

The Best of Epic Sex Stories by Epic Sex Stories

Like most single moms, I would do anything to support my kids. As a Vegas stripper, I have. I put myself on my book covers to remind me what inspired that epic sex story. You wouldn't believe half of the shit that I've seen or done. To find out, read my books and search for my 400 sexy photos on Flickr.com (change search filter to "restricted"). Tell me what you think at Goodreads.com.

This 110,000 word book has my five most popular stories. We start with the wildly popular *Coveting My Neighbor's Wife* (just read the first few pages and you'll see why); in the *Hypno-Orgasm Seduction*, a man desperately in love uses orgasms induced by hypnosis to cure the woman he loves of frigidity; The satire *The Perfect Husband* takes a humorous look at an unusual man in an unusual marriage; a hot daughter uses sexual scandal to expose her hypocritical father in *The Preacher's Slut*; and, in very rare hard-science erotica, you learn what sex in orbit would be like in *The First Space Orgy*. Check out my other fifteen stories by looking up *Epic Sex Stories* at your favorite online bookseller.

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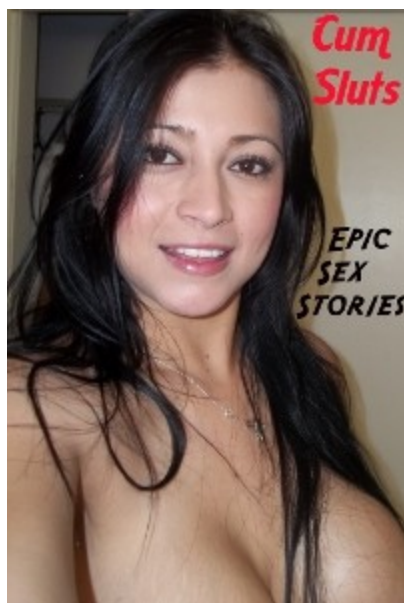
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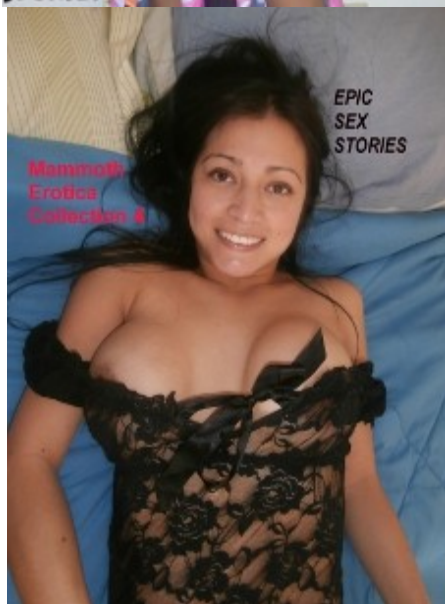
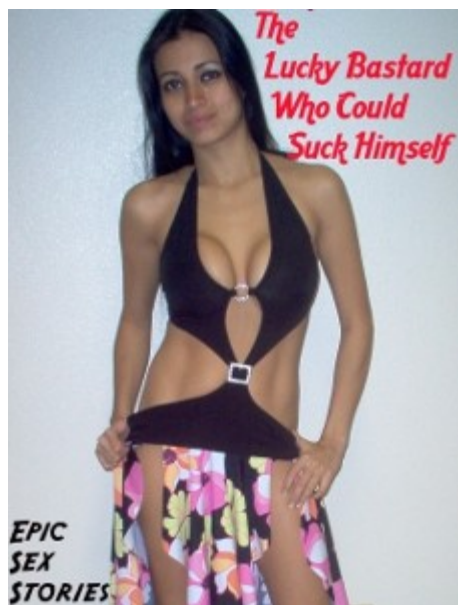




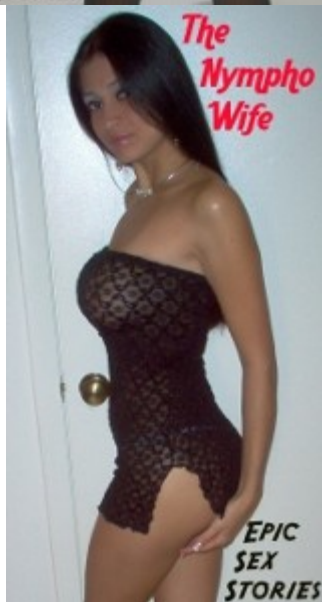
















STORY 1: COVETING MY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE

CHAPTER 1

The first time I saw my new neighbor's wife, I thought, "that's as good as it gets." You know the feeling -- after seeing a Victoria's Secret commercial, browsing Maxim.com, or gracing the cover of a magazine. You just think, for that make and model, it just doesn't get any better. That's how I felt upon seeing Maria. If anyone was a 10, for me, it was her. I'm not saying she was perfect, because I don't believe anyone is perfect, but her combination was the perfect combination for me. I've been stunned before -- Catherine Zeta-Jones in Zorro, Salma Hayek in Desperado -- but never in person. I've never seen a woman so awesome that she left me rock hard at first sight. After twenty years of examining female beauty, this was a first.

As she drove up in the U-Haul van, I immediately wanted to know who she was fucking. Because every beautiful woman in the world is fucking someone. Else. Whenever I see a supermodel, knowing that some lucky bastard is doing her is both humbling and excruciating. I will never get over the crush I had on the head cheerleader in high school, or forget how the entire defensive line banged her at a party I was not invited to. Like angels, hotties have always orbited just out of my reach -- I could always look, but never touch. All my life I wanted a Saturn V just so I could intercept one of those beauties.

I just never dreamed that a priceless meteorite would land next door. Now what am I gonna do? If I was diabetic, I wouldn't work at See's Candy. If I had high blood pressure, I wouldn't work in high-stress sales. I know I'm a horn dog, so I stay away from temptation. That's how a guy like me stays faithful. I know my weaknesses and have adopted strategies to protect myself. I stay out of the candy store.

But it never crossed my mind that the candy store would move next to me. Literally, right next door. I am fucked. Totally fucked. It would be like my fat wife

inheriting a donut shop. It's just bad news. She pulled up in the driveway next to mine, long black hair blowing in the wind, her tits threatening to honk the horn if she exhaled too much.

Oh, please let her be a total bitch. Please let me hate her fucking guts.

"Hi, neighbor!" she yelled through the window, greeting me like an old friend. She radiated awesomeness. Her smile lit up her face like a flashlight. I've known many bitches. This was the first time I met an anti-bitch. "I like your flowers."

Only then did I remember I was watering my wife's flower garden. She often works late, while I do programming from home, so I'm the house-dad. I cook, I clean, I garden. It's why I work out so much -- so I don't feel like a total fag. Yes, yes, I know gays work out a lot -- I'm referring to fags, not gays.

"Nice to meet you," I said, drawn to her like a moth to a bonfire. "I'm Abe. Welcome to the neighborhood."

She climbed down and her booty made me swoon. Honestly, it put those jean ads to shame. Her black hair flowed down to her butt and shined like a mountain lake at sunset. I thought I heard that guy from Twilight Zone start talking, but the pain from my cock, straining against my kakis, zoned him out.

She turned around and realized all my fears. She looked like she fell out of Playboy. The beautiful face came with a killer body that any ninja would die for. I almost fell over like a corpse. A gentle breeze almost made me shoot my load. She only wore blue jeans and a tight t-shirt, but they explained everything that I needed to know.

"I'm Maria," she said, holding out her hand, the complete opposite of the bitch I hoped for. Her jet black hair, olive skin, and dark eyes pulled me in like a black hole. My knee-jerk reaction was to water her shirt with my garden hose to see it cling to her artificially enlarged breasts. Instead I had the good sense to just shake her fucking hand, knowing I would never forget our first -- and probably last -- physical contact. "I hear good things about the

neighborhood."

"Not from me," I quipped, smiling. "Nah, it's a great place to live. Everyone within easy walking distance must have money to afford this area, so it's pretty quiet. Even the criminals wear suits." Her carefree laugh melted me. I've never made anyone that beautiful laugh before -- even babies look at me puzzled. The greatest aphrodisiac ever invented was someone laughing at your lame jokes. "I love your accent. Where are you from?"

"Medellin, Colombia, and I'm mad I still have an accent after so many years here."

"Accents are sexy," I said, too quickly. She gave me that look -- you know the one that women give -- and I backtracked like Michael Jackson doing the moon walk. "Not yours, unfortunately, but mine is so sexy," I said doing my best Schwarzenegger impression. Her easy chuckle somehow tickled my toes. I immediately thanked my lucky stars that I didn't ask if she was from Mexico. Central Americans, in particular, hate being called Mexicans. I don't know why I thought she was Mexican. She was beautiful, and not even beautiful Mexicans look Mexican. Just take Selma Hayek. "And how long is that?"

"Since Sheldon married me almost ten years ago."

Stupid me, I whistled. "Sorry, but you don't look like you've endured ten years of marriage. Unless they were dog years. You smile too much, for one thing." Indeed, I put her at 23 at most. Time to change the subject. "No kids?" I asked, hoping she had a dozen rotten brats.

"Nope. I had an injury long ago that made it dangerous for me to have kids, so the doctor tied my tubes. How about you?"

"A fourteen-year-old boy, Alex, and a sixteen-year-old girl, Justine."

"Ah, you'll be a grandpa in no time." She just met me and already she was fucking with me. Fun, funny, hot, friendly, cheerful -- she even seemed super nice. God was tempting me like Job. No wonder God named "work" after the bastard.

"I told my kids I'll disinherit them if they make me a

grandfather before I'm 40. I'm still trying to convince them to not make me a grandfather before they're 40. What do you do for a living?"

"Make my husband happy." There. She said it. I like that she made no bones about her role in his life. Now, maybe I could put my temptations to bed. So to speak. "He's a heart surgeon at UCLA Medical. He also teaches at the university there. Me? I make hand-crafted dolls that I sell on EBay, but it's more like a hobby that funds my shopping sprees. I don't need expensive clothes or jewelry, but I'm a sucker for shoes. This whole van is just for my shoes."

I looked in astonishment at the U-Haul. Then her smile gave her away, and I realized I probably looked like Forrest Gump examining shrimp. I must have matured over the years because, instead of getting defensive, I laughed and held up my palm. She completed the High-Five with a satisfying slap as I lost myself in her dark eyes. I never knew eyes could have such depth or warmth. I didn't appreciate until much later just how long she met my gaze. An eternity seemed to pass in comfortable silence.

The moment finally passed when she whispered, almost sadly, "I'm guessing you're not gay."

I laughed, then laughed at her ability to make me laugh. "Were you aware that a gay man can look a woman right in the face and, no matter how beautiful she is, still speak coherently?" Her laughter let me push the envelope. "What the hell, man? How is that even legal? Do you realize what I could have done in high school with such a superpower?"

She smiled all the way to the back of the van. Theatrically she opened the doors. I saw a lot of boxes, but not one fucking shoe.

"I saw some moving guys here yesterday," I said.

"Yeah, they brought the heavy stuff like furniture and my emotional baggage."

Despite myself, I couldn't help but like her. Maria was unbearably attractive. "Yes, I saw the forklifts."

Even her laugh was wonderful. Oh, this is not

happening. I'm a married man. Not a happy one, but one, nevertheless. Just because my wife was fat didn't give me the right to hurt her. Not that I loved her now like I did twenty years ago, but she was a good person who worked hard, took care of my kids, and meant well.

Even if fucking her was like tackling a sea lion.

I grabbed something heavy and thanked my lucky stars that I still worked out. "Where is your husband?"

"Oh, probably fooling around." I swear I almost dropped her dishes on the sidewalk. "Nah! He's gassing up the Lexus. He wouldn't fool around on me. I don't leave him enough juice to fool around on me." She saw the look on my face as we carried stuff inside. "He saved my life ten years ago. Anything but a world-class surgeon and I would have died. So I take care of him in every way possible."

"I can imagine." Crap. Did I say that out loud?

Maria just laughed, completely comfortable. "I bet you already have."

It's like she could see through me. Maria saw all my many flaws, and liked me anyways. "You're no gambler."

She unlocked the front door and I placed the box on the kitchen counter. When I turned around, I found her studying me. Again. But this time, she had a hand on her hip like a teacher about to school the class slacker.

"You're not gonna be a problem, are you?"

Fuck! I blinked. How could I blink? I realized that she knew I understood exactly what she meant. Crap. All that left me was honesty. "I don't want to be a problem." And, truly, I didn't. "And just how would I become a problem?"

"By staring at my tits too long, or fucking up my marriage."

Too long? Did that mean I could stare in short bursts? Several flippant remarks crossed my mind before I settled on talking to her like an adult.

"It looks like you got a great thing going, you seem like a good person, and I don't want to fuck up your shit. And if I stare at your fantastic tits too long, just smack me across the head. That almost always works."

"I'm gonna have to wear sweats around you, aren't I?"

"I promise not to break out the binoculars, as long as you realize that I'm only human and you're totally hot."

"So you're one of the honest, blunt guys. I hate the passive-aggressive lying asshole types. I hope we can still be good neighbors, even though you are attracted to me and I am in no way, shape, or form attracted to you."

"Don't beat around the bush. Give it to me straight. You wouldn't have sex with me even for a million dollars."

Her laughter broke her hard expression on her face. Her lips curled up involuntarily. "I don't know. That's a lot of money for two minutes work."

This reminded me of an old joke: a guy asks the hottest chick at the party if she'll have sex with him for a million bucks. She jumps up and down and screams yes. Then he asks if she'll fuck him for just one hundred. Insulted, she demands, "just what kind of girl do you think I am?" He replies, "we've already established that. Now we're just negotiating the price."

"How about a thousand?" I joke.

Her expression changes. "Sorry, Abe. My marriage is worth more than that."

"How about a month of unlimited sex on demand for \$10,000?"

Now she took a step back to gauge my seriousness. "A few things come to mind. 1, I'm not a prostitute. 2, you're an idiot to pay \$10,000 for a month of sex. And, 3, my marriage is worth a hell of a lot more than \$10,000. Do you realize how much my husband makes as a world-class heart surgeon? Sorry, Abe. You're just gonna have to beat off while holding binoculars. Especially if I take up skinny dipping again."

"Sorry for pushing this, but how about \$100,000 for a year?"

I totally held my breath as she studied me. I was fucking serious, and I think she could see that.

"Hypothetically, just out of curiosity, what exactly would you be paying me for?"

"We both work from home, and both of our spouses

work long hours. You don't have kids while mine go to high school. And it's easy to climb over our fence. So for \$100,000, I get to have as much sex with you as I want, whenever I want, as long as your husband isn't here. I'd get tested to prove I'm clean so we wouldn't need condoms."

"My husband gives me all that I need."

"Oh, I can tell he keeps you satisfied. It's one of the many things about you that I find attractive. But this isn't about you or him. It's about me. You'll understand why I have so little sex when you meet my wife -- and I don't say that cruelly. Please don't answer now. Sleep on it. You may not need the money, but maybe it'll help him retire sooner, or vacation with you longer, or help your family back home."

"Maybe you'll come to your senses after you beat off. A guy can't think straight with his balls full. That's why I blow my husband every morning he has surgery. Still, I can't believe you propositioned me."

"Not counting my hand, I haven't had sex this year, or great sex in almost twenty years. I tried a prostitute ten years ago and it was worse than masturbating with my left hand. I know I'm not George Clooney, but I'm in reasonable shape, I'm not a pervert, and my offer is sincere. Although I feel like a total putz for even bringing it up to such a class act."

She peered into my face again to make sure I wasn't fucking with her. "Promise me you won't fall in love with me, or any crap like that, because I can't tolerate that shit. It's why I only work from home. My last three jobs I got hit on all day, twice by supervisors. Sure, I got fake boobs, but I don't flaunt them. I'm not looking for a fling. I don't flirt or tease, yet men won't leave me alone."

"Yeah, it must totally suck to be so hot," I said with a straight face.

Maria's smile melted the tension in the kitchen
"Smart ass. You just wait until my husband gets home. You're gonna feel like shit that you propositioned his wife."

"I feel like shit already, and you haven't even shot me down yet."

"Smart ass."

CHAPTER 2

The lucky husband showed up right as I carried the last box to his gorgeous house. Maria ran to give him a long kiss. He took one look at me, then cupped her right ass cheek like a bear marking a tree.

"Hey, neighbor!" I called, so he wouldn't wonder why I held a box of his stuff.

"A guy at the gas station couldn't stop coughing, so I bought him some Mucinex to clear up his chest congestion. Within minutes he felt better."

"You are so wonderful," Maria told him, giving him another kiss, and for a weird moment I imagined her saying that to me while giving me a fucking kiss.

"This neighborhood is heavily Republican, so providing free medical is illegal," I sort-of joked. "Don't be surprised if someone from the country club gives you a citation."

"Are you the one flooding the roses?" he asked.

"No, I'm the one watering the curb." I ran to my house to turn off the hose. When I looked back, they were totally making out. "Hey, you kids, get a room." I didn't see any more cards to play, so I went inside and Googled "Colombian models" until I found one that looked close enough to her and beat off until my hand cramped.

The next morning, once my family and her husband left, I kicked my newspaper into her driveway, then flooded the roses again until she finally came out.

"Not even Dick Cheney waterboards that much," she said, picking up the newspaper.

"I feel terrible. If you've got a minute, I'll meet you by our backyard wall."

In my backyard I stepped on three concrete blocks to pop my head over her wall. She sat on the diving board, reading my newspaper. "Come here, Maria. I've something to show you." She navigated through bushes in her backyard, then saw the top few layers of our wall removed. "This house sat vacant for a year, so my kids loosened a few

blocks last summer to swim in your pool. Getting over is pretty easy."

"I guess I won't be skinny dipping after all."

I detected something in her voice that gave me hope. "Oh come on. I'll pay you to skinny dip." I had no idea how much I had in my pocket, but I threw a wad of bills towards her and hoped for the best. Then I realized that I couldn't get them back without invading her property.

She scanned the treasure. "\$87, really? You'll pay me \$87 to swim naked in my pool?"

"I'd pay you \$87 just to see you naked for a minute."

She looked me in the eye. Although she didn't move a muscle, I think I saw her mentally shrug. "I hope you don't make me regret this," she said, taking off her clothes.

I couldn't believe it. On several levels. That she would undress. That she would undress for me. That she would undress for me for \$87. And that her body was freakin' amazing. Her flawless face came with gravity-defying tits and a flat stomach that only comes from hours of ab exercises. She even turned around and I saw the best booty in my life. By the expression of her face and the glint in her eyes, she was enjoying me drooling over her.

"I stay in shape for my husband."

"I can see." Indeed. She must love him very much.

After at least two minutes of me gawking, she scooped up her money but, tellingly, didn't get dressed. Somewhere in the back of my mind a bullhorn blared.

"Best \$87 that I ever spent." She laughed, but I was totally serious. "Please don't take this wrong, but I'd pay you \$1000 cash for a blowjob."

"You met my husband. He's a great guy whose skill saves lives."

"He's also smarter, handsomer, and a better man than I am. No question. Ask the neighbors and I doubt anyone will disagree. However, I was surprised that he looks sixty years old."

"He's not sixty!" she shot back. "Not yet. But he has some health problems that have aged him."

"I'm not throwing stones, here. Catherine Zeta-Jones

was in her mid-twenties and at the peak of her career when she married Michael Douglas, who was twenty-six years older. I'm just curious how he won the lottery."

It took her longer to decide to tell me than it took her to decide to undress for 87 fucking bucks. "The guy who took my virginity in Colombia also got me pregnant by lying about putting on a condom. Once he learned of the baby, he spread rumors that I was a whore and that the baby was not his. I did not want to stay poor forever like my parents, and single motherhood practically guarantees that, so I went to a place that does abortions. Except abortion is not legal, so the quack fucked it up. Next thing I know a taxi dumped me at the emergency room. All I remember is the blood and screaming. The nurses said I should have died, but Sheldon worked eighteen hours straight to save my life. He didn't even get paid for it -- he was there to teach the surgeons.

"When I recovered, I begged him to let me repay him. My parents just adored him, so I wormed my way into his hotel room on the pretense of shopping, cleaning, and cooking for him. I took care of his every need. He was the total opposite of the liar who basically raped me, so I sucked and fucked Sheldon dry. Every few weeks he went to a different city, so I made myself indispensable. By the time he had to move on to Ecuador, he couldn't live without me. But I was underage, and traveling as lovers could get him arrested, so I convinced him to marry me. He had already gone through a brutal divorce, but I was the total opposite of the bitch who bled him dry.

"I couldn't have kids, which is my punishment for letting that bastard take advantage of me, and his children were already grown, so we met each other's needs. Most guys marry specifically to have kids, while my looks would attract players like the idiot who got me pregnant. An older guy who already had kids was perfect for me. Plus, he knew how to treat a lady, unlike macho Latino men, and made a good living. He preferred to teach, even though he could make several times more in private practice, but I didn't need riches. I just needed a good man. And anyone who threatens my marriage deserves everything terrible that happens to

him."

"Don't look at me! I just want to get laid. I promise I will not do anything to endanger your marriage. Except having tons of sex with you. And I'm serious about the \$100,000. My wife and I already decided to divorce once the kids graduate, so I won't even be cheating."

"This makes me feel like a prostitute."

"No!" I objected. "Prostitutes only have a transactional relationship. You and me? We're neighbors with benefits. Paying for each and every sex act would be prostitution, but having a long term relationship where the guy provides economic assistance to the woman is how the world works. In every marriage, the wife wants financial stability, and often trades sex for favors. But most wives aren't prostitutes! Not legally. Husbands pay their wives for sex. Just not every time. Or even with cash. Sometimes just paying her a compliment gets him laid."

"Oh I see," Maria said. "I would be a mistress, not a prostitute."

"Who is morally superior: the person paying for sex, or the person receiving?" I paused before trying something different. "You're right. If you're just gonna fuck me for money, then you're prostituting yourself. However, if you are fucking me because you want to fuck me, then you're not a prostitute, even if you benefit financially."

"Well, you are pretty cute."

I jumped on that like a trampoline. "You see? You not a prostitute! You're just an unfaithful wife, which is so much better."

Maria shook her head to keep from smiling. "I have a few concerns. First, no recordings of any kind. Only cash or its equivalent. You can't spend the day here, sleep over, or waste my time. If something comes up, where I'm not available, you just have to deal with it. If you get a crush on me or endanger my marriage, I'll hurt you as much as I can. I'd have to see proof that you're clean and I'd feel really stupid if I cheated on my husband, only for you to stop paying me, so I'd need a month pre-paid at all times. Finally, I need to know if you have anything unusual in mind."

My mouth was so dry I could not swallow. I could not believe she had thought about my offer. Later she'd confess that she thought of nothing else all night. "Blowjobs in the morning would be nice. Not hand jobs with a little tongue, but completing the task."

"You want to come in my mouth every morning," she stated unsurprised and, if anything, rather chipper. "What else?"

"You'll really suck me off every morning for a year?"

"I've only sucked off my husband, so it would depend on how you taste."

Okay, now I gulped. My wife never took it in the mouth. She only sucked to get me hard so she could get off. Maria's nude body made it hard to think.

"Now you're just stalling to get your \$87 worth," she joked, suddenly dancing to keep me focused.

"Can I kiss you?" I asked like a virgin.

"Mi amor, for \$100,000, you can kiss me wherever you want."

I hugged the wall before my knees buckled. She called me, mi amor! "I meant right now. Would you kiss me?"

I have never felt so flattered than that moment, the way her face lit up. She hopped over like a kid on Halloween. She fucking wants to kiss me, I realized. Maria walked through the bushes, gazed into my eyes, and caressed my cheek. Maria suddenly grabbed the back of my hair and pulled me forward. Shit, I nearly peed myself. She kissed me hard and, to my surprise, passionately. I felt her tongue against my teeth and I let her in. We exchanged saliva, then I felt her hand lead mine to her breasts. I felt her up and pitched a tent in my pants. I had heard of five minute kisses; I just never had one. Hell, my wife stopped kissing me years ago. In contrast, Maria seemed in no hurry to stop. An eternity passed and yet she still seemed like she was just warming up. When we finally paused, I worried about shooting myself.

"Please blow me for \$1000. I have cash in the house and I swear it won't take a minute." And I meant it.

"Let me see it."

An instant later my blue jeans and boxers fell to expose my totally hard cock.

"How big is it?" she asked, very interested.

"Seven and a half inches." I only slightly exaggerated.

"Really?" she replied, as if I said a foot long. Indeed, you'd think I opened a pizza box, the way she practically drooled. Not since I beat the crap out of a surprised bully in high school have I felt more manly. "Okay."

She backed up and I hopped the wall like a burglar. She knelt, right there in the bushes, dirtying her knees, and logged my petrified wood. Her mouth engulfed me with more enthusiasm than a teenager. With each bob of her head, she went deeper and faster, first getting her rhythm, then stepping it up.

She's hornier than I am, I realized. If she just wanted to get it over with, she would have jacked me hard while mouthing the head. Instead, her hands never touched my cock. One hand cupped my balls and the other stuck a finger up my ass with the other. I even spread my legs to give her greater access, and she rewarded me by finger-fucking my anus hard and fast. She took the whole damn penis, too -- something my lying wife claims isn't possible.

Her moans grew louder, more passionate, as she let herself go. She was loving it! I felt like high-five-ing myself. I wish I could finger her pussy because this lady clearly needed to cum bad. She had a fever and couldn't wait to swallow her medicine.

Maria looked so beautiful, naked, on her dirty knees, devouring my throbbing cock, as if it were the world's last porterhouse. I loved how her hair danced on her back. She looked closer to coming than I did.

I yelped in surprise when I hit the point of no return. Maria must have a turbo button on her because her engine suddenly revved up. Still using only her mouth, she gobbled me with the enthusiasm of a fag. I grabbed her wonderful hair with both hands and exploded in her mouth so hard my knees shook. My first wad hit her like a shotgun blast, the

way her head snapped back like whiplash. Well, that only seemed to provoke her more. I saw her swallow, then continue to pump my dick dry, moaning like a bitch in heat. I felt my second load coat her tongue and a third bounce off the roof of her mouth. Still, she fed the beast, not hesitating for a moment, eager for every drop. This wasn't a prostitute -- this was a miracle worker! I never knew a total hottie was capable of such things. It was like she crossed the Sahara and now needed to drink until she exploded.

Her hand flew from between my legs to between hers. A moment later her whole body shuddered. Her lips still locked on my cock, her eyes looked up at me, scared at the intensity. Her eyes glazed over like she took a premium hit of some new super drug.

The bowels of my soul coughed up my sixth and last squirt of cum. She pulled out to rest her lips on the head of my cock. It looked like she was putting lipstick on, the way she moved her lips over the tip of my penis. Her tongue flicked out and cleaned the sperm around her mouth like a puppy fed too much peanut butter. I watched her eyes unglazed and her face settle into an expression of deep satisfaction. Her happy smile barely fit on her face.

"You taste so good!" she told my penis, looking him in the eye. "And I get to suck you every day for the next year?"

She said it like she won the lottery, but I knew I was the true winner. I found a swallower in a world of spitters. And not just some diseased crack whore. Every man wants a virgin nympho supermodel. I just scored two out of three.

She looked up at me and moaned. No lie, my cock twitched against her tongue.

CHAPTER 3

The next morning, as soon as everyone left, I hopped the wall and Maria pushed me into the recliner chair in their living room for our first time. I found myself disappointed that she wore sweats. She helped me get my pants off, then kissed me on the mouth for several awesome minutes before

gobbling up my throbbing dick. Is she really going to kiss me on the mouth every day? Might as well feed me Viagra. Good thing we did this indoors, because just a gentle breeze may have set me off.

On her knees, between my legs, she sucked my cock with relish. Oh, that is so rare. Not just the head, either, but proper deep-throating til she snorted my trimmed pubes. Not once did she cheat by using her hands to pump the penis. The suction power surprised me. Most women suck to get the man hard so he can give her an orgasm. Maria, in contrast, sucked to milk me dry. And it didn't take long, either. Using self-restraint that I didn't know I had, I had not masturbated for three days. So when I exploded, I nearly blew her head off. She didn't break stride, not even when my cum shot out of her nose -- and that has to fucking burn. This girl clearly loves cum. She looked up at me and swirled it around her mouth before swallowing it with a huge smile.

Oh, yeah.

"I never knew man-juice could taste so good."

I'm still not sure if she was talking to me, or to herself. She looked stunned, like the first time a woman tastes lobster, then becomes addicted. And "man-juice?" That certainly sounded better than sperm, spunk, and cum.

Instead of running to the sink, she took a long swig from a bottle of Patron tequila, then handed it to me. I rarely drink, but I had some celebrating to do, so I matched her, shot for shot, until we were both kind of giddy. Somewhere in the middle of the drinking I became aware of Latin music blasting from a bedroom -- Daddy Yankee in this case. She got up and disappeared for a minute, turning up the volume. If my head was not spinning, I would have followed her. Maria returned a moment later dressed like a stripper -- down to the 9 inch heels. Now I understood the purpose of the sweats.

"I hope you didn't think we were done," she warned me, and my penis reared his big head. "I plan on giving you your money's worth. These past few days I could not stop thinking of all the things I wanted to do to you. Just look at how wet I am." She pulled her thong aside and, indeed, she

looked sopping wet. "It's not pee, either. Here, finger me and see for yourself."

Wow! She could even read minds! I slipped a finger in and my skin chilled when she shuddered. I suddenly suspected that she should be paying me for the sex, but was not prepared to argue the issue. Not with a wet snatch warming my finger. I pushed it in further and she had to lean against me, her tits mouthwatering close. I pulled out to smell my finger like the cork of a fine wine, then sucked her juices off. She might as well have coated my finger with ecstasy. A slot machine in my head suddenly went off.

Music blasting, Maria removed her top to expose her exquisite tits. Then she lowered her panties so she wore nothing but stripper shoes and a smile. Although I had just came, my dick danced like it was tracking her. When Shakira's Hips Don't Lie came on, she started rotating dance moves -- salsa, merenge, vallahatos, while occasionally bending over so I could get a great look at her privates. Maria sure loved to dance. I could watch those curves all day. She carefully sat in my lap, stuck a tittie in my mouth, and begged me to finger-fuck her.

I couldn't believe how wet she was. She needed this as much as I did. "Harder!" she ordered me. I didn't know if she referred to my sucking her nipple or fingering her cunt, so I did both harder and she gushed all over my hand with a scream of relief. I have never made a woman cum that hard before. Or fast. My wife is so afraid of waking the kids it's like mugging a mime.

"You recharged yet?" she asked, before gripping my hard cock. "Yep. Just as I hoped. Ready for more."

While I held her steady, she lowered herself onto me with enough moans and groans to fill a porn movie. I realized now that she wanted to blow me first so that I would last a long time while we fucked. If I fucked her first, I would not have lasted two seconds, and that would have spoiled everything. First impressions count. But by making me cum first, then giving me time to recharge, I could last long enough to give her an orgasm or two. Which I did, to my own surprise. I never imagined that she would get so

into this. I assumed it would be more like a cold prostitute experience.

Still in my lap, she rose and slid on my pole at a steady pace that slowly increased until she climaxed again. Seeing her other tittie so close, I sucked it like a baby until she recovered.

"Did you cum again?" she asked.

"No. I'm a gentleman -- women always come first." Okay, she actually made me cum first, but who's counting? I still made her cum twice. One more and I'll break my personal best.

"Excellent," she said. Maria got off, then got down on her knees to suck her juices off me. "I always wondered what I tasted like. Not bad, but not as good as you. Now please fuck me doggy style." She even wiggled her ass at me like a flight controller lining up an F-18.

I dropped to my knees behind her and she helped me get it in. Having cum already, my stamina shocked me. Eager to please, I fucked her good and hard, slapping her ass as she demanded, calling her nasty things like slut, whore, and sex slave. All too soon she came again, and none too soon because I had waited as long as I could. I shot a pint into her pussy and collapsed next to her. Three orgasms I gave her within an hour. I felt so proud.

"How soon can you fuck me again?" she asked as we snuggled on the tarp she placed over the carpet.

"A few hours, I guess. I've never been in such demand. Want me to bring you lunch? I'm a pretty good cook."

"You're going to make me lunch?" my new lover asked in disbelief. "No man has ever cooked me anything but excuses, so hell yeah, you can make me lunch. I'll be desert. But, for right now, just hold me."

While Maria rested, with her eyes closed, I memorized everything about her. I just couldn't get tired of looking at her nude body. I loved everything about her. Except her husband.

The late night comedian Johnny Carson once joked, "Why's divorce so expensive? Because it's worth it!" While

the rational part of me was appalled that I would spend \$100,000 on sex, the rest of me knew that it was totally worth it. This was the sex of my dreams, the sex that everyone talked about, but that I had never known.

The last few days, I assumed that Maria had no idea that I intended to fuck the hell out of her every chance I got. Now I realized that she was counting on me to fuck her every chance I got. She wanted it. She needed it. Whatever her husband was giving her, it was not the hot, heavy sex that a strong, athletic, spirited woman like Maria needed.

For the first time in my life, I was happy.

CHAPTER 4

After lunch, we went swimming. Nude. Maria really seemed to love letting go of her inhibitions. She stood on the diving board like something out of Playboy, and I couldn't believe I would soon be getting a piece of that again. She had the hardest abs I have ever seen. I drifted on an inflatable chair, my hands and legs in the warm water, watching her show off her body.

I just never imagined God would throw such blessings my way. There had to be a catch. I knew I would eventually pay a price, but for now I just appreciated my good fortune.

She cannonballed me and I struggled to stay afloat. She came up laughing, impossibly young for a 26 year old who grew up so poor that her family only flushed after #2 to save a few pesos on water. She coincidentally ended up between my legs, and I'm not a big believer in coincidences. Like a shark she snapped her jaws until she wrapped my growing cock in her mouth once more. This morning we ended up taking a two hour nap on the tarp in her living room, so I hoped I had recharged by now. Honestly, it had never been an issue before. When my wife and I first got together, we never had anywhere safe, private, and comfortable to do it more than once. If I hadn't been a computer nerd, I don't know how I would have supported my unexpected family.

We moved into the shallow end, where she tried to climb aboard. I clung to the wall with a hand and foot and she actually made it, sitting in my lap again. I sucked a tittie while she maneuvered my pole into her vault. It slid in smoothly and I realized that she was soaking wet. I knew from bad experience that water doesn't lubricate, so she has been on a low simmer all this time. I expected to love having sex with her, but never imagined she would love having sex with me. She closed her eyes to concentrate and through great agility managed to get the whole thing inside her. With that I pushed off because I have never had sex while floating before. Like these new "diet" beers, I was fucking close to water.

Maria sure knew how to move her hips. It must be all that Latino dancing. Soon she was pounding me like a nail, just thumping down against my thighs, lost in the experience, when stupid me tried to suck more tittie. That put us off-balance. We both threw ourselves to the other side, and naturally over-compensated. With a brief yelp of surprise we splashed underwater. I hoped she would not be pissed, but instead she came up laughing.

"I normally last longer than that," I swore to her.

"Let's take this inside. I need some deep dicking."

I followed her great naked booty like a dog. She made it clear I was never to enter the master bedroom, so she flopped down on the guest bed and spread her legs for me. It just looked so beautiful. My wife's huge thighs practically blocked her hairy entrance, so I could not resist this treat. I dived in and tried to remember all the advice I read online the last few days. At first I went deep, until her flavor changed from tangy to salty. My head snapped back when I realized that I just caught a taste of my own juice from this morning. Again, I'm not use to repeat sex.

When it comes to oral sex, men hope for guidance while women expect mind reading. I tried different tactics to win over her clit, adjusting according to her grunts, until I discovered the winning combination and spanked that baby until she screamed. I knew my wife faked it when she was tired or bored, but I could taste the reality of Maria's orgasm.

It even came with an aroma that would stay with me for the rest of my life. I knew twats had odors, but never dreamed that some came with aromas.

"Please fuck me as hard as you can, for as long as you can," this beauty begged me as if I was the one doing her the favor. I complied, sticking it in and starting the ignition. All those years jogging finally paid off as our marathon fuck ate up mile after mile. First she pulled me close to kiss me with her tongue, which helped me rub her clit and get her to climax. She stared at me with a look that I couldn't quite figure out. If I had to bet, I'd say she was pleasantly surprised, if not shocked. Once my back hurt too much, I put her ankles on my shoulder and pounded her with new fury. She pulled my head down to kiss me and we Frenched until we both came.

"You're even better than I expected," she said, looking at me like I was a god.

"I want that in writing."

I collapsed next to her and she turned to hold me close, our heads touching. I turned and found her staring at me again. "Do I have broccoli in my teeth?" I asked. She laughed and pulled me on top of her. I must have fallen asleep again -- that tequila is awesome! -- because I dreamed I just fucked the hottest woman I have ever met. "Shit!" I told her. "I have to go grocery shopping and start dinner. I still haven't cleaned up the kitchen yet."

"Will you have time to fuck me up the ass before our spouses get home?" she wanted to know.

I just couldn't get over this woman. There had to be a catch. Other than her sick husband. "I'll try to fit you into my busy schedule."

"Are you always this amusing?" Maria asked, purring naked in bed. I made a hurt face. "No, I meant funny. Are you always this hilarious?"

"Are you serious? I can't make a baby laugh. Ask anyone. I assume you just tickled my funny bone."

"That's humerus," she said. I clearly didn't get the joke. "It's called the funny bone because it's medical name is humerus." She paused. "You must not be married to a

doctor."

"Maria, I have to tell you something. I honestly didn't know if I could satisfy you. Your orgasms are doing wonders for my ego. I really never knew I could be such a great fuck."

She smiled and I could tell she was avoiding the first several jokes that came to mind. "You are one of the two best lovers I have ever known."

"You always know what to say."

A few hours later I ran back into her living room, not even taking the time to knock. "I only have ten minutes!"

She dropped her panties and knelt facing away from me on the sofa. "There's KY on the coffee table."

What a booty! I wish she let me take pictures. I lubed up and pressed my cherry-breaker against her rosebud and felt her push back. She grunted like a smoker when I wormed the head in, and breathed heavy as I plunged gradually deeper. "Oh that hurts so fucking good!" Maria cried out. She threw her hair back and I admired how it scattered across her bare back. Her body curved inwards between her back and hips, like they came with handles, and I roughly pulled her back for my thrusts. She must have drooled because she wiped her mouth. I loved how smooth her brown skin felt, with no tan lines or stretch marks. She pushed back now and I got my whole dick inside her ass. It felt wonderful. Not better than pussy or mouth, but nearly equal. Time was running out, so I fucked her hard and fast, pounding that sweet booty as she urged me on, cursing me.

"Cum up my ass. Punish me, lover. Spew your spunk inside me." I have to say, the words helped. I cried out and came far too fast and far too strong. I pulled out and a thin line of sperm followed, a white river flowing down her brown ass. Fortunately, a man disowns his sperm as soon as it leaves him.

"Don't beat off or I'll get jealous. I'll know, too. I want all your juice."

I ran into her backyard, hopped the wall, and then raked the yard for a minute before entering the house. My son, Alex, studied me like a chessboard. But he didn't ask,

so I didn't tell.

CHAPTER 5

A week later, I sat in the recliner, a beer in one hand, the remote in the other, mostly ignoring hot porn on a giant wall TV, while Maria blew me with the enthusiasm of a fag. For the millionth time, I told myself it doesn't get better than this. Basically, I had a supermodel literally on her knees sucking my dick. I felt my climax build up, then I exploded in her mouth. As always, she never even paused, greedy for the last drop. Only after draining me of every droplet would she look up at me, hungry for more.

"Can you spend the night?" she asked. My head snapped back like she rear-ended me. "Sheldon is spending the night at UCLA Medical. Since you and your wife sleep in separate bedrooms, I thought it would be nice to sleep with you."

God either loves me or loves fucking with me.

"Well, at the risk of you falling for me, I'll see if I can escape after Leno's monologue."

"I'll take the risk."

Wow! This was a new and unexpected development. Either she was an Oscar-winning actress, or I was making her cum several times a day. She apparently wanted me for more than just sex. And money.

"Do you want to go dancing?" I asked. She looked like I hit her. Fucking catatonic for a full minute. "Hey, are you all right? I thought you loved to dance."

"Sheldon never takes me dancing. Says it makes him feel old."

"Fucker is old, but I'm your young stud!" I boasted with a smile that made her laugh. "You need to take advantage of my youth and beauty while you can."

"Do you even know how to dance?" she asked.

"No, but with enough booze I can fake it."

"I'd love to teach you how we dance in Colombia."

"Oh yeah?" I said. "I'd love for you to teach me how you dance in Colombia. Unlike Shakira, my hips lie all the

time."

So I spent the day learning how to dance. As opposed to, say, making money. My wife and I almost called it quits several years ago, but stayed together for the kids. We split the family expenses, but kept what each of us made separately. She took an extra job to save up money, while I worked as little as possible. I had plenty saved up, and we had equity in the home, so I saw no real need to work myself to death. Until now.

Now, however, everything was different. I worked best when most alert, and cuming in the morning really cleared my head. Knowing I would get laid three times a day was like a boot on my back, pushing me on. I now begged for the barely profitable jobs that I used to blow off. The irony of the affair is that it made me work several times as much. The upside is that I could triple the \$40,000 I made the last twelve months if I could maintain my productivity. I could concentrate longer than most, but I still needed a real break. Watching TV or flipping through a magazine didn't cut it. However, being able to look forward to sex turbocharged my productivity. Every morning, after my blowjob, I worked my ass off, ate lunch with Maria, fucked the hell out of her, worked more, fucked again, then cooked dinner for the family. Except on weekends, when I pretty much worked eighteen hour days since our spouses were home.

I looked forward to taking her out dancing because it was such a great way to win her favor. Until I asked myself what I would wear. Oh, that brought me down. All I had were some old business suits. I made do, but vowed to have Maria help me buy some sweet threads soon. Women love shopping, so I found another opportunity to bond with her. I wanted to cement our relationship with enough rebar to withstand a suicidal 747.

I sneaked out of the house, unlike my teenagers who slammed the door, hopped the wall, and found Maria looking stunning. Wow. That dress and jewelry probably cost more than my entire wardrobe. She embraced me like I wasn't a piece of shit paying her for sex, then kissed me for at least

ten minutes. I never knew kissing was so intoxicating.

"I want you to cum inside me so that your juices flow down my legs while we dance. I hope you don't mind, but I wasn't planning on wearing a bra or panties."

I didn't know God made women this awesome. "You always know just what to say."

She wore super-high heels, so we fucking standing. I bent her over the couch, grabbed her hips, and pounded her like a boxer. I stabbed her so hard, long, and fast that I made her whimper. Oh, wait, that was me. It just felt so good. I didn't want to come without her, so I reached around with both hands to tweak a nipple and her clit. That did it. Her vagina muscles gripped my pole like a golfer and I flooded her pussy.

I drove her Lexus and she took me to a Spanish club. I wasn't the only white guy, but I was the only one who couldn't dance his ass off. Latinos learn to dance as soon as they can walk, and will dance in the street on the weekends just for the hell of it. Kids, teenagers, grandmas. On a chart, my learning curve looked like a hockey stick. But I mastered the basics, like Maria taught me, and managed not to embarrass myself. This was the most fun I've ever had with my clothes on.

I got us a bottle of Patron and saw Maria blowing off one young stud after another as I made my way back to our table. I approached her from behind while she was dissing some arrogant fuck in rapid Spanish. A couple of his buddies encouraged him and I feared he wasn't going to take no for an answer. I stepped between them and my sheer hostility made them back off. It certainly wasn't my sheer bulk. I was about to smash the fucker's head with the bottle, when the guy said in flawless English that there was no way I was her husband. Maria showed him her wedding ring, which looked like a small fortune, but he still didn't buy it.

I didn't want to get into a fight in this club, so I said it loud enough to be heard over the reggeton blasting. "I just came inside her, and she's not wearing panties. Maria, show them."

All three gathered around and dear Maria must have

descended from Amazons because she spread her legs wide so they could clearly see my spunk flowing out. She sunk an index finger into her pussy to scoop out my "polvo," as she called it. Maria may as well have maced them. With their complete fucking attention, she held up her finger to their noses, forcing them back, then sucked her finger like a chicken wing dipped in ranch dressing. Whatever our relationship, they were not interested in a woman with another man's sperm still warm in her virgina, so they took off while nearby tables applauded us. I may not be Hispanic, know Spanish, or how to dance, but I fucked this total hottie, and that, apparently, was good enough for them. No one fucked with us for the rest of the night.

Maria rewarded me with constant affection and flirting. She flashed me, had me rub her ass and tits, and kissed me passionately on the dance floor. I got more affection from her than the rest of my life combined. She loved to throw up her tiny skirt to flash me her pussy or booty. Everyone around us could see she wasn't wearing panties, and I couldn't be prouder because after they looked at her, they raised their estimation of me.

Dancing sure is fun when you know the hottie you're dancing with is a sure thing. Dinner and dancing thereafter became a regular thing for us, and Maria really showed her appreciation.

Even sleeping with her was better than I expected. She smelled so different from my wife. Maria just gave off an awesome vibe that I soaked up. I knew I had some anger issues, but Maria seemed to melt them away. The more time I spent with her, the less my darker side popped its ugly mug. Sure, I was on my best behavior, but something deep was happening. Somehow she cleansed me, body and soul. Of course, if I mentioned this she would probably never see me again. I never doubted her promise to end us if I fell for her. So I did what any man in my situation would do, and concealed how I really felt. You'd think after a lifetime doing so, that it would be easy, but I'd find myself cooking her something I thought she'd love, fixing stuff around her house, or just find myself ten minutes into massaging her

back when she slept. I knew I fell for her when I realized that I cared more for her interest than for mine. All the while knowing she was using me for money, sex, and to combat loneliness.

When I woke up the next morning, she had her arms wrapped around me. Hey, I was suppose to spoon her, not the other way around. Not that I was complaining. But what I found really weird is that she was gazing at me. Not like a serial killer or anything, but like watching a YouTube video of cute kittens.

"Was that me snoring?" I joked. "I was hoping it was the neighbor."

"No, you didn't snore. You slept like a baby."

"Oh. Sorry about that. I'll buy you new sheets."

She whacked my arm lightly. "You have to go." The words I always dreaded from her. "After you feed me."

That's what Maria called it. When she drank my juice every morning, she referred to it as her protein drink. She read somewhere that sperm was actually healthy, and I want to shake the hand of the fellow who wrote that article. I slept nude, of course, and realized that she had started without me. She had been fondling me in my sleep -- what a great way to wake up. She threw off the sheets and knelt between my legs. My dick sprang up at her like a baby lion, already anticipating the pleasure. I adjusted my position and nearly jumped into the wall when she shoved a finger up my ass. I never got around to buying toys to put up there, so I guess she got tired of waiting. Her finger fucked me like my finger often fucked her, and the sensation blew me away. Well, the sensation and her mouth because sooner than usual I unloaded down her throat. A minute later, after sucking out the last drop, she smiled at me, cum still on her chin.

"You like getting butt-fucked. We'll have to explore that more."

She always knew just what to say. I got dressed quickly. Although it was still dark, I could see the first light over the horizon. She saw me off, wearing a transparent nighty.

"I'll see you in a few hours. I'll make you Colombian

pasteles de pollo."

Ohhh, I loved her cooking. I always assumed all Latin food tasted like Mexican food, but instead it varied widely. She claimed her family had never eaten a burrito before.

After making breakfast I felt so wide awake I went right to the computer and got to work. My son popped his head in, but I waved him away. Programming requires long periods of intense concentration that can be ruined by one single distraction. I got paid for how much I produced, not how long I worked. Whereas before I started drifting after an hour or two, recently I worked three times as long before my mind started shutting down. To keep up my stamina, I ate healthier, took vitamins, and exercised more, but the obvious cure for my burnout was my new sex life. I just couldn't get enough of Maria. Working eighty hours a week felt like a small price to pay for what I was getting. Instead of fucking a beautiful prostitute who endured me, I found myself falling for a great woman who just happened to be exactly my type. Just finding someone who laughed at my jokes seemed like a miracle.

I finally came up for air after noon. I couldn't believe I worked so long. I took a shower, then rushed over to eat lunch and ravage desert.

"Thought you forgot about me," Maria pouted, sporting short shorts and a sports bra, then lit up to hug me fiercely. I loved how her big breasts pressed against me.

"Missed me?" I asked, surprised.

"Just your penis. Do you want sex before or after lunch?"

Unlike other guys, I don't think with my penis. In fact, my penis doesn't think at all. It just decides. I swung my hard prick against her leg to answer her question and she laughed gaily.

"How do you want it, master?" she asked coyly.

"I need to taste you."

I laid down and pulled her on top of me in a 69. She purred at the prospect of gobbling me again. Maria loved my juice as much as my wife hated it. She spread her legs

and lowered her pussy onto my waiting tongue. She showered and put that body spray or whatever on because she smelled awesome. Maria intoxicated me. I built her up to another strong orgasm, judging by her moans and groans. When her shrieks reached a high pitch, she sucked me faster and harder, which drove me crazy. She's trying to make me cum first, I realized. I fought back, lavishing attention on her clit and sticking three fingers in her, which made her gasp in surprise and pleasure. She redoubled her efforts and I felt myself losing the battle. Then she screamed louder. With a gush, the canyon flooded into my mouth just as I fired my cannon to the moon. We drank each other like college freshmen and basked briefly in our tie.

Then she screamed and ran out of the room.

CHAPTER 6

Alex walked closer to the wide open sliding glass door and said, "that was awesome!"

I pulled on pants while yelling, "what the hell are you doing here?"

"Wishing I had a camera," the smartass replied.

"And trying to figure out where you escaped to. I must admit, this never crossed my mind. She is so out of your league, dad. I'm happy you scored a super-babe, but when she drops you, it will be epic."

"Why aren't you in school?"

"You act completely differently, you sell \$30,000 worth of stock, then you disappear for an entire night. It was driving me crazy. If I didn't put wireless spy cams on every exit, I'd be in a mental hospital right now."

"You spied on me?" I couldn't believe it.

"You sang while making pancakes. Yes, I spied on you. I worried you were either into drugs or about to buy a boat, but Justine had some really crazy theories. You don't owe the mafia, do you?"

I pulled myself to my full height and stepped into his space. "How could you possibly know I sold \$30,000?"

"Oh, that. Ah, shit, sorry, dad, but I put spyware on

all the computers two years ago when you and mom started sleeping in separate bedrooms. We wanted leverage for when you guys accepted the inevitable."

"We?"

"Justine thought of it, but I have the technical skills. She wants to move in with her boyfriend when you guys split up, and I plan on taking the GED when I'm fifteen and a half so I can work as a research assistant for Uncle Harold. I'm already doing what I can from home, but Harold really needs me full time. If he has to hire someone else, I may never get in with a hedge fund on the west coast."

He may as well has smacked me with a 2X4. "You put spyware on my computer."

"Yeah. Mom's, too. Justine figured we needed dirt to influence the divorce. I got suspicious when you stopped surfing for porn and started working so much. Justine searched your room for stimulants. Well, for cocaine. She will be so relieved when she finds out it's just for sex."

"You're gonna tell her?" I shouted.

"Well, she's really worried about you. Me? I was just going crazy. Nothing made sense. I thought you were going to buy me a car, but my birthday isn't for two months. And I have more money than you. I am so relieved that you're just boning the neighbor. We threw out some pretty wild ideas."

"You plan on telling your mother?"

"Nah. I didn't tell you when she started getting some two years ago, did I? I'm really proud of that."

"Excuse me?"

"No way! You still don't know? Dude, where have you been? You think she's been working all this time?" My son started laughing at me. "Bro, she stuck you with the cleaning and the cooking while she got it on. We followed her after I hacked her Smartphone -- you should see the damn pictures! -- then confronted her at her lover's place."

"What's his name?" I had emotions exploding inside me like someone dumped a crate of grenades.

"Linda." Alex smacked himself. "Damn it! I was suppose to record your reaction. Justine thought it would be

classic. Dude, you never wondered about mom when she butched her hair, started wearing tents, and minimized her bathing? When's the last time she wore makeup, perfume, or jewelry? Hello? Just how many clues do you need?"

He was really pissing me off. "Maria's got a good thing going with Sheldon and I can't have you fucking it up."

"Chill, son. I'm not the one fucking her, am I? You flexing on me? You think you could take me, old man?"

The smartass. "For another year or two, yes." And I meant it. He, apparently, agreed, backing up.

"I'm not gonna mess up her shit. Maria," he yelled into the house. "I won't tell anyone. Not even my sister."

Maria came out, wearing my shirt and nothing else. "I appreciate it. Sheldon is very sick and this could literally kill him."

"I won't be a problem. Promise." He then turned to me. "But I want to quit school if I pass the GED to work for Uncle Harold."

"Your mother wants you to graduate from college like we never could, and her brother is afraid of her. Plus, the morning traffic would be brutal and you can't get an apartment until you're of age."

"Yeah. Which is why I want to go to court to get emancipated. Given grandpa's condition after the stroke, he can't manage his money. I could do that for him if I could legally enter contracts. No one else wants to do it. His shit is so complicated, and no one understands it like I do."

"You think your mother will buy that?" I asked.

"Oh, she already agreed, in return for us not telling you she was unfaithful. And that grandpa was giving both of you the maximum tax-free gift every year, but she tried to keep yours for herself. I got you up to \$84,000, last time I checked. What she doesn't know is that Justine wants to move in with her boyfriend when I move closer to Uncle Harold. In return, she promises to finish high school and give community college a try. Then you two can do whatever the hell you want to do, without getting us involved. We do appreciate you guys sticking together when you obviously wanted to separate. We feared each of you

would try to turn us against the other, or just fight all day. We're surprised you've been so mature about your dead marriage."

I didn't know what to say to that. This was much more than I ever told Maria.

"I'll agree on the condition that you go to college if you can't make it with Uncle Harold. You're gonna have to work crazy hours to keep up with him. You think I'm strict? He won't cut you any slack just because you're his freakishly brilliant nephew. And I want you to transfer my money into my account."

Alex smiled. "Deal. I'll go to college if I can't hack the real world, but you will support my legal emancipation so I can get my own apartment and manage grandpa's fortune."

We shook hands and I realized my boy just became a man.

"So we're all good?" he asked us. "Because I'm still curious about the thirty-thou. If you're buying her jewelry or dresses, I haven't seen it."

Maria and I exchanged looks. I gestured for her to explain.

"Sheldon works at UCLA Medical, part-time for the medical insurance, but he's also a patient in an experimental gene therapy survey. The hospital covers the treatment, but not all the expensive medications, which are bankrupting us. I've worked more the last few years than him, as a stripper at the Spearmint Rhino, but I quit after taking home only half of what I used to make because of the damn recession. Sooner or later he will no longer be able to work, and I need a big nest egg to cover his treatments when his insurance drops him. So I give Abe unlimited sex-on-demand for \$100,000 a year."

"Serious?" Alex not only approved, but looked ready to applaud.

"I made him pre-pay a month to make sure he didn't bail on me," Maria continued. "I'm gonna need that \$100,000 to keep my husband alive."

Alex walked in and sat down. "It all makes so much

sense, now." Indeed. I couldn't decide if that made Maria a great or a terrible wife. "Can I sign up?"

My neck shot around when he asked that. My son wants to fuck my girlfriend/mistress/lover? Maria, bless her, just laughed it off, but my hands started sweating. If he wasn't my son, I would be smashing his skull in right now.

"I'm not gonna go to jail fucking a minor. I only agreed to Abe because he committed for so long."

"Oh, once I'm emancipated, I am legally an adult, so it won't be statutory rape. And I have more money than my dad. Grandma and grandpa have been giving Justine and me the maximum allowable tax-free cash gift since we were born. Last year was \$15,000 from each grandparent. I hope to become a millionaire in my 20's. It's why I got into investing several years ago. I'm really good at it, too. I now have more than Justine, despite her two year head start. With dad on board, I can get a lawyer to start the paperwork. It usually takes several months, then I won't be a minor anymore."

I couldn't make eye contact. With either of them. The thought of my son fucking my lover boggled my mind. I felt the hair on my neck stand up. I felt like clawing a tree or peeing to mark my territory. The only thing I could hear was my heart racing and my mind shutting down. If I objected, then Maria would know how much I cared about her, and simply replace me with my son. That would be the worst of both worlds. If I agreed, I was a total schmuck. It's the first rule of sex: when God gives you a super-babe, you don't fucking share her! I waited for Maria to agree or disagree, but she seemed to be waiting for me to object or not. Fuck, we'll have to wait all day then. I could feel her studying me, the way that women study men, with those pointy eyes and hands-on-hips.

"Why don't we cross that bridge when we get to it?" I suggested into the very uncomfortable silence.

Alex now studied me, too. He realized I marked this territory like a bear and would fight to defend it against rivals. "Yeah, sure. This is all too much for one day, eh?" He got up. "Maria," he said, holding out his hand. "Your

secret is safe with me as long as dad keeps his promise."

"We'll soon know if you're a man of your word or a weasel."

Alex must have seen the boulder roll off my shoulders. The relief on my face must have been obvious because he decided to fuck with me. Just because he could, the ungrateful bastard.

"Maria, I wonder if you would indulge me. Through the glass window I couldn't get a clear view. Since we're all friends now, would you mind showing me what I only saw so briefly from so far away?"

She blinked. I know she understood, but she still blinked. I could see her processing her options like in Terminator: smack the kid, show the goods, or do like Schwarzenegger did and tell him to fuck off. Alex patiently waited for it, too. He certainly didn't expect her to do what she did. Hell, I didn't expect her to do what she did. But she fucking did it. With an elegance of a stripper, she shed my shirt and stood before us wearing nothing but a smile. She stood just out of arm's reach and turned around for him, dancing to the music she always had in the background. Fuck music, she called it. I later learned it was Spanish reggeton.

"I'd kiss you, but I still have your father's cum in my mouth."

My smartass son didn't know what to say. She stunned him like a Star Trek laser. Finally, someone discovered how to shut him the fuck up. When I noticed the wild look in his eyes, it hit me what she just did to him. She just showed him what his fucking father was getting several times a day. With that I stood up and regained my dignity.

"Haul ass back to school while I fuck Maria again. I've only cum in two out of three holes since last night. She swallows me every morning, so it's hard to keep the tank full. Don't worry. When you're filthy rich, I'm sure you will find a total stunner like Maria who will suck you off every day, too."

Alex finally turned from Maria to look at me. He got it, too. He understood what she just did to him. He was

going to beat off forever to this recording in his head, while I got the real thing. With his mediocre looks and unflattering disposition, he would need to earn millions to taste what I feasted on all day long.

"Don't forget your fucking promise," I warned him as I pushed my son out of the house. "If Sheldon hears of this, I'll oppose your emancipation."

Once he stumbled over the wall, I turned and kissed Maria. My knees felt weak, so I grabbed the tequila bottle and drank a good portion of it before sitting down to decompress.

"Please promise me you won't ever fuck him," I begged her. "His head will get so big it will sink California into the Pacific. Instead, I'll remain your client for another year."

"You're willing to commit to two years?" she asked, teasing me.

"I'm willing to commit to a lifetime. And then some."

She laughed. God, I loved her laugh. Too many girls giggle, which I find irritating. "I promise I won't ever fuck him, but I reserve the right to fuck with him. Do you mind if I flirt with him, as long as I swear it will never go farther than flirting?"

"No matter how much he offers you?" I sounded skeptical.

"The last time a boy promised me the moon, I almost died and lost my ability to have children."

I exhaled for the first time in like forever. "You are so awesome."

"You're not so bad yourself. You wanna have lunch?"

"I wanna get drunk, sleep, and wake up with you naked in my arms and horny as hell."

Her face lit up. "You always know just what to say."

CHAPTER 7

"Happy birthday, Alex," Maria said, giving him a big hug to welcome him into her house for the first time in two

months. I had already given him my gift, but Maria's present could only be unwrapped in the privacy of her home.

"Wow, Maria! You look fantastic." By his bulging eyes and pants, I could tell he meant it. She wore suggestive lingerie that revealed more than it concealed.

"Since rich guys like you purchase whatever they want, I thought I'd give you something you can't buy," Maria explained, turning on the music while I handed my son a beer. "But you have to promise not to touch. I can touch you, but you can't touch me. Agreed?"

He just realized he was about to get his first lap dance. "Sold!" He nestled down into my Lay-Z-Boy blowjob chair and prepared for the show.

As we rehearsed, she came out of the kitchen to swing around the stripper pole we installed just for this occasion. She took classes years ago in Vegas, and her work experience showed as she turned upside down. Maria spent several minutes exhausting her repertoire, then humped, bumped, and danced around it suggestively. Maria took off her clothes, so we did the same. I immediately started stroking it, so my son did the same.

Now showing everything, Maria crawled towards him, her big tits hanging like huge melons. She used his bare legs to push herself to her feet, pulling herself up between his legs and letting her breasts press against his cock. Ruthlessly, she bitch-slapped his face with both breasts like out of a Benny Hill comedy skit and laughed at the hilarity. My son took it like a man, though, trying and failing to get a nipple into his mouth.

She threw her head back and all that wonderful jet-black hair flew behind her. She cupped a breast with one hand and stuck a finger from the other into her pussy. The cruel bitch let him smell it, too, before shoving it into his mouth so he could suck her juices dry. All while smiling seductively into his eyes. No wonder strippers made a fortune before the big banks fucked up the economy. She danced in place, shaking her hips like Shakira. With her back to him, she bent over and reached under her legs, before slapping her own ass and slowly pulling her hand down her

crack and across her wet pussy.

Alex looked ready to shoot himself in the face with his dick. Maria now sat on one of his legs like a bicycle to grind her pussy against his bare skin, while caressing his chest and face, then switched to rub her juice on his other leg. Then she somehow anchored her legs between him and the chair and laid her back across his legs, her pussy spread and her tits proud as she arched her back until her head rested near the carpet. Still dancing, she thumped his dick with her bare ass and pulled herself closer so that her breathtaking pussy was within smelling distance. If he jack-knifed, he could have jammed his nose into her cunt, but she waved her finger "no" to exquisitely torture the blackmailer. Finally she freed her feet and kicked her legs over to roll onto the carpet, out of reach.

On top of the TV I turned on my own hidden spy cam as soon as Maria moved out of the way. I handed her the tequila bottle and she drank eagerly. She sat down on the leather couch, spread her legs to give Alex the best view, and drank some more. Damn she looked sexy. Her tits defied gravity after all these years. She had been jogging with me, while I did aerobics, crunches, and lunges with her, so she was in great shape. Naturally tan, toned, and talented, my little seductress made me so proud. I walked over to offer her my throbbing dick and she sucked it like a big buffalo wing.

Alex clearly wanted to join the party, but my mind-reading minx waved him "no" without even looking in his direction. He now understood why we left a cum cloth on the recliner. He grabbed it and started jacking it in earnest, totally unaware that a camera recorded him, but not us. Which is why we didn't speak to him or each other. I was hoping it would look like he was beating off to a porn so he could never fuck with me again.

Having gobbled my cock in its entirety, she sucked on each ball, then turned me around to lick my asshole. I shaved and showered for the occasion. And, for the record, I still don't understand why guys have butt hair while women don't. In a part we had to rehearse several times, I stepped

down from the couch and pulled her up to eat her out, without her mouth ever leaving my cock. Hey, it's not as easy as it looks, and I've been working out. But now we 69'ed vertically, which looks better than it is, positioning ourselves to give my son a great angle. It felt great, her upside down, bobbing on my apple, tits brushing my stomach, while I dug for gold in her pussy.

I eventually sat down and she impaled herself on my cock. We slipped our tongues into each other's mouths. I fondled a tit with one hand and caressed her ass with the other. Reaching deep, I dipped a finger into her anus and she squealed with delight. She pushed herself higher, without letting my prick free, so that I could finger-fuck her a-hole with my middle finger. Oh, that made her grunt like an angry pig. Frantic, she slid down my cock with growing intensity, smacking my thighs with her ass, until she attacked my neck like a vampire and spilled her juice all over my dick.

She kissed me tenderly and said the words every man wants to a super-hottie to say: "I love you."

Nah, just kidding. She looked into my eyes and said, "you are the best fuck I have ever known." Given that she swore her only other lovers were her terminally ill husband and the rapist, it wasn't the highest praise, but I took it like it was. But Alex didn't know that. Like any teenager, he assumed she enjoyed more than her share of lovers, so her words raised me up a notch in his estimation. Or so I hoped.

She turned around and sat on my cock again, but facing Alex. Between my legs, she leaned forward to balance herself, then moved her hips up and down on my penis like an oil rig. She lost herself in a great rhythm. Thank God she swallowed me a few hours before, or I would have blown a gasket. I reached around and tweaked her clit with one hand and a nipple with the other. That fucking did it. Within just a few minutes she exploded, shaking like an epileptic, and collapsed on the floor. I handed her a water bottle and gave her a moment to collect herself.

On her knees, between my legs, Maria contemplated my erection. Some guys point up or down, or drift to one

side. Not me. I point straight up like the North Star. We watched her in fascination as she methodically considered her options. Clearly, the show would go on. Then she smiled up at me, and I knew I was in for a treat. First, she sucked her juices off my dick, going so far down to sniff my pubes.

She stood up, naked as a babe, every curve delicious to the eye. She generated a decent sweat in her workout, such that her olive skin glistened. She met Alex's eyes, then sat down again. Except she switched holes. She placed a foot on either side, then squatted over her prize. One hand grabbed my dick and she lowered herself, panting and groaning as the purple head pushed its way past her resisting anal muscles. Her desire was greater than the pain. She slid up and down a little at a time, working it, until she had my whole cock inside her anus.

"Ahhhh," she sighed in ecstasy.

Maria leaned back against me and wrapped an arm around my head. I, naturally, pinched her nipple and plunged a finger into her hot pussy. She faced Alex, who sat just a few feet away, so he saw everything down to the last detail. She lifted herself up and I got to work, pumping my prick in and out of her butt hole, literally fucking the shit out of her. I don't know how long this lasted, because I drifted onto Cloud 9, but she came again -- real, too, given the quantity of liquid that sprayed my hand. Once she recovered, she licked my fingers clean and my son reached his limit. He came onto the cum cloth, huffing and puffing like the big bad wolf.

But Maria was not finished. We got off the couch, so to speak, and she laid down to spread her legs so Alex got a bird's eye view of her flooded virgina. I stood over her and she jacked me off until I shot my load into her waiting mouth. Some splashed around her face, so she scooped it up and fed herself, while moaning like a kitten in heat.

Before we started talking, I walked over and turned off the spy cam. To distract my son, Maria started to finger herself to another orgasm.

"Happy birthday, son."

"Best. Birthday. Present. Ever." He must like being sexually tortured.

"I hoped you'd like it. But Maria is my girlfriend and I'm not gonna share her. Ever. Not at any price. But you'll find plenty of hotties after I help you buy a sweet ride to impress the impressionable ho's once you get your license. When you get your permit, I'll let you do all the driving so you get plenty of practice before the DMV tests you. By the time you take the GED in six months, you should be legally emancipated and my brother-in-law will employ you as an over-priced research assistant. All bullshit aside, I am very proud of you. We all feared you'd become a slacker like your sister.

"But I don't like being blackmailed, so we just recorded you beating off. I also copied the contact information from your email accounts, Facebook, and your iPhone so I have some leverage in case you fuck with me again. You may not care if your friends and their parents see a video of you jacking it, so I'll dub a gay porn over the audio so everyone assumes you're a fag. And you know how homophobic your Uncle Harold is. He'll drop you like a spent cigarette, then wash his hands of you.

"Now, I hope I never have to play this card, but you need to understand that what you did to me was really fucked up. Spyware on my computer, hacking into my phone, and spy cams to track my movements? I stayed with your lesbo mother for years so you wouldn't suffer from a broken home. I cooked and cleaned and put your needs before my own. Instead of coming to talk to me like a friend, you set me up like an enemy. I will always love you, but I will never trust you again. However, I have no doubt that you will do well at a hedge fund. Your uncle, if anything, is even more ethically challenged than you. I'm sure you will make him proud.

"Now put on your clothes and get the fuck out. I'm gonna lick my girlfriend to another orgasm for being such a naughty girl."

CHAPTER 8

As the weeks sped by, Sheldon deteriorated, allowing me to sleep over more. I even became a decent dancer for a gringo. The worse he deteriorated, the more depressed she became. She needed me to hold her or she would bite off her nails and pull out her hair. Maria was strong, but she hated being alone in that big house. It simply gave her too much time to worry herself crazy. I understood that my role was to distract her from being reminded she was losing her husband, but it was a shitty role for a lover to play. Still, for her sake, I kept surprising her, showing her stuff, introducing her to new things, from books and movies to parks and shows.

While watching a scary vampire movie, I saw how engrossed she became. In other words, not any of the Twilight films. Slowly I lifted a finger to her upper lip, as if searching for fangs. Shocked, she jumped, then laughed upon realizing my joke.

"Are we dating?" she asked me over dinner at a nice Italian restaurant. I loved taking her out because she had an exhaustive wardrobe, so she always looked fabulous. Tonight she wore a nice red number which emphasized her cleavage. I couldn't wait to get her on the dance floor.

"No," I assured her. "I'm just giving you a break so you don't go crazy taking care of Sheldon. He's on so much medication that you have to bathe him, dress him, feed him. I know you don't mind doing all that and more, but anyone in your position would need a break. Otherwise you'd burn out. Why else have so much sex with me? Because climaxing is the one time when you can't think."

She put her hand on mine. "And what are you getting out of all this?"

Besides the sex, she meant. "You are wonderful company. Much better than my computer or the TV. With my soon-to-be ex living with her lover, and the kids doing their own thing, my house is as empty as yours."

"I just feel so guilty. I am having such a great time when he is suffering so much."

We have been over this so many times. "You are doing everything you can, so don't punish yourself on top of

what life is sticking you with. You were dealt a crappy hand. All you can do is play it as well as possible."

"You are my only friend here. I wish I had family to comfort me. We only moved to L.A. because his daughter is a physician and got him into the experimental treatment program. She's great, but we can't exactly bond. If it weren't for you, I would have pulled my hair out by now."

"Well, you look good with a mustache, so I bet you'd also look good bald."

She slapped my hand and laughed. "You know what I mean. It's traumatic what he's going through. For me. I can't imagine what he's going through. As a doctor, he takes it all clinically. You should hear him discuss his condition with the doctors. He's got a dozen of them. You'd think Sheldon was remarking on the weather."

"In a way, it's harder for you than it is for him. He endures discomfort, not guilt. You know how he tries to cheer you up. How often does he tell you to go shopping? So stop beating yourself up for what you cannot change, and instead let's think of something new."

"Like what?"

Indeed. We were rapidly exhausting the nice restaurants within driving distance, and most movies were not worth \$10 bucks, no matter how deep one's pockets.

"Next time he has to spend a few nights at the hospital, let's get away from it all. Maybe Cabo San Lucas. My treat."

She looked at me with big eyes. "But we're not dating."

"Hell no! Think of it as spring break without all the fucking teenagers. I found a secluded bungalow in Baja California where we can skinny dip and eat lobster all day. You need a vacation before Sheldon gets worse. You will build up the inner strength you will need over the next several months."

"You take such good care of me."

"I'm a caring guy."

"What will happen when Sheldon is gone?" she asked.

"We will cross that bridge when we get to it." I had been dreading this conversation. "Look, you cannot know how you will feel about me, about us, while he lives. Your life has revolved around him for ten years. He fucking saved your life and you have done everything to show your appreciation. You have no idea how special you are. You're fucking selfless. You work your ass off -- and I should know -- to buy him the meds he needs. When he is gone, you will have a giant hole in your life. Who knows what fucker will try to fill that void?"

"So I propose something simple: let's commit to that two year contract to give you the time to get back on your feet. By then you will know if you want to stay with me or move on. However, instead of paying two mortgages and utilities, I propose we move in together to save money. I will pay for everything, including your mortgage and lots of vacations, but your salary drops to \$50,000 for that second year. I'll still spend \$100,000 on you, so you will save up \$50,000. What you do with that nest egg will be up to you. You will have your freedom, independence, and the financial resources to choose your own life."

She ate her salad in silence for a few minutes. "How do you think of me? As a prostitute? A whore? A mistress? A girlfriend? A future wife?"

"A really fun neighbor," I answered quickly and hoped I passed the test. Obviously, I wanted to spend the rest of my life with her and only with her. Who the fuck wouldn't? Finding her was like the wind blowing the winning lottery ticket into my hands. Threading this needle was fucking difficult. It stressed me out, figuring how to play this just right. Losing her would depress me more than losing my marriage. I was juggling the Crown Jewels while walking a tightrope over the Grand Canyon.

"You told your son I was your girlfriend."

"I didn't want to confuse him. You're someone I care about who is losing her terminally ill husband. My job is to keep the demons away, so I guess I'm your special friend." I paused dramatically. "Sheeeee-it. Now that I think of it, you should be paying me."

Maria laughed, and tugged my heart. "Abe, you always know what to say."

No sooner did she say that than I proved her wrong.

"I finally have the marriage I have always wanted, but never got. You're the wife my spouse never was."

Oh, crap. Did I say that out loud? I knew I fucked up, and didn't want to know how bad. "Waiter!" I yelled too loudly. "More wine, please."

I dug into my shrimp pasta, afraid to make eye contact. I could feel her looking into my forehead. Thank God I didn't lose my hair like my father. For the first time since she accepted my proposal, I felt uncomfortable in her presence. We talked little during dinner and slept together without having sex -- a first. She spooned me, as I didn't dare show her my face, since I was "this" fucking close to crying. If I lost her by saying something stupid -- no matter how true -- the loss would devastate me. It's like those stupid bitches in the horror movies who trip when the psycho killer is chasing them with an ax. Please, God, don't let me be one of those stupid bitches.

CHAPTER 9

Maria drove her Lexus SUV to the border, then I took us the rest of the way to Cabo San Lucas in the Baja California peninsula, where so many gringos vacationed and retired. With the economy still cratered, I got an awesome deal at a five star hotel on a magnificent beach. In the best damn ritual ever, she sucked me dry before we left, which made me a calmer driver. She started polishing my pole again once we passed Rosarito, forcing me to stop after Ensenada to finger her to an orgasm. I always assumed the point of sucking cock was to either get it hard or get it off. Maria, in contrast, just enjoyed having my penis in her mouth.

You know how they say you know great art when you see it? That's Maria. God did one of those awesome brush strokes, took a closer look to inspect his work, then left well enough alone.

We sped through check-in and I barely made it into our room before stabbing her with my spear. Seriously, I didn't even close the door because Maria stripped in record time and I could not wait another second. I punished her, too, for the entire hour it took me to cum. My cock, teased for so long, apparently needed a lot of convincing that I actually wanted to unload this time. I have never fucked for an hour straight. When I came, it was epic; I may have lost a few too many neurons, but it was worth it. Maria knew what she was doing, too. She came three times in that hour and I have rarely seen her so horny.

"Next time, you're gonna have to share that Viagra," I told her.

"You're the one who has been hard for the last four hours."

"And now I'll be lucky to get hard for another four days."

"Wanna bet?"

She seemed pretty sure of herself, and of course she was right. It's weird to fuck someone both better looking and smarter than me, and I'm a pretty smart guy. In the month we've been playing high stakes poker with Alex, she's robbed him of \$4000 and me another thousand. Of course, she wears so little it's really hard to concentrate. Poor Alex. At least my balls are empty so I can think straight.

We ate some spicy taquitos and went for a swim. She then learned that she likes the taste of cock soaked in salty water. She swore she never had it before. We both love to swim, so we exhausted ourselves all afternoon while my testicles recharged. After dinner I lasted a solid thirty minutes -- it helps to change position -- and she screamed so loudly she scared room service. I took Spanish in high school, but hearing my lover swear in Spanish while I violated her anus was something special.

"Puto! Joto! Guebon! Ladron! Marigon! Mamon!"

I had no idea what she screamed, but the hotel staff looked at me funny the entire weekend. The only one she explained was, "Chinga a tu madre y a todos que te parecen a ti" which means "fuck you and everyone like you." That

gem I'll remember til the day I die.

The drive, sun, and exercise drove us to sleep early. The next morning I woke up before her, did my shit-shower-and-shave routine, then crawled into a 69 position to nibble her clit. After a moan of surprise, I felt a mouth on my cock that nearly pulled it off like a door handle. I grabbed each cheek and pulled that muff-burger into my mouth. I had never been that big into eating pussy before but, then again, the only pussy I ever ate tasted like a hairy salmon. In contrast, Maria's was fantastic. I knew she was close when her thighs squeezed my head like a melon. When she finally exploded, I drank her up like Gatorade. Now able to concentrate, she bobbed up and down furiously, faster than I could spank it, which pushed me over the edge. I shot my load into her mouth and, still not laying a hand on my dick, she milked me down to the last drop.

Ah, heaven.

We ate and swam and sunbathed and jet skied and I wondered why the fuck I never took a vacation before. Oh, sure, I've driven the family to Big Bear Lake or to Raging Waters, but I never had an awesome vacation before. I had always done what others wanted. I didn't want to become a selfish asshole, but this really felt good. Chasing her in the pool like kids, I thought, this is as good as it gets. For dinner I filled her with lobster, then joked that her pussy tasted buttery. Lobster always gets her juices flowing, which unexpectedly led to marathon sex. When we woke up, several hours later, I had an idea.

"Let's go swimming."

"At midnight?"

"Okay. Let's go skinny dipping."

"Rock on, lover. Last one in gets it up the ass."

"You always know just what to say."

Which ended up being me, since I had to find a rock that I could tie up as an anchor. We grabbed our inflatable chairs, which kept just our heads above water, and tied them together with the rope connected to the anchor just past the breakwater. We embraced through the plastic and fell asleep in the gently rocking ocean. Nude, of course. Total

immersion in water felt so much better completely naked. Wearing clothes just wouldn't feel the same.

I wrapped her in my arms and we floated naked in the Pacific, not one hundred yards from the beach, in what would be the best nights sleep ever. The ocean rollers gently pushed us up and down before turning into waves that crashed into the beach like those sound synthesizers that people sleep to. Birds flew overhead and fish sometimes bumped into us. It was a waterbed without the bed. Honestly, with the love of my life naked in my arms, I never slept better.

I didn't even have to get up to go to the bathroom.

At dawn she kissed me awake. "Abe, you're fucking amazing. Did you know that? I'm so relaxed I can barely lift my spirits. You want to know how relaxed I am? I peed in my sleep."

"So that was you?" I joked. "I saw some humpbacks swim by. I just assumed a pod dumped a load."

She splashed my face, then kissed me. "I love the taste of salty gringo even more than buttery lobster."

"And it gives you less gas."

Maria splashed me again. "Abe, where are my clothes?"

I, naturally, tied her tiny bikini to the underside of my floater. "I saw them float away in a puddle of pee."

She splashed me again. "Dare me to walk into the hotel naked?"

Oh, that was a good one. "Do Mexican jails permit conjugal visits?"

"Only for spouses."

Ouch! I coughed up the bikini and struggled in the chair to put on my swimming suit. We swam to shore to eat breakfast.

In our room, after she sucked me off, I gave her a whole body massage that had her purring out of her pussy. She didn't open her eyes the entire time. Rubbing her body for two hours kept my pilot light burning. With her laying face down, drooling semi-conscious, I fucked her pussy from behind, her legs inside of mine. I just couldn't get enough of

that tiny booty. I preferred to fuck her until lunch rather than climax, so I used my dick to loosen every knot in her body until she floated on the bed like a jellyfish. She came twice, and drifted off into a semi-sleep each time, while I bravely pushed on, fucking her silly. When my prick couldn't handle any more, I splashed my juices all over her tits.

Now she finally opened her eyes. "Okay. You can take pictures of me. And videos. Whatever you want, however you want, on the condition that you never show them or upload them without my permission."

Good thing she waited until I shot my wad, or I would have creamed in my jeans. "I'll be right back."

I ran to the lobby and bought the best damn digital camera with the largest capacity storage card. Jogging every morning really paid off and I returned before my cum dried. I took pictures and video from that point on. Sex became porno shoots.

We returned home Sunday night from the best weekend of my life. It just doesn't get any better. Well, if that was our honeymoon, sure, that would have been better.

For the next several weeks, I had her put on her entire wardrobe -- the sexy stuff, the formal stuff, dresses, underwear, suits, bathing suits, and naturally took a million pictures of her nude. I spent over a thousand bucks just buying her new stuff to model for me. That may seem like a lot, but the thousands of pictures I took were worth billions of words. After much begging, she even let Alex shoot videos of us during sex using a professional camera, lights, and deflectors. I almost felt sorry for the blackmailer, having to watch me cum in her mouth, or take close-ups of my juice flowing out of her pussy or anus. I came on her ass, her tits, her face. I'd dip my spunk on her nipples, then have her suck it off, scoring a 2-for-1. I especially loved the expression on her face when I fucked her ass raw. She really had no right to complain since she came more than ever. She loved fucking in front of an audience.

I knew I went overboard, but I correctly foresaw the day when she would drop me like a hot potato.

CHAPTER 10

That day arrived all too soon. I knew it arrived when I entered her sliding glass door and found her dressed and packed to go. She already put her suitcases in the Lexus.

"I'm so sorry," Maria said. "The hospital dropped Sheldon from the gene therapy program, and the insurance keeps kicking him out of the hospital. He can only be re-admitted when he suffers an emergency, and then he can only stay three nights unless his life is on the line. Ironic, huh? This home is too far from his doctors, so his daughter has made room for us in her home. Her daughter gave up her room to help tend her grandfather. Hospice will drop by every day, but I need to be by his bedside for the rest of his life."

Guess I wasn't getting my morning blowjob. "How long will that be?" I asked.

She shrugged her shoulders. "It's ironic how bankrupt he is now, given how much money he used to make as a surgeon. I've supported him longer than he has supported me."

"So is this goodbye forever, or will I see you in a few months?" I felt numb inside. Something bounced inside my head and it sounded like a marble.

"I owe you a few months. You have been great to me in my time of need, so I will either make it up to you, or repay you. I worry, though, that I may not have the enthusiasm that I have shown in the past."

Fuck the money! "So I will definitely see you again?" I needed to know.

"I don't see why not."

I installed a GPS tracker under her car and had Alex hack into her Smartphone and email accounts, so I was pretty sure I would see her again, unless she returned to Colombia.

"Abe, I should have told you sooner, but we rented this house for a year. He wanted six months, but the minimum lease was a year. It made no sense for a terminally ill man to buy a house. So I have to make two more payments, even though I won't be here. We rented the

furniture, too, except some cheap stuff I got at thrift stores. It's why I never decorated. Despite ten years together, we've never owned a home."

I still had no idea how she really felt about me, and it didn't seem like a good time to pressure her about it. Sure, she liked to fuck me, but she needed a sexual release. But would she still want to be with me under very different circumstances? A woman like that could have anyone.

"You are about to go through a traumatic experience. I had to watch my father waste away before my eyes, so I can sympathize. If you want to talk, or to be held, or just a kickass omelet, I am here for you. Hell, I'll come pick you up. You may need the distraction, and we both know how distracting I can be."

She fought back tears. "You always know just what to say."

Good thing I didn't lead with, "Suck it up, bitch!"

"Will you invite me to the funeral? Sheldon was a great guy. He was among my top two favorite neighbors."

"I can't promise anything, and you may not hear from me in a while."

"And if you ever need a friend, I'm at the top of your Facebook page. And, by the way, I erased everyone else from your Facebook page."

Maria gave me a hug and drove away in tears.

I have not been this un-horny since puberty. I cried until someone came home, then manned up.

"Oh, shit!" Alex said, with just one glance at me.

"Maria dumped you?"

I wasn't sure if he was sympathetic or gleeful.

"Sheldon is at a hospice near the hospital. She went to stay with him. He only has a few months to live, then she will be back."

"Of course she will. Especially after conning you into pre-paying a month. My Spanish sucks, but she has been calling people locally and in Medellin the last few days. Huge deviation from the norm. My best guess is you can kiss that money adios."

"I may have lost the woman of my dreams. You

could at least fake some sympathy."

"I could, sure. But you really rubbed my face in it. You know damn well I won't score anything that hot without spending what you spent. I won't ask you if she was worth it, because I have no doubt that it was, but I do want to know one thing: did she ever say she loved you or implied she wanted to spend the rest of her life with you?"

"She once wished she could suck my cock forever. No, wait, I once wished she could suck my cock forever."

"Dad, man to man, you still made the right move, worming your way between her legs. I actually respect you now. I never dreamed you had the balls to go after something so out of your league, and then nail it for so long. Even if you never see her again, I assure you it was totally worth it."

"Great. A virgin fifteen year old agrees with me. Now I know I blew it."

Alex sat down across from me in the living room. It took me a long moment to interpret the expression on his face. "You're not a virgin anymore, are you?"

I finally made my son laugh. "Her name's Mariana, and yes, she's Mexican. I fear Maria has ruined me for gringas. Maybe we could double date."

My son finally made me laugh. "Let's not get too crazy. Why don't you get us both some beers and tell me all about it. Rub it in my face all you want."

"That's the spirit, old man!"

CHAPTER 11

The next four months were the longest of my life -- other than waiting for my daughter's birth while unemployed, in high school, and about to marry a lesbian. Ah, the memories.

Beep! I saw from the phone number that Maria was calling. I took a deep breath and tried to psych myself in.

"Domino's. Is this for pickup or delivery?" I asked. Major pause. I got worried she'd hang up. "Maria?" Then I heard an embarrassed laugh and knew I was still golden.

You don't have to worry until you can't make her laugh. Only then are you screwed.

"You little shit, you got me again." But she didn't sound pissed. "I thought you'd be surprised to hear from me."

"I assumed I turned you lesbo like the last one." It was so good to hear her laugh. "Oh, it's okay. I'm allowed to make fun of dykes since I married one. By the same logic, I can also ridicule fat cheating bitches."

"I want to see you," she said and the beeper in my pants vibrated. "I have a big surprise for you."

"Don't have enough video?" I joked. "Just tell me when and where and I'll try to fit you into my busy schedule."

"I'm emailing you right now. I'd come to you, but Sheldon had me sell my car to compensate his daughter for taking him in."

No shit. When the GPS I installed started driving cross country, I freaked out. Thank God Alex hacked her phone, so I knew she hadn't moved, or I would have had a heart attack. I checked my email.

"You want to have lunch today? But I just got out of bed." Uncomfortable pause. "I'm kidding. I can probably out-jog you now. Let's race after lunch. Loser gets it up the ass." She suppressed a giggle, so I knew she didn't have a lot of privacy. "No, serious, I need to shower after all that working out and beating off. Traffic can be unpredictable in L.A., so I better get ready now."

"I miss you, mi amor. See you soon. Chao."

I hit the little red button and paced the room to work off the nervous energy. My palms were sweating like armpits. Fuck, I better beat off now so I don't greet her with a tent in my pants. I felt as nervous as a teenager about to lose his virginity.

When I got to Subway, I found Maria already seated. Quiznos has better sandwiches, but whatever. I entered and she stood up to show me her big surprise.

Woe! I stared at her patting her bulging belly and almost fainted. Something in the back of my mind warned

me she would be scrutinizing my facial expression.

“You’re so fat!” I joked to punish her for keeping her pregnancy from me. I couldn’t believe she didn’t tell me. I turned around and ran for the door. Before stopping to see her reaction. A look of horror transformed her face. I immediately felt like shit. Walking towards her with outstretched arms, I tried to reassure her. “I sure hope the baby’s mine.”

“It better be. Instead of telling me he had a vasectomy before we ever met, Sheldon lied about tying my tubes. He figured -- probably correctly -- that I would only stay with him if I believed I couldn’t have children. I also found out from his daughter that the lying bastard lost his medical license for popping pills.”

What the hell, I thought, and swept her up in a hug. I could tell she was a wreck. She never looked less hot, but my feelings for her were stronger than ever. We had enough chemistry to build WMD. We sat and she looked down at her sandwich.

"Sheldon finally passed away last night."

What was I suppose to say to that? "About time?"

"Fuck-in-a?" "Did all my money go with him?"

Think, Abe, think! "Can I pee on his grave?"

She smiled and slapped my hand reproachfully. "I have a little girl inside me."

"I bet she's beautiful like her mother."

Maria's face fell. "I'm not hot anymore."

"Of course you are. Let's go to the bathroom and I'll prove it."

That made her smile. "Oh, I couldn't stop thinking about you. I've never masturbated so much in my life."

"You beat off thinking of me?" I didn't try to keep the astonishment out of my voice, despite the nasty look the food preparer gave me. It never crossed my mind that super-hot chicks masturbated. Much less to me. "You've heard of Google, yet still beat off to me?"

"I'd drink milk pretending it was your juice. I must have gone through a gallon a day these past few months."

"Me, too," I said, gesturing like I was beating off.

“You’ve made me cum more in a few months than I have cum the previous ten years. You want to fuck me so bad that I get hot just thinking of our next time together. I’m so wet right now I squish when I walk.”

“Can we put that on a billboard? I’ve a high school reunion coming up.”

Maria laughed and I couldn’t believe my good fortune. And here I worried my penis would get me into trouble. I need to stop reading Cosmopolitan.

“The funeral is Friday, but Sheldon didn’t want you to go. In fact, he was real bitchy about it.”

“He still mad about my dead roses?”

She paused awfully long. “I couldn’t cheat on him, so I had to ask him for permission to accept your proposal. He preferred that to me stripping again. And it paid better, which is what he really cared about.”

“He pimped you out?” I was shocked. “And I felt guilty this whole time? But I thought you two were totally in love.”

Grief must have slowed her ability to speak, because I wanted answers a lot faster than she was providing them. It’s weird how love can warp time. No wonder they haven’t found a unified theory yet. I need to email Scientific American to share my discovery.

“I cared for him very much, but he dismissed it as hero worship. He cared for me, but often treated me like dirt. When he lapsed six years ago, he pushed me into stripping. He used to go there just to see me entertain other customers. He really got off on it. I never prostituted myself like the other girls, but he probably would have gone along with that, if it paid his bills.”

My jaw nearly dropped on her Philly cheese steak. The one without steak. I now understand why she didn’t tell me this earlier. I would have beat him to death.

“I thought maybe we could spend some time together. See what it’s like, with him gone. I could never decide how I felt towards you with him rubbing the sex into my face every day. He became so cruel. It just made me want to fuck you all the more, until I became insatiable. At the end he wanted

me to promise to never fuck anyone ever again."

"And did you promise?" I asked, horrified.

"Oh, no. I told him to go to hell and stopped his morning blowjob. How could I give up deep fucking after enjoying it for so long? He pissed me off so much that I gave him a laptop with our pictures and videos for our tenth anniversary. You know what he gave me? A vibrator so I could go fuck myself. I was his wife, but he treated me like a mistress, while I was your mistress, but you treated me like your wife."

I guess she never saw how I treated my wife. "Did he look at the videos?"

"I never asked, but his granddaughter says he worked on that laptop whenever I wasn't there."

"But now you're ready to move on?"

"Oh, I can't wait to move on. I gave that cruel bastard ten years of my youth that I'll never get back. I laughed more with you in two months than with him in ten years. I never knew what I was missing."

"Kiss me," I said.

"Where?" she asked slyly.

"Right here in Subway."

She scooted closer, looking as uncomfortable as a virgin, a huge twitching smile crowding out the rest of her face.

"Nervous?" I asked, surprised.

"Yes, damn you!" she said, laughing.

That first kiss was magic. It had all the electricity of a lightning strike with all the flavor of a smoothie. Her tongue didn't intrude into my mouth so much as return home after a long vacation. Oh, jeez, I really did feel like a virgin. Good thing I wore tight jeans or my dick would have cold-cocked me. Nothing in my life prepared me for this. My heart leapt into my throat, eager for her tongue to caress it. Something lifted up the table like a poltergeist and I panicked, thinking it was my penis, but it was only the baby foretelling how much she would intrude on our sex life. The kiss didn't end so much as reach completion. It was the perfect kiss. Well, if her breathe didn't taste like mustard, it

would have been.

When I recovered, I saw her staring at me with awe. I actually looked behind me, expecting to see a naked porn star but, no, Maria was just seeing me with new eyes. I could tell she needed more deep fucking, but I wanted to know if her feelings were more than sexual. And financial.

"Do you love me?" I asked. That broke her trance. Her confusion hurt me. I could feel a knife in my heart, ready to saw it in two. When she didn't answer right away, I twisted a knife of my own. "Because there's a new girl in my life."

That dropped the temperature ten degrees. She flared her teeth like a vampire and her fingernails raked my arm deep enough to draw blood. "Is she cuter than me?" Maria asked, scared, as if another woman could possibly compare to her. She apparently had no idea that she ruined me for other women. My son urged me to fuck newly divorced mothers, but I just couldn't find enough interest.

"Oh, the usual virgin supermodel nympho. You wanna see her picture? She looks like a younger version of you."

Oooh, her eyes popped. So I reached into my wallet slowly, while studying her reaction. She must have a nuke in her purse because I suddenly detected intense gamma radiation. I covertly folded the picture below the table, then showed her Mariana. And Maria freaked. I mean total shock. Her hair practically stood up. Her eyes bugged out of her skull. Her facial expression transformed and I wondered if the Hulk had Colombian children. Something lodged in her throat and I thought she was going to projectile-vomit her steak sandwich at me.

Now I freaked. I unfolded the picture so she could see Alex's arm around the hottie. "She's my son's girlfriend. I'm not seeing anyone." I found myself backing up faster than Michael Jackson doing the moonwalk. "I'm sorry, but you said you wanted to know what your true feelings for me were."

I thought she was going to hit me. Or explode. Maybe fart, given her facial expression. Instead she marched

to the bathroom. And she did kind of squish, which even the sandwich lady thought weird. Then she had to walk back to ask the sandwich maker for the fucking key. Did I just fuck up the best opportunity of my life?

I didn't hear her return since I was still banging my head against the table. Her laugh brought me back to reality. Or whatever the Twilight Zone was doing to me. She smiled at me and I nearly shat myself from sheer relief.

"You had to fart, didn't you?" I joked.

"Actually, I thought I peed myself."

"Well, that would explain the squishing sound."

She laughed, like she used to laugh, and my hopes soared. "Abe, you scared the hell out of me. Yes, I love you, you fucking asshole. I've known it since that first time you slept over. I knew it when I couldn't stop staring at you, or stop thinking how life would be with you. But Sheldon threatened to ruin me if I ever told you."

"You know, I never thought I'd win any contests as a husband, but yours was a huge asshole. He should be a doctoral project for proctologists-in-training."

"I am so sorry. I swear I will make it up to you."

"Well, I'm divorced, so you can't be my mistress anymore. What do you propose?"

"Marry me, and I'll spend the rest of my life making this up to you."

If you've never seen a blown mind, ask Subway to show you the footage of me staring at her like a fish on a plate. My mouth made an "O" like I had a quarter stuck in my teeth. I don't know how she ever kissed me again after that. She swears she remembers how I looked, yet still finds me attractive. Go figure.

"Now we have both pissed ourselves."

"Your billboard is practically writing itself."

"Smart ass," I said, smiling like a statue of a Greek god.

"Better pissed off than pissed on."

Touché.

If I've learned anything, it's this: when life throws you lemonade, drink the fuck up. I stumbled around in my

pocket for the massive engagement ring I bought months ago -- you know, just in case -- and got on one knee.

“Maria, I want to be with you, only you, and with you forever. I want to grow old with you and make you happy for the rest of my life. Will you marry me?”

I shit you not, she jumped up and down and clapped her hands like she won the lottery. I couldn't fucking believe it -- I defied the odds and made a woman happy. If for only a moment. Or maybe she was just doing jumping jacks for the exercise.

“Yes, you awesome bastard. Yes, I will marry you. I want to spend the rest of my life with you, only you, and with you forever.”

She pulled me up and we hugged and sobbed and cried and must have scared that old couple that walked in, for they ran out in a full sprint.

"Let's go home, girlfriend."

"You always know just what to say."

THE END

STORY 2: THE HYPNO-ORGASM SEDUCTION

Chapter 1

Emily entered the elevator nervous as hell, her claustrophobia cutting off her oxygen. Good thing she drenched herself in body spray because the elevator smelled like a fart in the shower. Fear magnified the mechanical noises as the door shut her in. Her hands shook and it took all of her self-control to not hyperventilate. The textbooks in the brunette's backpack cut into her shoulders from walking so far from the university. The tiny space grew smaller with every breath. Desperately she suppressed the urge to scream.

Emily was suppose to be getting laid right now, not seeking a shrink.

An eternity later, the doors opened on the seventh floor to show two guys talking. The earnest-looking suit gave the chubby one pointers. Thankfully, neither looked at

her as she stealth-walked out and around them towards the empty receptionist desk. Fattie looked close to crying when he suddenly hugged the suit like an alien on Sigourney Weaver.

"Thank you so much, Dr. Cooper," the crybaby said as he left in the elevator.

That shocked Emily. "You're Dr. Cooper?" She would soon be sorry she said it with so much astonishment. It's just that she expected an old bald guy with a belly. Not the well dressed cutie suddenly sizing her up.

His jaw dropped when he saw her, so she figured spending two hours doing hair and makeup wasn't a total waste of time after all. Usually, Emily dressed to blend in, to not be noticed, but today she had a big date with a total stud that ended horribly. She wore tight shorts and a half-top to show off her athletic figure, as opposed to the loose tents she normally used to conceal herself. It had the desired effect, meaning her date totally desired her. Then he tried to kiss her and she fled like Scooby-doo.

Emily felt like such a loser. She couldn't see any light at the end of the tunnel. As her mother once warned her, "things are never so bad that they can't get worse."

"I'm older than I look," the suit said, which Emily later learned was a total lie. She correctly pegged him as early thirties, tops.

She now realized this man stood between her and the elevator. Panic spiked her pulse rate. The psychologist must have sensed it, as he moved away and sat down on one of the waiting room chairs, looking as harmless as possible. He didn't even try to shake her hand, which she noticed because all guys wanted to shake her hand. Emily stealth-walked towards the stairs, regretting coming here.

"I can help you," he said conversationally. "That is, after all, what I do for a living."

She had been walking backwards to keep her eyes on him, which must have looked ridiculous. With the stairs within reach, Emily got control over her breathing back. She hated feeling trapped.

"Help me with what?"

His smile was so reassuring that he must have practiced it in the mirror. Most guys try to look seductive when they smile. This dude wanted to appear non-threatening. And it fucking worked.

"It took a lot of courage for you to come here alone so spontaneously. You didn't make an appointment, or someone would have come with you so, before you go, why don't you tell me what happened."

That stopped her. Not just physically, but psychologically. Emily saw him for the first time, and the more she looked, the more she liked. Lots of guys are tall and well-built, but he projected maturity and inner strength that drew her like a moth to a flame. And it didn't hurt that he didn't wear a wedding ring. He had crossed a leg to let Emily know he didn't plan on chasing her, and his face expressed infinite patience. Buddhist statues appear more irritable. That's when it hit her: he knows. Emily didn't know how, but he fucking knows. After a lifetime of clueless men, she finally found a mind reader. The stress from her awful date spiked. Her bubble burst and the contents spilled out like a pregnant lady whose water broke:

"I just fucked up another great relationship before it started. Derrick would have been perfect for me, and I blew it. Several years ago one of my mother's many boyfriends brutally raped me. Testifying at his trial ruined my best teenage years. To this day I can't stand to be touched. My chest tightens, my heart races, my palms sweat, my brain shuts down, and I get dizzy. I faint several times a year from people brushing up against me. The local Wal-Mart fucking hates me. I couldn't get on a crowded bus if my life depended on it. I have to be sedated just to let the doctor or dentist work on me. Since I turned 21 a few months ago, I have been drinking heavily -- despite all the valium I take -- and the prospect of turning into an alcoholic like my mother scares me like AIDS. I hate myself more than I can express in words."

"Then you've come to the right place," he replied, looking deliciously serious. "You can unclench your fists now, because you're gonna be okay."

She looked down at her hands and laughed. Emily felt so silly, even though he didn't appear the least bit judgmental.

"Have you been a hypno-therapist long?" she had to ask, since he seemed too young and hot to be a therapist. He belonged in a soap opera, not an empty office building.

"For several years now. I am licensed by the state as a clinical psychologist and have practiced hypnosis for most of his life. My mother is a psychiatrist and my father a comedy hypnotist, so I grew up with it. That's actually how they met: she didn't believe hypnosis worked, so he had her strip to her undies and do the chicken dance on stage, in front of all her friends. To this day she loves flashing him her breasts and thighs. Do you believe hypnosis can help you?"

Emily smiled at him for so long that she finally caught her breath. Does he have any idea how fucking cute he is, she wondered. "Yes."

"Good. Because if you believe, you belong. I have found that hypnosis can take years off of traditional talk therapy. Check out my trophy wall."

Emily walked over to study the diplomas and certificates. She had no idea what some of them meant, like neuro-linguistic programming.

"I can't afford therapy," she finally confessed, feeling like a fool.

"There's a story of a guy on a window ledge about to jump to his doom. Through the window, a therapist says he can help him, but the guy claims he cannot afford therapy. The therapist says, 'You cannot afford not to have therapy.' Let me worry about payment. The hard part was coming here. Getting better is much easier."

"I can't."

Indeed, she looked ready to sprint the next time the elevator doors opened, and it had nothing to do with her ability to pay.

"In the movie, Mission to Mars, astronauts discover an alien structure. When Connie Nielson and Don Cheadle ask if they should go in, Gary Sinise says, I didn't travel 100 million miles only to stop 100 feet from my destination."

"Why would you see me when I've told you I can't pay?"

"I use two criteria when accepting clients. One is ability to pay, and the other is ability to benefit. I think I can help you. We can worry about compensation later. Besides, the initial consultation is free. You tell me your problem, I tell you how I can help, then I usually do a quick hypnosis so the client can see that he or she is fully aware of what is going on under hypnosis. Some people mistakenly believe they lose control under hypnosis. If that were true, hypnotists would rule the world."

His willingness to work for free blew her away. In a world crowded with selfish, superficial, materialistic pricks, she found that rare individual who just wanted to help others. "You won't turn me into a chicken?"

She absolutely loved his carefree laugh. Oh, she wished she could laugh like that. "My father used to do that all the time with his comedy show. Unfortunately, it only works with people who crave attention. That's why he would only accept the most enthusiastic volunteers from the audience -- because it won't work on anyone else."

"Can you really make someone forget a number? I saw that on TV."

His hearty laugh put her at ease. Later she learned that he practiced that, as well.

"A hypno-therapist needs to test how effective the client takes suggestions. If I ask you to forget the number after 3 and before 5, and you can't remember the number 4, then I know the hypnosis is working. But you'll remember as soon as you are out of hypnosis. There is never any danger. You are completely safe with me."

He should be in sales because she totally fucking believed him, and Emily doesn't believe anyone. Especially men. With relief she took off her heavy backpack and let it hit the floor with a loud thud.

"I hope I'm not too safe with you." She immediately kicked herself for saying what she was thinking.

CHAPTER 2

Bill tried not to recoil when Jerry hugged him. The divorce triggered compulsive over-eating that was frustratingly resistant to hypnotherapy. While obesity, because it involves many factors like genetics, behavior disorders, and environmental reinforcers, took much longer, and therefore paid better, he preferred smokers trying to quit. It didn't pay as well, but he enjoyed a lot more success with it. As someone who prided himself on his ethics, Bill Cooper only accepted clients who could benefit from his help. And the very rich.

From the corner of his eye he noticed someone get out of the elevator, but he couldn't look away while a cash-rich patient thanked him so enthusiastically. Not until the elevator doors closed did the newcomer get his attention.

"You're Dr. Cooper?"

Insulted at her astonishment, Bill turned and nearly peed himself at the sight of her. He found many women stunning, but none had ever literally stunned him before. Nice fucking abs! Her long jet-black hair, dark eyes, and caramel skin overwhelmed his senses, but it was her face that really did him in. What a fucking face! He instantly liked everything about her -- except her sense of panic. Hell, she even smelled good enough to eat. Which reminded him that he worked through lunch and was starving.

It didn't take three psychology degrees to see she was about to bolt, so he moved away from the exit and sat down, rather than trigger her fight-or-flight response. He almost laughed as she walked backwards to the stairwell, as if he was a lion about to pounce on her. He threw out some cheese to see if she'd nibble. As she relaxed enough to actually tell him her problem, she began to confirm his suspicions that she was freakin' awesome.

The poor assume the rich always have it easy. The ugly assume the beautiful sail through life. Yet everyone has problems. Bill's problem was falling for beautiful-but-fucked up women. Is there any other kind? he often wondered. His mother liked to say that Bill's problem is not that he meets fucked up women, but that he asks them out.

Hence, her problem triggered his problem, because he had already married two total hotties, thinking he could fix them. Instead, he learned that -- just like you cannot teach kids who don't want to learn -- you can't fix people who prefer to stay broken. Sometimes, like Charlie Sheen, they turn the corner and get their lives back. Other times, like Charlie Sheen, they fuck up their lives soon after fixing them. Two expensive divorces made him hypersensitive to repeating the same mistake a third time. He had already vowed that his third marriage would be his last. It's why, since the divorce, he only dated the fuckable who were not marriage-able, because he could not afford another broken heart.

As a lifelong student of human behavior, Bill read people pretty good. That was, after all, his job. And if he read her correctly, the new girl was both deeply damaged, yet had a hell of a lot to offer the right guy. Yet he didn't want to fall into his old traps of falling first, and trying to fix later. He didn't want to pull a Dick Cheney and fire first, then aim later. Instead, he would have to fix her first, then open his heart.

Easier said than done.

He knew he could help her. What he didn't know is if he could fix her without falling for her.

"I need to fill out this form before we go on," he told her, lying his ass off as he scribed on a blank piece of paper. "What's your full name? Are you married? Do you have kids? Smoke? Tattoos? Who do you live with? Have you ever had professional help before?"

In just a few minutes they eliminated the most common deal breakers and Bill knew he was fucked. As Emily's face became more animated, he couldn't help but like her more than he should. She was a gem, a treasure to make up for all the crap he had been through. A decade older, he knew he should not get his hopes up, but her mere presence filled the room. She made him feel more alive, and hoped she didn't realize how much leverage she had over him. That was the problem with his ex'es: they knew how nice a guy Bill was, and exploited it like car salesmen.

Boy, once she starts talking, she doesn't shut up. Which made Bill's job that much easier. Of course a college student didn't have the money for therapy. Not one dressed like that. So she was just here hoping to get cured during the free consultation. Yeah, good luck with that.

Still, they either had a lot of chemistry or he should find another line of work. He couldn't believe how much he enjoyed the sight of her booty as she walked down the hall to his office. Bill knew he found a diamond in the rough, and hoped he got a chance to polish her.

He liked how she looked at him. She addressed him with respect. It always surprised Bill how little respect he got from friends and family because he didn't make six figures a year. He didn't feel like a failure, but neither did he look like a success. Hell, he was still paying off his student loans!

Unlike his brother at Goldman Sachs, who makes a fortune screwing people and is therefore considered a genius.

Emily could be the one, Bill soon realized. Which was a big problem because it made not falling for her that much harder. Another guy could kick his ass or burn down his home, but a woman could fucking destroy him. Two women already tried. Three, if he counted his mother.

Why did Emily have to be so damn wonderful?

CHAPTER 3

In his office she sank into his unbelievably comfortable reclining chair and noticed that he did not close the door. A Mexican cleaning lady listening to ranchero music -- Vicente Fernandez, it sounded like -- vacuumed nearby, in case Emily had to scream for help.

He could tell she was about to freak out, so he opened with an easy one to get her going.

"Tell me about this great guy you like."

"Derrick's awesome. Smart, fun, funny, sexy, athletic, piercing eyes, strong hands, rich. He seems to know everyone worth knowing." Emily pictured him in her mind. "I've had enough fantasies about him to start a virtual porn

studio. He says he would be very good to me if I became his girlfriend."

"Do you want to become his girlfriend?" Dr. Cooper asked.

"Oh, yes! I'm so tired of being alone. I can't even masturbate. I'm like a quadriplegic with a chronic erection. I once let a hot lesbian have her way with me and she couldn't even get me wet. I tensed up so much my back hurt for a week. I can only fantasize if I smoke pot, and even then I freeze long before I get to the good stuff. I can't receive a therapeutic massage from an old lady. I avoid crowded hallways like Ebola. Believe it or not, before the rape I trained to become an opera singer, yet now I can't even perform in front of people. I took the G.E.D. at 15 just to get out of high school early and now I take as many classes online as possible. I can't even let my dear step-father hug me, and that senior citizen is a fucking saint. He's paying my outrageous tuition, instead of taking my mom on luxury cruises. Living without human contact is driving me crazy. And alcoholic."

"You're not crazy," he reassured her. "Trust me. I've been married twice, so I know." As opposed to having three degrees in psychology or having her take the MMPI. "You're having a normal reaction to an abnormal experience. Some psychological scars don't go away without special help. But that's where I come in. With hypnosis, I can help you replace those painful memories. Not suppress them, but put something else in their place. For example, instead of him abusing you, you kick his ass, castrate him, whatever you want -- and your unconscious will replace the old memories with the new ones we create. Your subconscious doesn't care what your conscious self believes, letting us replace miserable non-fiction with happy fiction. The conscious part of you will know that you were abused, but the subconscious part will remember kicking his ass, instead. Then I can use hypnosis to make you orgasm -- without ever touching you."

Emily remained dubious. "How will I know I am cured? I can't date Derrick until I'm know I can have sex with him. Since he saw me dressed in so little," -- she

mischievously waved her hands over her fantastic body --
"he wants to fuck me bad."

"I know how he feels," the psychologist almost said.
"I can prove you are cured by giving you a hypno-orgasm.
You stay fully clothed and I never touch you. No matter how
much you beg me."

He instantly regretted adding that last part, but Emily
latched onto the first part. "Hypnosis is just talk, right?
How can you talk me into an orgasm?"

"Hypnosis puts you into a state of suggestibility.
After we've replaced the bad memories, you will walk me
through your best fantasy and I will -- how should I phrase
this? -- stoke the coals along the way. Your heart will
palpitate, your palms will get sweaty, and part of you will get
really wet."

"You've done this before?"

The magnificent bastard laughed. "Oh, yes. On a
few hundred ladies since I learned the technique as a
teenager. My ex-wives loved them." Too much, he didn't
mention. "They'd soak a folded beach towel, straight
through their blue jeans. Right in that chair. I needed both
hands to wring the excess fluid into the sink. It worked so
well that we mistakenly based a marriage upon it."

Emily found that hard to believe. "They came so
much you had to wring the towel with your hands?"

He looked at her hard with those gorgeous blue eyes.
"One time I had to use a mop."

Until now, Emily never had a problem determining
when people were joking, but he dropped the line with such
a straight face that she didn't know what to believe. Which is
what he wanted, since pulling her out of her comfort zone
made putting her into hypnosis that much easier. Emily had
no idea the hypnotherapy already started. Her critical mind
obviously assumed he was kidding, but her subconscious
believed whatever crap it was told.

"What the hell was that?" she demanded, suddenly
flopping around in the chair, staring at her own crotch. "It
moved, man! It fucking moved like an alien in my stomach.
Except from my groin."

"If you have an alien growing there, I should get a camera for when it bursts out."

Her head in a fog, completely stressed out, Emily stared at him like a cow about to be tipped over. Then he smiled that awesome smile of his and she fucking melted like cheese on an omelet.

"You've made me wetter in just a few minutes than that hot lesbo did all night long."

"I've made some women cum so hard that their legs turned to jello. It's why I keep whip cream handy."

"Okay, now you're just bragging." Still, she couldn't stop laughing. This whole therapy thing may not be so tough after all. She assumed it would be a bunch of psycho-babble bullshit.

"You are in good hands."

She pointed to his strong hands. "You bastard!" she said with a smile. "You know how much I want to be touched. After you cure me, I want you to give me a full body massage. I want you to touch me everywhere."

Emily discovered she loved teasing him. Then she pictured him nude while giving her that massage. Somewhere in her bowels, a pilot light starting warming her oven. Then she noticed how uncomfortable she made him. He even scooted his chair away from her.

"Doc, can you cure me?"

"I don't think you need to be cured. Picture yourself as a lioness who grew up with a splinter in her front claw. She can't walk right, hunt, or even defend herself. All the other lions think she's weak, ridicule her, and exploit her, so she sees herself as weak, vulnerable, and inferior. Then one day a really awesome hypnotherapist pulls the splinter out and, all of a sudden, she discovers she's just as strong and fast and brave as the bastards who tormented her. After years of kicking names and taking ass, she's now kicking ass and taking names. Once I replace your bad memories, you'll discover just how powerful you really are. And you'll probably be giving me massages."

Emily playfully roared like the Lion King. "Nice fucking metaphor. But you can really make me cum with

hypnosis?"

"After working through your traumatic experience, yes."

As a very pretty girl, Emily heard her share of bullshit, but this took the cake. "That's like a fucking superpower!"

He laughed, and she laughed with him, totally comfortable. She couldn't believe how relaxed she felt with him. Not even pot could relax her this much. Why couldn't they make a drug that made her feel this good?

"But it's more than an ordinary orgasm. Hypno-orgasms generally last twice as long and are three times as intense. As you have stronger orgasms, I magnify them. Hence, the need for a folded towel to not ruin my expensive recliner. And women can have several orgasms in a row. When a man is over-excited, he cums too soon, but when a woman is over-excited, she cums more often. So I can not only take you to the summit, I can take you there repeatedly. Not infinitely, but until you dehydrate. It's the safest sex you'll ever have."

That was the best damn sales pitch Emily had ever heard. "You should be rich!"

He laughed. What he couldn't afford to tell her is that half of his clientele came primarily for the hypno-orgasms. After the last divorce nearly bankrupted him, it's how he saved up enough to buy that sweet foreclosure for half of its previous selling price.

"That's what I tell people who call themselves psychic. Poor psychics should be as rare as unhealthy doctors."

"But I recoil when guys touch me, and you have no idea how much I want to be touched. I often feel like I'm gonna explode."

"A therapist can only touch a patient so much." Much as he would love to touch her.

He looked so yummy in his expensive suit. She closed her eyes to imagine him massaging her. "Are you married? Do you have a girlfriend or kids? Do you smoke?"

She heard him take a deep breath. "If you must

know, I'm twice divorced, without children or a girlfriend, and I don't smoke. My divorces endured longer than my marriages, so my next marriage must last a lifetime."

A wicked thought crossed Emily's mind, and she fucking liked it. She closed her eyes and swung for the fences. "What if we weren't therapist and patient? What if we were friends with benefits? I'm sure you've used hypnosis to help friends before. Hell, I bet you've used hypnosis to get laid. At what point would it become ethical?" A pregnant pause suddenly gave birth. "Did I just tell a total stranger that I wanted to fuck him?"

"Excuse me?" He asked, astonished.

"Oh fuck. Did I really say that out loud? Talking to yourself is one of the problems you get when you're always alone."

Now he was really uncomfortable. Did she know, or was she just really good at guessing? He found it unnerving that someone he just met nailed him so quickly where it hurt the most. Talk about psychic. Bill always believed some people were psychic. They just didn't hang up signs and try to make a living out of it.

"Anything specific in mind?" he asked, afraid and eager to see where this went.

"Replacing traumatic memories is just the means to an end. The goal of my therapy is to enjoy a healthy sexual relationship. Which means I need someone to practice on." She couldn't believe the words coming out of her mouth. She felt possessed by her slutty mother. "My mother says the key to keeping a man is great sex. Especially blowjobs. She says I can't use my hands and that I must swallow, not spit. And that I must love it, so that I do it for me, not just for him. Well, I can't learn that overnight. And a virgin sure as hell can't seduce a stud like Derrick. I'd die of embarrassment for him to discover how ignorant I am in bed."

She heard him exhale real slow. "You're right. You suck at seduction."

Emily opened her eyes and laughed freely now, way too comfortable with this man she just met. The brunette

gave him her puppy dog eyes. She worked long and hard on those in the mirror. Resist that, motherfucker!

"So I only get paid if the therapy is successful," he softly concluded. "Can you cook?"

Oooh, she had him now! "Hell, yes, I can cook. I avoid restaurants, so I have to cook. Hell, I'll cook for you every day. That's the other thing mom says keeps a man happy." Emily now returned the hard stare that he once gave her. "I'd fucking love to make you happy."

Something vibrated in his pants and it wasn't his beeper. If only she weren't so fucking cute. Not just physically, but Emily radiated awesomeness. Honestly, he didn't care about getting money from her. He simply found her irresistible and wanted an excuse to see her often. It's like that great line from the movie Clerks: "Dude, lots of girls are pretty, but how many make you lasagna?"

"Just to be clear, you want to use me for sex until you're really good, then you're gonna leave me for someone younger, hotter, and richer."

Emily shrank in the plush chair. She needed a good comeback. "I've never been called a bitch so nicely before." Nope, that was not what she was shooting for. She finally found a guy worth marrying, and didn't want to fuck it up before it started. That's what got her in this mess in the first place. It's time to come out with the big guns.

"My dad's death devastated my mother. She drowned herself in booze and sex. When one of those bastards molested me, I ran away and lived on the streets for a month. That shock made her quit her bad habits. I came back only on the condition that she never drink again. She found God, then found a good man. Much older than her -- my mom's pretty hot for her age, but she found a really good husband who treats her like a queen. Well, I want what my mother has, but without having to kiss a thousand frogs to find my prince. I hate to admit this, but my mom has fucked hundreds of guys. Because of that, I'd like to spend my entire life with just one guy. A man worthy of a lifetime. The most precious thing in life is not money, but time, and the biggest factor in anyone's happiness is who they choose

to spend their life with."

She lazily stretched her arms and legs to show off her naked legs and midriff. Despite her low self-esteem, she knew Bill found her attractive, although she wished her boobs were two sizes bigger. The sight of his boner was the most flattering thing any man has ever communicated to her. That inspired her to drop the hammer:

"I want you to use hypnosis to make me fall in love with you. Just in case the great sex isn't enough."

Bill almost wished she weren't so fucking appealing. He liked her too fucking much. And as for the body... "How did you get into such great shape?"

"I jog a lot, bicycle, rollerblade, lift weights, and aerobicize. It's how I deal with stress. Just imagine how long I can last in bed. After you cure me."

"You seem confident that the sex will be awesome."

She searched his eyes. "I am very confident the sex will be great. But, to be sure, you must use hypnosis to train me to please you, in every way you wish to be pleased. Oral, anal, full body massages. I will do anything to satisfy you, and I will do it as often as necessary to keep you satisfied."

Instead of silence, a Vicente Fernandez song filled the room from down the hall: "No tengo trono ni reina, ni nadie que me comprenda, pero sigo siendo el rey!" "I don't have a throne or queen, or anyone who understands me, but I'm still the king."

Bill felt light-headed. She hooked him like a fish; he could practically taste the metal in his lip. Oh, this girl was good. She read him like a book and could quote chapter and verse. And, damn it, that was his job! He met his match and the prospect thrilled him. If he played this right, he could spend the rest of his life with this vixen.

Afraid she would lose him by chickening out, Emily went for the kill. "I want to prove it to you. I want you to jack off into my mouth."

Indeed, stretched out in the recliner, her mouth was at waist level. It reminded him of what his father once told him: "Younger men want to replace masturbation with sex, but older men want sex in addition to masturbation." You can't

always have it all, but there's no law against trying.

In an ironic twist, the hypnotherapist was the one in the deep trance, and in need of some therapy. He uncrossed his legs and his throbbing hard-on attempted flight.

"Talk about a superpower," he mused.

"Please let me see it."

The begging tone in her voice matched the expression on her face. He had seen many a horny woman, but this girl was on fire. He stood up and towered over her.

"If you free him, he will be yours."

He didn't understand why he phrased it like that, but it worked. Emily sat up and touched his crotch through the trousers as if they housed Faberge eggs.

"I've never done anything like this before," she whispered, getting hotter by the minute. Indeed, an hour ago she would have assumed she wasn't capable of doing it.

"It's time to find out just how powerful you really are."

Equating personal power with desire set her free. Her hands attacked his belt and pants. He let his boxers drop and his eight inch sword sprang up, ready to duel. She stared at it, her eyes huge.

"It's so beautiful." Her words struck him because he had never thought of his cock that way. He was just glad it wasn't curved like a banana like his brother's, because that's just fucking weird. "Please! I need to taste you."

It wasn't often that Bill could read minds, but he understood what she meant: a terrible taste would be a deal breaker.

Many people assume falling in love happens automatically, but Bill believed that people choose who they fall in love with, and that people cannot fall in love with people who don't check off their list. A man who refuses to raise someone else's kids will not fall in love with a single mother, regardless of how many of them he fucks. Those who hate the smell of cigarettes will not fall for a smoker. Few attractive women fall for unemployable losers and few rich guys fall for fat ugly bitches. What's more, men cannot fall in love with women they do not find attractive, and

women cannot fall in love with a man they do not respect. Husbands do not replace wives that they still find sexy and wives do not leave husbands they still respect.

Adults who survive their first crush have a subconscious checklist, and will only fall in love with someone who can check off that list. The more an individual has to offer, the longer and tougher the list. A crack addict may only want someone who will share their addiction, while a rich man and a young hottie will demand much more from a mate. Hotties may fuck down, but they marry up. The actress Catherine Zeta-Jones, at the peak of her beauty and career, chose a husband a quarter of a century older instead of the hot pool boy. In contrast, a man prefers youth because his peers will judge him, in part, on the attractiveness of his mate. Plus, as Groucho Marx put it, "a man is only as old as the woman he feels."

Emily's mother apparently convinced Emily that she must swallow her man in order to keep him -- which would be news to most wives. Bill certainly wasn't going to correct her. But if she didn't like the taste of his juice -- and this was the catch -- she would not bother dating him, because she put tasty juice on her list. In sales terms, you have to "qualify the prospect" because there's no point trying to sell something to someone who cannot buy it.

Ironically, Bill didn't have a similar requirement. Few men would marry a woman who hates giving head -- which is why girlfriends suck cock more than wives -- but blowjobs were not a deal breaker for Bill. It was never an issue. His two ex-wives were crazy, but not prudes.

Bill wished he didn't see things so clearly: Emily wanted to swallow him to decide if he was marriage material; if she didn't like how he tasted, she would not fall in love with him. Worse of all, who the fuck likes the taste of cum? Even gays gave sperm mixed reviews.

With all this clouding his mind, Bill spanked his monkey until he cried, hoping the cleaning lady didn't walk by. He side-stepped to slam the door closed, then his hand went into high gear. Emily, laying nearly flat, never took her eyes off his penis. She couldn't wait. Hell, he couldn't wait.

The suspense was killing them, yet he was masturbating as fast as humanly possible. The audible smack - smack - smack sounded loud in the office. If only he could touch her or if she could touch him.

Emily, that fucking mind reader, suddenly pulled up her shirt and bra to show off her rack. "Does this help?"

"Oh, fuck, yeah!" They weren't big, but they were big enough. Breast implants could turn her into a fucking Playboy model.

He lurched over her, his hand a blur. It awed him how she stuck out her tongue. The hunger in her eyes struck a nerve. Oh, please God, make her like it! Jesus, please, Jesus...

"Oh God!" he shouted, shooting directly into her open mouth. Ah, crap, he almost yelled, as his second wad splattered against her cheek. The white specks stood out against her jet-black hair and he prayed this didn't piss her off. Cum, apparently, is hard to get out of hair.

Instead of screaming at him, Emily reached out and grabbed his cock with the authority of a call girl. She slapped his hand away and pumped the penis while aiming it better than he did. She gagged on the third shot, but quickly swallowed and stuck her tongue out for more. He thought he ran out, but his last drop kind of fell, stretching a good two inches from the tip of his penis. To his shock, Emily pulled him closer and licked it up like a lollypop. Her tongue must have a Taser attached because it sent jolts of electricity up his spine.

If he was light-headed before, now he felt faint.

"That was awesome!" they both said at the same time, laughing comfortably together.

Emily looked immensely pleased. Proud, even, as her tongue swirled around her mouth. Unlike other women, she didn't run for the sink. He wanted to congratulate her for touching him -- with her tongue, no less -- but the words got in the way. He couldn't cum straight, much less think straight. He finally sat down to get his shit back together, only for her to blow him away again by using a finger to clean up the cum on her face and suck it like a chicken wing.

"I want to suck you off every day for the rest of my life."

She may as well have Tased him for real, the way her words made him shake like an epileptic. For those words to cross her mind blew him away. He realized her need for his juice would wear off -- damn it! -- but the sentiment she expressed sounded sincere. The way she continued looking at his dick suggested she couldn't wait to get more. It took him a really long time to regain his composure, and the long delay only seemed to flatter her. She didn't even cover her titties up, apparently pleased that he kept starting at her chest.

"Emily, I've been wanting to tell you something since the moment we met," he said seriously. She raised shields and prepared to fire photon torpedoes. "My name is Bill."

As always, her laughter warmed him all over. Unfortunately, she still was not ready to shake his fucking hand.

CHAPTER 4

Reluctantly, Bill put his penis back in its package. Emily seemed sad to see it go away.

"If you're my friend, instead of my patient, then we sure as hell can't do this in my office. If I'm gonna be ravaging you soon, then the least I can do is buy you dinner and pretend we're dating."

Emily leapt out of the recliner, then jumped up and down. Her bouncing tits hypnotized him. The girl suddenly had lots of energy and needed to burn some off. She couldn't stop looking at him and felt like she won the lottery.

They floated on air as they chatted all the way to Panda Express. There they talked long after their noodles grew cold, each looking for deal breakers. Surprised that night fell so suddenly, Bill drove them to his place.

"Nice fucking house!" was her first reaction, which pleased him immensely.

Emily walked in as if in a trance. "I've never been to a guy's place before."

"Come see the pool in the backyard where one day we can skinny-dip."

After a quick tour -- she loved the island in the kitchen -- Emily ran to the bathroom to pee. Bill immediately tried to remember how long it had been since the bathroom had a deep cleaning. Too long. He needed to distract her.

"Don't worry about your safety. We both know you could totally kick my ass."

She laughed through the bathroom door. "Are you always this amazing?"

"Yes."

He heard her chuckle and felt blood flow to his ego. "All my life I've been called nice. It's always the first thing that comes to mind. Not smart or strong or cute. Mothers approved of me so much that they tried to set me up with their daughters, which ruined any chance I may have had with them. I once tried to become a total asshole, because that's what so many hot girls seemed to like, but just didn't have it in me. So eventually I embraced my true nature. I can't compete with bad boys or pretty boys, but wives and mothers adore me."

Emily got out and searched his apartment for the presence of a woman. Nope. She felt so relieved he lived alone. "That's because they think you'd make a great husband and father."

Bill nodded his head. "Women who want excitement look right past me, but women who need a friend latch onto me like lost puppies. Before we go on, please call your mother so she doesn't worry about you. Damn! You see? I did it again."

"My mother is going to love you."

Afterwards, Emily plopped down into his hypnosis chair.

"I don't think I can relax enough to be hypnotized."

"Oh, I prepped you over dinner by mirroring your body language, even matching your breathing. It's why you feel so light, carefree, and comfortable. Do you remember touching my hand when you passed me the sweet-fire

chicken? Although we just met, you were so into our conversation that your eyes never left mine, yet I bet you can't remember what we talked about. In fact, the last hour seems so elastic that you have no idea what time it is."

He watched her squirm as she studied her watch, her eyes never quite focusing.

"Your throat feels so dry that you need to swallow."

Sure enough, she swallowed while looking increasingly bewildered. Part of the trick to hypnotizing someone was convincing them they were hypnotized.

"You're so relaxed that your left hand may seem glued to the chair. It feels so heavy you can barely lift it. And the more you try, the heavier it feels." Emily panicked as she struggled to remove her skin from the leather. "Of course, the more you resist, the more hypnotized you become; and the more you are hypnotized, the better you feel. With each and every breath you inhale relaxation and exhale negativity: stress, anxiety, frustration, anger, resentment, and self-pity. Feel the anxiety drain out of you, through the chair and into the floor. Soon you may notice a warm sense of well-being spread from deep inside you, filling you up, like a mother's love. That will push out the dark energy that holds you down and holds you back. Take a moment to let it permeate you. Soak up that love like a sponge. People love you, you know, and you should bathe in it so their love can cleanse you of all bad things."

He waited until she no longer tried to lift her left hand. Emily had never felt more helpless. A part of her wanted him to ravage her before she could fight back.

"I'd like you to imagine a piece of string around your right wrist tied to a big red helium balloon that pulls it up, higher and higher, into the air. The heavier your left wrist feels, the lighter your right wrist becomes. Up and up it magically rises, light as a feather, deepening your hypnosis."

She looked shocked as her right hand rose seemingly on its own. "How can my eyes be open if I'm hypnotized?"

"Lots of commuters do it. It's called highway hypnosis. If you have ever passed your off ramp because you were lost in thought, you were probably hypnotized."

Like everyone else, you like to think your conscious self is in control, but it's not. Your subconscious and unconscious control you. Hypnosis speaks past your critical thinking, directly to your subconscious, which is how I can help you with your problem. Emily, what was the name of that wannabe rapist?"

"Bob."

"Really? I was hoping for a scarier name."

I called him Screech because his constant smoking made his laugh sound like a cackle."

That made Bill smile. He walked behind the recliner, alarming the hell out of her, but quickly came back holding a bright red aluminum bat. He handed it to her before she started speculating.

"What's this for?" she demanded.

"For beating the crap out of Screech. I release your hands and arms so that you can swing that baby just like you did all those years ago. You may have forgotten beating him down, when he entered your room, but I'm gonna help you remember. You see, he had no idea how strong and brave you were. He mistook you for a helpless little girl, when actually you were a fucking badass. During dinner you said you loved playing softball. I want you to show me your home run swing. Now, please remember hiding behind the door, red metal bat in hand, waiting for that fuckwad to learn his mistake. How dark was your room that night?"

"Moonlight came through the window."

"Good, so you can see. What sounds did you hear?"

"When I couldn't sleep, the tick-tock from the clock in the living room used to bug the shit out of me."

"Did anything smell that night?"

"Body odor. I rarely bathed to make myself as unattractive as possible to him."

"You're right. You do stink. I want you to breathe in your stench, picture the moonlight illuminating part of the room, and hear that fucking clock through the walls. Are you in position behind the door with the bat? Because this pathetic fucker has no idea of the beatdown he's about to endure. You may not remember clearly, but you hurt him

pretty bad, although no worse than the failed rapist deserved. Now close your eyes and walk me through how you surprised and crushed him so completely. Don't forget how you put pillows under your blanket to fool him."

It was like he plugged her in, the way she suddenly glowed. In the recliner, Emily gripped the bat with both hands while resting it against her shoulder. She tensed up, lost in a false memory, ready to spring into action.

"I can hear the fat fuck. Oh, I am gonna hurt him so bad, for every time he hit my momma and leered at me. For all of those snide comments, that disgusting laugh, for all those times he brushed against me."

"Yeah, you totally fucked him up. You will release all the fear, frustration, anxiety, pity, and tension in your body, mind, and soul as you beat him to within an inch of his life. You will vent all your rage in your surprise attack. Remember, Screech is not a man, but a monster. You will enjoy destroying him and you will feel no regret or remorse because this beast is just getting what he has long deserved. You're not a victim; you're a fucking hero. Now tell me how this massacre went down."

She closed her eyes and saw Screech so clearly. "I noticed the door handle turn and adjusted my grip on the bat. The moron sneaked in, staring at the bed. I could tell he was drunk, as usual, by the clumsy way he moved. He thinks he's so clever for waiting until my mom passed out, and assumes I will take his shit like my mother. As soon as he cleared the doorway, I stepped forward and bashed him over the fucking head. Blood spurts out and I laugh like a lunatic. My bat is already swinging down, so I smash his closest knee so the bastard can't get away."

"Did the coward cry out in pain?" Bill asked.

"Yes, but he's cursing me, too. He is so pissed."

"Then you better hit him again. Maybe knock his teeth in to shut him up."

She swung, laughing, and Bill got a cold chill. "Oh, yes, that did it. Ooooo, I think I fractured his fucking jaw. Now I'm kicking him in the face while beating him with the bat. There. I broke his nose."

"Don't forget his genitals. Just because he never sexually abused you doesn't mean he won't try someone else, so you better bust his balls, just to be sure. Who knows how many girls you are saving?"

Bill watched her swing the bat repeatedly, nearly hitting him. "The coward keeps curling up like a baby, so I'm hitting his arms and legs. Ah, now I got him! Ooof, I scored a direct hit. I think his ball sack exploded. The pussy is whimpering now."

"Don't let up just because he's defenseless. You're saving the lives of other girls by smashing him. Hit him until your arms tire out. Exhaust yourself and vent all your anger. Tell him what you think of him. Insult the maggot. Show me how strong you are, and don't forget to scream at him. Let him know how angry you are."

So she did, her screams echoing off the walls. He assumed she exaggerated about studying to sing opera, but the power of her voice astonished him. She was louder than his stereo turned all the way up.

Being seated in a plush recliner did little to slow her down. As if high on LSD, Emily whacked the footrest so hard that Bill worried she would break his expensive therapy chair. Bill got tired just watching her, but he kept urging her on, knowing the deeper the catharsis, the better she'd feel later.

Finally spent, Emily lacked the energy to do more than just lay there. The bat fell from her hands and she melted into the plush recliner. Bill finally had the blank slate to rewrite her psychology.

"You are cured, Emily. You can let go of all the hate, pain, and misery that you have held on to for so long.

Imagine your mother apologizing for mistakenly bringing that bastard home. Can you forgive her for whatever pain she may have caused you?"

"I forgive you, mama! I love you so much!"

Emily cried with her entire body.

"If you could say anything to your dad, what would it be?"

"I miss you, daddy! And I'm sorry I blamed you for

leaving us. It wasn't your fault that drunk crossed the center divider. Oh, daddy, please forgive me for blaming you. I'm so sorry!"

"Can you picture him, Emily? He loves you so much. What is he saying?"

The girl, eyes closed, stared at the lamp. "He says he forgives me, and loves me, and misses us so much, but that one day we will be together again."

"I bet your dad wants you to be happy. Probably nothing could make him happier than seeing his little girl happy. Can you do that for him? Can you let go of all the bullshit and start being happy?"

"Yes, poppy. Yes, I'll be happy for you. I swear!"

She lunged forward and put her arms around the space between her and the lamp.

"The connection between you two is strong and will never break. You can relax now, knowing that he will always watch your back. Although you wish he didn't pass away, his departure has made you a stronger person."

Tear of joy flowed down Emily's face.

CHAPTER 5

Emily sank deeper into a warm trance, comfortable in her skin for the first time in years. She had no idea how much longer Bill continued, but every now and then she felt her arms rise or heard herself repeat something. It felt like an out-of-body experience -- without being out of body.

Then came the delicious dreams. Fantasies, really. The first started with her giving Bill a strip tease. Completely naked, Emily tore off Bill's clothes and dropped to her knees to suck his gorgeous cock. Emily's mother warned her that she had to convince herself that she loved sucking cock -- and, boy, was she convinced. She savored the memory of swallowing his seed in his office -- it was the naughtiest thing she has ever done. She still couldn't believe she did it, and couldn't wait to do it again.

It thrilled her to do something after years of listening to other girls gush over detailed stories shared with knowing

smiles. Even ugly girls her age had done something with someone -- she felt left out, like the last one picked for the team. The adult world is a club that excludes virgins. It takes some serious baggage to turn 21 as a virgin. Now Emily had her chance to make up for lost time, and she was determined to totally blow it. Anyone who says you can't suck and blow at the same time has never been on their knees before a hard cock.

While she bobbed back and forth, one hand cupped his balls while the other fingered her own pussy with an urgency she had never known. Emily had never masturbated before. Oh, she tried many times -- she just never succeeded. Not with the most potent weed. It's like the opposite of what Mark Twain once said: "Quitting smoking is easy; I've done it hundreds of times."

All too soon she felt the head engorge and knew she would soon have a mouthful of cum. About fucking time, Emily told herself, as she felt the trembling penis grow even harder. She redoubled her efforts and soon the volcano erupted in her mouth. The first wad plastered the roof of her mouth like Michelangelo and the second blocked the air passage, forcing her to take a moment to swallow. Then he covered her tongue as she continued to bob on his pole, back and forth, determined to take every pez from his dispenser.

Some spilled on her chin and curiosity told her to scoop it up. She held up her fingers and examined the man juice before sucking her fingers like a chicken wing. Bill pulled her up and stared at her in awe. He had such beautiful eyes! Emily was so proud. She finally felt like a woman. But she wasn't done. She pushed him roughly onto the bed, then gave him a full body massage while he groaned in pleasure. Somehow she got stuck on his cute booty and kneed his ass cheeks like bread. By the time she rolled him onto his back, his pole stood tall enough to hang a flag.

Emily climbed on board and attempted liftoff. The capsule sloshed as she gratefully slid down his runway. Her boobs bounced up and down as she rocked his world. Bill slapped her ass with one hand and pinched a nipple with the other as she leaned forward to French kiss that magnificent

fucker. What a rush!

"With each and every breath, your orgasm grows. You may try to resist it, but fighting it only makes it stronger." Oddly, Bill's voice came from behind her, instead of in front of her. "You can feel it growing more powerful, sweeping everything negative with it, because it cleanses you as it grows. It's taking all your stress, anxiety, tension, fear, resentment, and insecurities and replacing them with pure love. When it hits you, your scream will reflect all the negativity that the orgasm ejects from you. The stronger the orgasm, the more negativity you will force out. Yet the more negativity you lose, the stronger your orgasm will be. Losing your insecurities, fear, and regrets will turbocharge the orgasm and magnify your screams when you cum. The harder you cum, the louder you'll scream; yet the louder you scream, the harder you'll cum."

She felt it coming, all right. Not a wave, like so many people describe it, but more like an undersea current, pushing her before it. As Emily felt herself lose control, she fought back, which only strengthened the force. She knew the moment of no return as soon as she crossed it and imagined this must be what it's like to bungee jump -- that sense of freefall, where there's nothing you can do but savor the experience as if it were your last.

Her head jerked back and something from the bowels of her soul burst out like a screaming alien. An opera audience would have loved it. It sure didn't sound like her. Her imaginary Bill pinched her nipples so hard it hurt, and she vocally vented out the pain. Emily had never yelled with such ferocity before. Instead of terrifying her, it made her feel badass.

The mega-orgasm drained her, so Bill threw her on her back and drilled her like Texas oil. Emily wrapped her arms and legs around him and wept with joy, even as he grunted and cursed and pounded her like a nail. She soon felt another wave sweep her away. She fought it, but its power picked her up as if she weighed nothing. Bill must have sensed it because he leaned down to French kiss her. She latched onto his tongue as the wave broke. Unable to

scream down his throat made the orgasm that much more intense. She feared her eyes would pop out. It boiled over and her legs shook. So much liquid flowed out of her pussy that she wondered where it all came from. Cold air from the vent cooled her flush skin as the trembling ebbed. She stared at Bill in fucking awe, and that sweet bastard smiled down at her with love. She had so many emotions to sort through, but lacked the energy to do more than breathe.

Then the fucker flipped her over and slammed her from behind. Emily buried her head in the pillow so she could scream without scaring the neighbors.

"The ass!" she begged him. "Fuck me up the ass!"

He laughed and forced his cock up her butt. "Take it like a man," he taunted her, reaching around to rub her clit.

The excruciating pain made her feel so alive. When she came again, she seriously doubted she could take much more than this. But Bill wasn't done. Instead, her lover gave her a series of orgasms that drained the swamp of all negativity. Whatever pain, fear, and resentment she may have felt earlier that day were pushed out of her mind, body, and soul by the warm light of love that grew every time she came.

When she came to, or reasonable self-aware, she found herself staring at the ceiling, her arms thrown wide, her lover on a chair, still dressed in his suit, looking worried. She stared at him in astonishment.

"Here," he said, grabbing her left paw. In the time it took her to blink he pulled out a long freaking splinter and held it up in the dim light for her to study. "Now you are strong and brave and powerful again."

"What the fuck?" Emily asked, looking at her paw.

Then he said something while snapping his fingers in her face and she fell back in her trance. She didn't quite sleep as she continued to explore the incredible sex that she didn't really have.

Like in a dream, Emily found herself repeating things to internalize them, but immediately moved on to something else before she could remember what the hell she was saying. Bill had her act out scenes, read lines, show

emotion, then snap her back into an even deeper trance. Bill put her psyche through the ringer, which both relaxed and exhausted her.

Someone must have put acid in her Mandarin chicken because she suddenly dreamed she married Bill. She saw herself in a beautiful white wedding gown, surrounded by friends and family, walking down the aisle with Here Comes The Bride playing. Bill waited for her, looking handsome in his tux. Emily never knew such happiness. They lost track of time, looking into each other's eyes. When Bill slid the gorgeous diamond ring on her finger, she nearly peed. Then they kissed to wild applause. She dimly remembered making out with him in the limo, eager to tear her expensive wedding dress off, only to reach the luxury hotel room where they would make love all night. The aggressor, she ripped off his clothes and took him. She once heard that fucking is what guys do when women are making love to them, but they switched between fucking and making love after every orgasm. She would collapse on top of him and bathe in his eyes. Too much kissing and touching would excite her again, and she would fuck his brains out.

And every time she came, her hate, anger, and regret diminished.

Finally, after a series of mind blowing orgasms, she broke a barrier and started crying uncontrollably. Out came how much she missed her father, hated her mother for bringing so many abusive jerks home, and regretted acting like such a bitch to her wonderful step-father. Emily cried out her fears of graduating and entering the real world because a bachelor's degree in psychology didn't qualify you for jack shit. She wept for all the friends she lost because she freaked out being touched or in enclosed places. She hated feeling like a freak, and abhorred turning into a bitch to drive people away. Emily hated herself for treating people so bad. She just wanted to be normal, act normal, and live a normal life. She didn't need fame or fortune. Just the life that most people took for granted.

The next time she blinked, Emily found herself in the reclining chair, still fully clothed, with Bill saying soothing

shit. She could not help but notice how soaking wet her pants were. At first Emily thought she peed myself, but then she saw the folded beach towel under her and, with shock, realized that she had her first orgasm. And second and third and fourth and fifth. And what orgasms! She knew how other girls described it, but nothing they said did it justice. Nothing in her entire life prepared her, or could have prepared her, for such a mind altering experience.

"You're a woman now," the hypnotherapist told her.

"It beats the hell out of a bar mitzvah," she replied with a smile, totally drained, yet bathed in a warm glow.

Bill then tapped her forehead while snapping his fingers and she fell asleep.

CHAPTER 6

Bill hypnotized Emily over dinner, without her knowing it, then started feeding her suggestions to help her share her inner-most secrets with him. All his life people have told him the damnest things. It still surprised Bill what total strangers tell him. He can't get his parents to tell him why they're fighting, but a major cutie like Emily will give him details on the night she was raped. Usually people tell him way more than he wants to know, but that wasn't possible with Emily. Bill wanted to know everything about her.

Normally, Bill second-guess himself endlessly on ethical shit. Fucking a patient -- or at least one who comes to him as a patient -- is pretty unethical. Even if she's hot and wants to use him for sex. Even if it's therapeutic. Yet Emily explicitly challenged him to make her fall in love with him. She gave him the green light, so he planned on driving through her intersection.

How often does someone knock on your door and hand you the winning lottery ticket? Not too fucking often. But, basically, that's what Emily just did with Bill. If she wore more clothes, he would have wondered if she hid a wire, because this was too good to be true.

His challenge was more than getting someone past a

traumatic event. He could imagine spending the rest of his life with her. Assuming she didn't turn out to be a total basket case. He tried that twice, and wouldn't go for a third. Not even for Emily. But Emily didn't seem nearly as fucked up as his two ex'es. He treated combat veterans less fucked up than those bitches. Emily, to his trained eyes, seemed as normal as could be hoped for. They got along, had chemistry, and they both desperately wanted to fuck each other. Hell, he even made her laugh! Now that's a superpower.

When she entered his humble home, the place lit up like she carried a giant lantern. Bill cleaned up as much stuff as he could while she went to the bathroom, but she didn't seem to find any major flaws with it. Which was important because he just bought the damn place after his ex got the last home he bought, and he wanted to stay. She had no idea how relieved he felt when she clearly felt comfortable in his home. With any luck, it would soon be hers.

As a teenager, Bill often seduced girls with hypnosis. Hell, once they hear about hypno-orgasms, they sometimes literally beg to be seduced. But he wanted more than sex from Emily. His rich asshole brother once said 99% of women aren't fuckable. His very fuckable trophy wife then claimed that 99% of all men aren't marriage material. What everyone would agree on is that finding someone you want to spend the rest of your life with is fucking difficult. Possible lifemates are few and far between. Unless you're George Clooney, life sucks without someone special.

Everyone wants to get the best possible mate because your happiness depends on it and because society will judge you partly by who you marry. If others think you've married below you, you'll lose respect. But if you bag a major trophy, people will assume good things about you. Who you marry reflects on you. A good mate raises your status while a poor mate lowers it.

Plus, relationships only last when both parties feel they bring something equal to the table. A gorgeous woman will not stay with a perennial loser and a rich success wants a wife who reflects his new, higher status. It isn't fair, but life

was never meant to be fair. Instead, life was meant to be hard. If God wanted life to be easy, he would have made it easy.

Some people you know better in a minute than other people in a lifetime. He certainly felt he understood Emily better than his own damn brother.

"Please don't let me fuck this up," he prayed, over and over again, trying to bring up his "A" game.

For several hours he worked her hard. He would have her beat the crap out of Screech, then pump her up with a bunch of self-esteem shit, followed by a fantasy roll play like a wedding or kickass vacation, then a fuck fest to drain her of negativity, so he could have her beat Screech again. Not until the sun came up did she just disable Screech with a hit to the head, then call the police, rather than beat him nearly to death. That's when he knew they won. It took several times, but each time she beat him with less hatred. That last time, she looked down at Screech with contempt instead of fear, and Bill wept in joy.

Exhausted, he stumbled to the couch and envied how well he knew Emily would sleep.

Then, after a long nap, he returned to work, shaping and strengthening her in ways she could not even imagine. He had never kept anyone in hypnosis for so long, and prayed he didn't overplay his hand.

CHAPTER 7

Emily woke up starving. Startled, she had no idea where she was, yet strangely didn't freak out. The room looked vaguely familiar, but things didn't click until she saw Dr. Cooper -- Bill -- asleep on the couch. Instinctively she knew he slept there, rather than on a comfortable bed, so he would be within her line of sight when she woke. What a fucking sweetheart.

It took a lot of fucking effort to get out of that comfortable recliner. That's when she discovered how much her back and neck hurt. She remembered going to the bathroom half-asleep a few times, and vaguely recalled

eating, but other than that she had been in that fucking chair.

"Crap," she whispered, terribly disappointed, looking at her pants. "I'm still a virgin." It's not often you wake up hoping you unknowingly lost your virginity.

Emily had no idea how long she had been there, but she saw boxes of pizza and Chinese food littering the floor. She even had noodles and rice on her shirt. The cutie stretched to get out the kinks, when she realized how different she felt. Not just good, but great. A baseball covered with signatures sat in a glass box with a note from Bill telling her to give it to her father-in-law to show her appreciation for all of his help.

She walked over to Bill and admired him for the longest time. A half-full water bottle lay nearby so she drank it while studying his gorgeous face. She didn't think anyone could be hotter than Derrick, but now she could barely remember what he looked like. The longer she looked at Bill, the better looking he got. She resolved right then and there not to let this one get away.

She liked everything about him, laying there with only boxers on. She caressed his back while she examined every inch of him. Obviously he worked out, with a lean physique more like Brad Pitt than Arnold Schwarzenegger.

The dark beauty squatted to put her face near his. He slept like a baby. He's exhausted, she realized. He must have been up all night working on me. Once she started smiling, it grew so big that it barely fit on her face. She touched his face like a blind girl trying to memorize him and chuckled when he purred like a kitten.

"You're fucking adorable," she told him in a stern voice that accepted no argument.

Asleep, he didn't answer her, so Emily kissed him. Gently, because she didn't want to wake him. His lips were so soft. Just as she starting forcing her tongue into his mouth she realized that she was kissing a guy, something that she had never done before.

"Holy shit!" she yelped as she fell backwards. On her back with her legs spread before him, Emily stared at Bill in stunned disbelief. Then she looked up at the ceiling

to thank God for His help. A bit late, but whatever.

On her hands and knees she gently lifted his hand and put it on her breast. Asleep, he didn't even squeeze her tittie, but Emily felt thrilled, all the same.

"I can touch him and he can touch me!" She got up and danced like she won the lottery. "I'm cured! That magnificent bastard fixed me!"

Unfortunately, her shorts stunk real bad, like laundry left out in the rain, so she took off her clothes in order to take a shower. Then it hit her that she was fucking naked and alone with a guy in his home, and she wasn't freaking out. Overwhelmed, she sat on the carpet to stare at her man, relishing her brave nudity.

"You're mine," she told him, not knowing that he drilled this into her repeatedly under hypnosis. "I am yours and you are mine."

Emily spread her legs, just because she could, but the odor repelled her. "I need to shower and shave. I got a damn forest growing down there!" Laughing to herself, she scooted closer so she could insert his finger into her. But that felt so good that she rubbed her clit with one hand while used the other to fuck herself with his middle finger. Her eyes rolled back and her flush skin overheated her. The loud grunting should have woken the dead, but Bill slept through it.

Finally, Emily pictured kissing him at their wedding after taking their vows and the orgasm smacked her like a 2X4. She suppressed a scream because he clearly needed the sleep, and that only intensified it. So much fluid flew out like a flash flood that she initially assumed she peed on his hand. She stared at her virgina like an alien as she slowly regained her composure.

"He can not only make me cum when I'm asleep, but when he's asleep. I've struck gold!"

She sniffed the air, grinning. "So that's what sex smells like." Emily could not believe the situation she found herself in. "Well, if you're mine, then I want to see my penis."

She pulled down his boxers and fished out his soft

dick. She wanted to see it hard, so she fondled it until it got semi-hard, then leaned forward to work it with her mouth. Soon enough, she had a rock hard boner that made her gag. In her inexperience, she blamed herself for not getting the whole monster in. Every time her nose sniffed his pubes, her gag reflex would make her spit it out. The hottie enjoyed the taste, but couldn't quite get the hang of it. Frustrated, she gave up rather than ruin her mood.

"You're mine," she warned the penis. "Or you will be soon. Crap, I need to talk to my mother. I'd hate to lose Bill just because I suck at blowjobs."

She showered, then went through Bill's clothes until she found shorts and a shirt that didn't look too ridiculous on her, chuckling how comfortable she felt naked in a stranger's home. She spend a solid hour cleaning up the place, wrote him a note, then texted her mom that she was coming home.

She didn't own a car, so she jogged home, a new person.

Bill opened his eyes as soon as the door closed. While hypnotized, he had her count down from ten before waking up in order to give him time to feign sleep on the couch to see her true reaction. He didn't want to fool her, but he needed to know how well the therapy took. And what she'd do in his home if she thought no one was looking. A part of him hoped she'd steal his cash, but instead she passed his test with flying colors.

Truly exhausted, he crawled into bed, wondering if she would return.

CHAPTER 8

"Mom!" Emily yelled as soon as she opened the front door. Her father-in-law appeared first, looking worried. "Dad!" she said as she ran up and gave him a bear hug. "Joel, do you mind if I call you 'dad' from now on? You've been doing the duty, so I think you should get the title." She heard a yelp, and turned to see her mother. "Mom! Guess what? I finally found someone! Remember that therapist guy I wanted to try? Well, I tried him! Check out the

pictures I took with my smartphone over dinner." Her mother appeared catatonic. "Mom? You okay?"

"We've been worried sick about you," Joel volunteered.

"But I called. I even gave you the address!"

"That was Friday. That guy called yesterday, but you really should not go two days without letting us know where you are."

Emily looked at Joel like a ghost. "Today's Sunday? Holy crap. Bill has been working on me all weekend, then. No wonder the dear is so exhausted."

"Did he do anything do you?" Joel needed to know.

"I'm still a virgin, if that answers your question. Oh, Bill is going to cover my tuition from now on, but he wanted to give something to you to express our gratitude for all of your help." Emily dumped her backpack and took out the baseball in the glass case. "A grateful patient gave it to him for saving his life. I told him what a fan you are, so he insisted."

Intrigued, Joel examined the ball through the glass, his excitement growing more visible with each second.

"Emily! Do you have any idea what this is?"

"A ball autographed by the Red Sox after winning the 2007 World Series to congratulate manager Terry Francona for his second world series win. It's small compensation for paying my tuition for four years."

"Do you have any idea what this is worth?"

"Less than four years of tuition, so you have to accept it."

Joel sat down hard and Emily wondered whether she just gave him a heart attack. Her mother rushed over to calm him down. Unexpectedly, the old man cried. Just burst into tears like a fire hydrant.

"Group hug!" Emily commanded, kneeling to embrace her parents. Her mother kept kissing her on the forehead, until she, too, cried too hard. "What's with all the tears? I finally found someone. I thought you'd all be happy. Or, at least, in stunned disbelief."

"This is the first time you've ever touched me," Joel

said. He looked more like her grandfather than her father since her mother chose an older man, just to be safe.

"Well, it won't be the last. I'm gonna give you hugs every time I see you. You've been such an awesome dad and I've treated you shamefully. Bill thinks so, too. Oh, he says I need to make it up to your kids, too. I was mean to them when they tried to be nice to me." Even his kids were older than her.

Her mother grabbed her by both shoulders. "Who are you?" she joked.

"Mom, Bill fixed me. I'm still not sure how, but I suddenly feel so normal. You have to meet him. He's yummy."

"I'm so happy you have a boyfriend."

Emily shot to her feet to jump up and down. "That's what he is! My boyfriend. Ha ha. I have a boyfriend, I have a boyfriend. Take that, Derrick!"

"You spent the weekend with him, and you're still a virgin? Are you sure he isn't gay?"

Emily laughed. Everything that once seemed so important wasn't, while things she didn't care about now were her priorities. "Well, I'm not fixed completely yet, if you know what I mean, but I plan on ravishing him tonight. I tried sucking him off, but just couldn't get the hang of it."

"Oh, I can help you with that," her mother assured her.

"Oooof!" Joel blurted out, laughing. Mom slapped him playfully and Emily envied how happy they were.

"I need to take her out shopping!" mom pointed out, all excited. "Emily doesn't have anything sexy to wear."

"You better take my platinum card, just in case," Joel said.

"You're the best dad in the world."

CHAPTER 9

Bill answered the phone on the first ring. "Hello?"

"Hey, honey. You hungry?"

He smiled, relieved. He worried he lost her when he

woke up alone. "Hell, yeah."

"Then dress up. I'll be there in an hour or so. Do you mind if I drop some things off? I'd like to spend the night."

"Girl, you can stay here for as long as you want."

"Damn! I should have brought more suitcases!" She laughed with him. "I want to make love to you Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, then fuck the rest of the week."

Bill laughed. "You can have me as much as you want, for as long as you want."

"Are you really my boyfriend?"

"I will be once you see me with my bling on."

"Boy, just you wait! I look like I'm gonna crash the Oscars."

"Sorry, I can't wait."

"Don't you dare beat off! Mom taught me stuff today and I'm eager to see how much I've learned." That left Bill speechless. "Sweetie? You still there?"

"Sorry, Emily. My cock just cold-cocked me."

As always, her laughter drugged him. "See you soon."

"Not soon enough."

He paced for the next two hours, then ran out when they pulled up. Her mother looked older than her years, but Bill could tell she used to be a real beauty. They exchanged pleasantries before Emily sent her mother home.

"You look stunning."

And she did. The bright red dress that optimized her cleavage mesmerized him. He barely saw the pearl necklace that she borrowed from her mom. Whereas she looked like a student on Friday, now she could pass for a movie star. Emily had been holding her breath, waiting to study his reaction, and everything told her that she hit a grand slam. He brought in her luggage like a valet.

"Could you help me choose new furniture?" he asked as she put her stuff away. "And pictures to put on the walls? I want you to feel at home here."

"Keep that up and you'll get lucky tonight," Emily teased him.

"Girl, I'm lucky right now."

CHAPTER 10

Bill took her to an expensive restaurant where she turned heads walking to their table. Bill felt like a million bucks. Which would just about cover dinner. He begged her to order something she normally doesn't eat, and she chose lobster. He offered wine, but she lost her appetite for alcohol. This weekend was also the longest she ever went without taking Valium.

Then, out of nowhere, she loudly said, "I can't wait to fuck you."

Bill choked so hard on his halibut that he farted. Audibly. Emily laughed while he turned redder than her lobster.

"Please don't tell our grandchildren that I farted on our first date," he begged her.

"Nice save, young Jedi, on transitioning the subject. I'll let you name our first child if you let me name the next two."

"Only if I get to name the three after that." Bill couldn't believe what he was saying.

They smiled at each other. Everything seemed surreal, like they would wake up at any moment in their beds, alone.

"I always wanted kids, but just assumed it wouldn't be possible," Emily said. "I'm not taking birth control pills and I don't have health insurance. Do you want to wear condoms, or would you prefer to marry me if I got pregnant?"

"I'd prefer to knock you up so you have to marry me." As soon as the words left his mouth, he knew it was true.

"Shouldn't you first take a moment to think it over?"

"I've never shared such chemistry with anyone before. I know a lot of couples, but I can't think of any who have what we have. Tomorrow I'll go to a notary to put it in writing, just in case you decide to have my child."

Emily shivered. "You fucker! You're getting me wet again. How do you do that?"

"It must be my rock star good looks."

"I'd love to spend the rest of my life with you, but I'm scared our relationship won't last. I've never had a boyfriend before. Hell, I've never even kissed a boy before. I'd hate to give you my heart, only for it to be broken."

"Life doesn't come with guarantees, but I can guarantee you that my third marriage will be my last. If the next one doesn't last, I'm done with marriage. Three strikes and I'm out."

"You'd really marry me?"

Bill felt another fart trying to escape. "The smart move would be to wait a year, or until you become pregnant. But yeah," he said, savoring her eyes. "I can easily see myself marrying you. Why do you think I have you marry me under hypnosis? You told me to make you fall in love with me, and so I do that by having you see a happy future with me. While women lure men with sex, men lure women with commitment."

"What do you mean?"

"A man in a suit is like a woman in lingerie. A suitable mate is like a boner for women. You're not gonna marry a guy who can't support a family, who is unfaithful, unreliable, irresponsible, addicted, or reckless, so you get a hard-on when you find a guy who is marriage material. Guys know this, and therefore use it to get sex. Men paint a happy future together to get laid because that's what works. Even though women who believe their lies get their hearts broken."

"Wait a fucking minute!" Emily slammed the table hard, disturbing the couple in the next booth. "Men get laid by convincing women that they want more than sex?" Bill didn't think it sounded like a question, so he said nothing. "You bastards!"

"Hey, don't blame me. I've been married twice. I'm not like other guys."

"And just how would you play that card with me?" she wanted to know.

Bill fixed her position with frontal eye contact, then flanked her before she could reposition herself.

"You graduate this summer, yet a bachelors in psychology doesn't qualify you for anything, so you'll have to work your ass off, making very little, like your mother did before she met her Prince Charming. You'll have to live at home, with limited privacy, obeying their rules, while your wealthier friends party without you. You'll waste the best years of your life. You will exist without actually living. Your step-dad's kids will inherit his wealth, so you and your mother will be poor again once he passes away. Unless you win the lottery or find a great husband to rescue you from cruel fate, your life is basically over before it starts. Which is why hooking a rich guy like Derrick was so important to you. But he wants to party, not settle down.

"Now imagine that you live with me. I am faithful, hard working, strong, successful, healthy, and generous. Rather than work, I'd support you while you take a masters-doctorate program in psychology. As Dr. Emily, you become a state-licensed clinical psychologist using hypnotherapy to save people's lives while living large on a combined income of a quarter million a year. Instead of slaving for some sexist jerk, you work for yourself. You could have kids while you get your doctorate, or wait until you graduate, since you would make your own work schedule. I can give you a happy relationship that lasts a lifetime, security, stability, prosperity, family, and financial independence."

She must have snorted pixie dust, the way her face lit up like Tinkerbelle.

"Where do I fucking sign?" she joked. "But what do you get out of it?"

"You are everything that I've always wanted in a lifemate. And I like the term 'lifemate' better than 'soulmate.' You're smart, beautiful, and caring. We get along great, we communicate well, and we seem to share compatible goals, beliefs, and values. You even laugh at my jokes. Really, what more could a man want?"

That shut her up long enough to finish her cold lobster. The pieces of the puzzle seemed to fall into place on their own. The opportunity that Bill presented floored her. And scared the hell out of her.

"I can't believe someone as hot as you would marry someone fucked up like me," she said.

"Marrying someone bright, gorgeous, and totally into me would not be the worst thing that ever happened to me."

Emily sure liked him buttering her up. "Out of curiosity, what is the worst thing that has ever happened to you?"

Bill thought a moment. "As a teenager I once fell face-first into a fresh pile of steaming doodoo."

Emily gasped. "Seriously?"

"Yeah, and let me tell you, it tasted like crap!" She slapped his arm for pulling her leg, but couldn't help laughing, despite herself. "On the one hand, it made me appreciate my mom's terrible meatloaf, which I only thought tasted like caca, but, on the other hand, it remains the best shit I've ever had."

She smiled so big she had a hard time forming words. "Why would you want to marry me? I just don't get it. You could have anyone."

"My friends say my standards are unrealistic, but they're really just very specific. I am looking for a woman with a long list of physical and psychological attributes and you, alone, check off my list. In return, I am offering a roof over your head, food on your plate, as well as clothes, jewelry, and makeup."

"And shoes. Lots and lots of fucking shoes."

He laughed. "And shoes. Hell, I'd even pay for breast implants if I'm confident you're not just using me for money."

"You're gonna make me feel like a hooker?"

"A virgin can know what a hooker feels like? I'm not paying you for sex, so you're not a hooker. Investing so much in you should be reassuring. I want you to know that I find you valuable. You know a guy cares when he spends money on you. Would you prefer I spend as little as possible on you?"

"Now I really feel like a hooker," said the woman who wants to have sex, but cannot.

Bill sighed. "Even beautiful women are insecure

because they know how quickly things can change. A scar to the face may end their relationship and, often enough, their careers. Women prefer husbands to boyfriends because they need to know that their man will be there for them during bad times. It's why wives fart, but girlfriends don't. In Europe they say you don't know who your friends are until you've known them for a decade -- meaning until they have a chance to abandon you when you need them the most. Conservative men want to outlaw gay marriage and criminalizing abortion, but most women would prefer to outlaw divorce and criminalize infidelity. A law that made cheating a felony would get every female vote in America."

"No man has ever talked like this with me before," Emily confessed.

"You've never dated a man before."

Emily stopped refilling her wine glass. "I've never felt like a woman before."

"Just wait until I get you into our bed." She noticed that he didn't say "my bed" but "our bed." Gazing into each other's eyes, they connected like a T1 trunk in a world of dial-up. Quietly they shared a magical moment.

Then Bill put his hand on hers and watched her freeze up, like a deer in highlights. Her face turned pale and her eyes lost focus. Her body heaved backwards so hard she almost tipped over, right onto the restaurant floor. The knee-jerk reaction embarrassed Emily. The dude fucking bought her lobster! On a first date!

He unsuccessfully tried to hide his bitter disappointment. "It looks like we still have work to do."

"Oh, Bill, I'm so sorry! I've ruined our first date." She saw her unbelievable future fade away.

She looked about to cry, but he noted that she clearly didn't want to escape, like when they first met. He withdrew his hand and examined her. She was "this" close to a total freak-out.

"Put your hand on mine," he ordered her. Which she did without a problem. Indeed, it seemed to relax her.

"Interesting."

"What the hell is so interesting?" she demanded,

hating herself again and afraid she fucked up something wonderful.

"It appears I can't touch you, but you can touch me." She was too overwhelmed to appreciate the significance. "That means, at least in the beginning, that I cannot ravish you, but you can ravish me."

Well, that cleared her eyes. "Interesting," she said in a deep voice, doing a funny imitation of him. "So we can still have sex?"

"Yep. But you will have to do everything until we desensitize your body. It's like if snakes scare you because one bit you as a kid. First we show you a cute picture while calming you down, then desensitize you to scarier pictures, until you can relax in the same room as a snake. The therapy becomes a success when you can hold a harmless snake without fear."

"You're not gonna bite me, are you?" she asked with a smile. "Cuz I've been thinking of swallowing you whole."

"I may nibble on your earlobes."

Her hands flew to her ears and she laughed at how silly she must have looked, with her elbows pointing at him.

"Hey, lady," Bill said loudly. "Take out the earplugs and listen to me!"

Her full throated laugh made him feel connected again.

"Every time I feel like shit, you make me feel special again. How do you do that?"

"Drugs."

She didn't buy that for a minute. "More like mad skills. Where do we go from here?"

"You get to do whatever you feel comfortable doing to me. You are in control. You decide what we do."

She looked at him blankly. "I'm in charge?" Emily started laughing hysterically. "Me?"

Bill loved her reaction and felt a ton of relief at not having to seduce someone traumatized by rape. She would gradually push the limits, her body would get used to contact, and eventually he would get to fuck her.

"Where do I start?" she wanted to know.

"Kiss my hand." She pecked his palm. "Now kiss me on the lips."

Bill watched happiness capture her face. She was really enjoying this. He stayed where he was, forcing her to scoot closer. Except she kept smiling so much that she couldn't pucker her lips.

"Nervous?"

"Yes, damn you!" she answered, chuckling. "I thought you'd ravage me like a helpless maiden, not put me in charge of our sex life. I can't wait to give you lemons just to see you make kickass lemonade. You're a fucking judo master!"

"It's not my fault you're a powerful lioness." Even though, actually, it was.

She whispered a roar into his ear. Then, tempted by fate, she began to nibble on his earlobes.

"Now who's the judo master?" he shot back, loving every nibble.

It took a few minutes before she moved to his neck and face, but it was worth it. When she finally kissed his soft lips, his boner almost lifted the table like a séance. Their first kiss lasted an eternity -- they didn't even use tongue. They'd gaze into each other's eyes, then close them when it felt too good, only to open them a few minutes later. Bill was dying to embrace her.

"Are you really gonna buy me boobies?" she finally whispered, gripping his hard-on.

That broke the spell and they laughed, freakishly comfortable together. She practically sat on his lap in their corner booth.

"Move in with me and I will."

"Done!"

They laughed again, each aware of the long odds that fell in their favor, like scoring an inside royal flush on the river in Texas Hold-Em.

"Bill, seriously! How the fuck can you spend several thousand on tits for a chick you just met? I'd totally understand if we wait a while."

Crap. Now he had to own up. "My big brother, a

Goldman Sachs banker who got rich collapsing the economy, is marrying a supermodel next month and I need you to make me look good. Society judges people partly on who they marry because they assume that's the best you can do. I'd lose respect if I married beneath me. In contrast, with you as my live-in fiancée, everyone will assume I have a huge cock."

Her eyes widened and she instantly understood. "I will be on you like white on rice. I'll give you head under the table and make more noise than a vacuum. Every guy there will envy you, including your brother. You'll steal his thunder and borrow his lightning to rain on his happy parade."

She understood him. At least, a woman who "got" him.

"Are you always this amazing?" he asked in awe.

"Yes."

She put her hands on his and they enjoyed each other in silence. If they noticed the impatient waitress who wanted new customers, they didn't show it. Once the waitress left, Emily started laughing uncontrollably.

"I'm getting tits? Do you have any idea how much that changes a girl's life? It raises my self-esteem ten points, right off the bat. I'll get free drinks, doors will magically open, and teachers will give me better grades. I crave attention, yet fear rejection, and big boobs help with both. It's so hard to feel like a woman when men treat you like a kid. In terms of greater social respect, breast implants for a woman are like a man becoming six inches taller. You make me so fucking happy. Tell me how I can pay you back."

"We need to get your body used to physical contact, so touch me as much as possible. We may not have sex soon, but touching my naked body all over would be very therapeutic. At least for me."

She smiled. "You just want a full body massage."

"But I'll return the favor as we progress. We'll measure the success of the therapy by how much you let me touch you. You'll know we have succeeded when I'm giving you full body massages."

"Oh, you're on, man!"

If Emily got any happier, she'd pee herself.

CHAPTER 11

"What are you doing?" Emily asked, bewildered, back in Bill's ridiculously comfortable recliner. She had just given him a full body massage that left her soaking wet. She tried to mount him, but froze up instead, like a kid caught with a hand in the cookie jar. Adding insult to injury, she then felt so useless that she couldn't even suck him off. If they didn't want physical contact, they would have been perfect for each other.

"I'm taping up the windows," Bill replied, holding a wide roll of transparent packing tape. "Under hypnosis, I tell you that the louder you scream, the harder you orgasm, and the harder you orgasm, the louder you scream. The problem is that your vocals are so powerful I fear you'll shatter the windows in the Orgasm Room and cut us up with the shards."

That's what they now called it: the Orgasm Room, because it now reeked of sex all day, every day. She was so conditioned that just entering the room made her skin tingle.

Scandalized, Emily covered her mouth with her hand. "Swear you're just fucking with me! If I scream that loud, I must be waking the neighbors."

"I'm sure you've given Mrs. Tubbards plenty to talk about. I wouldn't worry, though. If it wasn't your screaming, she'd find something else about you to talk about, the nosy bitch."

"The old lady with the dogs?"

"Yeah. She deliberately has them poo on my lawn. I'm surprised you haven't heard them howl when you scream."

Emily stared at her man, unsure whether to believe him. "I never know when you're joking."

"Most people value truth. As a therapist, I value words that work. I operate so often in someone else's worldview that what is true becomes a matter of perspective.

So, instead of worrying about veracity, I simply say things that will give me the results I seek. Now, for example, every time you orgasm, a part of you will be tuning in to hear the neighborhood dogs, making you less self-conscious, which will allow you to cum that much stronger. More importantly, it helps you cum that much cleaner. Guilt, anger, resentment, hate, sadness, or traumatic memories can pollute and dilute an orgasm. I'd rather you think about shattering the windows or pissing off the dogs than those things."

"You are so fucking beautiful." Emily couldn't believe he was so good to her. "You know what I want before I want it. I didn't know I had so many buttons, but you play me like a piano. It's like you've memorized my instruction manual."

Bill finished taping the last window. "Actually, I've never understood anyone like I feel I understand you. I doubt there's a thousand couples on the planet that enjoy a connection like we do."

"But I can't even mount you! All I have to do is sit on your cock, and I can't even manage that. Plus, all the money you've been spending on me makes me feel like shit. Very horny shit."

Emily broke down in tears.

"I'm investing so much in you because no one else has ever wanted to have sex with me so badly before," Bill commented, annoyed that he couldn't even pat her on the back.

Emily laughed, despite her tears. "You always know just what to say."

"I'm your lifemate. It comes with the territory."

"I don't deserve you."

"Of course you do. You're just a Ferrari with a flat tire, not a bad engine. It's only been a few days, so don't get discouraged. It's only a matter of time before I get to ravage you, so be patient."

"I don't deserve you."

"People don't get what they deserve; they get what they need. Good things happen to bad people and bad things happen to good people all of the time. Deserving has

nothing to do with it. Rain falls on us all. Our purpose in life is to learn and grow, to purify our souls by shedding our negativity. Bad shit is what forces us to grow."

"I don't deserve you."

"Look at it this way: you get to spend the rest of your life making it up to me. If I bring more to the table, then you'll just have to work a little more to make up the difference. I'd rather have you over-appreciative than ungrateful."

"I don't deserve you."

"What if you give me incredible children? Bet you never thought of that."

"But I don't deserve you!" This time she roared angrily, making Bill wonder if she had some lion in her, after all.

"Which one of us are you trying to convince?" Bill shot back. "If you don't deserve me, then why are you here? If something bad never happened to you, then you never would have walked into my life. Don't you understand? That was the trigger that made our relationship possible. Without it, Derrick would have fucked and dumped you, breaking your heart. Don't you get it? The path you took will turn you into a better person. You don't have me because you deserve me, but because you need me. If life is a journey, then I'm your guide, so stop your damn complaining and enjoy the ride!"

He didn't mean to yell, but he really needed to overcome her resistance or else she may start sabotaging the relationship. Lots of people unconsciously harm their relationship. Self-destructive self-esteem has killed more marriages than infidelity.

Bill snapped his fingers and said the trigger words that would instantly put her under: "Emily Cooper!"

Replacing her last name with his own worked like an enema to her soul.

Immediately her eyes rolled back and her body lost all tension. Hypnotizing her so often helped condition her to his commands -- tools that any boyfriend would envy. He didn't need to look to know that she was now reliving her

strongest fantasy -- and getting incredibly wet. But, still, it was fun.

"Tell me what you see."

As if recounting a movie, Emily answered. "We're getting married. Joel has just walked me down the aisle and now I stand by your side. You look so handsome -- I want to rip your clothes off so bad. The place is packed! Do we really know all these people? I've never seen my mother look happier. She radiates a tranquility that other mothers envy."

"Are you horny?" he unnecessarily asked.

"Oh God yes! I'm so wet it feels like I peed myself. My heart is pounding and my skin feels hot. When you kiss me as my husband, I don't think I can restrain myself."

"Scream as loud as you want. This is your day. You can do whatever you want."

"The minister is talking, but his words bounce off me. All I can think about is that you will officially be mine."

"Yours, only yours, and yours forever," he assured her.

"That's what you say in your vows! That's what you promise me. I can sense the bitches in the pews seething with envy. It makes me feel a foot taller and three bra sizes bigger. If my gorgeous dress wasn't so heavy, I would float away."

"The more he talks, the hornier you get. With each and every breath, the orgasm grows stronger and closer. You try to resist, but that just gives it more power. It's gonna hit you when he declares us husband and wife, and you can't fucking wait. Already your breathing has changed, becoming heavier. You look fantastic in the dress, but you'd look even better without it."

In disbelief Bill watched Emily tear off her t-shirt and blue jeans. She loved to walk around the house naked, but then felt bad that they couldn't have sex. Yet she had never undressed under hypnosis before. Bill watched her remove her bra and panties. He didn't even have to ask her to spread her legs wide. She rocked the recliner back to give him an optimum view.

Interesting.

"Taking off your wedding dress has provoked me too much. My cock is so hard I think it may burst, so I take you right then and there, in front of everyone!"

"Yes, motherfucker, yes!" she cried out. "Fuck me right in this church!"

"Feel my boner enter you for the first time," he commanded, then slipped his middle finger inside her. She turned and twisted in the chair like a fighter plane evading a heat seeker, overwhelmed with sensation.

"Don't you dare stop!" she ordered him harshly, eyes still closed, so he slipped in another finger and pumped her fast and hard. She pinched a nipple and pushed her pelvis towards him.

"Tell me you love me!" he yelled.

"I fucking love you!" she screamed back.

"It's coming. I can feel it. The preacher is about to marry us. Can you see me hold up the massive ring?"

Emily was beyond speech. She thrashed about like a fish on a beach. He sensed her peak, then spoke the magic words, as he had so many times before.

"I now pronounce you husband and wife. You can cum in the bride."

Instead of her usual scream, something burst out of Emily that would have sent Bill running if he wasn't finger-fucking a total hottie he just met a few days before. Taping the windows had been a gimmick, a prop on a stage, but he was wiser than he knew because her thunder deafened him like front row seats at a rock concert.

She had been holding back, he suddenly realized!

He didn't need to strain to hear those fucking dogs bark like wolves. A water balloon must have popped inside Emily because a wave of liquid flooded his hand. Thank God he always had a thick towel under her. He had never seen anyone cum as hard as Emily, and she kept cuming harder with each passing day. It almost frightened him how strong she may cum in the months ahead.

Emily flipped on the size of the arm of the recliner, forcing Bill to reach across to hold her back. For the first

time, she didn't panic at his touch. She flopped back down and he watched her arms and legs twitch like an epileptic for a few minutes before she fell unconscious. Not asleep, but unconscious. Bill had to check her pulse just to make sure she was still alive. The mall was open, but nobody was shopping.

Holy crap! he silently yelled to himself. That was a grand slam. He mentally patted himself on the back. After all her suffering, she needed that. No, she deserved that. He smiled at his completely naked fiancée -- that's how he already thought of her -- like she was a winning lottery ticket.

Ironically, he had not yet cum, despite giving Emily dozens of orgasms all weekend. But that didn't bother him. He wanted more than just a fucking blowjob. He wanted a wife and a mother of his unborn children. And, if he played his cards right, he finally found her.

Still, she laid there naked, legs wide open. She desperately wanted him to fuck her, so it wouldn't be rape. She even wanted him to get her pregnant, and he knew how much she wished to lose her virginity. Ah, hell. This was too good to pass up. Maybe fucking her unconscious will help her therapeutically, the therapist rationalized.

Whatever. The curse of a therapist is always being brutally honest with oneself. Most people don't appreciate it, but most lies that people chose to believe have a practical or convenient aspect to them. No man cheats or steals or murders without first lying to himself. A therapist, however, could not afford convenient lies because the more you fool yourself, the more others can fool you.

"I really need to fuck you," he said to the naked body in his expensive chair while quickly undressing.

He hovered over her, his throbbing cock just inches away from its home, eager to get started. Hell, eager to finish. But, instead, he kissed her on the lips. She didn't respond, but that was probably for the best. At least her mouth was warm and inviting, or it would have felt creepy. Well, creepier. He sucked the nipple that she pinched and it felt wonderful. Two sizes bigger and her tits would be

world-class.

Staring at her beautiful face, love pouring from his eyes, he gently slide his cock inside her. Then he had to rearrange her legs to get it all the way in, but she didn't wake up, other than to moan like a cat in heat. Hey, maybe she would enjoy this after all. Once he pulled her ass forward a bit, he finally had the position he needed to rock his world. He thrust it in and out rapidly -- after all, he wasn't trying to make her cum -- and the sensation made him swoon.

Guys who say all pussy is the same are idiots. Like all wine tastes the same. Implausible on its face. Instead, every pussy -- like every love -- is unique. You can fuck them the same, but each reacts in its own way. Pussies are therefore not interchangeable. Some may feel equally good, but that does not make them the same.

Bill understood that how he felt towards a woman will bias his reaction. Fucking a prostitute, not matter how beautiful, is not better than making love to someone you care for. A man can hate a woman and still enjoy the sex, but that does not mean his feelings don't color the experience.

Emily was everything he ever desired in a woman -- were she conscious -- and he never felt so strongly towards anyone. He thought he loved his ex'es, at the time, but what Emily evoked in him completely overshadowed what he felt for anyone else. If he could measure love, Emily rated a world record.

So entering Emily was like diving into a warm pool. Everything changed in an instant. The sensations overwhelmed him, but one thing stood out: he never wanted to leave. Sex with Emily ruined him for other women. It was like discovering New York steak after a lifetime of chicken. He desperately wanted to make this first time last. He wanted to nibble on her ear loobs, give her neck a hickey, and lose himself in her tits.

But instead -- to his total shame -- he came in record time. Thank God she was unconscious!

He pulled out horrified at his performance. Hell, he wanted to scream like she did, but found that he couldn't utter a sound. His prick made more noise than he did. This

was not how he envisioned their first time. Which, naturally, was the problem: so many fantasies had built him up, leaving him half-hard all weekend. Of course ejaculation came quicker. She had been turning him on since the moment he saw her, so what did he expect?

He pulled out and cleaned himself up with the end of the towel. The sad thing was -- other than he just fucked someone unconscious -- that it still felt awesome. As Woody Allen put it, even bad sex is pretty good.

Bill collapsed in his executive chair and envied his fiancée, who slept like Sleeping Beauty. Every orgasm she had helped erase the rape, and the stronger she came, the more memory she erased. Or, at least, the pain. He just needed to give her enough orgasms so that she considered them her new normal. Then she will have transitioned from rape victim to a woman enjoying a healthy sexual relationship. He would say "normal," but he just fucked her unconscious and, as a psychologist, he was an expert on abnormal.

He just hoped that Emily could forgive him.

CHAPTER 12

Emily woke up in the dark several hours later feeling fantastic. Once she started walking she noticed the aches in her inner thighs and froze as she considered the possibilities.

"Oh my God!"

She raced to the bathroom to examine herself and, sure enough, she lost her virginity. Assuming fingers don't count. Her fingers scooped up Bill's semen and she stared at it until a smile lit her face like a torch.

"About fucking time!"

She washed herself, then found her lover in the master bedroom wearing nothing but his boxers, which she quickly pulled off. Half-asleep, Bill mumbled something, but Emily didn't care. Instead, she sniffed his penis and the smell of sex thrilled her. She knew she wasn't good at cocksucking, but neither had she given up hope. Her caresses quickly gave her something hard enough to suck

and she snorted that sucker like a crack whore. Enthusiasm more than made up for technique. Bill kept trying to apologize or something, so she decided to shut him the fuck up by smothering him with her pussy. And it was glorious. The only thing better than a cock in the mouth is also have a tongue up the pussy. All those years taking valium when she could have been enjoying this.

It just doesn't get any better than hot sex with the one you love. She vowed to enjoy Bill's cock every day for the rest of her life. Emily never felt happier, more satisfied, or more like a complete woman.

Then Bill grabbed her ass cheeks and the effect was like garlic on a vampire. She flew off him and onto the floor, landing with a hard thud. Surprised, because he thought he was finally going to get some, Bill scrambled in the bed to help her up, only to find her crying inconsolably, and not from the physical pain. A gentle hand on her shoulder set her into the wall hard enough to shake loose a portrait.

"Pavlov's dogs have nothing on you," he whispered to himself in awe.

Although Emily sobbed hard, Bill felt even worse because he couldn't even comfort her physically, and she was beyond listening. Feeling useless, he banged his head against his pillow in frustration.

Emily got dressed and fled, jogging to school to burn off her negativity. Bill didn't try to stop her. Instead he put faith in a long list of suggestions that he had repeated to her all weekend long. What other choice did he have?

Fucking Mondays. When the world ends -- whether with a big bang or a silent whimper -- it's gonna happen on a Monday.

Emily stopped to buy a bagel for breakfast and found a bunch of \$20's in her purse with a Love You note attached, which only made her feel even less deserving of such a wonderful man.

"I can't catch a break," she whispered between heavy breaths.

Turns out she didn't do any homework over the weekend, so she rushed to the library to catch up. Three

classes in a row helped her pass the morning thinking about something else besides fucking up the perfect relationship, but then she had a free hour to torture herself. Crossing the campus, she checked her phone and found a message from Bill.

"I now pronounce you husband and wife. You may now fuck Emily Cooper."

Even before she heard him snap his fingers, her legs started trembling. With a startled cry she collapsed on the campus lawn as another powerful orgasm shook her body like a baby rattle. The same vivid wedding video that she had watched a dozen times over the weekend under hypnosis now flashed before her eyes. Her body cruelly responded on cue as her pelvis bucked wildly, saturating her blue jeans. She had no idea how loud she screamed, but apparently the entire campus heard her. Something hard was forced into her mouth, gagging her. It never occurred to Emily to open her eyes because she saw herself marrying Bill so clearly.

When she came to, the embarrassed girl saw the campus cop pull a physics textbook out of her mouth, complete with teeth marks. A silent mob surrounded her, many chuckling over their camera phones. The realization that so many had watched her cum hit her hard enough to knock her out.

If she scared them before, now she terrified them because they thought her dead.

Emily woke up at the Student Health Center, only to see an old fat face staring down at her. She screamed in fright and leapt off the cot, ignoring shouted pleas to stay. Sprinting across campus, she targeted her next classroom like a mouse needing a hole.

Only to literally bump into Derrick, knocking him on his ass.

"I'm so sorry!"

The stud looked up at her in shock. "You must have seen me! Why didn't you stop?"

Emily shook her head to clear her vision, but still couldn't see him clearly. "You deliberately stood in my way?"

"Of course! I need to know why you bailed on me last Friday."

She circled him warily. "Oh, so you must be Darren."

"Derrick!" he angrily corrected her.

"That's what I said. Daryl."

He got up and got into her face. Now that she couldn't possibly not see him, something rumbled in her stomach that alarmed her and disgusted him, like a belch that stays in the stomach. He backed up like she swallowed a grenade. Emily rushed towards the nearest trash can, looking like a cat choking on a hair ball, and vomited that bagel disturbingly loud. It took forever, too, to get rid of every last drop of moisture rising in her throat. The moment she sensed him enter the classroom, however, she immediately felt much better. A dozen students stared at her with concern or derision, so she marched to the bathroom to clean up. Having washed her face, she looked blankly into the mirror, seeing yet not seeing. It felt like a hangover, but she hadn't been drinking.

Then it hit her:

Bill!

He used hypnosis so she had trouble seeing Derrick, then couldn't say his name. The sight of him made her nauseous. Bill used hypnosis like a grizzly clawing trees to mark his territory.

A part of her said she should be mad at him, but the rest of her started laughing uncontrollably -- he probably implanted that suggestion, too. Her increasingly hysterical laughter scared the hell out of a freshman who sprinted from her stall and out the door like a ninja. When relative control returned, Emily called Bill -- who can't take calls during sessions -- to leave him a message.

"I love you so fucking much. I am going to suck you off today and spend the rest of my life with you. Help me work this out and I will make you ridiculously happy."

She liked that phrase: ridiculously happy. That's how Bill made her feel. When Emily looked in the mirror, she found she couldn't stop smiling.

"I'll just have him hypnotize me so I can get laid again," she vowed, newly energized. Then she opened the door, only to see Derrick blocking her way.

"Go away, Dennis. Looking at you makes me sick."

Stunned, he aborted his prepared speech between conception and birth. Emily swatted his arm away with her backpack and entered her Human Sexuality classroom a different person.

"Derrick," he angrily yelled after her. "My fucking name is Derrick!"

CHAPTER 13

Bill got off the phone totally bummed out.

"Your brother Richard again?" Emily guessed, holding up her tits to him. Ever since getting the breasts implants, Emily walked around the house naked.

"Yeah. Listen, I have an odd family, so you should invite your parents to the wedding so you have someone normal to talk to."

"What did Richard want?" she asked.

"To brag about the luxury yacht he may buy. A Goldman Sachs buddy is getting a divorce and wants to sell it real cheap, if he gets half the price in cash so his ex doesn't find out. To close the sale, the guy packed the boat with hookers. Now he wants us to arrive a few days early so he can take us to the Cayman Islands. Without the hookers," he added.

Bill held out his phone so Emily could see the photo of his brother and the bitches on the yacht.

"But he's getting married Saturday!"

"He says getting lots of 'strange' now will help him endure monogamy longer. Not that he intends on staying monogamous long."

"What a pig!"

"Since he and his buddies started that hedge fund to bet on the collapse of the mortgage industry, he has acted like he is better than everyone just because he's rich. Wealth makes the rich feel superior. You should see the crap he

pisses away his money on -- speaking of which, he spent \$40,000 on a commode! That he doesn't even use because he doesn't want to soil it! He already shares ownership of a Gulfstream with his Wall Street buddies, and now he wants to buy a multi-million dollar yacht. He thinks he can buy anything."

"He can't buy me," Emily boasted, gently pushing Bill against the wall so she could feel him up.

"Oh, he'll probably try. I haven't told my family about you just to surprise the fuck out of them."

"What should I do if he propositions me?" she asked, loosening and lowering his pants.

"I don't mind if he paid for you, as long as he didn't actually get you. We should buy a spy camera online and have them overnight it so I can see the look on his face when you turn him down."

"You wouldn't mind if I tease him?"

"I would love you to tease him! He needs to know he can't buy everything and everyone. Just because money makes your life better doesn't mean it makes you better."

She noticed his cock suddenly harden, so she got on her knees and freed it from its underwear. It smacked her cheek with a satisfying whack.

"We should have sex in front of him. Lots of sex. I want everyone to see you fuck me."

Bill laughed mischievously. "He'll assume you're a hooker. A very expensive hooker. I wonder how much he would offer." Emily answered by bobbing on his nob that much faster. Bill was careful not to touch her -- something they still needed to work on. "Especially after he sees you swallow me with a smile. He says his fiancée won't take it in the mouth and prostitutes wisely insist on condoms. Given that he's fucked hundreds of women, it's safe to assume he has caught something nasty by now." Bill moaned. Christ, he was getting close! "Hell, he would probably empty his wallet if you gave him a naked lap dance." He heard Emily whimper with desire. "Wave your pussy in his face and he would pay anything to fuck you."

With the image of his lifemate giving his asshole

brother a naked lap dance, Bill erupted like Mount St. Helens, spewing hot lava down Emily's throat. She kept using her lips to pump his cock until she drained him, only then swishing her tongue around her mouth and swallowing. Because she made him cum several times a day, he didn't have much because she always emptied him of every last drop.

Bill's eyes rolled up into his head because his balls painfully tingled. Instead of running to spit into the sink, Emily stayed on her knees to soak up the experience. "I swear: only lobster can compete with your juice."

"Which only revs up your appetite for more of my juice. It's a win-win."

She stood up to stare into his gorgeous blue eyes. With both hands she unexpectedly grabbed his head and kissed him. She must have forgotten that she just swallowed his cum because her tongue snaked its way into his mouth. The taste of his own sperm horrified and excited him on a level he never knew existed. Her passion broke down his defenses as he let this total hottie press her naked body against his, careful to keep his hands off her to avoid another Pavlovian response. He could tell she was overheating with desire, and he never knew what would happen next.

Next, she grabbed him by the shirt and threw him on the couch. Now, at least, he knew what was coming next. Sure enough, she sat on his face and buried her pussy in his open mouth. Then he remembered that he came in her just an hour ago. Did she wash his juice out? To find out, he arched his tongue as deep as possible inside her, carefully lashing his arms against his sides to not freak her out. Again. It took a moment, then he heard her do a Kegel exercise, and bam! A large drop of cum soaked his tongue, disgusting him. Yet, the more repellent the act, the naughtier it made him feel.

"There it is!" he heard his girlfriend yell as his dick stood up, so soon after cuming again. It embarrassed him so much that tasting his own cum hardened his cock. Bill swooned when she engulfed his penis. Ever since she learned to take it all in her mouth, he made sure he kept his

pubes trim. In return, she shaved her pussy. Like it or not -- and he definitely fucking liked it -- he was her prisoner because she could touch him, but he couldn't touch her. Which meant they could be here a while since they both loved oral sex.

Ironically, he never excelled at eating pussy until he discovered how easily his tongue made Emily orgasm. Then he made it his purpose in life to perfect the art of cunnilingus. Unfortunately, while men prefer feedback, women expect mind reading, so he had to teach Emily to give him timely and accurate information. Now it was like a home security system: once you know the code, you can make it scream anytime you want. Which was frequently.

While many guys gargle mouthwash after licking snatch, Bill gargled before to not spoil the taste because the aftertaste of a diet Coke once ruined it for him. He loved how she smelled, felt, and tasted. The texture of her labia intoxicated him. Even after she worked out.

Except he never touched her during sex. Before and after, he touched her as much as she could tolerate, and every week she could handle more. Just never unexpectedly or she would fly away. It worked best when she saw it coming and could brace herself. His latest trick was getting her to beg him to touch her -- twist her nipples, caress her ass, or finger her clit. He would get her all riled up, literally yelling at the top of her impressive lungs, then, at his touch, her conflicting emotions would battle it out. It was pretty awesome to watch.

To her shock, Emily also discovered she was ticklish.

After watching hours of massage videos online, Bill became quite good at it. He would place his weight onto her lower back as she lay in bed on her stomach, then his hands would work themselves towards her extremities. Her arms and legs still flailed when touched, but pinning her body down helped her gain control over her body. Not that she ever relaxed, but she didn't tense up nearly as much.

His balls needed time to recharge, so he started finger fucking her while latching his lips on her clit. She kept his cock in her mouth, but was too overwhelmed by emotion to

actually suck it. Bill loved how her big tits swayed back and forth. When her face looked like she was about to have a heart attack, he went for the kill -- speeding up his fingers and nibbling harder.

Bill fucking loved this part. Examining her wet pussy, inhaling her unique scent, listening to her breathing change, as she switched gears and raced down the freeway. Given her singing background, her scream started deep within her and took its time coming out. Then it vibrated his cock, still in her mouth, before pounding his ear drums and threatening the windows. It lasted forever, too. Bill could belch the alphabet quicker. Some singers can pick up a note and carry it forever. That was Emily, her whole body shaking, as she vented her pain through her powerful vocal cords. It struck like a thunderstorm, charging the room with electricity. The living room was not so much silent, as stunned, by her scream.

Bill quickly grabbed the camera and took pictures while she still laid there in shock, her skin flush, her heart racing, and her mind fucking blown. Her mouth still formed an "o." Her dilated eyes could pass for a mannequin.

"You have never looked more beautiful," he told her, though she was still too far in the zone to actually hear him.

It often took her several minutes to recover from a strong orgasm, but after a half hour she began to worry him. Scared, she got a water bottle and fed her tiny amounts until she gagged. Finally she blinked, shook her head, and sat up with the agility of a stoner, swaying back and forth until she planted both feet on the floor. She looked like a skyscraper during an earthquake.

"You okay?"

It took her a long minute to bring him into focus. "I floated over my body. I heard you tell me I was beautiful, and I watched you pour water into my mouth, but I couldn't do anything. I've never seen myself from that angle before. It was like being a mirror."

"I'll try not to make you cum so hard," he managed to say with a straight face.

She didn't seem to hear him. "William, I love you so

much!"

He knelt before her and she collapsed into his arms, sobbing. She didn't even flinch as he held her, but he also didn't tempt fate by moving his hands around. He whispered trigger words to calm her down, until finally she fell asleep, sitting on the couch. He lowered her down so she could sleep and thanked God that his touch didn't freak her out.

Bill sat on the coffee table, amazed by the naked woman on his sofa. When she first moved in, she woke up frequently and couldn't get her heart rate to slow. Now, however, she breathed so lightly that he had to check to make sure she was alive. He had never seen her so relaxed, so drained of negativity. Emily practically glowed.

Every birthday, his mother always asked him if he was happy. He always said yes, but rarely meant it. But now he could not believe how things changed. It was like the planets aligned to give him everything he wanted, except riches. Happiness permeated every cell of his body. Normally an anxiety-prone worrier, Bill radiated contentment.

And all because he took a chance on love. Again.

CHAPTER 14

Bill and Emily got off their plane in Miami to find a chauffeur holding a sign with their names. An hour later, the limo dropped them off at the wharf. Richard, dressed to impress, walked down the gangway to greet them.

"Billy! How do you like your hotel?" he yelled over the pigeons, gesturing to the yacht.

Loaded down with luggage, Bill struggled to look dignified. "It looked bigger in the photos."

Richard, that fucking dick, staring at Emily, gave his little brother a theatrical hug.

"Richy, this is my fiancée, Emily." Bill stepped between them so his brother didn't freak her out with a hug.

"Jesus, are you guys monogamous?"

"Yes!" Bill said instantly, hating how his brother could push his buttons.

"Just not to each other," Emily jokingly added.

Richard's eyes grew almost as big as his sunglasses as he leisurely checked her out, from head to toe. "You're the second most beautiful girl I've ever seen."

"Yes, your bride-to-be is gorgeous," Emily parried, repulsed by his pigishness.

"Oh, I meant my daughter. My bride, Penelope, is pretty hot, though."

"How many kids to you have?" Emily wanted to know.

"Two boys and a girl, eight, ten, and twelve years old. I'm the only kid Penelope wants to have." He laughed too loudly at his weak joke. "She and her girlfriends are still in Manhattan trying to think of last-minute changes so things don't go smoothly. I'm flying them down on my private jet on Friday, when we get back from the Cayman Islands."

"Three kids with three different ladies," Bill made sure to point out.

That did not surprise Emily. "What's in Cayman?"

Richard smiled smugly. "Experts appraised the yacht at \$4 million. A friend getting a divorce is willing to sell it for \$2 million, if we value it at \$1 million on the sales agreement and I secretly give him the other million in cash. Which is in Cayman. His wife will get half a million instead of two million, while he gets a million that the IRS doesn't know about, plus another \$500,000 to hide it in, while deducting a \$3 million loss on his taxes."

"A million is a lot of cash to carry. I assume you don't plan on reporting it."

"In return for paying him here, in the States, I save \$2 million on this beauty." Richard clearly thought he looked smart, not criminal. "Come, let me give you the grand tour."

Richard tried to hold her hand, but she was too quick. Shrugging it off, he led her up the plank, leaving Bill to drag all the baggage to the cabin. Several crew members watched, but didn't offer to help. No sooner did he flop on his bed, exhausted, than Emily burst in, really excited.

"This boat's got a damn Jacuzzi!" She quickly undressed to put on a tiny bathing suit. "Hurry into your

trunks -- they're already casting off! He says my mom and Joel can check out the ship when they fly into town on Friday."

"Has he hit on you yet?" Bill wanted to know.

Emily paused. "He asked whether I'm really your girlfriend. I told him yes, but I don't think he believed me, so I said you've spent a fortune on me. He offered to double it."

Bill shook his head. "I wonder how much he would really offer."

"It doesn't matter. I am yours, only yours, and yours forever." She bent over to kiss his forehead, never imagining how much she would soon betray those words. "Still, it is flattering to wonder just how much that pompous ass would pay to have sex with me. I have to admit, I'm curious."

"Of the sex or the offer?"

She slapped his hand. "William Cooper, I'm putting you in charge of my sex life. I'll do whatever you decide."

"You could start by giving me a kiss." That was their word for a blowjob.

She laughed. "Let's make him watch."

An hour later, the three of them sipped margaritas in the Jacuzzi while soaking in the open ocean, the Florida mainland far behind them over the horizon.

"A beautiful day for a cruise!" Richard yelled over the hull splitting open the seas. All three had been drinking heavily.

"I'm sorry Penelope couldn't join us as planned," Emily said. "It's weird being the only girl on board."

"Oh, Penelope and her mother keep arguing over the damn wedding dress. It's gonna cost me almost \$100,000 by the time they finish with all their alterations. I can't believe I have to go a week without getting off."

Nothing about missing the love of his life. A part of Emily shuddered, but another part decided to rub it in. "That sucks for you, but I hope you don't mind if Bill gets some."

"From what I know of my little brother, he needs all that he can get."

"Good!" Emily suddenly tore Bill's trunks off. He

barely had time to raise his hips or risk losing some buttock. She fondled him as Richard nearly choked on his drink. "You can look, but not touch," she told Richard while undoing her bikini top. Suddenly free, her melons attempted flight. They defied gravity like the Saturn 5. Bill sat on the edge and Emily eagerly swallowed his cock down to the base. He had trimmed his pubes to not tickle her nose.

"Another one, please," Bill said to the server, waving his empty glass.

"And I'll take whatever he's having," Richard joked, kind of.

Several crew members soon appeared, inconspicuously in the background.

Bill made sure he brought his camera. "Bro, do me a favor and film this."

Astonished, Richard finished his drink and threw the glass over the side. Instead of going two sizes bigger, Emily opted for three, so her oversized breasts dwarfed her slim waist and hard abs. He centered the frame on her, while keeping as much of his brother literally out of the picture as possible, and vowed to demand a copy of the video. As a seasoned porn connoisseur, Richard had seen more than his share of porn, but never had he been denied something that he wanted so bad.

They deliberately didn't have sex the day before, so Bill had a full tank to fuel his engine. That last margarita really hit the spot -- Emily was flying without a safety net. She bobbed up and down on his rock hard cock with the enthusiasm of a fag. She loved how her lips passed over the head and slid down the shaft to his pubes. Her mother had taught her to relax the gag reflex -- which takes a lot of practice -- but she finally nailed it. Which let her concentrate on speed. Emily shifted gears, going faster and faster. She'd later blame it on the booze, but she suddenly shoved her middle finger up Bill's ass, who yelped like a sea lion. They had never tried that before, but it felt great -- at least, for her. Doing this on camera just turned her on that much more. Emily felt so unlike the scared and scarred wimp she used to be just a month ago. She couldn't wait to see the look on that

dick's face when Bill shot his wad in her mouth. Everything, from Bill's juice to the expression on their faces, would be delicious.

She just hoped that asshole didn't try to touch her.

"Oh, geez, God, oh, shit, ahhhh!"

Emily felt his penis head expand in her mouth.

"Shoot it into my mouth, bitch!"

She knelt in the water as Bill furiously spanked his monkey hard. Emily looked right into the camera and smiled like a Girl Gone Wild. Then her fiancé howled like an untamed beast. His first wad splashed her face, as she intended. The next four shots landed deep in her open mouth, filling it up. She smiled proudly, careful to show the camera. Then, theatrically for effect, she swallowed all that cum. Next, she licked her lips, then wiped her face carefully with her finger, each time sucking the juice off like it was the last potable water on Earth. Bill, however, wasn't done. He swung his pole between her and the camera to show a big drop glistening on the tip of his penis. Her eyes ballooned as she instinctively engulfed the only cock she has ever voluntarily known.

A moment of silence reflected the enormity of the accomplishment. Then a dozen pairs of hands enthusiastically applauded. Emily looked around to see the entire fucking crew cheering her. Flattered, she stood up to give them a better view of her naked body, never guessing she had an exhibitionist streak. In just a month, she transformed from one extreme into another.

"Get your cameras, boys, cuz the show will go on." Like ninjas, they disappeared for their camera phones.

"Who the fuck is driving the boat?" Bill wondered.

"Do you mind if they watch?" Emily asked the love of her life.

"Hell, no. They can jack off on you, if you don't mind."

"I don't mind. With the mood I'm in, I say, the more the merrier."

Bill, suddenly feeling superior, looked his brother in his eyes. "You heard her, bro. You can cum on her tits, but

not touch her."

Richard already had a huge boner, so Emily helpfully pulled down his swimming trunks and sprang back as it jumped at her. He didn't become rich squandering opportunities, so he grabbed his dick and rubbed himself raw. By the time the rest of the crew returned, Richy was screaming at the clouds as he rained down on some of the best tits Dr. Weinstein ever implanted. Then he collapsed like a marathon runner.

Emily, feeling her oats, stood up and slowly took off her red thong. She tossed it to Richard with a smile and walked over to the awed deck hands, naked. As she lay on a lounge chair, Bill set the rules.

"You can all jack off on her, but you cannot touch her. Richy, fetch me your pistol so they know I'm serious."

Unwilling to end the show, Richard did just that, running like a school boy. A young Cuban and an older man with an eastern European accent were the first to step up to the plate. The other half dozen soon followed, surrounding Emily like a naked fence. Bill circled them, alternating between pictures and videos, focusing on her face while never recording theirs.

She looked so beautiful, Bill thought, naked, yet in control. She smiled up at them, praising their penises. He looked down to see his own cock rock hard, so soon after cuming. He had never feel hornier.

"Can I touch them?" she asked him, as if they were puppies.

"You can do anything you want with them, as long as they don't touch you."

That shocked everyone, including himself.

"Anything?"

"Anything." Bill decided to take control. "Why don't you suck off the young guy while jacking off a few others."

She looked at him for a really long time, then at his boner, before smiling like she won the lottery. She sat up and started smoking the Cuban's cigar while her hands masturbated a couple of pricks. Richard ran out with his gun, then nearly shot his dick off at the scene before him.

The discovery that he shot his wad right before an orgy depressed him.

The older guy she was jacking off came first. Emily quickly spit out one cock and fucking swallowed the exploding one. Her head jerked back by the force of the blows. Her fist a blur, she drained him of every drop and gave her opinion.

"You taste fucking awesome!"

Bill's penis jumped towards his belly button and the psychologist knew he was truly fucked. The kid started screaming, so his fiancée went back to work, gobbling that sucker like a pro. Just in time, she drank his entire load and looked around for more.

"You need to cum before you continue," Bill pointed out. "Why don't you sit on that big dick."

Emily turned around and gasped at the size of the cock behind her. Good thing she didn't look up because that dude must have had anti-cosmetic surgery cuz nobody can be born that hideous. Beauty may be in the eyes of the beholder, but ugly is universal. She pushed him into the nearest chair and worked her way down his pole, showing him her back. Bill could have sworn her eyes dilated as she gasped and groaned in ecstasy. Bill read the statistics, so he never felt inferior with his eight inch wiener, but God must have awarded this guy a huge cock as compensation for shortchanging him on everything else. It was totally out of proportion, like the Elephant Man, except the other head.

"Steady me," Emily roughly commanded him. Bill jumped to obey, kneeling so she could rest her hands on his shoulders.

She worked her way up and down a few times, to adjust to its fucking width, while Bill stared at the giant dong entering his lifemate's pussy. Then, just moving her hips, she increased the tempo. It looked like a dance move, except her ass slid up and down a really big dick. Her legs must have buckled because she suddenly leaned on him. Bill knew what was coming and plugged his ears with his fingers. Her scream roared like the boom of a battleship over the ocean, knocking a bird out of the sky. When she finally came to,

she looked at him with pure gratitude.

"I love you so much," she said, then grabbed his head and kissed him, forcing her tongue onto his so he would taste the cum of strangers. His initial disgust gave way to arousal since they tasted so much better than his own spunk. She waved over the closest shipmate, grabbed his cock, and guided him to Bill's mouth. When Bill's head jerked back, she smacked him across the face and ordered him to open his mouth. Like an automaton, he did. Then a total stranger pushed his sweaty dick in his mouth. "Suck it, bitch." Shocked, he did as he was told.

It took several tries before he got the hang of it, but now he could swallow most of it. Later, Emily would confess that she assumed the stranger would have to hold his head while he fucked Bill's mouth, but no, Bill willingly went down on that sucker.

"You!" Emily commanded a bearded guy with a pot belly, who turned out to be their expensive chef. "Fuck him up the ass!"

She put him into her mouth to lube him up, then a moment later Bill felt something entering his exit.

"Ah!" Bill groaned in pain. He tried to mutter something more, but the cock in his mouth kept getting in the way. At first it felt no worse than Emily's finger, but then he started crying in pain like a little girl as the head expanded his a-hole.

"Ahhh!" he grunted in agony.

She must have picked the biggest cock that she wasn't already using because it painfully stretched his anus. He felt a hard hand slap his ass and that distracted him from the awesome fire in his butt. For a moment he thought he had to shit, but the moment passed as the cock filled up his anus, and then some.

"Ahhhhhh!" Bill never imagined pain so excruciating. He spread his legs wider to give the guy better access and soon he was getting drilled like an oil field. But now, at least, the cock slid in and out of his asshole smoothly, as his muscles expanded to accommodate the intruder.

"Ahhhhhhhhh, yes!" he screamed triumphantly over the cock filling his mouth.

Emily, meanwhile, started eagerly sucking off another stranger while sliding up and down again on the giant cock. Richard took close-ups of his brother taking two dicks at a time while giving running commentary, comments, and conclusions.

"I always knew little Willy had too much girl in him. Look how he tackles that bait. Take it like a man, bro. Be a good girl and swallow. Don't you dare spit on my weather deck."

The cock in Bill's mouth suddenly enlarged and Bill realized that he was about to get a mouthful of cum. Terror filled his eyes. He tried to get up, but the guy banging his ass rested his weight onto Bill's back, pinning him in place. Two strong hands gripped his head and Bill braced himself for a homo's delight. He feared what was to come like a kid in a dentist chair. Then the cock exploded all over his tongue.

His initial reaction? Not fucking bad. Not bad at all. Certainly not what he expected. Really, what was the big deal? He never imagined that other cum would taste so much better than his own. Thick and salty, like leftover oysters. While the first wad shocked him, the second gagged him, so he swallowed and readied himself for more. He took the third and four shots of cum in stride, and actually felt disappointment at the small amount the fifth one gave him. Through it all, as Emily carefully noted, he kept bobbing his head to drain every drop -- the stranger didn't have to fuck his mouth at all. She concentrated on getting off the guy in her mouth, at the expense of her own orgasm. Soon enough, he cried out and spewed deliciousness down her throat.

"Kiss me," she ordered Bill. They stared at each other for a long time, then he started smiling, infectiously. The dude ramming his ass smacked his butt cheeks hard while cuming up his ass, so Bill crawled forward once he pulled out to exchange spunk with the one he loved.

That is so gross," Richard remarked, making sure to get a close up as their white tongues dueled like swordsmen.

The older brother sported another boner, so it couldn't have been too gross.

Emily now focused on her own orgasm, going up and down that giant flagpole while trading cum with her boyfriend. Faster and deeper she went until he filled her up completely. The ugly dude started calling out to God, warning her. It was all just too much. Overwhelmed by sensation, she cried rather than screamed when the wave hit her. She collapsed on the deck, spent.

"I want to suck your juices off him," Bill explained, as he crept on all fours and tried to get as much of that monster down his throat as possible before it went limp. The mixture of both their juices thrilled him. Like peanut butter and chocolate, it was better together than either separately. I need to taste this more often, he told himself.

She knew she couldn't handle ten guys by herself, so she laid Bill down and sat on his face. She waved a muscular Latino over, who obeyed while complaining that he wanted "chimba." Instead, she ordered him to fuck Bill up the ass.

"Don't be gentle with him," she told the new guy.

"Lady, you sure?" he asked, gesturing to his whopper. "This is a tiburon compared to the pescadido he took last time."

She had no idea what the fuck he was talking about, but later he explained that he had a shark compared to the little fish that fucked Bill's ass the first time. She seemed determined, so he got on his knees and did the prison dance.

Bill, on his back, trying to suck cum from his fiancée's pussy, farted when rough hands spread his legs over someone's shoulders to get the right angle. Instead of tensing up, he tried to relax his ass muscles. This time, the bulbous head stretching his sphincter made him swoon. He knew immediately it was much bigger and he feared he couldn't take it. The first one only felt big compared to Emily's finger. He arched his tongue deeper into Emily to distract him as another cock began thrusting its way up inside him. Once the fucker got his rhythm, the pain turned to pleasure. Sure, it hurt, but it hurt so good.

Bill lapped up another stream of cum, then turned his head to see why Emily was grunting. He looked up past her great breasts to see her sucking off another total fucking stranger. With gusto, he could tell. He always wondered if she faked sucking him because she knew he loved it so much. Now the verdict was in: Emily loved sucking cock. And not just his. This one was a little smaller than his, which allowed her to swallow it that much easier. Indeed, how fast she bobbed up and down impressed him. And she wasn't doing it to please a stranger. She was doing it because she fucking loved it.

The Latino accepted his fate and fucked the shit out of Bill. Literally. All that cock constipated him. He leaned forward, Bill's feet by his head, taking it almost all the way out before shoving it all the way in. It wasn't pussy, but it did the trick. He swore in Spanish while he came hard.

"Puto, joto, marigon, cabron, guebon, mamon!"

The new guy must have been hard for a long time because he didn't last long. He made up for it by having a gallon of spunk. Emily couldn't swallow fast enough, so some dripped out of one side of her mouth. She quickly turned around to kiss Bill. He opened his mouth, then yelped when a mouthful of cum poured in, gagging him. Richard instantly positioned himself behind her, to fuck her on all fours.

"Dude, you're getting married Saturday! You can't cheat on a bride right before the wedding." She waved over a balding fat dude instead. "I want you to cum inside me."

Delighted, the senior citizen pushed a stunned Richard aside and quickly found what he was looking for. When his cock entered her, his sigh of joy could be heard almost to the Bahamas. Every man on board knew what that felt like. Males spend nine months leaving the womb, then all their adult lives trying to get back in.

"You can't be serious!" Richard argued. "I'm going crazy here. I need to get off."

"If you want to ruin your marriage, you'll have to find someone else to do it with."

Richard had a hard time hearing her say no. He

stared at her in disbelief, only to conclude that she looked like she meant what she said. Furious, he considered his alternatives. When his gaze hovered over his brother's ass, Emily broke off feeding Bill cum to abort that baby before birth:

"No fucking way! Don't you dare fuck your brother up the ass."

Richard pleaded innocence. "I would never do that! I'm no gay queer fag homosexual."

In fact, Richard loved to screw over his brother. He just had never done so literally before.

Bill now woke up to the threat. He turned over and rolled away. His ass hurt too much already. "And don't let Richard cum in your mouth! He's got something with a really long name that I can't remember."

Richard clinched his fists in frustration. "It's harmless. Many people have it. It doesn't affect your health at all."

Emily laughed. "You're gonna have to think of a better argument than that. Now, Bill, crawl under me in a 69 so I can suck your cock."

Richard threw his hands in the air, then marched over to where he left the pistol. Turning around, he saw his brother's face just inches from an old dick ramming that yummy young pussy. Emily busied herself giving her boyfriend the blowjob of a lifetime. Richard never gave up, but he did learn the value of tactical retreats, like when a trade turned bad. Rather than torture himself watching his little brother get it on with one of the most desirable women he had ever seen, he locked himself in the main cabin to beat off.

CHAPTER 15

It took the rest of the trip for Bill and Emily to sleep off all the drugs that Richard slipped in their margaritas, so he didn't disturb them until the yacht entered the Grand Cayman harbor.

"Bro, I need you to watch my back because I'll be

packing a lot of cash when I leave the bank. Emily, please carry this satellite phone in case I need help. I wrote down several numbers, starting with the Cayman police." Richard debated how much to tell them. Then he took out the gun. "I can't go into the bank with this, so I'd like for you to wait outside with it. Just in case."

"You expecting trouble?" Bill asked, alarmed. Now he understood why Richard wanted to take him to the Caribbean: because he needed a bodyguard he could trust. He should have known that his brother would not be doing him any favors for free.

"Look: one particular trade threatens our hedge fund. I have three partners and this one bad trade could wipe us out. We've already maxed out our line of credit, and we should be able to ride it out, but I'm more pessimistic than my partners. Penelope hopefully doesn't know it yet, but I've already sold the summer home in Martha's Vineyard and I maximized the home equity line of credit on the Manhattan condo. I liquidated the Tesla and the art collection because the next few years could be really rough. I don't know how I'm gonna survive on just a quarter-million a year."

"What have you done?" Bill demanded. "I'm not going to jail for you. After you drugged our drinks, I doubt I can trust you at all. You haven't even apologized yet."

Richard raised his palms. "Hey, I did you a favor, putting those roofies in your margaritas. And I even gave her Plan B pills so she didn't get pregnant by the crew. As for business, I haven't told my partners that I'm withdrawing from our corporate accounts. They think I'm just pooling enough cash to buy this yacht. Which would be foolish since our creditors would repossess it."

"Expecting trouble from the government?"

"Actually, no. We only pay 15% on our profits, so it's hardly worth cheating on our taxes. Although I don't plan on declaring the money with customs when we enter port."

"So why go behind your partners' backs?"

"If that trade gets worse, then our creditors will go after us, after they liquidate the fund. We have personally indemnified our latest loans and lines of credit, so everything

we own can be taken. We all are responsible for 100%, yet the more my partners pay, the less they will be seeking from me."

"\$10,000," Emily suddenly insisted.

"What?"

"If Bill must risk his life so you can live on easy street, then you must pay him \$10,000. And if his life or liberty are threatened, then you owe him \$100,000 and all his legal expenses."

"That's crazy! There shouldn't be any problems. All he has to do is follow me from the bank in a taxi."

"And, if necessary, shoot anyone who tries to rob you."

Fucking Richard just shrugged.

An hour later, customs finished inspecting the yacht, including the safe, and let them disembark. Richard left first, disguised as a tourist with a big backpack. Bill followed fifteen minutes later and had lunch at a cafe with a great view of the bank. Just in case, he talked to Emily the whole time using satellite phones. He watched Richard leave, hailed a cab, and followed. By the time he arrived at the dock, he saw his brother clamor aboard with visible relief. He apparently ordered the crew to cast off, given the activity on the deck. He raced up the gangway, with Emily tracking him the whole time.

"You better watch the crew so nobody tries anything," Emily said in greeting. "I'll get your money."

She rushed to get into the cabin before Richard could lock it. "I'll take that ten grand now."

Obviously flustered, Richard shot back, "In a minute!"

She put her foot in the door and, sure enough, Richard tried to slam it in her face. "My boyfriend still has your gun," she pointed out.

"Jesus!" He lifted the false floor, unlocked the safe, and poured the money in. He noticed how big her eyes got.

"Fuck me. How much is that?" she asked after locking the cabin door behind her.

"A little over five million."

"And it's all really yours?"

"Most of it." He paused to work out the math. "Well, just over half."

She hated his smug little smirk. "I wonder if I could persuade Bill to throw you overboard, cuz that's a lot of fucking money. You already know how much he despises you."

Startled, he stopped playing with his money to size her up. "That's not fucking funny."

"In return for cash and sex, I bet the crew would play along. Who would mourn you?"

This only confirmed his worst suspicions about her. "What the fuck do you want?"

"You stole money that you have no intention of reporting, which we could go to jail for. And, if we had health problems or were taking medication, the drugs in your margaritas could have killed us. 5% is small compensation for risking several years of our lives."

"You can't be serious," he said, although he clearly thought she was serious.

"Bill may not be greedy, but I could retire on that. I made Bill take cock up the ass and down the throat. You really doubt that I couldn't persuade him or the crew to throw you overboard?"

"But that's \$250,000!"

"Plus the \$10,000. Put this in perspective: you'll still have over \$2 million that doesn't belong to you. The bank helpfully wrapped them in stacks of \$5000. Hand over 52 stacks or I'll take them all over your dead body."

Richard looked hard at his options, and didn't like them. Something deflated inside him as he started stacking bundles of cold hard cash.

"Our creditors would just have seized their money anyways. Now, at least, they won't be able to find it."

"No wonder your parents named you Richard. You really are a dick."

This pissed him off. "Nice guys don't succeed in finance. You can't make serious money without learning how to exploit leverage, as you just proved."

Emily paused to center the spy-cam in her necklace on his face. "Why are you really getting married now?"

"Why would I get married when I'm making several million a year that's taxed at half the rate that teachers pay? She'd get half of that. Why would I buy the cow when I get milk on demand? I know I'm not as good looking as my brother, but my wealth makes me much more attractive. You think Penelope would look at me twice if I made what my brother makes?" He stopped to laugh. "Wake up. Penelope is only marrying me because she's getting too old for modeling and her early success gave her a big appetite for the good life. To keep her, I have to give her that life."

"Do you even love her?"

He had to think about that. "I enjoy her. She's very pleasant company. It's ironic. I know she doesn't love me, but she'll still marry me, yet I've loved several women -- even had kids with three of them -- yet never felt compelled to marry them. People should not marry for love. Love is an insufficient reason to marry. You should marry when you find someone to share the next decade with."

"If you're not having kids with her, why get married at all?"

"Because my peers are married and I need someone to go with me to the charity balls, exclusive clubs, and luxury resorts. The elite will judge me on my wealth and the attractiveness of my wife, so marrying a young hottie makes for good business. Plus, we both like to feel superior to the masses. We rich have our own communities, schools, and transportation. I have more in common with rich foreigners than blue collar Americans. They say the secret to a happy marriage is a blind wife and a deaf husband, but it doesn't hurt if the wife is hot and the husband rich."

He held up \$10,000. "You can double this with just one blowjob. I doubt I'd last a minute with you."

"I'm going to marry your brother."

Richard laughed. "Don't give me that shit. I know he hired you to make him look good. Hell, I admire him for it. It's what I would have done. And he wisely paid top dollar, too."

"I am not a prostitute!" Emily insisted. This brute infuriated her.

"Don't get all high and mighty with me, you fucking extortionist! Everyone should get paid for services rendered in a free market. Why should sex be any different? Sex is the only act that is legal if free and illegal if paid for. It makes no damn sense. Every city should have a red light district with legal, regulated prostitution, like in Europe. Police could focus on real crime, fewer women would be unemployed, and fewer guys would enter doomed marriages.

"Few women are whores, but all women are prostitutes. They all say they marry for love, but rarely does a hottie wed some poor schmuck with no prospects. Smart women always factor in economic considerations. Only the dumbest of bitches marries a man who cannot support them. You screw guys for better reasons than I do, so I'm not throwing stones here. I'll fuck over a guy just because he's respected more, got a higher bonus, or has a hotter wife. You -- you just screw guys for money. Clearly, you are the better person."

"You don't think I live with your brother?"

"I don't think you moved in just for love. You're saving a buck, or avoiding strict parents, or he lives closer to your school. You're not dumb, and there's nothing wrong with profiting from a personal relationship. It's why people network in the first place. Children of the elite don't go to Harvard for the education, but for the contacts they'll make."

Emily realized that she wasn't going to convince him that she wasn't a prostitute. "You'd really pay me \$10,000 for a blowjob?"

Now he looked happy. He gestured to the safe full of cash. "If you'd blow me in front of my brother. Hell, if you agree not to have any sex with him, I'd pay you twice what he paid you. Just out of spite. He really shook me by bringing you along. His ex'es were hot, but neither could compare to you. And you got that innocent next-door-neighbor thing going, which turns me on. You're the complete package."

"Maybe you should marry me instead of Penelope."

That lit up his face. "I should! Penelope insisted on a really tough pre-nup -- her heart is as calculating as mine. It's the only thing I respect about her. You're younger, hotter, and smarter. Oh, hell yes, you'd make a great replacement wife. A marriage to you would last years longer than one with Penelope. I'll be the envy of the country clubs."

"I'd want a million dollar dowry the day we marry, in exchange for a less generous pre-nup."

"\$100,000 and I'll give you Penelope's million dollar ring."

"No fucking way. I could never marry an asshole like you. Not even for a million bucks." Emily paused so she could later cut the video here. "Hey, you fucking shorted me a pack of Benjamins!"

He laughed at getting caught because he simply had no shame. He smile as he handed over the missing \$5000.

Once he closed the door after her, she fondled her spy-cam necklace to turn off the video. She didn't want Bill to know that she extorted his brother. In their cabin she used Bluetooth to transfer the video to her laptop, then edited out her extortion.

Stunned at what she did, her body started shaking. She never would have dreamed of pulling off a heist like that, no matter how odious the victim. Fortunately, her luggage locked, so she hid the money there because she knew Richard would try to steal it back.

Finally, she took out the camera that she stole from Richard and transferred the video to her computer so Richard couldn't blackmail Bill later. But watching the man of her dreams take cock up the ass and down the throat really turned her on, so she rushed on deck to fuck the hell out of her fiancé.

Since they stopped drinking anything Richard prepared, they never repeated that first orgy. In fact, when the roofies wore off, Emily couldn't get past the shame. It's why she extorted her brother-in-law: to punish him and compensate Bill. \$260,000 was considerable compensation, but Emily still felt that she had to make it up to Bill. She just

couldn't think of how.

CHAPTER 16

Introducing Emily to Bill's parents, Todd and Shirley, went exactly as he expected: embarrassing.

"Holy crap!" his father exclaimed, before fake-punching him in the shoulder to show his approval. "I taught him everything he knows about hypno-orgasms."

"Not everything," Emily replied with a knowing smile. "Not anymore."

Bill's father laughed far too loudly, partly because his wife hated it.

"I hope this works out better than his last two relationships," mother interjected. "Marriage ruins many happy relationships."

"Oh, our marriage will last," Emily said confidently.

"Really? How can you be so sure?"

"Because this time he's not marrying a crazy bitch," said the girl who still needed intensive therapy.

"Billy, I like this one," father called out. "She's a keeper."

"Oh, Bill isn't getting away from me. I'm gonna start my doctorate program in the fall and join him in private practice."

"The other ex'es were smart and pretty, too," mother shot back.

"Mom, stop being a bitch on your son's wedding day," Bill demanded. "Shouldn't you be depressing the bride? You only have hours to work on her, but plenty of time to make Emily as bitter as you."

"She tried," dad said, "but Penelope just told her to fuck off."

"And that worked?" Bill asked, in fake awe. "I should have tried that years ago."

"Penelope, at least, is marrying a success," mother proclaimed. "Billy, you're just failing slowly. You should have become a psychiatrist like me."

"Don't psychiatrists have the highest suicide rate of

any profession?" Emily asked.

"That's only because Shirley depresses them at every convention!" Todd roared.

"Emily, let me introduce you to the other Coopers. You'll enjoy them more."

"What a bitch!" Emily vented as soon as they walked away, being careful that Shirley heard her.

"You're preaching to the choir. Richy was always her favorite, so his wedding has brought out more venom in her than usual. The more money he makes, the more she assumes he can do no wrong. Mom is the only woman in the world who doesn't think Rich is a royal prick. Not even Penelope disagrees."

"Why do your parents stay married?" she wanted to know.

Bill laughed. "They say they believe in Hell, but not in divorce."

Unfortunately, they didn't get to even meet the bride until after the first rehearsal, even though Bill was the Best Man. They stood in the newly renovated St. Patrick's Cathedral, in a neighborhood of million dollar McMansions.

"Have you ever been a Best Man before?" Emily asked.

"No, but I once attended a nude wedding and I came," he held his index finger and thumb close together, "this close to being the best man."

She playfully slapped his arm. "You make me laugh every day."

"Because you make me the happiest guy in the world."

"Keep that up, and you'll get lucky again soon."

"Then I better stop because my balls are already blue."

Emily laughed again. "This church is gorgeous! It has more windows than a skyscraper."

"Richy picked the most expensive looking cathedral in Miami. They're doing seven weddings today. I heard they charge a fortune."

"Penelope looks super nervous. Should I give her my

Valium? I haven't had to take any since we got together."

"She doesn't smoke, but she sure looks like she needs a cigarette," Bill agreed. "Somebody needs to ask her if she's okay. My dumb brother doesn't even notice that his bride is on the verge of a nervous breakdown."

Once they completed the last rehearsal, everyone changed into their good clothes for the real thing. Except Penelope. As soon as Richard went outside to answer a phone call, the bride grabbed Bill's wrist and pulled him into a back room. Not willing to let any bitch who looked that good take away her man, Emily followed.

"Bill, what's going on with Rich?" Penelope demanded angrily.

"How the fuck would I know? I haven't seen him in four years."

"In just the last month, he has sold the summer house and mortgaged the principal house. He sold my \$100,000 Tesla and the art collection. He can't sleep at night and drinks all day. He takes every phone call in another room. Why does he want to get married now? I've been begging him for over a year, but now he insists on getting married right away or not at all. Does he have health or legal problems?"

"Look, all that he has told me is that a big trade went bad, that it could bankrupt the hedge fund, so he is liquidating his assets so creditors don't have anything to take from him."

"I just don't know what to do. If he wanted to marry me, he could have done it before. I can't help escape the feeling that he wants to handcuff me to him so that I won't leave him when everything turns to shit."

Bill considered loyalty to his brother, then went with honesty. "That does sound like him. He's not gonna find anyone better than you once everyone who can Google knows what a piece of shit he is. He needs to close the sale now because a month from now the bad publicity would overshadow any wedding."

Penelope was near tears. "If I don't marry him now, he will never marry me later."

"Do you love him?" Emily softly asked.

"As much as any woman could care for someone so unlovable." Penelope now gave Emily her full attention.

"Has he hit on you yet?"

"Would you blame him if he did?" Bill quickly countered.

Penelope looked Emily over, head to toe. "Fair point. Hell, I'd probably hit that, and I haven't played for that team since high school."

"Really?" Emily asked, suddenly exuding sexuality.

"I'm curious how bi I am."

"Oh, honey. If I wasn't such a wreck, I'd probably take you up on it, but I'm suppose to marry this guy in a half hour, and my hands won't stop shaking."

"That's all you need to know," Bill said. "Both times I married, I knew it was wrong at the time because I was anxious as hell. The lonely see anything as love. But I could marry Emily tomorrow as calm as a lake."

"But what will my family say? I've been dating him for two years. I need to give them a good reason for not marrying the lying, cheating bastard."

"Aaaaah," Emily said before catching herself.

"What?" Penelope pounced. "You fucking know something!"

"Yeah!" Bill added on. "Is there something I should know?"

"I swear I never touched him and he never touched me," Emily said defensively.

"But?" Bill and Emily asked at the same time.

"But he offered to marry me instead. He said a marriage with me would last years longer than a marriage with Penelope."

"I don't believe it!"

"I can show you the video on my laptop."

"I totally believe it."

Indeed, neither seemed to doubt her in the least. They watched the few minutes of video in silence.

"All of my friends were right," Penelope realized. "That man is a giant asshole shitting on me."

"He has probably hidden a lot of cash in his house, if you know anyone you trust to look for it."

That made her swoon. "Oh, oh. I think I know where. My brother didn't come here cuz he hates Richy. Not only would he be happy to break in but, if caught, he could say I asked him to get something important for the wedding. Which would even be true."

"What are you going to do about the wedding?" Emily asked.

"I need to email the video to myself, then blast it to everyone in my contacts." She paused. "Rich compiled my sexiest modeling pictures and videos into a best-of to make everyone envious of him. I'll just switch the videos in his projector so everyone can watch him propose to someone he just met a few days before his wedding day. I have just one question: Emily, why wouldn't you marry a guy who offers you a million dollar ring?"

"Because I don't want to be married to an asshole."

Penelope smiled for the first time. "Good fucking answer. I hope you don't mind, but I'm gonna use that line in my email. Too bad my gorgeous wedding gown won't be used. And I'd hate to return his million dollar engagement ring, but them's the rules."

Penelope held out her hand and the two of them gasped.

"That's the best looking ring I have ever seen," Emily concluded.

"You want it?"

"I'll take it," Bill quickly said, sliding the ring off her finger to the surprise of both ladies.

"You want my fucking gown, too?" Penelope joked.

"Yes!" Bill said. He paused to smile at them, waiting for them to catch up. Only when Penelope looked from him to Emily did Bill fall to one knee and hold up the ring to the love of his life.

"I cannot imagine living without you. Will you spend the rest of your life with me?"

Emily didn't see this coming. Her eyes rolled back and her legs faltered. If Penelope didn't push a chair under

her, she would have collapsed on the floor.

"Yes, you magnificent bastard! Yes, I will marry you. And, yes, I will spend the rest of my life with you!"

The three of them in tears, they group-hugged on their knees while they slipped the engagement ring on her finger.

"But how will we do it?" Emily asked.

"First you marry me, then I give you the other ring," Bill said with a straight face.

"No! Everything else."

"Leave it to me," Penelope assured them. "I've recently become an expert in weddings."

CHAPTER 17

They had to move fast. Penelope wanted to surprise the fuck out of Richard, so she only told her father, who took Joel aside to ask if he would give away the new bride. Bill had to borrow a tiny flash drive from the official photographer to swap videos in the computer projector. Meanwhile, Penelope helped Emily put on her wedding gown. Well, their wedding gown. Whatever.

All of them watched Richard as he gave a big speech full of shit he didn't believe, before starting the video montage. Unknown to him, the wedding photographer continued posting his video in real time on two giant screens, focusing on the groom's face. When Richard's jaw dropped, Penelope hit "send" on her computer. Dozens of smartphones suddenly rang, buzzed, and vibrated. Then she stormed out before Richy could stop the bleeding.

"What the hell is going on?" he demanded of her, his face plastered on two screens so the entire audience could see his giant head.

Dressed in jeans and a tight half-top that showed off her hard abs, Penelope looked really fuckable. Even on screen. "You offered a total stranger big bucks to marry you while I was busy organizing our wedding, so I'll tell you what's going on. I am not marrying you. And don't bother trying to explain yourself. I just sent this video to everyone

we know, plus Facebook, YouTube, and Twitter. You can explain yourself to them. Dad!" A burly older guy in a nice fucking suit, followed by several other big follows, had been sneaking up on the groom. "Escort this lying bastard out the door!"

"What? You can't do that. I paid for this wedding!"

Penelope's father, a former Marine, knew how to win that argument. He grabbed Richy by the back collar and made him walk backwards down the aisle. When Richard fell, two of Penelope's relatives scooped up his legs and they literally threw him out of the church, with the photographer documenting it all for posterity. And YouTube.

As one, everyone in the pews stood up to applaud.

Except for Shirley. "I flew a long way to see my son get married."

"And you shall," Penelope told her. "William! Joel! Todd! Let's get this done before the next wedding party kicks us out. Father," she called out to the bewildered priest, "please take your place."

Bill marched out, his dad behind him to play the Best Man. The new groom gestured for the keyboardist to start playing Here Comes The Bride. When Emily walked out besides her step-father, people gasped. Shirley fainted, so prayer may work after all. While the groom looked serene, his father was practically jumping up and down in excitement besides him, which confused some guests as to which guy was getting married.

Emily walked zombie-like towards the altar, each step deepening her hypnosis. Before her, Bill stood in his tux, waiting patiently, just like in her dreams. She didn't hear the music so much as absorb it through her bones. The chords vibrated inside her, making her feel out-of-body, if not out of her fucking mind. This was exactly how her psychic therapist had her imagine their wedding, with the same tall ceiling, painted windows, and crowded pews. A part of her struggled to determine if this was real or just another awesome hypno-fantasy, but her pussy slowly seeped moisture. Besides her, Joel look equally stunned, and in need of some therapy himself.

When she reached the alter, Bill pulled back her white veil and whispered, "Where's your mom?"

The pastor started pontificating about the virtues and sanctity of marriage, so she scooted closer to give him his wedding presents.

"Hiding the bag of cash Richard foolishly left in the limo's trunk."

Bill's eyes widened, but his smile never faltered. "You have all his cash, and yet you still want to marry me?"

"You saved my life, so I planning on spending the rest of my life repaying you. And I want to start by compensating you for what happened on the boat." Bill cocked his head, completely confused. "Penelope wanted to give us the rooms she booked at the resorts in Paris, Madrid, and Rome but, although they're prepaid, apparently they're not transferable." Emily paused to study him. Nope, he still didn't see where this was headed. Good! "So I said she will just have to come with us. After all, this was her wedding, her dress, and her ring. She should, at least, go on her own honeymoon."

The priest's voice boomed over them, but he looked irritated that the bride and groom didn't listen to a damn word he said. Bill, meanwhile, leaned closer because he was not sure he heard her right.

"She resisted until I told her about the hypno-orgasms." This stunned him. Good thing he didn't have to say "I do" because she rendered him speechless. "I hope you can handle us both. I can't wait to suck your cum from her cunt."

Bill's cock jumped to attention like a Marine. "Will you always be this amazing?"

"Yes," she answered with a tantalizing smile.

Bill could only stare at her, as hypnotized as she, as Father Timothy walked them to the big moment. He watched her eyes dilate, her heartbeat increase, and her skin flush. No one else had a clue that her body was preparing for the ultimate orgasm. Bill could see in her eyes that she knew what was coming. And fucking welcomed it.

The groom snapped his fingers, startling the minister,

then whispered the magic words to prepare her: "Identify the strongest orgasm in your life, because the mega-orgasm you are about to have will hit you twice as hard, last three times as long, and will make you release everything negative you still cling to. This super-orgasm will drain all tension from every muscle, nerve, and fiber of your body. Your mind will go blank, your soul will purify, and your body will give itself up completely to the orgasm. The harder you cum, the louder you will scream, and the louder you scream, the harder you will cum. The more you fear it, and the more you resist it, the stronger you will orgasm. Do you hear me?" Emily nodded, looking frightened. "Do you understand me?" She shook her head emphatically. "Do you feel it building up inside you like a tidal wave?" The poor girl whimpered like a girl who needs to pee.

Hundreds of hypno-orgasms began with her visualizing her wedding, then cuming hard at the altar. The reality of actually getting married, for fucking real, blew her away. This one would top them all.

The priest finally got to his first question. Everyone saw her say, "I do," on the duel video screens.

"And you, William Cooper. Do you accept this woman in holy matrimony, in good times and bad, in sickness and in health, til death do you part?"

"I do," he told the world in a remarkably steady voice, surprised how calm he felt.

"Then I now pronounce you husband and wife."

Even Bill, who expected the scream, was overwhelmed. A beast the size of Mt. Everest must have burst out of Emily because her scream began as a deep rumbling, grew to a loud thunder, then lifted up to the heavens with a roar that would have made a T-rex piss himself. Then the pitch rose sharply, and several dogs outside began barking. Her voice flew up octaves like an angel in flight, only to climax with a shattering of every window in the fucking cathedral.

The photographer, bless his soul, aimed upwards just in time to record it all for when the Catholic Church sued Richard. When he returned to the happy couple, he zoomed

to the giant splotch on the bride's wedding dress, not knowing that this would soon become one of YouTube's most viewed non-celebrity videos. It took him forever to realize that the happy bride just had a body-wrenching orgasm that left her unable to stand or speak. Not to mention pretty fucking dehydrated.

Bill knew he had to hold her up anyways, but now he covered her with his body to protect her from what felt like tons of falling glass. The crowd panicked, but Bill cared more for the lady collapsing in his arms than his entire extended family combined. He carefully laid Emily down on the hard marble floor, unknowingly letting the video photographer document the growing pool gathering at her feet. He zoomed on the rivers of liquid dripping down her legs. He would later name the YouTube video, "The World's Greatest Orgasm."

A bunch of babies started crying, but Bill ignored them because most of them were also adults.

After the last of the glass fell, Bill looked down the isles to see a stunned audience staring at the screens in awe. Everyone in his extended family knew his talent for hypno-orgasms, and word apparently spread to the guests, given how so many women looked at him with lust. Penelope, for example, not only had glass in her hair, but even glassy eyes. Then he noticed the wet stain in her blue jeans. At first he assumed she peed herself in fright, but then their eyes met, and he knew she was going to fuck the shit out of them. If cuming in the first pew embarrassed Penelope, she sure didn't show it. Penelope either just took ecstasy, or was incredibly horny.

Bill looked down at Emily on the floor. At first he feared for her life, but then a smile grew that barely fit on her face. The hundreds of mind-blowing hypno-orgasms he gave her over the last month must have conditioned her for this mega-orgasm. When her glazed eyes finally met his, he knew everything would be okay.

In the parking lot Bill heard his brother swearing in futile anger. If it wasn't for Richard, the barking dogs, and the crunching of broken glass, the place would have been

completely silent. Then his father started laughing uncontrollably, a comedy hypnotist enjoying a masterpiece show.

As he stood tall at the alter, a few hundred people staring at him in wonder, a lot of thoughts crossed Bill's mind, but one stood out: this will be the best. Honeymoon. Ever.

Then a visibly shaken Father Timothy delivered the coup de grace: "You may now kiss the bride."

THE END

STORY 3: THE PERFECT HUSBAND

CHAPTER 1

I suffered a head injury as a kid when my parents got into a car accident. After that, I was never the same. Mama says God made me handsome as compensation for making me dumb, but grandpa says my parents fucked up my head when they didn't put on my seatbelt.

Because my dick is ridiculously long, my wife has always fantasized about catching me masturbating, so on our 25th Wedding Anniversary I decided to give her a show. But it hit some snags. First I got yelled at. Stuff like, "Dad! Not during dinner!" or "First Red Lobster, now Olive Garden? You know I hate Bennigans!"

You know, shit like that.

I tried to blame all the ruckus on the adorable waitress without success -- thank God grandma insisted on coming along. The more Alzheimer's takes her, the more useful she becomes. If it weren't for her wicked right hook, I wouldn't avoid her so much.

My show sputtered early because the people at the other tables demanded I pull my drawers up. Even the town stripper suggested I stop traumatizing her first grade class. I wouldn't have fallen so much if my oldest son didn't keep shaking the table I was dancing on. I nearly lost my dignity when I lost my balance and crashed into the young black

couple next to us.

Someone hit me, so I struck back -- how was I to know my bling got stuck in her blouse? Nice fucking cleavage, though. Except the bruise I left. I do regret exploding her fake tit over his lasagna. That was totally my bad. I haven't been that embarrassed since my parents last visited.

But I forgot Ol' Miss Sphincterhead now managed the place. The guys called her that because -- and I'm reading from notes now -- 1) she seemed to meet the definition of an anatomical structure that maintains constriction of a body orifice for the entrance or release of liquids; 2) she had the mouth of a marine mammal blowhole; and 3) because I couldn't pronounce her last name. Some Nazi name like Schadenfreude. I don't know. I didn't take Prussian in school. All I know is that she derived so much pleasure from the misfortune of others that she should have had her own reality show.

You'd think she'd cut me some slack because I let her pee on me in high school, but noooooo, she angrily kicked me out of the lady's bathroom the day she quit being a teacher.

In front of my family, that tiny old white lady called me so many terrible things that I called her "mom" out of pure reflex. That's when it got bad because, really, no one that ugly should be a mother. If it wasn't for liquor she'd never get laid. Her kids turned out so bad that the town's missing person posters drained all sympathy for their plight. Turned out they skipped town of their own volition. If they didn't become famous on that teenage mom show, we never would have remembered they existed.

But Ol' Sphincterhead wouldn't be forgotten. No matter how many times kids write over her name on her mailbox. No, she was as much a part of this town as HPV.

"Get my salad tongs away from that penis," she screamed at my adult children like they was still kids. She normally had the complexion of a tomato, so I'm just guessing she was angry. In any case, it was so hard to care.

Now, in my defense, I had to remove my pants and

underwear because I laughed so hard I peed myself. You can't just walk around in soiled clothing. My mama taught me that much. And no, I don't know how my undies flew into the kitchen or what burned the place down -- although the forensic report cited the alcohol content of my urine.

Things wouldn't have been so humiliating if they didn't show me on the tee-vee news -- damn you, social media! It's so hard to deny something on Facebook. My kids weren't going to hash tag me out of this mess.

Naturally, the police had to blame someone, yet they refused to arrest my wife, no matter how much I pointed. My beautiful Mexican wife not only pretended she didn't know me, she pretended she didn't know English. If she were white I bet I could have totally kicked her ass.

"Yo. Yo no. Yo no se. Yo no se nada. Yo no se nada, y la unica cosa que se es que no se nada, pinche gringo."

Old Roscoe, the sheriff, tried out his high school Spanish. I thought my wife was gonna run for the border. Good thing women can't figure out north-south-east-west or I may have lost her. She yelled at me -- knowing I love being handcuffed naked -- and called me everything in the book:

"Puto. Joto. Marigon. Guevon. Mamon. Cavron."

I don't know what book that's from, but I've always wanted to buy it. But she saved the best for last. She spit at me and yelled, "Chinga a tu madre and a todos que te parecen a ti!"

Which means, "fuck you and everyone like you."

It's a doozy, the granddaddy of Mexican slang. I didn't believe it was so bad until I tried it on every Mexican-looking person I met. Who knew nuns could be so violent? I don't know how she shoved that pole so far up my ass. I've tried many times, but I just can't figure it out.

I've known Manny for years -- he's arrested me more than anyone. But I never knew he understood Mexican until he drew his gun on me and said, "Drop the pole, pull up your pants, and back away from me." I knew he wouldn't shoot me -- not after all the trouble he got into the last time.

I swear this town's run out of fun people. It wasn't

like that when I was a kid and voted Least Likely to Reach Adulthood. Those were the days; when men were men because being unmanly meant everyone assumed they were gay.

They didn't have the drugs then that they have now, so they experimented on me with whatever they could find in the barn. Half the shit that I survived is now legal with a prescription. Kids then weren't diagnosed as "autistic" or "Aspergers" or "pervasive developmental disorder not otherwise specified" so they called me a retarded fuck up.

And not in a good way.

"The head injury made me dumb, not retarded, moron!" I'd yell back at my tormentors. Good thing my brain had trouble registering pain cuz I got the shit kicked out of me until I got big enough to kick back.

To this day I hit my childhood bullies on sight -- the few who haven't moved away. I love the terrified look on their faces when I surprise them in the street. I once caught Jimmy and Johnny at the same time and was surprised the fat one got away by tripping the bald one.

"I'm just doing to them what they did to me," I'd explain to the sheriff. "Yet you never arrested them, no matter how much they peed on me!"

"They only pooped on you once!" he argued. "And they didn't make you eat it." Roscoe didn't like me getting upset. I'm the tallest guy in town and his Taser just makes me madder. He stopped tasing me after I flipped his police car over.

My grand pappy found me so amusing that he left me everything he had. Including grandma. His brothers didn't survive the war so, after several generations, he owned a piece of just about everything in the county. My dad, the preacher, never spoke to him again. He said he loved everyone, like Jesus instructed, but I never saw a man smile less than my father.

People then called me "IRS," which I liked much better than Dumbshit, cuz I get a cut of practically every transaction around these parts. Hey, it's not my fault I'm majority owner of most of the big stores and restaurants. It's

not like I can be blamed for their continued existence. Maybe if they let me manage them they wouldn't thrive so much.

I'd only been married three kids by then -- I'm not good tracking years -- when the old feller had a stroke. My wife and I moved in with him cuz he said he'd rather die than live in our shit house. I'm a logger. Cutting trees for a living keeps me strong, so I could move him whenever he wanted. Which was all the damn time.

One day I came home early and found my wife kissing his private parts on the back porch. She had her clothes on, but for some reason, her titties hung out. She loves sucking me, so I told grand pappy he was in for a treat. It was a great day for outdoors sex. This apparently wasn't the first time cuz he seemed to know she would swallow. I felt like a cheerleader, urging her on. I got so excited I ripped off her bottoms and fucked her from behind. She loves it when I whip her bare ass with my penis -- although not in public, for some reason. Again, sorry Walmart. She was as wet as a mop as I slid it in. My girl likes it rough, so I pounded her like a nail. It was fun to see her titties swaying as I thrust in and out. Sure, she whimpered a lot, but if I ever slowed down she'd reach back and scratch me deep.

I love her so much.

I know what she likes because she's told me a thousand times: all the way in, almost all the way out, then build it up ever harder and faster. This is more fun than dancing. She likes to be spanked during doggy so I smacked her tan ass so hard she growled like the neighbor's husky. Who came over to watch. The two of them barked like we had a full moon. I waved when I spied the neighbor's kid with the binoculars. Pappy sure looked happy. Apparently, neither grandma or the local whores ever did this for him. If it weren't for the husky, his dick would never get licked.

"If I knew I'd go fifty years without anyone swallowing my juice, I'd of had a stroke years ago," he crowed. "Thanks to my stoke, I don't have to stroke it anymore!"

The first time she came, I knew to continue or she'd scratch me. She's usually good for three or four. If I don't give her at least two, she yells at me in Spanish. I don't understand English good, so I don't know why she swears at me in Spanish. Pappy gave me a high-five every time she came. I don't know why he keeps saying he's so proud of me when everyone else says I'm an idiot. They call me Frankenstein with poor wiring, but I'm not even Jewish like this Frankenstein fellow. In any case, Pappy said we make a good team. I guess he was right cuz she shuddered five times before she let us cum.

When grandpa exploded in her mouth, oh man, I thought he had another stroke. He lay gasping for breath, almost fell out of his chair, and yelled at me to get him a beer. I got him one, but then he yelled again to specify he wanted a fucking cold beer (if he wanted a cold one, he should have said so the first time, right?).

"I can't believe the two of you have such big cocks," my wife said happily. "You have no idea how small they are in Mexico."

"You shore look perty with grandpa's dick in your mouth," I told my little lady. She looked like she conquered Iwo Jima. "You got a drop on your eyelid."

"Well," grandpa boasted, "she'll be doing this every day."

"Can I watch every time?" I asked, excited.

My poppy just loved me something special cuz he laughed and laughed and said I was such a good boy.

That night my girl showed me what she called his Last Will and Testament. I didn't understand it all, but apparently I was going to get his stuff.

"Even the TV?" Pappy had a really big television.

"The house, the bank, the stores, the restaurants..."

"But what about the plasma?" I had to know.

"Yes! You get all the televisions."

"Can we eat free then?" I asked because I'm not so good counting money, and forget about me making change.

She told me where I could eat and shop for free using a special card she'd give me. That made me so happy that I

hugged her good. The kids heard me shout and soon we all jumped up and down on grandpa's big bed.

"You are the perfect husband for me," my wife said.

"You could be a little taller," I told her.

I couldn't believe she hit me. When women say they want honesty in a relationship, they're lying.

CHAPTER 2

I met my wife when I stopped to take a piss in the parking lot before entering the bar. I couldn't concentrate enough to pee with all that yelling going on, so I marched over to that car and tried to come up with the words to make them quiet down. The guy kept cursing me until he got out and tried to punch me.

I don't understand why people think they can abuse me just because my brain don't fire on all cylinders. He was in my face, so I just broke his nose with my forehead. I don't feel pain too good, but it must have hurt or he wouldn't have cried so much.

This tiny girl crawled out her window and kicked him like a soccer ball. I'm good at soccer, so I joined in. When I got him between the legs, he even rolled up like a ball, so clearly he liked playing as much as we did. She let him drive away once he apologized.

"Thank you for stopping that man from raping me. I've had blind dates, but never a deaf one before."

"No man should ever hit a girl."

Her eyes got big and she looked at me for the first time. Her clothes were all ripped and one of her tits hung out, so I couldn't help but stare. She asked me questions that I couldn't answer -- hell, she was so pretty all I could do was smile at her. I showed her the bracelet which explains my condition. She read it twice, just to be sure. Most people slowly back away, but my affliction didn't bother her at all.

"I'd rather have 'em dumb than domineering," I'd later hear her tell her friends.

I was still smiling down at her. When she smiled back, I lit up like a Christmas tree. I felt like I won the

lottery. Nothing in the world compares to learning that someone you really like, really likes you back.

I'm a pretty big guy. I like heavy labor because all that other stuff just confuses me. But I was no match for her. She jumped up and down when she saw the tent I pitched in my pants. She pulled down my sweats and my underwear looked like someone stuck a spear in them. Her face was all eyes and smiles -- for a second I think she lost her nose.

She reached up to kiss me and my lips never felt anything so smooth. I got tired of stooping over, so I picked her up so we could continue making out. I don't know for how long, but long enough for her to take the time to feel every muscle in my arms.

"Your arms are bigger than my legs," she told me.

"You're so tiny you could use my shoes to ski."

I don't know why, but she thought that funny. Except for grandpa, I've never made anyone laugh before. Not on purpose.

Back at my truck, she made me park away from the lamps, then had me lay back. The way she looked at me, I thought she was going to tickle me like grandma used to. But no, she fondled my private parts instead, laughing as my penis kept growing larger and larger.

"I didn't know they made them this big," she whispered excitedly before swallowing the head.

"That's what the nurses keep saying."

Other girls have tried that, but they all gave up in order to mount me. Not my pretty little Mexican. My prick challenged her, and she spent a really long time meeting that challenge. She put my hand between her legs and I tacked that bait while she squirmed like a fish on a rowboat. I pushed the middle finger in and out really fast cuz I like it when girls holler. That's my second favorite part of being naked.

She must have been running before because her breathing became heavy and her skin flush. The way her lips rubbed the head of my penis head curled by toes.

"You keep doing that and I'm gonna blow," I warned her. Unlike other girls, she kept going, only faster and

deeper. I heard her grunting like this little piglet I used play with. “I ain’t kidding. You’re about to get a mouthful of juice!” Now she grunted louder than me! Something deep inside her grabbed my finger and pulled. It must have flipped a switch because I blew like a volcano. “Look out!” My new best friend didn’t even pause, though, except to swallow.

When I recovered, she looked at me like I was one of them new cars. Even with my spunk splashed on her face, she was unbelievably beautiful.

“I’ve never had anything like this before,” she said, holding my meat like a stick shift.

“Oh. I didn’t know you’s a virgin.”

She had the best damn laugh in the world. Loud, unrestrained, and full of life. “You are the funniest man I’ve ever known.”

I looked around me, but wasn’t nobody in the back seat. Which made her laugh even more. I’ve been called a lot of things, but never funny.

“Sure wish I could stay with you,” I tell her. “I could look at you forever.”

I don’t know how, but she seemed to like everything I say. She pointed to a motel and suggested we get a room. I’m not so good at talking to people, so I just said “okay” and handed her my wallet.

She studied my face a while, then smiled at me.

“Shucks, little lady, your smile done give me goose bumps.”

And she liked that, too! How come everyone don’t love what I say?

In the room she told me to strip. I’m used to people telling me what to do, so I did. For some reason, she jumped up and down again. She got out her phone and took a bunch of pictures.

“I can’t believe I found someone even better looking than me. The girls back home aren’t going to believe this. Do you model?”

“I used to make model airplanes, but the kids blew them up.”

“How do you get your tummy so flat? I could bounce a quarter off it.”

I shrugged. Later she would conclude that it was all the climbing up trees I did using a rope.

“How much you make?”

I’m not good with numbers, so I showed her my last paycheck. Again, she laughed.

“You make this much chopping wood?” she asked, astonished.

“The boss says I’m the best he’s ever seen. I can use a chainsaw all day.”

“You could support a family on this,” she said quietly.

“Oh, I love kids. I bet you’d give me really smart ones. Before my accident, I was the smartest kid in school.”

“And you’d never hit me?”

“Oh, I can’t hit girls. Even when they deserve it, like when Karen O’Malley left me naked in the river. I had to walk twenty miles in the cold in my bare feet. I’ll prove it: slap me.” She didn’t know whether to take me serious. “If ol’ Rusty Smithers couldn’t break my jaw with his bat, I doubt you could, either.”

So she slapped me.

“What was that? Come on, you hit like a girl. Stop playing around and slap me.”

She did it again.

“I can barely feel you. Grandma is gonna have to show you how to do it right. She once knocked a trucker out cold with her first punch. Oh, heads up: don’t ever call her a crazy bitch.”

“You gonna boss me around like other men?”

“I’m not good at figuring things out, so I need someone to tell me what to do.”

That seemed to floor her. “You need a woman to tell you what to do?” she asked slowly, unable to believe her luck.

“Grandma does that now, but she says she was just diagnosed with early Alzheimer’s, so I better find someone else to take care of me. Grandpa is too busy running a bunch

of companies. Daddy once knocked grandma down cuz she wouldn't let him whip me no more and I guess that flipped a switch in me. I don't remember what I did, but in the hospital, mama said her and daddy couldn't live with me no more. They say I'm going to hell cuz I don't understand what that guy Jesus is talking about. They say he's the light, but I ain't never seen him."

I guess that made her sad. I didn't like seeing her sad. But then she told me her story, about how her drunk father beat her and her mother on his rare visits, and now I was sad, too.

"As long as you're with me, not nobody will ever hit you again," I promised her. "Grandpa let's me use the guest house, but I don't cook much. I'm good with chores, but you'd have to be in charge of everything important."

She beamed like a lighthouse. "You, a big strong white man, would let me be in charge of everything important?"

"Well, sure. I need someone really smart to keep me from doing 'inappropriate' stuff."

There, I somehow made her laugh again. "You really think I'm smart?"

"Of course. I can see it in your eyes."

"No man has ever called me smart before."

"Not many men like me," I said simply.

"That's exactly what I was thinking," she replied, fondling my junk and considering the possibilities.

"Don't pop my cork unless you're gonna finish the bottle."

"You wanna see me naked?"

Now it was my turn to jump up and down. She turned on the clock radio and did a strip tease. Laying on the bed, my prick nearly slapped my face. I liked everything I saw. The long black hair, the brown skin, the sexy curves.

"You better get it now before I blast a hole in the ceiling," I warned her.

She sucked me for lubrication, then slowly mounted me. She had trouble getting my huge penis head in. She seemed worried it wouldn't fit. When it finally slid in, her

eyes rolled up in her head and she swayed like a skyscraper in an earthquake. My hands held her waist to steady her -- I didn't want another one to faint like Mrs. Wilson. She got louder the more she worked her way down. I like loud women. At least naked ones. Once her pussy swallowed it all, she looked at me like a god.

“I have never felt so complete.”

“Then not being with me would make you feel incomplete.”

She stopped fucking to stare at me for a long minute. “Are you sure you're dumb?”

“No. Grandma says some neural pathways fire and some don't, which is different than being dumb.”

“Play with my tits.”

My fingers tweaked her large nipple. “Apollo! Come in, Apollo. This is Houston. What problem, over?”

I think I fell in love with her when she laughed. She leaned forward to kiss me and then kept kissing me for a really long time. I swear I think she was crying inside. No one has ever kissed me for five minutes straight before. Except that piglet I had as a kid. She looked so beautiful as she bounced up and down on my cock, eyes closed, hair flying.

“Except maybe my baseball mitt, you're the most beautiful thing I have ever seen.”

She looked me in the eye when the orgasm hit her. I think the intensity surprised her, the way her eyes bugged out. I wanted to give her another, so I grabbed her waste and fucked her hard. I think she may have had the hiccups because she kept making an odd noise. Then she came again. Her scream woke the hotel clerk and sent a chill up my spine.

Next she turned around and rode me cowgirl style. I loved how her backside looked as my cock went in and out of her. Once she passed the point of no return, I held her tight and fucked her rough until she cried out again. Sure wish I knew what she was yelling about in Spanish. I threw her on her back before she recovered and spread her legs wide. Her eyes got big as bowls as I pounded her

relentlessly. I needed to come so bad. My arms kept her legs spread and she scratched me for the very first time when she came again.

“Okay, you can come now.”

I didn't know I needed her permission, but now that I had it, I picked her up and stood up, without my cock ever leaving her pussy. I planted my legs, held her tight, and fucked like I was dancing. The way her tits bounced up and down mesmerized me. She tried not to cum again -- I saw the fear in her eyes. She now drinks Gatorade before we fuck a lot to avoid dehydration. When she went over the edge, her pussy gripped my cock like a farmer milking a cow. Locked and loaded, I shuddered as I emptied my mag into her.

Her legs wouldn't support her, so she flopped on the bed and tried to catch her breath. The expression on her face scared me, like she just saw a ghost. Her limbs didn't seem to work and I worried I broke her.

Then my phone rang. “Hey peaches,” I answered. “You said you passed the bar so I waited outside.” Peaches yelled at me. “Oh, okay. You're buying? All right! We'll be right there.”

I heard her yell “we?” but thought it better if I just hung up.

“Who the fuck was that?” my pretty Mexican demanded. That's when I discovered she's even better looking angry.

“Oh, that's Peaches. She said she passed her test and can now be a lawyer. We've known each other since kindergarten.”

“Is Peaches your girlfriend!”

Well, that stumped me. I didn't understand why she seemed so mad. “Her boyfriend is like my big brother. He's always looked after me. Especially when those Conner kids picked on me. I imagine he'd be quite put out if I dated his girl.”

“But you fuck her.” It didn't sound like a question.

“I have to. That was the deal. She helped me through school, but she gets to have me whenever she

wants.”

Oh, she didn't like that at all.

“Is she prettier than me?”

That was so funny I stomped my boot and slapped my leg. “Ain't nobody prettier than you, sugar, and I know everyone in the county.”

That seemed to mollify her. “You don't take her out on dates?”

I had to think about that. “I'm not good with money. I never know how much to pay. Dealing with money makes me feel stupid, and I've never trusted anyone ever since Lara Monagan emptied my bank account.”

“Then why did you hand me your wallet?”

Wow! I never thought of that. “I guess I must trust you. You're not gonna take all my money, are you?”

“Your wallet is a mess, so I paid for the room.”

I shook my head to clear it. “I don't understand. You spent money to be with me?” That really choked me up cuz nobody's ever done that before. I never cry, except in movies. “Why would you do that?”

Now she had to think about it. “Actually, I've never spent money on a boy before. Hell, I never have money to spend. I guess I really wanted to be with you.”

“I've never had a girlfriend before. Would you like to be my first?”

She tried to tackle me, but I'm so solid it was more like running into a wall with arms. “I'd prefer to be your last girlfriend.”

I was not sure I understood that. “Well, as long as you start being my girlfriend tonight.”

CHAPTER 3

All my friends were at the bar celebrating. Both of them. And their friends. I'm used to being stared at, so it took me a long minute to realize that everyone was staring at my girl. I didn't know whether to be mad or flattered. She didn't seem to notice, though. My girlfriend pulled me by the hand and I could tell the moment she identified Peaches.

They sized each other up for a moment while I picked Peaches up in my famous bear hug.

“Don’t break her, buddy,” her boyfriend said, slapping me on the back. “Not when she’s buying.”

“I wish I could pass tests. Did it have numbers in it?” I asked Peaches.

“I can practice law now. My father will finally have to pay me what I’m worth. And who is this?”

My girl sure had a set of balls on her, stepping up and standing tall. It really turned me on. “I’m his new girlfriend.”

I liked how she said it so forcefully. Not ashamed or embarrassed or anything.

“My last girlfriend, actually.” I thought I’d clear that up.

“I’d like to hear all about that,” Peaches finally said after they stared at each other for an uncomfortable amount of time.

So the three of us got a booth and the two of them sorted things out.

“I met him tonight and I want him forever,” my girlfriend started out.

“I’ve known him all my life. Before his car accident, he rescued me when I fell in a river. I owe him my life, so I’ve helped him growing up.”

“Why do you fuck him when you have a boyfriend?”

“You know why I fuck him even though I have a boyfriend. In fact, he become my boyfriend knowing that I could not give up such a massive cock.”

“Your boyfriend must love you very much to let you fuck other men.”

“Only this one. I’m monogamous, plus one. Oh, and I have to compensate my boyfriend by sucking him off for every time I fuck your guy. Guys: they’ll do anything to be swallowed.”

“You got a problem with me being his girlfriend?” my Mexican asked.

“Not unless you screw him over. I’ve always felt protective of him.”

“Were you ever his girlfriend?”

“He’s too high maintenance for me,” Peaches answered. “I just don’t have the time, what with going to college full time and working for my cheap father full time. He’s a great guy, but he will always be a handful.”

“So we’re good?”

Now they stared at each other again. If a guy stared at me like that, I’d probably belt him. “If you two are going to kiss, then give me time to get my camera.”

Neither even glanced at me.

“Look, I don’t want to fuck up your shit. You clearly have strong feelings for him, and he deserves someone special. But you may not appreciate how much legal trouble he gets into,” Peaches pointed out. “He doesn’t try to break the law, but he has an incident report longer than his dick. He will always need a lawyer. And lawyers are expensive.”

“So what do you propose?” my girl asked.

“I help him and he helps me. Look, I love my boyfriend. He’s great. But no man outside of porn can touch me where your guy touches me. He’s stretched me so much I can barely feel a normal size penis. Doctors should use him for pregnant women so babies just fall out. I’ll work for free if you let him give me what I’ve become so used to. If you want, I’ll share my guy with you. You’re so drop dead gorgeous, I’m kind of tempted myself, and I’ve never batted for that team before.”

“I’m only interested in one man,” she said with a finality that tickled my wiener. “Although you’re pretty fucking cute, I have to admit. Why does your boyfriend let you fuck another man?”

“He’s poor and I’m helping him through medical school.”

“He’ll leave you when he no longer needs your financial help,” my girl pointed out.

“That’s crossed my mind, but at least I’ll have several more years with him. I don’t want kids or marriage yet anyway, so I can focus on my career. Lawyers work crazy hours.”

I had no idea where they stood, so I just drank as

much free beer as I could.

“Tell me about these legal problems that you’ve helped him with.”

Ah, geez! I excused myself and bent over the bar with my buddy so I didn’t have to listen to the girls talk about me in front of my back.

“Your girlfriend is smoking,” he told me.

I looked over, but I didn’t see a cigarette. “I want to keep her. Will you help me?”

He seemed relieved that maybe I wouldn’t be fucking his girlfriend no more. “Hell yes, I’ll help you. Tomorrow let’s go shopping so you can surprise her every day with a new gift. It will drive her crazy wondering what present she’ll get the next day. Clothing, jewelry, perfume, lingerie, makeup, shoes. Win her over before you introduce her to your grandparents so they don’t ruin it for you.”

“You’re such a good friend.”

“I’d probably be brain injured myself if you didn’t fight off those guys we beat for the championship.”

I put my hand on his arm. “Peaches is trying to convince my girl to let her keep fucking me.”

He sighed real deep. “She has no idea how much I love her.”

“You still haven’t proposed? You’ve been carrying around that ring forever.”

“I’m waiting for the right moment.”

“I think your girlfriend is gonna make me fuck her again. I hope you find your moment soon.”

“Shit. Maybe I’ll just throw the damn ring away.”

The girls suddenly got up and we turned, expecting them to be clawing each other. Damn it! Instead, they waved us over and we followed them out of the bar and across the parking lot to our motel room.

“If Peaches can convince my girl to let her keep fucking me,” I told him, “then she’s gonna be one hell of a lawyer.”

In the room, the girls ordered us to undress. For a moment they looked like they were gonna grab our clothes and run out laughing. But no. Instead the girls kissed.

“Where’s my camera phone?” I wailed, searching frantically through my blue jeans.

No one said anything, so I walked around them, taking pictures and video. They sure took their time undressing each other. His big tall blond with my little skinny Latina -- wow! They moved to the bed and did a mini-69, sucking each other’s tits.

“Who should I fuck?” I asked my girlfriend, my throbbing boner demanding action.

“Lay on your back,” she ordered me.

Peaches mounted me while her boyfriend took pictures, then he wiggled his cock up her butt while my girlfriend took video. As we double-teamed her, my girl sat on my face. Until a tangy flavor tased my tongue, I had forgotten that I had cum in her. I never expected to taste my own jism. I don’t regret the experience, but I’d rather not ever taste it again. Thank God she came quick to wash out the awful flavor. Peaches started shrieking like a bird, her face turning colors as she bathed my cock in her cum. Her boyfriend pulled out to wash his penis in the sink. My girl roughly pushed her off my dick and off the bed. She landed with a loud thunk. I would have laughed, but my Mexican sat on my pole and saluted the flag.

Then it got weird. Once her pussy swallowed my entire cock, she bent over and wiggled her ass. My best friend lubed himself up again and I knew when he penetrated her by the high-pitched scream in my face that Five Hour Energy should put in a pill. My girlfriend cursed in Spanish as my buddy worked his way up her anus. I swear the double penetration dilated her eyes.

“Cum up my girlfriend’s ass!” I told my best friend.

My girl bravely held out for several minutes before collapsing -- the first time she ever came quiet. She felt like a human blanket on top of me, warm like one of those plug-in thermal comforters. That slobbers. My bud could now cum, too, so he fixed her ass and flanked her position. He nailed her harder and faster, his face almost angry in concentration. When he came, I’m pretty sure I heard it. He looked like he was having an epileptic attack in slow motion.

Except for all the groaning.

My girl just purred, with my cock still filling her pussy, as my best friend flooded her anal cavity with jism.

“You were right,” she coughed to Peaches, still in a semi-coma on the ground. “That was unbelievable.” She turned to me. “Fuck her until you cum so I can suck your juice out of her.”

“Okay.” What? Was I suppose to argue?

I fucked Peaches right there on the floor, her ankles on my shoulders and drilling her deep like a rig in the Gulf of Mexico. Her orgasms came like waves on a beach, several minutes apart, but still swamping the shoreline. I had cum twice that night, so it took a lot of pounding before I gave her my last two drops. By that time she was either begging for mercy or whimpering in Yiddish.

“Throw her on the bed,” the Mexican ordered us.

Her boyfriend and I picked up Peach’s naked, spent body and tossed her on the mattress. My girl climbed on top and went down on her, slurping my cum out of her pussy while Peaches stuck her tongue up my girlfriend’s ass to taste her boyfriend’s juice as he recorded everything.

I stood up, my cock swinging between my knees like a grandfather clock. I wanted to finish my damn beer at the bar, but somebody probably already drank it. So, instead, I rifled through my bud’s jeans until I found the engagement ring he carried around. After the girls made each other cum, I got on one knee and held up the ring.

“The only thing that could make me happier right this minute is if you say you will marry me.”

“Yes, motherfucker, yes!” My girl jumped in my arms and wrapped her legs around me like a python.

“Hey! That’s my ring,” my best friend complained.

“You said you were just going to throw it away,” I argued.

“I said, maybe!”

“What?” Peaches looked stunned. Eyes blank, jaw slack, expression confused. So that’s how I normally look. “You bought me a ring? You want to marry me?”

Her boyfriend looked sheepish, so I helped him out.

“He’s had it forever, but is too much of a pussy to give it to you.”

“You can’t give this to me if he meant to give it to her,” my girl said. She gave it back and we both looked about to cry.

“Move your cock out of the way so I can propose,” he told me. Still naked, I grabbed the camera phone and set it on video. He got down on one knee, held up the ring, and asked Peaches to marry him. I think maybe Peaches had a heart attack cuz she started twitching like that homeless guy on the corner of 9th and Main.

“Yes, you wonderful bastard! Yes, I will marry you.”

Well, now we were all crying. “I only have seven thousand in the bank. Maybe you should pick out the ring cuz I don’t know girl stuff.”

She smiled at me through her tears. “You are the perfect husband for me.”

“Will you be with me forever?” I asked, a little scared.

“You’re gonna stretch my pussy so much that no other man will ever be able to take your place.” I guess she could tell that I didn’t understand if that was a yes or no.

“So, yes, I will stay with you forever.”

The four of us group-hugged. Then had sex again.

CHAPTER 4

Her mama was my wife’s best friend. They talked on Facebook video chat every day. No one’s opinion meant more to her than her mother’s so I wanted to make a good impression.

When her mother first visited, she didn’t seem to understand why her smart daughter married someone who couldn’t pick out his own clothes. Her abusive alcoholic father was a mariachi singer who apparently had many children he never raised.

“Mom, he will never leave me, never hit me, and never let another man hit me,” my wife told her mother. “He provides for his family, he makes me feel safe, and he makes

me laugh. What more could I possibly want from a husband?"

"He sure is easy to look at," mom confessed. My wife laughed, ordered me to strip, and the dear lady applauded like I was a rock star. "Is that real?" my mother-in-law asked, eyes bigger than dinner plates.

"Go see for yourself."

They looked more like sisters than mother-daughter cuz she had my wife so young, so I had no problem getting hard when she touched it. She jumped back as my penis sprang at her like a rattlesnake.

"Get on your knees, mom, and suck my husband's giant cock."

My wife likes me to slap her face with it, but it surprised my mother-in-law so much that she fell back with a yell. All three of us laughed, me most of all.

"Will you be this beautiful when you're older?" I asked my wife, who jumped in the air like she was spiking a football.

"That's why I married him! That right there. Not even the smartest men can come up with shit like that. It's like God installed a Hallmark inside him. You remember how dad would say something insensitive that would just crush us? My husband is the opposite of my dad. I'll be, like, zoning out, then he'll say something magical that makes me feel loved. My husband says things so special it's like they come with flowers."

My mother-in-law cried while smiling up at me. "You really think I'm pretty?"

"Throw some big titties on you and I'd be hard all the time. You should live with us so I can enjoy the two best looking women in the county."

"You see what I mean?" my wife asked her mother. "And you know he's sincere cuz he's got no guile. There's no filter between his heart and his mouth, but he lacks the manure factory that makes other guys spew out bullshit all the time. He may not be good with numbers, but with women he is the smartest man in the world."

"Show her the titties I bought you," I urged my wife,

proud of my purchase. She tore off her blouse to reveal a flat tummy and two monster mounds. “With a rack like that, you could have any man in the world.”

I wasn’t sure if she was laughing or crying. “Take off her clothes so I can see what the rest of her looks like.”

My wife undressed her mother and my dick flopped around like a break dancer.

“My python doesn’t lie,” I told her, as she watched my cock harden at the sight of her. I picked her up cuz girls liked to be held. But she’s so pretty my dick starting poking her like a mugger looking for a wallet. She grabbed my schlong and I heard a moan so deep that I thought we needed an exorcist. Well, now I needed to get me some, so I kissed my mother-in-law’s neck and worked my way to her lips. For such a reserved lady, she sure surprised me by grabbing my head with both hands and thrusting her tongue down my throat. How’d she know I loved that?

My wife guided us to the bed and made me lay on my back. Her mother got between my legs and tried to get my penis in her mouth. My wife walked her through it while I smiled at the ceiling. I guess she heated up too much, cuz she suddenly mounted me. My wife helped her get it in.

“Ooooooof!” my wife’s mother said once my penis head expanded her hole.

“Go slow, mama!” my little Mexican urged her.

It took a long time and I couldn’t be happier, seeing my wife so happy. By the time she got the whole thing in, she looked like she ran a marathon. She leaned forward to make it easier to go up and down, but after just a minute she opened her mouth to scream, and nothing came out. Fuck, I thought my dick killed her. It wouldn’t be the first time.

Nope! She just came for the first time in her life.

“What was that?” she asked, terrified by her body’s reaction. My wife said something in Spanish. “That’s an orgasm? You mean, all this time I could have been having those? Damn your father to hell!”

“Would you like another?” I asked, cuz I liked making them happy.

“I can have another?”

I laughed. “You can have as many as you want. I’d do anything to make my wife happy. Like when she told me to tear grandpa’s arms off when he demanded sex. I barely dislocated his shoulder when he apologized.”

My mother-in-law rode me to another one, finally getting the hang of it. Too exhausted to continue, I threw her on all fours and fucked her doggy until she screamed into the pillow. Then I flipped her over and pounded her missionary until her body shook like a baby rattle. By then she had an odd smile, like those mannequins who look like they want to talk. Finally, I laid on my back and pulled her on top of me in a 69. My wife taught me how to give oral sex -- yeah, it took a long time, and I got the scratches to prove it. I now showed off my expertise on my mother-in-law’s pussy and she flipped and flopped like a fish in a net while trying to suck my used pole. When she exploded onto my face, it took her several minutes to recover. My wife recorded everything to show her father how real men please women.

“I also married him for that,” she told her mother.

I still needed to get off. My wife taught me never to cum unless she finished first, but now it was my turn. I planted a knee on either side of my mother-in-law’s head and spanked my monkey like Tarzan. The poor lady looked scared, so my wife whispered to her in Spanish. It must have worked because she opened her mouth when I said I was gonna blow. I hadn’t cum since before I went to work, so I had a full load. I emptied myself in her mouth. My first shot must have filled some cavities from the surprised look on her face. She swallowed in order to clear her air passage, then bobbed on my pole to drain me of every drop, like a bulldog locked on the mailman’s ankle.

“Cum tastes so much better after several orgasms!” she concluded happily.

Another satisfied customer.

My wife thus shared me with her mother, who enjoyed me so much that she moved in to help take care of the kids. She’d make me a delicious empanada for every orgasm I gave her, so I kept her busy in the kitchen. Our kids even learned Spanish, which made me real proud.

I knew my wife liked me because she always wanted to have sex. She'd lock the door and tell the kids to fuck off. Shit, I'd do anything she asked. She called me her fucking machine. People talk in front of me, so I know lots of women say they love their man, but they don't fuck them every day, so my girl must love me something special.

CHAPTER 5

Grandpa's death bummed me out cuz it meant I had to see my parents at the lawyer's office. I never understood why the most religious people are also the angriest. I thought every mommy and daddy loved their children, but mine just treated me like everything was my fault. Like it was my fault grandpa owned their church building, or my fault that my wife determined their rent. Or my fault pappy didn't leave them millions of dollars.

My pretty Mexican gave me more hugs in an average day than my mommy and daddy gave me my entire life. So when father slapped my wife after the lawyer read the Will, I pinned him to the wall at eye level to give him time to cool down. With my hand around his throat and his feet a foot off the floor, he calmed down real quick.

In his Will, grandpa said he "disowned" his son because he was such a disappointing arrogant asshole, so I told him the same thing: "Daddy, I hereby disown you."

If I knew that would make my little girl so happy, I would have done it years ago. My oldest, who's smart as a whip, stood by my side and said, "I disown you, too." My other two kids quickly followed. My two year old girl sounded so sweet, with a hand on her hips and the other waving a finger at him.

My girl said she was the happiest wife in the world, but I don't know: Mrs. Stevenson, the meth dealer, always seemed pretty happy when I bought my weekly bag.

My ex-father apparently didn't like that grandpa ordered his coffin buried in the cemetery by the church, but closest to the entrance. Motion detectors triggered a laugh track so he could literally have the last laugh on his

judgmental son.

Dad, as a strict social conservative, always said he opposed abortion in all cases, but now he says he would have made an exception for me. "With great power comes great responsibility -- unless you're God," he would say in his frequent depressions.

My mother had such big white teeth and was so high-strung that she could pass for a piano. The only time I ever heard her laugh was when the attorney read out his Last Will. She and my wife were the only ones laughing since I understood less than my two year old.

For once, I wasn't the one who jumped out the second story window. Mom hates the wheelchair she now has to ride, so I got myself one so we could form a convoy. A really short convoy. She tries to get rid of me, but I got the better scooter cuz she's poor. She says she hates me but I don't believe her since she's too polite to ever say what she feels.

My kids hate my parents while I can barely care what they think -- I blame all the drugs. They hate self-righteous judgmental hypocrites and blame my parents for how I turned out. I personally don't have any complaints -- like Woodstock, I can't remember my childhood much.

I blame my wife for how my kids turned out: beautiful, wonderful, and over-achieving. They grew up hearing that if they didn't do better in school, that they'd end up like me. Not all my neurons fire correctly, but even I knew that was bullshit.

Ever since they learned of their inheritance, my kids have loved me to death. Fortunately they don't have to wait until my death to spend it since I'm lucky to control my bowels, much less my life. Grandma can't even do that, and yet everyone calls me stupid.

CHAPTER 6

When they threw me naked in the jail cell, it dawned on me that this is not how my wife wanted to spend our 25th wedding anniversary. I didn't mind the jail cell, but I wish

they'd get me some clothes. Or at least close the window. I was so cold my balls shriveled up my nut sack. By the time my wife showed up with pants and shirt, I was laughing with my cellmate.

"Honey, Duncan and I were linebackers together in school."

Her naked husband laughing in a jail cell with a burly black guy must have amused her.

"That was the funniest damn thing I ever saw," she told me, smiling. "That was even better than that fiasco you started for our tenth anniversary. I swear, I must have the most memorable anniversaries on Earth. Thank you for making me feel so alive. I owe you big time. Here, I brought you some cake before our grandkids finish it off."

"You want some," I concluded, noting the way she shifting weight from one leg to another.

"We can't do it here. Not after the last time. You're just gonna have to wait until you're released."

"You sure?" I teased her, sticking my cock between the bars.

She looked at the other room, fought with herself, then shrugged her shoulders. "Just make it quick."

She got on her knees and gulped my cock down like a jumbo shrimp. I can tell when she's hornier than usual, and sucking me off in a jail cell with an audience revved her engine. You'd think she'd get tired of sex every day, but it felt more like a daily addiction.

"Show Duncan the boobs I bought you!" Without pausing the blowjob, she flipped them out of her dress and fingered her wet pussy. "I bought big ones so they'd fit in my hands," I explained to Duncan. "Try them out."

He reached down and cupped both breasts. "You one lucky man."

"My girl needs to cum. Give her a finger to help her along."

He left one hand on a boob and the other reached underneath her to finger fuck her soaking snatch. I could tell the strange hands helped throw coal in her furnace.

"We're in a hurry, so it's okay if you want to use a

hand,” I tell her. She thinks jerking off during a blowjob is cheating. I swear, I don’t know where she gets these ideas.

Just then Manny came in. “I ain’t cleaning this up!”

“Chill, bro. She’ll swallow.”

But first she nearly choked on my meat as she came really hard. A fucking gusher splashed on the hard cold floor, wetting her knees. Then I came, shuddering with each blast down her throat. Her eyes looked feverish as she swallowed and bobbed, swallowed and bobbed, until my cock stopping coughing in her mouth like a 12 gauge.

A final drop hung from the hole in my penis head. She licked it like a lollypop, content at last.

Manny put down his camera phone to throw me a mop.

“You are the perfect husband for me,” my wife told me.

“Happy anniversary, honey.”

“Happy anniversary.”

At court the next day, my oldest son represented me, as usual. I was so proud of my kids. I liked how people respected them. Someone read the charges -- disorderly conduct, public nudity, yada yada yada. Then the judge summoned me forward. I looked up at her and smiled.

“Hi Peaches! You free Saturday?”

THE END

STORY 4: THE PREACHER’S SLUT

CHAPTER 1

Faith impatiently watched the classroom clock count down to the lunch hour while the English teacher droned on about gerunds and propositions. Her backpack ready, she leaped out of her desk at the sound of the bell and ran flat out to get the lunch she left in her locker. Brown bag in hand, she sprinted to the picnic table farthest from the courtyard, only slowing down upon seeing her target.

“Hey Danny,” she said, her skin flush, trying to

control her breathing.

Danny looked up from his laptop, surprised and suspicious. Instinctively he looked past her, then turned to search the area behind him, half-expecting several jocks to ambush him.

"Faith?" He couldn't imagine why Faith Fucking Rotherfield would be talking to him at lunch. "Hey."

"Can I talk to you?"

"Ah, Faith, listen. Since my dad got that contract, I have to work through lunch, after school, and weekends."

"I know. That's why you pick the table farthest from everyone else. Look, I'm sorry to interrupt you, but I'll give you this picture if you let me have your lunch hour."

"Wow."

Involuntarily he took her cell phone and stared at the photo. Like many teenagers, Faith shot herself in the mirror wearing only her underwear. Unlike most teenagers, her father, the mega-church preacher, was the town's most powerful prude. Not stupid, Danny quickly transferred the image to his computer, then enlarged it so that it filled up his screen.

"Wow."

"Do you like it?" the girl unnecessarily asked, wanting her compliment to come with a receipt.

"Wow." He stared at his computer like a dog obsessing over a bone. Faith felt herself getting aroused by how his face changed. Seducing this guy may be easier than she feared. "Ahhh," he muttered to himself. "I forgot you're on the track team." Explaining, apparently, her great shape. But, finally, his paranoia returned. "What do you want from me?"

"I'm sure you heard how my father got Reginald's mother fired, ending our relationship by forcing them to move. The guy wanted to marry me, but now everyone assumes I'm a slut, even though I'm still a virgin. I'm tired of my dad using his position as church leader to force everyone to live within his rigid standards. These hypocrites must pay."

Danny sat up straight. "Your dad isn't prejudiced --

he hates everyone." A joke Faith heard a thousand times. "My mother says that anyone who hates gays that much must have a skeleton or two in the closet. Are you sure you want to go after the town bigots? They own the mayor, the police, and most of the business community."

"I don't plan on sticking around."

"And what does this have to do with me?" he asked.

"I want to seduce his church council, plus that bastard Peter Peterson, who fired my ex's mother, so I need someone tech-savvy to help me record their infidelity. I want to show that they are just as flawed as the women, poors, and minorities that they routinely condemn."

"Not all nerds are good with technology, you know. Just because I write software doesn't mean I can set up spy-cameras." She deflated immediately, and he couldn't bear to watch the pained expression on her face. Damn, she must really want this. "Lucky for you, however, that I can probably figure it out."

He loved the way this lit up her face. "I bought a bunch of spy stuff that looks like jewelry or clothing, but they need a router, WiFi, and a booster if the storage device can't be placed nearby. This will only work if I get to humiliate them publicly, so I need decent video quality."

Danny couldn't believe he was having this conversation with the daughter of the town's religious leader.

"You don't mind everyone in town seeing you naked?"

"Oh, I look forward to it! I would have been a cheerleader if my father allowed it."

The way she said it stirred his ingredients. He adjusted his position to hid his growing erection. "And what do I get out of it?"

The way she smiled at him nearly fogged up his glasses. "Well, I need someone to practice on." She let that hang there, as she put her hands on her hips to show off her body. Well, that did it. He closed his computer because there was no way he could still work. She closed the deal by adding, "and I want to start practicing today."

Danny visibly swooned. He didn't realized it, but his

upper body swayed like a skyscraper in an earthquake. "Why today?" he tried to ask as casually as possible, his voice an octave higher than normal.

Because today is my eighteenth birthday."

They looked at each other for the longest time and he knew she knew that she fucking owned him. This was going way too fast.

"Why me?"

"Sheila Berg recommended you. She said you have the cock of a porn star."

Danny nearly fainted. "I can't be that great because she won't date me."

Faith put her hand on his. "Oh, that's just image. She spoke highly of you, but you can't blame a cheerleader for preferring to date the head of the football team over someone who doesn't care about popularity. And I sure can't fuck someone who gives a shit about what other people think."

"Why else are you choosing me?"

"When this goes public -- and that's the whole fucking point -- I need a strong man who won't ditch me or buckle under public criticism. A guy whose job cannot be taken from him. Someone not afraid of the town counsel or ridicule from the usual cyber-bullies. And you're eighteen."

"How long have you been planning this?"

"Ever since my dad called me a whore for using birth control pills to regulate my menstruation. Every time he makes me feel like a slut for showing arm or ankle. And for condemning me in church for sins I never even committed. All I did was suck one black cock. Sure, I did it frequently, but according to a recent president caught on the receiving end, that isn't even sex."

"Lots of guys meet your criteria. So, I'll ask one more time, and you better be fucking honest, why me?"

"No one else has their own apartment." A bell rang inside his head and he nodded in understanding: of course! "You see, I won't be able to continue living at home once this comes out. I plan on going to the community college, so I can only work part time, therefore I need someone who can pay rent and utilities."

Danny slammed the table. "As my dad always tells me, there's always a catch. I could never agree without knowing the catch." He started laughing. "Every weekend since Christmas we've been pulling all nighters. We both would rather work twice as hard than pay a six-figure salary to a systems engineer. Hence the need for an apartment near the military base. My mom hates it because it's an hour away. Since my dad got the contract last year, he spends more time there than at home. But no one sleeps there during the week."

The stress was killing her. "So would he object if I lived there with you after we graduate next month?"

He cocked his head, thinking it over. "I know my mom would do jumping jacks if she thought I had a girlfriend. My dad sure as hell doesn't give me any time to date."

"I'm a really good cook!" Faith boasted. "I'll work around your schedule, making things as easier as possible for you, and help however I can." They laughed together. "And don't forget the sex. I'll suck you off every morning because guys can't think straight with their balls full. I'll make you super productive!"

He stopped laughing. "Please swear to God that you're not just fucking with me. I mean, a girl with your looks could have anyone."

"And I choose you."

"But for how long? Til you get your associate's degree?"

"Look, neither of us can guarantee the future. But I promise I will be the best damn girlfriend you could ever have, for as long as I live with you."

"Aside from fucking the church counsel."

That made her shrink. "Yeah. Aside from that."

The image of Faith fucking those older white guys bugged him. "Why don't you just skip the revenge sex and public scandals and just move in with me? I'll support you while you get your degree."

"Because I need to embarrass my father as much as he has embarrassed me. This is not optional. If you can't

handle it, tell me now and I'll find someone else. You're my number one choice, but not my only choice."

"I can't believe a chick as hot as you would pick me. I'm just a skinny nerd."

"I've had a thing for you ever since you baffled our geometry teacher by asking, if the universe is expanding, what is it expanding into? You had just cut those awful bangs that covered your face. I think that was the first time since puberty that I really saw you. And, ever since, I have liked what I have seen. You're attractive, mature, responsible, decent, honest, and in good shape."

"You'll really have sex with me?" Despite their conversation, he still wasn't sure. A part of him wondered if he was going to wake up in bed with his cock in his hand.

Faith leaned closer and put her other hand on his. "First, I'm gonna swallow your juice, then I'm gonna beg you to take my virginity. If you haven't made me cum by my birthday party, the deal's off."

She said it with such certainty that he didn't doubt her. The enormity of the deal shocked him. He was going to get laid! For just the second time in his entire life!

"I'm all in!"

CHAPTER 2

They skipped lunch and went straight for dessert. Faith met him by his car and checked her watch while he fumbled with the keys. They ducked inside his Honda Civic and she searched for witnesses while he mounted the stand.

"Sheila was right!" Relief hit Faith like a 2x4 that his cock was as beautiful as portrayed. She had taken such a huge risk, and now she gazed at her delicious reward. She gripped his knob and gave it a few jerks. "You shave your pubes. You have no idea how much I appreciate that."

"God, your hand feels so much better than mine."

They didn't have much time before their next class, so she got to work, leaning over and putting his giant head in her eager mouth. They moaned as one. She cupped his balls and tried to swallow as much as possible, bopping up and

down with greater confidence. Oh, it had been so long. Faith closed her eyes, only to see a video of Sheila sucking his magnificent cock. Suddenly possessive, she accommodated the last inch and felt his pubes tickle her nose. With her gag reflex in check, Faith could finally go all the way up and down his pole and it felt wonderful. Nothing in the world tastes like clean cock. Its deliciousness reminded her of the first time she tried Kentucky Fried Chicken.

Danny cupped a breast and, when she didn't object, snaked his hand under her shirt and bra.

"Pinch my nipple!" she commanded him harshly, not even talking his cock out of her mouth. "Harder, bitch!"

He adjusted his position to give him a better angle, then squeezed her tit like a zit. He even dialed her nipple like a radio knob, which only made her suck his cock with greater enthusiasm.

"Finger my pussy!" When he let go of her nipple, she racked his dick with her teeth. "Use both hands!"

Not stupid enough to argue, he leaned over the passenger seat to gain access to her safe. Instead of unbuttoning her shorts with one hand, he simply slid it down and whistled when he discovered she wasn't wearing underwear. Faith spread her legs to give him easier access, breathing heavily through her nose like a snorkler. He found the Promised Land promising, and soaking wet. Sweet Jesus. He sank his middle finger in, and it felt like a toe in a Jacuzzi.

Distracted by his pursuit of pussy, he could not focus on the blowjob. His eyes rolled back and he caught sight of himself in the rearview mirror, happier than he had ever seen himself. He felt her hand travel from his balls to his ass, so he lifted his booty to give her access. His head jerked violently when he felt a finger probe his anus. Then, to his surprise, he raised his butt even more. In went the first finger and his cock wasn't the only thing to twitch. He exploded in her mouth, even as she fucked his ass like a fag. He had so much, and it all left him so fast, leaving him dizzy. She didn't stop going up and down until the third wad of cum

blocked her air passage. Sperm dribbled out of her mouth, down the sides of his penis. She swallowed, then went down for more, sucking up any juice that tried to get away.

Watching her clean his cock with her tongue, Danny remembered something his uncle once confided in him: "Lots of girls are pretty, but how many will swallow your seed? Few wives will suck you off every week without compensation, so if you find such a woman, do whatever it takes to keep her fucking happy. I'd rather have a fat wife who sucks me off every week than a hot wife who does not."

Payback can be a bitch, but it can also be pretty fucking nice, as Danny tweaked her nipple and redoubled his finger-fucking. He went deep and fast, his hand tiring, over and over, until a water balloon popped and gushed onto his palm.

The fuck? Even though he, at first, assumed she just peed on him, he continued thrusting until she stopped finger fucking his asshole. She collapsed on his lap, spent, her finger still up his chute. Danny felt like he ran a marathon. It suddenly seemed so hot. He rolled down the window and a cool breeze gave him everything he needed except a beer and pizza.

Faith finally let the cock out of her mouth to give her verdict: "That was awesome!"

She smiled at him, cum splattered on her beautiful face, her dark eyes warm and happy, and Danny knew his world had changed. He also agreed with his uncle and vowed, right then and there, to do whatever it took to keep her.

After school they raced to the apartment, Faith leisurely sucking his cock while he drove, but careful not to make him cum. They tore their clothes off as soon as they stepped into the apartment. She fell on the sofa and spread her legs wide. He fell on top of her and she guided him in. She spent the entire day waiting for this, so it didn't take much to push her over the top. Her scream threatened the windows. He had not yet cum, so she got on all fours, her tits bouncing. He plunged in again and knew he wouldn't last long.

"Slap my ass, bitch!" she screamed. "Pull my hair."

Faith bumped her ass back so enthusiastically that he couldn't delay his orgasm. He smacked her butt so hard he left a hand print, then he, too, yelled as he ejaculated into her.

"Ah, crap! I need more. More!" she demanded like a pussy in heat.

Danny, however, could do little more than collapse, recover, and recharge.

"Daniel, what the fuck is going on?"

The sight of his father startled him. "Dad! You said you were still working at the base."

"When you called, an hour ago, I was. A minute ago I was on the can, until I heard screaming."

"Sorry," Faith said, standing up and walked to him, naked. "That was me. I just gave Danny my virginity to celebrate my eighteenth birthday, but I need more. Please fuck me. I need it so bad."

She fell to her knees and undid his pants. He could have stopped her -- he knew he should have stopped her -- but it's hard to turn down a hottie who's ready to go. Long dark hair, dark eyes -- even a shaved pussy. He couldn't help but compare it to his wife's forest. The girl also weighed half as much and was a thousand times more sexy.

Faith knew she needed to get him hard quickly or he would consider his options, so she pulled down his boxers and gobbled up his cock with an urgency that got his blood boiling. His penis wasn't as long, but it felt thicker in her mouth, yet otherwise tasted the same. She sucked him until she nosed his pubes. Once he moaned, she knew she owned him. The girl got up, grabbed his cock, and let him to the sofa.

"Sit down."

Meekly, he obeyed. She barely waited for him to land before jumping on his lap and maneuvering his pole inside her. Still sore, she slowly worked her way down until she had it all.

"Suck my tits. Danny, shove a finger up my ass!"

With that, she leaned forward to bounce her hips up

and down while her new boyfriend tried to get a digit up her butt without, you know, touching his father's dick. No sooner did he get it in, than it kept slipping out. It was like trying to kiss someone on a trampoline. She increased speed once she got her rhythm down. Now, for the first time, she finally got a good look at the guy she was fucking. Danny was definitely his son. He had a beer gut, like most middle aged men, but looked professional in a tie and dress shirt. Success in a man is like youth in a woman. She smiled when she found him staring at her in astonishment. Their faces were close anyways, so she kissed him. Softly at first, tenderly, until he counter-attacked with teeth and tongue.

Danny watched his girl enthusiastically French kiss his father with conflicting feelings. One, he knew she was going to fuck other men, but did one of them have to be his father? The way his dad got into it reminded him that he had not yet kissed her. At lunch she had cum in her mouth, and on the drive over, she was too busy sucking his cock. Fuck! His dad got to kiss her before he did. Envy and jealousy verged on rage. He wanted to feed her his dick, but she suddenly closed her eyes and started cursing the ceiling.

"Oh, fuck, shit, fuck. Shit, fuck, shit. Ohhhhhhh!"

She came like a thundershower, complete with a big fart. Time does not pass everyone evenly. Some experiences use up more time than others. Fascinated, Danny watched her recover in slow motion. It seemed to take forever, although his watch didn't agree.

"I could have had this years ago?" she demanded angrily. Not expecting a response, she turned and fell on her back, almost falling off the couch, yet somehow keeping that fat cock inside her. She pulled the father onto her and he didn't need to read an "if-then" statement to start pounding her. "Yes, you teenage-fucking bastard! Yes!" She caught sight of Danny, holding up a shitty finger. "Give me something to suck on!"

He walked over, his sail at half-mast, and she made it disappear like a tsunami. She tried sucking, but couldn't move her head enough, so she spit it out.

"Fuck my mouth."

He kneeled on the cushion, then worked his hips to feed her his monster while his father drilled her pussy. He looked down to see her staring up at him, looking really fucking content. She's in heaven, he realized. She really did need this bad.

Danny worried his dad would throw out his back again, he fucked her so hard. He cussed and swore and yelled like he never had sex before. His face turned red under all that sweat. Faith didn't even notice. As he picked up the pace, her eyes turned blank as she rode the train to Orgasm Town. Hoo-hoo! Danny fucked her face faster, but she seemed zoned out on Zen and the Art of Taking Multiple Cocks. When it hit her, she arched her back and screamed like a psycho. Danny hoped the neighbors didn't call 911.

"Oh, God, I'm gonna blow," Danny's father warned.
"Cum in my mouth!"

He pulled out, then knocked his son to the floor just in time to shoot Faith right in the kisser. She did a sit-up to get closer and gobbled his prick like a drumstick. "Fuck! Ahhh! Ohh!" he called out after each wad. Faith looked like a crack whore, the way her eyes burned bright, trying to get it all. She knocked his hand away so her mouth could drain him down to the last drop. A big drop fell half out his penis head. She slowly licked it like a lollipop. Finally, she fell back, relishing the experience.

Danny still needed to cum, so he got up and knocked her legs apart. They say some men prefer thick thighs, and some skinny thighs, but most guys want something in between. That was Danny, determined to one-up his old man. Faith didn't make a sound when he slid it in, so he pulled her entire body towards him so he could get the best angle. Then, her ankles on his shoulders, he fucking nailed her to a cross. Lost in a sea of confusing emotions, he pulled almost all the way out before shoving it all the way in. Over and over, at warp speed. He heard her cry out, but didn't care. His father made her cum good, so he had to make her cum better. Anger focused his energies as he fell into the Zone. Thank God he already came twice that afternoon because he needed empty balls to prolong his endurance. He

never knew he had such savagery in him. His penis fucked her almost violently, stabbing relentlessly. She called out again, but he had tuned her out. Nothing could make him stop. This was like batting practice, only better.

An eternity later, just as his muscles started locking up, something unexpected happened. His dick betrayed him. He crossed the point of no return. Startled, he opened his eyes to see Faith looking at him like he was a fucking God. The sheer amazement and gratitude in her eyes overwhelmed him. She was just so fucking beautiful. The smile on her face melted him. Danny forgot to breathe. His cock coughed, then coughed again, like shotgun blasts, each recoil staggering him. His strength unexpectedly left him. His head grew dizzy and the light got dim. He fell forward like a corpse, only for Faith to catch him in her arms and hug him tightly. For no reason, Danny started crying, sure he fucked everything up, but she just whispered soothingly in his ear while wrapping her legs around him. No fucking way was she going to let him go.

He must have slept, because when he opened his eyes, Faith stood above him, dressed and eager to leave.

"I have to get home! My parents planned a birthday party."

She threw his clothes at him and, zombie-like, he put them on. She took his car keys and pulled it around. He jumped into the passenger side and she punched it. As she sped down the highway, it reminded Danny of the comic George Carlin saying that those who drive slower than you are idiots, while those who drive faster are maniacs. Faith drove like a maniac.

"I'm sorry," he said.

"For what?"

"I don't know. Where'd my dad go?"

"Back to work. He tried to wait you out, but eventually gave up. Listen, I'm not complaining, but a girl who just lost her virginity shouldn't get pounded for a solid hour. My pussy is so sore that I bled in the toilet. I walk like a penguin. Still, it's a small price to pay for cuming so much. I'm gonna have to give you vitamins so you can fuck me that

hard and long every day. Sweet Jesus! You had me flying."

He stared at her as she focused on the road, not sure if she was kidding or not.

"I did good?"

She chuckled like a mad scientist. "I've never told a boy I loved him before. That's how good you fucked me."

His head snapped back. "You said you love me? When? Where the fuck was I?"

Her laughter confused him. "I think I said it out loud. Maybe I just thought it real hard. You have no idea how beautiful you looked, concentrating so much, every facial muscle twitching. I'll never forget it for as long as I live."

"I can't believe you fucked my dad."

"Sorry about that. I just felt like I was going to explode. I've never been so out-of-control."

"You gonna fuck him again?"

She didn't answer for a long time. "I want you to fuck me as much as you want. But you know I plan on seducing the church counsel. And not just the men. I hope me having sex with others doesn't make things weird between us."

Well, that didn't answer his question. Or maybe it did.

"I don't want my parents to divorce."

"Oh, honey, I don't either. You talk to your dad and you two decide."

"Was he a good fuck?" Danny had to ask.

"Danny, if you turn out like him, I could see myself spending the rest of my life with you."

That made him swallow. "But you still want to fuck other guys."

"I feel too horny not to. Other guys can take your place between my legs, but no one can take your place in my heart."

"Does that mean I can fuck other girls?"

Immediately her aura changed. Her hands gripped the steering wheel like she wanted to choke it to death.

"Sure," she said, as negatively as possible.

At ninety miles an hour she flew through the light

traffic in silence. Not until she pulled up to her house did she speak again.

"I want you to need me so bad that you never desire another woman."

With that she got out and slammed the door, never inviting her kind-of-boyfriend to her birthday party.

CHAPTER 3

The birthday party was as boring as she feared, but at least her parents continued chatting with the guests outside. She knew her easiest conquest was Samuel Stevenson, a balding right-wing kook in his early fifties who condemned everyone who contradicted his literal interpretation of the Bible. Rumor had it that he cheated on his plump wife of thirty years, but no one had ever caught him at anything. The thought of destroying his reputation elated her.

"Mr. Stevenson, could you help me with something?" she asked sweetly. She had been flirting with him for months, giving him the eager eye, so he followed her to her bedroom without question. He even smiled when she locked the door behind them. Faith exaggerated her technical ignorance to Danny -- she had already tested several cameras that she installed in her bedroom.

"How can I help you, child?" the horny bastard asked condescendingly.

"You know how my father says that teenagers have more hormones than neurons? How we teenagers are just too horny to control ourselves? Well, it's true. I've tried to be a good girl, but I'm so horny that I can't sleep at night. I play with myself constantly. Like in this video." She held up her smartphone so he could see her thrashing about naked in bed. "So, finally, I gave in."

He stepped closer, determined to exploit this opportunity. "What did you do?"

"Today I gave my virginity to a boy I really liked, but he didn't last a minute." Which, strictly speaking, was all true. "Now I'm hornier than ever. I'm gonna explode unless I find a real man who can teach me what I so desperately

need to learn. The boy even said my breasts are too small." Having already removed her bra, Faith nimbly unbuttoned her blouse. "Mr. Stevenson, please tell me my breasts are not too small to satisfy a real man!"

On the one hand, the lecherous old man couldn't believe his luck. On the other, he considered all single women sluts who are as sexually active as their opportunities.

"Your breasts are beautiful," he said, for once completely honest.

Faith turned so that the spy-camera disguised as lipstick sitting on a shelf could record their treachery. "My nipples are super-sensitive. Even a gentle breeze can make me wet."

She held out a tit in case he didn't take the hint, and he descended like a demon baby, sucking and slurping and drooling. Faith recoiled in disgust, but then thought of the congregation's reaction when they see her heavily edited sex video that made him look like a predator. So instead of smacking him across the head and escaping, she reached down to fondle him. They had little time, and she wanted to get this over with as quickly as possible, so she loosened his belt and fell to her knees, knowing he would love her submissive position.

The moved surprised him, but he quickly got with the program as she took it out and gobbled it up. His thin penis hid in bushes so thick that Moses would have torched them. Once he started moaning, she scooted a little to her left so that lipstick camera would have a clear view.

"Grab my head and fuck my face," she urged him. He did so with gusto, having no idea how savage he would look on the video.

After just a minute she spit his dick out and begged him to fuck her. She got up and pretended he threw her onto the bed. Afterwards, alone, she would film herself screaming and acting scared. She rested her arms over her head and, as she suspected, he used the opportunity to pin her hands to the bed. She kept yelling "ohhh" so that she could later dub it to sound like "nooo." She leaned forward

to whisper in his ear that dirty names turned her on.

Since the camera couldn't clearly see her facial expression, she made faces every time he found another word for slut and whore.

"Hit me!" she begged him, so he swatted her across the face. "Again!" Whack! "Harder this time!"

He wondered how she knew how hitting a girl would turn him on. "Oh, God. Sweet Jesus! Lord, I'm cuming."

What surprised her was how much she liked being punished. She knew she would enjoy being the "bad girl," but until now didn't know why. Her fucked up self-image, lousy self-esteem, and miles of psychological baggage got off on punishment. Her father's authoritarian dominance demanded it. That's why she wanted to get caught. She wanted everyone to know she was a total slut, a cheap whore, a piece of shit. The prospect of public humiliation revved her engine like a foot on the gas pedal. She needed to destroy herself in order to save herself. Why else record her sucking old cock?

If Faith was only happy when it rained, then there must be a shit storm coming because she never felt better. Walking on a tightrope wasn't enough. She needed to tempt fate until she fell in an orgy of public destruction.

A part of her wanted to destroy her father, but the rest of her wanted to destroy herself. To do both was killing two birds with one stone.

The old bastard leaned down to kiss her on the lips, but her knee-jerk reaction was to turn away in obvious disgust. That didn't require any acting.

"You came so quick," she threw at him. "You left me unsatisfied. I guess you're not a real man, after all. You better leave before I scream. And leave me your best credit card and whatever cash you are carrying."

She planned on buying the most twisted sex toys available online so everyone would know his depravity.

Her father used money to control her, so she needed money to set her free. Lincoln may have freed the slaves, but the poor will always be indentured servants. Individual freedom may begin in the mind, but it must pass through the

wallet before it becomes real. Without a car, a home is little more than a jail. Without money, you cannot do what you want, go where you want, or have what you want. There is no freedom without money. And to weather the coming shit storm, she would need all that she could get.

She turned off all the cameras and reviewed the video in a few of them. She actually felt proud, and couldn't wait to splice them together to best support her false version of events. Until then, she used Bluetooth to pass a few pictures to her smartphone.

Her father didn't let her use makeup, so the bruise on her face stood out. She put a pad under her underwear, pocketed a few spy-cams, then went outside to find her next victim, who she found speaking with her parents. Mr. Stevenson had wisely disappeared with his fat wife.

"Dr. Walton, could you drive me to the hospital?"

"What in God's name happened?"

"God gave me such a wonderful birthday that I was jumping up and down on my bed when I slipped and my face hit the bedpost. I feel so foolish!"

"You poor thing. Of course I'll take you."

"We'll all go," her father declared.

"No, dad. You and mom must stay here with our guests or else I'll feel that much worse for spoiling the party. I'll call you in an hour or two and you guys can pick me up. Maybe you'll take your little girl out for ice cream."

They all laughed and Faith put on a brave face. She said her goodbyes to the guests, then got in the doctor's Lexus SUV. What a sweet fucking ride.

Faith waited until he broke out the first aide kit in his office before setting him up.

"Dr. Walton, you're still my primary physician, right?"

"Yes, dear."

"Then I could tell you a secret and we would be bound by our legally confidential relationship?"

Walton was probably handsome twenty years and forty pounds ago, but the good life was bad for him. He smoked, drank, and rumor had it that he abused drugs. Legal

ones, but still drugs. His long work hours gave him little free time, and he spent little of that precious time with his family. Everyone assumed he still rebelled against his father, who still dominated the local medical community. When people referred to "Dr. Walton," they always meant the brilliant father, rather than the fuck-up son. He was always a screw-up who lacked the guts to move far away from the shadow of his father.

"You have something to tell me?" he asked, as surprised and suspicious as Danny during lunch time.

"Only if you are bound by the physician-patient relationship. It's about sex, so you must reassure me that you won't tell anyone."

Well, now he really needed to hear it. "I give you my word." Which, historically, never meant much. He missed more wedding anniversaries and soccer games than even random chance would predict. But it was the excuse she needed.

"Shake on it," Faith insisted, in order to establish physical contact. His soft pudgy hand made her wonder if he was queer. "The guy who smacked my face also forcibly took my virginity, but I don't want the police involved. No one can learn of it. You have to keep this secret between us." The doctor clearly didn't believe she got raped at her birthday party. "I'm bleeding down there. I need you to examine me to make sure he didn't do any permanent damage."

This he hadn't expected. He suppressed a smile and got the examining table with the stirrups, half expecting his new patient to balk at showing him her virgina. Nope. Instead, Faith matter-of-factly undressed completely as soon as he locked the door, arranged the things in her pocket on a shelf, hopped on board, and put her feet in the stirrups. The professional in him thought to offer her something to cover herself, or at least let her know that she didn't need to take her top and bra off, but the rest of him suppressed these temptations.

Astonished, the doctor found himself examining a teenage pussy dripping with semen. He couldn't believe how

much cum poured out as he worked a tiny mirror inside.

"The blood is coming from some rips and tears."

"Can you touch those places so I know where they are?" Yes, I fucking can, he thought to himself, pressing a gloved finger inside her vagina. "You better search farther in." Yes, he silently agreed, I better. "Your plastic glove is hurting me," she insisted. "Could you please continue your examination without it?" Now he began to understand that she was using him. And he fucking loved it. He inserted his index finger and felt around, trying to ignore all the cum he inevitably touched. "Could you please add another finger," she practically begged him. Indeed he could. When she started bucking against his hand, he took it as permission to finally finger fuck her. His fingers sloshed in a river of cum. Her groans electrified him. "If you lick me to orgasm, I swear I will suck you off."

The bitch judged him correctly. Any man full of cum is seducible. He attacked her pussy ferociously, until he swallowed his first shot of cum. Anticipating this, Faith grabbed his head with both hands and anchored his face to her cunt. He accepted his assignment and lapped her like a dog.

"Work those fingers, bi-ach!" she ordered him.

Latching his lips on her clit, he finger fucked her long, fast, and hard until she stifled a really strong orgasm. He pulled his head out of her ass cheeks, cum still covering his chin, looking like a lost puppy. Faith hopped out of the gurney, dropped to her knees, and forced him to stand in front of the hospital bed so that the cameras would record the blowjob with his office unmistakably in the background. While she never used a hand to pump Danny's cock, this time she basically jerked the doctor off while keeping the head in her mouth. Once she felt the head expand like a blowfish, she spit him out and pumped his juice all over her magnificent tits.

She stood up and kissed him full on the mouth. She let him grab her ass and fondle her tits as filler for their sex video. But, after having their fun, she had to drop the bomb.

"Doctor, the cum you licked from my pussy belonged

to Mr. Stevenson." She showed him a picture on her camera of that old bastard cuming in her. The expression on his face, much less her nude body, convinced him.

While the doctor threw up in the hazardous waste bin, Faith collected her cameras, got dressed, then called her folks to pick her up.

She had sex with four men that day. What a great fucking birthday!

CHAPTER 4

Her virgina really did need time to heal, so while Faith gave Danny a blowjob during lunch, she made him beat her ass to a pulp. The physical abuse made her cum so hard it scared them.

Then she made an appointment to see Lucille Johnson after school so she could get some pussy.

"Faith, honey," the gossip said, opening the door. "Please come in."

Over tea, Faith pointed out her bruised cheek. "My father likes hitting me, so I try not to offend him, but he ends up hitting me no matter what I do."

"Oh, baby," Mrs. Johnson comforted her. "I'm sure he's just trying to discipline you."

"Then he must really enjoy discipline. Beating me makes him smile. He doesn't even tell me what I did to deserve it. He just hits me because it makes him happy."

"Now, sweetheart, that cannot be true. I know your father runs a tight ship, but I'm sure he's just trying to be a good father."

"Then why does he hit my mother?" Faith opened a folder that had a few dozen photos of her mother's beatings. Sure, Faith touched them up to make them look worse than they really were, but the man was still a wife beater.

"Oh, heavens!"

At 35 years old, Mrs. Johnson, a former beauty queen, was the best looking wife in the church. And she spent a fortune to stay the best looking. She nurtured a special hatred for rivals. Some ladies deliberately dressed

down to avoid her wrath. Because her rich husband worked so much, she needed something to occupy her. To make up for the evil gossip and manipulation she specialized in, Lucile gave generously to the church. Faith herself never benefited from that money because her father spent it furthering his message of intolerance.

Only one of them saw the other as a rival. Faith didn't yet appreciate how attractive she was because her parents refused her cosmetics, flattering clothes, and compliments. So it confused Faith when Lucile started rumors of her whoring around, and it shocked Faith how she soon received a reputation as a slut when she had not yet even kissed a boy. What really devastated Faith was when she realized that her own mother saw it all and did nothing to enlighten her naiveté.

So when Faith starting seeing that nice black boy, Reginald, she had no idea how she tempted fate. Smart, handsome, athletic -- all the other girls agreed he was a great catch. Faith suspected that her father would not approve of her taking black dick the rest of her life, but when she introduced them at church one day, her father could not be happier. Gleeful, in fact. Faith heard her father laugh more that weekend than the rest of her life combined. So clearly he was not racist. If he disapproved, he would have said so. Nobody accused this sheppard of not speaking his mind.

So it came as a shock when her father got Mr. Peterson to fire Reginald's mother and put pressure on their landlord to evict them. The cops repeatedly stopped him on the streets and Peterson threatened to accuse the mother of stealing. The harassment made Faith see her town, her family, and the congregation with new eyes. Although still a virgin, she was no longer a child.

But the whole Reginald episode solidified every lie that Lucille Fucking Johnson ever spread about her. It explained all the racist jokes that cluttered her Twitter feed, the nasty comments on her Facebook page, and how she suddenly lost everyone that she once considered a friend. Once her father openly condemned her fornication in church, everyone in town avoided her like a deadly sin. The loss of

life-long friends devastated her, and sparked a rage of demonic proportions.

Which made her wonder how she could get revenge. She assumed she could find a hottie to seduce her father, and thus destroy his reputation, but he exuded the sexuality of a rock. Faith never saw her father kiss her mother, never heard them make love, never witnessed the knowing looks between parents before or after they get it on. And everyone agreed that her mother was really good looking. As a teenager, she was probably better looking than even Faith. In their wedding photo, she radiated contentment, having scored the rising star son who would soon eclipse his prominent minister father. A third generation preacher, he didn't have to build a congregation because he inherited one from his father. As his father did before that. Her father's grandfather was a legendary fire-and-brimstone preacher who soared to national fame before suffering a heart attack at the peak of his power. His eloquence apparently skipped a generation, but it somehow stuck in Faith's father. Marrying her father guaranteed her mother lifelong financial security. Never guessing how miserable and bitter her marriage would make her.

When Faith asked her mother why she never had more children, her mother replied in a stone cold voice, "you have no idea the trouble I caused just to have you."

Now what the fuck did that mean? Faith felt like a burden ever since.

From his pulpit, her father condemned sex outside of marriage and sex not meant for reproduction, prompting critics to joke that sex is only bad if you enjoy it. Since gays couldn't marry or reproduce with each other, he pushed local and state governments to criminalize homosexual acts, and harshly discourage homosexuality in general. Her father's obsession with sex meant sexual scandals were the best means to repay him for his lifetime of parental cruelty.

So lesbian sex with Lucille Johnson, the smug, condescending bitch who led the church council, paid all sorts of dividends.

"Mrs. Johnson, you must not speak of this to anyone.

This must be our secret. Yet I need someone to put lotion on the bruises I can't reach, and no boy will touch me. It's like they all have restraining orders. My mom would freak out -- you know how weak she is -- so that leaves you."

Lucile was not stupid. Superficial, materialistic, and petty, yes, but not stupid. "What other bruises?"

Faith pulled down her shorts a few inches to show off the worst welt. Lucile nearly fainted. "Holy shit!"

Finally, Lucile revealed her phony religious mask.

"I have more on my back." With that, Faith turned away and took off her shirt and bra.

"Jesus, Faith. I honestly had no idea."

The first true words Faith ever heard her say. Lucile may not be a bad person if she wasn't calculating every word she uttered.

"Dr. Walton gave me a prescription lotion. Is there somewhere comfortable I can lay down?"

"My bed, of course."

So Faith walked topless to the bedroom, her tight shorts showing her tight booty. "This will hurt more than aspirin can remedy. Do you have anything to drink? And any contemporary music?"

Everyone knew Lucile drank constantly, so Faith had no problem convincing Lucile to share some bourbon as she massaged the fuck out of Faith's back. By the time Faith removed her shorts and underwear, they were both very tipsy and getting into the local pop radio station. Better yet, Faith slipped ecstasy in Lucille's drink.

"That feels so good," Faith said faithfully. "You are such a good friend," she lied her ass off. "And so pretty. I wish I was as pretty as you."

"But you're even prettier," Lucile replied. "That's why all the boys like you."

"Oh, you don't know?" Faith whispered. "I don't play for that team. It's why my father beats me. He assumes I will never give him a heir to pass the church to. It's also why he publicized that Reginald thing so much. He'd rather have people assume I'm fucking a black guy than knowing I'm lesbian. The irony is literally a pain in the ass."

Lucile immediately stopped massaging the teenage ass, acutely aware how close her fingers were to young pussy.

"Is that why you're here?" suddenly not sounding nearly as drunk as Faith wished.

"I've had a thing for you since puberty," Faith confessed. "Everyone is so convinced that I'm into black cock that nobody would believe I'm into muff."

"I don't believe you."

She said it so confidently that Faith believed she didn't believe her, so Faith swung for the fences by suddenly slipping her hand down Lucy's pantsuit, under the granny underwear, and thrust a finger into her hairy pussy. With her other hand she pushed the older lady on her back and finger fucked her with surprising enthusiasm. The bitch resisted -- when the fuck would that ecstasy kick in? -- so Faith kissed her full on the mouth to shut her up.

That's when it got fucking interesting. Lucy must have gone ages since her last orgasm because she lit up like a bon fire. Eyes wild like a psycho, Lucy thrust her tongue down Faith's throat while busy hands grabbed and fondled. Faith belatedly realized that this was not Lucy's first lesbian experience. Soon they were sucking each others' breasts in a mini-69. Faith knew she won when Lucy began panting like a dog. She redoubled the finger fucking and sucked the nipple that much harder and the rich bitch exploded like a fire hydrant. A wave of liquid smashed Faith's hand like it was shot out of a water canon. Lucy screamed into Faith's tit, completely surprised and suddenly terrified.

"Was that an orgasm?" she asked the ceiling while Faith roughly pulled off her fucking pantsuit and granny underwear.

Faith actually didn't know if she liked muff, but she was determined to find out, and fucking Lucy really did have a sweet body underneath those layers of loose clothing. She pulled the clothes below the knees, then went to town. She slipped a tongue past the bushy barrier and was surprised how smooth and silky pussy tasted. Oh, fuck yeah! Faith climbed on top to pin the bitch down, planted both arms

inside her legs to force them apart, then ordered the full all-you-can-eat buffet. And it was wonderful. Faith still hated the bitch for ruining her life, but man, that was some pussy.

Did all snatch taste so good? she wondered.

Faith wanted to see just how far she could get her tongue inside Lucy, then it felt so good she fucking stayed. By the time the orgasm washed over her, Faith's jaw started locking up, so she now explored the outer area, before fixating on the bitch's clit. It stood out like a tiny penis -- how can guys miss that? Faith worked that puppy into a lather. She licked and sucked and swirled, all while fucking her hard with three fingers. The ecstasy must have kicked in because that spinster came once, had either a big aftershock or another mini-orgasm, then a few minutes later came again.

I'm a natural, Faith concluded, determined to learn all she could.

A weird noise, like a housefly that kept buzzing her ears, finally brought her up for air. It turns out the bitch was singing church songs. She probably didn't know anything else. Well, hell, Faith didn't want to be reminded of her father when she so badly needed to cum, so she ground her muff on that open mouth.

The first touch of Lucy's tongue sent chills up her spine. It only now occurred to her that no one had ever eaten her out before. Well, that would have to change. Oh, it felt wonderful. Her moans must have inspired Lucy, as she licked and sucked with greater confidence and determination. Now it was Faith's turn to sing to the chapel.

"Oh, God, Lord, oh, Jesus!"

Careful to avoid her self-inflicted bruises, Lucy grabbed Faith's waist and locked her down. Not that the girl had any intention of going anywhere. She sat up such that she could play with Lucy's pussy with one hand while concentrating on the surreal sensations with the rest of her senses. She swayed, sitting on a woman's face, a finger fucking her pussy, her anger temporarily drained.

Faith felt the orgasm from a mile away. It grew stronger as it approached. Her moans turned to groans. Her excitement charged the room with electricity. Lucy became

more proficient with each lick. Faith threw herself in the river to let the current take her away. When it hit, the orgasm took her breath away. Literally, she could not breathe. She couldn't keep her eyes open, it felt like she sucked her nose up into her face, and her scalp felt on fire. She had no idea she twisted her own nipples so hard. Faith had a good voice, but she hated singing because that would please her father. But now she sang. Not a song, per se, but a vocalization too beautiful to be described as a scream, though it rattled the windows and set the neighbor's dog barking. Something erupted in her bowels, like a pregnant woman's water breaking, and she baptized Lucy Fucking Johnson's face with the sweetest liquid God ever created.

I am reborn, Faith realized. Not in Christ, but the next best thing.

Faith fainted, flopping on the bed and nearly falling off. She could not have walked to the bathroom even if it meant peeing on the bed. Her muscles simply didn't care what she ordered them to do. Her legs twitched like an epileptic on crack. It took all her strength simply to turn her head to see Lucille Johnson emerge from the grave, like a smiling zombie. Oh, this bitch's secrets had secrets.

"You've done this before!" Faith accused her.

Mrs. Johnson shrugged her shoulders. "I've been to college."

"You are really good at it. Much better than I am."

"I could tell I was your first." Faith nodded her head. "You should take my word for it that you are not lesbian. I've been with lesbians, and even virgin lesbos know more about eating pussy than even I could ever teach you."

"I may not be lesbian, but I'd sure like for you to teach me as much as you can. You are amazing."

"Then tell me the truth: did anyone send you here?"

Faith's face blew up. The ramifications overwhelmed her. So many possibilities to explore.

"People think you're gay?" she asked, dumbfounded.

"Oh, I fuck my husband as often as he wants.

Unfortunately, that old bastard doesn't want it very much.

Money is his mistress. Because of the difference in our ages,

attractiveness, and sexual needs, he made me swear on the Bible before our wedding that I would never be with another man. For fifteen years, I have kept that promise."

"It never crossed my mind that you've been with other women. I've never heard so much as a rumor."

"Oh, child, people who know about these things don't speak of them in front of the preacher's daughter. But plenty of people either know or suspect. They just don't go public because of my reputation for ruthlessness."

"I swear I won't tell a soul." Which was true, since her cameras were streaming their sex live onto the Internet. Danny had to park within a quarter mile so his booster could amplify the signal enough for the local WiFi system. When the time was right, they would email blast the link to every contact in her father's church database.

"Why are you really here? You don't try to spike a drink with ecstasy unless you're doing something serious."

Faith nearly shit herself. She laid naked in the lion's den, with the fucking lion, yet she couldn't control her limbs enough to defend herself.

"I cannot rehabilitate my reputation without you. You know things that no one else will ever tell me. You understand people on a level that I cannot imagine. People will believe your lies before they ever give credence to my truths. If I am to live in this town, I need you on my side. And you are the only person I can have sex with that you won't gossip about."

"And what do I get in return?" the lady asked.

"Whatever I can give you. Tons of sex would be my first offer."

"Interesting." Lucy slipped a finger into Faith's pussy, and Faith eager opened her legs to accommodate her. "You lack the talents of a true lesbian, but you are so much prettier. With proper clothes, hair, and makeup, you would outshine even your mother."

"Daddy says happiness is the best cosmetic, and mom is too depressed to be attractive."

"Oh, but when I was a little girl, your mother was the most beautiful woman in town. Oh, how I envied her."

"You've been the best looking woman in town for as long as I can remember."

"That's sweet of you to say, and it's probably true, once I ran off Penelope Miller and several others." Lucy paused as a thought struck her. "Oh, there is something that I want." She leaned closer and teasingly kissed Faith on the lips. "I want to know what made your mother miserable. She used to be so gay, back when gay meant cheerful. But something happened after she married. Not right away, but a year or two later, but before you were born. Some people think your birth turned her sour -- at least that's what I tell people -- but I remember the sequence of events very clearly. Your mother became miserable sometime between her wedding and her pregnancy. And then she never became pregnant again. My mother once implied that your parents haven't had sex since your birth. I want to know why. Find out, and I will do everything that I can to cleanse your reputation."

"That's it?"

"Oh, and I get to enjoy your body as much as I want." Faith didn't need time to accept that deal. "Sold!"

"Now lick me to another orgasm. And go easy on the finger fucking."

CHAPTER 5

Buoyed by her successes, Faith went after her biggest target, Mr. Peter Peterson, who owned the area's largest construction company. He wasn't on the church council, or even attend her father's church, yet he let her father convinced him to fire an otherwise good secretary. Faith remembered Reginald's mother crying, demanding to know what Reginald did to make her lose her job. It made her sick. Now she needed to teach this racist a lesson that he will never forget.

But now she stood before his new secretary, wondering how she would get through the door.

"Can I see Mr. Peterson? I don't have an appointment, but it's urgent."

The secretary clicked the intercom, passed the message, and Faith was shocked to hear him excitedly urge her in. He even opened the door for her and offered her a seat like a true gentleman. He looked flush and out of breath. They had never spoken to each other ever. He never married or had kids but, given the way he couldn't take his eyes off of her, he couldn't be gay. He stood tall and handsome, looking great in his expensive suit.

Oh, this is going to be easy, Faith concluded. I'm gonna fuck him right on this enormous oak desk.

"Faith, what can I do for you?"

"Thank you for seeing me, Mr. Peterson. It's odd how we have never bumped into each other in this small town. I just know how everyone respects and admires you."

"Yes, well, thank you. I guess you're graduating soon. Are you going to college?"

"Yes, sir. I hope to study science."

"So you're not going into the family business?" he asked lightly.

"Oh, hell no!" She didn't mean to say it so harshly, but he caught her off guard. "No, my dad will have to pass the torch to someone else." Peterson looked suddenly relieved. "My dad and I don't get along," she added, although that was not exactly a secret. "Frankly, I can't wait to leave that miserable house."

"Well, if you're going away to college, I'd be happy to help."

"Really?" That astonished her. Few townspeople dared cross her father.

"That's not why you're here?"

"I didn't come to ask you for money, no. It never crossed my mind."

"Well, my offer stands. A bright girl like you should get a great education. I never got to finish college myself. It'd make me feel better if I could help you go."

That still stunned her. Something rang in the back of her head. She knew something was wrong, but she couldn't find it. It did, however, give her an obvious opening.

"I'm flattered by your generosity, Mr. Peterson. And

I'd be happy to repay you any way that I can."

With that, she began unbuttoning her top while she flashed him her sexiest smile. Then she saw his face transform into stone and knew she fucked up. Really fucked up. Her fingers froze when she saw his knuckles turn white, gripping his executive chair.

"Get the fuck out!" he demanded, getting up and pointing his finger at the door. "How could you even think of such a thing?"

Faith got up to defend herself. "Then why else would you pay my tuition? Since when have you sent kids to college?"

"I was doing you a favor! And you repay me by acting like a prostitute!"

He roughly grabbed her arm and pulled her towards the door. Faith yanked free and punched him hard in the kidney.

"I've sworn to God no man shall ever strike me again! Not my father, and certainly not a total stranger."

She crouched, ready to spring, her fingers curled like claws.

"And I've sworn to never touch a woman who tries to make me pay for sex!"

Faith no longer held her venom in check. "What do you know of women? You've never married and never had kids. Everyone assumes you're just a workaholic queer."

"A queer? Me?" He laughed as un-funny as possible. "Why don't you ask your mama if I'm queer? Ha! Better yet, ask her husband who's the queer! If you had more sense, you would know who is who, and what is what."

He opened the door and she stormed through it, furious and deeply confused. Something happened beyond the obvious, yet she didn't have a clue what it was. She heard a door slam behind her and the shame she carried nearly collapsed her. Luckily Danny parked near the entrance. He opened the door for her and knew better than to ask questions.

"Please take me home," Faith whispered between tears.

Danny wanted to kill the bastard who made her cry, but did as she asked.

He turned on the radio to drown out her sobs, but it also helped her think. Peterson didn't say, ask your father; he said, ask your mother's husband. Why would he phrase it like that? And what was that other stuff he said? And Lucy kept intruding. Something about the importance of clarify the sequence of events.

Faith pulled out her smartphone and started searching the web. Thank God for the Internet.

When Danny stopped at her house, Faith shocked him by planting her palm on the horn, waking the neighborhood. Her parents rushed out expecting something terrible. Faith got out of the car and Danny knew better than to move a muscle.

"Mom, who's my father?" Their reactions told her all she needed to know.

"Shut up and get inside," the preacher demanded, now frantic as Peter Fucking Peterson pulled up in his Hummer.

"Go to hell! You're not my father, are you? Mr. Peterson is, isn't he?" Her mother began crying, her face as revealing as Wikipedia. "But he didn't move here until two years into your marriage."

"Shut the fuck up and get your impudent ass inside!" the minister shouted as more and more neighbors gathered, many using the cameras in their ubiquitous phones to record the scandal.

"You're gay, aren't you? That's why you're so homophobic! You're a gay queer homosexual fag, but mom didn't find out until the honeymoon. Mom, tell me I'm wrong."

"I just wanted to have a child and a normal life," mama answered between sobs.

"You are weak and pathetic!" Faith charged. "You should have left him as soon as you found out."

"But I promised God til death do us part."

"You stayed married to a fag because of a wedding vow? You brought me up in a loveless home because you

lacked the guts to leave a man who couldn't perform as a husband? Or, at least, a husband who couldn't perform as a man? You deserve all the misery he has brought you, but I didn't deserve any of it. You committed the cardinal sin of parenting: you put yourself before your child, and for that, you can go to hell."

"I offered to marry you," Peterson reminded the crying mother. "Hell, I'll still marry you."

Faith turned around to confront her real father. "You let me believe this horrible monster was my father?" Faith slapped him hard. Since it felt so good, she slapped him again. "You knew for eighteen years my father was a cuckold, and you didn't use that to set us free? You bastard!"

"Money is his god," the preacher declared. "All I had to do was threaten his construction contracts and he buckled like an outhouse in a tornado."

"I had just spent several million buying heavy equipment. Losing those contracts would have ruined me," Peterson cried out.

"He fired Reginald's mother!" the minister yelled. "He drove them out of town. I had nothing to do with it."

Faith slapped her father again. "Is that true?"

"Your mother made me do it."

What? Faith whirled upon her mother. "You drove away my boyfriend?"

"I wanted you to escape this place! Being with him would only chain you to this hell like it did to me."

So it wasn't racism, after all? But that was the only thing she had been certain of. The preacher thought doubt was the true enemy of religion, but actually it was knowledge.

"Is there no one who cares about Faith more than themselves?" Danny yelled, leaving his car.

Faith turned around to size her boyfriend up. Was he even her boyfriend? He had taken a baseball bat from his trunk and stood ready to defend her, violently if need be, which told her what she needed to know. Both her father and the preacher were physically big, yet Danny stood his ground. What she couldn't guess is that Danny was thinking,

"grading on a curve, my family isn't as fucked up as I always thought it was."

"This is my boyfriend," Faith answered proudly, walking to Danny. "And the only man in this front yard."

"Faith, wait!" Peterson said. "There's so much I want to tell you."

"You've waited eighteen years. You can wait a little more."

"But I didn't know you were mine," her father explained. "She told me to stay away from her family while he threatened my livelihood. It wasn't until you grew up and looked like me that I learned the truth."

For some reason, Faith didn't doubt that for a moment. "You wanted to be miserable," she accused her mother.

Mama threw herself at her feet. "Faith! I was just a child."

"You're still a child. Grow up, mama. And find yourself a real man. One who won't beat his wife."

"I need you, Faith!"

"Mama, you really believe God will overlook you cheating on your husband and naming that child Faith, but would have condemned you for staying with a man who knowingly married you under false pretenses? You could have gotten an annulment, rather than a divorce, then married a man who has been in love with you for nineteen years."

"You were always ungrateful," the preacher charged, sneering as usual.

"You were incapable of giving me the love I needed, which means you fail as a Christian. A man who cannot treat his family with love cannot be Christian. Christianity is a wonderful idea. You should try it some day."

Faith turned her back on the family that turned her back on her. Danny didn't say a word. He just offered his hand as if inviting her to dance. She looked at him and liked what she saw. Placing her hand in his, she said, "I think I have chosen well."

Danny helped her into the passenger seat then, before

getting in himself, offered one last observation to the stunned parents: "You may have religion. But I have Faith."

THE END

STORY 5: THE FIRST SPACE ORGY

CHAPTER 1

The year 2030

James Johnson presented himself to the stunning hostess at The Floating Palace, one of the most expensive restaurants in Manhattan, who informed him that his guest had already been seated. Surprised that she had not waited for him, James quickly crossed the restaurant to see his beloved drinking the second half of an expensive champagne.

Every table had seats attached, and together they hovered and slowly rotated several inches over the floor, giving off a low humming vibration that guests found soothing. They reminded James of round bumper boats that rammed each other in giant pools at mini golf courses. It always surprised James how many people enjoyed eating while floating, and were willing to pay several times a conventional meal for the privilege.

Over everyone's heads rotated a 3D hologram of our solar system. Every time astronomers found another tiny moon orbiting one of the gas giants, the restaurant updated its software to keep their image accurate. They bragged that they were the only restaurant in the world that employed a full time astronomer. Worlds larger than Pluto floated slowly near the walls while the Sun dominated the middle of the dining room. Thousands of tiny reflectors on the walls represented the Oort Cloud. The one kilometer wide asteroid expected to strike Earth in 127 years ominously flashed red as Jupiter's gravity well flung it past Mars.

As always, James stopped below Earth to admire the Ganymed Space Port -- the asteroid that the Space Future

Corporation re-orbited around the planet. Its highly elliptical orbit swung several thousand kilometers from Earth, then made its way halfway to the Moon. The mag-lev catapult they were building on its surface would soon fling people and millions of tons of cargo to Mars, Mercury, and the Moon. The sight of this miracle hardened his cock like a billion bucks.

"Pristina!" he said with a giant smile, giving the gorgeous blonde a big kiss before carefully climbing onto the cushioned bench across from her. An artificial candle, secured to the middle of their table for two, changed colors every few seconds.

"Hello, James," she said simply.

"What's wrong, sweetheart? Your text said we needed to talk."

"Oh, nothing. Everything." She would not make eye contact with him.

"Honey, I will soon be your husband, so you can tell me anything."

Pristina downed her glass and poured another. "I can't go through with it."

"The honeymoon on Ganymed?" Quivering in fear, his voice flew an octave higher. "But, darling, those tickets are non-refundable."

"I tried to tell you before: I can't go into space. I get sick on Space Mountain, so how the hell am I going to orbit one thousand miles above Earth?"

"It's kilometers, sweetie, not miles, and those non-refundable tickets cost \$1 million. Each. And that's after my discount for being an early investor."

"I told you I can't go!" she yelled, startling the guests. "So stop pressuring me."

James held out his hands. "All right. Calm down. We'll think of something."

"Stop telling me to calm down!" She jumped off her seat so abruptly that her flawless tits bounced heavenly under her sheer red gown. "Going into space is a dream for you, but a nightmare for me." She pulled off her massive engagement ring and threw it on the table. "I'm sorry, James,

but I cannot marry you. We just want very different things."

Her outburst drew every eye and ear in the enormous room. Everyone, of course, recognized Pristina from the society pages. She got more press than Lindsey Lohan on her millionth drug scandal. Waiters stopped in their tracks to give them hard looks. James noticed the manager stop in mid-conversation with Senator Franklin to study the situation.

James never felt more embarrassed in his life. Pristina had the looks of a supermodel, but the temperament of a spoiled rich girl who couldn't understand why she couldn't always get what she wanted. He hoped the manager didn't ban him from his favorite restaurant.

Pristina flung her hair back and left, gathering her dignity as she went. On her way, however, she halted in mid-stride to glare at another customer, before storming off.

Stunned, James could only stare at her back in horror until she disappeared. But then he locked eyes with a beautiful brunette across the way.

"Gina?" he asked, astonished that she was already here. Even after twenty years, she stood out in a crowd. He had a crush on her ever since high school. Every eye in the restaurant now turned to her, making her blush. She wanted nothing more than to disappear under the tablecloth. "Holy crap! Hi. How are you?"

The head waiter growled at his attempt to talk across four tables.

"Oh, sure." James gestured to Gina, "can I join you?"

The lady looked frozen, but her daughter waved him over as if it was totally normal. She seemed to enjoy his embarrassment. Eager to end the public scrutiny, James grabbed the champagne bottle and hopped over, sizing up the daughter. Geez, they looked like sisters. He sat down in their booth and scooted over to minimize his visibility.

"Thank you for saving me. That was so humiliating," he said to the girl while pouring her some bubbly. "I'm James Johnson."

"Jasmine. Nice to meet you, James. How do you know my mom?"

“We went to high school together. I actually played football with your dad. Together we broke a few school records. You probably don’t remember me since it’s been three years, but I attended his funeral.”

Jasmine studied his face as her mother grew uneasy. “Oh, yeah! You’re the guy who insisted on dropping a football in his grave.”

James nodded. “When we won the state championship, everyone on the team signed the football and gave it to me as the team captain. But your dad also wanted it because he scored the winning touchdown, so I promised I’d give it to him one day. The funeral was the first time I’d seen him since high school. I felt bad that I didn’t give it to him earlier.”

“Dad was pretty proud of his football years.”

“We made a pretty good team. I could throw and he could catch. Your mom was our best cheerleader before she got pregnant.”

Gina cut in. “I was the best damn cheerleader after the birth, too. And at least I didn’t drop out of school like other sixteen year old girls.”

Jasmine remembered something. “Wait! If you were the football captain, then you and mom were voted prom king and queen!”

James blushed. “Yeah, that didn’t go over well with your dad. I didn’t even want to be nominated, but we just won the championship, and people were pretty juiced.”

“Did the king and queen get any royal action?”

Jasmine joked, making sexual gestures with her hands.

“Jasmine!” her mother scolded her.

Surprised at their strong reactions to her weak joke, the girl studied their faces. “No fucking way! I was just kidding. You guys got it on? Dad must have flipped.”

They both shrank in their seats. The girl could read between lines like a book. Usually women couldn’t understand him no matter how slowly he yelled. Just the other day, Pristina asked him in a bewildered voice: “No? What do you mean, no? James, I just don’t understand!”

“Your dad wanted to be prom king real bad so, in

revenge, he seduced my girlfriend, Marcy Denardo, at a party. Granted, Marcy didn't need much seducing when she drank, but still. Your mom found out and got some revenge sex."

"That's right," the girl remembered. "Mom, you once told me that you seduced dad's best friend to punish him for cheating."

James coughed uncomfortably and studied the stars on the ceiling. "That wasn't me."

Jasmine gave her mom a hard look. "I'm confused. Did you two do it or not?"

This was not going as James hoped, but Gina was not helping at all, so he twisted the knife. "She got to me eventually."

Mom defended her whoring around: "I punished your dad for not marrying me like he promised. He lied about wearing a condom, so the least he could do is man up to his responsibilities. I warned him I would fuck his friends until he fulfilled his promise. If I didn't threaten to seduce his dad, he would never have married me, you would have grown up without a father, and we would have been forever poor."

"So that's why grandpa looks at you like that! He thought he was going to get some."

James fake-coughed again.

"Mother, did you fuck grandpa?"

"I was drunk and vulnerable when your dad died. And he was strong and insistent."

"Mom! How big a slut were you?"

James patted Gina on the arm and laughed. "Pretty big! Her tits stayed larger after your birth, making her the hottest girl in school."

"Marcy was way hotter," Gina corrected him.

"Well, you were the hottest girl over five feet tall, then."

Jasmine kept staring at her mother, suddenly seeing her in a totally new light. "Mom, what's the wildest thing you ever did?"

Gina didn't say anything, but couldn't help but smile

as her eyes rolled up accessing a wonderful memory.

James answered for her. "I don't know if it was her wildest moment, but your dad saw her do all six blacks on the team."

Gina sighed at the memory and crossed her legs.

"Mom, did you just purr? James, I think the bitch just purred. Quick! Scratch her behind the ears."

"In your mom's defense, your dad thought she was bluffing."

"I feel so tame," Jasmine said, suddenly sad. "I've never even had a threesome."

"Would you like one? How far are you willing to go?" he asked.

Jasmine had to think that over. "I honestly don't know. You've obviously been around. What do you recommend?"

"I think monogamy is easier after you've tried everything else because then you no longer have to wonder. Orgies, for example, have never lived up to my expectations."

"Jesus, James." Jasmine had to fan herself with her menu. "At this rate, you're not gonna have to get me drunk to take advantage of me. But, out of curiosity, what's the craziest shit you've ever done?"

"Six black football players," Gina revealed, getting her revenge.

"Oral doesn't count!" James protested.

"Then you did three of them."

James wilted, fearing this would turn Jasmine off.

"Like I said, orgies have never lived up to my expectations."

Far from disgusted, she wanted to know more. "Why would dad just watch you two do six black guys?"

"Oh, he didn't just watch," James warned her. "He fully satisfied his curiosity."

"No fucking way!" Jasmine's hand covered her mouth. Then she shook off her shock. "You guys are just fucking with me!"

"No," James insisted. "I still have the video. Camera phones were grainy in those days, but you can still see

what's going on.”

“I'll give you my ass if you give me that video.”

“Done.”

James held out his hand and Jasmine, smiling, fucking shook it.

“You've decided to fuck him already?” her mother protested.

Jasmine slapped her mother's hand. “You were the one telling me how hot he was when he walked in, as if you didn't even know him!”

“I wanted to know if you found him attractive.”

“Well, now you know. Seriously, James, you must really work out.”

“I've gotten back into great shape this past year.”

“Did you like the taste of jism?” she asked him mischievously.

“I wouldn't pick it off a menu, but it's better than asparagus, yet worse than broccoli.”

The girl clapped her hands and roared with laughter. “I will never look at vegetables the same again.”

“The waiter's coming. Can we order now?” Gina begged them, eager to change the subject.

James ordered halibut and advised the ladies to get the double lobster, but this didn't buy them much time because Jasmine took out her smartphone and Googled him.

“You guys are still fucking, aren't you?” she asked casually, as if inquiring about the weather. “God knows she needed some deep dicking after dad died.”

“I was lonely after that drunk killed your father,” mom confessed. “I waited two long years before giving in to James.”

“I'm that resistible? That kind of flattery won't get you anywhere,” James warned her.

“Wait! You run a hedge fund?” Jasmine asked him, looking up from her smartphone. “It says here you're worth like a billion bucks. I get to fuck a billionaire?”

“I am heavily invested in the Chimborazo orbital launcher and the Ganymed Space Port. If things go well, then these companies will go public, and I'll finally get a

return on my investments. But until then my bank account is hardly flush.”

Jasmine kept studying their faces, trying to piece it together. “Is my mom fucking you for money?”

James laughed, but her mother smoldered. “I am not a prostitute! A slut in high school, sure, but not a prostitute.”

“No, your mom is not fucking me for money.”

“But you are helping her out, aren’t you? I know dad had a lot of debt when that drunk driver crossed the center divider.”

“I felt bad that I never made up with him, and he did let me cum down his throat twice, so I offered to pay your mortgage payments until you guys got back on your feet. Suffering the loss of a loved one is stressful enough without worrying about losing your home.”

“And he paid your tuition.”

“And you never told me?” Jasmine chided her mother. “How many mortgage payments did he end up paying?”

For once James was not forthcoming, so her mother answered. “He fucking paid off the mortgage and wouldn’t even tell me. I never would have known if the bank had not sent me the fucking deed. That’s when I started fucking him. I couldn’t think of a better way to show my appreciation. A Hallmark wouldn’t quite cut it.”

“You paid for our house?” Jasmine asked in shock.

“Just what was left on the mortgage. I had a good year and I believe in showing God that I appreciate his blessings. When you owe God big time, you can’t just slip him a Benjamin and call it a day.”

“You lost me on the God stuff.”

“I believe that those who appreciate their blessings continue to get blessed, and that those who do not, do not. So, when life is very good to me, I feel an obligation to spread it around. I don’t like giving to big charities because most of their donations go towards overhead, so I just look around me. And I never have to look very far or very long.”

“How much have you given away?” the girl wanted to know.

“I donate about 10% of my income.”

“So how much do you give away?”

“In great years I give away several million.”

Jasmine found that hilarious, slamming the floating table so hard that she nearly unbalanced it. “How do they make these damn things float, anyway?”

“Huge magnets under the floor,” he answered.

She made a face. “Crap. Now it doesn’t feel magical anymore.”

“It will actually feel more magical on your next visit.”

“Dude, this is way beyond my price range. If mom didn’t win two free meals in an Internet contest, we would have never come here.”

James and Gina now looked uncomfortable again. Jasmine searched the vibes they gave off. “Ah, fuck! You invited us?”

“No. I invited her. You see, Pristina started acting distant ever since I bought the Ganymed tickets for our honeymoon. I think she would have married me otherwise. She expressed interest in going into orbit before, but apparently that was only to humor me because I am such a space nut. I grew up wanting to be an astronaut, but my father was in finance, so I went into finance.”

“Why did her parents name Pristina after a computer font?” Jasmine asked.

James laughed. “Her mother was a famous Albanian beauty queen, so she named her daughter after the largest city in Kosovo so she would never forget her roots. The Pristina International Airport actually has a giant welcome sign with my ex’s image on it, showing all the cleavage I paid for.”

“You bought her tits?” Jasmine asked.

“And the ungrateful bitch still wouldn’t swallow me.”

“Buy me tits and I’ll fucking swallow you!” Jasmine laughed when she said it, but everyone understood that she fucking meant it. The old couple in the next floating table didn’t doubt it either.

“Jimmy has a beautiful cock,” Gina added, before

blushing. "It doesn't bend like a banana like your father's."

"Mom!"

"It's true. Look! I have pictures."

Mom whipped out her phone and the two of them starting ooo-ing and aaa-ing while James gestured to the waiter for more champagne. Minutes after his fiancée broke up with him, he didn't expect his mistress to share nudes of him with her daughter. Her really hot daughter. Jasmine was just like her mom, only more so. Which meant his crush on Gina would be nothing compared to how he felt towards Jasmine.

"So why wasn't I invited?" Jasmine demanded.

"I expected Pristina to dump me and assumed I would need some self-pity sex to help me get over it. Plus I've always wanted to take Gina here. I have no idea why your mom brought you."

Although a few thoughts crossed his mind.

The two of them stared at Gina, and the silence increasingly grew unbearable.

"Mom, you gonna tell us why you brought me along? This man -- who paid off our house -- was expecting to get laid. Now I feel like a third wheel."

Gina finally reached her breaking point. The dam burst and everything spilled out.

"Jimmy needs a good wife! That shallow, materialistic fashion-obsessed airhead would have hired servants to do her fucking job. He wants kids, yet I had my tubes tied, so I spent the last year searching for someone worthy of him. Without luck. You know he wouldn't even date my sister? Says she unfuckable. Sure, she went overboard on the plastic surgery, but her tits are harder than cement."

"She does have incredible boobies," Jasmine agreed. "Why didn't you, at least, fuck her?"

James sighed. God, this was going to sound so lame.

"I didn't want to be unfaithful to Pristina."

"But fucking my mother was okay?"

"We stopped fucking once I proposed. Call me old fashioned."

“Okay. You’re old fashioned.”

They all drank as one.

“So why me?” Jasmine asked her mother.

“You’re self-absorbed like most teenagers, but at least you’re pretty, smart, and hard working. And don’t even pretend that he isn’t a major upgrade from the boys you have been seeing since you started community college.”

“Pretty? I can’t hold a candle to that babe.”

“Actually,” James interrupted, “Pristina is not as attractive as she looks. She wasn’t marrying me for my money, per se, since her father is loaded, and she still wanted to marry up. Someone richer than her father, in order to one-up her mother. But I doubt she ever loved me for me.”

“Yeah,” Jasmine replied. “I think she’s a bitch, too. Did you see her throw her hate on me when she walked by? It’s like she knew I would be fucking you tonight.”

“Maybe I should send her video of us having sex.”

“Oh, you are baaaad,” Jasmine said approvingly.

“We’re gonna get along just fine.”

“If you really want to get back at her -- and I sure as hell do -- then I should get you perfect breasts, kick-ass outfits, and really expensive jewelry. Then I can take you out on the social circuit. If you one-up my ex, I’ll make it worth your while. Plus, I bet the fashion show reporters, celebrity gossip bloggers, and sordid tabloids would love to hear you tell them how excited you are to fuck me in space.”

Jasmine’s eyes glazed over just as the Doomsday Asteroid passed overhead. “I will swallow you every morning.”

Now James was the one who had to cross his legs.

“Mom, did this bitch just purr?” Jasmine asked, reaching over to scratch James behind the ear.

“Jasmine,” her mother said disapprovingly.

“But, mom, I thought you wanted me to give him some.”

“No, I want you to give him it all. He doesn’t need you to drain his balls. He needs a wife who will take care of him. You should see his empty condo. I can’t understand how bachelors live like that.”

“I work a lot,” James protested.

“You wouldn’t work so much if you had a horny hottie waiting for you at home.”

“True.”

“And you better be a good fucking wife for him!” her mother demanded, her feelings for James apparently more than sexual.

“Mom, you’ve known him for twenty years, so I have no doubt you believe he will make a good husband, but he’s not going to marry someone he just met. No matter how perfect her tits.”

“Oh, yeah, um, about that. Jasmine, the billion dollars that magazine said I’m worth? I only make that if the Ganymed Space Port becomes profitable. And to become profitable, it needs favorable publicity, so the company that owns the rock plans to document an R-rated reality show to air free on the Internet.”

“You’re gonna be on TV?” Jasmine asked, clearly jealous. “Oh, I am so going to swallow every pez from your dispenser.”

“You see, that’s the catch. The company chose ten rich couples who will marry in Riobamba, Ecuador, then spend their honeymoon in space. I can only go to Ganymed for the reality show if I am one of those who marries. And I just lost my fiancée.

“I have a lot riding on this. Hell, I have everything riding on this. As a large investor, I need to see for himself what works best on the space port. Consequential decisions have to be made, like how much we should mine the interior for precious metals? How many underground hotels should we build in the holes we excavate? How can we speed up construction of the maglev catapult? What should be exploit and colonize first -- the Moon, Mercury, or Mars? The Moon alone has \$5 quadrillion worth of helium-3, a rare element virtually absent on Earth.”

“I’m sorry. Quadrillion? Is that like a bazillion?” the girl asked.

“After million, billion, and trillion comes quadrillion. \$5 quadrillion is \$5000 billion. Helium-3 could fuel fusion

power plants so cheap they would put coal, oil, natural gas, and nuclear power plants out of business, which could reverse global warming and save millions in pollution-related deaths. Electricity would become too cheap to meter. Fusion power plants do not pollute, contaminate, radiate, produce radioactive waste, or contribute to global warming. The lunar surface has enough helium-3 to power all of the world's electrical needs for the next thousand years. Only twelve humans -- all white and male -- have ever stepped on the Moon. Stayed married to me and you may one day kick some lunar dust."

"And weigh one-sixth as much? That's better than dieting!"

"A few quadrillion dollars worth of metallic asteroids containing precious metals pass relatively close by, so some investors want the company to soft-land them on Ganymed. Current plans are to push them into the Moon to mine them there, once the catapult makes getting to the lunar surface easier."

"I don't want to be too honest, but you had me at big tits," the hottie remarked.

"The military would pay us billions if we let them install a speed-of-light laser powered by a Toshiba nuclear battery, like one that powers a small town in Alaska. We already have several nuclear batteries to stabilize its orbit. Weaponizing a privately-owned orbital rock gets them around international treaties prohibiting weapons in orbit, but it also adds a lot of political problems. Mining a 32 kilometer rock in orbit is very expensive, so we certainly could use the money, but we may need public support even more. We can become the world's most expensive tourist location, or we can install a weapon that can wipe out nations, but we can't do both."

"I can't believe you've gotten me interested in space policy," Jasmine admitted. "Much less math. Keep this up and I'll study geology."

"As a big early investor, I have a major say in these issues. Yet I need to know first hand what I'm talking about before I start arguing with management. I need the

credibility that only comes from seeing things in person. And my only chance is by becoming one of the first twenty tourists to visit the rock. Thousands of people have already put down deposits for the later trips and I cannot afford to wait several years.”

James put her hand in his and looked deep into her eyes. “Help me sell Ganymed. The sooner humanity gets into space, the sooner the Doomsday Asteroid no longer threatens the survival of humanity. Critics say we cannot afford to go into space. I say we cannot afford not to.”

They stared into each other’s eyes for a really long time, lost in what they found in each other. Jasmine forgot to breathe. She had never felt this way before.

When the waiter arrived with their food, he surprised the shit out of them. They shook themselves out of their hypnotic trance and examined their food. When he left, Jasmine had finally recovered.

“You’re fucking amazing,” she concluded. “Let me see if I got this straight. I get to be your wife, go into space, become rich and famous, and help you decide the fate of humanity in space?”

“And you get big tits,” her mother added.

“Yes,” James said with a smile. “Don’t forget the tits.”

“Well, what’s the downside?”

“You have to sign a pre-nup, so you need to stay married to me or it all goes away. Except the big tits.”

“Yeah, but what’s the downside?”

“Our age difference doesn’t bother you? I am sixteen year older than you. ”

“Let me see how old you are.”

She scooted closer, grabbed his head with both hands, and pulled him closer. Alarmed, he found her eyes mesmerizing him as his lips brushed against hers. Then he fucking melted. Like those new 3D holograms that do virtual lap dances in the privacy of wherever the fuck you want, Jasmine had one of those incredible faces that imprinted on him like a baby duck.

Then their tongues met and she kissed him like a

Taser. Electricity shot down his spine. Wow! He hadn't felt this alive since he lost his virginity. Kissing Jasmine was like biting into a ripe peach. He drank her like a cold beer on a hot beach.

When they finally paused, she gave him her verdict: "You ain't fucking old. Shit. You are light years from old. Your ex must be out of this world. Astronomers will need telescopes to find the planet she's living on."

"So you can see yourself marrying me?" he asked.

"I can see myself sucking you off every morning for the rest of my life."

"The wedding is on Christmas. You have until then to change your mind."

"Fuck you. I'm not gonna change my mind. You're stuck with me for the rest of your life."

For someone he just met, he liked her so fucking much. He dug into his pocket for the ring and slipped it onto her finger.

Then I guess we should make it official. Jasmine, will you fucking marry me?"

Her eyes opened wide and her mouth hung open. Her finger now sported a diamond big enough to pass for a drill bit. She felt dizzy with joy.

"Yes, James, I will fucking marry you."

Gina burst into tears and the three of them hugged over their seafood.

CHAPTER 2

"Nice fucking apartment," was Jasmine's first reaction upon entering her new home.

"Condo," her mother corrected her.

"Nice fucking condo."

"Just wait til you see the view."

"Later, mom. First, I'm gonna show you how to suck cock."

"Child, please. I'm gonna show you how to suck cock."

"It's a good thing I have five cocks," James joked.

“My pants fit me like a glove.”

They both looked up at James, who had no intention of interfering as the two ladies roughly undressed him. Until now he didn't even know that Jasmine would allow her mother to join.

“Wow! James, you really do work out,” Jasmine said, examining his body like a porn director.

Mom explained as she undressed. “The first time we did it again, a year ago, we were embarrassed to be so out of shape, compared to back in high school, so we made a pact. We've been exercising our asses off ever since.”

Mother undressed first.

“Damn, mom. You're in better shape than I am! I love how you shaved your snatch. Is that an arrow pointing to your pussy?”

Mom giggled. “I've been begging you to join my aerobicize class.”

“You won't have to beg anymore. I'll hit the gym tomorrow.”

James stared at their trim bodies. “You two look like beautiful sisters. This will be my first time with virtual twins!”

Gina fell first to her knees and gobbled his hard cock. James saw Jasmine's disappointment, and so pulled her toward him to kiss her. James knew from experience that the best predictor of good sex was the kiss because kissing measures personal chemistry, as opposed to just mutual attraction. Great kisses meant great sex, and lousy kisses meant lousy sex.

Kissing Jasmine was unbelievable. Breaking off, they stared at each other in shock.

“You're as surprised as I am,” she said in relief.

“Kissing you is addictive. If you go just a day without kissing me, I'll end up in rehab.”

This lit up her face and they continued making out until her mom smacked her naked ass. Gina had her hand out, so Jasmine slapped it like they were a wrestling team.

“Yeah, mom! Let's tag-team this dick.”

“Isn't it beautiful?” her mother whispered in awe at

their penis.

“It’s huge! I’ve never seen one that big before.”

“It’s the second biggest I’ve ever had,” mom confessed. “Try it.”

Jasmine slipped the purple head in and moaned. Really, there is nothing quite like a clean hard cock in the mouth.

“I’ve said it before,” James interrupted, “and I’ll say it again: that linebacker must have traded all his brains for a bigger cock. It just wasn’t natural.”

“That was the only time I had to use KY to get it in my pussy,” mom added wistfully. “Honey, you have to relax your gag reflex in order to swallow the second half. Slow your breathing and take your time until your throat gets used to it. You’ll gag if you try to swallow too much, too soon.”

Jasmine wisely listened to her mother give cock sucking advice. James steadied himself against the wall while the girl gobbled more and more of him.

“When you’re ready, go faster, but make sure you’re swallowing the whole thing and not just the first few inches. Oh, you can’t use your hands during a blowjob unless you’re tired. If your man is good to you, then you have to suck him off without your hands. If he’s not good to you, then find yourself a linebacker.”

“What?” James yelled.

“Just kidding,” Gina said, smiling up at him. “And for the record, I never cheated during my marriage. Before the wedding, sure, to motivate him to marry me, but never during the marriage.”

James braced himself with one hand against each wall while Jasmine got her rhythm down. Every time her lips rubbed against the rim of his penis head he cringed in delight. More and more she swallowed until every second or so her nose brushed against his trim pubes.

“Shove a finger up his butt!” mom advised excitedly. James instinctively spread his ass cheeks to give Jasmine access and soon felt a finger exploring his a-hole. “Yeah! Fuck him up the ass.”

Her index finger worked its way in and it felt great.

So many sensations overwhelmed him. Deeper and faster her finger fucked his anus as Gina stood up to watch the expression on his face. They made eye contact. She aged really well, which was a good sign for the daughter. Gina now danced naked in front of him, like a girl on YouTube, knowing how much he loved that.

“Oh, yeah, God, oh, shit, fuck. I’m gonna cum. Oh, Jesus, I’m gonna cum.”

If anything, Jasmine increased speed and suction power. James sped past the point of no return without a backward glance and exploded into her eager mouth. It had been a while, so he drove with the full tank. His body shook as wad after wad filled her mouth. Jasmine wanted to drain him before swallowing, but he had too much. She swallowed once, then used her lips to milk him dry, swallowing as needed. Oh, he tasted so good. Most guys are barely tolerable, and that asshole, Rick, from her expository speech class, tasted like vinegar. This was so much better. Someone moaned really loud and, to her shock, she realized it was her.

“I am going to suck you off every morning,” she swore to her penis as James looked down in awe.

“That’s my girl,” Gina boasted. “The secret to stealing a man’s heart is first owning his penis. Blow him daily and that fucker will rise whenever you want it to. Hey, let me show you your new home. It’s got more shit than an outhouse.”

They left him without a backward glance. Jasmine, unlike other girls, did not run to the sink to spit. Instead, she smacked her lips as if she chewed gum. Naked, the two of them laughed at the decor and made plans to fix the place as soon as possible. They both looked so content.

“Help,” James joked, as he fell to his knees, then rolled on the floor. He came so hard it made him dizzy. He closed his eyes and slept like a baby.

Laughter woke him. He got up to see his two girls -- still naked -- on the sofa, each with a glass of wine watching the pornos he and Gina recorded since high school. He walked over and poured himself some vino. The size of his

wall TV made the bodies look huge, but at least they were not in 3D like professional pornos. Now that was just weird, dicks shooting cum at the camera. James had ducked more than once, just out of instinct.

“Mom, I can’t believe you love to be spanked!”

“Don’t knock it til you try it,” mom shot back.

“Jimmy, show my girl how good it hurts.”

Jasmine got up so he could sit down, then fell across his legs. “Oh, geez, I’m wet already.”

He slapped her ass softly and she groaned like a whore. “Harder, bitch!” she yelled, apparently drunk. So he hit her harder. “Ooooooh,” she moaned. She raised her ass, so he kept smacking it. “Ahhhhhh!” He couldn’t believe how much she seemed to enjoy it. He, himself, sported enough wood to reforest the Amazon. Harder and harder he struck, his eyes in astonishment at how wet her pussy grew, so he started finger-fucking her with one hand while slapping her booty with the other. “Ewwwwww!” His hand left palm prints on her ass cheek, but still she urged him on. He slipped in another finger, then a third, then went for speed. “Ohhhhhh!” Finally, his dick fucking her belly button, she broke. “Oh, yes!”

Jasmine came all over his hand and leg, but not like a normal orgasm. There would have been less liquid if she peed. He had never seen a woman release so much when she came.

“Jimmy, make her yours,” Gina urged him, holding a video camera to record their first time. “Fuck my daughter to another orgasm and you will fucking own her!”

Normally not so willing to take orders, James flipped Jasmine on her back and used his arms to force her legs wide. He placed her feet over his shoulders while her mother slipped his cock in her daughter. Jasmine started with glassy eyes from the last super-orgasm, but now they really began to fog up as he started pounding her like a major leaguer. Since he already came, he knew he could last a long time.

At first he worried that Jasmine lacked the energy to cum, but gradually her breathing changed as she floated

between worlds, her small breasts bouncing up and down as he stabbed his sword down to the hilt. All the way in, almost all the way out, faster and faster.

James loved the access that this position gave him. She was at his mercy and he had a lot of aggression to get out. His new girlfriend was just so beautiful. She had one of those faces that fixated the eyes. Lipstick smeared, makeup melting, and hair all fucked up, honestly, she never looked better.

He patted himself on the back for losing those last ten pounds because it made his dick longer. A man loses a quarter inch of dick for every ten pounds he packs on, or so he read somewhere.

Jasmine suddenly opened her eyes and looked at him as if he was a mugger who pulled out a knife. Her facial expression was so clear that he could almost read her thoughts as they bounced around in her head. She must have seen a ghost because she arched her back and screamed at him like a horror movie victim. James was not sure if she had an orgasm or a heart attack.

Then her water broke. Or, at least, a wave of liquid drenched his cock and soaked his couch. She's gonna become dehydrated, at his rate, he noted. I'm gonna have to stock the fridge with Gatorade.

Oh, the crazy shit that crosses a man's mind during sex.

He had not yet come, so he turned her over to fuck her doggy-style. He grabbed her by the waist and made a nice smack-smack-smack sound as he hit her booty. Jasmine mumbled something, but seemed incapable of speech.

He gazed out across the Manhattan skyline, so thankful to God for his many blessings. Although a good person, he knew he didn't deserve so much, so he assumed his life held a higher purpose. He looked at the woman he planned to marry and saw the mate of a lifetime. He had his heart broken before and prayed this wonderful woman didn't break it again.

That's the problem with finding someone wonderful -- they ruin you for anyone else.

Then Jasmine started barking. At least, that's what it sounded like, for she buried her face in the seat cushion. James felt her virginal muscles gripping his penis like a golf club, so he slapped her ass hard and rammed her extra rough. She yelled out, her long black hair all over the place, finally whimpering as her orgasm peaked.

That was too much for James. He flooded her canyon in a flash. Exhausted by their marathon sex, he walked around to check on her.

Jasmine collapsed on the sofa, but gazed up at him as if he was a fucking God. Her entire face looked like a smile.

"Thank you," she whispered, which struck him like a frying pan. Nobody had ever thanked him for sex before. He never felt more flattered in his life. "I love you so fucking much, James."

Now his legs felt weak. Who was this woman? How come it felt like he knew her better after just several hours than he understood most people after many years?

"I love you, too," he replied, surprised that he really meant it.

She made room for him on the couch, so he laid down and they slept together, while Gina filmed it all for posterity.

"My girl is taken care of," mom said before stopping the video.

James had one last thought before sleeping with the woman of his dreams. "Gina, in the upper right cupboard in the kitchen, you'll find \$10,000 cash in a cookie jar. Tomorrow I want you and Jasmine to spend it."

"I love you, Jimmy."

"Why don't you get big tits with Jasmine?" he asked casually.

Gina almost came on the spot. "I just gave you my only daughter. What more do you want?"

"Do you remember my dad?"

"Back in high school, sure. Tall guy like you. Why?"

"My mom left him years ago, but he recently found out that his trophy wife cheated on him. A lot. They had a

pre-nup, but the divorce still ended painfully for him. She made it as difficult as possible for him. He's worked hard his entire life and needs someone awesome to share it with."

"No. Fucking. Way. Are you kidding me? You want me to marry your dad?"

"You don't have to marry, but I'd love to see him happy again. He works these insane hours that I fear are literally killing him. He needs a life apart from work. And you have just the right assets for the job."

"You're gonna buy me boobs so I can seduce your father?" she asked, totally thrilled. "You're like a combo of Jesus and Santa. You're fucking Janta Clause."

"Yes, but once you marry my father and I marry your daughter, we probably shouldn't have sex anymore. On the plus side, my father is several times richer than me."

Gina stared at the naked man holding her nude daughter, her gratitude making her cry. "I love you, man."

"I love you, too, Gina."

CHAPTER 3

James knocked lightly on his father's office door, then walked in. Together, with their researchers and analysts, they occupied the entire floor of the building. His dad impatiently turned off his favorite financial news channel.

"That idiot doesn't know the difference between fiscal and monetary policy!"

"Dad, remember that you promised to have dinner with me, my fiancée, and her mother."

"Just a minute."

"It's 7:00 already. You shouldn't keep ladies waiting. That's their job."

"But the yield on long bonds isn't reflected yet in short Treasures!"

James sighed, turned around, and brought in the heavy artillery. He walked the two ladies to either side of his father. Instead of presenting his fiancée first, he changed his mind at the last second.

“Dad, this is Gina, my future mother-in-law.”

James watched amused as two giant boobs intruded into his father’s personal space. He didn’t so much look away from his computer screen as find his eyes mesmerized by something else. James now patted himself on the back for not introducing Gina before the breast implants. Her new tits defied gravity in that thousand dollar dress. NASA wished it could deny gravity like these tits. Flustered and ashamed at his bad manners, his father stood up so hard he flung the executive chair into the wall.

Gina had studied his dad like a final exam. In particular she liked examining his videos until she felt confident she could make him hers. So now she smiled up at him as he looked down at her face and a Grand Canyon worth of cleavage.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, sir,” she said, looking gorgeous.

“Bob. I’m, um, my name’s Bob. Wow. Jim’s a lucky guy.”

“No, dad,” James interrupted. “That’s my future mother-in-law.” He pointed behind his father. “That is my fiancée.”

Bob turned and the sight of another big-breasted beauty left him grasping for words.

“May I call you dad?” Jasmine begged him. “My own father passed away three years ago.”

“Um, sure.”

“Thanks, dad!” Jasmine, with equally impressive cleavage, gave him a giant hug that made him deeply uncomfortable.

Bob looked over at James, clearly seeking help. He was so much better at numbers than dealing with people.

“Now give my mother a hug, too,” Jasmine instructed.

He turned around to find Gina radiating happiness. She gave him a moment to collect himself, which he appreciated. He finally found her eyes and they connected like a T1 trunk in a world of dial-up. Gina lifted her arms up and he felt himself melting into her. It had been so long

since he enjoyed intimate human contact. He felt her breasts pressing against his chest and couldn't wait to get another look at them.

"Mom, James and I want some alone time to fuck. We'll meet you guys later at the restaurant."

"Take care of her, dad," James threw in as he closed the locked door behind them.

Bob had no idea how long they hugged, but a part of him never wanted it to end. The rest wanted to look at her again. But, before he could break it off, she felt her lips against his face. He sensed her sexual urgency and responded with his own. He turned his face slightly and her lips brushed against his. Suddenly starving, he kissed her back, afraid he would otherwise lose the opportunity. Never a big kisser, he found himself in no hurry to do anything else. The world shrunk to the size of the woman in his arms. He felt her slip a tongue in his mouth and a chill flew up his spine. Her hand pressed his palm on her tit, then groped for his erection. When she grabbed his boner, they both moaned as one. Laughing, their moment passed and he looked at Gina as if seeing her for the first time.

"I want to kiss you down there," she said, her horny eyes impatient.

"Okay," he mumbled, overcome by her assault and desperate for it to continue.

She pulled down his pants and checked out her penis with glee. Like father, like son! He reached for his chair and sat down as she fell to her knees and gobbled him without another word. She remembered going two years without sex and felt that sexual tumor inside him. Gina planned on pleasuring him so completely that he couldn't imagine living without her.

Stunned at how his evening turned out, and oblivious of the bond numbers rolling down his computer screen, Bob watched this total stranger bob up and down on his knob with the enthusiasm of a fag. Now he finally could gaze at her fantastic tits without feeling like a creep. She increased speed and suction as his moans grew in volume and frequency and he started swearing like a NYSE trader.

“Shit, fuck, shit, shit, fuck, shit. Ohhh, God!”

He came to understand that she knew he was about to cum, yet continued sucking anyways. His last two ex'es would move to a safe distance and jerk him off onto their chests. She wants me to cum in her mouth, he realized in stunned disbelief. It had been his experience that the hotter the woman, the less they liked the taste of cum. This must be the exception. She moaned like a Buddhist monk nearing Nirvana, whereas he felt reborn.

He exploded like Mount St. Helens, every drop of magma sucked out of him. Instead of turning away, she used her lips to drain more out of him. Swallowing again, she continued going down on him. Who the fuck does that? It was like she could not get enough. She didn't even use her hands to jerk him off. For some reason, he imagined Gretel pushing her brother off a cliff and telling her mom, “Look, ma, no Hans!”

He recovered while she sought out his last drop. Bob loved how she looked, with his happy penis in her mouth, her frenzied eyes hungry for more. Finally, she noticed him staring at her in awe. A final drop of cum grew at the tip of his penis. She showed it to him, then carefully licked it off like cream from a cupcake.

“That was amazing,” he concluded.

“Bob, you have a wonderful dick. I hope you give it to me every day. It will help you at work since a man can't think clearly with his balls full.” He didn't say anything, so she met his gaze. “What?”

“Is my son really going to marry your daughter?”

“You think I'm a professional?” The thought seemed to flatter her. “I assumed prostitutes required condoms.”

“Please don't take offence, but that was not an amateur blowjob. And we did just meet.”

“You may not remember me, but I was a cheerleader on Jimmy's high school football team. My husband caught the winning touchdown to take the state championship. During the after-party at your house, you gave him a toast while I stood at his side with baby Jasmine.”

Bob groaned and shook his head. “Now I really feel

like shit because I remember you, and your baby. Don't tell Jim this, but I came to watch you just as much as I came to watch him. Jesus, you stood out." He laughed at himself. "I'm sorry if I mistook you for a really expensive call girl, but you look too good to be true. Plus, I came so hard that I feel you deserve compensation."

She laughed. "I'll think of something."

"I bet you will."

Gina didn't like how he said that, so she clarified the subject.

"Jimmy didn't pay me to blow you, but he wanted to give my daughter bigger tits, so she asked if I could get some, too. Then, when I saw a video of you giving an investment speech, I asked him if you were single. A drunk killed my husband three years ago and you have no idea how hard it is to find a good, non-abusive, unmarried professional man who isn't gay, ugly, or a wussy. Much less one who can make me cum hard. Can you make me cum hard, Bob?"

"God, I'd love to find out!" Bob gushed like a kid in a candy store.

"Generally, the better looking the single man after his thirties, the more repellent he becomes. Handsome men who never get married are always fucked up in some way.

"My husband, who was really good looking, was unusually picky. He once said that 99% of women aren't fuckable. Well, I think 99% of all single men are not marriage material. Not that I need another marriage. But I do want another long term relationship with a man worthy of my time."

"I'm too old for you."

"You're only 52. You are no older to me than Jimmy is to Jasmine. What you need is someone who takes care of you so that you live longer."

"So, you want a long term relationship with a good man who treats you well and makes you cum hard. Yeah, I could do that. But you should know that I work really long hours."

"Maybe you'll work fewer hours if you know I'll swallow you when you get home."

He laughed easily now. “Yeah, that would work. But there has to be a catch. What if I don’t marry you?”

“Jimmy wants Jasmine to help him generate positive publicity for his space projects, which means hosting parties, attending charity events, and hanging out with celebrity gossipers. The more you work, the more my cleavage will hang out with them. If you won’t give me the stability a girl my age craves, then I have no doubt that someone else will.”

He now looked at her with respect. “That was well put! Non-threatening, not demanding, but clearly stated. I can even sympathize with your goals. I don’t want to grow old alone, either. If we ever do reach that point, would you be willing to sign a pre-nup?”

“Of course. Jasmine already has. For every month of their marriage, she’d gets \$5000 a month, if they divorce.”

“That cheap bastard! If we ever marry and divorce, I’ll pay you \$10,000 a month for every month of our marriage.”

“Agreed.”

Gina held out her hand. Surprised this was so easy, Bob shook it with enormous relief. They now took finances off the table. If something fucked up their relationship, it wouldn’t be money.

“I’m not a people person, so you will need to teach me,” Bob suggested.

“Lesson #1: I love to be flattered, and you haven’t even complimented me on my tits.”

He smiled. “They are impeccable. Not just nice, but fucking incredible. I came when I imagined myself cuming on them. Jesus, they look so good they belong in a magazine.”

“Want to see if they sag?” she asked.

“You’ve been reading my instruction manual.”

She took off her gorgeous thousand dollar red dress to reveal a killer body serving a life sentence for man-slutter.

“How would you like to enjoy this for the rest of your life?”

“Your body looks as wonderful as you are.”

“I’ll strip and give you a lap dance if you fuck the

shit out of me afterwards.”

“What about our kids? They’re waiting for us at the restaurant.”

“Fuck’em. I need to get laid. And I suspect you do, too.”

“Beautiful and psychic? Oh, we are going to get along splendidly.”

CHAPTER 4

Near the Chimborazo Launch Center in beautiful, scenic Riobamba, Ecuador, ten couples and twenty guests entered a movie theater. The forty of them, plus the camera crew filming them for the reality show, sat in a custom-built Imax theater, looking almost straight up at a huge, immersive 3D screen. Images of space morphed before their eyes. The actor Morgan Freeman narrated the movie because everything sounds more profound when articulated by Morgan Freeman.

“Some galaxies have over a trillion stars. The Milky Way galaxy alone has 300 billion visible stars, and millions more too faint to detect. The universe may have one trillion visible galaxies (antimatter and dark matter galaxies may be invisible), some of which are 11 billion light years away.”

Jasmine started fiddling with James’ cock as soon as they sat down. James joked that she didn’t have an “off” button.

The visible universe contains as many as 300 sextillion stars. If only 1% of those 300,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 stars had habitable worlds; and only 1% of those had simple life; and if only 1% of those had complex life; and if only 1% of those had intelligent life, then there is a lot of intelligent life in the universe. Like, about, 3,000,000,000,000,000. But that’s just one world with intelligent life out of every 10 million, or 3000 intelligent life forms per galaxy -- 1% of all star systems. If our galaxy has 3000 intelligent life forms, then the real question is not, are we alone in the universe? It’s, how close are our nearest neighbors?”

James and Jasmine had already started making out, so he felt under her mini-skirt as she spread her legs for him. He had not fooled around in a movie theater since Marcy Denardo in high school.

“The universe is 13.7 billion years old, at least 156 billion light-years across, flat, spherical, pinkish (lots of red dwarfs), mostly empty, and growing. The universe itself could be surrounded by multi-dimensional multi-verses, if those idiot-savants at string theory are correct. And the bigger it gets, the faster it grows, and the faster it grows, the bigger it gets, such that galaxies are flying ever farther away from each other. In several billion years, few galaxies will even be visible within our event horizon. The Milky Way will be a solitary island surrounded by an impassable ocean of empty space. When it takes billions of years to get from here to there, then you can’t get there from here.

“As for travel time, one light year is almost 10 trillion kilometers. Even traveling at half the speed of light, or over 1 million kilometers per hour, the closest stars are not really close. There are about 200 stars within 25 light years, 2000 stars within 50 light years, and 20,000 stars within 100 light years. Just visiting our closest neighbors will take millennia. If it took a million years just to colonize our galaxy, then it would take 100 million billion years to colonize 100 billion galaxies. Assuming one found a feasible way to cross the millions of light years that separate most galaxies.”

He petted Jasmine’s pussy mound like a kitty, and sure enough, Jasmine purred. His fingertip gently pushed her pubes like a hairbrush. She dug her fingernails into the back of his shirt to punish him for making her feel so good.

“Not to rush things, but Earth will be destroyed within a couple billion years anyways, either 1) when the Sun grows large enough to cook our planet; 2) when Andromeda, a galaxy twice as large than our own, crashes into the Milky Way at one million kilometers per hour (creating the Milkymeda or the Andromeda Way); or 3) when the Milky Way, which is part of a galactic club dubbed the Local Group, slams into the Virgo Cluster. Galaxy clusters are the largest structures in the universe bound by gravity

(well, technically, super-clusters are), some containing 10,000 times the mass of the Milky Way. Each galaxy has millions of black holes, so a galaxy cluster could have billions of black holes, all heading our way. Talk about a cluster-fuck.

“Our Milky Way galaxy itself has shredded hundreds of smaller galaxies, and even now is devouring the dwarf galaxy Sagittarius, a la Borg. (A “dwarf” galaxy has less than a billion stars, compared to one trillion for the big boys). 15-20 mini-galaxies orbit the Milky Way.”

He inserted his first finger deep into her soaking wet pussy and everyone in the theater heard her gasp. The thought that the camera crews would record them having sex only turned her on that much more.

“And just when one thought it couldn’t get any worse, astronomers using radio telescopes discovered an invisible galaxy, presumably made of either dark matter or antimatter, in the Virgo Cluster, 50 million light-years away, but closing quickly. The entire galaxy, called VIRGOHI21 (because Holy Fucking Shit didn’t sound sciencey), has no visible stars, even though it has enough mass to qualify as a galaxy. Invisible galaxies may not be pretty but, in astronomy terms, they are still pretty attractive.

“Since matter and antimatter explode on contact, and since that explosion is the most powerful known to science, it will be interesting for our doomed descendants to watch an entire invisible galaxy full of the stuff crash into our neighborhood at a million kilometers per hour.”

Once she saw the green dot of a camera pointing at her, Jasmine pulled down her tight blouse so that her big tits fell out. James sucked on one hungrily as he finger fucked her harder.

“Will the universe expand forever, each galaxy a billion light years from each other, such that those in one galaxy cannot detect or communicate with those in other galaxies? Will each galaxy have thousands of intelligent life forms living in peace or battling to the death?

“Will the universe eventually contract and collapse back onto itself in a Big Crunch, a karmic version of the Big

Bang? If everything else has a life cycle, then why not the universe itself? Since it is 13.7 billion years old and still growing, and assuming it will contract no faster than it expanded, then its life span could last 30 billion years.”

Jasmine heard someone groan in ecstasy, and realized that her mother was getting Bob off. That slut is stealing her scene! Jasmine instantly doubled the sound of her moans.

“Is the universe infinite, or just really, really big? Is it eternal, or just really, really old? If the universe is expanding, then just what the hell is it expanding into? If you sat at the very edge of the universe, what would you see? Besides the restaurant from the Hitchhikers Guide to the Universe. By expanding, is the universe turning nothingness into empty space? How would you tell the difference? How can the universe be the totality of existence if it gets bigger?

“And if God made us, then why the hell did he wait 13 billion years after the first planets formed? Are we that unimportant, or is he that patient? As Nietzsche put it, is God a blunder of man, or man a blunder of God? Humans separated from chimps several million years ago, so why wait so long before sending Jesus? Why bother making quadrillions of planets if we are so unique? He could have made Earth and taken the rest of the week off.”

Oh, God, Jasmine needed more than a finger. She pulled off his clothes with the agility of a drunk and raced her mother to the first orgasm.

Mr. Freeman continued: “And some things in space just freak space experts out. Like voids.

“A void is not a lot of room with almost nothing in it, like interstellar space. Even tiny amounts of dust and gas, and the occasional rogue planet, exist between star systems and between galaxies. Those are not voids, but lots of space with almost nothing in them.

“Voids are different. Voids have no matter, antimatter, dark matter or dark energy because they give off absolutely no heat or variance in heat. A void is devoid of thermal radiation. Its temperature is always absolute zero.”

James inserted another finger and Jasmine bit her lip so hard she bled. Her mother gave up their current position,

took off her undies, and sat on Bob's lap.

"Nobody believed they could exist until, in 2007, they found one ten million billion kilometers in diameter. That void, called the Big Fucking Void to not confuse it with the Bush Administration, was one billion light years across. 10 million billion kilometers without anything in it. No dirt. No water. No shit. Even Nirvana has a Buddha or two.

"I somehow find it easier to accept that God can make Something out of Nothing than he can make Nothing out of Something. No matter how lost you have ever been using iPhone Maps, you have never been ten million billion kilometers from the nearest sunlight.

"Did it become this big, or was it always this big? How big must Nothing grow until it becomes Something? How can nothing exist? If it's nothing, then by definition it does not exist. Yet, Zen-like, it does. The Milky Way galaxy has 300 billion stars, yet this void is 10,000 times bigger. That's a lot of nothing. Some things are better than nothing. Voids, apparently, are not."

"Mama, show some titty," Jasmine urged as those behind them whipped out camera phones.

"It would be convenient to write this off as a freak accident, a unique anomaly, except there are lots of voids. Millions, probably, although it's hard to detect something that isn't there. Unless it stars on reality TV.

"Maybe astronomers should specialize in studying absolutely fucking nothing. We can't all be slackers. You can't have a map of the universe, much less a Hitchhiker's Guide, without noting the billion-light-year holes where time and freaking space literally do not exist. It is difficult to even imagine a place where Father Time and Mother Nature have not hooked up. Much less one big enough to contain 10,000 galaxies. After Congress, it is the biggest nothing in the universe. Maybe the Big Fucking Void is the undisclosed location where Vice President Cheney hid all those years. Even Hell had stuff -- fire, brimstone, self-righteous sanctimonious hypocritical politicians. Perhaps the Big Fucking Void is surrounded by freaked out astronomy professors on one-way trips. Where else can you watch

Something stop and Nothing begin? I just want to see the space-time continuum just stop continuing. Maybe this void is Heaven, since Heaven is where you go when you have nothing to do and eternity to do it in.”

That whore next to her pulled her top over her head, exposing her gorgeous new breasts for the cameras. Jasmine didn't know whether to applaud her mother or ground her.

“The Ganymed Space Port will make space travel possible. And the Chimborazo Launcher makes the space port possible.

“The goal is to get payload into orbit as easily, safely, and cheaply as possible, but launch systems are 99% rocket and only 1% payload. Rockets need fuel to lift their payload, but also fuel to lift their fuel, which leads to diminishing returns. But what if you could leave the fuel and the propulsion system on the ground, and put your energy into moving just the payload?

“Frictionless maglev trains can go incredibly fast and don't wear out. The track has no moving parts and uses electricity for power. Reaching orbit is a question of speed, not altitude. Anything that can be accelerated to 7.7 kilometers per second can reach orbit.”

Jasmine heard her mother huffing and puffing like she was trying to blow a house down. Annoyed, she kicked her ankles up on the seat in front of her, startling a nice older couple who apparently disapproved of sex in public.

“A maglev catapult, at a constant acceleration of 5 g's, which is the most that an astronaut can tolerate with a pressurized G-suit, blood thinners, and a special seat, only needs to be 25 kilometers long to reach orbital velocity. That's when we sent our first manned spaceship beyond Earth's orbit. A few years and several spaceships later, we captured the largest near-Earth-object, Ganymed, and parked her in orbit to turn her into a space port.”

Jasmine saw the camera zoom in so she arched her back to raise her pussy as high as possible as James had his way with her.

“Some roller coasters, like the Fahrenheit at Pennsylvania's Hershey Park, hit 4 g's. Since we bought the

58 square kilometer Chimborazo National Park from the Ecuadorian government two decades ago, we have laid over one hundred kilometers of maglev track that accelerates at a constant speed of just 2 g's to avoid internal injuries. The longer the track, the slower the constant acceleration needed, which means we can launch even the average healthy tourist into orbit. Or, in your case, rich honeymooners. It will be the longest two minute ride of your life. Until the ride down.

“By extending the launcher above the summit, capsules enter the atmosphere at nearly 11 kilometers up, bypassing two-thirds of the atmosphere. Imagine how easily you could hit home runs if the back fence was two-thirds closer.”

Thank goodness her mom was here to help James get his boxers down! James seemed stuck to her breast, so Jasmine pulled his lips to her neck. The prospect of scoring a hickey before millions of viewers excited her.

“Our tunnel inside the extinct volcano is not long since most of the launcher wraps around the national park. Japan's Seikan Tunnel stretches 33 miles, the Eurotunnel 31 miles, and the record for a people-carrying tunnel goes to the 35 mile long Gotthard Base Tunnel under the Swiss Alps.

“The idea of using a maglev catapult is at least as old as the 1950s movie, *When Worlds Collide*. Arthur Clark described it in a book half a century ago. What is original is building a maglev launcher at the highest point on Earth.”

Jasmine feared her mother would orgasm first, so she started talking dirty to James to fuel his furnace.

“Mt. Everest is the highest mountain above sea level, but is not the highest point on Earth. Astronomers measure distance not from the Earth's surface, but from Earth's center. The Moon's mean distance, for example, is 384,500 kilometers from the center of our planet. And because the Earth is fat in the middle, meaning it bulges around the equator, the mountain that rises farthest into the atmosphere is Chimborazo, the extinct volcano that you saw when you landed in Riobamba. Mt. Everest is 8.2 kilometers above sea level, while Chimbo is just 6.3 kilometers. But because our planet bulges around the equator, Chimbo rises over 10

kilometers into the atmosphere. Despite being 2,580 meters lower in elevation above sea level, Chimborazo is 2.168 kilometers closer to orbit than Everest. It's on Wikipedia -- look it up!"

Her first orgasm rose to the heavens. She never knew Morgan Freeman's voice was so sexy. She hoped her seat didn't smell like sex permanently as she soaked it.

"When you stand at its peak, you are almost in orbit. You are above so much of the atmosphere that when you look up you see black space instead of blue sky.

"And careful with this information. Locals call it 'Chimbo,' which should not be confused with 'chimba,' which is South American slang for pussy.

"We looked at Mt. Kilimanjaro at 5.9 kilometers above sea level, Mt. Kenya at 5.2, Margherita Peak at 5.2, and in Ecuador, Mt. Cotopaxi at 5.9 and Mt. Cayambe at 5.8 kilometers high. Chimbo worked best because it reaches farther into space, it's right on the equator, and because its four-kilometer long caldera lets us extend the launcher another half a kilometer up. Digging up lets gravity take away most of the debris, and the volcano is already partially hollow inside."

Jasmine heard her mother start to sing an orgasm and chimed in for the chorus. "Go, bitch, go!" That fucker, Bob, really had it going on. She would not mind sampling his platter, herself, although fucking her husband's father may piss off her mother.

"Not only do we leave the fuel and propulsion system on the ground, but the amorphous metal capsules are very light, strong, and heat-resistant. Bypassing two-thirds of the atmosphere means a fraction of the heat for a fraction of the time, which saves literally tons of ablation shielding and lets us re-use the capsules thousands of times. The capsule will actually ride on top of a sled that has superconducting magnets. The sled will parachute after it separates out of the launch tube and the capsule itself will land on water to eliminate the need for heavy landing gear."

The screen now showed several versions of the bullet-shaped capsule, for passengers, bulk cargo, water,

pressurized gas, fertilizer, and heavy equipment. Her mother's orgasm ended with a painful yelp as she tried to swallow her embarrassment.

"It costs 32 million joules, or 9 kilowatt-hours, to put a kilo into orbit -- about 25 cents worth of electricity. We need a three gigawatts power supply and 50,000 kilowatt hours of electricity in all. The local utility can power it only at night, so we use a Toshiba nuclear battery for primary power. Although it cost \$10 billion to complete, our operating costs should be just pennies per pound once we reach full capacity.

"The American government is our biggest customer. We designed plug-and-play satellites that use the same chassis, so we simply add whatever sensor module the customer wants. The U.S. bought one thousand satellites in part to deny those orbits to other nations, giving America not just space superiority, but space supremacy."

Jasmine had sucked James off in the Gulfstream jet they flew in on, so he pounded her like a carpenter. She looked straight at the old man in the row ahead of her as he tried to score glimpses of her snatch as James pumped away. His bride-to-be finally caught on and smacked him like a boxer.

"America launches from the Kennedy Space Center in Florida because it's our closest land to the equator. The closer to the equator, the least amount of energy to get into orbit. We only launch from Vandenberg in California for polar orbits. The equator moves faster than any other part of Earth, with respect to space, so all launches are also sent into the east to take advantage of Earth's rotational energy.

"Orbital velocity is 7.7 kilometers per second, or 27,720 kilometers an hour. A launcher must reach that speed to get into orbit. Anything slower is like swimming 99% across a lake, only to drown within sight of shore. Yet, at that speed, the atmosphere is a brick wall a dozen miles thick, whereas we want as thin a wall as possible."

Someone behind her moaned, which ticked Jasmine off. Couldn't she have peace and quiet while she got laid in the theater? Is that really too much to ask? Oh, it sounded

like just a blowjob. She was okay with that. From the location, it was probably either the Russians or the Chinese.

“Space is only fifty miles away. Many Americans drive more than that to work. Traveling up is so hard because half of the atmosphere is compressed into the bottom 5.6 kilometers. The lower atmosphere is four times thicker than the upper atmosphere. Atmospheric density falls exponentially with height. 100 kilometers above sea level has only one-millionth the atmospheric pressure of sea level. So the higher we go, the thinner the atmospheric wall. The higher we launch, the less atmosphere to penetrate.

“The more atmosphere we must punch through, the greater the friction, the greater the pressure drag from the resulting sonic shock wave that forms in front of the launch vehicle, and the greater the parasitic drag and skin drag from air flowing over the vehicle body. Rockets launched near sea-level face compression from the shock wave that superheats the nose of the vehicle to about 54,000 degrees F. So we use ablating materials as heat shields, which literally melt away in carefully controlled layers like an onion, but protect the vehicle underneath. But heat shields are heavy, which increases costs and reduces payload.”

It was that old Japanese guy getting his prick blown! Jasmine arched her head to see that nice dude whispering to the red haired Eurasian whore he was apparently willing to marry.

“People wonder why we chose the largest near-Earth object, rather than a smaller one that would have been easier, cheaper, and faster to re-orbit. Well, size does matter. A small rock would have had little more gravity than the International Space Station.

“Nothing works in zero gravity, including humans. We grow a few inches taller, our bodily fluids flow towards our head, our face and eyes get all puffy and our legs skinny, we lose calcium in our bones, our muscles atrophy, we get cardiovascular deconditioning, balance disorders, the toilets don’t flush without suction, we can’t take showers, we have to pee and poop in diapers, we can’t cook normal meals – we can’t even have sex without strapping our lover down. On

his Mercury flight, Gordon Cooper's condom broke, surrounding him with drops of pee in his tiny capsule. Try to concentrate in that environment!"

The Arab sheik behind her leaned forward with a camera phone. Jasmine smiled, even though the middle aged lady next to him smoldered in rage. Their seats leaned back so far that they put her head near his crotch.

"95% of astronauts need medicine. I can't think of a worse place to drug expensive workers than in space, where sudden decompression, which almost happened on Mir, can literally pop your eyes out. Vladimir Komarov lost power to his guidance computer, which gave him 26 hours to reflect upon his coming fiery death. Russian cosmonauts are forced to wear a 'core temperature monitor,' a penny-sized probe inserted up their butts. The toilet recycles urine into water, so the crew could die of thirst if the toilet breaks.

"No, zero-gravity sucks. Humans just can't be productive wearing diapers and anal monitors. We need micro-gravity. The more massive the rock, the more gravity we enjoy, so we chose the largest rock that crosses Earth's orbit, and put it into a same highly eccentric orbit as satellite Vela 1A. 60% of Americans would pay a year's salary to get into space. With four trillion tons of mass, people could live years on Ganymed using heavy boots and clothes to minimize loss of muscle mass."

The Japanese man yelped in joy like he scored a goal as he came into his wife. Those around him cheered.

"The maglev launcher here sends us to Ganymed. The maglev there will one day send us to the Moon, Mercury, and Mars. Launchers there will send us back. We haven't landed on the Moon yet -- no one has since 1972 -- but once we have a maglev on their tallest mountain, we could probably go from Chimbo to the Moon, then return the very next day! At a constant acceleration of 2 g's, over a few thousand kilometers of track, trips to Mars or Mercury would only take a few weeks instead of several months."

"James, can I suck off the sheik?" Jasmine asked.

He looked up, startled, his teeth glimmering like a vampire. He made eye contact with the other man, then

shrugged his shoulders as he continued to bang his fiancée.

“Astronomers have always wanted to put scopes on the Moon. The Moon has no atmosphere to obscure telescopes, and it provides a steady platform since it’s seismically dead. Because the Moon rotates only once every 28 days, it has 28 more days to collect light, meaning it could see 28 times better or farther by focusing on a distant object for 28 times as long. So we want thousands of optical telescopes, all focusing for long periods at specific objects. And because of the light gravity, we could build telescopes five times heavier than the heaviest on Earth.

“Because it lacks an atmosphere, the Moon is much better for infrared, near-infrared, cosmic-ray, x-ray, gamma-ray, radio-wave, and ultraviolet astronomy. We could put scopes in permanently shadowed craters, each studying a narrow range of the infrared spectrum. The constant cold gives infrared scopes better resolution. Interferometry scopes would work best in the submillimeter spectrum, which doesn’t work well on Earth because of the water vapor in our atmosphere. And very low frequency radio waves are blocked by our ionosphere, so we’re essentially blind at that range of the spectrum. And the only place in the galaxy permanently shielded from our radio waves is the lunar far side, so that is where we must put our radio telescopes.”

Jasmine worked the guy’s robe off, licking her lips. She found it bushier than she liked, but was too horny to waste time trying to find a replacement. Although she wished that hunky Russian sat closer.

“We should maximize interferometry scopes, where one device combines the light from several telescopes, all focused on one single distant object. The power of a single telescope in resolving detail is proportional to its diameter, while the resolving power of an array of telescopes is proportional to the diameter of the array. In other words, instead of one huge telescope, it’s better to have several smaller telescopes working together. So we want thousands of scopes, organized into hundreds of interferometry arrays, all computer controlled. Only amateurs still eyeball space anymore. Then we map every planet within 100 light years.

“The best interferometry arrays operate in the range of X-rays because its short wavelengths allow for shorter baselines, which are more practical than visible light systems. X-ray is the best band for high resolution imaging, and a good lunar X-ray interferometry scope could detect something the size of a car at the center of our galaxy.”

Jasmine grabbed the stranger by the balls and pulled him close so she could get his cock into her mouth. He groaned, surprisingly, a lot like her mother.

“As we excavate the Ganymed asteroid to turn it into a fully functional space port, our small fleet of spaceships are slowly pushing the largest type-M metallic asteroid that crosses our orbit into a Lagrange point sixty degrees behind Earth. We call it The Jackpot because we estimate the value of its precious metals at over \$40 trillion. Jupiter has many asteroids that orbit sixty degrees before and behind it, and Mars has one called 1990 MB. Because they are so stable, we hope to fill all five of Earth’s Lagrange points with valuable asteroids.”

Jasmine had never sucked a smelly dick before and felt conflicted about it. On the one hand, it stank like a pussy after a long jog but, on the other, the very stench made her feel that much naughtier.

“Our growing constellation of communications and remote-sensing satellites we call OmniNet. With OmniNet we can dominate Internet access, phone, radio, TV, movies-on-demand, and gaming.

“Imagine super-fast global wireless satellite services that communicate via the whole spectrum: short-range VHF and UHF, long-range HF, CB, AM/FM, SSB, and L-band. The higher the frequency, the greater the content-carrying capacity. Imagine everyone always wired, even in Siberia, the Congo, or Antarctica. Every ship and plane.

Instead of expensive billing software, we’ll restrict it to pre-pay monthly plans and automatic debits that will save us a fortune sending out bills and processing checks. 80% of customer service calls are billing related, but we will have no unpaid bills and thus no collections. To maximize subscribers and minimizing switching, we will give away the

phones, yet charge a \$150 cancellation fee.”

The Arab mumbled into his beard as he fucked Jasmine’s face like an animal. James couldn’t help but stare at the smallish dick plowing into his fiancée’s mouth. It both enthralled and repulsed him. When the guy started yelling in Arabic, bucking his hips as he pumped Jasmine with cum, James found himself spurting semen into her other hole. His back actually hurt from pounding her for so long, but it was so worth it.

“Mars will be worth a thousand times more after we terraform it. Mars is relatively close, has a Goldilocks orbit, the right axial tilt to make seasons, an Earth-like day, and literally oceans of water buried under its surface. However, Mars is only half the size of Earth and has only a third of the surface area.

“Mars is too inhospitable for humans as it is. Constant radiation nukes the surface. The temperature extremes between day and night make long distance travel very dangerous. And the talcum powder-like dust will get into your eyes, nose, ears, throat, anus, food, clothes, suits, equipment, and vehicles. Nothing that depends on grease, oils, sealants, gears, or lubricants would last, including our eyes. Our lungs could fill up with the stuff. Even a tiny tear in a suit would kill you on the Martian surface. Your exposed blood would literally boil away.”

Jasmine gargled the mouthful of cum to judge its flavor. It seemed rude to spit it out, so she swallowed, vowing to never suck an Arab prince off again. It tasted too tangy, like when Panda Express pours too much sauce on their orange chicken.

“And we couldn’t grow anything because Mars has no soil. As hydrogen leaked out of the atmosphere into space, the remaining oxygen literally rusted the planet, creating super-oxidant dirt. We need to cover the entire surface with leafy plants and trees to scrub the atmosphere of CO₂, but can’t without soil. Because dead dirt covers the surface, we must bury Mars under organics.

“The gravity is too weak to hold hydrogen, which leaks into space, which is why Mars has no liquid surface

water. Increasing its mass increases its gravity, which better retains hydrogen. Importing mass also thickens the atmosphere and warms up the freezing planet.

“We want to optimize Mars for human habitation. Millions of people will not move to Mars if every day is a brutal, life-or-death ordeal. We can triple the size of Mars by importing asteroids. The nearby Main Asteroid Belt has over a million asteroids larger than 1 kilometer and 200 larger than 100 kilometers. The farther Kuiper Belt has 70,000 objects larger than 100 kilometers. Each ship could carry dozens of fusion mass drivers to push several asteroids in the right direction.”

James looked down at Jasmine in awe. It was like watching a T-rex in the wild. He never knew how empty his life was without her, so when she pulled his head down, he kissed her.

“Bulking up Mars will solve several other problems, besides burying the ultra-fine dust and dead soil under a few thousand kilometers of asteroid regolith. First, thickening the atmosphere with trillions of cubic meters of gases protects us from deadly cosmic radiation, even while it warms the planet up by retaining the Sun’s heat. Mars now is like Antarctica, except colder, dryer, windier, and the nearest help is 70 million kilometers away.

“The atmospheric pressure is now so low that few plants could live on the surface. Humans need a minimum density of 100 millibars and Mars at ‘sea-level’ only has 6. Greater air pressure means if you cut yourself, you put on a Band-Aid instead of watching in agony as your blood boils away.

“It would also reduce temperature extremes. Temperatures on Mars fluctuate more in a day than on Earth in a year. It can be 60 degrees F in the day and -100 that very night. Also, raising the mean temperature above freezing would melt the millions of square kilometers of permafrost lying under the surface, and create new lakes, rivers, and seas via rainfall, which would also help settle the millions of cubic kilometers of new regolith.”

His head snapped back at the taste of another man’s

sperm. He remembered his black teammates tasting so much better. The Arab laughed arrogantly, waving his penis at him like a little boy groping a garden hose. Then a drop fell off the tip and sank into his eye. It hurt so bad that James howled in pain as he fell to the floor in agony.

“Bulking up the atmosphere would also add needed oxygen, while diluting the poisonous carbon dioxide. Mars now only has .2% oxygen, and we need several percent. The only way to get that is by direct importation via comets and ice-teroids. While primitive plants can get by without it, advanced plants need about 1 millibar and humans need 120. Afterwards, we could walk around Mars in t-shirts and shorts while breathing through a simple CO₂ filter mask without hauling around heavy oxygen tanks.

“The solution to all of these challenges is bulking up the planet as much as possible, as fast as possible. Scientists will want to study Mars before we bury it, so we quickly thicken the atmosphere by crashing its moons and the largest nearby asteroids and comets into the poles or into deep areas of permafrost. Phobos has three trillion tons and Deimos another two trillion tons of frozen water and other volatiles. Crashing Phobos into the larger South Pole and Deimos over the smaller North Pole would vaporize millions of tons of ice, doubling its atmospheric mass.

“Comets average 60% water by weight, and over one hundred short period comets approach Mars’ orbit. We could simply nudge the comets at perihelion – when they are closest to the Sun -- to strike deep permafrost. This would quickly give Mars enough atmosphere to shield us from deadly radiation, allow us to walk around without pressure suits, warm the mean temperature above freezing, and allow liquid surface water.”

Gina tapped Jasmine and motioned to switch places. Gina got up and, while Bob laid there watching the movie, Jasmine climbed on board, but with her back to Bob.

“Tripling the size of Mars could double its gravity from 38% of Earth’s to roughly 75%, which will be great news for the elderly. Gravity and ultraviolet rays are the two main causes of wrinkles, and sunlight is only half as strong

on Mars. Like on the Moon, metallic asteroids on the surface gives us quadrillions of dollars worth of metals.

“Afterwards we seed the surface with bacteria, fungi, lichens, algae, and self-composting plants. As the atmospheric pressure increases, we add more complex self-composting plants, mosses, grasses, bushes, and trees.”

Through his burning eye, James watched his fiancée prepare to fuck his father with her mother’s help.

“Botanists once believed that only soil microbes could convert organic nitrogen into the nitrates and nitrites that plants need, but since have discovered 15 self-composting plant species that generate nitrates and nitrites in their tissues when they die. We can therefore create soil by cultivating self-composting plants. We will also need soil and fertilizer factories on Mars, as well as millions of animals for their manure -- from rabbits and rodents to farm animals to buffalo. Maybe, one day, we could clone dinosaurs. One super-sauropod has more meat than 200,000 chickens, and would cost less to raise.”

Bracing her hands on the seat in front of her helped Jasmine balance herself as she sank onto her father-in-law’s hard cock. Bob probably assumed that Gina simply switched positions by the way he casually put his hands on her waist to steady her.

“80% of Earth is covered by liquid or frozen water. Mars would be best served by reversing that ratio. Waterways are low-friction mediums that are far cheaper to transport goods than land or air. We should optimize the waterways to navigate as much of the planet as possible to boost trade and settlement. What we don’t want is huge inland continents like Africa with few navigable rivers.

“We need millions of young, healthy workers to terraform the surface and grow trillions of leafy carbon dioxide-eating trees, lumbar trees, and fruit trees. The tallest trees on Earth are almost 400 feet high, so trees on Mars may reach an amazing 600 feet.

“Mars today has scientific, but no economic, value because no one can live there independently. In contrast, an optimized Mars may be worth \$100 quadrillion. And if we

are the only ones who can send people to Mars, then we could send only those people we want. Like genetically screened, westernized English speakers. We could have one global government, with one dollar-based economy, without violent crime, poverty, unemployment, or wars.”

Once she accommodated the length, Jasmine flopped her hips up and down like a dancer on American Idol. Few women get so much speed along with so much depth. She was in heaven!

“Once we have enough fusion spaceships, we eventually want to use them as mass thrusters to re-orbit Mercury equidistant between Venus and Earth. We can start pushing Mercury just after dawn on its equator, when Mercury is farthest from the Sun, though the temperature may be 300 degrees below zero. By midmorning, 22 Earth days later, the temperature will have risen to 80 degrees. The trick is to move Mercury far enough away from the Sun because at noon, 44 Earth days from dawn, the temperature rises to 800 degrees, which melts most astronauts.

“Then we give it an atmosphere by importing comets and presto! -- a habitable planet. People may prefer to live on Mercury because Mars will retain a carbon dioxide atmosphere that requires wearing masks, while Mercury could have an ideal atmosphere and gravity if we do it right.”

Gina sat in Jasmine’s chair and opened her legs to ventilate her pussy. James, at her feet spitting out the taste of jism, suddenly found something to replace the bitter taste in his mouth.

“Later, to maximize the habitability of the solar system, we could re-orbit every world larger than Ceres into Goldilocks orbits -- from Venus to just past Mars -- so that humanity could grow to over one hundred billion people.

“There are 14 moons larger than 1000 kilometers: Titan at 5150 kilometers, Ganymede at 5262, Callisto at 4821, Io at 3643, Europa at 3122, Tritan at 2700, Titania at 1578, Rhea at 1528, Oberon at 1523, Iapetus at 1436, Umbriel at 1170, Ariel at 1162, Dionel at 1120, and Tethys at 1072 kilometers. The Kuiper Belt dwarf planet Eris is about 2400 meters, Pluto 2300 kilometers, Makemake 1400

kilometers, Haumea 1300 kilometers, and the asteroid Ceres 950 kilometers. As the need arises, they could be bulked up large enough to retain an atmosphere and provide decent gravity using the millions of rocks in the Main Asteroid Belt. Imagine 100 billion people living on twenty worlds between Venus and Mars.”

James dove his head into Gina’s pussy like a man wandering in the desert too long. He lapped her up like a doggy, searching for anything stronger than the taste of sperm. She, naturally, wanted him to focus on her clit, but instead he went in the opposite direction.

“We would like to bulk up Ceres to several times its current size, so it can retain an atmosphere, to give Venus a moon where it would block most of the Sun’s rays. About a million kilometers from Venus, L1 is a gravitationally stable orbit that would shade the planet. Venus is now so hot that it could melt lead. Once we block 99% of the sunlight striking the surface, up to one quadrillion tons of atmospheric carbon dioxide will cool enough to rain down and eventually turn solid. We bury that carbon dioxide with regolith by soft-landing small asteroids, and wet the atmosphere by crashing comets and ice-teroids into the atmosphere. Meanwhile, on Ceres, we install enough solar and fusion power plants to make bulk antimatter affordable enough for interstellar travel.

“With affordable bulk anti-matter, we could use our maglev catapults to slingshot an anti-matter spaceship around Jupiter, our most massive planet, then slingshot it around the Sun to get it above half the speed of light on its way the nearest habitable star system. If we could get the cost down, we could send manned missions systematically to the closest habitable planets while firing unmanned probes to the uninhabitable ones.”

Curious more than horny, Gina lifted her ass and James stuck his tongue in her anus. Not just around the rim, but as deeply as he could physically insert it. Which tickled Gina like hell. Not even vibrators made her feel that way.

But he heard Jasmine scream in another incredible orgasm, so he looked up in time to see his father open his

eyes in shock at who was riding his pony. He couldn't believe it. Bob rubbed his eyes with both hands, only to discover it didn't change who was fucking him. Then he saw his son licking the shit out of his girlfriend to get the taste of cum out of his mouth. He finally turned to Gina, his son's head still between her legs, and said an investor's greatest compliment:

“You are the best investment I have ever made.”

James wanted to protest, to argue that he turned out pretty good, too, but Gina broke into tears of joy and roughly knocked her daughter off his cock to embrace him.

“I love you so much,” she said, staring into his eyes. “Now cum inside me before this movie ends.”

When the movie did end, and the lights turned on, everyone gave the girls a standing ovation. I'm finally dating the hottest girl in school, James realized.

CHAPTER 5

The heavily modified Russian Mi-24 helicopter took the last of the guests to the top of Mt. Chimborazo. This was the only helicopter in the world that could fly so high -- not the Mi-24, but this specific chopper. The 17 meter long titanium rotors provided the extra lift needed to rise so high in such thin air. Still, the company had to replace the two turbines with more weight-efficient engines, while replacing much of the body with light carbon fiber, in order to get enough thrust versus weight.

“Does anyone know the population of Ecuador?” Jasmine asked.

“No,” Bob answered, “but I hear a brazillian people live in Brazil.”

Gina laughed and slapped his arm. James had never known his dad to act silly before. He almost preferred the grumpy old man than the virile rival who made hotties laugh.

“So, dad, tell us about your trip to Orlando,” James said over the noise of the rotors.

Bob smiled like he just got laid. “When we got into the hotel room, the phone rang. Gina kind of freaked out

because nobody knew we were there, so who the hell was calling? We didn't even tell you guys, so I was a little concerned myself. Of course, it was only the front desk making sure we liked the room. However, I didn't tell Gina that."

She reached across to playfully slap his shoulder.

"Instead, I covered the mouthpiece and whispered like I was terrified, 'it's the government, and they're coming to get us! Oh, no, they finally caught me.'

"Gina naturally started screaming, so I asked her if she could see the black helicopters yet. As she studied the sky through our windows, I told the front desk that my wife found a rat in our room, then I let him hear Gina scream like a horror movie victim. The guy apologized and offered to comp our room when the manager got in. I later explained what happened, but not until I had more fun with Gina."

"Jimmy, your father is a bad man," Gina said dramatically, clearly in love.

Indeed, every time James felt like the happiest guy in the world, his father unknowingly one-upped him. He wanted his father to be happy, but never expected him to be happier. His relationship with Jasmine couldn't be better, yet Gina and his father had more chemistry than Dow Chemical. Bob somehow hit a grand slam while only trying for a single.

"Jesus! Look at that. Someone call Michael Bay."

Sticking out of the nearly four kilometer caldera was what looked like a half-finished bridge to the sky. It sprouted out of the mountaintop and ended in the air. Three kilometers long and over half a kilometer high, the end of the launcher looked like something from a Transformer movie.

Steve Paul, the president of the company, explained that the supersonic boom proved too destabilizing when the capsules left at the summit. Raising the exit half a kilometer meant it bypassed more atmosphere, continued gathering speed, and didn't shake the damn mountaintop.

They landed and joined the other tourists in the observation tower, which was more of an underground bunker than a tower. They all wore oxygen masks until entering the bunker to avoid fainting for lack of oxygen.

“Welcome, friends and customers,” Steve Paul greeted them. A charismatic leader, Bob never invested in the company because he didn’t trust salesmen, the charismatic, or men with two first names. “Sorry you have to wear the masks and the heavy coats, but we are a few kilometers closer to orbit than the tip of Mt. Everest, thanks to Earth’s bulging belly. Soon you will witness a capsule shoot out of the launcher at 28,000 kilometers per hour, so don’t blink.” Only he laughed at his joke. “Please use your binoculars when we tell you or you will miss it. We have also set up a video that will replay the launch in very, very slow motion. Although this structure is sound proof, a supersonic boom will still hit us. Anyone outside, who could somehow endure the thin air and freezing cold, would have their eardrums burst. Tomorrow twenty of you will get married, and the day after you will be among the rare few to get the privilege of riding a train through a volcano into orbit!”

He laughed again to an otherwise silent room. The lonely ride up unsettled many of them. Several people used their binoculars to look down the mountain.

“That’s a very long walk,” Paul joked. Most of the glacier had already melted, but he didn’t envy the poor bastards who still had to make the trip on foot.

“I’m higher than Keith Richards,” Bob joked to the few people who heard of the long dead Rolling Stones musician.

“This is the view from inside the capsule,” the CEO helpfully pointed out. A giant computer screen showed increasingly blurry images as it shot by. In the beginning, they could make out numbers that marked each kilometer. Towards the end, they couldn’t even identify the numbers. “It is now inside the volcano.”

The Arab prince, who Jasmine grew to despise, for more than the taste of his nasty jism, started swaying like a skyscraper in an earthquake. His soon-to-be wife steadied him in alarm. The group always traveled with a company psychiatrist, who now tried to get the poor man to sit down.

Soon a countdown from ten to zero started.

“Watch closely!”

Something the size of a bus spat out above them, then quickly grew smaller as it flew farther away into the heavens. Instead of smoke, like from a cannon, they could see the contrails as it literally punched through the air. Like spy satellites that find ships by searching for their wakes, the guests tried to see the capsule by the contrails it left behind.

Then the sonic boom hit them like a hurricane wind, shaking the mountaintop like a pissed off giant. It must have been much worse when they ended the launcher at the summit.

“That’s it?” Bob asked, unimpressed.

James heard a thud. Turning, he saw some guests cradle the prince on the floor. His fiancée looked on, horrified. She seemed more embarrassed than concerned for his health. Later they would learn it was a political marriage between ambitious assholes.

Gandhi once remarked that those in the west try to marry the one they loved, while those in the east try to love the one they married. This bitter lady clearly had no love for her husband-to-be.

The guy opened his eyes, but James could not make out what he was mumbling. His right hand shook and something didn’t smell right. His fiancée now started cursing at him. He didn’t understand why until he got his first whiff of urine.

“Did that guy just pee himself?” Gina asked.

Indeed he did.

James, who tasted his sperm, had the last laugh. Literally. He walked over, looked the guy in the eyes, and laughed so hard he cried. James began ridiculing him while, to add insult to injury, his fiancée kicked the poor man while he was down.

The psychiatrist looked at the CEO and sadly shook his head.

“It appears we have a vacancy,” Mr. Paul announced with a fake cheer. The Arab lady jumped for joy, fist-pumping the launcher. “Is there a single couple willing to marry tomorrow who is healthy and rich enough to pay \$2

million to honeymoon in orbit?”

“I’d love to marry my girlfriend tomorrow,” Bob said, “but I don’t have a ring.”

Gina rushed to the Arab lady. “It will be harder for him to marry you if you give away the rings.”

The princess took off the engagement ring from her finger, searched the guy on the floor for the other rings, then handed them to Gina. Camera crews pushed people aside to get the best view as Bob got on one knee, slipped a ring on Gina’s finger, and looked up at her with love.

“There goes my best man,” James whispered to Jasmine. “I was once best man at a nude wedding and came within an inch of being best man.”

“Shhhh!” Jasmine whipped out her camera phone to record the proposal through her tears.

“I thought I was happy before I met you, but it turns out that I didn’t know what happiness was until you entered my life. Now I can’t imagine living without you. I was blind, but you helped me see; deaf, but now I can hear. You are the last thing I see before I sleep, and the first thing I see when I wake. Losing that would make me suffer more than waterboarding. I need you now, and I need you for the rest of my life. In return, I promise that I will be yours, only yours, and yours forever. I will take care of you, protect you, and savor you for as long as I breathe. Gina, the love of my life, will you marry me?”

No sooner did Gina whisper “yes” than her daughter screamed like fingernails clawing a chalkboard. Gina threw herself at her fiancée so hard she nearly knocked the poor man over. He twirled her around, almost smacking James in the head with her high heels. The producer of the reality show looked happiest of them all. James and Jasmine hugged and the four of them cried until the cameras stopped rolling.

CHAPTER 6

Viewership among women multiplied in the wake of the sudden proposal. It turned out that Arab jerk hurt ratings

anyways. But now they had a new and unique element to the drama: high school lovers, one of whom marries the woman's daughter, while the other marries the guy's father. Plus, they had decent footage of the girl having sex with her father-in-law, while the guy rimmed his mother-in-law. To further monopolize the show, the girls now talked of having babies at the same time, never mentioning that Gina had her tubes tied.

The beautifully staged wedding rivaled the nuptials of the first son of King William and Queen Kate. Pop stars played for the guests, celebrities filled the audience, and everyone wore their sponsorships literally on their sleeves.

Now came the hard part. The honeymoon.

The nine happy couples and the two Russians were strapped in like those new super-fast, gravity-free roller coasters. The capsule looked so much bigger from the outside. Bob, James, Jasmine, and Gina occupied the front row since they were the most popular characters on the show.

"I hope everyone already went to the bathroom," Mr. Paul joked on the screen in front of them. "Soon, you will be moving at eight kilometers per second, through a volcano, up into the sky, to dock at the largest rock that once crossed Earth's orbit. There you will honeymoon at our brand new luxury hotel within Ganymed. Remember: no smoking!"

Viewers apparently found him less annoying than the new married couples.

"Nervous, dad?" James asked, himself having second thoughts.

"Nah. Not after doing the Mission to Mars simulator at Disney's Epcot in Orlando. I'm looking forward to having sex in micro-gravity. I just can't believe how boring my life used to be."

"You fucking married me!" Gina said, still in shock.

"I'll marry you again in twenty-five years."

"Done!"

Jasmine loved seeing her mother happy, married, and financially secure, but couldn't help feel conflicted that her mother was the most popular member of the show. While Jasmine had several months to get used to the idea of

wedding bliss, Gina still glowed like one of those new light bulbs. That pulled the heart strings of millions of ladies watching on the Internet.

The sled holding the capsule started slowly. Because it increased velocity at the same rate, it didn't feel like they were going as fast as they were. Due to intense heat about to wrap around the capsule, they didn't have any windows. Not being able to see outside masked their speed.

"Great drugs," Bob volunteered. "I feel as mellow as yellow."

James never knew his dad could be whimsical. Where was this man when he grew up?

In addition to painkillers and blood thinners, they all had to take sedatives so that stress didn't trigger heart or panic attacks.

James could now feel something invisible pushing his body back against the customized seat. They modified the contours specifically to protect his head, neck, and back. They matched each seat to each individual. As per training, James closed his eyes, relaxed his breathing, and kept his feet flat on the floor. Now taking two forces of gravity, James had trouble breathing from the force pressing against him. Which was why shallow breathing helped so much. Swallowing, however, was a bitch. Then the capsule tipped up, which meant they now flew through the volcano. Unable to speak, Gina silently prayed her boobs didn't explode. Although that would probably get her in the Guinness Book of World Records. They stayed at that angle for a few more minutes until the pressure eased and everyone started catching their breaths. James couldn't believe that the first space workers did this at a constant acceleration of five g's when the track was shorter.

"Wow!" Jasmine yelled to draw the camera to her. "That was better than sex." James shot her a look. "It's just an expression!"

As the capsule slowed down, their bodies pressed against the restraints. One of the crew floated in the air to check on them. The pilot appeared on the screen to welcome them and said everything went five by five, which James

hoped was good.

“It will take us an hour to position the capsule to match altitude, angle, and speed with the space port, so just relax and stay in your seats.”

The rock appeared tiny, at first, on their screen, but grew alarmingly large very quickly. Soon it swallowed their screen as they mirrored its path and gradually moved closer. They had only a tiny window of opportunity to dock; otherwise, they had to either wait two weeks or return home.

A hanger door opened and the pilot maneuvered the capsule over the same type of rails that sent them here. Robotic arms grabbed them and gently lowered them on a sled which took them inside the asteroid. When they stopped, a pressurized doorway extended. They watched a device on their door measure relative atmospheric pressure, then a light turned green. The crew opened the door and a beautiful blond welcomed them aboard humanity’s first and only space port.

“I’m Daniela, your guide for the rest of your stay on Ganymed.”

The excited guests hopped several meters at a time down a corridor, past a sign that said, “if you lived here, you’d be home by now,” to a cavern known as Central, since it took them everywhere. They built the ceilings high because nobody could walk normal in micro-gravity. Instead, people had to hop, like those astronauts on the Moon, except they floated higher and longer. The company painted everything in layers with darker colors at the bottom and brighter colors higher up. All floors looked black and all ceilings off-white so that people could better orient themselves. Otherwise, it was hard to determine up from down while free-floating. There is no north or south in space; no upside-down; even up and down aren’t that convincing. Color coating helped people decide where to point their feet.

“I think I shouldn’t have eaten those Wheaties,” James confessed, feeling a bit nauseous as he unintentionally somersaulted over his father. Maybe space wasn’t the best place to have tons of sex. He swallowed the vomit as

frequently as it kept rising, souring his initial experience, if not his mouth.

“This is awesome!” Gina screamed, high-fiving the five story high ceiling. “Eat your heart out, Disney!”

“They’re actually one of our partners,” James let her know. “They want to paint Mickey’s face on the surface and boast about the largest billboard within thousands of miles.”

They floated towards Hotel Ganymed, which looked more like a door in the bedrock.

“Hope I didn’t forget my visa,” James cracked.

“I can’t wait to have sex with you.” Jasmine said loudly.

“I hope you’re talking to me,” James said to laughter. “Oh, crap!”

James overshot the hotel and headed for solid rock. The company warned them this would happen. It takes time to acclimate. Not that this helped James, watching the wall of rock get bigger as he flew closer. He didn’t even have a spacesuit to cushion the blow. He held out his arms, but his momentum kept turning him and there was nothing he could do but flail helplessly. He felt like a poorly thrown football.

“Oh, no.”

His ass smacked the rock hard. He couldn’t even stretch his legs enough to re-orient himself. Then his back hit, followed by the back of his head. Someone in a medical outfit foresaw the accident and shot himself over, flying through the air like superman. Except he had a pole with a hook and magnetic boot heels. He used it to keep himself from bouncing off the wall by hooking a handrail and magnetizing himself to a magnet on the wall. Drops of blood floated in front of James and he yelled in panic, but the doctor sprayed some stuff that closed the wound until they could fix him under better conditions.

“It’s just a scratch,” the doctor reassured him.

While he felt like an idiot, his father and Gina did somersaults high over the floor, laughing like kids and flying like pros. James heard his father laugh more since he met Gina than in the rest of his life combined. He couldn’t wait to throw that in his mother’s face, who abandoned him as a

kid.

“You’re welcome, dad,” he whispered.

CHAPTER 7

While others took their luggage to their rooms, their beautiful guide led them to the observatory where they watched the Earth get smaller as Ganymed flew away. The view stunned them. James read that the view of Earth from orbit made all the long hours worth it, according to every astronaut who ever voiced an opinion. They docked when the asteroid was closest to Earth, so every moment took them farther away. They would actually spend a week traveling one hundred thousand kilometers towards the Moon until their orbit returned them. The same capsule would take them back to Earth.

The downside was there was no way to get home for two whole weeks. It felt like the Florida Turnpike when the next exit isn’t for another fifty miles.

It would take several years to complete the maglev catapult on the asteroid’s surface. The company could send non-live cargo to the Moon, Mercury, or Mars by speeding up a shorter rail, and fit astronauts could tolerate a constant acceleration of 5 g’s, but sending ordinary people or livestock required enough track that did not speed them past 2 g’s. Even then, they needed a ship to return. Building another maglev on the highest point on the Moon would take several more years. Ditto for Mercury and Mars. Until then, they would use their limited spaceships a lot by returning as few people as possible.

The beauty of space travel is that a ship does not lose speed. Ever. Well, intergalactic space had tiny amounts of dust and gas that slowed it a tiny bit over billions of kilometers but, for practical purposes within the solar system, it never slowed down until they applied the magnetic chute. And the longer the track, the longer they could increase the acceleration, which meant they left the catapult going that much faster.

This meant getting to the gas giants in several months

instead of several years. Maglev launchers on the largest moons of the gas giants could turn traveling the solar system into a virtual space highway. Pluto, seven billion kilometers away, could even be within reach. The dwarf planet Eris, three times farther, yet bigger than Pluto, may require fusion propulsion to get there and back in one lifetime.

“You want to know the easiest way for aliens to destroy humanity?” James asked Jasmine, who was becoming something of an expert on space through massive reading. “Traveling trillions of miles is expensive, and every army marches on its belly, so instead of sending a massive military, any belligerent alien will instead send one ship that installs several mass thrusters to push Earth’s largest near-Earth-object into the planet. It’s cheap, fast, and easy. We now control Ganymed, so the next largest is Eros. The only way I’d support a speed-of-light laser weapon on Ganymed is if it’s only used to protect Earth from rocks. Or aliens.”

He wanted the audience to hear this because it pointed out the value of spending billions on a space port. More Americans believed in aliens than believed that Social Security would be there for them, so James needed to play every card in the deck.

“Damn it, James! You know how talk of an apocalypse turns me on.” Actually, the cameras that now focused on them turned Jasmine on. In any event, Jasmine decided to become the face of the first woman to have sex in space. She cared less if it was true -- what mattered is that she became famous as the first. Securing that position in people’s minds would be easier if she was the first that people saw have sex in space. She quickly took off her travel clothes to reveal sexy red lingerie underneath. “I don’t know if I can wait until we get back to the hotel to start our honeymoon.”

“Get him, girl,” mama urged her. “Get him!”

“Who wants to join the Thousand Mile High Club?” James asked, taking off his shirt.

“Stop!” their hot tour guide objected. “You can’t imagine how hard it is to keep this place clean.”

James considered the optics. What better time to

have sex than with Earth in the background? That meant now or never. He wanted to help sell the space port, and what sells better than sex? They got the female audience with the surprise marriage proposal and the epic wedding ceremony; now they needed the guys to pay attention. People would only see what Ganymed had to offer if they followed the show; and they would only follow the show if they kept things interesting. And what could generate more viral attention than the first orbital orgy?

“Look who wants a little kiss,” Gina said, fondling Bob’s boner through his pants.

“I think he wants more than a kiss,” Bob answered.

James never knew his father could strip on camera. He was pretty hung, but his dad didn’t undress to show off. Instead, he did whatever made Gina happy. Making her happy made him happy. Father and son gave each other the thumbs-up and laughed as their wives showed off their sexy bodies for the cameras.

Undressing for the first time in micro-gravity would have been humiliating if it weren’t so hilarious. When James shifted his weight onto one foot to take off a pants leg, his body would pop into the air until the tiny gravity brought him slowly down. He pulled off a shoe and shot backwards. A Russian kicked off a boot and everyone cringed when it struck the window.

“If you break the window,” Daniela reminded them, “the vacuum will suck us all out into space.”

Which is why Ganymed had more pressure doors than a submarine.

The Japanese guy threw his clothes in the air and everyone liked that so much that they copied him. It looked like it was raining laundry. Bob and Gina embraced, naked, before jumping high through the laundry, twisting and turning while making out like teenagers. James accidentally bounced off the window into the air and watched Jasmine carefully leap after him. She didn’t overcompensate a bit. She even turned in place as she slowly rose, grabbed his legs to maneuver her way to his cock. What little lingerie she wore did nothing to conceal anything important. All that

flirting with the cameramen paid off as two of them framed her in their shots.

Oh, she gave such good head. Even when off camera. It's like a cocaine addiction, except with cock instead of crack. Jasmine just felt so grateful for hitting the jackpot: a wonderful husband, a happy family, financial security, fame, and fortune. She had it all; now she just wanted to enjoy the party while it lasted.

The problem with happiness is it can't be saved up. You either spend it now, in the present, or not. It can't be budgeted or scheduled or organized, so Jasmine learned to enjoy it as much as she could, for as long as she could, as compensation for when shit happened. And shit always happens. Rain falls on everyone, goes the saying, but shit hits some people more than others. No longer poor, Jasmine wanted to feast on as many days as possible because you never know when you'll fall back to earth.

James, no dummy, worked her legs around so he could also get some. His lovely wife opened her legs wide as he stuck his head in. The movements turned them faster, but that only added to the experience as he sucked her succulent peach. She really did taste great. And he loved her scent -- not smell, but more of an aroma. The Asians he had been with hardly gave off any odor, while the few black ladies he ate out -- God, he hated that phrase -- could give smelling salts a run for their money. The one black wife was a gorgeous Halle Berry look-a-like, but with big boobs. She looked like she smelled good everywhere.

In contrast, licking Jasmine's labia felt more like eating a great fruit salad. Minus the whip cream.

The two cameras dedicated to filming them during sex only made him harder, so James learned something new about himself. Since one of the Europeans went by the name Jim, Facebook, Twitter, and the chat rooms referred to James as the "guy with the hottie." One unexpected result of having sex on camera is that he put a hell of a lot more energy into it. He didn't want to make Jasmine cum for her sake, but for posterity. She not only had to cum for him, but cum often. So, hands on her butt cheeks, he worked his

magic, thanking God that he paid attention these last several months. Instead of trying to read her mind, James solicited feedback. After hours of wonderful practice, he could now often unlock her safe like a cat burglar.

Jasmine's groans grew louder and more urgent, so James kept up the pressure, pulling her to the summit. She responded by sucking him harder. 69-ing in space with Earth in the background was wonderful.

"I want to hear you scream," James communicated to her pussy via telepathy.

"I ain't cleaning up your cum, damn it!" Daniela yelled. "And if I accidentally fly into any, it's your ass."

Jasmine came first - not surprisingly. And theatrically, too. She tasted so good that James couldn't get enough. However, he did help shake off a few drops for the cameras. His wife may over-act, but he needed everyone watching to know he did, in fact, make her cum. Otherwise they may start calling for a pitch hitter.

Jasmine rewarded his success through sheer willpower. She never used her hands, except to steady herself as they bumped into walls or other people. Bob and Gina pushed off from the ceiling to overshoot them. For some reason, seeing his dad plow his high school lover pushed him over the edge. Maybe the sheer contentment on their faces. Either way, he exploded so hard he lost a few neurons.

To her credit, Jasmine tried to swallow every drop, but several wads got away.

"Don't you let that hit anyone!" their hot guide chastised Jasmine.

"Mama, help me!" As if she were drowning.

Bob, still fucking Gina, bounced off a wall, flinging them to the rescue. They bumped into Jasmine who flew to the biggest constellation of cum, snapping her jaws like a shark. Gina pushed against Bob as she stretched to gobble one floating in the opposite direction.

"A thousand bucks if you swallow that!" Bob roared at Daniela as she tracked one about to splatter on the window.

“Another thousand if you kiss me afterwards!”
Jasmine added.

“Another thousand if you show us your body,” James
threw in. Jasmine gave him a wild look.

Three other husbands tripled that offer.

Daniela left her hot boyfriend to get this gig, so she
had gone a lot time without getting any, although every
redneck on board had hit on her. Used to being the center of
the party, she now felt like the only one not having fun. And
she took this job more for the fame than the money because
ads, reality shows, and endorsement deals made it easy to
monetize fame. So taking him up on his offer paid much
more than several thousand dollars.

The gorgeous guide leaped into the air, then expertly
took off her clothes in mid-air. She hesitated over her bra,
before deciding, fuck it. Now wearing only tiny pink panties
as her big tits floated free, she tucked her head to flip over
like a swimmer reaching the end of the pool and kicked off
the window to intercept a wad of cum. Three cameramen
had positioned themselves and the luckiest recorded the
hottie opening her mouth and engulfing the jism with the
blue Earth in the background.

This would soon become the year’s favorite
screensaver.

James swung Jasmine around like a merry-go-round
before launching her towards the only other girl who rivaled
her beauty. This flung James back painfully into a hard rock
wall, but it was so worth it. Especially later when he saw
them on video. He had sent his wife plummeting towards
the window. It looked like she was falling to Earth.

Their naked guide grabbed Jasmine’s hand and they
pulled themselves toward each other, finally locking lips. It
was like the two finalist for Miss Nude Universe suddenly
making out before millions of viewers. Each knew the other
would taste like cum, and that knowledge only seemed to rev
up their engines as they matched speed and angle.

Reviewing the recording, James loved how they
sucked on each other’s tongue, how their hands groped and
grasped and gripped. When that clever bitch slipped a finger

past the panties into Daniela's snatch, James thought their host was going to explode. Instead she opened her legs and thrust her tongue down Jasmine's throat. James watched his wife finger fuck the guide as they bodies rotated before the planet like near-Earth-objects. Their guide finally came, her scream deafening in the enclosed space.

"Another thousand if you make my wife cum," James yelled from across the room.

"I'll double that," Bob shouted.

Ironically, famous sci-fi author Isaac Asimov responded to the women's liberation movement by saying he wanted women to be free because he didn't want to be charged.

Other voices joined in and the absurdity of newly married men spending several thousand dollars for an ex-beauty queen to get off a newly married woman in micro-gravity in front of millions of viewers only added to the fun.

James suspected that Daniela would have done it anyways, the way she flipped his wife over and dove in like a bomber. She certainly didn't resist Jasmine as his wife pulled off her cute pink panties. Not even porn fans had seen two hotter women ever getting it on with more enthusiasm. The clip became a must have for every lesbian woman and straight man on the planet.

Jasmine came first. And second. And James could tell she was not faking it. That bitch had done this before, he realized, as their guide guided his wife to another orgasm. Jasmine finally broke off after her third time, to concentrate on giving back.

Jasmine latched herself onto Daniela's pussy, but no longer in a 69, so Gina floated over and spread her legs for the cameras. A liter of Bob's cum threatened to drip out of her.

"Want some more?" Gina asked Daniela.

"Oh, fuck yeah!"

Oddly enough, they drifted just out of reach of each other. James watched them claw at each other, grasping nothing but hot air, the scene looking increasingly bizarre: two hot naked women trying to have sex, but unable to close

the distance. Bob came to the rescue, bumping his wife into the hottie, then positioning himself above them so Gina could suck him hard again.

Fuck! James told himself. I couldn't do that.

The four of them looked like a twisty pretzel in front of an Imax image of the Earth. At the bottom, until they floated horizontally, Jasmine licked Daniela's clit while finger fucking her -- which every lesbian knows is a crutch. Daniela sucked Bob's cum out of Gina's pussy, while Gina bobbed up and down on her husband's cock. Three other couples also had sex, but the cameras paid them no attention, until they swapped wives.

On the Internet, everyone referred to the Observation Deck as the Orgy Room.

CHAPTER 8

The two happiest couples laughed at each other in their space suits while crew members checked and rechecked. Any accident would be very bad for publicity. After the final okay, the crew shut the pressure door behind them. Bob, who adapted the best to micro-gravity, unlocked the outer door and stepped outside first.

The four of them stared out into space. The pale blue dot representing Earth could be covered with just a hand. On the lunar surface, Neil Armstrong famously blotted it out with just his thumb. Halfway there, cameras took pictures of them with the Moon in the background. This was, quite literally, the closest any of them would get to the Moon for at least another decade. It just looked so damn close.

“Let's run up the hill and jump off on the count of three!”

They named the highest point on Ganymed “Little Chimbo” because that made for great publicity. The company spent more money than they budgeted to tunnel their way near the summit. The Ganymed surface sat half a kilometer below them.

Upwards they ran, or shuffled in their heavy suits, trying not to run into each other. The company spaced them

ten meters apart, but needed to give them more cable than that to enjoy their newest attraction: cliff soaring.

The problem with the four Disney parks in Orlando was that they didn't offer very many unique experiences. The Mission to Mars simulation at Epcot was one, the extreme car stunt show and Star Wars simulator at Hollywood Studios qualified, but lots of parks had log rides and roller coasters like Space and Splash Mountain. Universal Studios in Orlando did a better job creating unique attractions, from Spiderman 3D to Men in Black and the Harry Potter ride. SeaWorld had their animal shows and their Antarctica ride, which no one else had. But most of Disney's shows, rides, and simulators were not unique.

What the Ganymed company did was exhaust the possibilities of unique experience. The observation deck to watch Earth was a no brainer. Anyone on a suborbital plane ride could get that. But no where on Earth could you fly off a cliff and not fall.

The four of them hopped as fast as they could or else remain stuck on Ganymed. On smaller asteroids it was possible to trip and not have enough gravity to keep you on the damn rock. Scientist said you could literally jump off either of the Martian moons because their gravity was so weak.

The company didn't want anyone to fall off their rock, so a temperature-resistant cable secured them to Ganymed. And good thing because all four of them leaped off Cliff Chimbo, their hearts in their throats. But, instead of falling to their doom, they escaped Ganymed's gravity. Technicians gave them enough room until they maxed out at one hundred meters from the mountaintop.

They didn't float so much as felt Ganymed drag them. To stabilize its orbit, the company spun the rock on its axis, like a football. The spinning pinned the four tourists to the end of their cable. A football field doesn't look so long from the seats, but that same distance looked terrifying from space.

They spun around a 32 kilometer wide asteroid as it ended its move towards the Moon and began circling back.

It reminded James of kicking a ball in the air. Except the horrifying feeling that a tiny micro-meteor could kill them all.

Bob and Gina kept shouting in joy. They couldn't get enough, so James waited, keeping the bile down because if he vomited into his faceplate, that shit had nowhere to go. And neither did he. So he closed his eyes and slowed his breathing because the faster you breathe, the slower time travels. Normally time passes one second at a time, but sometimes an event like losing your virginity passes all too quickly, while a moment like this lasts an eternity. Jasmine must have sensed something, so he put on a brave face until she told the crew to winch them in.

James had parachuted and bungee jumped before, but leaping off a cliff into empty space puckered his anus. Being thrown around an asteroid felt no worse than a slow line at the DMV, but the relief from being rolled in soothed his palpitating heart. Suddenly he became talkative again. All too soon they entered the chamber, depressurized, and the crew carefully removed their very expensive suits. The reality show people remote-controlled cameras, so Jasmine and Gina danced for them while overhead speakers blasted Ozzy's Bark at the Moon. James was not even sure Jasmine knew who Ozzy Osborne was.

"Bobby, we gotta do that again!" Gina crowed.

"I can't wait to do that when we get closest to Earth," Bob agreed. "The crew says the tiny atmosphere we poke into feels like flying without a plane."

"But we have to be in the capsule by then," James said, bumming their buzz. "If you space jump into the atmosphere, you'll be stuck here for another two weeks."

"Can we stay another two weeks?" Gina wanted to know.

"They have a lot of people who have already put down deposits," James informed them. "They're booked solid until 2037."

"What the fuck?" James had not seen Gina this pissed since her boyfriend in high school kept making excuses for marrying her. "We have to wait seven years

before we can do this again?”

“There has to be a way,” Bob argued.

“I don’t speak for management. I’m just an investor, but they are contractually obligated to all those people. And any time there’s a cancellation, the next in line gets first dibs. Plus, the feedback from the reality show has been so positive that I hear the line is getting much longer as we speak. Paul says we may need another capital infusion to start the next hotel sooner to meet overwhelming demand. I’m afraid too many people have seen us have too much fun here.”

“That’s fucked up,” was all Bob had to say.

“Sorry.” James felt like he was somehow responsible.

“You’re an early investor,” Jasmine chimed in. “You own enough shares to make it difficult for management. All they want is another two weeks here.”

“Or longer. The last week has been unbelievable. Life on Earth will seem so boring after this.”

“Yeah,” Bob agreed. “It’s too bad we couldn’t stay here forever.”

“Exactly! What better place to spend the rest of our lives than right here?”

James couldn’t believe what he was hearing.

“Honey, you don’t want to stay, do you?”

Jasmine emphatically shook her head no. “I hate to ruin this bod, but I really want to have your children, and I’d rather not do it in micro-gravity. However, I’d love to come back in seven years or so.”

“There must be a way for us to stay,” Bob repeated.

“You missed your opportunity to invest years ago,”

James countered. “I went over the prospectus with you.”

“I don’t invest in what I don’t understand.”

“You could invest now. The more money they have, the quicker they can build hotels and exploit opportunities.”

“If the hotels are sold out,” Gina said, “I wonder how much it would cost to build a condo here.”

Bob hugged her so hard they flew across the room to smash into a bulkhead. “This is why I love you so much!”

Like her beauty and awesome personality had

nothing to do with it.

CHAPTER 9

The guy filling the helium vest wouldn't stop looking at Jasmine's tits. To be fair, he gazed a long time at Gina's, too. Even "vest" may not be the best word because the balloon wrapped around their center of gravity -- the waist. Pleasing everyone, their breasts rested on the "vest" rather nicely. Or not, since boobs in micro-gravity didn't sag anyways. Certainly not these newly installed ones. Gravity causes body parts to sag. The space port ended this tragedy.

Science fiction writers wondered how spacemen in the future will concentrate on long trips when women's breasts stand out so temptingly. Making things worse, what is traveling in a spaceship but being in a machine that vibrates constantly? James himself knew how distracting it was to watch his wife's nipples vibrate constantly. Which, of course, made honeymooning in space so much fun.

With equilibrium set, the crew let James go. Not that he went anywhere. The whole point was to give the balloon enough helium so that he basically floated in place. Micro-gravity allowed people to jump really high, but they still returned to earth, so to speak. The big difference between the International Space Station and the Ganymed Space Port is that the port had four trillion tons of mass that produced enough gravity so toilets flushed, water from showers eventually dropped, and a person could tell which way was up. Although, technically, gravity still affected the space station, for all practical purposes, it was zero-gravity. What was up did not come down. Ever. Without ropes, straps, or velco, lovers could spend more time finding each other than fucking each other.

So those who just wanted to float needed a little help. Too much helium and he would rise to the ceiling, yet not enough and he would remain on the floor unless he pushed off. Instead, they pushed him in the middle of Central where he joined the others. Jasmine grabbed him as he passed by and they hugged like children after strapping themselves

together.

Bob and Gina had gone first, so they had been cuddling for an hour now. James wondered if his father died because he went so long without moving a muscle or making a sound. Gina, at least, occasionally purred. Nobody wore anything heavier than underwear, so ten couples floated as if on magical beds. Few moved, so they rarely bumped into each other. Bob and Gina floated the highest, about five stories up, near the middle of the room. Others chose the equivalent of corners. The Russian and his wife preferred to stay within two meters of the floor. Just in case.

James heard of salt water tanks so dense that people could actually float on the surface and never sink. He had never tried them, but this is what that must feel like. The camera crews grew bored filming couples just holding each other, slowly rotating on their axis. Soft jazz music almost put them to sleep. The new trophy wife of the Chinese tycoon farted loudly, but wisely no one wanted to break the mood. Besides, they couldn't move out of her blast radius anyways. In fact, the only way they could even get down was by deflating the helium cushions.

Despite himself, James felt all tension drain out of him. He didn't feel sleepy, yet he wasn't really awake. Not after the first few hours. He didn't dream so much as lose himself in the wonderful sensation of weightlessness. He knew of no drug that felt this good. Moreover, he wanted to know why they weren't sleeping like this every night.

Then Jasmine started touching him. Lightly to not move them too much. She hated facing down, for some reason. James just didn't enjoy feeling upside down, but if he closed his eyes not even that bothered him.

His cock responded long before she touched it. He came in her just a few hours before, so he knew she was just giving him time to recharge.

That's when it hit him. "I think I've figured out anal."

Well, that woke Jasmine up like a skillet to the forehead. They scrambled out of the strap that held them together and struggled to change their relative positions.

They looked like those suicidals who jump off of buildings, the way their arms and legs flailed in all directions. The other nine couples watched closely and even the camera crews on the floor, anchored there by magnetized boots, perked up.

“Let me lube you first,” she begged him, eager to get his hard cock in her mouth.

James gently stepped on her to climb “higher,” although they were now floating horizontally. His momentum carried him down by the time she could get between his legs. They must have moved too fast because now they twirled in the air like synchronized gymnasts. His head pointed towards the floor when she swallowed his penis, not bothering to remove his boxers. They continued to circle, though, head over heels, but neither minded. She bobbed back and forth like a piston, whimpering with desire. Those above watched her work her anal muscles, already anticipating the penetration of her anus. The blowjob lasted three full turns before she pleaded with him to fuck her up the ass.

“Careful taking off your panties,” her mother cautioned from above.

Sure enough, she ended up upside down and moving away from James, who tried “swimming” his way closer. She drifted higher while he futilely tired himself out.

“Daniela,” Bob called down to their concierge, the hottie’s real job title, “please help my boy out.”

Gina had loaned Daniela lingerie to boost ratings, so she kind of owed them. Her participation in the orgy in the observation deck sure made her famous. Sighing in resignation, she took off her heavy boots and ran up the wall before pushing herself off. Daniela tackled James and together they moved to Jasmine, who held out her arms and spread her legs. Without trying James copped a magnificent feel of the guide’s artificial tit. She didn’t object, so he didn’t apologize.

They plowed into Jasmine, driving them all higher and to the side of the cavern. Jasmine found herself looking at Daniela’s panties and gave in to temptation, sticking a

finger inside her wet pussy. That bitch has been on low simmer, she realized happily. Indeed, the former beauty queen moaned hungrily and pulled down her thong to give Jasmine access.

The acrobatics also gave Daniela excellent access to James' throbbing erection. He turned in place, even as they moved together higher. Daniela looked into his eyes and flashed the thousand watt smile that won her Miss Arkansas. So while Jasmine gave Daniela oral, who in turn sucked on his cock, James wanted some, too. His father came to the rescue by swinging Gina down to stomp on his back, which drove him down to his wife's snatch.

"It fucking worked!" Gina said in surprise.

Swinging Gina down flung Bob to the ceiling. He now shot off the ceiling, grabbed Gina on the way down, and joined the threesome.

"Do the guide," his wife urged him. "She needs it bad."

They pushed each other apart. Bob grabbed their host by the waist and let Jasmine lube him up for the big plunge. Watching his wife suck his father while floating in the air lit James up like a Christmas tree. Gina crashed into James, which pulled him away from his wife. He almost lost Gina, who would have spilled into the Colombian drug lord if he didn't grab her ankle. He pulled her back just as Jasmine pulled him in like reeling in a fish.

"I'm gonna push Jimmy to you," mama told Jasmine.

The push sent her against the wall, but James grabbed his wife's ass and swore he wouldn't let go.

"Will somebody please fuck me in the ass?" Jasmine yelled.

James worked it in as fast as his wife could take it. She grunted more than groaned, in obvious pain, but when he slowed down she snapped at him like a shark.

"Give him time, honey," Gina advised. "He's hung like a horse."

James did a pretty good impression of a horse as he finally got it all in. He did the strap without drifting apart and could now fuck that sweet ass like a railroad spike. He

brought it almost all the way out before roughly shoving it all the way in.

Someone cried out in pain and it turned out to be Daniela.

“Should I stop?” Bob asked Daniela since he only got the tip of his dick in her ass.

“If you do, I’ll fucking throw you off this rock! Fuck me hard, bitch.”

“Ohhhh. Now I need some.” Gina looked around her. “Who’s got the next biggest dick after my husband and son-in-law?” The Russian pulled down his pants, ignoring his new wife slapping him hard. “Well, get on up here. My ass won’t fuck itself.”

He jumped towards her and she turned her back on him while pulling off her tiny underwear. He crashed into her, and they smashed into the wall, then ricochet off the Indian automaker tycoon.

“Finger me to get enough lube,” she urged the Russian. He happily dug in, rough just like she liked it. She was so horny she urged him on. “Okay, finger me to an orgasm, then you can have my ass.”

So he did, while her husband and his wife watched. All too soon she screamed at the top of her lungs. By this time, Daniela was crying, her tears flying up like crazy raindrops. Jasmine pulled herself close to shut the bitch up by French kissing her like mad. Together, they screamed down each other’s throats while getting fucked up the ass.

Gina and the Russian, however, were still in motion, bumping other couples who couldn’t get out of the way.

“Yes, motherfucker, yes!” Gina yelled out.

Bob and James, literally fucking the shit out of the women, did a virtual high-5.

“Anal orgy in micro-gravity!” James yelled for the cameras. “Guinness, call me!”

“I need more cock!” Jasmine called out, desperate to be the center of attention again. “Who here can take three dicks at a time?”

The challenge inspired the group to new levels of naughtiness. After several minutes of careful maneuvering,

Gina, Jasmine, and Daniela floated in the middle of the cavern, each with a cock in the mouth, pussy, and anus.

“We need more cameras,” James remarked as his wife, mother-in-law, and their hostess collectively took nine cocks in micro-gravity in mid-air as millions of viewers back on Earth watched.

Then one of the Ganymed manager hopped in, as excited as a newlywed.

“Mr. Johnson! Mr. Johnson!”

Both Bob and James yelled back, “yes?”

“The board of directions accepted your modified counter-counter-proposal. As soon as you are done anal fucking the only notary on the asteroid, you can sign the digital paperwork.”

The two Johnsons did a joint rebel yell.

“What’s going on? Are we getting screwed?” Gina asked, spitting out a Chinese prick.

“No. I’ve convinced several institutional investors to match my \$10 billion capital investment. Everything I own and all of my hedge funds are now fully invested in the two companies. Together with Jimmy and the founders, we now own 51% of both the launcher and this space port. We won’t have much cash until we take them public in several years, but at least we can stay here as long as we want. Although some of the workers will have to share rooms until they finish our condo.”

“What? We can stay?” Gina asked, thrilled.

“For as long as we want,” Bob assured her.

“You are the fucking greatest husband in the world!”

“Let’s get these bitches off,” James suggested.

The nine men intensified their efforts and the three whores swooned. Soon they screamed out their orgasms, one by one, vibrating the cocks in their mouths. Like gentlemen, women come first. Then the men started exploding. James watched a total asshole cum into his wife’s mouth, then a really nice guy erupt into her pussy, before he exploded up her ass. Then he saw a repeat with his mother-in-law and their hostess.

“I ain’t cleaning this up, y’all,” Daniela said after

swallowing the last of the cum.

Several newlyweds had trouble deflating their helium vests while the rest of the slowly fell to the floor like something out of the Matrix.

“Best. Honeymoon. Ever,” James concluded.

The End

A MESSAGE FROM THE AUTHOR



I hope you liked my story! Now please post positive reviews online, recommend me on Facebook and Twitter, and buy my other erotic ebooks at any online bookstore so I don't have to return to stripping. Scroll down for the summaries and excerpts of my other stories. Below are my wonderful kids. Thank you for helping me make a living writing erotica!





SUMMARIES AND EXCERPTS FROM OTHER STORIES

THE PREACHER'S SLUT

The town's ultra-conservative mega-preacher obsesses over sexual immorality, so when his daughter rebels on her 18th birthday, she does so with a bang by seducing the town's leading self-righteous hypocrites in an orgy of revenge. Yet sparking a wave of sexual scandals reveals a secret that her parents have been keeping from her since her birth, and will bring everyone to their knees.

EXCERPTS:

"First, I'm gonna swallow your juice, then I'm gonna beg you to take my virginity. If you haven't made me cum by my birthday party, the deal's off."

She swallowed the last inch and felt his pubes tickle her nose. Nothing in the world tastes like clean cock. Its deliciousness reminded her of the first time she tried Kentucky Fried Chicken.

He sank his middle finger into her pussy, and it felt like a toe in a Jacuzzi.

Danny continued thrusting until she stopped finger fucking his asshole. She collapsed on his lap, spent, her finger still up his chute. He rolled down the window and a cool breeze gave him everything he needed except a beer and pizza.

She rode the older man's cock while her new boyfriend tried to get a digit up her butt without touching his father's dick. No sooner did he get it in, than it kept slipping out. It was liking trying to kiss someone on a trampoline.

Success in a man is like youth in a woman.

As he picked up the pace, her eyes turned blank as she rode the train to Orgasm Town. Hoo-hoo! She seemed zoned out on Zen and the Art of Taking Multiple Cocks. When the orgasm hit her, she arched her back and screamed like a psycho.

They say some men prefer thick thighs, and some skinny thighs, but most guys want something in between.

Her ankles on his shoulders, he fucking nailed her to a cross. His father made her cum good, so he had to make her cum better. He opened his eyes to see Faith looking at him like he was a fucking God. The sheer amazement and gratitude in her eyes overwhelmed him. His cock coughed, then coughed again, like shotgun blasts, each recoil staggering him.

She wanted to get caught. She wanted everyone to know she was a total slut, a cheap whore, a piece of shit. The prospect of public humiliation revved her engine like a foot on the gas pedal. If Faith was only happy when it rained, then there must be a shit storm coming because she never felt better. Walking on a tightrope wasn't enough. She needed to tempt fate until she fell in an orgy of public destruction.

"Doctor, the cum you licked from my pussy belonged to Mr. Stevenson." While the doctor threw up in the hazardous waste bin, Faith collected her cameras. She had sex with four men that day. What a great birthday!

From his pulpit, her father condemned sex outside of marriage and sex not meant for reproduction, prompting

critics to joke that sex is only bad if you enjoy it.

She pushed the older lady on her back and finger fucked her with surprising enthusiasm. The bitch resisted -- when the fuck would that ecstasy kick in? -- so Faith kissed her full on the mouth to shut her up. Lucy must have gone ages since her last orgasm because she lit up like a bon fire.

When it hit, the orgasm took her breath away. Literally, she could not breathe. It felt like she sucked her nose up into her face. She had no idea she twisted her own nipples so hard. Something erupted in her bowels, like a pregnant woman's water breaking, and she baptized Lucy Fucking Johnson's face with the sweetest liquid God ever created.

THE HYPNO-ORGASM SEDUCTION

Hypnosis can make a woman orgasm repeatedly, and Dr. Bill Cooper is the master of the art. But Bill has fallen for a woman with a tragic past, and needs all his skills to cure her. Every day he uses hypno-orgasms to blow her mind and help her frigidity. But when he finally has formed the lifemate of his dreams, his jerk brother tries to seduce her with money. But Bill will have the ultimate revenge, while giving his lifemate the world's greatest orgasm.

EXCERPTS: "I can't masturbate. I'm like a quadriplegic with a chronic erection."

"Hypno-orgasms are several times more intense. When a man is over-excited, he cums too soon, but when a woman is over-excited, she cums more often. So I can not only take you to the summit, I can take you there repeatedly. It's the safest sex you'll ever have." Completely stressed out, Emily stared at him like a cow about to be tipped over. Then he smiled that awesome smile of his and she fucking melted like cheese on an omelet.

Something vibrated in his pants and it wasn't his beeper. She hooked him like a fish; he could practically taste the metal in his lip. In an ironic twist, the hypnotherapist was the one in the deep trance, and in need of some therapy.

Men cannot fall in love with women they do not find attractive, and women cannot fall in love with a man they do

not respect.

He covered her tongue with cum as she continue to bob on his pole, determined to take every pez from his dispenser. Her tongue must have a Taser attached because it sent jolts of electricity up his spine. Some of his juice spilled on her chin, so she scooped it up, sucking her fingers like a chicken wing.

A man in a suit is like a woman in lingerie.

"Men get laid by convincing women that they want more than sex."

"What is the worst thing that has ever happened to you?" "As a teenager I once fell face-first into a fresh pile of steaming doodoo. And let me tell you, it tasted like crap!" She slapped his arm for pulling her leg, but couldn't help laughing. "On the one hand, it made me appreciate my mom's terrible meatloaf, which I only thought tasted like caca, but, on the other hand, it remains the best shit I've ever had."

"I want to nibble on your earlobes." Her hands flew to her ears and she laughed at how silly she must have looked, with her elbows pointing at him like guns over the dinner table.

"I'm getting tits? Do you have any idea how much that changes a girl's life? Breast implants for a woman are like a man becoming six inches taller."

That's what they now called it: the Orgasm Room, because it reeked of sex all day, every day.

Guys who say all pussy is the same are idiots. Every pussy -- like every love -- is unique. Some may feel equally good, but that does not make them the same. A man can hate a woman and still love the sex, but that does not mean his feelings don't color the experience.

Even before she heard his message on her voice mail, her legs started trembling. With his trigger words, she collapsed on the campus lawn as another powerful orgasm shook her body like a baby rattle. Her body cruelly responded on cue as her pelvis bucked wildly, saturating her blue jeans. She had no idea how loud she screamed, but apparently the entire campus heard her.

He made it his purpose in life to perfect the art of cunnilingus. Unfortunately, while men prefer feedback, women expect mind reading. But now her pussy was like a home security system: once he knew the code, he could make it scream anytime he wanted.

Her scream vibrated his cock, still in her mouth, before pounding his ear drums and threatening the windows. It lasted forever, too. Bill could belch the alphabet quicker. It struck like a thunderstorm, charging the room with electricity. His home was not so much silent, as stunned, by her scream.

A dozen pairs of hands applauded. Emily looked around the yacht to see the entire fucking crew cheering her. Flattered, she stood up to give them a better view of her naked body, never guessing she had an exhibitionist streak. Or that she would now star in an orgy.

Emily turned around and gasped at the size of the cock. Good thing she didn't look up because that dude must have had anti-cosmetic surgery cuz nobody can be born that hideous. Beauty may be in the hands of the beholder, but ugly is universal. She pushed him into the nearest chair and worked her way down his pole. God must have awarded this guy a huge cock as compensation for shortchanging him on everything else.

Richard took close-ups of his brother taking two dicks at a time while giving running commentary. "I always knew little Willy had too much girl in him. Look how he tackles that bait. Take it like a man, bro. Be a good girl and swallow."

The cock in his mouth suddenly enlarged and Bill realized that he was about to get a mouthful of cum. Terror filled him. He tried to get up, but the guy banging his ass rested his weight onto Bill's back, pinning him in place. Two strong hands gripped his head and Bill braced for a homo's delight. Then the cock exploded and cum blocked his air passage, forcing him to swallow. His initial reaction? Not fucking bad. Thick and salty, like leftover oysters.

Bill, on his back, sucking cum from his fiancée's pussy, farted when rough hands spread his legs over broad

shoulders. The bulbous head stretching his sphincter made him swoon. Once the fucker got his rhythm, the pain turned to pleasure. Sure, it hurt, but it hurt so good. Bill looked up past Emily's great breasts to see her sucking off another total fucking stranger.

Penelope looked Emily over. "Hell, I'd probably hit that, and I haven't played for that team since high school." "Really?" Emily asked, suddenly exuding sexuality. "I'm curious how bi I am."

THE FIRST SPACE ORGY

SUMMARY: This hard science erotic story begins with a blast and ended with a bang. A company has built a maglev launcher to catapult capsules into orbit, where they have re-orbited the largest Near-Earth-Object -- the asteroid Ganymed -- around Earth and have turned it into a space port. To promote it, they select ten lucky newlywed couples to star in the first reality show in space. Since nothing sells better than sex, a mother and daughter one-up each other in micro-gravity, from seducing the hot hostess to taking three men at once to an epic anal orgy.

EXCERPTS:

A man can't think clearly with his balls full.

Monogamy is easier after you've tried everything else.

The best predictor of good sex was the kiss because kissing measures personal chemistry, as opposed to just mutual attraction.

"Mom, what's the wildest thing you ever did?"

James answered for her. "Your dad saw her do all six blacks on the team." "Mom, did you just purr? James, I think the bitch just purred. Quick! Scratch her behind the ears."

"Did you like the taste of jism?" she asked him. "I wouldn't pick it off a menu, but it's better than asparagus, yet worse than broccoli." The girl roared with laughter.

"I will never look at vegetables the same again."

"You bought her tits?" Jasmine asked. "And the ungrateful bitch still wouldn't swallow me." "Buy me tits and I'll fucking swallow you!"

“Jimmy has a beautiful cock,” Gina added. “It doesn’t bend like a banana like your father’s. Look! I have pictures.”

“I will swallow you every morning.” Now James was the one who had to cross his legs. “Mom, did this bitch just purr?” Jasmine asked, reaching over to scratch James behind the ear.

“You’re gonna be on TV?” Jasmine asked, clearly jealous. “Oh, I am so going to swallow every pez from your dispenser.”

Their tongues met and she kissed him like a Taser. Electricity shot down his spine. Wow! He hadn’t felt this alive since he lost his virginity. Kissing Jasmine was like biting into a ripe peach. He drank her like a cold beer on a hot beach.

“Kissing you is addictive. If you go just a day without kissing me, I’ll end up in rehab.”

Sucking his cock, Gina had her hand out, so Jasmine slapped it like they were a wrestling team. “Yeah, mom! Let’s tag-team this dick.”

Mom gave her pointers: “Relax your gag reflex in order to swallow the second half. Slow your breathing and take your time until your throat gets used to it. You’ll gag if you try to swallow too much, too soon.”

Every time her lips rubbed against the rim of his penis head he cringed in delight. James sped past the point of no return without a backward glance and exploded into her eager mouth. It had been a while, so he drove with the full tank.

“Hey, let me show you your new home. It’s got more shit than an outhouse.”

3D pornos are weird, with dicks shooting cum at the camera. James had ducked more than once, just out of instinct.

“Mom, I can’t believe you love to be spanked!” “Jimmy, show my girl how good it hurts.” He started finger-fucking her with one hand while slapping her booty with the other. His hand left palm prints on her ass cheek, but still she urged him on.

James sported enough wood to reforest the Amazon, so he used his arms to force her legs wide. He placed her feet over his shoulders while her mother slipped his cock into her daughter.

Jasmine suddenly looked at him as if he was a mugger who pulled out a knife. She must have seen a ghost because she arched her back and screamed at him like a horror movie victim. James was not sure if she had an orgasm or a heart attack. Then she flooded him.

Jasmine gazed up at him as if he was a fucking God. Her entire face looked like a smile. “Thank you,” she whispered, which struck him like a frying pan. Nobody had ever thanked him for sex before.

“You’re gonna buy me boobs so I can seduce your father? You’re like a combo of Jesus and Santa. You’re fucking Janta Clause.” “Yes, but once you marry my father and I marry your daughter, we probably shouldn’t have sex anymore.”

A final drop of cum grew at the tip of his penis. She showed it to him, then carefully licked it off like cream from a cupcake.

She took off her gorgeous dress to reveal a killer body serving a life sentence for man-slutter. “I’ll strip and give you a lap dance if you fuck the shit out of me afterwards.” “What about our kids? They’re waiting for us at the restaurant.” “Fuck’em. I need to get laid. And I suspect you do, too.”

He petted Jasmine’s pussy mound like a kitty, and sure enough, Jasmine purred. His fingertip gently pushed her pubes like a hairbrush. She dug her fingernails into the back of his shirt to punish him for making her feel so good.

Jasmine heard her mother huffing and puffing like she was about to blow a house down. Annoyed, she kicked her ankles up on the seat in front of her while James fucked her, startling an older couple who apparently disapproved of sex in public.

Jasmine gargled the mouthful of cum to judge its flavor. It seemed rude to spit it out, so she swallowed, vowing to never suck an Arab prince off ever again. It tasted

too tangy, like when Panda Express pours too much sauce on their orange chicken.

Bob opened his eyes in shock to see his naked daughter-in-law riding his pony to another orgasm. Then he saw his son licking the shit out of his wife to get the taste of cum out of his mouth.

69-ing in micro-gravity with Earth in the background was wonderful. He exploded so hard into her mouth that he lost a few neurons. Jasmine tried to swallow every drop, but several wads got away. Bob, still fucking Gina, bumped into Jasmine who flew to the biggest constellation of cum, snapping her jaws like a shark. Gina pushed against Bob as she stretched to gobble one floating in the opposite direction.

The gorgeous guide leaped into the air, then expertly took off her clothes in mid-air. Now wearing only tiny pink panties as her big tits floated free, she flipped over like a swimmer reaching the end of the pool to intercept a wad of cum before it splattered against the observation window. Three cameramen recorded the hottie opening her mouth and engulfing the jism with the blue Earth in the background. This would soon become the year's favorite screensaver.

Their naked guide grabbed Jasmine in the air. It was like the two finalist for Miss Nude Universe suddenly making out. Each knew the other would taste like cum, and that knowledge only seemed to rev up their engines as they matched speed and angle.

Gina floated over and spread her legs. A liter of Bob's cum threatened to drip out of her. "Want some more?" Gina asked Daniela. "Oh, fuck yeah!" Oddly enough, they drifted just out of reach. James watched them claw at each other, grasping nothing but hot air, the scene looking increasingly bizarre. Bob bumped his wife into the hottie, then positioned himself above them so Gina could suck him hard again.

The four of them looked like a twisty pretzel in front of an Imax image of the Earth. They floated horizontally. Jasmine licked Daniela's clit. Daniela sucked Bob's cum out of Gina's pussy, while Gina bobbed up and down on her husband's cock.

“I think I’ve figured out anal.” They scrambled out of the strap that held them together and struggled to change their relative positions. They looked like those suicidals who jump off of buildings, the way their arms and legs flailed in all directions.

Watching his wife suck his father while floating in the air lit James up like a Christmas tree.

“Should I stop?” Bob asked Daniela since he only got the tip of his dick in her ass. “If you do, I’ll fucking throw you off this rock! Fuck me hard, bitch.”

“Who’s got the next biggest dick after my husband and son-in-law?” Gina asked. The Russian pulled down his pants, ignoring his new wife slapping him hard. “Well, get on up here. My ass won’t fuck itself.”

As Earth grew larger in the giant window, his wife, mother-in-law, and their hostess collectively took nine cocks in micro-gravity in mid-air as millions of viewers back on Earth watched.

COVETING MY NEIGHBOR’S WIFE

The super-hot wife needs money, and so enters a Faustian bargain with the horny neighbor: \$10,000 a month for unlimited sex-on-demand. But he has no idea how long the insatiable sex vixen has been denied pleasure, forcing him to step up his game to give her the deep dicking she so badly needs. But what will the husband do when he finds out?

Excerpts: I exploded in her mouth like a fire hydrant. And she kept going. She drained me of every drop, a swallower in a world of spitters. She looked up at me, my penis still in her mouth, and moaned. No lie, my cock twitched against her tongue.

"Harder!" she ordered me. I didn't know if she referred to my sucking her nipple or fingering her cunt, so I did both harder and she gushed all over my hand with a scream of relief. I have never made a woman cum that hard before. My wife is so afraid of waking the kids it's like mugging a mime.

When it comes to eating pussy, men hope for

guidance while women expect mind reading. I tried different tactics to win over her clit, adjusting according to her grunts, until I discovered the winning combination and spanked that baby until she screamed.

She wore super-high heels, so we fucked standing. I bent her over the couch, grabbed her hips, and pounded her like a boxer. I stabbed her so hard, long, and fast that I made her whimper. Oh, wait, that was me. It just felt so good. I didn't want to come without her, so I reached around with both hands to tweak a nipple and her clit. That did it. Her vagina muscles gripped my pole like a golfer and I flooded her pussy.

I didn't want to get into a fight in the club, so I said it loud enough to be heard over the music. "I just came inside her, and she's not wearing panties. Maria, show them." All three gathered around and dear Maria must have descended from Amazons because she spread her legs wide so they could see my spunk flowing out of her. She sunk a finger into her pussy to scoop out my "polvo," as she called it. Maria may as well have maced them. With their complete fucking attention, she held up her finger to their noses, forcing them back, smiled at me and sucked my juice off her finger with a groan of inner satisfaction.

SEX ZOMBIES

The new Uganda government wants legislation criminalizing homosexuality, and so invites leading homophobes to help. Dick, the president of Oral Roberts University, brings his hot young mistress. But when she tells him she's pregnant, he dumps her deep in the jungle. But monkeys infect Dick with a virus that inflames that part of the brain that controls sex drive, and everyone he infects becomes mindless nymphos. As billions turn into sex zombies, mankind is literally screwed.

EXCERPTS:

"I know a guy with five dicks -- his pants fit him like a glove."

"Make me suck your giant cock," she demanded. The thing flopped out like a baseball bat from Santa's bag.

What made her special was her love for the special sauce. A girl who loves swallowing retains her value as she ages or gains weight.

Dick threw her on the bed, then threw himself on top of her. The bottom of the mattress pressed Tony's face into the hard floor.

Tony cringed at Dick's loud moaning and groaning. He sounded like a wilderbeast crossing a river.

The only thing better than catching a self-righteous religious hypocrite having sex with a teenage girl is catching the hypocrite having sex with a teenage boy.

"For a guy named Dick, you sure are a big douche bag."

She must have snorted an aphrodisiac given the way she tore off her clothes and guided that black stud inside her. Tami placed her ankles over his shoulders, with him still standing and her feet pointing at the deep blue sky. The giant's bulging black muscles riveted Tony as he thrust in and out of his twin sister's pussy.

Tony pulled the monster cock from his sister's pussy and aimed it just in time to catch the second wad of thick white cum right between the eyes. Unable to breathe but not caring, a fourth and fifth load coated his teeth like toothpaste.

Tony had never felt so horny -- which, for a teenager, is really saying something.

Oh, God, his ass hurt! It ached like a dentist numbed it with Novocain, then drilled for teeth.

He woke up to find an obese African woman riding him like a stallion, waving her hands like in a fucking parade. Tony felt betrayed by his penis which, by now, should know he doesn't like pussy.

The guy up her ass came next. Tony made the mistake of looking too closely and discovered that many other men must have cum up his sister's chute. The sight of so much cum flowing out of an anus disgusted him, which it shouldn't, because that was actually his kind of thing.

The zombie must have came so hard into Tami that he lost some neurons because he tumbled into the next guy in

line, who fell into the zombie behind him. The zombies grunted angrily while untangling themselves like drunk retards, trying to either argue or explain.

"Mom!" He barely recognized his zombified mother, with her hair down and clothes off. Those fucking aerobic exercises really toned her up. Mom didn't even glance at her kids as she sat on Mr. Green's cock, sucked some guy they didn't recognize, and took a third cock up the ass from Mr. Whitney. "Okay, I can understand Mr. Whitney. That fucker's cut like a statue, but David Green? Really? You gave it up to that weasel?"

The kids watched their mother swallow the stranger's jism -- not once, but twice, with a groan of satisfaction that made them feel ill.

"Jesus, mom gives good head. Where'd that bitch learn to suck like that. Certainly not with dad, or else why would he always be in a bad mood?"

Grunting like he had constipation, he grabbed their mother's head and exploded into her eager mouth so hard some jism shot out of her nose. Unfortunately, his dick slipped out halfway through and splashed cum all over her face. Some must have seeped into her eye because she started screaming in pain while squinting.

On the alter, Mom screamed her orgasm to the heavens as a statue of Jesus looked benignly on. "Can we now drag our naked mom from this church orgy so the police outside can lock her up? What would Jesus do?"

"The doctors and nurses were the first to get infected, so all the hospitals are wild orgies now. It's like this church orgy, but with primo drugs."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: VIRGIN HUNTER

SUMMARY: Before he became America's greatest president, 22 year old Abraham Lincoln was a hot stud who fell in love with a beautiful virgin named Ann Rutledge. The years they spent together were the happiest of his life, and he remembered her frequently forty years later as president.

EXCERPTS: "You can't be first, but you can be next," she heard herself telling Mr. Lincoln. As he

suspected, she was a screamer.

Her hands explored his body with the urgency of an Indian attack. When the huge cock fell out, it smacked her face with such a thud that she screamed in delight. "I didn't know God made them this big. Was your father an elephant?" "No. But sometimes he was a horse's ass."

Every time her lips pulled back on the rim of his penis head, his toes curled. Every time her nose dove into his pubes, he forgot to breathe. Every time her suction power threatened to peel off his foreskin, he thanked God

A spasm warped his body. Something squeezed his head like too small a hat. He sucked his chest down into his stomach. His eyes bulged, then he couldn't see for the tears. His hair stood up and his arms flapped like spaghetti. Then he blew a wad of cum in her mouth with enough force to knock a cowboy off his horse.

His hips bucked like a bronco, followed by so many musket shots that he should have named his penis the Winchester. She continued to plow his field, eager to unearth every last seed. And she still didn't use her hand! The only other woman who ever licked his stamp barely got the head in her mouth while jerking him fast with both hands -- yes, damn it, he was that big!

Splashes of white cum spotted her face, so her tongue left the barn to corral them. He looked at her like a lizard who spent too much time in the sun. He knew his tongue couldn't do the aerobatics that hers performed so easily, as she licked up one spot of jism after another on her face. Finally, she resorted to fingers to brush it off. When she sucked his juice off her fingers, he fainted as manly as he could. "I've finally found the perfect sauce for my chicken," she declared.

She studied him, tall, hard, and naked. They say the bigger the feet, the larger the penis, but if anything, his feet looked small compared to the ax he swung between his legs.

He slid between her legs and she grabbed his staff like Moses and parted the Pink Sea. Every inch seemed to animate her. He couldn't seem to get the right angle due to his height, so he pinned her legs against her body and thrust

the rest of it in. She howled in joy.

As she began to wail again, clearly building up to another scream, he distracted himself with math: 2, 4, 8, 16, oh please don't let me cum before her, 32, 64, 128, oh but it feels so good, 256, 512, lordy I'm getting there fast.

What is this man made of? He is harder than his ax. If all men were like this, they could cure the world of bitchiness.

The orgasm ambushed her. Like falling in a cold lake, she plunged deep, feeling every tingle and shiver. Her muscles lost all tension and her limbs flailed like a chicken with its head cut off. She heard screaming, but didn't recognize the voice as her own.

She looked at him like a god. If he could sell this, he would make millions. Oh, she detested slavery, yet at the same time she wanted to shackle him to her.

Abe had no idea women wanted sex as much as men. A man has to sow his oats before the season ends. He never knew that women would permit a man to kiss them "down there," much less demand it.

The invisible force that washed over her body and muddled her mind took her by surprise. Her scream pierced the sky and parted the clouds. The earth shook and the heavens exploded.

He parted her legs and she resolved to spend the rest of her life like that, her legs in the shape of a "V" and the man of her dreams between them.

Something huge pushed against her virginal and her eyes blew up to twice their normal size. Then it slipped in and surpassed everything she had just experienced. In and out, in and out, and soon she felt another orgasm coming.

He reached up to tweak a nipple and that was the straw that made the camel cum. She exploded, not caring who heard. "That was just my finger. And I only gave you one." She looked like a cow about to be tipped over. "Next I'm gonna give you my tongue."

He tracked her breathing and the expression on her face, but ignored her grunting and groaning like a pig. That made him smile too much to concentrate on the deep

dicking.

She recognized that she now had to fuck Abraham Lincoln every fucking day, or she would go crazy. It seemed easier to deny herself air than his massive cock.

Abe buried his entire sword to the hilt, before pulling back. Again he thrust, penetrating her deeper than she ever imagined possible. Ann looked at him in awe. It touched her so deep inside that she feared it would pop out of her throat. Other men could not be like her Abe, or else their women would not be such bitches.

This orgasm ambushed her like a clever Indian. She once fell from a tree and didn't land as hard as she did now. She lost use of her legs, so they shook on their own. She had brought back her knees so close to her breasts that her feet hung close to her head. His weight on her was all that kept her on the ground as her spirit flew.

The first blast nearly shot off a tit. The second struck so hard it splattered her face. A third dropped in the heavenly valley between her mounds.

Crazed with lust, Ann instinctively grabbed his penis and pulled it to her. A wad of thick goo fell on her outstretched tongue. She swallowed it with relish, and would later try it with ketchup. It tasted so good that she pulled Abe's large cock into her mouth and sucked on it like a calf.

Abe gently fucked her mouth, shooting wad after wad of cum down her throat. Ann could not possibly know how sexy she looked with a string of sperm that formed a line across her mouth, from her chin to her cheek.

THE BOSS, THE BRIDE, AND THE CUCKOLD

Summary: Appalled and excited, Sam watches his charismatic boss seduce his beautiful new bride and share her with others. But then they start pimping her out in marathon orgies to whoever can pay enough and Sam can't help but notice how wet and wild his formerly conservative wife gives herself up to total strangers. Will Sam grow a pair and reclaim his wife, or continue to lick her used holes clean?

Excerpts: I bobbed back and forth on his prick, going as deep as I could, without sacrificing speed. Unlike women, who smell like fish and taste like chicken, I could not think of anything that resembled the flavor of cock.

I automatically swallowed, disappointed that it bypassed my tongue so I could taste it, only for the next wad to splatter against the roof of my mouth with such force that it exited out of my fucking nose like some hot snot. My nose burned like I snorted Tabasco.

A strong hand slapped my bare ass hard. The sting excited me. When I involuntarily moaned in pleasure, both men chuckled, knowing what it meant. I would be getting spanked a lot in the months to come.

My wife kissed Larry, the best looking of the three brothers. The fucker took advantage of the opportunity by fondling her breasts and pressing a finger against her crotch. I felt so stupid, watching my wife kiss two better looking guys. "Damn!" Gary yelled. Everyone stopped to look at my total hard-on.

"I want to suck you all off," I heard my wife say, clearly not talking to me, "then I want you all to fuck me like I've never been fucked before." Completely naked, she stepped into the Jacuzzi and roughly knocked me aside so she could blow our boss.

I don't understand why men equate balls with toughness. You ever get hit in the nuts? Testicles are delicate -- just grazing one can reduce the toughest man to tears. You know what's really tough? Pussies, because pussies can take a lifetime of pounding.

I thought she was going to kiss me. Instead, she spit out Larry's jism into my open mouth. I felt like an idiot since I could have simply shut my mouth, but I knew what my new masters wanted, and took it all like a good bitch.

My wife stood over me to feed me the juice of the three men who just came in her. She shook her hips and they didn't lie. Instead they spit at me. Several drops of cum splattered across my face. Then she squatted down and smothered my face with her used pussy.

She pulled my feet over my head so that my penis

stared straight down at me. Amy jerked me off fast. She didn't order me to open my mouth, but I did anyways. And just in time as I spewed over my own face and tongue. I heard the guys taking video, which they later sent to my father and friends.

Every guy in the room knew when the head pushed past her pussy lips by the moan that echoed against the walls and chilled my spine. The three brothers streamlined the video onto three huge wall-mounted televisions. Even on my knees, I could see that big ebony cock thrust into my wife's pink pussy.

My wife lay naked and asleep, covering in sperm, from her hair to a river flowing out of her pussy. Her tits had more spunk than skin. I got between her legs and worked my prick inside her, but the further it entered, the more sperm it pushed out. When I unloaded inside her, my warm jism mixed with the sperm of a dozen other guys.

"If you fucked me like that before, I never would have had to cheat on you back home," she sneered.

WORLD'S BIGGEST CUCKOLD

First he looked the other way when his wife sucked off her boss. Then she started banging her boss in their bed. Seducing his brother, best friend, and parents. And most of his friends. Starting that porn site. And doing gangbangs at sex clubs. But now she's out of control, making him lick her holes as fast as guys fill them. When will he get off his knees and put his foot down?

Excerpts: My wife must have been soaking wet because she slid down my pole like a fireman. I gobbled a tittie and noticed she kept her eyes closed while riding me like a stallion. Then she called me Eric. And my name isn't fucking Eric.

When she came, it felt like someone spilled a warm beer on my dick, except her pussy gripped my penis like a bat swinging for the bleachers. I've heard that most women fake orgasms, and the rest are gay, but this orgasm was real. Eyes still closed, probably still fantasizing about her boss, she collapsed on top of me like a load of laundry.

I don't know what bothered me most: that she cheated, or that this made me rock fucking hard.

For the third time in ten minutes, my wife climaxed. That was a first, and God knows I tried. And not just a normal orgasm, either, but one of those earth-shattering ones that are seen less often than unicorns. Despite the liquor, I have never felt more sober.

"When did you fuck my dad?" "Remember when you tried to visit me the night before our wedding, and I told you it was bad luck? He stood naked behind the door. His cum was running down my leg while I talked to you. During our wedding vows, your father's cum still leaked from my pussy."

I watched his enormous black penis enter and exit my wife's soaking wet pussy. I must have smoked too much pot because it kind of hypnotized me. All too soon she came, screaming like an eagle. Eric lifted her up, then ordered me to lick her juices off his cock.

He came in my wife's mouth, cursing like he was being waterboarded. Linda milked him like a cow. That was too much for Eric, who gripped my head like a vise and gagged me with a gallon of sperm. I didn't mind the taste so much as the volume. I couldn't fucking breathe, yet I couldn't remove my head from the fucking fire hose. So I swallowed.

I'll never forget my first taste of cum. Or black cock. Or the look on my wife's face as I swallowed her boss' jism. I never could have imagined that I would be ending my day with cum in my mouth and ass, and four black studs fucking my wife all night. I would have guessed anal-probing aliens before that.

When he reached the point of no return, he stood up and commanded me to stick out my tongue. Then he came all over my face. My eyes stung so badly I fucking cried, which I later learned looked really pathetic on the video. To make matters worse, he then stuck his dick back in my mouth for me to drain him down to the last drop, my wife laughing hysterically.

He knelt on either side of her head and she bobbed up

and down on his pole like a fucking fanatic. Like a crack whore desperate for her next high, she sucked him deep and fast until he exploded down her throat. I heard her gag for a moment while she swallowed in big gulps. She drank his jism like it was buttery lobster, a smile so big and genuine that I began to hate her fucking guts.

I turned to my wife. "Show my best friend we are not kidding." The whore lit up and took off what little shirt she wore. She didn't wear a bra because those fuckers didn't need any help standing up. An anchor so they didn't fly off, maybe, but not a bra to hold them up.

"Tommy, I never knew your parents were swingers." "What?" I nearly shat myself. "They can't be swingers. They're Mormon." "Not when they take off their magic underwear. Then they're freaks."

On one bed, my father and younger brother double-teamed my beautiful wife. Next to her, also on her hands and knees, my mother sucked off guys I went to high school with. Then it got embarrassing. On the huge wall-mounted flat screen TV was me sucking off one black stud while another nailed me from behind.

"I never knew you loved cock. Don't worry, bro. If you find you enjoy cock too much, I know a guy who claims he can pray you straight." "Ask him if he can pray me thin. Or rich."

I turned and saw Bobby forcing his dick inside my ass. I screamed at the pain, then heard my brother cum into my wife's mouth as my father pounded her from behind. Bobby didn't bother working it in slowly, not caring how much it hurt. And it fucking hurt. At first.

My ass hurt like a dentist drilled it for cavities, so I sat on the john and farted as much sperm out as possible, then used up a roll of toilet paper wiping my ass. I must have swallowed a glacier of spunk, the way cum kept flowing out my anus.

I not only shot every drop my testicles produced recently, I'm pretty sure they borrowed from the future. My first wad struck the roof of her mouth with such force that my cum spilled out of her nose. I know it must have hurt,

given how her eyes bugged out, but my best friend's wife kept going, never once using her hands like most chicks. My third wad gagged her, forcing her to swallow before continuing.

Linda stopped fucking my friends to watch Cindy go down on me. My wife sported more conflicting emotions than a horny priest in a brothel. Then something forced itself up my ass, and it felt like a dirty rat. Sure enough, I heard Darren laugh once his cock got past the entrance and started drilling me hard.

Linda chose to schedule a c-section at 37 weeks and asked permission for me to be there for the birth. "Oh," the doctor replied, "we always encourage the father of the child to attend the birth." "No, Linda told her, "the father refuses to come, so I was hoping my husband could take his place." As I feared, the baby had dark skin.

THE REPLACEMENT WIFE

Summary: Terminally ill, Suzanne has just several months to find a replacement wife to take care of her loved ones. Matchmaking services haven't worked out because her husband finds the fuckable ones un-marriable, and the marriable ones, unfuckable. Her only option is to somehow convince the hottie next door to seduce her husband, never imagining that she, herself, would be seduced. With time running out, her husband and her replacement decide to give Suzanne as much sex as possible before she dies. As happy as she is now slutty, Suzanne is totally fucked.

Excerpts: She gasped as he penetrated her, her juices now flowing. "Close your eyes and call me Amanda," his wife demanded. "Fuck me like you would her." So he did, giving her the best pounding that she's had in years. So weak she could barely move, her head nevertheless flopped on her enormous pillow like a fish on the beach. A climax bubbled up from deep inside her, then washed over her like an unexpected rain shower.

"I just fucked your wife," Amanda told Todd. "And I'll be fucking her as often as possible until her death." He had no idea how he felt about that. If a guy told him that, he

would have immediately belted him. But Amanda? He didn't know if he should punch or high-five her.

"Voluntarily?" he instead asked.

He turned on the camera, selected video, then crawled underneath so his tongue could lick her pussy mound. "I thought we'd give my wife something to beat off to." "While you're at work, your wife and I will be licking each other to orgasm. After you fuck us both, we will lick your cum out of each other's pussies."

"Did my husband give you some?" "Girl, your husband gave me it all. Now we're gonna give you some." Through the phone, Amanda heard Suzanne moan. "Hurry. I want to suck his juice out of your pussy."

Amanda threw her leg on top of Suzanne's shoulder and pointed out the cum flowing down. "Is this the medicine that will make you feel better?" Suzanne answered her by grabbing the leg and licking up the river of cum. She thrust a tongue in and Amanda nearly fell. Todd grabbed his fiancée so that his wife could suck his cum out of her. Or, as he would soon call it, morning.

His penis erupted in Amanda's mouth, who then leaned over to French-kiss his wife. He grabbed the camera to film them getting it on. As he suspected, they got too worked up to quit. Amanda turned around like an ice skater and his wife and fiancée calculated the value of 69.

To everyone's shock, he lifted Amanda's dress and hooked his index and middle finger up her virgina as far as they would go, then pulled out to show his rival what he found. "I came inside her before we left." He held out his fingers and her ex backed up faster than Michael Jackson moon walking. "I'm thirsty," Amanda pleaded, so Todd slipped his two fingers down her throat like a cock. She slurped him noisily and moaned like a wanton whore.

Todd turned to see Amanda's ex staring at them in shock. "Hey, I'm fucking two assholes at the same time." All the witnesses had turned him on, but anal sex in front of her ex was too much. Violating her anus, he shot his wad. He could hear Amanda climax as well, who triggered the hot black chick 69'ing her. Their screams echoed across the

parking lot, followed by a standing ovation. Amanda rolled onto her hands and knees to show her friends the cum dripping out of her a-hole and down her ass cheeks.

OPENING THE MARRIAGE

Summary: When Amy learns her husband has been very unfaithful, she vows to beat him at his own game by exploring every kink in her system, from gangbangs to bukkake. But naive Amy never imagined how unleashing her inner slut would change her. As she takes giant cock from total strangers, Amy loses herself climbing the ladder of freaky sex. And when her husband catches her in an epic gangbang, she's really fucked.

Excerpts: My husband Jack once joked that fucking is what guys do when women are making love to them.

"There are three kinds of women: those who don't enjoy giving oral sex, and therefore do it as little as possible; those who do it to please or reward their man, who do it when horny; and, three, that rare woman who just loves to suck cock. The punch line? If you ever find a girl in Category 3, fucking marry her!"

"Will you fuck me up the ass?" I begged Rodney. I felt like such a bully, making that poor fucking linebacker tackle my tight end. "Please punish me," I pleaded. "I've been a bad girl, and I want to get worse. I need it to hurt. The more it hurts, the less guilty I'll feel." Which turned out to be totally untrue. "Your punishment will be my pleasure." When I watched the video later, it looked like a baseball bat stabbing two cantaloupes.

I felt a nimble tongue replace the giant cock. With a start I realized that Cindy was licking Rodney's spunk out of my asshole, and I fucking loved it. "I want a bunch of guys to cum inside you so that I can suck their juice out." "I sure hope you're talking to Cindy," Rodney joked. Cindy paused from eating me out to say, "You mind reader."

My body floated towards her and I found myself cleaning the cum on her face with my tongue to the roar of the crowd. A hard dick searched for a hole, then entered the wrong one. I was about to break off with Cindy to correct

the dummy, but I immediately loved how he filled my chute. I was glad Cindy had me wear my super-high heels to make the angles possible -- I was bent over at the waist like someone knocked over the letter "L." My tiny booty soaked up the penis and begged for more.

"Harder!" someone yelled angrily, before I realized it was me. I French-kissed Cindy's cum-filled mouth to distract me for my embarrassing display of horniness. The guy fucking my ass may be mute, but not deaf, as he pounded me harder and faster.

Cindy's hands pulled my pussy closer and her tongue must have a Taser attached, the way it electrified me. I came the moment her tongue entered me and my scream scared the men surrounding us. My batteries recharged, I dove into her wet pussy and lapped it up like a kitty. I came up for air just to show the guys all their cum on my face.

"You can't be first, but you can be next," I told him. I dropped to my knees and lowered his pants. What I found scared the hell out of me. Me! The monster in my throat felt at least 11 inches. Oh, lordy, I was going to ride this into the sunset. My pussy got so wet I thought I sat on a bidet.

"Will you please stop so I can talk to my wife?" "Just a minute. I'm about to cum in her mouth."

CUM SLUTS

Summary: Kitty loves cum, so offers unlimited sex-on-demand to six sugar daddies who can have her as often as they want. She moves in with the hottest, and falls for him after discovering that the cuckold loves watching her take several men at a time, while she gets off watching him watch her. But will their love deepen or dissolve as he must share her with ever more sugar daddies?

Excerpts: Sheila was relentless and I was relenting. Carl zoomed in, then I carefully licked a river of cum falling from Sheila's drenched pussy towards her ass. I took out one inch at a time, then went back for more. When it finally came, I latched onto her pussy lips until my legs stopped shaking. I totally wet the bed, but at least it wasn't my bed. I looked up to see two hard cocks twitching for attention. "I'll

race you!"

"I want to tell you something," he said unexpectedly. Oh, shit! I raised shields and prepared to fire photon torpedoes. "Last Monday would have been my tenth wedding anniversary, so I sent my ex-wife a vibrator with a note telling her to go fuck herself."

Kissing her was even better with cum in her mouth. I dug a finger in her pussy and she soon did the same and we fucked each other to another orgasm. The poor doctor, beating off frantically, yelled out knowing I would fly like Neo to gobble him. He didn't have much -- totally my bad -- but it sure tasted good. Pleasantly surprised, I found firm hands turning my head as Sheila thrust her tongue into my open mouth and basically sucking out my soul -- if my soul was made of cum.

He savored a long cum-filled French kiss with me, careful to frame us in the camera. Sheila's orgasm pushed out more of Mark's cum so, bitch that I am, I shoved Carl's face into Sheila's pussy which he instinctively tongued.

Carl filled my twat as Charlie -- that wonderful ass man -- explored the depths of my anus. Double penetration makes me feel so full, so satisfied, that I made this a regular part of our routine. Charlie came first, so Carl made me beg for his cum right in front of the four new clients.

I must have dozed off. I felt something nibble between my legs. Hoping it wasn't a squirrel, I naturally opened wide to give him or her full access. From the slurping, it sounded like a cat. As I felt an orgasm build up, I noticed just how wet I was and realized, with a thrill, that I still had a lot of cum in me. Some fucker was sucking sperm out of my pussy. Then a sharp tongue invaded my anus, and I remembered someone came in there, too.

THE CUM SLUT AND THE CUCKOLD

When Carl proposes marriage to his hot live-in girlfriend, they celebrate with an epic gangbang so he can slurp their cum out of her holes. Together they take 5 men at a time. But when she gets him to take a massive black cock, she heats up so much she takes on all comers. By the time

the cops and TV news crews arrive, they've streamed their orgy online for millions to enjoy.

Excerpts: I mounted the first prick I saw and yelled for someone to fill up my other holes. "Anyone got a dick big enough to shut me the fuck up?" It turns out, someone did.

When it hit me, it fucking hit me. Wow. I don't know how long the orgasm lasted, but it felt like it started on a Friday and didn't peter out until Monday. I've had multiple orgasms before, but this was different. I just kept gushing -- Carl later said he thought I was peeing. I've come in squirts before, but never quarts. I must have been hitting him hard because he pinned my hands against the mattress -- I swear I don't remember scratching his back.

Hornier than usual, which is saying something, I fell to my knees and sucked him hard enough to put a Hoover to shame. I haven't felt this alive since I lost my virginity. I was a fucking vortex, a black hole defying his penis to escape my gravity well. I didn't hear a word he said until he filled my mouth with his juice.

"Who wants to cum up my ass and which wants to cum down my throat?" Faced with that tough choice, the two middle managers managed to get two more cocks in me in less than a minute. Now I had three and we rocked like it was 1999. The one up my ass was actually too big for comfort, and the one in my mouth too small to properly gag me, but I made it work.

The massive black dick in front of me swung back and forth like something out of Avatar, ready to jump off the big screen. I tried to wrap my fist around it, and was shocked to find my thumb and middle finger could not touch. "If you cum up my fiancée's ass, I'll do you three times whenever you want," I proposed to the black guy. I moved underneath Carl in a 69 to give him what would distract him the most. I opened my legs to let him see the river of cum flowing out of my pussy as the giant cock violated his anus.

HOW MY WIFE BECAME A PORN STAR

Johnny married his soulmate on her 18th birthday.

But, three brutal years of poverty later, on the verge of becoming homeless, she gets a job that pays well -- in porn. However, watching his hot wife take several studs a day turns him on -- especially them shooting in her mouth. Watching her husband slurp cum out of her holes makes the wife insatiable, and a porn star is born.

Excerpts: I burst into the room like Seal Team Six and there was my friend Tom, his massive black penis drilling my wife like she has never been drilled before. I felt my dick twitch and my wife knew what that meant. "To think I gave you seven years of my life, when I could have been having this."

Jim had Raven sit down, with a cock up her ass, her legs spread wide, and her pussy fully displayed. Then he had one of the black guys ejaculate on her tongue, tits, and pussy. To my wife's shock, I joined the action, French-kissing her cum-filled mouth, licking the spunk off her tits, then eating out her used pussy as she moved up and down the large cock in her ass. Then Jim put me on my back, with Raven on top in a 69, so I could suck his spunk out of her cunt while she swallowed my dick. The last guy still reamed her asshole. When he finished, I licked her ass clean.

Jim ordered the penis in Angel's mouth to cum first. Raven then kissed her and showed the camera the transfer of cum. The man pounding her ass came next, and my wife attacked her dripping a-hole with gusto. Then Tom, his proud beast already having induced two orgasms, pulled out to cum on her great breasts and shaved pussy. Raven licked her titties clean and turned to 69 her new friend to another orgasm.

"Watching you suck cock gets me so wet," my wife assured me. What the hell? I got on my knees, lowered his pants, and started polishing his knob. She waved the other cameraman to get a close-up right before Jim spewed in my mouth. He had a lot, too, for an older guy, so much so that I gagged for a minute, which made my wife laugh.

Off camera, on the floor, Margaret fingered and ate Angel while watching that big black dick plumb my depths. After way too long, Jim had me lay on my back, put a pillow

under my ass to give Tom leverage, and I took it missionary. God he was huge! It felt so much better than hard plastic. After several long minutes, Jim gave Tom the okay to cum in my mouth. He climbed over me, jerked off for a few minutes, then shot his load into my open mouth while my wife stared hypnotized.

NEVER SEND A VIRGIN TO DO A HOOKER'S JOB

When rich housewives sleep with her very successful husband to destroy her marriage, Abby seeks an eye-for-an-eye by hiring her childhood sweetheart to seduce the manipulative bitches. The well-hung stud enthusiastically charms the panties off the gossips who ruined Abby's life out of sheer boredom. But he wants more from Abby than free living and unlimited sex-on-demand -- he has had a crush on her since puberty. This player isn't playing when he uses all the sex and seduction for his real goal -- making Abby his forever. As the unfaithful bitches get the public humiliation they deserve, Abby finds true love and a huge penis staring her in the face.

Excerpts: She leaned forward so her hips could quickly slide up and down. At first, it took her breath away, but soon she found herself breathing heavily like a dog venting heat. He held one artificially enlarged breast in one gigantic hand and a tiny buttock in the other until she started squealing. Then he grabbed her waist with both hands and forced her up and down until she arched her back and tried to kiss the ceiling.

Samantha got on her hands and knees and sucked a tittie raw. That felt so good that she rubbed her tongue along Abby's pussy mound. Her victim didn't even moan, so Samantha licked her pussy lips, sucking them in turn, until she got a groan. More followed when she tongue her as deep as possible. She nibbled the clit and Abby banked left and right on the bed like an F-16 in a dogfight.

His lower body buckled as he shot his first rope of cum down her throat. She kept pumping him, however, so the next one coated her tongue, then a third that made her gag. She paused only long enough to swallow, then sucked

his dick dry, determined to get every drop. He doubted he could pry her off with a crowbar. Certainly not without getting scratched. He shot several more loads into her, forcing her to swallow twice more. Abby kept playing with his cock until it grew too soft. Even then, she looked at it like a kid in a candy store. "You nearly blew my head off!" Instead of an angry accusation, she seemed delighted.

She swiveled around to stick both feet out, legs spread as wide as the car window allowed, then arched her back to raise her ass as high as possible. The kid didn't ask for a written invitation. Instead, he rushed closer and jackknifed at the waist like a karate student saluting his master. His nose punctured her pussy, but he quickly adjusted to lap her juices up like a kitten desperate for milk. Abby shrieked in delight and Billy, in the passengers seat, found himself hard again. Abby, feeling like a total slut, expertly fingered her clit and gushed onto the eager tongue, using her other hand to press the teen's face into her pussy.

He threw her ankles on his shoulders and savaged her pussy for as long as he could. Which, apparently, was long enough because she yelped in total surprise as another orgasm overcame her. "Impregnate me, you sexy bastard. Give me a kid that looks like you and thinks like me." That did it. She may as well have pressed a detonator button, for he exploded on command, filling her with his sperm. "Let me suck our juices off you," she pleaded.

Like Samantha, he held her arms down because controlling women enjoy feeling helpless in bed -- with the right guy and under the right circumstances. He knew she needed it bad, so he gave it to her good. When she came, he turned her over and fucked her from behind. When the next orgasm exhausted her, he roughly pushed her into the pile of pillows. "Let me know when you're ready for more," he said dismissively.

Dolores sucked off one guy while another drilled her from behind. "Beg him to cum down your throat," he ordered her. And she fucking did. Not too coherently, but she got the point across. He gave the guy a nod, and he closed his eyes, grabbed her head, and fucked her mouth

until he exploded. The guys laughed and high-fived, despite never meeting before.

THE SEX MASTER

After a bitter divorce destroys his self-esteem, Donny marries the young hottie next door, not knowing her parents are swingers. He becomes their sissy sex slave, always naked at home, doing whatever they want, whenever they want it. Everyone enjoys his humiliation so much that they invite old friends, hot neighbors, and black studs so Donny can watch his wife enjoy epic gangbangs. But they go too far when they have his hated former brother-in-laws double-team him, before doing his wife. Just how much can this sissy take?

Excerpts: Her skimpy bikini revealed more than it concealed. Her hard nipples poked through the thin fabric -- she would later confess that she cruelly tweaked them just for me. I couldn't believe the size of her new titties. NASA would love to acquire their gravity-defying properties.

"There are three types of women: 1) those who never suck a guy off; 2) those who only do it when really horny; and 3) those rare gems who fucking love the taste of cum. The punch line: if you ever find a woman in Category 3, fucking marry her!"

A tongue invaded my anus and I felt like a total virgin. I may as well sign the sales slip, because she fucking owned me. Shame on me, I scooted my ass higher and spread my legs wider. I heard her chuckle, and knew I was in the shit.

"Force that juice out of him. Seeing my son-in-law suck off my husband is making me so fucking horny. I can't wait to do you both."

My new mother-in-law knocked me on my back and hopped on top in a 69. She hungrily engulfed me like an addict out of rehab and I thrust my tongue up her pussy. I spread my legs like the bitch I was and she pointed her fingers and thrust them up my ass, hard and fast. If you throw a meaty bone in front of a dog, you can't blame the mutt for eating it.

I lubed up and worked my way into her fine ass, with Linda providing feedback like an air traffic controller. "You're coming in too hot -- pull up! Don't slow down -- you're stall! Your landing gear didn't deploy -- prepare for a crash landing!" "You might as well cum in my wife's ass." Yes, Dave, I might as well.

I exploded so hard that some cum shot out of her nostrils, which left my mother-in-law screaming like she snorted bad blow. She ran around swearing loudly while her husband laughed so hard I worried he would pee himself. I knew doctors didn't make house calls anymore, but -- for Pete's sake -- he was already home.

The dog collar around my neck somehow made my dick hard. Jasmine sucked me off before the wedding, then let me fuck the hell out of her afterwards, yet my penis throbbed so hard that it hurt. I looked at myself in the mirror, completely naked and on my hands and knees. The cold marble tile was freezing, yet I was on fire. Our wedding was great, but our honeymoon would be spectacular.

"I can't wait until he cums down my throat. When he cums in my pussy, I'm gonna make you suck his sperm out of me. Now suck him off quickly so he can fuck me."

"I needed a husband who would let me take men home to fuck in the comfort of my own bed. That's why I married you."

THE NYMPHO WIFE

Coming off a bitter divorce, my new trophy wife gave me as much sex as I could handle. And then some. Despite our big age difference, I tried to keep up with her sex drive. Unsuccessfully. Rather than divorce, I let her take other lovers. Since our jobs required a lot of travel, she arranged epic gangbangs around the world, which delayed the inevitable. Then we got busted by cops. Now we needed safe regulars. For better and for worse, I happened to have four sons eager to give their step-mom what she badly needed.

Excerpts: She grabbed my finger and pushed it under

her dress, past her panties, and into her pussy. Funny, we both gasped at the moment of penetration. I had -- incorrectly -- assumed she would keep it quiet. Instead, everyone in the bar looked over expecting to see two pigs going at it.

Several patrons watched us in my car. I couldn't tell her to stop, yet I couldn't tell her to hurry up because she was bobbing up and down on my cock as fast as humanly possible. I never remembered my ex suck me like that. If it happened, it was a long time ago in a galaxy far, far away.

"You won't take Viagra, but you'll lick cum off your wife? Lay down, bitch, and I'll give you what you want." She sat on my face and smothered me with her used pussy. I heard her grunt as she did Kegle exercises to force their jism out. Some of their spunk had leaked between her thighs, so I licked up the fresher juice and sucked off the shit that dried up. Ah, jeez, I felt like a coke addict after his first high.

She forced my legs over my head until I saw my cock staring down at me. She commanded me to jack myself off. When I came into my own mouth, the taste electrified me. I swallowed some, then stuck out my tongue in time to catch my next rope of thick cum. If I could suck myself, I would never leave my bed.

"I want to suck you next," my wife told the tallest guy, who pulled Enrique off so eagerly that he nearly crashed his head into the bathroom wall. The youngest of the four had a raging boner, so I gestured for him to fuck my wife from behind. Lisa fucking moaned when I forced her panties down her legs.

I got on my knees to watch him spew into my wife. When he pulled out, he turned towards me and I found myself looking at a semi-hard cock covered in juices. I engulfed the dirty prick that just erupted into my beautiful wife, the salty taste waking me up more than the shitty coffee.

My naked wife dared the police officer to stop her. She swallowed the head, then swallowed her frustration as she tried to get the thick snake down her throat. The cop was super thick rather than super long, and my wife couldn't be

happier. I knew she wouldn't stop until he unloaded into her mouth.

"I'm gonna ask my four sons to fuck my wife. Often. But just how the hell am I going to do that?" My wife smiled at me and assured me she would take care of it. The knowing look in her eyes told me that she knew exactly how to do it.

"I love you, Lisa," the motherfucker said the moment before he penetrated his step-mother. The tone of his voice bled sincerity. The bastard. I studied my other sons and none even looked surprised. "I love you, too, Rob," Lisa said back, and I nearly cried. I wanted to scream, "I'm still fucking here!"

I shot myself in the face. I remember a porn scene where star Peter North pulls out of a pussy in missionary to shoot onto her stomach, but shoots so far that he smacks the bitch right between the eyes! Well, fuck, that's what happened to me, except I was sitting in a limo and I shot myself in the eye. And it fucking burned, too. So I banged on the glass that separated us from the rest of the limo and my firstborn just gave me a thumbs up, then went back to banging his hot step-mom.

THE NYMHO AND THE CUCKOLD

The trophy wife's old workaholic husband cannot keep up with her hyperactive sex drive, leaving her forever horny, so his four horny sons get the hottie drunk and seduce her in a wild marathon orgy. But, having unleashed her inner slut, the four brothers now have to step up their game to keep her satisfied -- all without daddy finding out. Then one of them (no one knows who) gets her pregnant, and now they're all screwed.

Excerpts: Several hands caressed her body, sending her soaring. Fingers tweaked her nipples, played with her clit, while one lucky finger fucked her hard and fast. She not only felt like a total whore, but embraced the feeling.

Strong hands on her hips lowered them and she locked onto Robert's cock in anticipation of the dick about to penetrate her. Now on her knees, her pussy lips quivered as

someone -- she honestly didn't care who -- pressed his prick against her and entered.

The thick rope of jism pleasantly gagged her. Her pussy muscles squeezed the other prick, making him shoot several loads of cum in her as he shouted over the Beyonce blasting. Oh why couldn't she enjoy this every day? "To the bedroom," she called out. "And give me a fucking virgin."

She laughed when he slapped her ass -- she liked it rough. "You've been a bad girl, fucking your step-sons, so I have to punish you." Then he began to wail on her sweet booty like an Inquisitor while Teddy forced a cock in her mouth to shut her up. Just as he was about to stop, he noticed Lisa sucking Teddy with more enthusiasm than a fag.

He pressed his bulbous head against her rosebud. As he pushed her anal muscles aside, she stopped sucking Teddy to cry out in pain. Robert kept the head, the largest part, at the entrance, rather than push it in, until she wailed like a choirboy. When he pushed the head past the entrance, her ass quivered and her relief permeated the room like a fart.

Then Teddy came, shutting up her cries by filling her mouth with his jism. He had a lot, judging by how much dribbled out onto her cheek and chin. Spent, Robert pulled out to admire the streams of cum flowing out of her anus and down her ass. Lisa never looked more beautiful. I am so in love, he realized.

"Harder, you sissy bitches! Your father is more man than all four of you combined." Billy was shouting insults by now and tweaking her nipples hard. Then her body trembled again, like an epileptic, and her pussy flooded like a desert canyon after a heavy rain. No one understood what the fuck she was uttering, but it sounded vaguely Chinese, the way she stretched the vowels to unnatural lengths.

"Let's all cum on her face!" Edward came first after Billy, splattering jism all over her cheeks and hair. Teddy unloaded three shots into her open mouth, then shook it to get drops all over her and, to his everlasting regret, onto his brothers. "Get some cum control, motherfucker!" Robert shouted, reaching for a cum cloth to wipe his brother's jism off.

"Drive faster, bro," Edward told Robert. "The girls have started without us!" "I want to kiss all your holes," Lisa whispered loudly enough for the guys to hear. When Vilma's finger wandered south of the border, she broke off the kiss to say, "you don't have panties!" Lisa laughed. "Oh, I brought several. They're all in my purse."

"Dude, our step-mom is 69-ing your girlfriend in the backseat!" "I'm trying to drive," Robert yelled back. "Bro, don't you dare stick a finger up my girlfriend's ass!" Edward wormed his middle finger up Vilma's anus, anyways, who raised her ass closer to Edward, who now stuck his thumb into her pussy, like he was holding a sixpack.

THE PERFECT HUSBAND

Other husbands may be rich, handsome, and hung, but hers has a head injury that makes him complaint. He likes her in charge, telling him what to do, and will do anything to keep her happy. So when his ex-lover butts in, she knows exactly how to spank the bitch.

EXCERPTS: Because my dick is ridiculously long, my wife has always fantasized about catching me masturbating.

She loves it when I whip her bare ass with my penis -- although not in public, for some reason. Again, sorry Walmart.

She looked at me like I was one of them new cars. Even with my spunk splashed on her face, she was unbelievably beautiful.

"Grandma once knocked a trucker out cold with her first punch. Oh, heads up: don't ever call her a crazy bitch."

"Don't pop my cork unless you're gonna finish the bottle."

Laying on the bed, my prick nearly slapped my face. "You better get it now before I blast a hole in the ceiling," I warned her.

I like loud women. Once her pussy swallowed it all, she looked at me like a god. "I have never felt so complete."

I picked her up and fucked like I was dancing. The way her tits bounced up and down mesmerized me. She

tried not to cum again -- I saw the fear in her eyes. When she went over the edge, her pussy gripped my cock like a farmer milking a cow. Locked and loaded, I shuddered as I emptied my mag into her.

Her legs wouldn't support her, so she flopped on the bed and tried to catch her breath. The expression on her face scared me, like she just saw a ghost. Her limbs didn't seem to work and I worried the orgasm broke her.

“No man outside of porn can touch me where your guy touches me. He's stretched me so much I can barely feel a normal size penis. Doctors should use him for pregnant women so babies just fall out.”

The girls ordered us to undress. For a moment they looked like they were gonna grab out clothes and run out laughing. But instead the girls kissed. “Where's my camera phone?” I wailed.

Peaches mounted me while her boyfriend took pictures, then he wiggled his cock up her butt while my girlfriend took video. As we double-teamed her, my girl sat on my face.

I knew when he penetrated her by the high-pitched scream in my face that Five Hour Energy should put in a pill. My girlfriend cursed as my buddy worked his way up her anus. I swear the double penetration dilated her eyes. When he came, I'm pretty sure I heard it. He looked like he was having an epileptic attack in slow motion. My girl just purred, with my cock still in her pussy, as my best friend flooded her anal cavity with jism.

My girlfriend turned to me. “Fuck her until you cum so I can suck your juice out of her.” I had cum twice that night, so it took a lot of pounding before I gave her my last two drops. By that time she was either begging for mercy or whimpering in Yiddish.

My girl slurped my cum out of her pussy while Peaches stuck her tongue up my girlfriend's ass to taste her boyfriend's juice as he recorded everything. I stood up, my cock swinging between my knees like a grandfather clock.

She jumped back as my penis sprang at her like a rattlesnake. “Get on your knees, mom, and suck my

husband's giant cock." My wife likes me to slap her face with it, but it surprised my mother-in-law so much that she fell back with a yell.

My dick starting poking her like a mugger looking for a wallet. She grabbed my schlong and I heard a moan so deep that I thought we needed an exorcist.

I flipped her over and pounded her missionary until her body shook like a baby rattle. By then she had an odd smile, like those mannequins who look like they want to talk.

I planted a knee on either side of my mother-in-law's head and spanked my monkey like Tarzan. The poor lady looked scared. My first shot must have filled some cavities from the surprised look on her face. She swallowed in order to clear her air passage, then bobbed on my pole to drain me of every drop.

My girl said she was the happiest wife in the world, but I don't know: Mrs. Stevenson, the meth dealer, always seemed pretty happy when I bought my weekly bag.