress down over my legs. I wished I could just lie down on the concrete bench, put up my legs and let him root around to his heart's content (and mine). Another pass with his hand.

I hadn't felt so hungry-frustrated since junior high, when I used to sit backstage during drama club rehearsal, on Daniel Pera's lap. We were too young for sex, and knew it I guess, because we never took our clothes off. But he used to trace every line or design on the cloth of my shirt, with just his fingertip, roaming feather-light over my chest and up and down my neck. Sometimes he would trace the seams of my jeans. We'd sit like that for hours, while rehearsals were going on, in the dark of the wings, until we were needed. Sometimes I went onstage flushed and dizzy, unsure of where my feet were, unsure even of who I was, which character I was to play, what words I was supposed to say. I went home every night dying to masturbate the minute I got to my room. Jason's fingertip began to trace the flowery vines on my dress. I shuddered a breath in and out. I wanted to murmur sweet nothings in his ear, to give him a taste of the painful anticipation I was riding--, but I could not speak. His finger slid along the center seam of the dress and came to rest at the crook of my hip. Then he turned my chin toward him, and as I was about to say something, smothered my unspoken words with a kiss.

His fingers were drumming now, like a piano arpeggio, closer and closer to where my clit throbbed under layers of cloth. Yes, I wore panties, even when out on the prowl. The gentle tapping made the longing even worse. I didn't dare open my eyes, afraid people were staring at us. He kept his rhythm even, his touch light, as if there were no urgency in him at all. It was all inside me, making my shoulders tighten under his arm, my breath shallow, my jaw clench.

And then came the train. He held my hand and pulled me into the car. . There were only four or five other people within earshot and none of them paid us any attention. Jason pulled me down into a seat--onto his lap.

That finger was busy again, this time deep under my dress, pushing aside my cotton panties, then nosing back and forth in my wetness. More liquid was forthcoming, and I licked my mouth as if to match it.

When his finger slid into me, I started to cry. You ninny, I was thinking, you're going to ruin it, he's going to freak and run away on you. But I couldn't help it. His slow, gentle touch was going somewhere deep inside of me, somewhere I needed to be touched so much, that the relief triggered tears. I clung to his neck and sobbed softly, my face hidden by drifts of my own hair, as his finger went in and out, soon joined by a second one. He could barely move his hand, jammed between my legs like that, but it was enough, just rocking. Then his thumb perked up and rubbed against my over lubricated clit, and my crying intensified.

"It's okay," he said into my ear. "I know."

Like those moments of confusion, stumbling from the curtains in the wings, unsure where to stand or where to go, I found myself being carried from the train. He had me in his arms and whispered in my ear and nibbled my neck, and the next thing I knew we were at my door and he was asking for my keys. He set me down on my feet and I opened the apartment door and we climbed the dark stairs.

At the time I didn't think it odd that he knew where to go. I was too grateful to be there, mere steps from the bedroom, where we soon were, me kneeling on the bed, him standing while I unbuttoned his white cotton shirt, unbuttoned his jeans, and revealed him. His silky red erection came free and I sighed. I cupped his balls with my hand and let my lips fall around him. Ahh. Mmm.

He sensed I didn't want to waste much time, but let me swallow him deep a few times before he pushed forward onto the bed, flattening me in the process. The rest of our clothes were shed at that point, , while I pulled a condom out of the side table drawer. I kicked off my socks while he put it on. . I wrapped my legs around his back and pulled him into me.

With every thrust I felt like sparks flew down to my toes and from the tips of my fingers. I thought again of junior high, a trip to the beach--baking in the sun for an hour and then running headlong down the sand and plunging into the cool water. An intensely pleasurable shock. A shockingly intense pleasure. And Jason gave it to me again and again.

I thrust my hips up to meet him, trying to match rhythm to get an almost violent crash of bodies. It's hard to admit, but I wanted him to fuck me so hard that it would hurt. It was one of the reasons I liked picking up strangers--they were unlikely to worry much about whether I was in pain or not. Anonymous encounters tended to fuck with abandon. Of course, sometimes that meant that I would end up abandoned, if he'd come before me or if he couldn't keep it up. But somehow Jason was hanging in there, giving it to me and giving it to me.

When I'm that wet and when I've wanted it for so long, I can fuck for a long time. I started to worry that he wouldn't last, but I didn't want to say anything. Just when my worrying began to distract me from the pleasure, he whispered, "It's okay. I can do it." And he began to dunk harder, and I lost myself.

The orgasm was coming--but if I followed my usual pattern, I would need a tad more clit stimulation. I tried to slide my hand along my stomach, but bumped into his hand, beating me to it. He had turned his long arm partway over and slid his thumb down over the very slippery, sensitive bump. The ripples in my midsection started that instant. My legs shook and my heels drummed on his back as I quaked with the power of coming. I wondered if this would make him go off, too, but when I settled back into the bed, he was still lodged deep in me, fucking me slowly and contentedly

Wash, rinse, repeat. After a while, he sped up, my muscles started to contract, he would rub my clit, and... insert sound effects like Fourth of July fireworks here. And again. And maybe again... I can't do math when I'm like that. I kept thinking, oh, this time he'll go off, too. But he didn't. And then I started to feel like I'd had enough and I feared that he hadn't, and I was going to end up having to go through the ordeal of letting him fuck me when I didn't want to anymore. It would not be fair, after all, to get what I wanted and leave him unsatisfied.

Suddenly he pulled out, and lay back next to me, and smiled.

"You didn't come," I said.

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"Yes." I put my hand on his chest and felt his heart beating hard. "I'm sure of it."

"You're right."

"Do you want me to go down on you?" I could not move, at that point, as I lay there, thoroughly screwed, but I figured I'd be able to sit up in a few minutes.

"No, that's okay," he said, sounding sleepy, or maybe I was projecting my feelings onto him. "You just rest."

We lay there in the semi-dark of the street light and after a short nap, my brain began to perk up. That's when I realized that I had never told him where I lived, nor how to get there. He had been following me all evening, by his own admission. I didn't think I would feel so comfortable snuggling up to a psycho. Did I have a stalker?

"No," he said, stroking my hair. "I can read your mind."

"What do you mean, you can read my mind?" I guess I thought it was some mushy romantic thing he was trying to say. But I was wrong. He meant it in the most literal sense.

"In the bookstore, you picked up that cookbook because you thought the cover image looked phallic."

"Spring rolls and bananas."

“Then you watched that clerk, the one with the nose ring, walk by, and decided you really didn’t like the way he smelled.” His voice was soothing in the dark. “That’s the smell of patchouli, by the way.”

“And what was I thinking about when we were in the train station?”

“The Man Who Came To Dinner.”

“Holy shit.” That was the play we’d done in drama club. That convinced me that he really could read my mind.. “So you were following me around all night, and knew how horny I was the whole time.”

“Yes.”

I propped myself up on an elbow and slapped him on the shoulder. “That’s for making me wait so long.” Then I kissed him, long and deep, until we were both breathless.

He started to get up and I thought, aha, now he’ll want to come. But he made a quick trip to the bathroom, and when he returned, began to get dressed.

I asked him if he wanted to come and he smiled that sweet smile at me. “Yes, very much. But I’m going to wait.”

I wasn’t sure what to think about that. “Why?”

“You wanted me to experience the exquisite pain you had gone through. I figured I’d try it.” He leaned over me and kissed me on the lips, then on the forehead.

It struck me then that I couldn’t just let him walk away, like any other anonymous encounter. “Will you come back tomorrow?”

“If you want me to.”

“You have to.” I told him I wouldn’t feel complete until he came, too.

And he said: “I know.”

CECILIA TAN has been a leading erotica writer for 20 years. Her “Telepaths Don’t Need Safewords” combined erotica and science fiction long before that was hip.

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Good Girl by Sharazade

“Can you be a good girl, Shar?”

Of course, lover. I promised.

It’s Sunday—it should be a day to sleep in and then fool around in bed all morning, but the agreement was, we could go wild on Saturday if I promised you uninterrupted time to work on Sunday. We slept in just a bit, now we’ll have a leisurely breakfast and read the paper, and then you’ll do your work. I’ll be good. I have work to do myself, you know.

You look so handsome, darling! Fresh from the shower, wrapped in a flannel robe that you haven’t bothered to tie (in fact, I can almost see... but no, the table is in the way). I’m already dressed, in a sundress I know is just your type of thing: royal blue with white polka dots, a low cut scoop neckline, a short swishy skirt. Not that you’ve said anything about it yet, since you’re eating and half-glancing at the headlines in the paper, not really looking at me.

I’d never fish for a compliment, would never be that crass, but I might just brush by you (more tea, lover?)... ah, yes, an affectionate pat on my behind. If you slipped your hand up under my skirt, you’d notice I’m wearing one of your favorite pairs of panties, the oh-so-thin cream-colored ones. You might, in fact, want to lift my skirt, have a peek at the almost translucent fabric stretched over my ass? Instead: a light smack! “You bad girl!” And then your hand is picking up a tea cup, so no more pats, I guess. I can’t resist a bit of a flounce, though, as I return to my seat.

Bad girl. Naughty girl. I hear that a lot from you. Last night you pulled me onto your lap, facing you, my legs to either side, and you kissed me deeply; then pressed up against my breasts from the bottom of their demi-cups so that my nipples rose above, rubbing on the thin fabric of my shirt. You bit one, then the other, through the cloth, hard enough to make me gasp and squirm and rub myself against you. “Naughty girl, Shar,” I heard as I ground myself down on the bulge in your pants, and felt your hands tighten on my hips.

It’s funny, isn’t it, how words with opposite meanings can express such similar thoughts. A hot outfit can be cool. And a bad girl... well, if you like it, then that’s good, right? Yet it seems to me that I hear what a “bad creature” or “naughty thing” I am far more often than I hear “Good girl.” Not that I mind. Of course not. Whatever gets you hot, lover, that’s what I want too.

As I clear the table and wash up the few dishes we used, you carry the paper over to the sofa. Right. First the paper, then work. I know better than to hang around you while you’re working (last time that got me tied up for an hour... though come to think of it, that was not without its own rewards), but at least we can read the paper together.

Look at you. You’ve claimed the entire sofa, haven’t you? Head against one end, feet up over the other. A fine sight to see you sprawled out there, your muscular frame just a bit too large for my furniture. I take a cushion from the armchair and arrange myself on the floor, below you, my right side resting against the sofa. I reach my hand up to your lap.

“What are you up to, you naughty thing?”

“I’m getting a section of the paper. Is that all right?” Well, it’s not my fault you’ve put the paper in your lap! Honestly. You move the paper down to the floor, right beside me. I notice the motion opened your robe a bit.

Yes, Sunday, so *The New York Times*, in that nice solid stack. Oh joy, you’ve left the Book Reviews for me—though if you’d wanted that first, of course I would have let you have it.

While we read, I surreptitiously check you out. Gravity is on my side—it has pulled one side of your robe completely off, spilling to the floor and affording me a nice view: strong thighs, leading up to... I raise my chin just a bit...

“Bad girl, Shar!”

Excuse me? Why? For looking at my lover on my sofa, in my own home? I can't help just a bit of an indignant intake of breath. I'm just looking!

“A lady wears a brassiere.”

I glance down, and immediately pull my shoulders back to bring the front of my dress flush against my chest, covering my breasts.

“I don't have a bra that I can wear with this dress. The straps always show.” And when I'm standing up, no one can see anything. Only in this position, seated below you, leaning over, could you see anything. It's so hard to be a good girl from every angle!

I sneak another look at you, taking care to keep my shoulders back to avoid any gaping in my neckline.

That cock. Is it bragging to say about my own lover that he has a gorgeous cock? Well, it's true. It's not that common to see an uncut cock; and frankly, it's not common for me to see yours like this—soft, with the foreskin almost covering the tip. So much more interesting to take in this uncommon sight than to read the paper, actually, and I lower my section.

Your paper rustles. I can feel your eyes on me, and I raise mine to meet them. What? I'm only looking! You seem as if you're about to say something, but the moment passes. You return to your reading, and I return to my admiration of...

Oh. So much for my opportunity to look at you while you're soft. However, this is just as good. No, in fact, it's much, much better, to watch you stiffen and swell. It's fascinating; such a dramatic change, like those time-lapse filmstrips we used to watch in class of the flower unfolding or the seed sprouting. I can't help but rise up on my knees and scoot just a little closer to watch. When I exhale, you must feel my warm breath, because your cock gives a little twitch. Oh... I just must kiss you. Is that bad? It can't be, can it, or you wouldn't get so much harder under my lips... If you wanted to stop me, you could do it with a glance or a word. I wait for a rustle of the paper from you, but it doesn't come.

You're not quite fully erect, but it won't be long now. My body responds with its own flush. Where you get hard, I get soft; soft and hot and wet. I cannot resist. I must have you at just this moment, and who knows when it will come again? I put my hand around the middle of your thickness to steady it and take the head into my mouth. I slide my hand up the shaft, pushing the foreskin to my eager mouth, and at the same time push my tongue down, nudge at the juncture of cockhead and foreskin, which I hold in place with my hand. I swirl my tongue around you, slowly. How does it feel, lover? Does that sort of groaning sound indicate something positive? I do believe it does.

Rustle, flap. Having some trouble with the paper, are you? I continue my slow circles around the head of your cock, your own skin still holding my tongue firmly on you. Another groan. Is that good, darling? Let's find out. I take my mouth off you, and you inhale sharply. Disappointed, perhaps?

“Does that feel good, James?”

“Unnnnhhh.” I'll take that as a yes.

I'm so turned on that my wetness is practically running down my thighs, and I can't resist slipping the hand that's not around you between my legs. I stroke myself just a bit, then slip two

fingers up inside me. I withdraw them, coated with the evidence of my lust, and reach my hand towards your face. Parting your lips, you raise your head to meet my hand, but I move away. It's not for tasting this time. I draw my finger down the length of your nose, then swipe each cheek once, as if I were applying war paint, and finally dot your chin. There. Now you can smell my desire as clearly as I can taste yours.

I grip your cock firmly in my hand and now move my mouth lower, kissing your balls, licking them, enjoying their movement under my tongue, drawing them into my mouth; oh, carefully, gently, but yes, completely into my mouth, while my hand continues to work your stiffness.

Again I let you go. "Is that good, James?" An indistinguishable sound. Sorry, that's not clear enough. I give you a lick. "Is it good?" I repeat, more insistently. "Yes, good." Lower I go, firmly tonguing your taint, firmly gripping your cock, firmly tugging you. You want my tongue on your ass, don't you? I circle around it first, teasing you; will she or won't she? We both know she will, but I'm going to take my time getting there. Impatiently you thrust your fingers into my hair, right up to the scalp, and pull downwards. Without even thinking I release your cock with my right hand and slap your wrist. But you want my tongue on you more than you care about any breach of protocol, and my hair is released. I reward you with a strong, slow, knowing lick.

Back between my legs goes my hand. A few strokes for me... oh, so good... and then I lift my wet fingers to you, to your ass, and hold my finger firmly against the opening. The heat-seeking missile of your cock finds its way to my mouth again. I press my finger just a bit, waiting for that moment when your muscle gives... oh, there it is, just a little, and I follow it, a little more pressure, waiting for you to give again.

My finger in your ass; my mouth around your cock; my tongue swirling around you, stroking up and down; my hand pulling at the base, as if feeding your cock deeper into my mouth. Is that good, James?

"Is that good?"

"Yes. Good."

"And me? Am I good?"

My finger presses in further. Now who's glad I keep my fingernails piano-player short? You are, lover. I twist my finger ever so slowly; not really pushing any further in, just playing where I am. And I suck firmly.

"Am I good?" A lick; but no answer, or at least not fast enough, so I move off you.

"Good, yes, it's good." OK, more licks for you.

"Am I a good girl?"

"Yes, Shar, you're fucking amazing!"

Yes, I am. Thank you. That is what I wanted to hear.

My finger is inside you now up to the knuckle, and I don't force it further, but move it forwards and back ever so slightly, so that my knuckle rubs against the ring of your muscle each time. In time with my finger I move my head now, up and down the length of your cock. I can't take you all of the way inside my mouth, not at this angle, so I let my hand make up for the parts I can't reach.

It must be a lot of sensation—squeezing, licking, sucking, swirling, pressing, tonguing, pulling, and still my finger moving in your ass. I almost wish I could climb on top of your stiff dick now and ride you to your orgasm and mine, but there's no way I'd fit on the sofa, and actually, I would rather concentrate fully on you. There's so much I can do!

Your hips now push against me; fall, and push again. I know what you're doing. You're trying to speed me up. Are you getting closer? Well, it's not your call, this time. I'm doing this. As you push more quickly, I slow down. Quicker from you; again slower from me. Keep it up, lover, and I'll stop completely. There. You figured that out pretty fast, and your body rests back down again. That's right. It's my game today. I bet you're waiting for me to at least resume the speed of my former rhythm. I don't, though.

Are you like me? Does a really slow rhythm just drive you crazy? Is it frustrating-sexy? Let's see. All signs point to yes! But if you are like me, then when you do come, it will as hard and fast as a freight train. I lift my head just a bit so I can look you in the eyes. Do you like watching me suck you? Even though the angle is wrong, I force myself as far down your shaft as I possibly can, and roll my lips down onto you so that I leave a ring of red-brown lipstick on you. I know you can see that, and I know you like it. "Shar was here."

Without the increased rhythm as my guide, your orgasm almost takes me by surprise. A throbbing from the vein on your underside, a sudden tightening, almost a clutching: these are my only cues, and it all happens so fast. A freight train indeed, and your violent buck almost throws me off you. I can't catch all of your seed in my mouth; some splashes on my lips and cheeks, and as I hold you, more swells out of your tip and runs down the side, a volcano of cum. "About a tablespoon," I've always read, but that can't be accurate. I hold you without moving till your motions subside. Keeping my hand in place, I lick you slowly, cleaning every drop, with some stray licks besides, just because, my eyes on your face so I'll catch the very moment your eyes open again. You don't need to say a thing now, lover; your whole body is radiating a "good" at me and I feel as if I've come myself, even though I know I'll need an actual release later.

I pull your robe back over you (I know how you can chill once the heat has passed), and—do you see how I keep my dress from gaping when I move?—I rise. I can't suppress a satisfied smile. I know when I've done well. I know when I've been good.

It might sound downright boastful to hum, so I keep my song inside as I slip off to the bathroom to tidy up. But I'm still smiling when I come back. You go back to the paper, dearest. I can amuse myself in the other room.

I didn't even hear you get up, but you're behind me so swiftly, one arm around my waist, the other hand in my hair, your breath in my ear.

"Shar." I breathe with you. "Bad girl. You know I have work to do."

Bad. Good. I walk the line, as always. I keep silent, waiting. What will tip the balance in my favor? For that matter, which way would I choose it to fall?

Your hand on my throat, then: "Fetch me your brush."

Oh... that way.

"Yes, James."

I deliver it to your hand, not without a tremor. What else can I do?

"Bend over, Shar, and lift your skirt. Take your punishment like a good girl."

Yes, I will, like a ...

Only time for a small curl of my lip before the first stinging blow, hot and sore.

So good.

SHARAZADE - I'm a professional writer, editor, and consultant with more than 20 books published under another name. I divide my time among Asia, Africa, the Middle East, and the U.S. Not surprisingly, many of my stories tend to feature some aspect of travel--modes of

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If you enjoyed this story, you are welcome to check out my collection of short stories:

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Banging the Bridesmaid by Tessie L'Amour

“Damn it.” Tyler scratched his ear and wondered how he’d gotten roped into this. Behind him, he could hear a soft murmur which must be the catering people setting up for the reception. He wondered where Cheryl had gotten to, and how the hell he was going to make amends with a woman he barely knew. Make amends on behalf of Zach, who should be down here fixing his own problems for once. He sighed and shook his head.

It wouldn’t be the first time he’d done Zach’s dirty work. There’d been the time Zach had not shown up for the U.H.C. game, despite being captain. Their college soccer coach stormed around, threatening to throw Zach off the team, until Tyler made up some bullshit story about Zach’s brother being in accident and smoothed things over. When Zach showed up in their dorm room grinning about making it with Candy Donatello, Tyler didn’t yell, just warned him about the cover story. Then there’d been the time when Zach screwed up and accepted invitations from two different girls to the Sadie Hawkins dance. When they both showed up, one flew into a rage and left, while the other burst into tears. With Zach nowhere to be seen, Tyler had been the one to comfort the poor girl and feed her some lame excuse about the other girl being delusional. After almost an hour, she calmed down. Zach appeared and took her to the dance, while Tyler was left to find his date and apologize for being late.

Though they’d been close in college, Tyler hadn’t heard much from Zach in the past three years, and hadn’t made a lot of effort either. He had frankly been shocked when Zach called him up out of the blue and asked him to be best man at his wedding, though Tyler was starting to wonder if he hadn’t been a late replacement for somebody else. It figured if he was.

Tyler hadn’t even met the bride or the rest of the wedding party until the day before at the rehearsal dinner. Zach introduced him as “my best friend from college,” and Tyler didn’t argue, just smiled and said hello to everybody. The bride-to-be, Cheryl, greeted him warmly, but they didn’t have a chance to talk before the dinner started. She seemed very nice, though perhaps not the sharpest tool in the shed. Of course, she couldn’t be and stay around Zach long enough to get married. A little chubby perhaps, and a little too small on top, but pretty enough. Still, she surprised Tyler. He wouldn’t have believed “pretty enough” would be enough to hold Zach, who spent most of the dinner chatting up Kate, Cheryl’s good friend and bridesmaid. Kate was a true knockout, and a lot more Zach’s style, but there was no accounting for love.

Unfortunately for Zach, Cheryl finally noticed how much attention Zach was spending on Kate and had flown into a snit this morning, threatening to call off the wedding. Zach begged Tyler to go after her, reassure her, and like a chump, Tyler agreed. One of these days, Zach was going to have to clean up his own messes, but Tyler would have to learn to say no first.

Turning a corner in the hallway, Tyler caught a glimpse of somebody ducking into the bridesmaid’s dressing room. It might be Kate, but she’d been upstairs when Tyler came down. He walked down the hall and stood outside the door listening. Sure enough, someone inside was sniffing. It had to be Cheryl.

Tyler rubbed his forehead. How did he get himself into these situations? He must be a pushover. He started to walk away. Zach could take care of his own issues. Then he stopped, and looked back at the door. Hmm. Walking back, Tyler swallowed hard and then knocked on the door. Could he pull this off?

“Go away!”

“Kate, I know you’re in there,” Tyler said earnestly. “Open up. It’s really important.”

“I’m not... go away. I’m busy.”

“Kate, you have to help me.” Tyler opened the door a crack and flipped off the light.

“Wait, what are you doing?”

Cheryl’s voice was confused and scared, and Tyler knew he only had a moment to convince her. “It’s okay, Kate. It’s me, Tyler, the best man.”

“Um, what is it, Tyler? Why did you turn off the lights?”

Tyler grinned. This just might work. “I didn’t want anybody to catch us,” he said, slipping inside and closing the door. The only light was a dim flicker from a modem incongruously sitting on the floor in the back of the dressing room.

“What do you mean, catch us?” Cheryl asked in a guarded tone.

“Kate, I’m in a bad way, I really am. You’ve just got to help me.” Tyler stepped closer.

“Help with what?” Cheryl asked, curiosity winning over her caution.

“I didn’t think I’d need to. I mean, this is really awkward, but you see, I hadn’t met the bride before.”

“Tyler, what are you talking about?”

“Kate,” Tyler went on. Every time he called her that and she didn’t correct him made it more likely she would keep pretending. “I have to ask you, beg you really, for the Bridesmaid’s Boon. I’m sorry to ask, but the bride. Oh my god.”

“Slow down. What is the Bridesmaid’s thingie, and what do you mean about the bride?” Cheryl sounded confused but very curious, and Tyler grinned to himself.

“You don’t know about the Bridesmaid’s Boon? How could they not tell you? I mean, it’s not official or anything of course, but I thought... Oh, never mind. Forget I asked.”

“No, really, I want to know,” Cheryl pleaded. “Tell me what it is, and what it has to do with m- with the bride.”

Tyler cleared his throat and sat down on the chair. His eyes were adjusting, and he could see Cheryl’s silhouette leaning toward him. “It’s, oh gosh. It’s kind of awkward to talk about. Are you sure you want to know? We can just forget it.”

“No, go on. Really, it’s okay.”

“See, it’s tradition that when the best man, that’s me, has to be around the bride, but only if she’s really attractive you know, he... I can’t say it.”

“You, you think the bride, Cheryl, you think she’s attractive?”

“Are you kidding? When Zach introduced us, I couldn’t figure out what to say. I practically came in my pants. Sorry, that was crude.”

“No, it’s okay,” said Cheryl shyly. “You don’t think she’s, you know, a little heavy?”

Tyler laughed. “I’m sorry, I know you’re her friend and all, Kate, and it must be hard to be around someone that gorgeous and not feel a little insecure, but you’ve got to be kidding.”

There was silence, and Tyler could almost hear Cheryl disbelieving, but wanting to believe.

“Anyway,” Tyler went on quickly, “when that happens, it’s kind of traditional, customary, for the bridesmaid to... to help out,” he finished lamely.

“Help out?” Cheryl said, then gasped. “You mean, distract him?”

Tyler nodded, and said, “I’m sorry, it’s pretty embarrassing. If Cheryl were an ordinary girl, I could just jerk off in the bathroom, but she’s got that amazing ass. I’m afraid of making a fool of myself.”

There was another long pause, broken by a small giggle. “So, you want me to what, help out?”

“Oh, Kate, if you would. Maybe just a blow job would... I’d be able to stand there with her and not have everybody in the audience staring at me.”

“That seems awfully, I mean, we couldn’t,” Cheryl said, sounding both offended and amused.

“No, I understand.” Tyler stood up. He was sporting quite a hard-on just from the conversation, and he made sure he pressed against Cheryl accidentally so that her hand bumped it in the dark.

“Oh, gosh, Tyler, is that your...?”

“I’m sorry, Kate. I can’t help it.”

Cheryl reached out her hand tentatively and felt the hardness in his trousers. “Wow, you’ve got it bad,” she said.

“It’s okay. I’m sorry to bother you,” Tyler said, moving past her toward the door.

He had his hand on the doorknob when she said, “Okay, I’ll help.”

“Oh, Kate, that would be awesome,” Tyler said, scarcely believing his ears. He hurried back to the chair, stumbling against a table in the darkened room.

“Somebody is eager,” Cheryl said, and giggled. “But Tyler, you can’t tell anybody.”

“I won’t.”

“No, I mean nobody. Once we’re upstairs, you have to act like we haven’t even met each other.”

“Kate, I promise. Nobody will know. You are the best.” Tyler stopped as he felt Cheryl’s hands on his chest, gently pushing him into the chair. He sat back, seriously hard and relishing what was about to happen.

Cheryl ran her hands down his sides until she reached his waist. Kneeling, she reached out, then hesitated. Finally, she moved her hand slowly to his pants and unbuttoned the tuxedo pants. Tyler’s erection pressed against her hand, rock hard and urgent. Slowly, she unzipped his zipper, and then caressed his cock through his underwear.

Tyler groaned. Her touch, though feather soft, felt agonizing in his current state. He shifted, pushing himself against her hand.

“You are eager,” Cheryl said, and slid the underwear down, releasing Tyler’s erection which popped out and strained at her as if it had a mind of its own. Cheryl purred and stroked his shaft gently. “It’s lovely,” she said, her hand caressing him softly.

“Oh, god, uh thanks,” panted Tyler, his body tensed and focused on her silky touch.

His eyes half-closed with the exquisite sensation, Tyler didn’t see but rather felt as Cheryl took the head of his cock into her warm, willing mouth. He felt her tongue circle around the tip, and he squirmed. It was almost too much sensation, but then Cheryl slid him in deeper, her mouth engulfing him and playing with him. God damn, she was good at this. Tyler suddenly had an idea why the *pretty enough* girl had captured Zach’s affections. Any girl who sucked cock this well was worth a dozen bimbos.

Using her mouth as an instrument of exquisite torture, Cheryl slid him in and out, raking the sensitive skin with her teeth one moment, sucking and creating a vacuum the next. In no time, Tyler felt his penis constricting. He knew he would blow soon, and a glorious explosion it would be.

Then she slid him out, and he whimpered, raising his hips to try to reach her mouth. She laughed softly. “I’m not sure this is helping, Tyler. You seem very stiff.”

Tyler looked down at her. By the light of the modem, he could just see her pouty lips inches from his raging erection. He thought about where Zach might be, and how he’d feel if he

saw his pretty little bride, due to stand at the altar with him in just an hour or two, with her lips around another man's cock, and not just any man, but the best man. "May the best man win," he murmured to himself.

"What's that?" Cheryl asked, looking up at him.

"God, Kate, you are good. Damn good, but I don't know."

She stopped moving. "You don't know what?"

Tyler went on, trying to speak calmly though everything in him wanted to be back in her mouth. "This feels so good, but I'm going to be in that chapel, and the bride, Cheryl, is going to be standing there so close. I'm sorry, I shouldn't be talking about another girl when you're..."

"No, it's okay," she said. "What about, um, Cheryl?"

"She's going to be so close and with that low-cut wedding dress, she's going to be, they're going to be, right there."

Cheryl stood slowly. "Her breasts, you mean?"

Tyler groaned again, though this time on purpose. "Oh, those breasts. I'm afraid I'll just reach out, have to touch them right there in church."

"Would it help to touch mine?"

"I don't know, Kate. I guess I could try." Tyler watched in disbelief as Cheryl slipped off her shift. He wondered when she should be getting her gown on, but lost the thought as Cheryl unsnapped her bra and let her breasts swing freely.

Even in the low light, Tyler could see that they were small, but well formed. Without saying anything, he reached up one hand, then the other, and gently touched the sides of Cheryl's breasts. Tentatively, gently, he caressed them until his hands cupped her tenderly. When his fingertips grazed her nipples, puckered and stiff with excitement, Cheryl let out a moan, almost a mew. Tyler let his warm breath blow on Cheryl's nipple and she moaned again, then leaned toward him so that his lips touched her. He kissed around one breast, then moved to the other, as her breathing became more rapid.

"Kate," he said, a little breathlessly, "you've got to get a better dress designer."

"What?" Cheryl said, pulling away from him.

"Last night, at the dinner, Zach and I were talking about you..." He trailed off and waited.

"What did Zach say about... about me?" Cheryl said angrily.

"Oh, it was nothing. You know guys, we talk."

"What did he say?"

"He didn't mean anything, I'm sure, but he thought your breasts were fake. He said if a guy wanted to play with beach balls, he should go to the beach. I'm sorry, because these aren't fake. They're so damn real, and so beautiful."

"He didn't. He wasn't attracted to K- to me." Cheryl said, a quaver in her voice.

"I'm sorry," Tyler said, squeezing all the sincerity he could into his words. "He's so totally smitten with Cheryl. I mean, I'm attracted to you, but Zach? I can hardly believe he looked at you long enough to notice... you know."

Cheryl said nothing, but pulled his face back down and let him suckle on her breasts. He could almost feel her smiling. Feeling brave, Tyler slid his hands down Cheryl's side and stroked her ass while he kissed and nibbled her. Cheryl's breathing grew louder, and he could feel her heart pounding.

Suddenly, she pulled away, her breathing ragged and quick. She stared at him, examining his face in the tiny light. Tyler held still, hardly daring to move, wondering what she would do.

Without a word, Cheryl pulled back further, but only to get access to her panties. In one quick move, she pushed them down to her ankles, and stepped away from them. Tyler could smell her sweet, musky aroma and breathed in deeply, but still said nothing.

Cheryl moved closer, putting one hand on his chest and sliding it across until she touched his nipple. Tyler gasped at the sensation, more sensitive than he would have expected. Cheryl pushed him down and climbed over him, straddling him. Tyler let her take the lead as she reached down and guided his cock against her warm, sopping cunt. She rubbed the head against her opening, and Tyler had trouble stopping himself from cumming. Not now. Not yet.

Cheryl panted harder and harder, rubbing her clitoris against the head of his cock until she let out a guttural cry, her body jerking with the orgasm that ripped through her. Tyler waited until she settled down, then pulled her forward. Cheryl slid onto his cock, and he could feel the contractions as her orgasm subsided.

Slowly, Cheryl started to move up and down, impaling herself more fully on him. Tyler squeezed her ass, gritted his teeth and tried to hold off, but the feeling was too strong, and he came in torrents, deep inside her. Both gasping for air, they clung together.

At last, Cheryl pushed away. "Oh, God, I've got to get ready," she said, pulling her clothes back on. "How late is it? Zach is going to be frantic. I mean, somebody has to help the bride get ready." She got her clothes on while Tyler watched her silently. "Did that help?" she said suddenly, and with a surprising note of tenderness.

"More than you'll ever know, Kate," Tyler said. "You are one of a kind"

* * *

"There you are," Zach said with an irritated scowl. "What happened? Is Cheryl going through with it?"

"Absolutely," Tyler said, grinning.

"What did you say? She makes such a big fucking deal out of every little thing. Do you think I'm making a mistake here? Do you think she's right for me?" Zach asked, a genuine note of anxiety in his voice.

"I think she's perfect for you," Tyler said earnestly. "But I still want to know, why didn't you go find her yourself?"

Zach looked away. "I was busy, you know, getting ready. It's my wedding, for god sakes. There are a lot of things to do."

Tyler looked him up and down. He straightened Zach's collar and brushed lint off his shoulder. He looked at Zach and shook his head slightly, though Zach clearly didn't notice. "As I said, you two are perfectly suited. But, Zach..."

Zach looked up expectantly, waiting for him to finish.

Tyler paused, then gestured at Zach's pants. "A word to the wise, buddy. You might want to zip up before the ceremony." With that, he turned and walked out the door.

TESSIE L'AMOUR - There is nothing I like more than to lounge on the sofa near a blazing fire, reading my fantasies aloud to my husband until he can't take it any more. Sometimes, I wait until he has a friend or two over, and I talk them into role-playing my sexier stories. I can get very carried away, but my husband doesn't mind... and neither do his friends.

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Dream a Little Dream by Sessha Batto

Arthur considered suicide. He hummed tonelessly, turning the various options over in his mind as he sought the perfect one. Gas was too uncertain, a gun too messy. As he was mulling the pros and cons of a simple overdose, it came to him.

“What are you thinking so hard about?” His brother’s voice burst the bubble of Arthur’s near epiphany.

“Why are we doing this? Fishing has got to be the most boring activity on the planet. I doubt there’s even any fish in this lake.” After deftly parrying Martin’s question with one of his own he didn’t wait around for the answer, picking up his rod and meandering down the bank.

“Where are you going?” His brother’s anxious call prickled the hairs on the back of Arthur’s neck. The man had eyes, it should be obvious. Instead of replying he merely shrugged, tilting his head in the direction he was heading. “Well, don’t go far,” the relentless voice continued. “We need to leave soon.”

He breathed a sigh of relief when he made it far enough around the curve of the lake’s edge to be unseen and unheard. The constant, none-too-secret, surveillance his family and friends had him under left him struggling to breathe. He continued pushing his way through the tangled deadfall that lay just shy of the water until he was certain he hadn’t been followed.

Arthur stretched out on a flat rock, pulling out the sketchbook he’d stuffed in his pants and digging in the bottom of his tackle box for a stick of charcoal. For the thousandth time his hand began to trace lines more familiar than his own face.

“You have to stop this.” The tenuous whisper brushed his cheek, a wavering touch like a moth taking flight.

“You know I’ve tried.” Arthur also knew his words fell on jaded ears. “Just one last time.”

“You keep saying that.” The voice was stronger now, the smudges on the page dancing in sympathy. “You need to let me go.”

His fingers caressed the contours of a sharp cheekbone, translating the velvety nap of the well-worked paper into silky flesh. “How can I possibly do that? Without this, I have nothing.”

“I am nothing. You and I both know I’m not real.” The mournful tone was in sharp contrast to the hand rubbing a soothing circle between Arthur’s shoulder blades. “I know you’re planning something. Are you going to fill me in?”

“No, it isn’t important.” It wasn’t really a lie. The sensation of his desire made flesh was enough to override his urge for self-destruction. “I just want to enjoy our time together.”

“You need a living, breathing, lover, not some smeary lines on a torn piece of paper.” Shadowed hands slid over Arthur’s arms, goose flesh rising in their wake. “This is a fantasy.”

“Mmmhmm,” he hummed idly, turning to capture plump, velvety lips with his own. The kiss was warm and deep, sending electric sparks tumbling down his spine in his own personal fireworks display. The urge to deepen the connection was irresistible, and so their tongues slid against each other, neither willing to yield. Arthur had never before felt such an irresistible yearning- the taste was addictive, overwhelming, and marked him as clearly as the graphite streaks darkening his lips and winding their way across his torso.

His breath caught, time slowing to a crawl as a gossamer hand wrapped around his burgeoning erection. Two rough strokes, hot silk and electricity spiraling up his spine and tearing loose a rough groan. “Oh gods, yes.”

A needy moan escaped his throat when a hard cock pressed urgently against his, and that maddening hand returned to wrap around them both. A hot mouth latched onto his nipple as his lover began to stroke, hand squeezing slightly as they thrust together. Their mouths mated, swallowing twin gasps as a thumb swiped through pearly drops of precum. A slick finger pushed through his tight pucker and all coherent thought dissolved into a ragged prayer to a deity Arthur had been certain he didn't believe in.

The slow slide of his lover's cock seemed to go on forever, impossibly deep, and he wondered if, perhaps, the shadowy figure would disappear inside him completely. After what seemed an eternity it reversed, taunting him with an aching slow rhythm. No matter how he squirmed and begged, the measured pace never faltered. Each brush to his prostate tightened the hot coil inside of him, and he felt his balls drawing up tighter and tighter, like a spring ready for flight.

A ghostly hand wrapped loosely around his erection, the light teasing strokes matching the pace of the tongue ruthlessly mapping his mouth. Even now, Arthur spared a moment for his obsession, deciding that forgetting to breathe due to pleasure might, indeed, be the best way to die.

A hard thrust to his prostate pushed him over the edge, molten lightning surging up from his balls as the world greyed out around him. When his eyes fluttered open they met with the heart-stopping sight of his lover daintily licking the seed from his chest.

"Arthur, it's time to go." His brother's strident call broke through the spell he was under.

"Five more minutes. I'll meet you at the car." Another whirlwind of kisses and then he was stumbling back through the brush, marks of his transgression starkly dappling pale flesh.

He watched the judgment settle on Martin's normally placid features, yet shrugged it off. The meddling concerns of his so-called loved ones were of no regard in this. "What?"

The tense silence blanketing the car lifted only slightly. "You could at least pretend." The accusation was unexpected and Arthur considered it carefully before answering.

"I could. Would that make it better?"

"Better is relative. At least no one could accuse me of complicity." His brother was making the face again, cheeks puffed out, brows drawn low, and forehead furrowed. It was his serious face, the one that always telegraphed bad news. "Mom wants to have you committed."

"That isn't so easy." Arthur's glib reply did nothing to ease the tension and he wasn't surprised when the car glided to a stop on the shoulder.

He didn't resist the hand cupping his cheek, turning to regard the once mirror of Martin's features. "I want to be on your side, you know I do. But I'm worried about you."

"I'll be fine," he soothed. "I'm not hurting anyone. I know it can't go on forever. I'm just not ready to stop yet. Soon, I promise."

"You swear?"

"Cross my heart." Sharp eyes searched for the lie behind his words, but their inherent sincerity must have been convincing. The car slid back into traffic, and Arthur slid back into his contemplation of the perfect death.

The next few weeks were filled with stolen moments and the search for epiphany. His friends stopped meeting his gaze, eyes skittering past the bruised tones of his skin to rest on the nothingness behind him. Their discomfort only fueled his frantic quest to either hold on to what he had, or find a permanent solution to his situation.

Even his lover pressured him, waiting until he lay limp and boneless, still panting from his release. "You can't continue on like this."

“You sound like you don’t want to be here.” Arthur’s hurt leaked into the words.

“I should say that.” A surprisingly strong hand kneaded the muscles of his neck, and Arthur turned away, forcing his limbs to stop trembling. “I should . . . but I can’t. I’ve come to care for you.”

The reluctant response, and the brilliant smile it wrung from the usually somber Arthur, touched off another round of heated kisses. Hands roamed over all the skin they could reach, painting new marks of possession across creamy flesh.

Ironically, when he was most lost in the embrace of his shadow lover, he was closest to the answer he so desperately sought. Recognition simmered in the dark corners of his mind, pushed into hiding by the intoxication of one more perfect kiss.

When it hit him Arthur almost rejected the idea. Too trite, too pat, too sappily sweet. But it called to him, whispering in the long dark hours of the night, and piercing through the drone of disapproval that blanketed his waking hours.

“What have you done?” The gossamer whisper almost went unnoticed.

“I’m going to join you.” Arthur’s confession released the tight knot of lingering tension inside him. “I’ve been planning it for a long time.”

“There is no me without you.” The aching sadness in his phantom lover’s voice had him searching the familiar features, hoping he had misinterpreted. “I will miss you.”

Their last kiss. Arthur was torn between laughing and crying, his shoulders shaking, the taste of blood on his lips. He wanted to apologize but plump lips covered his, the taste of blood growing stronger. Too late, he realized their stolen kisses weren’t enough, would never be enough. He couldn’t remember what his lover tasted like, so he cried harder.

“I’m tired,” Arthur’s eyelids drooped, fluttering in time with the beats of his heart.

“Then sleep.” The husky whisper was infinitely gentle, shadow hands clutching him tightly. “Just close your eyes and rest.”

“Kiss me again?” His eyes closed, the lids giving up the battle to stay open, stress and pain softening away.

“Dream of me. I’ll kiss you when you wake.”

SESSHA BATTO - Sessha turned to writing full time after a twenty year stint in video production editing, scripting and creating motion graphics. Her first novel Strength of Will is currently being edited for re-release. Her Celtic fairy tale Amadan na Briona is part of eightcuts gallery’s Once Upon a Time in a Gallery exhibit. Her short story The Poetry Game is included in New Sun Rising:Stories for Japan, an anthology for tsumani relief. Originally from Belfast, she lives in the States with her husband, son, very old cat and too many swords.

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Ambassador by Nobilis Reed

“Oh, Miss Walker, you’re finally here.” The man scrambled from behind his desk to shake her hand.

Kay put down her travel bag so she could accept the handshake. “You’re Mister Chumley, then?”

His grip was weak and trembling, and the haunted look in his eyes betrayed many sleepless nights. In the photos she had been given, his posture had been proud, but those broad shoulders were now stooped, like those of a man twice his age. “Yes, yes, Victor Chumley, that’s right, that’s right. I hope you had a pleasant trip? Can I get you some water, maybe something to eat? They have food we can eat here. Haha, of course they do, what am I saying? Let me get some for you, okay, Miss Walker?” He spoke too quickly, the words tumbling over each other to get out.

“You can call me Kay. That won’t be necessary. I ate before the transference. You’re going home.”

“I am? Oh, oh...” Relief washed some of the stress out of his face, and while he didn’t look any less broken, at least he wasn’t going to collapse in pieces on the floor.

She patted his hand lightly. “Everything will be just fine. I’ll pick up where you left off.” A little knot of tension sprang up in her stomach, causing a wave of nausea. She let go of his hand again, and it quelled. This was going to take some getting used to.

“What? No. Oh, no. Oh, nonono. I can’t ask anyone to go through what I’ve gone through. It’s too much.”

“Ambassador, you were unprepared for this post. You were prepared for reports, presentations, meetings, committees--everything except what you found. When your first reports got back to Earth, the Department knew immediately that you didn’t have the right skills. That’s why they sent me.”

“You—you know what happens here, and you came willingly?”

“I have special qualifications.”

“I don’t know.” Victor glanced around the room, as if the walls were about to suddenly crash in on him. “I don’t know if anyone is prepared for this. The affinity—you don’t know what it does to you.”

“Mister Chumley, I worked in one of the most exclusive escort services in Berlin for six years. I built up a reputation as the girl who would do anything, with anyone, and do it with a smile. I really don’t think there’s anything here that is going to be more than I can handle. The scans and samples you provided ruled out the possibility that there would be any medical consequences. Given that,” she shrugged. “I’m ready for anything.”

“I have a better idea. You and I take the files, the records, and just go. We’ve gotten a wealth of new information, enough for us to declare success and just go home. Nobody will blame us.”

“Mister Chumley, think of me like a highly paid mercenary. I have been paid to perform a mission, and I am going to perform it.”

“If you say so, Miss Walker. I warned you.”

“Duly noted. I assume all your reports and files are up-to-date?”

“Yes, yes, of course. Yes. Let me show you.” He went back to his desk and laid his hand on a small plastic board, in the center of a glowing orange outline. His eyes glazed over for a

moment, and then he pulled them away again. “There. I’ve given you access to everything. All you need to do is register.”

“Interesting. Alien technology, yes?” She sat down and put her hands into the two outlines, and the virtual interface of the computer sprang up in her mind’s eye. She opened a few files at random and scanned them, making sure that she had the access she needed, then disconnected. “That seems to be in order.” She set the panel down and turned toward Victor. “Now I want you to brief me.”

“It’s all there in the reports...”

“Victor. You and I both know that not everything makes it into the reports. This transition will run more smoothly if you do this personally.”

“I... I don’t want to think about it. I just want to go home. Don’t you see? I just want to go home!”

Kay had a job to do, but Victor needed stability. She stood up and put her hands on his shoulders. It was a gentle touch, but he flinched. “Let me help you,” she said.

As the contact continued, she could feel a trembling take hold in her fingers, and a weakness in her knees. It felt natural, like the fear was her own, but she rode it out until she felt the tension drain out of his shoulders. His expression softened, and he sighed.

Kay smiled. “There now.”

“Thank you.”

She kept her hands there, letting the effect continue. “I was briefed on the affinity effect back on Earth. I understand how a little sharing of emotions can help the diplomatic process, but one thing seemed a little confusing. How does it help with the language problems?”

“The affinity effect goes far beyond mere empathy. The closer the contact, the deeper the affinity; at the deepest levels you can transmit information and ideas freely. Most of the races here speak languages we can never hope to learn in any degree of fluency. We just can’t make the sounds, when their languages even use sound at all. But to get to those deep levels of affinity...”

“You need to have intimate contact. I see how it works. I also see how threatening it could be.” Kay could feel the trembling subsiding. “Victor, I want to ask you a very big favor.”

“Yes?”

“I want you to show me this deep affinity.”

He gave a puzzled look, and then his mouth fell open. “Oh, my.” He pulled away, his gaze dancing away to the corners of the room. “I don’t think the Department would condone that kind of thing.”

“The Department isn’t here. And the sooner you can give me the information I need, the sooner you can get back home.”

“But... my wife...”

“I’m sure she’ll be happy to see you.” Kay extended her hand. He took it, and Kay felt a fresh blossoming of fear. The aliens terrified him, true, but the affinity effect scared him too. He had been brave indeed to face it for the three weeks he was stranded here. “Where do these meetings happen?”

“Each embassy has a place, a sanctuary of a kind, where they can make the guest ambassador comfortable—at least physically. Let me show you.” He let go of her hand and crossed to a side door, which opened at his touch. Beyond it lay a circular room about four meters in diameter, with portals scattered around the walls and ceiling. A soft amber light shone from the ceiling, illuminating a shallow bowl-shaped floor scattered with pillows.

“Very nice. It’s missing a few things, but it’s workable.” She wrapped an arm around his waist and led him into the room. She went slowly, monitoring his feelings through her own, trying to keep him from slipping into full-on panic. “Let’s just sit here a while.” Kay pulled up a large firm pillow and sat him down on it, then took another and sat at his feet. Gently, she took off his plain black shoes and began massaging.

He let out a deep sigh as her fingers deftly worked out the knots in his muscles. It was becoming easier for her to segregate his feelings from her own, recognize the ones that were alien to her. It felt a little like a drug, operating on the most primal parts of her mind. She tried to analyze the feelings, the guilt and shame and anxiety that did not normally form a part of her professional life, to find if there was anything that would identify them as foreign.

The feelings faded, however, gradually eroded by the sea of comfort and good will that she sent to him along with the massage. There was little reaction when she gently removed his shirt and turned him over to work on his back. “This doesn’t seem too unpleasant,” she said, keeping her voice low. He murmured some vague syllables of agreement.

There were some stirrings when she turned him over again, and laid gentle kisses on his forehead and lips, but they faded quickly. His emotions stirred again, a mix of guilt and anticipation, when she opened his trousers and wrapped her lips around his flaccid cock. Slowly, that tension melted into the warmth of arousal.

She was not one of those women who walled herself off from the people she serviced, but she wasn’t used to getting turned on this soon in an encounter. Usually she relied on fantasy or memory in order to ignite those emotions. Not this time.

Victor’s desire was flowing into her through the affinity, lighting fires wherever it went. Regardless of the source, her body was reacting. Her breath came sharper. The room felt warmer. She could smell not only his scent coming up, but also her own, even through her clothes.

“You see?” he said, in between breaths. “Even like this...”

She decided she wasn’t going to worry that her body wasn’t reacting the way she expected. After all, wasn’t it a good thing to be turned on during sex? Who cared whether the arousal was home-grown or imported. She was going to enjoy it just the same—and maybe even learn something. Surprised, yes. She was surprised The single-minded maleness of the drive, the unrelenting, testosterone-fueled power, was very unfamiliar. But that didn’t make it any less appealing.

While she was sucking his cock, she quickly pulled off her clothes. This skill had served her well in Berlin, but this time there was an added urgency. She wanted him in a way she had never wanted a man before in her life. It didn’t matter who he was, it didn’t matter that he’d be leaving in a matter of hours, it didn’t matter that she’d probably never see him again in her life. She needed to fuck him, and needed to fuck him now.

She climbed up onto him, took his cock in her hand, and lowered herself onto it, driving his hips into the pillow underneath. She gasped as the sensation broke through, feeling not only the delicious fullness of being penetrated, but also the incredible pleasure of being the penetrator. Simultaneously, she was the fucker and the fuck-ee, riding and ridden, dominant and submissive. She could feel his hand on her breast, and feel her breast in his hand. The buoyant, driving, ecstatic synergy was like nothing she had ever felt. She cried out, growling and weeping and squealing in pleasure. Her mind was a shout caught in an endless echo chamber of ecstasy, an image caught between two mirrors.

Orgasm came quickly, more quickly than she had ever had before, and with far more power. Her heart thudded in her chest, sweat broke out everywhere, and their combined screams echoed from the bare walls, and then...

She was not alone. Victor's thoughts were there, a mostly-unintelligible mass of impressions, thoughts and feelings, until one finally rose to the surface.

>>Thank you.<<

>>That was incredible,<< she replied. Communicating in this environment was instantaneous and effortless. >>I should be the one thanking you, but I understand.<< Of course she understood. The information was right there, offered to her, and she took it.

His mind had been coming apart. He dreaded every day working at the embassy, but going home was just as scary. Would anyone be able to help him? How could they heal a mind that had endured things no human had ever endured? But those worries were gone now. By bringing him here, into the affinity, and giving him a human mind to connect to, she had saved him. Like a cast, guiding a broken limb into its proper shape, her mind gave him the support he needed to pull himself together. He wasn't healed, not yet, but she could see he had the resources to do it now.

>>Now comes the hard part,<< he thought. >>My memories, plans, all my thoughts of my work here. It isn't pretty.<< The experience of contact with Victor through the affinity wasn't a strictly visual one, but her mind resolved the memories as a ball of sticky black bubbles, held together with slime and webbing and wire.

She hesitated. She could feel Victor's unease radiating through their link, and no matter how she prepared herself, it would not be pleasant to absorb those memories. The fear reflected back to her from Victor and she knew that the more she waited, the harder the job would be. Bracing herself, she sent back, >>Go ahead.<<

The memories enveloped her. The terrifying encounters flashed through her too fast to interpret, but the emotional context was clear. This man held a profound shame about sex, which was violated and inflamed every time he needed to contact one of the other races. Knowledge came with these images, knowledge of trade deals and technology transfers, but they were inconsequential compared to the memories of what he had been forced to do to obtain them. I wondered why a man with so many issues would take this job.

The torrent ended abruptly, and Kay felt the contact fade. She became aware of her surroundings to find herself still straddling him, though his softened cock had slipped out. The strange sexual urge that had taken her was gone, and she felt a strange combination of relief and loss. She rolled onto a nearby pillow and let out a long, calming breath.

Victor's eyes, clearer and steadier, regarded her. "Will you be alright?"

"I think so. Now that the contact is broken, the memories don't have the same emotional impact. I'll be able to handle things, I'm sure."

"Good. I wouldn't want to hurt you."

She smiled. "I know."

"I guess that doesn't leave much to say, does it?"

"No. It doesn't."

He chuckled and pulled himself up off the floor. "I guess I'll go pack up my desk. Let me know if you need anything." As he collected his clothes, Kay saw that he stood with shoulders a bit straighter, back a bit less bowed.

Kay didn't bother getting dressed. "I think I'll just get cleaned up."

“Oh, certainly. There’s a bath over in the residential pod, behind the office.” He helped Kay to her feet.

“I know. That’s where I’ll be. I need some time to process all this.” Kay tapped her temple, walking past him on her way to the bath. The briefing she had received on Earth had told her that she’d have to operate alone for three months before anyone would be coming to relieve her. Skimming through the memories Victor had given her, she felt confident that she could do the job. Where her predecessor had felt guilt, shame, and humiliation at the encounters he had gone through, for her it was the assignment of a lifetime. She bent down and pressed the blue button on the spigot aimed at the tub. The green button, she knew, would provide an analogue of seawater; the yellow one, the near-boiling sulfurous water of a hot spring. Bathing in either of those wouldn’t be useful.

As the tub filled and she settled down into the shallow basin, she called up the memories Victor had given her. Many seemed familiar, but that didn’t come as a shock. According to the theories advanced by the dimensional scientists, the other worlds that sent ambassadors here were also Earth, but in alternate time-lines where different species had evolved sentience. There were cat-people, dog-people, pig-people, bear-people, parrot-people and dolphin-people, but also elephant-people, crow-people, orca-people, squid-people, and bee-people. There were even a few varieties of dinosaur-people. She was curious about all of them.

The only commonality between them was that they had sex. In every sentient species, the drive to procreate had been sublimated into a drive for physical connection and sexual pleasure. It seemed to be a universal constant, a hard line between animal and not-animal. Here on the Embassy, that was enough.

It would be a challenge, but Kay was ready. She made a mental note to send her first invitation to the dog-people ambassador. From Victor’s memories she knew he had quite a tongue.

NOBILIS REED - A few years ago Nobilis Reed decided to start sharing the naughty little stories he scribbled out in hidden notebooks. To his surprise, people actually liked them! Now, he can’t stop. The poor man is addicted. His wife, teenage children, and even the cats just look on this wretch of a man, hunched over his computer and shake their heads. Clearly, there is no hope for him. The best that can be hoped for is to just make him as comfortable as his condition will allow. Symptoms of his condition include two novels, several novellas, numerous short stories, and the longest-running erotica podcast in the history of the world.

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Same Time Next Year? by Summer Daniels

As my flight finally touched down, my heart began to race even faster.

The long awaited and eagerly anticipated meeting was actually now within reach.

I thought back to how we arrived at this moment in time, meeting online through a posting designed to garner nothing more than a good friend. She had quickly become so much more than that.

The rapid pace of the connection we formed took us both by surprise. A very pleasant surprise, but surprise nonetheless. We quickly became inseparable, yet separated by a great distance as well.

A day without an email or smile from her became insufferable.

Thoughts, dreams, desires, and fantasies; nothing was hidden, nothing was too outrageous. Nothing said that I felt was better left unsaid, no dirty detail spared. It truly felt like for the first time in my life I was not being judged for who I was, but instead celebrated for it.

As I drove towards my hotel, I finalized plans in my head for this, our first meeting.

* * *

I am freshly out of the shower and slipping into nothing but a pair of boxer shorts when the knock comes at the door. I truly cannot believe this moment is here as it felt for the longest time as if we were just kidding ourselves that this day would ever arrive.

I have already given her a set of instructions to follow, and now I guess is the time to see if she will obey me or test my authority.

I open the door and she steps inside, eyes shut and a tentative smile on her lovely face. She seems a little unsure of being here, of having her eyes shut, of listening to my directions. She puts on a brave front, even when I know she is trembling with excitement and nerves underneath her cool exterior.

I just stand there for a moment looking at her, drinking in her every detail, because I know after tonight it will be a long while before we can be together again. As strange as it sounds, I miss her already.

I slowly and quietly move behind her and slip a prepared blindfold over her eyes. I lean close and whisper in her ear, "Just trust me. All will be revealed soon enough."

I gently nudge her forward until she stands in the center of the room. Blindfolded and gorgeous, she awaits my next move.

I reach out and softly stroke her cheek, savoring the moment when I can finally touch her to my heart's content. Her head leans towards me, trying to keep my hand in contact with her flesh.

"Stay still," I say, not harshly, but leaving no room for misinterpretation.

I move behind her again, taking in the womanly curves of her butt through the tight jeans. I bend down and lift the hair away from the nape of her neck and lightly nip her with my teeth. "You know I could mark you as mine so easily right now, don't you?" I say.

"You can do whatever you want with me, however you want, for as long as you want," she responds.

In that moment I truly feel so blessed to have this woman in my life. She is offering herself to me without question, without reservation, without judgment, completely and fully not knowing or caring what I might have in mind. She trusts me that whatever I want, it will be for my pleasure, or hers, or ours. That whatever I ask her, or *tell her*, to do, will never be enough to quench my insatiable thirst for her.

I stand in front of her again, drinking in the vision of her just standing there, awaiting whatever I want to do. The part that warms my heart is that she knows in *her* heart that all I want for her, for us, is to enjoy this stolen moment of pleasure as much as we can. All too soon we will be apart again. For now though, for this moment, I put that out of my mind.

I come closer to her and brush my lips softly against hers. Blindfolded as she is, she senses the closeness and thrusts her body forward slightly, attempting to press herself up against me. Every fiber of her body is quivering, anticipating my touch.

I pull back slightly and raise my hands to her blouse, slowly unbuttoning it, drawing the moment out and making her wait. She is wearing the red lingerie underneath that she sent me a picture of so long ago. Her nipples are straining at the fabric, her arousal evident and obvious.

I unsnap her jeans as well and peel them down her legs, bending down as I do so and breathing in the scent of her essence through the lingerie, breathing deeply of her arousal and moisture. She is moist for me already, and I am truly honored by this level of trust and warmth.

She stands there before me now in only the red lingerie, lips slightly parted in anticipation.

Wanting to keep her guessing, I move behind her again, lightly drawing my fingertips down her back, following my fingers with my tongue. I pause at the top of her ass to tease her senses a little. Keeping my lips where they are, I suddenly snake an arm through her legs and cup her moistening mound from behind, exerting upward pressure with my wrist. I can feel her wetness now on my wrist and this makes my cock stir to full hardness.

I move around in front of her again, pressing myself and my hard cock up against her moist lips, my chest against hers as I kiss her deeply. Her tongue does incredible things in my mouth as her hunger and passion overwhelm me.

I grind my hard cock into her wet lingerie, causing her to moan, and I reach around to grab her ass and pull her even harder into me.

I slowly break contact as I reach down between us and slide my hands into her soaking wetness. I can't believe the heat and how slippery her labia are for me already. It turns me on to the point where I am barely in control as I slide my fingers deep inside her, frustrated at the fabric still between us.

I reluctantly pull my fingers out and bring my wet fingers to her mouth. Instantly her searching tongue laps up her own sweet juices from my fingers, sucking them deep into her mouth, literally almost causing me to cum in my boxer shorts immediately.

I back her up onto the bed, the backs of her knees hitting the bed as she goes down, now sitting before me. I push her back, blindfold still in place, and I press my body into hers once again, but only for a brief moment.

I trail lower with my mouth, teasing and lightly biting at her erect nipples through the sexy red lingerie. I kneel before her on the carpet as I pull the now sopping wet panties from her body and reward myself with my first vision of her lovely wet pussy in front of me.

After literally thousands of emails and far too many months of waiting for this moment, I can wait no longer. I lean forward and touch my tongue to her waiting slit. The way she reacts is extraordinary, as if she has been touched with a cattle prod. She comes immediately, so turned on by the past minutes and the past months that her hips thrust up. Her labia open like the petals of a delicate flower and her juices pour out hot and sweet.

I cannot get enough and I lick the sweet juices as they flow, causing even more to appear. My fingers peel back her labia to expose her clit. It pokes out proudly, swollen and inflamed and my lips close around it as my fingers probe inside.

I tease a fingertip down into her tight ass as well, made wet enough for easy penetration by the juices flowing freely down her spread thighs.

I had teased, taunted, and tempted her for many months about the length and skill of my fingers and I dare not disappoint her now. My fingers delve deep into her as my tongue teases her clit, lightly stroking all around it without touching it, then flicking forward to strike it directly, causing her moans to elevate in volume and intensity.

I reach up and push her knees up, spreading her legs even farther, not content with my position; I want even more from her, I want it all.

As my fingers curl towards the spongy g-spot on her upper wall, she screams and comes again for me, hips bouncing off the bed of their own accord. I can feel her warm wet tunnel clench at my fingers as I do my best to keep my tongue in contact with her.

She slowly comes back down to earth and feebly attempts to push my head away from her now over-sensitive pussy. Instead of allowing her to push me away, I just move lower, trailing kisses down her wet thighs, down to her calves and feet and slowly back up again.

She moans in frustration and says to me, "Please, come up here and kiss me, I need you." Not wanting to disappoint her, but absolutely wanting and needing her to know who is in charge, I reply to her, "You may have that kiss, but on my terms and my timetable."

I crouch above her and tease the end of my rock-hard cock into her sensitive lips. She jerks from the contact to her overheated loins for just an instant before thrusting her hips up and forward to meet my own. I anticipate this move and pull back slightly, only wanting to tease her a little longer.

I rub the swollen head up and down her labia and lightly slap it against her inflamed clit. She moans in both arousal and frustration, repeatedly grinding her hips upwards to try to capture more of my cock in her depths.

Reaching up above me, I rip off her blindfold at the same instant I bear down and thrust deep inside of her, surprising her with both sudden vision and sudden penetration.

The intensity in her gaze tells me that I will be lucky to escape this night in one piece. I truly believe at that moment that she intends to devour me completely, mind, body, and soul.

I smile down at her as I pull my length from her slowly, feeling her velvety tunnel walls clinging to the surface of my pulsing cock. She squeezes her internal muscles, trying to trap me in place so I cannot withdraw, but I simply pull most of the way out and thrust back in again suddenly, unpredictably. I thrust in all the way, pull out, go in only an inch, pull out, slowly and surely revving her engine back up again as her sensitivity disappears as quickly as her juices flow between us.

She growls at me and thrusts her hips higher and harder. "Fuck me baby," she nearly screams as I thrust into her, driving her halfway across the bed with my vigorous thrusting. A fleeting thought runs through my head that the neighboring hotel rooms must be getting quite an earful. That thought disappears as quickly as it had come and I simply take her at her word and fuck her harder.

She is moaning uncontrollably again now and her hips are bouncing on the bed. I want to look into her eyes as she comes this time, as we both come, because I can hold out no longer.

SUMMER DANIELS - I am a recent divorcee who has been on a journey of self-discovery and sexual independence since my divorce. I work as an IT executive by day and a new erotica author by night. You can probably guess which one is more fun!!

My Summer's Journey series is chronicling my journey of sexual self-discovery as I learn a lot about life, love, sexual boundaries and myself.

I have been calling my series True Romance / Erotica. Come find out why. 28 Reviews on Amazon so far - 4.7 out of 5 Stars on Average!

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Fulfillment by Nan Allen

Nan opened the bottle her friend had given her, remembering her words. “Just slip it into a drink or his food and he’ll be out cold in a half hour or so. If you do it with a meal, it will take a bit longer to be absorbed,” Janet had said. “Don’t worry, it can’t hurt him.”

She slipped the mild sedative into Chris’ drink and watched it dissolve into the clear liquid, and then carried it out to the dining room. “Here you go, hon,” Nan said, and set the glass on the table.

Chris took a sip and made a slight grimace before setting it back down. “Do we need to change the filter on the sink tap?”

“I don’t think so. Why?”

“It just tastes a little odd,” Chris said, and then took another sip.

“Maybe they used more of one chemical today,” Nan replied as she moved the food around on her plate. She was too nervous to eat. She didn’t want her plan to blow up in her face by his figuring out she’d given him a sedative.

“Are you feeling okay?”

“I’m fine, just not very hungry. I munched too much when making dinner.”

“Silly,” he replied, and then started talking about what had happened at work. When he was done eating, he finished off the water in one go. “That was great, babe. I’m gonna go watch TV in bed for a bit; I’m starting to get sleepy for some reason.”

“Oh, okay hon, I’ll come check on you in a bit,” Nan said as she brought the dishes into the kitchen. She put the leftovers into the fridge. Maybe later, after her plan was completed, she would be hungry. While Nan waited for him to fall asleep, she cleaned the kitchen and worked on her homework assignment.

After about 45 minutes, Nan sneaked upstairs to check on Chris. He had fallen asleep fully dressed. Nan picked the camera off her bedside table and took a picture of him sound asleep. She carefully undressed him, moving slowly so as not to wake him up, and then she used the restraints they’d bought a few weeks ago to tie his hands securely to the headboard.

Nan took a few more pictures of him, from different angles, and then undressed herself. She sat on the edge of the bed, her fingers lightly tracing up and down his flaccid cock. He twitched but didn’t wake as he slowly got hard. When he was most of the way there, Nan leaned over and sucked gently on just the tip.

“Ohh,” Chris moaned and his eyes fluttered open. He tried to reach out and caress her but discovered he was tied to the bed. “Babe?”

“Hi, sleepy head. Just lie back and enjoy,” Nan said, and then went back to sucking on the tip. She lightly caressed his balls as she let more of his cock slip into her mouth, watching his face through her hair.

“That feels good,” he said as he lifted his hips up to push more of his cock into her mouth. “Take it all in, babe.”

Instead, Nan sat up and smiled at him. “You’re not in charge, darling,” she said as she ran her fingers over his stomach and up his chest. Nan caressed his nipple then leaned over and gently sucked on one as she teased the other with her fingers.

“What ... ohh ... what are you going to do to me?”

“Fulfill one of your fantasies,” she replied vaguely.

“Which one?”

“You’ll find out,” she answered with a mischievous grin. “Scoot down a bit.”

Chris did as he was told and watched his girlfriend pick up the camera. "What are you doing with that?"

"Starting a scrapbook," she teased, as she took three pictures of him. She set the camera down, and then crawled along the side of his body and kneeled next to his head. "Ready?"

"Uh, yes?"

Nan smiled down at him as she moved so she was straddling his face. She lowered her pussy towards his mouth, pausing when she was just out of reach of his lips and tongue. He tried to lift his head to get closer but couldn't.

"Do you want to touch this?" Nan asked as she reached between her legs and started rubbing her clit.

"Oh yes, please babe, please let me lick you."

"I don't think you're ready for it yet," she replied and sat back against his chest and fingered herself, moving her fingers slowly around her clit. He could smell her scent and feel her juices drip onto his neck.

"Please babe, I need to taste you," he begged as he tried to bump her forward and lift his head higher. She traced his lips with her juice-covered finger, and then allowed him to suck it into his mouth. He sucked on it hard, pulling all of it into his mouth.

Nan moaned loudly and slid her hips forward as she pulled her finger away. He gasped as her soaking wet pussy suddenly covered his mouth. His moans of pleasure were muffled by her thick thighs as he licked and sucked all over her pussy.

She closed her eyes and enjoyed the feeling of his tongue against her mound. "Oh fuck Chris, that's good," she whimpered. Her hands cupped her breasts and she teased her nipples while he ate her with abandon.

"Make me come and I'll untie you so you can fuck me," she said. He smiled and attacked her clit again with his tongue, lapping at it with short quick strokes. His face was covered with her juices as she got closer to her orgasm. "Oh god Chris ... yes, yes ... like that ... don't stop."

Nan's body started to shake and he licked her faster and harder. "I'm ... I'm coming!" she cried out and covered his face with even more of her juices. Nan fell forward and had to use the headboard to hold her upright. When her body calmed down, she untied him.

"Where can I fuck you?" he asked as he slid her body off his chest. His cock was harder than he could remember it being in months and was drooling pre-cum.

"Wherever you want," Nan answered. She was still recovering from her orgasm and just wanted to feel him fuck her.

"Lie on your back," he said, and then moved between her legs. Then he took her hands and tied her to the bed. "That's much better."

Chris reached over to her bedside table and pulled out her favorite vibrator. He turned it on medium and then pushed it into her very wet pussy. He watched her face as she reacted to the toy throbbing inside her. "Do you like that?"

"Yes!" she replied, and then moaned loudly. He smiled as he fucked her with it and then pushed in deep. He spread her legs wide as he pushed them back and then lined his cock up with her ass. He watched her face as he shoved it into her tight hole.

"Oh god Nan, your ass is so tight," he said as he pushed in as far as he could. Chris slowly started to fuck her as he looked down at her face. "I love looking at your body."

Nan blushed but smiled up at him. She didn't understand the fascination, but she didn't care as long as he kept getting turned on and fucked her like this.

Chris started fucking her faster; his only focus was on emptying his cock deep inside her. He reached down and lightly tugged on her nipples. She cried out but smiled so he wouldn't stop. "I can tell you like that," he said. "Your ass just started clenching around my cock."

"Make me come again," she replied. He smiled and fucked her with short fast strokes, holding onto her breasts for support. Nan moaned loudly as she closed her eyes. He could feel her body start to shake.

"Here it comes," he warned.

"Come for me baby ... fill my ass," Nan begged, and then cried out as her orgasm hit her. Her pussy and ass tightened around the toy and his cock, massaging his cock.

That was all he needed. "Oh Nan ... oh fuck," he said as his cock twitched and bucked inside her ass, and then spurt after spurt of his cum filled the tight hole. When he finished, he leaned over her.

"Thank you, babe," he said, and then slid his cock out. Chris grabbed the camera and took several pictures of her tied up and spent from their sex. He even got some pictures of his cum seeping out of her ass with the toy still in her pussy.

He put the camera on his bedside table and then removed the vibrator and put it back in the drawer. "Promise me you won't touch the card in the camera," he said as he started to untie her.

Nan looked up at him. "Delete the pictures ... all of them."

"I'll leave you tied up until breakfast," he threatened.

"Fine, you win," Nan replied. He untied her and put the restraints away and then curled up next to her.

"Thanks for the fantasy fulfillment," Chris said. "It'll be your turn next time."

"Oh! I can't wait!" Nan said.

"Me neither," he replied.

As they drifted off to sleep, Nan wondered which fantasy he would pick, but that's a story for another day.

NAN ALLEN - Nan Allen has been writing erotic stories since she was a teenager, though back in those days it was based on what she'd read rather than experience. Nan knew then that sex and erotic writing were going to be important parts of her life. She currently has eight erotic eBooks.

"Erotic writing just ... well, it turns me on. It doesn't matter for whom or what I'm writing. If it is about someone getting it on then I'm interested. People say they enjoy the erotic stories I write because they're so realistic. I contribute this to most of my stories being based off things I've actually done or my real fantasies," said Nan.

Website nanallen.us Visit nanallen.us/sexybriefs.html, buy one eBook, get one 50% off. Website orders only.

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Encounters by Ayoub Khoté

Call of the Wild

We're both dominant personalities.

You command me, and I just don't listen. You want me to serve, and I stand firm.

I command you, and you laugh.

We attack each other. It's wrestling. We fight even as we tear each other's clothes off. I use my weight, you use your leverage, we roll, falling onto the bed. I bite, you scratch, then we fall off the bed, you bite and I scratch. I find your legs wrapped around me, so lift us up and pin your crossed ankles behind the wall. You swing, tipping my balance, and you're pinned against the wall. You push against my shoulders, lifting yourself higher, and I find your pussy close to my lips. I lift your thighs onto my shoulders and taste you. I use my tongue, my teeth, and my hands to reach up and keep you pressed against the wall. You squeeze my head in your thighs, and I back away.

You hold on. The support of the wall, gone. I hold your thighs on my shoulder and you lean back, twisting, showing your remarkable flexibility to bring your mouth to my cock. You lick and nip, re-asserting your dominance. I sit us back on the bed and push you off. I try to pin you again, pushing cock into your mouth. Your teeth tell me you are displeased, and I let my teeth tell you the same.

You flip me over and straddle me, pinning my hands. I grin as you ride me. You feel you are in charge, but you're merely in the position I wanted you in all the time.

I lift my hips, sending more of your weight onto my arms, adjusting the angle. You drive your body harder and faster onto my cock. Pushing me back down, only for me to rise again.

Harder and faster.

Harder and faster.

Until we both find release.

We fall apart and return to our corners of this particular ring, licking our wounds, each claiming victory and watching the other warily, as wolves.

I am not so patient every time we meet. Sometimes, I believe in exerting dominance early.

In those moments, a surprise assault works. Within seconds I can have you cuffed. With a swift push at the back of your knees, you're down. A few more clicks, and your wrists are locked to your ankles. At that point, I can do whatever I want.

Sometimes, I like the battle. Strength is often key, but so is desire.

This is such a time.

Even in this, a quick dominance must be achieved. You tell me what you want, but I ignore you and push you face first against the wall. My weight keeps you pinned while I push your clothes out of the way. You struggle in vain. You lock your thighs together, but that doesn't protect your arse. I spit on my fingers and push them inside you roughly. I push my knee against your thighs as I fuck you with my fingers. You still refuse to submit, so I bite your shoulder. Your hands work loose, and I have to think fast. I grab your wrists, and my cock takes over from my fingers. You have no way out. I feel you relax between me and the wall. You're mine now. I push you down by your shoulders, holding you firmly, and tell you to clean your arse off of my cock. You comply. You know I'm watching. You try to bite hard, but you're still stuck between

me and the wall. I force my cock down your throat until you're willing again. When I feel I have been cleaned sufficiently, I allow you to stand. I lift one of your legs, wrap it around me, and I push my cock into your pussy. I don't care if you're wet or not, but you are. I drive your body into the wall, over and over, keeping your hands in mine, pressed. I fuck you until you come. I back away, your hands still in mine, bound without bindings. I push you on to the bed, and I fuck you again, this time, until I come.

And I release you.

Wolves again, but only one of us is licking wounds.

Dance of Desire

You hold my hand, a grip that's gentle, yet there is no intent to release me quickly. I follow as you guide me up the stairs of your home and into your boudoir. It's a brightly decorated room, and the sunlight from the windows illuminates you and your faintly predatory smile. I smile back, a touch of the predator in me too, for I know that soon I will be the one leading this particular dance.

You pull me in front of you, and our lips meet, slowly at first, but then our kiss deepens, and heat builds in our bodies. You break off, gasping a little, before pushing me onto your bed. I pull you to me, my hands around your waist and my face buried in your belly. Your hands run through my hair as I reach up to undo the zip at your back. I feel you shiver slightly as my hands reach under your clothes to touch your soft skin. I pull back to let your dress fall to the floor, then pull you onto the bed with me. You resist, not ready to let me lead you yet. You pull off my shirt quickly, wanting my skin to be as bare as yours, as you stand there in nothing but a pair of panties. You negotiate my buckle and zip quickly, but not hurriedly, not wanting me to know the depth of your desire, and yet showing it so well by the look in your eyes.

I pull you down, intending to have you land atop me, but you tease me still and lower yourself next to me. I prop myself up on my elbow to observe you as you luxuriate beside me. My hand traces your curves slowly, from your neck, down between your breasts, to the soft swell of your belly, and lower, to the edge of the panties that still inexplicably cover a part of you. I look into your eyes and lean forward to taste your lips again as I slowly remove the last part of your clothing.

My hand lightly brushes past the sweet pinnacle of your breast, and your resulting shiver affords me a glimpse of what you like. A longer caress brings more of a reaction. I move my lips across your cheek, towards the earlobe for which I've hungered for so long. I exhale in sweet bliss as I take that soft piece of flesh between my teeth, as your pleasure increases mine. My tongue leaves a moist trail down your neck as I start my journey, the journey I've waited so long to experience.

Despite your moans and urgings, I take my time, savouring, even though I crave taste of the centre of your sensation. I explore every pore of your shoulders, breasts, and belly, slowing further as I get closer and closer to my goal.

Your aroma is heady, intoxicating, alluring, I savour for a moment, just inhaling, before I slowly trace my tongue up and down the lips I've so longed to kiss. I taste your moistness, gently probing between your lips, finding the tiny tongue at the top, circling it before closing my lips around it, taking it into my mouth, where I can nibble gently to the sounds you make.

I angle my head downwards, allowing the roughness of my goatee to tickle the tiny nub I've released, and I finally, deeply, kiss the lips I've longed for, the lips I've never seen until this day, and they taste better than I'd ever imagined. I revel in them, probe between them, drink

from them deeply, and deeper as your moans rise to screams, and the sweet song of your voice simply adds to my greed. I only pull away when you can scream no more; then, turning back to look at you, I ask, “What can I do for you next, baby?”

AYOUB KHOTE - A writer since age eleven, mostly in the science fiction, fantast, and horror genres, Ayoub Khote has also dabbled in poetry, crime, and even erotica. He goes where his muse takes him, a willing slave to its whims, and writes to save his own sanity.

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