

SEVEN ILLUSTRATED EROTIC TALES OF VENIAL VICE!

# SEVEN DEADLY SINS



COMPILED BY KOJO BLACK  
ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LACHATTE

# S w e e t m e a t s

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Sometimes it can be so difficult to say no. It can be so much more gratifying to sate an urge than to deny it. And it can be so pleasurable to say yes to excess. Often, it is the most common excesses – Lust, Greed, Gluttony, Envy, Sloth, Pride and Wrath – that are the hardest to resist. And it is the unsolicited state of being human that makes each and every one of us so susceptible. As such, these excesses have become known as the Seven Deadly Sins.

As a devout chorister of kink, I was overjoyed to be able to explore these themes with seven salacious writers who are as prodigious as they are prodigal. The authors within these pages had no shame in confronting the Seven Deadly Sins and twisting them into the most gloriously carnal tales of temptation and desire – each sin brought beautifully to life by the illustrations of John LaChatte.

We invite you to nestle between these pages, to sin seven times in sweet succession, and to transgress most sensually and unrepentantly! The Seven Deadly Sins have never been so sexy!

-Kojo Black

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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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For sinners and saviours, both sweet and indiscreet

# LUST

## Aphrodite Gets a Piece of the Action

BY K D GRACE



Jack Calendar hoiked himself up into the sturdy branches of the oak tree for the third night in a row. Christ, was he out of his fucking mind? He fought his way through the thick summer foliage that slapped at his face and scratched his arms. With a move that was less than graceful, and dangerously close to costing him the family jewels, he straddled a nice thick branch, leaned back against the rough bark of the trunk and settled in for the show.

It didn't take long. Almost as if she had waited for him to assume the position, the gorgeous blonde, whose antics he'd been watching the past two nights, arrived. Tonight she wore a black leather mini with a matching halter top that cupped those luscious tits of hers like a groping pair of hands. He flexed his fingers in empathy. Tonight Blondie — that's what he called her in his head when he thought about her — and he thought about her a lot. Tonight Blondie was accompanied by a stunning women with skin the colour of mocha. Her hair was jet black and cropped short. The chick wore nothing but a very long string of pearls knotted at her throat, which Blondie used as a leash. Jack couldn't help thinking that Blondie's pet looked and moved like a sleek dark cat. Every muscle was a delicate balance



of tension and release, tension and release, and at the forefront, taut high tits with chocolate truffle nipples, led the way. The thought made his mouth water, and he fumbled and shoved at his track bottoms to release his cock and get a grip.

Blondie led the chick to the edge of a plush chaise longue. And dear God in heaven, it was right in front of the window, almost as though she had arranged it centre stage for Jack's viewing pleasure. She ran a hand over Cat Woman's tight little titties and down her belly. Her dark eyelids fluttered in response. Jack could almost swear he heard her whimper as Blondie examined her naked pussy, slipping two fingers into that luscious pout and swirling them, all the while worrying her bottom lip with her teeth, almost as though she were testing bathwater before she sank in deep. Then she withdrew her fingers, brought them to her nose and inhaled Cat Woman's scent before her tongue lapped off the wetness that glistened in the incandescent lighting, lighting that seemed way too bright for the sexy encounter that Jack anticipated. With a flick of her wrist, she motioned to Cat Woman, who knelt expectantly on the floor in front of the chaise longue.

Then, just before she seated herself, Blondie eased the hem of the skirt up until her own succulent pink cunt made an appearance in the limelight. Jack's balls surged with the weight of his lust, lust so heavy that he was amazed it hadn't broken the branch on which he sat.

Once Blondie was positioned with her legs wide apart and her pussy gaping at Jack like a hungry mouth, she gathered Cat Woman's pearl leash and pulled her face close. The disappearing view of Blondie's puss was replaced by the pleasing sight of Cat Woman's whole split, from the gripping bud of her asshole to the heavily sheened pout of her cunt. It wasn't hard for Jack to imagine sidling up behind her little round ass, hunched so high in the air like it was, and shoving right in to her tight grip, shoving right in and riding her deep and hard while he leaned over to release Blondie's heavy tits and give them a good fondling. Oh yes. He could imagine that alright.

## LUST - APHRODITE GETS A PIECE OF THE ACTION

He really didn't need to make an effort to hold it, to make it last. He knew that Blondie was just getting started. No doubt, Cat Woman would only be the first act. The last two nights had been a regular orgy at Blondie's place, and Jack was so fucking greedy that he'd stayed on for the whole show, or at least until he'd had to leave and go to work.

The thing was, he'd always had a high libido. He masturbated... well he masturbated a lot! There were no women in his life. That would have required him making some effort to actually meet someone. Aside from the fact that he was perpetually shy where women were concerned, he'd be the first to admit he was too lazy to make the effort, but he could live with that. He'd never claimed to be ambitious. Still, he supposed it was a bit strange. He was a consultant, working for himself. He practically lived online, and yet he spent none of that time on the porn sites or in chat rooms. None of them could do for him what his imagination could, at least not until he had, completely by accident, discovered Blondie's boudoir.

He'd gone up the tree to rescue a cat. The cat had sounded so distressed that he couldn't just walk away. God he was such a bleeding heart. Thing is, when he got up the tree, the cat was gone and he had the best seat in the house to watch Blondie do...well, do a whole shit-load of nasty things to a whole shit-load of nasty people. And once one group was spent, she called in the next. The woman was tireless, and apparently so was he. Jesus, he couldn't remember how many times he came that first night, and every time he came, his lust was only stoked to new levels and the pleasure of it was not like anything he'd ever felt before.

After the first night, he was sure nothing like that would ever happen again, but he had to find out, didn't he? And when he climbed back up the oak tree with his balls feeling like they were lined with lead, sure enough, Blondie was taking it up both holes from two guys in togas and roman-looking breast-plates, which she peeled off them like she was peeling shrimp. And that was how it started.

And what was totally unbelievable was that Jack wasn't exhausted. For the last two days he'd faced his work clear-headed

and focused in a way he'd never been before. He'd never been so productive. He'd even made it to the gym, a thing which he still couldn't figure out. He'd made it his life's ambition to avoid gyms. But there he was, sweating and grunting and feeling invigorated and aroused. And fuck if he hadn't cum like a fire hose afterwards, wanking and tugging and huffing away in the locker room shower before he headed back home — back home for a couple more hours work, then it was off to the oak tree. Tonight he'd decided to run to Blondie's place. He wasn't sure how far it was, but it didn't matter. He was just so keyed up with lust and vigor that it seemed like the thing to do. Plus the smell of sweat and pheromones, the smell of his own animal lust set the ambiance for whatever Blondie would do tonight.

And the ambiance must have been well-set because, right on cue, a mountain of a man blew into the room, nearly ripping the double doors off the decorative hinges. He was enormous, and every square inch of his bulk was muscle. He was barely covered by the white bath towel wrapped around his waist, which began to part like the red sea as his, definitely built-to-scale, schlong rose to the occasion. The man was hung like a donkey and he walked with a limp. Jack couldn't help wondering if that was due to all the weight he carried between his legs. He forgot all about the limp when the man dropped the towel and his cock lead the way to the party on the chaise longue. First, he practically ripped open Blondie's halter top, his huge hands offering way more tit coverage than the top had. He curled one hand in her hair, yanking her neck so hard that Jack feared he'd break it, yanking her practically up off the chair to ravage her mouth with tongue and teeth. His other hand pinched nipples and slapped luscious tittie-flesh until Blondie whimpered and whined and squirmed even more than she'd already been squirming.

Then with a hard slap to her excited tits and a bite to her throat that looked painful, he moved around behind Cat Woman, parted her cheeks with one hand and guided his pole into her wet pout with the other. Jack held his breath at the first thrust, which he feared would surely split the woman in two, but her cries of ecstasy or agony — Jack couldn't tell which — were muffled into the swollen

valley of Blondie's slit.

The man was tall enough that he could hump the hell out of Cat Woman's cunt and still pay lip service to Blondie's bouncy tits, yanking her forward until the whole tableau looked like a human pretzel mixed mocha, sun baked and delicate cream, skin against skin, thrust against thrust. Blondie's legs were now wrapped around Cat Woman's neck, and the big man hammered into her raised cunny for all he was worth.

And when he came, Jesus when he came, he pulled out and shot his wad up Cat Woman's bare spine all the way up between Blondie's pointy tits. And Jack unloaded empathetically in a hefty arch out over the limbs of the oak.

"Hey you! Ass-wipe! Don't make me come up after you."

Coming up wasn't necessary. Startled, Jack lost his balance on the limb and fell out of the tree backward, his fall slowed by the hard thwack, thwack, thwack of a half a dozen smaller, more supple branches before he hit the manicured lawn flat on his back leaving him winded and stunned.

"Izzee dead?" A voice hissed from somewhere above Jack's prone, breathless body.

"Course 'ees not dead. His cock's still hard. Sonovabitch! Hat's off to 'im, I say."

"Don't matter. When her dad gets through with him, he'll wish he was dead."

"Shut up, you two. No one asked your opinion," a third voice said. Then the owner of that voice grabbed Jack by the arm and hauled him to his feet nearly dislocating his shoulder in the process. He found himself nose to nose with a man possessing perfectly coiffed hair that looked like it came straight from an 'eighties cop show. And the rest of him looked like a poster boy for a hard core muscle mag, right down to the bad-ass eagle tat rippling up his bulging right bicep. If that wasn't crazy enough, the man was wearing a toga, for chrissake! His pecs bulged and his nipples looked like they'd been clamped within an inch of their lives. And who the hell noticed a man's nipples, Jack wondered, especially when Blondie's old man was

about to make him wish he were dead.

"Tuck it in, Bub," Toga Man nodded to Jack's cock which, embarrassingly enough, still offered a full frontal salute. He shoved and shifted it back into his track suit, but even then it led the way as he fell into step behind Toga Man with two black-suit security types flanking him. What the hell was the matter with him? He could die or worse and he still had enough wood to start a bonfire.

"Big Z ain't gonna be happy you watching his daughter do the dirty," the suit to his left spoke out of one side of his mouth.

"You shut your pie-hole," Toga Man said. "You dunno what makes Big Z happy. Besides, she ain't his daughter."

Big Z? What the hell was this, Jack wondered, some kind of Mafioso toga party? They made their way through the enormous marble foyer of the house Jack hadn't noticed being anywhere nearly so huge from his perch in the oak tree. But then his attention hadn't really been focused on the house, had it? At last, Toga Man dismissed the Mafia-thugs and quick marched Jack (both hands folded protectively across the bounce, bounce, bounce of his erection) to another set of double doors at the end of a long hallway. He threw them open and with a hand on Jack's shoulder, half shoved him into an opulent study. There, Jack found himself face to face with the bare ass of a guy doing the nasty up the bumhole of another, a situation that didn't prevent Toga Man from announcing loudly. "We found this scumbag up the oak tree watching Aph."

The man administering the ass-fucking pulled out with a jerk and tugged his toga down over the heavy equipment. "Goddamnit, Ganymede, what's a man gotta do to get a little privacy around here?"

The administeree of the ass-fucking, who had no toga to tug, grabbed a velvet pillow from the setttee for frontal coverage and slunk off red faced, but not before receiving a scorching glare from Ganymede, who then struck a muscle-bound pose with eagle-tat bulging and addressed the man Jack assumed was Big Z. "Well, he's been doing it for the past three nights now. I just thought you ought to know."

That seemed to get Big Z's attention. "Did you say three

nights?”

“Three long nights.” Ganymede rolled his eyes and looked down at his Rolex for emphasis.

Big Z slipped into a purple velvet robe and tugged the sash tight around his waist, still doing battle with the bulge, then he gave Jack the once-over. Jack stood, hands still strategically placed over his own ill-mannered cock. “Does she know?”

“Of course she knows. She’s the one who sent me. Like I got nothing else to do but watch this air breather wank.”

By now Jack was beginning to wonder if maybe he’d fallen through the rabbit hole because this was all just too nuts for words. And still, his cock betrayed him. What the hell was the matter with him anyway?

“Leave us,” Big Z said, waving a hand covered in a good kilo of gold rings. And damned if he didn’t sound just like Marlin Brando in the Godfather. He even looked a bit like him if Jack were honest.

Ganymede gave Big Z a heavy-lipped pout, then he gave Jack a sour look and stalked out of the room, closing the double-doors behind him.

Jack braced himself. But Big Z said nothing. He filled two glasses from a crystal decanter and Jack caught a whiff of expensive whiskey as he took an offered glasses and sipped nervously while Big Z swallowed his back and refilled it to the brim.

Then he spoke, looking down into the swirl of his whiskey. “Three days you been watching my daughter?”

“I didn’t plan to,” Jack said. “I went up the tree to rescue a cat, but the cat must have got down some other way and then I saw her and...”

Big Z nodded as though that explained everything. “The old cat up the tree trick. She ain’t pulled that one in a while.” He offered a twitch of a smile. “And when there was no cat and you saw Aphrodite humping some chump’s brains out, you wanked your balls off.”

Jack didn’t reply. There was hardly any need to when he had been caught in the act.

Big Z waved a dismissive hand. “She’s not actually my

daughter. Look, what's your name?"

"Jack. Jack Calendar."

"Sit down, Jack Calendar." He nodded to the settee in front of his desk, then he settled into a huge leather chair on the other side. "It's complicated, Jack. Aphrodite's, well, I suppose you could say that she is my ward. But I have always treated her like she was my own offspring because I have a great deal of affection for her. In a filial sense of the word, that is. Her sexual proclivities are none of my business. She is an adult and it ain't my way to interfere unnecessarily. But I've always known from the very beginning that Aphrodite is a woman of...special needs."

"Special needs?" Jack breathed.

Big Z tossed back his drink and poured himself another one. "She's the fucking goddess of love, for chrissake."

Jack choked on his own whiskey. "She's what?"

"You ain't no moron, Jack Calendar, surely you musta suspected something about her was...unusual after three days." Big Z looked down into his glass and nodded slowly. "Ever since she rose up out of the sea foam on that giant oyster shell, I knew that she wasn't your garden variety goddess. There she was looking all innocent and doe-eyed and all alone by herself. Well, I'm a pushover, Jack. Soft-hearted to a fault, I am. Of course I had to take her in, didn't I?"

Sea foam? Garden variety goddess? Jack wondered what the hell the Z Man spiked his whiskey with.

If the man was joking, he was definitely po-faced about it. "Trouble is," Big Z continued, "I had no idea that the woman had such a libido. I mean, you got your Athena and you got your Artemis, all chaste and proper like goddesses are supposed to be, then along comes Aphrodite."

All this goddess talk was beginning to make Jack really nervous. If the man was really a nut case, if he really believed that Blondie was the goddess of love and Jack had been watching her have sex, then Jack could be in way more trouble than he thought. For all Jack knew Big Z could be some murderous serial killer who lured men into the tree to watch Blondie's orgies, then had his thugs bring them to

him and...Jack shivered at the thought of the bloke being butt fucked when he arrived. Who knew what horrible means of torture and death someone with delusions of godhood could dream up, especially if they thought they were protecting the goddess of love.

He shifted nervously in his chair as Big Z leaned across his desk and held Jack in an earnest gaze. "Within her first week on Olympus, she fucked all the servants — chicks and dudes, it didn't matter one iota to her. And you see, the thing is, she was just so lovely and so delightful that it didn't matter. We all loved her, and we just let her have her head, so to speak."

"Wait a minute. Are you serious? Are you telling me that you're really... That Big Z's short for...that you're Zeus, *the* Zeus. The one from Greek mythology and Mount Olympus and all that?"

Big Z blinked as though Jack had suddenly become an idiot.

"And Blondie, I mean Aphrodite, she really is Aphrodite, the goddess of love?"

Big Z drummed his ring-laden fingers on the desk. "Didn't I just say that? Am I not speaking the Queen's English?"

"And I just spent three nights watching the goddess of love..." his voice trailed off as Big Z nodded impatiently.

"Have we not already established that fact, Mr. Calendar?"

"You can't really expect me to believe that you really are... and she is..."

Big Z eyed him with a bored-now look. "Go to the window, Mr. Calendar and tell me if you see an oak tree in the front garden of my house?"

Jack set his whiskey down and did as he was told. The garden was well lit with an array of night lighting, and he could see the street running in front of the high brick wall. From the part of the house he was in, he could even see Aphrodite's window, still ablaze with light and his cock squirmed to think what might be going on in there, what he might be seeing if he were still in the oak tree... He looked again, then rubbed his eyes. Feeling slightly dizzy, he steadied himself against the ledge of the window and leaned farther out. Then he rubbed his eyes again with his knuckles and looked once more.



Big Z came to his side. “You see, Mr. Calendar, Jack. There is no oak tree on the other side of the fence, and even if there was, it would be too far away for you to see my daughter in her nightly recreations, at least not with your naked eyes. Would you not agree?”

“That’s impossible,” Jack whispered, feeling like he’d just stepped off a fast-moving roller coaster. “I was there. I saw her. I mean, I watched her.”

Big Z slipped an arm around his shoulder and guided him back to the settee. And it was his turn to down his drink, bottoms up. Big Z refilled both their glasses and sat down next to him. “You’re not going crazy, Jack, on that you can depend.”

“Then you really are...”

Zeus shrugged in a self-deprecating manner. “If you’d like I can conjure a thunder storm for you, rain down some lightning bolts, that sorta thing. However there are several wealthy politicians who have sacrificed a lot for good weather tonight, so the lightning bolts would not be my first choice. Business, you understand.”

“Then what happened?” Jack asked. “If I’m not losing my mind then what’s been happening the past three nights.”

“Exactly what you thought was happening, Jack, only the oak tree wasn’t real. Neither was the cat. And Aphrodite made sure you saw exactly what she wanted you to see.”

Jack blinked. “I don’t understand.”

Without warning, Zeus thumped him on the ear. “What are you thick or something? Weren’t you listening to me? Didn’t I just say Aphrodite’s a woman of special needs, and those needs are of a sexual nature.”

Jack rubbed his ear. “I still don’t get what that has to do with me. I wasn’t fucking her, was I?”

“That’s the point, Jack.”

“The point?”

“You weren’t fucking her, but she wants you to.”

When Jack still looked blank, Zeus growled. “Oh for fuck sake, didn’t I just tell you the woman is insatiable? Didn’t I just tell you that she needs a lot of sex, that she needs someone who can keep

up with her needs.”

“You want me to...with the... Fuck!” Jack rose from his chair, but Zeus grabbed his arm and pulled him back down.

“You take care of the Family, Jack, and the Family will take care of you.”

“I don’t understand,” Jack said again. “I don’t understand what that means.”

“It means you work for us now, Jack Calendar.” He leaned close. “Here’s how I see it. Aphrodite’s always run the family business. The woman has a gift for high finance. Who’d a thought? But she can’t do her job if she’s distracted by her carnal needs, now can she? And here among you mortals, I ain’t got the personnel these days to keep her well fucked. It was hard enough on Olympus. The woman needs a PA — a PA who can fuck her brains out when she needs it and have the stamina to keep on going, you know, like that Energizer Bunny. And, by the looks of things, she wants that to be you. You’ll be Aphrodite’s pink bunny, Jack Calendar, cuz so far, in all these long years, you’re the only one who can keep up with her.”

“Wait, I’m not a PA. I’m in IT. I don’t do...”

“That’s even better, that you know computers, Jack Calendar! That’s just perfect, in fact.” Zeus rubbed his hands together. “It’ll be your job to meet her special needs, Jack.” He gave a huge shrug that made the robe swallow up his neck for a second. “Of course she may need you to bring her coffee, or help her with some social networking, make sure the website is up to speed, those kinda things. Running the family business from home, as she does, it’s important to keep up with the latest, you know. And so much the better if she has someone who can fuck her all night and update the website in the morning,”

“But I already have a job,” Jack said.

“I’ll pay you twice as much, no. That is an insult to your intelligence, Jack, an insult. I’ll pay you five times as much, plus benefits and a very hefty sign-on bonus. In fact if you go to your account online, you’ll see that I have already left you a very nice deposit as a token of my good will.”

Jack ran a hand through his hair and blew out a breath. “Let me get this right, you’re paying me to fuck the goddess of love.”

Zeus leaned close and breathed expensive whiskey in Jack’s face. “Jack, I’m gonna make you an offer you can’t refuse. I’m Zeus. I don’t take no for an answer.” Before Jack could decide whether to laugh or not, Zeus held him in an amber stare. “She can still fuck you if your legs are broke, you know. But it won’t be nearly as pleasant for you, Jack Calendar.”

The same two black suits who had escorted him to Zeus’s office led Jack up a curved marble staircase and down another long hall. One of the men, who looked rather nervous, knocked softly on yet another set of double doors, and Cat Woman, still wearing nothing but her string of pearls, answered. She smelled of sex, and Jack’s cock definitely liked the olfactory foreplay. She stepped aside and motioned him in, but shut the two suits out in the hall. Without a word, she took his hand and led him to the centre of the large, plush room decorated in soft shades green and mauve. It wasn’t difficult for Jack to believe this was the boudoir of the goddess of love. But in all honesty, it wasn’t the décor he was paying attention to — it was Cat Woman’s pert little ass shifting and tightening with every step she took, and that wonderful aroma of hot pussy was nearly enough to make him lose it. It certainly helped take his mind off the fact that the next place his cock would be was in the cunt of the goddess of love. If that wasn’t a mind fuck, he didn’t know what was!

“I’m Iris,” Cat Woman said. “I serve as messenger for the gods. Aphrodite is bathing at the moment and, since she expects you to be...” her dark gaze dropped to the bulge in his track suit, “...a bit uncomfortable. She’s asked me to prepare you and bring you to her.”

She knelt and untied his Nikes, her face so close to his cock that he could feel the heat of her breath. Then she helped him out of them and his socks. “Take them off.” She nodded to his track bottoms, and watched dispassionately while he did as she asked. “And now your t-shirt.”

Again he obeyed. And when he stood before her naked, his

pole pointing at her solicitously, she gave him the once-over, as though he were nothing more than produce at the supermarket. He should have been offended, he supposed, but his cock certainly wasn't. She walked around behind him and brushed the tips of her fingers down his back and onto his ass-cheeks, and he sucked a heavy breath. Then she moved close behind him, so close that he could feel the pointy tips of her nipples warm and thick against his back. "Don't disappoint her," she whispered against his ear.

Well that was a real aphrodisiac of a statement, he thought. And yet his cock didn't waver in its resolve, as she led him into the bathroom with his heart pounding a heavy beat that he felt clear down to his balls.

It was a gigantic white marble bathtub shaped like half an oyster shell. Of course it was. And it was full of fragrant bubbles. Naturally it would be. And when she saw him from where she reclined barely visible over the abundant bubbles, she rose up out of the foam, right on cue, he thought.

But then he pretty much stopped thinking altogether because when she stood there like that, totally naked, golden hair falling around her shoulders and breasts, nipples puckered like pink rose buds and eyes bluer than any eyes he'd ever seen, well, how the hell could he think? Fuck, it was all he could do to breathe. And how the hell could he ever doubt who she was?

She held out her hand to him. "Jack Calendar, I've been waiting for you."

And her voice. God her voice went right through him, made him feel like he would dissolve into nothingness right there in the water where she stood. The only part of him that felt like it had any substance at all was his cock, and it ached with a lust he'd never felt before, a lust that he was now certain no one in the whole world could ever satisfy except for the goddess standing before him, holding out her hand to him. And if she didn't ease his suffering, he was sure he'd die.

Far less gracefully than he'd planned, he splashed his way into the sunken half-shell of a tub, then fell to his knees before her, the

fragrant water lapping at his cock in warm waves.

“There, there, darling Jack,” she said, moving into his personal space, curling a finger beneath his chin and lifting it until his gaze met hers. And even the touch of her curled finger was fire against his skin. “It’s alright my dear Jack, you may be at your ease with me, and do not be afraid, for I shall show you exactly how you may best serve me.” She took a step closer until he was nose to pubes with the soft golden curls of her mound. “And I think you shall find worshipping me is not at all unpleasant.”

If her father spoke like Don Corleone, she spoke like she’d come straight from the pages of a Jane Austin novel, and fuck, was it hot.

She pulled away from him, and he thought he’d pass out from the absence of her touch. Then she motioned him to stand. “I have had such an evening, Jack Calendar, such a filthy evening that I find myself in need of a bath.” She held his gaze, “And I long for nothing so much as to be bathed by you.”

Anxious to please her, he found a sea sponge in a silver tray of bath implements at the ready by the side of the tub. He took it in nervous fingers, but she grabbed his wrist and stopped him just above one hugely swollen nipple. She held his gaze. “With your hands, Jack Calendar, bathe me with your hands.”

He dropped the sponge, and she squeezed body shampoo onto his palms then guided them to her breasts. And he was in ecstasy. He cupped the fullness of the goddess of love in his palms, soaping and kneading and thumbing and fondling. As her nipples rose through the foam, his balls tightened impossibly around their load, impatient for the moment of release. And as his cock pressed solicitously against the goddess’s silken thigh, he couldn’t imagine why anyone would want an out-of-body experience. Surely nothing could be more sublime than to be completely *in* one’s body and at the tender mercies of the goddess of love.

It was like she’d read his mind, and maybe she had. Her laugh was soft and crystalline, and he could feel it vibrate through her breasts, through her hardened nipples. “Though I suspect you

are quite capable and fit to perform anything I may conceive for our sexual pleasure, I will be gentle with you for your first time, my darling. For I know how overwhelming I can be if I am not very careful, especially when I have intercourse with mortals.” She leaned close and gently cupped a hand beneath the weight of his balls, and the strangled gurgle that came from his mouth was anything but elegant. But Aphrodite didn’t seem to notice as she brushed a breath of a kiss against his lips and began gently, hypnotically kneading his balls. They felt like they expanded with each caress until he was sure they must be bigger than the whole bathtub.

“How full you are, Jack Calendar.” she whispered against his ear. “I do not know how you can contain within yourself the weight of such need.”

He wasn’t sure either at the moment.

“How I long to feel the release of your fullness up into my womanhood. Since the very first night you watched me, I have longed to have you enter me, darling, to have your swollen member fill my tightness, and ease my terrible need with your thrustings. Oh my sweet man, the very thought makes my secret opening burn with desire and thicken with my womanly dew.” She pulled away, and he found himself once again locked in her sapphire gaze. “Would you taste the dewy womanhood of the goddess, Jack Calendar?”

Fuck! Did the goddess of love just ask him to lick her pussy? He nodded idiotically, his mouth watering at the very thought. But he couldn’t seem to find enough brain power to comment verbally.

Still holding his gaze, she splashed water over each of her breasts in turn, rinsing off the soap in kneading caresses that culminated with tugs and pinches to her nipples and little kitten sounds at the back of her throat. And all the while, her hips rocked and shifted like she couldn’t quite get comfortable. And Christ, he would have lost it, had she not taken his penis in her hand and thumbed the head of it tightly.

“Come, Jack Calendar, come taste my pleasure. Then I shall let you enter me and take your release.”

She moved to the edge of the tub and seated herself on the

tiles. There she opened her legs wide, fingering her lips apart with a little gasp. "Oh, I have such need, Jack Calendar, such exquisite need. Worship me, my darling, worship me with your mouth."

Her clit was ruby hard and her pussy lips pouted heavily, glistening with wetness that Jack knew had nothing to do with the bath. Again he stumbled to his knees, this time between Aphrodite's open thighs, and her fingers scrabbled almost painfully in his hair as she pulled him down to her open slit.

The jeweled swell of her clit drew him first, and he settled a pursed-lipped kiss onto it with a press of his tongue, and damn if her pussy didn't practically gush over his chin. He felt against his tongue the little grunt that was her reaction to first contact. His tongue felt it, but his cock reacted to it with a tight tug at his balls.

He wasn't very experienced at eating pussy. He could say that about sex in general, except for wanking, of course. But then he could hardly impress the goddess of love by wanking in front of her could he?

He didn't know if there was an instinct for cunnilingus, and he really couldn't imagine the Goddess of Love faking it. So there was nothing for it but to let his tongue lead the way into the softest, warmest, slipperiest place he'd ever had the pleasure of licking. She tasted like honey and thick cream, and she smelled like the sea lingering in sunlit tide pools. And he couldn't get enough. Even if he could crawl up inside her and eat her forever he'd never get enough. Her thrusting became wild and frenetic, with each shifting and raking of her pussy flooding his mouth with the taste of her, the wet of her, and the fucking delicious lust of her.

And when she came, he could have drowned in her, might have done if she hadn't pulled him away from her cunt and dragged him on top of her, whimpering and quivering. She grabbed his cock in a grip that was none too gentle and slid one hand down to hold the swollen folds of her pussy open, lifting her rounded bottom up off the tiled surface in an effort to position herself.

There wasn't time to think about it. There was no ceremony, no prayer or meditation nor any of the ritual he would have thought

might take place before a mortal fucked a goddess. She just sheathed his cock in tight wet pussy so exquisite that, as she wrapped her legs around him and thrust up to meet him, he was sure he was having a religious experience.

But before he could get too enraptured by the goddess's cunt, she raked her divine fingernails across his ass-cheeks, and he flinched and bit back a curse. "I want you to hold your lust for me, Jack Calendar," she whispered against his ear. "For I promise you, the longer you hold it, the more pleasure you shall have when at last I give you permission to release it. Can you do that for me, my darling?"

"I'll try," he breathed.

Her laugh was low and throaty. "I would suggest that you do more than try, my dear Jack, for I shall punish you exquisitely if you do not." For emphasis, she gave him another nail raking, this time across his shoulder blades. Even before the sting had eased, Iris joined them in the bath. This time, however, she wore more than her requisite string of pearls. She wore a realistic strap-on dick that looked like it might be gold plated, and the belt that supported it was inlaid with pearls. Simple yet elegant. But Iris's fashion statement was of far less interest to Jack than the gold plated cock pointing in his direction.

Aphrodite bit his ear, returning his attention to her. "Ganymede wanted to be the first to enter your nether passage, Jack Calendar. Oh how he lusts for your lovely back hole." Her words were humid against his ear. "But Iris won the toss of the dice, and Ganymede will just have to wait his turn."

There was a moment of cold panic, but before the picture of Ganymede hammering his backside could completely unfold across the movie screen of his unconscious, Iris's very warm, very talented tongue tackled his asshole, and he held on to his load for dear life — maybe quite literally for all he knew. For a second he held very still between the two goddesses concentrating on just breathing, trying desperately to think of something unsexy — doing his expenses for the week, taking out the trash, doing laundry — anything to keep



him from spurting. Surely this was more than could be expected of any mortal. But then Iris lubed him with her warm, wet saliva and inserted a finger into his hole and...dear god, it felt so good!

Aphrodite curled her fingers in his hair and forced him to meet her gaze. Her face was ecstatic, her lips parted, her eyes bright. "I will have you open, Jack Calendar. Open to receive the divine gifts, open to the inspiration we can offer you here, the inspiration I can offer you that no one else can."

Then she nodded to Iris, and Jack held his breath, every muscle of his body tight, every muscle of his body anticipating penetration. Christ, he'd never taken it up the ass before, never imagined he would.

Aphrodite bit his ear again, and whispered, "Relax, Jack Calendar. While pain is often pleasure in disguise, it is simple pleasure I now offer you, and Iris is very gifted with her strap-on member. Trust me."

Breathe in, breathe out. Breathe in, breathe out. He was sheathed in the pussy of the fucking goddess of love! Breathe in. And each time she gripped him tighter... Breathe out. His balls clenched around their load. Breathe in. And just when he thought it couldn't possibly get any harder, *he* couldn't possibly get any harder... Breathe out. Iris reached between his legs and fingered the wetness of Aphrodite's juices dripping like honey down the length of his cock and on to the tiles beneath. Breathe in, breathe out. And fuck if she didn't use the goddess's pussy juices to lube up his asshole! Breathe in. Aphrodite tightened her girly grip and raked her tits against his chest. Breathe out. Iris spat on her hand and rubbed it over the length of her golden cock. Breathe in. And he felt her pressing it up tight against his pucker. Breathe out...

"You may enter him now, Iris," Aphrodite said.

Breathe in...

"And you, my dear Jack Calendar, must relax and breathe out."

Breathe out... Breathe out... Brea...!

Iris pushed her way into Jack's grudging ass in little grunts and starts and shoves until he yielded, forced open like a piece of

ripe fruit, feeling like she'd pushed all the way up into his chest cavity.

His eyes watered, his insides ached as he expanded around Iris's golden cock. "Fuck!" He tried to bite back the curse, but it came, and both goddesses laughed, bathing him in the humidity of their breath.

"And now, Jack Calendar," Aphrodite said. "We are going to have you, all of you until you are spent and trembling at our feet."

That time couldn't be far off, he thought. Then Iris began to thrust, and he was sure she would split him in two. Aphrodite curled her lips into a smile that could just as easily have been a snarl. "Fuck me now, Jack Calendar, and do not hold back, do not hold back even a little bit."

No chance of that, he thought, sandwiched between the two goddesses as he was. After that there was no thinking at all. The powerful thrusting of Iris up his ass drove him forward deeper into Aphrodite's tight-fisted cunt, and she rose up to meet him until her buttocks were completely off the tiles. He cupped her roundness, kneading her and gripping her, pulling her further onto him. With her upward thrusts he pressed back onto the relentless probing of Iris's cock, and then the whole process repeated itself.

The goddesses keened and whimpered and growled and he grunted and groaned and gripped and shoved till he thought he'd break apart. At some point, Iris began to wail, "I'm cumming...I'm cumming. I'm cumming!!" and the golden cock juddered and quaked in a space so tight he'd not have thought such a thing to be possible. And as she pushed him forward into Aphrodite's cunt, he looked up into bright blue eyes. Aphrodite bit her lip, offered a deep-chested cry and said, "Let us take release together, my love."

And it was like she'd turned on the faucet. He came in waves of lust. He trembled and roared and convulsed until, with what little brain he had left, he wondered if perhaps he would die. Right here, right now, jazzing into the cunt of the goddess of love. He was cool with that. And that, was the last thing he remembered.



“You fucked Heph’s wife. Wouldn’t wanna be in your shoes.”

Jack woke in the middle of an enormous four-poster bed staring up into the very smug face of Ganymede. The man was naked, with a battering ram of a hard-on that made Jack’s asshole pucker tight at the very thought.

In response to his less-than coherent look, Ganymede added, “Vulcan? Hephaestus? The god of the forge, technology, all that shit? Ring a bell?”

“I know who Hephaestus is,” Jack said. He would have pushed his way out of the bed, but he found himself stuck in the middle between Ganymede and Aphrodite, with Iris wrapped sleepily around the goddess of love. “It wasn’t like I had much choice, was it?”

Ganymede ignored his logic. “Hephaestus ain’t known for his forgiving nature. The rest of us, well, we have an unwritten rule that it don’t count as cheatin’ when it’s with a mortal. But to be honest, I ain’t sure Heph is onboard with that.” Ganymede’s face broke into a smile. “Still, I woulda never figured a mortal could make Aphrodite cum like that. That was some hot fucking, Jack Calendar.” He glanced down at Jack’s dick, and Jack pulled the sheet up over his semi.

“You saw us?”

“Course I saw you. We all did. Well everyone except Zeus, and Heph. They both had business back on Olympus.” He leaned closer, his eyes drifting down to Jack’s crotch again. “I nearly blew my wad when Iris gave it to you up the ass. It was a beautiful sight to behold.”

Jack’s ass twitched, and suddenly he had that down-the-rabbit-hole feeling again.

“Now, if I was you, I’d go get her some coffee,” Ganymede said. “Cuz when Aphrodite wakes up and there’s no coffee, well let’s just say it ain’t pretty. There’s a Starbucks just around the corner. She won’t drink nuttin’ else. Bente hazelnut latte. Extra shot.” He nodded toward the door. “And don’t forget the extra shot. She’ll know if you do.”



## LUST - APHRODITE GETS A PIECE OF THE ACTION

It must have looked strange, Jack in his ratty track suit flanked by two of Zeus's Armanied body guards shoving their way to the front of the queue in Starbucks. But no one seemed to notice the strange trio, nor their unacceptable queue-breaking behavior. They were men on a mission, and they were in and out with the true food of the gods in no time. Back at the big house, Aphrodite was already in her office, sitting behind her desk naked and exquisite as always, pounding away at her laptop. "You're late, Jack," she said as he set the latte down next to her and stepped back.

She took a lingering drink of her coffee then sighed. "That's better. Now take off your clothes and lick my pussy."

For a second, Jack stood stunned. What had happened to her sexy Jane Austin voice?"

Again it was as though she read his thoughts. "Business voice, Jack. Business voice. I don't have time to go all hearts and flowers this morning. I'm a busy woman."

That was fine. Jack didn't need hearts and flowers. She was still the goddess of love, and he was out of his clothes like a shot.

The next thing he knew he was on his hands and knees beneath Aphrodite's desk licking her silken wet pussy, and his cock was at full attention pressed up against his thighs. Things were getting really good, and she was moaning and shifting like she was about come out of her chair. He figured any minute now she'd want him to slam it in her good. Then he heard the door open, and she froze.

"Sh!" she hissed. "Don't make a sound and don't move. My husband's coming."

Then she was no longer speaking to him. "Heph, darling! What a lovely surprise. I wasn't expecting you back from Olympus so soon."

Before Jack could fully register what was happening, Aphrodite was yanked bodily from her chair, and the big man who had done Iris doggie style last night kissed her like he'd eat her face off, all the while his ginormous hands cupping and squeezing and pinching his way over the rounder parts of her body. And she must have liked it just fine because she squirmed against him and moaned, "Fuck me

hard, Heph. I need you to fuck me hard, right in my wet little cunt.” If he closed his eyes, Jack could have easily imagined he was listening to a porn film. But no fucking way was he going to close his eyes.

When Heph pulled away enough to speak, he said, “I’m full to bursting, woman. I need to you to take care of me. I fucked three nymphs on Olympus, but they’re not you, are they? Oh and aren’t you just juicy as a peach.” He slipped his thick fingers down over her pubes, twiddled his way in between her swollen folds, then he began a rhythmic poke-poke-shove, poke-poke-shove into her hole while he circled and raked her heavy clit with his thumb. All the while, Aphrodite mewled, “There...oh yes...there, I need you there, I need you down there.” The whole pornographic scene was unfolding right before Jack’s eyes, and his cock definitely noticed. As much as he would have loved to be balls-deep in that divine cunt, watching her being porked was the next best thing. That’s what got him into trouble in the first place, he reminded himself. He held his breath, thumbing the head of his cock hard to keep from spurting all over Aphrodite’s Turkish carpet.

“All I could think about was being inside your slick little pussy,” the big man said. He lifted her onto the round conference table that was directly behind the desk, offering Jack a view that was way more clear than it should have been, and way more dangerous for him if Heph turned around and looked down. Fortunately that was unlikely at the moment, since he was focused on his wife’s hot cunny. “I got such a load for you, woman,” Heph was saying. Then he ripped down his fly and pulled out his horse cock, and suddenly Ganymede paled in comparison.

The room smelled of the honeyed pungency of the goddess aroused, and Aphrodite was moaning and quivering and holding herself almost like she needed to pee. And the last thing Jack saw before the big man plunged into her was the delicious gape of her pussy. He thumbed his cock in a strangle hold as Hephaestus fucked his wife like he was jackhammering concrete.

As his thrusts grew harder and tighter, and he came closer and closer to shooting his wad, her slender legs squeezed and flailed

around his waist, kicking at his kidneys in rhythm to his thrusts like she was riding a horse, urging it to go faster.

Jack expected that two gods fucking would go on forever, so he was surprised when it ended nearly as suddenly as it started with Heph roaring loudly as he shot her full. Then he released her and tucked his cock back into his trousers. "There, that's better," he breathed. "Now, I need a shower. I hate travel." He left the room zipping and tucking as he went.

Aphrodite, still perched on the conference table, sat like a statue until the door shut behind him. Then she motioned Jack to her chair. "Sit there. Now. I need to cum."

"What if he comes back?" Jack said, scurrying from beneath the desk and into her chair.

"He won't," she said. "He's had what he needs. Now he'll shower, sleep like the dead, then eat. It'll be hours before he can get it up again. That's why I need you. Now fuck me before I get really cross." She sat down on his lap, sheathing him in the hot wetness of her cunt and he was in ecstasy. He forgot all about the husband who could come back and catch them in the act and who could stomp him to bits without much more effort than it took to stomp a bug. He forgot all about the fact that he'd been shanghaied against his will to act as the goddess's sex slave. None of that mattered, not when he was inside her.

She guided his hand around to stroke her heavy clit and her whole body tensed against him. Her tits bounced as she rode him. She ground down on him, rolling and shifting his balls to near pain with each gyration of her pert little ass until he was sure he would explode and blow them both to bits.

"That's it, that's what I need, Jack Calendar... Make me cum... I'm so close, so close, so fucking close..." and suddenly she clenched hard and convulsed in waves, and there was nothing he could do but follow suit. He was past the point of no return, grunting his load up into her tight heat before he wondered if perhaps he should have asked her permission to cum.

By mid-afternoon, he'd lost count of how many times he'd ridden the goddess of love. Food had been delivered several times. He didn't know where it came from, but he'd eaten like a starving man. He'd eaten some of it off the luscious tight belly of Iris, who writhed and moaned beneath his hungry mouth.

Apparently Zeus had sent Hephaestus away again. And, luckily for Jack's backside, Ganymede had been called to entertain Zeus. Besides serving as plate and table, Iris had joined the party a couple of times, sitting on Aphrodite's face while Jack hammered away at her cunt. But amazingly, in the midst of it all, the goddess was unbelievably focused on her work.

"We called it a lust tax," she was saying. She and Jack both sat naked in the middle of the big bed with her laptop perched before them, and they were looking at a list of names and addresses. "It's not money though, Jack. We have no use for money. We collect just the tiniest bit of libido from all of these places, and it all adds up. These are the names of the people and organizations that owe us. Strip clubs, sex shops, peep shows, that sort of thing. You know, places where libido runs amuck. I go in and make the arrangements. Even pimps give us our fair share." She held him in a meaningful gaze. "I'm very good at getting people to do what I want them to do. After that, well, no one argues with Ganymede and his thugs, so we never have a problem collecting. And Zeus deals with those who lust for power, you know, politicians, oligarchs, and rich bastards who think money can buy them anything. They're his branch of the business." She shivered. "Nasty buggers."

"Wouldn't that be more greed than lust?" Jack said.

She giggled wickedly and cupped his balls in a warm hand. "Jack, darling, nothing gives a man a bigger hard-on than wealth and power. No woman could possibly compete." She batted her eye lashes and offered a modest smile. "At least no mortal woman." She nibbled at her luscious bottom lip and frowned at the computer screen which now flashed the website of a campaigning politician who had close links to the Family. His trophy wife was even one of the minor nymphs, about as close to marrying into divinity as mortals got these

LUST - APHRODITE GETS A PIECE OF THE ACTION

## LUST





days, Aphrodite told him.

She heaved a sigh and cocked her head. "I can't help but feel I'm missing something. You know, some way to up profits, some way to strengthen our position in the mortal realm again. Zeus knows the alternatives are pretty bland by comparison, all about violence and prudery, abstinence and intolerance. What kind of a life is that, I mean really?" She shrugged. "Not that we Olympians were without violence, but there was always libido, fucking and lusting and fornicating and...well you get the picture. Life force, Jack, life force drives lust. And this modern world of yours, though not without its comforts," she toasted him with her fifth Bente latte of the day, "it's all a bit phlegmatic, really." She nodded again to the computer monitor. "Still every time we forge an alliance, get someone to pay the lust tax, the brighter and the sexier the future looks."

She sat the computer on the nightstand and lay back, opening her legs and stroking her clit. "All this talk of business makes me horny, Jack. I need you to fuck me."

He had just cum for the he-didn't-know-how-manyeth-time. Aphrodite was sandwiched between him and Iris, who had her golden cock rammed deep into the goddess of love's tight little ass. He'd just grunted out the last of his load and both women were still whimpering in the aftershocks when the idea struck him. "A lust worm," he said. "That's what you need. A lust worm."

"What?" Both women said at once.

"The businesses you have listed here," he sat up and pulled the computer onto his lap. "Well, I assume this is a door-to-door type collection?"

"That's right," Aphrodite said.

"No offense, I mean I know you're good at what you do and all, but surely you know that's just the tip of the iceberg compared to the lust available online. Who's your provider?" He asked.

She blinked. "We don't have a provider. We are our provider. Anything you have here in the mortal realm is way too slow and not nearly powerful enough for us to keep an eye on everything." She

giggled. "We call our little set-up the Hellenet."

A chill of excitement ran down his spine. "You mean..."

"Connected with everyone everywhere at all times. Yep. We work short-handed here among mortals, so far away from Olympus, and we have to be able to see what's going on, don't we?"

"Bloody hell," he whispered. "That's perfect. That's totally perfect. The lust worm will definitely do the trick."

Iris pulled out and fell back onto the bed. Then both women scrambled to their knees and held him in an expectant gaze.

He continued. "It would give you access to all venues for internet porn, all online sex toy sales, all chat rooms, everything that has anything to do, even remotely with lust. With the worm in place you'd be able to tax the libidos of every one who visits, or runs any of these sites, every time they visit."

"You can do that?" Aphrodite asked.

"I can create the worm," he said. "I've known for a long time how I could do it. What I have in mind is something so subtle that no one would ever notice. Within a matter of weeks, maybe even days it could infiltrate everything that has anything to do with lust, and no one would ever know." He waved a hand. "It's not the kind of thing meant to shut down the system or do any kind of damage at all. It's the kind of thing that's meant to go completely unnoticed. Problem is, I just didn't know what it could be used for. Anything positive, I mean. It would be up to you to empower it, and if it's all coming back to your Hellenet, than I would assume that would be no problem."

She offered him a wicked smile. "No problem at all. In fact, I already have empowered it. I'm the goddess of love and I've been relentlessly fucking the creator of our little lust worm, haven't I? Whatever you do now, whatever you do while you're my lover, will be imbued with my power." She nodded to the computer in his lap. "I run everything from here," she said.

"Everything?" he asked.

"Everything. It may not look like much, but my husband's not just a blacksmith, you know? He's also the god of technology. Who do you think designed the Hellenet? Whatever you program will be

driven by my powers, by the powers of lust, and infused throughout my husband's divine technology."

He flexed his fingers and looked down at the screen. "Then what do you want this worm to do?"

She settled in next to him cross-legged, both of them still totally naked. "I want a lust tax, just like we were talking about," she said. "Every time someone signs in, every time anyone anywhere uses the web for lustful purposes, in the broadest definition of the word, I want to extract the tiniest bit of libido from them, just the tiniest. It would be less than the tiniest pin-prick in the scheme of things. And in return for that pin prick, I would offer a minute infusion of lust. What do you think? Can you do it?"

If she hadn't been stroking his cock the whole time and rubbing her tits against his arm he might have given the whole scheme a little more thought than he did, but she was, after all, the goddess of love. The whole thing took him less than ten minutes. Then, to consummate the lust tax, she fucked his brains out. Again!

After that, she sent him to bed to rest, remembering that he was mortal, and for him, rest was more than just a novelty. Iris led him down the hall to an opulent room that was to be his, after all he couldn't be in caught in the goddess's bed when her husband came home. The room was bigger than his whole flat, and richly decorated. He figured he'd appreciate the luxury of it after he'd had a chance to sleep. He was dead on his feet.

Jack came up from the dream world to a feather light touch sliding along his ribcage. It felt nice until he opened his eyes to find Ganymede looking down at him, perched on the edge of the bed, one hand stroking Jack's flank, the other fisting his bulging erection. "I can't wait any longer, Jack Calendar. I want to know what it feels like to fuck your asshole."

Jack rolled out of his reach and practically catapulted off the other side of the bed. There he stood huffing out breath that was all about fear and not arousal. "Look, Ganymede, we need to talk about this because I just don't —"

“It’s my turn, Jack.” Ganymede said. “And if no one will give me what’s mine, then I’ll just have to take it.” He blinked and offered a boyish smile. “You’ll like it, I promise.”

“I don’t do men,” Jack stuttered. “I’m sure you’re amazing, but really, pal, I don’t swing that way.”

Ganymede offered a knowing smile. “I didn’t swing that way either, pal, before Zeus found me. Back then I had no idea just how many ways I did swing.” He leapt over the bed as easily as if it hadn’t been there, and Jack found himself pinned between two beefy biceps nose to beak with the eagle tat that looked a whole lot angrier close up and personal. Ganymede was just moving in for the full frontal rub-up, when the door burst open and Zeus shoved in.

“Ganymede,” he roared. “Get away from him.” But just when Jack was about to thank Zeus for coming to his rescue, Zeus turned on him. “I thought I could trust you, Jack Calendar, in my house, in my home with my family and this is how you repay me!” He nodded to Ganymede who now looked like butter wouldn’t melt. “By seducing the man I love.”

“What? Wait, no! It wasn’t like that. You don’t understand. I was just —”

Before Jack could finish Hephaestus roared into the room nearly uprooting Zeus. “That little mortal bastard’s been fucking my wife! I’ll stomp him. I’ll break him to bits.” With one hand, he gave the bed a hard shove. Wood screeched against the marble floor and Jack found himself nose to hairy chest with something a whole lot angrier than Ganymede’s tat. What Jack hadn’t seen, until it was nearly too late, was the heavy metal hammer that Heph buried in the wall only millimeters from his head, showering them both as well as Zeus and Ganymede in a storm of plaster. The hail of debris was distraction enough for Jack to duck and roll, pulling himself to his feet only to find himself face to face with a fire-breathing Zeus.

Well this wasn’t quite the way he’d planned to die, but at least he’d gotten to fuck the goddess of love. He looked around frantically for a way out just as Heph raised his hammer and shattered the footboard of the bed. It would have been fatal if Aphrodite hadn’t

burst into the room roaring like a lioness, waving her iPad above her head. “Stop it, you idiots,” she yelled. “Jack’s just found a way for us to get our universal lust tax, and it’s already working. Can’t you feel it?”

But the hammer came down again, and this time Jack felt the breeze of it before Aphrodite tossed her iPad into the fracas, which was just enough to distract them, then she jerked and shoved Jack toward the window. “It worked,” she said, planting a quick kiss on his lips. “They’ll calm down soon enough and be singing your praises, but best not push our luck.” She kissed him again. “Thanks Jack. You’re amazing.” Then with a flat hand to his chest, she pushed him out the window. And that was the last thing he remembered.



Jack woke up flat on his back looking up into the bright eyes of a ginger tabby, who sat leisurely on his chest. Above them the canopy of the big oak tree stretched against the fading sky. The cat gave a wide-mouth yawn, then wandered off, and Jack forced himself upright to a seated position. Suddenly it all came rushing back to him, the last bits making him a little bit queasy. As he thought about Heph’s hammer, he decided not to push his luck by climbing up the tree for another look-see. Besides, surely it was all just a dream brought on by his fall. There was a cat, after all, and there was a tree and, in spite of what Zeus said, it looked pretty real. As he stumbled to his feet and hoisted himself up to peek over the very top of the brick wall, he saw there was nothing on the other side but a derelict building of some sort. Certainly not a mansion.

“I need a drink,” he said out loud to no one. There was no pub to be found, but a chill ran up his spine as he discovered there really was a Starbucks around the corner.

He ordered a triple espresso and sat for a long time at a quiet table in the corner contemplating the experiences he was sure he must have dreamed. Maybe he had a concussion or something. Oh he felt fine, but wow, it was all just so real. It was so real that thinking

about it got a serious rise from his cock. It was so real that he was considering locking himself in the Starbucks toilet for a quick relief of the pressure when he looked up to find Iris standing by his table.

And he was off down the rabbit hole again.

“Mind if I join you?” Iris slipped into the chair across from him without waiting for his answer. She wore a short denim skirt and a vest that left little guesswork about what was underneath. He had never seen her in so many clothes.

“Oh don’t look so surprised, Jack Calendar. I’m not just the messenger for the gods. I’m the messenger between the gods and mortals as well.” She shrugged. “Mind you, Hermes gets most of the credit, but I’m the one busting ass.” She looked at him from under thick lashes. “Aphrodite’s sent me with a message for you.” She stiffened in her chair and her eyes glazed over slightly. The next voice Jack heard was Aphrodite’s, though it came from Iris’s mouth. He caught his breath and nearly spilled his espresso on the table as she spoke.

*Jack Calendar, you are amazing! The lust worm is working like a dream. You are already a hero on Olympus. What a pity we couldn’t have fended off Heph and Zeus just a little longer. They probably would have given you immortality. They were that pleased. However after many long discussions of how best to reward you for what you’ve done for the Family, in lieu of immortality, we’re offering you a nice fat bank account. We’ve agreed you’ll also get a small percentage of the lust tax. Mind you that’s not a financial benefit, but I’m sure you’ll soon discover that to a man of your carnal needs, it’s a gift that won’t go amiss. And if you ever need anything, Iris will never be more than a breath away. In fact, she likes you so much, her services may include more than just the passing of messages, if you get my meaning. I can’t begin to tell you how much your sacrifice has meant to the Family, Jack Calendar. The strength of Olympus grows with each lustful email, each naughty tweet, each sexting, each surfing of the net for porn or sex toys, each viewing of every rude tube, and more. Oh, and Jack, aside from our undying gratitude for services rendered, I have to tell you that to my great pleasure and benefit, you fuck like a tiger.*

*Lustfully yours,*

*Aphrodite*

Iris blinked, relaxed her shoulders and smiled up at him from beneath her lashes. "That's about it, Jack Calendar."

If he was dazed by what he'd just heard, she certainly brought his attention back front and center when she shifted in her seat, scooted forward and nestled her bare foot into his lap, caressing his balls through his track bottoms with dexterity that nearly took his breath away. "I'm free for the evening, Jack, and it's a struggle to keep from sliding off this chair, if you get my meaning." She nodded toward the lavatory door. And Jack did indeed get her meaning.

The few people who were sipping their coffee and reading books and newspapers pretended not to notice them slipping into the Starbucks one-seater and locking the door behind them. Iris was stroking herself like nobody's business before Jack even had the door locked, and she smelled delicious. His cock twitched in his track bottoms just before she pushed them over his ass and shoved him down unceremoniously onto the toilet seat. There he sat with his cock pointing at the ceiling. Iris wriggled her skirt up over her hips and with two fingers spread her pantiless pout, clearly sheened with her honey and ready to sheath him. He held his breath at the total delight of her as she straddled him then squatted onto his cock, until he was in up to the hilt.

"The whole time you were with the Family," Iris said, "I wanted it to be my cunt you were in, Jack Calendar. And now, sweet heaven, you are so there."

As she began to rock and gyrate on his lap, he shoved her vest up and latched onto a braless tit, slurping and sucking like she was ice cream and he was starving. He was holding his load only by a thread when a loud knock on the door made him jump.

"Hey!" came from outside the door.

Jack froze, already cycling through excuses in his mind.

"I want some cock, if you're offering," the voice continued.

"Is that the barista?" he hissed against Iris's ear.

"Mmm-hmm," she nodded. "Get used to it, Jack. That's your percentage of the lust tax. I reckon the only time you'll be humping

your hand now is when you just need to strengthen your grip.” She giggled softly and bore down. “Shall I let her in?”

“Not this time,” Jack grunted. “This time I just want to fuck the messenger.” He reached between them and tweaked her heavy clit and she shuddered through her orgasm, clamping down impossibly tight. The toilet seat rattled and shifted beneath him as he hammered into her, riding the edge with balls impossibly full, considering all the times he’d fucked the goddess in the past few hours.

“Cum, Jack,” Iris spoke through barely parted lips. “Cum inside me and let me take that message back to Olympus, back to Aphrodite. It’ll drive her wild. She’ll fuck poor Heph’s brains out when she catches your scent all over me. Oh this is all going to be so much fun.” Her pussy gripped one more time along the length of his cock and Jack unloaded like he’d been holding out for days, filling Iris’s cunt until his jizz ran down her leg. Outside the door, the barista almost sounded like she might be riding her hand in frustration, as she moaned and whimpered to be let in. Jack smiled into Iris’s delectable cleavage. He had a feeling she might be right. This was gonna be fun.



# **GREED**

C a g e d



BY REBECCA BOND

## CHAPTER ONE



Music pounded through the dirty bar, penetrating the thick fog of smoke that hung in the air. Taking another swig of her beer, she closed her eyes and smiled dreamily as the cool nectar massaged her sore throat. It had been a long night and now she sat in this dingy backstreet bar, a lone femme in a cage full of wolves. She could feel the eyes on her, dozens of pairs, watching, staring...glaring. *If only they knew*, she thought, her smile turning into a smirk.

If only they knew that the pretty, angelic looking girl-next-door who sat atop the ripped cushion of the barstool had just come from a place so depraved, so crazy, so filthy, it would make their eyes water. She looked down at her knees and recalled the events of the evening that had left them raw and grazed, the skin bruised, defiled.

Debasement. They had used her, The Elders, like a ragdoll, fucking her pussy until her silken folds were inflamed and sore. They had tied her down and gagged her with their meaty pricks until tears streamed down her cheeks, using her body solely for their pleasure. They had flipped her onto her knees and fucked her ass, stretching her with their relentlessness. And through all of this, the use and abuse, she had climaxed powerfully, over and over and over again, proving her insatiable need for sexual fulfilment.

She laughed again and took another gulp from the bottle, shaking her head in disbelief at the world in which she now found herself. If only they knew that the angelic looking girl-next-door was also in line to become the first female Chief of Police in New York City. And if only they knew that the petite, law abiding, rank climbing, career focused, power hungry girl-next-door had just had

the night of her life.



“Are you sure you want this, Inspector Smithson?” Captain Jacobs asked cautiously. “You know that once you sign this document — written by those far superior to both of us — you’re on your own until you’ve completed every task that is put in front of you.”

“Your concern is touching, Jacobs, but nothing you say can change my mind. I understand what I’m doing here,” Ali said confidently.

“But do you, Inspector?” The junior officer eyed her suspiciously. She was slight in stature, but strong in mind, body and spirit. He had no doubt she was capable of surviving The Darkness. But did he really want one of his favourite officers going down that road without any protection whatsoever? “Do you understand what will be asked of you? The challenges you’ll face down there, both mentally, physically and...” he paused a moment, finding it all a bit difficult to comprehend, “. . . and sexually? The Elders and the Angels of The Darkness are bound by practices steeped in tradition — corruption in its most potent form. The Darkness exists because power hungry men are desperate to feed their sexual addictions. But that corruption can be manipulated. And if you withstand the trials of The Darkness — without giving up and without giving in — tradition and duty dictate that those same men must propel you to the very heights of this police force.”

She stared at him defiantly. “Yes, Jacobs, I am aware of the practices of The Darkness and I am willing to participate in them in order to attain my goal.”

“Which is what exactly?”

“To be the highest ranking female officer in the force. To become the NYPD’s first female Chief of Police.”

Captain Jacobs scoffed and shook his head, sliding the document across his desk to the Inspector. The contract that legally assigned Inspector Smithson into the care of The Darkness for the

next seven days. Legal and corrupt. Smithson could make Chief all by herself, through sheer hard work and determination. And yet, she wanted it faster. She wanted it now.

“If you fail any of the tasks assigned to you, Inspector — and I’m not saying that I think you will — but if you fail...even just one task you’re challenged with, you know what will happen?” Jacobs looked at his superior pointedly, afraid that the squad might lose one of their finest officers.

Ali’s skin prickled with a sudden nervousness. Could she fail? Would she fail? No, that was not going to happen. “Failure is not an option.”

Jacobs nodded. “Last chance, Inspector,” he said, as they both eyed the contract. “Once this piece of paper has been submitted, it will be a week before I see you again. When, hopefully, you’ll be the new Chief of Police.”

She smirked, adrenaline racing through her veins. *Chief of Police*, she thought smugly, *I like the sound of that*.



Running a finger over her skinned knee, Ali smiled, her pussy twitching at the memory of the night’s tasks. She had never before dabbled in same sex relations before this week. But, five days ago, as the three women had tended to her aching flesh in The Great Chamber, she found herself yearning for more. Twirling her finger around the rim of the beer bottle, she stared at the liquid within and played the week’s events over in her mind.

She had been scared as she’d entered The Great Chamber on that first night, feeling alone in the darkness. But Abaddon had been by her side. He’d secured the black leather collar tightly around her neck, attaching a thick black leash to a heavy silver loop at the front, before leading her through the entry arch. She’d been naked, with only the collar, a pendant, red lipstick and black eyeliner decorating her form.

Abaddon had touched her lower back, his palm warming

her chilled flesh, and she'd relaxed. She hadn't known why, but with Abaddon by her side she'd felt safe, protected as his property.

*His property.* She smiled and finished her drink before rising, exiting the bar and stepping out into the cold New York night. Glancing skywards she noticed how for the first time in years, she felt free. Ironic, considering the week that had been, but true all the same.

Returning to her apartment felt strange. She ventured into the bedroom, opening her window to allow the city's noise to wash over her as she attempted sleep. But sleep evaded her. She was alone and she didn't like it. Something had been awakened in her, and she struggled to quell it. A burning desire. A stirring deep within her loins. Fingering her neck, she was disappointed to feel the collar gone, but comforted by the presence of the pendant. She fingered it and let her mind wander to her earlier escapades.

Countless men had tapped her tonight, fucking her until she ached. She had been pushed onto her hands and knees and fucked like an animal, Elder after Elder forcing their hard cocks down her throat until her lungs burned from lack of oxygen. Three women had been present during the ritual, tending to her bruised and used body in the aftermath, but there was one who had captured her attention. Lailah — a mysterious creature with pale blue eyes and cropped black hair. Ali's breath hitched as Lailah's face flashed through her mind. *Lailah*, she thought with a heavy heart — *will I ever see you again?*

## CHAPTER TWO



*Five days earlier*

“Endurance. That is the key to becoming a good officer...”

Ali rolled her eyes. She and her fellow officers shifted restlessly in their seats as their pompous superior officer continued his lecture. She couldn’t wait to wipe that smug grin off his face by leapfrogging him to the top spot. It was because of small-minded men like Adler, who thought they had some god-given right to rule over the world, that made her so determined to get to the top spot and show all the male officers that they were not stronger than women. *Idiot!* She thought spitefully as he continued to spew his tirade of obscenities whilst trying to assert authority over his junior officers. Her mind began to drift to her conversation with Jacobs. That was three days ago. Three days had passed without so much as a whiff of deviance, let alone any ventures into The Darkness.

“In-spec-tor Smith-son,” Deputy Chief Adler stood in front of her, his breath hot against her face as he spoke. “You will listen when I talk, or punishment, the *tasks* you face, will be severe. Do you understand?”

She met his gaze. Tasks? *He knows*, she thought, a slight panic rising within her chest. *He knows and he’s one of them. The Darkness.*

A plain white envelope sat atop Ali’s desk when she returned. Glancing around the squad room, she tried to find evidence of its sender, but there was nothing out of turn. Business as usual. *What does that even mean?* she thought dryly. *The entire force is corrupt.* She sat down and fingered the paper.

“As soon as that envelope is opened, it begins.” She looked up

into the concerned eyes of Jacobs. “There’s no going back.”

“I thought that point had passed days ago?”

He placed a hand on her shoulder. “Please be careful out there, boss.”

Then he was gone, stalking off down the corridor and leaving her to go it alone. She ripped open the top of the envelope and slipped the card from its jacket.

Candidate: Inspector Aliyah Smithson

Date: October 26th

Time: 19:00

Location: The Helmsley, Central Park South

Propping her legs up on her desk, Ali leaned back and scrutinised the note in her hands. She nicked herself as she fingered its edges and a thin trail of blood trickled across the front. *This is it*, she thought, a smile on her face, *the party has begun*.

That evening, Ali arrived at the location ten minutes early, unable to wait any longer before venturing into The Darkness. It was a normal hotel, one that can be found on any avenue in New York City. She passed the doorman and walked to the front desk with confidence, slipping the card from the pocket of her Burberry coat. She turned it over — no instructions, just her name, date, time and location.

Now what?

“Can I help you, miss?” the desk clerk said, her face set with just enough of a knowing smile to let Ali know that she was expected. Before she could respond, the young blonde leaned forward, holding out a perfectly manicured hand. “Your badge, please, Inspector Smithson.”

With a wary glance at the clerk, Ali retrieved her badge and set it down, watching closely as it was quickly scooped up and locked away in a drawer somewhere underneath the desk. The clerk dialled a number, talking in a very hushed tone before turning back to Ali with that same knowing smile as before. Ali smiled back before chiding

herself silently, *now is not the time for sweet smiles*. Now was the time for game face.

A man appeared. She hadn't seen him before. He certainly wasn't a fellow officer, not in her squad anyway, although he did have a certain...*something* about him. He was tall, and broad like a football player, with long dark hair gathered into a ponytail at the base of his scalp. Perhaps he worked in Narcotics. They seemed to breed brawn like this. He was dressed in a black suit, making him look like a bodyguard. Maybe he was *her* bodyguard. Ali allowed her mind to follow that thought a bit further before he interrupted her.

"Candidate name?"

Her eyes snapped up, *face is pretty nice too*. She did appreciate a handsome man. He cleared his throat and looked at her with an expression of disapproval.

"Inspector Aliya Smithson."

He nodded. "Follow me."

Following the man through a door to the right of the reception desk, down a dimly lit corridor and into what can only be described as a holding cell, Ali began to panic. Really panic for the first time since she had contracted herself to The Darkness.

"Take your clothes off and put them on there," he pointed to a metal operating table in the corner of the cell.

Ali glanced around. "What should I change into?" There were no clothes in the cell, other than those she was wearing. Those she had been ordered to take off.

The man laughed and turned to leave. "Get naked. Sit. Wait," he said. Then he was gone, the heavy metal door closing with a loud boom behind him. She heard the key turn in the lock and then it hit her. She was alone. She closed her eyes and saw Jacobs' face. Now she understood his warning about entering The Darkness, and she wanted nothing more than to feel the warmth of his hand as it perched comfortably on her shoulder.

She got naked.

She sat.

She waited.



She fell asleep.

“I can see that you need a lesson in endurance.”

Ali woke with a start, bolting upright in her cell. She wiped the sleep from her eyes and stared at the man looking down on her. The same man who had led her here. He approached and snatched the necklace she had forgotten to remove from around her neck.

“Hey!” She yelled and began to get up.

“Do I need to remind you how important anonymity is to us here in The Darkness, Inspector?”

Ali shook her head and sat down again. Kneeling in front of her, the man placed his hands on her knees, a gesture that was almost comforting.

“For the next week you will remain here, property of The Darkness, do you understand?”

Ali remained silent, but nodded her agreement.

“Good. Your name will no longer be Inspector Aliyah Smithson.” He rose and replaced her thin silver chain with a thick gold one, a lone angel wing hanging from the centre. “You will now be known as Parisa — my angel.”

Ali stared up at him. There was something about this stranger, something comforting in his bulk. She found herself acquiescing easily to his commands. He stroked her cheek and smiled, before crouching in front of her again.

“What’s your name?”

“P-Parisa... Sir.”

“Good girl. No need to be nervous though.”

She cocked an eyebrow and stared at him as he gently pushed her legs apart, his fingertips creeping up her thighs towards her cunt.

“Tonight we are going to see just how well you can follow orders, Parisa.”

His fingers breached her folds and flitted about her most sensitive parts with a gentle tenderness. She gazed at him, this handsome man to whom she’d so easily succumbed. Her breath hitched and her breasts grew tight as he rubbed his thumb across her clit.

## GREED – CAGED

“Do you have a name...Sir?” She asked breathlessly as he slid two thick fingers inside her.

“My name is Abaddon.”

And with that, he withdrew his fingers from her pussy and licked them clean. Before he left, he stated blankly, “Tomorrow we test your endurance. Get some sleep.”

## CHAPTER THREE



“Ah, Abaddon!” one of the Elders exclaimed, as Ali was led into the Great Chamber the following day. “Is this she? Our new subject?”

“Yes, M’Lord. This is Parisa.”

Ali looked up at the man, his voice aching familiar even though his face was concealed behind a black leather masquerade mask. He circled her, commenting on her form as he went. Ali shivered, visibly recoiling as he reached out and squeezed her right breast harshly.

“Mmmmm, responsive. I like that in a plaything.”

Orifiel, the High Elder of The Darkness looked Ali up and down, scrutinising her form as she slowly turned for inspection. Her skin was copper, her breasts full, but firm with small round nipples that flushed a ruby red when plucked by the hands of another.

“She is indeed responsive, Sir. One flit of a finger across her pearl causes it to swell rapidly and her pussy to slicken.”

Orifiel sneered at Abaddon, angry that a junior member of The Darkness had experienced this beautiful new subject before he had. The unspoken war of wills between Orifiel and Abaddon was known by many, but never discussed, the reasons for its existence remaining a mystery. Taking the leash from Abaddon, Orifiel led Ali into the room.

The Great Chamber was dark, a large cavernous space with no windows and only the glow from a few candles providing light for its inhabitants.

“Welcome to The Darkness, Parisa,” Orifiel said. “I trust

Abaddon has explained the week ahead?”

Ali shook her head, but dared not speak for fear of revealing her fear.

“Tasks, Parisa. There will be a series of challenges that you must complete in order to attain your goal.” Orifiel flicked open a black, leather bound pad passed to him by another Elder. “Ah yes, Chief of Police. You do realise that no woman before has ever achieved such a rank. And at only twenty-nine years of age...I’m certain nobody will ever come close.”

Ali stood in the centre as instructed by The High Elder. She remained silent, as she had become accustomed to doing, whilst a length of black satin was wound twice around her head, ensuring complete blindness.

“You will remain here for the entirety of the week under the care of your assigned Elder, Abaddon. Your challenges will focus on a variety of aspects: versatility, compliance, endurance, and pain. Do you understand?”

Ali nodded.

“Spin.”

She turned on the spot. Once.

“Again. Don’t stop until instructed.”

She turned again, this time moving slightly faster and not stopping until Orifiel commanded. His grip on her bicep was firm as he dragged her from her spot in the centre of the room and pushed her into a cage. It was a tall, freestanding structure; black steel with chains hanging from the top beam and shackled to the lower.

“Abaddon, if you could do the honours please,” Orifiel asked.

Doing as instructed, Abaddon quickly shackled Ali in place, securing her wrists and ankles in leather cuffs before attaching the chains. With her arms raised high above her head and her feet spread wide, he saw for the first time how truly beautiful she was. Her breasts were ample in size, but as perky as one could dream. Her skin was smooth and lush, not a blemish in sight save for an enticing birthmark beneath her navel. Although her eyes were concealed by the satin, the exquisite look of fear on her face was visible to all.

Ali concentrated on her breathing, clearing her mind in preparation for what was to come. Whatever that may be.

“Bring in the Angels,” Orifiel ordered.

Two Elders unlocked a door to the far right of the room, pulling back the heavy steel to reveal a holding cell where three women waited patiently inside. Standing upon command, they kissed each other in turn before padding their way across to the cage.

“And who do we have here?” a curvaceous woman with long red hair asked, her voice silky and warm.

“Charmeine, Iofiel, Lailah...this is our new subject, Parisa,” Abaddon said.

“And the test?” Lailah asked as she stalked around the cage, her eyes roaming every inch of Ali’s body.

“Endurance.”

The three women, dubbed ‘Angels’ by The Darkness for their enchanted sexual talent, had all, for one reason or another, been indoctrinated into The Darkness. However, once their time was up, they had been unable to leave its clutches. They had decided to become permanent residents of The Darkness, and would forever be under its spell.

Charmeine reached through the bars of the cage and ran a hand along the inside of Ali’s thigh. “Mmmm, as smooth as marble.”

The other women descended onto the cage, each pawing at Ali through the bars. Her breath hitched but she remained silent, knowing that speaking out of turn would only breed trouble. A moan escaped her lips as a nipple was engulfed in the wet heat of an Angel’s mouth, a tongue swirling around the taut nub in a way Ali had never before experienced. A hand drew her long wavy hair into a fist and pulled her neck back. “So pretty...” the Angel crooned. “Be strong and survive, okay?”

Ali frowned beneath the blindfold. What did the Angel mean, *‘be strong and survive?’* Her legs trembled as a soft hand ventured ever closer to her naked cunt. She thrust out her hips with a brazenness that shocked even herself, but a gruff laugh from beside her caused her to stop short.

“It would be wise to listen to Iofiel, Parisa, for she speaks good advice.”

Orifiel and Abaddon exchanged knowing looks, before he continued to explain the task ahead.

“Your task today is simple. Endurance. Three beautiful Angels, Charmeine, Iofiel and Lailah, will tend to you, and you must endure their touch for an hour. Do you understand?”

Ali’s heart thumped violently within her chest. She had never been touched by a woman before. And now, after just one tweak of her nipple, she was desperate for more. Nodding enthusiastically, Ali replied, “Yes, Sir.”

“I wouldn’t be so eager if I were you, Parisa, for this is a test of *endurance*. The Angels will tease your body, caress your flesh, and explore every crack and crevice. It will be a most pleasurable experience, of that I am certain. But you are not permitted to orgasm.”

Ali grew rigid.

“Endurance, Parisa,” Abaddon said, “is just as much as matter of the mind as it is the body. Survive this task and pleasure will be yours.”

Orifiel clapped his hands, signalling for the task to begin. Ali stood there, frozen and shackled in the centre of the cage. It had been so long since she’d felt the touch of another, with the exception of Abaddon’s fleeting touch in the holding cell. The three angelic beauties reached out for her, their hands soft yet demanding, their caresses gentle yet intrusive. They poked and prodded at her most intimate parts and as two fingers rubbed gently along her parted lips, gathering the syrup that seeped from within her, Ali moaned with pleasure, desperate for more of their delicious touch. Something cold hit her nipples causing them to stand proudly from her breasts, ripe and expectant. She moaned again, louder this time, as an Angel teased each swollen bud with a cube of ice, a feeling so overwhelming that Ali begged her to stop, afraid that the sensation would make her cum too soon.

A gong echoed through the room, startling Ali and causing

her to jolt away from the tongue that she had been gently grinding against for the last few minutes.

“Thirty minutes left!” a faceless voice boomed from the darkness.

Ali stilled suddenly, drawing all her strength to focus on the task in hand: Not cumming. A task that was exceptionally difficult while Lailah tongued her clit with such expert precision.

“You would be best advised to control yourself, Parisa, for failing this task will mean immediate banishment from The Darkness. And you will not have a second chance. You do understand that, don’t you?” Abaddon said as he ran a calloused finger across her cheek and to her lips, slipping it inside her mouth.

She welcomed his presence, it calmed her and as she suckled gently on his finger she steadied herself, readying her loins against the hypnotic onslaught of the hands and tongues of Angels. Small hands gripped her waist, caressing it whilst another hand slid between her thighs, finding her swollen bud and circling it rhythmically. Her legs trembled as a pressure began to build. Shaking her head violently, Ali begged the Angels to stop tormenting her like this.

“The wand please, Charmaine.”

Cocking her head to the right, Ali wondered what ‘the wand’ was. She heard the dull buzz before she felt it. Her entire body jolted, chains rattling loudly as she yanked on them violently.

“You can do it, Parisa, you’re stronger than you think,” the Angel whispered in her ear before spending the remainder of the task planting soft kisses along the slender column of her neck, occasionally nipping at her earlobes.

Her breathing grew heavy, lips parted and panting, and chest heaving as Charmaine worked her pussy with the wand, slowly increasing the speed of the vibe as they neared the end of the task.

“Five minutes left,” Orifiel said. “All holes, Angels.”

*All holes!? Oh god, no!*

“Relax, sweet one. Survive this and you can be an Angel too,” Lailah crooned as she slipped a finger into Ali’s quim, coating it with the juice from her pussy before parting the firm globes of her derriere

and easing the finger inside. Ali tensed, shocked as Lailah breached her tight hole so quickly. She gripped the intrusive finger inside her and, though it was only slender, she felt as though she'd been violated in the most shameful way.

“Shhhh...relax.”

There was something about her voice, it washed over Ali with a hypnotic effect and she began to calm. Whether it was Lailah alone, or a combination of the dull buzz against her clit, the relentless thrusting of three fingers into her cunt, the pinching of her rosy nipples, and the lips of the woman who captured her mouth again and again with sweet, featherlike kisses, she couldn't be sure.

“One minute remaining!”

*Oh dear god*, Ali thought, with a very real panic that she may not survive this task. The burning between her cheeks subsided, and was overtaken with a pleasure of which she had not before experienced. She was being invaded, yet she didn't want Lailah to ever withdraw from her forbidden channel.

Iofiel thrust her tongue deeply into Ali's mouth, both women moaning as they melted against each other. Iofiel's hands expertly palmed her breasts, kneading, squeezing, rolling each hardened nipple between nimble fingers. The wand pressed against her clit, the thrum emanating through her loins until she felt she would surely explode from the pleasure.

Unable to hold on anymore, Ali began to mew, whimpers of frustrated arousal as her climax built towards release. Her cunt tightened, the muscles gripping Charmaine's fingers fiercely.

*Bang!*

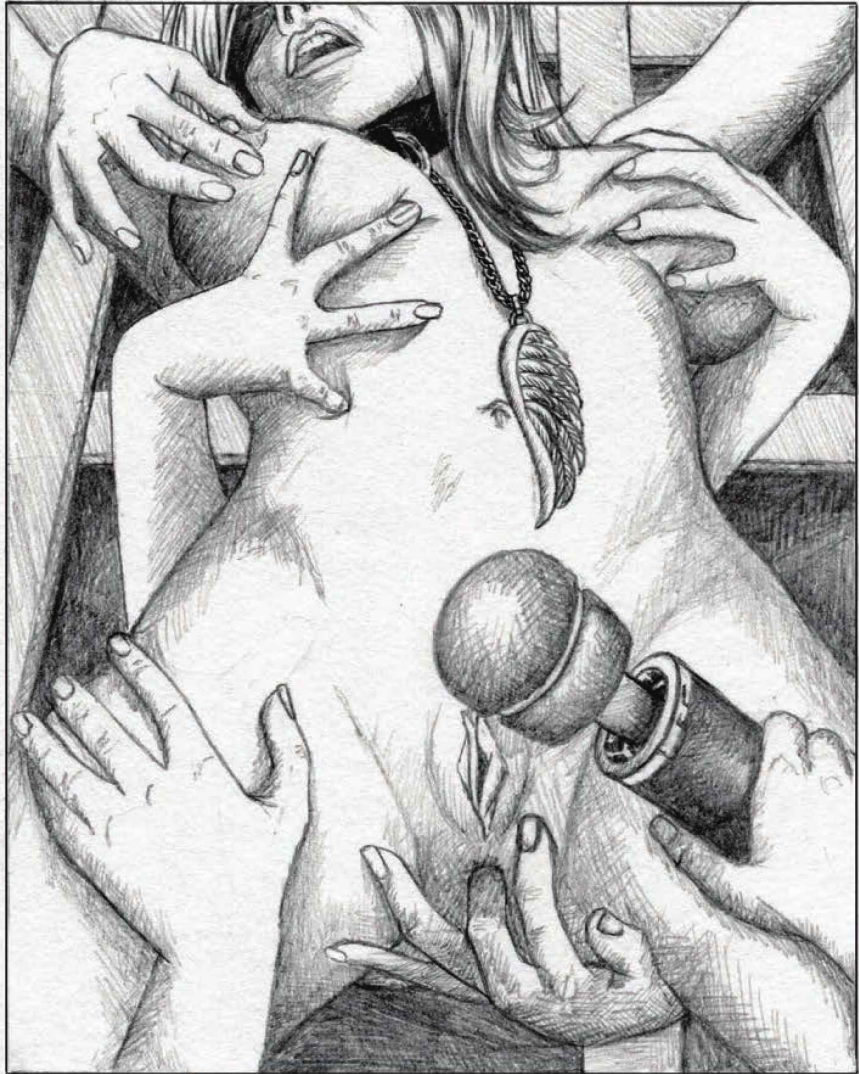
“Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck!” Ali screamed as she came, her entire body tense and thrashing within the cage.

Lailah kissed her neck as she eased her finger from her ass, cooing words of comfort against her skin. The buzzing at her clit melted away and the woman evaporated from her lips. Instantly cold and self-conscious, Ali bit her lip and lowered her head towards the floor, wanting to wrap her arms around herself. Only they were still bound high above her head.



REBECCA BOND

## GREED



“Dear Parisa,” Abaddon said as he cupped her cheek through the bars, rubbing his thumb along her parched lips. “You made it.” The pride in his voice was evident to all who heard.

Orifiel scowled. “She barley made it. Leave her in the cage, an overnight stay will do her good,” he said dismissively with a wave of his hand before turning to leave the chamber, Charmaine and Iofiel following closely behind, their hands already caressing the bulge between his legs.

“She stays with me,” Abaddon said, his jaw set strong and defiant as he glared at the Elder.

The two men exchanged a look of death, but it was Orifiel who backed down first. “Very well, but keep an eye on her. She’s trouble that one.”

The room emptied and only Abaddon and Lailah remained. Rushing to the cage, he unlocked the door and freed Ali from her shackles, his heart growing heavy as she fell limply into his arms.

“Hush now, Parisa,” he whispered, one hand stroking her hair and the other holding her tightly to him.

Lailah approached silently and took one of Ali’s limp hands in hers, squeezing it gently before raising it to her lips and kissing it softly. Gazing at her through hooded lids, Ali smiled sleepily as Lailah’s slate blue eyes shone with a warmth that both comforted and excited her. She regarded the woman with the cropped black hair and golden skin, her delicate impish features reminding Ali of an ethereal goddess of sumptuous delight. And with that her eyes fluttered shut.

“Thank you for going easy on her, Lailah,” Abaddon smiled at the Angel affectionately, knowing that soon he would get to witness something beautiful between her and Parisa, who was drifting to sleep in his arms.

## CHAPTER FOUR



Waking with a start, Ali clutched her chest and willed her heart to stop beating so fast. She wiped the sweat from her brow and looked at the clock on her bedside table. Only it wasn't there. She was in the holding cell again. Cold and naked. With no idea what the time was, Ali tried in vain to find sleep once more. But sleep would not come. She couldn't rest after the nightmare from which she had woken.

Closing her eyes, she saw herself falling down a black hole, frantically gripping the sides and trying to claw her way back out and into safety. Her colleagues stood around her and watched, laughing and jeering as she fell. She had failed her tasks, too weak to complete the challenges that The Darkness had put in front of her. She shook the dream from her mind and instead thought of Abaddon. Ali wondered what the hell she had gotten herself into. Any shame she'd felt had left her. Already, after only one day, she had let Abaddon delve between her folds; and allowed herself to be shackled into a cage where three women kissed and licked and sucked and fucked her. She felt a pang of guilt, as if she had betrayed herself, but it was fleeting.

The door creaked open and Abaddon entered her room, his expression hard and sombre in stark contrast to that of the previous day. Opening her mouth to speak, Ali was quickly stopped by his harsh words. "You would do well to remember that you are the property of The Darkness, and as such are not permitted to speak unless spoken to. Even a brazen whore such as yourself knows this. Now activate your brain and remember how the hell to behave. Come."

Ali swallowed, tears prickling at her eyes as she nodded mutely and followed Abaddon through the door and into another room on the right hand side of the corridor that led to The Great Chamber.

Then he was gone, leaving her alone and confused. She was sure that he was sincere in his caring yesterday, but perhaps it was all just a game to him. *It's a game to you too*, she reminded herself. There is no room for feelings of sincerity in The Darkness. There wasn't time to wallow as the door swung open and Orifiel walked in. He grabbed the collar around her neck and pulled her from the bench on which she sat. Standing face to face he regarded her, a look of disgust in his eyes.

*His eyes!* She thought. Even though his face was concealed by the mask, his eyes gave him away. *Adler! Sneaky bastard!*

"Ready for today's task, Parisa?" he asked, spittle hitting her face and making her gag.

"Yes, Sir."

He sneered and squeezed both breasts painfully, causing Ali to wince and recoil, delighting him all the more. He clipped the leash to the silver loop that decorated the front of her collar and led her out of the holding cell, along the corridor, through the chamber and into the Dungeon.

Ali grew cold, the colour draining from her cheeks as she surveyed the room. Another cage sat in the far corner of the room, though smaller than hers of yesterday. This was a cage for an animal, yet inside, curled in the foetal position was Lailah, who glanced up at them as they entered. Lailah, the tall, exotic vixen who so lovingly tended to her yesterday, now lay cuffed, bound and gagged on the cold floor of the cage, red welts patterned across her back, bottom and thighs.

Orifiel grabbed the back of Ali's head, fisting her hair tightly before snarling in her ear, "Today we test your pain threshold. On the cross. Now."

Abaddon appeared to her left, no longer dressed in his customary black suit. Now, he wore black trousers, without shoes and socks, and without a shirt. She looked him over, his taut muscles

rippling as he moved. Placing a hand on the small of her back, Abaddon steered Ali towards the tall Saint Andrew's cross that stood proudly in the centre of the room. He tethered her in place, her belly pressed to the center of the cross, her wrists and ankles bound tightly to the beams.

Ali was silent, unable to speak through fear, genuinely terrified of what was to come. She saw a blindfold on the floor to her left and prayed that they would use it so she could shield her terror from their gaze.

"Outside these walls, Parisa, what is your name?" Orifiel asked as he paced around the cross slowly.

Abaddon visibly stiffened, unnerved by such a brazen breach of a candidate's anonymity.

But Ali answered just the same, "Inspector Aliyah Smithson, Sir."

"Your desire?"

"To be Chief of Police, Sir."

Orifiel stopped behind her, roughly palming the fleshy globe of her ass. "And why do you want such an esteemed accolade?"

"To be the best, Sir."

"Greed, dear Parisa, is a very, very ugly sin. You may very well be the best, but whether you deserve such an accolade remains to be seen."

Ali winced as his fingers pinched her flesh, nails biting at her skin.

"It drives a person mad, wreaking havoc with their mind and causing them to do crazy things. Strange things. Nasty things. Depraved things."

He pulled her cheeks apart, slipping two fingers deep into her cunt. Despite her fear, Ali had grown wet the moment she saw the sweet Angel Lailah curled in the cage, her big icy eyes twinkling at Ali, even through the poor woman's obvious discomfort. *There's something about her*, Ali thought as Orifiel fingered her pussy, *and there's a reason she is here in this room with me.*

Flinging her head back in pain, Ali screamed as Orifiel roughly

breached her forbidden hole, an ungreased callused finger rasping in and out of her anus making her recoil and twist against the restraints.

“Not a fan of the Greek manner I see. Perhaps this derriere prefers a different kind of treatment instead.” Orifiel withdrew his fingers and slapped her right cheek with his large palm.

He retrieved a paddle from a box to the left of the cross, a sturdy rectangle of hard, black leather, with one side bound in coarse muslin. He rested it against her flesh before dragging it slowly across each ass cheek.

“It is time that you were truly punished for your sins.”

*Thwack!*

Ali yelped as the first blow hit, stinging her right cheek with spiteful leather. The second hit was worse, intense pain shooting through her as Orifiel administered smack after smack to her delicate flesh. She could see Abaddon out of the corner of her eye, watching closely as she was beaten by the Elder, watching her reactions to each spank of hand, each sting of paddle.

“The crop please, Abaddon,” Orifiel said, throwing the paddle to one side and holding out his hand. “She’s stubborn this one, needs to be taught a real lesson.”

“Careful, Orifiel,” Abaddon warned as he handed the crop to his superior.

Shoving two fingers unceremoniously between Ali’s thighs, Orifiel coated them in the juice of her cunt before holding them in front of Abaddon’s nostrils and saying coldly, “Does this really look like someone with whom I need to be careful, Abaddon?”

He stared at the younger man before licking his fingers clean. “No, this is a whore in the purest form. A lovely little pain slut for us to play with.”

The crop bit at her thighs as Orifiel hit the backs of her legs over and over and over again, until she was wriggling against her restraints in an attempt to escape. Her breaths came fast and heavy, but Ali was stubborn, unable to ask for mercy no matter how much it hurt. No — Ali would not beg.

“Abaddon,” she whispered in laboured breath. “Please.”

Approaching her from the side, Abaddon drew the backs of his fingers along her cheek, brushing her hair over her shoulder. The act a tender contrast to the beating she was receiving.

“Yes, Parisa?” His voice was soft and low, a sweet hum amidst the deafening echoes of Orifiel’s crop.

“My pussy,” she said. “Please...hit my pussy.”

*It appears Inspector Aliyah Smithson would beg after all!*

No sooner had the words left her lips, Orifiel obliged, slapping her open cunt with his weapon. Shackled to the cross as she was, her nether lips were nicely split, vulnerable to attack from whatever means deemed necessary. Ali screamed as the folded leather tongue licked at her loins, catching her swollen clit roughly with each turn. Her flesh burned, but her peaking arousal pained her more than any whip of the crop.

“Please, please!” She begged, tugging harshly at the chains that bound her wrists.

Orifiel laughed. “Why dear girl, I do believe you are enjoying this a little too much.”

Orifiel set down the crop and turned to Abaddon. “It seems we have a genuine pain slut on our hands. Her rear is raw from the flogger and her pussy tender from the crop, and yet she has not yet begged for me to stop. Instead, she has begged to be allowed to cum.”

Abaddon nodded, looking at Ali before setting his gaze upon Lailah, already looking so broken and bruised in the cage on the floor. Following his line of sight, Orifiel smirked. “Ah yes, but of course. Fetch the Angel, Abaddon.”

“What? But Sir, it’s not time for them to...”

“I know! Fetch the Angel.”

Abaddon grew cautious, but he opened the front of the cage and helped Lailah through the hatch. Crawling across the room to Orifiel, Lailah looked pathetic, her skin grubby and her hair unkempt. She glanced at Ali and marvelled at the welts that glowed on her derriere, wishing that she could cope with such pain and channel it into pleasure as the officer had done only moments before.

“Put her in the cage,” Orifiel demanded as Abaddon freed

Ali from the cross. Dragging Lailah to the cross by her collar, the Elder shackled her arms and legs roughly, making easy work of her struggling form. She twisted and shouted for him to stop, though each plead was swallowed by the black ball gag that squashed her tongue and rendered her mute.

Ali watched in horror as Lailah was manhandled and flogged against her will. “What is he doing to her? She’s in pain!” She clung to Abaddon, her voice quivering with fear and her eyes wide in disbelief.

“Oh, so you do have a conscience?” he asked.

“What?”

He pushed her into the cage and locked it before stalking his way back to Orifiel and Lailah. He always hated this part — the real punishment. It was so cruel and malicious. And it was so very harmful to the beautiful Angel now suspended on the cross. Lailah did not deal with pain well. Unlike Ali, she derived no pleasure from such depravity; and unlike Orifiel, Abaddon derived no pleasure from administering it.

From her position low down in the cage, Ali could see Lailah’s profile, noting the expression of terror on her face.

“Please...no...” She heard the Angel whimper seconds before Orifiel drew the cane across her already abused bottom. Her distress seemed to encourage Orifiel, who took great pleasure in caning this sweet woman.

Lailah screamed as the rattan stung her flesh, red welts blossoming across her charred skin. Shocked and silent, Ali swallowed the lump in her throat as she saw tears spill from the eyes of the Angel. Another blood-curdling cry sounded from Lailah’s throat as Orifiel brutally abused her tender flesh.

“Stop it! Please, stop it!” Ali yelled, her hands gripping the bars of the cage so tightly that her knuckles grew white.

The caning ceased as the Elders turned to face her. “Of course, Parisa, all you had to do was ask,” Orifiel said. His eyes bored into hers, black and beady like a snake. Her blood grew cold under his gaze. “I can untie Lailah now, free you from the cage and you can



leave. No harm done.”

“L-leave?”

“Yes, Parisa, leave. And fail. No Chief of Police title for you.” He whipped the cane through the air, startling her. “So what’ll it be — free this poor, hurting Angel from the cross, let her seek attention for her wounds, and go home. Or stay, and watch in silence as I administer the remainder of Lailah’s punishment.”

“Punishment...?”

“Parisa, you really must pay attention,” Abaddon said, walking towards the cage. “You are here to face challenges set by The Darkness. Each challenge set specifically to suit your soul. You have a dark aura, Parisa. So tell me what lengths you will go to in order to attain that golden badge?”

Tears prickled at the corners of her eyes as she looked from Abaddon to Lailah and back again. “She’s in so much pain,” Ali whispered.

He nodded. “Yes. She is.”

“But if I set her free, I will forfeit my chance to be Chief of Police?”

Nodding again, Abaddon ran a finger across her cheek, pleading with her silently to let Lailah go and turn her back on the greed that gripped her heart. Shaking her head, Ali felt a slight twinge of shame before admitting, “I can’t do that. I can’t let this opportunity go... Continue with the punishment.”

“Good girl, Parisa.” Orifiel was delighted, resuming his position behind the weeping woman in the centre of the room.

Lailah turned her head and stared at Ali, with tear-stained cheeks and eyes filled with the sadness of betrayal. Ali felt sick, growing nauseous at what she had just done. At what she was about to witness, but the motive was there and greed was rife within her veins.

Unable to watch after the fifteenth strike, Ali turned in her cage and curled into a ball with her hands over her ears to muffle Lailah’s screams. A pang of guilt hit her stomach, but she brushed it aside as a weakness she couldn’t afford to have.

The cage door opened and Lailah was pushed roughly inside. Unable to turn her body easily with another person inside the cage, Ali didn't move. The Angel was quiet, curled tightly into the foetal position with her back to Ali. The room was silent, save for the heartbreaking sound of Lailah's sobs. Her body shook with their effort and Ali wanted nothing more than to ease her pain.

Ali shifted, twisting in the cage as best she could. Reaching out, she brushed her fingers gently across Lailah's shoulder. "I... I'm so sorry, Lai--"

"Sorry! You're sorry!? Who for? For me...my pain? Or for yourself? For your conscience?"

Ali was stunned at how Lailah recoiled from her touch as if burnt.

"Please, Lailah, I would never, ever hurt you," Ali pleaded as she gazed at the woman in front of her. She ran her fingers through the thick crop of black hair at the back of Lailah's head and began to massage slowly. "You've been so kind to me, I never...I would never..."

"Never what?" Lailah said, her voice a dull whisper. "Never cause me pain? Never harm me intentionally? Look at me Parisa. You broke me." Lailah turned with difficulty inside the cage until she faced Ali, flinching in pain as her body ached and stung with every movement. "You and your greed."

The look in her eyes made Ali's head spin, conflicted emotion swimming through her mind. Lailah was right, she was evil, driven by sin and greed, and not caring who she hurt in the process. She ran a thumb across Lailah's bottom lip, slightly swollen from Orifiel's ravenous kisses.

"I'm sorry," she whispered again, unable to hide the crack in her voice.

"Show me."

Ali regarded Lailah for a moment, cautious that this could possibly be an act of deceit or trickery, a test that she needed to pass in order to survive the week. But as she looked into the eyes of this delicate creature, Ali rid her mind of such thoughts. Inching forward with care, she reached out and trailed her fingers across Lailah's

cheek before brushing a thumb over her lips, soft and yielding to the touch.

She didn't know how exactly she had manoeuvred herself in the tiny cage to nestle snugly between two tanned thighs. She didn't know when her tongue had started to lap at Lailah's pussy, flicking back and forth across her swollen clit. She didn't know at what time her fingers had made their way into the warmest of channels and began coaxing more syrup to seep from the slickest of cunts.

Time seemed to stand still as she feasted on the woman at her behest with focussed dedication. She longed for nothing in that moment. No Darkness, no prestigious accolade. Everything she wanted was right there with her. She kissed each pink lip of her Lailah's cunt, taking her time to savour every taste, every scent, every tremble of her flesh and noise from her throat.

Ali looked up at Lailah, so utterly breathtaking in her beauty. Celestial and otherworldly. Gazing down at her were the bluest of eyes — eyes that were alight with lust, ablaze with desire, full of love and adoration. She drank in the sight of the Angel's face — hooded lids, plump pink lips parted as soft whimpers burst from between them, caramel cheeks flushed with the rosiest of tints, a blush that crept towards heavy breasts and ruby red nipples peaked in arousal.

"Mmmmm...please...Parisa," Lailah moaned as she wound her fingers into Ali's hair. "More..."

Ali smiled against her pussy and upped her game. She closed her eyes and focused all her attention on rousing the orgasm from her lover, her tongue swiping along her slit in long, smooth strokes, dipping further down towards the small puckered hole of her anus with each lick.

"God... Yessss!"

Maintaining the rhythmic thrusting of her fingers inside Lailah's cunt, Ali engulfed her clit between her lips and sucked hard, teasing the swollen bud to a powerful climax. She opened her eyes and looked up, wanting to watch this exotic beauty as she hit her peak. Lailah's eyes fluttered closed, her lips pressed tightly together and her jaw tense, orgasm was fast approaching. Her head fell to the

left and her grip on Ali's hair tightened. And then the sexiest sounds came from her throat, rising from deep within her chest — a soft purr, a loud mew as she began to shatter against Ali's mouth. Her back arched and a long moan of ecstasy escaped her throat as her pussy convulsed around Ali's fingers, weeping over her skin, honey flowing freely into Ali's greedy mouth.

They remained silent, Ali hoping that she had taken Lailah's pain away, or provided a moment of distraction if nothing else.

"Come to me, honey," Lailah said at last. "Sleep now, for soon you will face your toughest challenge yet.

Wondering what could ever be tougher than watching Lailah being beaten on the cross, Ali tried to free her mind of thoughts of tomorrow. She relaxed into Lailah's embrace and sleep soon took over. For now, Ali could rest easy.

Abaddon emerged from the corner of the room, his presence clearly forgotten by the two subjects in the cage. *Such wonderful Angels*, he thought as he gazed down upon their entwined forms. Despite the day's ordeal, they looked content, resting peacefully in each other's arms. Good. For the days ahead, they would need all the rest they could get in preparation for the challenges to come.

## CHAPTER FIVE



The remaining days whirled by in a blur of the most abject humiliation and minding-bending pain, punctuated by bouts of the most soul-searing pleasure.

On the fifth day, Ali awoke early. She was once again in the cage on the floor, but this time without Lailah to comfort her.

“You didn’t dream it,” Abaddon said from across the room. He looked pensive and dark, his eyes alight with a new blackness she didn’t quite recognise. It chilled her.

“Where is Lailah?”

“Returned to her holding cell with the other Angels.” He approached her slowly, stalking across the room with intent. “You are not an Angel yet, Parisa, nor will you ever be if you fail any of the remaining tasks assigned to you by The Darkness.”

Nodding, Ali responded, “I know.”

He crouched down, brushing her bangs from her forehead before tilting her chin up and kissing her briefly. “Tonight is the night of your final task. I want you to succeed, I want you to do well, but I fear for your safety. Orifel...the other Elders, they take great pleasure in hurting you.”

“I can handle the pain,” Ali said as she looked back at him, seeing something in his shining eyes that indicated a soft streak.

“I know you can, that’s what I’m worried about.”

She looked at him quizzically. “I don’t understand.”

“Orifel knows you like pain, that’s why they are devising a new final challenge for you, something that will really test you.” Abaddon unlocked the cage and helped Ali out, wrapping his arms

tightly around her waist as she fell against him, her legs weakened from the night in the cramped space.

“Like what?” She asked, her heart beating furiously. Clinging to Abaddon, she felt a new wave of fear flow through her, suddenly afraid that she may not be able to meet the demands put upon her by The Darkness.

“Gang rape.”

Bile rose in her throat at his words. Her body shook with a fear she hadn’t felt before. Not since her encounter with a perp three years ago. An encounter that had nearly caused her to leave the force altogether.

“But I can’t...” She pulled back, eyes pleading with him to save her from this mess.

“You can and you will.” He kissed her forehead lightly. “And I will be there every step of the way, okay. I won’t leave you. But there is something else, before they take you, you must perform for them.”

Ali was confused. “I don’t understand.”

He brushed his thumb across her cheek and over her plump bottom lip. “Orifiel has a desire to watch you indulge in self-gratification. He wants to watch you bring yourself to climax.”

“But why?” Unable to contemplate passing the tasks ahead of her, Ali started to shake.

“It’s your last challenge, Parisa, and The Darkness always knows the right challenge for each subject, to torture and torment. Dig deep though, and you will pass.”

Momentarily comforted by his words, Ali relaxed into his embrace and tried to calm the nerves that gripped her. *If I complete this task, she thought, it’ll be a miracle.*



Ali squirmed against the metal of the table, its coldness chilling her back. Looking around, she stared into the darkness but saw nothing beyond the edge of the bench. The spotlight was bright, illuminating her to all those who resided in the darkness beyond. A

few murmurs could be heard, but no faces could be seen. None, that was, except hers.

Then he was there — Abaddon. Walking around the table, he ran a palm along her body, stopping to test the give on the two black straps that secured her in place. Her wrists and ankles remained free, but her torso was encircled and so tightly bound to the table that any attempt to escape would be futile.

“Relax, sweet Parisa,” he whispered against her ear, his warm breath tickling her flesh and causing her pussy to pout. Such a predictable little slut. “You know what you must do now. Be strong. Be brave. Show the Elders what a worthy subject you are. Remember, there’s nobody here but you.”

Ali nodded, relaxing at the sound of his voice. As quickly as he appeared, Abaddon was gone and a gong boomed throughout the darkness. The faceless crowd grew silent and, although she couldn’t see them, Ali felt dozens of eyes on her. This was another test. Could she perform? Could she make Abaddon proud? She hoped so, because if she failed, her stay with The Darkness would be over. The position of Chief of Police would be forever out of her reach, and she would return to the squad a lower rank than before she left.

Closing her eyes, Ali willed herself to relax. She heard his voice again: *Remember there’s nobody here but you.* “Nobody here but me,” she whispered and let her mind drift to events of the past week. She closed her eyes and thought of Lailah.

*Alone in a room. Sunlight gleams through a crack in the curtain and casts a soft glow across my naked form as I begin to perform my daily ritual of self love. Yes, love. I trail my fingers across the expanse of skin between my collarbone and the swell of my breasts, drawing lazy circles with my nails. The skin prickles and gooseflesh forms as I continue to explore myself like this. My eyes flutter shut and I drift into another world where everything is serene and beautiful.*

*I see her above me, a woman so exotic and pure. Her eyes twinkle with a hint of desire as she gazes down. Her skin is golden. Her smile is warm. I lose myself in her closeness, my fingers brushing the small tangle of dark curls that now adorn my pussy lips. I touch myself softly, slowly. Or do I? Are they my*

*fingers or are they hers? I turn my head to the side and feel the kiss she plants on the flesh just beneath my ear, mewling as pleasure begins to build.*

*“Do you want more?” she drawls in my ear, causing my little clit to grow big and fat.*

*I smile into the darkness behind my eyelids and nod. “Yes, please.”*

*She kisses me again, tiny kisses that dapple my chest, my breasts, my taut nipples, my stomach, my mound, my thighs. I swipe a finger across my ripening bud, so silky with arousal. I circle it before pinching it gently, causing my breath to catch and my mind to turn darker.*

*“On your knees, girl,” she commands, and I whip over like a good little slut, back arched, ass high, legs wide.*

*Two fingers prod at my opening and I begin to fuck myself to thoughts of her dominance.*

*“Have you been behaving this week?” she asks as she palms my derriere.*

*“Yes, Mistress.”*

*Smack!*

*“Liar!” she yells.*

*I shake my head. “No, no...no, I haven’t...”*

*She wraps my long hair in her hand and tugs my head upwards. “No you haven’t...what?”*

*“I haven’t done anything wrong, Mistress, I’ve been a good girl. I promise.”*

*She bears down on me, her naked thigh pressing into the seam of my sex. I wriggle back against her, desperate for some friction on my clit.*

*Her lips are at my ear again. “You have not been a good girl, Parisa. You have been a very, very bad girl. And for that you will be punished. In time. First though...” She cups my pussy with her hand, the heel of her palm rubbing deliciously over my clit. “First I am going to fuck your hungry little cunt.”*

*My fingers slip out of my pussy and concentrate on my begging nub. My free hand teases my nipples playfully, a pinch here, a pull there. And then she is there, sliding the thick glass cock deep into me, thrusting it in and out in a slow rhythm. Pushing me onto my back, she stares into my eyes as she builds pace. I swallow, close my eyes and look away, unable to look into the eyes of someone so perfect.*

*It stopped just as suddenly as it started and I let out a cry of frustration.*



*“No, don’t look away from me. Never look away from me.”*

*Her demeanour softens and she traces my cheek with her fingertips before pressing her lips to mine. Her mouth is commanding yet gentle, her tongue seeking entry between my lips in a bid for more. The kiss isn’t frenzied or urgent, but sweet and slow, matching her resumed thrusting of the glass cock into my hungry sex.*

*I flick my right nipple and shiver in delight. Not long now.*

*She pulls back again and watches my face closely. I try to turn away again, but her grip on my chin reminds me to remain just as she wishes. I gaze into those icy pools and begin to lose myself.*

*Copper skin, black hair, pink lips, soft curves, supple flesh, heavy globes, juicy cunt, rouge nipples, playful murmurs, gentle moans, sharp fingernails, glinting clamps, shimmering plugs. A painful sting to my bottom with a dark wooden paddle.*

*I moan loudly as the climax flows through me, feeling as though she is here with me: Lailah. My fingers still, resting atop my tender cunt and I smile as I always do in post-orgasmic bliss...*

“Well done, Parisa,” Abaddon said as he kissed her brow, stroking her forehead as she continued to descend from her orgasm. “I’m so proud of you.”

Ali mewed softly, devoid of voice after the exertion. Touching herself in front of an audience had been tough, and with no energy left in her limbs, Abaddon removed her straps and scooped her into his arms.

“Halt, Abaddon!” Orifiel yelled. “If you take Parisa from here before the Elders have had their fill, you will not only be putting your position here in jeopardy, but hers also.”

Clinging to Abaddon, her arms wound tightly around his neck, Ali shivered. The thought of Orifiel, or rather, Adler, tapping her holes filled her with dread. But the thought of failing any of the tasks scared her even more. She could not fail. She wouldn’t do it.

“Abaddon,” she spoke softly. “Let me complete my task, let the Elders use me as they see fit.”

Abaddon stared at her in disbelief. “You understand what

they're going to do to you, Parisa? They are going to fuck you without thought for your flesh. They will feast on you, ignoring your cries of mercy until you are raw. Orifiel, Luciferus, Samael...they will ruin you."

Ali ran her thumb across his lips. "It's a chance I'm willing to take."

Returning her to the table, Abaddon watched as two Elders quickly re-strapped Ali to the bench, binding her ankles and wrists as well as her torso. His heart grew heavy. Greed was such an evil sin, breaking even the purest of angels.

Commanded by Orifiel not to participate in the final part of the task, Abaddon watched from the sidelines as Elder after Elder fucked his Parisa, seething with jealousy as cock after cock pummelled her tight cunt. The restraints were soon ripped from her body and she was thrown like a ragdoll onto all fours. Orifiel slipped inside her mouth, delighting in gagging her with his penis, pounding violently against the silky wall of her throat. Gripping her head tightly, he thrust in and out brutally whilst Luciferus slid deeply into her reluctant quim. He glared at Abaddon, smirking as the younger man's anger grew, hands balled into fists at his sides. They were choking her. Hurting her. Defiling her. And there he stood in the darkness, silently loving her.



Ali walked into the squad room exactly one week after entering The Darkness. The room was empty except for Jacobs who sat at his desk, his jaw set firm making his expression unreadable. Without looking up from his paperwork, he asked, "So...?"

"I survived."

Jacobs looked up and gazed into the eyes of this power hungry woman. He shook his head, saddened by what she had become, so consumed by greed and the evilness it promoted. She was such a determined officer, so full desire and ambition to do good. Or so he thought. How wrongly he had read her, his detective skills were

clearly outdated.

There was nothing but pride and jubilation in her eyes. He saw no shame or regret.

He pushed his chair back and stood, walking around to the front of his desk. "So...this is congratulations then?"

Ali eyed him carefully, "Yes, Captain, it is. You're looking at the new Chief of Police."

"I hope it was all worth it. The debasement and degradation. For a piece of paper, a few medals pinned to your chest and a photograph of you shaking hands with the Mayor."

"It's a bit more than that, Captain Jacobs. And yes, it was so worth it."

Jacobs turned to face his desk, unable to look at Smithson a moment longer. "Greed is an all-consuming sin, Inspector. In the end, it will only leave you with sorrow and heartache."

Silence tugged at them, before Ali said simply, "It's Chief Smithson to you now, Captain Jacobs."

Ali turned on her heel and left the squad room feeling a mixture of pride, glory, and elation. But Captain Jacobs had been right — a deep sadness seemed to bubble somewhere in the pit of her stomach.

"You feel it don't you?"

She spun around to see a grade two detective standing before her, leaning casually against the wall with his arms crossed at his chest. Her breath caught in her throat, he looked so different in his uniform.

"Abaddon," she breathed softly.

"Detective Mac Riley, " he said, extending his hand and shaking hers in his firm grip.

The formality of the gesture hit her like a ton of bricks. She wanted nothing more than to be wrapped in his arms, to rest her head on the large expanse of his chest as he ran his hands lovingly along her curves as he had done so many times over the last week.

She nodded and averted her gaze, instantly assuming the persona of Parisa. "Detective Riley, nice to meet you."

## GREED – CAGED

Gripping her arm as she turned to leave, Riley bent down, his lips at her ear. “You could’ve had it all, Chief — the friendship, the sex, the...the *love*. If only you hadn’t let the greed grip you, you could’ve been happy.” He dropped her arm and walked towards the elevator, stopping just before he entered. “You could’ve had me.”

Ali watched with tears in her eyes as Detective Riley disappeared into the elevator, vowing to stop at nothing until she had his love. Aliyah Smithson, Chief of Police, was feeling greedy once more.

# GLUTTONY

G l u t t o n     t o     G o u r m e t

BY VICTORIA BLISSE



“No, thanks, I ate before I came out.”

I smiled at Janet and she walked off towards the buffet alone. A year ago I would have been the first in line, my paper plate groaning under a pyramid of pork pie, sausage rolls, sandwiches and those little bits of stuff on sticks.

Not now. I’ve worked damn hard to loose fifty pounds of flab and I sure as hell am not going to put it back on. Even if the sandwiches do look fancy and the cheesecake for dessert appears decadently divine. There’s also one of those chocolate fountains bubbling away, sending out its sinful scent and making my mouth water. But no, I can’t afford the calories. According to my weight loss manager I had hit my target weight. But to me I still had too much curve to say that. My dress size was still considered plus size and I wouldn’t stop until I was thin and gorgeous. So, although I’d been told to up my calorie intake a little and to maintain my weight as it was, I was still pushing to lose more. It was tough. I had to really restrict my intake to get any positive response on my scales.

I shifted uncomfortably in my seat when I noticed the hot guy staring at me again. I knew I shouldn’t have worn a dress. I was

showing far too much leg and cleavage, I was sure he must have been horrified by the sight of my blobby body. I had a moment of confidence, though. As I fitted comfortably into the red dress I'd had hanging in my wardrobe for years and never worn once because it was just far too small. I looked at myself in the mirror and saw the difference in me. The curves I wanted accentuated and those I hated hidden away. So I went with it, but when I drew the attention of the hottest man in the room I wished I'd gone with one of my bigger items, something that would have protected me from the heat of his stare.

He's tall, hard and walks with a self-assured swagger. He strolled in to the party with a stunningly beautiful blonde. She was svelte and sexy and virtually invisible side-on. I assumed she was his girlfriend; she looked right on his arm. He's the kind of man who attracts beauty — you could see that in his self-assured smile. He wears a suit with ease, the pale lilac shirt below highlighting the gold of his hair and the light, airy sparkle of his eyes. His girlfriend has been gone quite a while and he'd nursed a half drunk pint for a good twenty minutes. I wonder if they'd had a falling out. As I watched him, he downed the last of his drink, stood up and walked towards me. I supposed he was on his way to the buffet table. Then he stopped right by my side.

"Would you like a drink?" He asked and I stuttered my response.

"I'm ok, thanks."

"But your glass is empty, what were you drinking?"

"Just diet coke." I was stunned, so I just told him without thinking twice.

"Then I shall get you one. Have you tried the buffet yet?"

"No," my practised lie rolled off my tongue. "I've already eaten."

"I'll bring you a selection of the best bits," he said. "There's always room for party food."

Before I could get my lips to work he'd gone. What an arrogant man! I was not used to someone completely ignoring my wishes. What

was he doing? He didn't know me from Adam but he was attempting to control my life. No one does that but me.

He did smell good though, like expensive tea and cakes in a posh hotel, bergamot and lime, chocolate and vanilla. He looked even better close up but I was not going to be swayed by his pale blue eyes or his wide, claspable shoulders. I was not going to wonder how it might feel to pinch his tight buttocks even though they looked firm and muscular and I couldn't take my eyes off them as he walked away.

"Where's your girlfriend?" I asked when he came back and put a plate and glass down before me. I was determined to talk this time and not let him cow me.

"I don't have one. Oh, you mean Gloria. No, she's my sister. "  
"Oh."

"So the position is open if you're interested." He winked.

"Yeah, right," I scoffed indicating all of me with a dismissive wave of my hand. "Because a hot guy like you would love to go out with *this*."

"Go out, stay in, I wouldn't mind as long as I got to touch and hold you."

I opened my mouth to say something, a witty rejoinder was just on the tip of my tongue but words wouldn't come. I was incapable of thought let alone articulation.

"But I should at least ask you for your name first. My name is Roman, yes it is stupid, and no I wasn't conceived in Italy. And you are?"

"Anabel and I have no witty remarks to help you remember it."

"Belle is beauty in French. I'm going to call you Belle."

He didn't ask if it was ok, I normally hated my name being shortened but for some reason I didn't tell him that. Maybe I liked being called Beautiful.

"Now, Belle, I'd start with the smoked salmon, it's delicious."

"Pardon?"

"The food I brought, you should try the salmon."

“Oh, no. I’m really not hungry.” I prayed my stomach wouldn’t rumble and give me away.

“Nonsense, I can see you salivating. You’ve been eying it up all night.”

“I don’t think it’s any of your business.”

“I get really turned on watching a woman eat and your lips are so plump I know that watching you will be highly pleasurable for me.”

He’d stumped me again. I am usually well known for my quick wit but with him I struggled to form sentences. Was he really saying it’d turn him on to see me eat?

“I’ll prove it to you.” He grabbed my hand and held it to his chest. “Feel my nipple.”

“Oh, uh, yes. Nipply.” I stuttered. I wanted to run my hands all over him to follow his linear planes and push them against my curves.

He laughed, prodded the pink piece of Piscean pleasure and pressed the proffered gift to my lips.

The smoky scent was strong and filled my senses. The wet fish bumped against my plump lips and my mouth watered in anticipation. I slowly widened my mouth, careful to be demure and lady-like. I was very aware of his heavy gaze focused on my lips and wondered how I could get the morsel off the fork without pornographically sticking out my tongue or salivating all over him. I slowly opened my lips and clamped them around the fork before pulling back and delicately chewing. I felt Roman’s nipple harden and heard a gentle moan. He was watching me intently. The warmth of the smoke and the fresh silkiness of the salmon seemed to be enhanced by his pleasure. I chewed and enjoyed my morsel and didn’t think about the calorie content once.

“See,” he covered my hand with his own. “I am turned on by you eating. Please try something else.”

“Maybe you were just cold,” I shrugged, a little annoyed by his tone but mostly by the way I wanted to respond to it.

“Alright, eat something else and I will give you definitive



proof that it turns me on.” He slid my hand down over his chest and stomach and rested my palm over his crotch. I gulped. I could feel him inside the confines of his trousers, he was firm and his cock twitched at the pressure of my hand on him.

“Now eat.”

I was hypnotized by those eyes. I can’t think of any other reason why I did what he bid and didn’t run away shouting ‘pervert’ at the top of my voice. I picked up a little cracker. It had cheese and some kind of pickle on it. As I pulled it closer to my mouth I picked up the onion and spice of the relish and my stomach rumbled in anticipation. I looked up and realised he was staring at me. I couldn’t pull away from his gaze. I lost myself in him and watched his pupils dilate as I eased the morsel into my mouth. His cock twitched and ballooned at my touch. I chewed. Heavy cheese, mellow and crumbly with the sweet, sour tanginess of the onions. I was euphoric, the food seduced my taste and Roman romanced the rest of me.

“Proof enough for you?” he whispered, his breath tickling my ear and sending a wave of goose bumps over my skin. I nodded, still finishing the morsel in my mouth.

“Good, so what are you going to try next?”

He kept my hand on his crotch as I tried a vol-au-vent with a creamy mushroom centre. He tightened his grip on my wrist when I slipped a breadstick between my lips and slowly sucked off the hummus I’d picked up on it. My eating became a show, I wasn’t worried about calories, I just wanted to make Roman’s dick dance. By the time I finished the last salty olive on my plate he was straining inside his trousers. His erection thick and strong. I was thrilled to know I’d been the one to cause it.

“Delicious.” I said, licking my lips. I had enjoyed every mouthful. I’d not worried about fat or sugars once. I knew it would be flying straight to my hips but I didn’t care. It was nothing an extra hour at the gym wouldn’t fix. I had been hungry, as much as I’d denied that to myself and it was good to feel the comfortable weight of a light meal inside me.

“I enjoyed every mouthful.” Roman pulled my hand from his

crotch and lifted it to his lips. He gently kissed the back of my fingers making me drop my gaze and giggle. "I can't wait for dessert." He finished with a seductive lick of his lips.

"Oh," I looked up, eyes wide with panic. "I don't do desert. No, not at all."

I used to regularly have whole meals that consisted of cake and chocolate and all things sweet. It was a strange kind of rebellion when I left home. As a child, I was never allowed a dessert after my meal, not even a piece of fruit. I was too chubby and so my sweet tooth and urge for seconds had to be denied.

So when I ended up under my own roof and under my own rules I often had chocolate cake for breakfast, muffins for lunch and cheesecake for dinner. It wasn't big and it wasn't clever but it made me feel like I was in control and no longer under Mum's thumb.

So when I ballooned into a size of dress that took my breath away the sweet treats were the first things to go. It seemed Mum had been right, I had to keep away from all things sweet if I had any hope of becoming a normal sized person. A person who could walk into any shop and find clothing to fit.

"Oh, come on," Roman exclaimed. "There's a chocolate fountain. Everyone loves gooeey, melted chocolate."

"I don't have a sweet tooth." I ducked my head and looked to the floor.

"Belle, don't lie." His tone was stern and it made my cheeks flush hot with embarrassment.

"Please, Roman. I just can't. I'm not allowed sweet things."

"Are you diabetic?"

"No," I shook my head. "But..."

"Are you allergic to chocolate or dairy?"

"No, but..."

"Have you eaten anything sweet in the last few days?"

"No!" I shouted forcefully, frustrated that he wouldn't let me finish my sentence. "But I am not allowed sweet things. I am on a diet."

"A diet so constricting is not a healthy thing, Belle."

“But I am so fat, Roman. I need to lose weight or I will get diabetes and heart disease and have a stroke and die at an early age.” I was flustered. One minute feeling good about myself and feeling hot and horny for a guy who obviously felt the same for me, and the next I was back to feeling fat and frumpy and having a panic attack over chocolate.

“You are perfect just the way you are.” He gently put his arm around my shoulders and squeezed. “I know you want to be healthy and that’s a good thing but denial isn’t healthy, guilt isn’t good for you and a little bit of a sweet treat isn’t going to kill you.”

I could feel tears pricking at my eyes, I fluttered my lashes to hold them back.

“Look, we’ll go and have some fruit. Fruit is healthy, right? I’m going to dunk mine in a bit of chocolate but if you don’t want to you don’t have to.”

“Okay,” I conceded. Fruit is healthy, I knew I needed to have it to get my vitamins and minerals and if I could eat a few cubes of pineapple and keep Roman happy without breaking my diet then it’d all be good. And I hoped there was a chance I’d still get laid even though I’d just given him a full showing of my neurotics.

It is very easy to refuse chocolate when you are nowhere near it but when you can see a silken waterfall of sweet cocoa goodness and smell its molten appeal it becomes much more difficult to resist.

I was really good, I looked past the marshmallows and the chunks of fudge and I speared a juicy looking strawberry.

“Good choice.” Roman nodded and pushed his freshly speared mallow into the flow of gooey goodness. “I love strawberries.”

I watched transfixed as he opened his mouth, held his head back and dropped the chocolate treat inside without spilling a drop. He moaned and masticated and I felt a dampening in my mouth and my knickers. Maybe Roman was on to something — watching someone else eat *is* sexy.

“Please, Belle, you’ll make me blush.”

“Sorry,” I gasped and lowered my gaze to the floor. It was me who blushed from the intense heat that gathered in my cheeks.

“I was only pulling your leg, beautiful. Do you want some chocolate on your strawberry? It’s a lovely combination.”

I meant to shake my head, I really did, I promise but my head dipped and lifted and I swear it did it independently of thought. Damn chocolate, it addles my brain.

“Here,” he grabbed my hand and pulled it towards the fountain. “It’s flowing the thickest just there.”

I watched in a trance as the bright red of my healthy treat dipped into the glossy brown chocolate until most of it was covered. I didn’t move, Roman dictated what I did and it was his hand that guided mine round until the strawberry butted against my lips.

“Quickly,” he gasped, hauntingly pale eyes focused on me. “Before it drips.”

I opened my lips and felt the bulbous fruit push in. Roman watched intently and I imagined it was his cock that I sucked eagerly. The chocolate coated my mouth and throat, reminding me of its decadent comfort that I had neglected for so very long. I was overwhelmed by the blast of familiar creamy sweetness and I moaned, low, soft and deep. Roman bit his lower lip and scrunched his eyes tight closed as if it was all too much for him.

I chewed through the soft, fruity nugget and enjoyed the fresh blast of strawberry juice after the cloying chocolate.

“Belle, you missed a bit.” Roman pointed down to a point below my chin, before I could look or respond he’d bent his head and lapped up the spillage from my exposed skin, just below my collarbone.

I held myself stock still; desire shot through my veins, shock mellowed into sexual heat and I didn’t push him away. People were probably watching but I didn’t care.

“That’s better,” he licked his lips and went back to the chocolate fountain. I didn’t dip anything else, Roman did it all for me. We shared everything. Tart pineapple, softly giving marshmallow.

I gloried in the sweetness, the decadence and overall his touch. He licked my lips clean, caught drips with his tongue and disappeared into my cleavage to retrieve warm drops I am sure he’d

angled to fall there in the first place.

Then as he finished off a chocolate dunked marshmallow and a stream of the molten goodness slipped down onto his lower lip I kissed it clean, sucking until I could taste chocolate no more.

Roman kept our lips connected as he held me close and pulled me tighter for our first proper kiss. And what a kiss, chocolate soaked and passionate our lips danced erotically. I forgot where we were and threw my all into my response. When finally we separated, both panting, chests heaving I noticed several people staring.

“Let’s go.” Roman pulled on my hand and I followed him. I waved to Janet as he dragged me to the door. She smiled and stuck both her thumbs into the air.

“Where are we going?” I asked.

“Somewhere I can fuck you properly.”

I’m British, I don’t expect such bluntness, especially not from a man who sounds so proper. I liked it though. I didn’t think, I just responded.

“My flat is only a few minutes walk away.”

“Brilliant! Let’s go, Belle.”

It seemed surreal to be walking along the main road back to my flat with a tall, handsome man on my arm. I had struggled so long with my self-image that I’d barely had time to date. I’d had the odd encounter with guys, managed to stay with one long enough to lose my virginity but not long enough to form a real relationship. I think the final straw came when he told me I was sexy, but had I thought about losing a pound or two?

I told him I hadn’t, but I was going to shed a load then and there. I dumped him, went on an eating binge and two years and three dress sizes later I decided maybe he’d been right. I hit thirty and a cholesterol level you don’t even want to know and I started my diet.

“You look far too serious, my Belle, you’re not having second thoughts are you?” Roman’s features were still strong, his eyes sparkling with confidence but there was a wobble to his lip, a line to his brow that showed he was a little unsure.

“No,” I shook my head. “No, I was just thinking of the past. Sorry.”

“Don’t apologise, gorgeous. Smile and tell me something dirty.”

I giggled, looked to the floor, watched the worn tarmac disappear behind me and then whispered. “I want to suck your cock, I want to taste you.”

“Mmm, yes, your pretty lips will look so good at the base of my dick.” He didn’t shout it, I’m sure but it seemed like he was talking incredibly loudly. My cheeks burned as I saw a young couple on the other side of the road. Had they heard?

“Do you know what I want, Belle?” He didn’t wait for me to answer. “I want to tie you down and eat you up. I want to cover you in cream and chocolate and sprinkles and I want to lick it all off. I want to spank you, I want to make you cum but most of all I want to fuck you. Hard.”

I licked my lips and gulped. My knees wobbled and Roman pulled me closer to him. He laughed.

“Does that sound good to you, too?”

I could only nod. Thankfully we’d reached my block of flats and I had to extricate myself from him to find my key and let us in. We stumbled to my door — I was so glad I was on the ground floor.

“Bedroom?” He walked across the room to the small corridor at the back.

“To the left, “I called after him, locking the door, slipping off my uncomfortable heels and throwing my handbag onto the sofa. My heart thudded. I wasn’t anxious about the state of my bedroom, I am somewhat of a tidy freak and I wasn’t scared about having sex.

No, it was the getting naked bit that gave me palpitations. What if when I took off my confining dress, my tummy tucking knickers and my cleavage forming bra he didn’t like what he saw?

He’d not wasted any time. When I walked into my room he was already stripped down to his boxer shorts.

“Ah, I thought you’d got lost. Come here, Belle.”

I walked towards where he stood by the end of my bed. I

couldn't help but devour him with my gaze. His chest was broad and smattered with light blond hairs, a thin trail of which led down to his belly button. His stomach was virtually flat, just a soft curve of padding there. I felt a stab of jealousy, knowing my stomach could never be classified as flat. A similar word, yes but not flat.

I didn't dwell on that. The toffee tone of his skin, the puckered, darker tone around his nipples and the tamed strength of his body turned me on and turned my mind to sex.

"My Belle, you are far too dressed," he purred as I walked into his embrace. He spun me round and ripped down the zip on my dress. Once my back was revealed he slid his big, warm hands over my shoulders under the cloth to push it off me. His fingers trailed down my shoulder blades to my waist and aided the discarded material over my hips to pool onto the floor with a slither.

I gulped. I couldn't see his expression but I imagined his eyes boring into my back. Did the layers that I knew marred my figure turn him off?

"Beautiful," he murmured, lifted my hair and dropped a gentle kiss to the back of my neck. "You look divine." He unclasped my bra with surprisingly little effort. I felt my heart sink. I held my breath. My breasts lowered into their natural position, nipples straining and hard. He eased the straps down my arms. The satin no longer shielded me. He peered over my shoulder, his chin resting in the dip, his slight stubble tickling the side of my face.

I marvel at how much worry I can pack into just a second. I waited anxiously. I imagined him pulling away, calling me fat. I imagined his disgusted face. I waited. It could have only been seconds but it seemed to drag on forever.

He cupped my flesh and moaned. I felt his desire quite literally in the small of my back. He was hard. I melted with relief and arousal. His thumbs stroked over my straining nipples and I whimpered, rubbing my face against his.

"My God, you're perfect," he growled. "So soft and giving." He pinched my nipples. Not violently, not maliciously but hard enough to make me yelp. The pleasure that flowed through me in

response took my breath away.

“So responsive. Fuck, Belle, can you feel what you’re doing to me?”

“Yes...” the words stick in my throat and come out like a dry rasp. I could feel him hard, hot and vibrant through the silky material separating us. He put pressure on my right shoulder and I turned to face him. He immediately kissed me, his full lips stimulating mine, pulling my breath from me, making me dizzy with desire.

“I need to taste you,” he rumbled, and pushed me back onto the bed. I didn’t have time to think before he was kissing my stomach and pulling down my knickers. My legs flailed and soon so did my panties — he left them hanging from one ankle. Roman grabbed my waist and pulled me down onto his face as he knelt on the floor between my thighs. His tongue tickled my lips and clit. He moaned, and pressed into me harder. He devoured me like I was his favourite dessert; he didn’t let me catch my breath, he didn’t give me chance to think. I just moaned, cursed and thrashed beneath him.

He was enjoying the taste of me and I don’t know if he was focusing on my pleasure, or if the pleasure was all his. When I came I shuddered and tightened my thighs around him. He sucked, making sure to drink down every drop of my nectar and I felt my orgasm rolling with every lick and every move of his lips. I had never felt so alive before.

He licked his lips and lent a knee on the edge of the bed. I scrambled back. I knew the bulge in his briefs needed to be dealt with. He pulled them off and I moved further back. I worried then. He could see my stomach, my whole body laid out before him. My flesh wobbled and I wanted to hide it. I covered myself the best I could with one arm. I lay back then and employed the other, too.

“No, no,” he tutted and reached down to the floor. He picked up my bra. “No hiding, I want to see it all.”

He grabbed at my wrists, wrapping the stretchy material around them and tied a tight knot. I wasn’t sure my poor underwear would ever be the same again. I didn’t care. I liked being at Roman’s mercy.



“Much better,” Roman nodded then picked up the wallet he’d discarded on my bedside table and pulled out a packet. I was glad he’d come prepared as I had no such protection. It’d been such a long time since I last had sex.

I was ready for him though. Slick and needy, I quickly accustomed to the heft of him as he stretched me. I moved my hands up my body as I stretched out. I ended up with my arms raised, my tied hands thrown up and over the far side of my bed. The pull in my shoulders was a little uncomfortable but I loved the way it stretched me out and made my breasts so prominent. I felt my nipples grazing his chest, his light hairs tickling and arousing me. I felt so much stimulation and he was so hard and hot within me that I had to move before it became too much. I worked my hips up and down, getting used to him inside me. He moved too and sparks of arousal fanned out from my cunt, tickled along my limbs and swelled the ache inside.

Roman was noisy and enthusiastic. I was usually the quiet kind but I found his exuberance rubbed off on me and soon I was moaning and yelling as loudly as he was. I raised my tied hands and hooped them over his neck to pull him close. He fucked me harder. He leaned in and nibbled my neck and I bucked my hips faster and higher.

“Oh, Belle, Belle, my pretty one,” he cooed. “Oh...fuck...”

He held still within me and I wrapped myself around him, milking every last drop of ecstasy from our joining.

Roman cuddled with me in bed for a while, gave me his mobile number, made a date then left. I was still in a post-orgasmic daze as I lay in my bed, enjoying my body for the first time in forever. My skin felt tender with his kisses, I felt like I shone with his love. I fell asleep with a smile on my lips.



“Have you got knickers on?”

“Well hello, Roman. Good to see you too.”

“You didn’t answer my question,” Roman leant in and pressed

a kiss to my cheek. "Are you wearing knickers?"

"Yes, of course," I replied, "why?"

"I want them."

"I can tell you where I bought them but I didn't have you down as a man who'd enjoy that kind of thing," I teased.

"No, Belle, I want yours, but let's sit down and order a drink first."

I had been intensely nervous before that interlude — afterwards I'd swear my heart was beating hard enough to audible at the other end of the room. We'd arranged to meet in a swanky Italian restaurant, not my usual haunt so that put me on edge. I had been told to wear my fanciest clothes. So I had bought a new dress, purple, lacy and short and new high-heeled shoes to match. The first heeled shoes I'd ever worn. It took me a few hours of walking up and down my living room in them to get comfortable tottering on them. I felt sexy, though. I just hoped Roman appreciated all the effort.

And what did he do? Made me a nervous wreck within seconds. What a man. I was desperate for some kind of compliment, a little consolation but no, the sod made me feel even more off balance than my new high-heeled shoes.

"You look delicious," he said as the posh waiter showed us to our table. "Good enough to eat."

"Thank you," I smiled, blushed and hoped the server hadn't heard him. Although I was soothed a little by the compliment.

"I can't wait to get my teeth into you."

If the waiter heard he was far too well trained to let it show. He held the chair out for me as I seated myself, and Roman settled himself opposite then ordered a bottle of wine. I assumed it was expensive, hoped it would be tasty. I was out of my depth and my stomach fluttered with nerves.

The waiter passed me a heavy menu and smiled. I looked at it and tried to ignore the prices. A starter seemed to cost more than I'd usually pay for a whole meal.

"I don't know what to have," I said, breaking the silence. "It all looks so good."

“Indulge yourself, pretty one. I think I am going to have the *Carpaccio* to start. It’s delicious, considering it’s raw.”

“So we’re having a starter and a main then?” I needed to know what to order.

“And a dessert — a meal is not a meal without something sweet to end.”

“Oh, right.” I panicked. I had been very good, eating only a banana for breakfast and a light soup for lunch, but even so I was sure the three courses would push me over my calorie intake for the day. Calorie counts weren’t written on the menu, and I wondered if I could ask.

“Don’t worry about the price,” Roman’s words cut into my panic. Obviously it had been showing on my face. “It’s my treat. It’s worth every penny just to have the honour of sitting across the table from you in that ravishing dress.”

“Thanks,” I smiled. At last he’d given me a little comfort, even if it wasn’t quite what I had been looking for. “You say the sweetest things.”

“Because you are the sweetest thing, love. What are you going to have?”

I bit my lower lip and concentrated. I looked up and Roman was grinning at me. He could be covered head to toe in mud and he’d still look devastatingly handsome I was sure. Where that thought came from I had no clue. I was all up in the air and all because of that devilishly good looking man on the other side of the table. I looked at the menu again. Surely there was something healthy on it?

“The rocket salad sounds good, I like rocket.” Phew, salad to the rescue.

“And mains?” He quirked his eyebrow. “Now come on, live a little.”

“The cod looks good,” I replied quickly. I was on top of it now. The menu wouldn’t defeat me.

“Wonderful. Now, while I order, you go into the ladies room and slip off your knickers, please.”

“Pardon?”

“You heard me. I know it’s not terribly original but I want your panties in my hand. I want to slip them into the pocket of my jacket. I want to enjoy your scent through the meal. Now go. Or do you want a spanking?”

I opened my mouth then closed it. I repeated the action. Words wouldn’t come and I just floundered. I probably looked like a beached fish, too. I wasn’t sure if I was pissed off or really turned on.

“I mean it, Belle. I’ll spank you right here, I have no problem with that.”

“No,” I gasped, waved my hands. “No, Roman, please...”

“Knickers, Anabel. You know you want to.”

I looked into his startling blue eyes and realised he was right. I wanted to please him. I wanted it so very much. I was scared though, what if this sexy man was just playing me for a fool?

He reached over the table and stroked my cheek.

“Please, for me?”

Who could resist that look? The slight pout, the pleading in his eye. I nodded.

I walked the length of the classy, softly lit room. I looked straight ahead. I didn’t want to know if people were looking at me, and I certainly didn’t want to look them in the eye. I wondered if my cheeks were bright red. They stung with heat. I was hot, flustered... and wet. Really wet.

I hurried into a stall in the Ladies’ Room, clicked it closed and sat down on the cool, white toilet. Wow, even the toilets intimidated me. Dark wood, gold fittings. I was going to take off my knickers too. In such a posh establishment and with a relatively short skirt on. Would people be able to see?

I knew I shouldn’t hang around, Roman was eager to have my undies in his possession. I stood, took a breath and removed my underwear. They were pretty. I’d bought them new for the date. I decided I might as well do, I had bought everything else especially for the occasion. Why not splash out on some lacy undergarments? I’d rather enjoyed entering the lingerie shop in the high street and picking things off the rack. They had my size now. There had been

a time when the only panties I fit into were big, cotton granny ones.

I sat down and quickly rescued the purple lace undergarment from the white tiled floor. I scrunched them up into my hand, although it was still fairly obvious they were there. My ass was smaller these days, but it still needed a good bit of lace to cover it. I took a deep breath and exited the stall. No one was around. I took a quick look at myself in the mirror, straightened my dress and flicked an errant hair from my cheek. I tried hard not to notice the garment clutched in my left hand. After all it was barely noticeable. If I kept telling myself that, surely it would be true?

I strode across the restaurant scared that at any moment I'd hear someone commenting on the whore coming out of the bathroom with her panties in her hand. I didn't hear anything of the sort. It might even have been said, but the rushing of blood in my ears would have drowned it out. I buzzed with nerves and arousal, I wasn't sure where one stopped and the other began.

"Ah, you're back." Roman smiled. "I've poured you a drink."

"Thanks," I smiled awkwardly and sat down. How was I supposed to do this? I wasn't skilled in this kind of etiquette. Actually, was there a particular way to pass your damp panties to a man in a posh place like this?

"I ordered for us," he continued, and for a moment I wondered if he'd forgotten what he'd asked for. "Have you got something for me?" His eyes sparkled as he held a strong hand out over the centre of the table.

I nodded and put my hand in his. I slowly let go of the material, watched it spill between his fingers before I drew back my hand.

"Oh, pretty," he murmured, then held the material up to his nose and sniffed. I was mortified. I was also more turned on than I'd ever been in public before. Could he smell me? Could he feel how wet the crotch was? Did he know how hot following his instructions made me?"

"Mmmm, delicious." He licked his lips and slipped the lace into his top pocket, fluffing it out like an elaborate handkerchief. I surreptitiously glanced around. No one seemed to be paying us any

attention, but surely if someone looked they'd know that a lace hanky wasn't practical for a man. Surely they'd work it out.

I took a very long, deep swig of my wine. It was sweet and fruity but with a dry edge. I could almost taste those weird things wine snobs always go on about. It was clearly a much classier wine than I was used to drinking.

I tried not to think of it as empty calories. It was a treat. I was going to relax. With a bare bum under my dress and my knickers sticking out of Roman's top pocket. I'd need all the wine I could get!

"Tasty, isn't it?" Roman smiled. "It's my favourite."

I nodded and took another sip. The alcohol buzzed straight to my brain, or maybe that was just the effect of his smile.

"Your salad, miss." The waiter had appeared beside us without me even noticing.

"Thank you."

I bit back my dismay when I saw the leaves drenched in dressing. The tomatoes interspersed with white chunks of mozzarella. I couldn't eat cheese!

"Just enjoy it," Roman whispered, picking up his fork. "It's a treat."

"Oh, sorry, I'm not — no I'm just on a diet."

"Not now you're not, not here with me. Now you're going to enjoy that good food. Okay? Don't worry about it."

"I'm sorry, Roman. It's taken a lot of hard work to get here and I don't want to ruin it." I really was upset that I couldn't just relax and enjoy the meal like he wanted me to. I wanted him to know why, though.

"Love, I understand. Look." He pulled his wallet from his pocket and slipped a photo from it over the crisp white table linen to me.

"Who's that?" I asked, looking at the bearded big guy in the picture.

"Me about ten years ago."

"Really?" I looked up at Roman and back to the photo.

"Yep, really. I got to a point I wasn't happy. Changed my

habits and now I'm healthy." He grinned and put the old image of him away again.

I nodded. But Roman had eaten all the dessert at the party, he was munching on the beef without a care. Surely that wasn't possible.

"Balance, Belle. Balance. Now enjoy your salad. It's a treat for me as much as for you."

I nodded and prodded my fork into the lush picture of flavour on the plate in front of me. I took a deep breath and lifted the loaded fork to my lips, opened up and ate.

Roman watched entranced. I smiled and munched, moaned like I'd just had my clit licked and took another bite. It was fresh, tasty and good. I enjoyed it. I swallowed down the guilt, I buried the calculator in my mind which wanted to add up the calories and I just enjoyed it.

"That's it..." Roman licked his lips as I enjoyed another mouthful.

I blushed. I still wasn't used to Roman's intense attention.

"It's very good," I admitted. "The mozzarella is so creamy."

"Watching you eat makes me so hard," Roman whispered, as I picked the last few leaves from my plate. "You know I've got one hell of a hard on for you right now."

"Have you?"

"Oh yes, I have. Knock your knife to the floor and peek under the table cloth."

I did what he asked, even though I felt a bit of a fool scrabbling around and I worried my ass might be on show. I poked my head under the cloth and saw that Roman's trousers were unzipped and he was busy palming his erection!

"Yes, you have." I commented as I sat back in my chair and smoothed my skirt down. I really didn't want to give anyone a free flash! I wish I could leisurely wank in public. I could feel my juices clinging to my thighs. I hoped to the high heavens I wouldn't leave a damp patch on the seat.

"Told you," he smirked. "The combination of seeing you eat and smelling your alluring musk is driving me mad with desire."

Just then the waiter came and cleared plates. We smiled, thanked him and sat in a tense silence until he'd gone.

"I so want to fuck you across this table right now." Roman reached out his hand and took mine. Any onlooker would think we were an innocent young couple exchanging sweet nothings. They couldn't feel the wet warmth of Roman's hands. "Can you feel how horny I am for you?"

"Yes," the reply was more breathy than I anticipated. The words stuck in my mouth as all my moisture seemed to be pooled elsewhere.

"Lick your fingers," Roman urged. "Taste me." He snaked his hand back and I looked down at my hand. I really wanted to obey him, not just to make him happy but because I genuinely wanted to taste him. But it was rude to lick one's fingers, especially in public. I did have some manners.

I looked up at Roman, his intense blue gaze urged me on. I lifted my arm, brought my fingers to my lips and licked. I tasted salt and something lightly sweet like a ripe green grape. I dropped my hand when the waiter approached once again. My cheeks were hot and I am sure the waiter must have known something was going on. He seemed to wink at Roman as he placed our main courses before us.

I wasn't hungry, not for food anyway. And for a moment I just stared at the white fish arranged so artfully on top of a bed of vegetables and potato. I wasn't sure I could eat any of it, but then I caught the aroma and my stomach rumbled.

"Tuck in," Roman said, after swallowing a mouthful of his own dish. "Before it goes cold."

"Okay," I smiled and picked up my fork. I pierced a little bit of everything and placed it in my mouth, very aware of my lips as they pulled off the food. My lips tingled as I chewed. I wondered if Roman still had a hold on himself, but when I looked over he was using both his knife and his fork.

I wondered if he was still hard. I was wet and I wanted the meal to finish so we could fuck. I'd not felt so driven by my desires



before Roman came into my life. He made me crazy and I loved it.

“Good food is almost as enjoyable as good sex.” Roman announced.

I wished he’d lower his voice. I was sure the people on the next table could hear every word he said.

“I think so, anyway,” he continued. “How about you?”

“Yes,” I responded, nodding.

“Yes, what?” his eyes sparkled with mirth.

“I agree with you,” I stuffed another mouthful of food between my lips in hopes he’d shut up.

“You agree with what? Come on, Belle, I want you to say it.”

I chewed. The flavour explosions in my mouth distracted me from my unease for a moment, but then I had to speak up.

“I think good food is almost as good as sex.”

Roman nodded and chuckled. “Yes, and we will test out that theory tonight. After dessert I’m going to fuck you, Belle. I can’t wait.”

At least he’d lowered his tone just a little that time.

“I can’t wait either,” I whispered and continued my meal. It really was very delicious and healthy. I thought of the vitamins and minerals with each bite. I wasn’t just shovelling it in. I wasn’t being greedy.

“What are you thinking?” Roman placed his cutlery on his plate. “You look tense.”

“Oh, nothing,” I shook my head. “It’s silly.”

“No, no, tell me.”

“Well, I was just thinking about the vitamins and minerals and goodness. Telling myself I was doing my body good, that I wasn’t being greedy eating this big plate of food. I worry about it, you know.”

“Oh, Belle, I know. I’ve been there. Poised, as you are, on the brink of an eating disorder.”

“What?” I yelled the word a little more forcefully than I meant to and various people looked round at our table.

“Now, now, you know it’s true. You’re obsession with calories is not healthy. How many calories do you allow yourself in a day?”

I wasn't sure I wanted to tell him, he was going to make fun of me.

"Enough," I tutted.

"Tell me," He demanded.

"Well," I relented, I didn't want to make a scene. "I work off a thousand calories. I was doing the recommended one thousand two hundred but I wasn't losing weight on that."

"Belle, listen to yourself. You know you're restricting too much. I understand, I do. I did it for a while myself but you will make yourself ill, trust me on that. Your body has obviously decided you're at the perfect weight, be happy with that."

"But I am still fat," I exclaimed and felt a tear run down my cheek. "I need to lose more."

"No, no," he shook his head. "You're perfect."

"But —"

"No buts, Belle. Those images you crave to look like, the ones on billboards and in magazines are not real, darling. You are real. You are beautiful. Please don't ruin that."

He genuinely meant it. I could see it written in his eyes. He thought I was perfect. Couldn't he see the extra flab I still needed to lose?

"Roman, I just need to get rid of a few more pounds and then I'll —"

"That way madness lies," Roman nodded. "Trust me. Please don't waste away, Belle."

"No, no. I couldn't. I'm not built like that," I soothed. He looked more upset than I was. It was very peculiar. I wanted to reassure him it'd be okay. I wanted to go back to the fun and games we'd enjoyed earlier.

"Okay, okay," he nodded. "We're getting too serious now. Let's choose dessert."

I was going to kick up a fuss. I was going to refuse because I couldn't have dessert on my diet but I took one look at his face and just smiled and nodded. Maybe he was right. Maybe I was being too restrictive. What difference would one dessert make? I could work off

the calories tomorrow.

“Okay,” I agreed. “What do you fancy?”

We decided on the same dessert. A fancily named lemon slice, like a cheesecake but not. It was creamy and zesty with just a little crumb at the base to give texture, and a zingy berry compote to contrast. It was delicious and I enjoyed every mouthful.

“So are you ready to go home and fuck, now.” I asked when the plates had been cleared. Roman’s face was a picture of surprise. He laughed.

“Yes, I am ready to fuck, Belle, let me pay the bill first.”

I was anxious to go. My stomach was pleasantly full but my other ache was not fulfilled at all. Roman paid and we exited the restaurant. I was just about to suggest hopping into a taxi to my place when he grabbed my hand and pulled me down a tiny side alley.

“What are you doing?” I yelped as he pushed me against a wall and squashed himself against me.

“Fucking you,” he responded, then dropped his lips to mine for a kiss. My heart was racing. I was outside, in a dirty little street and Roman wanted to fuck me. What if someone saw us?

“It’s been driving me mad being able to smell you all through dinner. I need you.”

He kissed my neck and ran his fingers up my thigh to test the wetness there. I moaned. I was more than ready to be fucked.

“You’re so wet. Fuck, I love it.” He slid his fingers into me, his thumb rubbed against my clit and I mewled in delight.

“Turn around, quickly, put your hands on the wall. Fuck, I am so hard.”

I was scared, anyone could walk past and see me like this but I was also incredibly turned on. I ignored my fears. I turned around and pressed my palms against the rough, crumbly brick. Roman angled my hips, arched me until I was perfectly poised for him.

I glanced left and right, saw no one. I licked my lips as I heard his zip, and I quivered in anticipation as I felt him rolling my skirt up my back. A crinkling of a packet assured me he was being safe — well, as safe as you could be having sex in public! I took a deep

GLUTTONY



breath and moaned it out. He slipped so easily into me. I closed my eyes and let the satisfaction of his cock inside me wash away the fears of detection.

“Oh, Belle...fuck Belle...so good, so good,” he whispered, the heat of his breath tickling the back of my neck. I wasn’t particularly comfortable, the brick was rubbing at my palms, I was sure there’d be scratches and my back and calves ached with the strain. But I was supercharged with arousal and I felt alive. I wanted to giggle with glee but I was too busy gasping and groaning and panting out my pleasure.

“Perfection,” Roman squeezed my hips. “You are absolute perfection, Belle.”

And I felt perfect, in his hands, with him fucking me, I felt like the prettiest girl in the world.

“I can see your ass cheeks jiggle with each impact,” he whispered. “And it turns me on so much. They’re full and juicy and ripe.”

He removed a hand from me and I yelped when it impacted on my exposed buttock. At first I was worried about the noise, would the crack of his hand on me draw attention? Then the fire of the spank broke through the worry and made me hiss with pain. But as he slapped once, twice and a third time I felt the pain mix and meld with the pleasure flowing through my veins and I coasted along on a euphoric high. It felt good being so bad, there where any passer-by could see. My body was alive with orgasmic energy, I felt a sting of ecstasy with each slap. It felt like a mini-orgasm, it was so intense.

Roman stopped after a few more hits and gripped my hips again. I knew he was close to his climax. As I drew his orgasm into my cunt I felt the pleasure flowing through me from top to toe.

That was the beginning of something special. Roman was my ultimate treat, whenever I was with him I felt alive. We had many enjoyable meals with each other and a few we ate off each other, too. I relearnt the joy of food and how to be a gourmet instead of a glutton.

And I always let myself over-indulge in Roman. I could never

## GLUTTONY - GLUTTON TO GOURMET

get enough of him. Some things are just too good to ration.

# ENVY

G r e e n - E y e d   M o n s t e r



BY LILY HARLEM

## CHAPTER ONE



I knew I should resist. Really I did. But I couldn't. The urge was just too compelling. Crazy, really, because it wasn't as though seeing it made me feel good. No, it gave me this gut-wrenching, skin-crawling sensation that made my head thump and my heart pound. It caused me to feel sick and twisted physically and mentally.

*What have I become?*

But it also wet the gusset of my knickers and spiked my nipples until they pushed against the silk cups of my bra. Watching made my clit tingle, as if it ached to get bigger, and my lips often felt bruised afterwards; perhaps I bit them without realizing.

I released my cock from its satin-lined box and walked towards my bedroom window. As usual I didn't draw the blinds, just allowed the London darkness to swallow my still figure and keep me hidden. Now all I had to do was wait.

Waiting spun what-ifs around my head, web-like, obsessive. To calm myself I stroked the length of silicone, feeling its dense weight in my palm — it could soothe my nerves as much as it could bring me to a wonderful, ecstatic frenzy.

You see, I wanted what he had. Desperately. I had no idea where this dark longing had come from. One day it had just hit me, a physical punch to the gut. It stole my breath, knotted my insides and consumed my thoughts. Now my days revolved around my need for it.

His name was Dai — Welsh for David, so he told me — and he worked at Rengrade IT Solutions based on the Arlington Road. I knew this from our chats at the bus stop every morning. It was



Dai who'd started the conversations. Comments about the weather at first — moaning about the rain or praising the sunshine — then he went on to chat about what he was doing at the weekend or admire something I was wearing; once he told me he liked my new jacket and it went well with my emerald eyes. Whenever he spoke I would nod and watch his mouth; his bottom lip was fuller than the top and his right canine a fraction raised.

He'd told me he enjoyed going to the dogs. Which meant he was a bit of a gambler. That was okay, I had vices too. I couldn't say no to nicotine and lately I'd been biting my fingernails again. Oh, and I guess playing with my cock was an undeniable addiction and many would call it a vice.

I tensed as the light in his apartment came on. The one in his lounge. His smart black leather shoes and dark grey suit trousers appeared. He wore a pale blue shirt with a navy tie — the tie loose and the shirtsleeves shoved up.

He moved to his kitchen area and did what he did every night when he got back from the office. He pulled open the fridge and popped a beer. Tipping his head, he took a long drink. I could just make out his black hair shifting at the nape of his neck. I adored his neck. The way his dense stubble coated his Adam's apple then tapered out at the hollow of his throat.

He'd had his hair clipped short a few months ago, I loved how his nape had appeared pale and vulnerable back then. It set into motion dreams of how the hair around his cock would look on me. Black and wiry, thick enough to tangle my fingers in. It would rise up to my naval in a feathery line and grow down to join hairy thighs.

He set down his beer. Tugged off his shirt and revealed his chest. I smoothed my thumb over the head of my cock and dragged in a breath. He had skin the colour of toasted biscuits. Acres and acres of perfect smooth flesh my palms ached to glide down and find what I wanted most and grip. Grip tight and fierce, beg him to tell me what it made him feel like to be touched there, adored there, and brought to a hard climax with a determined, beating fist.

He disappeared and I glanced at the mottled window I knew

to be his bathroom. Within seconds it glowed amber. He would be showering now. It was a damn shame I couldn't see in. The thought of his cock being caressed by running water, white suds and swirling steam was enough to make my knees go weak. He'd wash it thoughtlessly I was sure, brisk, industrious movements designed to clean not stimulate. How one became complacent with what they had. If only I could have that experience just once, just one shower holding my cock, bringing it to full arousal and then slamming out an orgasm, spurting milky semen against the tiles and watching it wash away, down the plughole as the water rained from above and I held the deflating organ in my hands.

At least he always left the living room curtains open, no matter what he was doing. I was grateful even though it was feeding my obsession, stoking the fires of my yearning. Not to mention tearing away my ability to concentrate at work and pissing off my mates because I kept declining their social invites.

I just couldn't bear to miss a single moment of watching Dai's cock in action and wishing it was mine.

Once, last week, when he'd had company, his usual very hot company, I wondered if he'd guessed he was being watched. He'd stared straight into my darkened top-floor apartment, his eyes wide, his mouth slack, for a full five seconds before he'd crumpled forward and cum in his partner's mouth.

I'd orgasmed myself. Fretting my small, feebly erect clit with the tips of my fingers.

But I was sure he couldn't see me. Mine was the only window on this side of the building high enough for anyone to see into his. He thought he had total privacy and had told me he presumed the penthouse occupant of my block was away on a long trip. I had no intention of setting him straight about his misconception and continued to be scrupulously careful about the hours my bedroom light was on or off.

I couldn't risk spoiling my fun.

Suddenly he appeared in view again. Hair roughly dried, dark green towel wrapped around his waist. I could make out the bulge

between his legs. Even flaccid his cock packed a good size.

He took another slug of beer then turned from the window and strode towards the hallway.

Quickly I fiddled with the straps on my cock, straightened them out and stepped in. These days, I could get my apparatus on in a heartbeat I'd done it so often. Six months ago I would have shaken my head in confusion, now it was all that filled my mind. Wearing it, imagining it, longing for it.

*What would it be like for real?*

Another man, tall, blond, walked across the room with Dai. His name was Nick. Dai often spoke of his *friend* when we were waiting for the bus. I wondered if he knew how obvious it was from the light in his eyes that I'd guessed how much he loved him.

Dai smiled, spoke, then reached into the fridge and pulled out another bottle of beer. Flicked off the lid with a silver opener and passed the drink to his companion.

Nick sat on the armchair that was angled away from my window. Dai folded down opposite on a long, low cherry-red leather sofa. It had small silver feet that held it off the wooden floor and several over-stuffed black cushions lined the back.

I watched them talking and chugging on their beers. Wondering what two guys spoke about when no one else could hear. Lazily I stroked my cock, swiping my thumb into the slit and curling around the glans. I longed to feel dampness there, pre-cum, a sign that it was enjoying my ministrations.

Dai stretched sideways and put his beer on a table, beside a chrome lamp with a black velvet shade.

I gave a firm downward stroke so I applied pressure against my clit. It was clever, this strap-on, it had a hard, raised rubber patch in the panties that was designed to stimulate my tiny portion of pleasure-giving flesh.

I had to take what I could.

Nick moved to sit beside Dai. Reached over him and set down his drink. He stayed close, his lips curling into a smile as his gaze dropped down Dai's body.

## ENVY - GREEN-EYED MONSTER

Heat went to my pussy as blood engorged my now stimulated clit. I knew what was coming next. It was always the same when Nick gazed at his lover then poked out the tip of his tongue, just a little, and licked his bottom lip.

I was suddenly aware of dampness on my inner thighs. My juice leaking through the gap in the crotch. I couldn't ejaculate like they could. My arousal was more of a constant stream of moisture. Some women could, so I'd heard, but it had never happened to me. Perhaps I should work on honing that skill. But still, would it really be the same as having pleasure surging up and out in powerful jets? Would it be the release that twisted men's faces, caused them to yell and grunt and turned every muscle and fiber in their bodies to granite?

Fondling the base of my shaft, just enough to rotate the rubber gently over my clit, I watched, utterly mesmerised.

Nick was kissing Dai now. Lazy, long kisses. Stroking his tongue over Dai's lips as though he truly adored tasting him. Which I believed he did.

He'd meshed his hand into Dai's hair, his palm covering his ear and holding him close. A heaviness grew in my belly. The possessiveness of the touch, the certainty of what was going to happen next had my heart beating faster. I knew they wouldn't disappoint, these two guys of mine. They had no idea I watched their sexy escapades with such longing to be them, to have what they had.

To penetrate.

I studied Dai's groin and slid my hand up my shaft, imagining it filling with blood the way Dai's was right now. I could see it, growing, tenting the towel. He shifted his hips and gripped the sleeve of Nick's t-shirt. The towel was barely keeping him covered, the opening where it wrapped around itself now exposed his thick, hairy thigh and the first slant of his hip.

Nick paused, grinned and looked at Dai's groin. He spoke and Dai nodded, his lips slightly parted and his chest rising and falling more rapidly than before.

I would have done anything to know what they said at these

moments. Did Nick tease him about the effect he always had on him? At the way he could get Dai's cock stiff and ready for action with just a promising kiss?

Through the darkness I glanced at my artificial cock, primed and erect — it always was — and tried to imagine a tingle in its root, the weighty engorgement as it filled with blood and became desperate for stimulation.

Nick reached down, unfolded the towel from around Dai, peeling it slowly, agonizingly, like a piece of ripe fruit being revealed.

My breath caught in my chest when I saw his cock, protruding upward, a sentry on duty, so big and alive, thick and vibrant. How would it feel for it, at this moment, to be released and have the cool air washing over the surface? The comparison from being wrapped up, contained to now jutting out in the open, free and awaiting stimulation.

I smoothed my hands up and down my rubbery shaft quicker, harder. Imagining Nick's hands on me, caressing me, holding me and giving the love and attention I could only hope my own cock would ever receive.

Because Nick is good. I would walk on nails to have him touch me. His hands, I have noticed, are dexterous and gentle. He seems to get just the right amount of firmness in his grip, and as I watch now Dai drops his head onto the back of the sofa and flops his knees open. It's as though the effort of concentrating on anything other than what Nick is doing is just too much. Dai is wanton, desperate for his lover to indulge his desires, but he also has an air of confidence that every need will be met. Satisfaction is the only outcome. He will not be left unsatisfied on any level.

Oh, how I wish I was him. I would do anything to trade places, to have that organ of pleasure, to have another living person willing to put so much skill and time into feeding its hunger. Taking me to a mind-altering climax and then treating my cum like its heaven-sent nectar.

I am rubbing faster now, in time with Nick. Re-creating the energy and efficiency that he is putting into wanking Dai. The silicone

is heating, but my palm is dry, the action not as smooth as I wished it was. Unlike Dai, I have no pre-cum leaking from my ridiculously shallow slit to lubricate my shaft.

Cupping my palm, I spit into the centre, a good blob of froth to give some wetness to my shaft. I smooth it on, up and down, but it's not enough. I part my legs, scoop my fingers into my pussy and collect cream to use along with the spittle. Much better. My arousal holds a certain amount of oiliness, a lubricant designed for gliding, for flesh on flesh, or in this case, flesh on silicone.

Dai arches from the sofa — his need is reaching high intensity. Nick doesn't let up, he is fisting up and down as he kisses the taut tendons of Dai's neck. I can just see his teeth, nipping, creating a little pain to go with the pleasure.

I am hot now, despite standing in a cool dark room overlooking the night sky. My scent and cream on the shaft makes it feel part of me, we are now connected. I have given it a piece of myself. A part of my secret desire.

But how I wished I was there. As part of them. I am still besieged with the thought of Nick touching my cock like that — stroking, arousing, delighting himself in the pleasure his strokes induce.

How can it ever happen? My cock is man-made, not man-real. But I've a good imagination and I'm horny and aroused now, masturbating, the rubber gyrating against my clit, building me up. The denseness of the strap-on, dragging around my waist and resting heavy on my mons adds to the pleasure. A whimpered moan escapes my lips and echoes around the room.

Suddenly Nick pulls back and releases Dai's shiny, engorged cock, leaving it pointing toward the black uplighter in the middle of the ceiling. He speaks at the same time as he reaches one hand around Dai's waist and the other over his shoulders.

I tremble in anticipation; my pussy clenches. God only knows what he is adding to the instruction he is dishing out, but his expression is gruff, his jaw set determinedly.

Dai twists from his seated position and I feel my own spine

twitch, almost copying him. In an instant he is on his hands and knees on the sofa, his back bowed like a stretching feline and his head drooped.

He waits, patiently, while Nick stretches to his full height and begins to strip off his clothes.

My palm is hot now, the friction from rubbing my shaft has created a burning energy. I adore the feeling, it makes it feel alive. I try to extend the pulsing sensation in my clit right to the tip of my cock, imagine the whole length is buzzing with need.

Nick is naked and I can see the slight curve in his cock, banana style. He reaches into a box on a nearby table for lube and a condom, as he does so the tip of his penis knocks just below his navel. Ripping the Durex wrapper with his teeth he steps over to Dai who is utterly still except for a slight inward dip in his abdomen as he breathes.

Dai's cock is rigid and, like Nick's, juts towards his belly.

As Nick rolls the condom down his shaft I mimic his action. My thumb and index finger don't quite reach around my cock so I turn my wrist, imagining a thin membrane of latex being smoothed down its length. I clench my jaw, grit my teeth, wonder at how the action makes me feel so empowered. I adore this ritual of preparing for penetration. Many see it as an inconvenience; I view it as dressing for the occasion.

With my fantasy condom in place, rolled right down to the stiff panties of my strap-on, I return to concentrating on the illicit show.

Nick is behind Dai, one knee on the sofa, the other foot planted on the floor. He is massaging Dai's butt cheeks, smoothing his hands over the firm, slightly paler flesh enough to stretch his cleft. I can't see Dai's anus, but I know Nick will be able to. Nick's being treated to an amazing view of the dark hole he is about to plunder. The tight ring of tissue that will soon squeeze and hug his entire shaft.

But Nick loves Dai, the same way Dai does him, and he never shoves in without prep. He knows that would burn in a bad way.

Jerking at my shaft, my butt trembles as Nick applies lube to his fingertips. He bends down, bites and then kisses Dai's buttock at

the same time as he penetrates him.

Dai lifts his head, his eyes squeezed shut, his lips a thin line. I'm no stranger to anal sex and know just what he will be feeling right now. He is enjoying that lovely moment of invasion, a bit of discomfort, a lot of pleasure. Allowing and trusting his lover to enter his body in his most secret, sacred place.

Nick hangs his head low, an expression of absolute concentration on his face as he shifts his finger in and out, or maybe it's two fingers now. My view is not that good. As he nibbles on his bottom lip he pushes further in until his hand buffers against his lover, knuckle deep.

Again my ass clenches, but not because I want to have Nick do that to me, but because I want to be the one prepping an asshole, getting it ready for *my* cock.

I concentrate on what Nick is doing, how long he works at the delicate tissue, how fast he pumps into Dai. I glance at Dai's face again. He is moving more now, his body shunting backwards with each forward thrust of Nick's hand. Nick presses his palm to the centre of Dai's back and calms his movements. He says something and Dai turns his head, as if disagreeing or pleading, I am not sure.

Nick nods, withdraws his fingers and grips his sheathed cock. Aims it between Dai's buttocks.

Dai is still talking over his shoulder — it looks like the same word over and over — please, please, please.

My mouth is dry, I lick my lips, try and find some moisture. I've been breathing fast during this build up, panting almost. My hands are shaky as I grip the end of my cock and imagine it finding purchase on Dai's tight rosebud. I freeze, just the way Nick has. He's tormenting his frantic lover, making him wait an agonizing few more seconds before he gives him what he needs.

I hold my breath. My pussy is quivering, my clit thudding against the strap-on.

Nick grits his teeth and squeezes Dai's hips. He pushes forward.

Dai's snaps his neck up, opens his mouth wide and stares



straight ahead; though if he is seeing anything at all, what his gaze has settled on I have no idea.

I copy that slow ride, pushing at my hand and increasing the force I have to fight. In my mind I'm entering Dai's ass, my cock breaching his tight orifice. The band of taut tissue is clamping around me, objecting to the size of my glans. But like Nick I don't let up. I keep forging in, making him accept me, take me.

Dai's fist is clamped around a cushion, an expression of blissful concentration on his face. Nick's eyes are steely — nothing will stop him from sinking to the hilt — and when I see his hips settle up against Dai's ass cheeks I know he is there.

Slipping my hand to the base of my cock, I think of how it must feel to be so deep inside another person, owning them, claiming them. My clit bobs and a needy feeling of pressure spirals through my pelvis. I shut my eyes for a brief moment, pretending I am Nick and that I have my cock seated to the hilt in Dai. For a second the twisted longing that plagues each and every one of my days settles. I almost have what I want so badly. Nearly, but not quite.

When I refocus the pace has picked up. Nick is fucking Dai quickly. It seems tonight it's not going to be a languid, teasing shag, but a fast, urgent mating. My heart knocks. I don't want to miss a thing. I want to join them, cum with them.

I spit on my palm again to slicken my shaft further and mirror Nick's thrusting hips. My timing is spot on; I have practiced all their fuck-speeds before. Nick's butt cheeks clench as he pounds, so do mine. He grips Dai's hips, his fingers pale. I grab the windowsill with one hand, pretend its hard bone and flesh and I'm keeping my screw-partner captive.

Nick's speed increases, I match him. I'm fucking my hand harder, faster. A sheen of sweat has appeared on both Dai and Nick. Moisture pops on my skin too, my forehead, top lip, cleavage and around the panties.

They are going to cum. Dai is calling out, his cock swollen and beet-red as it bounces, bashing onto his abdomen with each jerk forward. Nick raises his hand and brings down a hard slap on Dai's

ass cheek.

Dai responds with a buck and what I perceive to be a yell.

My clit is rocketing, getting ready to explode. I moan and wank myself with wild ferocity, bashing the rubbery elevation against my swollen nub.

The men are there. Pearly jets shoot from Dai's slit onto the red leather sofa, sticky and stringy. Nick throws back his head and his chest rises and falls as though he's cursing and shouting his bliss to the heavens.

I hold my breath, allow my own point of no return to claim me, a sweeter than sweet second of envisaging that I'm cuming inside Dai, filling him up as he climaxes around my hard shaft. And then I'm tumbling through ecstasy.

I watch the final shunts into Dai's ass as I cum. My heartbeat is loud in my ears; my pussy is clenching around nothing. My hands ache, my wrist hurts, but I don't let up. I can't. For this moment is as close as I can be to fucking Dai, and the longer I feel like this the less time I have to cope with the sickness of not having what they have.

## CHAPTER TWO



The sunlight snuck into my bedroom the next morning and woke me gently. I was still wearing my strap-on, holding it lovingly with one hand. But my stomach sank when I squeezed and felt nothing. Oh, why hadn't some overnight miracle occurred and I'd woken up with a real, flesh-and-blood cock?

Trying and failing to ignore the hole in my guts that just got bigger each time I thought about my lack of dick, I showered, dressed and headed for the bus stop.

Dai was there, fiddling with his i-Phone and looking tall and lean in a navy suit.

"Morning," I said, strolling up to him and getting a whiff of the delicious black-pepper scent he always wore.

He slipped his phone into his pocket and smiled. "Hi, Helen. How are you?"

"Not too bad. You?"

"Great, it's going to be a lovely day, the sky is so clear."

I glanced up at the sheet of pale blue that blanketed the high-rises. "Yeah, lovely. Couldn't have asked for more on my birthday."

*Why did I say that?*

"Your birthday. Hey, happy birthday." He grinned down at me, showing off his damn cute smile and that slightly wonky tooth.

"Thanks." I shifted from foot to foot and thought of how he'd smiled at Nick last night, after they'd finished fucking and Nick had wrapped him in his arms and set him down on the sofa for a lazy kiss.

"You doing anything special?" Dai asked.

"What do you mean?"

He laughed. "For your birthday of course."

I shrugged and stared up the street, in the direction the bus would come. "No, not really, I have to work all day." Where the hell had the birthday comment popped up from? My birthday was in May, not October.

"What about this evening? No hot guy taking you out for a romantic dinner and lavishing you with gifts?"

I shook my head and fiddled with the strap-on my handbag. "No hot guy *to* take me out." I gave a tight laugh.

He was silent for a moment, then, "Come over to mine if you want. We can have a drink and you can meet Nick. I am always telling you about him and him about you. It would be great if you could both put a face to your names."

A tingle ran over my shoulders, up my neck and down my spine.

*Really?*

"But —" I started.

"No arguments, you can't possibly sit home alone on your birthday. Whatever would you do?"

"I don't know. I..."

*Watch you and Nick fuck and turn myself inside out with envy that you have cocks and I don't.*

"Come on." He spun to me and for the first time ever touched me by placing his hand on my shoulder. "I'll even get us a bottle of champers."

Looking into his eyes I suddenly realized that this could be the break I'd been waiting for. Just what I needed to slow down the festering that was eating me alive.

I grinned up at him. My heart felt light for the first time in months. "Well, if there is champagne on offer, then who am I to say no?"



Dai's front door was cherry-red, like his sofa, and as I rapped

my knuckles on it I couldn't help but wonder if I'd done the right thing by bringing my strap-on. Of course, it was tucked down low in my handbag, but still, it was almost like jinxing my visit having it with me.

Trouble was, all day long, sitting at my office desk, the only thing I could think of was how the evening might go. Instead of working out my clients' taxes, I'd sifted through all kinds of scenarios, my imagination playing with a million daydreams — each one involved me wearing my cock and fucking Dai, or Nick, or just fucking in general.

The door swung open and Dai stood there smiling, wearing grey sweats and a white t-shirt that had an embroidered eagle on the right side of the chest.

"Hi," he said. "Come on in and make yourself at home."

"Thanks." I passed him the bottle of wine I'd brought and stepped in.

"I hope you like strawberries, I bought a big punnet. I thought they would go well with the champagne." He clicked the door shut and gestured for me to walk towards the living room.

"Mmm, I love them." It was strange moving around the space I'd stared at so many times. Like walking onto a movie set or a house from my favourite soap.

Suddenly I spotted Nick. He was sitting on the sofa looking out of the large window toward my building with his back to me. I'd thought I was going to be the first to arrive. When I'd glanced out of my bedroom window a little while ago, Dai had been alone, preparing the strawberries.

I sucked in a breath and resisted the urge to wring my hands together. Meeting Nick was something I was very much looking forward to but I was also nervous about it. He was more dominant than Dai, the giver, the top. It was always him who instigated their sex.

"Helen, this is Nick, Nick this is Helen, my bus stop companion."

Nick stood, turned to me and shoved his hand through his

flopping blond hair. He grinned and stepped forward. "Helen, its good to meet you."

"You too." I allowed him to shake my hand.

"Dai tells me we're celebrating. Happy birthday." He released my hand.

"Yes, er, thanks."

"Please, sit down," Dai said, striding over to the kitchen area. "I'll get the champers, it's been on ice."

Nick sat back on the sofa and I sat next to him, but with a polite distance between us. I felt slightly star-struck. I knew Nick so well — sort of. What he looked like naked, how he liked to suck Dai's dick for hours, teasing him, almost but not quite letting him cum. I knew that he had a bend in his cock and sported a tattoo on his right upper arm, which was now covered in a crisp, pale blue cotton shirt.

"Here we go," Dai said, putting a silver ice bucket on the table.

A bottle of Moet stuck up from a glut of ice cubes. On the table, already set out, were three flutes, a bowl of strawberries and some white paper napkins.

"This really is very kind of you," I said, placing my bag by my feet.

"Don't mention it. I feel terrible for not inviting you round sooner," Dai said. "We are always chatting in the mornings and I feel I know so much about you, yet we've never socialized."

"And I feel like I know you too," Nick said, with a deep laugh. "Dai is always saying Helen this and Helen that."

"Does he?" I smiled and relaxed a little.

"Yeah, he was telling me about that client of yours who was trying to dodge his taxes and wanted you to cover for him."

I shook my head. "I know, that was shocking. But it's surprising how many people try it on."

"Really?"

"Yes."

"Here we go." Dai popped the cork on the Moet. It flew into the air and bounced off the arm of the chair. "Quick, glasses."

Froth dribbled over the top of the bottle and slewed down the foil. Scooting forward, I grabbed a flute and held it as Dai filled it with the pale golden fizz.

When we each had a glass he raised his. "Happy birthday."

"Happy birthday," Nick echoed.

I grinned. "Thanks, its really kind of you to invite me over."

"Nothing kind about it, we're pleased that you're here celebrating your special day with us."

A little pang of guilt stabbed at my chest as I sipped my drink. My special day? Well it was now that I was *here*, but other than that it was just the 15th of October, nothing special about it.

*Oh well. Needs must.*

"So tell me more about your work?" Nick said, resting back and stretching his arm along the top of the sofa, towards me.

Dai sat in the chair, one ankle resting on his opposite knee. He sipped his champagne.

"Well it's not that interesting really," I said, reaching for a strawberry.

"Oh, but I'm in business law and we have new clients looking for an accountancy firm. Perhaps I could send some business your way."

I nodded. Not quite what I wanted to talk about but I guessed until we'd all loosened up with alcohol there was no point going through with the daring part of my plan.

An hour later the sun had slipped from the sky, the champagne was finished and the wine partly drunk. All that remained of the bowl of strawberries was a few scarlet smears on the smooth white china and one tiny green leaf.

"So what did you get for your birthday?" Dai asked.

I should have been mellow and relaxed but I wasn't. I wanted to perch on the end of my seat, twist my fingers and jump straight to the point. I didn't, of course.

*But maybe I should.*

I scooted forward and reached for my bag, lifted it onto my

lap. Took a deep breath and blew it out slowly.

“Helen,” Dai said. “Are you okay?”

“Yes, fine.”

“Sure?”

“Yes.” I swallowed a large mouthful of wine and stared out at my dark bedroom window. This was it. It was now or never. I couldn’t go back to living with that tight, twisting jealousy. It would kill me sooner rather than later. I had to have it. I needed it now. I needed to be one of them. Have them see that I had a cock too and that I could fuck with it.

“So what did you get?” Nick asked, tipping his head. “Everything you wanted?”

I passed him my empty wine glass and he set it aside wearing a puzzled expression on his face.

“Sort of,” I said, undoing the clasp on my bag and flipping it open.

“Sort of?” Dai repeated, lowering his brows.

I swear my jugular must have been visible. I could feel it throbbing in my neck. “Well I’m here,” I said.

Dai laughed. “But that wasn’t really what you wanted.”

Frowning slightly, I dug to the base of my bag. “Actually it was.”

I wrapped my fingers around my cool, hard shaft. Gripped it tight. Its texture was reassuring, like holding the hand of a friend at a scary moment.

Because this was scary. They would either kick me out, laugh, or be up for some steamy fun. I would sell my soul for it to be the latter.

“Why would you want to come here so badly?” Nick asked.

“Because, I’ve got this.” I tugged my cock past my purse, a packet of mints, a small make-up bag and out into the open. I had to lift it high, level with my face, to pull the strappy style panties out.

Nick drew in a breath and widened his eyes.

Dai uncrossed his legs and leaned forward. “Bloody hell. Is that what I think it is?”



“Yes,” I said.

“Fuck, it’s enormous,” Nick said, unblinking as he stared at it. A sudden balloon of pride grew in my chest. “It is pretty big, isn’t it.”

Nick scooted closer, tugged on his bottom lip and examined the head. “It’s very realistic.”

“I think so.”

“What’s it made of?”

“Silicone mainly.”

“It’s even got veins, look Dai.”

Dai stood and moved over to the sofa. He sat down with a heavy bump on the other side of me, so I was sandwiched between the two of them.

“Crikey, so it has. It’s awesome, Helen. Where did you get it from?”

“I ordered it online.”

“Why?” Nick asked.

I glanced between the two of them. Dai’s eyes were narrowed as if he was intrigued, Nick swept his tongue over his bottom lip leaving a delicate sheen. I knew *that* was a good sign.

Wrapping my hand around the shaft, I stroked upward, right to the top then rimmed the groove beneath the glans with the tip of my index finger.

“Because I wanted a cock.”

I let the statement hang in the air, without further explanation or clarification.

After a moment Nick said quietly, “You don’t mean as in, get fucked by a cock, do you?”

“No, not at all.” I turned to him. “I mean I want a cock. I want what men have, what you two have. I want a cock attached to my body.”

“Jesus.” Dai blew out a breath.

There was a pause. I swallowed tightly.

“Go on,” Nick said, leaning closer toward my stroking hand and my dick. “Tell me more about what you want, Helen.”

Luckily the champagne and wine had made me bold. “I’m sick of just having a pussy and a clit. I want a cock. It’s not fair that I haven’t got one, that I can’t penetrate during sex and can’t climax in great big spurts. You can, why shouldn’t I be able to if that’s what I want?”

Nick tugged at his shirt collar. “Okay. I see where you’re coming from.”

I stared at Dai wondering what his reaction to my declaration would be. His gaze was glued on my cock and his breaths were shallow. I risked a glance at his groin and spotted a telltale bulge in his sweats. I beat down a wave of irritation that he could go from soft to hard with just dirty talk. Again, not fair.

Eventually Dai cleared his throat and shifted on the seat. He looked into my eyes. “You want to fuck someone with *that*?”

He pointed at my cock. It was sticking up from the juncture of my thighs where I’d unwittingly set it.

“Yes,” I said firmly. “That’s exactly what I want.”

Nervous silence stretched between us. Heat from their big bodies radiated the air around me. My cheeks felt flushed from drink and anxiety, but there was no going back now, that would be beyond foolish. I had to do something about my consuming need before it shredded the very core of my being.

“Well, maybe, seeing as it *is* your birthday,” Nick said, resting his hand on my forearm and slowing my nervous movements over the head of my cock. “We should all have a little fun with your beautiful dick.”

My heart flipped and my stomach clenched. I spun towards him. “Really?”

He grinned devilishly. “Yes, really. I reckon Dai would cum good and hard with that up his ass.”

“Fucking hell, Nick,” Dai snapped, standing and stepping toward the window. He stared out at the dark evening with his hands on his hips and his shoulders tense.

Nick laughed. “What’s got you? Its not as if the thought didn’t cross your mind the minute you saw that impressive girth.”

“What about you! Maybe you should have Helen’s monster cock up *your* ass.”

Nick laughed. “I have to say, I’m getting keener on the idea by the minute.”

“You are?” I said, nibbling my bottom lip and feeling heat spread through my pussy.

*This is going better than I could have dared hope.*

“Of course, it’s fucking beautiful.” Nick reached out and ran his index finger into my slit then over the flare of the glans to the tiny frenulum. He rubbed back and forth several times.

A tremor ran up my spine. Nick’s touch was so delicate, so reverent. It was the sweetest thing that had ever happened to my cock.

“Turn around, Dai,” Nick instructed.

Dai remained still.

“Dai,” Nick said in a much more authoritative tone. “Do as I tell you.”

Dai slowly turned. All I could focus on was his enormous hard-on. It poled his sweats and I could make out the smoothness of his head through the material and the indent of his slit. He’d gone commando, as usual.

“I can see how much you want it,” Nick said, standing and walking over to him. “Come on, let’s have some fun.” He cupped Dai’s cheek in his palm.

Dai looked over at me. His pupils were wide, his brows low. He was breathing at a much faster rate than when he’d been relaxed and chatting. “It’s what you really want, Helen?” he asked.

“Absolutely.”

He gnawed at the inside of his cheek and dropped his attention to my cock.

Nick slid his fingers into Dai’s hair and pressed a kiss to his cheek. “I only want to make you happy, babe, and I have a feeling this will make you fly.”

Dai swallowed, his Adam’s apple bobbed. “I want to fly.”

“So say it,” I said, angling the head of my cock towards him.

“Say what you want.”

“I...I want your cock to fuck me, Helen.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes, fuck yes.” In one quick action he tugged off his t-shirt and dropped it on the floor. “I want that cock to fuck me so badly.”

Pleasure surged through my system, his words music to my ears. My cock was finally going to get what it deserved.

“Put it on then, Helen,” Nick said. “I take it you’re planning on wearing it...not holding it.”

“Of course.” I stood and shook out the straps. I glanced up at them watching me.

“Over your clothes or on bare flesh, it makes no difference to us,” Nick said.

“I want it on bare flesh. So it’s a part of me. Like it’s really attached.”

“Whatever you feel is right.” Nick undid his shirt and dropped it on the floor next to Dai’s.

With shaking hands, I tugged down my jeans and knickers and stepped into the pantie part of the strap-on. I eased it up and tightened it, making sure the rubbery elevation was positioned over my now tingling clit.

I left my t-shirt on. I didn’t need my breasts exposed. They had nothing to do with this evening. No, tonight was all about my cock.

*Finally.*

Tilting my chin upwards, I levelled my shoulders. Pulling in a deep breath, I allowed my huge cock to jut forward from my mons. It was weighty and the air was cool on my bare legs. Suddenly I felt so proud of my cock, it really was beautiful, all pink and shiny and twisted with raised veins. Not only that it was desired — it was desired to bring pleasure, to create ecstasy. These two hot men wanted it — Dai wanted it in his ass. I could hardly wait.

Dai moved over to me, Nick close behind. Both dropped to their knees. I looked down at the top of their heads, at their partings and the whirl at the center of Dai’s crown.

"Your cock is fucking awesome, Helen," Nick said, once again delicately caressing the tip.

*Oh God, he so gets me.*

"Suck it," I said boldly and put my hands onto my hips. The action juttred my cock a little closer to their faces.

Nick glanced up, a twinkle in his eye. "Happily."

As he licked the end, Dai kissed the shaft. I had to buckle my legs to stay upright. Oh, they loved my cock. My big, hard, beautiful cock.

"That's it," I said. "Swallow me, take me into your mouth. Deep."

Nick stretched his jaw wide and took in the head. I threaded my fingers into his hair and jerked forward.

He groaned and clutched my waist. Took what I gave him.

Dai wrapped his hand around my shaft and started an up-and-down caress.

"Yes, that's it," I said, resting my other hand on his hair. "Like that." The movements they were creating applied pressure to my clit. I tried to spread the feeling up the length of my shaft. What would it be like to have such sensitiveness on a huge expanse of flesh? This was as close to finding out as I was ever going to get.

A drip of my moisture slicked from my pussy and I caught the scent of my arousal. I wished it could be pre-cum landing on the back of Nick's tongue instead of just dampening my inner thighs.

Suddenly they switched. Dai took me into his mouth as he stroked my shaft. Nick kissed over Dai's hand and then onto the root of my cock.

I let out a contented sigh and happily watched them adoring me.

After a few minutes Nick stopped and looked up. "It's time."

Dai let my cock slip from his mouth into his palm. "I like giving you head, Helen," he said then gave a naughty schoolboy smirk.

"You give head very well," I said, tilting my brows and feeling like a master praising a servant.

Nick was on his feet, reaching for the waistband of Dai's sweats. With one sharp movement he dropped them down. Dai stood and turned slightly, as though hiding his nakedness.

*Little does he know I've seen it a hundred times before.*

"Come on, don't be shy," Nick cooed as he unhooked Dai's sweats from his feet. "This is going to be fun. Not only that, you're Helen's birthday present. Now get yourself bent over the sofa with your hot little tush in the air."

Dai didn't need asking twice. He settled his knees on the floor and pressed his chest into the red leather cushions, offering his buttocks up to me.

I fisted my saliva-coated cock, adoring the feeling of anticipation it had created in Dai, the willingness to submit and make himself vulnerable. He was a big, strong guy, yet my cock had him naked and bent over, hoping and waiting for my attentions — my penetration.

"You'll need this." Nick handed me lube.

"And a condom," I said.

He huffed. "Why do you want a condom?"

"Because to me my cock is real." I frowned, irritated at being shaken from the fantasy.

"Of course, silly me."

He handed me green foil wrapper and I tore it open with my teeth. The way they always did. I carefully rolled the film-thin latex down my cock. It was a tight fit and I was fearful it would rip as I reached the thick base. It didn't.

Dropping down, the rug soft under my knees, I twisted the lid off the lube and applied a generous blob to my fingertips.

Dai's butt was toned and smooth, the skin there, like the rest of him, completely perfect and blemish free.

"Here," Nick said, palming one tight orb, stretching the cleft and exposing Dai's dark anus. "You'll need plenty of lube for your monster to get in there."

My fingers were cool and slippery as I coaxed two into Dai's ass. He groaned and his spine twitched.

“Relax,” I said. “You’re going to love this.”

“Do as you’re told, Dai,” Nick said, watching my movements closely. “You know Helen’s cock is going to hurt to begin with so she has to get you ready.”

“Yes...yes, I know,” Dai sighed, dropping his head onto his forearms.

I added another finger, shunted in up to my knuckles. Inside Dai was soft and warm, the puffy walls of his innards like satin pillows to stroke over.

Nick applied more lube as I pulled out and then eased back in, three fingers this time. I hunted out the bulbed nut of his prostate and applied pressure over it.

“Ahh...Jesus,” Dai said, “I need more. So much more.”

“In good time,” I said and glanced down at my primed cock, bobbing near his ass. It looked so powerful, so dominant, I couldn’t wait to shove it into Dai.

“Stretch him a little more,” Nick said, applying a copious amount of lube to the exposed part of my fingers

I shoved in as high as I could and then made scissor movements with my fingers, fascinated at the way his sphincter resisted and then gave, resisted then gave.

Dai moaned and shifted his head.

“He’s ready,” I said, slipping out. “Dai, I’m going to fuck you now. Good and hard with my big cock.”

“Yes, yes...please...yes,” he said, shifting his hips from side to side and curling his spine to expose himself further. He was no longer shy, now he was unrestrained and eager, desperate almost.

Nick stood and I was aware of him taking off his jeans. Naked, he settled in beside Dai, ass in the air, his hand on Dai’s forearm. They looked into each other’s eyes.

I stared down at Dai’s anus. It was slick and shiny and had clamped shut despite my ministrations. Quickly I lubed up my shaft then touched the head to the centre of his hole.

Pausing for a moment, I set the scene to memory. This perfect moment. On cold, lonely nights, when my need for a cock consumed

me, I would remember this splinter in time, this control and power. Two naked, hungry men offering up their asses for my cock.

*My cock.*

It was what I'd dreamed of for so long.

I pushed forward, watched as the wrinkles of skin stretched around the first smooth centimeter of the head of my cock.

Dai groaned and twisted his head.

Increasing the forward force, I gained more entry, utterly fascinated as he melted open around my glans, more and more as the flare increased in diameter.

"Ah, fuck," he gasped, shifting away. "That's so much."

Quickly I grabbed his hips, the way I'd seen Nick do many times. "Take me," I said hoarsely. "Keep still and take me."

"Let her in," Nick said, rubbing Dai's shoulder. "Relax."

My moment was here. My clit was humming, my pussy clenching. The feel of Dai's body trembling beneath my palms and the sheen of sweat in the dip of his back was amazing.

The head of my cock popped inside him. His anus quivered around the extension.

"Helen," he gasped. "Oh my God."

"Get ready to take it all." I stared down at my lubed shaft, all shiny and pink. It was beautiful to not be able to see the crown. I slid forward, felt no resistance, kept on going, driving in.

Dai whimpered, his body tensed. Nick kissed him but Dai's lips were slack and unresponsive. All he could think of was me entering him. I'd taken over every sensation and thought he had.

*Fuck, this is amazing.*

Eventually I reached the hilt. If I'd had balls they would have connected with his. There was no section of my cock visible, it was all buried in Dai.

"That's it, you've taken me," I said breathlessly.

"Really?" Nick said, lifting up to look at the total penetration.

"Fuck, yeah," I said, pride swelling within me. "Now I'm going to fuck him."

"God, and then me," Nick said, reaching for lube.



Our gazes connected. His eyes were deep pits of lust and longing. He wanted my cock so badly, I could tell.

“So bend the hell over,” I said, relishing my role as giver every bit as much as I knew I would.

Nick dropped back down and, before I set about fucking Dai, I lubed up my fingers, found Nick’s asshole and slid two digits into him.

Instantly something in me flipped. Oh Jesus, now I could feel the inside of Nick and pretend it was my cock receiving those sensations, feeling that grip and heat, the tightness and softness.

Closing my eyes, I added another finger and went knuckle deep. Nick groaned and I felt him tense.

I withdrew from Dai, to what I thought was almost out, and mimicked the action with my fingers in Nick, pulling out until just the tips sat inside him. Then I forged forward into two assholes.

“Ahhh fuck yes,” I cried out. My clit had received a good pound creating a wonderful upward rise in pleasure, and somehow — and this was the most amazing thing — somehow my brain had rewired. I really could imagine my cock being squeezed by a tight ring of muscle and heated by a silky soft rectum.

Deep male groans filled the room and I set up a fast rhythm, fucking Dai, fucking Nick. My fingers busy screwing into Nick’s tight asshole as my cock plundered Dai.

It was what I’d dreamed of. My cock felt everything my fingers did, and more.

“Oh God, its so good. I’m cumming,” Dai shouted out. “Fuck it...yeah...Helen, don’t stop.”

“I won’t,” I gasped, peeling open my eyes.

The sight that greeted me was one of frantic desperation. Big, sweaty male bodies bent before me, writhing, clawing at the cushions and one another. Their eyes squeezed shut, their spines arching and bowing.

I was going to cum, too, I could feel myself about to topple over the precipice.

“Aagghhh!” Dai yelled, twisting his neck so he looked towards

ENVY - GREEN-EYED MONSTER

## ENVY



Nick. "Fuck, I'm, I'm..."

I gave a brutal, hard shunt, as deep as I could go and then some, with both my fingers and my cock. My clit exploded, burst into a series of wild pulses that shot white-hot currents of pleasure to my scalp and my toes.

"Its so good, so good..." Dai cried then made a choked, sobbing sound.

I released his hip and reached around to touch his cock. I found it, twitching and dripping, glossy moisture coating the end.

"That was extreme," he gasped, as his whole body appeared to dissolve into the sofa.

"Yes," I said, imagining the aftershocks of my climax were spreading up the length of my shaft, pulsing into him.

"You're killing me, give me your cock," Nick said, pushing up to look at me. His cheeks were red, his hair wild, his ass was clenching my fingers so tight I thought he might stop the blood flow.

I allowed a slow smile to spread on my face. "You want what he's had?"

"Damn it, yes." His tone was almost angry. "Now."

Sliding my fingers from his ass, I pulled my cock from Dai. I had to admit as it came into the open I was shocked myself at just how much he'd taken into his body.

Quickly I changed the condom, making a point of not looking at the empty teat on the used one. I would have loved to see it full of milky fluid, but of course that was never going to happen.

"You want it fast or slow?" I asked Nick as I sidled in behind him on my knees and smeared lube onto the new condom.

"Fast. Really fucking fast." He widened his legs, sank lower so that my cock was at perfect ass height.

"Okay. If that's what you want."

His hole was clamped, the tiny portal at the center only just visible. But that was all my cock needed, just the smallest entry and then I could make it wider and wider.

I put my hands on his buttocks and spread them apart so that his cleft was pulled taut.

## ENVY - GREEN-EYED MONSTER

“Ah, fuck, you’re going to have to relax, man,” Dai said, slotting his fingers into Nick’s hair and resting his cheek on the sofa so they were nose to nose. “Like really let it go.”

*Yes, he will. Because he’s asked for it fast and that’s what he’s going to get.*

I pushed forward, slipped the tip of my glans in so the slit was no longer visible.

He jerked and groaned.

“This what you want?” I asked, digging my fingers into his buttocks so hard the flesh went white.

“Yes...yes.”

I sucked in a deep breath. This was it. My cock’s domination. I forged forward, drove in, firmly, swiftly until the entire length of my shaft was swallowed up by his ass.

Nick yelled out. Dai grabbed him and kissed him, captured his subsequent moans.

My heart was thumping wildly. I was loving the renewed pressure on my clit so soon after one orgasm.

I withdrew, rammed back in.

“Oh, fuck, your cock is amazing,” Nick groaned into Dai’s mouth.

But he wasn’t talking about Dai’s cock. For once he was talking about mine. He loved my cock fucking him. Because I did have a cock now. I could fuck, penetrate, make men cum with it, make myself cum with it. This was the pinnacle of my dreams.

A lovely warm glow spread within me as I steamed in and out of Nick, driving him and myself to orgasm. The black, putrid envy for something I didn’t have receded. Because here and now I did have it. In this second the longing wasn’t there, it had lifted from heart, melted from my soul. I felt light and dreamy.

*I have a cock.*

“Its so deep...so hard,” Nick groaned, the words coming out sharply because of my shunting. “I don’t know...how long...can last.”

“I’ve got you,” Dai said, wrapping an arm around Nick’s shoulders.

Nick's torso seemed to expand, as if he'd taken in a huge gulp of air. Then he froze.

"Yes, yes, yes," I shouted, bringing down a stinging slap on his ass. "Cum for me, now."

He did. A roar filled the room and mixed with my own cry of ecstasy. I didn't let up fucking him until I was sure he was drained and exhausted and fully satisfied. My pulse raced, knocking in my chest; my breaths were hard to catch. Bliss flooded my body and juice leaked from my pussy.

As I slowed I admired the perfect crimson handprint on his buttock.

"That was awesome watching you two," Dai said, sitting up and perching on the side of the sofa. He reached for a napkin and wiped his semi-hard cock.

I had to bite my tongue. It would have been easy to return the sentiment. Instead I withdrew from Nick and pushed my hair from my sweaty forehead.

Dai reached for my bobbing cock and carefully, almost lovingly rolled off the condom. He wrapped it in his napkin.

"Pass me one," Nick said as he turned and flopped back on the sofa, his chest still rising and falling rapidly, his mouth was slack and his knees spread wide.

Dai handed him a napkin and he scooped cum from his abdomen and then wiped a long dribble from the leather between his legs.

"Was that what you wanted for your birthday?" Dai asked.

"And more," I grinned. "That was perfect."

"I would never have guessed," he said. "All those times we've stood at the bus stop putting the world to rights, chatting about everything. I would never have guessed that you had all of this inside you. All this hunger and need."

I shrugged and smoothed my hand up my deliciously warm cock. "We all have things we want but can't have."

"It seems you've got it, though," Nick said. "And I tell you what, you damn well know how to use it."

## ENVY - GREEN-EYED MONSTER

I grinned. "You think so?"

"Too right. I hope you'll come and play again."

"The only thing is," Dai said.

"What," I asked, trying to ignore the sinking feeling in my chest. I didn't want anything to stand in the way of us playing together again, of me feeling like I really did have a cock.

"When the person who lives in that apartment opposite moves back in." He nodded out the window, at my bedroom with its permanently open blinds. "We'll have to remember to draw the damn curtains."

"Yeah," Nick said with a laugh. "We wouldn't want to make anyone jealous of what we have, would we?"

# **SLOTH**

A n   I n d o l e n t   S e d u c t i o n



**BY LEXIE BAY**

## CHAPTER ONE



Cordy surveyed the VIP area of the largest of his clubs and smiled to himself. All his boys were here tonight, just as it should be. This was a big celebration. Tonight his latest initiate, Hugo, was being welcomed into the inner circle.

Skinny blondes were everywhere, all vying for his attention as he strode through the club towards the VIP section and the rest of the guys. His eyes flicked lazily over them, one in particular catching his gaze. He nodded to her and she followed him excitedly to the exclusive area. He raised his hand to Freddie and motioned to his private bathroom. Cordy needed to let off some steam and with her full pouty lips she was the perfect receptacle.

He shouldered open the door and dragged her into the muted depths of the lavatory. The lighting was brighter than you would expect but the décor was plush. Marble sinks sat beneath ornate mirrors and the urinal was a wall of constantly flowing water. There was a bank of velvet chaises longues but Cordy leaned back against the dark leather wall and unzipped his flies. Grabbing the blonde's head, he pushed her roughly down onto her knees, pulling her face into his groin.

"I really like you..." she started to say but Cordy put his finger to her lips and shook his head.

"I'm not in the mood for small talk babe," he muttered. "Just suck it."

The blonde obediently pulled his erection out of his hipster shorts and applied her full puffy lips to its length. Her mouth was warm and soft and he leaned his head back against the wall feeling



some of his tension disappear. He could see Freddie looking out from the doorway, ensuring no one came in. Freddie was his best guy and he trusted him with his life. He'd been working on him for months and Freddie took it all in like a sponge. Cordy grinned to himself. Humans were so easy to distract and lead into darkness. Money, champagne, a little bit of power and they were putty in your hands. Of course as the seventh prince of Hell, Cordy had more than enough of all that to go round.

He turned his attention back to the blonde on the floor, pulling her hair to lift her head, holding it just far enough from him to fuck her mouth with long hard strokes. He heard her gag and he slowed a little. He didn't want to be unpleasant, he needed them willing. Her fingers slipped underneath his cock, beautifully manicured nails grazing his balls, the red of her nails contrasting starkly against the pale skin of his groin. He pushed against her, urging her onwards as her fingers found the sensitive spot between his ass and his balls.

His concentration slipped momentarily as she slipped a finger into his ass and she pulled her mouth off his dick, her lips smacking together. "Don't you want to actually fuck me," she pouted. "I've had my pussy tightened, it's like a virgin's."

Cordy laughed, shoving her back onto his cock and holding her head as he fucked her mouth. "Not tonight, babe. I just need to cum, and you offered. Maybe some other time." He grunted as his balls tightened and he unleashed a stream of hot semen into her mouth. She pulled back and it splashed across her face, and he watched as the thick white liquid dribbled over her chin.

He pulled her face up to face his. "Thanks babe, that was great," he grinned.

"What about me?" she asked looking put out. "You didn't make me cum."

Cordy smirked. "Did sucking me off make your pussy wet, baby?" He slipped his hand into her knickers and slicked his fingers through the mess between her legs. "You dirty girl," he whispered against her ear. "Giving head really gets you off doesn't it?"

The blonde moaned, grinding down against his hand, as

Cordy slipped a finger into her wet folds. He grabbed her by the hair, pushed her face down over the marble sinks, lifted her skirt, and tugged at her flimsy lingerie. Her pussy was exposed, glistening in the bright light of the bathroom, the pucker of her ass twitching as she pushed herself up towards him.

"Please fuck me," she begged, spreading her legs for him so that her pussy gaped open. The swollen pink lips pouted up at him, creamy liquid spilling down her inner thighs.

"Sorry babe," Cordy said. "You already made me cum. I can't be bothered to get it up again. It all seems like too much effort when I've already shot my load. What's in it for me?" The blonde moaned with frustration, her fingers trying to reach her clit to bring herself off but not quite managing it. "It does seem a shame not to make that sexy little pussy beg though. Let me see what I can do for you." Cordy grinned to himself, knowing exactly what he was going to do.

As he spoke Freddie came over, his camera phone out and ready to record every minute for Cordy's blog. Cordy left his hand on her back while he searched his pockets with the other.

"This should help you babe," he said switching on the vibrator he'd pulled out of his suit jacket. He held it up to the mirror so she could see the large purple shaft that pulsed in his hands. Freddie waved to her over Cordy's shoulder. She squirmed against his hand on her back and he leaned down to her ear. "Come on now, you wanted me to make you cum didn't you? And this bad boy will make you cum till you scream. Freddie's just going to record it for the website." As he spoke he stroked the vibrator against her clit, almost too softly to feel but enough to send tingles through her pussy, making it clench open and shut, viscous juice seeping out of the depths and glistening on her naked lips. "What do you think? shall I fuck you with this? Do you want me to slide it inside you? Do you want me to make you cum?"

"Yes," the girl gasped, all coherent thought lost as Cordy pressed the buzzing tip against her aching hole. "Yes for Christ sake fuck me... I need to cum you bastard."

Cordy grinned at Freddie. They were all the same. His job of

corrupting the masses was so easy and his blog made him a fortune in downloads. This latest one would be up and earning money before the blonde had pulled her knickers up once Freddie had the money shot.

He stood to one side, holding the thick vibrator against her pulsing pussy. Blondie pushed back against him trying to take it deeper but he held it back. Trailing it up and down her slit, he held it against her clit sending crazy vibrations through the little button. She bucked against the marble her pussy shaking with the attention, the vibrations making her lips tremble. Her fingers clutched at the edge of the sinks. "Fuck me you fucking tease... Christ put it in me!" She could barely get the words out, her legs spread so wide Cordy had to lean closer to reach her clenching pussy.

"You want it in you, babe?" he asked. Inch by shuddering inch he eased it into her pussy, watching her clutching and sucking at the vulgar thickness.

"Oh Christ, Cordy, that's so good," she purred rubbing against the sink trying to stroke her clit as the huge toy disappeared into her.

"Let me help you with that," Cordy grinned pulling a tiny bullet out of his trouser pocket and holding it tight against her clit. She gasped and bucked as he plunged the vibrator in and out of her cunt, the buzzing bullet working her swollen nub.

Cordy looked at Freddie to check he was getting everything and he nodded. The blonde was panting, her legs locked straight and Cordy knew she was nearly there. He pulled the vibrator out and left her hanging, slipping the bullet a fraction of a centimetre up her body. "You fucking bastard," she wailed. "Finish me off."

"I want you to beg," Cordy smirked. "I want to hear you say what you need. Tell me what a dirty little slut you are, babe. Tell me what you need to make you cum."

"Bastard," she hissed again. Cordy watched her swollen pout, the lips so engorged and such a deep dark pink. She was slick with juice and Cordy had to resist the urge to slide his fingers into the depths of her pussy.

"Tell me, or I'll leave you like this until the next guy comes in

and finds you here.”

She wriggled against the marble again. “Please,” she moaned. “Please fuck me with your vibrator. I’m so close. I want to cum all over it, feel it deep inside me.”

“Well as you asked so nicely,” Cordy smirked. He held the buzzing shaft against her gaping core, then with a flourish pushed it hard up into her. He replaced the bullet on her clit and grinned as she howled, her legs stiff all the way to her Christian Louboutins as the camera caught every pulse of her orgasm around the powerful vibrating fake cock, pussy juice squirting everywhere.

“Well look at that Freddie, we’ve got a squirter,” Cordy marvelled as the liquid gushed out of her pussy and ran down her legs. “What a nice surprise — an added bonus.” He fucked her several more times, leaving the vibrator on as she gasped and twitched, the last of her orgasm shuddering through her.

“Beautiful darling,” he said finally pulling it out. The blonde turned around. She winked at the camera, sliding her forefinger into her pussy then pushing it between her lips and sucking. Then, pulling her French knickers up and wriggling her skirt back down over her hips, she turned and disappeared out of the bathroom.

Freddie high fived Cordy. “I don’t know how you do it, buddy, but I am loving your work. You’re a fucking genius.”

Cordy ran the vibrator under the hot tap removing all trace of Chessie (he knew who all the blondes were, he just pretended he didn’t). “Is it uploaded?” he asked.

Freddie nodded. “All done. Now you just wait for the cash to roll in.” He laughed. “I don’t understand why the girls all line up to feature on your site. It’s like a badge of honour or something.”

“Freddie, you’re nobody til I’ve humiliated you online. If they want to join the elite they need to be initiated.”

They laughed, slapping each other on the back as they left the bathroom.

## CHAPTER TWO



India watched the latest video, shaking her head. Were there no depths he wouldn't sink to? He was impossible to stop. This latest venture was out of control and the silly girls were lining up to be part of it.

*You're watching it though, she thought to herself. You're watching it and it's turning you on and a tiny little part of you wants to join in.*

India frowned. Where the hell had that come from? If she was going to get with Cordy she would want privacy and his actual dick, not some internet vibrator wank. She shook her head. Why the hell would she ever want to get with Cordy? Why would she ever want to run her fingers through his soft dark hair, or run her hands over his chest and down over his rock hard stomach. Why would she ever want to get him naked, throw him on the bed and fuck his brains out?

India clapped her hand over her mouth and closed her eyes tight trying to make the filthy images disappear. "You're a Virtue, you're a Virtue," she whispered to herself over and over trying to block out the thoughts of naked Cordy. God his hands were so big and strong. There was nothing she would like more than to have them coax her body to orgasm.

Her mobile rang and she jumped a foot in the air looking at it guiltily. Her eyes widened — it was like he could read her mind. She answered it.

"Hey Indy, you like my new video, babe?" Cordy's silk smooth voice filled her ears. "I was thinking about you while I made it."

India's mouth dropped open. She didn't even know where to start with him.

“Wonders will never cease, I’ve finally silenced India,” he whispered seductively. “So baby, I’ll be at Boujis tonight. Why don’t you come along as my plus one?”

“Cordy, I hardly think that’s appropriate do you? I want you to stop your latest website. It’s degrading and it’s teaching the boys that hang around with you that women are easy, that they don’t need to make an effort with them.”

“I know! It’s amazing, isn’t it! The best part is that they’re throwing themselves at me to be a part of it. I don’t even have to work at it which, obviously, is my favourite way to have things. These humans are so stupid it’s almost boring. Come on, Indy. Have some fun with me. I’ll make it worth your while.”

His voice was honey and velvet, so seductive that India could feel herself giving in. She tried to reason that she only wanted to be close to him to fix what he was doing. But she knew she just wanted to see him. She wanted to smell him, to watch his face light up into his trademark smirk. Watch his lips as he drank his usual whiskey. She wanted to watch him torture himself with wanting her. Oh he tried to play it cool with her, but she knew what he wanted — because she wanted it to.

“How will you Cordy? Will you promise to take down your site? Will you stop dragging innocents into your mire of indifference and lack of ambition? You could be so much more. You could set the world on fire if you set your mind to it. Instead of taking the easy way out every time!”

“I love it when you’re cross, babe,” he drawled. “And you know that you’re the only thing I put any effort into. I’m going to put your name down on the door. Don’t let me down.” With that, he hung up on her.

India sighed. She knew she’d go. She always did. When Cordy was on a roll like this it was her duty to stop him. Virtue versus Vice. “Yeah you keep telling yourself that,” she muttered. “If that’s how you want to justify it.”

Her phone beeped and she jumped again, guiltily looking at the screen. A summons from the bosses. She closed her eyes and

breathed deeply. They could probably read her mind. She braced herself for the jump. As usual, there was the blinding flash, and she found herself stumbling as she was deposited in the lower realms of Heaven into a cool white waiting area. She knew she would never get used to the way they were pulled in and out of Heaven on a whim. She wondered if Cordy had the same issues with Hell, then looked around guiltily in case anyone was inside her head. She seemed to be alone and decided that, as no one appeared to be in any great rush to see her, she might as well sit down and catch up on the latest news from home. She picked up the daily newsletter and settled down to read. She couldn't concentrate on it though — she was too busy wondering what to wear to Boujis later. She had that sexy black top that was low cut and looked great with her black skinny jeans. Cordy would appreciate those, he liked her ass. She looked around guiltily as she blanked her mind again. She was going to get into the worst kind of trouble at this rate, and she wasn't even sure where these thoughts were coming from!

She hadn't had time to flick through more than a couple of stories in the magazine before the door opened slowly and deliberately and a soft, melodious voice called her into the room. She swallowed, trying to blank her mind, knowing it was pointless.

"Industria, how perfectly wonderful to see you." Her boss used her full name. That was never a good sign and India tried to smile at the exquisite, petite woman watching her from behind a large white desk. She almost jumped in shock to find three of her sisters Patience, Chastity and Humility standing just inside the door. Normally she could feel her sisters' presence. Why hadn't she known they were here? Was she already too far into this thing with Cordy? Was it blocking her link to them? This was going to be worse than she'd thought. She guessed that it was probably because of the Boujis thing. She'd been warned about going to Cordy's parties already but, as she'd tried to explain, if she didn't get into the heart of the problem, how on earth was she supposed to try and deal with it.

"Hi, Serenity," she said. "Hi girls, how's it going?"

They smiled tightly at her and she stood awkwardly by

Serenity's desk until she indicated that Indy should sit down.

"Industria, there's no easy way to say this. We're worried about you, darling. You've been spending far too much time with that demon and we think you've lost sight of your reason for being here on earth."

"Serenity, I can promise you that my time spent with Cordy is time spent trying to stop his awful actions. He disgusts me and I want nothing more than to make him realise what he's doing to the world."

Serenity raised an eyebrow at her. "Your mind gives you away Industria. I know you have feelings for him."

Indy tried to protest but she couldn't think of anything to say. "I've spent a lot of time with him... It seems like we get on because we just know each other so well."

"I'm sending your sisters to spend some time with you — I think you need a reality check. They'll be going to every party you attend to keep an eye on you. Also, it'll give us a bigger presence to try and stop what he's doing."

Indy nodded meekly. She knew it was pointless arguing with Serenity.

"Marvellous, I'll catch up with you soon," her boss said, and with a blinding flash she was back in her living room.

She sat down rubbing her head, the dizziness taking a minute to go. Her phone was right where she'd left it and she picked it up. There was a message from Cordy.

"Don't forget, sexy, I miss you ;)"

Her heart raced and her mouth felt dry. For goodness sake what was wrong with her? The seventh prince of hell missed her and that made her wet. No wonder Serenity was worried. Indy could sense the presence of her boss all around her. To be honest, if she couldn't she'd probably have gone for a solo session in the bath. Instead she rummaged through her wardrobe, discarding outfit after outfit until she finally decided on the perfect dress to make Cordy's eyes pop out of his head later that evening.

Then she went over to her laptop and, in a flurry of keystrokes, took down Cordy's latest site.



## CHAPTER THREE



Cordy's mobile rang and he picked it up frowning. What the hell did Hugo want? He put his hand on the head of the girl in his lap, halting her vigorous blowjob for a moment as he answered the phone.

"What is it, Hugo, I'm taking some time out of my busy schedule!" Cordy snapped

"Right, yeah, sorry boss, still learning the ropes. I think this is pretty important though."

Cordy tapped the girl on the head, indicating that she should carry on her task. She smiled up at him, languidly running her tongue over her lips before she slid his cock back into her mouth. He stifled a groan as Hugo told him what had happened.

"They did fucking what?!"

He pushed the blonde out of his lap and jumped up, tucking himself back into his trousers. Storming over to his laptop he clicked onto his website. Hugo wasn't lying. There it was in black and white: WEBSITE REMOVED.

Cordy knew exactly who was behind this. He'd put up with a lot from her but this was the final straw. He ran his fingers through his hair, pacing the floor of his office as his mind worked overtime. Then a slow smile spread across his face, and Heaven felt a cold wind spread a chill across all the Virtues.

"Get it up and running again. I don't care who you need to involve. I want it accessible again by the end of the day if not sooner," he barked into his phone, not even listening to Hugo's response. He snapped his phone shut and turned to the pretty blonde, wondering

how quickly he could get rid of her. He needed to plan his revenge and she was a distraction he didn't need. Unfortunately she looked like she'd had way too much of whatever it was she'd brought with her, mixed with too many glasses of champagne. She was smiling at him and he was fairly certain he wasn't going to get away with telling her to go.

"Annabelle, sweetheart," he started.

"Cordy, please don't be a dick," she sighed. "I know you've had some kind of 'work' related drama, but you promised me a fuck, so don't get any ideas about making me leave before I get one." Annabelle rolled onto her stomach and sipped more champagne. "Get your ass over here, and then I'll leave you in peace." She knelt up letting her shirt fall open to expose her small but perfectly formed tits and tweaked her nipples so they stood to attention. Cordy noticed that her eyeliner was all smudged under her eyes. She looked pale and damaged — just how he liked them — desperate and vulnerable. He unbuttoned his shirt, and dropped it to the floor for maximum effect. Annabelle mock gasped at the sight of his lean torso and bit her lip as she ran her hands over the dark pink peaks of her nipples.

"Come on baby, come and show me what all the other girls have been talking about," she drawled, her voice gravelly, no doubt from the Marlboro Reds she puffed on continuously. Cordy liked a girl with no regard for her future...it made him feel warm inside. He quirked the corner of his mouth up in a half smile and ran his fingers through his hair.

"You want some of the magic, do you?" he asked. "You going to let me film it for the fans or are you going to keep it all to yourself."

"Fuck off, Cordy! Why the hell d'you think I'm here? You damn well better put me on the web." She sucked her index finger and trailed it down to her knickers, easing them aside to stroke her shaved pussy. "I want the world to see that Annabelle Darcy-Price pulled the one and only Cordy in his actual apartment. No fucking backroom or toilet for me. I made it all the way to the bedroom." She looked around. "Or the living room, I'm not really bothered, babe." She took another gulp of her champagne and held her glass out to

him. "I could do with a top-up though," she breathed seductively.

Within seconds one of his guys appeared in the doorway. "Tristan, more champagne for the lady," he said. "And set up the cameras for me. I think this is going to be a bit special."

Tristan disappeared. Cordy looked up at the corners of the room and waved so that he could check the cameras. He'd had them installed all over the apartment and he knew that no matter where he fucked Annabelle, they'd be able to catch every close-up second of it. He smiled a self-satisfied smile. Fuck he was good. This would drive Indy insane. With that thought he frowned — why the hell was he thinking about that uptight bitch with her shiny dark hair, perfect skin and soft pouty lips just perfect for wrapping around his cock? Whatever the reason, he let himself indulge in a few moments of fantasy. Instead of Annabelle, he imagined Indy sprawled semi-naked on his soft fur rug. He imagined a fire warming the room, the flames making her skin glow and her eyes shine. Like a naughty demon, only pure and untouched. He wanted to be the one to touch her.

"Cordy, what's taking so long? I want you inside me," Annabelle whined, interrupting his daydream. "And where the fuck is my drink? A girl could die of thirst around here."

Cordy bit his tongue, rolling his eyes before turning to look at Annabelle. "Baby, Tristan is just making sure your champagne is perfectly chilled and it takes time to set up the cameras, darling. I don't want to miss a second of your glorious tits, your pussy, the way your skin flushes as you cum," he paused to watch her catch her breath. "And I am going to make you cum baby, so hard you won't be able to walk for days."

"Oh Cordy," she moaned. "You've no idea how long I've waited for this."

He grinned. "As long as you don't get attached, darling, we're going to get on just fine."

Right on cue, Tristan reappeared. "Champagne?" he asked Annabelle, pouring the ice cold liquid before she could answer, filling her glass to the brim.

"I like you," she giggled, taking another huge gulp. "Maybe

you should stay. Cordy, make your minion stay,” she demanded.

“Tristan? Yeah, you need to stay. Annabelle wants you to stay, and if the lovely Annabelle wants you here then so do I.”

Tristan didn’t need asking twice. He put down the bottle and pulled his t-shirt over his head. Annabelle sighed as she looked at them both. “This is going to be one hell of a ride,” she giggled putting down her glass and sliding her shirt off her shoulders exposing her alabaster skin, naked except for her tiny soaking thong.

Tristan dropped to his knees in front of the sofa and eased in between her legs, pushing them wide for the camera before slowly and seductively running his finger from her clit to her ass, pushing her thong between her swollen lips, outlining the curve of her pussy and accentuating how wet she was. Cordy could hear the cameras whirring as they zoomed in and refocused. He felt himself getting hard as he watched Tristan’s strong back and the way his ass stretched his pants tight. He imagined Tristan’s cock must be straining against the soft fabric, and Cordy felt his own piece twitch in empathy.

“Don’t think you can just sit back and watch, Cordy,” Annabelle drawled as Tristan removed her thong and nuzzled between her thighs. She moaned as his tongue worked its way between her parted lips, curling around her clit, making her legs twitch.

“Don’t worry, sweetheart, I’ll be right there,” he grinned unbuttoning his flies and sliding his jeans over his hips, stepping out of them so that he was gloriously naked, his arousal obvious for both Annabelle and Tristan to see.

Annabelle smiled like the cat that got the cream as he walked over to her. Tristan went to move out of the way, but Cordy rested a hand on his shoulder to keep him exactly where he was. Cordy knelt above Annabelle’s head as he nodded at Tristan. Together, they turned her over, pulling her to her knees so that Cordy’s dick was right at mouth level. Annabelle didn’t need to be directed any further and she wrapped her lips around him as Tristan pushed her legs apart and lapped at her pussy.

Cordy watched Tristan as he made Annabelle squirm. He found his mind wandering, picturing Indy and himself instead.

God he wanted to taste her — he could imagine losing himself between her thighs for hours. A decadent sixty-nine so that he could experience her soft mouth all over him at the same time. He closed his eyes, blocking out Annabelle and replacing her with India in his mind. She'd be tentative at first, unsure of what she was doing. But it wouldn't take her long to love it, and then she'd be incredible. Cordy wound his fingers into Annabelle's hair, pulling her head back so that she could only just reach the tip of his dick, watching as she swirled her tongue around the swollen head before he thrust back deep into her throat. He had to admire her, she held her gag reflex well, letting him slip down as far as he wanted but something just wasn't doing it for him this afternoon. All he could think about was how much better it would be if she was India. He ran his fingers through his hair and closed his eyes in frustration. Damn her and her bloody Goody Two-Shoes ways, getting into his brain and ruining a perfectly good fuck.

He focussed back on the two people in front of him, and blanked his mind. Tristan had taken off his suit trousers and was naked, his erect cock standing to attention. Annabelle was on her knees. Cordy nodded and Tristan nudged against her gaping hole making her squeal and moan as she pressed back against him. Cordy leaned forward and poured a puddle of champagne into the small of her back and bent to drink it, licking her skin from the top of her ass to her neck. Her skin was sweet and fruity, her perfume complimenting her body lotion and filling his senses. Indy smelled of vanilla, sweet with a hint of naughty.

Cordy took another drink of his champagne, holding it in his mouth and turned to Tristan, watching as his cock disappeared into Annabelle. He leaned forward and their lips met, pushing Tristan's mouth open with his tongue and slowly dribbling the champagne between them. Tristan's low moan reverberated through his body and he shivered with desire. It had been a long time since he enjoyed another man's body and the contrast between Annabelle's softly rounded curves and Tristan's hard, toned chest and shoulders was a huge turn on. His hands explored Tristan's face, stroking the early evening shadow on his jaw and trailing down to the soft hair at the

nape of his neck. Tristan pulled out of Annabelle and turned to Cordy, reciprocating his touch by stroking his cheek and his lips until Cordy closed his eyes and dipped his mouth again to Tristan's. Their lips met and Cordy let out an animal growl as their bodies melded together, arms around backs, hands cupping buttocks, chests and cocks rubbing together.

Annabelle rolled onto her back and frowned. "Hey, what about me guys," she whined as she watched them. She knelt up and wrapped her arms around them, all three of them kissing, tongues everywhere. Then Cordy pushed Annabelle back on the sofa and slipped inside her. Tristan knelt behind him and gently pushed a finger between his ass cheeks. Cordy tensed at first but the scent of musk and sweat from Tristan curled into his nostrils and he relaxed, allowing him to explore where he pleased. As he thrust into Annabelle's pussy, all the while exploring her hot, damp mouth, he was vaguely aware that Tristan had retrieved the lube and was slowly massaging his tight ass. He leaned back as Tristan pushed a finger deep inside him, gasping at the welcome intrusion. He could feel Annabelle tensing around him as he fucked her hard into the cushions and he reached behind him, wanting to feel Tristan's smooth velvet cock. He wasn't expecting the sudden tightness of silk across his eyes. Fuck, that was hot — Tristan had blindfolded him. Everything went dark and suddenly he could smell both of them more intensely. The room was filled with the scent of Annabelle's pussy and the sweet smell of the lube. He could smell his own aroma of arousal mixed with the woody notes of Tristan's aftershave. It was intoxicating and he lost himself in the naked, writhing mess of bodies until he felt Annabelle tensing beneath him.

"Fuck me, Cordy... I'm going to cum," she wailed, clawing at his back with her long, red nails and he pounded harder into her as Tristan pushed into his ass, his big hands gripping his hips to steady himself. Cordy felt the first trickle of his own release building in his groin until the pulsing of Annabelle's cunt and the hard, deep thrusting of Tristan's dick pushed him over the edge and he came hard, feeling Tristan unload a thick stream of cum inside his ass. He

slumped forward over Annabelle and all three lay there, struggling to catch their breaths. Cordy removed the blindfold and rubbed his fingers through his hair trying to bring himself back to reality.

Annabelle grinned up at him. "Baby, that was incredible, you are amazing. God, I could do that forever."

Tristan pulled out of his boss and sat awkwardly next to them on the sofa. "Do you want me to go?" he asked. "Give you a bit of privacy?"

Cordy laughed out loud. "I think after that, privacy may have gone out of the window."

"D'you want me to put it on the web?" Tristan asked, frowning.

They all looked at each other. "Well I want it on there," Annabelle pouted. "I don't see why I should be denied my 15 minutes of fame. You can't get cold feet now!"

"I put everyone else on the web. Why the hell shouldn't I get my ass out online too."

"S'OK with me," Tristan said. "I'll go upload it now."

Cordy finished his champagne and pulled his jeans back on, stroking his stomach as he wandered over to the window. He sat on the ledge and watched Annabelle pull herself back together. She was gorgeous but he still couldn't get the image of Indy out of his head. He wondered what she would make of the latest video. Once Annabelle had dressed, she wrapped her arms around him, planted a sloppy kiss on his lips and, with a promise of seeing him later at Boujis, disappeared out of his apartment.

He flopped down on the sofa, flicking through the numerous TV channels until he found some music. He leaned back and let his mind fill with his favourite fantasy of India, until it was time to shower and get ready for the evening ahead.

## CHAPTER FOUR



India bypassed the queue outside Boujis and gave her name to the sour faced woman on the door. After some discussion with an equally grumpy looking man with a head like a basketball, the woman managed to locate Indy on the guest list, right at the top. The fact that Indy was Cordy's plus one made her face wrinkle up into an even less attractive arrangement as she flicked open the rope with a look of utter disdain. Indy smiled sweetly at her before sweeping through and descending the stairs. She checked her coat and looked around the club in disgust. She hadn't been for a few weeks, trying to keep as far away from Cordy as she could; and in the meantime he had turned this place into a den of iniquity. She felt dirty just being there.

"Hey beautiful," Cordy's sexy voice filled her ear making her jump. She frowned at him as he snaked an arm around her waist, letting his fingers linger across the naked flesh exposed at the curve where her back met her ass. "This dress is incredible. Do you have any idea how good this would look on my bedroom floor?" He winked at her, as she shook her head in disgust at him.

"Thanks for inviting me, Cordy. This place is appalling, but I suppose it's nice that you work well with your siblings. I mean this has got Greed and Lust written all over it. How are the twins anyway?"

"Ava and Luxie are over by the bar, plying their trade of course. But don't expect me to believe you came here without backup. I'm fairly sure I saw Chastity lurking by the dance floor. I do hope she manages to keep everything in tact here tonight, if you know what I mean. Some of my boys can smell a virgin at fifty paces." He raised



his eyebrows seductively at her. "It would be such a shame if someone were to seduce her. Although, wow, what a movie that would make!"

Indy was furious. "Don't ever threaten my sister," she fumed.

"You know Indy you're beyond sexy when you're mad," he said moving closer to her until she could feel his breath on her face. "Maybe you and me should make our own little movie in the bathroom? What do you think?"

Indy's mouth dropped open for a second. Then she slapped him hard across the cheek.

"So feisty," he murmured stepping back and rubbing his face. "You're a bad girl, India. I didn't think that violence was allowed on your side of the fence?"

"You drive me insane Cordy and you do it on purpose. There's only so far you can push me before I snap! Do you have any idea how much trouble you get me into with the boss?"

He licked his lips. "I can only imagine, and believe me I am going to think long and hard about it later." He grinned wolfishly at her, his dark eyes dancing as his perfect pink lips curled up at the edges.

"Urgh you're infuriating!" she snapped. She turned on her heel and stomped off to where Chastity was looking horrified as one of Cordy's guys propositioned her.

Cordy grinned. He'd let her cool down a little then he'd go and get her. He watched her giving the guy at the bar an earful and felt his cock stir at the thought of her tirade. She was a fiery little thing — just what he needed to make things exciting again. He tore his gaze away from her and went to make sure the guys were keeping the website topped up. He had to schmooze several pretty blondes, making his excuses, on the way over. Everyone wanted a piece of him, but tonight he was all India's. Well, that was the plan, and once Cordy decided he was going to have something, nothing got in his way.

Hugo was keeping things running like a true professional. Of course he didn't feel like he was actually working for Cordy and why should he? He spent every evening hanging out in the best clubs,

drinking the best champagne and fucking the most beautiful women in London. Cordy reckoned it wouldn't be long before he could move on to another city and leave these boys in charge. Man, he loved his life.

A short while later, he scanned the room again and saw Indy standing at the edge of the dance floor by herself. This was his cue to strike, she looked confused and lost and in need of a familiar face.

Indy jumped as Cordy materialised beside her, although she felt oddly relieved when she realised it was him. The club was busy tonight and the crowd inside seemed even more ready to get drunk and cause more mayhem than usual. She felt so useless now that she was here. She'd thought that she could try and talk to some of the girls at least, but no-one was interested and she'd given up. She'd never felt so redundant in all of the centuries she'd been fixing the problems that Hell sent their way. Was she losing her touch? Was Hell actually winning after all these years?

Cordy slid his arm around her shoulders and without thinking India snuggled against him, his warm strength making her feel safe. "Sit with me," he said, his lips so close to her ear that his breath sent a shiver down her spine. She knew he was only trying to make himself heard, but the nearness of his body was distracting. She wished he'd kiss her, but she shook herself out of her ridiculous daydream and followed him to the sofas. As they sank into the plush seating she realised his arm was still around her. She also realised she was tired of fighting her feelings for him. Tonight she was just going to talk to him, enjoy herself and maybe have a little drink. She could hear Serenity in her head admonishing her for her lax ways and she switched her off, blocking her thoughts with a technique the Virtues were not supposed to use. Indy was past caring, her earlier reprimand still smarting. She knew exactly what she was doing and she was sick of Serenity not trusting her judgement.

Cordy's arm felt nice across her shoulders and he smelt gorgeous. She leaned into his neck and sniffed, her lips brushing the soft skin by his ear. She paused as a wave of emotion flowed over her and she let her hand slide up his thigh. His jeans were rough under

her palm. Suddenly he pushed her back against the arm of the sofa, his beautiful body pinning her down. Indy sighed and wrapped her arms around his neck. His face was so close to hers and she closed her eyes, waiting for his lips to meet hers as she pulled him closer to her.

“Wow, Indy,” Cordy murmured against her lips. “I mean I always knew we’d get together but I didn’t realise it would be so quick. I thought you’d put up much more of a fight than this, baby.”

“I’m tired of fighting, Cordy,” she murmured and reached up to him, her lips parted her moist pink tongue just visible between them. Cordy moaned and finally their lips met in a whirl of soft flesh and hard, insistent tongue. Indy’s arms wrapped around him, never wanting him to stop and Cordy ground his hips down as his cock slotted perfectly between her thighs.

He was just considering whether or not Indy would allow him to slide his fingers beneath her dress when a force slammed between, wrenching their mouths apart. Indy felt it like an empty ache that almost made her cry. She watched Cordy writhing in pain as Serenity gripped his mind, her invisible fingers squeezing inside his head. “Stop it,” she shouted unable to bear it, and then screamed as Serenity turned on her. She got up and ran from the club, desperate to get away from her boss and the raging emotions within her.

She zapped herself home not caring who saw her, leaving the aftermath to be cleaned up by her sisters. Back home, she curled up on her bed, sobbing as the hollow devastation hit her. She had ostracised herself from her sisters and now Cordy would never want to see her again either. Not to mention she was probably sacked. She’d never felt so alone. She’d nearly cried herself out, her eyes heavy and swollen, when her phone beeped the arrival of a test message:

Wow, baby, that was intense! I need to see you again.  
Come over tomorrow evening, we need to talk...  
amongst other things ;)

Her heart leapt and the ache disappeared. She curled around her phone and let herself relax, drifting off to sleep as her mind filled with images of Cordy half-naked, and how his lips had felt on

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hers. He wanted her as much as she wanted him and that was all that mattered.

## CHAPTER FIVE



Cordy set the camera up in his bedroom and aimed it at his large circular bed. He turned to the girls and winked. “Ok, ladies, however you want to play it. There’s toys, dress up, everything you need. I’ll be back in ten.”

The girls were giggling together, a couple of bottles of champagne already discarded around the room. Cordy went to get himself a drink, wishing it was Indy in there instead of Lucinda, and wondering what Indy’s first time with a woman would be like. Izzy was so voluptuously gorgeous — crazy red hair and creamy white skin — the complete opposite of Indy’s tiny frame and dark hair. He closed his eyes as his dick stirred in his pants at the thought. All that sweet, pure innocence... He thought about texting her but it would end badly if she knew what he was up to right now. He’d already had to move his website several times this week. So best to keep a low profile until later, even if it drove him crazy.

Heading back to the makeshift studio to see what Isabella and Lucinda were up to, he opened the door and smirked. This would be website gold. Izzy was in the latex nurse’s uniform, sorting through the array of vibrators and paddles. The outfit rode up tantalisingly over her thighs, exposing her little black panties as she bent over. Lucy was dressed as a kind of sexy doll, reclining in the middle of the bed, tweaking her nipples, her eyes never leaving the curve of Isabella’s ass as it strained against her underwear.

Cordy hit record then stood back to watch the action unfold. Isabella knelt on the bed next to Lucinda and stroked her forehead. “What seems to be the trouble?” she asked seductively.

“It’s down there,” Lucy said, dropping her eyes. “It aches so bad.”

Isabella stroked her hand down over her stomach and hesitated at the top of her tiny red lace panties. “Here?” she asked, coyly and Lucy shook her head.

Isabella moved her fingers a little lower and Lucy shook her head again. “Lower,” she moaned. “Please it hurts so much.”

Izzy shook her head. “I’m going to need to take a closer look,” she said and with one swift movement she had removed Lucinda’s little panties and tossed them across the room. “Now, spread your legs and let me see that naughty, aching pussy.”

Lucy slowly opened her legs, giving the camera a perfect view of her moist pink pout. Izzy bit her bottom lip, her tongue darting out to wet it. She leaned over Lucinda and parted her pussy with her index finger, sliding from top to bottom just inside her outer lips, making Lucinda moan and buck her hips. “Is this where it aches, baby,” Izzy asked, stroking her again.

“Yes,” Lucy moaned her eyes closed as Izzy stroked up and down her wet slit.

“I know how to fix that,” Izzy said and went to the table where the toys were laid out. She bent forward to give the camera a full view of her damp knickers, the dark black material contrasting perfectly with her creamy white thighs. She wrapped two silk scarves around her wrist and selected a long, thick dildo before turning back to the bed.

“This will make you feel much better,” she said. As she spoke she knelt across Lucy’s chest, and tied her wrists to the ornate bedposts. She let her pussy slide across Lucy’s breasts, teasing her clit on the erect nipples. Her knickers were straining across her peachy ass, clinging right up between her soaking pout and leaving very little to the imagination. Then she proceeded to peel off Lucy’s baby doll nightie, exposing her completely. Sliding down between Lucinda’s legs she pushed them further apart. Her cunt was glistening like a diamond in the bright light and Izzy slowly parted her lips, exposing the hard nub of her clit for the camera. “Oh baby,” she murmured.

“This will make you feel so good.” As she spoke she poked her tongue out and drew it slowly over Lucy’s clit, making her squeal. Izzy traced her tongue further down over the other girl’s pussy, lapping delicately at her swollen lips until Lucy was moaning. Izzy sat up and surveyed her handiwork.

“I’m going to use some lube just in case. This is a very delicate procedure and you definitely need to be wet for it to work.” As she spoke she picked up a tube of from the table, leaned over Lucy and squeezed a generous amount straight onto her exposed pussy, leaning down and massaging it into her wet hole with her fingers. Lucy writhed on the bed, her wrists straining against the scarves as Izzy dipped first one then a second finger inside her.

“That’s better,” she decided, and with that she knelt back between Lucy’s legs and picked up the big dildo. She stroked the thick, veined toy and, wetting her lips, slid it between them, her tongue rolling over the wide head. She pushed it deeper into her mouth teasing the head as she looked directly at the camera. Cordy grinned — she was always a big hit on the website.

“Lucinda, I need you to keep your legs as wide as possible, baby,” she moaned. “I’m going to fix your gorgeous little pussy.”

Lucy wriggled her legs even further apart, bucking her hips up towards Izzy’s hands, desperate for her to fill her with the thick silicone cock. Izzy held it against her dripping slit and teased her, letting the smooth head slide against her aching hole, up and down between her lips. She twirled it over the tiny bundle of nerves at the apex then, with a slow and deliberate movement, she eased it inside her, watching as inch after inch of the thick toy disappeared.

Lucinda’s moans grew louder as more of the dildo entered her, until it was buried to the hilt. Cordy was impressed. It hadn’t been the smallest of toys but Lucy had taken it all with no problem. Izzy stopped, her fingers moving up to Lucinda’s nipples — now taut and crinkled with arousal — pinching them until she moaned. Izzy held the toy in place with her knee, keeping her friend full as she teased her swollen tits. Bending forward, her dress rode up, and she wrapped her lips around each nipple in turn, sucking and licking, still

nudging the base of the dildo with her knee to keep up the pressure in Lucy's cunt.

"Oh Izzy, please fuck me," Lucy moaned.

Izzy sat back and grabbed hold of the base of the toy. She eased it out slowly and then pushed it back. Lucy howled, her fingers scrabbling at the ornately carved headboard.

"You know I think it would be so much more fun if we did this together," Izzy said, and with a flick of her wrist she slid the toy out of Lucinda. The camera got a wonderful view of her pussy gaping open, her honey lubricating her and dripping down her inner thighs as Izzy hopped off the bed. She put her finger to her lips wondering what to get next. Then with a wicked grin she picked up the thick, double-ended dildo and showed it to Lucy.

"How about this?" she asked. "I can fuck you and you can fuck me."

Lucy nodded. "Ohh...that looks delicious," she said. "I want to feel your pussy grinding down on mine while we're both full of cock."

Izzy turned to the camera and slowly unzipped the latex dress to reveal black lacy underwear. The lingerie held her pert tits in a half cup, exposing the juicy pink nipples, and then descended down her stomach to join with the black panties she'd flashed earlier. She stepped out of the dress and kicked it to one side. Sitting on the edge of the bed she drizzled lube over her fingers then, putting the double dong down next to them, she parted her thighs, easing her panties to one side. She slid her sticky fingers all over her already dripping pussy until it glistened like a juicy fruit. Izzy lay back next to Lucy and slowly lubed them both, working her fingers across both their pussies at the same time. The cameras above whirled as Tristan zoomed in to get the best view, and Lucy moaned as Izzy's fingers worked their magic.

In time, Izzy picked up the thick, purple toy and eased the tip between Lucy's pout. She was so wet it slid effortlessly inside her, stretching and filling her. Izzy watched it disappear, then reached up and unclipped her underwear. She stood up on the bed between



Lucy's legs and slipped off her lingerie so that she was completely naked. Squatting over her friend, she picked up the opposite end of the dildo and inserted it slowly into her twitching cunt. Deftly, she stayed balanced on her high heels as she bounced up and down on the thick shaft, pushing more and more of it inside her. She threw back her head and purred as the toy stretched her tight little pussy, her fingers tweaking her clit and bringing her closer to orgasm. Lucinda struggled against her restraints but Isabella shook her head. She dropped to her knees, impaling herself on the thick purple shaft as she leant forward over Lucy's body. Cordy could see both of their wet holes filled full with the toy as Izzy sucked and licked at Lucy's tits, grinding her clit against Lucy's, their moans filling the air as they fucked the dildo, both of them bucking against the other.

Izzy knelt back and thrust her pelvis up against Lucy, as though the dildo were her own cock and she was fucking Lucy with it. Her hands cupped her own breasts and tweaked her nipples as she leant back, her legs sliding over the top of Lucy's until they made a beautiful naked X on the bed. Izzy raised herself up on her elbows as she too fucked back and forth on the shaft of the toy. Lucy was thrusting up and down, the purple jelly sliding in and out of her soaking cunt as it filled them both. Both girls were gasping and moaning as they got closer and closer to cumming.

Izzy looked behind her and pouted at Cordy. "Baby, we need you to make us cum," she moaned. "We need your fingers...we need you to play with us."

He didn't hesitate. Kneeling beside them, his t-shirt and jeans made a sexy contrast with their complete nakedness and he reached over and slid his middle fingers over their swollen clits as they fucked closer and closer, taking inch after inch of the juiced up jelly toy as it disappeared inside them. Cordy licked his fingers and concentrated one on each, circling and pressing the over-sensitive buds, drawing them closer to orgasm. Izzy pinched her nipples, grinding down on the fake cock as Cody traced the outline of her little peak, sliding his fingers along either side of it, doing the same to Lucinda.

"Fuck...yessss," Lucy hissed. "Oh Christ I'm going to cum,

Cordy please don't stop...don't stop." She bucked up against him, her legs spread so wide the camera could see everything. Cordy watched her orgasm building in her stomach muscles as it rippled down her body until she was screaming and moaning and her body shook. He was relentless with his stroking, and he kept up his agonising rhythm until she was breathlessly begging him to stop.

Izzy was still moaning and bucking against his hand as the dildo slid in and out of her tight little hole. Her voice was tight and breathy as she urged him on to stroke her harder, and he pinched and twisted her clit until she was panting. Her legs stiffened and she paused before her orgasm crashed over her like a tidal wave, her fingers gripping the covers as she screamed his name.

The girls lay spent in a messy, exhausted heap as Cordy winked to the ceiling camera, knowing Tristan would be watching. He left them to clean themselves up and disappeared into his luxurious living room to grab some more champagne. He had a feeling the girls would be thirsty once they'd recovered. He was going to make a fortune off this movie, and two more souls were sucked into his web. It had been a very good day so far and, with any luck, it would get even better. Indy was due to arrive in less than two hours. Just enough time to get rid of these two, have a shower and then make the whole place look like nothing untoward had ever happened. He grinned wickedly. He really was fucking good at this.

LEXIE BAY

SLOTH



## CHAPTER SIX



Two hours later Cordy was pacing the living room. What the hell was wrong with him? This was the culmination of his master plan and he was getting butterflies waiting for her to turn up. Every time he thought about that lush body straining against her jumper and her too tight skirt which emphasised the curve of her thighs his cock twitched, but his heart leapt at the same time. His stomach was churning and his palms were sweaty and he couldn't sit still. His attempts to talk to the boys or pull together anything resembling a plan for the next website had fallen apart as his concentration was shattered by thought after thought of the way her skin had felt under his fingertips, and the soft warmth of her lips where he'd kissed her.

Fuck it, he didn't even know if she would turn up after he'd let himself lose control last night; and here he was waiting for the doorbell to ring like some kind of lovesick schoolgirl. What the fuck was wrong with him? It was then that the doorbell cut through the silence, and his stomach lurched with a mixture of excitement and nerves as he mentally shook himself to try and regain some composure. She's just another girl, Cordy, he told himself. Just another girl to fuck and move on. It was all about the chase and this one was proving to be a very exciting chase. He knew he'd get her, he just had to work out which buttons to press.

Quentin had answered the door for him and the quiet knock at the internal door told him that she was here. "Come," he said, raising his voice a little to sound more in control than he felt, and Quentin showed Indy into his inner sanctum. She looked nervous and his heart flipped as he looked at her. He wondered what she

thought he had asked her here for.

Indy was trying to pull herself together. She'd just had a blazing row with Serenity and she was fuming inside. Serenity had questioned the motives of her visit and suggested that she was no longer capable of fulfilling her calling. It was a dangerous and volatile combination, the anger and the lust boiling inside her until she felt as though she might scream or just run away.

"India," he said smiling at her.

"Hi Cordy," she said looking around then sitting down on the soft leather sofa as though the weight of the world was on her shoulders. Which he supposed it was a bit. That was the best thing about being a demon, you didn't have any responsibilities you just had to be yourself and annoy the hell out of Heaven. Indy looked as though she'd had enough.

"Drink, sweetheart?" he asked her, pouring a whiskey for himself.

"Yeah, that would be lovely. Have you got any wine?" she asked looking hopeful.

He grinned. "I got some diet coke in especially, and you surprise me with a request for wine! I have loads of wine — would you prefer red or white?"

"White please," she said and pulled her feet up onto the sofa, taking the large glass of cold liquid that he handed her. She took a sip and closed her eyes. "Wow, I needed that," she sighed, taking another sip straight away. "Thanks for the diet coke, though. That was really thoughtful of you."

Cordy watched her for a minute, wondering if she was making fun of him. "You OK, baby?" he asked. "You seem really odd."

She shook her head. "Not really, if I'm honest. I had another huge row with the rest of the girls and Serenity. I don't know what I'm doing anymore. I don't even know why I'm here."

She flushed a pretty shade of pink as she spoke and Cordy smiled as he realised she couldn't look him in the eye. He shivered in anticipation. If this was her reaction after just a kiss, imagine how adorably confused she'd be after he showed her exactly what he had

in mind for tonight. He was starting to feel as though this was going to go the way he wanted it to. He could almost taste victory, and it was oh so very sweet.

“Well you know what I think, honey. You’re wasting your time trying to save the planet. We already got the monopoly on this place. You and the girls need to move on or give up.” He walked over and topped up her glass.

“Are you trying to get me drunk?” she giggled, her pretty face lighting up as she looked at him.

“Yes I am,” he admitted. “Although, with the speed you drank that last glass, I’m not going to have to try very hard, am I? There’s something I wanted to show you before you make your decision.”

He took her hand and pulled her over to the laptop. Pressing a couple of buttons he pulled up some news pages.

“Oh Cordy, please not this again. I know the world’s full of bad news, but that’s not everything there is. They just don’t put the nice stuff on the internet.”

Cordy decided that he needed to take it to the next level if he wanted to get her in his bed and under his influence. He needed her separated from that bitch Serenity once and for all, and while she was doing a pretty good job of alienating Indy herself, he had just the thing to finally sever all ties between the sisters and that do-gooding old bitch.

“Let me show you the world as I see it, baby, without your sugar coating. See it with my eyes and then tell me if you shouldn’t just let go.” He put her glass down and took her hands in his.

“Cordy, what are you...? Where are we going?” she squeaked before everything went black.

“It’s OK. I got you, Indy. I just want you to see what you’re up against. Then I want you to give in and tell me you want to spend the rest of eternity in my bed.”

“Cordy, I told you that’s never going to happen.”

“Really? Then why are you drinking wine with me tonight? Do you think I invited you over to play Scrabble?”

“No, I just... I suppose I didn’t think at all. I’m tired of

thinking all the time.”

“So give in to what’s bubbling under the surface between us. Indy, the way you kissed me last night, I know you want me as much as I want you.”

The dark evaporated around them and Cordy was pleased to see that Indy looked pink and flustered as he held her close to him. He could smell the faint vanilla scent on her skin and he bent to kiss her. She didn’t move, just closed her eyes, letting his lips skim over hers. A soft moan escaped her lips and her arms tightened around him. His prick was immediately hard and he pressed it between her legs while she was off guard. Instead of pushing him away Indy ground her crotch against his and kissed him harder, her fingers sliding under the waistband of his jeans. Cordy was almost too surprised to take advantage, until her fingers stroked over his hip before diving between his legs, her hand cupping his balls then sliding over his straining cock.

The moan that hissed through his teeth brought Indy to her senses and she pulled away as she stuttered an apology.

“Don’t apologise for being hot,” he grinned. “I told you we had unfinished business. Let me burst your fluffy little bubble of joy and then we can go back to my apartment and I’ll show you how a prince of Hell can make you feel like you’re in Heaven.”

“I think I like the sound of that,” she said sighing. She hadn’t felt this free in years. Her mobile rang, but she ignored it and the nagging voices in her head. “What did you mean about bursting my fluffy bubble of joy? Is that some kind of weird sexual thing?”

Cordy laughed so hard there were tears in his eyes. “Not that I know of, baby. But maybe later we can make one up for it. No, I’m going to show you why this world is already mine — the things Serenity keeps from you. You Virtue’s don’t see what’s going on right under your noses.”

“Cordy, that’s not true. I see exactly what you get up to every day.”

“You see the stuff I want you to see, to distract you from the stuff I don’t!”

Indy crossed her arms across her chest and pouted. "I'm not stupid, Cordy! I know everything that you're up to."

Cordy's eyes darkened. "You're so cute when you're mad, baby, but just watch and don't say anything until we're back. Promise me?"

With a flick of his wrist the darkness brightened and they were in a bar in Chelsea. Indy jumped but it became obvious that no-one could see them. She watched people drinking, dancing, disappearing into the toilets to fuck and throwing their money around, talking as though they didn't have a care in the world. The crazy thing was she knew they didn't. These people thought that partying hard was exhausting, they certainly didn't want to do anything that involved working for a living. They were everything that Cordy needed. She tried to see some virtue somewhere within the bar but there was nothing but sin. India tried to be angry but she had to admit they looked like they were enjoying themselves and for a moment she wanted in on it.

Then the bar was replaced by a dirty, dingy pub. The people were angry and miserable looking. The clock on the wall over the grubby looking optics said 14:34 but the bar was packed with men, women and kids all shouting and swearing, drinking and disappearing outside for a cigarette and a quick fumble behind the bins. It was the opposite of the Chelsea scene but she could see the similarities. These people weren't working either. They were drinking and fucking just like the rich ones. The only difference was who was funding it. The realisation hit her: Cordy had every base covered. From one end of the spectrum to the other, sloth had a vice like grip on everyone.

The scene changed again and they were in a television studio. A line of young people were queuing up for an audition. They were scantily clad and anxious to show off as much of themselves as possible. One by one they went in and made idiots of themselves, desperate to be the ones given the key to unlimited fame and wealth for doing the bare minimum.

Indy's sighed. "It's all pointless," she whispered. "What about the ones in between, the ones who do work, aren't they happy?"



Cordy laughed and they blackness shrouded them again. He took the opportunity to stroke his hands down her back pulling her in close to him so that he could nuzzle her hair. Indy wrapped her arms around him and nestled against his neck.

They emerged into a quiet suburban street. Newish cars gleamed in the driveways and children played in the street. Husbands were arriving home from work to smiling pretty wives.

"See," she scolded Cordy, "Virtue does work sometimes."

Cordy shook his head and they were inside the nearest house. Indy looked around. The kids were stuck in front of the Xbox while the wife secretly texted a lover in the bedroom. The husband had his head in his hands looking at their bank balance. A second house showed the couple arguing about money, piles of credit card statements on the kitchen table as the husband moaned about having to work every hour there was. In another the woman was hiding a stash of vodka in the airing cupboard while the husband mowed the lawn, muttering under his breath about needing to "get away for a break."

As she realised that the world was broken and that Cordy and his brothers and sisters were in control of everything, Indy thought she might cry.

"Don't feel bad, Indy. It's really not your fault. Sin wins these days, you can't fight it anymore. C'mon, look around you, at least life is more exciting than when you were winning."

Indy looked up at him. "Well Cordy I think the saying is 'if you can't beat 'em, join 'em'. So take me home and show me how the other half lives. I want to do everything."

"Everything?" he asked looking mildly surprised

"Oh yes," she whispered against his ear. "I want you to teach me how to be like you. If this world is going to Hell, I aim to be on the winning side."

Across the darkness, screams echoed as the other Virtues felt a knife to their hearts. The room came back into focus and Indy held Cordy tight, grateful for his strength as he held her close.

"I'm sorry to be so harsh, baby, but you needed to see."

Indy pressed her finger to his lips. "Enough talking, Cordy. The world sucks and I don't care about it anymore. I want you to take me to bed and do all the things you made me think about last night."

His lips found hers and she responded the way he had always known she would. A tiny moan slipped from her lips as he pressed his smooth, cool mouth over hers. Her soul fluttered within her, her heart pounding against her ribcage as his fingers traced circles across her back, stroking and soothing her fear.

"Let's take this into the bedroom," he whispered, leading her towards the door, thinking about how many women had been there before her.

"I hope you changed the sheets," Indy giggled. "I'm sure you brought girls back here last night after I got you all hot and bothered."

Cordy raised his eyebrows at her. "Actually I came home alone and spent a sleepless night wishing you were with me. I might be a demon but I'm not all bad."

She laughed at him, tucking a strand of his hair behind his ear and snuggling into his big strong chest. "Do you want to reconsider that comment?" she asked. "I'm pretty sure it's your bad boy persona that gets me so wet whenever I think about you."

"I make you wet, do I?" he asked, grinning naughtily and she blushed.

"Cordy I don't know what comes over me when I'm with you. I get the most filthy thoughts in my head."

"I'm going to cum over you later, sweetheart," he said. "And that's a promise."

"Take me to bed," she whispered, "I want you to fuck me."

He didn't need asking twice, carrying her into his bedroom. It was warm and cosy, the bed made with crisp cotton sheets, draped with red velvet and black silk throws, sumptuous and sexy. He placed her gently in the centre of the bed and slowly peeled off his tight black t-shirt to reveal his incredible rock hard abs and smooth, flawless body. Indy bit her lip as the reality of the situation suddenly hit her. Cordy noticed her panic and stopped to watch her, frowning slightly.

"Indy, you're not a virgin are you?" he asked.

She blushed and tried to meet his gaze, half shaking her head. “Not exactly, no,” she whispered. “Why? Does it matter? Please don’t be angry if I am.”

He sat down next to her. “How could I be angry with you? Tell me, are you a virgin?”

She nodded blushing furiously, her words tumbling out. “I know it’s ridiculous, but I spent so much time looking after Chastity that I never met anyone and then all this ‘saving the world’ stuff happened, I had to stop you and I just never got around to it. I know what to do though so you don’t need to worry.” She looked up at him, dying of embarrassment. Cordy’s eyes glinted mischievously as she spoke.

“Fuck, Indy,” he said at last. “You have no idea how hot that is.”

Indy tried to reply, but Cordy only murmured, “Shush,” as he kissed her. Indy forgot about anything but the feel of his cool lips on hers, and the heat of his body as he held her tightly against it. White hot pleasure shot through her from her tight, hard nipples straight to her already dripping pussy and she wanted every inch of him pressed against and into her. Her hands slid into his hair and she pulled his mouth onto hers. His tongue was insistent, her moan lost inside his as he kissed her hard.

Cordy slowly unbuttoned her tight black shirt, revealing her soft stomach and raising an eyebrow as he saw that her belly button was pierced. His cock was straining at his fly and that was enough to make it hurt. Talk about a dark horse, were the Virtues were allowed to do things like that? “Got any tattoos?” he asked sarcastically.

“Maybe,” she whispered, her lips parted and her voice breathless. “You’ll just have to see if you can find them.”

Cordy growled, leaning over her seductively. Indy felt deliciously trapped, the pure evil of this gorgeous demon making her weak. He wanted her and that made her feel wanton and sexy...and it felt good. She looked straight into his eyes and saw her own pure lust reflected back at her. His body was red hot between her legs and she stroked her hands over his naked back, feeling the muscles rippling

across it as he shifted on the bed and an involuntary moan slipped between her lips.

“Indy, I’ve wanted to do this since we first met all those years ago,” he murmured dropping tiny kisses along the edge of her lip making her gasp and buck against him.

“I think I have too,” she said. “I just refused to let myself want it.” She had never been so turned on in her life. She wanted him to take her clothes off, to feel his fingers inside her and then she wanted him to fuck her with the huge cock she could feel pressed tightly against her crotch. She didn’t even care if he was just using her. She needed him and she would do whatever it took to get him.

Indy bit her lip as his fingers teased and stroked her until her nipples were almost painful. She had known that there was a streak of good in Cordy, no matter what Serenity had said. She had just needed to work on bringing it out, and fucking hell he wasn’t just good, he was incredible. She gasped as he unclipped her bra and then moaned as his lips brushed her swollen nipples. She could feel each stroke of his tongue mirrored on her clit, as though they were hotwired. If it felt that good now, she couldn’t wait until he buried his face between her legs.

He looked up at her as though he could read her mind, then with infuriating slowness he kissed down her stomach to the top of her jeans, ripping the buttons open. She could feel the raw power pulsing through him as he slid her jeans down her legs and tossed them across the bedroom. The softness of the velvet and the cool slipperiness of the silk caressed her naked body as she raised her arms above her head, allowing him to see every uninhibited inch of her.

Cordy wondered if she had any idea how gorgeous she looked, her pale skin contrasting with the black and red of his bed. He continued his quest with his tongue until he reached her tiny black knickers.

His breath was hot against her skin, warming the sodden material between her legs as he kissed down her inner thigh. Indy couldn’t help but let out a little squeal as his nose grazed her clit and

her desperate pussy clenched in anticipation of his touch. Cordy felt a powerful surge of lust, the knowledge that he was making her so wet feeding his passion. He could smell the musky scent of her as he nuzzled against her soaking panties and slowly and gently slid a finger between her soft folds, pushing the fabric of her panties inside her.

Indy tensed but Cordy kissed her, tiny butterfly kisses lingering on her clit until she relaxed. He took hold of her panties and eased them down her legs, swallowing hard as he got his first glimpse of her swollen, glistening lips. He was so desperate to be inside her he didn't think he would be able to hold himself back. He knew he had to make her so wet that it was the best experience of her life. But all he wanted to do now was push himself inside her and fuck her ragged. Most girls loved it when you wanted them so much you couldn't hold back. But Indy was special. This was her first time, and he had to be gentle with her. He took a deep breath and, watching her flushed face, he slowly ran his tongue from her ass all the way up to her clit, curling it around the tiny bud until Indy screamed with pleasure, her cheeks burning red as she tried to sit up and pull herself away.

"It's OK to like that," he said. "It's supposed to feel good."

"Cordy, I'm so scared," she whispered. "I feel like I'm betraying my whole world, like I'm turning my back on everything."

"It's OK," he whispered, kissing all the way up her body until he was towering over her, a wall of gorgeous, sexy demon blocking all rational thought from her mind. "You and I were meant to be. Now let me show you how great this gets."

With that, he sank down on top of her and kissed her until she thought she would faint. She could feel the head of his cock pressing against her cunt and she spread her legs wider to give him perfect access, wrapping her arms around his back, revelling in the strength of his upper body. He was hot and he was all hers.

Cordy pushed inside her, taking it so slowly he thought he would never last more than a few minutes. The pressure of her virgin walls was so intense he had to count backwards from fifty just to stay focussed.

Indy moaned and arched up towards him. He was being too careful with her — she wanted him to use her like she'd seen in his videos. Yes, she knew she wasn't supposed to have watched them but bloody hell, a girl needed to know about what she was up against. And now she was right up against it and it was driving her crazy with desire. She wanted to scream at him, "Just fuck me! I won't fuckin' break!" Then he pushed a little deeper and it hurt. She bit his shoulder and tensed up, torn between wanting to feel him fully inside her and terrified that the pain would just get worse.

Cordy stopped. "Am I hurting you?" he whispered, his teeth nipping at her neck and her earlobe.

She nodded. "A little, but...it'll be fine."

He frowned but she pushed up against him, biting him again as a moan hissed through her lips. "Please Cordy, just do it. I want you so much," she whimpered and with that he thrust into her, unable to hold back anymore. She cried out, clutching at his back, her nails leaving marks that would last until the next day. They were together at last, fucking, their bodies exactly where they were meant to be. Indy had never felt so good; nothing bad could possibly feel this incredible.

Cordy bit his lip and tried to concentrate on anything other than the fact that he was buried inside the most beautiful woman in the universe and she wanted him as much as he wanted her. She wrapped herself around him and they thrust and fucked and writhed on the bed until, with a squeal of amazed pleasure, Indy came hard. The pressure of her tight pussy throbbing around him was all it took to push Cordy over the edge and with a guttural, animal moan he unloaded his cock inside her, his balls aching as he emptied himself.

They lay in each other's arms, panting, neither one of them able to speak. Indy stroked his face, his jaw, tucking his hair behind his ear and kissing everywhere her fingers touched. "Thank you," she whispered.

Cordy shook his head. "No, no," he grinned. "Thank you. That was unbelievable. You were amazing."

Indy blushed. "I'm glad it was OK," she whispered again.

“I’ve never felt so close to anyone, Cordy. It was incredible. I really hope it meant as much to you as it did to me because I don’t think I can be without you ever again.”

“Don’t worry, baby,” he said, kissing her again and again. “I think you and me just broke some huge unwritten rule. Somehow I don’t think this is something we can just forget about. I don’t think the families are going to leave this alone.”

Indy giggled. “I think I can feel the rage coming through the air.”

Cordy held her tight. “Well you’re with me now and we’re going to take over this joint.”

Indy giggled as they wrapped their arms around each other and, with lips still kissing, bodies pressed as close as they could be, they talked about Cordy’s plans for world domination.

## EPILOGUE



“C’mon Cordy, you put some effort into chasing me, didn’t you?” India rolled over onto her stomach and stroked his chest as they lay in yet another post orgasmic glow in his huge bed.

Cordy laughed at her. “Not this again! Maybe a little effort, baby.”

India snuggled happily into his chest, and Cordy smiled wickedly as she traipsed her fingers down his rock hard stomach to his cock.

He’d gotten away with getting her to think that he’d done all the running. Now, here they were tucked up cosily in a very convenient relationship. And he was pretty sure who was going to be doing all the hard work from here. Like millions before him and millions that would come after, he’d put in the minimum effort to win her over and now he could sit back and let India take the reins. Don’t get him wrong, he adored her — his beautiful, sexy companion. But he could definitely see the benefits of this arrangement.

“What you thinking about, baby?” she asked looking up at him, her innocent blue eyes full of love.

“Just how much I love you, sweetheart,” he smiled pulling her on top of him. “And how perfect all this is.”

Inside, he laughed a wicked demon laugh and every Virtue in Heaven shook as India’s light flickered just a little dimmer.



# PRIDE

T h e   S w e e t e s t   R e v e n g e



BY LUCY FELTHOUSE

## CHAPTER ONE



As soon as she heard the roar of the engine, Abigail's heart rate increased. She could recognise it at quite some distance now, and as it drew closer to her office building, she could feel the vibrations beneath her feet.

Grabbing a handful of documents from the pile on her desk, Abigail headed over to the photocopier which stood by the window. That way, she could pretend she was duplicating paperwork, when in fact she was looking out of the window at the motorcycle and its rider.

And there she was. Mackenzie, in all her leather-clad glory, thundering into the car park. Her beautiful red hair flowed from beneath the helmet, her hair settling to a stop as the motorcycle did. The Khaki Green Mean Machine, as Abigail had nicknamed it, was as stunning as ever. Between them, rider and bike made a very attractive picture. One Abigail could quite happily look at all day long.

She realised she hadn't actually made any attempt to photocopy anything yet, so she hastily shoved one of the pieces of paper under the lid, keyed in the command for thirty copies and pressed the green button. Then she was free to gaze out of the window for a good long while before anyone suspected anything.

Not that it was any big secret, anyway. The entire office knew of Abigail's crush on the motorcycle courier, and she was often teased about it. The only reason she wasn't being ribbed right there and then was because nobody else was tuned into the motorcycle's engine noise frequency like she was — they wouldn't have realised Mackenzie

was here unless they looked out of the window. Glancing behind her, Abigail saw that everyone was engrossed in what they were doing, so she could perv out of the window, completely undisturbed and without mockery.

Turning back, she saw that Mackenzie had now put the Ducati Monster on its stand and flung one long leg over it. She tugged off her heavy duty leather gloves, lay them on the seat and proceeded to undo her helmet. Abigail held her breath. This bit was always her favourite. The way the younger woman managed to still look gorgeous when removing a motorcycle helmet was incredible. Her long red hair cascaded free, and after a couple of quick finger-combs, it looked immaculate. For the hundredth time, Abigail wondered what her secret was. She was sure if she went on a motorcycle without tying her hair back, it would look like a rat's nest by the time she arrived anywhere.

Clipping the helmet's chin-strap back together, the courier then hung it from one of the handlebars, pulled the keys from the ignition and moved to the box attached to the back of the bike. She unlocked it, retrieved two small parcels and shut and locked the lid before retrieving the keys and walking towards the front door of the building. She wore sensible, rather than fashionable, boots and leathers and they lent her walk a strange gait. Abigail didn't care. She was so infatuated with the woman that it would take more than that to put her off.

She watched as Mackenzie made her way into the building and was eventually lost from sight. Switching her attention to her fake photocopying, she saw that the dated machine was still chugging its way through the original thirty copies she'd requested. She grinned. At this rate, it'd still be going by the time the courier exited the building and got back on her bike. If there was someone at Reception, then of course the process of having a parcel signed for was speedy. Usually, that's what happened. But occasionally if there was some super-sensitive reason no one else could handle the delivery, the member of staff it was for would have to come and sign for it themselves. That, of course, meant it could take much longer,

depending on whereabouts they were in the building and how long it would take them to get to the front desk.

Abigail herself could be at Reception in under a minute from her desk, and would gladly be, if her presence was requested by the goddess Mackenzie. All she would have to do was click her fingers and Abigail would come running. And not just for a parcel. For whatever reason she damn well felt like giving.

She sighed. The woman had her completely and utterly under the thumb, and she had absolutely no idea. Abigail was sure Mackenzie didn't even know she existed. It was a shame, really. Aside from fancying the pants — or leathers, in this case — off her, they had a lot in common. They were both lesbians, for one. She had no idea how she knew Mackenzie was a lesbian; she just did. Or perhaps her constant wishful thinking had made her believe it was true.

They also both shared a love of motorcycles. Okay, so it was only the appearance of Mackenzie and her bike a couple of months ago that had sparked Abigail's sudden interest, but her obsession was such that every time she heard the roar of an engine — particularly a Ducati — she felt wetness trickle from her pussy. She was like Pavlov's dog, only with motorcycles.

Abigail shrugged. All right, so maybe they only had two things in common — however tenuous — three, if you counted the fact they were both female, but she didn't care. The woman was hot, and one day Abigail was going to work up the courage to speak to her. And saying 'hello' and 'thank you' in relation to receiving a parcel did not count.

Movement from the corner of her eye alerted Abigail to the fact that Mackenzie was leaving the building. She sauntered back across the tarmac towards the Ducati, her gaze fixed firmly on it. She clearly had no idea that anyone was watching her, because as she drew closer to the bike, she smiled. By the time she reached the vehicle and stroked a hand across its matt green petrol tank cover, she was grinning from ear to ear.

It was infectious. The more Mackenzie beamed at the Khaki Green Mean Machine, the more Abigail smiled at the scene unfolding

in front of her. The courier either wasn't in a particular rush to get to her next drop off, or didn't care, because after stroking the main body of the bike, she ran her hand along the leather seat and across the storage box. She crouched, squeezing each tyre in turn — as though checking them for air — and stood up again, hands on hips.

Unfortunately, she now had her back to the offices, so Abigail could no longer see her facial expression, but it didn't matter too much. From this angle, she could see the jut of Mackenzie's ass in the tight leather trousers and her mouth went dry. During Mackenzie's deliveries, Abigail'd perved on her more times than she could remember in the past couple of months, but the reaction she garnered didn't lessen. If anything, the more she saw the hot biker chick, the more she wanted her.

She'd even started dreaming about her. The filthiest, kinkiest, most erotic dreams, some of which forced her awake with the raging horn and made her reach immediately down her pyjama bottoms to relieve the tension. Others were even more intense, and on a handful of occasions, Abigail had actually climaxed in her sleep. The first time it happened, she could scarcely believe it, thinking that she'd merely cum in her dream and it had been so vivid that she thought she'd really done it. But as her cunt continued to quiver with the aftershocks of orgasm, she was forced to accept that she was now having a more active sex life in her sleep than she was in her waking life.

The hot courier chick was to blame for her overactive sex drive and pornographic dreams, and as the woman in question finished looking at her bike — which was clearly her pride and joy — pulled on her gloves and helmet, and started the engine, Abigail decided that the 'one day' she'd elected to speak to Mackenzie would be one day *soon*. The only way she'd get that damn woman out of her system would be to ask her out. If she said no, she'd know for sure she had no chance and get over it. But if she said yes...

The possibilities — erotic and otherwise — were endless and, as Mackenzie roared away on her Ducati Monster, Abigail couldn't help but think about just how *much* she'd like to explore each and

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every one of those possibilities with her. Repeatedly.

## CHAPTER TWO



Abigail dreamt of Mackenzie again that night. It was hardly surprising, given the way she'd gotten her going that day, roaring up on the motorbike and caressing it like a lover, before jutting that cute ass in her direction. The courier had thrown plentiful fuel on Abigail's fantasy fire and now her dreams were reflecting her inflamed state.

She woke suddenly, bathed in sweat and with an ache and wetness between her legs that wouldn't allow her to forget what she'd been dreaming about.

"For fuck's sake," she murmured, rolling onto her back and flopping onto the pillows with more force than was necessary. "She won't even leave me alone when I'm asleep!"

She aimed her irritation at Mackenzie, even though she knew it was unfounded. It was easier than admitting to herself that she was harbouring a growing obsession — it had gone way beyond attraction by now — for someone she didn't know. They hadn't even met, really, beyond Abigail accepting a parcel and the usual pleasantries that went with such a menial task. The only reason she even knew Mackenzie's name is because it had been on the paperwork she'd scrawled her signature on when signing for the package.

And now here she was, dreaming about the woman for the umpteenth time and sticking her hand down her pyjama bottoms to try and relieve the residual tension. She'd tried ignoring it, time and time again, but it was impossible for her to sleep with that throb between her legs. She just couldn't do it.

She opened her legs for better access, spreading her index and middle fingers and sliding them down her labia, before rubbing up

and down on the rapidly swelling flesh. The squelch of pussy juices was audible from beneath the covers, and she dipped a fingertip in to see just how wet she was. She gasped. Wet wasn't a strong enough word. Sopping, perhaps, or saturated. Regardless of terminology, Abigail's body had had an incredibly powerful reaction to what she'd been up to in her dreams and was demanding that she dealt with it.

Unwilling — or unable — to refuse, she pressed a finger to her clit. It was sensitive, needy, and she knew that it wouldn't take much to make her cum. The dream had obviously been her foreplay, and now her hungry cunt was ready for the main event. She pulled the swollen bundle of nerve endings between finger and thumb and rolled it, gently at first. Then she punctuated each roll with a pinch. Roll, pinch. Roll, pinch. She knew if she carried on like that, she'd be climaxing within a minute or so. Normally, if she woke in the middle of the night, she was eager to get back to sleep as soon as possible, otherwise she'd be grumpy in the morning. But for some reason, on this occasion she was happy to draw out her orgasm, knowing it would result in a more powerful reaction in the long run.

Stopping her torment on her clit, Abigail pushed two fingers inside her pussy, then drew them back out, before sucking them into her mouth. She moaned blissfully, closing her eyes. The taste of pussy had always gotten her hot, and as she enjoyed the mixture of sweet and tart on her tongue, she let her mind wander. Specifically, onto how she thought Mackenzie's pussy juices would taste. Abigail knew she was seriously biased, but she thought they'd taste divine. And, right at that moment, she wanted nothing more than to push her face between the younger woman's legs to find out.

Unfortunately, all she had was herself and her imagination, so she would have to make do. Luckily, her imagination was rich and, although it couldn't possibly match up to the real thing, it would come a close second.

This time, she pushed both hands between her legs. With one hand, she held her pussy lips open wide, manoeuvring them so her clit peeked from its protective hood and was exposed to the fondling from her other hand. And fondle she did. She fixed a film reel of



Sapphic action between herself and Mackenzie in her head, and stroked to it.

Fantasy Mackenzie was in the bed, completely naked. She climbed up Abigail's body and straddled her head, lowering herself slowly so her gorgeous pussy was hovering just above her mouth.

Abigail could almost smell the other woman's pussy. She'd love nothing more than to have Mackenzie sit on her face so she could eat her cunt until she writhed and wriggled above her, squirting copious juices onto her face and chest. But for now, her dirty imaginings would do. And they were definitely doing their job. She didn't think it was possible, but Abigail's arousal increased. Her blood thundered through her veins, her clit swelled almost to the point of pain and her nipples were like tiny stones, chafing against the underneath of her bed sheets. She didn't want to draw it out any longer. Right now, she just wanted to cum.

Snapping her legs together, she trapped one hand against her pussy and rolled her hips, riding it. She gripped the sheets with her other hand, taking out her pleasure on the fibres squeezed in her fist. Her grunts and groans increased in frequency and intensity as the delicious pressure built in her abdomen. She was teetering on the edge of climax, and as she continued to rub herself off, the most fantastic image of Mackenzie flashed into her head.

She was sitting astride her beloved motorcycle. Completely naked except for her boots. Her beautiful red hair flowed gently in the breeze and her hands gripped the bike's handlebars. With a twist of her wrist, the machine roared between her legs and she threw her head back, her eyes closed and lips parted in ecstasy. Continuing to rev up the bike in short bursts, then longer and more intense roars of pure power, Mackenzie writhed on the leather seat, her pussy juices smearing all over the black material. Harder and harder she twisted the throttle, until it almost sounded as though the engine would explode — certainly it was red-lining — but before it had chance, the redhead let out a mighty noise of her own, yanking her hands from the handlebars and grasping the seat to steady herself as she rode out her orgasm. Her hips rocked, and the sight of her ass cheeks and

thighs flexing sent Abigail into an absolute frenzy.

Keeping the image of Mackenzie's climax firmly in her mind, she screeched and yelled as she hit her own peak, her cunt spasming crazily and gushing out juices all over her hand and the bed. By the time she'd ridden out her orgasm, the hand that had been grabbing the sheets was white-knuckled and so tense it was painful. Easing open her fingers, she shook her hand in the air, attempting to loosen it — wincing as she heard several joints crack. Soon, it felt much better and she smoothed out the sheets beneath her as best she could, before shifting into a comfortable position that wasn't in the wet spot. A few seconds later she was slipping back into a blissful, deep sleep where visions of Mackenzie continued to flit through her mind the whole night.

## CHAPTER THREE



The next day, Abigail awoke feeling refreshed and in an extremely good mood — despite the disturbance of her sleep. She put it down to her nocturnal masturbation session, and the resultant orgasm. Thinking about it made Mackenzie pop into her head again, and she decided that today would be the day that she'd make the motorcycle courier notice her — if she came to the offices today, that was. She delivered something most days, though, so there was a good chance that she would. And if she did, Abigail was going to make sure she was in the foyer, looking hot, and ready to say something to the woman she'd been crushing on for so long. She may not summon up the courage to ask her out, but she was determined to at least talk to her — beyond signing for a package — so Mackenzie would at least know she existed.

Scrambling out of bed, she pulled off her pyjamas and headed into the bathroom. After using the toilet, she reached through the shower curtain and turned on the taps, holding her hand beneath the spray until it reached the perfect temperature. Then she stepped in, relishing the feel of the hot water on her skin.

She didn't relish it for too long, however, as she knew she'd have to make her shower a speedy one if she intended to spend some time on getting ready. It would take a while to dry and straighten her long, thick dark hair and to put her makeup on. Abigail smiled. It was like preparing for a date, not a day at work. But then, it was going to be no ordinary day at work. It was going to be the one where she got Mackenzie to notice her. Hopefully.

She finished showering, wrapped her hair up in a towel and

headed into her bedroom. Standing naked, she let her body air dry as she flicked through the items in her wardrobe to find something suitable. She wanted something that made her look sexy, but without going overboard. The last thing she needed was for her colleagues to notice and to start teasing her. That would hardly give her the confidence she needed to approach Mackenzie.

Eventually, she settled on a black pencil skirt and a white blouse which, if the top button was left undone, gave a spectacular view of her ample cleavage. Underneath, she wore her sexiest white bra and matching thong, as well as black hold up stockings. She knew that out of all her saucy underwear, only the stockings — and perhaps the odd peep of her bra — would be visible, but it didn't matter. The feeling of sexiness and confidence they gave her was what was important. She stroked her hands up her legs, enjoying the feel of the luxurious, silky material beneath her fingers. A frisson of excitement ran through her as she imagined Mackenzie doing it, instead. Only *her* hands would continue right up to the top of the stockings, and beyond, as she sought what was hiding beneath that little white thong.

Abigail shook her head. She didn't have time to start daydreaming about Mackenzie now, she'd only end up wanting to masturbate again, and that would make her late for work — not to mention creasing her clothes and messing up her hair and makeup. She stood up sharply, and slipped her feet into the black stilettos she'd chosen from her shoe collection. With a last look in the full length mirror by the door, she sauntered from the room and headed downstairs to grab her bag, keys and lunch, and left for work.



Abigail's morning at work crawled. She had plenty to do, but none of it was particularly taxing, so she had half a mind on her tasks — probably less — and the rest of her brain was busy concentrating on the minutes ticking by and wondering when, and if, Mackenzie was going to show up. She'd also been vaguely aware of the glances

a couple of her male colleagues were throwing her way. Her outfit was obviously drawing some attention. She didn't know whether to sigh or smile. On the one hand, she didn't want the attention from the guys she worked with — although they knew how pointless it was, given her open sexuality. But on the other hand, she obviously looked good if they were looking at her. Abigail clung to the positive aspect and hoped that Mackenzie would be as appreciative as the men in her office seemed to be.

If she ever turned up, of course.

The throaty roar of an engine made her head snap up and she looked out of the window. Her heart rate picked up and almost instantly, her palms became sweaty. Pulling her hands from the computer keyboard, Abigail stood and, as casually as possible, made her way out of the office and towards the foyer. Fortunately, the toilets were off the corridor which led to reception, so hopefully that's where her colleagues would assume she'd gone. As soon as she was out of sight of her office, she walked faster, desperate to get to Mackenzie before anyone else did.

Surreptitiously wiping her hands on her skirt, she then pushed open the door that led to the foyer. And not a moment too soon. The courier was just walking through the front doors, which had been left open on account of the freak spring heat, and was marching purposely across the room towards the reception desk. Abigail looked across at the desk and saw that Naomi — the receptionist — was on the phone. The timing couldn't be more perfect. She took it as a good sign, and took a deep breath to steady her nerves. Then, striding forward, Abigail caught Mackenzie's attention before she reached the desk.

"Hi," she said, coming to a stop in front of the leather-clad babe. "Would you like me to sign for that?" She held out her hand towards the clipboard the other woman carried.

Mackenzie looked to the receptionist, who was still on the phone, then back at Abigail. She shrugged, before handing the clipboard to her. "Makes no difference to me, as long as someone does."

Abigail tried not to bristle at the courier's abrupt tone, and instead beamed at her. "I'd be happy to. Do you have a pen?"

Wordlessly, the redhead unzipped her jacket and reached into the inside pocket. She handed the pen to Abigail, who suddenly realised she was running out of time to say something.

"Thank you," she took the pen and looked at the clipboard. Then she looked up again, before the nerves got the better of her, and said, nodding down at her leathers, "What sort of bike do you have?"

A tiny frown appeared between Mackenzie's eyebrows, then a look of annoyance crossed her face. "It's a Ducati Monster. Why?"

Abigail was taken aback by the other woman's continued rudeness, but carried on regardless. She'd come too far to chicken out now. "I like it, is all. I just wondered."

Mackenzie's expression softened, a slight glint in her brown eyes. "Yeah. She's a beauty, isn't she? Best money I ever spent."

Abigail was aware that the courier was looking pointedly at the paperwork which she still hadn't signed, so she blurted out her question. "Do you ever take passengers? Riding pillion, isn't it?"

She knew damn well it was. She'd looked it up on the internet a while back, when she'd started crushing on the younger woman — determined she'd have something interesting to say should they ever have a conversation.

Mackenzie's frown reappeared, deeper this time, and she put her hands on her hips. "Yes, it is. And yes I do, sometimes. Now would you please sign the paperwork so I can be on my way? I don't have all day to stand around chatting. Nor do I want to."

Abigail raised her eyebrows. She hadn't been expecting Mackenzie to run into her arms and for them to skip off into the sunset together, but she didn't expect this. It seemed Little Miss Hot Biker Chick had an attitude problem. Well, if that was the case, then she wanted nothing more to do with her. She may have the biggest crush on the woman, but if her personality didn't match up to her stunning looks, then she wasn't the girl for Abigail. Rude bitch.

Abigail scribbled her signature and unceremoniously thrust

the clipboard back at Mackenzie, who handed her the parcel and stormed off without another word. Abigail watched through the glass doors as the redhead reached her bike, stowed the clipboard in the back box and pulled on her helmet and gloves before starting the engine and zooming out of the car park. She shook her head. *Thank God I didn't let on that I liked her. That would have been even worse.*

Turning, she saw that the receptionist was no longer on the phone and was looking at her with an expectant expression. Smiling, Abigail moved over to the desk and handed over the parcel, with the comment, "Well, isn't she just a ray of sunshine?"

The receptionist looked confused, but before she had the chance to ask any questions Abigail walked away, back the way she'd come. She acted as cool as possible as she pushed open the door, knowing the receptionist could see her, then headed into the Ladies' toilets. After ascertaining that she was alone, she let down the facade.

Resting her hands on the edge of the nearest sink, she looked into the mirror. Her cheeks sported spots of colour, and her eyes shone with unshed tears. She pulled in a deep breath through her nose, determined not to let the tears fall. Mackenzie may be hot, but she certainly wasn't worth shedding tears over — especially as she was clearly a total and utter bitch.

After a couple of in-through-the-nose out-through-the-mouth breaths, Abigail felt confident she wasn't going to burst into tears. Thank God. No amount of makeup would hide the fact she'd been crying — plus her handbag was at her desk, so there'd be no way to cover up her upset.

She glanced in the mirror again. The colour in her face was still there, but now she looked more pissed off than upset. Which, Abigail realised, was exactly how she felt. She latched onto that feeling and allowed the indignant, angry thoughts to run through her head. *How dare she treat me like that? What a cow. No wonder her bike is the most important thing in her life. If she speaks to everyone like that, she'll have no friends, and her family probably don't speak to her.*

By the time she exited the bathroom and settled back into the chair at her desk, she had a multitude of venomous thoughts in

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her head, not to mention a plan to get her own back on the spiteful redheaded courier.

*What's that phrase again? Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned? Well, Mackenzie is going to find out all about that. And soon.*



## CHAPTER FOUR



A week later, Abigail got into the office early. She wanted to be there first so she could talk to some of her colleagues before they switched on their computers and started work. Her male colleagues, specifically. She remembered who'd looked at her when she'd dressed up the previous week and was going to target them. She'd dressed to impress once more, and had her fingers crossed that her outfit, coupled with her feminine charms would persuade the guys to go along with her devious plan.

Within half an hour, everything was in place. Abigail had taken advantage of the fact that the men she'd spoken to were each convinced they'd be able to 'turn' her and had giggled and flirted herself into the result she wanted.

Now all she had to do was wait.

It was almost lunchtime before the noise of the Ducati's engine alerted Abigail to the courier's imminent arrival. Immediately, she stood up from her desk and walked through the office, touching each of her co-conspirators on the shoulder or back as she passed. Checking to see if they'd all acknowledged her signal, she then made her way towards Reception. As planned, the receptionist passed her in the corridor, on her way to assist one of the guys in Abigail's office with some bogus task. Not that the receptionist realised it was bogus, of course. As long as there was no one at the front desk when Mackenzie walked in, then everything was on track for Abigail's plan.

Lurking in the corridor, she looked through the glass doors, watching as Mackenzie approached the Reception desk. Sure that the receptionist would be distracted for a while, Abigail slipped away

and round to the side door of the building where her male colleagues were waiting for her. She flashed them all a huge grin, pushing out her generous tits and then urged one of the guys, Harry, to open the door.

Quickly, they headed outside and round to the front of the building, and the car park. There stood Mackenzie's bike, in all its khaki green splendour.

"Okay," Abigail said, glancing over towards the front door of the building to make sure Mackenzie wasn't on her way out. "Let's get going."

The other two guys moved towards the bike immediately, but Harry hesitated, shifting from foot to foot. "I don't know, Abigail. Is this a good idea? She could get us arrested or something, couldn't she? And why exactly are we moving her bike?"

Abigail sighed heavily, putting her hands on her hips. She could hardly tell the truth — that she wanted to get her own back because Mackenzie had been such a bitch to her — so instead she reiterated, as patiently as possible, the story she'd told them earlier. "It's just a joke, Harry. It's April Fool's Day, remember? It'll just wind Mackenzie up, that's all. Of course we won't get arrested. You're being a tad melodramatic there, don't you think?"

In actual fact, Abigail didn't think Harry was exaggerating at all. She alone — having watched the redhead so often — knew how much the bike meant to Mackenzie and that she would probably hit the proverbial roof when she saw it was gone. Especially since she had taken the keys with her, so whoever had taken it had to have pushed it, or loaded it onto a truck — no easy task. Normally, of course, she was in and out of the office building with her deliveries in a few minutes so that would be virtually impossible, but today she was probably still standing at the Reception desk waiting for someone to show up. Maybe eventually she'd stick her head through the double doors into the office to find someone to sign for the parcel.

And by the time she got back to the car park, her pride and joy would be gone. It would only be around the side of the building, of course, but Mackenzie wasn't to know that.

By now, the men had the bike surrounded. Thankfully, the courier hadn't locked the steering, otherwise it would have meant lifting the front wheel to get the vehicle to move anywhere except in circles. Two of the men took a handlebar each, and Harry, over his misgivings by now, stood at the back, his hands on the rack beneath the box that held the parcels Mackenzie was due to deliver that day.

"Okay?" Abigail said, crossing her arms across her front and grinning widely. "Let's get going, guys. She is gonna *freak!*" Her words came out sounding perhaps a little too excited, but since the boys were now busily pushing the heavy motorcycle across the car park, they didn't take too much notice. Once they got some momentum going, they were a little quicker, but it didn't stop Abigail repeatedly glancing back to the main doors to make sure a furious Mackenzie wasn't stomping across the car park to kill them all.

An illicit thrill ran through Abigail. This was absolutely, unequivocally, the most genius plan she'd ever concocted. Not that she made a habit of playing tricks on people, but then generally people weren't unpleasant to her, and therefore didn't deserve it.

Soon, the four of them and the bike were safely ensconced around the side of the office building, out of sight. Abigail turned to the men, grinning. "Thanks guys. You go on in. I don't want you to get into trouble if the boss man comes down. And if he does, just tell him I'm in the bathroom with women's troubles. He won't question that."

The facial expressions of the three men told Abigail that very few males would question that excuse, let alone their male chauvinist pig of a boss. They nodded and, with a final check to make sure the Ducati was firmly on its stand, they headed indoors.

As soon as the door was closed behind them — though not fully, or she wouldn't be able to get back in — Abigail turned to the bike, beaming from ear to ear. She had to hold herself back from squealing, clapping her hands and jumping around like an excitable child. So far, her plan had gone off without a hitch and now, she hoped, she was about to reap the rewards — Mackenzie's reaction.

Creeping to the corner of the building, she peered around

it. Her timing was perfect. She watched as Mackenzie exited the offices, her face clearly showing her annoyance at having been made to wait around. It took a couple of seconds before she realised she was stomping across the car park towards...absolutely nothing. Abigail stifled a giggle as Mackenzie's mouth dropped open in the exaggerated fashion of a cartoon character's. The other woman's eyes narrowed, and she looked around the car park, clearly expecting to see evidence of what had happened, or a witness. Unfortunately for her, the only witness was also the instigator, and wasn't going to say a word.

Mackenzie started to walk around the car park, peering behind some of the bigger, bulkier cars, as though expecting to find her beloved motorcycle hiding behind one of them. Of course, she didn't find it, and after a few minutes of fruitless searching, she stormed back into the offices.

Abigail sucked in a breath. She hadn't been expecting that. Honestly, she hadn't really thought too much about what would happen after Mackenzie's initial discovery that her bike was gone, and now she realised her mistake. In getting the guys involved, she risked them telling the courier exactly what had happened. Mackenzie's pissed-off look was pretty damn terrifying, and she wouldn't blame them for spilling the beans. It had been funny at first, but now after seeing the woman's reaction first hand, she realised perhaps she'd taken things a bit too far. Maybe hiding her gloves or helmet would have been okay — seen as a joke — but the whole bike? Definitely over the top.

Abigail ducked back around the corner — despite there now being nobody to see her — and leaned against the wall, her heart pounding. She looked at the bike and forced her brain to come up with something. What should she do next? Stay with the bike until Mackenzie actually found it — presuming she ever did — and give her snarkiest “ha ha!”; run back into the offices and plead ignorance; or find the courier and confess what she'd done, before things went too far?

The door a few feet away from her flying open and slamming

back against the wall made Abigail jump, and her heart leapt painfully. Her pulse grew even faster, especially when she saw an incensed-looking Mackenzie step out into the alleyway. She looked at the younger woman wide-eyed, and flattened herself against the wall, as though she could disguise or hide herself against the rough bricks. Ridiculous, she knew, but anyone faced with an incredibly angry redhead in motorcycle leathers would have the same reaction. Unless they too, were terrifying. Which Abigail most certainly was not.

The cogs in her brain were still turning, desperately trying to come up with a reaction. Something to say, something to do. But fear, it seemed, had paralysed her thought processes as well as her body. And the longer she did nothing, the worse it got. A few seconds of silence between the two women felt like forever, and Abigail felt like she was two breaths away from breaking down in tears, getting down on bended knees and begging forgiveness. Even though Mackenzie had deserved it, she just wanted to end this crazy, scary tension and get the inevitable confrontation over with.

She didn't have to wait much longer. In the moments of Abigail's panic, Mackenzie had been busily inspecting her bike. Finding no damage, she turned slowly to the older woman, and said coldly, "You."

## CHAPTER FIVE



Abigail actually gulped. She'd always thought that was some overdramatic thing people did in films, but apparently you also did it when faced with someone who was incredibly pissed off at you and couldn't take a joke.

To be fair, it had gone too far and now Abigail was desperately wishing she'd never done it. She should have just taken the other woman's previous unpleasantness with a pinch of salt and forgotten all about it. Instead her hurt feelings had driven her to retaliate, by hitting Mackenzie where it would make the most impact. Her pride and joy. Her precious motorbike.

Abigail glanced at it now, then flicked her gaze back to Mackenzie, who was advancing on her, still with a thunderous expression on her face. Now she knew exactly how rabbits and deer felt when they were trapped in the beams from car headlights.

"Well?" Mackenzie said, standing so Abigail was trapped between her and the wall. "Haven't you got anything to say for yourself? And don't even try denying it. Your mate in there squealed like a pig. Fucking wimp."

Abigail idly wondered which of the men had cracked under the pressure. She quickly came to the conclusion that it didn't matter. What mattered was getting out of this awful situation as quickly and painlessly as possible. She'd given up on the ground swallowing her up — that clearly wasn't going to happen — so she'd have to rely on good old-fashioned grovelling.

"I'm really sorry," she said earnestly. "It was meant to be a joke — first of April, y'know? But I just got a bit carried away."

“Too right you fucking did. Luckily for you, I twigged that it was a joke, otherwise you could have ended up with the police on your doorstep. The bike may have only been round the damn corner, but I’m sure I could have gotten you charged with something. I’ve just got one question, though.”

Abigail nodded enthusiastically, willing to give the woman whatever she wanted, if she would just stop looking so damn angry.

“Why me? Why hide a motorcycle belonging to a practical stranger? Don’t people usually play jokes on people they know? And not on such a large scale?”

“Um...” Abigail wasn’t sure what to say. She knew the damn answer, of course, but she didn’t know if it would make things better or worse. In the absence of any other excuse, she blurted out the truth. “I did it to get my own back on you.” She paused, waiting for a reaction. All she got was raised eyebrows and a look that seemed to mean *go on*.

“You were so mean to me last week, and all I was trying to do was talk to you, get to know you a little better. I was eventually going to pluck up the courage to ask you out.”

Mackenzie’s raised eyebrows almost disappeared into her hairline. “Are you serious? You’re into women? Lucky me.” She still wore an expression of total disbelief. “I had absolutely no idea. It explains a lot, though.”

“What do you mean?” Abigail replied, feeling a little better now the furious look had gone from Mackenzie’s beautiful face.

Now it was the redhead’s turn to look chagrined. “I thought you’d been dared to talk to me, or something. It’s happened to me before — a bunch of dickhead men once dared a female colleague to come and chat me up. I fell for it hook, line and sinker — you wouldn’t blame me if you saw her, she was hot. Then I saw the guys watching us and laughing, and I realised what was happening. It kind of put my guard up.”

Now Abigail felt *lots* better. It didn’t excuse Mackenzie’s behaviour entirely, but it was a damn good reason for her rudeness, and also meant it was nothing personal. “I get it. I can understand

why you were wary.” She decided not to let her entirely off the hook. “But you were seriously fucking horrible. Not everyone’s like that, you know. I am actually a lesbian!”

Mackenzie held her hands up in supplication. “I know that now, and I’m sorry. Look, we’ve both fucked up here, haven’t we? I was a total bitch to you. But you, you hid my fucking bike! You really knew how to hit me where it hurt, didn’t you?”

Abigail grinned. “Let’s just say I’ve been watching you for a while. It’s obvious that the Khaki Green Mean Machine is your favourite thing in the world.”

“The *what?*” Mackenzie laughed, and the sound was music to Abigail’s ears. Maybe things weren’t at a total loss, after all.

“The Khaki Green Mean Machine.” Abigail repeated matter-of-factly. “It’s my nickname for the bike. I think it describes it perfectly, don’t you?”

Mackenzie turned to look at her beloved motorcycle, then back at Abigail. “You know, it really does. I like it!”

“So,” Abigail said, her confidence boosted, “what do we do now? Are you gonna be nicer to me now you know we bat for the same team?”

Mackenzie moved closer to Abigail, pushing her right up against the wall with her hands either side of her head, their bodies pressed tightly together. “I can do better than nice, you know.”

Abigail trembled a little at the words, and at the feel of the sexy girl’s body against hers. The smell of leather invaded her nostrils, and her mouth went dry. Her crush was *definitely* on again, and if the way her body was reacting was anything to go by, it was ramped up to fever pitch. “R-really?” she managed to choke out, resisting the temptation to roll her hips towards the redhead. “W-what’s that then?”

The way Mackenzie’s breathing had increased hinted to Abigail that the other woman wasn’t unaffected by their proximity, but she wasn’t quite as weak-kneed. “Well, how about we wipe the slate clean, and start again?”

“Okay, that sounds great to me.”



“You haven’t heard my terms yet.”

“Terms?”

“Yes, for wiping the slate clean. It doesn’t happen just like that” — she clicked her fingers — “with me, you know. I like to make things a little more *fun*.”

The look on Mackenzie’s face seemed to indicate that her fun wasn’t of the sweet and innocent kind. Suddenly, she pulled away from Abigail and walked back towards her bike. She reached into the helmet which was still hanging from one of the handlebars and pulled out her gloves. Flicking them back and forth in her hand, she said, “So, you up for some fun?” Then, just in case Abigail had had any doubts as to what she was talking about, she thwacked the gloves against her palm, and grinned widely at the older woman.

Abigail opened her mouth but couldn’t seem to make any sound come out. Did she seriously mean...here?

“Well?” Mackenzie indicated the seat of her bike. “I’ll be gentle. It’s clearly your first time.”

Abigail was still too stunned to correct her. She had, in fact, been spanked before. A few times. And she’d enjoyed it. But it hadn’t been anything too heavy, and certainly not with leather gloves. And absolutely, one hundred per cent *not* bent over a motorcycle in a public place!

“Come on,” the redhead said, waving the gloves once more. “No one will see. That door is shut, and nobody is going to come wandering around the side of the building any time soon, are they? That’s why you hid my bike here in the first place, wasn’t it? Go on,” she wheedled. “Just six of the best, and all will be forgiven.”

Abigail finally found her voice. “And what do I get to do to you in return?”

Mackenzie wiggled her eyebrows and grinned wickedly. “Anything you like.”

“Anything?”

“Yep. I’m a pretty adventurous kind of a girl.”

“Yes,” Abigail replied, moving towards the bike. “I’m beginning to realise that.”

She bent over the bike, her forearms either side of her torso and her fingers tightly gripping the edge of the seat, but not so tightly that she'd leave marks. The last thing she wanted to do was to up the number of spanks from six. Not here, anyway. Maybe later.

"Keep your eyes on the ground," Mackenzie said. Abigail could hear her moving around behind her. She was obviously getting into a prime spanking position. Abigail braced herself, ready for the first blow of the gloves against her backside.

Instead, she felt warm fingers gliding up under her skirt, and taking it with them. The material was shoved up around her back, and she heard Mackenzie give a low whistle.

"Damn, girl. I thought you were hot before, but now? You are on *fire*."

Abigail realised that the redhead was voicing extreme appreciation for her undergarments, which were a black g-string with black suspender belt and stockings.

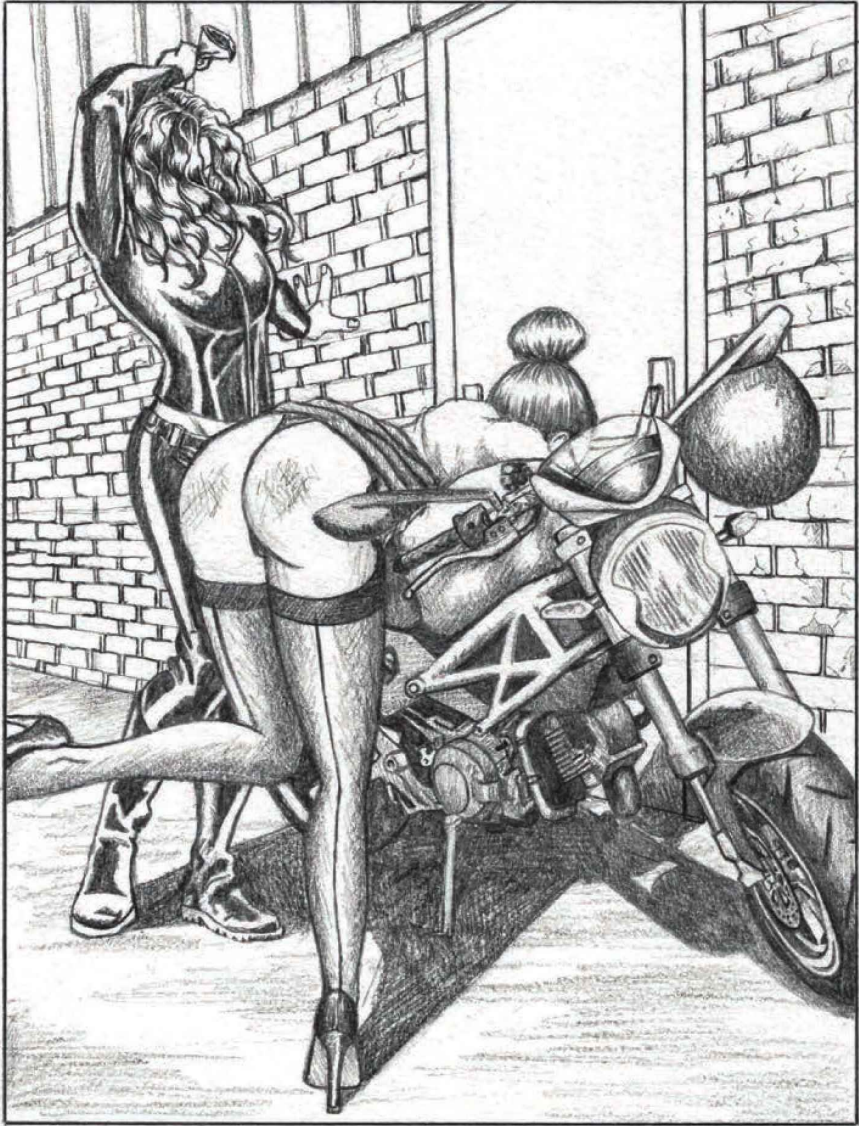
"I don't even need to pull those down. They'll be no protection at all." She pulled the waistband out like a rubber band, then let it go with a snap. Abigail sucked in a breath at the slight sting, then felt a warmth between her legs as she realised that was just the beginning. The gloves were going to feel a damn sight more painful. And she didn't have to wait much longer to discover that she was right.

*Thwack!* The first blow from the gloves made her jump, and she jerked away with a yelp. As a result, her weight was thrust against the motorcycle, which then swayed a little on its centre stand. Abigail's heart pounded. Fuck, if she pushed the bike over she'd be in for a lot more than a spanking. She'd have to suck it up and just take what was coming to her.

*Slap!* The second spank followed rapidly after the first, and landed on the opposite ass cheek. Now they were both hot and tingly, and would no doubt feel much worse when Mackenzie had finished doling out her punishment. Abigail felt her clit and labia swell, and a trickle of pussy juices soaked into the gusset of her g-string. God, if this is what she was like after two, she'd probably have come by the time the sixth blow of the gloves landed on her bare, reddened skin.

LUCY FELTHOUSE

## PRIDE



The third strike hadn't come yet, and Abigail had to resist the temptation to turn around and see what was going on. Somehow she knew that no good would come of that. So she waited, bent over the motorcycle with her naked ass in the air and her pussy growing increasingly slick and ready. She listened carefully, and could hear the rapid breathing of her punisher, and wondered if it was due to the exertion of the spanking, or because she too, was horny. Abigail came to the conclusion that it was probably both. After all, if spanking did nothing for Mackenzie, she surely wouldn't have suggested it in the first place. So both of them were getting off on this act of wiping the slate clean.

She would have to think long and hard about what she would do to Mackenzie when it was her turn to return the favour. Just as she was about to do just that, there came a sound, and her right ass cheek was on fire again. Then her left, then her right. The three blows had come with barely a pause between them, and had Abigail clinging onto the Ducati for dear life and gasping in shock and pain. As each wave of pain rolled and morphed into one of pleasure, she felt her clit swell to the size of a cherry, one that was desperately ready to be picked. And eaten.

Teetering on the edge of orgasm as she was, it was inevitable that the final blow would send her tumbling over. Aware that just a door lay between herself and her colleagues, and that any great movement could push the bike over — and her with it — Abigail gritted her teeth and grunted and groaned as her orgasm crashed through her body. It was intense; the feeling of her empty cunt twitching around nothing, and the wash of bliss that overtook her.

Mackenzie had barely touched her — with her hands, that was — and already she was in heaven. She couldn't wait to find out what would happen next with the redhead, when they were alone, in private.

But it seemed she had one more ordeal to go through first. She startled as the leather gloves were slapped onto the seat next

to her upper arm. Just as she was about to twist around and look at Mackenzie, the younger woman's hand pushed her back down.

"I'm not quite done yet, honey." She proceeded to stroke her other hand across Abigail's cheeks, soothing the reddened marks that no doubt stood out against her pale flesh. Then her hand moved steadily down and down, pulled aside the now sodden crotch of Abigail's underwear and slipped two fingers inside her wetness.

Abigail bit back a moan, which then threatened to burst from her lips anyway as another of Mackenzie's fingers joined the two already in her eager cunt. They moved in and out a couple of times, before being removed entirely. Abigail could hear a telltale wet sound, then Mackenzie spoke.

"Fuck, you taste good, baby. And you're so fucking wet. God, I wish I could take you home right now."

The hand was removed from Abigail's back, and Mackenzie pulled her up off the bike and into her arms, holding her tightly and stroking her hair as she came down from her climax and regained the use of her limbs. After a while, Mackenzie held Abigail at arm's length and looked at her enquiringly. The older woman nodded, indicating she felt steadier, and Mackenzie pressed a kiss to her lips before letting her go and moving over to her bike.

Once there, she retrieved her keys from her pocket and unlocked the storage box. She pulled out a pen and notebook, and scribbled something down before tearing the sheet from the book and gripping it between her teeth. She returned the pen and notebook to the back box, then pulled the paper from her mouth and folded it carefully, before reaching into the top of Abigail's blouse and tucking it into her bra.

"Come see me tonight. We can finish what we started — and then we'll have a truly clean slate."

Still feeling a little out of it, Abigail merely nodded and watched as Mackenzie got her bike sorted, pulled on her helmet and gloves, then got on. She started the engine and Abigail jumped out of the way as Mackenzie began the many manoeuvres that would turn her bike around and allow her to drive out of the alleyway.

Something like a bazillion-point-turn later, and with a final roar of the engine, Mackenzie was gone, leaving Abigail's ears ringing from the sound that had been filling the narrow alleyway for the past few minutes.

Slumping against the wall, Abigail shook her head. Had that really just happened, or had one of her many dreams felt even more real than usual? She pinched her arm, then yelped at the resultant pain, which also seemed to kick start her sensibilities. Aware of the movement of air around her ass and upper thighs, she looked down and realised that her skirt was still up around her waist. With a gasp of shock, she yanked it down quickly and smoothed it carefully into place, as though someone would come upon her at any minute.

Of course, nobody did, and she stayed in the alleyway for a few minutes, trying to get her bearings back before heading inside to the inevitable questions of her colleagues. God, what would she say?

The crackle of paper as she moved reminded her of the note that had been shoved into her bra. She retrieved and unfolded it, and when she finished reading what the paper said, she read it all over again, letting the words sink in as she crossed the car park.

Suddenly, she didn't give a shit what any of her workmates said or did.

She was going to the house of the hottest girl she'd ever met that evening. And she was pretty sure she wouldn't be going home that night.

## CHAPTER SIX



“So,” Mackenzie said, flashing Abigail a wicked grin. “Now that we’ve filled up on energy food, would you like to fulfil your part of our bargain?”

Abigail had done the bare minimum after returning to work earlier in the day, instead using the time to work out what she’d most like to do to Mackenzie in order to wipe the slate clean. But there were so many things she wanted to do, choosing just one proved difficult. Let alone one that would bear some resemblance to a punishment. Finally, she came up with something and daydreamed about her sexy decision until it was time to go home.

She’d driven home as fast as was safely possible and raced upstairs. She showered, dressed, did her hair and applied makeup in record time, rushed downstairs, grabbed the piece of paper which contained Mackenzie’s address and left the house again.

And now here she was, being offered the sexiest woman she’d ever met on a plate.

“Yes,” she said, returning Mackenzie’s grin, “I would. So let’s go upstairs.”

With a nod, Mackenzie stood and held her hand out. Abigail took it and followed the redhead — who was now clad in tight jeans and a vest top — up the stairs and into a beautifully decorated bedroom with a large bed. Abigail grinned as she noticed that it had metal head and foot boards, which were absolutely perfect for the “punishment” she had in mind for Mackenzie. She turned to her and said, “You got any handcuffs? Or basically anything I can use to spread eagle you on the bed. And a blindfold.”

Mackenzie's eyes widened and she froze for a second, before giving a curt nod and crouching beside the bed. Reaching underneath, she pulled out a large flat plastic container and flipped the lid off. It contained a multitude of sex toys, restraints, whips, and all kinds of other sexual playtime paraphernalia. "Knock yourself out," she said, giving Abigail a wink.

"Oh," Abigail countered immediately. "Don't worry, I will. Strip and get on the bed."

Mackenzie did as she was told, and by the time she was ready, so was Abigail. She'd selected the items she required from the box and shoved it back under the bed, before taking off her own clothes and leaving them in a pile on the floor. Then, she bent to retrieve the objects she'd chosen, moved over to the bed and dropped them next to Mackenzie's left hip.

Quickly, she secured Mackenzie's ankles to the bed with the restraints. Then she joined her on the bed and put the blindfold on her, before tying her wrists to the posts of the headboard.

Then, Abigail did what she'd been desperate to do ever since she set eyes on the hot redheaded biker chick. She crawled between her legs, confirming quickly what she'd known all along — Mackenzie was a natural redhead. Short russet hair covered her pubic mound, but had been shaved or waxed from her bikini line and pussy lips. Stroking her fingers along those pussy lips, Abigail marvelled at the smooth softness of the skin. An involuntary moan escaped her lips. Mackenzie rolled her hips, clearly eager to be touched again. Abigail was more than happy to oblige.

Only this time, it wasn't her fingers that touched Mackenzie's cunt. It was her tongue. She dipped her head, her own pussy throbbing as the alluring scent of the other girl's arousal reached her nostrils, and slipped her tongue between Mackenzie's swollen outer labia. Immediately, her taste buds were tantalised by the deliciousness of the girl she'd lusted after for so long.

Using her fingers to pull apart Mackenzie's pussy lips, Abigail went to town on her willing captive. She licked up all of the juices from the redhead's vulva, deliberately avoiding her clit, then thrust



her tongue inside her slippery slit. Mackenzie moaned and writhed on the bed. But, as her movement was restricted, she could do nothing about the fact her lover intended to tease her for as long as possible, before being allowed to cum.

Abigail also moaned — the taste of Mackenzie's cunt was delicious and she felt as though she was in heaven. She wanted nothing more than to make the younger girl cum — which she knew would take a matter of minutes if she touched her clit — but she was determined to hold back until Mackenzie was at absolutely fever pitch...and begging for it.

Sliding her tongue up, she felt Mackenzie tense beneath her. She held back a laugh. The other girl obviously thought she was going to lick her clit. No such luck. She simply flicked her tongue from side to side mere millimetres below the swollen bud of flesh, before moving back down. Only this time she didn't stop when she got to Mackenzie's entrance. She went lower, pushing open the redhead's luscious ass cheeks and slipping her tongue between them and to the puckered hole of her anus.

A yelp came from the head of the bed, and Abigail's own arousal soared as Mackenzie's breathing grew faster, and more juices gushed from her pussy, down her perineum and onto her waiting tongue. She pushed it deeper into the tight hole, thrusting and fucking and growing more frantic as she resisted the temptation to suck Mackenzie's clit into her mouth and stimulate it until she climaxed.

Soon, though, she simply couldn't resist any more. She'd teased the redhead for as long as she could — the teasing, of course, being worse as Mackenzie couldn't move or see what was happening — but now her will had given out. All she wanted was to make her lover cum, for real this time, as opposed to the countless times she'd done it in her dreams. And so she pulled away from Mackenzie's deliciously tight asshole and licked all the way back up to her clit.

She drew her tongue in wide circles around the swollen bundle of nerve endings, growing steadily closer and closer as Mackenzie whimpered and eventually spoke. "Please, Abigail. Make me cum. I'm so fucking horny it hurts!"

It wasn't quite begging, but it was enough for Abigail. She closed her lips around the other girl's clit, sucked it gently into her mouth and swirled her tongue around it. Seconds later, Mackenzie screeched and thrashed against her bonds as her climax hit. Abigail slipped two fingers into the redhead's cunt and marvelled at the feeling of the strong internal muscles clamping around her fingers. A trickle of wetness seeped from her own pussy, down one of her thighs and onto the bedspread.

She may have already had one orgasm today, but when a girl as hot as Mackenzie was around, that was nowhere near enough. Her clit throbbed and, as the younger woman's breathing slowed and she quietened down, she slipped her fingers from her pussy and moved around the bed, undoing the restraints.

Had she not been so damn horny, she'd have curled up beside Mackenzie and had some quiet cuddling time. But she desperately needed to cum, so she straddled the redhead's neck, reached down and pulled off her blindfold before issuing her next command. "Make me cum on your face, babe, and we'll call it quits."

Mackenzie blinked in the sudden light, then her lips curved into a grin. "With pleasure, gorgeous." She reached up and gripped Abigail's thighs before continuing. "You know, you should nick my bike more often."

# WRATH

S o m e t h i n g E l s e



BY SARAH MASTERS

## CHAPTER ONE



Kevin knew where he was going when he got out of here, when his time was up and he was free to go back. Go back to what, though? Life without Robin? Yeah, that was about the sum of it, all right, but the remains of his life outside these walls were nothing more than ghosts from the past. It shouldn't be like that. He shouldn't even be here.

He stared at the mental signpost in his head telling him to go down the road of what was and visit Memory Central, a city full of regrets and more I-shouldn't-have-been-there. Well, that wasn't strictly true, was it? He should have been there, just not *there*, where he'd been when he'd turned in the darkness of that alley, confronted by the bright, evil glare of a flashlight beam pointing in his face.

They were silhouettes, those men, the two who had stood behind that light. The entry to the alley at their rear only allowed scant illumination, a fuzzy amber glow courtesy of streetlamps. A backdrop of an archway, the smudged impression of houses. A black car, only the roof visible, a puddle of that orange light on top, its edges fading, but not enough that the silver rim of the side window didn't sparkle a bit.

Funny how he remembered small shit like that.

He'd sucked in a breath, the air cold at the back of his throat, drying it out until he swallowed — swallowed a knot of fear that went down his windpipe and settled in his belly, a heavy load he shouldn't have had to bear.

A hand had appeared in that shaft of torchlight, leather-gloved, claw-fingered. It had stretched towards him on the end of

an arm that seemed to go on forever; didn't seem to be attached to a body. But it was, of course it was, and he was hauled away, down the alley. Out into the street. Put in a car, that looming hand on his head, pressing him into the back seat.

How the fuck the charges had stuck against *him* he didn't know. Amazing what cops could fabricate when they had a mind. His fingerprints were there, as were long lengths of his wavy black hair. But that was a given — he'd lived in the damn cottage.

The room they'd interrogated him in was grey — everything appeared to be grey, even the bare ceiling bulb. Their suits. Their skin.

*"Someone saw you leave, Kevin — someone driving past. Exact time to put you there for the murder. What have you got to say about that?"*

He'd said plenty, not that it had made a blind bit of difference. They had him, they'd said, and he wasn't going anywhere except the inside of a prison cell.

And here he was, but tomorrow... Tomorrow was the start of his new life. Twenty years down the shitter. Twenty years of missing Robin and knowing he'd never see him again. Twenty years to find out who the bastard was, the one who had really killed him — killed them both. He'd kept his mouth shut when he'd been told, then clamped it once he'd got confirmation from another inmate. Took the shit, the blame, put his head down. Was approached by one man too many for one too many things.

Sex. The promise of a good fuck in the shower, the men leering as though it would be an ordeal, like he'd never had a cock up his ass before. Dicks in his mouth. Didn't tell them he enjoyed it to some degree, did he, that if he wasn't in a relationship with Robin he'd have let them do him without protest.

Except he wasn't in a relationship with Robin. Only in his head.

The first time, shit, he'd protested all right. Fought and slid all over the goddamn place trying to get away. Pointless, though. Kevin soon worked out that if he let them know they hurt him they'd fuck him harder, punish him harder, and when he thought about it, giving

them what they wanted should have made them happier. So he just let them get on with it, thinking they'd piss off and bother someone else.

They hadn't.

Violence. Those who knew which way he swung, those who didn't want a piece of his ass, offered to cave his head in, give him a brand-new, wider smile, a skewed nose and lungs that protested every time a damn broken rib jabbed into them. He'd fought back over that at first too. Until he realised they enjoyed the fight. No fun in beating the crap out of someone who lets you get on with it, is there? At least that's what he'd thought.

He was wrong.

*Fucking assholes.*

Kevin was out in a few hours. He'd love to be able to say he'd see Robin again, be able to hold his hand without a guard shouting "Hands off!" like they had when his brother came to visit and reached out to curl his fingers around Kevin's forearm. He'd love to be able to have Robin's cock instead of several others. One that didn't sink inside without him being primed first. One that didn't sting and stretch, make him turn in on himself and hide.

It was going to be weird out there. Getting used to being free again. Nothing regimented; he could come and go as he pleased. No looking over his shoulder. Except...that last bit wasn't true. With what he planned to do, he might well be looking over his shoulder for a good while to come. Out there or back in here.

He wouldn't know until the shit hit the fan.

Kevin hadn't thought people picked up hitchhikers anymore but they did. He'd stood outside that god-awful place with Dave, someone he'd come to think of as a friend. Sort of. They'd hadn't spoken an awful lot, just sat beside one another on outside breaks, shit like that. Dave had been the one to find out who had killed Robin, and, outside in the free air just five minutes ago, Kevin had promised he'd pay him back for that information one day.

"No need," Dave had said. "It's me who owes you. Kept me

sane in there for the most part, you did. I'll pay you back, you'll see."

They'd parted ways with a handshake and no promise to meet up again, Dave going left to the nearest town and Kevin going right, beginning the long walk on the main road leading back to the city, thumb out, legs unused to such exercise. Yeah, he'd walked around the prison yard with Dave, did a bit of pumping in the gym, but it wasn't the same as a big trek, was it?

The sky-blue estate car had stopped beside him, and he was surprised to see it was a woman. Car seats in the back, for a toddler and a baby, he reckoned. He wasn't sure whether to get in with her or not, it being obvious he'd just been let out. His ancient clothes gave him away, well out of fashion, the jeans all baggy and bleach-washed, t-shirt splashed with a Metallica print. And his short haircut didn't help, or the scars on his hands where he'd grappled once with an inmate who'd favoured the blade.

Still, she must have sensed he was all right, because he sat beside her now, in a low-slung passenger seat — low-slung from being knackered, not by design — belt buckled as she'd instructed when he hadn't bothered drawing it across his body.

"You have to wear them," she'd said. "It's the law."

Yeah, he'd known that, had read it years ago in a newspaper, hadn't he, but old habits died hard.

"So you're heading for the cottage up the road here a bit?" she asked now, glancing at him briefly then returning her attention to the road.

If he was that way inclined he might have fancied her, what with her long black hair, lit blue by the sunrays streaming through her side window.

He thought of another side window, another kind of light, and shuddered.

"Yeah." He nodded. "Yeah, going back home."

"Far as I know, place hasn't been used for donkey's years. Looks a bit fucked, pardon my language."

*Like me, then. Except I've been used.*

She was around thirty, he guessed, about ten years younger

than him, give or take a couple either way. He wondered if she had a husband, a life worth living with the kids that undoubtedly filled those car seats back there. She didn't look weary, didn't look as though she had any troubles, like her family wore her down, but then people had a good way of hiding things, didn't they?

"Yeah?" he said. "I'll soon have it back into shape." Doing that meant he'd have to get a job, and if he didn't manage that, he'd grab whatever cash-in-hand work he could from whoever would take on an ex-crim.

"It's yours?" she asked. "Like, you own it?"

"I do now, yeah."

It had been Robin's. The letter announcing it now belonged to him had come three years after Kevin had been banged up, and fuck, he'd cried that day. Most of the day and into the night until the sun slithered through his shitty little dust-speckled window and he'd gotten a hold of himself. He'd known the other men would spot the puffiness of his eyes come morning, home in on him as vulnerable, and they had. He'd shrugged, no fight or life left in him, and wished they'd do him over so he could go and see Robin again.

"It'll be lovely once it's all done up," she said. "I've always wondered what it'd look like with a lick of paint and a new front door. The garden all pretty and tidy."

She let out a quiet laugh. Like she thought she'd sounded stupid.

Kevin didn't think so. She'd sounded wistful, as though it was a dream of hers to renovate a house. If he didn't need it so damn badly as a place to stay he'd let her have it, but with no other bolthole to claim as his own, he was stuck with it.

Set a way back from the road, it came into view — or the slate roof did anyway — the rest obscured by overgrown bushes and trees. Once they rounded that bend up ahead he'd see more of it, but this tiny glimpse was just about enough for the time being. There was only so much a body could take all at once.

Shit, those conifers had been babies when he'd last seen them. He and Robin had planted them together, thinking that they'd watch



them grow over the years. Now the trees stretched up to the eaves, a regimented line down one side of the cottage that might well prove a problem, what with their roots and all. Neither of them had gotten to see the firs grow.

His stomach bunched, and a lump swelled in his throat. He grimaced. Last thing he needed was to break down, here, in front of this woman.

They rode for a while, around the bend and onto a straight run, and he took the cottage in again from a different angle. It was smaller than he remembered — and it would be, only two bedrooms, see — and he realised he'd bigged it up in his mind. Maybe as something to hold on to, get him through those long days that had stretched ahead. If he made it large as life when he thought about it, those imaginings would eclipse all others. More sinister, frightening ones.

She drew up in front of the property, on the weed-riddled mouth of the gravel drive, and kept the engine idling. He knew he should get out, let her go along her way, but he couldn't move. He stared at the cottage, the outer walls no longer white but a pasty grey — like that damn interrogation room — dark, damp stains creeping a few inches from the ground up and stopping abruptly, as though they'd got tired of all that creeping. The windows were like the one in his cell, unable to see through they were that dirty. Bushes lined the front just under the living room window and reached out their green arms, branches that looked thick and strong from where he was sitting.

They'd been thin and fragile before.

How much things had changed in twenty years.

"Anyone live there?" she asked. "I mean, anyone here to welcome you back?"

"No," he said quietly. *Only ghosts.*

"That's a shame. You know, after being where you've been..."

He wrenched his gaze from the cottage then, looked at her in a new light. She'd known when she'd picked him up where he'd come from. Didn't let it bother her. She was brave, he'd give her that much.

"You shouldn't pick up people like me," he said. "Never know

who you're going to get."

"I don't usually." She lifted one hand from the steering wheel to tuck a stray tress behind her ear. "But you look and seem harmless enough."

He gave her a weak smile. Almost laughed at the irony of what she'd said. Yeah, he was harmless now, but not for long.

"Well, thanks for the lift," he said, getting out then bending down to stare at her through the open door. "Nice life to you."

"Same to you."

She gave a slow nod, and he closed the door, stood there to watch her drive away until her car resembled nothing but a fleck on the cityscape horizon. He'd have to go into that city soon, to do what he'd planned, but it'd have to wait. He needed to check whether Robin's car was still here, whether the damn cottage key was even sitting under the big fake rock out the back. Whether, once he'd been inside, assaulted with more memories, he'd have the strength to go out again.

Kevin sighed and steeled himself to walk up the driveway. It wasn't that long, maybe an eighth of a mile, but now he was here he wished it was longer. Maybe if he walked slowly that would do the trick. Delaying the inevitable wasn't going to do him much good in the long run, but it'd serve its purpose for now. He took a step, faltered, then coached himself to keep going, to look at the scenery and not the cottage.

The grass either side of the drive reached to his waist — he'd have a devil of a time getting that cut by himself — and thistles grew stout-stemmed among the dried-out grass stalks. Looked more like hay, really, complete with those wispy heads on top. A light breeze shuffled it, and it whispered, words he didn't want to hear. That Robin wasn't here, that he was on his own now, son, and there wasn't a damn thing he could do about it. Still, he pressed on, shoving those thoughts away and keeping his gaze lowered until he couldn't do so any longer. The cottage was there, right in front of him, an empty shell fit for an empty man.

He walked around the back, the grass and thistles coming to

life, grasping at his calves, thorns snagging on his jeans. He tugged his legs and stumbled forward, the ground mulchy and uneven beneath his trainers. At the back door, weathered so the vibrant red it had once been was now a sickly pink, he noticed how it was shedding its paint, revealing the grey of bare wood beneath.

Everything was always so grey.

He stooped and made to shift the fake rock, but it was stuck like a son of a bitch. He supposed it would be, not being moved for twenty years, so he put more effort into it and gave it a good wrench. It came free of its bed, the size and weight of it pushing him backwards onto his ass. He stared at the mud, seeing the key sitting there amidst worms struggling to dive back into the earth, away from the light he'd so crudely impressed upon them. Woodlice scurried into cracks in the wall, and an ugly dark brown centipede slithered over the earth to find another rock to live under.

*I could do with living under a damn rock.*

Kevin pushed himself to his knees and took hold of the key, scratching away with his thumbnail the dirt that stubbornly clung to the ridges. He stood and returned to the front of the cottage, another fight with the grass on the way. On the doorstep, once terracotta-coloured tiles laid by Robin the summer he'd got sunburned on his neck and almost fainted, but now a nondescript shade, he took a deep breath and counted to ten. Inserted the key in the lock. Waited before he turned it and pushed the door wide. He needed a minute.

Just a minute.

## CHAPTER TWO



Kevin had expected the interior to look as bad as the exterior but he'd been wrong. He'd imagined thick layers of dust, the air to be dank and cloying. Rats or maybe mice scurrying about when he entered. No, it was nothing like that. Although the windows were dirty, the rest of the place was clean, as though someone came along regularly to keep the place tidy. Or had come out here especially to make sure it was aired out and whatnot for his return. The only person who would have done that was his brother, and he was long gone, having died a couple of years ago.

He closed the door and stared around the living room, taking in the fact that everything was in the same place as he'd last seen it. The brown-and-cream hessian couch. The mahogany sideboard. The scratched teak coffee table — minus the newspapers and magazines on the slatted shelf beneath, though, but still covered in tea stain rings, burned deep where the varnish had been wearing thin even back then. They'd picked the table up at some car boot sale or other — the one in Levitt's Field if he remembered right — and lugged it into the house, reckoning they'd got a right bargain. And they had. For fifty pence, that table had done the job. On the day he'd been killed, Robin had said just that morning he was going to strip it later, make it look like new. A circular scrubbing where there was no varnish shouted loud and clear he'd started the job but hadn't been able to finish it. Must have started it when Kevin had left to go into the city and pick up some food from the Chinese restaurant. The one at the other end of that alley.

Kevin swallowed. Shifted from foot to foot. Cursed the sting

of tears.

Just what the fuck was he doing back here, eh?

*Trying to move on, that's what.*

He sighed and scoured some more of the cottage, seeing stuff, noticing how everything was the damn same, the cottage remaining stuck in time, as though it'd been preserved just for this day. So Kevin's memories matched the reality of now. In the kitchen, though, a cup sat on the draining board, placed as if someone had rinsed it out and left it there to dry. A small sea of water pooled in the dip on the stainless steel where Kevin had dropped a hammer on it when he'd first moved in, clumsy bastard that he was. A box of opened Ritz crackers was on the side, next to the kettle, and a carton of milk had been left out. He lifted it, sniffed the contents.

Fresh.

He scrubbed his chin. Someone was fucking well living here.

Kevin stormed through the rest of the cottage, seeing evidence that someone had washed in the bathroom recently — there were water droplets in the sink and bath, and a cheap red toothbrush lay on its side on the windowsill, a puddle of white liquid beneath the bristles. He saved the main bedroom until last — his and Robin's — wanting to go in there and see if some fucker was there, yet at the same time *not* wanting to. That room held all the good memories. Of heated fucks, warm cuddles and talks long into the night. Of him getting dressed while Robin stayed in bed, watching and telling him how enticing his cock looked swinging the way it did.

He clenched his jaw, staved off those useless images that taunted him daily, and pushed the door open. Saw what he expected, but still couldn't believe it. Some wanker, sprawled out in their bed, the purple cotton sheets half on, half off his body, his tousled black hair splayed on the pillow.

"Oi!" he shouted, lunging forward and grabbing that hair, hefting the young guy up so he was a sitting, blinking-eyed mess of puzzlement. "What the fuck do you think you're doing in here?"

The man raised his hand to his head, pushed Kevin's grip away, and rubbed the spot that clearly hurt from Kevin's assault. He

wincing then straightened up, levelling his shoulders and puffing out his slender chest. Kevin reckoned he was about twenty-five if he was a day, wet behind the goddamned ears and dense to boot.

“Didn’t you hear me?” Kevin asked. “Or are you fucken deaf?”

The man squinted, and realisation seemed to widen his eyes. “Ere, you’re that fella! The one in the photos downstairs. Blimey, mate, you’ve aged a bit, ain’t you?”

That London accent came straight out of *Oliver Twist*, and Kevin bridled at the man’s audacity, ignoring his question as though he hadn’t even asked it.

“Who the fuck are you?” Kevin asked.

“I’m George, and I’d ask who the fuck you are, except I already know.” He got out of bed, breezing past Kevin to grab a pair of dark blue jeans. Putting them on, he said, “Well, you’re either Robin or Kevin, one or the other. Never did work out which face matched which name.”

Anger threatened to pitch Kevin over — have him lashing out, grabbing the little git by his hair again and tossing him out on his ass.

“So how come you’re back then, after all this time?” The man shrugged into a black t-shirt and pulled it down so the hem reached his crotch. “I mean, I’ve been living here nigh on two years now. No sign of anyone. So why the sudden return?”

It seemed nothing fazed this character. Not the filthy look Kevin was giving him, Kevin’s hands clenched into fists, or his heavy breathing. Nothing at all.

“This is my fucking cottage,” Kevin managed. “And you don’t belong here. Get your shit together and get the fuck out.”

The man — George or whatever the hell he’d said his name was — stared at Kevin, his full lips parted, his green eyes wide. “Hang on a bloody minute, chap. I’ve kept this place all clean, like. Made sure it was safe from people breaking in. You can’t just tell me to sod off!”

“I can — I did — and you *are* sodding off. Now.”

Kevin turned away, went downstairs to distance himself, because if he'd stayed where he was, he'd have done the guy some damage. He wanted to punch something, hurt someone, and had to put space between them in case that someone turned out to be the man upstairs.

Or the man who now stood behind him, breath hot on Kevin's neck.

Kevin turned to face him. "Look, pal, I appreciate you looking after this place and all that, but you've got to go. I won't ask how you got in, how you've managed to stay here without anyone noticing, or where you plan on going next. You just have to leave. You don't belong here. No one does."

George cocked his head. "What, not even you?"

"No, not even me."

"So why are you here? Come to get it ready for sale or something?"

Kevin found himself wanting to answer, even though it was none of the little turd's business. "Because I've got no where else to go, if you must know. Once I have, yeah, I reckon I'll be selling it."

George nodded knowingly. "I see. Can I claim squatter's rights?" He widened his eyes at Kevin, must have seen the anger on his face. "Or not. No, maybe not." He lifted one hand as though to ward Kevin off. "It was just a joke, all right? I'll go. But do me a favour, yeah?"

Kevin almost laughed. "Do you a favour? Hit the road, now!"

"No, no," George said, flapping one hand. "I just want you to answer a question, that's all. It's been bugging me for fucking ages. Is that you who's been paying the electric bill, the water and whatnot? Only, it never goes off, and the only bills that have come through the past two years are to say not to pay anything and that the monthly payment plan is still adequate — their word, not mine." He rolled his eyes and moved over to the kettle, taking it from its base and filling it at the sink. "Want a cuppa?" he asked, turning to look at Kevin over his shoulder.

"You've got to be fucking kidding me!" Kevin stared, seeing

how much this guy *wasn't* kidding. He was going to make a damn cup of tea before he left, no doubt about it.

"Nope. I'm thirsty, thought you might be an' all." He smiled brightly. "So, d'you want one then?"

Kevin turned away, mind whirling, feet unsteady. He had to go and sit the hell down before he fell down. "Yeah, yeah," he said, walking out of the kitchen. He sat on the couch in the living room, propped his elbows on his knees and glared at the floor, bringing his hands up to clasp them behind his neck.

There was a person in his kitchen — in Robin's kitchen. A man in Robin's house. One who shouldn't be here but who didn't seem in any rush to leave.

"D'you have sugar, or what?" George called. "And if you do, how many? Hope it isn't more than two, because we're running low."

*We're? We're running low?*

Kevin lifted his head. Let go of his neck to drag his hands down his face. Wondered why the fuck he was about to answer but answered all the same. "One'll do."

"Good stuff!"

George wandered in, placing a cup of tea on the coffee table in front of Kevin then curling up in the chair opposite, one that matched the couch. "So, you going to do that favour for me, then? I mean, I've had a long time to think about it, and when you've got time on your hands, there's nothing to do *but* think sometimes, know what I mean?"

God did Kevin know what he meant. He nodded.

"I have no idea who's been paying the bills." Kevin assumed Robin must have had money in his account — must still have it. He wondered why it hadn't been seized or whatever the hell happened to people's cash when they died and no one claimed it. Decided he couldn't cope with the thought and shrugged.

"Oh, right ho." George took a sip of his tea. Swallowed. Smiled again. "So you don't fancy a lodger then? Not that I can pay you much rent or anything. On Jobseeker's allowance, me. Been trying to get a job for ages. Nothing doing. No one wants a queer



working in their bar. Only thing I'm good at, see. Well, that and the other. Although..." He leaned forward conspiratorially. "Although I do a bit of moonlighting at this club. You know, a bit of this and that."

Kevin didn't know, didn't care. Instead of answering he gave a quick nod then lowered his head again.

"One of *those* clubs," George went on.

Kevin decided to bite. "What clubs?" he said on a sigh, ruffling the back of his hair.

"You know!" George said. "A *gay* club."

"Oh right." *Like I give a fuck.*

"There's this guy there, sees me regular. Says his name's Tommy Steel but I reckon he's pulling my leg. Anyway —"

Kevin snapped his head up. "Hang on. Say that name again." George obliged.

"Where is this club?" Kevin asked.

"In the city. Handguard Road. Know it?"

"Yeah, yeah, I know it." Kevin narrowed his eyes. "How often does he go there?"

"Often, by all accounts. I only ever see him on a Friday night, though. Hey, that's today, isn't it?"

"Will you take me?" Kevin asked.

"I would," George said. "But some bloke burst in here and said I had to leave. I'd better be going after my tea." He smiled.

"You don't have to go. Not yet, anyway." *What the hell are you playing at?*

"Oh, right. Can I have that in writing?" George winked.

"You can if you're not bullshitting me and Tommy Steel is at that club tonight."

"Oh, he will be. Loves my kinky ass, that one." George sipped some more tea, then said, "Know him, do you?"

Kevin shook his head. "I know of him. Need to speak to him." *Need to rip his fucking head off.*

"You ought to be careful, unless, of course, you know what he's about. A right rough one, him. Likes hurting me, slapping me

about a bit, know what I mean?"

"Yeah, I know what you mean." *He won't be slapping you about for long.*

Kevin stood, wandering out of the living room and into the kitchen. His heart hurt, beating too fast, and his body felt weak. A bit of a shock, that, hearing Tommy's name so soon. Oh, he heard it in his head, a mantra, nearly always there, but for someone else to say it... Odd.

He opened cupboards, finding some canned soup, half a loaf of bread, and an unopened block of butter in the fridge. "Mind if I help myself to some food?" he called.

"Nope."

Kevin jumped — George was right behind him.

"You don't want to be coming up on me like that," Kevin warned. *Not when I've been where I've been. Seen what I've seen when people sneak about.*

"Hey, chill out!" George said, looking indignant.

"No." Kevin dashed out one hand and gripped the man's wrist. "You chill out. Stop being so hyper. I don't need it, don't like it. I need...some peace and quiet."

"Okay, I get it. I'll fuck off for a bit, all right? I have to go into the city anyway. Tommy wants me to wear this eye mask tonight. Very specific as to what it must look like. I'll have to go Cupid's Cupboard and pick one up, but what the fuck, eh?"

"How do you get there?" Kevin asked.

"By using the car in the garage. It isn't taxed or insured, but I'm careful. Park it out of the way. Drive at a steady pace. No bugger takes any notice of it."

Kevin beat back irritation that this man had also bagged use of Robin's car. "Right, well, off you go then."

George swilled his cup out and placed it on the drainer. "I usually climb in through the living room window, leave it on the latch, but now you're here... You will let me in when I get back, won't you?" He eyed Kevin warily.

"Yes. Just...just fucking go, all right?"

SARAH MASTERS

George scuttled out, leaving Kevin to finally have a bit of time to call his own. Time to process the fact that his plan had almost come to fruition far quicker than he'd intended.

## CHAPTER THREE



Kevin stood at the bar in the club, still wearing the clothes he'd left prison in. He hadn't expected to be out and about so soon. He'd anticipated having to bide his time and thought that maybe, maybe life had decided to give him a lucky break. Let him get all his anger out by confronting Tommy Fucking Steel and enabling him to move on. What he'd be moving on to he didn't know, but he had a long time — providing he didn't go too far — to find out.

George had disappeared through a door at the back after waving to a burly, brown-haired guy standing in the far corner who reminded Kevin of Jean Claude Van Damme in his early days — as much out of date as Kevin himself. The man's suit, all two-tone purple with that sheen so loved in the '80s, looked good on him — he pulled it off despite it being what some might consider hideous. Kevin suspected the guy was the owner or at least the manager — he had that air about him, one of don't-fuck-with-me malice that had the hair rising on the back of Kevin's neck. He'd have to watch out for him later after he'd seen Tommy.

Kevin nursed a lager, bought with some of the money the prison had given him when he'd been let out. Not much, but enough to get by until he signed on or found a job. Providing he did so within a couple of weeks. He wouldn't be able to handle anything stronger than lager. He'd nearly ordered a whisky before he remembered he hadn't taken a drink in so long it might go straight to his damn head. The cool liquid tasted so good, all coppery with an acidic bite, and he mused on how he'd gone without for so long, how he hadn't hankered after a pint or two over the years.

*I had other things to hanker for.*

After about ten minutes of Kevin surreptitiously gazing around at several men knocking back drinks as they would in any other bar on the planet, George breezed out of the door again, coming to stand beside Kevin as though the get-up he was in wasn't anything to write home about. Kevin had never been the type to go for leather or rubber, but here George was, standing with his hip cocked, wearing nothing but a PVC cock pouch with braces, a pair of knee-high biker boots, and a leather choker.

"You like?" George asked, doing a pirouette.

Kevin didn't but decided not to say. If that was the kind of thing that got George off that was his business.

"I see you don't." George reached out for Kevin's glass, prised it out of his hand, and took a large gulp. "Just borrowing a little bit, before, you know... He can be a bit scary, can Tommy."

"I'll bet he can," Kevin murmured.

"What was that?" George gulped some more.

"Nothing."

"You can watch, if you like," George said. "I don't mind if it helps you get hold of Tommy quicker. There's this little room off the one I normally use. There's this picture on the wall, looks like one of those old-fashioned mirrors that pubs used to have years ago. You know the kind? With saloon-type wording on them? It's two-way, if you catch my drift."

Kevin dragged his lager back, took a long pull on it. Grimaced at the fizzy burn. "Yeah, I'll watch until you're done, but I want you to keep that Tommy fucker in the room after, understand?"

"Yeah." George leaned on the bar, easing closer to Kevin. "So what do you need to speak to him about? You never did say."

"Nothing much. Once I walk in the room you can fuck off out of it. Better that you do."

"I don't know about that." George frowned. "Mr. Benson there might not like it." He nodded at the man in the two-tone.

Kevin glanced at him then back at George. "What he doesn't know won't hurt him, all right?"

George nodded, the light of excitement in his eyes. "All right. But I'm only doing this so I can stay in your gaff, okay? I don't enjoy people perving or anything."

"Couldn't give a fuck if you do. What you enjoy is your concern." Kevin pressed one hand to his temple. A headache was starting. Stress building. "What time is he due?"

George glanced at the clock behind the bar, a digital effort that splashed the time in neon green. "About ten minutes. You might want to get yourself into position, so to speak." He grinned.

"Is everything with you an innuendo?" Kevin said, smiling despite trying not to. "You're absolutely something else, you are."

"So I've been told on more than one occasion."

They lapsed into silence for a while until Kevin had drained his glass and George looked at the clock again.

"You'd best get yourself into that room," George said. "I'll show you where it is. Then I need to get *myself* into position."

Kevin frowned. He'd never been to one of these places, didn't know what the hell went on in them other than what played out in his imagination. Robin hadn't been into kink, and it hadn't really bothered Kevin either. It was good to try new things, but the kind of shit that probably went on here? He wasn't sure.

He followed George through the doorway, conscious of Mr Benson watching them pass, and wondered why the man didn't want to know why Kevin was going with George.

As though reading Kevin's mind, George called back, "This is my new protector, all right?" then pushed open a door to their left and walked into a room.

Kevin tailed him and stopped short. Stared at the equipment inside.

*What the fuck?*

He'd heard about this kind of thing, but seeing it was another matter. Steel bars, long metal chains. A slender leather bed with a shiny contraption over it where, Kevin assumed, people could be cuffed or tied. Whipped. A rack on the wall, designed to look medieval, complete with an iron mask hanging beside it. Of all things

a tall black filing cabinet, the kind with doors, stood in the corner. What the fuck it held was anyone's guess. Toys? More outfits like the one George had on? Soft-glowing red lights were dotted around the walls, creating a mysterious feel, keeping everything in dusky pink shadow. It was alien, and Kevin was out of his comfort zone.

"Don't stand there staring!" George said. "He'll be here any minute."

George ushered Kevin through a doorway to his right and shut him in. Kevin stretched his hands out to feel the walls and found himself in a room no bigger than a closet. It was dark — no lights on the walls here, red or otherwise — but a dim shade of rose shone through a rectangle beside the door. He stepped over to it and peered through. Yeah, it was a two-way mirror, all right.

He gulped, took a deep breath, and asked himself how he felt about watching some young fella he'd only just met going at it with Tommy Steel. Then he reminded himself he wasn't here to see the show but to wait it out until they'd finished. He didn't have to watch, not properly, just keep an eye out until the festivities were over and go out there and confront the man he'd hated for too many years to count.

George strolled around the other room, putting his new mask on so it sat on his forehead, ready to be slipped down once play began. The *pat-pat-pat* of his footsteps filtered through, and Kevin lifted both hands to feel the wall either side of the mirror. There was no telltale metal grid as he'd expected, nor any holes, so he surmised there must be hidden speakers somewhere or the wall was paper thin.

The main door to George's room opened and a man stepped inside. Kevin couldn't make him out so he squinted, straightening his spine with a little anticipation and a whole lot of anger. The door swung closed by itself, and the man walked further into the room. But he was still wasn't quite clear enough for Kevin to make a positive identification. Kevin recalled Tommy as being broader, taller, unless he'd diminished with age and become the decrepit, shrunken little shit Kevin wished him to be.

"No Tommy?" George asked.

*Fuck. Fuck it!*

“Nah,” the man said. “He apparently hasn’t shown up yet. So I got to come in early.”

“Right. You want me to wear this mask or shall I take it off, Mick?”

“The mask is good,” Mick said.

George lowered it, the eyeholes making him look a little sinister, then walked into the outer shadows, becoming just a stain in the darkness. A bright overhead light snapped on above George and Mick, and its glare shone through the glass. Kevin blinked — the onslaught hurt his eyes, reminiscent of that torch in the alley — and he had to remind himself he was safe here. Or as safe as he was going to get with Tommy arriving a bit later. The man was dangerous — stood to reason with him killing Robin — but who knew whether he’d upped his game, become more violent over time? Would Kevin’s anger be enough to see him through, or would Tommy’s brute force overtake that? Would Kevin end up with his gut cocooning a blade, blood pouring out of him, the upward jerk of the knife a certainty that he might not survive, the tip of it puncturing his heart, just like it had with Robin?

He calmed himself down with several deep breaths and eyed George and Mick. They knew one another, had fucked before if Kevin was any judge of body language. The way they drew together in the centre of the room, all roving hands and lips told him that. They embraced, chests and cocks fused, heads tilted as they kissed, tongues visible. Wet and searching.

Kevin’s cock stirred. About to berate himself for getting turned on, he stopped short. It was a natural reaction, he knew that, but it seemed like he was betraying Robin. Part of him was still attached to him, as though they were still an item, even though he knew that wasn’t the case. He should have accepted it all by now, should have moved on years ago, but it wasn’t every day you met the love of your life then lost them, was it? The kind of relationship where everything was just so insanely right that you waited for something to go wrong. And it had.



Kevin shook his head, trying to toss the memories out into the elements, much like he'd tried to do with George at the cottage earlier. Getting rid of the young man hadn't worked, but if he just pushed himself that little bit harder, he could watch these two going at it without feeling guilty. Couldn't he?

*It's like watching porn, that's all.*

Yeah, he'd keep telling himself that.

His breaths shortened and his chest went tight along with the denim over his cock. He placed his hands either side of the mirror so he didn't touch himself then leaned forward, his pulse thudding in his throat and his balls aching.

Mick and George sprang apart, as though via silent communication.

Mick walked over to the bed. He stripped off his t-shirt, flinging it to the floor. Kevin eyed his muscled chest, the smattering of dark hairs there and the way they travelled down in a narrow line to his navel. Mick removed his jeans and revealed that the hair joined a denser pelt at the top of his cock — a cock that was stout rather than long and stood erect, the tip lilac-hued, looking almost strained, like the man hadn't had release in a while. Mick climbed onto the bed on his hands and knees and, fascinated, Kevin wondered whether George would take his ass with his dick or if Mick had come here for something else instead.

George stepped to the foot of the bed, holding a crop now, something Kevin had missed while transfixed by Mick's body. The crop appeared hard and unforgiving, the tapered part without any give, any ability to bend. Kevin winced. What the hell did it feel like to have that crashing against your ass? It'd hurt, he knew that all right, but there must be some form of pleasure to be gained from it, otherwise why do it? He braced himself for George to draw his arm back and bring the crop sweeping through the air until it connected with Mick's ass, more than a little intrigued as to what Mick's reaction would be. Instead, George reached down the side of the bed and pulled out a small drawer, taking a bottle of lube in hand. He put the crop down and opened the lube, spurting a generous glob in his

palm, before tossing the bottle back into the drawer. He picked up the crop, slathering lube all over the handle, a ridged affair much like a truncheon.

*What the hell?*

Mick widened his legs, juttied his ass out, and glanced over his shoulder. "Give it to me fucking hard."

George moved to the side of the bed, parting Mick's ass cheeks with finger and thumb. Kevin stared at the man's puckered hole, the way it spasmed as though aware of his scrutiny, his own face growing hot at the sight. George positioned the tip of the crop handle to it then pushed in. Mick's ass gobbled up the intrusion, and the man himself let out a joyful shout.

"That's it," Mick said. "Shove it right up there."

George eased it inside some more, sliding his hand away from spreading that ass to lay it on the small of Mick's back. "You want pain, eh? You want me to drive it in and out of your ass until you scream, is that it?"

"Yeah." Mick panted. "Fuck, yeah. Do it." He glanced to his left at a mirror on the wall Kevin hadn't noticed before. "Fuck it so I can watch. Let me see how hard you jam it in. Come on, fuck my ass."

George pulled the handle almost out then rammed it back inside, repeating the motion with sure, deliberate strokes. Mick bowed his back, pushed his ass out to meet each violent thrust, and keened. Kevin, although shocked, couldn't stop staring. He pressed his cock to the wall, leaning hard in an attempt to deflate his dick, but if anything the contact and pressure made him harder. He eased back, throbbing, bollocks taut, asshole pulsing. His heart hammered with an uneven cadence, and his lungs grew tight as he struggled to breathe. Sucking in a long, deep breath, he blew it out again through pursed lips, the exhalation as juddery as Mick's pelvis.

Fuck, that man could take it up the ass. He jerked back every time the handle surged in, as though what he was being given wasn't enough.

"More," Mick said. "Fucking push it right up there."

George obeyed, and Christ, the handle disappeared, part of the actual crop being sucked up too.

“Yeah, that’s it.” Mick licked his lips, gaze glued on the mirror. “You fuck my ass like that — more, more of...ah, yeah, that’s it. A bit more — I can take a bit more. Ram it.”

George pummelled Mick’s ass, wrenching the handle in and out, his knuckles bleached with the effort of him holding the crop with a lubed hand. He bent over and looked at Mick’s cock, something Kevin couldn’t see from this angle. Kevin found himself *wanting* to see it, to witness whether it bobbed of its own accord, straining for friction.

“You want that fucked too?” George asked.

“Yeah.” Mick nodded. “Yeah, fuck my cock.”

George reached beneath Mick and all Kevin could see was George’s elbow jerking up and down. He filled in the blanks, imagining that stout dick in George’s hand, how the foreskin retracted and the head bulged with every downward stroke. Imagined how soft it was, how it throbbed, the vein undulating. That last visual — man, he knew how an undulating piece felt up his ass, ticking against his rim. Setting him on the path to cumming loud and long, hips bucking, a stream of cum jetting out of him so hard his slit stretched.

Kevin would berate himself later, but God help him, he couldn’t stop himself from freeing his cock and taking it firmly, curling his fingers around it and squeezing. He couldn’t begin to envision what it felt like to have a crop handle up his ass, those hard strokes too harsh, too much, but he remembered the good times when Robin’s prick had been there and that was enough. He wanked, jolting his hand up and down without mercy, loving how rigid he was, how he was pent-up with emotion and need. He almost closed his eyes but stopped himself, feeling guilty for a brief few seconds that he wanted to watch George getting Mick off.

George’s elbow continued to jab the air in sync with the crop handle jabbing Mick’s ass. Kevin wondered if George was hard beneath that PVC. Did *his* cock strain at the fabric, longing to be freed and placed in a palm that would handle it so roughly, with

such purpose, that George would cum with a fierce shudder and a strangled yelp? He must be getting some satisfaction — how could he not? Despite the scene not being anything remotely close to what Kevin was used to, it was undoubtedly erotic, sexy as fucking hell, inspiring feelings in Kevin he never would have expected.

*I want that crop in my ass.*

He surprised himself with the admission while pumping on, gripping his cock with more force. He panted, roving his free hand under his t-shirt to pluck at a nipple, pinching and tweaking until the bite of pain registered and sent a sharper spike of lust to his cock. He released a stuttered groan at the same time as Mick, who rocked his pelvis back and forth, his dick into George's hand and his ass onto that merciless handle.

"Oh, yeah," Mick breathed. "This is what it's all about. Ass and cock, being fucked, used. Smack me. Hit me. Fucking *hit* me!"

Mick took over on his cock, jerking it with a super-fast rhythm as only a man hand-fucking himself could, as only a man wanking himself off knew how to — knowing what he liked and how he liked it. Kevin mimicked him, and Christ he'd cum any second if he didn't slow down. But he couldn't slow, couldn't stop the mad wrench on his prick, the chase for release. George raised his free hand and brought it down on Mick's buttock, the slap of sound as skin met skin a shocking jolt to Kevin. George smacked again, several times in quick succession, and Mick juddered.

"Fuck it up my ass. Go on. Hit me harder."

George slapped on, minimal time between each strike, and Kevin couldn't hold back any longer. His balls tightened for a second before releasing his cum. It sped up his cock, a lightning streak of pure bliss, and erupted, stretching his slit as he'd guessed it would. He heard it slap against the wall, and before he had enough time to fully register that, another speeding arc left him. He hollered, mindless of being overheard, and damn it, closed his eyes. He heard someone else shouting a stream of *ohGodohGodohGod* and with that as an accompaniment, he rode out the last tendrils of his orgasm.

## CHAPTER FOUR



Kevin wiped his sticky hand on his jeans — wasn't much else he could do, was there? He tucked himself away and zipped up, heart still rocking as he came down from such a massive high. He dragged the back of one hand across his forehead to remove the sudden outbreak of sweat then glanced through the two-way. Mick was getting dressed, quickly and with jerky movements. George paced beside the bed, his mask still in place, hair poking out at odd angles either side of the elasticated band around his head. In no time Mick put some cash on the bed then left, and George locked the main door. He headed for Kevin's cupboard and burst inside, a half-illuminated figure by the light coming in from the other room. George yanked down his PCV cock pouch and thrust his back to the wall, jerking his cock without any embarrassment.

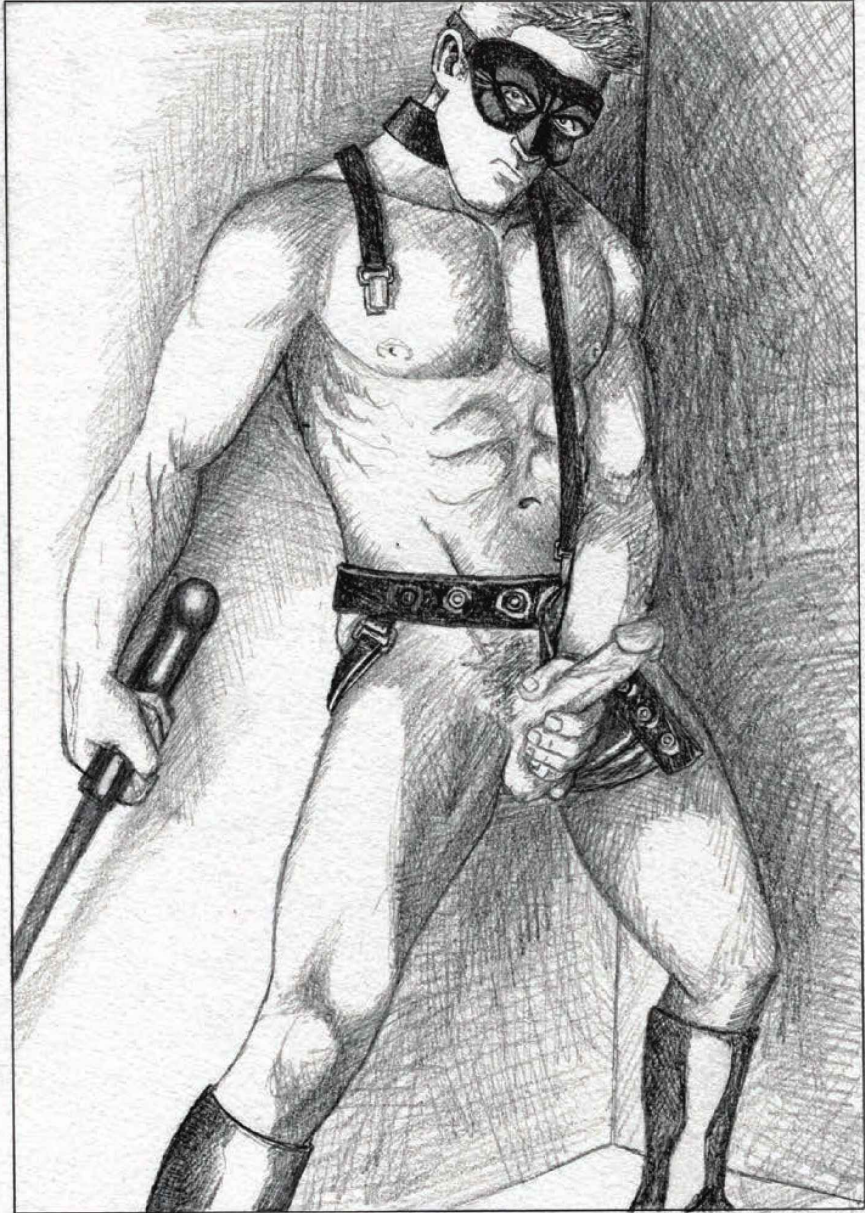
"Fuck, I nearly...didn't manage...to hold back," he said, voice wavering from his rapid wanking.

If Kevin hadn't cum himself he would have now. Watching this young man raise his ass off the wall, pushing his cock out, would have set him on fire. He knew he ought to look away but couldn't. This experience, being here, was a revelation. He was finding things out about himself he hadn't thought he would ever even consider. Crops up asses, men masturbating in front of him. Some guy who hadn't even known Kevin was there asking for it harder, to be hit at the same time as being invaded by an object other than a cock.

George had immense control of himself for one so young. Perhaps he'd learned not to cum with clients, had schooled himself to wait until they'd left. Kevin guessed he'd been doing this for a while

WRATH - SOMETHING ELSE

## WRATH



now to be able to hold off the way he had. George wasn't holding off now, though, he was going at it, panting hard. He gyrated against the wall, ass slapping it, and let loose a primal yowl as he covered the end of his cock with his free hand and caught his spunk in it. The scent of his cum filled the air — exceptionally tangy, overpowering — and far from making Kevin want to gag, he found he liked it.

“Christ Almighty,” Kevin breathed. “I said it earlier, but you really are something else.”

George slowed on his cock and pushed off the wall, going out into the main room. “I didn't think,” he called back, “that it would make a difference, me knowing you were watching, but fuck, it did.”

Kevin blinked, unsure how to respond. Was what they had done dirty? Him enjoying the show, and George enjoying the fact Kevin was loving every second of it? He didn't know. He probably would have said yes if anyone had put this scenario to him before now, but since it had happened and it hadn't felt wrong after the initial flush of guilt...

“I mean,” George went on, “I just usually do my job, know what I mean? Don't get anything out of it these days because it's all the same thing. They want to get off, I help them get there. ‘Ere, did *you* like it?”

Kevin went to join George in the other room but stopped himself. A burning blush rose in his cheeks and he didn't want the man to see it. “Uh...yeah.”

“How do you feel about that? And come out here to have a wash if you're all spunked up.”

*Fuck!* Kevin stuck his bottom lip out and blew, hoping the air would go some way to cooling his face. It did, a little, but he'd still be red-cheeked. Nothing he could do but go out there and clean up. Tommy would be here soon. He needed to get focused, to psyche himself up for a confrontation he'd relished for years. Spent as he was, though, he wondered if going after the bastard tonight was wise.

Kevin walked into the main room and joined George at a sink in the corner. Those rosy lights when he'd first entered had hidden

many things. It didn't bother him to share washing space — he'd shared showers and sinks in the pen — so he flopped his cock out and began washing. George gave him a sidelong glance — well, his cock more than Kevin himself — and nodded as though he approved.

“Nice bit of fucking equipment there, Kev.”

*Kev?*

“Um, thanks?”

“You're welcome. Now...” George rinsed his dick and reached beneath the sink, bringing out a towel. He dried off. “What has Tommy done exactly to get you so riled up?”

Kevin only hesitated for a second before responding. “He killed my partner.” He took the towel from George.

“What?” George widened his eyes and placed a hand on his chest.

“You heard me,” Kevin said, harsher than he'd meant to.

“How do you know?” he asked, walking over to the filing cabinet and springing the doors wide.

“Because I served twenty years for his murder and someone on the inside did a bit of digging. Found out Tommy had done it.”

George pulled out his own clothes and began dressing. “Well, fucking hell! That's a bit of a bastard, ain't it?”

“Just a bit.” Kevin zipped up, uncomfortable as the damp shock of his cum settled on his dick again. “Does he like seeing you dressed in normal clothes? Tommy, I mean.”

“No, he doesn't, and he won't be seeing me dressed in anything again. Not if I can bloody help it.” George shrugged into a jacket, slid his feet into his trainers, and turned to face Kevin. “He told me a story about killing some bloke once and I didn't believe him. Thought he was just some old prick trying to impress. Seems he wasn't. Well, he's an old prick, but he wasn't lying, was he?” He reached for the money on the bed and clutched it in one fist.

“No.” Kevin clenched his jaw. “Did he say why he killed him?”

George tilted his head. “Matter of fact he did. Let me just think now...” He paused for a bit, staring at the ceiling in thought. Returning his gaze to Kevin, he said, “Yeah, that's it. He said this



bloke wouldn't leave his lover for him or something. That he'd tried to get him to fuck him but this guy wouldn't. Some shit like that."

Kevin's stomach tightened. Tommy had come on to Robin? When was that, and why hadn't Robin told him? Kevin and Robin had rarely been apart except for when they worked, so that meant...

*Shit, he came on to him the night of the murder. Waited until I'd left and fucking well put Robin on the spot.*

The room swirled. Kevin experienced such anger, such immense sorrow, he struggled to breathe. George strode across the room, leading him to the bed. Kevin sat, limbs shaking, the need to grab hold of Tommy and throttle the life out of him the main thing on his mind.

*You just fucking wait, Steel. I'll have you...*

"I'm not fucking him," George said. "Not now. He can go and find some other mug to put a cock up his ass."

Kevin nodded, numb now, and allowed George to pull him upright.

"Come on," George said. "We're leaving. Going home."

"No!" Kevin threw George's hand off, coming out of his stupor. "I need to see him. Got to do this."

"Do what? Hit him? Shout at him? That's not going to do anything except make you feel better for maybe five minutes."

Kevin shook his head. "I'm going to kill him. You should leave, let me get on with it."

"Fuck if I'm leaving. Not without you." George gripped Kevin's wrist and tugged him from the room. "We're going home. Then tomorrow we can go to the police, tell them what you heard about Tommy. They'll look into it."

"Chance would be a fine thing. They stitched me up in the first place."

In the bar, George dragged Kevin over to Mr. Benson and handed over a few notes. "I'm not coming back here. Tell Mr. Steel I'm not available no more."

Benson frowned. "Fair enough. Could have given me a bit more notice, you tosser." He drew his top lip back over his teeth then

let it drop. “He hasn’t shown up anyway. Hasn’t called in to cancel either. Unusual for him.”

“Right, well, thanks for letting me work here,” George said. “But I’ve got my friend here to look after now. You know how it is.”

Benson nodded. “Sugar daddy. Yeah, I get it.”

Kevin gritted his teeth but not from what Benson had said. His mind was elsewhere. If Tommy wasn’t turning up tonight, there were other nights. Kevin would stake this place out every evening if he had to — until he got hold of the shithead and gave out what was coming to him.

As they left the club, George still steering Kevin along with a grip to his elbow, a crowd blocked the pavement a few feet away. They neared the throng, Kevin only half-heartedly wondering what the fuck was going on. Probably some bar argument spilling out onto the street, people intent on watching a good old-fashioned fight. Except no one was saying much, and what they were saying was hushed. Kevin went to walk around the group, but George jerked him back to his side.

“Let’s have a gander,” he said, eyes sparkling. “I don’t get out much, obviously. Limited levels of excitement in my life...”

Kevin sighed, trying to lighten himself up a bit. Difficult that, when he had so much on his mind. Still, he could think about all that shit while in bed later — George would be relegated to the damn spare room — and make a new plan now he knew exactly where Tommy hung out. He smiled at George, who’d turned out to be a great guy now that Kevin really thought about it, and decided it wouldn’t hurt to indulge him for a while. Robin’s car was tucked away down a residential backstreet about two minutes away. Letting it sit there for another five wouldn’t hurt.

George let Kevin go and elbowed through the crowd. “Scuse me. Beg your pardon. Sorry. ‘Scuse me.”

Kevin followed, giving sympathetic glances to those who were roughly pushed aside by George’s swathing hands. Everyone looked either very red-faced or white, some were even a little grey, the kind of grey that followed bad news. Curious now, Kevin pressed up behind

George, who reached the front of the crowd and stopped abruptly.

“Oh my fucking good God,” George said quietly, head bent.

Kevin tried to peer around him but other bodies either side of George closed any gaps. He stood on tiptoes, managing to see the legs of someone sprawled out on the pavement, pointing away from the crowd. Just some drunk then, who’d had one too many and had keeled over — something he didn’t really need to see.

“Come on,” Kevin said into George’s ear. “I’ve seen much the same when I was younger and exactly the same because of fights inside. Whoever it is will get sorted, vow never to drink again, then go out and do the same fucking thing a week later.”

George turned his head slightly, his eyes like those of a startled horse, all whites and little irises. “What?”

“I said —”

“I know what you said, but have you seen who it is?”

Kevin frowned. “No, but if you insist I look, get out the fucking way, let me see, then we can go home. The car, George. I don’t want it towed away. Hell of a fucking walk home if it is and I haven’t got a coat on.”

George reached a hand over his shoulder and grabbed some of Kevin’s t-shirt, yanking him forward to stand beside him. “Fucking *look!*”

Kevin stared down.

Tommy Steel’s forehead sported a bullet hole. The pavement either side of his head was decorated with blood and brain matter, the area directly beneath a puddle of dark red. His face was stuck in an expression of surprise, mouth open in a skewed hole, eyes wide. Kevin’s heart sank and his stomach knotted. He’d always thought he’d be pleased to see something like this, to have been the one who made Tommy look like that, but seeing it for real... He knew now he’d have just beaten Tommy, pummelled him with fists made hard from his anger, kept going until Tommy couldn’t stand and pleaded for him to stop.

Kevin staggered sideways, saved a fall by the person next to him, and blindly shoved through the crowd, coming out onto the road

beside a parked red car. He rested one hand on the roof and bent over, struggling to contain himself. To come to terms with feeling so fucking relieved that the job had been done for him. He'd have been the first suspect, still might be, but this time he had witnesses, a firm alibi. He wouldn't be serving another twenty for something he didn't do. No, this time he'd make sure the cops knew he wasn't anywhere near the victim, that he hadn't set eyes on him up until now.

George joined him, bending over to look at Kevin's face. "What a fucking turn up," he said quietly. "You all right?"

Kevin nodded. He wasn't, but the reaction was just something people did, wasn't it? The typical British response. Fine, nothing wrong here, when inside he was screaming with all manner of emotions, some he knew well and others he hadn't felt before, couldn't name. He needed to get home, fold himself away, really think about what had happened. Wait for the inevitable knock on the door, because fuck, had he really only got out of the nick that morning? The police arriving on his doorstep wouldn't be long in coming.

He stood upright, deciding to wait, to face the police and answer their questions when they arrived, here, out on the street where all these people knew he'd come along *after* the shooting. He stared at the crowd, scanning their faces, spotting those who he'd stood beside and making sure he memorised what they looked like. He might need them later, to back him up that he hadn't done it — *if* they'd been around when the shooting happened.

A man in the near distance strolled up the pavement ahead, towards them. He seemed familiar, and Kevin thought hard to search his memory banks, to put a name to the face that was coming steadily closer. Maybe because he hadn't expected to see the man ever again Kevin didn't quite register him, but then he did, the realisation, the *meaning* of the man's presence hitting him like the fatal bullet in Tommy's head — fast and without warning.

"Everyone's gotta pay their bills, eh?" the man said as he walked past. "Guess this guy paid his tonight."

Kevin nodded, turned to watch him walk on.

"Who the fuck was *that*?" George asked urgently.

“Fuck knows.” Kevin watched, waited until the man rounded a corner. “Anyone called the police?” he shouted.

“On the way!” someone said from the crowd.

George squeezed Kevin’s arm. “Don’t give me that. And don’t try to change the subject either. You *know* him.”

“Shut the hell up, all right?” Kevin said, levelling a meaningful gaze on George. “Just...just learn when it’s best to keep quiet.”

George nodded. Paled. “Right.”

The police arrived along with an ambulance — a lot of good that would do — and began taking names and addresses. They didn’t blink or show any reaction when Kevin gave his. That would come later, after they’d run his name through the database and come up with a bundle of lies. Everyone who hadn’t seen the shooting was asked to move along, to be available tomorrow for questioning. Kevin wondered whether he’d be interviewed at the cottage or summoned to the station. He reckoned the latter.

He walked with George in silence, reaching the car and getting in, the journey home also quiet. Kevin didn’t know what to say and it seemed George was lost for words too — something Kevin guessed was unusual for the normally cheeky little sod. They were both in shock, understandable in the circumstances, but Kevin thought he might be more so. After all, he’d never really had a friend apart from Robin who meant what he said. Who stuck to his promises.

Yet Dave had paid him back tonight. And he’d been paying the bills in the cottage all the time they’d been inside. Dave had never gone into detail why their silent meetings had meant so much to him, had never offered reasons as to why he thought so much of Kevin for sharing his free time with him. But the reason wasn’t for Kevin to ponder. Not now. Maybe not ever. And yet, Dave had done the deed tonight and then strolled past as if he was out on a casual walk. He’d risked being picked up for his crime, going back inside to serve another long stretch, all in the name of respect for Kevin who had been a companion of sorts while they’d been banged up.

What Kevin had wanted done was done, yet it hadn’t brought Robin back, hadn’t made anything better. There was still a void inside

Kevin that would take a long time to go away. Still a bitter emptiness, a life ahead full of the same shit he'd had for the past twenty years — not much to look forward to, the one and only love of his life totally out of reach. Maybe Robin had been fucking Tommy. Maybe he hadn't. That didn't make Kevin miss him any less.

At the cottage, George stowed the car in the garage and locked the door. Kevin was grateful for that. If the police came to interview them here, they didn't need any hassle over no tax and insurance. Once inside, Kevin left George without explanation, going upstairs to strip the sheets, finding clean ones in the airing cupboard where they used to be. He made the bed up then had a quick shower, sluicing the sweat of shock from his skin and hoping the tremors assaulting him would go away. Seemed he'd shaken a lot for one reason or another over the years.

Anger. Fear. Sorrow.

He dried off in the bedroom, climbing into bed on the side where he'd always slept, reaching out to lay one arm on the mattress where Robin should be.

"He isn't there," George said from the doorway. "And I'm really sorry about that. Sorry for being here, using your stuff. I didn't mean...I didn't know —"

"Doesn't matter," Kevin said.

"Spare room for me, then?" George asked. "Although, I know it sounds a bit weird and all that, also a bit cheeky, but I could do with a cuddle."

"Expect you could."

"So can I have one or what?" George eyed him hopefully. "I know we shouldn't, know you wouldn't want anything *like that*...but I wouldn't mind having a chance to prove what you've said is right."

"What d'you mean?" Kevin flung the covers back and waited while George got in.

"Well, that's twice now you've said I'm something else. Maybe one day I can really prove it, in a different way, know what I mean?"

Did Kevin know what he meant? Yeah, he knew all right. He reached out an arm and George curled into his embrace. They lay

in the darkness for a long time, no talking, no wandering hands, just two people taking comfort from one another. Kevin's mind swirled at first, thick with too many thoughts, but he eventually muddled through them, sorting them into their various categories: Important. Finished. Things to Still Get Over. The Future.

After what seemed like hours, he glanced at George by the light of a lamp on the bedside cabinet. The man had fallen asleep. Kevin huffed out a quiet laugh, that he was in this situation, crazy as it was, with a younger man he knew next to nothing about and vice versa.

Could he tolerate this bloke in his life? Could he? Did he dare scrutinise the category named The Future?

*Maybe...*



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