

MAMMOTH BOOKS PRESENTS

AFTER HOURS

THE BEST OF

*Marilyn
Jaye-Lewis*

5 EROTIC STORIES

Edited by MAXIM JAKUBOWSKI

Marilyn Jaye Lewis is an award-winning author whose works range from fiction, to memoir, essays and to creative nonfiction. She has been a groundbreaking pioneer in multimedia, working various arts & literature projects on the Internet continually since 1997. She is an international renowned erotica writer as well. Her award-winning erotic fiction has been translated into five languages over the last twenty years. She is a devoted mentor to younger writers and is sought after for her private creative writing workshops. Visit her on the web at marilynjayeLewis.com.

Mammoth Books present

After Hours
The Best of Marilyn Jaye Lewis: Five Erotic Stories

Edited by Maxim Jakubowski



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Chapters in a Past Life

Marilyn Jaye-Lewis

1. Anal

I knew a woman who had a virgin asshole until she was in her early thirties. I never understood that kind of woman, she's not at all like me. I'd read about *Last Tango in Paris* in my mother's *Cosmo* when I was only thirteen, for God's sake – and the accompanying article, too, all about how to do it through the back door and, more importantly, why: because a *Cosmo* girl is an American girl and American girls love pressure.

I don't know if it was related to that distant article or not, but I dropped out of college in a real hurry, after only about six weeks. Something about wanting to feel alive instead, and that's how I ended up in New York; at the tail end of the disco era, pre-AIDS, a time when any self-respecting underpaid New York office worker drank heavily on his or her lunch hour and didn't have to be choosy about who he or she wanted to fuck when the work day was over because eventually you fucked everybody. And there were so many exciting cross-purposes going on! For instance, drugs. Did you fuck somebody sheerly because s/he had the good drugs? Or did you use the good drugs as bait to get somebody to fuck you? Of course, if you hung in there long enough, the inevitable descent into hell finally occurred. That's right, you remember it: you fell hopelessly in love with a completely *insane* person, a dangerously paranoid schizophrenic perhaps, but you were too fucked-up on the good drugs to even notice it. Maybe for a couple of years.

When it happened to me, it was with a woman. Back then, she was already twenty years older than me, so *God knows*, if she's still alive now she's using a cane to get around. But she was in fine form in 1980, thin as a rail of course. All bone, no muscle, but that was de rigueur in 1980. We didn't lift free weights. Every ounce of energy was reserved for lifting cocktail glasses off the wet bar (a long distance endurance process) and for raising those teeny-weeny silver spoons, over and over – all right I won't go on. I guess your memory's a little better than I'd thought . . .

So I'll call her Giselle. Not that her name was anything close to that, but it *was* similar and unpronounceable and she possessed that quick, nervous energy sometimes, reminiscent of the leaping gazelle. And on our first date – or more succinctly – when we hit on each other in that 10th Avenue after-hours meat rack and went home together to fuck like dogs, she was in fine, lithe, energetic form. I know we were kissing in the back seat of that cab, but I don't remember how we got from the cab to her sparsely furnished living room in that huge penthouse apartment in midtown, with the vaulted ceilings and all that glass. That part's a complete blank, but what happened from that point on is clear and that's the sex part and all that matters anyway.

Giselle's husband was apparently loaded. And not one of those cash-poor types, either. He seemed to travel on business constantly – or so he said. At any rate, he was away an awful lot and Giselle had nothing but time and money to take his place. You'd think those two things – time and money – would have been enough, but when you're remarkably thin and nearly forty, and beautiful and sharp and hopelessly underutilized like my dear Giselle, it takes a lot more than time and money to get you

rocks completely *off*. Hence, Giselle's insatiable drive towards the strange.

I'd agreed willingly from the outset, I just want that part to be clear. I had my clothes off in a hurry and was letting Giselle douche my ass, simply because she wanted it so much. I was happy to let her do it. I was on my knees and elbows in her half-bath, right off the living room, there. Completely stripped with my ass in the air, a bulb syringe squeezing warm water into my rectum while I had a lit cigarette in one hand and a nice glass of Merlot in the other.

When the water had done its trick and we were through making a mess in the half-bath, Giselle led me back to the living room and she showed me the huge leather ottoman, how it lifted open for storing magazines and stuff. But she kept her bag of toys in there. It was a pretty big bag. That leather ottoman was sort of like a Playskool Busy Box for the seriously grown up. When she'd emptied out the ottoman, Giselle encouraged me to bend over it, so she could fasten my wrists securely to the wooden casters underneath. She even had specially made rubber wedges she'd shove under the casters to keep them from rolling all over the carpeting. Right away it occurred to me, when I saw those specially made rubber wedges, that it wasn't likely I was the first girl Giselle had stripped and douched and put over the leather ottoman. But I was OK with that. I drank like a fish and took a lot of drugs back then, so I was usually feeling pretty self-confident.

Once Giselle had secured my wrists, she inserted a steel thigh-spreader between my legs and buckled each padded end snugly around each of my thighs. And even though the thigh-spreader worked fine – it kept me from being able to close my legs – Giselle attached a padded ankle-spreader between my ankles, too. I guess she just wanted to be sure. And then she came around the front of the ottoman, gave me a hit off her cigarette and a couple of slugs of that great Merlot.

My head was buzzing. I loved the feeling of being exposed – in fact, forcibly so. Giselle leaned over and kissed my mouth for a while. It made me feel hot. It made my naked backside squirm. When her tongue pushed around inside my mouth, it made my ass arch up and it made me want to have her tongue poking into my hole.

"Look at this," she said.

She pulled a colour Polaroid from a leather envelope and placed it on the floor under my face and then went away.

I studied the Polaroid curiously. It was a picture of a girl much like myself. Well, it was impossible to tell if her face looked anything like mine, but she was totally naked and kneeling over the same leather ottoman, her legs forcibly spread in the same way, and she was tied down in the same provocative and helpless position. It could have *easily* been a Polaroid of me.

That's when I saw the familiar bright flash coming from behind me and heard the quick grinding sound of the inner workings of the camera. In a mere sixty seconds, the colour Polaroid in front of me was replaced by a colour Polaroid of myself. It was uncanny, you know; the similarities and all.

We didn't talk any more after that. Giselle gave me a couple quick swigs from my glass of Merlot and gave me one last drag off the cigarette, then she slipped the gag into my mouth. Tied it pretty tightly, I must say. One of those knots where you just know your hair's in a big gnarly mess in back.

Giselle got undressed somewhere, out of my field of vision. I couldn't see her. But when she straddled my back her slippery pussy was sliding all over my skin. It was obvious she was naked. She leaned down and spoke in my ear confidentially, as she replaced the picture in front of me with yet another one. Of the other girl again.

"She's awfully pretty, honey, don't you think? Her asshole's so tight, would you look at that. Incredible, isn't it?"

I grunted, *uh-huh*, and nodded my gnarly head in agreement.

“Not even a hint of a haemorrhoid, see? This girl’s in great shape.”

~~I have to admit, I was a little transfixed; I’d never owned a Polaroid camera that took such viv~~
close-ups! Giselle had obviously invested a fortune in her camera lens.

“She was very well behaved, if I remember correctly,” Giselle went on. “She took it like a champ that one did. You think you’re going to be a good girl, too? Huh? You’ve been awfully accommodating so far.” Giselle began to kiss my neck slowly and she rubbed her wet pussy all over my lower back. “What do you think,” she repeated. “You think you’re going to be a good girl?”

Uh-huh, I grunted through my gag. I was going to be a very good girl. I was going to be stellar.

“You like things in your ass? You’ve had things in your ass before, right?”

I nodded my head, yes, but I confess I felt a little tripped up; what did she mean by *things*?

Then a different Polaroid was put in front of my face, a slightly more startling one. “Same girl,” Giselle whispered, “but do you notice anything different about her hole?”

It’s a huge *gaping* hole, I thought nervously.

“This is how her asshole looked when I was through appreciating her. Pretty remarkable, isn’t it?”

Giselle brushed some stray hairs affectionately from my forehead, I guess to make sure my vision wasn’t obscured in any way. I was riveted to that Polaroid, the crystal clear close-up of that well appreciated sphincter.

“Of course, this sort of appreciation takes a few hours,” Giselle explained. “You don’t have to be anywhere for a while, do you?”

I don’t think I really responded to that, I was a little too transfixed. She left the gaping-hole Polaroid on the floor in front of my face and then disappeared somewhere behind me.

The anticipation is always the greatest part, isn’t it? Man, you’re just waiting and you don’t even know what the hell *for*. But you feel real certain that you’re going to get it, that it’s eventually going to come. And that’s the sort of excitement I was feeling; like some mad ferret had chewed his way free from a steel leghold trap inside me and now he tore wildly around in the darkness of my intestines, wanting very much to find his way out. But that was 1980. *You know* I was young. I was still excited by things like suspense and fear, and the chance to get my asshole reamed by a serious grown-up girl.

It started with a simple strawberry. A bright red one with a long stem. Giselle had straddled my back again and lowered the long stem down in front of my face. She twirled it gently, holding the stem between her thumb and forefinger. “What do you think?” she asked. “Can you take it? It’s not too big but it’s awfully fragile.”

In an instant the bright red berry was gone and Giselle slid her slippery pussy slowly down my back, until I imagined she must have been on her knees between my spread thighs. The tip of the berry was icy cold when she pressed it against my tight hole, but I could feel my asshole clench even tighter. It was an involuntary reaction to the icy intrusion.

“I can see I have my work cut out for me,” Giselle announced solemnly. “We could be at this a *long* time.”

I felt something sticky dribble down the crease in my ass. It oozed slow, like honey. And I think that’s just what it was. When the slowly dribbling drop inched towards my clenching asshole, Giselle’s tongue was there to meet it. She pushed the sticky substance around and around, all over my anus. The stickiness felt strange. It was lightly pulling at my hole. But the warmth of her tongue pushing into the tight opening now and then, felt good. My hole definitely liked that. When Giselle had licked the surface of my asshole clean, she dripped another trail of honey down the crack of my ass. Again, it oozed so slowly down I felt that this alone, this waiting on the honey business, could

itself take hours. My ass wriggled and squirmed impatiently, perhaps trying to assist the honey in its journey down, but when the honey finally reached its destination, and when Giselle's warm tongue was once again there to greet it, the honey felt even more appealing than it had the first time. I felt my sphincter muscle relax a little. I felt it eagerly anticipate her poking tongue. I moaned into my gag. And I arched my ass open for her.

"This is definitely progress," Giselle announced quietly. "But let's not rush it. You're not really ready for the berry yet."

Giselle came around in front of me and I watched her polish off my glass of wine. She sat naked where I could see her and she lit a cigarette.

"I know how to remedy this, though, so don't lose heart," she said. "It takes patience and then you'll be able to get anything you want in there. Even something like a strawberry."

I watched her as she thoughtfully smoked and even though I didn't have some long list of things I'd been trying to get *in there*, I suddenly felt like I desperately wanted to please Giselle. I wanted anything in my ass that she wanted to put in there. My hips were rotating restlessly against the ottoman while I watched her smoke. I could feel the wetness in my vagina beginning to drool down into a puddle on the carpeting. I didn't know what she had in mind for me, but I had a pretty good inkling that my ass was going to get fucked good by this gorgeous skinny woman who, let's face it, was technically old enough to be my mother.

When she finally stubbed out her cigarette, I watched her snap on a latex glove. I'd never been with anybody who'd worn gloves like that before, except the doctor in the examining room and it made my stomach a little queasy watching her snap it on. I wanted to ask her where she got gloves like that, but I had that gag stuck in my mouth and couldn't say a word. But when she disappeared again behind the curtain and, without much fuss, slid a lubed finger up my ass, I wasn't thinking about buying gloves. I just gasped. Well, I moaned a little bit, too. She worked that latexed finger into me deep. And it was so slick with lube my tiny hole couldn't put up any kind of resistance. It tried to push against the intrusion, but Giselle was insistent. She worked against the pushing hole. She slid two fingers in, in fact, and pumped them vigorously in and out while I grunted a little and tried to figure out whether or not I liked it.

But I didn't have a lot of options. I was spread open for her either way. She paused for a moment and squirted the lube directly into my hole. It was an icy and unpleasant feeling, but the sensation didn't last long. It was replaced by the less subtle intrusion of three greasy fingers this time. Three greasy fingers shoved into my lubed hole. Giselle was exerting herself, I could tell; she was grunting from the effort of pumping her three fingers against the muscle that was trying to expel her.

"Jesus," I gasped into my gag. And my eyes were riveted to the picture on the floor in front of me. That gaping hole. It was going to be mine before morning came and I was sickly curious about how we were going to achieve this.

"Are you ready to pick up the pace?" she panted. "Are you ready for some action?"

Of course I couldn't answer her and I guess she didn't really expect me to, but Giselle came around the front of me then and let me watch her strap on the dildo.

"What do you think?" she asked urgently. "Can you handle this guy?"

She was referring to the dildo, to its overall *size*. But I was too caught up in looking at her. I'd been with girls before, and girls with dildos, too, but I'd never been with a woman yet who had actually strapped one on. Giselle looked hot. I was eager again.

"What do you think?" she persisted, as if she'd forgotten about the gag. "You think you can take him?"

I grunted my urgent approval as I watched her lube it up. *Uh-huh*, I grunted several times, and even nodded my head.

And when she climbed onto me, mounted me, pressing the greased-up head against my asshole and easing the dildo into my rectum, it was like I was fourteen again and I was with that boy. We'd skipped school and we were hiding in his father's den. It was dark and very quiet in there. Their mother was home, but she didn't know we'd skipped school and snuck back into the house. She didn't know we were hiding in the den. But we had decided we were going to do this thing, we were going to try it out. We were determined. And I'd brought my torn-out article from my mother's old *Cosmo* and my jar of Vaseline in my shoulder bag. We didn't get undressed because we were afraid of needing to leave in a hurry. So we just unzipped his fly and took his hard dick out. We smeared Vaseline all over that thing. And then I leaned into one of his father's big leather club chairs, I laid with my face pressed against the cool leather, while the boy shoved up my skirt and pulled my panties down to my knees. Vaseline makes everything a greasy mess, especially nice leather club chairs, but it sure helped that boy's hard-on slide right into me, right into my asshole. It was like we'd talked about over the phone, he was actually fucking my ass. I wasn't sure I really liked it, but I wasn't sure I didn't like it either. The pressure felt exciting, I liked the feeling of being filled up. But what I liked most was his fully clothed weight on top of me while my panties were around my knees, and the way he smelled while he grunted and pumped away at my virgin asshole, the way all boys smelled back then; like mown grass and sweat and tobacco and spearmint gum.

That was how it felt with Giselle, like I wasn't really sure I liked it, but I wasn't sure I didn't like it either. The dildo felt huge in my ass and I was grunting into my gag. But her naked weight was on top of me. Her breasts were pressed flat against my back and she was sweating from the effort of pounding my hole. I loved all that sweat. And I didn't mind it when she pulled the dildo out and reminded me I wasn't fourteen any more and that it was 1980. She shoved a glob of Crisco up my ass and proceeded to pump me with a dildo too huge, too heavy to even attempt to fit into the harness. Giselle didn't strap it on, she held it with two hands and shoved it clear down to its base, stretching my hole completely open.

I groaned like some drugged animal giving birth in a public zoo, but I was loving every minute of it. The Crisco made it easy on my hole. I opened right up and accepted every round fat rubbery inch of the fake dick that Giselle pounded so mercilessly into me.

And my eyes were glued to the photo in front of me, I was transfixed by that gaping hole. I was suddenly in love with the mystery girl in the Polaroid. I knew now what had stretched her open, I knew now how she must have felt – spread wide and securely battened down. A gag probably shoved into her mouth, too, so she could grunt over and over in it as her rectum was filled to capacity, her ears filled with the sounds of Giselle's own grunting, from all the strenuous effort . . .

When Giselle had worn herself out she disappeared briefly into the half-bath then re-emerged with a soaking towel. The towel was hot and felt great against my tired hole. And when Giselle had wiped away most of the grease, there was the familiar bright flash again behind me and the sound of the grinding inner workings of the camera. By the time she'd untied my gag, the new photo was ready.

"What do you think?" she asked softly, as she laid the Polaroid of my seriously opened hole on the floor in front of me. "You think you can handle that berry now?"

I'd forgotten about the strawberry. "I suppose so," I panted, although I wasn't entirely sure.

"I'll wedge it in with a little honey and then I'll eat it out of you. But I want to get a picture of you first. My husband loves these pictures," Giselle explained, "the ones with the food in the girls' asses. He carries them in his overnight case and takes them all over the world."

I wasn't sure I was particularly pleased with that idea, but I couldn't keep Giselle from wedging that sticky strawberry into my gaping hole. It took it easily this time, the berry perched right there on my puckered anus. Then the camera flashed away. I wondered what her husband looked like; would he ever recognize him on the street? Would it haunt me that somewhere in the world a man was flying from place to place with a picture in his overnight bag of me with a strawberry in my ass? And what about the mystery girl in the other Polaroid? What kind of food had ended up in her stretched hole?

But my worries melted away when Giselle's mouth found the berry. True to her word, she nibbled it out. She plucked the stem clean and then sucked the berry and gnawed it and licked it until it was gone.

"Come on," she said, as she undid all the hardware, the buckles and the restraints, "let's go to bed. Let's make a little love."

She refilled my wine glass but I didn't want it any more. I just wanted to be flat on my back underneath her on her big bed. The sun was just coming up in all those enormous penthouse windows, so when she straddled my face for some sixty-nine I could see her bung hole clearly. It was stretched like mine, but hers was permanent. She lowered it right onto my tongue while she shoved my thighs apart wide and buried her face between my legs. Her hot tongue licked at my tender aching worn-out hole, while her fingertips deftly massaged my clit. I tried to rub her clitoris, too, but she didn't seem to want that. She seemed content to just ride my tongue with her open hole.

I licked her asshole with all the earnest attention I could give her, but after a while, I must confess I couldn't help it; the way her mouth was making me feel between my legs absorbed more and more of my concentration. I couldn't give Giselle the amount of attention I should have. While her fingertips slipped all over my swollen clit, and while her tongue licked eagerly at my played-out asshole, I couldn't help myself, I came. I dug my fingers into Giselle's gorgeous ass and clamped my thighs tight around her head and came.

And since it was 1980 I didn't sleep with her. I stumbled into my clothes and left. I kissed her goodbye and all, but then I went out alone for breakfast.

A couple nights later she called me. "My husband's in Thailand," she said. "What do you say we go at it again? Are you up for it? You're not still sore, are you?"

My bung hole quivered. "No, I'm not sore," I said into the receiver.

"I have some new things that we could try putting up there. Are you game?"

And I realized I was. It was the beginning of my inevitable descent into hell with a completely insane person. "I'm game," I confessed.

"Good," she exclaimed quietly. "Be a doll and pick up some film. Now how do you feel about root vegetables?"

2. Swingers

Friday night I went home with some married people. I wish I could tell you they were those vibrant tan, Hollywood fast-lane types but they weren't. They were just married people. Intellectuals. Two married couples clearly pushing something like their mid-fifties. I have to say they weren't even very attractive. They certainly weren't fans of cosmetic surgery or fad diets.

You're probably wondering why I went home with them, then. I'll tell you. They asked me to.

I was hanging out in one of those book bars. You know the one, the really well-lit place. Small and stuffy with the built-in bookcases lining the walls, a teeny-weeny fire in the equally microscopic hearth. I was there being stood-up. Nothing serious, though, no *tragedie l'amour*. It was just m

intensely hyper garment-industry-worker girlfriend who had stood me up. She'd obviously gotten snagged into working more overtime.

So I was alone in a surprisingly comfy chair, nursing a glass of red wine tentatively since I wasn't sure if I was just going to turn around and go home. That's when they walked in. Two unattractive married couples in their mid-fifties. They made an instant commotion, dragging a tiny table around and scooting a bunch of comfy chairs together so they could all sit down in high spirits, practically on top of me, and proceeded to order an incredibly expensive bottle of wine. I loved watching that; the waiter trying to find a spot to stand in that was anywhere near them while they ordered, and the having to set up an elaborate pedestal wine bucket somewhere in reach of them, too. Thank God they smoked. They really needed some more stuff on that tiny table.

They couldn't help but notice me right away since they were practically sitting in my lap, and they kept trying to engage me in their small talk. I resisted their stabs at friendliness until they offered to share their wine, which necessitated their ordering another bottle. The waiter was really glad to see a fifth party, me, push into the already unmanoeuvrable fray. So physically we got close in a hurry. We couldn't help it. Still, one of the women, Fran, seemed to impinge on more of my personal space than I thought was really necessary. Right away I figured she was hitting on me. It took a couple glasses of that expensive wine before I realized they were all hitting on me.

I went home with them mostly because I couldn't believe they'd had the balls to ask me. They were so matter of fact about it, too, like they always came on to younger, much more attractive single women and got affirmative results. I was swept off my feet by their sheer blind optimism. Well, no. Actually I was swept off my feet by them, literally. I think they wanted to rush me into the nearest car before I could change my mind.

We wound up in the home of the couple who lived closest to the bar. It was a really nice apartment. That couple, Cy and Ruthie, had never had any kids. Every extra penny had been available for them to spend on themselves. They favoured upholstery, too. Everything was upholstered, in every conceivable pattern. I could tell an interior decorator had been paid handsomely to have his or her way with Cy and Ruthie. But I ceased noticing the decor when Fran started to undress me.

At first I felt alarmingly uncomfortable because no one else was undressing. I shy away from being the only one naked in a crowd of strangers and I was wondering what I'd got myself into. But after she'd stripped me naked, Fran pushed me gently down on the sofa and began to massage my feet. I began to relax. I sank deep into the upholstered sofa while Fran sat on the coffee table in front of me with both my feet in her considerable lap. Her hands were unexpectedly soft and steady. She worked each and every one of my toes and the balls of my feet with just the right amount of pressure.

She smiled encouragingly at me while the others just watched. I wondered if I was being lured into some exhibitionistic *pas de deux* with Fran. As I sunk deeper into the couch in an increasing state of bliss, I wondered how a group of people arrived at that sort of arrangement. "Hey, I know," I imagined them saying, "let's all go out together, find a girl half our age and watch her get frisky with Fran." There would be general agreement all around.

Then Fran broke my reverie. She lifted my foot to her mouth and sucked in my big toe. I was ready for it. Fran's mouth was so warm and wet, I moaned. And slowly but surely things started to move around me.

Cy got out of his chair. He came over and stood by Fran, his crotch level with her face. He unzipped his fly, but when he took out his dick it was flaccid. Completely limp. Fran didn't seem at all perturbed but I felt a little indignant. I was thinking, Hey, I'm naked here! The least you could do is worship me, have a raging hard-on! But, alas, Cy was no longer nineteen and Fran appeared to be used

to it. She went right to work with her mouth, alternating between my big toe and Cy's flaccid dick until remarkable things began to happen. It turned out Cy was hung.

Ruthie came over to join us then. She undid her husband's trousers completely, letting them fall rather dramatically to his ankles. Then, while Cy went to work on Fran's mouth with his stiff dick getting her complete attention now as my feet lay limply in her lap, Ruthie kneeled behind Cy and seemed to be tonguing his ass. Her face was way in there and I figured if I was Cy, as I watched her huge erection pumping in and out of Fran's mouth while his wife, fully dressed and on her knees, tongued his asshole . . . well, I figured I'd probably be liking that an awful lot. I got wet between my legs watching those three carry on like that.

Kenneth, Fran's husband, was the last to take the plunge, but suddenly he was sitting on the couch next to me and he was naked. He had a lot of hair. A touch more than I would have preferred. He didn't seem to notice that he didn't appeal to me, though. He lifted my arms and held my wrists together behind my head, then proceeded to lick my armpits. It was an unusual move but it made my nipples shiver and get erect. As Kenneth licked his way down to my breasts and when his mouth closed around my erect nipple, I moaned again. Hairy or not, he was good with his mouth. My nipple swelled from the perfect pressure of Kenneth's sucking and I decided, at that moment, that I ought to have sex with older people more often, they understood pressure.

The coffee-table gang was starting to get rambunctious. Fran was flat on her back now as Cy straddled her on the low table, completely humping her face. She was making these eager but smothered little sounds that made it seem like she was liking it a whole lot. And Ruthie had removed Fran's panties. She'd pushed apart Fran's legs and buried her face between Fran's fleshy thighs.

Kenneth's mouth was still working expertly on my nipples, moving from one to the other, tugging tugging tugging, but now one of his hands was between my legs, rubbing my slippery clit.

I didn't think I'd be able to take much more of it; the free show on the coffee table and the perfect pressure on each of my three most responsive spots. I thought I was going to come.

That's when Cy startled all of us. He stopped humping Fran's face and went for her hole in a hurry. Ruthie had to get out of the way fast. She plopped down next to me on the sofa. She was the only one still dressed. She began to unbutton her blouse while Kenneth was rolling a rubber onto his erection. I felt a little overwhelmed. I didn't know who to focus on. It was obvious Ruthie wanted me to suck her fat little tits, but I was kind of hoping Kenneth was wanting his dick in me because I was definitely ready for it. That's when it occurred to me to quit sitting like a blob on the sofa and get a little assertive; get into the rhythm of being a swinger. Nothing was preventing me from having them both.

I turned over and raised my ass in Kenneth's direction while I let Ruthie guide my mouth to one of her jiggly tits. "Would you look at that tight tush," Kenneth declared as he slapped my ass hard. "Fran had a tush like that when I married her. Thirty years ago."

Then he mounted me. He slid his substantial hard-on into my soaking hole without needing any help from me. He slammed into my hole hard, making me cry out right away. He had a firm grip on my tush and was going to town.

Ruthie lifted my face from her breasts and started kissing me. Deep. Her tongue was crammed in my mouth while I grunted from the force of Kenneth's cock pounding into my pussy from behind.

I had never been with more than one person at a time before. It was kind of a scary feeling. I felt myself becoming insatiable. It wasn't long before I was flat on my back on the carpeting. Ruthie had stripped completely and was straddling my face. She had a tight grasp on each of my ankles as she kept my legs spread wide, giving Kenneth's hard cock free rein on my helpless hole, pound pound pound.

Ruthie's snatch was completely shaved. Her mound was smooth from the tip of her clit to the cleavage in her ass. It had to be a wax job, I thought, she was that smooth. And I wondered: who waxes a fiftyish woman's pussy completely bald? I figured her husband, Cy, had something to do with it.

Cy was sitting in a chair now, sucking on a cigar, taking a breather, but his dick was still rock hard. It was poking straight up like the Chrysler Building. Not that I could see him too well with Ruthie's ass in my face, but I could tell that Cy was watching me get nailed. I was curious what he was thinking.

"I have to pee!" I suddenly announced as the urge came unmistakably over me. Rather than cause a chorus of disappointment and regret among my fellow swingers, the news didn't cause them to miss a beat. They'd switched partners before I'd even stood up.

When I came back into the living room (and I hadn't been gone long, mind you), Fran was down on all fours with Kenneth's hard-on seriously down her throat and Cy was fucking her ass. The incessant pounding she was getting at both ends was making Fran's boobs bounce around like crazy. The whole thing was mesmerizing; what the men were doing to her and the way Fran seemed to be wildly into it.

Ruthie came in from the kitchen with a tray of decaf espressos. She had that look on her face, like she'd had her orgasm and was feeling completely contented. She sat down next to me with her cup of espresso and we both watched Fran go the distance with Cy and Kenneth. And right when Fran started to jerk around and squeal, an indication that Fran was probably coming, Kenneth pulled his dick out of her mouth and shot his load in her face.

She seemed a little peeved by that, but she didn't do much about it because Cy was still going hard and wild on her ass. I wondered if Kenneth was going to hear about it later, though, when he and Fran were home alone: "How could you come in my face like that?" I could hear Fran saying. I knew she'd be capable of some serious chiding. "In front of everybody," she'd probably continue. "You know I hate it when you do that."

But for now everyone was amicable. Everyone was drinking decaf espresso except me. I hadn't come yet. I felt fidgety and distracted. Since I'd never been a swinger before, I didn't know the proper etiquette. Was it up to me to let everyone know I wasn't through yet, that I hadn't come?

I felt so ignorant, so ill equipped to swing. I toyed with the idea of slipping off to the bathroom again, to take care of myself alone. No one had to know what I'd be doing in there. I could come quick, I felt certain of that. Still I felt a little let down. I'd been having too much fun with everybody to suddenly resort to climaxing alone, in some stranger's bathroom.

After only a few moments, it seemed as though coming alone in Cy and Ruthie's bathroom wasn't even going to pan out. Fran and Kenneth were dressing. It was late, they said. They had a babysitter running up a fortune.

Then I wondered how old Fran really was if she had a child at home still young enough to need a babysitter.

I figured I'd better get dressed, too. I didn't want to overstay my welcome. I helped Ruthie clear up the remnants of the espressos while Fran and Kenneth left.

"I'll get your coat," Cy said to me. "I'll walk you down to the street."

"That's okay," I protested half-heartedly. My head was pounding. This swinging business had left my now sober nerves a little raw.

"Nonsense. It's late. I'll walk you down."

Cy helped me into my coat and we got on the elevator. He pressed the button for the basement. I saw him do it. Maybe he was going to show me out the back way.

When the elevator doors opened, Cy led me down a narrow hallway and then out a door that led to the tenants' parking garage. It was dimly lit, with only a couple of naked bulbs burning.

"Look, you don't have to drive me," I insisted uncomfortably. "I don't live far. I'll get a cab."

"Why don't we get in my car anyway? I didn't come yet either."

I couldn't believe I'd heard him correctly. "What did you say?"

He looked at me and smiled engagingly. "I didn't come yet, either. I thought maybe I could persuade you to fuck around with me in my car."

I was stunned. I tried to feel affronted, but actually it kind of appealed to me. The parking garage was deserted.

Cy unlocked his car door and we slipped into the back seat. "We'd better not undress all the way," he said, "just in case anybody sees us."

I agreed.

I climbed onto his lap and started kissing him. On the mouth. My tongue was shoving in deep. Cy's breath tasted like wine and espressos and cigars and he suddenly seemed like he was seriously growing up. I felt incredibly attracted to him. "How old are you?" I challenged him. "Are you old enough to be my father?"

"Probably, why? Did you want to do a little role playing?"

"Excuse me?" I didn't know what he was talking about.

"You know, I could pretend to be your irate father and slap your fanny really hard until we're both really hot. Then we could cross over that line together."

I didn't reply. I felt a little overwhelmed by how instantly appealing his idea sounded.

I let him manoeuvre me until I was across his lap. He methodically lifted my coat, lifted my dress and, with minimal effort but a nice long lecture, he tugged down my tights, then my panties, and left them halfway down my thighs.

When my ass was completely bare and smack dab over his knee, he let loose with a good old fashioned spanking. The stinging, smarting kind.

"Shit!" I cried, trying to shield my ass.

But he wasn't at all deterred by my screams. He lectured me sternly on the perils of going home with perfect strangers, and behaving rather wantonly to boot.

I squirmed around in Cy's lap as my bottom heated up and I tried to dodge the steady, stinging slaps, but Cy kept them coming. He clamped my waist tight against his thigh and aimed directly for my helpless behind.

I could feel Cy's erection growing underneath me. He was really laying into me, spanking me hard, making me squeal out promises that I'd never do it again.

When my ass was completely on fire and I didn't think I could stand any more, Cy released me. He turned me over in his lap and unbuttoned the top of my dress. Slipping his hand inside, he worked my bra up over my tits and fondled my nipples. They were instantly erect.

I was still naked from my waist to my knees. The feeling of being so awkwardly exposed, my bare ass burning, while Cy fondled my breasts and tugged on my nipples made me want to go irredeemably dirty with him. But that was going to be difficult to do while keeping our clothes on.

I turned over and undid Cy's trousers. I unbuckled his belt, unzipped his fly and his dick sprang out. I was happy to see it looking so lively. I buried my face in his lap, taking as much of his shaft down my throat as I could. I kneeled on the back seat with my naked ass in the air and I didn't care if anyone could see me. I was feeling unabashedly aroused. I sucked Cy's dick more fervently when I heard him begin to gasp and moan.

“Turn over,” he said insistently. “Lie down on your belly.” My bra was still up over my tits and the leather car seat was icy cold against my nipples. It felt great.

Cy unrolled a rubber onto his erection and told me to raise my ass up a little.

I did.

He mounted me with my tights and panties still around my thighs. I felt his dick poking into my asshole. At first I thought he didn't realize he had the wrong hole, but he knew what he was doing.

The lubricated condom slid into my ass without too much effort but the pressure was intense.

“God,” I groaned. Then I cried out uncontrollably while his huge tool went to work on my pitiful little hole.

“I hate to have to do this,” he grunted, “you know that. But maybe this'll teach you not to go home with people you don't know.”

“God,” I was panting as he pounded into my stretching hole. “Jesus, God.”

“Are you going to be a good girl now?” he continued, lifting my hips off the back seat and deftly sliding his hand down to my swollen clit.

“Yes,” I whimpered, “yes,” while he rubbed my clit hard.

“Yes what?”

“I'm going to be a good girl,” I cried, as his cock seemed to swell in me even more, filling me to capacity with every thrust.

“And what happens if you're naughty again? What is Daddy going to do?”

“Spank me,” I sputtered. “Daddy's going to spank me!”

“And what else?”

“Fuck my ass!”

“That's right,” he concluded. “Daddy is going to fuck your ass.”

These last words he enunciated with amazing diction because he was coming at the sound of his own words. He slammed deep into my hole then and mashed me down on the seat. “Jesus!” I exclaimed with one last powerful thrust. “Jesus!”

And I was saying it, too: “Jesus!” Partly because I was coming underneath him, shuddering and squirming against the leather seat, but mostly because I was testifying. I wanted my joy to be heard.

The Epicures

Marilyn Jaye Lewis

It was called Petrograd in honour of the opulence of czarist Russia. Its interior brimmed with ostentation and the owners didn't care; attracting the proletariat was not their aim. The average working stiff could hardly afford the cocktails at Petrograd, let alone anything from its tasting menu. We, however, always ordered from the tasting menu, blind, with our wine flights selected especially for us by Sergei – who was not really Russian, or if he was, it was from so many generations ago as to make any Tartar roots in him undetectable beneath his Brooklyn accent.

In those days, we savoured every moment of our affluence because we recalled too keenly how we had felt to be among the starving class. Our riches were so new to us in fact that poverty, it seemed, still lay in wait for us up the block, wondering when we might return. We weren't sure. All we knew was that good fortune had alighted on us at last and we planned to wring the most from it – starting with haute cuisine and vintage wines – before good fortune evaporated into the ether and left us poor again.

Every booming market goes bust eventually, and to survive it you have to prepare for the inevitable in advance. Our safety net was our loft apartment in Tribeca; we'd paid cash for it in early 1982. It belonged to us. We were determined not to be homeless again and we turned that cavernous, once industrial space into a lush cocoon. That was where our hedonism went unleashed for many years, right there in the bosom of our sanctuary.

Paulina moved in with us in March of that particular year (was it '84, '85?). We'd met her at Petrograd in early December, when everyone in New York was already tipping extravagantly and bursting with Christmas cheer. She was a coat check girl there, an immigrant. Illegal, for all we knew, but it wasn't important to us. We liked her enormously. She was saucy with a dry sense of the absurd. Yet when we welcomed her into our home that first frosty evening, we discovered quickly that all her worldly urbanity fell away from her when she was kissed – along her collarbone, say, or on her lips, her neck, across her pale shoulders; she melted under the tenderness.

Paulina's legs were long and parted so easily, but she was not tall. She gave the impression of being tall, however, because she wore those very high Italian heels that made her legs look even longer.

Her breasts were full, her waist was narrow and her hips wide, and although she was curvy, she was also slender. When not in her coat check uniform, she dressed in the height of fashion. She was fastidious about her appearance. And truth be told, so were we. I guess you could have called us vain and not been far off the mark. Still, at least we could kid ourselves about it. Perhaps it was this unexpected dash of humility that kept us from being too insufferable. Whatever it was, we were always greeted by the staff at Petrograd with welcoming smiles. We were made to feel at home there.

Bertrand, my fiancé, was what one used to call “a salty dog” – an experienced man with a rather wanton libido. Far from satiating his appetites, however, good food and good wine only made his carnal cravings more pronounced. He didn't have to say a word. When an item from the blind tasting menu was brought to our table and laid before him, I could tell by the merry gleam in his eye of which delicate or yielding, straining or supple quality of a woman's body he was most reminded. Five years

we had been together, and in that brief time, I had come to learn his lascivious thoughts well. I knew he could say the same about me.

As luck would have it, we were both fond of women as sexual playmates; of servicing them, testing their limits, their capacities, delighting in their raptures. Bertrand's easy glide between the sights, smells and tastes of food, and the idea of devouring women (metaphorically, of course), was not lost on me. His appetites filled my eager mind with irresistible pictures – a fleshy rear end, succulent thigh; a hole stretched to accommodate my lover's unflagging lust. I often drank my wine a little too freely at Petrograd; the atmosphere there crackled with barely concealed promiscuity. The wine going to my head, the heady mix of Bertrand's pronounced tastes and the spectre of the dinner crowd's insatiability – set off so flatteringly by candlelight; all of it served to glut that river of longing in me until the waters threatened to overflow all over the seat of my chair.

Paulina would flirt shamelessly with us when we left the restaurant in our inebriated state. I believe I was the one who slid to her our address, scribbled on the inside of a Petrograd matchbook cover. "Do they ever give you a night off around here?" I said.

She half smiled and replied, "Sure. We're closed on Sundays."

"Ah," Bertrand chimed in, content in the afterglow of a Petite Sirah Port. "The Lord's day. What could be more fortuitous?"

Paulina and I regarded each other quizzically, neither of us entirely sure what Bertrand meant. Still, I said, "Well, by all means, join us some Sunday evening. Come for dinner. We're excellent cooks."

"We're modest, too." Bertrand helped me into my winter coat.

Paulina laughed politely. "No reason to be modest, you know. No one would fault you for crowing a bit. Most of your attributes are readily discernible."

Bertrand slipped her a handsome tip. "You shovel it all so seamlessly," he said sweetly.

She winked at him and stuffed the tip in her pocket.

It had been two weeks since we'd last been to Petrograd, so Paulina was not uppermost in our minds when our downstairs buzzer bleated loudly early one Sunday evening just prior to Christmas. The noise startled us from our mindless gazing at the oversized television screen.

Bertrand stretched and said, "Who could that be?"

"Shall we buzz it up and see?"

He said, "Why not?"

We got up from the comfy couch and then buzzed up our visitor.

We couldn't have been more pleased when we saw Paulina – dressed in her Sunday best – step out of the old freight elevator out in the hallway.

"It's Paulina," I said happily.

"So it is. Well, come in, Paulina. Make yourself at home."

She came inside. "You neglected to give me your phone number, so I took it as a sign."

"Of what?" I asked curiously, helping her out of her lovely coat in our entryway.

"That I was welcome anytime. That calling ahead would have only been a formality."

Bertrand and I smiled at each other. He said to her, "How right you were, love. You know, you have quite a good grasp on the English language."

"I know," she said pertly. "Now, what are we drinking? Are we going to get festive with it being so close to Christmas?"

"Around here," Bertrand said, "we even get festive on Arbor Day. Why don't you ladies relax by the fire and I'll whip up something wonderful in the kitchen."

“Like what?” I asked.

~~“I’ll think of something. Maybe something frothy or steamy, or creamy – I don’t know. I only know that it will be brimming with possibilities and there will be plenty to go around.”~~

“And then what about dinner?” I wanted to know. “Should we plan on ordering up?”

“No,” he said. “Let’s cook, the three of us, together. Can you cook, Paulina?”

“Not really,” she said. “But I can follow directions; I’m easily taught. You know, I grasp things well.”

“I’m sure you do,” Bertrand said, eyeing her perfectly manicured fingers. But beneath her high-toned appearance, she was just a little tart, Paulina was, and Bertrand and I enjoyed it thoroughly – the aural bait she was dangling. “We’ll definitely work those pretty fingers of yours to the bone,” he went on. “We’re excellent teachers. I’m sure the three of us will concoct something memorable.”

I took Paulina by the hand and led her into the living area. Our loft had not come with an actual fireplace; we’d had a quasi-one designed for us, though. It was elevated on a brick platform, with a bronze vent above it and encased in bevelled glass. There were logs on a grate and amber flames; it looked impressive. But it was more an elaborate Sterno pit than a source of any real heat.

“How cosy,” Paulina purred. “And for such an enormous room. Not an effect that’s easy to achieve.”

“We had time on our hands,” I assured her.

“And money, I’m guessing.”

“That, too. Shall we sit?” Without a moment’s hesitation, even in her expensive skirt and sweater, Paulina stretched out on the rug by the fire. I sat down beside her. “Where are you from?” I asked her.

“Oh, far away,” she replied vaguely. “Lots of ice and snow, you know, that sort of place.”

“And what did you do there?”

“A little of what you do here, I should think.”

“Here, as in America? Or here, as in our apartment?”

She looked up at me. “Your apartment,” she said coyly.

I leaned over and kissed her, just a quick kiss, on the side of her face. Her skin was soft. She smelled pretty. “Fascinating,” I said.

“What is?”

“You, your secret world.”

She shrugged. “And you don’t have any secrets?”

“None,” I said quietly. “There’s been nothing that’s been that important.”

“What about him?”

“Bertrand?”

“Yes.”

“An open book – ask him anything, you get an answer. Not always the answer you’re hoping for, but an answer, an honest one.”

“And he likes to cook?”

“We both do. We love food – the pleasure of it. There was a time when we didn’t have much.”

“Pleasure or food?” she asked.

“Food,” I said decisively. “Between us, there has been no lack of pleasure.”

“And yet you’re both so thin. The hedonists I knew in my country were always on the fleshy side, and, sadly, always in such a hurry to get undressed and show it off.”

Hedonists? The word made me laugh. “Your vocabulary is certainly impressive, Paulina.”

One of her perfectly manicured hands reached up and lightly stroked my cheek. “And you’re pretty

too," she said. "They aren't always as pretty as you."

~~Bertrand came into the room carrying a pitcher and some glasses. "We've a rum punch for starters," he announced. "Is that festive enough?"~~

"Rum punch!" I enthused. "It goes perfect with Christmas fudge. I'll go get a tray from the kitchen and bring some in."

In the mere moments it took me to arrange the fudge on a glass tray and bring it into the living area, Bertrand had managed to remove Paulina's pretty Italian shoes and was gently massaging her feet through her stockings down there on the floor by the fire. Her stockings were black with a pretty all-over lacy pattern.

"Wolford," I said, sitting down next to them with the tray of fudge in hand. I set it down on the floor.

Paulina said dreamily, "Pardon me?"

"Your stockings – I recognize the pattern – Wolford hosiery. I saw those at Bergdorf's." Bertrand had filled our glasses with the rum punch and they were lined up in a neat little row on the elevated hearth in front of us. I leaned over Paulina and reached for a glass. I added, "Being a coat check girl, you must pay *very* handsomely to afford Wolford."

She said slyly, "You'd be surprised."

"Nothing surprises us any more, does it, dear?"

Bertrand, content for the moment to be rubbing Paulina's feet and driving her quietly into ecstasy, said, "No. Nothing does. Not any more."

Moaning softly, Paulina barely left her reverie when she mused, "I would have liked to have known you both then."

"When's that?" I said. I was the only one among us who was not immediately heading into some type of swoon. I helped myself to a piece of fudge.

"Back when things surprised you," she said.

Bertrand smiled at the remark. He parted Paulina's legs and stared at whatever it was he could see up under her skirt.

"I was right, you know," I said, though no one seemed to be noticing me. "About the fudge, I mean. It goes great with the rum punch, if anyone's interested: sugar on top of sugar, you know. They complement each other. Of course, a little goes a long way."

Bertrand leaned over and grabbed Paulina by her hips and slid her down the rug closer to him, her skirt sliding up around her waist as he did so, revealing that her expensive stockings were the stay-up kind. She was not wearing garters. But she was wearing a tiny pair of silk panties, ruby red with black lace pattern overlay. They looked stunning against her bone-white skin. A half-moon-shaped scar on her pelvis peeked out at the top of her panties. I ran my finger lightly along the scar.

"I had a baby once," Paulina said. "They took it out of me there." The scar did not look new. She said, "Are you surprised?"

I looked at Bertrand and said, "A little – how about you?"

"Actually, yes," he agreed, sitting now with Paulina's legs spread before him and practically wrapped around him. She had draped her legs over each of his arms. "I am a little surprised by the news. You're so young."

"I was even younger then. I wanted to give birth the real way, but the doctor wouldn't let me. Things became complicated. He was afraid I was going to die. But I was looking forward to childbirth now, I won't have any more babies."

We didn't ask about the fate of the one baby she'd had. If she were a mother, it would come out in

good time. If she wasn't, well . . . her private world wasn't really our business yet; we barely knew her.

Bertrand slipped a roving finger inside the crotch of Paulina's silk panties and gently stroked the hidden lips. "Will you be with any of your family at Christmas?" he asked her.

"No. I'm alone in America."

"Do you miss your family?"

"Not much," she said. She pulled aside the crotch of her panties to give Bertrand better access to her lips.

"Wow," he said quietly. "You're beautiful."

She looked at me. "Does he say that about every girl?"

"No," I assured her.

"Have there been many?"

"A few," I said. Bertrand pushed a finger into Paulina's vagina. Her eyes gleamed when he did it. She looked intoxicated – in that amorous way. I added, "But none of the others were as pretty as you are."

She moaned contentedly and rocked on Bertrand's probing finger. She was a girl who liked being told she was pretty, even though there was likely no doubt about it in her own mind. I leaned down and kissed her on her mouth.

"You taste like sugar," she said.

I smiled at her. I broke off a tiny corner of the fudge and fed it to her. She didn't so much eat it as let it melt in her mouth. Then her eyes sparked. "That *is* good. Did you make it yourself?"

"Yes," I said quietly. "I made it this morning."

Bertrand, having lost Paulina's undivided attention for now, reached for his cocktail and scooted closer to us. He helped himself to a piece of fudge. He said, "What would we like for dinner tonight?"

I was too busy feeding Paulina, and kissing her neck, kissing her across her collarbone, to answer him right away. I was on all fours, leaning down to her. Bertrand rested a hand on my rear end then let his hand roam all over my tight slacks. He said quietly, "I'm thinking ratatouille; something with something else, and then ratatouille on the side."

"But that's a summer dish," I said distractedly. "And it takes hours."

"We've got hours . . . haven't we? Paulina, do you have to be anywhere?"

By this time, Paulina and I were kissing, our lips pressed together, our tongues meeting. She moaned something guttural that sounded like "no". Her reply reverberated in my mouth. The thought of having hours with her further excited me. I felt my way down between her legs while we kissed. Her legs were still parted, the lips down there still exposed – and they were slick. She was already aroused. I stopped kissing her and said softly, "Do you want to play with us in our kitchen?" Two of my fingers pushed into her hole and felt the tight, slippery walls push open to accept me. I wanted to pull her panties down, get them all the way off and out of my way. But she planted her feet on the rug and pushed her hole down hard on my fingers; she wanted to stay connected. She took my fingers past the knuckles; her canal was deep and it gave me so many ideas. "Yes," she finally said, a little breathlessly. "Let's play in your kitchen – whatever that entails."

We're fond of the baby eggplant, Bertrand and I: its perfect shape, its deep purple colour; the substantial heft it has when one holds it in the palm of one's hand. In the vegetable world, they are small works of art. Baby eggplants are always in our kitchen, along with every colour of bell pepper and yellow squash, zucchini, onions, tomatoes, potatoes, garlic. We never run out of carrots, or celer,

or cucumbers. In the spring and summer, there is no shortage of asparagus, green beans, or broccoli in our kitchen, or fresh fennel bulbs, chard, or leeks. And fresh herbs – we love herbs, and sea salt, both fine and coarse. We love peppercorns of every colour and, of course, olive oil.

Bertrand dons his chef's apron. It is pure cotton and bleached white. We are on to the wine now, Font-Mars, for starters; it is deep red. The colour of it excites me when Bertrand pours it into our glasses. But it is not a wine to be hurried; in an hour or two, it will taste even more intoxicating than it would now. Since we have all evening, I concentrate instead on seducing Paulina out of her clothes right there in our kitchen.

“In front of all these windows?” She is disinclined to do it – at first; until she sees that we do have window shades. Enormous ones: the windows are tall and wide and comprise one entire kitchen wall. Bertrand, with his glass of Font-Mars in hand, tugs the cord that brings the shades gliding down. We are now completely alone in a city of so many millions.

Bertrand is over his initial idea of preparing ratatouille. I have no idea, yet, what he has decided upon instead, but as Paulina steps out of her skirt and pulls her sweater off over her head, Bertrand prepares to concoct a simple *amuse-bouche* to have with our wine.

Paulina's bra matches her panties; it is the same ruby red silk with a black lace overlay. It pushes her ample breasts together, offers them up enticingly. She is stunning. Her dark hair frames her face angelically. Her dark eyes are quite large and expertly made up to appear as if she were wearing no make-up at all. I reach behind her to unclasp her bra, but I wait for the unveiling of her tits. I let her do that part by herself. I reach for my wine and I glance at Bertrand. I know how much he loves to see a woman's tits spill out of a lacy bra. He's eyeing Paulina with rapt attention, but I notice also that he is eating Brie! And he hasn't offered *us* any. What happened to our *amuse-bouche*? I catch his eye and he shrugs, smiling sheepishly. He takes a sip of wine and then his attention goes back to his chopping block. He's chopping away at herbs. For now, I am more interested in Paulina's breasts – which are plump, luscious, perfectly formed – than in chiding Bertrand over his hoarding the Brie. After all, there will always be Brie, but how often does a gorgeous foreigner strip out of her expensive underthings in one's kitchen?

Paulina is now clad in just her panties and those expensive stockings from Bergdorf's. She scoots up on to one of the kitchen counters. Since she is not tall, this height is perfect for having her lovely tits almost even with my face. Her legs part as she reaches for my hair, pulling me gently to her, encouraging me to latch on to one of her nipples. They are the plump kind, meant for suckling, or for tugging on. My mouth sucks one of her nipples in eagerly and I am surprised by how intensely she moans, by how her hips writhe on the countertop, by how insistently she pulls me closer to her, pressing my head flush against her breast. I wrap my arms around her then, I hold her and let the full power of those erotic sounds she is making wash over me while I suck on her tit. It is a primal feeling and it happened so quickly. I am very aroused myself. I can feel her nipple swell against my tongue from the pressure of my mouth and, as the nipple swells, her moans become urgent whimpers. This fascinates me; how sensitive she is. It's as if I'd never sucked a nipple before. Certainly never one that was this responsive. The act of suckling her and listening to her ecstasy becomes my entire world; I am lost in it. My pussy is soaking inside my slacks. Soon Paulina is writhing against the counter so much that I am beginning to wonder if she is going to come. I let her set the pace of it; when she wants me to stop, we'll stop. If she wants me to keep at it until she comes, I will do my best to keep up with her rhythm. I've yet to make a woman come without touching her clit, though. It would be a challenge; still, it was one I was willing to take.

It's not long, however, before I realize that Bertrand is standing right next to us. He nudges me over

so that he can have one of her tits, too. I release my hold on Paulina; I make room for Bertrand. Paulina leans back a little, enough to give us room. We each suck on a nipple and it is almost more pleasure than she can stand – judging strictly by the whimpering that issues from her then.

I am trying to keep up the pressure on Paulina's nipple, thinking that this is going to make her come; that this is the object of our foreplay. But Bertrand is overcome with lust. Pushing me aside completely, he picks Paulina up in his arms and moves her over to our kitchen island, shoving aside the many canisters of utensils and baskets of vegetables and fruits to make room for her to lie down. He tugs her panties off her, pushes her legs open wide and plants his mouth right on her pussy. Bertrand is usually the type of man who is the first to have his cock out of his trousers, sticking it wherever a woman is willing to take it. But with Paulina, his mouth did not seem able get enough of her.

I watched the two of them, locked in their lusty syncopation. It aroused me to see them like that. Paulina, naked except for her black stockings, writhing, tugging on her own nipples, lost in a swoon. Her knees hiked high while Bertrand had his face buried between her legs, his sizeable hands pushing down on her slender thighs, holding her open.

Just then, Paulina's eyes opened; she focused on me. She looked drunk with lust. Almost inaudibly, she pleaded, "Find something to stuff up me."

It was jarring. I looked at her, momentarily confused. "What do you want?" I asked her. "Do you want Bertrand to fuck you now?"

"No," she said, trying to catch her breath but still pulling like mad on her nipples. "Stick something up me. Something big, that I can really feel, you know?"

I thought I knew. I looked around at our countertops; there was food everywhere. I wondered: what would I want to fuck if I were in Paulina's position, out of my mind with lust and needing to really *feel* something?

I grabbed a zucchini. It was thick and long. I held it up to her. "This?" I said.

She shook her head no. "Something bigger than that."

"Bigger than this?" I said. I wasn't at all sure I could handle the zucchini up my own hole, yet she wanted something bigger. "What? Are you into fisting or something?"

"No," she insisted, losing patience with me, sounding as if she was nearing a climax. "Something wider – to stretch me open, you know? *Fill me up.*"

I felt a bit frantic, as if I had to find this pleasure tool to stretch Paulina open before Bertrand managed to make her come in his mouth. I picked up a yellow squash. It was wide at the bottom but had a slender neck, like a handle. Maybe that would work, I thought. I showed it to her. Her eyes gleamed again. "Yes," she said. "Try that."

"Do you want Bertrand to put it in you?"

"No," she said. "I want you to do it."

I was thrilled. It was my turn to nudge Bertrand aside. He'd been nearly oblivious to us, though. At some point while he'd been feasting on Paulina's pussy, he'd taken his cock out of his trousers and had begun jerking himself off under the white chef's apron that he was still wearing. "Move," I told him gleefully. "This is my spot now." I showed him the yellow squash.

"Oh yes," he said quietly, the reason for the squash dawning on him. He moved aside. In fact, he went and got his glass of wine and then came back and pulled up a kitchen chair.

At last, I was getting a good look between Paulina's legs. Her pussy was indeed as gorgeous as the rest of her. I understood, now, Bertrand's uncharacteristic oral need. The outer lips were only lightly covered with black hair; the inner lips were glistening wet, and deep red now and fully engorged.

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