

AN ILLUSTRATED ANTHOLOGY OF VOYEURISTIC EROTICA!

# IMMORAL VIEWS

COMPILED BY **KOJO BLACK**

Illustrated by John LaChatte



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VIZIUM

# S w e e t m e a t s

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I was always taught that it wasn't polite to stare. But sometimes something or *someone* can be so tantalising, so interminably delicious, that you just have to look. To literally feast your eyes upon them. To sate your ignoble appetite with every morsel of their unwitting choreography.

As luck would have it, I have befriended five sultry women who also share this view. With the written word, each of these women has made it her life's work to celebrate all things erotic. What I have in common with all five of these beautiful authors is that we like to watch. We like to watch people doing sexy things – sometimes to themselves, sometimes to each other. And we know we aren't alone. A lot of people like to watch. They like to watch sexy films, they like to look at sexy pictures. They like to watch sexy *people*. This book is for all of them. For all of *you*.

The authors within these pages have delved deep into their experience and imagination to bring you five gloriously debauched tales of voyeurism. What's more, each and every story has been brought to life by the masterful illustrations of John LaChatte.

It might not be polite to stare. But it's certainly a lot of fun. So turn the page and celebrate your secret voyeur. It will be our perverse pleasure to share our Immoral Views with you!

-Kojo Black

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# IMMORAL VIEWS



COMPILED BY KOJO BLACK

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LACHATTE

# A S w e e t m e a t s B o o k

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First published by Sweetmeats Press 2011

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ISBN 978-0-9570037-2-9

Typeset by Sweetmeats Press

Sweetmeats Press, 27 Old Gloucester Street, London, WC1N 3XX,  
England, U. K.

[www.sweetmeatspress.com](http://www.sweetmeatspress.com)

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For brazen exhibitionists, and the covertly curious

# THE CIRCUS

BY KAY JAYBEE



One hundred quid a ticket!

Carrie still couldn't believe Scott could afford to pay so much to secure her a seat in the small, run-down theatre. It wasn't as if she was even guaranteed any action. Everything was deliberately uncertain. But then, as he had assured her, that was part of the attraction.

Perspiration was dotting down the back of her neck, and the more Carrie thought, the more she wondered if perhaps she didn't actually want anything to happen. That it might be better just to watch, better not to win the lottery that would change her from being a mere observer of events to a prime player in the evening's entertainment.

Even though the room was packed, every thinly covered velvet seat taken, no one looked at anyone else. No one regarded their neighbour. No one gave a friendly smile of greeting as they waited for something to happen. All eyes were focused towards the stage. There was a hushed buzz to the neglected theatre, as if the ghosts of a thousand performances had been trapped within the walls.

In the centre of the stage sat a collection of left over props from dramas long past. At first glance it appeared to be merely abandoned clutter, but as Carrie examined the items more shrewdly,

she began to suspect that everything had been carefully and cleverly placed.

An oak coffee table and bench supported two legs of an iron-framed double-bed, which was devoid of either linen or mattress. Next to the sloping bed, heaped to the left side, a pile of old wooden chairs were haphazardly stacked. On the opposite side was a fallen umbrella stand, apparently tipped over by the weight of the walking sticks, canes, and what Carrie suspected were Victorian style shooting sticks. She felt her pulse quicken. You didn't have to be Einstein to work out what that lot could be used for.

Carrie could feel the heat of her skin prickle beneath her chestnut ponytail. She sat wishing that Scott hadn't been called away on yet another dire work-related emergency, and that he could be there with her. More than a little self-conscious, she fidgeted with her outfit. Playing safe, she'd decided to wear black. Black thigh length boots, black pleated mini skirt, black stockings, and a black chest-hugging lace-up basque, with strings that only just managed to conceal the pale freckled chest over which it had been stretched. She knew she looked like a slutty walking cliché. But then again, in this place, at this time, that was entirely the point.

The unnervingly tinny music that had been droning from a speaker in the far corner of the room abruptly stopped. Carrie could feel the tension in the theatre double, and for the first time she allowed herself a fleeting survey of the other members of the audience. The competition. An almost even split of about sixty men and women, all dressed as either Dominants or Submissives, all aged between about twenty-five and forty-five. The room rippled with erotic anticipation.

When Scott had told her about The Circus, the new show that had taken over the city's long empty theatre, Carrie had thought it really was a circus. A family show with clowns, scantily clad acrobats, and the odd juggler. She had, to his amusement, waxed lyrical about how much she'd loved the circus as a child. She was soon disabused of her naivety.

Increasingly aware of the clammy sheen of nerves on her palms, Carrie still wasn't quite sure how Scott had talked her into

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coming here without him. But her curiosity had gotten the better of her, just like he'd known it would. He had insisted that, considering her private personal preferences, she would be in her element having her bum smacked in front of a select group of eroticists. Carrie wasn't so sure. Having her ass roundly whipped by Scott in the sanctity of her apartment while he ordered her to crawl around the floor was one thing — but this was different. This was voyeurism on speed. The almost animal gleam to her lover's eyes, however, when he told her how much he was looking forward to a blow-by-blow account of her experience, added an extra dimension to the tingle of fearful anticipation that played in her stomach.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” a gravelly masculine voice bellowed over a speaker system that crackled from the effects of dust and lack of use. “Welcome to The Circus. I would ask you all to abide by your hosts decisions, and only mount the stage if and when you are invited to do so. Sit back and enjoy. It's show time!!”

Unsure whether to clap, cheer, or react in anyway, the entire audience drew a collective breath as the speaker system reverted to the eerie strains of some faint orchestral music, as the compère for the next hour strode confidently onto the stage. Dressed in a startlingly bright red Ringmasters frock coat, black figure hugging leggings, shiny PVC black boots, and clasping a traditional lion tamers whip, he was an imposing figure. Carrie, if she'd been paying proper attention, would have noticed the edge of no-nonsense control on his square features, and a gleam of power in his grey eyes. All her attention however was focused on the assistants that flanked him.

Two slim women, shining with the golden glow of delicate natural tans, stood to the Ringmasters left and right side. Bedecked in figure hugging, star-spangled turquoise lycra; the only difference between their clothes, and those of circus acrobats, was that they failed to cover their chests. Four perfect, tanned, and inescapably pert tits were on permanent display. The second she saw them, Carrie felt her fingers itch to run over the enticing flesh.

Cracking his whip against the end of the bed, the Ringmaster bought the room to order.

“Everyone in this room knows the type of punishing entertainment we issue here. Everyone is here by choice. There is, however, a safety word. If our guests utter the word ‘Circus’, they will be removed from the room with no questions asked. Otherwise, those chosen to take part in tonight’s performance are here to be used for our enjoyment, and maybe, if they’re lucky, their own.

“Before the show can truly begin however, we need to find our prime players. One man and one woman will be selected from amongst you, using the numbers on your ticket stubs.”

A mass of shuffling hands retrieved tickets from pockets and cleavages, as every member of the audience reread the numbers they had memorised anyway.

“First we will allocate the female guest star. Ladies, brace yourselves....”

The compère paused, adopting the annoying style of a television presenter about to announce the winner of some second rate talent show.

“Number 23!”

Echoes of relief and disappointed ricocheted around the room, but no one moved. No one approached the stage.

“Come on, don’t be shy.”

Still no one moved, and Carrie shifted uncomfortably in her seat, wishing that whoever had been picked would hurry up. She knew it wasn’t her. She was safe with her number 24 ticket tucked in the top of her right boot. With a sense of relief she relaxed her shoulder muscles a little.

A hasty consultation began between the Ringmaster and his assistants, who nodded their agreement to whatever he was suggesting.

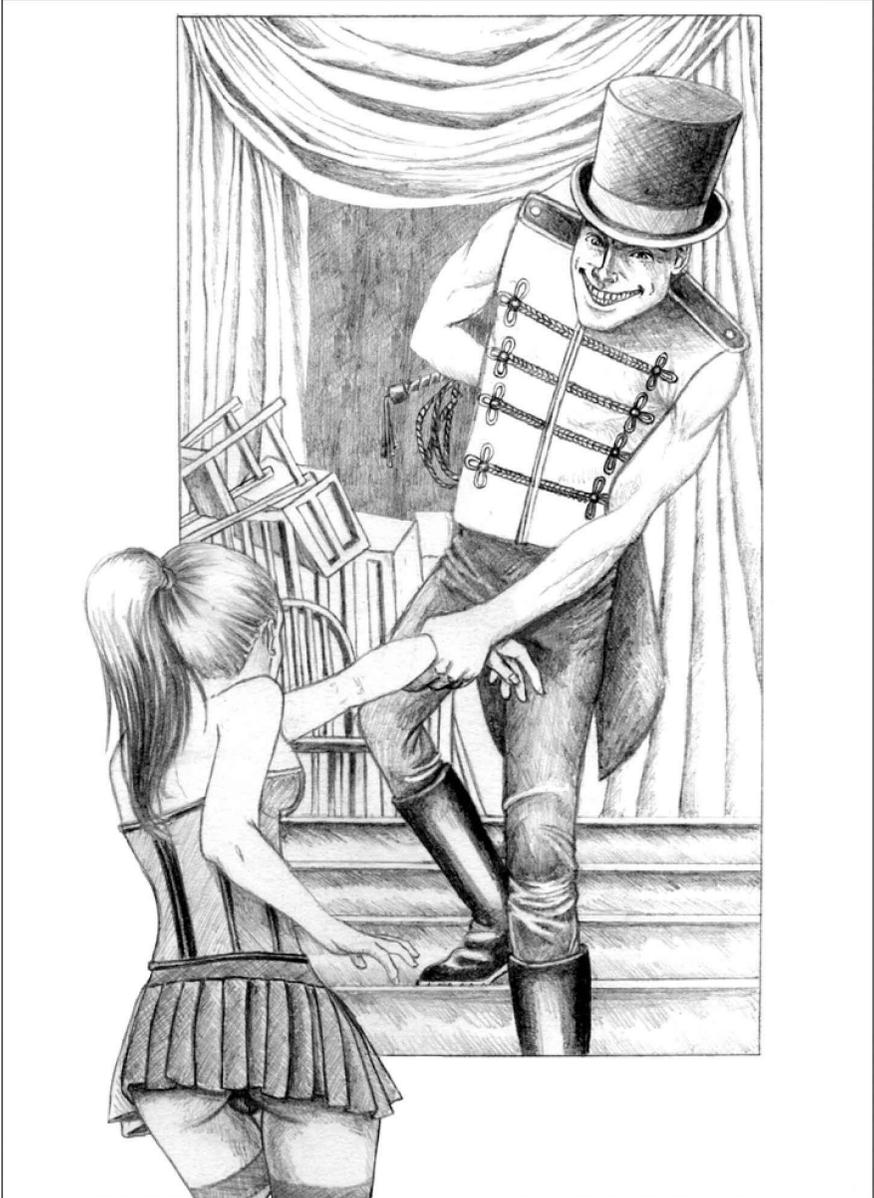
“It seems that the holder of ticket 23 has failed to show up this evening. Therefore I will ask the next consecutive ticket holder to join me on the stage. Number 24, please step this way!”

Carrie thought she was going to be sick. Her stomach felt like a tumble dryer on full spin. She hadn’t escaped. She was going to be on the stage. She was the subject of the evening.

Before she could consider how he knew she was number 24,

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Carrie found herself levered up via the backside, arms, and palms by her neighbours until she was standing before the Ringmaster.



“Number 24, don’t be coy, up you come!” The Ringmaster was stepping towards her, reaching out his long slim arm to hoist

Carrie up onto the stage.

“A beautiful specimen, I’m sure you’ll agree, Ladies and Gentlemen!” The compère went on, shouting above the approving comments of the crowd, “In a truly gorgeous outfit!”

The very end of his whip began to trail across the top of Carrie’s breasts, making her shiver further.

“However, I think a change of attire would make things even more interesting..”

Without warning, the Ringmaster tugged each of the laces that held her modicum of modesty in place, and gave the audience the briefest of glimpses of her chest before pushing Carrie towards the waiting women.

“...After all, it would be a shame to ruin such a lovely outfit.”

“Amanda,” he gestured to the blonde on his right, “and Sara,” the whip pointed at the red head to his left. “Please take our visitor and prepare her while I find her a gentleman to toy with.”

More bundled than walked to the other side of the musty curtains that shrouded the back of the stage, Carrie felt the steady pressure of the two women’s warm hands tug at her clothing, disposing of her corset and skirt with maximum efficiency, but a frustrating minimum of contact.

Amanda scooped up what appeared to be an old potato sack from the floor. The bag was pulled sharply down over Carrie’s head, so that her head and arms slid through three makeshift holes. The sack was then tied securely with a piece of rope around her waist. The steel glare in the blonde woman’s sapphire eyes told Carrie that it would be pointless to complain about the scratchiness of the material against her bare skin.

Meanwhile, Sara knelt and removed Carrie’s boots, stockings and silk underwear, carelessly tossing them to the very back of the stage. Clad only in the ripped hessian mini dress, which accentuated her chest and curvy ass to their ultimate potential, Carrie was painfully aware that, should she be ordered to bend over, the rough material would ride up her backside, and she would have absolutely nothing to hide.

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Continuing their mute preparation of their subject, the women picked up a long thin strip of supple black leather. The nerves which Carrie had managed to keep to herself suddenly became very visible, and an uncontrollable shaking took hold of her shoulders. Ignoring her obvious rising fear, Amanda wrenched Carrie's wrists forward, so Sara could wrap the leather around them, quickly and effectively disabling her hands.

With her heart thudding in her ears Carrie examined her bound wrists. She knew that there was no point in wriggling to see if they'd come free. These girls knew their business well.

As the panic rose in her throat, Carrie thought back to earlier that evening. Only two hours ago she had been alone with Scott, happily bound, her ankles and wrists looped together in gentle silk restraints, her back pressed firmly against her slightly steamed bedroom mirror. An agreed submission with no surprises, a million miles from this. Why on earth did I agree that this would be a good idea? Why was Scott so sure I'd enjoy being humiliated in front of lots of strangers?

"It's time." Amanda spoke with a glee that could only be called sadistic.

The noise of the crowd was growing, and Carrie could feel it vibrate through the creaky floorboards beneath her bare feet. Feeling like a kidnap victim about to be thrown to a ravenous pack of wolves, Carrie experienced a treacherous twitch at her crotch as Sara stood and pressed her lycra-clad body to Carrie's trembling one. The sacking grazed roughly and provocatively at Carrie's nipples as Sara kissed her firmly on the mouth. The passion of the moment astonished Carrie, but she couldn't help but greedily reciprocate, as their mouths clashed together in a brief frenzy of kissing and biting at each other's lips.

No sooner had Carrie gotten into her stride, when the fantastically forceful mouth was removed, leaving her lips and chest feeling neglected and desperate for more attention — exactly as the women had intended.

Amanda beamed as she observed Carrie's tightened tips

poking at the sackcloth. “The only way you will get what you need, girl, is to get out onto that stage.”

Carrie stared at the back of the velvet curtains, her mouth going from moist to uncomfortably dry in seconds. All she had to do to get more of what she desired was to walk through those curtains. But she knew that if she did go through, she would have to experience a hell of a lot before any climax came her way. Conflicting questions bombarded her lust addled brain. Will Scott understand if I chicken out? I could pretend I went through with it. Scott would never know. Would a quick orgasm in the nearest public toilets be enough if I got my clothes and ran for it? She knew it wouldn't, and for a split second Carrie wondered if she did go through those curtains, if anything would ever be enough again.

The decision was taken away from her as, against a crescendo of impatient chanting from the stalls, her semi-naked warders grabbed her shoulders to half push and half steer her towards the main event.

As the dusty velvet drapes brushed her skin, Carrie was greeted by a wall of noise. The hot hands of the assistants deserted her flesh, and she was shoved into the arms of a man she hadn't seen before, presumably the second selected member of the paying audience.

Muscular to the point of gym obsession, his bare pecs, and the air of arrogance that hung about him, made Carrie suspect her new companion had more money than sense. In fact, with his cruel grin and his tight leather trousers, he was the type of man that would normally turn Carrie right off. But at that moment she didn't care. All that mattered was the aroma of heavy expectation that hung between them — an aroma already tinged with more than a hint of sex. If she was going to do this, she wanted it to start soon. She just hoped she could get through the public spanking without the humiliation of shouting out the safety word.

Mentally blocking out the catcalls of appreciation as the unknown man pulled at her bound wrists, Carrie found herself positioned before the bedstead. Reluctantly releasing her, he took a step back, his chest falling and rising with his struggle not to grope his fellow guest further.

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With a flourish of the whip, the Ringmaster stepped forward, his arms outstretched. A temporary hush fell upon the crowd.

“My friends!” His massive voice echoed around the ancient space. “Here you can see the lucky winners of tonight’s participation draw!” He pointed his whip at them by way of introduction. “Miss Carrie and Master Robert!”

When Carrie dared to glance at the audience, she saw they were all huddled forward, jostling to get a better view of the trials to come. Goose pimples gathered on Carrie’s forehead as, bound and dressed as a slave, she realised just how much Scott hadn’t told her. This wasn’t going to be just a jovial spank session.

Striding the length of the stage, the Ringmaster continued, “Let us waste no more time.” With a nod to his assistants, they all three came up beside Carrie, hovering close enough for her to feel their breath on her neck as the room waited in edgy silence.

Crouching before her, the Ringmaster placed his hands on his knees and spoke just loud enough for only Carrie to hear. “Scott tells me you will enjoy this.”

Carrie swallowed. “Scott?”

He nodded slowly, a knowing smile on his face, his expression clearly telling her that no more information would be forthcoming. She quivered at the quiet menace in his voice, as he straightened up to his full height and his almost feminine hands crept forward to finger the top of the sack dress.

“Amanda, if you please.”

Standing just off centre, so that the audience could see the action, the Ringmaster put his hand out to the blonde, who passed him a large pair of sharp, shiny scissors. Carrie froze to the spot as the cold metal of the blades brushed her skin, scared that the Ringmaster might cut her as he snipped away a rectangular piece of material from the top of the sack. Abruptly free from the irritation of the gruff fabric, the stale air of the theatre caressed her naked breasts as she was pivoted on the spot so every member of the room could get an eyeful of her globes.

Never had Carrie felt so vulnerable, as the Ringmaster’s whip

tickled the very end of each of her teats. Her skin was clammy with fear, yet Carrie couldn't deny the thrill she felt as the leather tab met her chest; and with that realisation a taut shame engulfed her.

Turned again, like some sort of inanimate toy, Carrie tensed further as Sara made her face the old props. Tantalising the crowd like a true exhibitionist, the Ringmaster began to inch the hem of Carrie's dress up one tiny fold at a time, until the bubble of her round bottom was as free as her tits.

With her heart knocking rapidly in her throat, Carrie tried to think about anything other than her current situation. She tried to think about doing the laundry, about work, anything to drown out the roar of the crowd and the nagging voice that wondered just how well the Ringmaster knew Scott. She failed.

“You will bend.”

The clipped instruction that came from the compère subdued the audience with authoritative poise. Not daring to disobey, Carrie put her hands on her knees and lowered her head toward the floor. She closed her eyes as she felt the sackcloth ride up her tacky skin, giving the whole room a view of her totally exposed ass and, surely, a glimpse of an even more private place.

The ogling and sounds of appreciation from the paying voyeurs seemed to last forever. Just when Carrie thought she'd faint from the affect of blood rushing to her head, Amanda knelt in front of her. Placing a palm over each of Carrie's hands as they clasped her knees, Amanda pushed Carrie's legs sideways, forcing her to widen her folded stance. Feeling even more vulnerable and unsteady, Carrie whimpered as Amanda then laid her hands across her captive's tits, squeezing them sharply. Carrie's eyes watered as they flew open in shock, and daggers of heat coursed through the veins of her chest.

The shuffle of feet as her masters of ceremony moved out of her eye line put Carrie on the alert. Though she dared not look without being invited to do so, she was certain the Ringmaster would be talking to the other guest, Robert, the man on stage with her. Presumably he was being made a spectacle of for the benefit of the audience as well.

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The minutes ticked by as Amanda's skilled hands continued to manipulate and massage, to knead and nip at Carrie's sensitive tits. Her aching nipples and breasts gradually turned from tautly tender to incontrovertibly aroused. And that arousal grew and spread like warm treacle from the tips of her reactive nipples, across her chest, and throughout her entire body. Carrie began to wonder if anything else was going to happen, or if the sight of her pink and quivering ass was all the action the crowd was going to see.

As another jolt of unexpected pleasure shot through her, a more pressing issue began to concern Carrie. What would happen if she came? Did she need permission? She was fairly sure it was customary to ask in circumstances such as these. She knew for certain, however, that if the expert tweaking and twiddling Amanda was lavishing upon her nipples didn't stop soon, it was going to make her cum — whether she wanted to or not.

Liquid of uncertain anticipation eased down Carrie's thighs. She found herself wishing that, if her backside was going to be on the receiving end of the master's whip, he would get on with it. Her shoulders were stiff with the effort it took to keep from trembling, and she could feel the knot of a climax continuing to rise in her stomach. Exhaling with protracted gulps, Carrie had just managed to force back her orgasm, when a pair of hands, which she assumed to be Sara's, rested upon her buttocks.

Probing and kneading, a sticky lubed digit began to work its way into her upturned back passage. Groaning with a defeated, ragged breath, flashes of colour flickered behind her eyelids as Carrie's body responded and puckered gluttonously to the finger pushing deeper into her anus. She couldn't help but whine as a second finger, stretching and widening that opening, thrust with equal insistence into her butt.

The unexpected clenching of her bowels was the last straw. Carrie was cumming, and there was nothing she could do to stop it. A yell of fearful bliss flew from her lips. A yell that was drowned out by the roar of triumph that shot from the Ringmaster as the buried fingers were hastily withdrawn.

“Just as I was informed!” He lunged forwards, sliding his slender digits between Carrie’s legs as she desperately tried to control her shuddering. “This girl is soaking! Turned on by her chastisement. A total wanton, in fact!”

She was still dizzy as her superiors straightened and steadied her, the blood reversing its course from Carrie’s head to her toes. Amanda stepped backwards, removing her hands from Carrie’s reddened tits, before repositioning them over the bunched up sack cloth around her hips. Swaying a little against the blonde, the gloss of Carrie’s climax ebbed away as she wondered just how much the Ringmaster knew about her. What exactly has Scott done to get me here? She had no doubt she’d been set up.

Beyond the stage, the crowd was slowly losing control, killing time with blatant masturbation as the depraved mass waited to witness the punishment they had paid so much to see. Yet, for all of those with fingers working inside panties or hands firmly rubbing stiff cocks, everyone still kept their eyes on Carrie. No one wanted to miss a moment of what was to come.

As her vision cleared, and the shaking of her body lessened, Carrie was shifted so she confronted the old bedstead. Now she had the chance to take in what had befallen Robert while she had been finger fucked.

It was like looking at a different person. The arrogance had been completely wiped from his face. Robert’s hands hung limp at his sides. His clothes had been stripped from his body, and his well-defined musculature could now be seen to extend from his shoulders and chest all the way to his toes. His rigid cock stuck out from a small leather case, which Carrie suspected had been strapped to him the second he’d been stripped.

Cuffs attached his ankles and wrists to the metal frame of the bedstead, and Carrie was sure that his back would be marked by the springs that couldn’t fail to be digging into his back. Around his neck, a strip of leather secured his head, so he was unable to do anything but watch what was happening around him. That was when Carrie finally understood his role. Robert’s torture was to observe what was

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happening to her, with no actual stimulation of his own. To last as long as he could without cumming. To have the very limits of his voyeuristic capacity cruelly and severely tested.

Carrie's pulse raced as she watched Sara pull two heavy chairs from the pile by the bed, and place them between the tethered Robert and the front of the auditorium, only metres from the outstretched arms of the expectant audience.

Every few seconds Sara glanced at Carrie, readjusted the position of the chairs, and then checked her out again. After what seemed like a lifetime, Sara was finally happy with the location of the pine seats. One chair faced the other, with about an inch of space between them.

Hooking a palm between Carrie's legs, making her snatch instantly spasm, Amanda used Carrie's groin to steer her forwards. When she took her hand away, the blonde pointedly began to lick the juices that had gathered upon her fingers. Carrie flushed with renewed shame as Amanda demonstrated to everyone how wet she was. While a frustrated Robert began to struggle in his bonds, showing his first sign of weakness, and earning him a glare from the Ringmaster that would have crippled a lesser mortal.

Taking no interest in the flailing man, Amanda grabbed Carrie under her arms as Sara took hold of her ankles. Lifting their victim, the women carried her nerve-wracked horizontal body towards the chairs, balancing Carrie facedown between them. The blonde kept Carrie still as Sara fixed her ankles to the stout legs of the spindle-backed seat with what appeared to be modified dog collars. The women then swapped roles. Sara supported Carrie, preventing her from falling between the gap in the chairs, while Amanda tied her wrists to the spindles of the other heavy chair. Carrie's shoulders rested almost comfortably on the top rail of one chair, while her crudely spread thighs were supported by the other.

Suddenly the two assistants let go, and Carrie found herself half hanging and half supported by the broken furniture in the middle of the stage, with every single eye in the house boring into her.

Her face, tilted towards Robert, now felt squashed and

uncomfortable. Her tits, still recovering from their extreme fondling session, found the cold unyielding surface of the hard wood painful yet arousing to the touch. Despite herself, Carrie could feel her slick juice spatter her thighs, as her crotch vented in response to the sight of the erect, naked man. Her mind, however, was a messy conflict of confusion. She really should not be enjoying this, and yet with perpetual shame, she privately admitted that she was.

Then it happened.

From the moment she had set foot on the stage that evening Carrie had known it was coming. But tears still blasted from her eyes as the Ringmaster flexed his whip against the tender flesh of her buttocks for the first time. Barely pausing, he struck again, this time across the very top of her cleft, sucking all of the air from her lungs.

Winded and yelping, Carrie begged for him to take pity as the shock and agony overtook her. But the Ringmaster simply laughed and waved his weapon a third time, the new lash scorching her flesh with every inch of leather. She frantically tried to concentrate. But each time Carrie thought she had mustered enough self control to ride out the strikes, he hit even harder, making her feel as if she'd been stung by a swarm of malevolent bees. Words of pleading poured from her, as if her mouth was on autopilot.

"You're begging a little too often, young lady." Amanda's tone was harsh, but dripped with satisfaction, as she knelt before Carrie's face.

"If you truly want it to stop, you know what to say. But I don't think you do. I think you're loving having these people watch you take it.....seeing you squirm."

"But I...." Carrie was about to deny it, but her sentence was interrupted by Amanda's crystal cut voice.

"Another sound from you and I shall make sure you receive more smacks...."

The blonde paused. Then, with a nod of agreement from the Ringmaster, she continued. "In fact.....I think you deserve extra attention anyway."

The crowd whooped as another blow struck Carrie's right

## THE CIRCUS

cheek, closely followed by another against her left, while a new sensation gripped a corner of her splintered attention. A hand was stroking, pinching, and pulling at her sack cloth dress, rucking it up enough to allow the calloused palm to meet her porcelain skin.

With an air-biting swish, the whip came down once more, and Carrie could feel her ass blossom into a chequer board of marks and bruises. Just as she felt she could stand no more, when the safe word was on the tip of her tongue, the Ringmaster dropped his weapon with a grunt of spent exhaustion.

“I hope you enjoyed that, ladies and gentlemen!”

His shout was greeted with the voyeurs’ unequivocal vocal enthusiasm.

Tears cascaded down Carrie’s cheeks and her vision blurred. Through her mascara-smudged eyelashes, she could only vaguely make out Robert, hanging like a cur, unable to do anything but endure his unrequited need to fuck.

Already partially blinded by her tears, it seemed a pointless act to Carrie when an actual blindfold was manoeuvred across her face. Although she couldn’t deny it added to the ever heightening tension that consumed her.

Assuming more pain was seconds away as the hand beneath her stopped pinching and began grazing her stomach, Carrie was caught off guard when a further set of greedy hands grasped her rounded ass, followed by another, and then another.

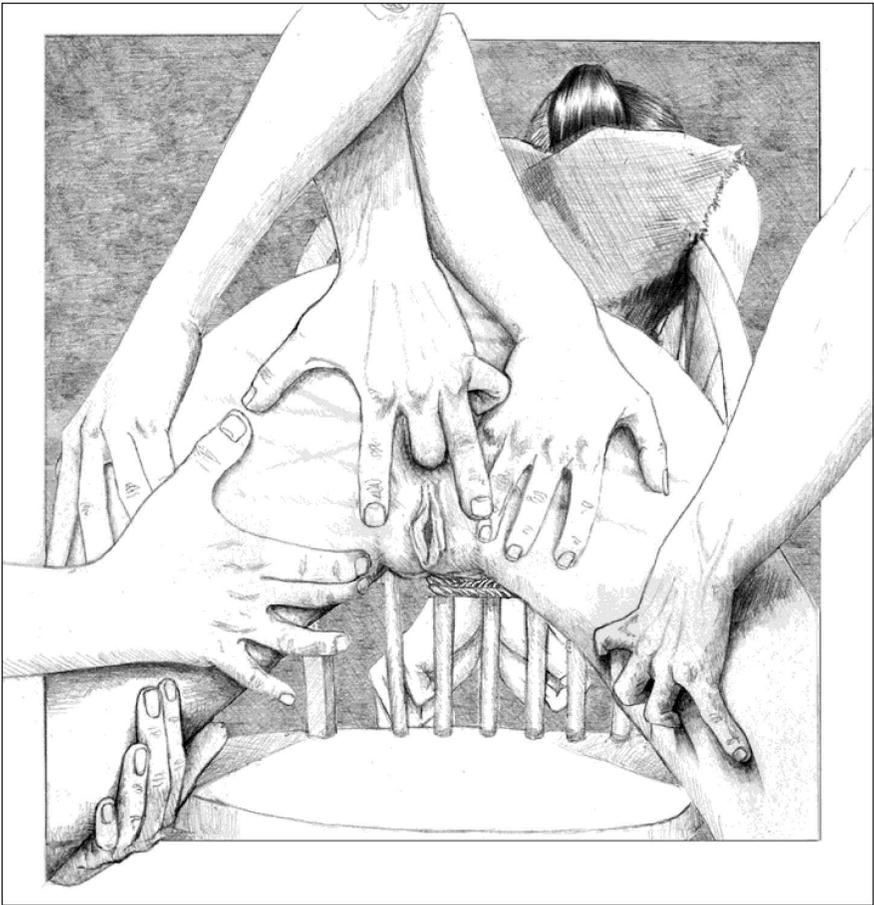
As a multitude of palms and fingers stroked and pummelled Carrie’s skin, she was torn between disgust, desire and discomfort as the entire audience visited her flesh. Tracing the lines of her newly acquired lash marks, their sweaty fingers and palms felt like salt being rubbed into her wounds. Carrie sucked back a deep guttural moan, drawing some of her hair into her mouth. Spitting and spluttering, she tried to dislodge it with her tongue, when suddenly she stiffened. For the second time that evening, someone had snuck a slippery finger into the velvet rim of her bottom, making her squirm and groan louder beneath their dirty touch.

After an eternity of clumsy, rough, poking digits touching

KAY JAYBEE

every accessible segment and crevice of her body, all the hands suddenly abandoned Carrie. She could have cried with bereavement as the murmurs receded and the audience returned to their seats.

The hand at Carrie's belly, however, remained. And her lust addled brain switched all its attention to those digits as they began to crawl lower, making her raise her hips and will those fingers to creep toward her pussy. The effort to shift her weight so she could feel the pressure she longed for against her clit made her body shake again, and brought a derisive snigger from the Ringmaster.



“Just as Miss Carrie’s lover said! This woman is a total slut, desperate to cum!”

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This public announcement of her blatantly wanton state made Carrie's blood go cold and, in a rush of embarrassment, she realised just how blind she'd been. How the mass of sensations that rushed through her exhausted body had masked the truth. The hand that was now snaking around her splayed legs, scouring her nub as though polishing a pip, was Scott's. He hadn't had to go to work at all. He was here.

But there was no time to contemplate her realisation as her blindfold was lifted, and she found herself staring into Sara's bright green eyes.

"Hello Carrie," Sara brought a soft hand to her prisoner's forehead, wiping the hair from her eyes and mouth. "I hope you're enjoying yourself."

Ignoring the question, Carrie murmured, "How long has Scott been here?"

"Clever girl!" Sara kissed the side of her face. "All along, of course."

Carrie swallowed carefully, wishing Scott wasn't quite so good at keeping her on the edge of orgasm. His fingers were still travelling over her belly, but slower now, as if only half his attention was on the job. The rest of him was listening to Carrie and Sara.

"It was Scott's idea to bring you here. He has something to tell you, and he thought this would be a good way to do it."

"What?" Carrie could barely focus, let alone understand what Sara was trying to tell her. All she knew was that she'd been flogged, fingered, and felt up in every way possible; that her previous orgasm was ancient history, and that if she didn't get another one soon she was going to explode.

Changing the subject, Sara said, "I'm beginning to feel a bit sorry for Robert, aren't you?"

"Robert?"

"He has done well not to cum, hasn't he? Although I guess he's had plenty of practice being one of our regulars. Did you know he is a friend of Scott's?"

Carrie frowned at the knowing smirk across the redhead's

face. “Scott’s friend?”

“Robert has been coming here to watch, or take part in, Scott’s show for months.”

“What do you mean!?” Carrie yelled, not caring that the whole room could hear. “What does she mean ‘Scott’s show’? What the fuck is going on!?”

The fingers whirling around her belly and pussy stopped moving, and Scott crawled out from beneath her.

“Looking good, babe. Do you like my circus?”

His circus? Scott appeared different somehow, his face flushed, his trousers barely restraining a bulge that was evidently desperate to be set free. Confidence radiated from him, as if he was totally at home here. She wanted to ask what it was he wanted to tell her, but at the same time she wasn’t sure she wanted to know.

“No answer, babes?” Scott turned and, although his gruff words were meant for her, he addressed the assembled voyeurs. “That’s not very grateful! Especially after I lost so much money bribing number 23 not to declare her ticket. Just so I could share with you what I do when I work late.”

Eventually Carrie found her voice. “Your show? You own The Circus?”

He smiled at her, his navy eyes reflecting all his darkest desires back into her own. His voice was scornful, and yet full of awe. “You’re dripping wet and desperate for a fuck. A dirty, ungrateful whore!”

The audience began to jeer in Scott’s favour as Carrie’s complexion became a deeper crimson.

“I bet you’re expecting me to allow my friend Robert to skewer you now, aren’t you?”

Carrie closed her eyes, not wanting the expression on her face to give away the fact that he was right. She had assumed just that. Her body throbbed with the need to cum, to be full of cock. She was sore, confused, and every muscle felt pulled. Her clit, which had been manipulated to the brink, felt as if it had been short-circuited to her tits, which were giving off enough heat to power a small generator. And now, to make matters worse, Scott was standing above her with

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his hands gliding over Sara's stiff nipples. Nipples which Carrie herself badly wanted to suck.

Signalling Amanda to join Sara, Scott instructed them to free Carrie's ankles. Hoping they would also free her arms, Carrie was instantly disappointed when she was forced to shuffle across the floor still attached to one chair, her arms uncomfortably stretched down the sturdy spindles, the strain in her neck only marginally relieved as she was repositioned to the right of the bed.

All eyes were now on the ultra-erect Robert, who was sweating so much from the effort of not cumming that this chest looked as if it had been oiled.

The Ringmaster, who'd evidently been enjoying the show as much as the audience — if the lump in his leggings was anything to go by — stood next to Scott.

“Ladies and gentlemen, I think you'll all agree that Robert here has excelled himself. He has watched a beautiful young woman become the subject of a mouth-watering concoction of erotically challenging experiences. And yet he has remained in total control! The incredible willpower of Master Robert has won through again, and for this, he shall be rewarded!”

Tethered, Carrie scraped the wooden legs against the floor as she twisted to get a better view of Scott. His eyes were firmly fixed on Robert. Or, to be more exact, on Robert's cock.

The hairs on the back of Carrie's neck stood up. Lifting her head as much as physically possible, she understood what it was that Scott wanted her to know. She also knew he wasn't going to tell her. He was going to show her. He was going to make her watch.

Acting on unspoken orders, the two female assistants moved to the bed, undid Robert's restraints, and eased him from the metal frame. Just as she'd suspected, Carrie could see that his back was imprinted with the outline of every spring against which he'd been pinioned for the last hour. She was amazed to see his cock emerge from its leather prison still solid. It glistened with pre-cum and was dangerously close to release, as Robert was bent over the wooden chair from which she had just been freed.

Staring at his lover with an odd defiance, as if he was challenging her to cope with what she was about to see, Scott instructed the other women to release Carrie's hands, and to assist her to her feet.

Determined not to let herself down, Carrie was still unable to prevent her mewls of shame-tinted pleasure as Amanda came up behind her and cupped her tits. Accompanied by eager encouragement from the crowd, the pseudo-circus performer began to rub her thumbs over Carrie's nipples, turning them to little stones. Scott's cock sprung up from between his zip fly as he walked towards the crouched Robert, while Sara knelt before Carrie. With her head resting against Carrie's crotch, the redhead inhaled the strong scent of damp pussy as she ran her turquoise fingernails up the inside of Carrie's quivering thighs.

While her flesh leapt beneath the glorious attention of the two women, Carrie's eyes remained transfixed on her boyfriend as he retrieved a condom from his back pocket. She was about to shout out for Scott to stop, to fuck her and not Robert, but her voice seemed to be stuck in her throat.

Her eyes were on stalks. Without preparation or ceremony, Scott notched his bloated cock up to Robert's anus. A jealousy like Carrie had never known assailed her. She had to stop this, and there was only one way. If she shouted out the safe word. If she screamed 'Circus'. Then she wouldn't have to witness the dick she so badly wanted inside her, disappearing within someone else. The fact that it was a man's ass was mere geography. After the whipping and humiliation she'd endured, she'd earned that cock! That beautiful prick should be hers!

Moistening her mouth so she could speak, Carrie took in a ragged, shallow gasp. The word 'Circus!' had almost escaped her when, just as Scott crammed himself into the prone man, Sara bit her teeth into Carrie's soaking pussy, bringing forth a screech of tormented pleasure. Refusing to be left out of the melee, Amanda forsook her comparatively gentle attention to Carrie's tits, grabbed a slender bamboo cane from the overturned umbrella stand, and struck viciously at Carrie's inflamed nipples.

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Carrie's breath shot from her body like a bullet — the safety word dissolving in her throat before it left her shocked mouth. Burning with an all-consuming delicious agony, Carrie felt as though her tits and clit had been hotwired together. Every precise hit to her scarlet breasts sent electric shocks of blissful suffering to her cunt.

Pumping furiously into Robert, Scott kept staring at Carrie, locking his dark crystal eyes into hers as she began to overdose on the attention she was receiving. Scott's mouth was moving. He was shouting. Barley audible above the noise of the all-out orgy that had erupted in the stalls, Carrie heard her boyfriend yell, "When we get home, I am SO going to kiss those tits better!!"

Her replying cry of "OH FUCK YESSSSS!!!!....." morphed into a howl of ecstasy as she came. Her orgasm erupted perfectly in sync with Robert's, as he coated the floor and furniture beneath him with heavy, copious spurts of cream, bellowing with animal relief. As the relentless convulsions of orgasm overtook Carrie's helpless body, she crumpled to her knees. That was when she knew Scott had been right. She was loving this. Especially now that she knew he intended to keep up this libidinous onslaught once they got home!

Pulling out of Robert's spasming backside, Scott dumped his condom and, knocking away Amanda's cane, sprayed his own jism across Carrie's engorged bosom. The splashes of his hot paste triggered a third wave of climax, which rode on the back of her second. The exhaustive intensity of her concurrent orgasms left Carrie with barely enough strength to support herself, and she collapsed backwards onto her elbows.

As Carrie ceased shuddering in the aftermath of her dual climax, the Ringmaster fell to the floor in front of her. Scott smiled down at them as he spoke.

"I'm sure you'll understand that I had to make a deal with our host here, the man I pay to manage this place. He had to ensure that you were the subject of The Circus this evening. And I had to make it worth his while to do so.

"So I had to bribe him....with these." Scott pointed to Carrie's semen-slick breasts, gleaming in their burlap window.

KAY JAYBEE

With the hunger of a famished man, the Ringmaster dove forwards, gobbling the spent cum from Carrie's glazed, salty-sweet flesh.

As they gave the audience their last dose of voyeuristic excitement for the evening, Scott muttered in Carrie's ear, "Did you enjoy being in the show, honey? Was I right?"

Carrie grinned up at him, her whole being quivering against the fervid caresses of the Ringmaster's tongue, which felt strangely tame after the erotic excesses of the hour before.

"I told you earlier, sweetheart. I've always loved the circus!"

# INSIDE LOOKING OUT

BY LEXIE BAY



## *London, England: Present day*

As Izzy stepped out of the warmth of the black cab, the chill air of a Soho night whipped around her, blowing her hair and slipping up the inside of her dress, almost revealing to the busy street that she was wearing nothing underneath. Her nipples hardened as the icy breeze fingered her naked pussy, sending a frisson of delicious heat through her in stark contrast to the cold. She turned to pay the driver and gasped as the wind lifted her skirt again. Grabbing the hem to save her modesty, she giggled to herself at the irony of trying to look demure while getting out of the cab, when in just a few moments she would be stalking the corridors of one of London's biggest and most infamous orgies, wearing next to nothing.

She stood outside the huge old-fashioned building and gazed up at it. It had taken her months to get here. She had networked with the best; blagging invitations to parties where she knew the big league guys would be, using her family name and her father's notoriety in business to influence anyone who would listen, and finally it had paid off. She had caught the eye of an ageing CEO at a private dinner party and he had offered her the golden ticket to the biggest event of the year. The wind whisked up again, making her shiver, as she pulled her mask down over her face.

The irony of using her father's contacts and the family name was not lost on her. The very same power that her father had wielded to get her a place at the prestigious University in Oxford, England, where he had been so proud of her and her achievements, was now her ticket to further the hedonistic lifestyle that he so hated. He still funded her, but he had given up on trying to mould her into Katy, the older sister that Izzy could never emulate. Katy had married the man their father had picked for her, a man who had money and power but no charm or passion. She stayed at home with their children while he did whatever he wanted with whomever he wanted. It seemed as though Katy hadn't smiled in years. Izzy knew that she herself would never, could never, give up everything in the way her sister had. Katy would never stand on the brink of adventure outside a notorious club, adrenaline flooding her body as she anticipated the night ahead. Izzy turned her attention back to the imposing building in front of her.

The annual event was always a masquerade ball, the elaborate masks an essential part of the night and this year the theme was "The Call of the Wild". Izzy had researched the event for months and she knew that what you wore was almost as important as what you didn't. The animal theme had inspired her and she had chosen to come dressed as a gazelle, wanting to look vulnerable and submissive. Izzy had spent a fortune having a costume made and she knew she looked amazing; the front of the dress showing off her cleavage to maximum effect and the back leaving very little to the imagination as it clung to her full, round bottom.

Izzy looked up and down the street then climbed the stone steps to the imposing front door. As she did, she couldn't help thinking about the journey that had brought her to this point.

***Baytown, Texas: 12 years earlier***

The noise from the party was unbelievable. Izzy wouldn't have been surprised if her mother and father could hear it from the Caribbean. She'd given up trying to sleep and was lying there listening to the bass pounding through the floor. Another couple tried her door, banging and cursing when they found it locked. She stuck her head under her pillow again but it was useless. If she wanted to

## INSIDE LOOKING OUT

get any sleep she was going to have to go sleep in her car. Again. Her sister's parties were legendary around their neighbourhood and this one looked set to be another all-nighter.

Izzy had only stayed up to see Caleb, Katy's gorgeous boyfriend. But he and Katy had had an argument, and now she was crying in the kitchen while Caleb was out somewhere with his boys.

She sighed. The noise was unbearable so she grabbed the duvet and wrapped it around her. She used the back stairs and slipped into the huge garage unnoticed. It was silent — her dad had soundproofed the garage a few years before when their brother went through his grunge phase. Izzy unlocked her car and dragged her duvet into the back seat. She wound down the window for air, wrapped herself up and closed her eyes.

She'd been asleep only a couple of minutes when a loud noise jerked her awake. Heart pounding she sat up, wrapping the duvet tighter around her.

What the fuck was it?

A shaft of light fell across the floor and two bodies stumbled into view.

Great, I can't even escape from them in here, she thought. They weren't talking but she could hear the unmistakable sounds of making out. Peeking through the window, she could see them clearly in the glow of the hall light. She froze. It was Caleb and Suzy.

What the hell were they doing in here? And where was Katy? Izzy watched, fascinated as their lips squashed against each other, hands everywhere, oblivious to her. Izzy melted as she looked at Caleb. His dark hair was messy, the fringe framing his beautiful face, his lashes brushing his cheeks as he closed his eyes, lost in the kiss. He was wearing the same uniform all the football players wore, tight jeans, white t-shirt and team jacket; and Izzy felt her heart squeeze and her stomach flip-flop the way it always did when he was around.

Caleb backed Suzy up against the wall and started unbuttoning her blouse. Izzy thought Suzy would freak out but instead she started unbuckling his belt, her fingers slipping in her desperation to get it undone. Izzy's mouth hung open in shock. Suzy was president of

the Chastity Club at school, spending all her time preaching about the benefits of waiting! Caleb finished with her top, dropping it to the floor before dipping his head to kiss the soft flesh spilling out the top of her bra. His fingers slid underneath the edges, easing it over her breasts. Suzy's head fell back as Caleb let his fingers graze her nipples, hard and pink in the cool of the garage.

“Shit Suze, your tits are amazing, baby.”

“Better than Katy's, huh? I don't know why you don't just dump her.”

“She's head cheerleader, Suze. I have to be with her. It's good for the team. Besides, it's so much fun sneaking around behind her back.”

He shrugged off his jacket and grinned at her, flexing the muscles in his arms to show off, then bent down and sucked a nipple into his mouth, a soft moan escaping his lips as he did.

Izzy was transfixed, watching everything play out in front of her. They had no idea she was there. She realised that she should have said something when she first saw them, because now it was too late. If she got out now they'd think she'd been watching deliberately. She swallowed hard. Well they'd be right, she thought. I am.

Caleb pulled his t-shirt over his head, his short dark hair ruffling with the effort. The tent in his jeans was prominent as his erection jutted out towards Suzy. Izzy held her breath as she realised Suzy was fiddling with the buttons at the front of his jeans. She had imagined Caleb naked so many times, was she actually going to see it for real? The sight of his naked chest was already making her wet. She imagined being wrapped in his big strong arms, pressing her cheek against his skin. Surely someone would come in and find them. She hoped it wasn't Katy — the shit would really hit the fan if she found them! Izzy was willing to bet that her sister had no idea that Caleb had even come back to the house.

She realised she was holding her breath, waiting for Suzy to unbutton his fly. There was a warmth between her legs and her nipples had grown hard...just like Suzy's. God she wished she was her. She wanted to feel Caleb's soft lips against hers, wanted him to

## INSIDE LOOKING OUT

look at her the way he was looking at Suzy. His eyes were heavy with lust, his skin flushed, and his hands all over her body.

Suzy was fumbling with the buttons and he pushed her back, taking control, effortlessly flicking open his button-fly, and allowing his jeans to drop to the floor to reveal white shorts. Like a scene from a Levi's ad, Izzy thought, nearly giggling with the excitement of the situation. Her breath was steaming up the glass and she wiped the window quietly, desperate to see what happened next. It wasn't that she didn't know. She'd spent enough time talking to her girlfriends. And last year she'd played spin the bottle, ending up in the cupboard with Kyle from her class. She recalled his big hands, how he'd shoved one up her top and tried to get another up her skirt while he ransacked her mouth with his tongue. Her main memory was of how much spit there'd been, rather than feeling turned on. What Caleb and Suzy were doing looked a lot more fun, and it clearly wasn't the first time for either of them. She felt briefly sorry for her sister, until Caleb slid his boxers down his legs and she got her first look at his cock, thrusting up proudly in front of him. She almost gasped, clapping her hand over her mouth before her body gave her away. Her pussy flooded her pyjamas as she stared at him.

Suzy ran her tongue over her glossy red lips and smiled up at Caleb. She was still wearing her skirt, but instead of taking it off she dropped to her knees in front of him. Caleb leaned back against the wall and, as Izzy watched, Suzy ran her tongue over the swollen head of his cock, and then took the whole shaft deep into her mouth.

Caleb shivered, his eyes rolling back in his head, a loud moan echoing around the garage. "Ohhhh.....baby, that's it....Take it all down."

Watching Suzy's blonde curls bobbing up and down, Izzy couldn't help herself and her fingers wandered over her breasts, stroking her nipples. She was so hot watching them, she had to touch herself. It was like the movie that her best mate James had shown her last year, but for real. Caleb's fingers were tangled in Suzy's hair, pulling her against him, thrusting into her mouth. She made a small choking sound and slapped his leg.

“Sorry baby,” he moaned. “I can’t help it, you’re so fucking hot.”

Izzy’s fingers slipped into her pyjama bottoms and she wriggled out of them. She felt naughty, almost but not quite party to the erotic scene that was playing out in front of her, her naked skin against the soft leather of the back seat. Watching Caleb fucking Suzy’s mouth, Izzy slowly stroked her finger across her pussy, teasing herself, pulling gently at the soft curls that covered her. She was so wet, she slipped her finger into the soft warmth, biting her lip as she stroked herself, her clit throbbing. She looked down, watching her fingers slide between her lips, watching the pink folds swallowing her, just like Suzy swallowed Caleb.

“I want to fuck you,” Caleb said, pulling Suzy to her feet; and Izzy closed her eyes imagining he was talking to her. She spread her legs wide, the cool air from the garage contrasting against the throbbing heat of her pussy, imagining Caleb watching her touch herself. She pushed another finger inside herself, her thumb grazing her clit, bucking against her hand.

She looked out of the window again just as Caleb unzipped Suzy’s skirt. It fell to the floor and Izzy was mesmerised. Suzy wasn’t wearing any panties.

“You like?” she asked, running her hands down her body and kicking her skirt away.

She was left wearing nothing but her high heels and Caleb made a kind of growling, sighing noise, his fingers reaching out to her, turning her around. He pulled her against him, his swollen dick pressing against her back, giving Izzy a perfect view of Suzy’s pussy. It was completely hairless, showing every curve of her lips, glistening in the soft light as Caleb spread her legs. Suzy leaned her head on his shoulder, her eyes closed as his fingers explored her. Izzy watched as he circled her clit, her own fingers mirroring his, wanting to feel exactly what Suzy was feeling. Suzy’s knees buckled as he pinched and rolled her hard nub, making her whimper; a soft mewling noise that made Izzy quiver.

“You’re so wet, baby,” Caleb whispered, kissing her neck,

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pushing a thick finger inside her, and then joining it with a second almost immediately.

Izzy's breathing was heavy and she tried to quieten it, terrified of being caught. But Caleb and Suzy were so wrapped up in each other they heard nothing. Caleb's fingers pushed in and out rapidly, fucking her with his hand, thrusting against her from behind.

"I think you're wet enough," he murmured, "I need to be inside you."

"Yes," Suzy moaned. "I want you to fuck me, Caleb."

Izzy wanted it too, more than anything. She watched as he walked her over to the washing machine and bent her over it, spreading her legs, fingering her tight pussy again, smearing the flood of juices over her bum and the insides of her thighs. Izzy had a perfect view from the car, her own pussy twitching as she pushed inside herself with one hand, her clit throbbing as she teased it with the other. She pulled her top up exposing her breasts, naked and wanton in the back of her car, leaning back against the cool leather as she watched her sister's boyfriend slowly and deliberately pushing his cock between the pouting pussy lips of her sister's best friend.

Suzy moaned loudly as Caleb slid inside her, her hands gripping the sides of the machine, pushing her bum back towards him, matching his thrusts with her own. Izzy could see him slipping in and out of Suzy's soaking pussy, as Izzy mirrored his moves with two fingers inside herself. Caleb's breath was ragged, his bum clenching with every thrust. He gripped Suzy's hips, holding her still so that he could get maximum penetration as she pressed her face against the cool metal of the washer, mumbling his name every time his thighs slapped against hers. His whole body was tense and Izzy thought that he must be close to finishing. Suzy's legs were shaking and she was gasping, clinging to the edge of the washer.

"Yes....oh god yes....Caleb baby....I'm gonna cum," she squealed and Izzy watched as Caleb slid his hand between her legs, stroking her clit to push her over the edge.

She pushed back against him, her pussy throbbing around his cock as wave after wave of orgasm pulsed through her until she

slumped forward, her eyes shut, breathing hard.

“Fuck baby, that was hot,” Caleb said, pulling his gorgeous erection slowly out until just the tip was inside her. “Now it’s my turn,” and he shoved it back inside her hard, making her moan again.



Izzy couldn't hold back, her fingers flying over her clit and buried deep in her cunt, she brought herself off with a muffled moan, burying her face in the headrest; just as Caleb thrust into Suzy for the last time, his face contorted, eyes closed, he pulled out and covered her ass with a stream of hot cum. Izzy tried to catch her breath as she watched it jet out, the head of his cock swollen and crimson as he held it, wiping the last of his spunk across her cheeks.

They paused for a moment, and then Caleb pulled out a hanky and wiped the evidence off of Suzy's bum and back. She turned around and they kissed again before gathering up their clothes and dressing hurriedly, the spell broken and both worried about being

caught. Suzy left the garage first, heading straight for the bathroom to straighten herself out. Caleb paused for a moment, a slight frown on his face as he looked around the garage. In one heart stopping moment Izzy knew he was looking right at her and she'd been caught. She froze, the duvet barely covering her, blind panic coursing through her as she tried to think of something to say. Then he grinned and winked. Shrugging his jacket back on, he turned and left the garage, closing the door behind him.

Izzy sat there for several seconds too shocked to move. She knew that no one would ever make her feel like Caleb had done that night. She hugged herself as she pictured him winking. He'd known all along that she was there. He'd known she was watching.

***London, England: Present day***

Izzy approached the door of the building and it opened straight away. A beautiful girl in a white suit took her invitation and let her in with a smile. The girl indicated that Izzy should follow her and they passed through two more doors, along several corridors until finally arriving at a beautifully ornate staircase which led into the underbelly of the house.

“Enjoy yourself, Ms. Delaney,” the girl said, smiling and gesturing for her to take the staircase. “Victor, your host, will meet you at the bottom of the stairs.”

Izzy felt her pussy moisten with anticipation as she stepped onto the staircase and gently ran her fingers over her nipples, stiff beneath the soft fabric of her dress. As she went down the stairs she noticed that the lights were getting dimmer and she could hear music very faintly in the background. Reaching the bottom she saw a man was waiting for her and she hurried towards him. Taking her hand, he kissed it and swept into a low bow.

“Isabella,” he said, his accent heavy and reminiscent of bygone days. “I am Victor. We are so happy you could come to our party. Let me take you inside and introduce you to some of my very good friends.”

He opened the door and the music became louder without being obtrusive. The lights were dimmed and there were candles

everywhere casting a soft glow over the beautiful room. The floor was covered with comfortable sofas, cushions and thick rugs; and on them were couples, threesomes and groups of people, all in different stages of undress. The air was heavy with the scent of sex. Everywhere Izzy looked there were women and men being filled with fingers, cocks and toys. Erect penises were being sucked and stroked and she paused to watch an extremely well hung man enter a woman, held in front of him by two of her friends. The sight of his thick shaft pushing between the woman's soft pink lips made Izzy's clit throb and she ached to stop and touch herself. But her host was leading her onwards.

"Come Isabella", he smiled. "I have some people I know you will love to meet."

She followed him over to where there were several booths centred around large circular beds. On each bed couples and groups were playing while others watched. There was champagne on ice and her host handed her a chilled flute. She sipped it gratefully, letting the ice-cold liquid slip down her throat, feeling the bubbles on her tongue as she looked around the room. Her hand flew to her heart as she thought she saw Caleb watching her from the corner of the bar. Izzy looked again, unable to breathe. Was it him? It couldn't be, but he was so similar it made her shiver. She sighed. Even the thought of him still had the power to make her feel like her insides had melted. He had coloured every sexual experience she'd had from that first time she'd watched him. The watching had become a pattern between them that year. At every party, she hid in her car and at every party he came to her. He was always with a different girl, but it always ended the same way. A glance, a wink and he was gone.

Their ritual hadn't ended until Katy had caught him red handed at her birthday party. It had been a terrible row and Caleb had never returned to the house. Shortly after that Izzy had left for England, her father proudly sending her off to Oxford University to study English, his dreams of his daughter becoming a successful journalist still intact.

As Victor introduced her to the people at the table Izzy let

her thoughts drift to the first boyfriend she'd had in England — the delectable and filthy Liam. Her sexy “bit of rough” as the Brits would say. All she'd cared about was that he reminded her of Caleb.

*Oxford, England: 10 years earlier*

Liam wasn't from the University. Izzy had met him in a rough looking bar one evening when she'd been discovering the city on her own. He was what her other friends would call “common” so Izzy always arranged to meet him far away from the house she shared with the other girls. It gave their meetings an added frisson of excitement for Izzy, and if Liam minded being kept hidden he never showed it.

Liam blasted his horn as he saw her approach and she waved, breaking into a run to reach his car. Izzy slid into the passenger seat and he leaned over to kiss her. His lips were soft and warm and she closed her eyes, hopeful that they were going back to his flat to fuck. He stroked his fingers through her hair, pulling her face closer to him, kissing her harder.

“I missed you,” he said. “You been ignoring me?”

Izzy shook her head. “It's just my stupid exams,” she said. “You know I have to pass if I want my dad to keep paying for me to be here. I have to study.”

Liam rolled his eyes. “I told you, babe. Come live with me. I'll look after you.”

Izzy didn't doubt his sincerity but she didn't want to burst his bubble by telling him that he was just a stop gap, a distraction until she could find the one man who knew what she wanted. Caleb. His name whispered through her thoughts, making her wet. She bit her bottom lip and kissed Liam again.

“I know baby,” she said. “But what would my daddy say?”

Liam just grinned, and started the engine of his Golf GTI. It was black with white racing stripes that flashed up the bonnet and disappeared over the roof. Fitted to the back was a huge custom exhaust which sounded like an aeroplane about to take off, and there were the obligatory oversized alloy wheels. It was Liam's pride and joy. Izzy rolled her eyes as he revved the engine to impress her.

She looked at Liam as he drove, trying to see him as others

did. The muscles in his arms tensed as he gripped the steering wheel. Izzy loved to watch him drive, imagining his arms around her when they parked up somewhere later. She had never done it in a car before she met Liam, but if she looked carefully she could still see the footprints on the inside of the windscreen from the last time they'd gone out. Tonight Liam was wearing thick tracksuit bottoms, a tight white t-shirt and a baseball cap. His hair was blond and spiky underneath it, just a little longer than was cool, but Izzy liked that. It made him less intimidating than some of his mates, somehow more vulnerable. His heavy gold chain was around his neck as always and as he changed gear his bracelet banged against the handbrake. His trainers were box fresh, pure white. He looked a bit scary but Izzy knew it was all an act. The others might think he was a chav but Izzy adored him and he treated her like his princess. Deep down Liam was a big softy. And most importantly of all he shared her love of outdoor fucking and voyeurism, without making her feel like she was some kind of pervert.

“Where are we going, Li?” she asked.

“You’ll see,” he said with a sly smile.

“What’s the big secret, don’t tease me!”

“I thought you liked me to tease you,” he grinned, sliding his hand up her thigh and squeezing.

“I do, but come on, don’t keep me in suspense. Where are we going? Is it a new club? A party?”

Liam ignored her as he navigated out of the cul-de-sac and headed out of town. She waited impatiently for him to get out onto the open road then swatted him again.

“Spill!” she said.

“OK, what’s your hottest fantasy?”

Izzy could see Liam’s cock straining against his sweatpants. Obviously just the thought of what they were going to do was turning him on. She thought about everything they talked about while they were fucking. A smile spread across her face.

“No...way!” she said, hardly daring to believe the glint in his eye. “God, I hope it’s what I think it is,” she giggled. “Are we going

## INSIDE LOOKING OUT

somewhere dark and secluded? Somewhere that other people might be?”

Liam nodded.

“Baby, are you taking me dogging?” she squealed.

“Yes I am!”

“Oh my GOD, baby that is so hot!” Izzy leaned over and kissed him, sliding her hand into his crotch, stroking his hard-on.

“Hey, save that for when we get there,” he laughed. “I gotta perform! I don’t wanna peak too soon.”

“How do you know where to go?” she asked.

“I looked it up on the internet, there are loads of sites. You know, some of them even have pictures.” He leaned over, opening the glove box to reveal his camera. “Maybe we can post some of our own later?”

He winked at her, running his hand up her leg. “Are you wearing panties?” He did a terrible impression of her American accent, making her laugh. His fingers disappeared under her mini skirt and she parted her legs so he could feel for himself. He encountered bare skin and groaned. “Fuck, you’re so wet already, baby,” he said slipping a finger inside her.

Izzy leaned her head back against the seat, giving herself up to his touch, sucking in her breath as he grazed her clit. “Well I’m excited,” she purred. “You know how much it turns me on thinking about people watching us fucking. I can’t believe we’re actually going to do this! Shit, Liam, how will we know what to do?”

He laughed. “Don’t we just pull up and put on a show, and people can watch us and jerk off.” Liam stroked his palm over his cock as he thought about it. “I don’t think there are too many rules, we just gotta make sure we don’t get caught!”

A few minutes later he slowed the car as they approached a wooded area with a car park half hidden by the trees. There were several cars already there and a couple of guys standing around in the semi-darkness. Liam parked under some trees and switched off the engine.

“Do you want to watch for a bit, see what’s going on? Or

do you just want to fuck?” He pulled her over the gear stick and wrapped his arms around her, kissing her long and soft. “You decide, baby. This is your fantasy,” he whispered. “I’ll go with whatever you want.”

“Aren’t you supposed to leave the car running?” Izzy asked.

“You can but I figured you’re safe enough with me here to protect you.” He switched on the interior lights so that they were illuminated. Then he flashed the headlights a couple of times. “So that people know it’s ok to come and look,” he said grinning at her.

“You really read up on this didn’t you.”

It made her feel all mushy that he’d gone to so much trouble for her. Izzy pushed the button to recline her seat, and Liam turned towards her. Reaching over, he flipped up her skirt, exposing her naked, shaved pussy. She looked down, watching him touching her. His fingers were tanned and huge against her pale skin and tiny frame. He let them wander over her thigh and she gasped, letting her legs fall open, her pussy warm and wet, desperate for him to touch it. The darkness was almost complete outside and at first Izzy couldn’t see if anyone was there or not. The thought that someone might be watching her, her pussy brazenly exposed and bare to anyone who was out there, made her quiver with excitement, and she felt a flood of wet between her legs. Liam traced from her clit down towards her ass with his fingertip, letting it slip inside her as he did. She moaned, spreading her legs further, arching up towards his hand. He slowly circled her clit, watching her face, her eyes closed, lips parted, and her breath fast and shallow as her body responded to his touch.

“There’s a guy out there,” Liam whispered against her skin as he kissed from her lips down to her neck. “I can see his watch catching the light every time he moves. He’s watching me touching you and he’s got his dick in his hand. Fuck that’s hot! Take off your top, give him something else to look at.”

Izzy slowly undid the zipper on her top, Liam’s finger still stroking her clit, making her moan. All she could think about was the guy standing next to their car, pumping his cock with his fist, his eyes all over her. Her top slowly opened as she unzipped it. Izzy was

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wearing nothing underneath and bit by bit she exposed her naked breasts. She cupped them in her hands, her fingers pinching her nipples, making them even harder, running her hands over herself, while Liam slowly stroked her wet slit. She pushed her legs further apart, wanting to expose every part of her. The light from the car shone onto her glistening pussy and she watched, her bottom lip caught between her teeth, as Liam slid one finger inside her, slowly pushing it in and out, letting her lips work up and down his finger. Their car was one of several in the car park and as her eyes got used to the dark Izzy could see that there was more than one guy standing around them. Each car had four or five spectators, all fully clothed, all touching themselves. Izzy was aware of people standing by the window of the car and she bucked her hips up to meet Liam's hand, knowing that their audience was getting a perfect view of Liam fingering her.

"Fuck, this is hot," Liam whispered, leaning over and kissing her. "All those guys are watching me fingerfuck you."

Izzy gasped as he found her clit and rolled it between his finger and thumb, then slipped a second digit into her, scissoring inside her, stretching her open for their audience.

"Do you want me to make you cum while they watch you, baby?"

Izzy pushed up against him.

"That's it Iz," he whispered, holding his fingers still as she thrust up against his hand. "Give them a good show, let them see your pussy getting filled."

"I want to touch you too," she moaned as she reached over and pushed his tracksuit bottoms down around his thighs. His cock sprang up, hard and thick, swollen bigger than she'd ever seen it and she licked her lips. She wrapped her hand around him and slowly and deliberately stroked him up and down.

"Faster..." he groaned, his eyes closed. "You're such a tease."

"Say please," Izzy whispered, kissing the edge of his chin, feeling the graze of his stubble on her lips. She ran her tongue down the soft skin of his neck, the smell of his CK One aftershave filling

her nostrils.

“Please,” he begged, as he pushed his fingers into her harder.

Izzy did as she was told, her hand pumping hard and fast, watching the head slide in and out of her hand. Liam was slick with pre-cum. Izzy looked up and her eyes met some stranger’s through the car window. She held his gaze as she jerked Liam off.

“Look, baby, you can see his cock, it’s practically pressed up against the window,” she said.

Liam watched fascinated as the guy worked his own cock in time with Izzy’s hand.

“I really wanna fuck you, Iz,” Liam moaned. “I wanna show them how I fuck my girl.”

“Make them jealous,” Izzy whispered.

Liam nodded, stroking her clit again and making her whimper. “It’s so hot knowing that they’re getting off on watching us,” he said.

“Slide my seat as far back as it will go,” Izzy said.

Liam grabbed the handle, shooting them backwards, opening up some space between them and the dash. He struggled to push his tracksuit further down his legs then climbed over and on top of Izzy. She stretched her arms above her head, wriggling up the seat as far as she could, moving her thighs so that Liam was pushed up hard against her. She could feel the hot tip of his cock pushing against her, his pre-cum mixing with her slickness, his body squashing her into the seat.

With a grunt he lifted himself up onto his palms and thrust hard into her. The car was small and there was very little room to move, but Izzy pushed up against him as his crotch pushed down onto her clit. Every thrust rubbed her, and she talked dirty to him, filling his ear with what she wanted him to do to her.

“Izzy,” he moaned as he kissed her over and over, “I want you on top. I want to watch your tits bouncing as you fuck me. I want them to see you, your pussy sliding up and down my cock.”

As he spoke he moved off her and she scooted out from under him. She looked out of the window and there were even more guys than there had been before.

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Liam lay back and pulled her onto him. She hovered over his dick, teasing the head with her sticky slit, sliding down a little then pulling back. He was moaning, his eyes shut, hands on her hips desperate to be back inside her.

“Izzy, you fucking tease,” he whispered, “get that tight little cunt on my dick now or I will slap your ass.”

Izzy gave in and slid down onto him, her breasts covering his face as she fell forward until he caught her and held her up, holding her as she bounced up and down on his thick shaft. She locked eyes with an older guy who was looking in through the back window. Struggling to focus as waves of pleasure pulsed through her, she watched the stranger fucking his hand as he watched her bucking and writhing in Li’s lap.

“Slap me,” she moaned. “You can’t tease and not deliver.”

“You like a little pain, don’t you baby....” and his hand came down hard across her bare bum.

She squealed and he spanked her again as she ground onto his prick. Each blow warmed her bottom, the warmth spreading between her legs and into her clit. She could feel the beginnings of her orgasm with a flutter in her belly. Liam’s cock was nudging the spot inside which always pushed her over the edge and as his hand landed on her ass again, she tensed around him, throwing back her head and screaming his name.

“Oh fuck!....Liam.....oh fuck....I’m cumming baby....” she moaned.

“I can feel you babe,” he said in a strained whisper as her pussy pulsed around his cock. “That’s it....cum all over me.”

He pulled her forward, her bum in the air, so that anyone at the front of the car could see her throbbing around his cock as he slid it in and out of her, faster and faster, building up to his own release. Her orgasm seemed never ending as he clutched her hips and pulled her down hard, his cock spurting a stream of hot sticky cum deep

inside her as she kissed him over and over.

Izzy slumped on top of him and he wrapped his arms around her. All around they could hear the moans and sighs of the men who were watching. One by one they came, some shooting their jism onto the car window. Liam looked at Izzy and they giggled.

“That’s gonna be a nightmare to get off. How am I gonna explain that down the car wash?” Liam grinned.

The guys disappeared into the night and Izzy sat up. She ran her fingers through her hair. Liam still had his cap on.

“You take me to all the best places,” she giggled

“Shit we didn’t get any pictures!”

“Let’s go back to yours, baby,” she said. “I wanna go watch porn and have you all to myself this time.”

“I love you, Izzy,” Liam said, kissing her hard as she got dressed.

She wrapped her arms around him. “I know, baby,” she whispered. “I know.”

But he wasn’t Caleb. No one would ever be Caleb.

***London, England: Present day***

Izzy tried to focus as Victor introduced her to the small group of people. She recognised some of them from the party where she had won her invitation. As she shook hands with a beautiful red head she caught sight of the gorgeous guy at the bar again. He was dressed as a lion, his mask a sinister snarl, his eyes the same piercing blue as Caleb’s as he held her gaze. His costume consisted of a soft leather loincloth, his body was tanned and oiled, his muscles defined and elegant and she couldn’t take her eyes off him. Every inch of him looked familiar and she wanted to go over there and take off his mask to prove to herself that it wasn’t him. No matter what else happened tonight, Izzy knew she wanted him, even if it was only because of the similarity to the first man she’d ever wanted, the only man who had made her feel whole.

Izzy turned away momentarily and when she looked back he had gone, disappearing into the crowd. Smiling at everyone, she sat down in the booth and sipped her champagne, watching a rather

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large, pale, middle aged man, whom she thought she may have recognised from the back pages of Tatler magazine, as he received a vigorous blow job from a woman who was clearly enjoying giving it to him. He lay back on the bed propping himself up to watch his own impressive cock disappear into her red lipsticked mouth. Izzy watched as the woman sank onto him over and over, her tiny mouth seeming almost too small to accommodate him but managing it all the way down to his balls every time. People were openly touching each other, most of them naked, and Izzy felt a little overdressed as she wondered if she should disrobe. Then she felt soft fingers sliding up her leg, and turned to see the red head smiling at her. The girl had removed her clothes; her breasts high and tight, the nipples dark pink in the candlelight. Izzy smiled back, letting her thighs part a little as the girl's fingers reached the hem of her dress which had ridden up to expose her tanned flesh. Her eyelids fluttered shut as the woman's fingers slid further up and stroked delicately across her pussy, slick with juices. Izzy opened her legs wanting to feel her cool fingers inside her.

As she did so, she felt someone behind her. Her dress was unzipped and warm, rough hands slid it down over her breasts, cupping them gently, thick fingers squeezing and rolling her nipples. The redhead slipped a finger inside her, the cool welcome against the heat of her soaking pussy, before she added another as Izzy pushed against her. Izzy closed her eyes and gave herself up to the sensations flowing over her. She became aware that the redhead was not the only one touching her and she arched up against another hand as it brushed over her clit, dancing softly over the aching nub making her cry out, desperate for them to stroke her. She felt hands lifting her and she opened her eyes, realising that she was being carried to the central bed in the middle of the group. The man and his blowjob had disappeared back into the crowd and she was placed gently onto the soft mattress. Her dress was removed completely and she lay spread-eagled in front of them, revelling in all of them watching her, drinking in her beautiful body, her nipples hard and her pussy glistening in the candlelight. She closed her eyes again as someone took hold of

her ankles and she felt soft leather restraints being buckled around them. She pulled and heard a chain clink. As the second restraint was strapped on, she felt hot breath between her thighs and a tongue slid slowly along her honeyed lips. She was desperate to feel a mouth against her, a tongue or fingers inside her and she bucked upwards finding nothing.

Her hands were pulled upwards and restrained in the same way as her ankles, and she struggled against them to see how tight they were. Each time she moved, the leather rubbed against her skin adding an exquisite sensation of pain to the pleasure. These people knew what they were doing and Izzy felt her pussy flood again in anticipation. Above her was a mirror set into the ceiling and she wondered with a jolt of excitement if it was a two-way mirror. Were there people up there watching what was going on? The idea of it turned her on even more and the exhibitionist in her came out. She moaned and writhed on the bed, pulling against the restraints as she felt the leather fingers of a cat o' nine tails being teased between her legs. The whip was brought down across her thighs and she gasped, opening them further, begging to feel the leather against her pussy. It lashed down again, still gentle, catching the sensitive skin on her inner thigh. But Izzy wanted more. Hands slid over her breasts, teasing her nipples; hot, wet mouths sucking them in and the whip came down again, this time hitting its target, the sting of its leather tassels straight onto her aching pussy. She squealed as the leather slapped against her twice more, and then moaned as the burning sting was replaced with an ice cube. She couldn't see who was between her legs as a man straddled her chest, his long thick cock erect, pushing it between her lips and into her mouth. She sucked and licked enthusiastically as he eased in and out of her, hands stroking her everywhere, the ice melting slowly, dripping between the cheeks of her ass as it was played around the opening of her cunt. She felt it slide slowly into her pussy, chilling every millimetre it touched until it was deep inside, joined by what felt like at least four fingers, while someone else lapped at her clit, teasing her into submission.

She looked up into the mirror, watching herself as she was

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taken by all these strangers. Fingers slid inside her, trailing across her breasts, teasing her nipples, mouths were all over her, kissing, licking, and sucking. She saw a woman open a case and pull out a long thin dildo and pour lube all over it. She hoped desperately it was for her. She was so close to orgasm. Her legs were held open as the woman approached with the dildo strapped to a leather restraint around her crotch. She knelt in front of Izzy, slackening her leg restraints and pushing her ankles up to her knees, exposing her completely. She let the cold lube dribble down over Izzy's pussy and into her tight asshole which twitched as the cold liquid touched it. Izzy was moaning as she waited for the imminent penetration, her cunt pulsing as the solid tip of the dildo pushed against her. The lube and her own juices had made her entrance extremely accommodating and the woman slid inside her easily, the watching crowd sighing with pleasure. Then the redheaded girl produced a tiny bullet vibrator which she held against Izzy's clit, sliding it up and down, teasing her as she gasped, her pussy being fucked vigorously by the strap-on.

She had never been taken like this before, her hands grabbing at the mattress as she pulled against the restraints, her cries muffled by the cock in her mouth and she gave herself up to the pure pleasure.

The knowledge that everyone in the room was watching her, and possibly others through the mirror, tipped her over the edge, her whole body stiffening as she felt her orgasm build inside her, until she was crying out, shaking as wave after wave of pleasure rocked through her. When at last she was spent, they pulled back and Izzy lay on the bed exhausted, her body tingling as the group turned to each other, desperate to have their own release after watching Izzy's.

She was unbuckled and she slowly sat up, rubbing her wrists and ankles to get the feeling back in them. The strap-on was discarded on the edge of the bed and, looking at it, she was reminded of another of her kinky boyfriends, another one who wasn't quite Caleb. She remembered the time they'd played with a strap-on, and as she pulled her dress back on and headed over to the bar she let her thoughts drift to the threesome they'd had that night.

***London, England: 6 years earlier***

Izzy was almost asleep. It was gone midnight and she was exhausted. Chris still wasn't home from his night out with the guys. But she couldn't sleep properly until he was home. She knew he'd be tipsy, and he'd end up waking her up whether he meant to or not. So there didn't seem to be much point in sleeping until Chris returned. It was getting late though, and she didn't think she could stay awake for much longer. Maybe he'd come in quietly tonight. She yawned and snuggled further under the duvet.

As she tried to sleep she remembered the first time they'd met. He was the younger brother of one of the girls at the university. She'd picked him specifically because he was exactly the same number of years younger than her, than she was younger than Caleb. Obsessed much? He'd reminded her of Caleb as he was on that first night she'd watched him in the garage with Suzy. Chris was cheeky, self-assured and knew the ladies loved him. He was also as into the kinky side of life as she was and it was a perfect match. She could pretend she was with Caleb, and he got to shag his older sister's mate and brag about it in the pub.

About an hour later she was ripped from her dreams as Chris crept "silently" into bed, wriggling under the covers, tossing his pillows around and shushing himself loudly. Izzy opened her eyes and glared at him.

"Sorry," he whispered loudly. "I thought I was being quiet. I'm a little bit drunk, babe."

"I can tell," she said, trying to push him away. "You smell like the pub."

"We had the best time tonight."

"Save it for the morning, you noisy idiot," she murmured, turning over and trying to get back to sleep.

"But I met this guy," Chris said. "I've been talking to him all night and he said he'd be up for that threesome you wanted."

Izzy rolled over and leaned up on her elbow. "Tell me more," she said. "What did he look like? What did he say? I need all the explicit details."

Chris leaned up on his elbow too, wobbling slightly, and

grinned at her. “His name’s Dan. He’s about 5’10”-ish, like me.”

Izzy raised her eyebrow and he laughed.

“Shut up, I am nearly 5’10”! Anyway we talked about the gym and he can bench-press more than me, so he’s got to be as ripped as I am under his t-shirt.”

Izzy giggled and shoved him playfully.

“What? I am ripped. Check this out.” Chris pulled back the duvet exposing his taut stomach and flexed his abs.

“Mmmm, oh yes, so you are,” she said, leaning down and pressing her lips to his heated skin. “You smell gorgeous,” she said. “All man and beer.”

His eyes were closed and he lay back as her lips trailed down towards his boxers.

“Don’t stop talking,” she said, nipping the soft skin at the edge of his shorts. “I want to hear all about Dan, and what he’s going to do with us.”

She could smell the faint musky smell of his cock as she ran her tongue around the elasticated top of his shorts, making him moan. He shoved his shorts down roughly, exposing the thick shaft, pushing it forward towards her mouth.

“Ah, ah.... Tell me more about this guy and then you’ll get your reward.” Izzy pushed him back and commanded, “Talk. Now.”

Chris struggled against her then gave in. “He stood really close to me all night. When he spoke to me, he leaned in, whispering right against my ear.”

Izzy ran her fingers through the rough curly hair that surrounded his erection, dropping tiny kisses on his hip bone. She teased him, kissing around the base of his cock, smiling as he pushed up against her cheek.

“Did it make you hard? Did he touch you?”

“His hand kept brushing against mine,” he murmured. “His skin was hot and dry. I was thinking about what it would feel like to have his hands on my cock.”

“Like this?” Izzy whispered, sliding her hand around him. Chris nodded, biting his bottom lip.

“Would he be rough with you, or would he take it slow?”

She jerked her hand up and down roughly on his cock the way she knew he liked, then stroked him slowly. As she did she crawled up his body, trailing her tongue over his stomach and up over his chest, stopping to suck a nipple into her mouth. She pressed herself into him as she continued to jerk him off.

“Would he crush you against him? Would he kiss you?” she asked him, watching his face as he thought about each question, the images in his head making him even harder.

“He’d go down on his knees and suck me off,” Chris said, looking up at her. “You’d watch him do it, and it’d turn you on.”

Izzy moaned thinking about it. “Do you think he would be up for it? Would he let me fuck him? Or would he watch me fucking you?”

“I told you, you keep that fucking strap-on away from me,” Chris said, scooting up on his elbows and laughing. “There is no way he’s watching you fuck me!”

Izzy pouted at him and he smiled.

“I happen to know that it’s one of Dan’s fantasies, though. He told me he wants to bend over and let a chick take him like a girl, so I guess he’d be more than happy to let you fuck him with your fat cock.”

Izzy closed her eyes and sighed with pleasure. “When can he come over?” She slipped down between his legs, the duvet sliding off the end of the bed. Flicking out her tongue, she grazed the end of his dick as she squeezed his shaft.

Then she stopped and looked up at him. “How the hell did you manage to have this conversation with some stranger in a pub?” She grinned. “How do you even start a conversation like that?”

Chris gasped as she swirled her tongue around him, her hot mouth engulfing him in one go. His fingers clutched at the sheet as he tried to answer. Izzy kept up the pressure on his cock, stroking his balls as she sucked him. She breathed in the soft musky scent of his skin. She imagined him standing naked, with Dan on his knees in front of him, his cock in Dan’s mouth; and her fingers went between

her own legs, finding her clit, stroking herself. She got a flashback to Caleb in the garage, different girls on their knees in front of him, the way his face looked as he came. She'd seen Chris's face a hundred times more but it was Caleb's that she could see when she closed her eyes. She squeezed her eyes shut against the mental image, trying to focus on what Chris was saying.

"He started it," he said. "He was talking about hottest fantasies while we were drinking. You know the usual stuff, big tits and twins, finding out who liked what. And then he looked straight at me, and said: 'What about you, d'you fancy a threesome?' And the way he looked at me I just knew he wasn't talking about me and two girls. He had this glint in his eye when he said it."

"What did you say?" Izzy mumbled, her mouth full of cock.

"Christ baby you are so good at that," Chris moaned, tangling his fingers in her long dark hair and pulling her down onto him harder.

"I bet you didn't actually say that," she giggled, pulling back and looking up at him.

"Shit, don't stop Iz," he mumbled, pulling her back down onto him.

"What did you say about the threesome?"

"I didn't, I couldn't. Everyone was looking at me, like they knew exactly what I was thinking or something. Then when I went to the bar, he followed me. We got talking and he said he could tell what I wanted. He said he could tell by the way I was looking at him. And he said he was thinking the same thing. He pressed up against me and whispered in my ear. I could feel his hot breath on me and it made me harder than I've ever been. I had to lean against the bar to hide it and he knew it was there. His fingers kept brushing mine and all I could think about was kissing him."

"Did you kiss him?" Izzy asked, sliding a finger inside herself, arching against her palm to keep the pressure on her swollen nub. Her voice was ragged, vibrating against his skin, her mouth full.

"Of course not," Chris growled. "We were in a pub full of geezers. I didn't fancy getting my head kicked in!"

“But he wanted too, didn’t he, just as much as you. That’s why he gave you his number.”

“How d’you know I got his number?...Oh fuck yes...Jesus baby, that’s it...right there.” Chris arched up off the bed as Izzy sucked him hard and deep. She could feel his balls get tight and high as he almost shot his load right there and then.

“Because if you didn’t you wouldn’t be telling me now. I want him to come round. Call him now, arrange it for tomorrow. Do it while I suck you off.”

Chris didn’t argue. He never argued with Izzy. He did as he was told and she rewarded him with sex. It was the best sex he’d ever had and Chris thought he might be in love with her. He dialled Dan’s number, remembering how the other guy had taken his phone and entered his number himself. He’d saved it under Fuck Buddy and it had made him hard.

Dan answered his phone immediately. Izzy sucked Chris slow and gentle as he made the arrangements for the next day. Her fingers were buried inside her pussy and Chris slipped his finger round to play with her clit, stroking the hard button until she was moaning around his cock, the vibrations making his voice catch.

“Is your girlfriend giving you head?” Dan asked. “Are you getting a blow job while you talk to me?”

Chris just moaned, the phone slack against his ear as he gave himself up to Izzy’s mouth.

“Tell her I’ll enjoy doing the same tomorrow while she watches,” Dan said and hung up.

Chris dropped the phone and Izzy climbed back up him, sliding her hot pussy along his thigh.

“...Wanna get inside you...” he muttered incoherently and Izzy put him out of his misery, sliding her slick hole over him, impaling herself on his prick. She slammed onto him, her clit grinding against his body as she fucked him, pinning his hands up above his head until she came. She leaned against him as her orgasm subsided and gasped as he grabbed her hips, pounding up against her until he lost control and she felt him throbbing inside her. She climbed off, turning her

back on him to sleep and he curled up around her, kissing the back of her neck.

“I love you,” he whispered into her hair.

Izzy pretended she was asleep.

The next day neither one of them woke up until halfway through the afternoon. Chris uncurled himself from Izzy and looked at the clock. Izzy murmured and tried to snuggle back into him.

“C’mere,” she said. “It’s still early.”

“Baby, it’s nearly 3 in the afternoon. It’s not early, unless you mean early evening maybe. Shit, Dan will be here soon!”

They both sat up. Izzy yawned and looked at him. “That wasn’t a dream then?”

Chris laughed, shaking his head. He shoved his hand under the duvet and gave his wake up erection a tug, scratching his balls.

Izzy slapped his hand away. “That’s my job,” she said, curling her fingers around him.

Chris pushed her back onto the bed and kissed her. “Later, you little nympho, save it for Dan!”

He got up and checked himself out in the full length mirror by the door. Izzy watched him, her heart aching. It was times like this that he reminded her most of Caleb. The cocky arrogance as he stood butt naked admiring himself in the mirror. His hair was the same dark brown, almost black, and messy from a restless night. His eyes were the same deep blue and his lashes dusted the tops of his cheeks when he blinked. His mouth was less full, his lips turned up in a cheeky smirk most of the time; and he wasn’t quite as tall. But if she squinted, she was back in her parent’s garage half a decade ago. He turned and winked at her as he wandered into the bathroom and her stomach flip-flopped as she was transported back in time.

An hour later, Izzy was shaved, plucked, moisturised and perfumed. Her hair was full and fell in soft waves over her shoulders. Her eyes were smoky dark, her lips full and pink.

“Wow,” Chris said, as she came out of the bedroom, wearing her sexiest pink and black corset with stockings and heels. “I don’t know if I want to share you when you look that hot.”

“It’s because I look this hot that you get to share me, babe.” Izzy stalked around the living room making sure everything they needed was where they needed it. Chris poured her a large glass of cold white wine and she took a sip then put her arms around him.

“Are you excited?” she asked, pressing her crotch to his. He was hard. “Is that for me, or are you saving it for Dan?” she whispered in his ear. “I can’t wait to see his lips wrapped around you. I want you both naked, so I can watch him play with himself while he goes down on you.”

Chris moaned against her neck, his cock straining against his jeans.

The doorbell rang and they both jumped. Izzy laughed nervously, taking a deep breath.

“I love you Iz,” Chris said grabbing her hand as she went to get the door.

“I know, baby,” she whispered, kissing him.

Izzy answered the door, excited to see what Dan looked like. He stood there, grinning, in dark jeans and a white t-shirt with a shirt over the top, leaning against the doorframe. He looked so casually fuckable her knees almost buckled beneath her. As he smiled at her his eyes lit up and Izzy could see exactly what Chris liked about him. It was the cheeky smile and dark eyes, every look loaded with possibility.

“Hi,” she said, opening the door wide to let him through.

Dan stopped in the narrow hallway and pushed Izzy up against the wall with his body, his fingers sliding into her hair. “Chris was right,” he said. “You’re beautiful.”

Izzy blushed, holding his gaze. “He said the same about you,” she countered.

Chris appeared at the door to the living room. “Hiya Dan,” he said, striding over and offering his hand.

Dan took it and pulled him close, their bodies millimetres apart. “You two are gorgeous,” he said. “I think tonight will be fun.”

With that, he pulled Chris towards him and kissed him. Izzy watched her boyfriend try to resist for about a second before his

mouth opened, his tongue pushing against Dan's. Chris's eyes were closed and Dan winked at Izzy, pushing Chris up against the wall, his hands on his hips to hold him close. It was so hot, Izzy could have watched them forever.

She slipped past them and, taking both their hands, guided them into the living room. They stood in the middle of the room, neither one of them ready to break the kiss. Izzy ran her hands through her hair and took another gulp of wine, unsure of what to do next. Should she direct them or would Dan take the lead? She didn't have time to think as a second later Dan stepped back.

"I want you sitting down on the edge of the sofa," he said to Chris. "And take your t-shirt off...I wanna see your sexy stomach. If you're good I'll be cumming on it later."

Izzy shivered as she watched Chris do exactly as he was told. Dan obviously had this all planned out.

He turned to Izzy. "What are you waiting for?" he asked with a playful smirk. "Chris said that you had something for me? Well I can't see it, so maybe you should go and get ready?"

Izzy nodded mutely as she watched Dan kiss a trail from the top of Chris's jeans, across his stomach and over his chest. Chris tipped his head back as Dan reached his neck, giving him easy access to the sensitive skin under his ear. Izzy knew it turned him on to be kissed and bitten there, and watching Dan nibbling and licking him was making her really wet. She could imagine how it was making Chris feel. She could see his hard-on through his jeans and she desperately wanted Dan to unzip them and take Chris's stiff prick in his hand.

"Are you still here?" Dan asked grinning at her, and she turned and ran into the bedroom.

Her heart was pounding. It was such a turn on watching Dan take charge of Chris like that, and to have him order her around too. But she couldn't wait to bend him over the table and fuck him into submission. She got her harness out of their toy cupboard and fastened it around her waist and thighs, checking in the mirror that it was all done up. Then she took out the purple double-ended dildo

she'd bought especially for Chris and attached it to the harness, sliding the shorter end slowly into her wet slit, gasping as it nestled inside her. She closed her eyes and then giggled as she remembered Chris's face when she'd brought it home. At least now he would get to see it being used, even if it wasn't on him. She checked her reflection in the mirror again, running her hand over her 'cock', revelling in how powerful it made her feel.

She went back to the lounge and sucked in her breath. Dan had stripped Chris naked and was kneeling between his legs, his long fingers wrapped casually around Chris's penis. Dan had also removed his own shirt, and the muscles of his shoulders and arms flexed and rippled as he manipulated Chris's tumescent cock. Chris's eyes were shut, his head thrown back and he was moaning as Dan slowly and deliberately ran his hand up and down the shaft. Izzy couldn't move, her eyes fixed on them, the toy within her suddenly drenched as her pussy flooded at the sight. Dan's other hand was stroking Chris's thigh, inching higher and higher towards his balls, teasing him.

"I want you to beg," he said. "Tell me what you want me to do to you."

Chris's breathing was jagged, his lips parted. Izzy held her breath, wanting to hear him beg too.

"I....I want you to kiss me," he managed, and Dan moved up his body, his lips almost touching Chris's.

"Want me to kiss you here?" he asked, dropping feather-light kisses over his lips, his tongue darting into his mouth, running along his teeth.

Chris shook his head. "No, down there," he whispered, his voice barely audible.

"Where?" Dan asked. "Say it....Say where you want me to kiss you."

His voice was almost hypnotic and Izzy found her fingers drifting towards the huge purple cock between her legs. She stroked up and down it, biting her bottom lip as it shifted inside her, watching Chris struggle to say the words.

"I want you to put it in your mouth," he whispered. "Please..."

## INSIDE LOOKING OUT

..I....I want you to suck my cock.”

Dan groaned, closing his eyes. He kissed Chris again and then dipped his head between his legs. Dan’s tongue flickered out of his mouth, circling Chris’s throbbing head, making Chris moan and buck.

“Hey, slow down kiddo. Don’t be so impatient, we have all night.”

Dan turned and beckoned Izzy over, watching her as she stroked the dildo. She knelt down next to him and he leaned over to kiss her. She could taste Chris on him and reached out her hands to touch them both. Chris shivered, every sense heightened as Dan went back to his cock, Dan’s mouth engulfing him, making him moan again. Izzy stroked her hand over her boyfriend’s taut stomach; and Chris grabbed her hand, gripping it tightly as Dan went down on him. Her other hand slid between Dan’s legs, stroking him through his jeans. He quickly undid his belt and fly, shoving his jeans roughly down his legs, never releasing Chris’s cock. Dan wasn’t wearing anything beneath his jeans, and his cock sprang up thick and stiff from amongst neatly trimmed dark curls. Izzy knelt behind him, her hand between his legs, and wrapped her fingers around Dan’s stout penis. As she did, she kissed his back, the muscles on his shoulders tautening as he worked his mouth up and down Chris’s dick. The cock between her legs rubbed against Dan’s thigh, which in turn pushed the toy against her clit as she rubbed against him harder. He opened his legs and she slipped between them, savouring the feeling of her own cock next to his as she worked her hand up and down.

She heard Dan’s breath catch in his throat and for a split second he paused in what he was doing. Bereft, Chris pulled his friend’s head back down, pushing up deeper into his mouth as Dan’s hand wrapped around Izzy’s waist, pulling her closer to him.

She looked around and saw the lube on the table beside them, just where she’d placed it in anticipation of this moment. Grabbing it, she opened the slender bottle and dribbled the fluid between the cheeks of Dan’s ass, pulling the taut globes apart until she could see the dark pucker that she was looking for, sliding her fingers over it to

spread the slick liquid. He moaned and pushed himself towards her, the vibrations from the noise making Chris gasp.

Izzy carefully smeared the lube over the length of the dildo, making sure that everything was covered.

“Please,” Dan moaned. “I don’t care if it’s covered, I want you inside me.”



Izzy’s cheeks were flushed, her whole body burning with the need to fuck him. She watched Chris’s face over Dan’s shoulder, and saw the tell-tale signs that he was going to cum written all over it. Dan’s hand was wrapped around Chris’s cock, covering anything his mouth couldn’t reach and he slowly upped the speed, reacting to Chris’s incoherent ramble as he came closer to orgasm.

Izzy positioned herself behind Dan and slowly pressed the thick end of her cock against his tight hole, not wanting to hurt him. He gasped and for a moment he slumped forward onto Chris, his eyes flickering shut as she eased inside him, rubbing himself against Chris’s thigh. Then he pushed back against her, meeting her thrusts and pulling her deeper inside him. He rocked back against her and jerked his hand up and down bringing Chris ever closer to the edge.

He ran his tongue over the swollen bulb again and Chris growled, clutching at the cushions on the sofa, his body stiffening. Izzy watched over Dan's shoulder as Chris shot a thick stream of cum across his own stomach, feeling her own pussy clenching against the thrusts from the dildo as she pushed into Dan, over and over. He slumped forward, his cock resting between Chris's legs, his erection rubbing slowly over Chris's, his stomach sliding on the sticky cum that slicked his skin. Izzy wrapped her hands around his hips and fucked him harder, her eyes meeting Chris's over Dan's shoulder.

"I love you," he whispered, and she leaned forward, her lips finding his, kissing him as Dan ground against his cock and she slammed again and again into the yielding asshole beneath her until Dan whimpered, his hands finding Chris's as he came all over him, Dan's cum mixing with the sticky mess already between them. Izzy pushed into him one last time, the feel of him giving up to her sending her over the brink, her orgasm shaking her as wave after wave rocked through her.

Izzy slowly pulled out of Dan and unclipped the strap-on, chucking it across the room. She moved around next to them and they wrapped their arms around her and each other. She leant her head on Chris's shoulder and Dan kissed them both. They didn't say anything. They didn't need to. Eventually, Dan stood up, took both of their hands, and led them into the bedroom.

***London, England: Present day***

Something brushing past her brought Izzy back to the present, her face flushed with the memories of that night. Looking up, she saw the man in the lion mask was standing right in front of her. Up close he was even more beautiful, his thick dark hair shot through with golden streaks, his lips full and dangerous looking as he smiled down at her.

"Caleb?" she asked, unable to stop herself. The resemblance was so strong she felt dizzy. He reached out and caught her as she stumbled against him and his touch shot through her like electricity. "It's me, it's Izzy."

He looked down into her eyes and for a moment she thought

she was mistaken. Then he winked at her. And she knew it was him. All these years and he was here in front of her. She could hear the blood rushing in her head and she leaned against his warm chest, terrified she was going to faint.

He held her until she could breathe again, then he took her by the hand and led her to a dark corner of the room.

“Izzy,” he whispered, pushing her back onto the cushions. “I thought I’d never find you again. All these years and I thought I’d lost you forever.”

Izzy could barely believe her ears. He’d been looking for her? How could that be?

“When Katy told your father about what we’d been doing he went crazy. I thought he was going to kill me. He kept shouting about how I’d corrupted his princess. I tried to tell him, to explain, but I couldn’t put it into words. I couldn’t explain to myself how I felt about you, never mind tell your father.”

He pressed his finger to Izzy’s lips as she tried to speak.

“When he sent you away I tried to forget about you. But every girl I was with only made me think about you, and about how you made me feel when your eyes were on me. After you finished at Oxford I thought you’d come home, but you never did. I’ve been looking for you ever since.”

They looked at each other, all the years of searching standing between them. Then Caleb leaned down and brushed her lips with his. The heat of his mouth burned her like a brand, and she arched up, her lips desperate to meet his again and again. Every time she’d ever imagined this moment danced through her head. She felt like she’d come home. With a sigh, she kissed him hard, their lips crushed together, tongues tangled in each other’s mouths, the most intense first kiss she had ever experienced. Izzy couldn’t believe that after all this time Caleb was finally where he should be, his body pressed against hers, his arms wrapped tightly around her.

“Caleb...” she murmured hardly able to speak.

“I’ve thought about you every day,” he whispered against her lips. “I tried to forget you but I can’t. I don’t care about your family

or what they think. I need to be with you.”

“How did you find me?” Izzy asked.

“Would you believe me if I said your sister?”

Izzy shook her head. “How?”

“She told me about this place. Said it would probably be right up my street and that your dad knew some of the people that came here if I needed tickets. I got talking to a guy and he mentioned a girl called Isabella. I knew it was you straight away and I knew I had to come.”

He kissed her again and she could feel his desire for her throbbing between his legs, pushing urgently against her thigh. Her body responded to his, her pussy soaking the tiny thong she’d only just slipped back into.

“All the times I watched you with those girls,” she gasped, shifting her body so that his cock was pressing against her clit and pushing up against him. “I always imagined it was me you were fucking.”

“I always imagined they were you,” he whispered. “It was so hot knowing that you were watching me fucking them. I would go home after and imagine you touching yourself again while I watched you. I wanted to watch you like you were watching me and then I wanted to fuck you.”

She ran her hands over his body, his skin so soft and warm, and the muscles in his back taut and hard as he leaned over her.

“Tonight I watched you, Izzy. And now....” Caleb kissed her, a deep, powerful kiss that turned her insides to mush and made her dizzy. “Now, I’m going to fuck you.”

Izzy’s fingers pulled at the cloth separating them as Caleb tore her thong from her body. He felt just like she’d always imagined, his body toned and strong. The years seemed not to have aged him and she buried her face in his neck, inhaling the masculine scent of him.

“I’ve waited so long Izzy,” he growled as he pushed her legs apart with his, his cock pushing against her. She clung to him, arching up to meet him, her lips seeking out his, needing to touch him, to taste him, to prove to herself that this was real. With a moan he sank

inside her as she tangled her fingers into the hair at the nape of his neck, the smell of his aftershave taking her back twelve years to her parent's garage and the raw desire she'd felt back then.

His body was so powerful, his skin so soft, and his guttural moans and growls were animalistic. His fucking was raw and intense, just like he'd been all those years ago; and Izzy gave herself up to him, moving with him, matching his thrusts, her nails clawing at his back. He seemed to know exactly where to touch her, their bodies fitting together perfectly and Izzy felt as though she had finally come home.

Caleb pushed her arms over her head, his tongue burning a trail over her throat, biting at the soft skin of her neck, pinning her down as he pushed deeper into her.

Izzy watched his face as he thrust into her, his hair wet against his forehead, his dark lashes stark against the pink flush of his cheeks. Then he opened his eyes and smiled that same familiar smile and whispered, "Turn over baby, I wanna see you from behind."

He pulled out of her and Izzy rolled onto her front, her hands clutching the cushions as he pulled her hips into position. She was exposed for him, her wet slit glistening as he stroked the throbbing end of his prick between her waiting lips, his fingers probing the tight pucker of her ass. He slid slowly inside, watching as his cock disappeared into her. Caleb could remember the name of every girl he had fucked in the cool garage of Izzy's parent's beach house during that hot and sticky summer. He remembered how he'd felt knowing Izzy was taking everything in, that she was getting off on watching him. He'd known then that she was the only girl he could ever be with and now, finally, he was watching himself fucking her, seeing her face contort with pleasure as he filled her hungry, swollen pussy.

He couldn't hold back any more. He fucked into her, whispering her name, his fingers finding the little bundle of nerves that made her moan and cry out, her whimpers muffled by the cushions as he pushed her into them with his pounding, until Izzy screamed, her whole body tense as wave after wave of pleasure rocked over her. Caleb kept up the intensity of his thrusts, pushing inside her again

## INSIDE LOOKING OUT

and again, keeping her orgasm going as she whimpered beneath him, his eyes glinting a bright blue through his mask. Then, finally, when she thought she couldn't take anymore, with a guttural roar, his body tensed and he pulled out of her, streams of hot white cum coating her back and her quivering bottom. Izzy felt the warmth of his spunk on her, exalting in the secret, dissolute and unrequited lust that they were finally free to share.

“I love you,” he whispered.

And after all the times she'd heard those words, finally she could answer.

“I love you too, Caleb.”

# ALLOTTED VIEWS



BY K.D. GRACE

## PART ONE



Ever since I've lived here, I've looked out my bedroom window at the Blue Bell Street Allotments across the fence and felt a bit smug. I have a huge back garden. I can plant all the veggies I want on my own property, which is a good thing because the waiting list for allotments is now averaging three years.

Every year beans and brassicas and sweet corn and numerous exotic crops patch-work the several acres of the Blue Bell Street Allotments, which practically explode out of the locked front gate in an avalanche of fruit and veg and flowers and herbs. Every patch has a purpose; every corner is filled to capacity with growing things. Every patch, that is, except the long narrow strip of land directly across the fence from me — a veritable jungle of brambles and nettles and cleavers sandwiched between the brick wall that separates my property from the allotments and a scraggly hawthorn hedge that someone planted as a windbreak, who knew how long ago. This was no-man's-land. My Secret Garden with stickywilly and thorns and stingy things, all the weeds that my nightmares are made up of. Add to that a narrow window of opportunity for direct sunlight only in the middle of the day, and it was no wonder the allotment from hell was left to the brambles. Then Jonathan took over no-man's-land. Unorthodox didn't begin to describe his methods.

My first surprise came when I returned from the May Day holiday to find the spot had been cleared of all but a few choice brambles already covered with blossom and young berries. They had been secured artfully to the garden wall like wisteria on the side of a picture-book cottage. I could only imagine the scratched arms and

nettled knuckles. Who on earth would take up such a project?

My second surprise came when I saw the strip of ground had not been covered with the usual heavy black polythene. A couple of seasons under black poly was the typical cure for such a weed-fest. If ever there was a stretch in need of the cure, this was surely it. But instead it had been well rotovated, ready for planting. Some overenthusiastic newbie, I figured, who had no clue what he'd be up against. I'd give him a couple of weeks at best, and when the weeds started coming back and bringing friends, he'd throw up his hands and jump ship.

My third surprise, and the biggest yet, came just after midnight that same night. I heard rustling below my window. Since I'm a bit of a nature fan, I shuffled from my bed, bleary-eyed, expecting to view the resident vixen and her dog fox, who had been noisily rutting in my back garden recently. There was no vixen. There wasn't even a neighbourhood cat on the prowl. Instead, a man pushed his way through a make-shift gate at the end of the hawthorn hedge. At first I thought maybe he was an intruder, but there was nothing on that nasty little patch of ground worth intruding for, so I figured this was my first encounter with the lucky gardener.

And indeed, he walked around the patch like he was surveying his kingdom, fondling the blossoms on the brambles, fingering the newly rotovated earth. At last he heaved a satisfied sigh that rose above the silence, divested himself of the battered rucksack that had been hanging precariously off one shoulder and excavated a flask. He poured something steamy into the cup, took a tenuous sip of it and winced. Then he sat it down on a large rock, which until now had been hidden in the jungle of weeds, wiped his hands on his trousers and had another look around.

I appreciate a good garden way more than most, and I completely understand wanting to get onto the patch as early as possible — especially when it's that time of year, when there's so much to do and enthusiasm is running high. But it was midnight, for fuck sake! I had work in the morning. This was not neighbourly behaviour.

## ALLOTTED VIEW: PART ONE

I was seriously considering giving him a piece of my mind or throwing something at him. But then he took off his shirt. He just slipped it right off over his head like it was something completely normal to do in the allotments in the middle of the night. The light from the streetlamp that shone across the alley behind my house lent just enough to the ambient moonlight that I could see his nipples bead to hard knots in the slight chill.

I like nipples. I like them a lot. I don't care which sex they belong to. When they tighten and strain beneath a shirt, I get wet. I can't help it. I can't keep myself from imagining what's causing those lovely, tense mini-erections — even if it's nothing more than too much air-conditioning in the frozen food aisle at the supermarket. Nipples are such a lovely reminder that we're not nearly as in control of our biological functions as we think we are. And when someone is brazen enough to bare their nipples like roseate pebbles turned over in perfectly smooth tith, well I'm completely in awe. And this man's points were pink and stiff and yummy above rippled areole that made me want to touch, made me want to tweak and stroke and tongue, made me wish I had my binoculars handy.

It quickly became evident that it wasn't the late night chill stiffening the man's nips, at least not entirely. Before my eyes, he stepped out of a pair of ratty Birkenstocks and slid baggy cargo trousers off over his straight hips and the pillowed swell of his bottom. He kicked them carelessly to one side. Apparently the occasion had called for commando, and I didn't have to endure more disrobing before I was treated to the full-on. Suddenly the scent of new growth and rich earth wafting through my open window was competing with my own rising scent, and the night had turned strangely warm and moist. I shoved a hand over my mouth to keep from gasping my surprise and stepped back slightly so I was out of his line of sight, but still able to see the frontal salute he unknowingly offered me.

He was heavy, but not yet erect, hanging as though the weight of his cock was too much to comfortably bear so precariously stretched between his thighs. It sprawled over the rounded outward press of his balls in their cushion of springy curls that looked nearly

transparent in the pale light.

The moon was a burnished disk, peeking through the branches of the lime trees on the far edge of the allotments. He stood with his back to it and his expanding personal geography facing my window. Then he raised his head, and my heart did a guilty flip-flop, certain he'd caught me watching. But he couldn't possibly see me, I reassured myself as he stood there with eyes lifted, chest rising and falling beneath the twin peaks of those exquisite nipples, rising and falling almost as though he were about to lift his voice in song and serenade me. But serenading wasn't what he had in mind.

With a scooping motion, he cupped his left hand beneath his balls and lifted and caressed and fingered, causing his burgeoning cock to loll from side to side, flopping heavily and expanding in anticipation until it bounced stiffly over his pouch. I held my breath. My pulse was a frantic flutter against my throat. My eyes stung from not blinking, not wanting to miss anything. Then his right hand took control of his penis with a firm grip, a gardener's grip — a gardener who knew the proper use of his tools. At the moment of contact a shudder ran up his straight spine, and a tight grunt followed by a throaty sigh escaped his parted, full lips.

It wasn't until then that I believed the man was actually going to do it. He was actually going to have a wank right there on his well-rotovated allotment. And at that same moment, my own plan of action became equally evident. I was not going to go back to bed and give the man his privacy — privacy he didn't even know he'd lost, so would obviously not miss. I was going to stay right where I was and watch. I was going to watch until the fat lady sang, and I was going to have a little fiddle of my own. If he could be so brazen to cause such a disturbance just below my window on a work night, then I could be brazen too. I worked hard, damn it! I deserved a little pleasure. One hand had already pinched my nipples to sympathetic peaks beneath my night shirt; and with a slight shifting of my hips and opening of my stance, the other found easy access to the slick pouting response that happened as automatically, under the right stimulation, as the little vixen offering her swollen cunny up to her fox when she was in

season. Biology can sometimes be so yummy.

Down below me, the man was whispering some breathless chant over and over again as he tugged at himself. He stopped long enough to spit on his hand and give his cock a good lubing up with his own saliva. Once he was lubed, his chant got slightly louder, something about mother earth and fertile, bountiful gifts. I figured the guy was into some serious voodoo, but who the fuck cared? He could believe the world was spawned into existence by a pregnant turnip as long as he kept doing what he was doing beneath my window.

His eyes were screwed shut and his brow was furrowed in deep concentration. The action had shifted to a lot less hand and a lot more pile driving with his hips. His balls bounced. His ass clenched. The muscles in his thighs bulged. And I held my breath, riding four fingers and rubbing my nub like it was a good luck charm. Maybe it actually was. Just when I was beginning to wonder if my puss was going to explode and launch me into orbit, Voodoo Man came. Extraordinarily, he spurted an arching fountain of semen, first in my direction with a hefty grunt. Then he turned with stiff, almost military precision and, directing his cock like it was a garden hose, spurted his load almost equally in each of the other three directions of the compass, like white con trails in the rising moonlight, extending outward across the dark earth. He dropped to his knees and lifted his arms into the air. He said something in a breathless voice, something about blessing the fruit of his labour, while I stood shuddering against my hand until I was convinced I'd break something. I hoped whatever deity he was petitioning was a very demanding one, one who expected lots more such worshipful displays.

At last, when he'd caught his breath, he stood and dressed. Then he sat quietly on the rock and finished his drink. That done, he peed generously out over his small holding. After all, every good farmer knows the fertilizing value of a little urea. Once he was tucked and tidied, he gave one last glance around and squeezed back through the make-shift gate.

Things got hectic after that. I had a series of back-to-back business trips, barely managing time to tend my own veg patch now

burgeoning with soft, young carrot leaves and exotic lettuces. Time was when I could while away hour after hour with my plants. In those days, a teacher's schedule afforded me plenty of time, but a teacher's salary didn't leave me with much to live on. And so I had to seek a new livelihood – one that now kept me out of the garden far too regularly. In any event, my beans were just beginning their climb up the poles and I was nearly ready to set out the sweet corn. But Voodoo Man had been very busy while I was away.

I could only assume he had access to a greenhouse somewhere because his puny stretch of land was awash in green, and the plants looked way too healthy to have been purchased in some garden centre on a lark. I felt a tightening of envy in my chest at the combined sight of healthy courgette plants already starting to sprawl beneath dapper sweet corn tall enough to provide a veritable forest of leaves for the fledgling blackbirds to hide under. But the real twinge I felt was at missing the numerous wank sessions to the Goddess of the Veg it must have taken to get this kind of growth this early. I immediately felt guilty. How could my pussy take priority over my gardener's desire to know his horticultural secrets? I should behave like the professional I was. I should just introduce myself and invite him over for coffee — interrogate him properly about his techniques.

But I didn't.

Voodoo Man must have had his days free because I never saw him working in the evenings when I had time to garden. What bits of my weekends that were left to me after my day job took the lion's share, I spent in my own beds with little opportunity to spare for a peek at the allotments. But there was no doubt in my mind the man knew what he was doing.

Then one afternoon while working from home, I happened to glance out my window and see him pruning tomatoes in nothing but athletic shorts and a hideous pair of dark green Crocs. Before I could glance away he smiled up at me and waved.

"Looks good," I said, trying to cover my embarrassment at being caught watching. "I can't believe what you've done with such a derelict piece of ground. Looks like you know your way around a

veg patch.”

He offered me a full-lipped smile that I could have happily licked off his face. “Oh it wasn’t really derelict,” he said. “It just needed the right touch. Besides, I’ve been gardening all my lives.”

All his lives, did he say? He’s been gardening all his lives? I braced myself for what I was sure would be a drawn-out rendition of past lives on parade. A recounting of his past lives would have no doubt been easier to handle than what actually happened. His face was suddenly serious.

“Some of the folks in the allotments tell me you’re a keen gardener too. Well, quite a bit more than a keen gardener, actually, Rose.”

He blushed and it was lovely the way the colour spread over his bare chest making the rise of his nipples seem like fresh water pearls.

“They told me your name too — spoken in reverent tones, I might add. Is it okay if I call you Rose?”

“Yes, fine. Rose is fine,” I replied breathlessly, suddenly wishing I hadn’t seen him, nor he me. But he was happy to chat.

“A fitting name, actually, Rose.”

“I suppose.” I found myself blushing. “Though I’m not all that keen on flower gardening. But then what were my parents going to call me? Carrot? Celery?”

He chuckled politely at my bad joke and then offered me a crooked smile.

“As for the garden....” He held my gaze, and nodded over my fence. There was expectation in his voice. “Well, I’ve shown you mine.”

My breath caught in my throat. The blush returned with a vengeance and, to my horror, I could feel my own nipples threatening to drill their way through my T-shirt. Just then my phone buzzed, and I was saved by the call I’d been expecting from the States. Afterwards, when I got up the courage to look back out my bedroom window, he was gone, and there was a lovely young hibiscus planted in the southeast corner of his plot. I was disappointed, but relieved

at the same time. I couldn't keep from wondering if he suspected that I knew his secret, though in all actuality, he seemed a lot more interested in mine.

That night I went to bed wondering if I should maybe take up wanking in my own garden. I'm always happy to try the latest horticultural techniques, and often with surprising results. But I must have been really tired to even consider the masturbation method as a valid way of upping garden productivity.

Later, I was awakened by whispers. My heart went into overdrive with a rush of anticipation. I rose and walked on tiptoe to the window to peek out. Sure enough, there was Voodoo Man, but this time he wasn't alone. The woman he was with, for lack of a more fitting term, was voluptuous. If he was voodoo, she was voodoo squared. She wore a dark gown with a tightly fitted bodice from which her very ample breasts mounded like large scoops of vanilla ice cream crowded into a small dish. The dress must have been corseted at the waist because it beautifully accentuated hourglass hips and buttocks that looked like they must be completely luscious for her to sit upon, or for anyone else to fondle. The long skirt swished with a silken hiss teasing its way between her thighs as she walked. There was a mountain of pale curly hair caught up on top of her head in a generous clipping of crystals and feathers.

"Oh, it's lovely, Jonathan."

Her voice was a honeycomb-dipped contralto that I felt down low between my hipbones.

"Then you'll do it, My Lady?" He took her hands in his, raised them reverently to his lips and kissed her pale knuckles. "You'll bless it with me?"

"Of course I will, Jonathan, darling. Of course I will."

She stood unmoving while Jonathan slid the white poet shirt he now wore off over his head and fumbled his way out of his cargo trousers. It was the way his cock rested unsubstantially drawn up against his balls that told me the man was nervous. But his spiky nipples told me he'd get over it.

With a melodramatic flutter of her long, heavy sleeves, My

Lady lifted her arms into the air and motioned Jonathan to do likewise. Then her voice got even lower as she earnestly entreated the blessing of the earth for the feeding of her children. That done, she held her arms out to each side, palms delicately cupped, facing upward, and nodded her consent, casting a demure glance down the pale valley between her breasts.

With fingers that were visibly shaking, Jonathan undid the tight cup of the bodice and My Lady's bosom tumbled free just as she was saying something about all of us suckling at nature's breasts. With one hand, fingers sparkling in sliver spirals of rings, she pulled him to her, first one tit and then the other. Each time he nursed and caressed and slurped her ripe strawberry nipples, she spoke a few words into the silent midnight air. And each time she gave him suck, his cock stretched and expanded and reached for her until it pressed its way into the dark satin folds of her skirt.

She stepped back slightly and offered him her hand. With his cock leading the way, he guided her to stand in the middle of the garden between the beans and the brassicas. There she squatted wide legged, and for a second I thought there would be more urea. But instead of peeing, she took a handful of soil, lifted it into the air in front of her and let it fall between her fingers. I couldn't hear what she was saying, but suddenly she stopped speaking, stood and motioned him to her again.

This time he undid the rest of the dress, and it fell around her ankles like a chrysalis being shed, brushing cabbage leaves and bean poles in its fullness. Then, with him holding her hand, she stepped free of the dress to stand tall and shimmering and completely naked in the muted touch of the sodium streetlight. She was Rubinesque in the most exquisite way. There were no protruding bones, no sharp edges, just soft pillowed curves that begged to be touched and nuzzled and fondled.

I had a lover once who'd made a fortune working in the city. One year, for my birthday, he took me to a very expensive hotel. I remember languishing on a bed mounded with satin pillows of every shape and size. I remember how, after too much expensive

fizz, he undressed me slowly and settled me into the middle of them all. I felt them against my cheek, hugging the sides of my breasts, sliding feather-soft over my nipples, shoving in between my legs as he removed my panties and arranged me like I was some kind of jewelry displayed on a bed of velvet. I relished their softness and resilience as he carefully positioned them beneath my hips until I gaped before him at the perfect angle for his explorations, at the perfect angle for his mounting. The contrast of his hard thrusts and pants above me, and the lush, forgiving caress of the pillows beneath me was sensory overload that sent me into orgasmic bliss. Sadly the man wasn't nearly as memorable as that delicious mound of pillows.

My Lady was like that. There was no part of her I wouldn't have loved to pull to me and bury my face in. Almost unconsciously I found myself leaning forward toward her, nearly out the open window. She walked naked amid the ordered rows of tomatoes and carrots. She fondled the long leaves of the sweet corn, stroking them to her breasts, lifting them to her nose and inhaling their scent. She ran bare toes upward along the feathery greens of the carrots like a ballerina, each movement, each interaction making her more desirable, more exquisite in the shadowy light. And yet, Jonathan didn't touch her, though his erection told me he wanted to badly enough. He simply followed her around with a proprietary step made comic by the bounce of his cock.

At last she turned to him and he nearly ploughed into her.

"Jonathan, my darling, I offer myself to you for the blessing of this lovely garden."

When he hesitated, she chuckled softly and ran a hand invitingly down the expansive curve of her hip.

"Come now, darling, there's no need to be shy. Our pleasure is a part of the magic." She turned her back to him and bent forward so that the lush pillows of her buttocks faced him, and faced my window. I grabbed at the buttons of my night shirt, clawing it free so that my own small breasts could take in the night breeze, so that my pussy rubbed unhindered against the chair I'd left in front of the window after Jonathan's first worshipful wank – just in case.



“Don’t be shy,” she whispered. “Just for tonight, I am the goddess, you are my consort, and the great yoni that birthed all things into existence will be honoured by our offering. My pussy is yours until the magic is completed.”

Perhaps it was her sudden use of nasty language in a situation which up until now had seemed rather formal and reverent in spite of the chavish undertones of sneaking a fuck in the allotments after hours. But more than likely it was just the close proximity of her luscious bare ass cushioning said puss. Propriety gave way to lust. I held my breath, and my cunt trembled and clenched as he reached for her. He kneaded her ass cheeks in hard, probing caresses, which she seemed to like, if the little kitten sounds coming from her throat were any indication. She bent forward a little more and with one sparkling hand cupped a buttock and pulled herself open like ripe fruit ready to be eaten. The tight knot of her anus puckered and relaxed at the gust of his breath, though that’s only speculation on

my part. Certainly my own anus clenched in empathy at the nearness of his face to her lovely nether grip.

I expected him to shimmy his thick fingers down over her perineum to part the heavy folds of her labia, only now revealed as she bent still further to offer him a better view. But instead, he buried his face in her crevice, and she gave a tight little yelp of surprise as he began to eat his way along the sumptuous path to her cunny. I barely managed to stifle my own yelp at his face-first plunge, but I liked him so much better for doing exactly what I would have loved to do.

The sound of his oral explorations carried in the night time quiet even over the heavy breathing of all three of us.

“You taste sweet,” he said, “and you’re so slippery.”

“Being around growing things arouses me so,” she replied. “When I smell the earth all ripe and ready, when I see new buds bursting and spreading, I get all squirmy and juicy and I want to have sex on the ground under the moon. I want to rut like a wild animal, like our ancestors did, like we were intended.”

The view for me was exquisite as I stroked my own wetness, vaguely aware of the mess I was making on my chair, but not caring. My Lady’s clit was marble hard and nearly as big. I know that because Jonathan told her so, a revelation that made her wriggle her pale bottom back against his mouth and open her legs still further. I was sure my clit could have matched in size and tightness, as I tweaked it between my thumb and forefinger. Though I couldn’t see her cunny, I could see the clench and relax of his pucker, and when he moved just right I got the between-the-thighs view of his weighty balls and distended cock.

“Fuck me, Jonathan,” she hissed between her teeth. “I need you to fuck me. I need to cum.”

And there’s the rub of it, I thought. In the end, it really is all about sex, and I would have gladly fucked either one of them. But I still wasn’t convinced it was the secret to a good veg patch.

Jonathan pulled away from her, his face shining with her juices, and I swear I could smell pussy on the soft night breeze — pussy other than my own. When he pushed his penis up into her, I

heard the slurp of her wetness. I figured the whimpers and grunts of need that followed didn't really have too much to do with serving the goddess, but then what the hell did I know? What the hell did I care as long as we all came? And all three of us were so damn close that a feather of a breath would have sent us toppling over the edge.

Then My Lady gasped and began to keen, "Oh my goddess, oh my goddess.....I'm cumming! I'm cumming!" And she wasn't quiet about it either. So, in spite of his reverence for the woman, Jonathan shoved the hand that had been kneading great fists full of her swaying breasts against her mouth to silence her. She had just managed containment when he pulled out of her so quickly that she nearly lost her balance. To her squeals of delight and praises of the goddess, he shot arched streams of semen onto the brassicas and beans, and I practically juddered myself off the chair as my own orgasm hit.

After they'd caught their breath, he helped My Lady back into her dress. All the while she spoke in hushed tones about the goddess's blessing on Jonathan's garden, and what a gift he had. I wondered if she was talking about his skills as a gardener or his skills as a lover. Neither seemed to be lacking as far as I could tell. Then, when they were both dressed, just before they left, she turned to him and gave his cock a stroke through his trousers.

"Keep the ground fertile, Jonathan. Keep the ground fertile."

I could have kissed her for that, had I not been watching uninvited. Because the very next night, Jonathan took her at her word. He was back, cumming on the tomatoes and courgettes. And I came with him, a heavy dildo shoved into the juicy squelch-squelch of my pussy — one that I'd bought that morning at a shop I pass on the way to work. I bought it because I thought it was shaped particularly like him. The surrogate appendage was enough to give me several good orgasms while I watched him tug and stroke his own appendage, and even ride a long middle finger knuckle-deep into his anus. Three nights in a row, on the advice of My Lady, he came over his veg, and I came in sympathy, every night having multiples, every night drenching myself shamelessly, every night pushing my

body over the edge into mindless trembling pleasure. My god, it was amazing!

But it wasn't just the mutually exclusive sex we were both enjoying. It was the fact that, I swear to god, every night he wanked, the next day his veg looked bigger and greener and better. There were tomatoes coming on his vines way earlier than on mine, I could see the bulge of the beginnings of sweet corn on his heavily tasseling plants, and he was harvesting young courgettes and carrots by the basketful. I was seriously beginning to think maybe I should stop wasting my wanks on watching him and tend to my own garden. But then again, I couldn't really believe that the act of wanking or the spilling of large loads of jizz were really causing the increased growth in Jonathan's garden, could I? These were not techniques mentioned in any of the RHS manuals or courses nor, as far as I knew, were they mentioned in any of the latest papers on cutting-edge gardening.

## PART TWO



I'll admit I did give it a try — in the name of science and experimentation, of course. I got up very early and went into my garden just before dawn. My property's very private, but I still felt strange getting naked outside, so I wore my nightshirt for easy access. I sprawled on a blanket next to the peas and barely got my fingers in my pout before I promptly fell asleep. In all fairness I'd been working long hours and I had stayed up the night before to wank with Jonathan. I woke up with the sun in my face and couple of starlings on the birdbath eyeing me suspiciously.

There was no denying Jonathan's garden looked better than mine. And by any other standards, mine looked damn good in spite of my lack of time to spend in it. I really couldn't believe that garden sex would make things grow better. Logically it just didn't make sense. Even if jizz was a good fertilizer, Jonathan at his most virile, and he was very virile, wouldn't be able to unload anywhere nearly enough of the good stuff to do the job. Maybe there was something in the soil in Jonathan's plot. Maybe the same thing that made the brambles and nettles grow so well made everything else grow well too.

But the garden mystery aside, there was the sex, and I couldn't get enough of it. In spite of the fact that we'd never even shared a handshake, it was like I suddenly had a lover; a lover I couldn't get out of my mind, a lover I waited for, planned for, and fantasised about. The fact that my lover and I never actually had sex together didn't make me feel any less like a giddy schoolgirl, a very naughty giddy schoolgirl.

So when Jonathan arrived at his usual time, a little before

midnight, I was waiting for him, chair pulled to the window, dildo at the ready, along with a few other items I might need, including a discrete pair of binoculars and a nice bottle of wine. There was no vibrator. I couldn't risk him hearing the noise. I had perfected my technique and now always laid a thick terry towel to protect the chair. Each time I watched Jonathan spreading his seed, my own resulting flood got heavier and heavier. Jonathan had his ritual, and I now had mine.

He was in the poet's shirt when he arrived. I liked that on him. It made him look all Shakespeare-in-Love, like he very well could have come to serenade me. He'd only ever worn it when he came to the garden with My Lady. Strangely, this time he didn't undress. He only undid his trousers and extricated his already heavy cock. This time he stood closer to my window than usual, making it difficult for me to see him without lifting my butt off the chair and leaning uncomfortably forward. Before I could get the angle just right and reassure myself that I was out of his line of sight, he called up.

"Lovely night, isn't it? Full moon, you know. Too nice to be cooped up in there."

I froze, my heart hammering between my breasts.

Before I could gather enough wits to make an excuse, he added, "Oh it's alright, I know you've been watching me. I don't mind. Really I don't."

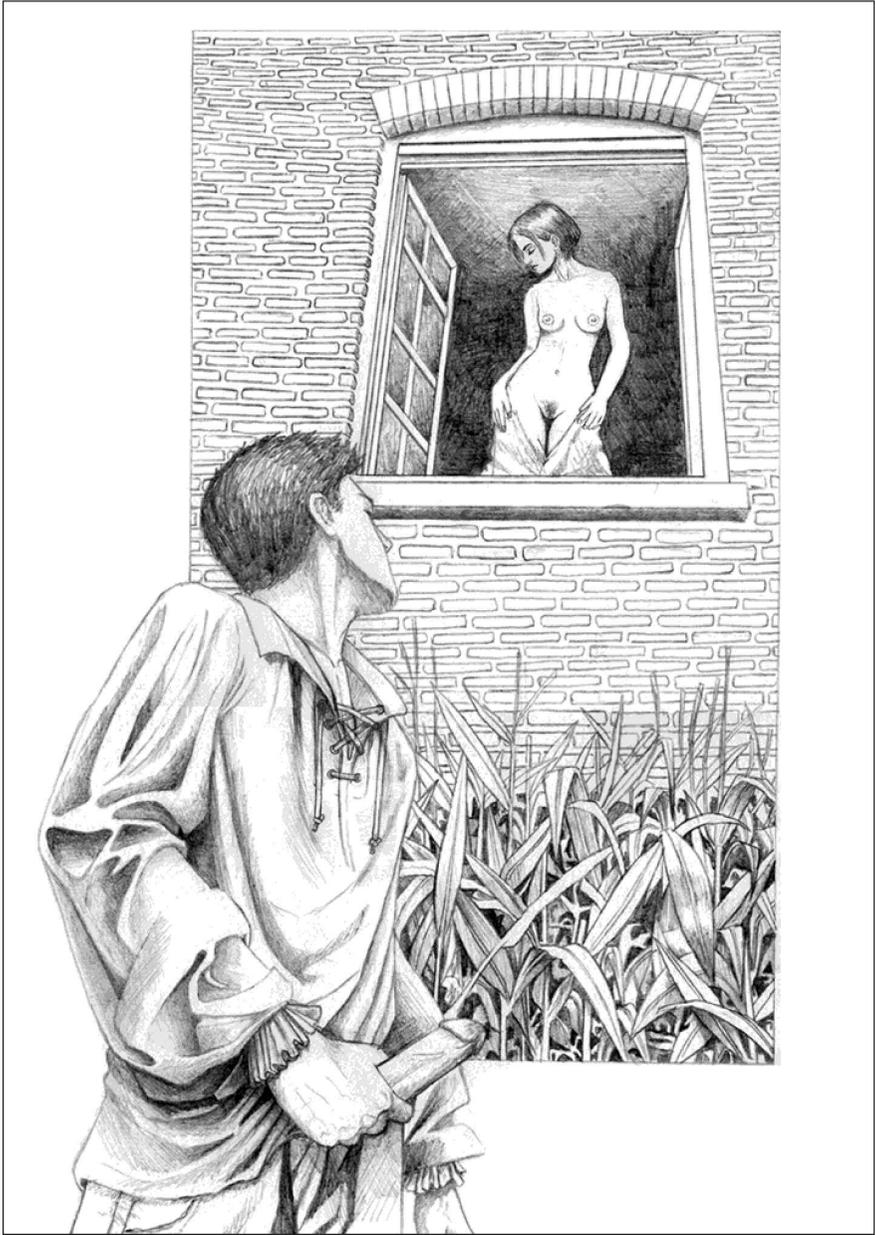
I stood on my tiptoes and craned my neck to see him standing looking up at me, still in his clothes, still stroking his meaty cock unselfconsciously through his open fly. I stood there silently not knowing what to say, feeling the burn of embarrassment up my cheekbones, feeling the Pavlovian ache of my nipples at the voyeuristic feast they were still anticipating. Yet I was unable to move away, though I felt I should.

"You owe me," he said. "I've shown you mine, and I still haven't seen yours."

He was right, of course. It was only fair. The goose had come home to roost. With legs trembling so hard I feared I'd topple over, I stood on tiptoes in front of the window, took a deep breath and

ALLOTTED VIEW: PART TWO

untied the satin robe I'd taken to wearing for easier access. Then I let it fall open to reveal my breasts and tightly trimmed pubic curls.



He caught his breath, I'm sure I heard him, and I like to

imagine I saw his cock surge at the sight of me. But in all honesty, I was so totally nervous I could barely breathe.

Then he chuckled lazily. “I meant your garden, actually. No wait!” He lifted his hand as I rushed to cover myself. “Please don’t do that. I like this even better, really! I prefer this to your garden.”

I let the sash drop and the robe fell open again. I leaned out until my breasts had cleared the window ledge and were suddenly centre stage in the moonlight.

“What you did to your garden, can you do it to mine?” I asked.

“Maybe,” came the reply. “If you want me to.”

For an endless moment we stood there staring at each other, him with his cock in his hand, me with my tits shining in the moonlight. A rose by any other name would be as exposed.

At last I released a long sigh. “Okay then, come on over.”

With the robe flouncing about me like a Super Girl cape, I grabbed the bottle of wine and stumbled downstairs. He was waiting for me at the back gate.

I threw it open and pulled him in, going straight for his mouth. Those pouty lips always making him look slightly brooding had been driving me crazy for weeks now. They were warm and responsive, parting to the touch of mine, yielding to the flick of my tongue. His arms slid around me, pausing for a caress of my nipple-heavy breasts, then sliding down to cup my buttocks and pull me close enough to press his penis, hard and upright, low against my bare belly. The wine bottle slid from my fingers with a muted thunk onto the grass.

“My garden...” I managed to gasp, just as a finger snaked curiously between my butt cheeks.

“I have a confession to make,” he said as he pulled away. “With all I’d heard about your garden, about your gift for it, I couldn’t resist having a peek over the fence. They say you understand the earth, they say you intuit things most people miss completely.”

I felt a knot in my stomach that had nothing to do with sex, and the ache spread upward as I stepped back. “People talk,” I replied tightly. “Doesn’t mean anything.” I started to turn away, but

he grabbed my hand.

“So why did you give it up, teaching, I mean? They say they’d never known anyone so young who understood gardening so well.”

I tried to pull my hand free, but he held me.

“I wanted to eat.” My throat tightened, and I swallowed hard. My stomach twisted like I’d just opened myself clear down to the navel for the whole world to see. But it wasn’t the whole world. It was Jonathan, and he would understand. “I wanted to eat, and I wanted to be able to keep this.” I nodded into the dark depths of my garden. “And I wasn’t making nearly enough money for that.”

“Show me,” he breathed.

With him still holding my hand I led him past the long hulk of the greenhouse, deeper into the forest of dwarf fruit trees and past heavily laden raspberry canes. I heard his breath hitch as I guided him past the strawberry bed, plants weighted down with ripening fruit. I led him past the potatoes and the already spent asparagus beds. As we entered between the rows of bean poles, he stepped out of his Crocs almost as though he were stepping onto holy ground.

“My goddess,” he sighed. “It’s incredible.”

“Worth working a job in the city for,” I breathed, feeling the tightening in my chest that I always felt when I thought about my garden, when I thought about what I created anew every year. “Besides, it won’t be forever, then I’ll be free, and there are so many things I want to do here. But I’ve never blessed it like you have.” I threw a backward glance at his cock, feeling my face burn even in the cool breeze. “Can you do that? I mean, can *we* do that, or do I have to be a high priestess or something?”

He pulled me to a stop, then slipped both arms around me from behind so I could feel his eager erection against my butt, feel the rise and fall of his chest against my back.

“But you don’t believe in any of that stuff, do you?”

His hot breath against the nape of my neck was driving me crazy, his right hand slid up under my open robe and cupped my breasts, rolling and stroking my nipples in turn until I ground my ass back against him.

“Does it matter?”

“It’s sympathetic magic. That’s important.” He nipped my earlobe between his front teeth. “Come to think of it, though, I doubt anyone is more sympathetic to the earth than you are.”

He scrunched up the tail of my robe and fingered his way into my ass crack again, pausing to thumb my back hole with just enough pressure to make me squirm and drench myself, before he slipped fingers over my perineum and down between my swollen folds.

“Wait,” I gasped. “Don’t we have to be naked?”

With a quick schuss and a tug, the hand that had been caressing my breasts pulled the robe off my shoulders and down my arms, then he raked it free from where it lodged between us.

“There,” he said. “That’s half the task done. Now shall you undress me?”

He kissed my neck and I felt delicious gooseflesh crawl down between my breasts.

I turned to face him. “Is that okay if we do it that way?”

“We’re making this ritual,” he said, holding my gaze. “Whatever we want is okay, and I want you to undress me.”

I couldn’t argue with his logic. I slid my hands into the waistband of his open trousers and pulled him to me, finding no underwear interfering with my caress of his ass, which tightened and clenched beneath my fingers. With sweeping motions that cupped and fondled his roundness, I eased the trousers down over his hips, kneeling as I did, so close to his body that his cock brushed my cheek, so close that the pungent, spicy scent of male sweat and arousal nearly overwhelmed me with the desire to take him in my mouth. The light curl of his fingers in my hair let me know he wanted that too.

I felt him tense, felt the rush of his breath on the top of my head as I pushed aside the hem of the poet shirt where it draped over his erection and took him into my mouth. I swirled my tongue tentatively around the underside of his cock, feeling the ridged helmet surge. I pressed my tongue against the slit of it, tasting the salty sweet seep of pre-cum. His fingers tightened.

“Don’t stay down there too long.” His words were clipped short with arousal. “I might lose my will power and let you swallow what belongs to the earth.”

Jesus, why did that sound so sexy? It was voodoo nonsense to the core, and it made my pussy gape and swell.

“Plus,” he whispered, pulling me to my feet and planting a warm kiss on my lips, “I want the pleasure of being inside the woman who’s been watching me all these weeks. Knowing you were watching, playing with your pussy, stroking your breasts, cumming when I came, knowing that made my job even more pleasurable.”

He shrugged out of the poet shirt and dropped to his knees, pulling me down onto the ground. He somehow managed to spread my robe beneath me, before trailing kisses over my breasts and down my belly. When his teeth raked the pebble of my clit, I felt the gush of my own need. He lifted my legs onto his shoulders and pushed in close, his tongue splaying me in long, flat slurps, and every effort he made to lick me dry only made me wetter, heavier. When I was sure I couldn’t stand it anymore, when my pussy felt as heavy and as full as the plums swelling on the trees, he must have intuited that with the same sense of magic that compelled him to empty himself on the earth. He pulled away from me, his face glistening from my flood. Then he knelt between my legs and arranged my bottom on the slope of his thighs. I watched him as he admired me, fingering my wet slit open, stroking and tugging at my distended labia, sliding his thumbs up each side of my clit until it felt at least as big as his cock.

“The view from down here’s exquisite,” he breathed. “Even better than I fantasised. There’s nothing in the whole world lovelier than a woman’s cunt all splayed and swollen, ready to fuck. It’s the perfect garden at the peak of ripeness.”

As much as the voodoo talk turned me on, the fact that he understood a garden, understood my garden, turned me on even more. I spread my legs and lifted myself closer.

The sound that came from his throat was hungry and feral. “I’m about to burst,” he grunted. “But I don’t want to cum until I’ve felt what it’s like to be inside you.”

With a sigh that he caught at the back of his throat then held with exquisite tension, he pushed his way in slowly, luxuriously, teasing me inch by inch over him and stretching me around him like a tight glove. With every ounce of control I had I held still and let him ease his way into me, feeling like every cell of my pussy was alive with sensation. And when he was in, all the way in, he stopped for a breath, tweaking and stroking my clit, watching me as though he were trying to unravel some magical secret that lay at my core.

When I could stand it no more, I arched up and tightened my grip around him. He sucked breath between his teeth, and his eyelids fluttered like moths around a streetlight. He cupped my ass and began to thrust, slowly, deeply, sinuously. It was like an agonising, deliberate tease, until I wrapped my legs around him and kicked him with my heels. And, like a horse given his head, he began to jack-hammer, somehow managing to rake my clit with every single thrust.

I was there, right at the edge, straining and grunting, and I knew he wasn't far behind me. Just as colour exploded behind my eyelids and my pussy convulsed, he pulled out and let me writhe out my orgasm while he unloaded in viscous spurts at the foot of my runner beans.

Then, one hand still on his cock he stood and walked around my garden, stroking leaves and sniffing blossoms and stopping to wriggle his toes in the earth.

"Exquisite," he sighed, half to himself. "Even more so than I could have imagined. Lovely. So lovely."

Still lying on my robe feeling my juices drip down my pussy and over my perineum, I watched him, and listened to his half-whispered monologue about discovering the treasures of earth's bounty and discovering the treasures of our own hearts – some such.

He picked up a handful of earth from between the carrots and onions and sifted it through his fingers.

"Your garden needs the juices of a woman," he said, speaking at last to me.

In spite of the fact that I'd just been fucked between the bean rows, I found myself blushing again.

“What? You want me to pee on it?” I forced a laugh. “Well, I suppose I could do that, though I rather think there may be more effective methods available.”

“Possibly helpful,” he replied. “But not what I meant.”

He reached out his hand to me, and I scrabbled to my feet and came into his arms. When I rose on my toes to kiss him, he slipped two fingers into my pout and sighed.

“You get really wet, don’t you?”

He brought his juicy fingers to his lips and licked them.

I blushed again. “You might have had something to do with that.”

He smiled in response but held my gaze. “You can get a lot wetter, if you really want.”

He returned his fingers to my pussy and extended the middle one to rake across my g-spot, causing me to gasp with the startling surprise of pressure.

“Shall I show you?”

He pressed and released, pressed and released in tight little circles almost, but not quite too hard. He did it in such a way that I couldn’t resist bearing down. I was swollen wide and open, and the act of bearing down rubbed my whole cunt against his flattened palm. Still holding my gaze, he pressed harder, withdrew and slapped the splay of my cunt in quick succession.

And I came. I came in gushes down between his fingers and onto the ground leaving little dark wet spots in the earth. I yelped my surprise, and the air was suddenly ripe with the scent of hot, wet pussy. Before I could speak, he did it again, and this time the urge to bear down coupled with his sharp slaps and the hard press of the heel of his hand against my splay resulted in a liquid hiss that squirted then dribbled down my legs. Before I could panic, he put his arm around me and held me, held me close while he continued to stroke my g-spot.

“You didn’t know you could do that, did you? You didn’t know that your juices, your lovely female cum is as precious to the earth as my semen is.”

I wanted to tell him he was being ridiculous. I wanted to tell him he was talking voodoo again and I didn't believe any of it. But then I was the one who had asked him to 'bless' my garden. Plus it was damned hard to think about anything but the river gushing from between my legs and the pleasure buzzing upwards from my cunt clear to the crown of my head.

"It feels good, doesn't it?" He spoke between kisses and nips, his tongue flicking and teasing my mouth. "It feels better than anything you've ever felt before."

He pressed and slapped and I gushed and squirted and shook all over with wave after wave of pleasure coming so close together I could no longer tell when one wet gush of orgasmic bliss ended and another began.

With me still drenching myself and the ground beneath me, he lifted me onto his renewed erection, just lifted me as though I were weightless, and cupped his hands under my bottom for support.

"That's right," he whispered against my nape. "Give your garden what it needs, Rose, and you'll be richly rewarded."

He rocked and thrust and swayed in me until every part of his body was tense. Somewhere between the gushing and rocking and grunting, I'm sure we'd forgotten to breathe. I felt like I might never need to breathe again.

I know this sounds totally mad, but I felt like I was the sky spread over the earth. I felt like every time I bore down, every time Jonathan's cock stroked my g-spot, I bathed my garden in some kind of voodoo fertility magic that I could almost feel rushing from the top of my head, down my spine and out onto the earth beneath me, maybe even spreading to fertilise the whole of the Blue Bell Street Allotments and even the whole neighbourhood.

"You feel it, don't you?" Jonathan breathed in my ear. "I know you do."

I just nodded and bore down, wrapped around him tighter than ivy on a tree trunk, feeling him so far up inside me that I couldn't tell where he left off and I began.

I don't know how it happened or how we managed it without

damaging plants. It probably was just that we're both such consummate gardeners that even in our deep unconscious, we're protective of what's green and growing. But somehow we half tumbled, half lay down in between the carrots and onions, rolling and writhing, coated in earth and sweat and the fragrant secretions of sex that seemed to be increasing exponentially.

When Jonathan growled out his release, just managing to pull free of my pussy, I followed suit, offering up my own ejaculation in heavy squirts onto the rich, dark soil. Suddenly I was the earth goddess with my consort making the ground fertile and green. For the extended length of a very wet, very intense orgasm, I ruled the world and all life in it, and my consort worshiped me with his cock and his semen. I could almost feel growth bursting all around me, rippling up through corn and courgettes, tomatoes and beans, meristems stretching and reaching, buds swelling and bursting, and I was there at the centre of it all. For a few seconds I could almost believe that I might have even been the cause of it all.

When the riotous celebration of all things fertile settled to quiet tremors low in my belly and Jonathan's cock relaxed wet and sticky against his thigh, we lay in each other's arms where we'd crawled between the spinach and cabbage, spent and gasping, coated in the thin layer of sexy mud and dust we'd made. The night sky turned above us with Cygnus flying endlessly overhead and the Plough circling around the invisible tether of our myopic little universe. We breathed in the scent of ourselves and the pungency of tomato vines and onion sets. Somewhere in a nearby tree a tawny owl trilled and we both sighed our delight and snuggled closer.

Jonathan spoke softly against my ear. "You're right, Rose. This place, what you have, what you've done, is worth doing a job in the city for." He ran a splayed hand up over my breast and caressed my nipple to a high peak. "But don't forget why you do it. The blessing is yours to give whenever you want. Yours to give and to receive."

I'm not saying that I'm a convert. And, in all fairness, since that first time I've shown Jonathan a thing or two he didn't know about gardening. I've shared a few of my own secrets he was happy to

receive. But I'm not a convert. I don't think there was ever anything to convert really. The magic has always been there. We walk through it daily, breathe it into us every second we live. It's just that I never really factored my place in the natural world into the equation of life, nor my need to actively celebrate that place. Sex and earth and growing things and lust so bright it's blinding — all these things belong together as surely as night and day. Jonathan hasn't cornered the market on that bit of magic. It's obvious really. It's there for everyone to see. And here's me so close to the earth and my beloved plants, always invited to the party but never quite getting there. I'm surprised I didn't see it before. I may have arrived at the soirée late, and reluctantly. But now that I'm here, I plan to make up for lost time.

**PAINTED PUSSYCAT**



**BY REBECCA BOND**

## CHAPTER ONE



It was the buzzing of the needle that got to me first. As soon as the artist fired up the equipment my curiosity was piqued. As soon as the needle pierced the flesh of my best friend I was hooked, mesmerised by the artist at work. It was beautiful.

Yes, 'beautiful' is exactly the word I would use to describe my first experience at the tattoo parlour. I was a young nineteen year old and as wholesome as they come. The thought of getting a tattoo had never even crossed my mind. I had always deemed them to be ugly markings of troubled souls. Yes, I am also a snob. Was a snob. That day, the day Alicia made me go to the parlour with her, it changed. Everything changed. I changed.

And so here I stand now before you a changed woman. No longer am I the shy, disapproving, blond haired, blue-eyed college beauty. No, now I am Rexxie Belle – the once blank canvass now known as The Art Project. Once a porcelain doll, now coated with vibrant swirls that burst with colour. Now I am Rexxie Belle and I belong to them. I belong to the Circle of Ink.

I am Rexxie Belle and this is my story.



How many tattoos do you think a person can get in a year? I received my first inking two weeks before my twentieth birthday. By the time I turned twenty-one I was on tattoo sixty-three. To some that may sound a lot. To others, it's a mere dent into their personal paintings. For me, it wasn't nearly enough. And for Carmen and her

husband, Hank, the owners of Ink Majestic, it was just the beginning.

The day I entered the Ink Majestic with Alicia, I had no idea that the world as I knew it was about to change. I gazed at Alicia as Hank created his masterpiece upon her flesh, hypnotised by the needle dancing across her skin. It was stunning. I jumped as Carmen came up behind me, so close I could feel her breath tickle the sensitive skin of my neck. Her hands rested on my shoulders as she brought her lips close to my ear.

“Looks cool, doesn’t it?” she drawled in her throaty Southern Californian accent.

I nodded, my lip caught between my teeth and hindering the power of speech. I continued to watch the needle create its magic across Alicia’s lower back, more of the picture forming as each second ticked by. My body began to throb as her caramel skin turned jet black with ink, a slight raise to the flesh where the picture was drawn. The stem of a rose. So typical. So clichéd.

As I watched Hank colour the petals with vibrant red ink, my body shuddered in a way so unexpected that I turned on my heel in an attempt to flee the scene. But Carmen’s hands remained on my shoulders, swinging me back around to face the scene of my downfall.

“It’s mesmerising,” she whispered, her lips brushing against my ear. “Watch the needle, see how it pierces the flesh like the point of a dagger painting blood onto her skin.”

“Yes,” I said, my voice barely audible.

Silence. Her hands remained on my shoulders. Her lips remained at my ear. The throb remained ebbing its way through my body. Only now, it intensified, and as it did so, Carmen’s lips brushed against my neck, kissing me intimately in full view of every client and employee in the shop.

That time she didn’t stop me as ran from her grasp and out of the door. Alicia be damned, was all I could think as I jumped into the car and raced from the parking lot at high speed. Ten minutes later I pulled onto the hard shoulder and cut the engine. I was panting, the gentle thrum of the needle still reverberating throughout my senses. My knuckles were white from gripping the steering wheel and my

throat was dry. Shit, this was exactly like having sex for the first time. All the same signs. All the same symptoms.

I closed my eyes and saw her image taunting me in the darkness. Not Alicia or Hank, but Carmen – her long black hair hanging loosely around her shoulders in waves, her milky skin decorated in fine ink and glistening metal piercings, her lips a ruby red, a vision of a glamour I had never before understood. I felt her breath against my neck again and my clit throbbed with urgency. A startling realisation. I was aroused beyond comprehension.

The thought alone irked me. I was nineteen, innocent, pure. Wholesome. I wasn't a virgin, but I also wasn't one for self-gratification. I had barely even touched myself 'down there' so the way my muscles raged with need at the sight of a needle scraping through skin had me completely thrown. I pushed the whole incident to the back of my mind and drove on, getting on with my journey and on with my life.

That was, of course, until Alicia showed up at my front door in a fit of rage.

"Do you have any idea how much trouble I'm in!?" she yelled as I stared at her, utterly perplexed.

"I had to call them, didn't I!?" she said. "I had to phone my fricken parents to come and pick me up because you fucked off with the fricken car!"

I continued to stare, dumbfounded. Not at her face, but at the place on her lower torso where the tattoo now resided. I couldn't see it because it was covered with tape, but I knew what lived beneath that tape and boy was it good. My heart rate increased. My mouth grew dry.

"What the hell, Poppy!?" Alicia yelled again, looking from my eyes to her exposed flesh and back again.

"I'm sorry," I stammered pathetically. "It's just you. . .the tattoo. . .the way he drew on your skin like. . ."

"Okay, okay, I get it," Alicia said, her smile turning into a wicked smirk. "You wanna take a look?"

I nodded and moved closer, peeling the tape gently from her

skin to gaze at the design beneath. I licked my lips and knelt to the ground, now eye level with the rose, and traced the etchings with the soft pad of my fingertip.

“It’s beautiful,” I whispered, my breath tickling her wound. “Did it hurt?” I asked as I rose to my feet.

“No. Well, yes. Well, yes and no. It just sort of. . . felt good. Seriously Poppy, you should get one. You would love it, I know you would.”

What an absurd thought. The notion of me getting a tattoo was utterly ludicrous. They were disgusting after all. So, Alicia finally gave up on her scheme to get me inked after weeks of trying. She may have given up her encouragement, but I couldn’t give up the thoughts so easily. Every waking moment was spent daydreaming about Ink Majestic. Of Carmen and her brightly decorated skin. Of Hank and his brutal tattoo gun dancing across delicate flesh. Of the low buzzing that filled the room as clients got inked. The thrum it caused within my panties. God, I ached for it.

It wasn’t long before I was standing outside the tattoo parlour and staring through the windows at the artwork beyond the glass. I ventured there during free periods and after college, declining the usual campus socials and evenings in the pub. I didn’t need alcohol. No, the ink was my poison of choice.

I would gaze through the windows as men and women had their flesh stained, tarnished forever with the tattooists’ mark. It was intoxicating. Every time a new client arrived my pulse would race, my body tingle, my mind blur....my pussy throb. It was after those hours spent watching the artist’s gun, that I would return home, lock myself in my bedroom and tease climax after climax from my cunt. I would be so aroused by the time I got home that, no sooner had I reached my bedroom, I was eagerly stuffing my hand into my panties and slipping my fingers between my puffy lips, my pussy slick and silky with my juice.

I would pet myself to thoughts of needle and ink. Sometimes I would think back to that first time I stood inside the shop with Carmen behind me, her hands on my shoulders and her lips against

my ear. I would imagine her whispering words of filth as I watched Alicia's golden flesh become tainted with the darkest black and the brightest red. It's these thoughts that would bring me to orgasm. Soon it was all I could think about, the only way I could cum.

It didn't take long for Carmen to catch me looking through the windows of Ink Majestic. That day too, will remain forever in my mind. That day marked the death of Poppy and the birth of REXXIE Belle.



"When are you going to stop peering through the windows like a pervert and just come in?" Carmen said as she walked passed me, opening the door to her salon.

I straightened immediately, feeling every bit the naughty child who was being scolded by a parent. Except Carmen wasn't my mother and I wasn't a child.

"I . . .uh. . .I . . ." I stammered.

She grabbed me by the elbow and pulled me into the shop, mumbling something under her breath about my stupidity. She pushed me into an armchair in the reception area and told me not to move. Her eyes narrowed, boring into mine, her left hand on her hip and her right pointing at me.

"Sit. Stay. Watch."

My pulse raced faster than I had ever known, but I did as she asked. I sat in the chair, the red velvet material soft beneath my thighs. I dared not move for fear of reprimand, and watched as Carmen and Hank went about their work. Three other artists occupied the salon. Paulie, a tall, broad beast of a man, reminiscent of a bulky rugby player. I watched him closely as he worked, mesmerised by the way his tattooed flesh rippled and flexed over his muscles as he drew his creations. His hair was dark and hung loosely around his ears, at a length somewhere between short and long, as if he was unable to decide which he preferred.

A tall, waif like creature with big hair and even bigger boobs

sat to the far left hand side of the salon, her legs astride a pink stool as she leant over a client. The woman at her behest looked nervous and, like me, her flesh appeared unmarked. This was her first tattoo. I watched in awe as the ink was pumped into her by the sexy artist. Violita – all red hair, boobs and piercings. Her skin glinted at me, hoops in her ears, studs in her nose, in her tongue, in her plump, glossy lips. She was gorgeous.

Aiden sat to the right, his workstation tucked near the back of the salon. He was young, with mousy brown hair curling around his face like a cherub. He looked like an angel. A fallen angel. His fingernails were painted black, his forearms were covered in scenes of evil and devil worship. I drank in his slender beauty. My eyes raked over his body until our gaze met. I stopped breathing, chilled to my very core. His eyes were black, piercing into my soul.

“Stay,” Carmen said, her hand pushing me back to the chair as I began to rise, ready to run from her shop yet again.

“I’ve seen the way you look at them, Poppy,” she said, her voice husky. “I’ve seen the way you look at me too.”

I looked up at her, dazed and confused, not understanding what she meant. She took my hand and led me through the salon and to a curtained doorway at the rear of the shop. I followed warily, but eager to please. We walked down a long corridor to another room. Her office.

Glancing around, I absorbed the decor – the plush furniture, soft and velvet, the bright coloured cushions that dappled the chairs, the art on the walls, abstract designs and intriguing photography hung in ornate frames. Her desk was in the centre. Dark mahogany. Smooth. Shiny.

“Why do you come here?”

I met her gaze.

“I don’t know.”

She smirked at me and came closer, circling my body like a panther stalking its prey.

“Yes you do. Admit it, Poppy, you come here because it makes you feel good.”

I nodded, what else could I do? She was right after all. I did go there because it made me feel good. It made me feel so fuckin' good, so fuckin' alive....so fuckin'....horny. She went to her desk, opening a drawer and taking out a tattoo gun. I watched, mouth agape, as she lined up the equipment. She plugged in the gun and looked up at me, a smirk on her face and a wicked gleam in her eye.

“Sit,” she said, tapping the top of the desk with her left hand.

Gripped by fear, I shook my head. No way was I going to let Carmen loose on my skin with that needle. I didn't even want a tattoo. Or did I? I eyed her cautiously, but soon gave in and jumped onto the desk. She pushed me gently onto my back, her fingers toying with the hem of my plain white tee before pulling it up to expose my torso.

“It's okay, Poppy. It's just a little tattoo, nothing to worry about.” She was delighting in this, in the power the ink had over me.

My skin prickled as she brushed her fingertips over me, goose-bumps dappling my flesh.

“Just relax.”

I closed my eyes as the sound of the gun filled the room, the buzz hitting my senses with startling intensity. My loins sizzled in anticipation of the first prick of the needle. Nervous excitement coursed through my veins and as Carmen prepped my exposed flesh I felt myself falling under her spell.

“You ready?” She asked as I stared up at her through hooded lids.

“Yes.”

God, it was amazing! As soon as the needle of the gun pierced my flesh I was under, hypnotised by the way it scratched my skin. I didn't know what she was drawing onto me and I didn't care. All I cared about in that moment was the throbbing between my thighs. It felt so good and as Carmen lifted the gun from my skin and announced that she was finished, I was begging for more.

“Oh no, pussycat, not yet,” she purred against my ear.

Putting the gun down, she pulled off her gloves and reached for the button of my jeans. She popped it open and tugged the black

denim over my hips and down my legs. I looked at her, a smile on my face. I felt lazy and languid, letting her delicate hand cup my mound and her warmth seep through the fabric of my panties. Another revelation. I clearly wasn't averse to same sex relations.

It felt so right, the way she stroked my pussy through my panties, teasing me with gentle slaps to my cunt. I was mewling for her, bucking my hips up towards her hand, begging for more of her tantalising touch.

"You're so wet, pussycat," she said. "This is from the ink. The tattoo is a powerful thing and should never, ever be taken lightly."

I looked at her and nodded, "It's beautiful. I want more."

Her hand was gone in an instant. As were my panties. She pushed my ankles until my feet were flat on the desk and my legs were parted wide. God! It felt so good the first time she touched me like that, her tongue snaking out from between parted lips and licking the length of my slit.

I cried out in unexpected pleasure as she lapped at my cunt, like the cat that had finally got the cream. Her cute, red lips latched onto my clit and lavished the swollen bead with attention. It was better than anything I had experienced. Whether it was due to the adrenaline racing through my veins from the tattoo or because I was finally being touched by another I do not know, but the orgasm that raged through my body was far superior to anything I had ever experienced under my own hands.

I glanced down and met her eyes, watching as she continued to feast on my sex, writhing as she nipped and nibbled her way along one plump pussy lip and then the other. She slid a finger inside my warmth and I came again, climaxing as I had never done before.

Carmen stood, smiling as she gazed down at me.

"Here," she said, "take my hand."

I grabbed her hand and let her pull me from the desk. I followed her over to the full-length mirror that stood in the corner of her office. She touched my skin where the tattoo now existed and whispered in my ear, "Beautiful, pussycat."

"Pussycat?" I asked as she said again what appeared to be my

new nickname.

Her nails grazed across my hip and my pulse raced.

“Yes, a perfect nickname for the new pet of Ink Majestic, don’t you think?”

“I . . .er. . .I don’t understand.”

“Poppy, darling, I saw the potential in you as soon as you walked through our door. The way you watched your friend get her tattoo, I recognised it instantly.”

I still didn’t understand. “Recognised what?”

Carmen giggled and kissed my neck lightly. “That you are the one we’ve been waiting for. You, darling Poppy, are The Art Project.”

I gulped. I had no idea what she was talking about, but the name alone terrified me. Her hand smoothed its way down my torso and back to my pussy, cupping me before slipping a finger through my folds.

“You’re so wet. Yes, I think you will fit in at The House just fine.”

## CHAPTER TWO



Carmen had tattooed a poppy onto my hip bone, the stem was the darkest black and the petals were the most vibrant red. The image popped off my pale skin as if begging to be plucked. I got my second tattoo two days later. That was the night my initiation into the Circle of Ink began.

I had no idea what I was getting myself into, but I couldn't stay away from Ink Majestic, no matter how hard I tried. The pull of the ink was just too strong. I quickly learned that Hank and Carmen had owned the parlour for eight years. They were in love — anyone could see that from sparkle in their eyes as they looked at one another. Monogamy, however, was not a notion to which they conformed. Oh no — and there lay my introduction to the world of open relationships.

I arrived at Ink Majestic and was instantly greeted with a kiss to my lips from Carmen. Noticing the way I shyly glanced in the direction of Hank, she tapped me lightly on the ass and said, “Don't worry about him, pussycat, we're all friends here.”

Oh God! I thought, what kind of friends does this woman have! She held my hand and led me over to her husband.

“We have a special treat for you today, baby.”

She ushered me into the chair at Hank's work station, urged me down and pulled up the hem of my top to expose my taut flesh. Hank was smiling at me. A friendly smile, putting me instantly at ease. My eyes drifted closed as his warm fingers grazed the poppy on my hip.

“Are you ready for something special today, Poppy?” he asked. It was the first time I had spoken with him directly and I found myself

hypnotised by his voice – a gruff, deep growl emanating from his chest.

I nodded in agreement and let my mind wander as the gun fired into action. The needle hit my hip, a fraction to the left of the poppy. I felt the tip dance over my skin, the buzz a comforting purr in my ear. I closed my eyes and thought back to Carmen’s office and the way she had expertly attended to my desire, petting my pussy in the most delicious of ways. I was wet and throbbing less than thirty seconds into my new inking – something Carmen and Hank seemed to recognise instantly.

“Sweet, pussycat,” Carmen said as her hand cupped me through my jeans. “You need this, Poppy. . .you need this as much as we need you.”

I didn’t understand what she meant then, nor did I care as she eased my jeans down and slipped her fingers into my panties, dipping between my sodden folds and working my swollen bead with expert precision. Crying out as I came, completely oblivious to the world around, I felt no shame, but pride. I didn’t understand this feeling, but there I sat, half naked, in a tattoo parlour full of clients whilst the owner inked me and his wife fingered my cunt to the point of explosion.

“I think it’s time,” Hank said as he switched off the gun and put it on the side.

His fingers busied themselves between my thighs, finally feeling the sweetness that his wife had already had the pleasure of twice. I felt drugged as I watched him insert a finger deep inside me, twisting and turning, before bringing it to his mouth and licking it clean.

“Yes, you Poppy, my flower, will do just nicely.”

“She’s perfect,” Carmen agreed, kissing her husband on the cheek.



I got dressed in a daze, drowsy from my orgasm and the new

tattoo. Standing on shaky legs, I walked over to the full length mirror on the far side of the salon, gazing at the new design etched upon my flesh. It was beautiful. A blue hummingbird now accompanied the flower on my hip, swooping down low in the direction of my womanhood.

Carmen and Hank flanked me either side. Hank cupped my cheek and turned my face to meet his lips. I tensed instantly, unsure of how I should be reacting to the attention that this married couple were lavishing upon me. I relaxed as Carmen kissed my neck and I opened my mouth to welcome Hank's insistent tongue. My lips parted and for that moment we were one.

"Let's move this to the back, shall we?" Hank said, extracting his lips from mine.

They led me away from the prying eyes of the rest of the salon clientele. Walking through the black curtains that separated the salon from what existed beyond, I was in awe. They led me down a long corridor, passed Carmen's office, down a steep flight of stairs and into what can only be described as an old theatre. It was astounding — decadent decor of heavy, plush fabrics, dark polished wood and rows upon rows of vintage theatre seating.

"What is this place?" I asked, completely unperturbed that I was still naked from the waist down.

Hank slipped an arm around my waist and said, "This, Poppy, is the House of Ink — the home of the Circle of Ink."

"The Circle of Ink?"

"Those like-minded individuals who also feel the power of the ink and the gun."

I looked at Carmen, my eyes drawn to the pout of her lips as she spoke. She stroked my cheek and brushed a stray wave of hair behind my ear.

"And you, Poppy, will tonight be initiated into The Circle. I think you have demonstrated everything that a good member will be. You feel the power of the gun. You feel the passion of the ink as it seeps into your body."

I nodded, unable to comprehend what was happening.

“Is this some kind of . . .cult?” I asked, my voice trembling with nerves.

“Oh no, pussycat,” Hank said, his growl rolling over me and causing my pussy to swell. “This isn’t a cult. You are free to come and go as you please. . .to leave at any time. But I don’t think you’ll want to. This is where you’ll come tonight, eight o’clock sharp,” he said and smacked my bottom hard before leaving Carmen and I alone.

“Carmen, I’m not sure I can do. . .”

She stopped me mid-sentence by placing her finger across my lips.

“Hush now, pussycat. Come tonight and if you don’t like what you see, you will be free to leave. Eight o’clock. Sharp.”



I felt anxious as I drove to Ink Majestic that evening. I checked my reflection in the rear-view mirror. Smooth porcelain skin – check. Dark smoky eyes and long, thick lashes – check. Plump, plum-tinted lips – check. Smooth, silky blonde hair – check. I looked good, but had dressed casually in faded, ripped jeans, a fitted white tee that accentuated my petite curves, and pointed black stilettos.

I parked the car and made my way into the salon. Violita looked up as I entered, smirking with a knowing look and nodding at me in approval as I strutted passed.

“Looking good, Pops!” she sang as I disappeared through the black curtains that separated the salon from the theatre behind.

After winding my way through the corridors I eventually pushed through the heavy doors that led into the theatre. My breath left my body as soon as I crossed the threshold. The previously empty theatre was now thriving with life, men and women in every seat, more lining the aisles where no more seats remained. The room went dark and I was blinded by a spotlight landing upon my form. I froze, wolf whistles and the loud sound of applause ringing in my ears.

“It’s okay, pussycat,” someone said, their lips brushing my ear.  
Carmen.

Her lips found my neck, kissing their way across my skin and coaxing me into a state of relaxation. I felt drugged, unable to withstand her adorable assault on my neck as the crowd in the theatre watched on.

“Everyone’s looking,” I said, my throat dry and voice hoarse.

“Let them. This is just the beginning.”

Before I could respond a man’s voice bellowed throughout the auditorium.

“Silence!”

Silence.

I looked to the stage and saw Hank, microphone in hand and smile upon lips.

“Ladies and gentlemen, tonight you will watch as a goddess is born amongst us. Tonight you will witness perfection.”

He gestured towards me and then I was walking towards him, making my way through the crowd and up the stairs onto the stage. Carmen was behind me all the way, her hands on my hips as she gently pushed me along.

Taking hold of my hand, Hank continued his speech.

“Let me introduce you to Poppy. New. Innocent. Unmarked.”

I felt Carmen’s hands slide beneath the hem of my white tee and she raked the offending garment up and over my head before I could really comprehend her actions, baring my breasts to point boldly up and out into the auditorium.

“Poppy – a beautiful, demure, untainted flower, her splendour yours to feast upon.....”

Next went my jeans, and my panties just as easily. Carmen popped open the button and slid first one layer and then the next carefully over my thighs and along my calves, before I stepped out of them completely.

“.....A flower, ladies and gentlemen, that will tonight wilt before your very eyes. A flower that will crumble and die forever.”

My eyes widened in alarm, what the fuck!?

“No need to panic, pussycat,” Carmen whispered as her hands caressed the small of my back.

“...Ladies and gentleman, for the next two hours, I give you, Poppy, The Art Project!”

The audience rose from their silence and cheered as Hank dropped his microphone and led me to a raised platform in the centre of the stage. I followed nervously, doing everything as he and Carmen instructed. I lay atop the altar, a soft velvet cushion resting beneath my head. It was draped with soft fabrics, in deep hues of crimson and purple.

“Don’t leave me,” I said to Carmen and grabbed her hand as she began to move in the direction of the crowd.

I turned to Hank as he sat on the stool to the side of me and lined up his equipment on a small, wooden desk. My eyes lit up. More ink! I calmed instantly, suddenly not caring about anything else or the fact that I had a hundred people looking at me.

He was ready. He turned towards me with the gun and caught my eye, returning my smile as he honed in on my skin. The needle hit my shoulder and Hank began to work. I had no idea what he was drawing, maybe he didn’t even know, but that didn’t matter. All that mattered now was the sound of the gun buzzing in my ear and the way I felt as the ink seeped into my skin.

I felt alive, my nerve endings ablaze with passion. I looked for Carmen, smiling as I saw her already at my feet. I, along with a theatre full of people, watched as she stripped off her clothes, revealing the most beautiful tattooed torso I’ve ever seen. She was inked from neck to foot, magnificent designs, colour popping from every inch of flesh. I was drawn to her breasts, each painted with erotic scenes of naughtiness – lewd sex acts depicted in ink. It was amazing.

I wanted to look at her, to soak in every picture that tainted her flesh, but she quickly quashed my intentions by climbing atop the altar and settling between my thighs. I closed my eyes as her fingers stroked my pussy, easing between my slippery folds and high up into my cunt. She worked me slowly, first one finger, then two, three, four. Her thumb swiped at my swollen clit, rubbing in circles as I mewled and wiggled.

I came quickly, urged on by the needle working its magic across my shoulder. I tensed, the gun hitting a tender spot just below my armpit as Hank's design continued to expand across my body.

"Relax, Poppy," he said, his breath hot on my skin.

I opened my eyes, looking at my body and watching as the rainbow of colour swirled across pale flesh.

"More?" He asked.

I nodded my consent, eager to feel the bite of the gun on my flesh again. I followed his gaze to Carmen, my eyes growing wide as I saw the queue that had now formed behind her. I tried to sit up but Hank held my shoulders firmly in place.

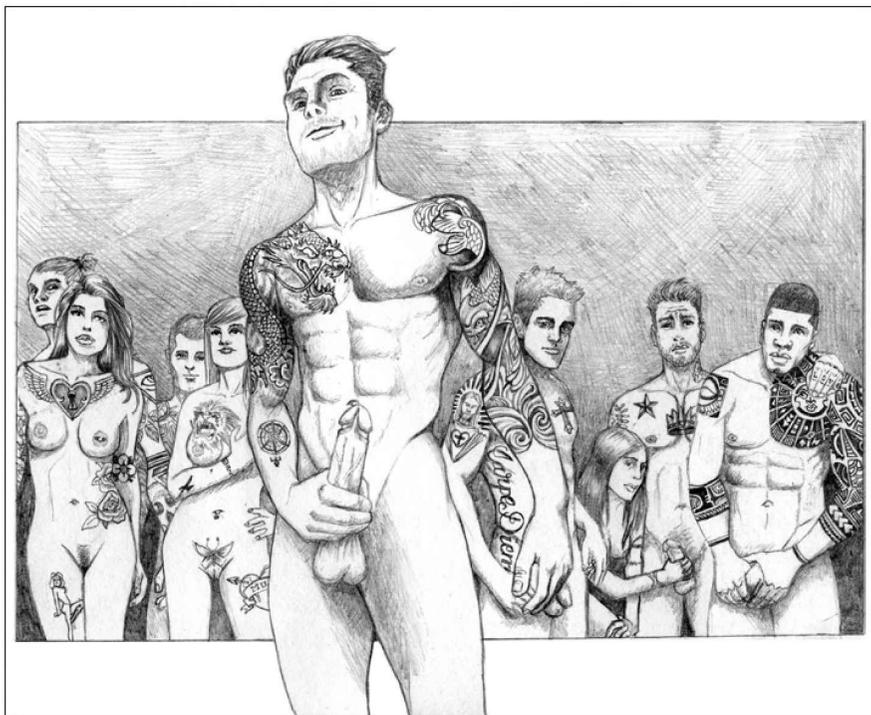
They were all beautiful. That's the first thing I thought as I looked along the line of people, all now naked and waiting patiently. Expectantly. Men and women all painted with the most intricate of designs – a fierce lioness roaring from a broad chest here, a watchful depiction of Christ adorning a shoulder there. There was sleeve upon sleeve of flowers and fish, portraits of loved ones and many a tribal band. There was black, white, grey, yellow, purple and orange, blues, greens, pinks and reds. The theatre was awash with colour.

Carmen now sat on a stool behind my head, raking her fingers through my long blonde locks as the first person in line approached me. A man stepped onto the altar, young and fit. His body was toned, biceps strong and thighs chiselled. His cock was already hard and he slid his hand over its length again and again before settling at my entrance.

I moaned as the tip of his cock penetrated my core. No teasing. No foreplay. He eased himself through my folds and into my cunt, slick and silky from Carmen's oral assault. His cock was thick and he thrust hard, relentless and brutal until he withdrew and shot his seed over my flesh. Then he was gone.

Another man quickly replaced him, his long, slender prick teasing my snatch, rubbing his tip between my lips but not quite close enough for the penetration I craved. He tapped himself against my clit, over and over until I begged him to fuck me. He smiled and slid his cock into my cunt, thrusting over and over and over until he too

withdrew and his cum rained down onto my chest.



“How are you doing, pussycat?” Carmen asked as she leaned down and kissed me.

God, I loved her kisses, so soft and sweet and full of playfulness. She smiled against my lips and nibbled on them gently before pulling away to watch the show that was being performed in front of her.

“I’m fine,” I said, my eyes sparkling.

I looked at Hank again, watching as he drew a chain along my ribs, white and yellow daisies dotted along its cord.

“This chain symbolises your role here in the Circle of Ink. You are chained to us now, Poppy. And these daisies. . .they symbolise your floral beauty – how one flower is now wilting and another is born in its place.”

I didn’t understand a word he was saying, I was too distracted by the busty brunette that was now licking through my folds with expert precision. Carmen suckled on my nipples, tugging and nipping

## ALLOTTED VIEW: CHAPTER TWO

whilst Hank continued to taint my skin.

Those two hours flew by in a whirlwind of climaxing colour. I was kissed, caressed, teased and fucked within an inch of my life, all the while with Hank's needle dancing deliciously over my flesh. I was exhausted by the time Carmen called a halt to the proceedings, announcing to the Circle that for now the night was over.

Everyone left, all satisfied that they had received such pleasure from a new vessel. The newest member. Me. But before they left, Hank announced my new name. That night symbolised the death of Poppy Shorkings and the birth of REXXIE BELLE — new and central member to the Circle of Ink.

## CHAPTER THREE



I lay on the altar, exhausted from the evening's events. Carmen stroked my face softly as Hank tidied up the equipment and secured the building.

"Time to go, ladies. Let's get this pussycat home," he said, planting a kiss to my forehead.

My legs remained unmarked, but my arms and torso now glittered with ink. They wrapped me in a cotton gown and Hank lifted me into his arms, carrying me through the salon and to their car.

"What about my stuff. . .my car?" I asked sleepily as Hank gently laid me on the back seat of his spacious SUV. Carmen slipped inside and drew my head onto her lap.

"Tomorrow, Rexxie," she whispered. "We'll worry about everything tomorrow."

And with that I closed my eyes and drifted to sleep.



The days glided by, weeks turning into months. I finished my studies without anyone discovering my secret – that I was Rexxie Belle, the new amulet of The Circle Ink. I soon began to perform at the theatre, dancing with the other female members for the pleasure of the wider Circle. I was a natural, excelling at my art and soon people began paying to see me perform.

I earned enough money to move out of my parent's home and into a place of my own. I bought an apartment close to Hank and

Carmen's at their request. Yes, they had become quite fond of me, their little pussycat. It soon became clear that I held a place in their lives that no one before had been able to. I didn't understand it at first, but after a year of living as REXxie, I realised that we were bonded together with more than a love of ink and public sexual exploration.

It all became clear the first time they visited my new apartment. The first time we shared the night together. Hank kissed me – a slow, sensual dancing of lips against lips. My senses were alert, alive and bristling with desire. Pulling away, I was left incoherent, unable to recognize a word they were saying through my lusty daze. Carmen urged me from the sofa and led me into my bedroom, caressing my shoulders as we went.

We stood at the foot of the bed, Hank in front of me and Carmen behind, both treating their little pussycat to slow and lazy touches, stripping my clothes until I was the only naked one amongst the three. My eyes fluttered closed as their touches continued, hands exploring me as if for the first time. Hands skimmed over the tattoos that covered my skin. It felt new and different, as though whatever happened now would be so much more than before, symbolic of our love. Mutual love.

I moaned loudly as Carmen's teeth sunk deep into my neck, bruising me, marking me as her own. The thought alone sent a wave of arousal rushing through my body and straight to my pussy, now wet and slick and ready for whatever they wanted from me.

"You like that, pussycat?" Hank said as he tugged at my lobe, nipping with a sharp bite and eliciting another strangled mew.

"Oh, I think she does," Carmen crooned in response.

Moving to the bed, Hank and Carmen quickly shed their clothes and continued to shower me with attention.

"I'm going to fuck you, pussycat," Hank whispered against my neck as Carmen suckled on my nipples, rolling them into ripe little buds of rosiness whilst her hand strayed to my sex, her fingers teasing with barely-there strokes against my flesh.

I rolled my hips in time with Carmen's motions, my pelvis rising to meet her touch, begging for something more. Something

hard.

“Please....” I panted as Hank’s fingers joined his wife’s, his large hand cupping my mound and sending delicious waves of warmth through my body.

I moaned as he dipped a finger through my dewy folds and into my core.

“Christ,” he muttered through gritted teeth. “You’re so wet, pussycat.”

Glancing at Carmen, Hank caught her staring at his hand and the things it was doing to my cunt, working my flesh so easily, sliding through my pout and up into my tight little entrance – first one finger, then two, and then three. His thumb jerked out to swipe against my clit, the nodule of nerves now standing proud and expectant.

“Help me,” he encouraged, taking Carmen’s free hand and bringing it to my sex.

As his fingers slid from my core he twisted them through Carmen’s hand before sliding them right back in. I moaned loudly at the feeling of their fingers inside me, two of Hank’s and two of Carmen’s, twisting and twirling, pumping and swirling.

Christ, I felt full. But still I yearned for more.

“I want to watch, Hank,” Carmen said playfully. “I want to watch you enter her tight, wet pussy. I want to watch you thrust into her slowly, making her writhe with pleasure. I want to watch you kiss her whilst your cock nestles deep inside her walls and your balls slap softly against her ass. I want to watch you make love to her.”

He looked at her sceptically.

“Please, Hank. . .please . . .” Carmen begged, already settled back and toying with her pussy.

He grabbed her hair, fisting it firmly and tugging her closer, kissing her eagerly.

“Okay,” he said and let his wife go, moving up the bed towards me.

“Rexxie,” he whispered as he gazed at me with eyes so wild and feral. “I want you to fuck me, okay?”

Nodding, I rose and climbed over him until my juicy pout was

hovering eagerly over his thick cock. I leaned down and kissed him firmly, thrusting my tongue deep into his mouth, his breath hot and bitter around me. As his tongue lapped against mine, another stream of arousal surged from my core, my pussy now open and wanting and ready for his girth.

Breaking away from his lips, I placed my hands on his chest, fingernails digging into the ink that stretched over his muscles, just the way he liked it.

“Guide me,” I said and he weaved a hand between our bodies, gripping his length firmly before guiding it to my entrance.

It felt so good. We moaned in unison as I lowered myself onto him, engulfing him in my warmth. His shaft was thick and swollen inside me. I rested there, adjusting to his size. I rocked my hips forwards and lifted up slightly before plunging back down, sliding over him lovingly. His hands gripped my waist, fingers digging into my skin, casting bruising indents where he guided me harder and harder, faster and faster against his straining prick.

“Mmmmm,” I moaned as Carmen’s hands came from behind to cup my breasts, nimble fingers teasing my already tender nubs, tweaking and pinching until I was mewling for more.

“You like that, pussycat?” she mumbled against the flesh of my neck before sinking her teeth into another spot and marking me again.

I murmured my approval. Of course I liked it. I fuckin’ loved it. Every inch of my body was on fire, every touch and caress, every kiss and every thrust heightened in my aroused state.

“What about this?” she asked as her hands trailed the length of my back, fingers pressing, nails scraping, teeth grazing. My back arched in response, my eyes closed and my breath short.

“...and this,” she whispered against the flesh of my ass as her hand pushed down on my lower back, easing me forward so my chest was level to Hank’s face and the image of his cock thrusting upwards into my cunt was clearly visible. She blew onto our joining flesh, giggling as his balls lifted high against the base of his cock in response.

“More!” I demanded. “More, Carmen....please, god, more!”

Hank looked up to see my breasts swaying in front of his face, my nipples begging to be caught between his teeth. He glanced along the length of our bodies and saw his wife’s head bobbing behind us as she blew soothing air onto our heated meat.

I went rigid as Carmen caught me off guard, my eyes wide and my mouth agape, a look of utter ecstasy on my face. Hank stilled instantly, knowing that something was happening....back there. Carmen was doing something new. Something different. Something naughty.

“You like that too, REXXIE, my sexy little pussycat?”

It felt good. So, so good. My eyes fluttered closed and I whispered, “Fuck....yes! God!”

I tensed around Hank’s cock, no longer able to maintain my thrusting whilst Carmen worked her womanly magic into my ass. Slowly, Hank resumed movement – slowly, wanting to prolong our pleasure.

I moaned again and closed my eyes, leaning against Hank’s chest.

“What’s she doing, baby?” he asked. “Tell me what my wife is doing to you.”

I spoke quietly, self-conscious about speaking the words. Maybe because the act was so lewd. So dirty. So taboo. Soooooo fuckin’ goooood!

“She’s kissing me. . .” I said shyly against Hank’s ear. “..... down there.”

Thrust.

“. . .I can feel her lips kissing my flesh, licking my juices that are dripping from my pussy. . .”

Thrust.

“. . .she’s. . .she’s. . .fuck, she’s licking my ass!”

Hard thrust.

“God!....Fuck, Carmen...more. . .”

Hard thrust.

“. . .she’s inside me Hank, her tongue is in my ass. . .”

ALLOTTED VIEW: CHAPTER THREE

Harder thrust.

“. . .and it feels good. Soooooo good. . .”

Harder thrust.

The filthy words spilling from my mouth and the image of Carmen lapping at my tight, forbidden little entrance pushed him over the edge and he thrust up one last time into my already spasming cunt and shot his seed inside.

I cascaded over that edge with him, the sensation of his climax within my walls and Carmen’s tongue against my anus proving too much and sending me off and up, up and away!

Lifting off him carefully, I collapsed on the mattress. I draped one leg over his and felt Carmen curl into my back after a considerate trip to the bathroom and a quick brush of her teeth.

“Thank you,” I whispered to no one in particular as we all lay there, sated and silent.

Carmen brushed my hair from my face, planting a kiss atop my head. “No pussycat, thank you for coming to us.”

Hank chuckled. “Welcome to The Circle, Rexxie Belle. You’re now the star of the show.”

## CHAPTER FOUR



That night saw the birth of a special relationship. We began to spend more and more time together, growing ever more intimate. I was swiftly employed by Ink Majestic to work the reception desk whilst the artists did the hard work behind me. I soon realised that everyone who worked at the salon was a member of The Circle.

There were regular club nights when the House would be full of members. Pretty much anything went at the House of Ink, intimacy was encouraged and sexual satisfaction was a must. The sole purpose of The Circle was to provide a haven for its members to seek the purest of pleasures.

The last club night was a special one. It was my twenty-first birthday. And my present? A special ceremony. I had no idea what was meant by that but, at Hank and Carmen's instruction, I arrived at The House at 9pm, dressed in nothing but a black leather underwear set, patent stilettos and Paulie on my arm.

He led me to the stage where Hank and Carmen waited. The House was silent save for a few hushed voices amongst the audience, everyone staring to the front as if something magical was about to happen.

"Paulie, what's going on?" I asked as I followed him up the steps.

"Tonight, Rexxie, something epic is going to happen. But you'll be fine, baby girl."

I wasn't convinced. I followed his gaze to the apparatus that stood where the altar usually did. A tall St. Andrew's cross loomed menacingly in the centre of the stage, restraints attached to the centre

panel and to each arm of the cross. Yep, that got my panic nerves alive and kicking. Hank's desk was to the left of the cross, his gun, towels and ink lined up neatly. I looked at Carmen in alarm, not even the allure of the ink could dampen my nerves this time.

I wasn't sure I wanted to be there and I stepped backwards, ready to run down the steps and flee the House forever — again. But something stopped me. Something always does. This time it was Violita. The leggy redhead now blocked my escaped route. She grabbed my shoulders and leaned close.

"It's not what you think, Poppy," her breath tickled my ear as she spoke. "Trust me."

I looked into her eyes, deep green and sparkling with excitement. For some reason I did trust her and I turned back towards the stage where Hank and Carmen watched us expectantly. Paulie reached for my hand and led me up to the centre. I braved a glance towards the crowd, the spotlight hitting me as I did so, causing the crowd to rise from their seats, cheering and whistling loudly. Oh, bloody hell!

"Relax, pussycat," Carmen said as she took my hand and pulled me towards the cross.

Following her instruction I stepped up and leant against the apparatus, letting Paulie and Violita strap my arms, legs and torso in place with the restraints. Adrenaline coursed through my body, unable to dampen the panic that had settled in the pit of my stomach. I was facing the rear of the stage, my back displayed to the audience behind me.

Carmen stood in front of me and gently brushed her lips against mine. It was a gesture meant to calm my nerves but this time the sentiment was lost on me.

"What the fuck!?" I said through gritted teeth, snarling like a rabid dog.

She stood back and trailed a finger down my cheek before lifting my chin. Her eyes were dark, the colour of midnight blue, but they glistened with the same excitement I had seen in Violita's.

"You have to relax, pussycat, or this will hurt so much more

than intended.”

My eyes grew wide. “I’m being punished?” I asked. “For what?”

She kissed me again, this time letting her mouth linger, her tongue creeping passed my lips and into my warmth. She knew how to win me over, one kiss from Carmen and I was putty in her hands.

“Not punished, Rexxie,” she said as she pulled away. “Rewarded.”

And with that she was gone. Paulie and Violita flanked my sides, ridding me of my leather underwear by cutting it from my body. I watched, horrified, as they sliced each offending garment with knives, blades glinting and edging a little bit too close to my skin.

Oh god, I was naked again. In front of the entire Circle. Dancing and stripping was different. That was always on my terms. But this..... Just as I was attempting to formulate a coherent thought in my mind, I heard the familiar buzz of the gun. I flinched as the needle hit my skin unexpectedly. I glanced over my shoulder to see Hank, gun in hand, carving a new design onto my left buttock. But my attention was soon ripped away. I gasped in surprise at the feel of not one, but two mouths at my chest. Paulie was expertly flicking my left nipple back and forth with his tongue, whilst Violita suckled enthusiastically on my right.

Surely I had died and gone to heaven. My breasts were squashed above the centre panel that strapped my torso to the cross, thrust together, nipples peaked and eager. As my colleagues sucked and flicked, I struggled to compute the conflicting sensations that raged through my body. The cherubs at my chest caused pleasure to pool at my core. I was aroused, but the buzz that filled the room – the buzz that saw Hank scratching a needle first across my buttock and then further up my back, felt more painful than any tattoo I had experienced.

It hurt. My skin prickled with desire, but stung with pain and I didn’t know what to do. The sensation of someone lapping at my toes caused me to glance down. There she was, Carmen, still the most beautiful person I had ever seen, kneeling on the floor as she

lapped at my right foot. She looked up at me with big, doe-like eyes and I saw my big toe disappear between ruby red lips. Fuck, she would be the death of me.

Hank held me tight, one hand holding my right hip whilst the other clutched the gun that hit my right shoulder. I didn't know how long I had been on that stage, but my entire back stung from the tattoo and the rest of me ached with pleasure inflicted from various mouths.

It wasn't enough, though, and the one thing I truly craved I hadn't yet been granted. As the gun travelled higher and began inking my neck, Carmen settled between my thighs and petted my cunt. I sighed in relief. Finally I was getting the attention I needed. One touch to my pussy and I was shamelessly begging for more, groaning with desire as Carmen eased two fingers into my depths and wrapped her lips around my clit.

Surely there wasn't any greater pleasure in life than this, I thought as my sweet lover licked my clit repeatedly whilst finger fucking me. Paulie and Violita were still busy nursing my aching nipples whilst Hank worked his magic on my back.

Somewhere in my mind I heard Hank announce that he was finished, heard the crowd go wild, more applause and wolf-whistling, but all I could feel was the orgasm rippling throughout my body and erupting from my cunt. I yelled into the House, unable to suppress the violence of it all. It was so intense. I writhed against my restraints in anger, desperate to free myself and allow my climax to ease gently away. But no.

Hank stood behind me, one hand gripping my hair and the other guiding himself into my drenched pussy. He kissed the side of my neck before biting down hard. Marking me, it would seem, in every way he could. Soon the first orgasm ebbed away and the second appeared as Hank fucked me relentlessly, his cock hitting that sweet spot inside my walls again and again and again.

Carmen remained at my mound, working my swollen pearl as it throbbed with need. I came again, this time with Hank nestled deep inside my cunt. He was close behind and withdrew his cock just

in time to shower my outthrust bottom with his seed.

“Well done, REXXIE,” he said and nipped at my ear. “You are the first member of the Circle to successfully withstand the needle for an entire back piece in one sitting.”

“How long have I been here?” I panted.

“Four hours,” Hank replied as he wiped my back clean, careful not to hurt my tender flesh.

Paulie, Violita and Carmen released me from the restraints and helped me down from the cross, turning me around to see the crowd below. I was caught off guard by the sight of so many naked, painted bodies, all in the throes of their own lovemaking, not a single body unattended to.

“It’s beautiful isn’t it?” Carmen said as she slipped an arm around my waist and held me close. “There’s something so powerful about watching people connecting this way.”

It’s true. There was. I too felt that power and, as The Circle of Ink’s newest and most coveted member, it was something I would take very seriously for the rest of my days.

“Happy birthday, pussycat,” Hank said and kissed the top of my head before kissing the lips of his wife. “Your initiation is now over. This back piece signifies your role in the Circle of Ink.”

“My role?” I asked.

“As the Art Project you are nearing completion, and once complete you will belong to us — to Carmen and me. We will give you a life of pleasure, a life which you are only just beginning to experience. But you remain ours. Forever.”

I nodded, smiling as I gazed up at him. “That sounds perfect.”

## CHAPTER FIVE



Paulie and Violita led me from the House and back into the salon. The shop was closed, but the lights remained lit and doors unlocked. They each kissed me before bidding me farewell and leaving me to wait for Carmen and Hank.

I heard noise and turned to face my lovers, amazed at how quickly they worked; Carmen standing in nothing but her jeans and Hank the same. I quivered at the sight. They looked like a fucking Calvin Klein ad. Hank stood behind Carmen cupping her breasts, his fingers playing with her sensitive tips, causing her head to loll back onto his shoulder in ecstasy.

I watched them, my pussy gushing at the sight. Ever since starting this relationship, I had grown to love watching my lovers play intimately together. The muscles of my pussy clenched tightly as Hank eased Carmen's jeans down, followed swiftly by her panties. Carmen had let herself grow a fuzzy dappling of female fur now hugging her mound.

Hank turned and pushed his wife silently in my direction.

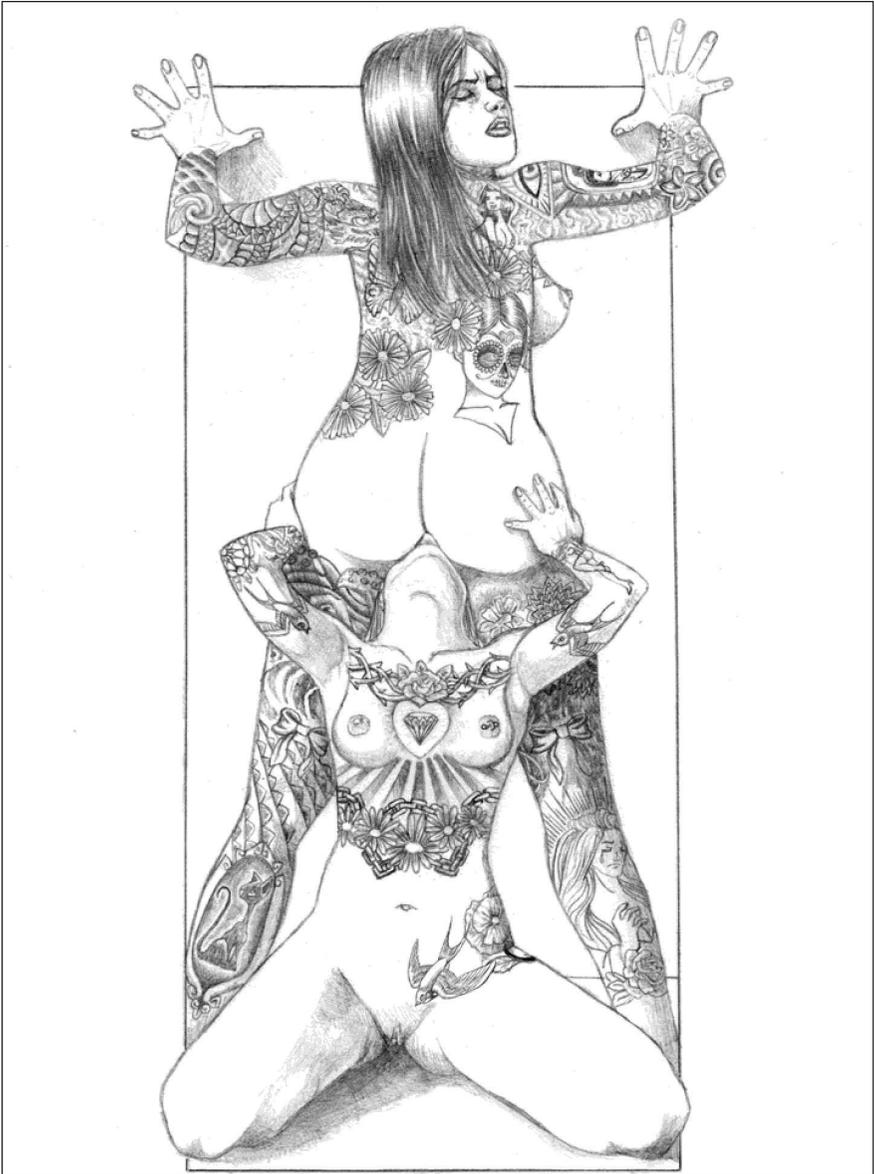
"Hands on the wall, Carmen," he said, "either side of pussycat."

She obeyed silently, her lips pressing into mine as she did as he'd asked. I love our kisses. We kissed, long, wet, lazy kisses — each tongue running sloppily over and around the other.

"On your knees, pussycat."

I obeyed his second command and dropped to the floor, my face now level with Carmen's pretty pout. I inhaled her scent and leaned closer, breathing in her womanly aroma and planting a kiss to

the top of her parted slit.



“That’s right, pussycat, lick her for me,” Hank growled, his voice laced with arousal. “Work her good, but slow. Nice and slow.... she deserves to relax after the all the love she’s been giving recently.”

I closed my eyes and began to lick the length of Carmen’s

cunt, moaning against her flesh as I made contact with her warmth. I licked along her puffy labia slowly, teasing the older woman. I dipped my tongue inside her tight entrance before slipping along her length to lavish her slit with love.

I felt Carmen shudder and jolt slightly, a strangled moan escaping her throat. This could only mean one thing – Hank was toying with her derrière. As suspected, he was kneeling on the floor opposite me, his hands splayed on her ass cheeks as he pushed them wide apart. I watched as his tongue darted out to lick along Carmen’s crack, dragging his tip over her puckered little hole and back down again.

I settled back into place and looked up to see Carmen’s arms twitching from the intensity of sensation with which she was being inflicted. One lip was caught between her teeth, her head thrown back and her chest thrust out. Fuck, she was gorgeous!

I resumed my position at her pussy only to find Hank there, drinking from her dewy folds in my absence. He inched forward and captured my lips in some sort of foreign kiss as we both worked on our lover. He nibbled his way back to Carmen’s anus, teasing her tight entrance open slightly and delving inside.

“I’m gonna cum.....” she whimpered.

My sole purpose at that moment was to make my beautiful lover cum. Carmen began to shake as Hank inched a finger inside her tiny asshole. As he slipped in and out slowly, he sank his teeth into a fleshy cheek, biting hard, knowing it would send her spiralling out of control.

A strangled cry resonated throughout the room and into the night as she erupted, her juices spilling down my cheeks and on to my chest. Her arms gave way and Hank stopped her from collapsing to the floor by wrapping a strong arm around her waist.

“Come now, baby,” he soothed as he carried her to lay her down on the plush, crimson throw that adorned the chaise longue in the reception area.

I watched from afar, letting them have their moment of tenderness. I wondered how it had come to this, how quick I was to

submit to them, to surrender to whatever they wanted. I found it all so easy. I liked it.

As if reading my thoughts, Hank turned to me and beckoned me over.

“Oh pussycat, sweetheart, come here.”

He caressed me slowly whilst his wife looked on, a smile on her lips and a glint in her eye. Hank urged me towards the full length mirror that stood in the corner of the parlour.

“Turn around. Look,” he said and pointed into the mirror.

I looked over my shoulder and stared at my reflection. Oh how I’d changed. My skin was decorated with bright flowers, green vines snaking up my back and around my neck, all manner of flora shining from the pale canvas beneath. I’d changed so much, but I’d never felt more comfortable in my own skin.

Kissing me fiercely, Hank then led me to the chaise longue where Carmen was. I sat down next to her and he encouraged us to play, wanting to watch his two pets kiss and nibble, bite and scratch, lick and caress. He stripped and sat back on his haunches, tugging tightly on his heavy cock as he watched the display of female fun in front of him. We kissed, our lips rolling deliciously together, our hips grinding, our perfect little paws worshipping each other with the same newness they had on that very first night together. A perfect end to a perfect journey.

So now here I stand before you.

Rexxie Belle.

The Art Project.

Nearly complete.

# CAUGHT IN THE ACT

BY LUCY FELTHOUSE



When the door banged open and a group of his colleagues piled into the room, Police Constable David Beckett jumped, almost spilling his coffee onto his computer keyboard. He'd been enjoying a nice, peaceful game of solitaire before beginning his shift and now they'd screwed his concentration, not to mention his high score. He closed down the game resignedly and wryly observed his workmates as they got whatever was riling them out of their system.

They were jostling and nudging one another, and there was some serious eyebrow wiggling going on. PC Beckett, Dave to his friends, could only guess that one of the guys had a new girlfriend and was being teased about it. Heaven knows he'd been on the receiving end of such ribbing more than once, which is why he now kept his — currently non-existent — love life as private as he possibly could. Of course, that didn't put a complete end to the teasing, as he now had to put up with the occasional joke about his sexuality.

Whatever it was they were talking about, it had gotten the guys seriously excited. As they drew closer to his end of the open plan office, Dave began to pick up snippets of the conversation. It didn't help him to work out what was going on. In fact, it was like they were speaking a different language. He frowned, wondering if there'd been a TV show on last night that he'd missed and they'd all

watched. He wasn't much of a TV buff and was always the last to catch on to shows everyone else was glued to. But of course they'd all been on a night shift last night, so it couldn't be that. Dave waited. He knew he'd find out soon enough.

As some of the boys began to move towards Dave's end of the office, it was like they'd only just realised he was there. Instead of shouting the customary greetings across the room and settling down at their own workstations, several of the PCs congregated at Dave's desk. They were still wearing stupid grins and Dave was, by now, getting fed up of being the last one in on the joke.

"So," Dave said, eager now to find out what all the excitement was about, "what's going on?"

"Dave! Man!" said Tim. "You wouldn't believe what you missed last night on shift!"

Sharing stories wasn't uncommon within the office, particularly if they were funny ones. But in their line of work, there wasn't much that was classed as unbelievable any more, so Dave knew it was going to be something of note. He raised his eyebrows inquiringly.

Tim continued, obviously desperate to impart the news. "We got a call sayin' that there was some drug deal goin' on in a car park. It sounded pretty big, so we raided 'em. Only, when we got there, it wasn't quite what we expected."

Tim glanced at the other two guys with him, Jamie and Chris, and the three of them burst into hearty guffaws. Dave looked around the room, and a couple of other officers who must have also been there were peering over at them out of the corners of their eyes, with smirks on their faces.

"Well!" he said, getting annoyed now. "What is it? What happened?"

"Fucking hell," said Jamie. "Keep your hair on. You'll think it's funny, too, honest. We're just sorry you missed it. Go on, Tim, get on with it."

Pulling himself together, Tim looked back at Dave, his eyes still crinkled with mirth. "Sorry, buddy. Anyway, as I was sayin', we gets to this car park at the back of the green, you know the one" –

## CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Dave nodded his acquiescence – “and drive in. We’re going in pretty stealthy as we don’t want anyone disappearing off into the bushes. So when we pull up, they’re still gettin’ on with what they were doin’.”

He paused for breath, and Dave waited, knowing this couldn’t possibly be the end of the story.

“Naturally, we was a bit confused as to why they hadn’t spotted us yet. Normally they’re a bit more alert, aren’t they?” The question rhetorical, Tim continued. “So we got out of the cars and got closer, thinkin’ surely someone has heard or seen us by now. Personally, I’m wonderin’ if they’re all so out of their heads that they have no idea what’s goin’ on. Anyway, by the time we got on top of ‘em, we saw what the problem was.”

Dave raised his eyebrows, waiting for the punch line. It didn’t take long.

“They weren’t drug dealers!” he said, clapping Dave heavily on the shoulder, almost making him head butt his computer screen. “They were doggers!”

Dave frowned. He’d heard the phrase before, but he couldn’t quite remember what it meant. Within the context of Tim’s story, though, he could work out the gist. And just in case he hadn’t, Tim filled him in anyway.

“Y’know....fuckin’ in cars and stuff, and other people watch and join in. Seriously kinky shit!”

He laughed again, then his face took on a faraway expression. Dave guessed his colleague was having some vivid flashbacks. He coughed, conscious of the fact that Tim’s crotch was pretty much at his eye level. Even with the corner of a desk between them, his buddy with a hard-on was not something he wanted to see. Ever.

“So,” said Dave, secretly disappointed he’d missed such an interesting evening at work. “What did you do?”

Tim glanced around the room, making sure no senior officers or goody-two-shoes types were around. Satisfied that the coast was clear, he leaned toward Dave and said, “Nothin’. Obviously we coulda done them for indecent exposure or somethin’, but it didn’t seem worth the hassle. They were all adults, so we just put a flea in

their ears and told ‘em to clear out. Not before we copped a good eyeful though, eh?”

He nudged Jamie, who nodded vigorously. Then Chris piped up. “I tell you what, I’ve never seen anything like it. It was like a free for all – I’ve never seen so much pussy outside of a porno!”

“Never seen any pussy outside of a porno, more like!” Tim butted in. “Looked to me like you were checkin’ out all the swingin’ dicks!”

Banter flew between the three guys at Dave’s desk, and he shook his head, bemused. He’d missed something, all right. But before he could think too much about it, a silence fell over the room. In perfect synchrony, Tim, Jamie and Chris swivelled towards the door, then hastily shuffled to their desks.

Dave knew without looking that the Queen Bitch, aka Sergeant Samantha Silver, had entered the room. Sergeant Silver was a woman in a man’s world, and she knew it. She made up for it in spades and was notorious for never giving an inch, hence the nickname. She looked around the room coolly, her eyes alighting on Tim who – though staring steadfastly at his computer screen – still wore an amused expression.

“Bates!” she barked, causing Tim to wince. Without giving him chance to answer, she continued. “Whatever you and your buddies find so funny, forget about it. This is a police station. Not a playground. So wipe that stupid grin off your face and get on with your work!”

Tim murmured an apology. Then, peering attentively at the computer screen, he began tapping at the keyboard and swishing the mouse furiously, as though the faster he tapped and swished, the more work he was getting done. Of course, from the other side of the room, Sergeant Silver had no idea that Tim hadn’t even switched his machine on yet. Mercifully, she didn’t come any closer, so his secret was never discovered.

As soon as she left the room, Tim bent to switch the computer on and actually started doing some work. The spectacle over, Dave got his head down and the rest of the shift passed without incident.



Closing and locking the door behind him, Dave threw his keys onto the kitchen table, then flicked on the kettle. Spooning coffee into a mug, he turned and leaned on the work top as he waited for the kettle to boil. His gaze landed on his laptop, and he decided to check his emails and mess around a little online before having a shower and fixing something for dinner.

Booting up the machine, he left it to do its thing as he finished making his drink. Then, putting the steaming mug next to the laptop, he bent to remove his heavy work boots before sitting down in front of the computer. Stowing his boots tidily in the shoe cupboard, Dave sat at the table and grabbed his drink. Sipping some of the scalding liquid, he navigated the cursor to the web browser icon and double-clicked to fire it up.

Minutes later, he'd checked both his email accounts, finding nothing but spam. He now felt incredibly unpopular and rather grumpy. Perhaps the caffeine had started to work its way into his system by this point, perking up his brain, because Dave suddenly remembered that morning's conversation at work. The rest of the shift had been so busy – under the cold and unflinching gaze of the Queen Bitch – that he'd not thought about it since.

Now, though, his curiosity got the better of him. He put the cursor into the search box, typed in “dogging” and hit the enter button.

Half an hour later, Dave knew everything there was to know about dogging. He'd had no idea it was so popular. There was a whole online community based around it. Lists of dogging spots, including the best days and times to visit, were there for the world to see. Newcomers were encouraged to make themselves known and join in with events. A brightly coloured banner on one of the pages promised “Hot Dogging Porn!!! XXX!!!”

Dave clicked it. He was only human, after all. He told himself it was just curiosity, but in reality it had gone much further than that. As the loading screen disappeared and the video started to play, Dave

became aware of the fact that his cock was already hard and straining against the fly of his uniform trousers. He rearranged it impatiently, his eyes glued to the laptop screen where a scene was unfolding.

It was an amateur video, so there was no fake storyline inserted. It had obviously been staged to some extent, though, as filming started with cars pulling into the car park, one after the other. After that, things started happening very quickly. Signals were made, headlights were flashed, interior lights were switched on, and people began to move.

The person operating the camera walked closer to a 4x4, the crunch of gravel and the bobbing up and down of the picture being a dead giveaway. Dave watched as the picture zoomed in even closer to the car where a couple were clambering into the back seat. They were still fully clothed and quickly started to change that, but not before they'd wound down the windows on their respective sides of the car. Dave wasn't sure whether that was an invitation for other doggers to touch, or just a way to stop the windows getting steamed up. He didn't care either way, as it meant there were fewer obstacles between the cameraman and the action, increasing his view dramatically. And not a moment too soon either, as the scene was rapidly getting hotter.

The couple in the car stripped without pomp or ceremony and were soon stark naked and kissing one another hungrily. Dave's cock grew increasingly uncomfortable as it swelled beneath his clothes. Knowing things were only going to get filthier from here on in, Dave undid his uniform trousers, stuck his hand inside his boxers and relieved his erection from its material prison. He did all of this without tearing his gaze from the laptop screen. He couldn't look away if he tried.

His prick twitched gratefully, a bead of pre-cum already gathering at its tip. Stroking his shaft idly, Dave continued to watch, open-mouthed, as the blonde woman in the car straddled her man, kissing him with gusto. The man quickly palmed her huge tits, squeezing and pinching them so roughly that Dave half expected her to wince. But it appeared that the blonde liked it rough, judging from the sounds she was making. The camera zoomed in closer, affording

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a brilliant view of the girl's breasts, which Dave could now clearly see were real. She'd certainly been blessed, he thought.

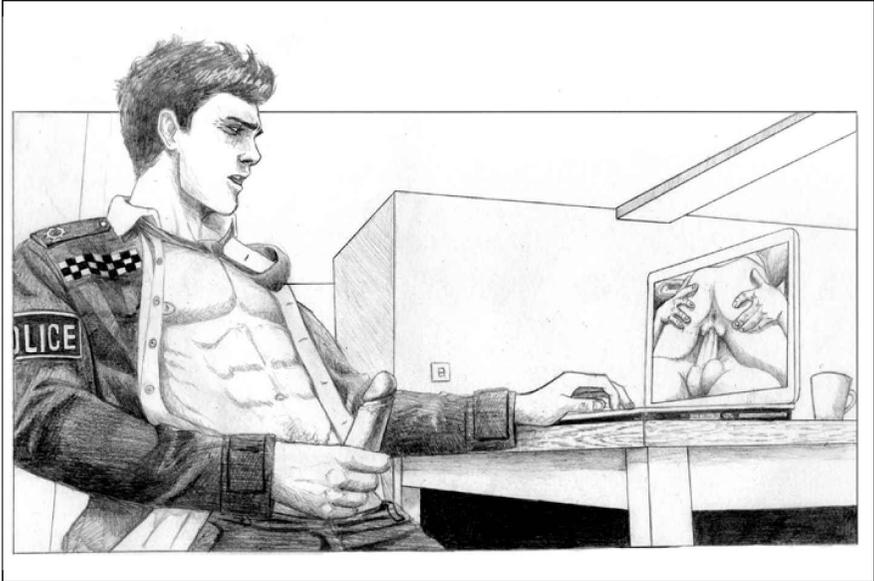
Suddenly, Dave was rudely reminded that he was a voyeur of voyeurs as the image pulled back. The fresh view revealed another man standing by the car, watching the action unfold within. Much like Dave, he had his trousers undone and had pulled his cock out of his boxers. Unlike Dave, he was stroking it rapidly. The cameraman was close enough to the man that you could hear the wet sounds his prick was making, not to mention the grunts and obscenities coming from his mouth.

Back in the car, the couple were on the move. The blonde had knelt on all fours, her ass pointing out towards her fellow dogger and the camera. Slipping a hand between her thighs, she used her fingers to splay her pussy lips, giving anyone watching – and Dave suspected there were other guys observing out of the view of the camera – an up and close and personal view of her soaking wet slit, from which peeked her distended clit. Several lusty groans could be heard, and Dave was startled to realise that one of them was his.

The guy standing by the car tugged at his cock frantically and, as the blonde slipped a finger into her luscious cunt, he hit his peak. The camera angle meant his face wasn't visible, but he threw his head back and as a series of animal moans and grunts issued from his mouth, spunk shot from the man's cock and splattered thickly against the side of the 4x4. Recovering quickly, the man put himself away and moved out of view of the camera. Dave had no idea whether he'd now leave, move to another car, or what. Honestly, he wasn't that bothered. He was too busy watching what was happening on screen, and with good reason.

The blonde in the 4x4 continued to touch herself. She'd replaced one finger with two, burying them deep inside herself as her thumb strummed her clit. Dave wondered what the guy in the car was doing as his girlfriend wanked herself off to an audience. He didn't have to wonder for long, as the car bouncing on its suspension gave away the movement inside. Presently, the blonde moved, but only enough so her partner could slide in beneath her. It couldn't

have been a comfortable position to hold, but the couple were now angled so the blonde's cunt was still clearly visible and aching to be fucked.



And fucked it was. Slipping a couple of perfunctory fingers into her slick pussy, her partner was clearly satisfied she was ready for him as he immediately replaced his stout fingers with his even stouter cock. He had a length and girth that many a man would be jealous of, and several more groans were heard both in and outside the car as he slid inside the blonde. She was split obscenely, her swollen pout pulled tight around her man's prick as he filled her to the hilt.

Dave finally tore his gaze from the screen, only to roll his head back as he fisted his cock more roughly. He'd been so enthralled by the lewd display that he'd hardly noticed he'd been stroking his shaft faster and faster, propelling himself towards his own climax. The pornographic sight of the blonde being penetrated had ramped his arousal up several notches and Dave felt his balls tighten in anticipation of his orgasm. He just about had the presence of mind to swivel in his chair before it hit. His cock pulsed in his hand and milliseconds later, Dave spurted his release over the tiled kitchen

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floor. It'd be a nuisance to clean up, but not nearly so bad as trying to get it off his laptop. Crusty cum between the keys was not something he wanted to deal with.

Slouching in the chair, Dave breathed heavily, wondering what on earth had come over him. He'd only switched on the computer to check his emails! An echo of his heavy breathing coupled with some moans and groans issued from the laptop speakers, reminding Dave where all this had begun. He wiped his sticky hand carelessly on his trouser leg before slamming the laptop lid down, silencing it. The website would still be there when he next opened it – it was 'sleeping,' not switched off – so he'd have to close it down properly at some point. But right at that second in time, all Dave cared about was having a shower.



Pulling open the cubicle door, Dave switched on the shower and started to undress. The water would be the right temperature by the time he got under the spray. Bundling up his clothes to toss them into the laundry basket, he grimaced as he saw the telltale silvery-white mark smeared across his black work trousers, right near the crotch. Fortunately, he did his own laundry – there'd be no explaining that one away. It looked like exactly what it was. Sighing, Dave resolved to put a load of washing on before he went to bed. But first he needed to wash the smell of sweat and spunk off of him. Trouble is, he had no idea how he was going to clean his brain, or the mental images flashing through it. There was no denying that the dogging video had turned him on immensely, especially since the very thought of it was making his cock fill with blood once more.

Shaking his head, Dave stuffed his uniform into the clothes basket and closed it. He stepped into the shower and pulled the door shut, sealing himself off from the world. Unfortunately, he couldn't seal himself off from his thoughts. His cock was now standing to attention, slapping rudely against his stomach every time he moved. Turning up the power and sticking his head under the shower spray,

Dave desperately hoped to drown out the thoughts swirling through his mind. It didn't work. A graphic image of the blonde's pussy being penetrated flashed into his consciousness and Dave's erection leapt excitedly.

He needed distraction. Grabbing his shampoo, Dave squeezed a dollop into his hand and replaced the bottle on the shelf. He massaged the liquid roughly into his dark crop of hair, working his fingers violently into his scalp, as if to scrub the thoughts away, even through skin and skull. Tipping his head back, Dave rinsed away the lather, enjoying the relaxing feel of it trickling down his back and dipping into the crevice of his ass, before gravity pulled it down his legs and into the drain. Running his hands over his head a couple of times, Dave made sure all the suds were gone before grabbing his shower gel and depositing a liberal amount into his palm.

Smearing it onto his chest and arms, he went about washing himself like he did every day. His cock, however, had other ideas. It was still absolutely rock hard and Dave stared down at it in exasperation. He decided if he ignored it, it would go away. If not, he'd turn the shower temperature to cold once he'd rinsed off. That'd sort it out. He'd freeze the fucker into submission.

Nodding to himself, Dave continued to shower without distraction. That was, until it came to washing himself...there. He'd scrubbed every millimetre of his body, including behind his ears and between his toes and still his erection stood proudly, taunting Dave with its very presence, sticking him in the stomach every time he leant over. He'd never seen it so determined. Not since he was a frustrated virginal teenager, anyway.

Sighing, Dave wrapped his fingers around his cock once more. If he just made himself cum once more then his suddenly rampant dick would calm down, he was sure of it. After all, he wasn't a one-hit wonder in the bedroom, but he wasn't an all-nighter either. Dave was sure his testosterone would settle if he had just one more quick stroke. Then he could finish showering and do what normal people did at this time of the evening — have dinner and sit down in front of the TV to chill out after a hard day at work.

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His slippery fingers surrounded his shaft, hard and hot beneath his grip. He started out using long, slow strokes, with a neat twist of his wrist each time his hand reached the tip of his cock. He loved how that twist pulled and stimulated all his most sensitive places. Before long, though, as the arousal in his subconscious seeped to the forefront of his mind, Dave started to stroke himself harder, tightening his grasp around his girth.

He found himself thinking about the blonde's luscious ass again, and the way she'd spread her wet and willing cunt for her audience. Dave suddenly wondered at the restraint of the man who'd been watching and wanking by the car. If it had been Dave he'd have wanted to step up to the window and bury his face between her ass cheeks and lick her until she screamed. Even better, he'd have flung open the door, positioned himself behind her, filled her full of his straining cock and then fucked her until they were both shuddering orgasmically.

Dave couldn't remember the last time he'd been so turned on without the presence of a woman. He had a healthy sex drive, typical of a guy his age, but he wasn't obsessed. He didn't even wank every day, and when he did it was more to relieve tension and his heavy balls than because he was particularly horny. He only got massively horny when he was with someone.

Perhaps that was it, he thought. Perhaps it had been so long since he'd gotten laid that the first sight of a naked woman – albeit it in a porn video – had sent his libido into overdrive.

As he sped towards his climax, Dave resolved to get laid, and soon. First chance he got, he was going to go out and find a woman for some no-strings sexy fun. Of course, if he met someone he wanted to be with more permanently, that would be great too. But in the first instance, he needed to let off some of this crazy, pent-up steam before he turned into some kind of sex-obsessed maniac.

Resting his forehead on the cool wall tiles, Dave grunted as he inched closer and closer to his peak. Visions of the blonde in the car slammed into his head, only this time she was being fucked in the ass. By him. As people watched and wanked. She was so hot and tight

and.....uhhgghhh. Dave yelled as his orgasm washed over him and jet after jet of spunk painted the wall. He felt thoroughly spent, like his climax had been wrenched out of him; totally wrung out. Only sheer determination prevented him from sinking to his knees in the shower, as the force of the water pummeled some life back into him.

Shutting off the spray, Dave got out of the shower and walked, stark naked, into his bedroom. It wasn't far – the bathroom was ensuite – and Dave let himself drop onto his king-sized mattress as he waited for his heart rate to return to normal. He'd never gotten this crazy over porn and masturbation before, not even when he was younger. It felt out of control – or at least as though it was controlling him, rather than the other way around – and Dave didn't like it. He had no idea what had brought the craziness on, but he didn't intend to repeat the experience.

As his body finally relaxed, Dave fell into a doze and eventually slept.



The following morning, Dave woke up feeling like his normal self, which relieved him no end. He was worried he'd have another stiffy that refused to go away. But aside from his usual morning wood which waned of its own accord, Dave felt fine. Well, not entirely fine. He was fucking starving, due to falling asleep last night without having eaten. Following an uneventful, wank-free shower, Dave dressed in a clean uniform and went downstairs to grab coffee and some breakfast.

Flicking on the kettle, Dave looked at the laptop which was still sitting on the kitchen table, and a serious feeling of déjà vu washed over him. This was where it had all gone wrong last night. Then he remembered that he'd left the laptop on sleep mode, rather than switching it off properly. He also knew that if he 'woke' it, that damn website and the video would still be on the screen, and there was no way he wanted to see it again. Not only had the whole thing disturbed him, but he didn't have time. He had a job to go to.

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The click of the kettle reaching boiling point gave Dave the respite he needed. He turned to pour the water into his mug and stirred it, the smell alone of the coffee helping to wake him up. He needed to be on the ball today. The Queen Bitch was in charge again.

Slamming a few doors and drawers, Dave finally settled down at the kitchen table with his coffee and a bowl of cereal. No sooner had he opened his mouth to admit the first spoonful of his breakfast, than he heard a noise. Putting the laden spoon carefully back into the bowl, he listened. There it was again. A strange high-pitched beep. He knew it couldn't be his phone because that was still upstairs on charge and he'd never hear it from here.

The noise came again.

Suddenly, it all made sense. Mentally kicking himself, Dave reached for the laptop. A night unplugged and not fully switched off had left it with an almost-flat battery, which was why it was now beeping its protest. Rolling his eyes, Dave flipped open the lid and hit a button to fire it back up fully.

A few seconds later and the screen came to life. And so did the content on it. Moans and groans poured from the speakers and Dave remembered he'd slammed the lid shut when the couple in the car were still mid-fuck. Therefore, when the laptop was opened up again, they simply carried on where they'd left off. They didn't seem any worse the wear from being made to wait all night. Dave, however, was now seriously regretting not shutting the machine off properly last night. His cock was stiffening once more in his pants and, if yesterday had been anything to go by, it wasn't going to be the kind of erection that would just simmer down by itself. Fuck.

Huffing loudly, Dave glanced at the clock on the kitchen wall. If he was really quick, he should be able to pull one off, and down his coffee before heading to work. He'd have to leave the cereal. But when faced with a rumbling stomach and a raging hard-on, which one would you want to get rid of before going to work?

Fumbling with his trousers, Dave released his cock and immediately surrounded it with his hand. He didn't have time to mess around today. Flicking his gaze back to the laptop screen,

Dave stroked his cock firmly and rapidly as the blonde was pounded relentlessly by her partner. The cries coming from the car seemed to be reaching a crescendo and Dave suspected one or both of them was close to cumming. He wondered if there'd be a money shot. If it was him, he'd pull out and shoot hot cum all over the blonde's tight arsehole.

Unfortunately, he never got to find out. Just as Dave was climbing towards his own climax, another forlorn-sounding beep issued from the computer speakers and the screen went blank. Gaping, Dave realised his mistake. The low battery was the only reason he'd switched it on again in the first place! Now that damn video had gotten him all worked up again, then disappeared, leaving him high and dry.

Well, almost. He had more than enough imagination and impetus to finish the job. Visualising in his mind his fantasy of shooting cum onto the blonde's anus, Dave turned quickly in the chair and emptied his load over his long-suffering kitchen floor. Milking his balls for all they were worth, Dave hoped that his cock would behave itself now.

Knowing he had a minimal amount of time before needing to leave for work, Dave hastily shuffled across the room, grabbing the kitchen roll from the work surface. Wiping his cock, he then stuffed it back into his boxers and uniform trousers before making himself decent again.

Kneeling to wipe his semen from the floor, Dave made a mental note to scrub and disinfect the floor thoroughly when he got home from work that evening. For now, a hasty wipe would have to suffice. The last thing he needed was getting his balls busted by Sergeant Silver for being late. After all, it's not like he had a good excuse, was it? Sorry I'm late, Sergeant, I was tugging myself off over a tasty blonde in some dogging porn video.

Dave laughed harshly. That would go down like a fart in a monastery. Especially since Sergeant Silver was herself blonde. Whether she was tasty or not was a matter of opinion. Dave supposed she wasn't bad looking, but with her hair always yanked up into a

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severe bun and her generally aloof attitude, he wouldn't be getting a hard-on for her any time soon. Shaking his head in an attempt to rid himself of such silly thoughts, Dave threw the soiled kitchen paper in the bin, raced upstairs to grab his stuff, then back down and straight out the door.



Dave made it into the office with seconds to spare, causing Sergeant Silver to look at her watch and raise a perfectly groomed eyebrow at him. Smiling tightly and giving her a swift nod, he shuffled to his desk and got to work. Unfortunately, things were quiet and there wasn't much to distract Dave from the previous night and that morning's activities. He wondered again at how worked up he'd gotten over it, his cock seemingly insatiable and out of control.

The image of the blonde's slick cunt and the pucker of her arsehole floated into Dave's consciousness again, and nothing he did could get rid of it. He tried thinking of old grannies, crying babies and even corpses, but to no avail. He simply could not remove this filth from his thoughts. By now, Dave was in severe danger of knocking on the underside of his desk with his stiff prick, and he was convinced that there'd be a call-out any minute now which would require him to shift out, erection and all.

He wasn't quite that unlucky. But he was unlucky enough that his brain continued to flood with images, meaning that the chances of his hard-on disappearing were zero. And despite the fact he wasn't actually out on the beat and there were no call-outs, he was expected to produce some work, not sit there grimacing. Any minute now, someone was going to ask him for something, or to do something, and he'd be totally screwed. There was only one thing for it. Rearranging his dick to hide its erect status as best he could, Dave stood. He was going to the toilet to deal with this problem, first hand.

Nobody even glanced at Dave as he made his way out of the room and into the corridor, a fact for which he was eternally grateful. Had they given him more than even a cursory glance, they'd have

seen the peculiar way he was walking and wondered what on earth was going on. They'd have probably surmised that he had tummy troubles, which was embarrassing, but not nearly as embarrassing as anyone knowing he had an erection at work. Over porn, of all things. Well, not for long. He was going to get this over with – he'd wank himself silly and that would be the end of that.

He hoped.

Fucking Tim had a lot to answer for.

Shutting the door behind him, Dave was delighted to see his luck was holding out. There was no one else in the Gents and he dashed into the solitary cubicle and locked the door. Leaning against it, he undid his trousers and pulled out his erection once more. He gave it a couple of strokes before realising that if anyone walked in and saw his feet under the door, it would look highly suspect. And suspicious is not something he wanted to be in a police station – especially as a cop. So he moved to the toilet, dropped the lid down and sat on it. The cistern was behind the wall, so Dave could lean back in relative comfort and enjoy the pleasurable feelings running through him, which were made all the stronger by the fact that he was having an illicit solo session at work. He was pretty sure he wasn't the first cop to do this, but he didn't care. He'd been left with little choice. It was either this or have an erection all afternoon. And that simply would not do, especially with Sergeant Silver around.

Pumping his cock faster beneath his fist now, Dave closed his eyes and let the images he'd been trying to get rid of flood back over him. The blonde's cunt. Her ass. The way she'd touched herself, readying for her boyfriend's meaty cock to stuff her full. The way her pussy was splayed and soaking. So inviting. Before long, Dave felt his balls tightening as he neared his climax. He sped up, wanting to get this over and done with before he was interrupted by someone else barging into the toilets.

Then, just as he began the tumble into utter bliss, a picture entered his head which both horrified and aroused him. The arousal part won over and Dave had just enough time to yank the toilet roll and tear off a long strip to catch his cum before it exploded all over

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the cubicle. His bit his lip hard, humping his hand as he rode out his orgasm. His cock twitched and leapt and squirted until Dave was sure his balls had to be empty. There was no way he could cum any more, it just wasn't possible. Finally, his cock seemed satiated and grew softer in his fist.

Only then did Dave allow himself to think about the shocking image that had popped into his head just before shooting his load. And as soon as he picked at the thread of the thought, the whole thing unravelled. By the time his cock had completely deflated and Dave had cleaned up and tucked himself away, everything made sense.

He'd done it before. Dogging, that was. Of course, at the time he'd had no idea; the whole thing had been completely accidental. Years ago, he and his girlfriend at the time had gone for a drive. They had both been living with parents, and hasty, paranoid quickies with other people in the house had proved to be a passion killer. It had been thrilling to start with, but after a while both of them had just wanted to be able to fuck and make a bit of noise if they felt like it. So a drive it was.

It had been night time, so they'd gone to a nearby reservoir to make use of its car park. It had been empty, and after a quick check for CCTV cameras, Dave and his girlfriend, Melissa, had clambered into the back of the car and quickly gotten down and dirty. Much like the couple in the 4x4, they'd stripped and Melissa had thrown one long, lithe leg over him and ground her pussy against him as she'd kissed him. Ridiculously horny as they were, taking their time hadn't really been an option. Melissa had broken off their kiss, only to start trailing her mouth down his body, teasing and nipping her way down to his eager prick.

It had been then that Dave had happened to look up. There, out of the window, he'd been able to see someone. The figure had been standing in the line of bushes at the edge of the car park. In the gloom, Dave had just about been able to make out a telltale hand movement and a crop of dark hair. A guy then, Dave had thought. And then, once he'd gotten over his initial shock, he'd been surprised to note that he wasn't bothered that the guy was there. In fact, it had

turned him on. Not the fact that it was a man – Dave didn't swing that way – just the fact that someone was watching. The guy had been nowhere near close enough to see any detail, but he'd known damn well what they were up to, and he'd gotten off on it. And that had aroused Dave even more than he was already, to the extent that he'd cum prematurely into Melissa's mouth. Unfortunately, she'd hated it and been absolutely furious. That had been the end of their sexual encounter for the evening – and when Dave had naively told Melissa about the guy in the bushes – their relationship. She'd called him a disgusting perverted pig and said she never wanted to see him again, and that had been the end of that.

Back in the present, Dave flushed the cum filled toilet paper away and opened the cubicle door. As he washed his hands, he made up his mind. He couldn't live like this. Bringing himself off in the privacy of his own home was one thing, but at work? He was playing with fire, and he knew just what he had to do about it.



Several hours later and Dave was at home and back in front of the computer. This time, though, he was taking control. He'd gotten home, had something to eat, showered and changed into civvies before switching on the laptop. He had a plan. It was a risky plan, but it was a risk Dave felt he had to take. He couldn't let this bizarre fascination control his life and drive him slowly insane. He had to grasp this opportunity with both hands and see where it took him.

After some searching, Dave found the website he'd come across which had the days and times of dogging meets listed. As luck would have it, there was a meet that very evening, and it was local. He looked at his watch. He had plenty of time before he even had to leave to get to the country park – the same one the guys had raided, he noted - so he registered an account on the website and left a message in the forum to let the organisers and other attendees know that he was coming.

A couple of minutes later, Dave received a reply to his message.

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It was from another person planning to attend the very same meet. They asked him a few questions, like was it his first time, how had he found the site, was he coming alone, and did he intend to watch or just join in? Dave answered all the questions as honestly as possible, but there was one which had him stumped. It asked if he was ‘the fuzz.’

He hadn’t thought of that. Doggers would naturally be suspicious of new members and want to check up on them to make sure they weren’t the authorities trying to find out about new meets in order to raid them and break them up. Particularly since some of tonight’s attendees had probably been there when Dave’s work buddies had crashed the party the other night. He wondered who’d tipped the police off in the first place – a dogger who’d been excluded, perhaps? Or just an innocent passerby who’d seen something dodgy going on and called it in. He sure as hell hoped that same thing wouldn’t happen tonight. Imagine being caught with his pants down – literally – by his colleagues? He’d never live it down. Plus, there’d be a good chance he’d lose his job. He tried not to think about that, though. He’d come this far and he was going to see it through.

Dave decided he had to lie. Even if he told the honest truth – that he was a police officer, but he genuinely wanted to get involved in the dogging scene – they’d never believe him. He replied to the forum message in the negative and switched the computer off.

Dave couldn’t help but feel nervous. He knew the whole thing was stupid and that he was putting his career at risk. But equally, he could also get into a mess if he was caught frantically masturbating in the Gents toilets while on duty. That would never do. No, he had to do this for his own sanity, and before the skin of his cock was rubbed raw. He was going, and that was that.

Dashing upstairs, he rooted around in his bedside drawer. He knew he had some condoms in there somewhere. He just had to double check they weren’t out of date – they’d been languishing in there for so long. He didn’t feel presumptuous carrying the condoms, because he genuinely had no idea how the evening was going to go. It could go a number of ways: he could arrive and decide it wasn’t

his scene and take off; he could just watch other people get it on; or he could be lucky enough to be invited to join in with someone. This way, he was prepared for all eventualities. The whole idea was madcap enough, particularly for a police officer. There was no way he was going to risk ending up with an STD, or a letter asking him for child maintenance payments in a few months' time.

Oddly, his cock had been perfectly well behaved since the incident in the toilets at work. It was almost as if it had got its way and was now content. Either that, or he was more nervous than he thought and his libido had disappeared as a result. Dave just hoped that his cock would rise to the occasion when he got there. Imagine if he got involved with someone, then presented them with a limp dick. That would be almost as disastrous as getting caught by his colleagues.

Stuffing a handful of condoms into his pocket, he took some money out of his wallet and stuffed it in alongside the foil packets. Normally, Dave would never leave the house without his wallet, no matter where he was going. But on this occasion cash would have to suffice, because his wallet was full of things that could identify him. And there was no way he was risking that. He was sure everyone there would be in the same boat, but it was just one less thing for him to worry about. Finally, he sprayed an extra squirt of cologne onto his neck and headed down to the kitchen. There, he put on his shoes, grabbed his car keys and left.

He knew he'd left the house a little earlier than necessary, so Dave drove slowly through the darkened lanes towards the country park. He took the opportunity to scope out the area as he drew closer to the rendezvous point. There was nothing suspicious looking, like CCTV – or worse – an unmarked police car. Pulling into the car park, he was relieved to note there were a couple of other cars there already. He did the prerequisite flashing of lights, signalling to the others that he was here for the meet, and wasn't just a random guy come to sit in a car park in the dark. They flashed back. Dave pulled into an empty space, not too close to the others, but not too far away. He wasn't one hundred percent sure of all the etiquette so he'd just

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have to wait until more people arrived and play it by ear. By now, they probably already knew somebody new was coming along from the forum messages, so hopefully someone would clue him in if he did something wrong.

Before long, other cars and vans started to fill up the car park. Dave was surprised at how many were arriving. And to think this went on all over the country, all of the time, and yet was still a relatively unknown concept to those not in the scene. Of course, he'd had a vague inkling it went on even before Tim's excitable outburst earlier in the week, but he had no idea it was this popular.

Dave wiped his sweaty hands on his jeans. He felt tense now. He was here, he was ready and he just wanted things to start happening. The anticipation was making him really antsy. His cock was also being suspiciously well behaved. Dave felt a sick feeling in his gut as the thought again crossed his mind – what if he couldn't get it up?

Suddenly, a great deal of movement in the car park dragged his mind from his worrying thoughts. Dave twisted around in his seat to watch. It looked like there was a central bank of cars in the middle of the car park, whereas others - including Dave - had parked around the edge. Studying the action carefully, Dave saw people from the cars around the edge getting out and walking towards the ones in the middle. He hesitated for just a second, his hand on the door handle. Did he really want to do this?

Steeling himself, Dave reminded himself of his favourite philosophy: he'd rather regret something he did do, than something he didn't. If it wasn't his scene, he'd walk away and put the whole thing behind him. He had nothing to lose. It wasn't as though he'd paid an annual membership fee or anything!

Opening the door, Dave got out of his car and locked it behind him, pocketing the keys. Nobody so much as glanced in his direction. It appeared there was already something pretty engrossing going on in at least one of the cars, as there were people gathered around who couldn't take their eyes off the action within. There was a great deal of crotch stroking going on, and one man was already fumbling with

his belt buckle.

Dave drew closer. And still, nobody looked at him. He suspected there was more to it – in normal situations, someone would at least glance – perhaps it was a weird way of remaining anonymous? None of the spectators actually looked at one another or interacted in any way?

Eager not to stand out like a sore thumb, Dave followed suit and didn't look any of the other bystanders in the face. He simply took a place beside the nearest car and peered in. Almost immediately, he knew that not being able to get an erection was not going to be an issue. He'd barely clapped eyes on the couple writhing on the back seat of the car before his dick swelled and begged for release. Dave pressed his hand firmly against his erection, buying himself a couple of seconds - and hopefully some courage - before he got his cock out in public. He knew that nobody was taking the slightest bit of notice of him, but it was still an alien concept.

As the action grew more heated inside the car, Dave quickly dismissed his fears. He feared his prick would do an 'Incredible Hulk' and burst out of his clothes if he didn't get it out now. Undoing the belt of his jeans, swiftly followed by his buttons, Dave soon had his hard, hot dick in his hand. Giving it an experimental stroke, Dave shuffled a little closer to the car and watched the live sex show playing out in front of him.

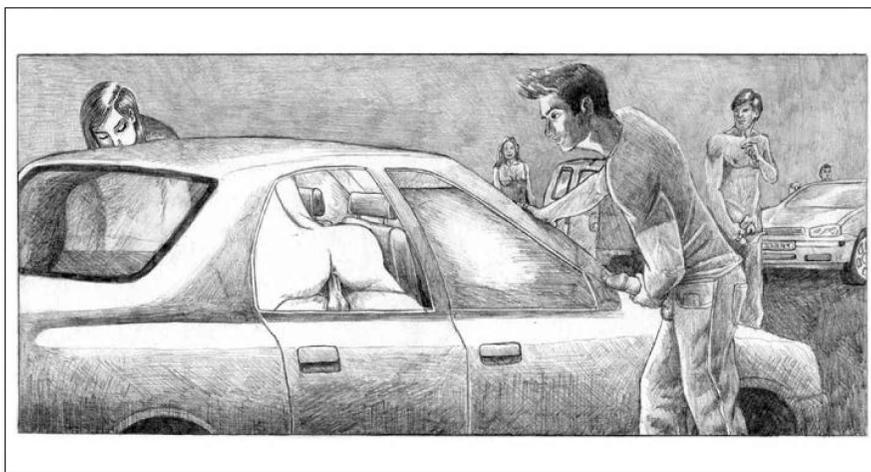
Inside the car, Dave could see the guy and the girl were already fucking with abandon. The guy was lying along the length of the backseat, his legs bent. His partner was on top and fucking him rhythmically. Her ample hips rolled as she appeared to massage him with her pussy. Dave's vantage point wasn't the best – he was at the end where their heads were – so he moved to the other side of the car. The girl's face and tits and expression of unrestrained ecstasy had been pleasurable enough to look at. But now he was here, Dave wanted to see the good stuff.

Like the car in the video he'd watched, this one also had its windows open. As Dave moved up to the opposite window he could hear the pair of them grunting and growling like animals. The girl's

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plump ass bounced up and down, revealing a pink and sodden slit and her partner's juice-slicked shaft every time she rose up.

Giving his cock an experimental squeeze, Dave began to masturbate slowly. It felt weird at first, but the more mesmerised he became by the scene in front of him, the less Dave thought about the fact he was wanking in a public car park. The brunette in the car was starting to make more and more noise, and Dave guessed she was going to cum soon. Her partner dug his fingers into her ample ass and rammed forcefully up into her, making the car bounce like crazy on its suspension. Then, with a wail, the girl came, releasing a gush of juices all over her man's cock and balls.



What happened next took Dave completely by surprise. He'd expected the girl to relax a little, catch her breath, before finishing her man off. Instead she paused for barely a couple of seconds, then lifted herself off her partner's still-erect cock. Grasping it in her hand, she then manoeuvred it so the tip was poised against her asshole. Slowly, she sunk down onto it, giving Dave the most incredible view of her pucker of flesh gobbling up the thick, meaty column. His own cock leapt and Dave started to stroke himself more vigorously.

This was crazy. If someone had told him a few days ago that he'd be jerking off over a girl taking it up the ass in a car park, he'd have thought they were insane. And yet here he was, taking this mad

risk and totally getting off on it.

There was no doubt in Dave's mind that this was his 'thing.' He may have only just realised his penchant for watching and being watched, but he already knew that he'd be back, again and again. The rush, the illicit thrill, the incredibly powerful arousal – it was addictive. Dave had never felt so alive. Even if he never ended up taking part in any of the dogging activities, he'd rather be doing what he was doing now than going back to a sexless, boring existence. Not to mention, now he'd caught the bug, his libido had gone from indifferent to insane. He'd start dry humping women at the supermarket checkout if he didn't do something about it.

Mentally pushing his thoughts away, Dave focussed on what was happening in the car. The brunette was obviously an anal pro as she'd taken her partner's cock without any fuss and was now riding it like there was no tomorrow. The cramped conditions of the vehicle's back seat meant there wasn't much room for manoeuvre, but she was giving it her best shot. Dave – feeling braver now – shuffled closer still to the car window. He was so close now that he could reach through the window and touch the woman's bare ass. He didn't, but he SO wanted to. In fact, he wanted to do a damn sight more than just touch it. Dave wanted to be the one stuffing his cock deep in her ass, feeling the tight ring of muscle gripping his cock as he pumped into her and eventually shot his load.

The mere thought made Dave's balls tingle and tighten so that he had to loosen the grip on his prick, not wanting to cum just yet. In a strange kind of a way he felt like he was having a threesome with the couple. It would be so hot if the three of them came together. Judging from the frantic bouncing and the noises coming from the pair, he wasn't going to have to wait long. Sure enough, he saw the brunette's hand disappear in front of her – presumably to stroke her clit – and seconds later she yelled her ecstasy into the night, swiftly followed by a roar from her man. In the meantime, Dave had picked up his pace again until his hand was almost a blur. Grunting, he felt his shaft pulse in his palm and his jism shot out onto the gravel surface of the car park in a seemingly endless stream.

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When his balls were at last devoid of their copious contents, Dave gingerly tucked his spent cock back into his boxers and trousers. He wasn't sure of etiquette here, but he wouldn't want someone watching him recover from an epic fuck, so he wasn't going to do it to anyone else. He moved away from the car, leaving the panting couple to get their breath back and do whatever it was that exhibitionists do when they're finished screwing in public. Maybe they'd go again, or possibly just go home. Either way, Dave wasn't sticking around. In fact, his attention had already been captured by something else.

His eyes were drawn to the people now gathering around a people carrier. Normally, people carriers drove Dave up the wall – there were far too many that were used to ferry perfectly healthy kids to school, rather than let them walk the five hundred yards – but he had to admit it was a damn good vehicle to use for this kind of pastime. There was definitely room to manoeuvre in this car – the flash of blonde hair and wildly rocking vehicle a testament to that fact.

Feeling brave after his first successful dogging encounter, Dave decided to go and investigate. He slipped as close to the car as possible without ruining someone else's view. It so happened that he'd again ended up on the side of the car which afforded the best view of the couple's cock and cunt, and he certainly wasn't complaining. The door was open too, which Dave guessed meant something, but he wasn't sure what. He guessed he'd find out soon enough.

The woman was on top, her lithe body moving powerfully and confidently on top of her partner. She clearly worked out – she was small with well-defined muscles and not an inch of excess flesh – and as Dave watched her bounce and flex, he wondered how her strong thighs would feel clamped around his back – or his head. He'd definitely like to find out.

Perhaps predictably, his cock was soon straining at its confines once more. He hadn't done his jeans up properly after the first time he'd cum, so he simply slipped his fingers beneath the waistband of his boxer shorts and pulled out his eager erection. As he did so, he heard a voice from the car. He hadn't been expecting it, so he wasn't

listening and therefore didn't catch what was said. Then the voice came more loudly. It was the guy, and this time Dave clearly heard his request: "She wants someone in her ass."

Dave looked around, expecting a rugby scrum to occur as every guy there queued up to get their hands on that sweet backside. But nobody moved and Dave remembered that many men genuinely just wanted to watch and not engage, as it were. Shrugging, he reached into his pocket for a condom. He wasn't going to waste the opportunity. Tearing the foil, he stuffed the empty wrapper back into his pocket and had his cock safely sheathed in seconds.

He had his eyes so firmly on the prize now that it didn't occur to Dave to be nervous about fucking a complete stranger in the ass in a public place while her boyfriend pounded her pussy. The blood he needed to operate his brain had well and truly rushed to his crotch, and his cock led the way to the open door of the people carrier.

What happened next took Dave quite by surprise. He wasn't exactly expecting the couple to stop mid-fuck in order to introduce themselves and sit down for a cup of tea with him – but he wasn't expecting what happened either.

The male partner had obviously seen Dave approaching his girlfriend's thrashing body. His voice strained with lust and undeniable excitement, the guy said to Dave, "She's been waiting all week for this. You got a condom?"

Before Dave could answer, the blonde – without turning her head – reached a hand behind her and groped for Dave's cock. Feeling the latex-sheathed erection in her hand, she gave it a couple of firm pumps before affirming, "Oh, he's good." Dave wasn't sure if she meant his cock or the condom. Either way, he took it as a compliment. Still looking down into her partner's lust-addled face, the blonde snarled to Dave, "Now spit on it and fuck me."

Too horny to think of any kind of response, Dave did as he was asked. Spitting onto his fingers, he smeared his slippery saliva over his straining cock. Then for good measure, he spat again and slicked the makeshift lubricant over the fluttering ring of the blonde's asshole. She moaned and pushed back against his fingers, obviously

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eager to be filled by two cocks at once. He slipped a finger through the tight ring of muscle, dizzy with lust at the realisation that he was shortly going to be replacing it with his cock. He pumped his thick digit in and out of her ass a couple of times, eliciting an enthusiastic “Yes...yes....yes!!” and a “Fuck yes....just put it in me!”

Feeling very much like a stud in a porn film, Dave removed his finger from the clutch of the blonde’s anus, dropped his jeans and underwear to his ankles and got into position behind her. It was awkward to find room for his legs, but he managed, such was his eagerness to be inside her in this totally indecent setting. Angling his cock for maximum ease, he pressed it against her smooth rectum. Feeling him there, she paused in her movements to ease his entry, a sentiment he definitely appreciated, as the slippery saliva continued to do its job. Dave had to grip his shaft firmly to avoid missing his tender target. Pushing forward, he felt her muscles slowly start to give and before long the head of his cock was inside her.

Pausing momentarily, Dave steadied himself by tightly gripping the firm ass before him, then continued sliding into it, inch by eager inch. The blonde had also paused, drawing in a breath that she finally let out when he was balls-deep in her anus. Then she began to move again, her rhythmic movements creating a kind of seesaw action on the cocks buried inside her. As one was in the other was – almost – out, and vice versa. Dave decided it was best to just hang on and enjoy the ride. The last thing he wanted was to ruin the blonde’s delicious rhythm which promised to milk his cock dry in no time at all. The tight grip around his cock and the crazily illicit thrill of the whole evening promised to rob him of any stamina he might have had under more usual circumstances.

He closed his eyes and let the delicious sensation wash over him. As the couple had been fucking for some time before he’d joined in, they were already well on their way to their own climaxes. This was evidenced by the increase in pitch of their moans, and the way the woman suddenly picked up her speed. She was clearly close to toppling over the edge and her ass bounced beautifully beneath Dave’s hands. He opened his eyes and looked down, feeling a spike of

arousal as he watched his shaft being repeatedly swallowed into that tight, dark crevice. Dave thought it was quite possibly the most erotic thing he'd seen in his entire life. His cock clearly agreed, as Dave felt the telltale signs of climax creep throughout his body. He gritted his teeth, desperate to hang on at least until the blonde started to cum. He hoped it wouldn't be much longer.

Luckily for him, it wasn't. The man pounding the blonde's cunt had clearly been hanging on for as long as humanly possible, letting out an almost frightening yell as he bucked up inside her. Dave could feel the other man's violently pulsing shaft mashing against the thin wall separating their cocks. Seconds later, the blonde tumbled off her own precipice, her scream loud and forceful as her pussy began to contract wildly, squeezing both cocks in a delicious death grip. That was it for Dave. He allowed himself to let go, digging his fingers into the blonde's hips as he shuddered and grunted, emptying his fluid into the condom. His shaft twitched and leapt, an amazing amount of cum for a guy who had ejaculated not fifteen minutes earlier. Dave grinned to himself, feeling all the more like a porn star. They were supposed to be able to shoot massive loads, weren't they? Pearl necklaces and money shots and all that?

As the three of them started to disentangle, Dave stepped back onto the surface of the tarmac, a hand on either side of the door frame to steady himself. He hadn't realised he was still grinning until he saw something that wiped the smile firmly off his face.

The blonde had slithered off her partner and slumped onto the car seat, catching her breath. She'd inadvertently glanced up and seen Dave still standing there. As Dave happened to look at her face, his features instantly snapped into a mirror image of the horrified expression she wore.

It was her. Sergeant Samantha Silver.

He blinked.

It was still her. Her appalled expression as she stared at him proved that it wasn't just an eerie lookalike, but actually her. And he'd just fucked her. In the ass. In a parked car.

Dave's first thought, before pulling up his pants and running

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for his car – and his life – was that she’s obviously not such the hard faced Queen Bitch she makes out to be, after all!



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