

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns in a light gray color, framing the central text.

# **Golf Swinging Hot Wives**

**amazon**

# Golf Swinging Hot Wives

Max Edelman

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# Chapter 1

"You're holding the club wrong, Mrs. Stillman." Harry reached around the woman, pressing his groin against her firm, round buttocks.

"Golf is a delicate game," he said, giving his hips a slight thrust forward.

Harry's hands dwarfed hers. He pressed her fingers against the grip, all the while breathing into her ear and whispering about the importance of the Vardon grip.

"Now," he said, his lips touching her small earlobe, "that should feel comfortable. Command the club. Let it be an extension of your arms.

Squeeze the handle. Let your fingers massage it until you know it as well as..." He let the words die. Smiling, he stepped away.

"Swing, Mrs. Stillman. Swing free."

The young woman pushed the club back and swung it hard. The blade cut the ball, sending it skittering off to the right, nearly hitting one of the other golfers also using the driving range.

"I'm sorry," she muttered, pushing the club toward Harry. "I'm just so nervous."

Harry took her by the arm and guided her to one of the chaise lounge chairs a few yards back of the driving range line.

"Let me get you a drink. You know how important your golfing is to your husband's career. Very important people golf. And they often like to make foursomes of their wives. You really should try harder."

Gwen Stillman swallowed hard. She pried the cap from her head and shook her hair, letting the strands whip out into the breeze.

"I think I've had it for today, Harry."

She leaned back, eyes searching the cloudless sky, hands resting on her flat stomach. She wondered why she was trying so hard in the first place. She hated golf. Hated the country club. Hated the phony atmosphere. But she was trapped and she knew it. Everyone was trapped, she thought, in their own way.

She was closing her eyes, letting the sun beat down on her pale skin when she felt the presence.

"Here's that drink. Mrs. Stillman."

She sat up startled. Harry stood over her, his broad, ruggedly lined face broken into a smile. "Collins, Mrs. Stillman. You like them, don't you?"

She nodded and accepted the glass, curling her small fingers around the circular container. Harry pulled a chair up and cradled a drink in his hand.

"Mind if I sit here with you, Mrs. Stillman?"

Gwen shook her head. "Don't you have any more lessons?"

"You still have twenty of my precious minutes you're paying for. Might as well use the time to relax."

He looked at her cautiously. She was looking downrange, eyes sparkling as the sun dipped low, bringing the warm evening breeze to play. He saw the fine chiseled line of her jaw, the delicate neck, sloping shoulders hidden under a cardigan pullover. Her pouty breasts reared upward, nipples jutting arrogantly toward the sky as she lay back, her smooth, fashionable legs crossed, the mini cutting at her fleshy thighs. Harry sucked at the drink, letting the silence dominate, trying to read signals from her. He sensed nothing peculiar about her. No blustering desire for his body. Other women came on like tuning forks in his presence. They looked at him with watery eyes. They rubbed their breasts against his arm, pushed their buttocks back to feel his groin, touched him at every opportunity.

This one was different. She tensed. Not just the first time, but every time. He liked that. It was challenging. She would soon melt like butter on a warm day. And he would be the sun.

"Husband out of town again?"

Gwen set the glass down on the chair's plastic arm. "Yes, but you knew that anyway, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes. He mentioned something about it yesterday. Good golfer, your husband. Going to be shooting in the seventies pretty soon. You'll have to step up your lessons or become a golf widow."

Gwen laughed and spoke almost to herself. "Sometimes I feel like a lawyer's widow."

Harry moved into the wedge. "Yeah, but it's kind of boring having him flying all over chasing those corporation problems. Where's he at this time? London? Atlanta?"

"Would you believe Rapid City, South Dakota?"

Harry laughed warmly. Down the range the golfers were beginning to finish up. A few diehards beat divots into the ground. Harry glanced at his watch. He was due for another lesson, the last of the day, in ten minutes.

"Why don't you come down later tonight for a putting lesson, Mrs. Stillman?" The question came fast, unexpected. Gwen sat up, staring at the athletic man next to her.

"I mean, I know you're probably bored sitting in that big executive house all by yourself. My wife is out of town, too. Golf tournament. I'll be doing some paperwork late. Probably even hit a round tonight." He stopped to sip at his drink, his eyes measuring hers, wondering if he was moving in too quickly. "I play golf in the moonlight. It's different. Full moon tonight. Should be like playing a lighted course. Come down if you want. Don't bother calling. I'll be here until about nine."

He stood, drained the glass and smiled.

"Maybe I'll see you later, Gwen," he said, turning on his heel and heading toward the plump, middle-aged man impatiently waiting to be turned into Arnold Palmer.

Gwen sank back into the chair, her eyes following the thickly muscled man. She saw his wide back rippling as the Jantzen shirt clung to his body. He moved cat-like, feet and knees lubricated. She enjoyed watching him hit the ball. He was fluid, professional. And something more. He was masculine. That bothered her. She sensed him more often than she would like to admit. When he was behind her, especially. She could feel an urgency within herself nagging.

Doug had fired her emotions at first. But he was so busy these days. They had been married almost three years and she had seen him for only half that time. He was always going places. Flying here and there, negotiating, counseling,

appealing. And when he was at home he buried himself either to the study with briefs or at the driving range with Harry.

Now it seemed the only place she could be near him was on the golf course. But even that wasn't satisfactory. He had no patience with her. When she duffed a shot he wouldn't say anything. His mouth would draw into a thin line and his jaw would form a knot. She could feel the antagonism. He had suggested Harry to her.

"Take lessons. Learn the game. We can have a helluva good time out on the links, baby."

But she wasn't athletic. She hated P.E. in school. Hated sweating. Hated being pressed. And she was bored. Much younger than most of the women, she wasn't interested in bridge or gossip. She wasn't interested in anything she could put her finger on. Everything fell into the same bland category.

Maybe she would drop by Harry's later, she thought, rising and covering her woods with the leather covers. Maybe she would. Not to learn golf, but to relax with a man close by. If he tried anything, she could handle him. She felt sure she could. But she didn't think he would. Harry liked his job too much to risk offending one of Golden Hills' members.

Doug Stillman rummaged through his suitcase for the bottle of Scotch. He poured himself a stiff drink and eased down onto the bed, shoes off, shirt unbuttoned at the throat, belt loosened. It had been a murderous day negotiating with the wildcatters. But management had made some gains. He was glad. The way he had it figured the trip would be complete within two, maybe three days, and he could get back to California where he belonged.

Sometimes he wished he wasn't so goddamned brilliant about handling labor disputes. But it was in his blood, as it had been in his father's. Maybe there was some genetic imprinting, he thought. Most of his family had been lawyers. His grandfather's name was well known in the early history of the country. His father, who died three years ago, had been one of the top men in his field. Doug had followed the same route, not because it was expected, but because it was inherited. He had never struggled with his life's decision like many of his friends. He had gone straight to corporate law where he knew his skills as a management consultant would be invaluable.



His father had read the signs for him. "Bad times ahead, son. The working class is in revolt. A smart man will learn how to turn their revolt into personal success."

God, Doug thought, how many strikes had he helped heal? Too many to count. He had a long list of requests for his services, and his law firm was more than pleased to let him pick and choose as he deemed best for the firm and his pocketbook.

But it was tiring. Goddamned tiring. He had no home life. He knew that. He told Gwen not to expect one. Not for a few years. Not until he built himself an impressive list of victories and could start his own firm. He wanted his own name first. Not third.

Then Gwen could have children. Then they could settle down to some sort of domestic routine. But until then, he played the cards his way, and she went along for the ride. It was their bargain, his bet.

The knock was soft. At first he thought it was next door. It grew slightly louder. He answered it, cinching up his belt but doing nothing about his shoeless feet or loosened tie.

"Hello, Doug."

"Val? Well, come in."

He pulled the door open and watched the svelte form of Harry's wife swish past. She was dressed in casual slacks and ruffled open-throated blouse that revealed her deep cleavage. Her feet were bare, toes hooked into the silver of leather that held the sandals in place.

"Hope you don't mind me crashing in like this," she said, smiling and glancing about the room. "But I'm in town for a small ladies tournament. Amateur thing. Harry mentioned that you were coming here too, so I thought I'd look you up."

Unconsciously, Doug fumbled at his tie, shoving the knot into place. He searched for his shoes, found them and slipped them on.

"God's sakes, don't dress, Doug. I'm just visiting."

He turned a light pink. "Believe me, I had no idea you were here. Harry should have mentioned it."

He had his shoes on when he realized she was still standing. "Sit down, Val." He pulled a chair from the corner. "Care for a drink? Sorry, all I have here is Scotch, but I can ring room service if you want something else."

"Scotch is fine."

"Water?"

"Just over ice."

Doug splashed a generous amount into the water glass and handed it to her. He was regaining his cool when he sat on the bed, a smile pasted on his face.

"You know, it's really odd how friendly a friendly face is when you're off in some remote place."

Val crossed her legs and smiled. She was a large woman. Five-ten, a hundred and thirty pounds. But she carried it all well. Exceptionally well. Her cheekbones were high, eyes almond-shaped. From the first day he had seen her, Doug had noticed the sensual beauty of the woman. Often he had spoken with her, but nothing more.

In the rectangular coffin of the room, he felt an instant affinity for her. She was no longer Mrs. Valerie Benton. Just Val. Old friend Val.

"You look like you had a busy day, Doug. I suppose you wouldn't be interested in dinner?"

"Dinner? Sure. I had a rough day, but you've brightened it."

Val lowered her eyes. "Well, we could have diner here. I mean, if you don't feel like going out. I'm really not dressed. And I had a full day myself. Thirty-six holes." She looked up, laughter in her chestnut-colored eyes.

"How'd you shoot? Well, I hope?" Doug interrupted her dinner invitation to mull the consequences. She was one helluva good-looking woman. Different from Gwen. Gwen was fragile. But Val. She was bold, confident, sensuous in a completely different way. He wondered whether he should trust himself alone.

"I'm four over. Not bad. Not good. The next two days will be the critical ones. But then I never come on strong at first. I lay back and see how the competition is. Then I try to make my move."

"Sounds strategic."

"It is."

She held the glass to her lips, eyes peering over the rim at him. She saw the hesitation on his face, the cords along his neck stiffening.

"Well," she said finally. "What about dinner?"

Doug smiled and reached for the house phone.

They are well. The waiter brought a small table that accommodated the chairs and a candle which he lighted with a sly smile playing at the corners of his wizened mouth. Doug noticed it.

"He probably thinks I'm going to seduce you after all of this," Doug confided after the small man had disappeared.

"You mean you're not even going to try?" Val asked, leaning back, her chin lifted so the candle flame flickered shadows across her face.

"And ruin a good friendship?" Doug said halfheartedly. His head buzzed from the wine and Scotch. "No, I'm not much for affairs, Val. They get too complicated. Too much sneaking around. More effort expended in lying than in enjoying."

She lifted her glass. "Touch. An honest man in the crowd."

Doug rocked back, hoisting his glass. "Don't say that so harshly. You make me sound like a high moral handicapper."

His smile faded. She was looking at him, holding his gaze, her face soft, eyes warm. He tried not to move as she stood and moved to the small light switch. He watched her fingers reach out and flick it off. The room was swallowed in darkness except for the wan light cast by the candle. His throat was dry.

"Then you wouldn't be tempted by all of this?" she asked, voice lilting as she padded back to the chair.

"I suppose I'd be a fool to say no. But temptation and sin-if you think in those terms-are two different things."

He lifted the wine glass, decided not to indulge his buzzing senses any more, and

returned the glass untouched.

Val's voice was husky. She reached across the bread basket and touched his hand. "You know, Doug. I've watched you now for a month. I really didn't come here by accident. I knew you were coming here. And I entered the tournament on purpose. I wanted to be alone with you." She pressed his hand tightly, forcing her voice to crack slightly. "I want you, Doug. Don't ask me to justify. It's something I can't explain. No woman can explain it when she wants a man. I'm not necessarily talking about an affair. Nothing sticky. Nothing complicated. Just one night. Tonight. Is that so odd?"

Doug Stillman had battled angry mobs of laborers. He had fought in courtrooms against politically antagonistic judges. He had ramrodded legislation for initially unpopular politicians. Not once in those times had he had doubts about his ability to win, to overcome the fears and apprehensions.

This particular moment left him boneless. He was jelly. His tongue was a foreign slug sitting placidly behind his front teeth.

"Look, Val," he managed. But she was up, stalking around the table, pressing her large, warm breasts against his back, rubbing her palms down over his chest.

"Don't question it, Doug. Take me. Take me and forget me. I won't turn into a complication. And don't mutter anything about Harry. This is between the two of us. If you don't want me, just say so. I'll leave quietly."

She crouched behind his chair, putting her mouth to his ear. He felt the sharp point of her tongue add the exclamation point to the suggestion. His groin stiffened.

Her fingers pulled at his tie, loosening the knot, slipping the noose up over his head. He sat dumbly, his tongue bloated, hands frozen on his knees as she deftly loosened the buttons of his shirt and slipped her cool hands against his hot flesh.

Her hungry mouth gnawed on his ear, tongue dancing playfully into the auricle. His body was instantly numb, lifeless. He tried to move, but he couldn't. She moved around the chair and picked his left hand up, pressing it against her breast.

"Feel me," she hissed, tilting her head and kissing him passionately.

His fingers came to life. They curled, digging through the flimsy material to the firm, springy mounds of her breasts. His palm shoved in, mashing the crown of the breast against her chest.

He tasted her tongue and liked the flavor. Her perfume wafted into his nostrils, teasing and tantalizing his imagination. His right hand grew restless. He slid it up the back of her thigh, rubbing slowly until he felt the swell of her buttocks. Fingers exploring, he edged them in between the parted legs until they pushed against the moist, mushy indentation of her cunt.

Doubt and hesitation raced from his mind as he clung to her, rising from the chair, one hand cupping her breast, the other pressing and probing at her snatch. He lifted her in the darkness, mouth glued to her searching lips, tongue dancing against her palate.

She was moaning, legs thrashing, mashing his hand tighter against her. Sweat dripped from his forehead. His shirt was damp. He pressed his weight on top of her, feeling her sink into the soft mattress. His fingers pried at her buttons, first cautiously, then more and more impatiently as the buttons remained fixed. Desperately, he pulled, and a loud ripping drone rang into his ears.

"Brute," she gasped, her mouth nibbling at his cheek, tongue washing his face.

She thrust out her chest, her bra-covered breasts spearing up. He could see the faint image of her tanned flesh. He could see the sharp indentation where her breasts shoved together.

"Strip me," she panted, fingers lacing into his hair, legs parting and enveloping his waist.

He fumbled with her bra clasp, fingers slick with sweat, shaky. Grunting, he shoved the elastic binders together until he felt them part. The bra shrank away from her mounds, allowing the mountains to spill to either side of her chest.

She stretched her arms over her head, watching him with an eager smile as he pulled the bra up. She saw his face harden as her bright, cherry nipples slid into view. The eyes feasted as he remained motionless, the bra still dangling between his fingertips. Then he came down, mouth open, lips pouted to form a suction ring.

Her hands grasped the back of his head, driving his hungry mouth down hard.

She wanted passion from him, not just acquiescence. She ground his head from side to side, urging him to bite her nipples, to roll them between his teeth.

Sharp fingernails dug into his back. They clawed at his shirt, frantically trying to shred it. He drew away from the nipple and shrugged the sweat-soaked Arrow off. Kneeling, he grasped his belt to loosen it, but she sat up and pushed his hands away.

"No, let me."

Doug watched, a red glow about his mind as he saw her eyes brighten in the flickering candlelight. She fumbled at the belt until it was open. He sighed as her cool fingers slipped down the front of his pants, fingers touching the stiff pubic hairs.

He heard his zipper sliding down and felt the wash of air-conditioned air rippling between his naked thighs.

"I'm going to suck you, Doug," he heard her say. "I'm going to suck you until you come. Then I want you to fuck me."

He reached for her shoulders, touching them lightly at first, unsure of what he would do when her lips made contact. Gwen refused to suck him, saying that she didn't enjoy it. He never pressed her.

Val's lips were cool. He felt them slide over the slimy head. Digging his fingers into her shoulders, he groaned as he sensed the semen boiling up toward her mouth. It was premature, he knew that, and he knew that she knew it also.

Her mouth suckled gently at first, tongue dancing at the tip of his slit, sometimes prying in, sometimes drawing a circle around the bullet-shaped head.

She rocked back, mouth forming an "O" ring around his meat. He listened to the steady, slurping, sucking of her ministrations and found that he was lunging into her, trying to shove his cock down into her stomach. She didn't resist. Her throat gulped, making the head of his cock lurch in her gullet.

She was on her back, he sprawled above her, hips flashing, balls banging against her chin. The semen was moving toward her throat. He thought about pulling away, spilling the seed on her breasts, but it was too late. His ass jerked back, then forward. A moment crept into an eternity as he felt the flood of semen

lurching out. He twisted over her, bumping the head of the tool against her cheek. She was humming, the vibrations from her throat rippling through his groin.

The last drop oozed out. He felt the blob hang a moment, then it was drawn into her throat along with the first few ounces. Slowly, the numbing sensation melted away and he opened his eyes to look at her.

She was washed in shadows, hair askew, mouth limned with slick, snotty saliva. But she was still beautiful. Her sharp chiseled features stared up at him. Her high, arched brows and haunting almond eyes brought back the buzzing in his ears.

"Now," she said, arching her hips and pushing the slacks off to reveal her naked, damp bush. "Now you're going to fuck the shit right out of me, Mister Doug Stillman."

## Chapter 2

Gwen Stillman toyed with the steak. It was thick and pink, charred to a perfect medium, but she wasn't hungry. She pushed it away and stalked to the bar where she built herself a Collins.

Their split-level home sat on knoll overlooking the first fairway. She moved to the wide, smoked picture window and stared out into the night. Lights burned like sallow stars from the other homes. The sky was clear, stars dotting the horizon like shimmering gems on velvet. The moon was full and opalescent, causing the shadows of the tall oaks and dogwoods to stretch out like giant toppled mushrooms.

She wondered what Doug was doing, imagining him in a heated debate with some wildcat strikers who wore dirty T-shirts and beard stubbles to the negotiating table. The thought that her husband was spending more time with beer-bellied boasters than with her, angered her, and she quickly finished the drink.

A second went down with greater ease. Her anger was smothered in a haze of alcohol. She leaned against the window, restlessly, eyes prying through the bright night, looking for something. She saw it; the small light at the clubhouse, and remembered Harry's invitation.

She finished the drink and changed her clothes, choosing a pair of powder-blue capris and a complementary pink Afghan sweater. She tossed an ascot around her throat, tying it so the ends formed a "Y" to the side of her neck.

Deciding to leave her long, auburn hair casual, she stroked it a few times with the brush, and then stepped out into the cool air.

The walk was refreshing. She felt her cheeks stiffen as the liquor seeped to the surface. By the time she reached the clubhouse, she was floating.

"Harry?"

She stuck her head into the small cubicle. Harry turned from the score sheets and smiled.



"You're late. Expected you a half hour ago."

He was on his feet motioning her to be seated. She shook her head.

"You said something about a putting lesson. I don't want to be cooped up. Want to be out in the air." She leaned against the doorframe, a quirky smile on her face. Her tongue felt cottony.

"Why don't you get your clubs and I'll get a cart. We'll hit through a couple of holes. No putting green is like the real thing."

Gwen mulled the invitation. "All right. But if I don't hit them well, I'll just ride to the green and putt there. So don't push me, Harry."

"I never push, lady. Never."

She felt the commanding tone, saw the smile appear as it did every time he spoke to a woman.

"Are you a gigolo, Harry?" she found herself asking.

He laughed, putting the pencil down and shuffling the papers into a neat pile. He spoke without looking directly at her.

"Of course I am. So's my wife. We operate one of the finest sex clubs in the state."

Gwen thought that very funny. She laughed and turned on her heel to get her clubs, sure that Harry was a harmless but attractive golf nut.

She hit the ball exceptionally well the first two shots. Harry drove the golf cart slowly toward her well-placed second drive.

"Hey, I've never seen you hit them so well! You ought to join the Midnight League."

"I'm drunk, Harry Benton. And I don't give a damn if I hit the ball at all."

"You hold your booze well, lady. I thought you were just giving me a rough time back there."

"What about?"

"About being a gigolo."

She laughed as the cart skidded to a stop on the damp fairway. "You mean you're not?" Then absently, "Oh, that's right, you are married. I'm married. The whole world's married."

She climbed out and chose a five iron.

"That's too much club," Harry said. "You're hitting them too well tonight. Better use a seven."

"You think you know a lot about me, don't you?"

"I know a lot about your golfing, little about you."

She tossed her loose hair arrogantly. "I'll bet I don't hit the green with a seven."

"I'll bet you do, if you swing properly."

"I'll swing properly."

"What are the stakes?"

"You're the gigolo. You make them."

Harry grinned. "All right. I'll bet you a kiss."

Gwen giggled. "Just like high school days, huh, Harry?"

"Well, I don't need money."

Gwen shoved the five iron back into her bag. She was a hundred and thirty yards away and was sure she couldn't hit the green. She always used a five iron from here. And besides, she thought, it would be just a silly kiss if she did make it.

"All right, hot-lips Harry, you're on."

Harry grinned. He watched her back swing. It was fluid, relaxed, confident. She hit the ball squarely. It arced from right to left, curling in toward the green, bouncing over the lip of the sand trap and coming to rest no more than ten feet from the pin.

"Well, how about that!" Harry said. "I just won myself a kiss."

"I don't believe it," Gwen said, holding the seven iron up and examining it.

"How did I do it?"

"You were pressing, lady. For the kiss."

She climbed into the cart and puckered, eyes shut.

"Oh no, not now. Later. After the second bet."

"What second bet?" she said, opening her eyes.

"I'm going to bet you a second more passionate kiss that you make that putt and par this hole."

Gwen laughed scornfully. "Are you serious? You know I've never parred a hole out here in my life. And what's going to stop me from purposely missing the putt?"

"Nothing," Harry said, shoving the gas pedal down. "Nothing at all."

Harry's second shot was on the green, about twenty feet from the cup. He studied his putt first.

"What do you say, Gwen? Double or nothing."

Gwen looked at her putt. It was a tricky one. At least it looked tricky. It sloped to the right, and she knew the greens were lightning fast. It would be an incredible feat if she even got the ball close to the cup.

"Sure," she said. "And I'll even try, Mister Palmer."

"Call me Army," Harry said, hunkering over his putt. He stroked it firmly but it died too soon, leaving him a short two foot tap in. He sank the ball and moved toward Gwen.

"I'll show you the putting line," he offered.

"Nope. I do it on my own."

His voice was strained. "But you can't read a green."

"Don't press," she warned, "or the whole bet's off. Everybody wants me to do things their way. Let me do it my way."

Harry shrugged off. "All right. But I...."

He cut off his words as she addressed the ball. The capris fluttered against her slim legs. He could see the definition of her buttocks cheeks, two round globes

snuggled against her thighs. She was cherry, he thought. So goddamned cherry. If he could only get his hands on her, she wouldn't know how to say no. She would only be able to say "Now, Harry, now."

She waggled the putter slowly and stroked. Harry held his breath as the ball skittered over the damp grass. He hoped she had considered the dew, for it would slow the break. His heart thudded as he watched the Spalding Pro-Flite teeter on the lip of the cup, then curl around one-hundred and eighty degrees, falling with a noisy ker-plunk!

"You made it!" he said, dumfounded by his own good fortune and her finesse with the putter.

"You damn right I did," she said, stabbing her hand into the hole and fishing out the ball.

The bet zoomed back into focus. Harry strolled toward her, dropping his putter behind him.

"Time to collect. Or aren't you sport enough to pay your debts?"

The accusation irked her. "I pay my debts, Mister Harry Barton."

She threw her head back, as though she were sniffing the air for some scent.

"You get the first kiss simply, the second one passionately. Agreed?"

"That was the bet."

He was standing in front of her, close, but not touching. Her head was tilted back, eyes slitted, looking at him with curiosity. She found herself anticipating the man's touch, but it didn't come. He leaned forward, hands behind his back, and pecked her on the cheek.

"That was kiss number uno."

Gwen's cheeks blushed pink. "You call that a kiss!"

"That was a kiss. Now I get a passionate kiss."

She was still in the throes of insult when his arms snaked around her waist, drawing her close. Reflexively, she shoved her palms against his chest and pushed.

"I'm collecting the passionate kiss passionately, Mrs. Stillman. Do you go along, or do we call it off?"

He wasn't pressing, he was suggesting. She felt his strong hands holding the small of her back. She knew she could say no and turn away, and the matter would be closed. He would smile at her tomorrow, call her Mrs. Stillman, and never mention it to anyone.

But what would it hurt, she thought? She owed it to him. He played fair. Why not play fair with him?

"All right," she said, trying to sound strong and dispassionate. She let her arms circle his neck. She was being lifted to her tiptoes. His mouth came down, lips parted, white, bold teeth glinting in the moonlight.

She met his move, letting her lips relax, parting them so her tongue would be ready. He brushed her lips with his, casually at first, his hands pressing different sections of her back. She waited, knowing there was more to come, anticipating it, hoping for it.

Slowly, he pressed his lips hard against hers. His tongue dusted her lower lip, prying between her teeth, searching out the new cavity.

She found herself playing with his tongue, fencing with it. Her breasts were firmly squeezed against his chest, nipples turgid, burning with a fresh and unexpected excitement. She sucked the air hard through her collapsing nostrils, trying to fight the building fires that raged through her body as his hands massaged her back.

She thought about breaking the kiss, but something held her back. She found her hips grinding against his, rubbing at the hardening shaft running down the inside of his thigh.

The two bodies crumpled down onto the green. Gwen didn't realize what was happening at first. She was busy battling his tongue, enjoying its frantic but disciplined movements within her mouth. She felt the dampness on her back and the heavy weight wedged between her thighs.

Still, she resisted the urge to break the kiss. There was nothing wrong with rubbing against him. She still had control. She could say no, that's enough, any time she wanted.

He had his knee between her legs, rubbing it hard against her crotch. Her hands worked up his back, occasionally pulling him against one breast and then the other.

Suddenly, he broke the kiss and planted his mouth on her ear. His breath was ragged, his words forced: "I want you, Gwen. God, I want you. Don't say no. Please don't say no."

He returned to her lips, cutting off any reply before she had a chance. His hand slithered up to her breast. He cupped the mound, massaging it firmly, tweaking the nipple through the sweater.

The next move was critical. It would mean the difference between success and failure. He slid his hand down toward her vagina. He didn't pause at her tummy or fool with stroking the inside of her thighs. There was no time for that. He had to stop the thinking process and bring out the primitive desire.

His hand cupped her cunt, fingers pushing and sawing at the bun. He rubbed fast, feeling the friction warming his fingers.

She was moaning no but her legs were parting farther and farther. Still, she wasn't completely hooked. One more motion to go through, he thought, as he moved down between her legs and covered her capri-clad cunt with his mouth.

He bit at the snatch, blowing hot air through the closely woven fabric. Gwen moaned, lurching her hips up, offering herself to him. That was complete submission, he thought.

He worked quickly, unzipping her capris. With one fluid movement he pulled the pants down to her ankles. There was no time to remove the shoes. He ripped his belt-loop off and pushed his slacks down. Then he climbed between the soft, white, moon-bathed thighs, shoveling his feet under her ankles so she could squeeze her legs around his back.

It all happened too quickly for Gwen. She felt the wet dew against her buttocks and the head of his penis shoving at her readied cunt. Again she tried to protest, but his mouth covered hers, smothering the futile plea. He wriggled the head of his dick playfully against her hole until she dug her fingernails into his back and moaned.

She felt it sliding in, inch by inch. It was much larger than Doug's. It filled her

instantly, forcing her tissues apart.

"God," she managed, freeing her mouth and pressing her face in the crook of his neck. His hands unsnapped the bra. She felt his fingers touching her nipples, expanding their rigid state. Throughout her body she could feel the needles of passion prickling every nerve. She knew she couldn't turn back, not now.

"Tell me you want me, Gwen. Tell me!"

"I want you, damn it!" she found herself saying. "I want you!"

He lunged in, driving his nine-inch cock to the hilt. Gwen moaned, biting his neck, fingers jabbing at the back of his skull.

He thrashed his hips, pumping her hard, relaxing, stirring the head around the entrance, then driving in for another blow. He could feel her rising toward one peak after another. He held back each time, letting the ecstatic sensation slip away, only to retrieve it later with a few well-guessed strokes.

"Let me," she whined, biting at his lip, her fingers pushing into his ear. "Let me finish it."

"Come," Harry hissed into her ear. "Tell me you want to come." His fingers crushed her nipples. Her thighs scissored frantically across his waist, ankles beating the small of his back.

"Come," she was saying. "Let me come!"

Harry threw everything he had into her. His large hands caught her ass-cheeks, lifting them up as plumped her as hard and fast as he could.

"Fuck," he grunted. "Snap your legs. Make your pussy talk, Gwen. Make it talk."

Incited by the four-letter words, Gwen felt her body respond to his instruction. She snapped her legs, felt the vaginal contractions start.

"That's it. Make the pussy snap. Squeeze my cock until it's dry. Tell me to fuck you, Gwen. Tell me to fuck you!"

"Fuck me!" Gwen grunted, jerking her legs wildly. "FUCK ME! GIVE ME ALL YOU'VE GOT!"

Their bodies were one in the moonlight. They pumped, rolling to one side and

then the other, legs flailing, hands groping. Gwen felt the first of a series of orgasms flooding through her. Each time she cried for more. And each time the penis in her seemed to lance inward another inch.

Finally she felt the hot blast of come spilling into her. Their bodies jerked spasmodically, then they lay silent, breathing heavily, Harry's mouth on one of her exposed nipples.

Gwen was surprised. For some reason, she didn't feel guilty at all. But she would never tell Harry that. This would be the first and last time she would ever let it happen, she told herself.





# Chapter 3

By mutual agreement Doug and Val took separate planes back to California. It had been a wild three days. He had almost lost control of the negotiations because of Val. She wore him to a nub at night. He would awaken with her mouth glued to the head of his prick, her hands roaming over his excited body.

No man could resist her, he was sure of that. She moved like a siren. She was a witch. Her vagina had more tricks than a used car dealer.

During the day, his mind always drifted back to the previous evening. It had taken all his willpower to keep his mind on the business at hand. He succeeded, but only through a stroke of luck. He owed his success to Val, strangely enough.

Unlike Gwen, she had a ravenous interest in his work, and pumped him full of questions about the negotiations. When he told her the major problem, she asked him who the labor representative was. He told her. She smiled and said that tomorrow afternoon, after the lunch break, he was to suggest to Mister Walter Bruno, the labor negotiator, that he would meet fifty percent of the demands over a five year period. And no more. That inflation and a spiraling economic disaster awaited not only labor, but management if he continued with his extortion.

Doug remembered laughing. He had tried the flag waving many times before. It never worked. He told her he had covered that ground already and that his people were ready to let the unions strike if necessary.

But Val had insisted. She had made him promise. And the next day, just for the pure hell of it, he had made the offer which Bruno-a bear of a man with thick hirsute arms and a face that looked like a conglomeration of Golden Gloves losers-had agreed to! Doug still couldn't get over the beauty of it. Val, with her beginner's luck, had helped him solve a problem that would be a feather in his cap. He owed her something. He didn't see her that day, but he would thank her in his own way when he got home.

There was one residual problem. Gwen. He wasn't quite sure how to handle it. Val had told him it was a one-night stand. But it turned into a three-day stand. Neither talked about the arrangement. They both supposed, he thought, that once

back in California it would all be water under the bridge. At least, that's what he told himself. He really wasn't sure. His life was constructed around a base of certainties. Val was the first uncertainty he had encountered. She was generous with her body and her interest in his work. She made him feel like a young man again. She was coarse and rough at times, sweet and tender at others. He couldn't anticipate her next word or move. One minute she was lying in the crook of his arm purring like a cat, the next she was on top of him, her cunt poised over his face, asking him to kiss the sweetest lips in town.

She wasn't obscene. Not in a pornographic sense. She was exciting, vivacious, effervescent. Their time in bed was a time not to be wasted, and she had wasted not a second of it. She had taught him things about sex that he had once imagined could only be enjoyed by the sexually perverse. But she had made them so incredibly natural and fluid that he accepted them with the same ease and eagerness as he accepted a Supreme Court reversal, when, of course, that reversal was to his and his clients' favor.

Yes, Val had given him another dimension. And a hard-won victory at the negotiating table. He would have to be cautious when he saw Gwen. He didn't want her to know. He knew she was discontent with Golden Hills. She wanted to be in the Jet Set, not in an executive community. If she suspected anything between them, she might blow her top. He couldn't afford that now. Even though he wished he could. And there was Harry. He liked Harry, but now that like took another layer. Jealousy perhaps? He couldn't be sure. Maybe it was admiration or envy. He would have to be careful around Harry, too. He didn't want a messy scandal on his hands. Not that it would mean much these days, but a split-up would require a lot of time in court, and one thing he needed to cement his position in life was time. Time to win more and more cases so he could reach his goal-his own law firm-before he was thirty-three.

As the plane winged its way over the Black Hills, Doug Stillman pressed his face against the porthole and stared down at the rolling mountains. He still couldn't get over the way Carl Bruno had agreed to the simplest of arguments. He turned back to the Sports Illustrated and flipped the pages restlessly. Gwen would be waiting at the airport. He was anxious to see her-to see if he would feel guilty.

Carl Bruno was shirtless. His hairy back was turned toward Val, who sat on the couch with her long, tapered legs crossed so that the insides of her thighs flashed

into view.

"You know, I didn't think you'd come back," Bruno grunted, filling his glass with beer and turning. He rubbed the thick hand across his barrel chest to his armpit.

"A deal is a deal, Mister Bruno," Val said, a smile resting lightly on her face.

Bruno shook his head. He wasn't an ugly man. He wasn't handsome, either. He was huge and primitive, with a broad, low forehead, bushy black brows, and a flattened nose that sat off-center.

His beard was a thick black shadow popping out along the square jaw and drawing tightly around his long flared sideburns. His eyes were nimble. They were measuring Val's expression with a deadly sense of calculation.

"I didn't think you would be back after the other afternoon."

"I'm a professional," Val said, accepting the glass of beer that Bruno had just taken a healthy drink from. She saw the sly grin growing against his veal-colored lips. "No, not that kind of a professional, Mister Bruno. A professional woman."

"You said you didn't work for that California faggot. I don't believe you."

"Does it matter?"

Bruno sagged down next to her. He pushed her black hair away from her neck, letting his fingers squeeze roughly against her cool flesh.

"I guess not. But I was surprised that he would use a cunt. That's all."

"Business is business, Mister Bruno."

"Call me Carl."

"Business is business, Mister Bruno."

He laughed. The sound came from the deep circular well somewhere below his belt. "You're all right, baby. Got a mind and body of your own. Now," he said, letting his hand slide down her arm, "you tell me why you did it if you aren't working for him."

Bruno's eyes were excited, as though they anticipated a lie through which he could see the truth. Val had her answer ready.

"He's a close friend. That's all."

"You mean you fuck him, right?"

"If you want to put it that way."

"The two of you got one of those California things going. Everybody gets everybody else's wife. like a sexual Mafia?" Bruno laughed at his own suggestion.

"I owed him a favor, Mister Bruno. Some people like to keep their debts paid. I happen to be one of them. That's why I'm here a second time. Your lunch the other day was only a down payment. I'm here to pay in full now."

Bruno licked his lips. He wasn't listening. He was looking. His eyes flowed over Val's thick, strong breasts. He saw her flat stomach pulsing as she breathed lightly. She was a cool one, he thought. No fear, no hesitation.

The other day when she came to his room and made the proposition, he couldn't believe it. He had orders to go for a sixty percent increase over a three-year period. Her proposition would put him in trouble, but she had her ways of convincing him. Such subtle ways. And when she was through, he figured it was worth sticking his neck out. Times were bad anyway. And the concession wasn't really that big.

"So now you're here again," Bruno said, taking the nearly empty beer glass from her. There were a few foamy bubbles stuck to her thick, sensual lips.

"I'm here. And I'm willing."

She slid away from him, turning so that her body was facing his greedy eyes. He watched as she slowly caressed one button after another.

"My body is a tool, Mister Bruno. Your mind and drive are your tools. We work toward the same goal-mutual pleasure." She paused, pulling the top of her dress open. She wore a lacy black bra that lifted the huge swollen breasts to an unbearable peak. Bruno felt the warm air pulse against his temples. Sweat balls dropped from his thick, hairy armpit, rolling down his ribs and soaking into his trouser waistband.

Val continued, cupping the mounds as she spoke. "You see, I love sex. I love it with a passion, Mister Bruno. The other day you thought you would take

advantage of me. But you didn't. You thought that nice, long, thick cock of yours up my ass would hurt. It didn't. You see, some women love sex as much as men, Mister Bruno."

She was spinning the web. Her voice rose and fell like wind playing through a grove of aspen. The man stared, his eyes narrowing as she reached around to unlatch her bra.

"Yesterday, you took me. Now, I'm going to take you. You like that idea, don't you, Mister Bruno?"

Bruno's mouth was parched. He had had his share of women. But they were always the same. They were things and cunts without any brains, without any spunk. And if they had the two, they usually didn't know how to put them together in the proper proportions. But this one did. He knew it yesterday when she came. He knew it by the way she held her head, by the way she tantalized him with her wet lips, by the way she egged him on and on until he thought she would suck every ounce of fluid from his body and he would dry up like a leaf in autumn.

This was a real woman. She would be worth every minute of explanation that his peers would demand for letting the negotiations go for a pittance.

Val shrugged the dress from her shoulders. She lifted the bra over her coiffured hair. The dimples on her breasts popped into view. The stiff rubbery tips reached out like erasers from the tips of her sharp mounds.

"My body is my virtue, Mister Bruno," she said, standing and staring at the sweating man. He wasn't so bad, she thought. He was primitive. When he touched her she thought back eons ago when human beings roamed the wilderness like apes, taking what they wanted, leaving what they disliked. His body was rough and crude against her smooth, velveteen flesh. His hands were rugged, frantic, unrefined probes seeking touch and smell. The thought of his nearness made her groin shiver with excitement.

Val stepped out of her dress. She left the garters and stockings on. Her panties were custom-made, with a small hole in the crotch the size of an egg. Around the hole were short, sharp bristles that would stroke the sides of his fat slug-like cock and make him feel things that he had only imagined.

She stepped close, her black high-heeled shoes placed between his feet. He was

frozen on the couch, eyes fastened on the two cheery eyes that stared out at him. The panties were translucent. Her black, shiny pubic hair was clearly visible.

"I'm going to climb up on your shoulders, Mister Bruno. I'm going to stick my cunt in your face and let you eat me. Then I'm going to climb on your cock and fuck the shit from your ass."

Bruno wheezed. His rubbery lips were elastic. His hands reached out to touch her flaring hips. She lashed out, slapping the backs of the hairy paws.

"Don't touch me. I'll touch you. A bargain, Mister Bruno. Yesterday you fucked me. Today, I agreed, I'd fuck you."

Carl Bruno glared at her for a moment. Then his eyes softened to a humorous glint. "like I said, lady, a real shrewd businesswoman you are."

Val tossed her head back. She grabbed his hammy shoulders and mounted the couch, positioning her cunt over the wide face. She could feel his hot breath beating on her panties. Electric sparks showered through her. He was a beast, she thought. A sexual throwback from centuries past.

Bruno knew he could take her if he wanted. He could wrap his burly arms around that slim waist, throw her down on the floor and fuck her until her cunt was a warm, mushy pool of softened pudding. But that wasn't the game. The game was something new and exciting. It was dominance. It was agreement. So he didn't touch her. He let her move into him. He let her knees climb up on his shoulders; let her hands tilt his head back; let her fingers reach into his mouth for his tongue.

He let her pull the tongue out and rub it against the bristle-lined opening of her cunt. The sharp brush-like fur startled him for a moment before he recognized its purpose. He tried to smile, but it was difficult with his mouth open.

She had his tongue pinched between her thumb and forefinger. She rubbed the tip over her clit, making wet mewling sounds in her throat as the organ jabbed and stroked her sensitive clit.

She tasted like no other woman. There was a sweet raspberry flavor to her hole.

"Now," she said in a husky voice, her fingers slipping off the tongue, "work it in, Bruno. Work it way in."

Bruno reached up and pressed the flats of his palms against her ass. Without asking, he knew it would be all right. The rules were opaque, but he knew them instinctively. She would only protest if he took the upper hand. Anything else was Hoyle.

Her ass was firm. He liked the satin feeling of her panties as he dug his fingers into the swells and pulled down. Her parted thighs resting on his shoulders weren't painful. They pressed into the yoke of his neck, making his muscles quiver. His tongue slithered snake-like into her twat. The lips munched at the tip, grinding it around like a noodle. He lanced it farther until it curled upward into the hollow of her vagina. There, resting with the tip hooked like a barb, he began sawing it in and out. She picked up the tempo, driving down with his upward thrusts.

The room was full of squishy noises and ragged breathing. Unconsciously, Bruno worked the blunt tips of his shovel-shaped fingers toward her anus. He was shoving them into the crack, trying to push the satin covering up her ass when he heard her sharp recrimination.

"Don't touch!"

He jerked his fingers away, almost ashamed of losing control. His tongue was stiff and moving with lightning speed. He could feel her bristles exciting the nerves on the underside of his tongue.

Above him, he could see her tits swaying and flopping as she danced on his shoulders, her hips shimmying this way and that; her cunt knotting and unknotting around his tongue.

Suddenly she stiffened. He felt the pinchers close around his slick organ and the cries cascade from her lips. Her fingernails, sharp filed arrows, pierced his scalp as she shuddered to fulfillment above him.

Slowly, the racking ceased, melting into an occasional tremor. Bruno released his grip on her buttocks. He withdrew his tongue, bringing out of her cunt the slimy juices and matted pubic hairs that had adhered to the organ.

"Now," she said, slightly out of breath, "stand up."

Bruno stood. His body was shaking. His face was a deep red. He fought to control his emotions. He wanted to grab her and throw her down right there on



the floor, to take her like she had never been taken before. Yesterday he had fucked her ass just to test her. He wanted to see if her promise was worth the risk.

Val shook her head and reached for his belt. Her fingers trembled as she worked the wide bronzed belt buckle free. She pulled the trousers down, then the boxer shorts.

Bruno was hung like a horse. His rigid cock jerked upright. It was the thickest she had ever seen, with deep wrinkles around the head even when it was hard. The tip looked like a small clenched fist ready to knock someone cold. She reached for it, grabbing and twisting it roughly.

"Easy, bitch," Bruno shouted, starting to reach for her.

"Testing it," Val grinned, her eyes filled with delight. "Sometimes they're built like baseball bats and feel like cream puffs."

Bruno smiled and let her push him back onto the couch. He lay sunnyside up, her fist still curled around the staff.

"You're an ape," she said, slipping her cool palms up through his matted hair. Bruno smiled, barring the thick irregular white teeth.

She massaged him, not to excite him, for she knew he was ready any time, but to let her own body rebuild its desire. She stroked his oak-like thighs, running her fingers up the downy insides to the grapefruit nuts which she lifted and dropped with maddening deliberateness. She knelt beside him, kissing his wide tub-shaped stomach, burying her tongue in the deep recess of his belly button.

"You're a good businessman," she said, noticing that his hands were lifeless at his sides; that his face was masked with the twinges of a smile.

"I have to be. Or I don't get my cake and ice cream too."

"You'll get it, and more, Mister Bruno."

She slid her lips over his pubic triangle. Lifting her chest, she positioned her tumid nipple over his cock-slit. Her fingers pried the large sliver of flesh apart, until she could burrow the nipples down into it. Bruno groaned.

"Goddamn it, fuck me, bitch!" he hissed, his fists growing into rock-hard balls at

his sides.

"Then it will be all over, Mister Bruno. Relax. You'll get your money's worth."

She changed nipples. Both picked up the leaking seminal fluid. She removed the tits and kissed the tip. Bruno grunted, thrusting his hips upward. She caught the head of his cock between her lips and sucked hard. Bruno's hands came to life. They grabbed the back of her head and shoved down. She felt the thick hardness ram against the back of her throat with such force that she almost gagged. Forcing her head away, she broke the grip and mounted him.

She knew better than to stop his roaming hands now. He was too far gone to be cut off with some sharp words. His fingers groped for her breasts. They closed tightly around the nipples, squeezing hard until pain registered in her brain.

She squatted over him, her quim splayed. Her right hand guided the prick to its target. She felt the massive head touch her lips, forcing them to widen. She eased down slowly, knowing that the pressure would be tremendous. She remembered the other day when he took her dog-style in the ass. It had been one of the most painful and exciting experiences of her life, but she had shown no signs of the agony. Once it was fully in, it was good. But the first six inches were the toughest. They were the ones she would remember when her mind and groin drifted into a long, sensual daydream.

"AAARRRGHHH!! !" she cried as she let her body sink down onto the staff. Bruno's face came up. His mouth locked on her tits. His fingers probed her ass.

He undulated his hips, smashing them upward into her. He could feel the sharp bristles biting at the tender sides of his dork. Each new thrust became a tingling, raw probe. Between the sharp bristles and masticating action of her vagina, Bruno was cast into a euphoric world of dripping desire. The woman's body was worming all over him. She shoved her tongue into his mouth. She sucked on his teeth, on his lip. Her fingers stabbed into his ear, nose, armpit, ass.

She moved every muscle. Everything was synchronized like a fine jeweled watch. Every movement was calculated to bring its utmost effect.

He could feel the come rocking upward. She had her hand around the two globes, squeezing and massaging them. She worked faster and faster. He rammed hard, sinking the head of his thick dick against her cervix. She whined. Her sweat dripped off her tits and mated with his.

His hands held the round halves of her ass like they were handles. He yanked her up, feeling every ounce of his pecker sliding into her.

Then it happened. The come started out in a furious eruption. It splashed into her womb, one blast after another like a long healthy piss.

His fingers squeezed until they bruised her flesh. His legs stiffened until cramps drove him to kick wildly in the air.

She was screaming. Her body shook convulsively. Her head was thrown back. Her eyes were glazed. Her mouth hung open.

He floated down through the rapids into the quiet lake. She lay on his chest, breathing with him, her breasts flattened against his hairy chest.

He could feel his cock softening inside her. It telescoped back, wrinkle by wrinkle, until just the head and an inch were inserted. She coughed and the slug popped out.

"Are you done?" he asked.

"Not quite," she said, licking down his stomach to the snotty pole. "A pussy never leaves a mess, you know."

Carl Bruno laughed as the vixen lapped his cock clean. He wasn't through with this chick, not for a long shot. If he had to follow her halfway around the world, he would. She wasn't going to be a one-night stand.



## Chapter 4

Gwen swiveled her hips through the crowded Los Angeles International Airport. Eyes followed, glued to the short mini and tawny legs that flashed out like golden shafts of wheat in a warm summer breeze.

Behind the egg-shaped Foster Grant's, Gwen Stillman felt very galvanic. Harry had injected an electrical storm into her otherwise doldrum wifehood. She hadn't seen him since that night on the course-not because she was afraid to, rather she had found herself too busy. She had gone to a girl friend's in Los Angeles because of a need to feel free. They had gone to a party where she had flirted with the men and enjoyed it.

One, an attractive young stockbroker with thick, sandy hair and sparkling brown eyes, had offered her his bed. But she had refused, not so much because the idea disturbed her, but rather that it excited her. She was clearly gazing through a new looking glass and wondering whether to leap in the rabbit hole or not.

She saw Doug's plane lumbering up to the docking tramway. Its long, delicate wings looked awkward as they swayed to the drum of the jet engines. The tramway escalated out to the cabin, swallowing from view any sight of her husband. She was sorry they hid passengers from view. As a child, she had enjoyed watching them climb down the steep steps and then run to the waiting arms of friends and lovers. But these days, all the drama was stolen from airports. Huge plastic hallways telescoped out to attach themselves like leeches to the skeleton of the plane. The travelers then casually walked out into the corridor where there was no romance, no drama, no intrigue. Only the noisy scramble for telephones and luggage.

She waited, impatiently rolling her wedding band from one side to the other. Her heart beat quickly as she wondered what her reaction would be the moment she saw him. Would she be ashamed? Guilty? Moralistic?

She had purchased the low-cut, high-hemmed dress on purpose. She wanted to look young, to tell her husband without words that she was still a frisky foal with a yen to run and kick and roll in the thick clover. She wasn't ready for the stable. She wasn't ready for the barn.

When he turned the corner, eyes searching for her, overcoat slung on his forearm, her heart leapt. She wanted to run to him and throw her arms around his neck. She wanted to feel him squeeze and kiss her, then feel his arm slip around her waist as he babbled like a Boy Scout about his recent adventure into Indian territory.

But she didn't His face was a light shade of pink as he moved toward her. She thought it was the dress, or the sunglasses. Her eyes held his as he paced off the distance between them. She was disappointed that he wasn't smiling; that he wasn't waving his hat in the air and calling her name.

"Hi. How's my girl?"

Gwen smiled. "All right. How's my lawyer?"

He took her by the elbow and led her toward the baggage claim. He seemed so cold and distant, as though he were returning from a Wall Street funeral.

"Everything all right at the house?"

She stopped and stared at him. "You mean, did any bogeymen try to sneak in? No."

He laughed, but she was sure it was a false laugh. The same one he turned on at boring cocktail parties to impress the hostess or host.

"I bought a new dress," she said as they came to a halt by the baggage claim. "I thought maybe you could drop out for a couple of days and we could turn Hollywood inside out."

Doug felt his collar stiffen around his neck. He didn't want to say no, but he couldn't say yes. His firm wanted the reports ASAP. Two days might collapse the already precarious terms he had won. Yet he owed her something. He had been afraid when he saw her he would feel guilty. And he had. He thought she knew by the way she looked at him. But he thought something else, too. When he saw the dress-which he had noticed-and the lacquered nails, the iridescent lipstick painted so carefully on her mouth, he thought how beautiful she was in her own way, and how nice it would be if she were more like Val.

She was never as free as he thought she could be. She always seemed to be holding back. Nothing he could put his finger on exactly, just something in the

back of his mind that nagged at him.

Now she was offering herself to him. He sensed that. He sensed she was telling him that she would try it his way. Try to let her body climb out of its shell. Instinctively, he knew that if he took her right this minute to a motel, she just might screw him better than Val ever could or would. Not because she was better practiced, but because among other things, she loved him. He was sure of that. Even in her deepest, gloomiest moods, he always knew she loved him.

But he couldn't say yes. He had to work for another day and a half without interruption. He had to. There was no way he could put it off.

His eyes fell down to the fleshy cleavage popping up from the scooped neckline. "Honey, I can't. I'd like to, believe me. But I need a day and a half. Afterward we can..."

"You always need another day or two. Why can't you let your business go to hell for once?" Her eyes smoked. He could see the little veins start to harden along her delicate throat.

"Look, Gwen, It's not selfish. It's for us. It's always been for us."

"Well, I'm not enjoying the us's," she said, hissing. "I haven't seen you in three nights, and now you tell me to wait one more night. Well, I'm getting tired of waiting!"

She was raising her voice. Heads turned toward them.

"For God's sake, quiet down," Doug snarled, grabbing her arm forcefully.

She turned, head lifted, nose testing the air in glum silence. He barely heard her whisper the threat.

"Then I'll stay in town and enjoy it on my own."

He was going to speak when he saw his bag slide into view and the crowd pulse forward. "Wait here," he said, wedging in between some bodies for his bag. The hassle took a minute or so, and when he turned around, he caught a glimpse of Gwen's buttocks swinging out the door. When he reached the street, he saw the taxis taking off like drag racers. Gwen was nowhere in sight.

Gwen didn't know whether to have the driver stop or keep going. She felt the

tears stinging in her eyes, and the cold chill of anger coursing through her Irish veins. Suddenly, she felt confident. If he was going to ply her with excuses, then she was going to ply him with absences. Wasn't that what the old adage meant: "Absence makes the cock grow longer?"

"Where you wantta go, lady?"

"I don't care."

"That's what you said when you got in. I gotta go somewhere, lady. North. South. East...."

"Take me to Sunset Boulevard."

"What address?"

"Where the action is."

"What kind of action you want, lady?"

Gwen felt the slicing words. She glanced into the mirror and saw the old man's eyes staring at her with lewd invitation. She cringed inside. If it was going to be like this, she didn't want to risk it. If she was going to have a good time, she had better do it carefully.

"Take me to the Hollywood Hilton," she said calmly, then added, "and keep your greasy eyes on the road if you want a tip." He grumbled something, and drove the rest of the way in silence.

That evening, when Val reached their large home a few miles from Golden Hills, she saw the note Harry had scribbled. After reading it, she laughed and changed quickly. Things were working better than either of them had suspected.

Dressed in a see-through tunic that made her nipples appear a deep purple, she padded to the telephone. The note Harry had written was folded neatly next to it with Doug's number etched beside the postscript. She read it again.

Dear Twat, The little fawn called me from Hollywood. Said she needed my body. Told me to come for the night. Naturally, I went. Sounds like domestic problems. Going to work her over good, then invite her to the party. Do the same with Clarence Darrow.

Love, Your Big Dick. P.S. If you parred out with Doug, move in quick. Petey



called about the next meeting. Anxious for our new twosome. Doug's number is...

Doug scratched his head. He looked at the papers angrily. The words wouldn't flow. They stumbled out like drunken rhetoric, tripping and running into one another. Gwen was at none of her friends' apartments. He'd cleaned out the phone directory. Then came Val's call, which bothered him even more. Her voice had been as wet and sticky as an orgasm against his ear. Just talking to her made his penis grow hard and lewd thoughts fill his mind. He wanted to tell her about Gwen, but decided against it. He had learned from his father to keep business and family two separate corporations. Each were rife with their own problems, and mixing them was as potent as drugs and booze.

Val's invitation had been simple and candid. "Come over if you want to relax. I'll be alone all night. Harry's out of town. Won't be back until late tomorrow."

Then she hung up. He didn't have time to say no. The best way to say yes is to never say no. Pushing away from his desk, he made his way to the bar and fixed a Scotch on the rocks. It slid down easily. He built another, thinking of Gwen's actions.

It fit and it didn't. She knew how important his work was. She had complained before, but never acted irrationally. Now, he wondered, which was acting irrationally. She had her case, and a good one. He wasn't a very good husband. Not right now. But he had told her there would be rough times. She knew that before they were married. He told her the importance of establishing himself.

Yet, the guilt he had felt upon seeing her at the airport, the anger she tossed at him for rejecting her simple request, yes, he was doing something drastically wrong.

Now Val.

Could he afford the complication? He didn't know. He wasn't sure. She was a helluva woman. She left him feeling refreshed and revitalized when the sex was gone and the aromatic euphoria of her naked body next to his took over. Yes, she was a relaxing ploy.

He had another Scotch. The liquor gnawed at his brain, fuzzing the need to return to work, increasing the desire to see Val. After pacing the house three times, going in and out of all the rooms, he made the decision to go see Val.

The drive took less than ten minutes. He was surprised that the house was as large and expensive-looking as it was. It was set off the road a good five hundred yards. Harry had invited him over for cocktails once, but he had never made it. Business or something, he thought. Now he wished he had, for he was sure he was at the wrong home.

Opening the glove compartment, he double-checked the small map Harry had scrawled a few weeks ago. According to the map, this was the right house and address. Tall hedges looming ten feet around the front yard protected it from view until he passed through a large arch. He saw the oval putting green in the middle of the bright-green yard.

The house was split-level, of geodesic design. Instantly calculating the cost of the property and home, Doug put it around a cool hundred grand. Just thinking of the taxes made him wince. The property was lush with trees on either side. While the house was distinct, it wasn't pretentious as so many homes were these days. The upper level jutted out at sharp angles, overhanging the driveway with a long, rectangular picture window spanning the entire front. He could see a pale red glow from behind the glass.

Val met him at the door, her raven hair spilling loosely about her shoulders, her almond-shaped eyes sparkling like an alley cat's.

"Hello," she said, taking his arm and leading him through the narrow, plant-lined foyer to the sunken living room. The room was done in pastels that soothed the nerves and made one want to shed his clothes and busy himself in the deep shaggy carpet flowing up to the base of the fireplace.

"Look, Val, I..."

She pressed her fingers to his lips. "Don't talk. Talking is a waste of precious time and strength."

Doug took a long look at the woman beside him. The tunic was like wax poured over her body. It revealed every sharp, natural, sexual line she owned. Her breasts rode high, perched like two arrogant peaks on a mountain of creamy smooth flesh. Her waist was cinched tightly by a small chain belt that made a soft, dull clicking noise when she moved. Her hips flared out, rounding in the back to her globular buttocks, tucking then into the crevice formed by her thighs. She smelled intoxicating.

"Val, I want to be serious..."

Again she touched her fingertips to his mouth. "Don't spoil it, Doug. It's just us. No problems. Problems come later. Over coffee and brandy."

With that she led him down another level to the fireplace. It was a gas fire, but very realistic. It even popped occasionally. She felt and drew him down beside her on the white fluffy bearskin rug. He was about to speak when she drew his face toward her and kissed him lightly, just letting her tongue trace its tip over the outline of his lips.

"A woman is to please a man," Val said, slipping her hand up under his shirt. "She's got one purpose. And that's to make you happy. She doesn't have to be your wife to do it, you know. She can just be interested. Mentally and physically."

Doug's following words were abruptly smothered by her lips. He felt himself falling back, felt the soft rug break his descent. Above him she worked smoothly, efficiently disrobing him. As her hands slipped off his shoes and socks, he reached for her warm, tumultuous body.

It was vibrant. The mere touch of her flesh through the webbed tunic made his mind whirl. She paused, kneeling and shaking her hair as she reached behind to unzip her tunic. It felt like a cocoon revealing a beautiful butterfly. He saw her breasts spilling out like rising dough. Atop each of the yeasty mounds was perched a ripe, glistening cherry. She stood, kicking the tunic free with one fluid motion.

Doug gaze up at the Venus. She was standing with her hands just below her breasts, fingers splayed apart, mouth parted, eyes half-slitted. Then she moved. She came down, her body undulating every inch of the way. Her mouth licked wet tracks up his chest to his neck and ears. She mated her lips to his and sucked the tongue-tip far into the back of her throat. Hugging him tightly, the toughened tips of her nipples making impressions against his chest, she rolled onto her back, forcing him to mount her from above.

Her thighs flashed like scissors blades along his sides as she wriggled her hips into position, all the time holding his mouth to hers by pressing against the back of his head with her hand.

Finally the kiss ended with her turning her face, letting her wet, alive lips slide

along his cheek to his ear.. "Take me," she panted, her fingers ceaselessly playing down his back to his anus. "Take me, Doug. Take me as a woman you like. You don't have to love me. I don't want you to love me. Just like me."

Doug reached for her breast. He squeezed it, giving his reply in foot pounds of pressure rather than in words. She guided his cock toward her hole. He felt the hairy lips yawn open at contact.

Even though he knew her to be a sexual wizard, her muscles contracted so tightly it was like spearing a virgin. He grimaced as he forced the bulging knob of his cock through the tight muscle. She made a moaning noise deep in her throat. He copied it as he started to saw deeper and deeper into her. Each stroke was met with a clenching and unclenching of her muscular vagina.

His mouth sought her nipples, caught them, and rolled them firmly from side to side. He changed from one to the other, purposely making loud slurping noises that rose above the sham pops of the gas-fed fire.

Her face twisted into masks of exotic agonies. He watched them change from pleasure to pain, back to blissful relief. His cock was stuffed to the hilt. The inside of her twat sizzled as he made warm squishy strokes through the spasming tunnel. He thought not of a woman named Gwen or a stack of unfinished papers scattered on his desk five miles away. He was immersed, suspended in the sticky womb of her eroticism. His mind seemed to take on the length and girth of a penis ready to blast out its mystical seed of life.

Sliding his hands down her voluptuous backside, he cradled the cheeks of her ass in his palms. She rose with his urging, pushing her pelvic bone hard against his. He felt the smash, the concussion of her primal strength matching, but not conquering, his own.

"FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!"

He swiped at her mouth with his tongue, tasting the fresh fruit-flavor of her lipstick. Her neck was arched so that the veins stood out like cords of taut hemp down to her clavicle. He could see the angular lines of her face coming sharply into view as she tensed, her ankles thudding wildly against his spine.

"Come," she hissed, her fingers sinking into the tight brown hole of his ass. He shoved back against the probing digit, letting it burrow deeply into him.

"Come! Fill me with come! Put out the fire! COME!"

The fire popped. A red glow blanketed their naked bodies as Doug lurched into her, feeling the head of his pole whacking insanely against the rear of her vagina.

His semen jerked out. It splattered against her blood-red womb, trickling down the walls like sweat from a damp cave. She jerked. Her hips took on a vibrating motion as she shuddered the climax out of her system. Their mouths were greased together with saliva. They probed and sucked at each other until the last drops of satisfaction oozed from their organs. Then, bodies heaving, mouths and organs relaxing, they slipped apart.

Val lit a cigarette, took a long draw on it, and placed it between Doug's lips. She sat beside his prone body, occasionally reaching out to stroke his tanned chest.

"I want to be honest with you, Doug." She took the cigarette, contemplating what she was going to say next. "I want you to know what I really want from you."

Doug, half-asleep, still reliving snatches of the orgiastic past, blinked groggily. "What are you talking about?"

"I want you to listen to what I'm going to tell you. And I want you to keep an open mind about it."

"All right."

His interest was only half stimulated. He took the cigarette, smoking it slowly as he watched the fire rising and falling around the asbestos log.

"Your wife is with my husband tonight."

Doug didn't move. He let the words sink in without changing his outward expression. He turned, now fully aware and conscious of the conversation's meaning.

"Go on."

Val's eyes were as steady as her voice. She spoke without caution, not attempting to guard her words or to make them sound rehearsed.

"Gwen and Harry are having an affair. Nothing big. This is the second time." She paused, trying to read anger in his face, but unable to. She stood, moving around

the small indentation forming the sunken nook. Doug followed her with his eyes.

"I want to be honest with you from the beginning. I like you, Doug. I don't want to hurt you. You must believe that. Harry and I are swingers. I suppose you've known that from the beginning. Sex to us is a game. We try to keep it harmless. It's a sporting game, one we play with flexible rules. We have a membership. Not a large one-a very small and selective one. It comprises the most discreet persons you can imagine. And all of them have a penchant for golf. Harry suggested that you and Gwen be assimilated-" she turned toward him, wondering if that word had been poorly chosen, saw that it hadn't been, and continued. "So we became close, as the saying goes. Gwen wanted Harry, not like we wanted each other. Harry is an honest judge of emotions. He didn't take advantage of her. Believe that. It could have been someone else. Frankly, you haven't been fair with your wife. She's much too young and much too attractive to be shut up without a man around. Especially you. But I think you're aware of your domestic problems. That's not one of our intentions being watchdogs over family unity. We offer sexual freedom. A sort of mutual release that buffers the natural boredom of married sexual life. We don't overdo it. We don't have orgies for orgy's sake. We have meetings and games, all thoroughly planned and executed to keep what we have on an intellectual level."

She sank to her knees next to Doug, her hands on her thighs. "Doug, we want you and Gwen to come to our next meeting. This Friday and Saturday. Sunday is optional. There will be no more than ten couples counting yourselves. There's no tricky gimmicks. No blackmail. No skeletons in the closet. If you don't want to come, then nothing will be said. No questions are asked if you want to drop out at any time. No pressure to stay. I can only try to make you believe I'm being honest and frank."

She leaned back against the steps, exhaling as though she had just stepped from a confessional. Doug's expressionless face suddenly broke into a grin. He rolled onto his back laughing. When he finished, tears in his eyes, he spoke.

"All this was a setup, of sorts. You, Harry, Gwen, me. We were all running around screwing each other and feeling guilty. Well, not you and Harry. I suppose you're used to this kind of gambit." There was something cruel in his voice. Val flinched.

"Doug, it wasn't meant that way. We wouldn't have even tried if you were a

stable unit. You're not. It's written all over Gwen's face. You should see her stare sometimes at the boys who help the greens-keeper. Look, I don't like throwing darts, but Gwen is headed for trouble unless you do something fast. I don't think you're going to change your life's work even if it means losing her. But, if you want to use us as a babysitter while you're getting up the ladder, then that's what we're offering. Gwen here, any time she wants. Enjoying a different kind of companionship. We're not a group of perverts, so you can get that out of your mind right now." Her voice rang with irritation. "And don't look at me so righteously. All right, I did come, and I did seduce you. But you weren't very hard to convince that my thighs were inviting. Now, I'm not going to say anything more."

Doug's face hardened. He turned to the fire. He saw Gwen's face flickering into view. He saw her with Harry. He saw them screwing, and it didn't really bother him. He felt only twinges of hostility, but not any burning anger or jealousy. Finally, he turned back to Val who was working the tunic over her shapely naked form.

"Don't do that," he said, a smile creaking onto his face. "If I'm going to be a member, then I want to get my money's worth."

Smiling, he grabbed the arm of the tunic and pulled her willing body down next to him.

# Chapter 5

Doug worked all night finishing the papers. He wasn't tired. He felt ten years younger, and whizzed through the reports with the ease he displayed in a summation before a friendly jury.

At eight, he showered, shaved, and made a few calls to insure the freedom of the weekend. Then he fixed a logger's breakfast and waited.

At eleven Gwen walked in.

She looked like a mouse standing in the doorway, her hair was combed but unruly. Her makeup was faded, her eyes bloodshot as though she had been in tears.

Doug stood, watching her face. Then he opened his arms and let her run into them. They stood, kissing one another, saying comforting things without any previous or obvious spoken need. Doug had rehearsed her entry, but he forgot the speech. Now, it was all working out naturally, without aids.

"Doug, I feel so guilty."

He lifted her chin and stared into the watery eyes so soulful and innocent. He brushed a tear away with his fingers.

"Harry told you about Val and me?"

She stiffened in his arms, then surrendered tightly around his waist. "Yes, he told me. He was nice about it. He was honest. I got mad. I told him he was a pervert. I called him a lot of ugly names. He didn't get mad. He let me cry and then told me all over."

Doug pushed her away. "Well, what do you think?"

She shook her head. "I don't know. It sounds logical. I'm not sure."

Gwen suddenly looked virginal to him. He felt a stirring in his groin as he watched her small, blunt nose sniffle back the tears. He saw the smooth, dainty lines of her body hidden by the sheer material. He had no choice but to love her.



She was a fawn and he the buck. Last night it had all seemed so lucid to him. They would try the swinging route and see if it helped. At the first signs of decay, they would stop and reevaluate the situation. But now. With her tears dampening his shirt. With her small, trembling body pressed close to his, he really wasn't sure.

"Come," he said, lifting her in his arms. He carried her up the stairs to the bedroom.

Not even on their wedding night had there been such a frantic display on both sides to show their passionate affection. Doug was both startled and awed by his wife's lusty attack on his flesh. Yet he felt that it was part acting, part passion. Essentially the same as always, only with more noise and ceremony. When it was over, they lay silently, staring at the frosted stucco ceiling.

"I think we should try," she said. "At least try."

Doug wanted to ask about Harry. He wanted to know where Harry had seduced her. On this bed? On the couch? In the bathtub?

The question gnawed at him, but he decided it was the wrong time to pry. And he wanted to know about the other night in Hollywood. What they had done. Where they had gone. How many times he stuck it in her before he gave out with the proposition.

"Is she good?"

Doug turned, caught off guard by the question. "Who?"

Gwen laughed coquettishly. "Val. Is her body better than mine?"

"I didn't compare."

The long silence grew longer.

"Harry was different," she said absently, rolling on her side so her bare, smooth buttocks were facing him. "He made it all seem like so much fun. There was no duty involved."

Doug felt the icy sharpness of the words. "You mean I do it like a husband rather than a lover?"

"I didn't say that."

"You implied it."

She drew her knees up around her breasts. He could hear the soft panting of her breath, smell the sweet odor of her skin, sense the antagonistic wall that exists between all husbands and wives in critical times.

He moved onto his side, rubbing his limp cock against her ass. She didn't move. He inched his hand around her side to her breasts. She didn't lift her arm. He had to wedge his fingers under them, passing over the ripe mound to her succulent nipples. He squeezed one. It was hard.

She was playing cool in the aftermath, he thought. He brushed his lips against the back of her neck and saw the hard goose bumps pop out over her skin. His fingers were firmly planted around her breast. His cock was growing stiff once more. He shoved it against her anus until he felt the head slip into her ass-crack.

She was silent, saying nothing, holding her breath while he began to grind his stiff cock against her anus. She thought about turning onto her stomach, thereby rejecting him, but something kept her still. She wanted to please him. She wanted to make him happy. And it was partly her fault. She flew off the handle so easily.

Gwen felt the pressure against her anus. She knew what he was asking. He had asked for it before. But every time, she had refused him. She had let him get in an inch once, and the pain had been so unbearable that she couldn't stand it. Now, her teeth gritting, anger and desire mixing like oil and water, she fought the desire to tell him to leave her alone.

To Doug, it was a matter of principle. Inserting his penis didn't mean so much physically as it did mentally. If she let him, it would mean she had finally, totally submitted to him. He had read enough on the subject to know there was no physical danger. It was just another erotic zone that could add another dimension into their sexual life.

Pressing his rigid pole hard, he felt the head shoveling in. Suddenly, Gwen rolled away, burying her face in the pillow.

"I can't," she sobbed. "I can't."

Doug turned away and slept restlessly. He was anxious for Friday to come around. Val suddenly seemed more inviting than ever before.

The Benton house came to life Friday morning. Two of the country club's greens-keepers came over and cut the green in the front yard. Val directed them to manicure the hedges, rake the gravel driveway, and then smooth out the peculiar mounds in the backyard. Neither of the young men had any idea what the soggy grass indentions were for, but they followed Val's careful instructions until the task was completed.

Val made a few final calls to insure that all the couples were free and anticipated attending the monthly bash. Then she made her call to Gwen, one that she had been putting off all week. Her voice was very warm and friendly.

"Hello ... Mrs. Stillman? This is Val Benton. I wanted to confirm whether or not you and your husband are coming tonight. . . You are? ... Well, fine ... About eight."

She let out a deep sigh of relief. Gwen had sounded casual about it, as if she were being invited for tea. Now, all she hoped was that nothing went askew at the meeting.

Making a final check of all the rooms, she made sure that everything was in its proper place. Harry was busy at the course. She tried to reach him to tell him everything was working according to schedule.

It was early afternoon. The sun was warm.

There was still time for a sunbath. Shucking her capris and blouse, Val strolled into the lush green backyard and lay down, arching her breasts to receive the seductive sun rays. She was dozing, thinking of nothing in particular, when she felt the eyes.

Frightened, she sat upright, covering her breasts with her arms and blinking out the redness that clouded her sight.

"Hello, baby."

The voice was rough. She saw the blurred image leaning on the side of the house come into startling view. It was Carl Bruno, smoking a fat cigar and leering.

"What are you doing here?" she cried, scrambling to her feet and looking for someplace to run. Bruno stepped between her and the back door.

"I came looking for you, baby. You left in such a hurry, I got the impression you

didn't want to see me again. So I took your name and address from your driver's license when you were taking a leak at my place."

"Go away or I'll call the police."

She felt awkward standing there with her arm covering her mountainous breasts, her other hand placed over her shiny pubic hair.

"Don't make idle threats, lady. A woman in your kind of business doesn't want the police snooping around." He made a move toward her. She backed up, eyes angry, heart thumping noisily.

"Look mister, what I did with you was strictly business. That's as far as it goes. Now you're trespassing, and my husband is due home any minute."

Bruno took two long strides toward her, a smile stretched lasciviously on his flattened face. "Don't feed me that shit, lady. I dropped by the country club. Even asked your husband if he could get me a lesson today. Said he was full-up until five. How about that?"

"All right. Hold it, mister."

Carl Bruno didn't stop. He moved forward, loosening his shirt, slipping his jacket off as he followed her around the yard, always cutting off her escape with a deft side-step.

"I'll scream," she threatened, searching for a weapon. There wasn't even a rake. The greens-keepers had been ultimately neat.

"So scream. There's nobody to hear you. And don't act so goddamned frightened. You know what I want."

He was naked to the waist. His black, hairy chest stood out against the sun. He reached down, loosening the belt, splitting the trousers open with one pull of his zipper.

"I want to fuck you, Val, baby. That's why I flew two thousand miles. Just to fuck you. You should be grateful. I mean, how many guys fly two thousand miles to ram your pussy?"

She didn't like him now. She hadn't liked him before. But business was conducted on an emotionless plane. Now, it wasn't business. It was sick, and she

wanted no part of it. But he was right. She couldn't call the police. The fact that the police were involved in something like this would irritate the other members. Some were judges and politicians. They couldn't afford the nearness of a scandal.

"All right, Bruno. Hold it." She stopped backing away and dropped her arms to her sides. Bruno smiled.

"That's more like it, baby. Ready, able and willing. Right?"

"Wrong. I just can't fight you and you know it. But I can tell my husband. And you've seen him. He won't like it. And you'll be sorry. Believe me," she said with a cold, threatening iciness to her voice, "you'll wish you hadn't been born."

"Sorry 'bout that, lady, but I got an ace, too. You know what kind of waves it would make should I tell my employers that our esteemed lawyer friend, Mister Stillman, used a board on me. Nobody-likes that kind of stink, lady. I got it all figured, see? I just tell them you tried to screw me into taking less than I was supposed to. I won't tell them I did, of course. But just that you tried. Old Doug won't be too happy about it when his bosses hear what happened. They're real conservative you know. And the cops will want to know all about you. And I paid a nice mouthy bellboy to remember you came to my room. And I paid another one to see you shacking up with old Doug at his hotel. You see, Val, I got the angles all leaning in my direction. Now, baby, you come to me real nice and whore-like. You wriggle that nice, firm, fucking ass right up to my cock, and I'll give you a good time. Just don't try to threaten me, baby, because I got a stacked deck. You just got a stacked body. Remember that."

Val felt the blood draining from her face. Bruno kicked his trousers and shorts off. He looked obscene standing there naked with his shoes and socks on. His body was squat, muscular, and nearly black with hair.

His eyebrows were as thick as black caterpillars. His mouth that rubbery texture of raw veal. Val saw nothing but savagery in his eyes. She saw a vulgarity in his penis that stood half-erect, swinging out like a thick hunk of hose from between his oak-like thighs. In his room it had been much different. She had called the rules and enjoyed it because it had been for Doug's sake-and for the sake of the membership. But now, things took on another shade, a sickening shade.

This was her home. Her yard. Her territory, not his. And he was moving toward

her as though he owned her. As though she were a piece of his property that he had come to claim through illegal maneuvers. Yet she couldn't say no. He had the upper hand. He held the trumps. Her mind clicked desperately, trying to think of a way to stop. She knew that he wouldn't be satisfied with just one time. He would come back for more. He was the greedy type. The hungry man who never got full, no matter how much he ate.

He was only a few feet away. She could smell the sweat leaking out of his pores. His eyes were gray beams burning into her breasts. She saw the nicotine-stained tongue flick out and rub spit over his dry lips.

"Jesus, you got a body, bitch!"

Resolved and composed, Val stood her ground, legs slightly spread, arms loose and relaxed. Her only defense, she estimated, was total nonchalance. She would not assist him in any way. She would smother any passion he forced from her body, remaining as lifeless as a dead body. He could climb between her legs, but he couldn't make her his, she thought.

"Nice tits," he said, reaching out and tweaking her left nipple. He saw the bland look on her face. "You don't like me, do you, cunt?"

She said nothing. He reached for her hair, grabbing a knot of it in his balled fist and yanking back until her lips stretched in pain.

"There, now, maybe you'll answer me. You don't like me, do you?"

She said nothing. Her neck ached. She could feel his free hand cupping her breast, turning it roughly from left to right as though it were a water faucet handle.

"Don't bruise me," she warned.

"You mean so your husband won't see? He might get wise and cut off your nipples or something if he found out. That it, baby?"

His fingers closed around the nipple like vise grips. It took all of her composure to keep from screaming.

"I don't want your husband on my neck, bitch. Just you. Just you, baby. I want those creamy thighs around my neck. I want to taste your pussy in my mouth. I want to feel those lips curled around my cock and that nice pink tongue up my

ass. That's not too much to ask, is it?"

He yanked her against him. Her breasts mashed against his chest as he shoved his mouth hard on hers. She could smell the sour sweat leaking from his pores and the stale odor of beer from his mouth. His tongue was a wet snail in her mouth. She felt no passion, no electrical shocks as it burrowed fat and forcefully over hers. His hands slid down to her buttocks, each cupping a cheek and pulling her pubis against his. She could feel his cock trapped against their stomachs.

They were standing in the sun. It was hot. He pushed her down, falling on top of her so his weight seemed to smother her. He wedged between her thighs, all the time grinding his teeth roughly against her mouth.

She knew she wasn't ready for him when he grabbed the head of his thickly muscled cock and positioned it against her slot. She felt the torpedo ram home, and a sharp pain raced through her loins.

"Don't be so goddamned rough," she grunted, twisting her face away.

"Shape up, then, bitch. Give me some hip action. Don't play dead fish, 'cause I'll just be back for more if you do."

His voice, full of threat and violence, startled her. She knew then that Carl Bruno wouldn't be easily satisfied, and something would have to be done about him. She knew he would come back again and again, perhaps even ruin the perfect set up she and Harry had spent years building.

"Fuck me, bitch!"

The voice was grating against her ear. She could feel his hot panting breath pounding on her neck. Deciding to roll with the punches, she laced her legs around his thick waist and squeezed. Her vaginal muscles came to life. They massaged the man's organ, milking it with rippling contractions more stimulating than fingers. Bruno let out a deep, guttural roar that signaled his climax.

She lifted her hips, wriggling them rapidly from side to side. His cock thrashed and beat against her uterus. She could feel her breasts thickening. The nipples stiffened as she wrapped her ankles together and squeezed with all her might. He had his mouth planted on her neck, sucking like a leech. She jerked up, felt him go rigid, then the splash of come shot into her.

He wasn't through. He rolled her on top, his cock still half-hard, and began jacking her up and down. He held her hips, lifting and shoving her ass down so his balls squashed up against her anus.

Angry, she dug her fingernails into his chest, the sharp points forming red welts on his olive-complexion. He grimaced, a laughing sneer on his lips as he pounded her until her womb felt like mush.

Suddenly the lights went on in her mind. She saw the flashes and felt, against her will, the building of her own orgasm. Her cunt was dry. His prick sawed like a dry piece of rubber up the tender walls. Throwing her head back, she let out a cry as she shuddered through one electrical storm after another. Finally, exhausted, nearly unconscious, she felt his jism jerking into her.

Bruno stood and wiped the snot from his cock with his hand. He slipped his trousers and shirt on. Val was lying on the grass, her legs weakly splayed out at irregular angles, her face flushed, her nipples sore and red.

"That was only the beginning, right, baby?"

Val said nothing. She kept her eyes closed, not wanting to look up into the man's ugly face.

"I know how you feel, baby. All fucked out. Right? Well, I'll be in town for another five days. You can count on seeing me again. Maybe even some of my friends. I'll give you a call when I want you."

She heard his feet squish over the wet grass.

When she was sure he was gone, she opened her eyes. The sun blinded her for a moment. Then, coldly, with burning hatred in her eyes, she marched into the house to think out her plan.





## Chapter 6

Doug and Gwen stayed close together for the first half hour. They had expected to be met at the door by a hanger, and to parade naked through the guests. But nothing of the sort happened. They had been met by both Harry and Val, greeted as though nothing had transpired between the respective couples, and then steered through the casually dressed group until they had met everyone.

Doug instantly recognized most of the faces. They were all prominent men and woman from the Los Angeles area. The men were in their forties for the most part, and their wives-usually second or third wives-were in their late twenties.

Doug noticed instantly the similarity between Gwen and a number of the wives. She was attracted to them, taking up easy relaxed conversations as though she had known them for years.

Doug also found the men agreeable. They knew of him, and complimented him on his outstanding work. One, a gray-haired man with a thin, sleek cigar trapped between his fingers, mentioned that his father had once worked on a deal for him. with outstanding results. Doug smiled, the hair on his nape bristling with pride. He had all but forgotten Harry and Val, until Val slipped through the crowd and caught his arm, leading him away from a small group to the bar.

"How's everything?" she asked, her long raven hair combed to a nigrescent sheen. Doug took her in. She was wearing a lacy pants suit of pastel pink. The coat hung loosely around her waist, hiding the vivacious curves. He could see how proudly her breasts rode, and watched the pale iridescent glow of her sparkling lips as they closed and opened when she spoke. Her eyes were lustrous, shining with a deep, penetrating glow.

"Great. Gwen-" he nodded toward a small group of women chatting aimlessly about the homosexual fashion designers trying to cover their bodies with maxis "-seems to be having a heyday. Glad to see you chose us. I think we're going to like it."

Val edged closer, touching her breast to his arm. "I've got something special planned for later. I hope you don't hesitate to volunteer."

"You won't have to worry about me," Doug said. "I'm under your wing-or should I say breast."

"Either way. So long as you're close."

Val kissed him lightly on the cheek and floated away, her firm, globular buttocks rising and falling as though she had no care in the world but the party. She hadn't said anything to Harry. Not yet. She had decided to wait, to try and handle it herself. She had her ways, her means. And if they failed, there was always Harry on his other side, the side she didn't want to bring out unless absolutely necessary. She had seen him angry only twice. She didn't relish a third time, but wasn't foolish enough to discount it as a possibility. Carl Bruno was a creep, and sometimes there was only one way to handle a creep.

The drinks slid down easily for Gwen. She found herself laughing freely and thoroughly enjoying the company. She noticed that Doug would weave into her group, smile, ask her if she wanted anything, a fresh drink perhaps, some dip, and then he would slip away. She also noticed the admiring gazes that followed him, and catalogued the compliments the other women offered about how lucky she was to have such a charming and attractive husband.

Val didn't avoid Gwen. She would enter the group, talk for a few minutes, laugh at one of Gwen's comments, then wink and walk to another group. Gwen felt no hostility, no animosity toward her, and found that a peculiar feeling. She thought at least she would be wary, but she wasn't in the slightest degree. To her, it all seemed like a friendly cocktail party. But she knew it would be more. She knew it would be much more than friendly pinches and pats.

Harry called the group to attention. He stood in the center of the room, his sun-browned face relaxed, the bright orange golf slacks clinging tightly to his firm thighs.

"Ladies and gentlemen. I welcome you all to another meeting. Tonight we have the pleasure of welcoming two new members." He nodded toward Doug and Gwen, who had moved so that they stood, shoulders touching. "Doug and Gwen Stillman. I'm sure you've all met them and found them as affable as we mentioned at our previous meeting. Now, without slowing down the evening's momentum, let's all go to the game room and start the evening right. Gwen and Doug?"

Harry held out his arm, motioning for them to follow. The group trailed behind, in couples, through the narrow hallway toward the rear of the house. Harry opened a sliding door, and a large softly lit room came into view. Doug and Gwen entered, feeling a cool, moist breeze spilling through the air. They followed Harry to a corner where a series of putters were displayed in racks similar to a pool room.

"The first order of business is the elimination of clothes. The hangers are right behind you on the wall, so help yourselves."

Harry began to strip, followed by the others. Doug and Gwen looked at one another for a moment, then began stripping off their clothes. For a few flashing seconds, Gwen felt embarrassed. She stood in her panties and bra, her eyes scanning the other relaxed couples who were down to the buff. She evaluated the women's bodies and their expressions. They were laughing lightly, chatting about new fashions or parties they had been to.

"Go ahead," Doug whispered, pushing his shorts down so that his cock came into full view. Gwen, the liquor mollifying her embarrassment, reached around to unsnap the bra. "May I help?"

She turned, then stared into the warm, handsome face of a man she had been introduced to earlier. His name was Peter Roberts, and she had seen his picture many times in the business section of a leading news magazine.

"All right."

She turned away, offering the bra clasp. His deft fingers quickly loosened the strap, allowing the bra to fall away and hang loosely on the tips of her already tumid nipples. Doug noticed the scene from the corners of his eye, but was careful not to stare.

"You're very attractive," Roberts said, as Gwen bent to slip her panties off. She felt strangely excited by the man's closeness. His fingers had touched her flesh when he unlatched the bra, and the contact had sent startling shocks throughout her body.

"Thank you," she said, tossing her hair casually. She reached for the shoulder straps, pulling the bra completely off.

Gwen felt the eyes looking at her. They weren't stares, but rather satisfied gazes

that held her a moment, turned into smiles, and then drifted to study the other bodies. They were all beautiful people, she thought, likewise studying the other naked forms. Everyone was attractive. No one particularly beautiful, no man ravishingly handsome. An equality in shape and form and texture.

Doug was one of the youngest. She saw the other women looking at him, their mouths wet, their eyes traveling down to measure the length and girth of his penis. In that moment of mutual bareness, she felt an affinity for the group that she hadn't felt for any other group of people; as though they were all sharing some private secret that made them all the more tightly knit.

Doug looked around for Val. She wasn't in view. He had missed her when they went into the room, and now wondered where she might be. She had mentioned something about a surprise, and he wanted to be sure that he would get a taste of her flesh before the evening was over.

Harry, moving with his lubricated ease, stepped in front of the group, which was still standing in pairs.

"All right. Now, as usual, let's mix it up. First, everyone just stroll around and fall into a single file line." He paused while the group milled for a moment, then fell into a straight line.

Harry spoke didactically for Gwen and Doug's benefit. "Now, I want everyone to make sure that on either side of them is a person of the opposite sex. That's it, fine. Now, I want you to count off from left to right. One through twenty. Say the number loud so that you remember it."

He paused, letting the group count. "Okay, now, let's start mixing up. Numbers that are odd are women, numbers that are even are men. So, let's have number ten and number three. Number two and number nine. Number eight and number one." He continued down the line, calling numbers until all the pairs were mixed and matched. Gwen searched out her number. It was Peter Roberts. He took her hand in his, holding it lightly.

"Kind of fun, isn't it?" he asked, whispering into her ear. She felt his smooth lips graze her earlobe, and her breasts became instantly firm and tingly. She smiled, trying to catch her breath. Peter Roberts leaned slightly so that his hips brushed hers. He could hear her suck in a deep breath.

Gwen was instantly pleased with the random choice. She realized he was much

handsomer than his pictures, and exuded an aura of confidence that made her feel relaxed and secure, yet behind the grin was a hypnotic sensuality that made her vagina twitch with anticipation.

He slipped his arm around her slim waist, letting his fingers rest on the velvet blanket of flesh covering her stomach. She found herself leaning against him, not heavily, but just enough to reassure that she found him more than just a party mate.

Harry walked along the matched line, nodding his approval. He noticed that Doug had been matched with a willowy blonde. She was heavier than most of the women, but it was all extras in the right places. Her breasts were very large, and as white as marshmallows, with two cherry red nipples the size of thumbs poking up toward the ceiling like tiny erect penises. Her waist was surprisingly narrow, but Harry knew that was because she had had a rib removed to allow the tight cinch of flesh. The waist then billowed out to fleshy but firm hips that melted down over two white balls of buttock flesh. Doug seemed more than comfortable with the woman who was whispering and joking with him.

The others were talking and laughing as they waited their next instructions. While it appeared Harry had just chose the numbers from his mind, the real truth was that he had carefully decided which persons to mix days before. The random sampling had been part of his showmanship.

"All right, anyone dissatisfied?" he asked with a broad toothy grin.

"Great here," came a reply. The others agreed and Harry stepped toward the putters. He picked one for each man, handing them to them.

"Now, the game is simple. I'll give you each a ball and you take your mate and position her at the end of the room. Then, from fifty feet, you start putting. The first to sink his putt wins the honors. And the honors in this case is a public display of sportsmanship. Right in the middle of the group."

Harry didn't have to explain the delicate meaning of "sinking a putt." Everyone, including Doug and Gwen, knew what he meant.

"Now, to make it a little easier, I've chosen English golf balls, which are smaller than American ones. But, you all must remember, that the English cup is also smaller than the American cup." He held up his hands to parry off the boos.

"Now, ladies. This is a technical situation. No reflection on the construction of

American women. You are by all degrees more sensual and passionate than any English woman."

Cheers rose.

The women moved toward the opposite end of the room. The floor was covered with a soft indoor-outdoor rug that felt very much like the grass on a putting surface. Gwen watched the other women sink down on their backs, their legs spread so that their vaginas were splayed apart. She felt a burning moment of embarrassment as the women giggled and reached to open the lips of their vaginas. Then she sank down and copied the scene.

"Everything looks beautiful from here, ladies," Harry said, marching along in front of them. "Now, so that there will be no mistake, you don't have to engulf the ball. Just so that it is firmly stuck to the hole. That way no one will be out of the running because of a size difference."

Harry turned and motioned to the men. "You each have ten balls. If no one is a winner at the end of ten, then we'll take the closest to the hole. Tee off, gentlemen." Gwen craned her neck to watch. She saw Peter line up the putt. He stroked it carefully. The ball skittered toward her forked thighs, rolled off center, and hit her thigh which was raised slightly. The ball stuck under her knee.

"Don't raise your legs," the redhead next to her suggested. "Keep them flat, maybe the ball will bounce up there that way."

Gwen thanked her and pressed the backs of her legs flat on the rug. Peter, his face masked with concentration, lined up his second ball. It broke high, hitting her shin and glancing up near the inside of her thigh. Gwen felt the cold ball and shivered.

She could see Doug a few men down from Peter. He was laughing and hitting his putts badly. They were crossing over to the women next to his blonde, bouncing off her ankles and soles of her feet.

"Your husband's a little nervous," the redhead said, taking a ball in the knee. She said ouch and yelled a scolding remark to her mate not to hit them so hard.

Gwen counted the balls. This would be Peter's sixth. She saw it coming. It looked good, straight on line. She hooked her fingers into the folds of her cunt and pulled, opening the hole to its maximum. The ball crashed into the lips of

her pussy and stuck there.

"Winner!" she shouted, surprising herself with her own outburst.

The other women groaned and got to their feet. Then they laughed and marched around Gwen, telling her how lucky she was to win. That it was a great honor to be the first hole-in-one on her first visit to the club.

Peter came running down the room. He caught Gwen and swung her around.

"Beautiful catch," he said, setting her down on her small feet. "Now, we collect the rewards."

The others pressed into a tight circle, the women sitting cross-legged, the men wrapping their legs around the women and hunching up close so that their cocks pressed into the top of their ass-slits.

Harry brought a huge yellow pillow with a bright red pennant in the middle. It was large enough for two bodies. He placed it in the middle of the circle.

"All right, Peter, Gwen, collect your prizes. Two big wild orgasms in front of the group."

Gwen looked at the sea of anxious faces. Doug smiled and nodded. She saw his hand was dwarfed around the massive breasts of the voluptuous blonde.

Peter took her hand. He pulled her down onto the thick pillow, whispering in her ear as he kissed the indentation of her throat.

"Just relax, Gwen. Pretend we're alone. Our job is to kick things off."

Gwen slitted her eyes and rolled next to him, shoving her pubis against his hardening cock. She felt his strong, demanding fingers touching the erogenous zones on her back. Her body shivered, and goose bumps erupted over her flesh. The lights dimmed to a deep red glow.

"Take me," she hissed, pressing her tongue against his ear. She could feel the tense atmosphere around them. She heard the heavy breathing and felt the eyes staring at her wriggling body as Peter ran his fingers up the inside of her forked thigh.

She had gone too far to stop now, and she didn't feel like stopping. There was something so primitively wild about doing it this way, not in the security of a



bedroom, but in the full public view of other people.

Peter stroked her thigh, letting his fingers graze up the damp slot. She shuddered as his mouth touched her stomach. She could feel his tongue burying itself into her navel. The teeth nipped at the loose flesh as he cupped one breast after another, rolling it firmly between his fingertips. She lay, hands flat on the pillow, mouth parted, tongue stuck between her bright, shining lips.

The noises around her melted into an occasional sigh as Peter worked her into a building passion. He touched her everywhere. His fingers circled her ear, ran down her jaw, pressed her lips.

She could feel his mouth over her vagina. He moved down, hands and arms sliding under her knees, pushing her legs up against her hips. She felt his hands search out and cradle her breasts. They slid up the undersides of the mounds, milking the nipples into bright vermilion tips. Then he touched her. His mouth made contact with her pubic hair. She felt his damp breath, hot and pulsing, shove against the lips of her pussy. She shook violently, suddenly aware that she was being watched by strangers. That the man kissing her in the most private area wasn't Doug.

Lifting her head, she looked down through her cleavage and saw Peter's smooth forehead and shining blue eyes. The eyes smiled at her, told her to relax, and she did. She let her head sink down onto the pillow, and shut her lids as she felt the dancing tip of his tongue flick out and caress her clitoris.

The insides of her vagina closed into a fist. She felt the muscles balling into knots as Peter alternately massaged her breasts with his fingers, her clit with his tongue. She could feel the fluids dripping out onto the man's tongue. The hands on her mounds began to twist and wrench her breasts.

Around her, she could hear the squishing of flesh, and sensed instinctively that the others were starting their own kinds of lovemaking. She could smell the sweet fragrance of vaginas coming to life, their dew filling the air with a pungent, startling odor.

Gwen felt herself sinking deeper and deeper into the pillow. She could hear the air hissing through her collapsing nostrils. Anxious to feel the man between her legs, she forced her right leg down and shoveled the top of her foot under his hip until her toe made contact with the side of his hard cock. She rubbed it firmly,

feeling it strain against her flesh.

Peter's tongue thrashed her now. It made wide lapping circles around the opening of her twat. She could feel his lips closing like a suction cup over her snatch. Then he began to suck. She felt the insides of her pussy contract. He sucked and probed with the tongue, sinking the organ deep into the well of her pudding. He hooked the tip, dragging it out and teasing the hardened clit.

She couldn't stop it. Her hips began to buck up. First rhythmically, then with wild abandon. Her tummy jerked as the first of a series of wild orgasms shocked her system. He was still down there, his tongue lapping, his mouth sucking.

After two compact series of orgasms, he slipped his arms free of her legs and slid up so that his mouth pressed against hers. She reached down frantically for his pole, felt her fingers curl around it, and guided it into the soggy slot.

She sighed as she fit the weapon into its sheath. Peter's tongue fluttered against her palate as he began to stoke her. He slid his hands down to the swell of her ass, lifted and rammed his prick home. She could feel his hairy balls slap against her anus. She was smothered in passion, totally unaware of the others who were watching the scene. The cock was as hard as a steel poker. She felt it telescope inside her, pounding against the back of her womb. Her body tensed. She felt his fingers climb into the crevice of her ass. She felt them slide down toward the wet opening of her anus.

She wanted to say no. She wanted to stop him before he inserted his fingers, but she couldn't talk. Her mouth was dry. Her hips were lurching up as though her buttocks were tightly coiled springs recoiling after each touch. As her body stiffened, she felt the finger push against her anus. It slipped into her ass-hole as the first of a new wild series of orgasms ripped through her. She lifted high into the air, ass wriggling frantically to relieve the pressure in her bowels. The finger drilled farther and farther, working so that its tip touched against the membrane separating the vagina from the colon.

Gwen cried out. She screamed a plea of passionate agony that sent chills through the onlookers. Only Doug knew what she was trying to say.

# Chapter 7

The party was officially started. The lights were kept low as the couples melted away after the applause to the corners and sides of the room where the orgy pillows were.

Doug was the last to leave. He looked at his fatigued wife for a moment. She was sweating, eyes closed, hands limp at her sides. Peter was caressing her, talking to her in whispers Doug couldn't understand. Then he felt the blonde's hand on his own hard cock.

"Come on, lover. I want to show you something."

She pulled him by his cock to a pillow. He glanced around. The couples were laughing and making love, some in sixty-nine positions, others all knotted up like contortionists. He saw a man sandwiched between two women. The other man was on top, sucking at one of the women's ass-holes.

Everything was being done with such finesse that it didn't seem obscene in the least to Doug. He accepted it as sexual expression, nothing more, nothing less. There were all intelligent, wealthy people who were letting their emotions go. They weren't holding back any desires. And if they had reservations about one particular thing, or desires for something their mates didn't particularly enjoy, then all they had to do was find an agreeable partner. When the vacation was over, everyone went home to where the routine waited. But they went with a fresh outlook and the knowledge that in another few short weeks they would be back in sexual fantasy land.

The blonde, wife of a well-known stockbroker, was named Ginny. Her body was Nordic, her hair almost snowy-white. But it was smooth and silky to the touch, not frazzled as some pure-white hair overworked and burned with bleach. Doug assumed from the crystal-blue eyes and milky complexion that her hair was very close to its natural color, with perhaps some lighteners added.

"You have a nice one," she said in a thick, chocolate syrup voice that made Doug's balls start to leap like hot grease on a griddle.

She pulled him by the prick down next to her on the pillow. "I like nice ones. You have an athletic one. It's young and strong and ready for action, right?"

"You bet," Doug said, running his hands over her fleshy tits. He could feel her long, distended nipples poking against his palms.

"Are you oral or anal, or both?" Ginny asked, lolling her head and arching her back so that her breasts stuck up like mountain peaks.

"I'm all," Doug said, eyes fastened on her nipples. He had never seen nipples like those before in his life, and tried to imagine what she must look like in a bikini. All he could imagine was two, sharp, nail-like protrusions being capped by a sheer thread of material.

"You want to experiment a little, or just do it missionary style?"

Doug felt his blood percolating. "Experiment," he said in a dry voice.

She laughed and grabbed his face, burying it into her thick mounds. He licked at the tits, feeling the eraser-hard nipples poking into his cheeks.

"You like them, don't you?"

"Have to be crazy if I didn't."

"All men are alike. They've got mammary-man ia."

"Is that what I think it is?"

"Tit-on-the-brain, Dougy. Right. Tit-on-the-brain."

"Right," Doug said, sucking one of the inch-long nipples into his mouth. He felt its rubbery texture as it popped long and hard onto the flat of his tongue. He bit it carefully, afraid that it might be easily cut. It was spongy and exciting. He rolled it from one side of his mouth to the other as he might nervously do a cigar. She didn't seem too excited by the act.

"You want me to experiment on you, Dougy?"

He let the nipple slip out of his mouth. "All right. What do you have in mind?"

She let her hands glide down his chest to his penis. "I like to make a man feel wanted. But at the same time I want to want a man. I want to make you remember Ginny like you won't remember any other woman."

"Sounds fair," Doug said, squeezing her tits together and trying to judge how many inches deep the cleavage was.

"You know you can have most women the same way. But I'd like you to let me have you my special way. They call it the Ginny-Screw. Sound exciting?"

"You're exciting just like you are," he said, kissing her moist mouth. Her lips were alive. She opened them, letting him suck on the tip of her tongue, then she pushed him away.

"I want you to let me do something. You just lie on your stomach and enjoy what I do. Then you can do what you like with me."

"Turn me on," Doug said, flopping onto his stomach. Ginny moved so that she straddled his buttocks. He felt her hands massaging his back. They were practiced hands, not un-like a masseur's. They relaxed him. He even noticed that his cock was losing its hardness and that a drifting euphoria was overcoming him. She pressed the nerves around his neck, working down his spine until his tense muscles softened and his rapid heartbeat slowed to half its previous speed.

"You must be relaxed," she said in a soothing, comforting voice. "You must let yourself go and relax. You must think of things that are comforting."

"How about your body? That's comforting."

"Let your mind and body relax. There's big things to come. You're in no hurry. No hurry at all."

He smiled, his cheek resting on his hands as he let her untie the knots in his muscles. He was half dozing, completely soothed in her web of silken vocal melodies, when she stopped rubbing and he felt her tongue begin to wash between his shoulder blades. His cock lurched stiff as her nipples dragged teasingly along his spine, sometimes swaying to the left and right as she undulated above him.

"Relax," she said, but without the same smothering effect. He felt his jaw tighten as her tongue-bath moved down to the small of his back. She licked hard, stroking up along his spine hard enough so that he could feel a slight scraping of the flesh.

His buttocks were clenched together tightly as she ran her palms down to the

cheeks, pulling them apart with the slightest of pressure. Then he felt her tongue wash through the crack. He shivered excitedly as her nipples followed the tongue, brushing his en flamed flesh.

"I'm going to eat your ass-hole, Dougy," she said in a thick, passionate voice. "I don't know if you've ever had yourself eaten before, but believe me, you'll not forget me when it's over."

Doug curled his fists. He fought the tickling sensation as her nipples dragged up the spread slit of his ass. He felt them bounce over his puckered anus and glide up the crack of his ass.

Ginny changed positions. She swiveled around so that her vagina was stuck to the back of Doug's neck. He could feel the slick, furry lips mashing against his hair. She hunched up and down, each time secreting more juices onto his neck that seemed to lubricate her movement.

Her fingers were dug into the cliffs of his ass. He felt her spread them farther and farther apart until his ass-hole was straining.

Then she sliced at it with her tongue. He felt the sphincter snap shut reflexively as her tongue cut across the pliable flesh. She repeated the process, each time adding a little more pressure until he was wrenching and twisting beneath her like a trapped fish on a bank. Her weight held him fast. He knew he could roll over any time he wanted, but that wouldn't be fair. She was enjoying his squirms, and he sensed it.

Ginny had her face pressed down into the crack of his ass. She jabbed the bayonet tip of her tongue into his ass. Doug let out a grunt as she forced it deeper and deeper. The pressure was extraordinary. He felt as though he were sitting on a blunt instrument of some sort, unable to raise up to relieve the pressure.

Ginny had one hand on his balls, squeezing them as she let her tongue come to life inside his bowels. She stroked firmly, each time sinking another inch or so of her tongue into him.

Doug had never felt anything quite like it. It was so totally new and different that it sent bolts of electricity through him. His ass reacted instinctively, closing around the tongue, trying to force it out. But with every rebuttal, the tongue seemed to crack open new doors of passion. The tighter his muscles closed around the frantic organ, the more powerful her thrusts became, until he thought

she would shove all the juice out of his nuts and he would spill his precious seed onto the pillow.

She plumbed the tongue rapidly. She heard him grunt, and noticed that his body stiffened. Then she extracted the tongue very quickly and moved down so that her breasts were dangling over his anus.

"I'm going to tit-fuck you, Dougy. That's my way. Hang on."

He didn't understand her until he felt her shove the nipple into his ass. It was harder than ever, like the first joint of a finger. It drove down as far as it would go, and then she did something. He could feel it. She was tightening her pectoral muscles, making the whole tit become as hard as a rock. With each muscular contraction, the head of the nipple seemed to implode. It shimmied with more vibrancy than her tongue had. It became, in Doug's mind, a penis that stroked and shoved in a bizarre need to ejaculate.

He could hear Ginny panting. He could hear her crying and sobbing as she ground the tit-head deeper and deeper.

"TIT-FUCK! TIT-FUCK! TIT-FUCK!" The words exploded from her mouth. Then the command followed. "COME, BABY! COME NOW! COME WITH THE TIT! COME!"

Doug's hips lurched up. He pounded his ass against the stiff pinnacle jabbing his anus. He wanted more and more. He felt her hands squeezing his nuts like they were Silly Putty. Then, in a long shuddering escape from the passion, he felt the jism jerking up from his balls and shooting in a warm, singing stream from his cock.

Ginny was off him in a flash, rolling him onto his back, planting her mouth over his still-streaming cock. He felt her throat suckle the head and drink his come.

He lay with his hips arched, hands on the back of her head, pulling her mouth farther and farther over his pole until it went soft between her lips.

She pulled away with a loud, pop.

"Now, Dougy, it's your turn," she said, rolling onto her back and spreading her legs.

For the next two hours the darkened room, bathed in a rouge of passion, was a

mixture of erotic noises, sights and smells. Bodies slithered and writhed. Heads lolled and legs flailed climactically in the air as though pedaling imaginary bicycles. Flesh sweated onto other flesh as tongues met in serpentine rituals.

At the end of two hours, the soft lights were turned up by Val, who had been watching the scene from the doorway. She had watched her husband join into a daisy chain of mouths connected to organs. She had watched Doug go down on Ginny, and Gwen take Peter's engorged cock into her mouth as a hungry baby feasts on a bottle.

Now it was time for the other scheduled events to get underway, and everyone knew as the lights filled the dark corners that it was time for more games and continued fun.

All eyes turned to the tall, angular face smiling at them. No one noticed the dull eyes or the slight powdered bruise under her right breast-Carl Bruno's calling card.

Val was almost naked. She wore a very tight fishnet tunic that cut across the cheeks of her ass, but did nothing to hide the subtle flesh from view. Her hair was tied to one side, falling over her right shoulder like an ebony waterfall. Doug felt his heart leap with revitalized energy as she stood in the bright light, smiling faintly, waiting for the rustling of bodies to part.

"Sorry I'm a little late. I was putting the finishing touches on one of the evening's surprises." She motioned for everyone to follow her. She led them out to the backyard where patio torches cast the lush green yard into a maze of wavering shadows.

"Tonight," Val said, a smile playing at the corners of her mouth, "we're going to conduct a tournament. It will be much like a golf tournament, since, after all, we are all golfers. The tournament will be composed of two teams, with a team captain each. Each member of the team will be assigned a club-at random of course. For example, if a man is assigned to be the driver, he will start off the game by driving his club into the captain," she paused, "if the captain is a woman. And I suggest that all captains be women."

"Now, there will be seventy-two strokes to a game. No handicaps, please." She waited for the laughter to ebb. "The basic idea is this. Each team will receive a club assignment. It will be up to the captain-the woman-to assign strokes. For



example, if the imaginary hole is a par five, then she will ask for two woods and then an appropriate iron-say a nine iron. The persons assigned as the woods, will give her a good stroke. You are allowed warm-up strokes, just as you are on the course. But these warm-up or practice strokes cannot be made in the hole. They may be made on any other part of the body-the mouth, anus, cleavage, etcetera."

The men murmured, the women giggled. Val continued. "After the practice strokes, then the designated club must take its one stroke. We-Harry and I-will judge the reaction, and without prejudice estimate the yardage of the stroke. Should it look like the stroke had no effect, we will say that the club sliced or hooked or merely duffed the shot, and the team captain will be required to call another club.

"In the case of women team members, the stroke will be made with either the tongue or finger, or any other part of the body that can effect a sexual response we can measure. The team with the fewest strokes over the seventy-two hole imaginary course wins. I know it all sounds a little complicated, but I'm sure you'll catch on quickly. Now, we need two volunteers for the team captains..."

Peter nudged Gwen. "Go ahead," he said, running his hand down the swell of her ass. "It will be more fun than waiting in line. Show everyone you're really one of us."

Gwen hesitated, then stepped forward. "I'll be one."

"Good," Val said, obviously pleased. "Now, one more."

Ginny raised her hand. "All right," Val said. "You're one."

"No," Ginny said. "Why don't you be one? You and Gwen. I'll help Harry judge."

The throng all nodded and told Val to accept. She smiled helplessly. "Well, all right, if you insist." She took Gwen by the arm and led her toward a small indentation carefully manicured into the ground.

"That's just about right, Gwen. Shaped like your body. The upper levels are for your legs-like the stirrups at your gynecologist. Just hook your ankles in them and relax. Harry will stick some wires to your back. They won't hurt. It will just record the electric voltage your system is throwing off during the stroke and let us be more accurate."

Gwen looked at the indentation. "You think of everything, don't you?"

"Almost," Val said wistfully, thinking of Bruno. "Almost everything. Now, just sit down while Harry hooks up the electrodes."

Val positioned herself in her niche and told Ginny where to attach the electrodes. Then she lay back and waited while Harry and Ginny split the teams up and assigned clubs to everyone.

There was a moment when the two women were almost alone. Val looked over at Gwen and smiled. "Glad to see you're enjoying the company."

"Peter's nice. The rest are very attractive people."

"Expression," Val said, leaning back so that the small of her back rested firmly on the damp grass, "is the name of the game. Everyone wants to express himself freely. That's why we're so successful. When you stop needing to express yourself sexually, you don't need to come any more."

"Is that a warning or a suggestion?"

"A comment, Gwen. I don't want you to think you're compelled to come. I want you to enjoy the experience for what it's worth. I don't want to be unfriendly."

Gwen returned the smile. "It was a shock at first, but I'm getting over it. Do you like Doug?" she added casually.

"like him?"

"More than usual in these circumstances?" Val thought a moment, trying to see if she was walking into some kind of verbal, catty trap. "I don't think I love him if that's what you're implying. Doug's a nice guy. He's got a lot on the ball and a lot to offer in the future. If I were you, I'd do everything I could to keep him on your side."

"My side?"

"Men," Val said with a musical lilt to her voice, "are always boys under their five-hundred-dollar suits and graying sideburns. They take sides for and against their women. If you think women are flighty, take a good look at your man. He can be your friend one minute, your enemy the next. If you nag him a lot, get his ire up, he'll jump to the other side. He'll start looking around for someone he

thinks understands him. He'll try and play with the other team until he realized that he was on the right team in the first place. You have to play ball with a man, Gwen. You have to look past his faults and see what you really have. Then, if you don't want it, you just force him off your team. He'll go very easily. But if you really want him, you better play your cards carefully."

Ginny bounced toward the two women, her massive breasts flopping like two water-filled balloons.

"Everybody's ready," she announced, taking a seat next to Val. "How's the two nymphs?"

"Great!" Val said. "Ready for action!"

Harry took a cross-legged position next to Gwen. "How're you doing?" he asked in a fatherly tone.

"I'm learning the ropes," Gwen replied, glancing at Val with a new curiosity. Val was trying to tell her something a few moments ago. Something she didn't fully understand. But something she knew was true and honest.

"All right," Harry boomed, reaching out and patting Gwen's bare shoulder. "Let's get lined up and tee off." He leaned down to whisper in Gwen's ear. "Don't be startled by the women. It will be different than the men, but remember it's all in fun."

Gwen nodded. She had forgotten that the women would be trying to stimulate her, and that she had never been touched sexually by a female. Her heart tripped noisily as the first man stepped up. She saw him. He was tall, slenderly built, but with a bronzed body that earmarked him as a regular visitor to Palm Springs. He had an infectious smile that beamed down at her and put her at ease as he knelt beside her.

"I'm the driver," he said, a smile curving broadly onto his face. His evenly spaced white teeth flashed. "I'm going to drive you two hundred and eighty yards, so be ready."

Gwen, according to the instructions, could only do what was told to her. She could not initiate any antics to help the man. But if he were to tell her to hold his cock, to massage it, to kiss it and make it hard, she could oblige. Any other movement or initiative on her part would disqualify his club from play and they

would lose a stroke to par.

Gwen had met the man earlier. His name was Ray, and his cock was one of the longest she had ever seen. He indeed was a driver, because his penis had an irregular shape, thin at the base, and tapering to a thick blunt tip. Gwen watched as he dangled it over her chest, rubbing it between the proud, bursting cleavage of her puckered breasts.

"Gotta stiffen up for the shot," he said, running his hands up the smooth, flat surface of her stomach. She felt his tender hands cup her mounds, squeezing them into red turgid tips. She had an urge to reach for them, to touch the backs of his hands and press him harder against her. But she remembered the rule, and left her arms glued to her sides.

"I'm going to let you suck it to life," he said, sliding up so that the tip of his fist-sized knob grazed her lips. "Kiss and lick it. Then it'll be ready."

Instinctively, Gwen parted her lips. Her tongue danced out, curling around the slick head of the massive organ. She felt it spring to cement-like hardness as she covered it with her lips and drew it over the flat of her tongue.

It was huge. It pressed up hard against her palate, forcing her jaws to spread wide. She could feel her cheeks caving in, crushing against the rocky sides of the organ which the man rocked leisurely into her mouth. His balls, two furry tennis balls, slapped against her chin as she suckled the life and blood to the root.

"Good," he said, quickly withdrawing the weapon and guiding it down to the fork of her succulent thighs. She felt him pressing it against her lips. It was like a doorknob. He undulated his ass, grinding the pestle-shaped bludgeon against her sweating twat. Her nerves bunched up, forming tiny knots inside her nervous system. Her body trembled as the narcotic effect of his nearness drugged her mind. His hands were planted on her breasts, screwing and unscrewing the mounds with increasing passion. She could hear his breath wheezing from his lips and feel the urgency bundled in the straining cockhead now burrowed into the first niche of her pussy.

"Ready," he grunted, grabbing her shoulders forcefully and yanking them down. At the same instant his hips pumped forward driving the full length of his tool into her. She gasped as the searing pain shot through her. He seemed to vibrate as he lunged into her. The cock became a bronze tuning fork ringing

thunderously throughout her system, crashing into the knotted nerves and sending them cascading like little balls of lightning through her system.

Her eyes closed, she felt the impact of his lunge screaming from every nerve ending. She cried out, her body shaking violently as he held the full force of his thrust. She arched her hips, meeting the insatiable stab with every ounce of energy she could muster.

He didn't yank it out. Instead, according to the one-stroke rule, he let it slide out slowly, bumping and grinding his hips as he did, allowing her to reflect the electrical storm raging throughout her body.

When it finally slid completely out of its sheath, the driver had taken its toll. Gwen was simpering. Her face twisted with relief and disappointment that it was over.

"Great drive! Three hundred yards, on a par five!" Harry shouted. "Only two hundred and twenty-five yards to the green."

Gwen wiped the perspiration from her brow. Ray kissed her nipples. "Thanks, baby. You were really good. Maybe later we can drive for the green, just the two of us."

Gwen nodded. "I'd like that."

Harry broke up the discussion. "All right. No pandering, now. Come on, Gwen. Call the next club."

"Three wood," she said, still feeling the tingling in her loins from the driver.

She watched as a slightly heavy man approached. He had a great face, bright rosy cheeks, and a paunch that slung over his genitals. He wasn't very large, but she noticed that he had not been circumcised and that there were heavy folds of flesh bunched over the head of his limp prick. His name was George, and she knew of him. He was the judge from San Francisco that Doug had mentioned on occasion as being one of the fairest in the state when it came to labor disputes.

"Hello, my dear," he said, squatting down beside her. She wondered how he could possibly evoke a response with his everything-but-passionate appearance. "I hope you're ready for me?"

"Ready and willing," Gwen said with mock confidence.

"Mind if I kiss you, just to prepare everything?" he asked in heady voice. "No! Go ahead."

Gwen parted her lips, slitted her eyes, and expected him to press his lips to hers. Instead, he slithered down between her legs and planted his mouth against her pussy. She felt the tremendous suction drawing her womb out. Her body began to sizzle with a new and different sensation as he munched on her clit, lolling it with his tongue, nipping it with the front of his false teeth.

She could hear the murmurs next to her and sense the erotic buildup of Val's body as she took on one club after another. Her team was much slower, but more cautious. They were taking their time, warming up her hole and boiling it to a peaked frenzy before trying to drive for the green.

The heavy older man stroked the insides of her thighs as he sucked her twat. She could feel his leathery lips forming an "O" as they pulsed deep into her. His tongue wagged like a fractured finger inside her twat, touching and stimulating the buried passions.

She thought he would never come up for air. When he did, her body was shaking. Her small nostrils collapsed as she tried to satisfy the craving in her lungs. She was on the brink of an orgasm.

In one fluid motion George exchanged his tongue for his cock. She felt the stiff wrinkles around his foreskin rolling her lips apart. Then, as slowly as an inchworm crawling into a culvert, he began pushing the wrinkled, grooved prick into her. Each new inch sent her body into convulsions. She felt a numbing sensation in her toes and fingers as the man sucked on her tits. He panted, ass wriggling like a bowl of Jello, as he pushed deeper and deeper into her turbulent well.

At the apex of his interminable thrust, she felt her body shattering into orgasmic pieces. Her hips lurched up. Her twat squeezed and milked, shooting its damp, sticky juices all over his wattled cock.

He withdrew with the same, patient anxiety that had started her first orgasm. By the time his cockhead was grating against her clit, hesitating at the mouth of her vagina, she was shuddering through her second orgasm.

"Perfect shot!" Harry shouted. "The three-wood drove to within a foot of the cup."

Meekly, Gwen called for the putter.

The putter was a doe-eyed beauty with flaxen hair and a deep, sensual mouth. Gwen watched her slide down between her thighs, and felt a moment of cold anxiety. She had never had a woman touch her, although she knew the effects could probably be as warming and passionate as a man's penis.

The woman's body was almost black. She was from Puerto Rico, had the sharp features of a voodoo goddess and the body of a luscious fruit. Her shoulders melted down to two stiff, arrogant mounds that were pointed out at oblique angles. Her waist was narrow, hips slim and tapering into lathed thighs and well-turned ankles. Her dark, lustrous, penetrating eyes held Gwen captive as she smiled, letting her high cheekbones come into prominence below her cat-shaped eyes. Strangely, Gwen felt utterly helpless.

"Hello," she said, her voice rich with confidence. "I'm going to putt for an eagle."

As the others, she sank into the grassy indentation between Gwen's thighs. Her hand stroked the inside of Gwen's trembling leg, fingers delicately flicking at her moist cunt.

"This is a tricky putt," she said, tossing her long hair so that the silken strands slashed teasingly across Gwen's stomach. "I have to lag it up and hope it will fall in. And I must be firm and confident at the same time, without being jerky."

The comment, Gwen knew, was instructive. She was not to jerk to convulse as she had with the driver and three-wood. Instead, it must be a romantic, exotic motion that would tell Harry the ball had been carefully putted and holed out.

"I understand," Gwen said, mesmerized by the eyes which held her in their imprisoning beam.

The woman, named Jill, reached out and touched Gwen's breasts. Her hands were un-like any hands that had every caressed her. They were gentle, more understanding, affectionate little individuals preening and plying her flesh. There was a deeper sensation involved, one that Gwen didn't quite understand at the moment.

"You have a nice body," Jill said, her fingers exploring and measuring the size and texture of Gwen's mounds. The fingers, cool, confident, grasped Gwen's

nipples and rolled them between thumb and forefinger.

"Thank you."

"Have you ever had a woman?"

Gwen felt an icy chill press against the back of her neck. Her mouth was dry and stuck to the surface of her tongue.

"No."

"Then perhaps later, we can get together. A woman should know what another woman can do for her."

There was such a soothing sincerity to the voice, such a hypnotic attraction, that Gwen felt her hips involuntarily raise in search of Jill's flesh. The woman obliged, taking her own breasts and rubbing them lightly around the opening of Gwen's cunt. The nipples grazed Gwen's swollen clit, sending shivers through her body.

"I'm going to stroke you with my tongue," Jill said, leaning down to kiss Gwen's puckered nipples. "I want you to feel the smooth, steady stroke and to know it is a perfect one."

Jill, her arrogant breast sliding back and forth across the damp, slitted opening of Gwen's red-meated cunt, took on an exotic rhythm. Gwen never realized it when the woman bent, touching her tongue to the red, puffy pulp of her cunt. Only as the tongue lanced deftly through the constricted flesh did she realize that the putter was making her stroke.

There was no jerking response, no shattering orgasmic cry from Gwen's lips. Only a satisfied moan as the tongue buried itself smoothly, effectively into the inner depths of Gwen's throbbing snatch.

Jill withdrew the tongue with the same steady assurance. Gwen shifted slightly, savoring the wild and bizarre feeling.

"Eagle three," Harry announced. "They made the par five in three. Great."

Gwen's team cheered and the others lined up in order to begin the new hole.





## Chapter 8

Gwen's team won by ten strokes. When it was over, they lifted her up on their shoulders and marched her around, telling her jokingly that she should join the pro circuit. Doug watched with pleasant amusement. He was not only surprised, but deeply satisfied that his wife had been so graciously and totally accepted. He knew also that the others were putting out a full team effort to make Gwen feel wanted. And they were succeeding.

Harry and Ginny tucked the electronic equipment into the cases and joined the march. Both teams were honoring the champion, toasting her with glasses of bubbling champagne Val had ferried from the kitchen.

They were moving into the house, Harry leading the procession through the interconnecting rooms. Doug fell into line at the rear, sipping his champagne and feeling slightly left out of the fun and games. Everyone crowded into a deceptively small room with close, constricting walls done in a drab, mildewed scenario reminiscent of a cheap hotel room. There was a noisy brass bed in the middle onto which Gwen was softly dumped. She bounced three times before coming to rest.

Val stepped forward, hoisting her glass in salute of the victor. "Gwen Stillman, you are now a full-fledged member of the Hole-In-One Club. Welcome."

She drained her glass. The others followed her cue. Then she turned toward Doug, a surprising sneer on her lips.

"Now, we have an added attraction. I will need two volunteers. One male, one female."

Doug felt the stare and remembered her invitation earlier. He stepped up. "I'll be the male."

She swiveled her head, searching for a female volunteer. Ginny nodded.

"All right. Gwen, do you mind if I take over the bed?"

Gwen slipped off the sagging mattress, befuddled by the strange room and the

peculiar look on Val's face. Val sat on the edge of the bed, her svelte legs closed together, hands resting on her knees.

"Gwen and Doug, this scene is essentially for you. The others have seen it before. It's a play of sorts. A play that we all sometimes find ourselves wondering about. The room you are in is supposed to represent a cheap tenement hotel. The bed, slightly garish for the rest of the decor, serves as the stage."

She slid her eyes from face to face. "What you are going to see is the debauchery of a woman, of her own volition. Sex is crude by instinct. The best kind is rough, animalistic with all the intellectual innuendoes thrown out the window. like the old saying, the best way to have sex is to have it dirty. Well, in this play, sex is dirty. It is conducted within a dirty surrounding, with dirty, obscene, pornographic intent. The result on the audience is basic appreciation for intellectual restraint. In other words, what we perform here in this room under the scrutiny of our friends, keeps us from the shanty houses, from the hovels in the lower section of town. We don't have to sneak away to feed our most basic and primitive desires. We do it here, in this room, and then we forget it happened. We satisfy our urges."

Gwen didn't fully understand, but she knew what was being said. They were going to have an orgy in a sordid way, so that when they were through, they would not think about screwing a handyman or some bar floozy. They would only remember the scene and be satisfied that any time they wanted, they could come to the sordid room and reply their desires with ultimate freedom and security.

Val was still speaking. "And Doug will be the rapist. He will attack me as though I were a stranger tied to the bed. He will treat me roughly-painfully if he wants. He will mount me any way he wants, letting his desires and passion rip to the surface. Ginny will be his accomplice. She will assist him in his debauchery. I will pretend to be frightened. I will fight, but weakly. Everyone understand?"

She stared directly at Doug. He nodded, half-amused, half-disturbed by this peculiar game.

"Harry, the lights." Val motioned for Harry to turn off the lights. He hit a switch and the room went black. Then another switch clicked on and a bright spotlight shined a wide circle of light onto Val's prostrate form. She threw her arms out and crossed her legs. Her voice began to whine as though some invisible force

were mauling her. She moaned "no"... "please don't"... "let me go," until the room was choked with tension. Ginny nudged Doug. Her voice was thick and hoarse.

"Go fuck the bitch," she snarled, her otherwise glossy background suddenly vented with anger and hostility.

"I want you to fuck the shit outta her. Fuck her in the ass."

She pushed Doug forward. He felt the sensation of being an actor. As his body moved into the warm beam of light, his blood chilled and he forgot about the couples standing motionless around the room waiting for his next move.

"Don't," Val moaned, twisting her face as though in terrible pain. "Don't touch me. Not again. Please, no more."

She opened and closed her thighs. Doug saw the pink slit gape open, revealing the soft damp lining of her cunt for a split second. Then it closed abruptly as she rolled to her side, hands guarding her vagina.

His cock grew hard as he climbed onto the bed, unsure of what he was going to do. He heard Ginny's voice chiming like a Greek chorus: "Fuck her, fuck her, fuck her 'til she screams for more."

The rest of the onlookers took up the chant. At first it was only a slight, faint whisper. But it grew more violent as the seconds passed into minutes.

Doug felt the sweat seeping from his palms. He watched Val as she writhed on the bed, arching her hips, tossing her breasts from side to side. He listened as she begged him off, telling him she would give him money if he would let her go, that she would give him stocks and bonds only if he let her go. Suddenly the hair on his neck bristled and something more powerful than logic overpowered him. He felt his chest rise and fall as he sucked in great gulps of breath. His penis was at a rigid state, harder and thicker, it seemed, than ever before in his life.

"FUCK HER!" the chants continued. "FUCK HER ASS! FUCK HER BREASTS! FUCK HER VIRGIN CUNT!"

His hands no longer belonged to Doug Stillman, lawyer, husband, social jurist. They belonged to some lusty man, some shriveled, shrunken beast who had walked into his run-down hotel room and found a voluptuous virgin on his bed, begging in her negative way to be seduced. His hand belonged to a starving man

reaching for food; to a vile, corrupt gutter-creature who had stalked this pretty prey to her home and then kidnapped her to his rancid, smelly room.

It didn't surprise him when he reached out, fingers hooked like claws, and dug into Val's firm breast. It didn't shock him when he found himself leaping onto her wriggling form, pinning her sweating, struggling flesh between his.

He crushed his mouth over hers and found that she fought, twisting her head so violently to one side that his teeth nearly slashed a cut into her cheek.

"Fight back," she hissed into his ear, then hit him firmly along the side of the head. Doug caught her by the hair and yanked until her nose was pointed toward the ceiling. He pressed the length of his forearm against her throat, shoving with enough pressure to secure but not injure her.

Val's eyes flashed up at him. They were filled with a combination of fear and passion. He saw them search frantically, alarmingly through his burning stare. Suddenly, Doug felt more powerful and virile than at any previous time in his life.

"Rapist! Dirty bastard!" Val screamed, trying to claw at Doug's head. He caught her wrists and wrestled them down to her sides. She tried to bite his shoulder. He felt her teeth sink in, grind and bruise the skin.

"Bitch!" he found himself saying. He spit the words out between clenched teeth, then reached down and grabbed her cunt forcefully. He hooked his fingers roughly into the dry fold of her pussy.

"Another try like that and I'll rip your cunt in two."

Val stared at him a moment, her eyes on the brink of laughter, then she resumed the frightened countenance.

"The police will come. I'll scream."

"Ginny!"

Doug looked over his shoulder. The plan was forming already in his mind. Ginny bounced onto the bed, her massive tits swaying pendulously. "Cover her mouth with your cunt!" 'Ginny looked up with surprise, then broke into a lewd grin as she climbed to the head of the bed and squatted over Val's face. Doug held Val's jaw firmly so that when Ginny sat down, her mouth was completely

covered by the woman's large twat.

"Keep her quiet," Dough snarled, climbing down between Val's thighs. He wedged his shoulders in between the closed limbs and hooked his fingers into the lips of her cunt. With a tug he separated the tightly snapped lips and bared the bright, shiny pink lining. Val's clit betrayed her. It stood out like a sore thumb. It was engorged, a bright vermilion. Doug let his tongue dart out and twist the firm clit from one side to the other. Val tried to suppress the lurch of her hips, but Doug was relentless. He played with the thumb-shaped organ, rolling it around the tip of his tongue, attacking it with the front edges of his teeth.

Ginny had her knees on Val's arms, her cunt covering the struggling woman's mouth. She raised up occasionally to let Val take in long gulps of air, but then she would promptly lower her ass so that the pulsing brown hole pressed against Val's sharp-edged nose.

Between Val's thighs, Doug sucked the flowing juices. He swallowed hard, not breaking the suction he was creating in the woman's tepid womb. His eyes as large as saucers, he watched the heaving of her belly until the contractions started. The soft flesh became a heaving sea. He saw the muscles rippling toward him like a surging tide and sucked harder, alternating his tongue in and out of her clenching quim.

Finally, unable to suppress her passion, Val jerked up, smashing her pelvis against his nose. He could hear her sucking slurping noises as she drank Ginny's juices.

As the contractions subsided, Doug pulled his face away from the pubic pie and jabbed his cock into the drained slot. He held her hips like handles and jerked himself to the full hilt. His balls slapped noisily against her ass as he drove himself harder and harder into her.

She was dry, but his strokes were beginning to recover some of the passion she had expelled during her first two oral orgasms.

"Fuck her!" Ginny chanted, jumping up and down on Val's face. "Fuck the slut! Fuck her clean!"

Doug grabbed Val's tits. He felt his lips straining back over his teeth as he slobbered over the nipples, chewing on them with a ferocity he thought would surely bring a cry of pain from Val.

Ginny was wild-eyed. He saw her glazed look and the red tumescence of her nipples. She had Val's limp hand shoved against her breasts, and washed the palm over each long, rubbery nipple. Another thought suddenly struck Doug.

"Come down here, Ginny," he grunted, not missing a stroke. "Climb under her ass and stick your tongue up her cunt. Wedge it along my cock. We'll fuck the shit from her." He paused, then said, "The dirty slut needs a lesson."

He was amazed at the fluidness of the invectives. Ginny's face lit up at the suggestion. She left her position on Val's face and wriggled under the woman, making Val a sandwich between her two ravagers.

Doug raised Val's ass with his hands until Ginny's face was in position. Then he felt the woman's hungry tongue probing. It shoveled under his cock, spreading Val's tissues to the point of shredding.

"Feel that, bitch?" Doug hissed. "Feel that cock and tongue up your cunt?"

He held her neck firmly with his strong hands. She was limp, eyes rolled back in her head. Doug could feel her cunt working over his cock. She might be feigning on the outside, but inside, her twat was grinding like a garbage disposal. He flexed his cock, forcing it to grow longer and stiffer. She responded, clenching her box so tightly he could feel the heat friction formed by Ginny's tongue stroking alongside his poker.

His passion still at a frenzy, Doug shoved his mouth over Val's nose and inserted his tongue up her left nostril. She squirmed, fighting him as best she could. He felt the muscles of her cunt go limp as she battled him on a new front. He was amused at his own expertise.

He removed the tongue and stabbed his fingers into her ears, twisting them like augers until he saw the mark of pain stamp itself on her face.

Ginny was frantic. He felt her cupping and massaging his balls, rolling them in circles, over Val's angled ass.

"Suck," Doug panted, feeling his jism boiling to the surface. "Suck on my tongue!"

He jabbed his tongue into her mouth and left it. She began to suck, her lips forming a sweet round "O" as she drew the tip of his organ far into the back of

her throat.

Doug felt her teeth scraping over the surface of his tongue. He felt her cheeks collapsing around the sides of the geometrically designed probe. Her arms, until now lifeless at her sides, surged around him like snakes. They wrapped around his neck, crushing his lips to hers until he thought his nose would flatten.

Her legs scissored up, snaking around his waist, squeezing his waist until his kidneys ached. Her fingernails cut long, narrow grooves into his back as her body quickly changed from a defunct, resigned lump, into an eel-like mass of jiggling, bucking, lurching passion.

Ginny was the first to scream. Her voice, muffled by Val's buttocks, finally gurgled to the surface. Val had her cunt clenched so tightly that it took all of Doug's strength to move his cock. He could tell by the pressure around his staff that Ginny's tongue was equally trapped and that she was trying to beg it free.

Doug surged forward. The come frothing in his balls could no longer be restrained. He felt it climbing up, the spermatozoa swimming madly toward the head of his cock. He felt the burning sensation of the first drops spurting from his pole. Then Val let go. Her cunt opened like a relaxed fist. Ginny's tongue shot free, followed by Doug's jism-jerking dork. Doug lunged back, stabbing at the warm, squishy hole. He wanted to be in when it was over. Val worked her pussy open and shut, milking every last ounce of come from Doug's bloated balls. Ginny was still active. Her hands squeezed his sacs, pumping the jism up and out the screaming head of his swollen cock until he thought he would pass out. Then it was over. He was empty. His hands, firmly locked onto Val's tits, relaxed and slid down her side. His head went limp, resting against Val's shoulder. His muscles slackened, knees slipping down onto the soiled sheet.

Gwen watched from a darkened corner. She had pressed Peter's hand during the act against her vagina, and held it there until her own near orgasm sent shivers up her spine. She wanted to be on the bed. She wanted to be sandwiched between two hot bodies. But she would have to wait her turn. Until then, she would have to rely on her new-found friendships to quell the desire born here this night.





## Chapter 9

It was late Sunday morning. Val heard the ringing and tried to ignore it. It shattered again and again, breaking her dream into ragged chunks and bits. Groggy from the liquor and sex weekend, she rose drunkenly, fingers staggering for the receiver.

"Hello?"

"Hi, baby. How's your twat?"

The drunkenness swept from her mind, replaced by a freezing clarity. It was Carl Bruno. His coarse, raspy voice was in a class of its own. Drawn up from some rancid gutter and planted in the throat of a cretin.

"What do you want?"

"You, baby. I want you to meet me in L.A. At the Hi-Ho Motel. In two hours. Room Six, baby. And bring a towel. You might need a shower after the workout I got in mind."

Val's brain clicked rapidly. "I can't. I promised my husband I would go with him this afternoon to play golf. He's expecting me."

"Don't bullshit the bull-shitter, baby. Just be here. Besides, I checked with the Country Club. Your old man is full to his ass with lessons for the rest of the day. Be here."

Val held the phone, ready to give another rebuttal, but the line clicked dead. She sat a moment, listening to the deafening buzz, then she slowly dropped the receiver onto its cradle.

Her worst fear had come true. She had hoped, almost childishly, that if she ignored Bruno he would disappear. But she had known he wouldn't. He would be back again and again. His kind always came back, sniffing and rooting like hungry boars; tongues wagging, cocks extended in front like divining rods. They were all alike. All crude, insatiable pigs with nothing but orgasm and dominance on their minds. She would have to stop him the hard way. A way which would

cost her dearly. But she had no choice. If Harry found out, he would kill Bruno. And if Doug found out what she had done for him in South Dakota, he would probably pull out of the group. So she was left with only one choice-Angelo Castello.

Bruno would have to wait, Val thought, as she clicked down South Beverly Boulevard. She turned into the plush, thickly carpeted lobby of the Castello building, and held her nose up as though sniffing the uniformed elevator operator's body as she was lifted to the penthouse. A secretary gave her a steady, scrutinizing look as she marched toward the private but guarded entrance of Angelo Castello's business-front office.

"I'm Mrs. Benton to see Mister Castello. I called about an hour ago."

The secretary's face switched from hardened cement to sticky syrup. She rose hurriedly and led Val into the rich anteroom, then disappeared through a heavy oak door. When she returned, she waved Val into the room.

Angelo Castello was scribbling notes as Val walked in. He didn't look up, and Val took a seat patiently in front of him until he finished and pushed the heavy glasses down onto the thickest part of his Roman nose. He leaned back, shifting his expanding waistline in the chair until his heels were firmly planted and formed a Y on the desk. Then he coolly unzipped his trousers and pulled out his eighteen-inch cock.

Val was on her feet, pulling off the black elbow-length gloves. She unpinned her wide-brimmed hat and laid it on top of the gloves. Then she unzipped the chemise dress and let it slither to the floor.

Angelo, his thick, ruddy-colored his ruddy colored jowls immobile, pulled a Havana cigar from a box and snipped off one end. He watched through the thick blue haze as Val took off her slip and bra. She stood in only her panties, garters and stockings. Her breasts were jutting out, the nipples a bright cherry red. She placed her hands on her hips and waited.

Angelo let her wait. He rolled the cigar playfully from one corner to the other, sucking and blowing out gusts of the sweet aromatic smoke. Only the steady hum of an invisible air conditioner filled the room. Val didn't move. She held her ground, feet slightly parted, eyes slitted, lips kept moist and shiny by an unconscious slice of her tongue-tip.

Finally Angelo nodded. Val swayed around the desk and got onto all fours. She crawled between Angelo's fat thighs, keeping her buttocks buried in the desk well recess. Slowly, she rose to her knees and reached for the man's thick dick.

She let her fingers curl around the tool. It was hot. Her hands were sweating as she stripped the joint until it grew thick and hard. Carefully, she pulled the telescoping chunk of meat toward her shiny, damp lips. First she parted the massive eye-shaped slit and blew into it. Angelo flinched, but said nothing. He drew another lungful of Havana smoke into his lungs, exhaling it into Val's face as she let her lips caress the huge head.

Fingers working delicately, with infinite wisdom and ceaseless confidence, Val traced every cord and vein on Angelo's cock with her fingernail. He shifted when she reached through his open fly and searched for his nuts. They were like wet grapefruits in a grocery store display. She could feel a half-day's sweat clinging to their surface as she massaged the gigantic orbs, all the while sucking harder and harder. She drove her mouth down over his rod until it would go no farther. Then she gulped, swallowing and making her throat pulse against the knot of shiny, bullet-shaped flesh.

Angelo squirmed, moving his cock down her throat by a fraction of an inch. It hurt, but Val said nothing. She sucked harder, swallowed harder, and tried to displace the suffocating pain starting to scream in her mind. Her manipulating fingers shoved and squeezed harder.

He was rocking now. The wide, bucket-shaped leather chair rolled forward and back as he jerked his fat hips rhythmically. Val's head buzzed. She felt the blood rushing from her brain as her breathing was all but cut off by the monstrous cock lodged in her windpipe. She mauled the balls harder and harder until she felt the first splash of his come rocketing against her throat.

She hummed. The vibrations jolted through Angelo's reproductive system, nudging the come along. She increased the steady humming until it was almost a flat falsetto. Then the last drop of his come was spent and he withdrew the cock. Val fell to her hands and gasped.

"Now," Angelo said, pushing the chair back and zipping his pants. "What can I do for you, Val?" He rolled the ash-laden cigar tip until there was only a bright red coal resting in the ash tray.

"I need a favor," Val said, putting on her bra and slip. She held Angelo's gaze as she dressed. "I don't come often. You know that. But I haven't any choice."

Angelo, pensively chewing the cigar butt and watching Val's strong, hourglass figure, smiled. "Someone stepping on your toes, Val?"

"Not quite my toes," she said, cupping her breasts. "My property."

"Is it important that I know why?"

Val stepped into her dress, shrugged her hips, and reached behind her to zip it up. "I don't think so."

Angelo waited for her to finish dressing, then pointed to the anisette bottle. "Pour us some while we talk, Val."

She filled two small glasses and handed one to Angelo. He had his feet off the desk. His cheeks were no longer a fiery red, but now only a pink glow. He sipped slowly while Val completed her dressing.

"What's the name."

"Bruno. Carl Bruno."

Angelo's jaw shifted. His small, porcine eyes narrowed. "Bruno."

"You know him?"

"I know of him. He's in the Strattilli Family area. Labor negotiator."

"He's also a greedy pig," Val said disgustedly. Angelo seemed disturbed. He put the cigar down and opened a small book on his desk, eyes nervous as he flicked down the list of names.

"What do you want me to do?" he finally asked.

"Warn him off. I don't want any trouble, Angelo. And he's dynamite. You helped me get out of the business eight years ago, and he's trying to drag me back in. I don't like it. I like what I have." She explained the situation, how she had helped a "friend" out, and how Bruno had come to seek further payment of the debt.

"I paid him fully," Val explained, knowing the custom of friendly persuasion so cherished by men in the Mafia. "And now he's collecting interest not due. I don't think it's fair, Angelo. Do you?"

Angelo seemed more relaxed, as though he had made his decision. "No. It's not fair. But I can't do anything without some risks involved. He's not high on the Strattilli Family list. A small man, but even small men deserve protection. However, his indiscretion was here in my territory, so I have some right. And you once worked for me, so I have that advantage. I am obligated to your welfare, Val. You were always fair with me. Now, I must be fair with you."

He stood and paced the floor behind his desk, puffing gently on the dwindling cigar.

"If I take care of the situation, you will be in my debt. And neither of us really want that, do we?"

Val shook her head. She had gone down on him for old time's sake. A ritual that she once performed daily on her keeper.

"What do you want in return?"

Angelo turned and faced her. His face was rippled with wrinkles, brows scrunched forward. "Are you still operating your club?"

"Yes."

"Who is your newest member?"

Val sensed the question before it was asked. Her skin prickled. "A lawyer's wife. Quite innocent. Young. Attractive."

"Has she been ordained?"

Val's hands were cold. "Not that I know of."

"You're an expert, Val. You know. Has she?"

Val couldn't lie to this man. She owed him too much. "No. I don't think so. Her husband confided in me about that. She won't go the route."

Angelo's face brightened. She sagged down into the chair and picked up the anisette. "Good. Bring her to me next week. I'll see to Bruno this afternoon."

Val flinched. "What if he calls my home again? He's vicious."

"Can you stand him one more time? I can't get anyone over there until this afternoon around four. A phone call is too dangerous. Better to handle these

things face to face."

"I can handle him."

"Good. After today you will not receive any more calls from Mister Bruno. I'll see you next week. You and the young one, right?"

It was her invitation to leave. She finished her drink, stood, and left the office.

Carl Bruno was angry. He paced the floor of the small motel room, glancing at his watch and slugging down straight shots of bourbon. He called twice to the woman's home, but got no answer. He was considering calling Doug Stillman out of revenge, when he heard the soft knocking.

"About fucking time," he said, grabbing Val's thin arm and dragging her into the room. She could see that he was loaded. His half-naked body was more grotesque than ever in the sallow, drape-filtered sunlight. He drew her roughly to him and kissed her. His tongue slapped across her lips, thick, slimy and repulsive.

"What's the matter, baby? On your period?" He pushed her away and poured another splash of bourbon into his glass. "Get naked, bitch. I'm gonna really fuck you today."

With quiet resignation, Val stripped off her clothes. She was going to enjoy every minute of this, because she knew how Angelo worked. She knew him better than most anyone else. She had lived with him for five years—from the time she was eighteen until she was twenty-one and wanted to leave. When it came time, she knew that Carl Bruno would get his full payment. He would repay every ounce of humiliation he had brought her.

Bruno turned and watched the raven-haired woman strip. He saw the grin on her face. "What's so fucking funny?"

"You," she said calmly.

"I don't like to be laughed at," he warned, setting the glass down.

"I'm not laughing. I'm smiling. There's a subtle difference. But then you wouldn't know, would you? All talent and no art, isn't that how it goes, Mister Bruno?"

"Shut up, you snotty slut. Who the fuck do you think you are looking down your

nose at me? I know what kind of a whore you are. The worst kind! Giving it away and then trying to lock it up later. Oh, I've met your kind before. So don't feed me your shit."

"Let's get it over with," Val said. And then lied to incite his anger. "I have a bridge club meeting later on today."

Bruno leapt through the air for her. She stumbled back, avoiding the full, tackling impact of his body. He caught her around the waist and drove her down to the floor. Her head hit the edge of the television stand, dazing her.

She felt her body being bitten. It was like a mad duck gnawing on her body. Bruno was a beast, but not a stupid one. He bit just hard enough to cause pain, but not to cut or bruise.

"Dirty slut!" he barked, biting at her nipples. She shook her head, reaching to see if there was any blood. She felt nothing more than a growing lump.

"Get on your feet," Bruno yelled, grabbing her wrists and yanking her up. He wrapped his arms around her naked waist and lifted her into the air. His face was buried in her pubic hair. He hoisted her higher until she had her knees on his shoulders and could see his forearms bulging with the strain of her weight.

"Wrap your fucking thighs around my neck, bitch," he grunted, staggering with her locked over him. She worked her legs around his head and slashed her ankles together. Her hands grabbed the thick, wiry hair and pulled.

Bruno opened his mouth and gnawed on the lips of her cunt as he bumped around the room, running into the door, the edge of the bed, nearly knocking over the portable television set. All the time he munched and lanced his tongue at her cunt. She felt the primitive desire building inside her and remembered the play from Friday night when Doug and Ginny had raped her. The theory was excellent, the practicalities slightly deficient, she thought.

Bruno's tongue was hard and thick inside her cunt. She contracted the lips, strangling the organ with all her strength. She could feel her clitoris stiffening as the man walked in drunken circles, his hands pressing against the cheeks of her ass, his mouth opened wide to sap all the juices dripping from her moist, slobbering cunt.

He was growling. Low, guttural sounds escaped his lips and died inside the deep



well of her cunt. She felt herself trembling with excitement despite her hatred for the man. He had his fingers in the crack of her ass, pushing them hard against the damp opening to her bowels. She wriggled involuntarily, wanting to sense the full, painful agony of his middle finger streaking up her ass. He obliged. His finger shoved hard into her ass, without foreplay, like a rasp file it seared up her tender buttocks and into her colon. She jerked, smashing her pubis into his sucking, slurping face.

Bruno staggered back. His knees caught on the edge of the bed and he tumbled, bringing Val down with him onto the weak mattress. Together, she still locked on his shoulders, they rolled the length of the bed. Val squeezed her thighs tightly together, trying to strangle the madman whose mouth was like a vacuum cleaner sucking the froth and sweetness from her quim.

Bruno was no longer bitter in his attack. His tongue took on a soothing, sliding, passionate embrace. It swiped around the rim of her vagina, licking and teasing her turgid clit until she started to gasp. Then his teeth caught the tip of the bloody fingerling, nipping it like a dog at an elusive flea.

Val's body stiffened. Her thighs melted against his ears as the man's finger probed deep into her bowels. She clenched her teeth to suppress the scream of ecstasy when her orgasm exploded. She felt the ripples surging through her-at first only slight electrical sparks, and then full, highly charged bolts cracking through her body.

In need of his sensual touch, she pressed her fingers into his ears, jacking them with such force that he finally jerked his head free and yelled with pain.

Val lay, legs spread, head hanging over the edge of the bed. She saw him coming at her. She saw his lips glazed with her cunt juices, and pubic hairs stuck to the veal-colored pieces of flesh. He kissed her and she could smell her own musky odors climbing up through her nose to tickle her brain.

Bruno guided his cock into her hole and rammed home. She felt the jar of his impact. Her back was arched over the edge of the mattress, breasts hanging near her chin. Bruno grabbed the firm mounds, squeezing and twisting them as he pounded his thick, wormy cock deep into her. She closed her thighs, squeezing the walls of her twat around the shank until the insides of her vagina felt like they were on fire. Bruno grunted as she stroked. He called her foul names. He pinched her nipples hard and bucked his hips high into the air before driving

down.

Val felt her climax start. She clawed for the cheeks of his ass, dug her fingernails in and held him tightly until he had jacked the cock dry inside her. His final lunge triggered her own orgasm. She felt the insides of her stomach bulging and then imploding. She shook so violently that their bodies tumbled off the bed, crashing to the floor. Bruno was passed out. She saw his mouth was limp, the lower lip hanging open. His eyes were closed and his breath came in deep gasps.

Calmly, she stood and went into the shower. It took twenty minutes to fix her hair and dress. Then she planted a kiss on Bruno's cock and left. She knew that it would be a long time before Bruno enjoyed sex with anyone. That was why she had picked Angelo. Angelo had special techniques for guys like Bruno.

Carl Bruno felt himself being lifted. He shook his head angrily and tried to break the hold. The two gorillas holding him were twice his size. He stopped struggling and stared pitifully at them.

"Hey, what the hell is going...? "

A four-inch fist smashed into his mouth, breaking his teeth as though they were peanut brittle. He rocked back, tasting the enamel chunks floating in the blood.

"You ain't supposed to be so friendly with Mister Castello's friends, Bruno," the bigger of the two men said, wrapping the end of a black rubber hose around his right hand. Bruno tried to talk, but his tongue was numb.

"Mister Castello doesn't like the way you treat his friend, Mrs. Benton. He says you should be taught a lesson. That you should keep your dirty little hands off the lady. And he made a couple of calls to your area to settle it with your boss. Your boss thinks you should be more careful about who you move in on. And our boss thinks you should learn a little lesson about how we handle trespassers."

Bruno's eyes were two frightened balls ready to fall out of their sockets. He saw the tip of the rubber hose fall back in the cocked position and then felt the agonizing pain as it slashed at his penis and testicles.

The man holding Bruno stuffed a handkerchief into his mouth as the beating continued. When it was over, Carl Bruno's cock and balls were one bright-red tattered pulp soaking in wintergreen. He knew better than to call the police. He

could only cry and wish he were dead.

# Chapter 10

It was working better than either of them had anticipated. Doug felt like a young man again. He was free to do his late-hour work, but found that his efficiency during the day had doubled, cutting down his need to burn the midnight oil.

Gwen was strikingly different, too. He noticed not just in the bedroom, but in her general appearance. She dressed exotically, preparing herself as though for a king rather than a mere husband. And when she walked, her shoulders no longer slouched, but stood square and proud. Her hips pumped, rather than rotating the way they had only a few short weeks ago.

Yet, she wasn't advertising her voluptuousness in a ludicrous fashion. Her movements and dress were all wrapped in an air of confidence and cool that Doug appreciated and other men envied.

She had even become earnestly interested in golf, and, Doug was convinced, not just because she and Harry took an occasional moonlight tour of the golf course. Her time was now divided proportionately between the running of a social life within the community; and the more clandestine sex life enjoyed between the Bentons and Stillmans. Everything was charmingly without a hitch, except for the one part of her body which she refused him entry.

Even though she had opened up in every other way, Doug couldn't get her to let him insert his penis into her anus. It was the last stronghold, the one part of her which would allow him total Conquest. The rest of her sexual attitude was great, he thought. He no longer felt that she was holding back on him, but rather that she was giving herself to him. And he felt more sensual than ever when their bodies were locked together. He tasted her flesh and found it powdered with sybaritic spices he thought were only part of Val's and Ginny's sexual repertoire.

Business-wise, everything was perfect. Just the other day he had received a meek call from Carl Bruno telling him in the most obsequious terms that the proposal and briefs had been reviewed and found to be pluperfect.

Gwen enjoyed the same general elation as her husband, and perhaps more. She found quickly that the older more conservative social group was everything but

boring. They were illuminating. Their sophistication and longevity in the world of the elite filled her with a new sense of confidence which she radiated in both charm and aplomb. She engaged in their conversations and found herself feeding a growing interest in art and antiques.

Val was a great help. Although Val was not socially on the same level because of her husband's duties on the golf course, the women accepted her without questions. Val was a woman composed. A woman who telegraphed her own social bearing without it being listed in Who's Who In America. When Gwen asked her to come to the club and bridge meetings, she found Val an ample and loyal ally. With Val's knowledge of art and antiques-the two pet loves of the women's club-she was accepted eagerly into the pecking order and given a prominent roost.

Gwen and Val weren't deep friends. Gwen was slightly aloof at times, especially when she remembered that Val had been the first to take her husband's body-at least the first that she was aware "of with certainty. But aside from that, their relationship was warm and generous and filled with occasional switches of partners, Doug going to Val's, Harry coming to Doug's for an evening of mixed mates. Sometimes the four stayed at the Benton home where they played sexual games with putters on the green.

It was only within a week of the first party that all this transpired, but it was a good barometer of things to come. Everyone was happy. Everyone was satisfied.

Val had received an impatient call from Angelo Castello concerning her debt, and she had told him she would bring the woman in a few days. She knew he didn't like to wait for anything. She knew that when it came time for him to die, he would not linger. He would have made preparations for his death to come quickly, without his knowledge, so that he might go to sleep one night and awaken the next morning in heaven. He had no doubts, he had told her many times, that for all the evil he was forced into conducting, the good that resulted would always cheat the Devil. God, Angelo said, was a gambler who played the odds. If you did better than fifty-fifty, good as opposed to evil, you would go to heaven. He was sure it had to work that way, or there would be no one in heaven.

So, on the Wednesday of the second week, with Angelo growing more and more impatient, Val decided it was time to approach Gwen. She had called her and asked her to come over for an afternoon drink.

She met Gwen at the door. The woman was radiant, dressed in a light, colorful, low-cut dress that revealed her pouting breasts and sun-toasted skin. Her eyes were manicured into frames which made her eyes sparkle like a bright, impressionistic painting.

Gwen took Val's hand and pressed it into her palm, then followed the woman into the sunken living room where the frosted Collins glasses stood at sweating attention.

"Glad you could make it," Val said, offering one of the iced drinks. "I wanted to talk to you about something that's extremely important to me."

Gwen sipped her drink, studying Val cautiously. Val wasn't the kind of woman who asked for anything.

"Whatever I can do, I'll be glad to."

Val shook her loose hair and smiled. "I did something for someone once, and he returned a very gracious favor. But now I owe him something in return."

Gwen looked puzzled.

"This particular man is unique. He's fought for everything he has. Some say he's a criminal, but I believe that a rhetorical statement. I consider him a very generous man who, once indebted to you, can be invaluable."

Gwen nodded, but was still dismayed at the illusionary approach. She watched as Val shifted uncomfortably on the couch.

"This man and I had a business meeting a few days ago, during which I promised him something in return for a very dear and deep favor that indirectly affects you. He effectively staved off a threat to our little group meetings. Someone had caught wind of them and thought they might capitalize on our weakness, without, of course, understanding our strength."

Gwen began to understand the implications. Whoever she was talking about worked outside the law, and had made himself an indelible mark on Val's friendship.

"What can I possibly do to help?"

Val sipped her drink. She wasn't sure what kind of answer she would receive.

She knew there was still some hostility between them, hostility that only time would erode.

"This particular man wants to make love to you."

Gwen smiled. "I don't see any problem there." She cocked her head, knowing that Val wouldn't have set up such an elaborate introduction for just a short-time affair.

Val rose and lit a cigarette. "This man makes love quite differently than most men. He prefers a woman's ass to her vagina."

Gwen felt the blood draining from her face. "I don't even let my husband do that!" she found herself saying. "I don't think it's right!"

"Right or wrong," Val answered with the same controlled tone to her voice, "I hope you consider it carefully. I don't want to sound menacing. This is something you can only do of your own volition. Nobody will force you into it, believe me."

"I believe you," Gwen said. "But I don't see how I can help. I just don't like it. Doug's tried, and I won't let him. It just bothers me, that's all."

"You don't have to explain," Val said, holding her hands up. "I know what you think. But I have to say that it's not as bad as you imagine. It's just another means of making an old story sound fresh. But you'll learn that later on, when you find that your sex life isn't quite complete. Experimentation and innovation are two prime necessities to a full and healthy sex life. We both know I'm talking about using every orifice and muscle to its fullest. A man gets tired of making love to the vagina, just as a woman gets tired of being made love to by a penis.

"Have you ever had an urge to masturbate? Or just to rub yourself in the shower until your nipples grew hard and your vagina wet?"

Gwen nodded. "But that doesn't mean I did those things. I mean, I think about Doug making love to my anus, but I can't let him do it. I freeze up. I just have a thing about it, that's all."

"But you let your doctor do it with his finger and a rubber glove, right?"

"That's different."

"Only in a minor way. It's purely physical and not sensual."

"I don't like it when the doctor does it."

"Because," Val said, "you don't want to enjoy it. Sex and stimulation are more mental than physical. Haven't you waited for Doug to come out of the bathroom, and while you were lying on the bed naked and anticipating his affections, you let your mind wander. Just thinking made your nipples stiff and your skin pop out into goose bumps. Didn't just the thought of his lips and hands on you make your bones feel like jelly?"

"Certainly."

"Anal sex is the same, Gwen. Look, I don't want to sound pushy about this. Frankly, I'm in a bind. I don't expect you to come rushing to my rescue. We're friends, but we're also enemies, and I don't have to go into lengthy explanations. As far as I'm concerned, what was said here this afternoon is water under the bridge. I'll just have to tell my friend I was unable to convince you. He'll be mad, but he'll get over it."

Gwen looked at the slice of orange floating in her glass. "I'm sorry, Val. I just can't."

Val's voice took on a cold, matronly tone. "Don't say that. You can and you know it. It's just a fear that you have to overcome. like putting, Gwen. Never up, never in. You have to try for the hole, and if you miss, well, at least you tried. But if you lag the putt short, you can never be sure it wouldn't have rolled in for a birdie or par. The same goes for sex. If you never experiment, you can always hide behind some false fear. And believe me, you'll find the fear very false when you finally decide to putt for the hole."

Gwen wrapped her fingers around the glass. She felt the coldness climb up from her fingers to her wrist, then to her arm.

"All right," she said after an interminable silence. "What if I said yes under a condition? What if I said I would try, and that if I couldn't stand it, your friend wouldn't push me any farther?"

Val turned and stared at Gwen. "Do you mean it?"

Gwen nodded. "I owe you and Harry something. Doug and I are, for the first



time since our honeymoon, finally coming around to each other. It's like a new lease on life. I don't want to risk anything that would damage it."

Val sat, crossing her legs and crushing the cigarette out.

"I guarantee my friend will be gentle. And that he'll not push or force you beyond your desire. But one thing must be clear before you start. You must try. You can't stop at the first hint of pain. You must make an effort. This man is no child. He's no boy. He's done things to women that you couldn't imagine. Not evil things. Things that the women liked once they were started. Keep that in mind, Gwen. Remember that this man is an expert, and you're a novice. Trust him, and he'll not harm you. Give him your trust and he'll make a complete woman out of you." She paused, licking her lips with satisfaction. "And don't say anything to Doug about this. We'll keep it a secret. All right?"

Gwen nodded. "What day?"

"Tomorrow. I'll come pick you up after I set a time with him."

Gwen rose and walked to the door. "I hope I don't disappoint him."

Val was all smiles. "Don't worry, you won't.

He'll be prepared. I'll explain everything."

Val watched Gwen walk to the car. Then she made a dash for the telephone to instruct her friend on Mrs. Gwen Stillman.





# Chapter 11

Gwen sat on a high-backed velvet chair. On her left sat Val, and directly in front of them, reclining in a leather chair, lazed Angelo Castello. An array of bottles were lined within an arm's reach on a cherry wood table with delicate inlaid carvings. There was a pine box full of fat, phallic-shaped cigars, and a small guillotine which Angelo used to snip the ends of the stogies before lighting them.

The trio were talking in Angelo's lush Beverly Hills home with its neo-Roman ambience penetrating everything in sight. Most of the rooms were done in marble, with tall granite columns reaching up like arms to hold the world in place. They were now in Angelo's master bedroom, which looked more like a movie set with all the brocades and rich silks draped about the cavernous room. The floor was a gleaming terrazzo with plush Persian carpets two inches thick scattered about. They were in complementary pastels which softened the otherwise gleaming sterility. In the center of the room, directly behind Angelo, rested one of the largest beds Gwen had ever seen. It was shaped like a boot, at least eighteen feet long and eight feet across.

The sheets, she saw, were eggshell-colored and made of some expensive silk. The bed was turned down.

"You don't know how happy I am that you came, Mrs. Stillman! You must be very good friends with Val."

Gwen smiled. She was nervous, but trying her best to keep her bearings. "Yes, we haven't known one another very long, but we enjoy mutual respect."

Angelo raised the cigar to his lips and puffed thoughtfully. "Yes, friendship and respect are two redeeming qualities that might save mankind. The minute you lose those two qualities, there is nothing left but deceit and deception."

Val smiled when she saw Angelo flick his eyes at her. "Well, I have some shopping to do. I'll be back around five. Angelo," she said, offering him her hand. He kissed the back lightly. "Take good care of her."

Angelo's face crinkled into a smile. "Of course. I always take care of friends. And be careful on the streets, Val. Lots of pickpockets out there."

He chuckled as Val clicked out of the room.

"Well, Gwen-you don't mind me calling you that-" he didn't wait for a reply. "Now that we're alone, why don't you have a drink? Some anisette. The best in the country. Homemade. Superb."

He chose a special bottle and poured her an ounce. "Sip it slowly and savor it. It's delicious and relaxing." He held the glass up and she moved from her chair to accept it. Sitting down again, she drank slowly, tasting the syrupy sweetness as it rolled warmly down her throat to her stomach.

The man across from her was certainly not handsome. He was grossly obese, and had small squinty eyes which sometimes made her uneasy when they held her in their beam. His fingers were as thick as the cigars he smoked, and his stomach was as round as a beer keg. Yet, even with the heavy, sagging jowels and the miniscule eyes, there was something strangely exciting about him. He was an enigma, radiating danger and sympathy in the same wheezing breath.

"How do you like it?" he asked, pointing to the anisette.

"Very good."

She took another drink. Something warm swept over her. She felt it rising from her stomach to her brain, then dropping to her loins. Her clothes felt uncomfortable. Her heart beat rapidly. Her fingers and toes tingled.

"I understand you are unordained."

"Pardon me?"

Angelo laughed. "You have never had anal love."

Gwen felt the redness touching her cheeks. "No, I haven't."

"You're a little afraid, aren't you."

"Yes."

Angelo lit a fresh cigar. He licked the sides carefully to glue the tobacco leaves together. "Val told me about your fear. I promise to be cautious."

"I appreciate that," Gwen said, draining the small glass and setting it on the matching cherrywood end table next to her chair. She felt more and more uncomfortable. Her clothes seemed to be sticking to her. Sweat leaked in large drops from her armpits and ran with tickling obscenity down her ribs.

"Would you like to undress?" Angelo asked, a smile on his face.

"Yes."

"Please, do it in front of me. I enjoy the peeling of fresh fruit. As a boy, I once picked fruit for a living."

But Gwen didn't hear what he said. She was busy with her clothes, pulling them off with a frantic desire for nakedness. She was confused. Her body seemed to be on fire. Her skin was singing from the inside out.

Angelo watched with detached amusement as the woman bared her body. He sighed as her youthful, slender flesh came into view. She had chosen an excellent lacy bra that lifted her mounds up and gave them a stifling appearance of dominance over her otherwise perfectly sculptured body. Her legs were very smooth and defined, melting down from flared hips and rounded, cheeky buttocks to slim calves and small, petite feet.

There was no embarrassment, no hesitation as she hooked her thumbs into the elastic panty-band and pulled down. Her oiled, powdered, perfumed flesh splashed against his eyes like cool, fresh water. She reached behind her to unsnap the bra. As she did, her breast jutted upward, straining toward the ceiling. With a practiced flick, the bra was dangling in her fingertips and her medium-sized but poignantly shaped tits came into full view. She bent to pick up her clothes.

"Leave them," Angelo said, his breath slightly uneven. "Leave them and come here. Sit on my lap."

Gwen took the pins from her hair and shook the strands free. They washed around her shoulders and neck, giving her a full and complete sense of freedom. She undulated toward the heavy man sitting in only a smoking jacket. She could see his small, hairless white legs sticking out from under the black band of silk bordering the dark blue robe. He reached for her, and she felt like a toy in his hands as he pulled her down onto his lap. The silk robe was cool against her burning buttocks and vagina. She laced her arm around his neck and kissed him

on the cheek.

Something was burning inside her. She didn't understand herself. She was in heat. Her vagina was leaking already. She tried closing her thighs to keep the fluids from soaking into the man's jacket.

"You're very excited, aren't you, Gwen?"

She found it difficult to talk. "Yes. I feel so strange. My body is on fire. I ... I want to make love."

"You want to fuck," he corrected.

"Yes," she said, her hand rubbing down over his fleshy stomach, slipping inside the jacket, fingers inching through the pubic hair for his cock. She found it. Her face went slack as her fingers explored the length and width of the organ.

"Yes," Angelo said. "It's very large. But it's very gentle."

Angelo pushed a button on the side of the chair. A motor whirred and brought the back to a vertical position. He pushed up, holding Gwen with one arm, and carried her to the bed.

There, he stripped off his jacket and spread Gwen's body out as though it were a blanket he intended to cover his body with.

Gwen was glassy-eyed. She saw everything and felt everything in a dazed slow-motion world. She saw the fat man's mouth coming down and capturing her stiff, rock-like nipples. She felt his chunky fingers fluttering like wings of a butterfly against the folds of her twat.

Her heart beat wildly as she held his hard cock, fingers squeezing and massaging with disbelief. The poker stood a good foot-but it looked like a yard to her-from his paunch. Every muscle in his cock was straining. She could feel his heartbeat pounding as her fingers closed tightly around the foot-long shank of Grade A meat.

Angelo kissed her navel. He kissed her thighs and the soles of her feet. He sucked on each toe and licked at her dripping pussy. Then, deftly, with great care and consideration, he rolled her gently onto her stomach. The move was done with such expertise that for a few moments Gwen didn't realize the position she was in.

Only when Angelo took her legs and tucked them up under her belly so that she was in a dog-fuck position, did she realize what was going to happen.

Her fear wasn't completely eased by the strange, tingling passion that overcame her after Val left. But it was substantially reduced. Her body ached for more than just lip and tongue contact. She wanted to feel the man's cock in her. Especially in her pussy. But her ass was burning now. He was stroking it, running something cool up the crack that set her anus on fire, then turned to a chilly coolness.

Her muscles began to relax. She felt herself spreading her ass-cheeks. He was kissing the globes, running his tongue down the crack, letting it shove gently against the opening.

Gwen gasped. She reached between her legs, took his cock, and rubbed it over the hot, sweating, puffed lips of her cunt. He continued to kiss her anus. She could feel his tongue prying through the tight hole. Again, her buttocks burned. Still, she massaged the great head of his cock against her cunt, sometimes trying to stuff it into the waiting lips but being rebuffed by Angelo's commanding: "NO!"

She watched between her legs, staring past her dangling breasts, as Angelo took some gel and swabbed it onto his cock. Then she felt the same unctuous jelly being rubbed around her anus. She felt a finger slide into her ass. It was greased, and passed through the membrane without pain. Still, she wanted his cock in her cunt. Nowhere else.

"Fuck me," she moaned. "I need the big cock. Please, fuck me."

"I will," Castello replied, climbing up behind her. "I will. And it will be better than any fuck you've ever had."

Gwen pressed her hot cheek against the satin sheet. She felt Angelo's arms wrap around her waist and catch her tits. Her breasts were completely engulfed by his huge paws, and she could feel her nipples jabbing like hard rocks into his palms.

Then she felt it-the slick pressure of his cock pressing against her ass-hole. She bit her lip as he pushed harder and harder. She could feel her tissues splitting and expanding. She would try not to scream. Try and take it as long as she could, then she would beg him to stop. He would. He promised.



Angelo was panting like a bear. She could hear him over her own grunts. He was sucking on the back of her neck as he shoved and twisted his hips, wedging his dick deeper and deeper.

The pain was sharp. She felt it and the erotic fluids dancing in her blood. They were battling one another. She wanted to cry out for him to stop, but she couldn't. Something kept her from screaming. Instead, she found herself pushing back against him, driving the dork farther into her aching anus.

"Oh, God! Oh, Jesus! Oh, Christ! Oh, shit!" She panted out the cries as Angelo rotated his hips in a wide circle, making his prick press against her vital organs. Then he slipped his hand from one of her breasts and hooked his finger into her cunt. She felt the wild sensation of the cock-sized finger shoving up into her well. She could feel it touching the head of his prick that was sliding into her ass, and her brain seemed to explode.

"FUCK ME!" she cried, knowing the excruciating pain searing from her ass, but unable to refuse it. "FUCK ME IN THE ASS!"

Her second scream triggered it. Angelo began to pump now with full force. Each new lunge sank the cock farther into Gwen's bowels. But with each new dimension, the burning, blinding pain seemed to change into a scalding passion.

Gwen rocked back against the thrusts. She gritted her teeth, but not all from agony. She felt the same enjoyment she had known when a tooth ached and she bit down to test how much she could stand.

"Go!" she grunted. "FUCK ME! REAM ME! BUTT-FUCKER!"

Angelo was grunting. His bull-like rasps sent her even farther into the erotic world clouding her mind. She thought the cock would come burrowing up through her even farther into the erotic world clouding her mind. She thought the cock would come burrowing up through her stomach and throat, ending up sticking from her mouth like a tongue.

Gwen could smell her own bile. It filled the room with an acrid odor. She shook her head. Angelo had his teeth planted on her neck, holding the skin in place like a tomcat during mating season. She felt the paralyzing effect and grunted animalistically.

His finger was slipping in and out like a jackhammer. His cock was no longer

painful. It was warm and hot, each new stroke adding another spark to the raging fire of passion stored in her bowels.

"I'M COMING!" he screamed, his ass jerking spasmodically. "I'M CUMMMMMMING!"

He made a final lunge. She felt all eighteen inches ram into her. His finger stabbed up into her womb. Then a hot geyser washed through her bowels. She shoved back, whimpering like a bitch in heat as her own orgasm took her by the throat and shook the juices from her.

Angelo squeezed out the last of his own come, and then rolled onto his side. He could feel the strain on his heart. He knew he wouldn't be able to enjoy the ancient Greek way too much longer.

"I owe you a favor," Angelo said. "Don't forget to collect it any time."

But Gwen wasn't hearing. She was still feeling the cock in her. It was shrinking, inch by inch, inside her colon. She was savoring every last moment of its presence.

That same evening Doug gave Gwen a small glass of the anisette that Val had given to him. In bed, Gwen had taken him fully into her ass, and enjoyed every moment. Then she had taken him with her tongue, licking his ass clean. Finally, they made love as they always did, only this time with such fervor that they both overslept the next morning.

Doug never questioned what was in the anisette bottle. Val told him that when it was gone, so would be Gwen's fears. Now, he wasn't sure how much time they would spend with Val and Harry Benton. If his home sex life kept up at the same pace, he wouldn't have time to be playing musical beds.

"Do you love me?" Gwen said on awakening one morning from a wild night of passion.

Doug slapped her firm ass. "You bet that little fucking ass I do."

**The End**