# LIZBETH DUSSEAU



## **Table of Contents**

<u>Title Page</u>
To my readers
<u>Prologue</u>
<u>Contents</u>
<u>57 Chevy</u>
<b>The Trampy Kind of Temptress</b>
A Shower With Alan
You'll have to tell your husband
The Gambling Debt
<u>Sensuous Mourning</u>
<u>Sex-Starved</u>
I Never Complain About A Gangbang
<u>Screwing Johnny Gold</u>
<u>Garden Party</u>
<u>It All Began in a Stairwell</u>
<u>Throwing Off The Boy</u>
<u>In The Palm of Her Hand</u>
To My Horny Lover
The Night Shift
Of Roses & Sailors
The Riskier the Better
Lydia's Lover

<u>Saving Carly</u>

**A Few Moments of Heaven** 

**Scandalous Thoughts** 

**Love Letters** 

**Shackles and Cuffs** 

**Disaster in the Kitchen** 

**Auctioned!** 

**The Last Summer** 

**Contemporary BDSM:** 

Scandalous!
BDSM Short Stories
By Lizbeth Dusseau

ISBN: 978-1-954079-69-4

A Pink Flamingo Ebook Publication
Copyright © 2022 by Lizbeth Dusseau, all rights reserved
For information contact:
Pink Flamingo Media
www.pinkflamingo.com
P.O. Box 632 Richland, MI 49083
USA

Email Comments: <a href="mailto:comments@pinkflamingo.com">comments@pinkflamingo.com</a>
With the exception of quotes used in reviews, no part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means, including mechanical, electronic, photocopying recording or otherwise without prior written permission of the publishers.

To my readers...

This story collection combines short stories that were originally published in my two story collections <u>Brown Paper Fantasies</u> and <u>Extremes</u>. In addition are a number of favorite excerpts from my BDSM novels. These stories span my 25-year career as an erotica writer. I begin the collection with *57 Chevy* and end it with *The Last Summer*. Both of these were written in the 1990's when my career was young, and writing erotica was a wildly exhilarating passion. They remain two of my favorite pieces of erotica.

It is my hope that new readers as well as my faithful fans will enjoy this story collection reboot. *Lizbeth Dusseau* 

#### Prologue

#### **Spontaneous Combustion**

Eleven o'clock, I'm ready for bed. It's been raining all day and there's another storm passing through...thunder, lightning, driving rain. Suddenly the tornado siren in town is going off, and the 'take cover' announcement interrupts my TV show. I grab a flashlight, just in case, and fly down to the basement to wait...

Wait

Wait

Wait until the siren dies and I tiptoe back upstairs.

Nothing is damaged, nothing undone.

As I slip off to bed in an attempt to sleep I hear another storm coming through, though this one won't be as severe as the last my local weatherman assures me. And yet...left in the wake of that last furious frenzy, my muse strikes like a thunderbolt. Here's what poured out...

I want you to tie me to a tree,

thrust me against an old tree stump,

order me over a table, over the end of the bed.

After yanking down my pants, you draw your leather belt from your jeans ...

Doubling it in your fist you begin to flail it against my ass...

Hard

Fast

Until white turns crimson, until my ass is scorched and I'm groaning deeply, crying out for mercy

Ah! But mercy will wait until later...

Until you've dropped your belt, unzipped your jeans Until you've rammed your way home inside my cunt Hard

**Fast** 

I explode and you explode almost belligerent but strangely beautiful

like the storm that just passed through on its way to elsewhere

Before you're done with me you have me in your bed again

Hard

Fast

Inside my ass this time, driving through like a man possessed

I explode and you explode again

And then...

When the fury dies you hold me, you kiss my lips and run your hands

over my sweaty skin.

Hurts are healed, a day's worth of trouble forgotten Worry guits its anxious grip

and wounds bound up with tenderness are carried away by love

In the long twilight thereafter, we stretch out in each other's arms

Later in the evening, I sit at your feet and rest my head against your knee.

From the novel <u>Spontaneous Combustion</u> (2014)

Con	tei	าts
Prol	oq	ue

Spontaneous Combustion

From the novel **Spontaneous Combustion** 

57 Chevy

The Trampy Kind of Temptress

Silence In The Cellar

A Shower with Alan

An Innocent Obsession

You'll have to tell your husband

The Glass House

The Gambling Debt

**Sensuous Mourning** 

Of Castles & Curses & Unfaithful Wives

**Sex-Starved** 

Sexual Mischief

I Never Complain About a Gangbang Screwing Johnny Gold

The Bounty Hunter

**Garden Party** 

It All Began in a Stairwell

Rendezvous With A Stranger

**Throwing Off the Boy** 

The Red Door

**Taffeta** 

In The Palm Of Her Hand

To My Horny Lover

**Night Shift** 

Nurse Nancy Misbehaves

Of Roses & Sailors

The Riskier the Better

Dancer With Me Savannah

Lydia's Lover

**Primitive** 

**Saving Carly** 

A Few Moments of Heaven

Scandalous Thoughts
Girl In The Mirror
Love Letters
Man With The Leash
Shackles and Cuffs
Spontaneous Combustions
What the hell have you done?
Little Savage
Auctioned!
Story adapted from:
Shadows of a Painted Lady

**The Last Summer** 

#### **57 Chevy**

She arises out of nowhere on a deserted stretch of road. Where the dry land shimmers with heat, where you can see for miles the endless ribbon of hot asphalt stretched out in front of your eyes, he sees his first glimpse of her. He thinks at first that it's a mirage, the turquoise and white Chevy, with a blonde girl sitting on its hood. But he slows from an 85 mile an hour clip to a snail's pace just to see if she'll vanish as soon as he approaches. He stops his battered pick-up when he realizes that she is no mere apparition.

Like a phantom from his wet daydreams there she is, her long smooth legs dangling beyond the thin dress. Pale pink, peach and faded yellow flowers meander about the transparent fabric, while the dress barely covers her slinky limbs and her thin torso. In the light, he sees through the fine material how her large breasts push against the flowers, how her waist curves, and how her hips blossom below. She parts her legs so he can see the outline of her cunt. There's even a damp spot on the dress where she's pressed her fingers to her hole and the juice has stained it.

"Car broke down?" he asks.

He squints facing the sun, raising his hand over his brow so he can see her better. Tanned arms reveal downy sunbleached hair, matching the windblown straw-colored locks that dangle in his face.

"I think so," she says giggling, though she doesn't make an effort to move. "You know something about cars?" Something sensuous about her lips, he wants to move right in and kiss them.

"Yeah, sure," he says. He runs his hands through his hair, pushing it back, and startling blue eyes appear, framed by darker brows. His T-shirt hugs his chest, his nipples poking through as clearly as hers poke through her dress.

He can't help staring down at her as she bends her knees up to her chest and parts her legs wide. Where her ass meets the hood of the Chevy, he can see her bare pink cunt. Caught off guard he stares beyond his embarrassment, as the sun bounces off gold rings embedded in her labia. Six, he thinks, three on either side, and one wet hole between he sees glisten in the sun.

"You want me to look under the hood?" he asks. He hesitates, though not his cock, which bobs against his denim blues. Hot—so hot he thinks it might explode.

She giggles again and shakes her head no.

She reaches between her legs, drawing the skirt up just an inch or two, and takes one ring-bedecked finger of her right hand and slips it into the small hole. Then she pulls at the piercings, drawing the labia aside so he can see the purple hue of her inner folds.

"You can fuck me if you like," she whispers softly. In her eyes lust drips like water from a lazy old faucet. Slowly, languidly her limbs ooze with sexual intent, drawing him into her closer, a step at a time. She sways just slightly as if she's keeping time to music only her loins can hear.

"You mean right here? Right now?" He shakes his head and looks down the road. "There's a motel..." he starts.

"Shush." Her red puckered lips against her index finger quiet him. "I'm ready now."

He hesitates, but she has him on the tether of her droopy eyes. At the bumper of the Chevy, he reaches out with his thick well-used hands to part her thighs further. He gazes down between them while she smiles.

His hands, more impulsive than his reason, reach out and grab her hips to pull them close. Fingers at his zipper open the fly and withdraw his cock. It bobs momentarily in his hand, the last bit of hesitation. With the nod of her head as approval, he throws away logic and presses himself into her opening—that small place expanding with eager welcome around the throbbing organ.

"Ah, yes," she murmurs softly as she lies back against the hood of the car while he pulls her groin tight to his and begins to thrust. With her arms reaching out to either side of her like she's grabbing bed sheets beneath her, she's laid out for him like some vision of womanhood sent from the gods. He drinks in her sex as if he's gulping wine. Her writhing torso gyrates her cunt. She moans, whimpers and jerks so hard he thinks she'll jerk him out. She comes. He knows that by the way her inner muscles squeeze down hard. But she's much too quick for him. He's still on the rise about to feel himself splash over that erotic edge. He hopes she'll let him finish but she opens her eyes.

"My ass," she says, now more like a dragon breathing fire than the sumptuous siren rising from the desert. Drawing up her legs so that his prick pulls out, he sees the shiny metal rings that thread through her vaginal lips. He feels them because he's never felt anything like it before—some mark of sexual power, or obedience—or both. Perhaps they're one in the same. A tug at the forward rings and she cries softly. "My ass," she repeats, and she turns her hips so she's lying face down on the old Chevy's hood, her ass bare, ready for him.

"In your ass?" he questions.

She hisses her reply and parts her legs, her feet on the bumper, so he can see the target easily, that puckering hole already wet with juice that was dripping from her cunt.

His fingers slide in first as he draws more of her dew from its fountain source below. When they slip easily in and out he moves in closer and presses the hard head of his cock against what seems to be a tiny hole. He watches it expand as he forces the thick stalk beyond the opening door. Her backdoor scent, that odd perfume of earth and darkness and diabolical things, transports him back in time to his darkest sexual hours. He's no longer in the desert screwing a curious enchantress, but in a place where lecherous men fuck reckless whores.

"Yes, god yes," she cries in muted tones barely audible to his ears. Her pulsing rhythms draw him inside her, the sensation profound. More. She clamors for more, thrashing about on the hood of the car, demanding his prick go deep, demanding that he pick up the pace so that his balls slap against her ass, so that he must grab her flesh and hold on tight.

"My cunt," she groans.

Her meaning clear, it's his fingers that find the lips and hole and the dangling metal. It's his fingers that tug hard, that jerk the rings and pinch her clit. But it's his cock that feels the benefit when her body explodes for a second time.

She gasps for breath, exhausted, but unable to stop the rollicking gyrations. She squeezes hard and his own gut wrenches. With a final thrust, he shoots.

Laid out. Spread eagle. Face down on the Chevy, he sees her breathing an even measured breath. He dabs his cock on the back of her thigh and then puts it back inside his jeans.

The transparent dress is bunched about her waist, while her wasted bottom remains in its lazy repose, showing signs of a good fuck—where he held her flesh tightly and kneaded it until it turned red. The color will fade soon, but for the moment, her bottom is a fine thing to look at. He parts her ass cheeks one last time with his fingers to see where he impaled her.

"Your car didn't need fixing, did it?" he asks her.

"Hummm," is the only sound he hears from her.

"Shall I go?" he wonders aloud.

"Ooo, no," she suddenly finds her real voice. "Just one last thing." She turns about. "Your lips," she says pointing down to her pierced lower lips.

"My lips?" he questions, and she nods yes.

With a shrug and a smile, he accommodates her again, his tongue doing a dance about the rings and flesh and warm wet hole, until she shrieks with her muted voice one more time and then goes limp. Falling back against the hood of the Chevy, she looks as if she'll melt into the metal.

The sun, once so high above, droops low, as if it's been hours that have passed. He could swear that their fuck took only minutes, but the facts belie that. The shadows on the surrounding mountains have been altered by the time of day. So long, they stretch across the desert like sulking phantoms. He notes the hour hand on his watch, staring at it as if something has gone awry. It's late, much too late. And yet, the secondhand ticks off the seconds as it always has, and he knows that somehow he's lost reality under the spell of the woman lingering on her 57 Chevy.

"Can I help you up?" he asks her.

She's on her side, her long thighs pressed together so that he can barely see the glistening rings, though they still peek at him. With her blonde head resting on her thin white arm, she looks at peace. A coy smirk reminds him how she greeted him, though now she's naked. Her dress, somehow discarded, lies in the dust beside the car, as if it belonged there.

"No," she answers him, "I think I'll rest awhile."

Any other lone woman on a lonely road, he'd never leave like this; but this one knows what she wants, and he doesn't argue. There's little way to say goodbye. No thought of meeting again. He wouldn't even know how to ask since she belongs to another world.

Walking back to the pick-up truck he climbs inside, all the while staring at her smiling face. Pulling into the highway, he drives by slowly for one last look at her silky white shape and the hint of gold between her legs. Lying there, as if she has nothing better to do than shag strangers in a barren desert, she waves him on with a happy grin. And he takes off.

A little remorse, a little pang of fear grips him in that first instant down the road. He's left her too quickly. He should have made sure her car would start. A girl, any girl has no business on this deserted stretch of asphalt. He thinks the thoughts, sure he should turn back. But then all that

concern disappears. One look in the rear-view mirror, he sees the truth.

She's gone.

No turquoise and white 57 Chevy.

No girl, no cunt, no glistening gold, no sensuous limbs. She's gone.

It hasn't been minutes since he left her side, it's only been seconds and she's gone, disappeared into the ethers of the heat. Where? He's not about to ask. Shaking his head, he moves on, guns the engine on the truck and heads off toward the purple sky.

### The Trampy Kind of Temptress

#### From Silence in The Cellar

He begins with the remembrance of a hot afternoon late in May. In Seattle, the rain had finally stopped, and the sun was shining so intently; the natives were all indoors smothering from the heat.

The woman in question was the trampy kind of temptress that looked for sexy ballplayers—or other such nomadic beasts that wouldn't be in town for long. A few weeks in the spring was all she needed of men to kick-start her sexual juices for the remainder of the year. The rest of the time she could be content with some old beau; but for those initial hours of springtime, she was a slut in heat, on the move, ready to grab the first stray cock that came her way. She was actually a little choosier than that; but once she got her chosen man to bed, they knocked boots until they were both worn out and too tired to move. It might take two days; it might take two weeks. But usually, it was just several longwinded days, languishing about the silken sheets of her 19th century canopy bed. She opened the windows to the rushing spring, and let their voices join the chorus of the carnal—like something newborn answering to the call of a new season.

Paula Darnell had silken hair the color of ripening wheat, eyes so blue and pure Daniel swore she didn't belong on this planet. There was a natural curl to her wavy locks falling like a cascade of water to her shoulders. And something about her walk was enchanting—a sexy tango, like dance music was playing inside her swaying hips. Her ass was nicely round, fitting well into the tight skirts she wore—little straight skirts to hug that ass, and show a little definition to her behind—she rarely wore panties so you could just barely detect the crack of her ass. Seems she enjoyed posing for men with her chest thrust out smartly and a little sass glimmering from the blue of her eyes. She liked men to take pictures of her in disgraceful poses.

Blouses unbuttoned so the black lace encasing her tits would show. She'd raise the orbs in either hand and pretend to kiss the abundant pink flesh. Sometimes she posed in the nude, lounging on a private beach at water's edge, the tiny waves from the lake teasing her cunt. Her pale blonde bush of hair would flatten into kinky curls once it was wet, and the lusty Paula would stretch out on the sand, undulating snakelike, grinding her hot cunt to the rough beach underneath her like she was getting off.

Daniel took pictures of her that way—ones so outrageous he had to send away to have them developed by a lab that handled porn. They were beautiful—though Paula was gone from Daniel's life when he finally got them back and she never had a chance to see them. He supposed it didn't matter to her if she did. Being photographed was an experiential act and enough in itself. And of course, it didn't bother Daniel that he got to keep them. Some lonely nights on the road he took them from his suitcase and remembered the days he spent with Paula's luscious body.

He'd been playing ball in the league just a week when on that hot afternoon in May, he spotted her standing at the gate to the park as though she was waiting for him. Her face was as pretty as a model in a magazine, all perfectly painted in just the right shades for her creamy skin and the wheat/blonde color of her shiny hair. Her eyes sort of smoldered from the beginning, the blue at first a little startling—made him want to keep peering right into their centers. But her lids were lazy and he didn't always see the clear blue irises. Her lashes batted coyly, though she was hardly a bashful woman. Pushing herself breasts first in his direction, she wiggled her hips to his side and without being invited, put a hand on his hip. His penis immediately took notice.

"Nice ass," she remarked. Her whole manner was more than amazing. Her bright smile warmed him, while he imagined what it would be like to press his mouth against her two lips, cleanly painted with rose-colored lipstick. It was hard to decide what he liked about her most; there was so much of her issuing from the abundant package of sensuous charm.

"Do you always come on this way to strangers?" he asked as if he was disapproving of her style. He wasn't so sure he did.

"Oh, you're hardly a stranger to me. I've had my eyes on you for days now."

"Okay."

They walked together down the street toward his hotel, Miss Paula Darnell talking freely.

"You have great hips, you know?" she remarked.

"No, I didn't."

"From a female point of view. But then you don't see them from afar the way I do."

"You were at the game?"

"Right behind home plate—and a little to the left."

He hadn't seen her.

"I'll buy you a drink," she said.

"No. I'll buy you one," he decided.

"Perfect." She smiled again, and took his arm like they'd known each other for years.

The two talked their way through three drinks, until Daniel was feeling a bit woozy, and his date showed signs of being drunk.

"You will walk me home, won't you?" she asked.

"Sure."

"And sleep with me?" she wondered.

"Sleep with you?"

"That's what this is all about. Or did you think I was just being friendly?"

Her hair was casually mussed by now. Miss Darnell seemed to like running her hand through her golden locks—almost as much as she liked bending forward over the table

so he could see right down the thin sweater, to her delicious cleavage. She was an ambrosial sort of woman who gave off scents as though she worked at the perfume counter in a department store. The thought of burying his face between her breasts became so appealing he figured that he'd end up doing anything this woman offered.

"Do you always sleep around so easily?" he asked.

That was when she told him about her spring fling with a sexy man, and how the remainder of her year seemed tame in comparison.

"Why just spring?" he asked.

"Well, why not? Doesn't your blood boil a little faster in spring, your hormones come alive? It's the season of mating. I think it must be the earth screaming at me sometimes." Her eyes became livelier still. "I can't help myself, even though I'm not a tramp the rest of the year. Spring is heaven."

Ah! She was oozing the season from every voluptuous pore of her body.

"Yeah, I guess it's that way," he finally said. "I'll go to bed with you, as long as you're planning to do it slowly. I like to take my time, get to know a woman's body before I get into making love."

"Ooo, my, that is nice," her words dripped with desire. She parted her mouth, while gazing into his limpid eyes with hers reeking of carnal schemes. He could see the inner workings of her mind toying with her fantasies. It wouldn't take long before they were naked; and on a night like this—losing his ballgame in the ninth inning on a two run homer that flew like a bolt of lightning over his head into the center field bleachers—he could use the good graces of a licentious female to take away his despair. "I live just around the corner," she added.

They walked around the corner, down another two blocks and strolled up the steps of an old apartment house with a big front porch. The aging brick looked sagging, the woodwork well worn, but the light from Paula's first floor window was a golden yellow through the pulled down shade, offering the promise of a mellow summer evening. The heat outside was beginning to wane. Inside, there were Japanese paper lanterns, windchimes, and oriental carpets hanging on the walls. And in the bedroom where she laughingly dragged her prize by the hand, there was a black lacquered canopy bed with a handmade crocheted bedspread. The dim light form a corner lamp cast moving shadows on the walls as a breeze came through either side of the fluttering window shade. From outside the air was fresh, mixing with the scent of the incense she burned before she left.

She lit two candles and a stick of musk, then began to strip her clothes to the music from a scratchy recording, lapping around an old turntable. Saxophone and a throaty blues singer.

He sat on the bed; there was no chair.

"Do you like to watch?" she asked as she unbuttoned her sweater.

"Do you ever dance?" he replied as the allure of her reminded him of clubs he'd been to on the road, where exotic dancers leaned into his face with breasts he could only enjoy by the sight of them. It was a cruel fate, watching these vixens share the best part of the female anatomy, while he was forced to keep his hands in his lap or around his glass; his cock springing to life reminding him of what he couldn't have.

"Dance? You mean to strip?" she asked as she moved lazily toward him, her sweater about to drop from her shoulders. A little shimmy and it was sliding down her back. "A few times."

She gazed down at her tits while she stood between his parted thighs. With her breasts at his face, he could see through the lace of her bra the outline of two pinkish aureoles beneath. "Truth is, I didn't like it much. I'd rather

have my hands on a man's flesh and his on mine than just show it off."

Another shimmy and Daniel eyes fixed on her jiggling cleavage. Raising one lanky leg, she rested it on his thigh. The hem of her skirt inched up high, exposing black garters attached to her lace-edged stockings. A flick of his fingers and he detached them with a simple snap—the experience like opening a box of scented treasure leading straight to the heart of a woman's private mysteries. His roving hand found a naked snatch so wet and warm it would be heaven to bathe in all night long. He was certain his cock would readily agree. Would it be too crass when he finally took off his pants for his erection to be as stiff as the pink dildo lying on her bedside table? All he could imagine was a succulent Paula so pleased, she'd take it between those rosy lips and draw it into the heaven at her mouth before he planted it inside her pussy.

"Shall I leave on the lace or fuck you naked?" she inquired.

"Oh, I want your skin."

A devious smirk lit her face, and her eyes glowed almost black, having darkened measurably in the darkened room. Falling free, her tits seemed to grow in size before his eyes. Pressing them to his face, the passion of her passed through him in an hypnotic wave—like being drugged—like being reminded of the best sex of his life between Bella's (his regular lover's) legs. He wanted them both, but would be content with having just this slutty substitute to make him happy. For as long as this sweet-smelling tart was willing to have him lighting up his organ in her brothel bed, he'd cozy up to her luscious embrace, and taste with cock and mouth the portal between her thighs.

"Why, Daniel," she finally said, pulling her breasts from his face. "You have me at a disadvantage, seeing my treasure while I haven't had a glimpse of yours." She pouted. He had his hands under her skirt, both with a generous portion of her ass squeezed between groping fingers. Each time he massaged her cheeks, he could feel his erection pulse as though the two things were physically connected. He didn't want to stop, but they could hardly remain like this all night.

"Maybe you want to take care of that," he whispered, as he pushed her further away. She sunk to her knees between his thighs to undo his belt and lower the zipper of his jeans. He watched how her eyes opened wide in anticipation, and that uncertain moment of dread passed through him as he wondered if what she exposed would meet her expectations.

"Oh, my, this is quite a cock you have here," she seemed to approve of his hungering meat—even the angry purple head that was ready to get on with the main course of the night. He needed her mouth, or her pussy or ass. Something tight and warm to help him shed the dour reflections of his day, a place to lose it all like nothing in the world mattered.

Then, of course, he wouldn't mind playing servant to this Paula's fantasies—if it made her hot and a little bolder—as if she wasn't already bold enough. He never understood why men wanted their women respectable; one step short of whore was just fine for him. Maybe Bella taught him that, or just life and loneliness. But what seemed to matter most to him at times like this was getting naked with a woman, and a little more honest than he'd usually be. He could heal a hell of a lot of troubles in just one hour of making love.

Paula took him in her mouth almost like it was an obligation. Of course, any beautiful woman paying attention to his cock was pretty amazing. But what he enjoyed most about her delicate blowjob was staring into her eyes as she looked up at him. The temptress was there, an Old-World siren, and a slavish whore. Then too, there was a vulnerable innocence in her expression, as though she wondered if she was good enough to please him.

"I suppose you'd like to put this sweet rod in my pussy?" she purred an invitation.

"I think that would be just fine," he replied, lying back against the bed. She stripped him of his shirt, running her fingers through the hair at his chest; then tugged at his jeans till they dropped to the floor. She finally climbed back to this dick with her pussy open for the impaling attack.

"Ooo, my, how full you are," were her first words of satisfaction. There were many more. She was a vocal harlot, giving him advice as the fuck proceeded.

"Yes, yes more, on my clit, yes, rub that clit." Her pussy shimmied down to the base of his shaft, hips moving catlike. Her eyes—when open enough for him to see—smoldered fiendishly. "You are perfect, Daniel Bogart."

He was hardly doing anything at all, because Paula was the kind of woman content to do all the work, and in the process please his cock with all her fancy gyrations. "More of that, yessss, pound me harder."

They rolled over with Paula on her back, her legs rising high, so Daniel finally put them to his shoulders and lunged into her groin. His cock was deep in the pool of her pussy, hitting the end while she was asking for it harder. "Oh, yes, do me more, yesssss...."

A long stream of panting exclamations followed as his plunge into this salacious lady ended in a ripping finish. She ground into him and he into her as though they were one person, or perhaps missing pieces of the other reuniting. It was that way for him with other unbridled women like Paula Darnell. The instant of release and the few before were like seeing God in perfect Technicolor clarity—only to have that brief moment of truth blur as the orgasmic spasms dwindled away.

The exertion made him breathless, so that when a lucid Paula began to speak, he could hardly answer her.

"You were wonderful," she declared the obvious in an enthusiastic measure. She kissed his cheeks and his eyes

and finally his mouth.

"You don't mind putting it in my ass, do you?" she asked next.

"Mind? Why would I mind that?" he managed to speak.

She snickered happily, as though she was already thinking of their next fuck while Daniel was still trying to grasp the meaning of this one. And yet, it was a comforting thought to know that he was in her future plans.

"My pussy likes dildos, vibrating ones, while I'm getting my ass end bathed with cream. Can you imagine that?" Her saucy blonde head nestled into the crook of his arm, her head resting on his shoulder. "And you can claw the skin and pinch my nipples," she turned again and stared directly at him, "and give my clit some nasty pain. I like it rough. Maybe later, you can tie me helpless and tease me with feathers."

"I'll do anything you want, Miss Darnell. Anything that makes you happy." He was still too exhausted to think of sex again, and his dick was such a pale reflection of its previous erect state, he was almost embarrassed.

"Ooo, I do like inventive men. Maybe you could show me something new?"

"If you haven't already seen it all."

"How could anyone know everything there is to know about sex? I think that's one of the wonderful things about fucking, it's infinite in scope and mystery. It's too bad people don't enjoy it more—but then," she sighed, "that just leaves more for me."

Daniel didn't understand her logic—suggesting that God passed around only so much sexual adventure, and if someone declined His offer, He passed it on to a more willing recipient.

Daniel and Paula Darnell had a long ten days in bed together—as often as they could manage. He even thought for a while that this woman was so perfect, he could forget his other conquests—including his favorite, the sometimes

elusive Bella Fauré. Paula Darnell was uncomplicated. She shot from the hip in matters of the heart, and in sex, and in anything about life that mattered. She had strange theories, cures for everything, mothered him when they weren't in bed, and otherwise seemed to consume his life. It was all so easy falling under the spell of her sassy hips and hot slut tits. He still considered her mouth the center of her sexual self—her talk, her full lips, her smile and the way he could just stare at that mouth and never grow weary—which made it all the more interesting that she wasn't as good with a blow job as she was with her cunt.

About her ass, however, she was the most anally extreme woman he'd ever met. Every other fuck included her back orifice in some way—and she was never tired of it, or too sore.

In the middle of their first night, she woke him from a brief nap about three o'clock. He was surprised that it hadn't been sooner, but they talked for some time and both fell asleep. That was all right with him, his dick would have more sass after a little more time between bouts with Paula's eager body. It was possible that she would be too exhausting for him, but he wasn't going to worry about that just yet.

While still sleeping, he felt her ooze over his skin, waking him with a smile and those passionate lips kissing his.

"My ass, darling Daniel. You said you'd take my ass."

She stroked his dick with one hand while the other ran its way along the curve of his chin. She was more ready than he was, but his erection blossomed quickly, as his mind caught up to Paula and her pussy. Every time her hand drew the foreskin back, his penis jerked, and a surge of blood stiffened the shaft.

"Oh, you're doing just fine. How about you take a look at your hungry target?" she offered.

Without getting his agreement, the lovely blonde swirled around on her hands and knees so he could see her ass. For