

Cupid's Quiver



*B.J. Frazier
Sean O'Toole
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By

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Adult Reading Material

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Authors' Note

This book contains erotic fiction with graphic sex and is intended for mature readers only.

L.K. Lynch, Sean O'Toole and I collaborated to bring you three lustful tales to heat up your Valentine's. Sean was also inspired to write a more romantic story. It is included as a bonus.

My sincere and devoted thanks go to Thomas Antonson for his editing acumen and his uncanny ability to understand which word I really meant to use.

Big *hugs* for cover design assistance to:

RobinT

Seblin

Sean O'Toole

sizeerrorprojection

Please visit my website: bjfrazier.com

We know there are a lot of books for sale, and we thank you for choosing ours.

Happy reading,

~B.J.

Severe Content Warning: B.J. Frazier Publications books contain *plots* and *well-developed characters*

Enjoy!

Two Birds

By L.K. Lynch

Senior year of high school was, like for many, a last hurrah. In February, it was clear that friends and friendships soon would be scattered as all prepared to go their separate ways. College, trade schools, the service, the open road. We all knew that senior year would quite likely be the last time we'd spend any quality time together.

Valentine's Day weekend, my closest high school friend, Rob Jones, invited me to a bungalow on Lake Helmut; a reservoir east of Palm Springs in California. It was owned by his long-divorced mother's new boyfriend Ned. I had never met Rob's father, and I was barely acquainted with Ned, but Rob was insistent on getting me to come.

I suppose that being with your twin sister and mother and no TV at the house of the man dating your mom was too much to bear alone.

Sheila and Rob didn't share much besides the same birthday and the same womb. Rob was slimmer and taller with dark brown hair, while Sheila had fuller features and long, blonde hair. She also had a cute face and a killer smile.

Truth be told, she resembled her mom.

Throughout high school, as my interest in the opposite sex grew from a pre-pubescent sapling to a fully-grown sequoia, I noticed the attractive traits and features of mother and daughter. In my hopelessly overmatched boy-brain, which had been mired in the confusion of puberty, I was in denial of these thoughts.

During my time at Rob's house, Mrs. Jones always welcomed me with her tell-tale greeting, "Hi, handsome!" I didn't know if she meant it or it was just something a flirty, single mom would say to any man, but I kinda liked it.

* * * *

Rob and I rode with Ned early Friday morning. Mrs. Jones was working and would bring Sheila later that evening. Waiting for us would be Ned's brother and nephew.

The bungalow was at the end of a gravel trail, well off of the highway, and had a deck overlooking the lake. On the bank was a wide floating dock with a ladder.

When we arrived, we saw two guys already swimming. Retrieving our duffle bags from the car, I couldn't wait to change into my trunks and jump in myself--the air conditioning in Ned's car was on the fritz, and open windows did little to cool us.

I did a double-take. One of the boys climbed up the ladder and onto the dock... and he wasn't wearing a stitch.

"Umm..." I started. Before I could vocalize any actual words, the second guy was up the ladder, also sans bathing suit.

Ned shifted directly into what was certainly a well-worn 'man' speech.

"Yes, gents, the great outdoors beckons us! As men, we are drawn to the wilderness in its purest form. You can put on your suits if you want to, like the ladies do, but I intend to swim like a man. As nature intended!"

I looked at Rob, who deftly averted his eyes.

Twenty minutes later, after carrying the provisions into the bungalow and our duffle bags into the bunk room, came the moment of truth.

"You could have mentioned the naked swimming part, Rob. What happened? Slipped your mind?"

“Quit complaining,” Rob managed. “My mom and sister won’t be up until nightfall. It’s just like a boys’ locker room.”

Surrendering, I undressed and peered out the doorway to ensure the coast was clear. It felt weird walking from the bungalow to the dock in just my birthday suit, but it was also a strangely liberating experience.

My normal hesitation at the first jump was noticeably absent when we arrived at the dock. Thankfully, in the water, it was hard to notice that any of us were naked. The dark lake bottom absorbed the sunlight.

It wasn’t too long before I lost track of the fact that my privates were living the free life.

We divided into teams and played a makeshift game of water polo. After a few hours, the smell of charcoal invaded my consciousness. To my horror, we had been ambushed!

On the deck was Mrs. Jones and Ned’s sister-in-law stoking a barbeque grille. And, sunning themselves on the dock a mere ten feet from the ladder, were Sheila and two other girls; Veronica, Ned’s niece, and her local friend, Kate. Sheila and Veronica were in bikinis, and Kate was in a one-piece.

This could not possibly be happening.

* * * *

Dinnertime. The women called us up to eat. There wasn't a towel in sight, but everyone besides Rob and I were undaunted, and scrambled up the ladder like they hadn't eaten in a week. Sheila and the other girls on the deck lingered. And I had a sudden loss of appetite.

"After you," Rob said under his breath.

"Fuck," I replied, almost as quietly.

I was eight shades of red as I nonchalantly ascended the ladder, trying not to look at the girl that I had jerked-off to dozens of times.

Did I say I tried not to look? I told myself not to look. I remember telling myself that I wasn't going to look.

But, fuck, my hormone-swaddled brain clocked-out for a nanosecond, and my head slightly turned, looking right at her.

And in that nanosecond, burned into my memory for all eternity, is the image of her staring at my waterlogged package, then up to my face, all the while smiling like Mona Lisa. To this day, when I hear an art aficionado wondering what DaVinci's model was looking at, I have to bite my tongue.

Continuing my walk of shame, I headed up the yard to the deck. Having wrestled control of my brain, I managed not to look at Mrs. Jones, but I had the burning sensation that she got a gander at my goods.

As I walked across the lawn and grabbed a towel, she greeted me, "Hi, handsome!"

At the table, the boys sat in towels while everyone ate. My head was wrapped, almost as tight as the towel around my waist, around how surreal the situation was. But somewhere between a flame-broiled cheeseburger and a charred hotdog, a calming reality washed over me.

I had already been seen; there was nothing left to hide.

As strange as it was, I came to accept the bizarre normalcy of it all. The boys were naked, but it was all right. It's just the way it was done around here.

* * * *

After dinner, the girls helped the ladies clean up. The boys went to the backyard and collected wood for a firepit. The bungalow was situated next to the lake in a small ravine in the woods, so the entire area got dark well before sunset.

By the time we had built up the woodpile and got a reasonable blaze going, the girls had finished cleaning. They sat around the fire in their swimwear while the boys were in their towels--or not.

At dinner, Rob quietly mentioned that he was going to make a play for Kate. Wrapped in his towel, he sat next to her. On the other side, I sat next to Sheila, wrapped in my small, threadbare towel. It wasn't planned.

"So, are you a little weirded out by how the boys swim around here?" I asked.

"No, I kind of like it," Sheila replied, flashing that little smile.

My cock throbbed. I realized that if I got a full erection, that towel would never stay closed. It became enough of a nuisance that I casually slid it off and sat on it.

On the other side of the firepit, Rob was making time with Kate, but I couldn't see how he managed his towel situation.

After a bit of silence, mesmerized by the fire, Sheila touched my hand. “Let’s go for a swim,” she suggested.

We walked to the dock. I was happy that my back was to the fire since my cock pointed the way.

Sheila backed down the ladder behind me. With her back turned, she reached behind and untied her bikini top, placing it on the dock. Then she lowered herself into the water before turning to face me. Her tits remained below the murky surface.

Surrounded by blackness, Sheila wrapped her arms around my neck, and we kissed.

We made out for a while, her bikini bottom pressed against my erection, and the rock-hard nipples of her bare tits slid against my chest.

“I know a place,” she whispered.

I felt her hand underneath the water brush the top of my thigh before she grasped my cock.

“I don’t want to lose you in the darkness,” she winked.

Sheila led me about a hundred yards to a little grass island. The only light was from the moon above and the fire burning behind us.

She untied the string on her curvy hip and wrapped the garment around her wrist.

I barely made out her patch of matted blonde hair. Instinctively, I put my hands on her hips to press my cock into that forest.

“No,” she mouthed, her smile broadening.

Before I could process her refusal, she slid her index fingers from my wrists, up my arms and to my shoulders. With the mildest of pressure, she said, “Down.”

She said it with confidence and poise, exhibiting a maturity that was eons beyond me.

I obeyed.

Kneeling on the soft grass in front of her, I felt her hand behind my head. She pressed my face against her damp bush.

“Lick me,” she softly directed.

Her pussy was wet from the lake, but her taste soon changed to the viscous juices of her canal.

With my cock at full attention, I tried to take the lead and change our position.

“Uh-uh,” Sheila said, shaking her head, pressing me back to her patch.

I never had a girl take command the way she did. And I was in shock about my arousal.

I continued to lick her pussy, stretching my tongue to bathe the length of her opening. As I did, she ground against my face, leaning backward to expose more of her lips.

When she shuddered, I realized that I had never seen a girl have a real orgasm. Her moans were soft but guttural; her pleasure opened a door for me. No, they blew that door off of the hinges.

I wanted to lay her down and make sweet love to her. Sheila had other ideas.

“I will not be laying in that grass,” she said, calmly anticipating my foolish desire. “Lay down on your back,” she continued.

I laid there, my hardness pointing toward the North Star. Sheila, straddling my hips, lowered herself onto it with teasing rubs before easing down its full length.

Hands on my chest and riding me, she whispered, “Hold yourself until I’m ready for your release.”

The shock and boldness of her command almost made me come right then and there.

As I lay, helplessly on my back, Sheila crouched over me, on all fours, rutting her victim-mate like a predator ruling the forest. She rode me, pinching and twisting my nipples while I held her hips.

She leaned forward, pressing hard on my pecs, her long, blonde hair barely brushing my chest. She used me as her vehicle--similar to my using her mental image so many times before--preparing to come again. Just before her shuddering began again, she trembled, "Come now."

She heaved, and I felt her juices gush onto my cock. Unable to contain myself, I exploded into her.

After catching our breath, she looked straight at me and smiled.

"Does this mean that we're going out?" I asked, more serious than not.

Sheila furrowed her brow. "No," she replied. "We're going to different schools in the fall. I just needed to take you before my mother."

I chuckled at her joke. "That would be a neat trick, with all of these people around," I stammered.

"Wait and see."

Back to the dock, and still in the water, Sheila put on her bikini. At the fire pit,

Rob and Kate were gone but the other guys were still there.

“Glad to see you’re back,” they said. “We’re leaving early tomorrow and wanted to say good-bye.”

“Too bad,” I managed. “Are your parents with Ned and Mrs. J? I want to say good-bye to them.”

“They’re on the deck with Ms. Jen. Ned got called into work a little while ago.”

“Good night,” Sheila said to me, smiling as she walked away.

* * * *

The early morning sun of Valentine’s Day shone through the window into my eyes. The room was empty. Rob had wandered off with Kate last evening, and the others had left early. Since Ned had been called into work, it left Sheila and Mrs. J.

I flipped off the sheets and remembered that I was naked. I smelled breakfast being cooked. I pulled on a pair of gym shorts, then headed to the kitchen. Mrs. J was there.

“Hi, handsome!”

“Good morning, Mrs. J.”

She glanced down. “No swimming today?” she asked, seeing my gym shorts.

“Later, I guess,” I replied.

“Oh, okay,” she said. “I’m just not used to seeing boys wearing clothes at the lake house.”

“About that...” I started.

“I know that you’re not accustomed to the way they do things around here,” she explained while mixing pancake batter. “Rob initially had trouble with it, too. But not long ago, in many parts of the country, it was common for men to swim without suits. Modesty wasn’t an issue. But women were always held to a different standard. They were required to be discreet. Sort of a control thing.”

“That’s ironic,” I replied. “Somehow, it seems that, with the men naked, the control is in the hands of the women.”

Mrs. J's face brightened. I realized where Sheila's Mona Lisa smile came from.

"An astute observation!" Mrs. J exclaimed. "I always knew you were as bright as you are good-looking."

The sun illuminated every detail of the open room: the furniture; the walls; and Mrs. J and me.

The uncompromising light revealed her timeless beauty that was previously hidden underneath the lines of a middle-aged woman. I was struck by the magnificence of her, both as a female and a single mother of twins, and how she gracefully accomplished everything.

As we talked, I observed her with newly-opened eyes. As an adolescent, I never appreciated the attractiveness of an older woman; much more drawn to the youthful sexiness of the girls who occupied the top tier of my jerk-off list. In my awakening, however, those girls seemed as two-dimensional as the pages of skin magazines.

Real women, however, were three-dimensional, full of the imperfect beauty of the real world.

In talking with Mrs. J, it struck me that sexiness doesn't have an age limit.

In fact, in that moment, with my eighteen-year-old body, I felt a bit two-dimensional myself. I knew I could never compete with Ned, nor would I want to. But for a brief second, I considered what Sheila had said about her mother and me.

“So, did you enjoy yourself yesterday?” asked Mrs. J as she flipped a batch of pancakes.

“It was a great day,” I replied.

“I saw that you finally noticed Sheila after all of those years coming over the house, hanging out with Rob, and not giving Sheila the time of day...”

“Uh, well, it’s not that I wasn’t interested,” I stammered. She did occupy a lofty spot on my J-list, I thought. “It was just... it would have been weird going out with the twin sister of my best friend.”

“It didn’t seem to stop you last night.”

Damn, she saw. I hope she’s not pissed.

“I, uh... I mean, it was kind of Sheila’s idea...”

“Don’t worry. I’m glad you two finally got together. Even if it’s just a little fling before you both go away to college.”

“Sheila is kind of take-charge.”

“Really? How so?”

“I mean, she just kind of knows what she wants.”

“What do you mean?” Mrs. J stood in front of me, one hand on her hip, spatula in the other.

“Well, I...” I turned as red as I was the previous day, climbing out of the water in front of the girls.

“You know, there’s nothing wrong for the woman to take charge from time to time. It’s a shame if you didn’t appreciate it.”

“No, I did, Mrs. J, I did.”

She smiled. “You’re eighteen now. Call me Jennifer.”

“I liked it, Mrs.--ah... Jennifer.”

“What did you like about it?”

“I mean, I don’t know.... Umm...”

“Did you like that she took charge?”

“Yes.”

“Did you like following her orders?”

“Uh, yes...”

“I see.” Jennifer noticed my cock growing before I did. “Do you plan to swim today?”

“Yes.”

“Take off your shorts.”

My cock continued its ascent as I dutifully obeyed. Jennifer openly stared at it.

“You know, when I call you ‘handsome’, it’s because you are.”

“Mrs. J....”

She whacked the top of my thigh lightly with her spatula.

“I mean, Jennifer!”

“You don’t like being complimented by an older woman?”

“No... I mean yes! I mean...”

“Do you think that older people don’t notice these things? Do you think that sex ends after thirty?”

“No, that’s not what I meant...”

“Well, what did you mean, then?”

“I...”

Whack

“I’m sorry!”

“You can make amends by setting the table.”

I stood up, naked, and began to set the table. When I opened the wrong cabinet looking for the dishes, Jennifer gave a slight swat on my ass to direct me to the correct door.

After setting the places, Jennifer said, “Very well done. But it seems that no one is up yet for breakfast.”

“I remember that Sheila always sleeps late,” I said, trying to be helpful.

“And Rob?”

I’m not sure that Rob made it home last night...

“Umm...” I started.

Whack

“Are you covering for him?”

“Umm...”

Whack!

“The last I saw of him, he was with Kate, the local girl...”

“You give up your friend that easily?” Whack-whack

“Umm...”

WHACK!

“Ow!”

“Do you like this?” Jennifer asked after a pause.

“What?”

“Do you like this?”

I hadn't pondered the situation until she asked it.

"Yes."

"Hmm.... good."

I also realized that, from the size and hardness of my cock, she didn't need to ask.

Jennifer loosened the strings on her apron. Underneath, she wore a T-shirt and shorts... much shorter than my mother would wear.

Jennifer sauntered to the living room couch. Based on the look she gave me, I knew she wanted me to follow.

She removed her T-shirt and revealed a lacy, red half-bra. Then she slid her shorts down. Underneath was a matching pair of panties.

Jennifer sat delicately on the couch, twisting her hips as she lowered her lovely ass onto the leather-covered cushion. The difference in how Jennifer carried herself versus how Sheila had the night before was a master's course in

sexuality... and I wasn't even a freshman yet.

Jennifer outstretched her arm and, with a curling finger, summoned me. As I approached, she ordered me to my knees with just the expression on her face and the movement of her eyes.

I knelt my naked body in front of her. Jennifer's crossed legs held her right foot at ball-height. She gently tapped her foot underneath my dangling sac. The wave of warning pain formed a droplet at the tip of my cock.

Intuitively, I caressed her calf with my hand and simultaneously kissed her shin. Her skin was beautifully tanned. As I continued my journey to her knee, Jennifer gracefully spread her legs, one foot on the floor, one leg on the couch. Her womanhood underneath the lace panties beckoned as if it spoke directly to me.

Jennifer reclined, placing her lace panties inches from my face. She reached down and gently slid the fabric to one side, inviting me to pleasure her clit. The unadulterated sexy seduction was miles above the previous high-water mark set by Sheila.

Adding to the experience, Mother tasted more seasoned than her sweet eighteen-year-old daughter, and that wasn't a bad thing. As aroused as I was, the lessons of sexuality being impressed upon me, kept me focused on bringing Jennifer to climax. For the second time that weekend, curiosity trumped libido in my boy-brain: I was more interested in pleasuring Jennifer than myself.

As I focused on how well I was performing with my tongue, I noticed that Jennifer's breathing and movements were climbing the ladder. Her hips rocked slowly, making the most from the contact of my tongue on her swollen curtains.

Gazing upward, I saw Jennifer's nipples breaching the racy half-bra. Her mature tits were like soft, flat pillows--quite different than the pert globes of girls that occupy most boys' fantasies. That encounter rewrote the years of programming on my evolving boy-brain.

Jennifer's breathing became heavy, and she came as elegantly as everything else she had done. Her orgasm was longer than Sheila's; longer than I thought possible.

After her body language released me from her womanhood, Jennifer motioned for me to stand. My rock-hard erection was eye-high to her, and a drop was at the tip. Jennifer leaned forward to take me in her mouth, when we both heard rustling in the bedroom hallway. She looked toward my trunks and nodded, while reaching down to retrieve her clothes.

Sheila entered the kitchen as I was pulling up my waistband. Her messy, blonde hair framed the face of a girl just awake. She wandered into the room in a long, white cover-up, which exposed acres of thigh.

But with one glance at the bulge in my crotch, it was clear that she knew.

“I’m going into town to pick up a few groceries,” Jennifer announced, back in her tee and shorts. “You two enjoy some breakfast.”

With that, Mrs. J left.

Sheila flashed an ‘I told you so’ look.

I stammered, “We didn’t...”

“Didn’t what?” Sheila toyed with me.

“I mean, uh...”

“Did I interrupt?” Sheila glanced again at my erection for effect.

The drop had formed a wet spot on my shorts. Her Mona Lisa smile grew into a wicked grin.

She was a vision in that cover-up. Sauntering to the living room, she lifted it off, revealing a bikini underneath.

Gazing out the back window, she continued her tease. “I think I’ll be going swimming later today. How about you?”

For the second and last time that morning, I slid out of my shorts.

Sheila, turning to face me, sat down on a large ottoman.

I followed her.

Sheila wiped the next drop of precum with her tongue, and then pressed the tip of her tongue into the slit beneath. I thought it would hurt more than it did. Her right hand softly stroked the base of my cock, while her left cupped my ass. As she looked up, she sucked on my cockhead.

Sheila was advancing to expert, making it the best blowjob I’d ever had.

Just as my body began to tense, she backed off. Sheila decided it was time to take off her bikini. I was finally going to get to see what last night's darkness hid.

Her tits were bigger than her mom's, as though she carried her baby fat through puberty and transformed it into curvaceous ecstasy. Her hips were round and soft. And her ass was probably bigger than mine, but oh so sexy.

"You like?" asked Sheila.

"I do," I managed.

Sheila climbed onto the ottoman on all fours, exposing herself in a most primitive way. "Do you see my holes?" she asked.

I swallowed hard. Of course I see them, I thought.

"Cosmopolitan Magazine says that some men are turned off by the thought of licking a woman from behind. If a man's tongue is reaching into the woman's vagina, his nose will be rubbing against her asshole."

“How do I make that not happen?” I asked.

“You don’t,” Sheila replied. “But it will make a woman wetter than ever.”

She took me to a whole new level.

The parts of my brain that might have objected were immobilized by the sensuality of the moment. I tentatively leaned in and placed the tip of my tongue in the center of the bullseye.

I immediately felt Sheila shudder, and the muscle that kept her tightly closed contracted even further. Sheila moaned.

Like her mother before, I had decided to bring Sheila to orgasm. I made love to her ass, taking my time before shifting my attention to her clit.

Sheila dropped to her elbows, exposing her voluptuous ass to the maximum.

When I finally moved my focus to her opening, Sheila was sopping wet. I could barely contain her juices, and was careful to not let any of her honey go to waste.

Sheila was easily ten times more aroused than she had been the previous night; however, today's mountain was Everest, instead of the bunny-slope.

I wanted my tongue to bring her to climax, but Sheila said no. "Take me from behind."

My cock surged and dripped at her command. Sheila had to be close, because I knew that, when I plunged in, I would explode.

When it was time, I stood behind her. Sheila's ass was wider in that position, and the beauty of a big-boned woman was beyond intoxicating. I placed my hands on her broad hips, and plunged my cock to the hilt.

Sheila moaned in delight as I pumped in and out. She met my thrusts and slammed those cheeks against my hips. If I could have, I would have fallen into her wet pussy, and I would have never let myself out.

Unlike her mother, Sheila vocalized her orgasm loudly and without control. My load blasted from me, pouring down the insides of her thighs.

Exhausted, Sheila crumpled onto the ottoman, and I collapsed onto the couch...

where Jennifer had sat moments before.

“Well, Sheila?”

Startled, I looked over my shoulder. Mrs. J had returned from her shopping trip. Sheila didn’t move from her spot.

It took a moment for the daughter to respond.

“Cosmo was right, Mother,” she said with contempt before breaking into a silly giggle.

* * * *

The ride home later that afternoon was quiet. Rob wandered in from a night spent in a tent with Kate. There’s no doubt that he got laid, just as there’s no doubt his encounter didn’t hold a candle to my weekend.

“Did you have a good time at the lake?” Mrs. J asked.

“Thanks, I did very much,” I replied. I certainly couldn’t lie.

“It was quite a Valentine’s weekend...”

THE END

Many thanks for sharing my Valentine’s short. I hope you enjoyed reading it as much as I enjoyed writing it.

If so, I’d be honored if you left a review at your favorite retailer.

-L.K.

Road Warriors

By Sean O'Toole

It was Valentine's Day. I was sitting alone at the bar in a high class steak place. The bartender had just placed a perfect Boodles martini on a napkin in front of me. I'd watched him make it. There was no television above the back bar; it wasn't that kind of place.

He knew I was watching and made a little show out of putting the ice in the shaker, adding a little vermouth, shaking it, draining the vermouth, adding several ounces of Boodles gin, and shaking it again before pouring it into a chilled martini glass. He impaled a couple of olives and laid them on the rim before placing the glass on a napkin in front of me.

If you understand chemistry, you'll know how a truly dry martini works. Gin and vermouth have different specific gravities so the vermouth goes to the top of the glass. If you do it right, the vermouth forms a layer one molecule thick over the gin and keeps the alcohol from evaporating. I like martinis but I'm not crazy about the flavor of vermouth. One molecule thick is plenty. The bartender knew what he was doing.

I saluted him as I raised the glass to my lips and took a sip. Perfect.

Unlike my life, which was far from perfect. Like I say, I was sitting alone in a bar on Valentine's Day.

I looked over the menu, even though I already knew what I would order. I guess I did it for appearances. Out of the corner of my eye I saw a woman slide onto the seat two spots away from me. I took a look. Then I looked again. Yes, it was a double take.

She reminded me of someone I'd known years ago. Same short, auburn hair in the wedge style made famous by figure skater Dorothy Hamill. She was about five-eight or -nine with long legs. Tall and slim. Lovely complexion. She had a little makeup on but didn't really need it. She looked to be in her twenties but I'm no judge of women's ages. Younger than me, anyway.

I took it all in at a glance. I tried not to stare. I'm sure she noticed my regard but was probably used to it and didn't indicate any awareness at all... or so I thought at the time.

I returned my attention to my martini, watching the tiny drops of moisture slide slowly down the sides of the glass. I liked how the light made them look like little sparks. I took another sip of my martini. Just as good as the first.

"Ready to order?" the bartender asked.

"Sure. I'll have the Kansas City Strip, Pittsburgh style, with a salad and hash browns," I said.

“I’ll put that in right away, sir,” the barman said as he tapped my info into a pad and sent it to the kitchen at the speed of light. Or at least the speed of the local wi-fi.

He moved down the bar and put a napkin in front of the lady who’d just sat down to my right.

“What’ll it be, Miss?” he asked.

“Absolut Citron lemon drop martini, up, please,” she said.

If there’d been a face that could launch a thousand ships, hers was a voice that could launch ten times that many. It was sweet and low, and as smooth as the best whiskey laced with honey.

“I’ll have that right up for you,” the bartender said.

I watched as he made her martini with the same care and showmanship that had gone into mine. I like lemon drop martinis but only in the summer. I don’t judge. People like what they like. I also don’t drink Summer Shandy in the winter.

The dining room was packed. Most of the tables had some variation of a rose bouquet--testimony to the effectiveness of flower marketing for Valentine's Day. Happy couples at every table, presumably. Or not. Five years ago I might have been one of those couples.

The bar? Well, that was me and the beautiful--no, exquisite woman to my right. And our martinis. And the bartender. That was it. Three people on what is supposed to be the most romantic holiday.

I assumed she was meeting someone. A woman that lovely alone on Valentine's Day? Not a chance.

"How's the martini?" the bartender asked me.

"Perfect. Best one I've had since the last time I was here," I joked.

"Thank you, sir," he replied before moving down the bar and asking the other occupant the same question.

"Excellent," she said. "I'd like to order dinner," she added.

“Of course, Miss. You need a menu?”

“I heard what he ordered,” she said, indicating me, “and that sounds good. I’ll have the same.”

“Very good, Miss. I’ll get that started for you,” he replied.

“Have you eaten here before?” I asked her as a way of hearing her mellifluous tones again.

“No, it’s my first time. If the food is as good as this martini, I think I’ll do all right,” she replied.

“Oh, it’s as good or better. They dry-age their own steaks here. And they know how to do a Pittsburgh style steak better than any other place I’ve been.”

“That’s good to know,” she said.

I turned in my seat so I was facing her and lifted my glass.

“Happy Valentine’s Day,” I said.

“Happy Valentine’s Day,” she smiled. “My name’s Kathy-with-a-K,” she added.

“Jerry-with-a-J,” I chuckled.

Then she did something that took me by surprise. She got off her seat and moved to the one that had been between us, sliding her drink carefully along the bar.

“Looks better if we sit next to each other. Less like a couple of losers,” she said with a chuckle.

“Yeah, eating alone at a bar on Valentine’s Day kind of has that image,” I agreed, taking another sip of my perfect martini.

“So, Jerry-with-a-J, out of all the gin joints in all the world, how did you end up in this one, alone, on Valentine’s Day?” she asked.

“I’m a trouble shooter. Freelance. Companies call me when they’re having the kind of problems that I can solve, which I usually do, and move on to the next gig. I’m on the road a lot. It’s why my marriage broke up, more or less. I came

home early one time and caught my wife in bed with a co-worker. So, here I am. What's your story, Kathy-with-a-K?"

"Wow. How odd. I'm a trouble shooter, too. IT trouble. I'm all over the country. Never been married. Came close a couple of times but couldn't or wouldn't pull the trigger," she answered.

"So, here we are," I said.

"Alone on Valentine's Day," she replied, holding up her glass in salute.

We clinked our glasses and sipped our martinis. An awkward silence enveloped us like a fog bank.

I suppose I should describe myself. I'm in my forties, six-feet-two inches tall in my socks and weigh just over two hundred pounds. I still have a full head of wavy brown hair with a few grey flecks in it. I'm clean-shaven and well-dressed. I work out, play tennis, racquetball, and golf. I'm considered good-looking, although I've never really felt like that was true.

"A couple of road warriors enjoying martinis on Valentine's Day," I said, breaking the silence.

“To road warriors,” she said, lifting her glass again.

“Yes, to road warriors,” I replied touching the rim of her glass with mine. She smiled, and her green eyes sparkled.

Honestly, I felt like I was in a story of some sort. Me and a beautiful woman at a bar sharing drinks and dinner. It didn’t seem real somehow.

The ice had been broken. We shared a life circumstance. We both knew how tough life on the road is on relationships. I’d had a number of short-lived affairs after the marriage breakup. I’d also used escorts from time to time, depending on where I was. But let’s face it, the road is lonely.

I thought it was interesting that we were both guns for hire. Lot of things in common. Pretty unbelievable. Maybe I’ll wake up and Bobby Ewing will step out of the shower.

“How’d you find this place?” I asked.

“Recommendation from a fellow traveler,” she replied.

“I’m glad you took them up on it. I’ve been coming here for years. This particular city has been good to me, business-wise. I knew it was a good place as soon as I saw Boodles on the back bar,” I said.

“Boodles?”

“My favorite British Gin. Not many places stock it. They don’t advertise. I only found out about it through the novels of John D. MacDonald. My father was a big fan of his main character, Travis McGee, a tough private eye. I started reading them and found them enjoyable. Dad and I didn’t have much in common so it was nice to discover something we both liked. At any rate, McGee liked Boodles, and I did some investigating. Bought a bottle and tried it. Love at first sip.”

“I’ve never been a big fan of gin,” Kathy said. “But I like your story. Do you read a lot?”

“It’s the one thing I enjoy about being on the road: I have time to read. And every city seems to have an interesting local book shop or two, so I’m always finding new things to add to my bookcase,” I said. “How about you?”

“Yes, I love books. My parents were avid readers, and they encouraged me to follow their example,” she said. “Read any good books lately?” she added with a slight grin and a raised eyebrow.

“I just started reading Caroline Graham’s ‘Inspector Barnaby’ series,” I said.
“And if you like your stories with a little heat, you might give Sean O’Toole a try,” I added.

“Inspector Barnaby--wasn’t he the main character on that British crime drama they used to show on PBS?” she asked.

“Yeah, that’s the one,” I replied. “What are you reading now?”

“‘Soul Music’ by Terry Pratchett,” she replied.

“Pratchett! I love the Discworld novels!”

That opened the door to a conversation that lasted throughout dinner.

I’d sipped my martini, then switched to ginger ale. Kathy had a second lemon drop but it didn’t seem to have any ill effects. She stopped at two, though, and switched to water.

We finished our food, declined dessert, got our checks, and that, I thought, was that. A pleasant evening of conversation with a lovely and engaging companion. Nice way to spend Valentine's Day.

For some reason, Jimmy McHugh's *A Lovely Way to Spend an Evening* popped into my head. The Andre Previn instrumental version. I hummed it softly to myself and thought about how lovely it would be to spend the rest of the evening with Kathy. I figured I had a better chance of scaling Mt. Everest without a rope.

"Jerry," she said, placing a hand over mine, "this might sound a bit forward, but I've really enjoyed your company, and I was wondering if you did, too. I would like it to continue."

To say that I was surprised would be an understatement. Gobsmacked is more like it. Yes, I understand that women can initiate this type of thing just as much as men can. It just wasn't what I was expecting--I didn't think I was in her league.

I must have hesitated a bit too long before replying because she got a funny look on her face, and I thought she might bolt.

"I'm sorry--" she started.

"No. I mean, no, it's not forward, and, yes, I'd love to have our evening

continue,” I said. “You just caught me by surprise.”

“Why?”

“Because you’re so beautiful.”

She sighed. A small frown appeared. “Really?”

“I’ve never thought of myself as particularly handsome or attractive,” I said.

“We need to work on your self image, Jerry-with-a-J. But that’s a lesson for another evening. Where are you staying?”

“I keep a condo here because I visit this city so often. It’s a five-minute walk.”

“Your place, then. I’m in a hotel out on the interstate. You mentioned Sean O’Toole earlier. He’s published by B.J. Frazier, and I love her femdom stuff. Ever been with a Dominant, Jerry?”

“No, I haven’t,” I replied slowly, wondering where she was going.

“Well then, this is your lucky night,” she said with what can best be described as a Bond villain grin.

She stood up and held out her hand. I took it. She was clearly in charge. I felt a thrill go down my spine and ground in my groin.

We walked out together, and I noticed that her strides were almost exactly the same length as mine--we were completely in step. She was taller than I first thought--probably just a shade over six feet. I don’t have too many kinky fetishes but I love tall women. Kathy was perfect.

Neither of us said a word during the short walk to my building. When we got in the elevator, she grabbed my shoulders and turned me toward her before pulling me in for a kiss that curled my toes. She knew what she wanted and wasn’t going to ask me for it. Oh, this was going to be epic.

“Mmm... you’re a good kisser. I like that in a man. Key,” Kathy ordered, holding out her hand.

I reached in my pocket and handed it to her. “Ten-fifty-one,” I said.

She strode ahead of me, pulling me down the hall to my door. We got to the door of my unit. “Strip,” she said.

“What?”

She slapped me. Not hard, but it was a shock.

“It’s Valentine’s Day but I’m not Cupid. If you want to get lucky tonight, strip off right here or the evening ends now,” she said.

Her voice was laced with honey but with a harder edge that spoke directly to my hindbrain. I looked up and down the short hallway. Nobody around. No noise from the other units. Still, it was a big risk. I went for it.

Thirty seconds later, I was standing in a puddle of fabric, naked as the day I was born, my cock sticking straight up and throbbing.

“Good boy,” she purred.

She put the key in the lock with one hand and gripped my leaking dick with the other. With the door open, she pulled me inside, reaching back with her foot to drag my clothes along.

She held the hand that had been holding my cock up to my face. “Lick,” she said.

I followed her instructions. It was a shock. I really hadn’t been with a dominant before. My sexual encounters tended to be vanilla one-off sessions with strangers picked up in bars or online. Nothing in my experience had prepared me for Kathy.

No offense, Sean, but my next book purchase will be something by B.J. Frazier. I had a lot to learn.

“Good boy,” she said. “Now, get on your hands and knees and show me to your bedroom,” she added, picking up my pants and pulling out the belt. I shuddered but complied.

I crawled toward the bedroom, and she followed. I felt her looking at me and wondered what she was thinking. Then I felt the warm leather of my belt gently touch my back, and I jerked as if it had been a live wire. She laughed. It was throaty and sounded every bit as sexy as her speaking voice.

“This is a new experience for you, isn’t it, Jerry-with-a-J?”

“Yes...” my response hung in the air like a balloon waiting for a pin.

“The word you’re looking for is ‘Mistress.’ Say it. Say, ‘yes, Mistress.’”

“Y-y-yes, Mistress,” I stammered.

I’d never been as turned on before. I thought I might actually blow a hands-free load right on my brand new carpet. My cleaning lady would kill me. Semen is a bitch to get out of carpet. Thinking of my cleaning lady killed my boner for about thirty seconds.

“Good boy. I think we’re going to have some fun,” she purred, stroking my ass with the belt.

I moaned. She laughed again.

“Oh, Jerry. I just love virgins. It’s really a shame that I don’t have my toys tonight. I think you’d enjoy all of them. Well, we’ll just have to make do,” Kathy said.

I shivered.

“How long are you in town this time, Jerry?”

“End of the week, Mistress,” I said.

“Good. We can go to my room tomorrow night and really show you how much fun it is to be with a Domme,” she said.

The crawl to my bedroom was accompanied by Kathy lightly slapping my belt on my ass. Each stroke made my cock throb.

“You have a fetish for tall women don’t you, Jerry?”

“Yes, Mistress,” I whispered.

“I’ll bet you have fantasies about a tall woman who wraps her long legs around you and fucks your brains out, right?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Or, maybe it’s having her grip your head with her thighs while you worship her pussy?”

“Both, Mistress.”

“Oh my, I think I’m going to enjoy myself,” Kathy said.

I really didn’t care if I never got off, so long as I could please this woman.

“Get up on the bed and lay on your back, Jerry,” Kathy ordered.

“Yes, Mistress,” I said, complying.

I grabbed my cock and gave it a squeeze. It felt so good I almost came.

SMACK!

My eyes flew open and I gasped in pain as she swatted my balls with the belt.

“Listen to me very carefully, Jerry-with-a-J,” she growled, “you do NOT get to play with your junk. You do NOT get to TOUCH your junk without permission. I don’t even want you to THINK about touching your junk without permission. Oh, and permission is probably not in the cards tonight so just put it out of your mind,” she added acidly.

“Yes, Mistress,” I gasped, still hurting. Amazingly, my dick remained stiff as a board.

“Lay there and keep your hands at your sides. Watch me,” Kathy said.

She stepped away from the bed and, moving to music only she could hear, she began to sway seductively, slowly removing her clothing. It was the longest striptease in history.

I closed my eyes for a moment which earned me another slap.

“Eyes on me, Jerry,” she hissed.

Yes, hissing seemed appropriate. She moved with the grace of a python, her long, lean body ideally suited to her moves. I had to concentrate on my cleaning lady as more and more of Kathy’s flesh was revealed or I would have blown a gasket.

When she was down to bra and panties, I would have happily agreed to be her body slave for the rest of my life. Those legs. Oh my god. I’m a leg man. Always have been. No offense to big tit lovers or people who only get turned on by a plump bottom, but I’ve always been about legs.

Kathy’s were exquisite. Perfectly shaped from the tips of her toes to her lovely thighs. I would have bet the whole farm on Kathy having been a dancer at some point.

The bra was next, revealing B-cup breasts with spiky brown nipples that just begged to be sucked and nuzzled.

I held my breath as her hands slid from her breasts across her taut belly until they reached the top of her panties. I could see and smell her arousal by that point. I knew she was turned on. We both were. I trembled as I waited to see what would happen. I had no will any longer except to obey her.

Her thumbs hooked the front of her panties, and she slowly drew them down. And when I say slowly, I'm not kidding. It felt like years before a well-trimmed tuft of pubic hair inched into view. She was still swaying while twisting her legs and torso to her inner music, and the effect was as intoxicating as a second Boodles martini.

As her full pubis came into view, I saw that the tuft of hair at the top of her mons was the only hair in evidence. She was otherwise completely bare between her legs. I had a good view of her swollen labia. Her clit protruded from her sex like a miniature phallus.

She slid her panties off her hips, and they dropped to her ankles. She picked them up and put them over my face with the gusset at my lips. Ah, sweet nectar never smelled so wonderful.

"Open your mouth, Jerry," she ordered.

I complied, and she shoved her panties into my mouth. I didn't mind. Even though I could taste a wisp of nectar, I hoped to taste it directly from the source.

"Do you know what gets me off, Jerry? I know you can't answer that at the moment, your mouth being stuffed full of my panties. So, I'll tell you. I'm a dominant. I get off on submission. Yours, not mine. I get off on control. And I think you get off on being a sub, even if you never realized it before tonight. Shake your head yes or no, Jerry."

I shook my head yes.

“I think we already established that this is your first time with a real FemDom.”

I shook my head yes again along with a promise to myself that it wouldn't be the last time.

“Well, I can't give you the full experience but I think you'll enjoy it. If you please me and happen to be coming to my city sometime in the future, maybe I'll bring you to my dungeon and really show you how things work in my world.

“You know, there are a lot of guys out there just like you, Jerry-with-a-J, who never knew what they were missing until they met their first dominant. I'm going to get off a few of times while I show you what it's like to be helpless. Keep your hands at your sides and don't move unless I tell you to. If you're a REAL good boy you might get off yourself.”

I nodded. I was equal parts scared and aroused. My body trembled. My cock leaked. She stood there, naked, a goddess in all but name. A secret smile tugged at the corners of her oh-so-kissable lips.

“Jerry, I think you’re scared,” she said with a smirk.

I nodded vigorously. No point in trying to lie.

“Your cock isn’t scared, though. I don’t generally encourage men to let their small brain take charge but, in this case, I’ll make an exception. Your cock knows the score. Just let go, Jerry. I promise you’ll have a great time even if you don’t come. Don’t move. I need to check on something.”

She walked to my closet. Her ass was as beautiful as her legs. Mr. Happy throbbed and leaked, and I started to mentally recite the names of my all-time favorite baseball players.

“Ah, I knew it,” she said as she opened the closet door. “Nice job of keeping things tidy, Jerry. I don’t often see that in men. Or women, for that matter, especially on the road.”

When I saw her turn back toward the bed, my fear meter pinned all the way to the stops. She had one of my pants hangers.

“I don’t want you blowing a load without permission, Jerry, so I’m going to take some precautions. Spread your legs.”

I complied. I knew what was coming and I still complied. I knew it would hurt. I didn't hesitate for a second. Boing--my legs did the splits seemingly without any instructions from the head office.

Kathy chuckled. "Eager. I like that. This is going to cause you some discomfort but the goal is to keep you from blowing your load without permission. If there's a next time, we'll put your junk in a cage."

I came so close to losing it right there. I'd seen pictures of guys with caged cocks but I had no idea that it was something I wanted until that exact moment.

Her hands were gentle as she grasped my sac and pulled on it, stretching the skin and creating some separation between my balls and my shaft. Then she opened the pants hanger and carefully shut it on my scrotum in exactly the right spot to cause discomfort but not injury. She gave my balls a light tap.

"Don't want to injure these," she said, chuckling. "I may have a use for them another time."

It hurt. Having that skin pinched even without pinching my nuts was painful. And it had the desired effect. At least for the time being, I wasn't in danger of an imminent eruption. My cock leaked a little and softened a little. The position of the hanger also made it nearly impossible for me to close my legs without bumping it.

“Excellent. You’ve been such a good boy. I think you deserve a reward. Open,” she said placing her hand, palm up, in front of my mouth.

I opened my mouth, and she took back her panties. She tossed them on the floor.

“Now I want you to understand your role here, Jerry-with-a-J. I don’t want to feel your hands touching me anywhere for any reason. And I don’t want your hands touching your junk, either. You will keep them at your sides at all times. Is that understood?”

“Yes, Mistress,” I whispered.

“I’m going to fuck your face. You can lick me if you want to but it isn’t necessary. I may give you more detailed instructions that you are to follow. Understood?”

“Yes, Mistress,” I said, a little more confidently.

She got on the bed and straddled my face. I looked into her juicy quim and my mouth watered. I inhaled deeply. She lowered herself until her labia kissed my lips. I kissed back, nibbling her dewy petals.

“Mouth open, tongue out. Just hold still,” she purred.

I complied. She reached down and pulled her pussy open before pressing it onto my lips and tongue. She moved up and down at first and then she began rotating her pussy--just over my mouth and gradually widening her scope so that she smeared her juicy center all over my face.

“Chin up,” she commanded. I moved my head as much as I could in that position.

“Your face is mine, Pet. It’s a sex toy for me to use for MY pleasure. I’m using you like a piece of plastic. I own your face. I own your entire body. You’ll do whatever I want because you belong to me. My pleasure is your highest goal,” she said softly. Her voice dripped honey.

I didn’t disagree with anything she said. I belonged to her. My mind was continually being blown by entirely new thoughts and ideas. In business, I was the one in charge. I gave the orders and others followed. But Kathy had turned me completely upside down and inside out. I was her willing fuck toy. I cared nothing for my own pleasure. Oddly enough that was the very thing that GAVE me pleasure. I had a new equation in my life; i.e., service equals pleasure.

She ground her pussy onto my chin, gradually picking up a rhythm and increasing the frequency and force of her movements. She was, literally, fucking

my face. Or at least my chin.

“Mmmm... that feels good, Jerry. Stay still while I get my first orgasm of the evening,” she said.

She reached down and grabbed two handfuls of my hair and began to vigorously thrust her pubis against my chin, lips and nose. She grunted as her climax approached. Her breath grew short. Looking up, I saw that her upper chest was rosy pink and her nipples were stiffly erect.

Her hips moved faster but the rhythm faltered, and I knew she was about to come. I was concerned about two things. One, I didn't want her to break my neck. And two, I didn't want to blow my load. The second one was more likely. But she was way ahead of me. Even in the throes of passion, she never forgot what and who she was.

As she went over the edge, she stopped her movement against my face and pressed down, trapping my head between her thighs. I opened my mouth and let my tongue sneak out for a taste of her flowing juices. Right as I did that, she reached back and gave the pants hanger a hard yank.

I yowled with pain as my scrotum felt like it was about to be torn off. And the miracle was that I still almost blew my load.

“Yesss,” she hissed as her orgasm hit full force.

I think my scream intensified her orgasm. In fact, I’m sure of it. She gave my scrotum another hard tug and then slid off my face and flopped face-up on my bed, her chest heaving as she came down from her climax.

Neither of us spoke. I hadn’t been given permission. I’m not sure about her. Might have been catching her breath. Might have been waiting for me to speak so she could yank that pants hanger again in punishment. Probably some of both.

She rolled onto her shoulder and pulled my head toward her. She kissed me with a force that rocked my world. It wasn’t the kind of kiss I’d ever had from a woman. It was a kiss of possession.

She claimed me.

She owned me.

I was totally okay with that. The thought stunned me. It was like looking in the mirror and seeing someone else’s face.

“Jerry-with-a-J,” she whispered, “for a virgin, you exceeded my expectations. You kept your hands still, even though I know you wanted to grab my ass. You kept your hands off your junk and didn’t blow your load. And you took your pain very well. I think you deserve a reward. If you’re a real good boy, you may get two rewards.”

“Thank you, Mistress,” I said.

She spread those long legs and pointed to the end of the bed.

“Your first reward is to worship my feet and legs, Jerry. All the way up to my pussy. And when you get there, you’ll get to show me your oral skills. Your performance will determine whether or not you get reward number two... which I guarantee you’ll love.”

She laughed at the speed with which I placed myself at her feet and began to lick and massage, letting my tongue find all of her favorite places. I took my time making sure to get every inch of flesh covered with my saliva.

“Oh, that’s nice, Pet. You’re a natural,” she said amidst other vocalizations of pleasure.

I picked up her leg and made sure the backside didn’t get left out. Eventually I reached the top of her thigh, and, having worked my way around it, I kissed and

licked as much of her ass as I could. I avoided her center, switching to the other leg and retraced my steps. I paid special attention to the soft skin behind the knee, which she seemed to love.

I was worshiping her other foot when she pulled it away from my lips.

“Up here, Pet. Time to show Mistress what a good little pussylicker you are,” she said.

I didn’t need to be told twice. I was going to show her that I knew my way around a woman’s primary sex organ. I was going to blow her mind. Or so I hoped.

She pulled her feet back and spread her legs making a sort of cradle with her pussy at the center. I put my arms under her thighs.

“You may touch me with your hands, Pet. I want your best effort. And if you please me, there will be a reward. If you do not please me, there will be punishment.”

I cupped her ass with my hands and pulled her sex to my mouth. I licked the crease between her thighs and her pubis, moving up and across her mound and down the other thigh crease. I lifted her ass like a challis and drank in the scent of her arousal. My cocked leaked onto the duvet.

Placing my tongue at the bottom of her pussy, I probed the opening and savored the sweet saltiness of her arousal. Then I began a systematic exploration of her inner labia, keeping the point of my tongue focused on the edges of those inner lips. I avoided her clit as much as possible knowing how much more intense it would make her eventual climax.

Her hips thrust against my mouth as she sought release. I wanted her to come. A lot. So, I switched tactics.

Releasing my grip on her ass, I slid two fingers into her pussy and put my lips on her swollen clit. My fingers found her inner happy spot while I sucked and lashed her clit.

Her legs snapped together, trapping my head between them. She jerked up and down so forcefully I feared my neck might snap. She spoke, but I couldn't hear anything because her thighs were clamped over my ears. I felt the vibration of her speech, which was the only way I knew she was saying something.

I smiled as I kept working her with my mouth and fingers. She squirted her cum into my mouth, and I happily drank it down.

I didn't stop my ministrations until she spread her thighs and grabbed a handful of my hair to pull my mouth from her sex.

Her legs were spread, and I looked into her pussy. The inner lips were dark, her clit a ruby at the top of her slit. Her juices ran down her crack and made a stain on the duvet. Her breath came in gasps.

Again, there was silence between us except for the sound of her breathing.

“Well done, Pet. You shall have your reward,” she said after her breathing normalized. “Come up here and lay on your back,” she added.

I obeyed.

“Where’s your lube?”

“Bedside table, Mistress,” I replied, embarrassed, pointing to my left.

She rolled to open the drawer, and came out with a bottle of my favorite jerk-off lube. I don’t know why I was embarrassed that she knew I jerked off, but I was. The really weird thing was that this little bit of humiliation made my dick harder, if that was possible.

“Spread your legs, Pet.”

I spread them. She removed the hanger, which I’d actually forgotten about, bringing the pain of blood returning to the pinched area. It caused me to gasp.

She got on her knees between my legs. She caressed my balls with an unexpected tenderness. I had a lot to learn about being a sub. I assumed it was all pain for me and pleasure for her. That, apparently, was a misapprehension on my part.

Pouring some lube on my cock, she began gently stroking it with her right hand while manipulating my scrotum with her left. She took her time. She varied the pressure of her hand on my cock as well as the length and speed of the strokes.

“Here’s how this reward works, Jerry,” she said. “Your orgasm belongs to me. You do NOT get to come until I give permission. This is sort of a game. I’m going to see how long you can stay on edge without coming, and you’re going to see if you can wait that long. If you come without my permission--which may or may not be forthcoming--you’ll get a whipping with your belt. Understand?”

“Yes, Mistress,” I gasped.

It was getting harder and harder to visualize my housekeeper as Kathy’s stroking intensified. I recited the names of my all-time favorite NFL quarterbacks, the

best hockey players I'd ever seen play in person, and the batting averages of my favorite Major League Baseball team. I knew it was a losing battle, and I was not looking forward to the punishment I would earn for my disobedience. I hung on with grim determination.

But she was no amateur handling my junk. She played me like Vladimir Horowitz on a concert grand. It was a contest of wills that I would most certainly lose. But every time I was about to crash over the edge, she pinched the head of my cock, stopping my orgasm dead in its tracks.

I moaned. I groaned. I thrust my hips up and down. She teased with long, slow strokes, pausing to add more lube, or to feed me a bead of precum.

I was lost, my brain awash in endorphins. The world shrunk to her hands and my cock. I fought valiantly. She brought me to the edge again and again for what seemed like hours. I'd never had a hand job even a fraction that good, even from some of the professionals I'd hired.

Kathy-with-a-K was a virtuoso. I was the very willing beneficiary of her skills. The more she edged me, the more I liked it. Edging was something I practiced regularly whenever I had the free time and privacy to do it right. But in those solitary sessions, I was the one who had ultimate control when I went over the precipice. This was something completely different and infinitely more intense.

She smiled as she worked. Her entire focus was on my cock and balls. She looked at me from time to time to remind me, "No coming until I say, Pet." I grit

my teeth and exerted my remaining will power not to disappoint her. Disappointing Kathy was the very LAST thing I wanted to do.

Then she played her hole card. It came out of left field and took me completely by surprise. She'd collected some of the lube and coated her middle finger with it. She massaged the skin between my balls and asshole, which made me jerk my hips off the bed, before she slowly, gently, slid her well-lubed digit through the star-shaped opening of my bottom.

Then she pressed a fingertip against my prostate.

I was doomed.

My cock stiffened as she massaged my pleasure nodule. She let go of my cock and flicked a well-manicured nail against my glans. The sharp snap of pain pulled me back from the precipice for the moment.

"I'm about to let you come, Pet, because you've been such a good boy and have held out far longer than I thought you could. Now comes the acid test. I'm going to continue without stopping this time. You're going to reach the point of no return quite quickly but you MUST not go over the edge until I give you permission. Do you think you can do that, Pet?"

"I hope so, Mistress, but it's difficult," I gasped.

“Yes, Pet, it’s supposed to be difficult. You must learn control,” she said as she resumed her twin attacks on my cock and prostate.

“I’m going to count to ten, Pet. When I get to five, I’m going to let go of your cock and bring you home with my finger on your prostate. But, again, no happy ending until I give you a command. You will come when I say or not at all, is that clear?”

I could only nod at that point. My eyes were screwed shut as I concentrated to stave off the inevitable.

“Eyes open, Pet. Keep looking into my eyes! Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five,” she counted. She pulled her hand off my cock and redoubled her efforts with my prostate as she continued to count, “four, three, two, one, not yet, Pet, just a moment longer,” she commanded.

“NOW!” Kathy shouted.

I erupted. It’s tropey and unimaginative to say that I experienced the most powerful release I’d ever had, but it’s the truth. Nothing in my experience had prepared me for the intensity of a long-delayed climax resolved in such a way.

I'd edged to porn before, and that was good. But this was totally next level. My whole body clenched and relaxed to the rhythm of the blasts of cum that shot out of the end of my jerking cock. Drops of cum hit my face and globs covered my chest. All this without her hand on my dick.

She kept pressing my inner trigger, and I kept spurting.

"Oh, good boy!" she exclaimed. I think she'd have clapped her hands if she'd had them both free.

I was as proud as a child experiencing the exhilaration of a maiden voyage on a bicycle without training wheels.

"You get an extra reward," Kathy cooed. She dipped a finger into one of the puddles of cum on my chest and extended it toward my mouth.

"Open wide and stick out your tongue, Pet. It's time for dessert," Kathy grinned.

I'd eaten my own cum before... when I was thirteen. In the post-orgasmic endorphin rush, I only focused on what the goddess wanted. So I opened. She wiped her finger on my tongue.

“Don’t close your mouth yet. Let me load you up first,” Kathy said.

Mouth open and tongue out, I waited while she loaded my tongue with gob after gob of my excrescence. I learned that, one, obedience was hot; and two, my semen didn’t taste that bad.

“Swallow,” Kathy ordered when she’d thoroughly coated my tongue.

I swallowed. It was the most difficult thing I’d done to that point. But I got it down.

“Oh my, you are a VERY good boy, Pet. An extremely good boy. But, we’re done with rewards for the evening. I have an early morning meeting so I need to get to my hotel and get to bed. So, assuming you want to experience more of what I have to offer, Jerry-with-a-J, how about if we meet at my hotel tomorrow night?”

Another session with this vision? I was dumbstruck.

Kathy smiled, admiring her work. “I believe the words you’re looking for are ‘yes, Mistress,’” she offered.

“Yes, Mistress,” I replied, knowing I’d have to blow off or reschedule a client dinner.

“Excellent,” Kathy said, putting her clothing back on, except for her panties, which she left for me. “You can sniff these later and jerk off if you like. But if you do, you must eat the cum from them, understood?”

“Yes, Mistress,” I replied.

“Good boy.” She picked up her phone and poked at it for a bit. “Ah, good. I have a Lyft coming in five minutes. Here’s my card. Text me and I’ll text you the hotel info,” she added.

Kathy leaned over the bed and gave me a soul-sucking kiss. I was dizzy. My cock started to twitch. I was definitely using her panties later.

“Good night, Jerry-with-a-J.”

She walked out of the bedroom, down the hall, and opened the door. “And Happy Valentine’s Day!” she called.

As the door shut, I realized I hadn't even offered to walk her to the condo entrance.

I decided I'd type up a summary of the night's activities and send it to Sean O'Toole--maybe he'd turn it into a story.

THE END

If you enjoyed this book, I'd be honored if you left a review at your favorite retailer.

Many thanks and keep reading,

Sean

Valentine Hearts

By B.J. Frazier

“Do you want it checked for rewind?” the guy behind the counter asked.

“Uh, no, that’s okay,” Gordy replied, turning red.

“Didn’t think so but we gotta ask,” the guy pointed to the sign behind him. “No refunds or discounts if it’s not rewound.”

“Yeah,” Gordy muttered, slapping a five on the counter. He collected the black VHS box on the other side of security and trudged out of the store.

He had chosen to walk the three blocks to try and get some perspective. For the past couple of months, there had been a handwritten note in many of his movie rentals.

They weren’t addressed to him--or anyone--and he wasn’t sure they were for him, but it was exciting nonetheless.

In the beginning, the notes were basic reviews of the movie. Gordy remembered the first one he found was for the film, “Girls Rule”. The note read: “A good

depiction of what life in the U.S. would be like if Women were in charge.”

Gordy was a twenty-six-year-old nerd. He'd had a few girlfriends and wasn't a virgin but he was highly inexperienced and tongue-tied around women. After a humiliating first date, he had stopped by the movie place as a means of salvaging his evening. Mistaking the black curtain for the entrance to the bathroom, he had stumbled into the X-rated section of the video store. Completely overwhelmed by the selection and embarrassed that it wasn't the bathroom, Gordy grabbed a random video and checked out, not wanting to admit his error.

The movie was about a mother manipulating her step-son into sex. Gordy was fascinated by the control and power the woman used, and how she took what she wanted by directing the boy.

Since then, he continued to rent from the same genre, which was “women in power”. A couple of weeks after the first, accidental rental, he'd found the note. He figured it was for someone else and kept it in the box when he returned it.

Then the notes changed from movie review to instruction. When he got home with “Girls Just Wanna Have Fun”, the note read: “Try to watch this with your hand around your dick and don't cum. You can stroke but don't cum.”

Gordy thought maybe two people were having an affair through VHS rentals, and they'd forgotten to remove the note before returning the movie.

But the instruction was too good not to attempt. He'd never deliberately delayed his release, and it was a challenge while watching porn. There was a thrill to it as well, along with the taboo nature of invading someone else's "affair".

When he returned the movie, the girl behind the counter said, "It's a good one."

"Hey?"

"I said, did you like it?" Gina asked.

Gordy immediately burned red. "Oh, I... um... yeah. You know."

"Yeah, it's not really Academy Award material but it can get you off, if you're into that kinda thing."

"Yeah, definitely not Oscar worthy," Gordy chuckled.

"And are you?" she smiled. "Into that kinda thing, I mean."

“Oh. Um.”

“Oh, sorry. Never mind. We’re not supposed to talk about the ones from back there,” she eyed the velvet curtain.

Gordy nodded. He was uncomfortable with the conversation, and he was about to leave without renting another one until Gina spoke. “Have you seen ‘BHS’?”

“Uh, I don’t think so. I don’t really, like, remember the titles.”

“Right,” she winked.

Gordy looked at her for the first time. She was short and goth: Dyed black hair, black shirt and jeans, and heavy black eyeliner. A thick, silver cross hung from her left ear. She didn’t resemble anyone from his rentals.

Gina was surprised his look didn’t contain contempt, which she usually received from customers. She softened her face and added, “‘BHS’ stands for Bondage High School. It’s a girls’ school that teaches the skill of bondage. Basically how to be a dominatrix, y’know?”

“Uh-huh.” His palms were sweaty, and he knew there would soon be a bead of sweat or two dripping from his forehead. He eyed the exit.

Gina liked how Gordy squirmed at the synopsis. “Someone actually just brought it back a little while ago.” She reached under the counter and held up a black box. “You interested?” She raised her eyebrows and smiled.

“Oh. If you recommend it, I suppose I could give it a go.” Gordy was grateful not to have to go to the back. He wanted to leave before his sweat erupted.

“Did you want to look for something else, too?”

“Uh, no. No.”

“All set or do you want snacks or anything?”

“No. No, thank you.”

“Okay. Membership card?”

“Yeah.” He fumbled with his wallet, willing his sweat to hold off. His body obliged but instead amped up his shakes.

“Wow, you coulda had a V-8,” Gina winked, eyeing his trembling hands.

“Huh? Oh, yeah. Right. Good one,” he choked, handing over his card.

“Five bucks.”

“Here.” He had a ten ready.

“Oh, you were early,” she winked, and he blushed more. “Your five and movie will be on the other side.”

“Thanks.”

“Lemme know what you think!” she called as he grabbed his rental.

“Okay. Sure.” He turned to wave as he walked out but she was helping another

customer.

Since someone had just returned it, Gordy didn't think it'd have a note. Still, he rushed home, just in case.

When he sprung open the box, a piece of paper fell to the floor. It was the same notebook paper Gordy recognized, and his heart sped.

“Watch this with a ponytail holder tied tight around your dick for the first scene. For scene two, remove it and smack your dick with a ruler. For scene three, use an empty toilet paper roll like a vagina. If you're too big, just the tip. Pace yourself to climax with the poor schmuck in the movie.”

Gordy nearly erupted from the note alone. It was the most detailed ever. He rushed to the bathroom to calm down.

As he reread the note, he tried to think of the people he passed on his way into the store. If the movie was just returned before he got to the counter, he wondered if he'd seen the person who had it before him. Their affair, he imagined, must be super hot.

Reading the note a third time got him excited again. Living alone and being a male, he didn't have a ponytail holder but thought a rubber band would be a good substitute. Then he retrieved his ruler and fished an empty toilet paper roll

from the trash. He wiped it and took all the items into his living room.

After he pulled the curtains closed, he stripped and popped the VHS into the VCR. As the FBI warning rolled, he secured the rubber band. When he twisted it, though, it pulled his pubes, and he screamed.

He watched the previews, which diverted his mind from the pain.

The first scene showed the teacher calling in the landscaper, a young male stud. She scolded him about not weeding properly, and didn't accept his apology since she'd heard it too many times without the problem ever being corrected.

In order to teach him a lesson, she punished him in front of the whole class. He half-tried to put up a fight as he pulled his pants down. She swatted him with a ruler as the class counted to twenty.

Gordy saw his ruler lying next to him on the black pleather couch, taunting him. He wondered if he'd read the note wrong, so he paused the video. His cock pulsed at the thought of acting out the scene but he refrained.

The rubber band bit into his base, and he sat on his hands to prevent himself from touching.

When the gardener's ass was red, the class applauded. Gordy attempted to remove the rubber band, thinking the scene was over, but it continued. Each student then took a turn spanking the naked man.

Gordy was tortured. When the scene ended, he whipped his restraint off and rubbed the sore spot. What began as soothing quickly turned to stroking. When he realized what he was doing, he was barely able to stop himself before exploding.

He sat on his hands again and waited for the wave to recede. Then he slid one hand out to press play. As the video shimmered into focus, he gripped the ruler. He wondered whether the previous viewer had similar difficulties.

The next scene focused on two students sneaking back into the classroom after the others had been dismissed for lunch. They wanted to practice their new spanking skills. Both women sported pigtails and fake freckles to make them appear younger. Each wore a traditional schoolgirl's uniform of short plaid skirt, see-through white top and Mary Jane's with white tights.

They picked up rulers and spanked themselves before pulling their tights down and lifting their skirts. Plain white underpants were a turn-on for most watchers of high school clips but it didn't do much for Gordy.

Not knowing how long the scene was, he tapped himself lightly, hoping to

outlast the video. If he hadn't seen the note, he would've returned the movie without finishing it.

Then the girls decided it would be more realistic if they practiced on each other. As they spanked and patted each other's behinds, Gordy hit himself harder. Without the band, he had to control his own explosion, which was more difficult. To combat the urge to come, he smacked faster.

One of the girl's rulers slipped, and she accidentally hit the other's sex. That led to more accidental slip-ups, where the rulers became shiny and the pair moaned loudly.

The tip of Gordy's dick was bright red as he used the ruler as a way to prevent the flow. When the girls used the rulers like dildos, he rubbed the ruler against his shaft. He itched to stroke... in fact, he gripped the cushion with his other hand.

Just when he thought he would burst, the headmistress opened the door and caught the girls in action. That was the end of scene two.

Gordy desperately wanted to get off or take a cold shower. The note didn't provide for a reprieve between scenes... but did include a release in the final scene. He forced himself to obey.

He set down the ruler and picked up the toilet paper roll. Instantly, his body responded by thrusting. It took concerted effort to stop himself from pumping.

The note hadn't specified a time frame, so Gordy got as comfortable as he could before he pressed play.

The scene opened in the headmistress' office, where the two girls were being reprimanded.

He watched, though he lost his boner in the principal/student back and forth. The toilet paper roll fell onto the cushion, and Gordy wondered how the gardener would fit into the scene.

When the headmistress positioned the two girls on her desk and pulled their panties down, Gordy's cock responded. The strict dominance from the older woman had him reaching for the makeshift stroker.

He slid it over his tip but it didn't feel like a vagina. The cardboard was rough, and it didn't close around his dick.

The nature of the situation, however, made him overlook the imperfections. By intercepting someone else's note, he was obeying vicariously. When he wondered what the person writing the note would think of him, he dribbled.

Gordy oozed more precum when the headmistress declared the students' butts too sore for spanking and started smacking their pussies instead.

The headmistress seamlessly transitioned from spanking to fingering, to the accompaniment of the students' moans. She ordered the pair to their knees to eat her out together.

Gordy thought that perhaps the writer of the note had gotten the plot mixed-up, and he toyed with exploding. Right at that moment, though, the movie cut to the gardener, who was in the maintenance closet next to the headmistress' office.

The closet had a peephole, and Gordy realized the gardener had been watching and jacking off the entire time.

Just like me! he thought.

He gripped the cardboard roll more firmly.

The camera alternated between the dual-action pussylicking and the gardener's stroking. As he watched, Gordy's stroking grew in purpose as he imagined himself in the gardener's place.

The headmistress clutched each student's head as she gutturally growled her orgasm. The gardener and Gordy stroked feverishly.

Then the headmistress ordered both girls to lick her pussy one last time before sharing the honey with each other in a French kiss.

Both men exploded at the same time.

Gordy's cum leaked through the roll into his hand. The entire thing was a soggy mess. He set the movie to rewind while he went to the bathroom.

Peeling off the fake pussy revealed a red and sore dick... which had pieces of cardboard haphazardly stuck to it.

He stripped, figuring he'd take care of everything in the shower. After the initial sting of the soap and water against his member, though, Gordy howled and gingerly towed off.

Walking naked to the kitchen, Gordy used some cooking oil to remove the last bits of the roll and to soothe his skin.

He thought a nap would be a good thing but, after getting under the covers, his thoughts went to the movie, the note and how he had obeyed a phantom dominatrix.

Carefully locating places that weren't chafed, Gordy jacked off again before crashing. As he drifted off, he wondered if the note writer would be in the store when he returned the video.

Or if he would ever meet her.

Or if she'd want to order him around for real.

The last thought made his cock throb as sleep took over.

* * * *

There were no customers were in the video store when Gordy returned, but he found another note when he got home with his latest selection.

“If you are enjoying the notes and following orders, let Gina know.”

Gordy looked around his apartment as if the writer were looking over his shoulder. He felt caught; like someone knew he was a voyeur to the couple’s affair... because it didn’t make sense that the note was part of their regular game.

It took him three days to decide to find out who Gina was and accept responsibility for his actions.

“Uh, hey,” Gordy said to the guy hanging a movie poster in the front window display.

“How’s it goin’?”

“Good, thanks. Um, I was wondering... do you have any regular customers named Gina?”

“I’m not sure but there’s a Gina who works for us.”

“Oh, for real?” his heart sank.

“Yeah, she’s at the counter.”

“Thanks.”

Gordy slunk to the checkout. “Gina?”

“That’s me. Whaddya need?” she asked with her back to the counter.

When she turned around, Gordy saw it was the same goth girl who’d recommended the spanking video.

“Oh. So, um, this’ll probably sound really strange but I got a note to talk to you?”

Gina had been popping open cases to verify the movies were rewound. When Gordy mentioned the note, she stopped. Facing him fully, she gave him her undivided attention.

“Do you think it’s strange?” she asked.

“Yeah, a little.” Gordy waited for a reprimand.

“What’d the note say... can I see it?”

“Sure.” He opened the case, took the video out and flipped it back and forth, looking for the note. “Uh, I think I left it at home.”

“So just tell me, then.”

“Um, it just said to talk to you.”

“Nothing else?”

“I don’t think so.”

“Nothing about enjoying the notes and following orders?”

Her stare pierced him.

She had been the one writing them!

Gordy was immobilized.

Gina softened her face. Her voice was soothing. “You enjoyed following my instructions, right?”

“Mmm hmm.” He swallowed hard.

“It added to the whole movie-watching experience, right?”

“Mmm hmm.” He glanced at the door but no one had come in.

“You wanna go somewhere and talk?”

“Mmm hmm.”

“Hey, Ray, I’m gonna take my lunch, okay?” Gina called to the man in the window.

“Yeah, sure. We’re slow,” he responded.

Gina grabbed her purse, lifted the counter and stood next to Gordy. She was shorter, not having the platform beneath her. There was something about her, though, that made Gordy tremble and hunch.

“Stand up straight,” she said, swinging her purse into his stomach.

“Sorry,” he mumbled, standing tall.

“Take me to your place.” She walked out of the store, confident Gordy would follow.

He did.

* * * *

“This is it,” he said, swinging the door open and gesturing inside.

Gina walked in with a sense of ownership that made Gordy feel like he didn’t belong there.

He snapped to attention when he saw the blinds drawn and used tissues on the couch and coffee table. Rushing past Gina, he tried to clean it but she had already seen it.

“And here’s proof that you really did enjoy those notes and instructions, right?” she smiled.

“Um, yeah. Sorry. Lemme just get it...” he trailed off in his haste to remove the proof.

Gina inspected the bedroom and bathroom. Gordy was standing next to the couch when she returned. He wasn’t sure what to expect, and therefore hadn’t opened the blinds. The daylight that seeped in provided an otherworldly aura.

“Can I get you something?” he offered.

“Not right now. Let’s talk.”

“Okay. Um, sit wherever you’d like,” he gestured to the couch.

She turned her nose up. “You sit, I’ll stand.”

“Okay.” Gordy sat upright, midway on the couch, not touching the back. He heated up and pled with his sweat glands to stay closed.

Gina glanced at the windows. “Is this how you sit when you’re watching the movies and carrying out my orders?”

Even though Gordy knew Gina had written the notes, her unashamed conviction startled him.

“Um, yeah. The TV’s right behind you,” he motioned.

“No, I mean, do you sit like that, like you’re in Catholic school?”

“Oh,” he half-laughed, “no. No, I don’t.”

“Sit the way you normally do.”

“Right now?”

“Yeah, I wanna see.”

Gina stood between Gordy and the coffee table. Her confidence made her appear taller.

Gordy was uncomfortable yet aroused. He leaned back but maintained rigidity.

“And that’s how you sit?”

“Mmm hmm.”

“Cause it looks like you’re wearing a back brace and hoping no one notices.”

“Oh, um, probably because... like... here, is this better?” He repositioned himself but he wasn’t any more comfortable.

“No, it’s really not. Probably because...?” she prompted.

“Huh?”

“You started to say you looked stiff ‘probably because’, and then you stopped. What were you gonna say?”

“Oh, it was stupid.”

“I wanna hear it.”

Her voice was quiet yet commanding, and Gordy was hypnotized. Sweat broke out on his forehead. “I was gonna say that I probably look like that because I’m really nervous. And when I watch movies, I’m by myself, so I don’t really know what I look like or anything.”

“You’re nervous because of me?”

“Yeah. Like, not because there’s anything wrong with you but just that you’re here... and that you know...” his voice dropped off.

“That I know what?” she coaxed.

“You know, like, you know.”

“I wanna hear you say it.”

“Just the instructions and the notes and stuff.”

“You’re having a hard time saying the words, right?”

“Yeah,” he sighed, grateful for the understanding.

When he looked at her, though, her smile was a leer.

“Then just show me.”

“Show you?”

“Yeah, pretend you have a note and are about to watch a movie.”

“Oh, uh, it’s just that... well, I... you see...”

“No, I don’t see, that’s the whole point, right?”

“Oh, right. But I mean...”

“Your name’s Gordon, right?”

“Yeah, I go by Gordy,” he answered, confused by her change of direction.

“Okay. Gordy, you know I wrote those notes, right?”

“Mmm hmm.”

“And you had to have known I did it before now, right?”

“Mmm hmm. No, I mean, no, I didn’t know.”

“Really? Who did you think wrote ‘em?”

“It’s stupid.”

“Who did you think wrote ‘em,” she asked more pointedly.

“I thought a coupla married people were having an affair and were using the movies to communicate.”

“Whoa, are you serious?”

“Mmm hmm. I mean, it seems stupid now.”

Gina glanced around the room and put her hand on her hip. “Well, you know now.”

“For sure.”

“It’s only fair that you show me, then. Like, I went to a lotta trouble to write those notes, and you obviously got off to ‘em. I couldn’t be here when you got off, so I want you to show me.”

“Oh,” he nodded. She made sense.

Gina rooted in her purse, and Gordy wiped his brow with the back of his sleeve. “I wasn’t going to use this until much later, but here.” She handed him a note on the same notebook paper. It read:

“For our first meeting, you’ll watch the first scene of a movie and stroke yourself as you tell me what you liked about following my orders, and which

ones you liked the best.”

Gordy blushed and looked at her in disbelief. “I... I can’t do that.”

“You can and you will. Get yourself situated, and I’m gonna put the movie in.”

Gordy watched Gina take control of his living room while he remained frozen in place.

When she turned around, she asked, “Do I have to take your clothes off for you?”

“What? No...”

“Good, then get moving.”

Gordy wished he’d followed her instructions while her back was turned. It was unnerving to strip while she watched.

He tossed his clothes in a heap next to the couch and stood, hunched, with his hands over his crotch.

“Good. Now sit down,” she instructed.

When he sat at attention, Gina told him to relax. Gordy slunk into the couch, still covering his manhood.

“Do you always get this sweaty?” she asked.

“Uh, yeah. Sorry.”

She tossed his shirt. “Mop it up.”

“Thanks,” he said, swiping his face.

“I went through your rental history and noted that you like classroom porn where the female students order the male teacher. So that’s what this is,” she pointed with her shoulder to the TV.

“Okay.” He didn’t know what to say.

“I’m gonna stay here,” she said, standing next to the couch, “so you won’t see me much.”

“Okay,” he said again.

“You ready?”

“I guess.” He looked at her, and she smiled. It made him smile and sink deeper into the cushions.

“When I turn it on, I just want you to watch it and talk to the screen. You don’t have to look at me.”

“Thank you.”

The movie opened on two girls giggling in their seats. When the male teacher admonished them, they giggled louder.

A bell rang at the end of the opening credits, and kids filtered out of the room... except for the two girls. They sauntered to the teacher's desk. One leaned on the desk facing him, providing him with an eyeful of cleavage. It distracted him while the other girl walked behind him and stretched out some rope.

The girls nodded at each other, and the front one held the teacher's hand against the desk while the back one tied him to the chair.

"You're supposed to be jerking off and talking, Gordy," Gina reminded.

"Huh? Oh. Yeah."

The movie captured his attention, and he was already hard. He tried to surreptitiously stroke under the veil of his other hand.

"Do it so I can see," Gina corrected.

She pressed play, and the girls smacked their teacher with their hands. When they grew bored, they took scissors and removed his clothing to smack his skin.

Gordy stroked in earnest, and almost forgot Gina was there.

“The rest of the scene is them smacking him with a lotta different things. Keep watching but you also have to tell me about the notes.”

When she paused the movie, his eyes jerked to hers... and he continued to stroke. He moaned his agreement and returned his gaze to the screen.

“Just like in all my notes, Gordy, you can’t get off until I give you specific instruction.”

“Okay.”

“Go on and tell me.”

“Okay. I told you I thought I accidentally found notes from two other people. That thought, kinda like I was invading their privacy, excited me. Then the instruction--your instruction was so hot and wild that I had to try it.”

Gordy narrated his way through two months of notes and instructions, bringing himself to the edge. He watched the movie and was just about to spray his wad when Gina slapped his hands away and shouted, “You can’t get off!”

The slap didn't sting so much as startle him. When he automatically reached for his dick again, Gina grabbed his hands and pushed them into the cushion. She was bent over in his face, pressing down hard.

Gordy nodded. "Yeah. Mmm hmm."

"You good?"

"Uh-huh."

"Geez, I woulda thought with all the denial you've experienced recently that you would've been able to make it through."

"Sorry," he murmured.

She looked at his pole. "It's all purple."

"Mmm hmm." He felt her breath, and his cock jumped.

“You need to get off so bad?”

“Mmm hmm.”

Gordy thought he was in the same position as the teacher, held down by a controlling female. His few sexual encounters had been vanilla... and quick.

Gina was a short and feisty woman who wanted to prolong things. He wanted to obey her but his purple mushroom leaked.

“You got another toilet paper roll?” she asked.

“Um... not yet.”

“I spose you could empty the roll,” she plotted.

“Um... yeah.”

“What’s that mean? Didn’t you like that instruction?” she asked.

“I did, yeah. But just, like, it wasn’t really good.”

“Why?”

“Because it didn’t hug me like a woman does... down there. And it was rough. And it was flimsy.”

“Flimsy?”

“Yeah, like, when I got off, it basically disintegrated.”

“Oh. So did you take a shower?”

“I tried but the warm water made it sting, and there were pieces of it stuck to my skin.”

“Ew. So what’d you do?”

“I used some cooking oil and got it off.”

“Oh. I envisioned it going a different way.”

“Me, too. I enjoyed it still,” he reassured her. He didn’t want her to feel badly.

“Well, that’s not going to work now. Do you have anything else that’s shaped like that that won’t cut you?”

“Um... I don’t think so?” The only thing Gordy could focus on was getting off.

Gina looked around the room. “Here,” she said, rotating his brass and bamboo coffee table ninety degrees, so it jutted perpendicular to the couch. “This’ll be your landing strip. Let me see how far you can shoot your load.”

She took a step back to watch.

“Okay. Now?”

“You’ll probably need to pump up again. You can finish watching the scene.”

Gordy shot his jizz in less than sixty seconds.

“Whoa, that was impressive! And there’s so much, just like Peter North,” Gina grinned.

Gordy shrugged and looked down.

“I’ve gotta get back to the shop.”

“Oh.” He thought they would talk some more. Naked with a limp dick, Gordy didn’t have the social skills to manage the situation.

“I’ll leave you with a final instruction, okay?”

“Okay.”

“I want you to lick up all your cum. Then watch the rest of the movie. If it’s hot enough for you to get off again, I want you to see if you can break your record.”

“But you won’t be here to see it,” he pointed out.

“Right. But you can tell me about it when you take me out tomorrow night,” Gina said.

“Oh.” He smiled. “Okay.”

“Pick me up at the store at six-thirty.”

“Okay.”

“And you better take me some place nice,” she said.

“Okay.”

He moved to stand but she held up her hand. “You have work to do. And so do I,” she winked.

Gordy finished the movie... and beat his record.

* * * *

At dinner the next night, Gordy shared his homework with Gina, and she was impressed. “Did you like the movie?” she asked.

“Yeah, it was really good.”

“Did you like all the movies?”

“No. There were a few I wouldn’t have finished if your note wasn’t in the box.”

They ate and looked around the restaurant. Ponderosa was a step above most all-you-can-eat buffets, but it was neither romantic nor memorable.

“I can’t believe we’re just sitting here talking about sex in front of all these people,” Gordy said.

“There’d be more listeners if they knew what we were talking about,” she grinned.

Gordy blushed.

“Actually, I was gonna say you’re doin’ really well, Gordy, talking about sex.”

“Thanks,” he said to his plate.

“‘Cause, like, you’re not even sweating.”

“No?”

“Nope.”

“I don’t sweat unless I’m uncomfortable.”

“Cool, that means you’re comfortable with me.”

“Yeah,” he smiled.

“So my instructions made an otherwise bad movie good?” she fished.

“Uh-huh,” he nodded. “Doing the sex stuff that I thought another couple was doing made me feel dirty but in a good way. Whenever I brought the movies back, I tried to see who was in the store who may have been passing notes.”

She laughed. “You never thought it was me?”

“No way. So you were writing them specifically for me?”

“Yeah, kinda.”

“But there were some times that there wasn’t a note in the box.”

“I put a buncha notes in several movies because I didn’t know which ones you’d choose.”

“Oh.”

“Did you miss ‘em?”

“Yeah.”

“Without a note, you only had an X-rated movie to watch.”

“Yeah,” he chuckled.

They ate in silence. Then Gordy asked, “Were you waiting for me to say something about the notes?”

“Um, yeah! When you didn’t ask me out, I had to put in the note to come talk to me.”

“I’m glad you did,” he smiled at the table.

“I’d like to continue.”

“Sending me notes in my movies?” he asked.

“No, continue with some more play stuff.”

“I’d like that.”

Gina smiled. “You’ll let me do whatever I want, right?”

“Yeah.”

“Cool. Friday’s Valentine’s Day. I’ll be at your place at eight. I’m gonna be one of those students who ties up her teacher,” she winked.

He shifted in his seat and grinned. “What do you want me to do?”

“I want you to buy me a present.”

“Anything in particular?”

“Up to you... so long as it’s something I can smack you with.”

“Okay.”

* * * *

At eight-oh-five Friday night, Gina knocked on Gordy’s door. “Did you buy me something to smack you with?” she asked, marching to the living room and tossing her things on the coffee table.

“Kinda,” Gordy responded, shutting the door.

His cock pounded at his zipper to see her dressed for their roleplay in a Catholic schoolgirl’s uniform. Her short hair was forced into tiny pigtails. True to herself, though, she wore heavy black eyeliner, black lipstick, and one black-cross earring.

“I hope you didn’t disappoint me on Valentine’s Day, Gordy.” She stood with her hands on her hips and tapped her foot.

“I hope so, too.”

He picked up a rectangular gift, wrapped in red with a pink bow and walked it to her. “Happy Valentine’s Day, Gina,” he held out the box.

She slowly smiled and accepted it. “It sure looks like you bought me something.”

“Open it.”

She flashed him a look before she ripped off the wrapper and threw it on the ground. “You bought me men’s shoes?” she asked, eyeing the shoe box.

“Open it,” he smiled.

Gina raised an eyebrow and arched her neck. “As I said, you better not have disappointed me.”

Gordy held her gaze but remained quiet. After peering at him another few seconds, Gina opened the box. She grabbed the tissue paper, wadded it up and threw it on the floor. Then she gasped.

“Gordy, it’s so wicked! Where did you get this?”

“I made it,” he said to the floor.

“No way! How? When?”

“My dad taught me how to be a woodworker. I went to my parents’ and made this the last coupla days. I knew they’d wanna see what I made, so I also made my mom a wooden bouquet for her birthday yesterday.”

“You fuckin’ made this?”

“Yeah... and I brought it back here for the finishing touches and paint.”

Gordy had made a wooden paddle, with notches in the handle for better gripping. He polished it and painted it black.

“It’s so beautiful... and my favorite color,” she smiled. She wrapped her hand around the handle. “Whoa, this is better than anything I’ve ever felt before.”

“Yeah? I was nervous because I didn’t technically buy it.”

“No way, dude, this is way better.”

“Flip it over.”

“Whoa! How’d you do this?”

“I cut the letters into the paddle.”

“Will it leave that mark--”

“I hope so,” he smiled.

“I’m kinda upset I promised you a roleplay.”

“Yeah.”

“But a promise is a promise. Let’s use the kitchen table as your teacher’s desk, and I’ll pull this chair as a desk.”

“Okay.” Gordy sat at the table. “Do you want me to sit here or should I pretend to lecture?”

“I’ll start and you can follow.”

“Okay.”

“Mr. Johnson?” Gina began from her seat as a student, making her voice sound like a little girl’s.

He stifled a smirk at the name.

“Yes, Gina?”

“I’m not getting this assignment and there’s only a few more minutes left in class, so there’s no way I’m gonna get the homework.” She twirled a pigtail and stuck out her lower lip.

“I’m not doing anything after school, Gina. I can tutor you, if you’d like.”

“Yeah, sure. Okay,” she continued in her regular voice, “so the bells rings and everyone leaves. It’s just you and me now.”

“Okay.” He waited for her to continue.

“So that, Mr. Johnson, was just an excuse to be here alone with you,” she said from her chair.

“Uh... what?”

“You heard me.”

“I also heard you say you needed some extra help with the assignment.”

“YOU are my assignment.”

“Excuse me?”

“You heard me.” She stood up. “I’ve noticed you standing next to my desk a lot, Mr. Johnson.”

“To make sure you understood the work.”

“No way, it’s been more than that. I’ve seen you look down my top.”

“Th-that’s not true. I’d never do that.”

“Don’t lie to me, Mr. Johnson.”

“Okay. I’m sorry.”

“Sorry’s not gonna cut it. I should go to the principal.”

“Please don’t.”

“What’ll you do if I don’t?”

“Anything you want.”

“Anything?”

“Yes.”

“I think you need to be punished, Mr. Johnson.”

“I’ll do whatever you want, Gina.”

“Strip for me, Mr. Johnson.”

“Gina! I can’t do that. It’s not right.”

“It’s that or I go to the principal.”

“All right.”

Gordy stood up and pulled off his green Izod shirt. When he unbuckled his Levi’s, Gina said, “Gimme the belt.” Gordy walked it to her. “Now off with the rest.” He slid his jeans to the floor.

“You’ve got a nice body, Mr. Johnson.”

“Thank you.”

“Turn around.” After he spun, Gina continued. “But you’re pretty pale.”

“Mmm.”

“I’m going to help you get some nice rosy cheeks at the same time that I punish you.”

Gordy looked at her. Precum dropped into his palm, which he held in front of his dick. Gina sounded exactly like the girls from the movies. He always envisioned himself as the male lead but acting it out was much better.

“Bend over your desk, Mr. Johnson.”

Gina rose and followed Gordy to the kitchen table. “You need to be punished, right?” she asked, rubbing her hand on his butt cheek.

“Yeah.”

“You need to be punished ‘cause you’re a bad boy, right?” she asked, smacking his ass with her bare hands.

“Mmph, yeah.”

Watching a porno was arousing but participating in one was over-the-top arousing. He was rock-hard and at the edge in seconds. From experience, he knew he wasn’t allowed to come but he didn’t know if he could make it.

Crack! Gina struck his ass with his belt. Gordy howled and stood upright, forgetting about his need to come.

Gina pushed him against the table. “You gettin’ off on this, Mr. Johnson?”

“N-no, Gina.”

“‘Cause this is punishment, Mr. Johnson. You’re gonna feel pain. You’re not gonna be pale anymore. And you absolutely shouldn’t even be thinking about coming.”

“Y-yes, Gina.”

“Tell me you’ve been a bad boy, Mr. Johnson.”

“I’ve been a very bad boy, Gina.”

She cracked the belt five more times as Gordy cried out and gripped the table. Then, she caressed him. “The white is disappearing already. But we still have more to go.”

“Mmm hmm.”

“Someone special gave me this, and I’m itching to use it.”

Without warning, she swatted his ass with the back of the paddle. He collapsed against the edge of the table and panted heavily.

“Ooh, that makes a much better sound, don’cha think, Mr. Johnson?”

“Mmm hmm.”

“I like it.” She gripped the handle and smacked his other side with the same force. Running her hands downward, she squeezed the fleshy bottom and dug in her nails. “Bad boys need to be punished. Say that, Mr. Johnson.”

“Bad boys need to be punished.”

“Mmm, that’s right.” She fast-paddled down his legs and back up. “You ready for your ultimate punishment, Mr. Johnson?”

“Mmm hmm.”

“Brace yourself ‘cause it’s gonna be hard.” She giggled. “Harder than your dick is.”

“Mmm hmm.”

Gina flipped the paddle to the front and held it behind her, like a tennis racquet.

With her eyes on his right cheek, she used all her force to connect the paddle. Her eyes closed at the impact and she heard the deliciously loud Smack!

Gordy released a guttural roar, and the kitchen table inched forward from the force of his collapse.

Gina inspected the site. “I don’t see anything. Do you think I should do it again?” she asked as herself.

“Give it a minute,” he muttered through gritted teeth.

Gordy remained plastered to the table, unable to move. The pair remained in place. Then, like a Polaroid, a design appeared in raised skin: The word “hers” inside of two hearts.

Gina squealed. “That’s so wicked!”

“Yeah?” he asked meekly.

“Totally! I wanna do it again in a place you can see.”

“Okay.” He turned to face her.

“How ‘bout your thigh?”

“Okay.”

She smacked one on his left thigh, and they both waited for the word to appear.
“Aww, it’s upside-down. Lemme do it on the other thigh.”

“Okay.”

Her face screwed up as she took aim. Even though she was small, she had great force. Gordy loved being her toy, and being the reason for her smile.

“There it is! You see it?”

“Yeah, I see it,” he smiled.

“I’m so horny,” she said. She slid her panties off before sitting down and lifting her skirt. “Make me come, Gordy.”

He dropped to his knees and licked. “Whoa, that’s incredible! What are you doing?”

“Making hearts,” he said.

“More!”

Gina demanded four heart-orgasms. “I was gonna leave you dry,” she panted, “you know, for the scene and all.” He stared at her. “But that paddle and the hearts... you kinda don’t deserve it. What do you want?”

“Valentine’s Day is about you. Whatever you want is what I want.”

“You’re so good!” She pinched his cheeks together. “Fuck, I’m so horny. Let’s fuck.”

“Okay.”

They went to the bedroom, and she ordered him to lie on his back so she could ride him cowgirl. The sheets bit into his ass but he refused to complain.

Gina spun into reverse cowgirl while keeping him in. “You come on my instruction.”

“Okay.”

The thigh imprints didn’t interfere with her bouncing... until she pressed against them to better move her ass up and down. Gordy forced his reaction to sound like moans and not shrieks, and he concentrated on how her ass kissed his stomach.

Then she spun back around and rode him to another orgasm. She was sweaty, and her eyes were glazed. Gordy waited for her... and hoped he’d be able to hold on.

Gina looked down at Gordy, and a bead of sweat landed on his chest. “I’m the sweaty one now,” she panted.

“I hope that doesn’t mean I make you uncomfortable.”

“No way... but I’m sure you are.”

“No--”

“I mean about this,” she wiggled on his dick.

“Oh. Yeah,” he nodded.

“How long will it take you to come?”

“I dunno.”

“Can you do it in five minutes?”

“Yeah.”

“Three?”

“Yeah.”

“One?”

“Probably.”

“Thirty seconds?”

“I dunno.”

“Let’s see.”

She bounced on his aching cock and counted. He erupted when she got to eighteen.

“Do you want me to--” he said, trying to shift.

“No! Just stay still. I like to feel it deflating.”

“Okay.” He had hoped to shift to his side but seeing her glee was better.

“Is that a red magic marker?” she asked, eyeing his night stand.

He glanced at it. “Yeah. I use it for word searches.”

“I want to write on you.”

“Okay.”

He handed her the marker, and she drew hearts all over his chest and arms. Then she colored them in... including the raised hearts of flesh from the paddle.

“This is what you should wear every Valentine’s Day.”

He smiled.

She looked at his clock-radio. "I've gotta go."

"Okay." He wanted her to stay but couldn't ask.

"You don't wanna know where I'm going?"

"Sure."

"I'm meeting someone else who had to get a 'talk to Gina' note."

She watched the realization to hit his eyes. "They weren't just for me."

"The ones you got were just for you, sure. Because you got 'em."

“Oh.” He looked to the side.

She turned his cheek to face her. “But I’ve been thinking about creating a movie scene of my own. Would you be interested?”

“I don’t think I’m pornstar caliber.”

“Just for the roleplay part.”

“Oh.”

“I’d be a teacher at an all-boys’ school. You wanna be one of my students?”

“Like a classroom full of guys like me?”

“And me.”

“And you’d order us around?”

“Yeah, whatever I want.”

“Maybe.”

“What if I said you’d be the teacher’s pet?”

“Like, for real or just for the scene?”

“I think for real. Like, you’d be my number one pet.”

Gordy smiled. “Okay.”

THE END

If you enjoyed my book, I’d be honored if you left a review at your favorite retailer.

Many thanks and keep reading,

~B.J.

Hallmark Movie

By Sean O'Toole

True life isn't a Hallmark movie. But sometimes the improbable becomes possible. This is a story about one time when things worked out just like a television show.

When I was in high school, I had a serious girlfriend. At least for a while. Then I went to college and she was still back home finishing high school. So we broke up--I won't go into details, but she found someone else whom she eventually married. The break-up wasn't her fault, at least not from my point of view.

I eventually got married and raised a pair of children. When I was in my fifties, my wife decided she was gay and left town with her girlfriend. Fortunately, I was financially secure. We got a divorce, and the monthly alimony wasn't ruinous. I was, in a way, relieved. Her being gay explained a lot of things.

The point was that, approaching sixty, I was once again single.

My kids were grown and had children of their own. They took their mother's sudden departure in stride, and the three of us agreed that we should have seen it coming.

So that's my side of the story. Here's where it gets interesting.

It happened during a monthly visit to the corporate headquarters of the company I work for. That particular visit was on Valentine's Day. I'd stopped at a drugstore to pick up a few things when I ran into, literally, my old high school girlfriend.

She wasn't looking where she was going and neither was I, apparently. No one was hurt in the collision, just surprised.

"Sandy!" I exclaimed.

She did a double take. "David? Is it really you?" she asked incredulously.

"Last time I checked," I said with a smile.

She gently punched me on the arm and then gave me a hug. "Smart ass as always," she said as we embraced.

"Some things never change," I replied. "For instance, you're still as beautiful as ever."

“And you’re still as big a blue sky artist as ever,” she said, as close to saying bullshit as she ever got. “You’ve aged pretty well yourself. Marriage must agree with you,” she added.

I laughed. “Well, it did for about thirty years, after which she left me for a girlfriend. But I’m okay,” I replied.

“I’m so sorry, David, I didn’t know.”

“Nothing to apologize for. We haven’t seen each other or spoken in a long time. How are you?”

“Funny thing, that. I’m single, too. I lost my husband to another woman four years ago,” she answered.

“I’m sorry to hear about your husband, Sandy,” I said.

“Thank you. It still hurts but the pain is easing a bit.”

“What are the odds that we would meet again on Valentine’s Day after all these years?” I asked. “Oh, and Happy Birthday, by the way,” I added

“What’s the difference between slim chance and fat chance?” she responded.
“And you remembered my birthday. Thank you.”

“You’re welcome. Have any dinner plans?” I asked suddenly.

“Are you asking me out on a date?”

“No, I’m asking you out to dinner. If you want to consider it a date, I’m fine with that. And, it is, after all, your birthday.”

She laughed. I remembered that laugh. Just like I remembered her face, the way she walked, and the color of her hair. I could go on, but this is starting to sound like *She’s Not There* by the Zombies.

“Ah, David, you haven’t changed a bit since high school,” she said, smiling.

“You mean I’m still cute and charming?”

“No, you’re still a smarty pants,” she said.

Her smile took the sting out of the remark and made it endearing instead of insulting.

“Guilty, I guess. But, what about my offer of dinner?”

“I don’t recall you being this persistent when we were dating,” she said, still smiling.

“I was scared to death of your big brother.”

“Him? He wouldn’t hurt a flea.”

“Ha! He cornered me in the pool hall one day and threatened to break every bone in my body if I didn’t treat you right.”

“He did? Hmm... I never knew that.”

“So, dinner? I get the feeling you’re avoiding the subject. Did you have other plans?”

She sighed. “Actually, I kind of do. There’s a group of women who are newly single who get together once a month, and tonight is our outing,” she said. “And, as you pointed out, it is my birthday, so I assume they’re planning some sort of celebration even though I told them not to.”

She saw the momentary look of loss on my face and quickly added, “But I could beg off. We were just going for beer and burgers at a local bar anyway, and I can’t afford to eat a lot of cake.”

“I think I can do better than beer and burgers. I’m on an expense account,” I said, hoping I didn’t look like a lost puppy. “The dessert will be up to you.”

She thought for a moment, then took out her phone. “Barb? Sandy. Hey, I ran into an old friend today, and I think we’re going to have dinner, so I won’t be joining the group tonight. Yeah, I know it’s my birthday and you probably had plans, but you know how much I hate birthday parties. Okay. Talk to you tomorrow. Thanks. Bye.

“There. That’s settled. So where are we going? Do I need to dress up?”

“This is a college town, Sandy. Who dresses up besides lawyers, investment bankers, politicians, and university presidents? Besides, you look great. Or, I should say, you still look great. Amazing, actually.”

“Stop it,” she said, playfully punching me in the arm, “or I’m going to think you’re still trying to get into my pants.”

I put on a fake hurt face. “I’m not a hormone-driven teenager anymore. I think I’m a little beyond the ‘get into your pants’ thing. Which isn’t to say that the prospect of such a voyage isn’t without attraction.”

We both had a laugh. I had worked very hard at getting into Sandy’s pants when we were in high school. In fact, I’d fingered her to many orgasms in the basement “rec room” of her parents’ home during one of our frequent makeout sessions. We’d never “gone all the way,” but we’d done a bit of exploration.

“Do you have a car nearby or do you live downtown?” I asked.

“I have a car in the municipal parking ramp about two blocks from here,” she answered.

“Okay. Mine’s back at the hotel, which is also two blocks from here. A hotel, by the way, with a rooftop dining room that has a terrific view of the city. Let me call and see if I can get us a table.”

I called, and, miracle of miracles, they not only had a table but it was next to the windows.

“They can seat us in about thirty minutes. Do you have any other shopping to do around here or should we just walk around for a bit?” I asked.

“I just popped in to pick up a few things,” she said, pointing at her cart. “Let me take this stuff to my car, and then we can go have dinner.”

“Perfect. But you have to let me carry the bags,” I said with a bow.

She laughed again. I liked that. I had missed it. All these years and the sound of her voice brought me back to that magical eighteen months we had spent going steady.

I helped her finish shopping, bought the couple of things I came in for, and we headed to the parking garage. For February, the weather in the northern Midwestern city was unseasonably pleasant by which I mean it wasn't negative twenty with thirty-mile-per-hour wind. It was snowing though; big, white flakes coming straight down. I called it television snow.

We chatted as we walked and found out which of our high school friends we were still talking to. It was a shorter list for me than for her. She had a lot of friends back then. I was more of a loner. I had a lot of acquaintances mainly

because I was involved in a lot of activities. But few friends.

We dropped her bags at her car and headed in the other direction toward my hotel. I took her hand in mine, and she didn't object. The touch of her skin sent pleasant electrical pulses into my nervous system. I wondered if it was the same for her.

We got to the restaurant and were seated immediately. I'd planned on dining alone but was happier with my companion.

While she had been arranging the bags in her back seat, I'd made a quick call to the hotel concierge. So our table had flowers on it.

"Flowers? How did you do that?"

"I have many strange powers. And I'm in the highest ring of this chain's loyalty program. Plus, I regularly tip the concierge for doing me little favors," I winked.

"Ah. Still. This is nice," she said, as I pulled her chair out for her. "Thank you, sir," she said. "You were always a gentleman," she added. Then considered, "Well, almost always." She had a twinkle in her eye.

“I don’t recall that you complained about my behavior all that much,” I teased.

“No, I didn’t. You were always a great kisser,” she said, laughing.

“Still am, I think, although I’m a bit out of practice,” I admitted.

She gave me a kind of funny look and was about to say something when the waiter appeared with menus and took our drink orders.

A cocktail for me and a glass of wine for her appeared with almost supernatural speed. We sipped and chatted, getting caught up on children and grandchildren.

There was a pause in the conversation while we considered the menu. I knew what I was having. I gave Sandy some time to consider the options.

“What’s good here?” she asked.

“Everything I’ve had is top notch for a hotel restaurant, but that doesn’t really answer your question. I can recommend the seafood, particularly the shrimp, but the wild rice stuffed chicken is also a good choice,” I offered.

“What are you having?”

“Ribeye steak. I’ll regret it in the middle of the night, but that’s in the future. I’m working on living in the moment.”

“I’ll try the chicken,” she said, putting down her menu. “David, what made you ask me out tonight?”

“I don’t know. It was one of those spur of the moment things that if you stop and think about, you’ll never do. I saw you and just reacted. But I’m glad I ran into you and that we’re here enjoying this beautiful view.”

“That was the only reason? Accident?”

“No. Now that I think about it, it’s probably more than that.”

She raised an eyebrow.

I continued. “Sandy, I’ve had a lot of time to think about what happened way

back when we stopped going together, and I've felt for years that, if I ever saw you again, I wanted to apologize for being such a jerk."

"You think that's why we broke up? And you wanted to say sorry?"

"Wasn't it? And, yes, I want to apologize. But I didn't know where you'd ended up and felt weird about reaching out to some of your high school pals to ask. So when I saw you today, the dinner invite was really spur of the moment... but subconsciously, I guess I realized that I had a golden opportunity to make things right."

"David, we didn't break up because you were a jerk. You were never a jerk. Oh, you could be annoying, all right, but you weren't a jerk. We broke up because I found someone else while you were at college. If one of us needs to apologize to the other it isn't you; it's me. Seeing you today brought it all back. I almost didn't agree to have dinner because I suddenly felt guilty. I'm sorry."

I reached my hand across the table and covered hers.

"Sandy, how about we accept each other's apology and enjoy our dinner," I offered. "You know, water over the bridge, or under the dam, or whatever."

Sandy smiled at me. I grinned at her.

“We were, what, seventeen? Eighteen? What did we know about relationships? Not much,” Sandy said.

“Exactly. Now, looking back as mature adults, we can laugh at our blind stumbling in the lists of love,” I said.

“Whatever that means,” she snorted. “You always had a quote or some famous phrase for every occasion,” she added.

“Too much time alone as a child and too many books, I guess,” I replied. “But all that reading came in handy when it came time to join the world of work.”

We spoke of our jobs while dinner came and went. After-dinner drinks came and went. We were still talking.

I signed for the bill and instructed the waiter to have the flowers wrapped.

“I should pay half,” Sandy protested.

“Expense account, remember?”

“Still.”

“Sandy, just let me do this, okay? You can buy next time.”

“Next time?” she asked.

I was stunned for a moment. “Yes,” I said. “Next time. There’ll be one. I hope, anyway. I come here quite often so there’ll be opportunities,” I said.

“I think I’d like that,” she said with a thoughtful look.

There was silence while we finished our after-dinner drinks and stared at the beautiful view of the city spread out before us, lights twinkling.

“Sandy, we’re not teenagers anymore. We’ve both loved and lost people. We have experience. We’ve grown. We’re not the same people we were in high school. But seeing you today and spending this evening with you has been one of the most pleasant things to happen to me in a really long time... and I’d like it to happen again.”

“Do I get to wear your letter jacket and your class ring?”

Her question was playful but I sensed the uncertainty behind it.

“I still have the letter jacket and the ring, although the jacket doesn’t fit and the ring has been in my cufflink box for decades. But, sure, if you want to wear them as a condition of our having another dinner together, I can make that happen. But, I think the concept of ‘going steady’ has gone out of style.”

“I’m sorry,” she said, “I was being sarcastic. Funny, that was always your thing.”

“Still is, although I prefer the term ironic,” I replied. “Do you have somewhere else to be tonight?”

“No, just home. And my cat.”

“Let’s go for a walk. There’s a nicely lit path along the lake, and the weather’s great for this time of year in spite of the snow.”

“Okay. I think I’d like that,” she said, smiling.

I helped Sandy into her coat and picked up the flowers. Hand in hand, we walked out of the restaurant, into an elevator, and out into the late evening.

We didn’t say much as we walked. The snow had stopped and the air was crisp and clear. The moonlight reflected off the snow on the lake. Everything seemed to be made for romance. It had been quite an evening.

The accidental meeting, the lovely dinner, the great conversation, clearing the air about whatever it was that broke us up way back when. I felt more alive than I had in years. Easy boy, I said to myself.

We came to a bench.

“Let’s sit here for a minute,” Sandy said.

“Are you all right?” I asked, concerned.

“Yes, I’m fine, David,” she responded. “Sit.”

I sat.

“Kiss me, David. Kiss me like you did when we were teenagers.”

I put my arms around her and kissed her. It wasn't a Princess Bride kiss, you know the one where Peter Falk narrates about the five most pure and passionate of kisses?

It was passionate. Pure? Well, maybe not so much. I was having some impure thoughts as our lips met and our tongues got reacquainted. We'd spent hours kissing. Literally hours. I guess it's like riding a bicycle after all.

There wasn't any groping or copping-a-feel. Just a kiss. Eventually, we came up for air.

“Oh, David, you still know how to kiss a girl,” she sighed.

“Why, thank you, ma'am. It's nice to know I haven't lost my touch.”

“You know, it really amazes me that we never did it,” she said.

“We talked about it, remember? And we both agreed that it would be dumb since neither of us had access to condoms and you weren’t on the pill. But I always felt like we both really wanted to.”

“Well, David, I don’t think either of us needs to worry about birth control, and you have a nice hotel room. So...”

“It is still on the table?”

“On the table? No. A bed sounds nice, though.”

I’d have howled at the moon. I’d have howled, or bayed, or whatever it is wolves do at that moment. Instead, I kissed Sandy again. When we came up for air, I stood up, held out my hand, and we retraced our steps back to the hotel.

We giggled like a couple of teenagers. We laughed, wondering out loud what our kids would think of our wanton display of public passion. We stopped several times to kiss some more.

We kissed in the elevator. We kissed when we got to my suite. We kissed when we closed the door behind us. Coats were shed, and we made it to the bedroom with the king-size bed.

We took our time, though. This time, there was no resistance as we began to divest each other of our clothing.

I'm not going to lie and say that we both looked exactly like our teenaged selves. We were in pretty good shape for a pair of middle-aged individuals. But time does things to even the healthiest bodies. And, you know what? Neither of us gave a rat's bottom about that. We were hungry for each other; for the touches and intimacies that we'd been denied.

As clothing disappeared off the side of the bed, we explored. We were guided by experience rather than the mindless groping of adolescent, hormone-addled teenagers. I remembered things she liked me to do to her. And I'd learned a few things since we were teenagers.

I'd left a desk light on before I left for my fateful mission to the drugstore, and that was all the light we needed. All that was missing was the music we used for our makeout sessions.

"Alexa, play makeout music," I said, between bouts of kissing.

The opening notes of Santana's Abraxas album began playing from the small speaker on the table next to the bed.

"I remember this," Sandy breathed in my ear. "I suppose the next one will be Grand Funk Railroad's Closer to Home."

"That's on the list, but in this version, Abraxas is followed by Simon & Garfunkel's Bridge Over Troubled Water, Elton John's Madman Across the Water, and THEN Closer to Home."

"You remembered," she said, wrapping her legs and arms around me, claiming my mouth again.

Sandy was on her back and I was on top supported by my knees and hands. Sandy used her legs, still as powerful as I remembered, to grind her crotch against the bulge in my slacks. I remembered the times when we did this for hours until she had a big wet spot on her shorts, and I had the worst case of blue balls.

But I didn't care. As long as I made her feel good, that was enough for me.

This time would be different.

I pressed my bulge against her mound, and she moaned in my ear. The sound of her passion brought me to the brink of my own climax but I fought it back, determined to prolong the moment.

I felt Sandy's body tense and her hips jerk against me before a final push told me that she'd done what I'd felt her do many times before.

"Oh god," she whispered. "You don't know how much I've missed that."

"Me, too," I replied, kissing her again.

Dropping her leg, I rolled onto my side. We were both topless. She rolled against me, and I felt her nipples press into my chest. She reached between us and pressed the bulge in my trousers.

"You didn't come," she said. "I should do something about that," she added, tugging at my belt.

I helped her unbuckle and unfasten. She managed the zipper by herself. I lifted my hips as she pulled off my slacks and added them to the pile of clothing by the bed. We'd sort that out later.

“I guess the answer to the question ‘boxers or briefs’ is yes,” she said, giggling, as she massaged my stiffy through my boxer-briefs. “But these are in the way,” she said, tugging at the waistband.

I lifted my hips, and she worked my last vestige of clothing to my ankles before tossing them off the bed.

“Sandy,” I said as she gripped the base of my cock and squeezed, “be careful. This thing is loaded and liable to blow if you keep that up. I’m not seventeen anymore, and I don’t know how many times I can reload.”

“We’ll worry about that later,” she said. “All those times in the rec room I came tons of times, and you never did once. I want to make that right.”

“I never complained, did I?”

“No, you never did. I had no idea what would bring you off--”

“And I was too embarrassed to explain it.”

“Well, I’m not seventeen, either, and I’ve learned a few things,” she said before taking my cock in her mouth and proving it.

Her lips encased the head of my cock and her tongue bathed every square millimeter, spending lots of time on the frenulum; that special place on the underside of my cockhead.

I moaned. She smiled. Then she lifted her head and gazed at me.

“I’m not doing this because I owe you for all those evenings of blue balls, in case you were wondering,” she said.

“I was wondering,” I replied. “And if that had been the case, I would have already asked you to stop. I don’t want you to do anything you don’t want to do.”

“Yes, you were always like that. Well, this is something I’m going to enjoy. When you are close, just give me a little warning, okay?”

I nodded, and she proceeded to give me the best blow job I’d ever had.

Her mouth and fist stroked me in perfect sync. And as she took me deeper, her fist became a ring between her first finger and thumb, working my cock up and down. She included her tongue, too. The happy noises she emitted while she worked were extra vibrations that shot lightning bolts of pleasure up my spine.

“Sandy... oh, Sandy... that feels so good,” I gasped.

She moved her hands to my surging hips, her lips having found the base of my cock.

“Almost there,” I gasped.

That was all the warning she got, as I erupted a few seconds later. I hadn't done that for a while so the volume was high. She gagged a little on the second blast but managed to get most of it, though some leaked from her lips.

She kept working me until I had to tap out.

“Sandy, please, no more,” I said, reaching to pull her from my rapidly deflating manhood, “too sensitive.”

She reluctantly let me go, like a little kid who's got a brand new lollipop and doesn't want to stop while the flavor lasts.

She grinned at me. "Bet you wished I'd done that when we were in high school," she said, giggling a little.

"I wished a lot of things when we were in high school, but that might have been top of the list," I said, slowly getting my breathing back to normal.

She crawled up the bed and kissed me. I tasted myself on her tongue, and it didn't bother me a bit. It wasn't the first time I'd tasted my own fluids.

I wrapped my arms around her and held her tightly for a bit. I enjoyed the feeling of her body against mine and the freedom to do what we wanted without fear of her dad pounding down the stairs and catching us in flagrante delicto.

I rolled her onto her back and said, "My turn. Remember that one time I finally convinced you to let me go down on you and you let me pull your panties down? And just when I'd gotten them past your knees and managed to get my mouth where it could do some good, the music stopped and you made me get up to change the records? Remember?"

She laughed. Really laughed. "Oh my god. I hadn't thought of that in years. And by the time you got back, I had my panties back on, and you never got to do

what you'd been begging me to let you do for weeks."

"Yes. That. Well, Sandy, tonight there isn't any record player to feed, and your parents aren't sitting upstairs listening for telltale signs of illicit sex. So tonight, your pants are coming all the way off and I'm going to feast on you until you beg me to stop. Or I pass out. One of the two."

Our hands reached the waistband of her slacks at the same time. I don't honestly know which of us was more eager. Her hips came up and her slacks came down quickly followed by her panties.

I crawled between her legs and kissed my way from her knees to her pubis, pushing her legs back as I moved until her thighs were draped over my shoulders and her womanly charms were spread before me.

I'd touched her pussy without seeing it back in the day. In the light from the desk lamp, I made out her glistening folds and took a moment to inhale the scent of her arousal. She pushed her hips up; her patience wearing thin.

I planted a tender kiss right in the center of her pussy. I extended just the tip of my tongue and lightly caressed her inner labial folds. My cock, which had been rendered flaccid by her excellent oral ministrations, sprang erect as I got my first taste of Sandy's essence direct from the source.

She moaned as she felt my tongue exploring her nether region. I was on a mapping expedition and didn't want to miss anything. I didn't spend very long at any one point until I had circumnavigated her pubis twice. Her hips were restless in my hands as I gripped her ass and pulled her to me.

Once exploration time was over, I sucked each of her outer and inner lips, lashing them with my tongue while my mouth pulled on them. She squealed with pleasure. I probed her opening with my tongue, gathering as much of her nectar as I could. My hands were busy massaging her bottom, molding her lean cheeks and gripping them to pull her pussy even more tightly against my mouth.

I'd ignored her clitoris, savoring her flavors in a bit of selfish hunger. But I'd been denied that pleasure and wanted to relish every moment.

I'm not a cad or a bounder. I licked my way from the bottom of her slit to the top and batted her stiff little nubbin with the tip of my tongue. She screamed. Not a full-on horror movie scream; more of a startled scream of intense pleasure.

My lips followed my tongue, and I began to gently but rhythmically suck the top of her slit while I did my best with my tongue to drive her over the edge.

I think I succeeded. Her thighs snapped around my head, and her breath exploded from her mouth in a single gasp followed by a series of yips and mewls of pleasure in counterpoint to the spastic thrusting of her hips.

Somehow I managed to worm two fingers into her pussy and it was as if I'd plugged her into a light socket. She went crazy.

It hadn't been that difficult to get her off back in the day. Apparently, it was still true. She must have experienced orgasms like a string of firecrackers between her legs. I kept sucking, licking and fingering her while she rode the pleasure wave.

When it became too much, her legs relaxed, and her hips crashed against the bed. Her hands pushed my head away from her trembling center.

"Please. Please. No. More. Please. Oh god, please."

No symphony ever sounded so musical to my ears. I kissed my way across her twitching abdomen and up her heaving chest, paying my respects to her nipples on my way to her mouth. I kissed her. She didn't shy away from my messy face, liberally coated with her honey. Her arms circled around me, and she hugged me fiercely, kissing me with an intensity that almost frightened me.

I did my best to return her urgency; her passion. I wanted her to know that I still wanted her after all these years.

She wrapped her legs around my waist and she felt my newly-reinvigorated penis press against her mons. Shifting her hips, she caught the head of my

manhood with her pussy. I pressed down and slid inside.

It was hot and wet and tight. We kissed, and the circuit was complete.

I held myself still inside her. Each of us took a moment to relish the feeling of doing something we'd wanted; not wishing to rush through it like a couple of teenagers.

We wanted to make love. After all, it was Valentine's Day. The day above all other days of the year to be completely devoted to love.

Our hips shifted, providing a counter rhythm that kept us in sync. We'd both been to the mountain and were, for the moment, sated. It didn't mean we were done with pleasure... far from it. But the urgency and raw need were absent.

It was an expensive liqueur after a fine meal. Meant to be savored slowly so as not to miss any flavor notes.

We shared kisses as our bodies coupled and uncoupled. She kept her legs wrapped around me, and I let her set the pace. I was as content as I could possibly be.

Except for the fact that my arms were getting tired of supporting my weight. I was, after all, not seventeen anymore.

I managed to roll her on top without dislodging my cock from her pussy. She adjusted to the new position and began to rock her hips at her own pace. I was content to look into her face and see a smile of satisfaction. She looked at me with a twinkle in her eye.

Neither of us had spoken a coherent sentence for some time.

“I think we’re a couple of kids who found the key to the candy store,” Sandy broke the silence.

“Agreed. Only we’re not kids. It’s a pretty good thing that we didn’t know how good this was when we were teenagers,” I replied.

“Really? Why do you say that?”

“Because we wouldn’t have been able to keep our hands off of each other, and we’d probably have ended up doing something dumb like make a baby,” I said.

“You’re right. I remember the night I gave in and was going to let you lick me. Do you know why I stopped you before you really got going?”

“No, and I’ve always wondered about that. I felt bad about badgering you about it.”

“I was scared. Everything we’d done was so out of this world pleasurable that I was afraid, if you licked me, I’d completely lose it and demand that you pop my little cherry.”

“Ha! Good thing one of us was using some intelligence, I guess,” I said.

She leaned down until her body was flat against mine, and kissed me. We hadn’t stopped moving our lower parts during the colloquy but her kiss signaled for things to get more vigorous.

The movement of her hips grew more demanding, and I responded with sharper upward thrusts of my own. Our breathing quickened and we both expressed our pleasure in ways that were verbal but contained no language.

I put my hands on her ass and pulled her to me, grinding our conjoined parts together before thrusting again.

She squealed. I groaned.

Our pace began to increase like an old-fashioned steam locomotive leaving the station. I flipped her onto her back and put her knees over my shoulders. I pounded her into the bed, and she met me stroke for stroke. We'd gone from lazily romantic coupling to feral rutting in what felt like the blink of an eye.

Our collisions were loud in the otherwise quiet room, punctuated by grunts of pleasure and effort. Caught up in passion, our lovemaking became a form of combat as we each sought to subdue the other. Lists of love indeed.

We raced toward a shared apotheosis; a cataclysm of bliss. Our faces were masked with ferocity and animal passion. Her inner musculature clamped and released me repeatedly as her orgasm struck. And I was right behind her.

With a final thrust that seemed to impale her on my manhood, I joined her in what the Chinese call "the clouds and the rain."

"Oh god, Sandy!"

"Oh! David! David!"

I gave her my precious bodily fluids as an offering lovingly brought to the temple of a goddess. And she accepted it.

I released her legs, which fell limply to the bed. I leaned down and kissed her tenderly. My manhood shrank and disengaged itself from her loving sheath.

I lay down next to her and pulled her into my arms.

We shared light kisses and gentle caresses. The moment was perfect.

When I'd been a callow youth, I'd been afraid to express my feelings because I had no idea what they meant nor how to describe them. My insecurity made me do and say things that had pushed Sandy away.

Risking all, I uttered four words, "We need a shower."

A year later we were married.

Sometimes it's bad to get the things we think we want because, once we have

them, we lose the sense of anticipation and longing. But that's not always true. It wasn't in this case.

I didn't propose to her that night. It would have seemed trite. But not long after, I got a promotion that meant I'd need to move to headquarters, which I gladly accepted. Sandy and I began dating regularly and, after a few months, I bought a ring.

I took her to the hotel restaurant where we'd had our first date since high school, had flowers on the table and a bottle of champagne on ice.

I managed to make it to one knee and held open the ring box while I asked Sandy to marry me. She said yes.

We did a really Hallmark movie kind of thing and got married on Valentine's Day. For my part, I thought it was a smart move. I could hardly forget Valentine's Day, her birthday, and our wedding anniversary.

Our kids were happy.

More importantly, we were happy.

THE END

If you enjoyed this book, I'd be honored if you left a review at your favorite retailer.

Many thanks and keep reading,

Sean

About the Authors

B.J. Frazier

B.J. Frazier is a published author of erotica from the U.S. B.J.'s professional résumé includes time spent as a high school English teacher, advertising executive and business owner. B.J. draws on all three backgrounds to create believable and relatable characters and stories.

B.J. also writes from personal experience in Femdom, which adds realism to the stories.

Readers often comment, “you’re so readable.” B.J. never gets tired of hearing that.

The stand-out comment is from a very vanilla reader, who said, “I don’t mean to be insulting, but I think ‘Mistress Managed’ can be mainstream!”

Sean O’Toole

I started writing erotica in the late 1970s because I didn't have access to real porn. In those days, the stories were composed on carefully hidden spiral notebooks. Later, I wrote on a computer, and, when the internet came along, I was able to share my work with others.

What I found was that, mostly, people liked what I wrote. I also discovered some things about my own sexuality and began to explore my bisexual side: These days I consider myself pansexual.

I don't kink-shame. If it's legal, then it's okay with me... and I might even try it once just to see if I like it. When it comes to matters erotic, I'm strictly a live-and-let-live kind of person.

I'm well-educated both formally and informally. My intellectual interests are extremely broad, and I have had the good fortune to explore all of them to some degree.

Nothing in any of my writing is consciously autobiographical but I consider it an axiom that all writers put something of themselves into what they write. I write about things I would like to do and things that I have actually done or have thought about doing--things that turn me on.

Fun facts: I like humor. I speak fluent sarcasm. I try not to take anything too seriously. I like dogs but don't own one. I love music. I'm omnivorous. I own more books than I can conveniently store. I believe in things that work--everything else is a con.

L.K. Lynch

L.K. Lynch is a U.S.-based lover of romance-driven erotica with a Dominant/submissive twist. A semi-experienced traveler outside the country and inside the bedroom, many of the places and situations are recounted from the fruits of those experiences, collected over time and planted in a fertile imagination.

L.K. welcomes comments, questions and suggestions from readers, old and new!

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