

**WARNING: This story is an act of fiction that contains graphic sexual descriptions and language. If you are a minor (under 21) or if you are offended by this kind of material then you should stop reading now. Any resemblance between this story and a real event is purely coincidental. The participants are imaginary; their actions have no negative consequences other than those portrayed in the story. The story is intended for entertainment only and should not be emulated in the real world.**



AT 25, Laura Windslow wasn't suffering financially. Her job as a free-lance book-publishing editor saw to that little matter. How she was doing socially was another story altogether. She was a dud in the attracting men category. And she knew it.

Book publishing. That fits me, she thought more times than not, the bookworm. The little dull as dishwater bookworm.

Her cat jumped up on her lap. "Wiggy, don't you ever get tired of all this excitement?" She giggled. "You don't give a rat's ass, do you Wiggy? It's not just another lonely, boring night to you, oh, no, to you it's just another day of living. How do you do it, old Wig? Day after day, the same old shit. Don't you ever want to break out and raise some hell? Go catting, ha ha, about town? Screw everything with fur you can get your little paws on? I forgot. Those days are long behind you, old Wig." She scratched him behind the ears, and enjoyed his purring.

"Oh, well, Wiggy Waggy, maybe the Halloween party tonight will lead to something romantic. Oh, that reminds me, I haven't even looked at the costume Margo dropped off for me. She said I'd get a real hoot out of it. Hoot! She probably got me an owl suit! Fits my bookworm image, don'tcha think, Wig?" Wig just purred, not giving a hoot about much of anything.

She got up, and went to get the big box the costume was packed in, with Wiggy tagging along. She noticed something she hadn't spotted before. A tag. It read: Crafty Costumers: 1 costume: Streetwalker.

"Mmm, streetwalker, Wig. It looks as if Margo has gone round the bend. Oh, well, at least it's not a freaking owl. Or a worm!" She opened the box, and there it all was. A streetwalker's dream come true.

Black fishnet stockings. A black garter belt. A fire engine red mini-skirt. A white, see-thru midi-blouse that looked as if it would end just below the breasts, leaving the navel out there for all to see. White, see-thru panties, as if that was necessary. And a wig, a black, frizzy wig. It needed a brushing up. And a black corset. That's a mistake, she thought, it's not

needed with a red mini-skirt. The box was now empty.

"What, no knee-high boots? Wiggy, what hooker worth her salt would leave the house without her tall boots on? Sheesh, Wig, I'll just have to use my own. Yeah, right, Wig, as if I'd ever be caught dead in this costume." She put everything back into the box. "Margo, you idiot, why couldn't you have found me an owl?"

She went into the kitchen, and poured herself a glass of wine. Red Burgundy wine. She looked down at her feet. There was Wiggy. Old Faithful. She went to the couch, and plopped into it, being careful not to spill the wine. Old Faithful Wig was right there with her, sitting next to her, waiting patiently for a rub.

She took a good sip, and said, "What are we gonna do, Wig? The party is tonight. Where am I gonna get a new costume in time? Shit, I can't go as I did last year, as a corked-faced hobo. I'd be laughed out of town . . . again!" She giggled at Wiggy, rubbed his head, and took another healthy sip. The wine was starting to feel nice, so she took another good sip, and felt its warmth spread through her.

"Wiggy, Wiggy, Wiggy, it looks like our old goose is cooked. It's either beg off the party, or, brrrr, do some streetwalking." She scratched his head. "Whatcha think, Wig? Stay home or go out hooking?" She giggled again, and took another good sip. She was feeling giddy. And a tad daring.

She got up, found the costume box again, and emptied its contents onto the sofa in one fell swoop. She threw off her robe, removed her bra, and, just for kicks, put on the black corset, and the stockings, and the garter belt. She picked up the black wig, crammed it onto her head, and went over to the hall mirror for a peek. She took a black sweater from a hat rack, and draped it loosely over her shoulders.



*"Mirror, mirror, in the hall . . ."*

My, God, she thought, is that really me? Just the wig had made her face look different somehow, and strange looking.

"Wig," she said, her eyes glued to the weird mirror image. "You know, with a little carefully applied makeup, and with my contacts in, shit, my own mother wouldn't know me!" Creative possibilities were now running rampant through her mind.

She walked briskly to the couch, took a good gulp of the wine, and hastened to try on the rest of the outfit. In less than ten minutes, she was

ready for another peek in the hall mirror. She approached it slowly, as if afraid of what she might see in it.

"Holy shit, Wiggy, *I don't recognize me!*" It was true. The woman in the mirror looked absolutely nothing like the bookworm Laura. In fact, and in all truth, the word streetwalker was way too mild a term, for staring back at Laura now, was the sluttiest, trampiest, hooker whore imaginable. It was a transformation that was both scary and intriguing at the same time.

"Wiggy, I'm gonna do it! Why not? It's wicked, and it's wild, and it's not me, but shit, Wiggy, where has looking like goody two-shoes gotten me? And who knows? Maybe it will make Ken notice me a bit more. Ha ha. The only time he notices me is when he feeds you, and waters my plants when I have to go out of town. Shit, Wiggy, at least he pets *you!*" She pouted at the cat. Then gave him a quick head rub.

Ken, Ken White, her next-door neighbor. A sweet, lovable guy if ever there was one. And a hunk in the looks department, too. Laura would be the first to admit she had a schoolgirl crush on Ken, but she would only admit it to herself. He was so different from the one and only boyfriend she once had. That schmuck. The lying rat. Tells a girl he loves her, takes her cherry, and says ciao, baby, sayonara, adios, goodbye. The bum.

She was glad she no longer pined after him, as she had for that long year after their breakup. But she knew she had only replaced that loser with someone else to pine for. And he lived just next door. But at least he didn't seem a loser.

She removed the outfit, took a shower, and brushed the wig. She put the costume back on, but took greater pains this time in getting it just right. Then, it was mirror time again.

She looked. Amazing! She felt like a new woman, a wild and wanton woman. A lady of the evening, in all her lusty glory. She smiled at the image, half expecting it to wink at her. When it didn't, she fixed that by winking at it. Now it winked back! The dirty slut.

She had thirty minutes. She'd call a cab in ten. She poured a half glass of the red, and swigged merrily away. Crazy thoughts entered her head. She wanted to shake up the world a bit with her new look. So she decided not to wear a coat over the outfit. She could hardly wait to see the face on her doorman, Carlos, and the cabby's face, too. How wickedly delicious!

She called for the cab, and started for the door. A last quick glance in the hall mirror convinced her she was, indeed, totally crazy. But she was having fun now. She rode the elevator down, hoping someone would see her. No one did. Shit! No one. Not even that nosy Parker, Mrs. Goldberg.

Carlos was a bummer, too. He wasn't at his station. Shit! Then came the cabbie. Shit! He paid her no mind at all. Shit, she thought, he must see a ton of hookers in his daily work. I'm just number eighty-four for tonight. Shit!

Oh, well, she thought, wait'll they get a gander at me at the party . . .

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**LAURA got out of the cab, and soon realized the dumb ass cabbie had dropped her off at the wrong block, and she was two blocks short of her end destination.**

**She started to walk, with the high boots pinching her toes without mercy, and saw a middle-aged man standing in front of a brownstone. He looked neatly dressed in a polo shirt and slacks, and was of average height and weight. To her, he did not look the least bit threatening.**

**As she approached him, he said, "Hi, doll, how much? I live right here, so we won't have far to travel." He smiled at her, and patted his back pocket.**

**"I'm not . . ." Oh, my God, she thought, he thinks I'm a hooker! The outfit. Then a thought hit her, a wild and nasty thought. She smiled back at him, a sensuously seductive kind of smile, and said, "I'm not working just yet, mister, but a quickie will cost ya . . . say fifty. OK?" Oh, my, she thought, this is so naughty of me. Was fifty too much? Too little? Should I tell him I'm only funning with him? Or should I . . . ?**

**"Forty." he said, flatly. Should I haggle, she thought? She decided not to. She was on thin enough ice as it was. Should I? Dare I . . . ?**

**"All right, but as I said, a quickie." He nodded, and turned to go up the stairs. She followed him, feeling absolutely exhilarated. Thoughts flew through her mind: I can't believe what I'm doing! Sex with a total stranger! Sex! Oh, my God! He's going to actually fuck me! Do I ask for the money up front? Will he expect me to suck him off? Oh, God, I'm getting wet! This is too insane! Why am I doing this?**

**Once in his bedroom, he stood there looking her over, as if inspecting the latest merchandise. She felt a broad flush come over her, and her knees weaken. Get a grip, girl, she thought, he's only a man. Relax! How bad can it be?**

**"What's your name, honey?" He now grinned at her.**

**"Lau . . . uh . . . Lana. Lana . . . uh . . . Licks. Lana Licks, What's yours?" She now had a new name, a hooker-sounding name. What fun.**

**"Larry, babes, but all my friends call me Spike." He reached into his back pocket, pulled out a wallet, extracted two twenties, and offered them to her. She took them, jammed them into her purse, and said, "Well, Spike it is, then. Shall we get to it, Spike? As I said, it has to be a quickie. OK?" He nodded, and started to remove his clothing. Oh, God, she thought.**

**As she watched him undress, while undoing a button of her own, she thought: Oh, God, I sounded so brazen just then. So hussy-like. My, my. It seems the bookworm has turned.**

**As she dropped the white, see-thru blouse to the floor, she felt a cold breeze hit the tops of her breasts. The air conditioner. She unzipped the mini-skirt, let it fall to the floor, and stepped out of it. The chilly air now hit her all over, making her realize just how hot her body really was.**

**Before Laura was down to just her bra and panties, Spike was totally nude.**

She stole a quick glance at his cock, and thought about how big it looked to her. It had to be over 8" long, and was very thick, and had an acute upward curve to it. The head, purple tinged, looked bloated and swollen. It looked as if it would hurt her upon entry. She shivered, just thinking about this. And felt her pussy tingle and twitch.

"Here, baby," Spike said, hoarseness to his voice. "Let me help you with those. I like to do that." He came over to her, and knelt down. He slowly lowered the panties, as if relishing the surprise to come. As the panties cleared her bush, he leaned in and kissed her there. A quick kiss, with his tongue doing a flick at her pussy lips. A jolt of electricity seemed to go through her entire body, and it took a great effort to stop her legs from wobbling. She had the urge to swoon.

He then put his arms around to her back, and unclipped the bra's single hook. As he pulled the bra from her, she felt a thrill in her breasts, and the nipples seemed to be hardening up. Spike looked at her chest.

"They're beautiful, honey, absolutely beautiful." He reached out with both hands, cupped her breasts and, using both thumbs, tweaked her swollen nipples. "Oh, yeah, baby, these are something else!" He bent over and kissed her right breast, his lips targeting the nipple. She felt a shiver go through her entire body, and her legs seemed to want to give out.

As he switched his lip's attention to the left breast, she moaned. "Oooh, that feels good, Spike, real good." She placed both hands on his head, and drew him to her, pressing his face into the tit. He now moaned. And then kissed and sucked the now face-flattened breast excitedly, as his hands kneaded them both at the same time.

He worked her breasts for quite some time; kneading them, sucking them, pressing them to his cheeks, while constantly moaning. She, feeling now more like a Lana than a Laura, entwined her fingers into his hair, and pressed him even closer to her. She moaned constantly, and just let herself fall into the lewd magic of it all.

She felt Spike's fingers find her pussy. Then his fingers plied the entrance, and then plunged in, stirring around inside her. At first, she felt a twinge of shame knowing he was discovering just how wet and hot she was, but then she relaxed by saying to herself: I'm a hooker, for crissakes! I'm supposed to be hot and wet! Ain't I?

So she let herself just enjoy it, not even caring when an intense orgasm overtook her, and made her throw her arms around his neck, and yell out loud, "Ooooooh, Spike, oh, oh, you just made me cum! Ooooooooh! Oh, oh, Spike. You darling man, you!" She felt herself slightly collapsing again at the knees.

Spike whispered, "On your knees, Lana, darling." At first, she didn't understand. Then she did. He wanted her to suck on him. Instinctively, she reached down and took hold of the base of his cock. She looked at it as she lowered herself to her knees. Up close, it looked even bigger, and scarier somehow. And much hairier.

She wondered if he would know she had never sucked a cock before? She tried to remember what she had read on the Internet about giving good

head, but her mind was fudgy. But how hard could it be, really? Wasn't sucking a natural thing? No one had to teach a baby how to suck on a nipple.

She moved her head closer to the cock head, letting her lips brush against it. She opened her mouth, formed a toothless oval, as she had read how to do, and took the large cock head in. With both her eyes closed tightly.

The large head filled her mouth immediately, its bumpy underside pressing firmly into her tongue. It felt odd, both hard and soft at the same time. It also felt strangely pleasurable, as sucking on a large nipple would. As she moved her mouth forward on the shaft, and crossed the bumpy ridge, she was aware of her saliva. It seemed to be coating the cock, and making it feel slick and nice. She took a little more of the shaft, and heard Spike moan above her.

"Oh, Lana, what a mouth! It's as hot as Hades!" He took her head into his hands, and pulled her mouth farther along the thick shaft. She felt the head hit the back of her throat, and not stop. She thought of the Internet. As the cock head touched her gag reflex, she swallowed hard, as if ingesting a large piece of meat, just the way the article had mentioned. And was amazed when the cock went down her throat without making her retch.

With both eyes still tightly closed, she felt the curly hairs on the base of his prick gently touch her lips and nose. Oh, my God, she thought, I'm actually deep throating him! She had to see for herself. She opened her eyes and saw it was, indeed, true. The entire 8" of Spike's solid cock was in her mouth and down her throat. It had to be, for her eyes were less than an inch from his pubic hairs. And she hadn't even gagged once.

"Oh, baby, you suck cock like no woman I've ever met. Keep doing that. That taking it all thing. OK?" He heard her mumble around his dick. "Mmm, mmm." With both eyes open now, she deep throated him repeatedly, relishing in her newfound accomplishment.

And it was just too much for Spike.

"Oh, kiddo, I can't help it, I'm gonna cuuuuummm!" He pulled back to where just his cock's head was fully in her mouth. Then he came . . .

And it surprised her. The warm, sticky liquid came shooting into her mouth with unbelievable force. The first spurt hit the back of her mouth, and she felt it go down her throat, forcing her to constrict her throat slightly. The second blast hit the same spot, but she was ready for it. She swallowed just as she felt it hit, helping it on its way to her stomach. She felt her eyes tear up. She blinked them a few times in an attempt to dry them.

Then more cum of Spike's followed, but with less force. More of a dribbling effect. A large puddle of cum formed itself on her tongue. She felt it, sticky and glue like, between her tongue and Spike's prick. It squooshed out around the cock, coated her cheeks, and escaped her lips. She was aware of it on her chin.

She swallowed, and felt, for the first time, the slightly burning sensation of semen in her throat. She sniffed in, and could smell the musky odor of his sperm. It all had an unusual effect on her. She found herself loving it, this

blowjob thing, and she even loved the taste of his ejaculate. She knew Spike was finished, but she chose to keep sucking on him. Her plan, if it was a plan, was to let him tell her when she should stop.

Finally, he did. "Okay, sweetie, that's good." He pulled his now flaccid cock from her mouth, and released his hold on her head. He then helped her to her feet.

"Baby, you give one fine blowjob!" He grinned at her. "Unreal!"

"You really think so?" She was fishing for a compliment, but she didn't care, as she wanted to hear it.

"Oh, yeah, I've had some good cocksuckers in my time, pardon my French, Lana, but none were as natural at doing it as you were. Christ, I know a bunch of guy who would pay the whole fifty just to have you blow them! If and when you have more time, that is."

Then Lana, the wanton cocksucking, cum-loving hooker said, "Really? I'd like that, Spike, and I could sure use the money." Oh, God, she thought, what if he actually sets it up? What then? Do I do it? Can I do it? Oh, God, a bunch of men! Naked men! With their hard, erect cocks out!

"Listen, Lana, I really wanted to fuck you, but you made me cum too fast, so how about I set something up for the future? And we could make a deal. If I find you five guys, at fifty each say, for just blowjobs, I get a free fuck. How's that sound to you?" He looked at her, and waited for her response.

"Let me think a sec, OK?" Thoughts raced through her mind. Should I do this? This crazy thing? Five guys! Five blowjobs! All that cum! It's so slutty! But who would know? Just me. Who would it hurt? No one.

"Okay, Spike, we have a deal." Whew, it was that easy to become a slut.

"Good. Now, Lana, how can I get in touch with you?"

She thought a moment, and remembered the computer she had seen in his other room.

"I can only be contacted by e-mail, Spike, so I'll give you that address . . . "

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LAURA WINDSLOW, aka Lana Lick, the newest slut cocksucker hooker of the evening, could have taken the taxi the few blocks to the party, but she didn't want anyone else to see her in this getup. Especially friends.

One look at her in this costume, she knew, and the snide, but funny comments would start. They would be joking, of course, but she felt she would blush so violently, even at the first comment, that they would guess what she had done just blocks from them: Sucking the big cock of a total stranger. They would read it all over her face. As if her face was covered in Spike's cum.

It was ludicrous, to be sure, but the feeling was strong enough to have her give the cabbie her home address. She was there in less than twenty

minutes.

As she got off the elevator on her floor, she saw a man at Ken's door. When he keyed the door, she realized it was Ken. He was all dressed up, with a suit and tie, as if he had just come home from either working late, or an early-ended date.

He turned and looked right at her, his key still in the door. "Hi, there, just move in?" He smiled. Shit, she thought, he doesn't recognize me. Well, why should he in this outfit? For some odd reason, she played along, making her voice sound deeper and sultry, and sexy.

"No, I'm just visiting . . . uh . . . my cousin. Maybe you know her? Laura Windslow?" She smiled at him. "My name is Lana, Lana . . . Lick." She had almost forgotten what last name she had used with Spike.

"Nice meeting you, Lana. I'm Ken, Ken White, and sure I know Laura. We've been neighbors for ages now. I feed her cat, Wiggy, and water her plants whenever she's out of town." I know, you dummy, I know. "But I'll tell you, Lana, you two sure are different from one another. You must be distant cousins." He grinned at her. She thought, what's that supposed to mean, ass hole?

*"What's that supposed to mean?"* She hoped it sounded a tad pissy. Even without the ass hole tacked on the end.

"Uh . . . nothing. It's just that Laura is . . . well . . . and you are . . . uh . . . both different, but both lovely, to be sure." He reddened a bit, and grabbed a quick breath. "You just look different, is all I mean."

She diluted the piss a bit, but it still had some acid in it. "Oh, I see. Laura dresses mousy like, and I dress . . . how would you say I dress, Ken?" She was having fun with it, this putting him on the spot. Especially so because his ears had reddened again. And his mouth now hung agape.

Before he could speak, she said, "Like a tramp? A tart? A trollop? A hooker? Tell me, huh, Ken, I can take it." Oh, what fun! What delicious fun. He looked stunned. And dopey like.

"Oh, no, Lana, none of those. You dress . . . uh . . . like a . . . like a . . . a film star. Yeah, an actress, a gorgeous actress, like . . . uh . . . like Angelina Jolie. Sexy, but very sotiscaphated . . . I mean sophisticated." She laughed to herself. Sotiscaphated!

She decided to really push the envelope. By really bogging his mind. And by giving dear old neighbor Ken something to really chew on.

"Well, Laura and I *are* different, Ken, but in a way you couldn't possibly know. I shouldn't tell you this, just meeting you and all, but my psychiatrist says it's healthy to do just that. So, here goes. Ken. Laura has escaped our genetic curse, Ken, which runs in many of the females in our family, but I haven't." She paused, making him wait. He looked all ears.

"I came here to see if Laura could help me overcome it, her being so sweet and innocent and all." She stopped again, keeping him on the line. Not taking his eyes off her, he removed his key from the lock. She noticed his

hand shook as he tried to find the pocket's opening in his trousers.

"You see, Ken, I suffer from severe . . . nymphomania. That's right, severe nymphomania. I need a man twenty-four hours a day, Ken, just to feel anywhere near close to normal. Understand?" Oh, what fucking fun! His eyes were now as big as the proverbial dinner plates. He nodded, and his head looked as if it was ready to fall off his neck.

"Geez, Lana, that's a shame. I think. But you're right, if anyone can help you, it's Laura. She's just the opposite of . . . oops! . . . sorry."

"Don't sweat it, Ken. I take no offense. I'm used to it by now. But *you* might also be able to help me." She let it hang there, very pregnant like.

"H-How could I pissobly . . . er . . . possibly help you?" He looked as if his mind was churning away a mile a minute on the possibilities. She thought: Pissobly! How cute. His mind is sure below the waist! A Freudian slip if ever there was one.

"Well, my shrink told me that the best way to kick a bad habit is to be weaned off it gradually." What fun! "He said if I could find a willing man, one who understood the situation fully, and wasn't looking for any romantic entanglement, a man who could have sex with me just to help me, well, I'd recover more quickly." She grinned at him, with the implied offer on the loose. Oh, what a ball! What a fucking ball.

"You saying it would help you mentally if I had sex with you?" His upper lip was now covered in perspiration.

"Exactly, and Immensely!" She smiled at him. Sweetly.

"Sheesh, Lana, I don't know. I've never had an . . . "

Mrs. Goldsmith came out of her apartment, a trash bag in her hand. She was on her way to the incinerator room. Ken opened his door, and said, "Listen, Lana, let's not talk out here. Come inside, and we can discuss it some more." He held the door open for her. As she entered, she thought: Well, he hasn't said no just yet. Now let's see if I can get this big doofus to say yes! Let's see if it's a pissobolity! She laughed in her head.

Inside, and with her back to him, and hearing him shut the door, she walked over to his glass-covered coffee table, seductively wiggled her ass on the short trip, and bent over, knowing the raised mini-skirt was giving him a good view of her panties. The white, see-thru panties that let her bush show through.

She reached a hand down, and touched the table's surface, and felt the skirt climb up her ass even higher. "My friend, Wilma, has one just like this, Ken. Lovely. Especially the glass top." She ran her fingers over the glass, sensuously, while stalling in this lewd position for his full benefit. She could hear him breathing, and heavily, it seemed.

He said, "C-Can I make you . . . uh . . . would you like a drink, Lana?" She took advantage of his new Freudian slip.

With her ass still aimed his way, she said, "Can you make me, Ken? Of

course! If you have some red Burgundy wine." Oh, how playful she was being. "I come cheap, every time I *come!*" She had said the word as if it was spelled cee--you--em. She heard him take a breath in. She straightened up, and turned toward him, a lascivious smile on her face.

He said, "R-Red burgundy! That's Laura's favorite. But I guess you know that already."

"No, I didn't. But how about that? Where somewhat alike after all, she and I. Now if I can get her to wear mini-skirts, we'd be two peas on a pod!" She laughed.

"Good luck with that, Lana. She's not the mini-skirt type. And I don't know why not. I've seen her in shorts, and she has some dynamite legs on her. Oh, well, different strokes, and all." He fixed the drinks, making a Scotch and soda for himself.

He offered a toast. "Well, Lana, cheers, and here's to your success." He held his glass out toward her.

She said, quite softly, with her wine glass poised in mid-air, "My success, Ken, will come to me tonight if you help me by . . . *fucking the bejabbers out of me!*" She clinked his glass. And, as she took a sip, she heard him audibly gulp. What fun.

He took a sip of his Scotch, and said, looking at her over the rim of his glass, "God, Lana, you don't beat around the bush, do you?" His ears were red again. And he had just given her more verbal ammunition.

"Me beat around the bush? Don't you get it, Ken? I want *you* to beat around the bush, *my* bush. And you would be helping me with my mental problem at the same time." She paused and glared at him. "For if I don't get fucked, and real soon, Ken, I'm gonna take off all my clothes, run into the street, and fuck the eyeballs out of the first man I meet." Or, she thought, run back over to Spike's place. For her panties were now soaked through and through.

She tacked on, "And it will be all your fault, Ken." She crossed her arms in front of herself, with the wine glass spilling a drop in the doing, and put a hurt look on her face.

He just stood there for a moment, frozen, just staring at her, and then said, "Lordy, lordy, lordy, Lana, this is all so freaky. So unreal. I don't know what to say. You wouldn't *really* run out in the street and . . . "

"I wouldn't?" She reached up with her free hand, and undid the top button of the thin blouse. "Wanna see me do just *that*, Kenny, old chum?" She quickly popped a second button, then a third. He had an amazed look on his face. She hoped she had seemed maniacal enough in her actions, and how a proper nympho in heat would act.

"Whoa, Lana. I believe you! Listen, if it would help you . . . "

"Oh, it would, Ken, it would." Momma, she thought, *he's going to do it!*

"Well, okay then, but Laura's not to know about it. Agreed?"

**"Don't worry about that, Ken, I'd be the last person in the world to tell *her*."**

**Ken nodded, threw a hand out in space, and pointed its forefinger toward the bedroom. "Shall we?" Without a word, she walked past him.**

**Ken, you big phony, she thought, you must think I'm blind. Did you think that big tent in your trousers could escape the lurid eagle eyes of old Lana Lick? That wanton whore who now rules the night?**

**Just you wait, Kenny Wenny, until my hot mouth shows you the new trick it learned tonight . . .**

**\* \* \* \* \***

**IN THE BEDROOM, Kenny Wenny became an animal. But not a kind and thoughtful animal. He seemed to have undergone a severe personality change between the living room and the bedroom. And it was one even the slut cunt whore Lana Lick side of Laura didn't exactly like.**

**He fairly ripped the clothes from her body, not seeming to care a damn if they got ripped along the way. He seemed possessed. A Mr. Hyde kind of Kenny. He tore his clothes off, and tossed them in the air willy-nilly, and obviously uncaring as to where they ended up.**

**Then he grabbed her shoulders, quite roughly, and said, "On your knees, slut, and suck my cock." She almost protested something, but his hands were pushing her down. Perhaps, she thought, he's using some weird reverse psychology on me to cure my nympho side. She decided to play along with him.**

**"Now, cunt, suck it, and suck it good!" She obliged him, and tried to let his words turn her on, but he had spat them out at her, which turned her off. She thought of Spike. Spike, fully believing she was a street tramp, had treated her with more respect than Kenny was now, and Kenny believed she was the cousin of his neighbor. It all seemed topsy-turvy to her.**

**She hadn't sucked him but a few minutes before he pulled her to her feet, and dragged her into his bedroom. She stood by the bed, her back to it, and waited for the next surprise. He showed it to her by pressing his right hand to her chest, and pushing her. She fell back onto the bed.**

**"Spread those legs, cunt, and show me what you got for me." As she reluctantly assumed the wanton position, she thought: Christ, he hasn't even kissed me yet! And I don't think he will. She looked at him. What, she wondered, have you done with my Kenny?**

**He joined her on the bed, and his foreplay consisted of mounting her and frantically trying to find her hole with his cock. When he did, he jammed it in so roughly, she yelped. "Ow, that hurts!" He paid her no mind. You motherfucker, she thought, you have all the finesse of a fucking Nazi chatting up a prisoner. But with far less charm, you bastard.**

**He fucked her, if one could call it that, with all the passion of someone doing pushups. Up. Down. Up. Down. Ho hum. Ten more. All the while hurting her with his uncaring, and badly aimed, prick pokes.**

Mercifully, he didn't last long. And, when he came, the only thing she heard him utter, was, "Ooof!" His pushup work was done. She felt him go flaccid almost immediately, and heard a shloop sound when he withdrew his limp prick from her. It reminded her of someone slurping up a short strand of spaghetti.

Then he got off her, but not in a normal way. He hopped off of her, or so it seemed to her, and landed beside the bed. His speedy, precision-like execution reminded her of a gymnast's dismount. As smooth, and as slick as that. She said to herself: That performance gets you a ten, Ken, but your other performance, well . . .

He looked down at her. "I'm gonna take a shower. Care to join me?" The way he had said it meant just the opposite of what he had implied. He sure didn't want her to say yes. She knew he was done with her, and it was good riddance time.

"Uh, no, Ken, you go ahead. I've got to get over to Laura's, anyway. I'll let myself out. OK?" He nodded, turned, and was soon closing the bathroom door behind himself.

She got out of bed, and dressed hurriedly. When she was at the front door, and holding it ajar, she looked back toward the bathroom door. Then she said, in a normal conversational voice, "You dumb fucker, you don't deserve a nice slut cunt whore like Lana Lick!" She exited, and slammed the door behind her. She turned, and saw . . .

"Good evening, Mrs. Goldberg, and how are you this fine and lovely evening?" Laura smiled at the woman, who held two trash bags in hand. Mrs. Goldberg stood frozen there, her eyes wide, and her mouth hanging wide open. She then gasped, ducked back into her apartment, slammed the door shut, and let Laura hear four locks being clicked, quite noisily, one after the other . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

THE NEXT DAY, she received an e-mail from Spike. He had used the address she had given him: LWind25@AOL.Com. His message was quite short, but quite to the point:

Lana: All set. Tomorrow 7pm. Got you a 6th as a bonus! If you would like 2 more, I can swing it. Let me know by 5pm. Don't forget our deal! OK?

See ya gorgeous, Spike

She stared at the screen. Then spoke out loud to it, as if she had to hear the words to make them real.

"Six men! *Eight if I want it!* My God! And our deal! He wants his free fuck! Is Spike planning on fucking me before the men arrive, or after? With all of them watching us? Oh, my God! Would some of them later on want to fuck me, too? Probably. Most men can go twice. Oh, my God! Do hookers really do this stuff? They must. Spike seems to be taking it so all in stride, as if it's an ordinary, everyday event. Oh, my God!" She stared at the screen. "Oh, my God!"

As she hit Reply, she said, to the air, and one more time, "Oh, my God!"  
She then typed:

Spike: 7p.m. fine. 8 better for me. Haven't forgotten our deal. See you then.

Love ya, Lana

She had almost typed in Laura from force of habit.

Just after hitting the send button, she realized her mistake. Although she hadn't asked him to get the two extra men, she had implied it by leaving off the p.m. after the 8. "Oh, my God!"

She moved the mouse, planning on sending him a corrected message, but halted her hand in place. She picked the mouse up, and spoke to it; "I'm being silly, little mousie, if I'm going to be sucking off six men, what's two more? As they say, mousie, the more cock to suck, the merrier. Do you agree?"

She nodded the mouse up and down. "Good! I thought you might. And, dear mousie, if they all want to fuck me afterward, so what? I can handle that, can't I?" She nodded the mouse friend again. Then put it back on the desk. They now understood each other a little better . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

LAURA ARRIVED at Spike's place on the dot of seven. The cab ride over had filled her with mind with giddy exhilaration, fearful anticipation, and sexual excitement. It had also filled her panties with oodles of juice. And she was not only ready for anything that might occur, but she had resigned herself to thoroughly enjoying it. All of it, come what may. In her mind, she had spelled come as cee you em.

She had changed into her superhero Lana Lick costume at Margo's place. It would keep Ken from bumping into her again. Margo was off somewhere doing what airline personnel do. Some trip to the Bahamas, if she remembered correctly. This time, however, she wore a raincoat over the outfit. The superhero, it seemed, didn't want to be seen in public.

The very idea of going through with it had sparked her mind, and inflamed it with intense sexual heat. Eight men! It was all so depraved, so lewd and lascivious, so taboo, so slutty and wanton, and so unlike the real her, the mousy her, the woman who would never have gotten into Ken's bed playing it the way she had played it. For whatever that was now worth.

In spite of his idiotic performance, Ken had gone ga-ga over Lana, the slut cunt whore nympho Lana, and had no idea he had been having sex with the mouse next door.

Boy, she thought, if he could only see me in action tonight! Shit, he'd see the mouse that roared! Ha ha! While she swallows the cum from eight men. And fucks any one of them who needed fucking. Yeah, Kenny Wenny, you'd have a heart attack watching the little mouse with all the big bad, horny wolves. So, Kenny Wenny, go take another shower.

Spike, in just a robe, ushered her in, and immediately dispelled any question about when he would be fucking her. "The rest of the guys, Lana, all eight of 'em by the way, will be here around eight, so we have a good hour to ourselves." He kissed her lightly on the cheek, as any uncle might.

Then he said, quite gleefully, "Let's get naked!" She liked Spike's bluntness, and it made her feel a tingling thrill shoot up along her back, and then center itself on the back of her neck. Bathing in the aftermath of the thrill, she removed her clothing, down to bra and panties. She now stood there, waiting for him to do the thing he liked to do. And Kenny? Go fuck yourself!

"Geez, Lana, you're even more beautiful than I remembered. And if I weren't old enough to be your father, I'd fall head over heels in love with you. And I wouldn't care who else you fucked, as long as you came home to papa." He smirked at her, and then dropped his robe to the floor.

She smiled at him. "Oh, papa, what a big daddy you are!" She reached out and fondled his prick, feeling the heat and meatiness of it. And the plump, swollen head. She ran her fingers around the head, exploring its girth and ridge. Spike let out a low moan.

"Tell me, Spikey Wikey, just how long is this puppy wuppy, anyway?" She was curious.

"Real angry, it hits eight and a half. But wait'll later on. Old Henry's got over twelve hanging off him, and it's bigger than," he lifted her arm up, 'your sweet lovely wrist." He gave the inside of her wrist a kiss.

"My God, Spike, he'll choke me to death!"

"Nah, baby, you just relax your throat, the way you did with me. You'll see, it won't hurt a bit. If anything, it'll feel great! Does to most women who suck him off, I'll tell you. But, hey, in your trade, don't you run into some pretty big ones?"

She lied. "I've only been doing this for a few months now, Spike, but so far I haven't had anything *that* big. You sure I can swallow him?" She had trouble picturing taking a cock that big down her small throat.

He nodded. "Piece of cake. Fucking him is easy, too, all you . . ."

"That reminds me, I wanted to ask you if some of them would also want to fuck me. You know, after I blow them?" Might as well know now.

"Oh, sure, they'll all want to. Especially old Henry, who, even at his age, can go multiple times in any given night. Pardon my French, but he's a regular fucking cum machine, he is." He paused, and then thought of something. "Why? You got somewhere else to go?"

"No, I was just curious, you know. Like to know the program up front and all." My, God, she thought, I *am* going to suck and fuck eight men, no, make that nine. *Spike!* "My God! If I wasn't a slut before tonight, I'll sure be one later on. A silly rhyme popped into her head: Lana Lick loves the dick!"

Spike, aware of the time, went about doing his favorite things, removing

her bra and panties. He kissed her lips, with both their tongues playing with each other, and worked on her breasts, and explored her body all over. Then he was ready. He led her to his bedroom. Sweetly and quietly, and so unlike Ken. I like you, Mr. Spike, she said to herself.

She saw that the bed's covers had been removed, and also saw that Spike had placed a pillow in the center of the sheets. She assumed that was for her ass to lie upon. She had once read how it increased the depth a man can reach and hit. This very thought sent a twinge throughout her pussy, and she felt it start to moisten up.

Spike got on the bed, and invited her to join him. "Let's 69 for a bit. OK?" He lie on his back, beside the centered pillow, and told her to straddle him, her pussy to his face. She complied, feeling strange inside. It was her first time at 69. But, she reasoned, how hard can it be to do?

As she lowered her mouth onto his cock, she could feel his mouth and tongue find her vagina. It felt superhumanly hot to her, especially when his mouth made full contact with her pussy lips. He then licked up and down, and all around, using his tongue to its complete advantage.

She removed her mouth from his cock. "Oh, God, Spike, that feels fantastic!" She put her mouth back on him, and wanted to go up and down on it to return the favor, but her mind was addled. That tongue! That marvelous tongue! It seemed to be the only thing she could concentrate on. Its heat, and his movements, was sending out shock waves all through her body, putting her on a plane she had never known before.

She removed her mouth again. "Oh, Spike, oh, Spike, I'm about to cum! Oh yes, here I go. Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, Spike! Oh, God, Ooooooooooh!" She trembled and shivered all over, feeling her mind go blank to everything but the wonderful sensations now coursing through her. And, as her orgasm swamped her, he wouldn't say die. In fact, he speeded up the pace, his mouth and tongue working her over mercilessly, and feverishly.

She rode out the mind-boggling orgasm and, as her brain turned to mush, she buried her face into his balls, inhaling rapidly the deep musky odor of him. She then screamed, right into his scrotum, "Lana's a slut cunt whore, Spike, and she loves it!"

Then she composed herself a bit, and said, "Spike, if you don't fuck me this instant, I'm gonna tell all the guys tonight that you're a flamin' gay!" She giggled.

Spike said, "One fuck comin' up, Ma'am!" She liked that fact that he could joke around during sex. It seemed natural to her. He helped her turn around, and positioned her ass dead center over the pillow. As he mounted her, she reached between them, found his cock, and said, "God, Spike, your cock feels nice. So big and meaty like. Here, let me put you in me." She did.

Spike shot a glance at the bedside clock. They had fifteen minutes. He wasn't worried about a time bind. He knew he wouldn't last too long. He had thought about fucking her lovely young body for days now, and just feeling his cock in her hot pussy now told him he was a goner.

He fucked her slow, and very deep, with the pillow's help, and thoroughly enjoyed her body. He kissed her over and over. He suckled her nipples. He kissed her neck, and her shoulders. She felt so good. So young. So unbelievably fuckable. He ran his hands down behind her, and cupped her ass cheeks. Squeezing them, he fucked her some more.

He was going to tell her how incredibly wonderful she felt, but he didn't get the chance. He was cumming, strongly, and with great volume. As he came, he buried his cock into her as far as he could, feeling her inner vaginal muscles squeeze and contract around him. As his sperm left him, he grunted loudly, and then kept himself very still, letting the sensation just wash over him. He felt her arms move from his back up to his neck, and her hands start to caress him there. It felt as if she was loving him.

He buried his face into her neck, and whispered, "Darling, that was one of the best fucks I've ever had. And I'm sorry if I couldn't last long enough to make you cum, too."

"But I did cum! A small one, but a nice one. Besides, Spike, after the way I came before, when we were, you know, in the 69, well, you'd have to call the paramedics if I came *that* strong again!" She giggled, and he laughed.

Then he said, "Well, baby, it's time. You ready for the boys?"

He felt her nod against his cheek. "I am, but if they're all anything like you, *you will have to call 911!*"

The front doorbell sounded.

He gave her a quick kiss on the lips, with his tongue popping in for just a second, and got out of bed to retrieve his robe . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

FROM THE BEDROOM, Laura could hear the men's voices. Were all eight now here? That was answered almost immediately by Spike.

"Oh, good, I see you're all here, and on time for a change. Lana's in the bedroom, fellas, recovering from the good fucking I just gave her." He laughed. Men, thought Laura.

Spike went on, "And, guys, here's the batting order, alphabetical, as you all agreed." Men, thought Laura. I'm to blow them alphabetically! What's next? I fuck them in order of height? She laughed quietly. Spike was saying something more . . .

". . . don't you be giving me any of your sneery looks, Henry, you know the majority rules. Besides, third ain't so bad. Or do you think you'll die before then?" Laura heard the laughter and guffaws of many men. She looked up at the ceiling, and thought: Is this really happening to me?

Someone from the other room said, "Hey, why don't we have her do a circle suck with us, like we did with that Daisy babe. I know it would prime my old pump. Eh, guys?" Laura couldn't see those who nodded, but she did hear a few yeses and yeahs tossed out. And, although she had never heard of a circle suck, she had a good idea what it was.

She heard a basic quiet coming from the other room, with only the sound of clothing being removed, and an occasional comment too low to make out. They were all getting naked. All of them. All eight, plus Spike. All getting naked, so she could suck and fuck them all. Oh, my god! She squirmed on the bed, and felt her pussy twitch.

All of them! Including the big pricked Henry, who would be third. The excitement and fevered anticipation in her was getting to her now, making her hot all over, and she felt as much like a slut cunt whore as any woman could ever feel.

She saw the first naked man, the lead man in a procession of naked men, come in. Followed quickly by the rest of them. The room was soon filled with naked men. They ranged in age from mid-thirties to mid-sixties, with one man looking as if he could even be in his mid-seventies. Her eyes scanned the wall of male flesh. Only three had nice bodies, with the rest of them ranging from flabby, to potbellied, to lord knows what?

They were all now playing with themselves, with some stroking cock, and some rubbing balls. The smell of the male animal now filled the room; the smell of men eager, and about to have sex. To Laura, it was an intoxicating odor. It made her feel heady and giddily. She got playful . . .

"Hi, guys, I'm Lana. I'll be your entertainment hostess for this evening." She pretended to be holding something in one hand, with her other poised over it as if to write. "Now, gentlemen, may I take your orders?" She giggled. The men laughed and chuckled. Her ice, one could say, had been broken. She was, in every respect, ready to service them.

They oohed and aahed, with their eyes feasting upon her youthful body. She suddenly felt like an adored goddess. A goddess who could make grown men weak in the knees, and make them desire her with their passion and lust. And, from the looks of them now, make them instantly erect.

It was a very heady feeling to her, as she lay there naked and exposed, and staring at nine hard and erect pricks. At a glance, no two looked alike to her. Some pointed up, some down, and some straight out. Some were fat, some skinny. Some thick, some thin. Some had larger than average cock heads, while two of them had heads that seemed to blend completely into the shaft.

My, God, she thought, it's a smorgasbord of manly meat! And, mamma, I've never felt hungrier! Oooh, I'm soooo bad!

The men formed a circle in the middle of the room. Spike looked as if he was about to say something to her, but she put up a hand, hushing him. She got out of the bed, gently pushed her way between two men, went to the center of the circle, and knelt down. She was ready to perform the circle suck. And she was feeling very hot and playful at the same time.

"Oooh," she said, glancing around her. "What beautiful cocks you fellas have. I hope they're all for little old me." She reached out with her right hand, and grabbed the cock that was directly in front of her. She put her mouth on it, felt its heat, and felt him tremble. Whoever he was. He had a

nice cock. 6" long and extremely rigid. It felt fantastic to her mouth. Her lips. Her tongue. Its slightly upward tilt pressed against her upper lip, and reminded her of its extra hardness.

It seemed natural to her to go to the left cock next, her left hand being free and all. So she reached out with her left hand, and found the next prick in line. She masturbated it gently, feeling its hardness beneath her fingers. It seemed slightly fatter than the one in her mouth, but not by much. She gave the cock in her mouth three more shaft sucks, and then moved left.

She repeated this action, sucking and masturbating them, until she was at the beginning again. She put her mouth on the first man's cock again, and was ready to go around once more, but someone said, "That's okay, honey, that's enough. I'm first, and I'm eager to get off."

She took her mouth off the prick, and looked up, toward the voice. It had come from man number two, the one with the slightly fatter cock than man number one. He was smiling down at her. She smiled back, and licked her lips.

Someone passed a chair above the crowd, and someone placed it upright on the floor. The man to go first sat down in it. She crawled over to him, positioning herself between his knees. His cock, aimed as it was at the ceiling, now looked different to her somehow, with the head looking bigger than she had remembered. It looked gorged with blood. And fatter. It also had a large bubble of sperm covering the pee hole.

She got playful again . . .

"I see he's glad to see me! He's foaming at the mouth!" She reached out and licked at the sperm, erasing it. She liked the idea that all the men were now watching her. She made a great show out of swallowing the pre-cum.

"Mmm, tastes delicious, I hope you have more on tap!" The man chuckled, as did many of the others. She heard Spike laugh from somewhere. She was a star. The man in the chair said, "Oh, yeah, darling, I got lots of it stored up. You just wait and see, little lady." He chuckled.

Then she sucked him off, and held nothing back. She went up and down on him, both slowly and sensuously and quickly and ferociously. She deep throated him continually. She massaged his nuts, rolling them in small sensuous circles. She moaned as she performed, hearing him moan, too. She wanted to give this man, this middle-aged stranger with the paunchy belly, the best blowjob of his life. And, as she worked, she felt she was doing just that. And right in front of an audience of naked men.

Then he yelled, "Ooooh, yeah!" And then he came, in a deluge. He didn't spurt, but his cum bubbled out of him very copiously, flooding her mouth, and making her have to swallow him twice. As she swallowed, the words slut, and cunt, and whore flashed through her brain. Slut cunt whore. Slut cunt whore. It made her feel crazy in her mind, and wild in her spirit, and filled with lustful abandonment.

She turned to the men, and said, quite loudly, "Yes, yes, I'm a slut cunt whore, and I love cum! *Who's next!*" She looked fevered and demented. She was on fire now. She sucked the next man without a care in the world,

and fingered her pussy throughout, making herself cum over and over. She was obsessed. And burning up. And the audience knew it.

Third was old Henry, and even his big footlong, as big as her wrist, was no match for her. She swallowed him whole hog, as if it was nothing. She hadn't gagged even once. Henry, and the other men, was saying something, something praiseful, but she was deaf to them all.

The big cock in her mouth riveted her total and undivided attention. She was a wild woman. A cocksucking crazy slut cunt whore. And she loved every minute of it. Her mouth felt impaled on the big stick, even more so on the deep throat parts.

Then Henry unloaded. She swallowed his cum with such gusto; he almost fell out of the chair. Her mouth was a force unto itself.

"Ooohweee, ooohfuckingwee!" Henry yelled as she swallowed him all down. He stood up and grabbed her head. "Clean it all off, honey, take it all down again." She obliged, with her saliva acting as water, and laved his cock from stem to stern. Moaning as she did so.

He pulled out of her, tilted her chin up to him, and said, "Lana, that's the best my big old cock's been sucked ever. Mmm, mmm. Baby, I'm gonna want you to do this once a week for me. And I hope it don't up and kill me!"

He guffawed, happy with himself. "And, honey, I can't wait until I fuck you! Oohfuckingwee!" He turned toward Spike. "Spike, if her pussy is even half as good as her mouth is, call the hospital. I'm gonna need a bed tonight!" He guffawed again. The men laughed, That Henry, what a sketch.

She sucked the rest of them off without any letup in her fervor. Two of the men had pulled out early, splattering cum all over her face. She didn't care. She gathered their cum splatters up with her fingers, and then licked the fingers clean.

One man, whose cock pointed straight up his belly, mouth fucked her and, in his excitement, had pulled out of her mouth by accident. She watched the head of the cock spew out his cum straight up in the air an inch or so, and then back down, and land on the head.

It reminded her of a drinking fountain. She quickly put her mouth over the spewing head, and felt the cum now bubble up in her mouth, some of it escaping her lips, and dribbling onto her chin. As she swallowed him, she took note that his was the most pungent cum of all of them. Sharp, and acrid tasting. She wished he had more of it.

Then, her sucking done with, it was now time to fuck.

The first two men were no great shakes, but she did have a few mini-orgasms. Then along came Henry. As he mounted her on the bed, a hush fell over the room. She reached down between her legs, and felt the large cock head with her hand. It felt humongous to her. She guided it to her pussy, which she felt was certainly wet enough, but still feared the penetration. Then she felt the head enter, and push in a few inches.

"Oh, God, Henry, that's big!" He grinned at her, then bent his head down

and sucked her right nipple. He paused in his suckling, and said, "Here comes a little more, Lana, so just hold real still like while I feed it to you. OK?" He went back to work on the nipple.

She nodded, and said yes at the same time. It was now moving inside her, into her more deeply. She felt stretched and filled up at the same time. It moved some more, going even farther into her recesses. His cock even seemed to get wider. Then more came in. Then even more. It seemed to have no end to its length.

She thought a crazy thought: Foot, my ass, this is a yardstick! More of it entered her. And then, finally, he had bottomed out in her. Her cervix told her so. She felt stuffed with his prick, and it felt good.

He held still, letting it soak in her. He looked at her. "See, baby, that wasn't so bad, now was it?" She said, her voice quite raspy, "N-No, Henry, I guess not. But it does feel different."

He laughed. "Now, Lana, let's see if we can't get it to feel real good. I want you to wrap your lovely legs around my back, and push them up on me as far as they'll go. Got it?" She nodded, and obeyed. He now felt even longer to her. And in deeper, if that was even possible.

He then started to fuck her. Slowly at first, and in a smooth rhythmic way. Then he increased the speed, pulling it halfway out and gently jamming it all the way home. He was now in a gentle, but purposeful cadence. She had trouble taking breaths. They were coming in small gasps. And she thought she might pass out. But she didn't.

Henry proceeded to fuck her for all he was worth, with his old but muscular ass driving hers into the mattress. They bounced and fucked, and fucked and bounced. His big cock was hitting buttons in her she didn't know she owned. And driving her to one big orgasm after another, each one feeling more intense to her, more unbelievable. She was in fuck heaven.

The position she was in had totally exposed her anus, and she could feel his big, hairy balls smack against the hole, as if kissing it. Over and over, the big balls kissed her ass hole, and sent strange shock waves through her body.

She wanted to fuck back at him, to smash her pussy into his groin, but his fierce and steady cadence wouldn't let her. She settled for running her hands up and down his strong back, and squeezing him gently with her legs. And showering his face, neck, and shoulders with fevered wet kisses. "Oh, Henry, I love the way you fuck!"

With his hands gripping her shoulders from behind, he held her in place, and returned her kisses, matching her fevered heat with his own. To the audience of naked men, the very hushed and staring naked men, the couple on the bed looked like the horniest people in the world on their first honeymoon night. And it was obvious to all the naked men that these two were not just fucking, they were making love. Unbridled love.

"Oh, Henry! I'm cummming again!"

Someone coughed, making her aware that there were still other men in the room, but she didn't care. She was getting the living shit fucked out of her, and too far gone to care who was watching. Having the Pope there wouldn't have bothered her.

She was now aware that sound existed in the world, and wondered why she hadn't yelled out something. A fucking this good deserved that much. But she knew why she hadn't. She was having trouble enough just breathing. She heard herself now, gasping as if she was someone being deprived of oxygen. And she didn't care.

"Oh, God, Henry! I-I-I'm cumming again!"

Henry was now about to cum. She felt him stiffen up, and hold real still. Then she felt him, deep inside her, cumming his load. Then she was amazed. She actually felt the heat of his cum. A hot ball of heat, and very deep inside her. It was miraculously hotter than her body temperature. She hadn't felt this heat with Spike, or even Ken. Henry must have hit some nerves way up in her that reacted to heat. What else could it be?

The thought of this, coupled with the heat, made her climax again. "Oh, Henry, Oh, you sweet loving man, you. Here I go again!"

Henry was finished, but he wasn't quite finished. He pulled out of her, moved his hips up to her face, and told her to suck him clean.

She complied, with her eyes looking dreamy like, and for the first time in her life, tasted pussy. It had an odd taste, but a pleasant one. Slightly pungent and sweet at the same time. There was a musky taste to it, too, but it seemed somehow more feminine than male sperm. She liked the taste. And the delicate feminine odor.

She now knew why many men loved eating pussy. And many women, too. Shit, she thought, this could be habit forming!

She fucked the rest of the boys, Spike included, but none measured up to old Henry. He was in a class all by himself. Oh, she had orgasms, for sure, but none as intense, or as mind-blowing, as the ones she received at the hands of Henry. He had literally fucked her breathless.

For the rest of the evening, however, she hadn't felt the heat of male cum in her again . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

WIGGY greeted her at the door when she rolled in at 3 a.m. "Oh, Wiggy, you poor thing, you haven't eaten all evening. Before I do anything else, I'm gonna feed you, honey." She reached down and stroked his head, getting a few healthy meows for the effort.

As she prepared his din-din, with Wiggy meowing and rubbing all over her legs, she said to him, "Wiggy, Wiggy, what a night I had! You wouldn't believe it. You only see me as the lady who lives in Mouseville with you." She giggled. Mouseville.

"Well, Wig, old buddy, this house mouse took a trip to suckville, and then

on to fuckville. With nine stops along the way!" She giggled again, and placed the dish before the cat. He wasted no time digging in.

Laura knew she should go to bed, but she was just too wired, with too many images and sensations of the previous night's events flowing through her mind. I did it, she thought, I actually did it! Nine men! I sucked and fucked them all. And swallowed who knows how much cum? And that Henry! What a cock! What orgasms it gave me! Holy shit! No wonder some young women marry old men.

On her way out of Spike's apartment, he had told her it could be a once a month happening, if she was of a mind to. And for sure, he had told her, the men would also want her on an individual basis. And only at the nicest hotels. With dinner and a show often thrown in.

He also told her that he had another group of men, four men who lived upstate, a three hour drive, who would just love to have her perform for them. And they would pay her a lot extra to make the trip. Actually, \$5,000 for the weekend, which was from Friday at 8 p.m. to Sunday at noon.

She had asked, "What would they expect from me, Spike?"

"Actually, less than you did tonight. We arrive Friday at 8, and then each guy takes a full individual hour with you, until midnight. Then you're free until 8 a.m. Saturday morning. Then, for the next sixteen hours, each guy gets four one-hour shots at you, if he wants it. Again, you're free from midnight to 8 a.m. the next day, Sunday. And Sunday is like Friday night. Each guy gets his hour. I get squeezed in during your off times, but only if you want to." He grinned at her.

She grinned back at him. "Sounds doable. Any catches? Such as me cooking and cleaning my ass off?"

"Nope. Except, during his hour, each guy will expect you to act just like a loving wife, complete with the I love you's and darling's. Play-acting, kind of."

"I can do that. I've had some practice at it lately."

She now opened her pocketbook, and took out the money. \$560. They had tipped her! They had enjoyed her performance so much, that when Henry said to cough up an extra twenty each, for the little lady, not one man had protested. They couldn't seem to get their wallets out fast enough! If nothing else, she thought, there's money in being a slut cunt whore.

She now thought about the future: I can keep the slut outfit going for a while, but I'll have to change into it somewhere else to avoid bumping into Ken, or anyone else for that matter. Peter's in Europe for six months, so he wouldn't mind if I used his place. Payment of a sort for taking in his mail, and watering his sorry ass rubber plant. It's down to six leaves. By the time Peter returns, he'll have a pool cue in that big pot.

The slut look eventually has to go. I can replace it with the high-class call girl look. Black slinky dresses, with pearls. Or diamonds. A sexy look, but very sophisticated. No mini-skirt. The hem must hit an inch above the knee. It will show off my legs without flaunting them. Yeah. And ugh to the mesh

stockings! And screw the garter belt.

And that wig! My own hair will look much better, once I stop wearing it in that stupid semi-bun. I'll have it cut and styled to where it hangs down in the back to just a few inches below my shoulders. Oh, yeah, I like that look.

I'll have to do some research to find some fantastic high-society call girl looks. I'll hit the fashion archives of the best magazines for that. It'll be fun copying what I consider to be hot, hot, but very laid back looks. Great fun!

Oooh, I can research sex, too! Learn all I can on sucking and fucking. Even anal. And maybe even anal licking, too. I'll have to organize it all, in binders and on my PC. It'll be like college again! Suck and fuck 101!

Why not? Why shouldn't I become the world's greatest call girl? Oooh, I need a new name! Lana Lick doesn't cut it. I know . . . Lana Lure! Rolls off the tongue, just like Marilyn Monroe. Lana Lure. The greatest slut cunt whore in the business of pleasing men. Lana Lure. *The Lana Lure*, the sexy and sophisticated Lana Lure.

The same Lana Lure who rules the night . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

AN HOUR LATER, a thought hit her. She went and got the tape, the film tape that some moron she had dated a few times had given her. The big dodo had handed it to her on their breakup dinner. He must have known the split was coming, and had planned for it. As he stood up from the table, he tossed the tape down, and said, "Here! Watch this, bitch, it might make you less frigid!" He then left in a huff, conveniently forgetting to pay his half of the tab.

She hit Play on the VCR, and a moment later saw the name John Holmes come onto the screen. He was the star, she guessed. A moment later, her eyes almost popped out of her head. Holmes had a cock on him that reminded her of old Henry, but it looked even longer. Just seeing it brought in a flood of very recent memories. And made her pussy slicken up. She moved her hand down to between her legs. And rubbed.

As she watched some woman sucking on it, this big monster Holmes cock, and not being able to take the whole thing, she said to the screen, "Honey, move over, and I'll show you how it's done!" She giggled, and fingered herself some more. Wiggy just sat on the carpet, and stared at her.

A short while later, she watched Holmes' ass as it moved up and down, with his big cock only halfway in the woman. Some porn star, she thought, you could take a lesson or two from Henry, you schnook. But his fucking of the woman on the small screen was turning her on. She fingered her now sopping wet pussy some more, increased the speed, and the pressure. She was close, and she knew it.

Then John Holmes pushed Laura over the edge, by pulling his cock out of the woman, and spilling a large cum load onto her belly and breasts. The mere sight of the cum made Laura feel as if she could taste it. She licked her lips, and did taste it! Way back in her throat, and with each swallow of her saliva.

**Cum, she now realized, had great staying power.**

**Just as she was cumming, Wiggy jumped up and joined her on the couch.  
"Ooooh, Wiggy, Wiggy, Wiggy, your slut cunt whore mistress is cumming a  
good one, ooh, Wig, a really good one . . ."**



**And so to sleep. Perchance to dream?**

**The End.**