



BLACK LACE
QUICKIES

Taboo

EROTIC SHORT FICTION



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About the Book

Previously seen as a taboo area, anal sex is now taking over the erotica scene. Featuring tales of boyfriends and girlfriends, lesbians and gay men, wives, husbands, acquaintances, strangers, *Taboo* presents it all.

Here, you'll find everything from hot guys hooking up to daring women strapping it on, from wild flings of erotic adventure to tender, poignant tales of erotic romance, all with a kinky spin...

About the Editor

In the last decade, Debra Hyde's erotic short stories appeared in numerous major anthologies from several major publishers. Among the earliest bloggers to write about sex and culture, Debra has maintained her key weblog, 'Pursed Lips', since 1999, she keeps a light-hearted author web site/blog, 'Weaving Erotic Wonders', and writes about her experiences as an e-book author and reader at Thin Air Codex. She also dabbles in podcasts and YouTube content, keeping the erotic world primed with content.

Debra is an erotic adventurer, a wife and mother, a daughter and sister, a friend to others, as well as a queer supporter, eccentric bibliophile, and confirmed New Englander.

Quickies:
Taboo

Edited by
Debra Hyde

BLACK
LACE

Dedicated to
authors and educators
Tristan Taormino and Jack Morin, Ph.D.
who not only told us that we could
but how.

Exit Only

Dominic Santi

‘What do you mean I need anal massages?’ I groused, leaning to one side as I sat up on my doctor’s not-so-comfortable exam table. Even though the stupid haemorrhoid had ‘subsided’, I remembered how painful it had been. I was annoyed that Stan, who was also my golf partner, now found the whole situation so amusing.

He grinned unrepentantly as he stripped off his glove and tossed it in the trash. ‘You’re way too tense these days, pal. You need to have your anus massaged regularly, the way I was doing, to relax your sphincter and stimulate the circulation there.’

‘But, that was awful!’ I sputtered. I didn’t want to add that I’d also been highly embarrassed. Other than the occasional unavoidable physical exam, Stan’s recently retreated digit was the only thing that had ever walked up my back door. My face was still hot thinking about how strange his slicked finger had felt, prodding and pulling.

‘Well, my ham hands aren’t as gentle as your gorgeous wife’s. Have Carol do it.’

‘What?’ I was too stunned to acknowledge the surprising little twitch my dick gave. ‘She’d never do that!’

I ignored Stan’s answering laugh, quietly amending to myself that Carol wouldn’t do that unless she damn well wanted to. My wife and her nasty antique hairbrush took charge of my butt whenever she thought I was getting too stressed - or when I told her I needed a good ass-warming. I loved being able to let go and have somebody else be the

boss for a change. I always came like gang-busters after one of Carol's consistently thorough spankings. I wasn't going to admit that to Stan, though.

Besides, he was still laughing at my reaction. 'Don't be silly, Jack. Your anus is a naturally erogenous zone. Lots of people get off on having a sphincter massage.' He looked at me levelly as he handed me a brochure. 'I'm serious about this. You have got to relax your ass. If you keep going the way you are, you'll end up needing surgery. That would not be fun.'

I was still muttering to myself when I stomped out of his office, papers in hand, lube samples in my pocket, and a note to mark my calendar for a six-thirty tee-off on Saturday morning.

Carol had canceled her last consultation so she'd be home by the time I got there. Despite her youthful looks, my corporate tycoon wife has a rock-solid reputation for being able to make quick decisions. She was still in her navy-blue power suit, concern written all over her face. She ducked her soft, brown curls under my arm and wiggled her curvy little body up against me. Her dark eyes took on a distinctly determined look the more I told her about what Stan had said. I jumped when she reached back and stroked my butt.

'Your bottom definitely needs attention.' Carol's smile was a bit too bossy for comfort as she firmly removed the brochure from my hand. 'Go soak in the tub. I'll be in to take care of you as soon as I change.'

'Now?' I stammered. I couldn't believe Carol was going along with Stan's plan so easily. This was my anus we were talking about - exit only! But the way she squeezed my lower cheek let me know she'd definitely accepted the idea. Her hold was good and tight.

'You're tense as a board, Jack.' With her other hand, Carol reached up and turned my head so I was looking directly at her. 'I'm going to paddle you soundly for that, as

soon as you're done with your bath.' She smiled, more softly now, gently stroking her fingers along my chin. 'I'm looking forward to giving your bottom a long, hard spanking, sweetheart. And massaging your anus sounds so sexy.'

I shivered, thinking about how much I loved the way my backside burned and my dick throbbed, stiff and wet, when she paddled me. The more she talked about massaging me, the more my anus tingled as well.

'But, we're talking about, you know, touching my backdoor...' I said lamely. I jumped again as her hand smacked firmly against my butt.

'You have a beautiful tush, lover,' she whispered against my lips. 'I want to play with all of it - inside and out.'

The next swat wasn't so gentle. I could see the determined gleam in her eyes. My cock was getting sufficiently intrigued that my reservations were rapidly falling away.

'Well, if you really want to.' I smiled meekly, rubbing my growing hard-on against her.

'I do,' she snapped. Her grin was wicked now. I hissed as her hand again burned across my ass cheek. 'Get in that tub, Mister.' Carol turned me around and with one final swat, pushed me in the direction of the bathroom. 'And Jack,' I could hear her trying not to laugh as I marched off down the hall, 'Relax!'

Minutes later, I climbed into a steaming hot tub. Okay, so it was relaxing. It was really relaxing. Even my butt felt less tight, though I still sat on the bath pillow while I soaked the tension out of my shoulders. I was almost asleep when Carol walked in the room.

If I'd been standing, I would have fallen over. She had changed into a slinky, white satin shortie nightgown.

My mouth dropped open. 'Wow.'

'A masseuse should look the part.' She laughed, kneeling on the bath mat and bending over to kiss me. Her lips were

soft and wet. By the time she leaned back, I was breathless. The tip of my cock stood straight up, out of the bath water.

I couldn't look at her enough. Her nipples were clearly outlined against the pearly satin. Without thinking, I reached up and cupped her breast in my palm. My wet hand-print made the fabric almost translucent. She shivered as I stroked my fingers over the pointy tip. Even beneath the cool satin, her flesh was soft and warm.

'That feels lovely,' she whispered. 'It's almost enough to distract me from what we're going to do...' She gave me one more quick kiss, then stood up and helped me from the tub '...almost.'

By then, I was in a fog of desire. Carol insisted on drying me - everywhere. I got even harder when she rubbed my cock vigorously between her towel-covered hands. Her fingers were magic, though it was really embarrassing when she made me lift my leg up onto the edge of the tub so she could pat way up between my cheeks. I didn't want to admit how good that felt.

I was still thinking about her hands, and concentrating on how that wet white satin clung to her, when she led me to the bedroom. One minute I was staring, mesmerized, at the shadow of a nipple perking out of her nightie. The next, I was lying on my side, a thick pile of towels under my hips, my face resting on a pillow and my top leg bent up and onto the bed. Something snapped behind me. I looked over my shoulder to see her fitting white rubber gloves over her fingers. I swallowed hard. A moment later, Carol's smooth, warm hand slid over my hip, massaging. The glove was silky smooth, her touch so tender it was like she'd donned a second, special skin just to treat my hypersensitive back door. My nose twitched at the pleasant, almost perfumed smell of the rubber.

'You have a beautiful bottom.' She smiled.

My cock twitched appreciatively as she traced the outline of her earlier hand-print. 'Whatever you say, ma'am.' I

pressed my butt back against her hand. 'You're in charge.'

'You're darn right, I am.' She laughed. Her hand slipped lower down, caressing the sensitive spot at the very top of my thighs. I couldn't help shuddering. Her touch was so unbelievably smooth.

A second later, I yelped as half a dozen stinging smacks burned across my ass. I hadn't even seen her pick up the hairbrush, but I recognized the wicked bite of Carol's favorite implement of correction.

'Hold still, Jack! And don't tighten!'

The next series of swats were hard enough to bring tears to my eyes. I did my best to obey, trying not to move as my lovely wife methodically and totally set my poor horny ass on fire. Despite my cries and yelps, I relished each scalding crack - my cock was getting so engorged it hurt. But, as always, Carol's no-nonsense spanking left my ass quivering. I sighed in relief when she finally set the hairbrush down.

'That's better,' she said, 'nice and relaxed.' I could hear the smile in her voice. Her firm, smooth fingers slid over my now-tingling butt. I jumped when a bottle cap clicked open. Jumped again at the sound of lube squirting. Her hand slid into my crack, cool and slippery.

My ass cheeks were sore and hot, yet her caresses were so arousing and comforting. She rubbed the side of her hand up and down - long, slow glides - her silky, latex-coated fingers teasing my tender bottom flesh as my penis throbbed hungrily against my belly. Her touch was all pleasure. Then her fingertip brushed over my very sensitive anus. I gasped and stiffened.

Her hand stilled instantly. 'Did that hurt?'

'No.' I blushed. It hadn't. But I'd have been willing to bet that even without the spanking, my lower cheeks would have been as red as my face felt. 'It's just sort of, you know, unexpected.'

'Get used to it,' she said sternly, her hand starting to move again. 'If you need me to, I'll blister your bottom

again before we go on. But, Jack -' this time the whole side of her silky-smooth hand slid firmly over my anus '- with or without another spanking you are going to have a very thorough anal massage.'

The last round with the brush had been more than enough to set my butt on fire. I made myself unwind into the covers while Carol's hands worked their magic over my skin. Her massage felt really good. My bottom got so comfy I started feeling sleepy again. I barely noticed when her wide, circling strokes gradually got smaller and smaller, until she was brushing the pad of her slippery index finger consistently over my sphincter. Despite how much that damn haemorrhoid had hurt before, the area wasn't sore at all anymore.

I didn't realize how completely relaxed I was until Carol said, 'Roll onto your back, sweetheart.'

Even my shoulders were putty as I turned over. Here I'd thought I'd die of embarrassment when she touched my back door, and I was as comfortable as if I had just awakened from a nap on the beach. I smiled up at her sheepishly.

'That felt nice.'

'I'm glad,' she grinned. 'I certainly enjoyed it.' She squeezed another stream of lube onto her hands. 'Now I'm going to make you feel even better. Bend your knees up so your feet are flat on the bed. That's it. Spread your legs wide for me.' I could feel my face heating again. Here I was, exposing my most private parts to my wife. And, looking at her in that damn nightie and those damn white gloves, I was getting another erection.

'Don't tighten up on me, Jack. Not now that I've gotten you all loose and open.' Carol was smiling, but her fingertips rested pointedly on an especially tender area of my freshly-spanked butt cheek.

I was going to ask her what she meant by 'open,' but I didn't get a chance. Carol's wet, wicked tongue flicked out

over her soft red lips, licked slowly and sensuously, and my mind went blank. I was still bemused when she brushed her fingertip over my anus and pressed against me. I moaned in pleasure. It felt wonderful. I realized with a shock that my asshole really was loose.

‘That’s more like it.’ She smiled. ‘This is supposed to feel good, lover. Relax and enjoy it.’

‘Yes, ma’am,’ I groaned. A wise man knows when to listen to his wife. Considering what her hands were doing, and where that blasted brush was, I decided this was a very good time to listen. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath, trying to let the last of the tension flow out of me as I exhaled.

‘Oh, yes.’ Carol laughed.

The lube oozed over me again, then Carol’s strong, sexy, feminine fingers started slowly and carefully tugging at my sphincter muscle. The gloves had a special sensation all of their own, unbelievably smooth and slippery. She massaged and stretched for a long time, stroking in just enough for me to feel some pressure on my anus, then pulling carefully to one side. Then to the other side. Then up and down. Stretching and pulling, over and over again.

My eyes flew open as the tip of her finger slipped into me. My muscles clamped down hard, rebelling at the invasion. But before I realized what she was doing, her other slippery, gloved hand closed around my cock. Her shimmering, white fingers stood out starkly against the deep red of my skin. I gasped as she stroked upward, her warm, well-slicked fingers making me aware of every nerve-ending in my quickly-filling shaft.

‘I can see I’m going to have to resort to drastic measures,’ she purred. ‘A nice orgasm should get you totally relaxed.’

‘Oh, God.’ All I could do was moan. I didn’t care what Carol’s plans were for my butt. She gives the best hand-job known to man. With those gloves on, she had me close to

nirvana already. My whole world revolved around what she was doing to my cock.

'Your penis is such a pretty color, lover. It's so red and stiff and thick. That little drop of pre-come looks like a pretty, clear pearl, caught right on the tip.'

It was hard for me to breathe. Carol's grip was even more slick than her pussy, her fingers white tendrils against me. Her closed fist slid up and over the head of my dick. She added a wicked little twist that made me shudder with pleasure.

'Now we're getting somewhere.' Carol's smile lit her whole face. Her nipples were hard as pebbles against her nightgown. 'We're going to try the massage again, Jack. But this time, I want you to concentrate on what I'm doing to your penis.'

I groaned as she stroked again.

'Forget all about your bottom for now. You just think about this beautiful erection you're making for me. Think about how good my hand feels around your shaft. Don't pay any attention to what I'm doing down here.'

As she spoke, her fingers teased the underside of my cock. Then her thumb was rubbing the sensitive 'V' in my glans. I groaned, clenching the sheet and trembling as she once more brushed her silky fingertip against my sphincter. This time, her finger slid all the way in. I gasped, my asshole fluttering, like it was trying to kiss her finger. But I was too turned-on to resist. Nerves I'd never known I had were awake and hungry for her touch. Sensations raced back and forth from my cock to my anus, reinforcing each other, growing stronger until it seemed like I could feel the blood pulsing into my veins.

'You're so hot, lover, inside and out.' Her hand slid up and over my cock, twisting mercilessly, as the finger in me stretched and pulled and teased. 'My pussy's getting so wet just thinking about how hard you are.'