

# Becky and David

*Author's Note: This is by far my favorite collaborative story (my contributions are in focus largely on Becky - the 2nd, 4th, etc bits). I really loved the way it developed and that it just didn't end with mutual orgasms or falling asleep.*

There are days when things work, and there are days when things don't. David knew he'd have to come to terms with this, but the situation since he'd stepped onto the airplane had been positively abysmal. The flight hadn't been delayed, but he had been forced to sit next to a past-fifty couple from Ohio. A man with a Wilford Brimley moustache and a woman with the sourest puss he'd ever seen, and to make things worse she was decked out entirely in Ralph Lauren Polo gear, up to and including the blue striped pants. He had read his book, ignored them completely, and when the plane had finally landed in San Diego he took special note that they hadn't spoken to each other the entire time they had sat next to him.

The rental car worked out well, no waiting, but they had given him a PT Cruiser which seemed weird and more akin to what his neighbors on the jet should have been driving. On the way up the 5 the traffic had been murderous and he'd cursed himself for not remembering that San Diego was plagued with traffic. The Bay Area was a perpetual autobahn compared to the hour it had taken him to travel twenty-six miles. His entire day felt like he'd been forced to stop, to stop, to wait, and then to stop. So much so that when he arrived at the Marriot in Carlsbad he had expected them to claim his reservation hadn't been confirmed. But luckily, such was not the case, but they did give him a very weird room, very large, with a king-size bed, a couch, and a view of the sun-blasted hills to the east. But it was long, like a shoe-box, and sterile.

There had been no other option but to take a shower to wash off the flight, and upon walking into the bathroom he was accosted by mirrors. Weird friggin mirrors that hung opposite the shower and over the beige sink, wall to wall. He was forced to see himself as he stepped out of his Diesels, and as he yanked off his t-shirt. His slender chest, his white skin. As a joke he flexed in front of the mirror, mildly satisfied with what the gym was doing to him, but he knew it was sort of a fad. The moment he stopped going the muscle would fall back like a tired wave and he'd be slender again. What else could he think about? Work. Business trips. Were they worth it?

But then he went to eat, unsure of the location, driving in circles in his dreaded PT, hoping for something better than the dreaded TGIFs with the windmill. But he caved when nothing else would serve him a gin and tonic with his meal.

And all the while he had been driving around with a weird energy bubbling just below his tongue, slipping up and down his chest, giving him an on-edge feeling that couldn't be explained by recycled airbus air or chlorinated shower water. There was the sense that at any moment he'd get thrown for a loop, that his already scruffy hair and scruffier looks would get rumpled in an almost unfixable way. Road jitters, he figured. They

happened whenever he was sent to some new town to work out some new audio problem in some new megaplex theater. He was always struck by how the quietest towns were always riddled with young slender girls with lightly colored hair and low slung jeans. He was perplexed by the overweight nature of every town he went to, except for the early-twenty set. It was like they were planted there by D&G or Abercrombie & Fitch to wear the clothing and sell it.

So he moped into restaurant, ready for a drink, ready for a moment of free of planes and hotels. He ignored the softball team cheering each other on in the wait line, and tried not to look at the family of seven, kids squirming and parents clucking. Instead he walked up to the hostess who popped up from behind her podium like a jill-in-the-box and smiled at him.

There she was.

David's brain got thrown off track.

She smiled and asked him what he'd like.

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The hostess, noticing the customer's near-jaw-dropped ogle of Becky, her best waitress, decided to sit the scruffy looking man in her section. Becky deserved a good tipper (even if the tip was large because of his attractions) after taking on most of a second shift today. She walked him down the plastic isle, past 'memorabilia', tables, and a clientele that would be the same in any TGIF in San Diego, Carlsbad, Springfield, or wherever-the-fuck-you-are USA. She showed him a seat by the window towards the back of the restaurant, away from the louder families and the softball team that had just walked in. The hostess, as butch a woman as has ever been seen, smiled and turned her attentions, ALL of her attentions, to the lovely, thick-thighed softballers whose pheromones of sweat, dirt, and glove-leather provided the strongest lesbian aphrodisiac known to womankind.

The areas assistant, a mousy, blonde-haired 18 year-old, with a bad case of acne and the unfortunate habit of wearing far-too-tight pants, came to remove the extra place setting at his table and drop off a glass of ice water. David's expression looked crest-fallen as he scoped the 18-year-old believing that she would be waiting on him, but then brightened (almost childishly) when she left and Becky approached his table.

Becky, a 23 year old college dropout, was only thinking about her feet. Despite the 'casual' shoes her feet ached - after 10 hours no shoe would be able to stop that. She was working on auto-pilot, providing service in a robotic and sterile way that perfectly fit the crap-hole restaurant that she had ended up in. The guy in #23 barely registered as a blip in her consciousness as she took his drink order, until she heard him ask for a Sapphire and tonic. An unusual drink order for this place, and one that she herself commonly indulged in after a long day at work. This brought her out of automatic mode and she brought her full awareness onto him.

She smiles at the scruffy, boy-like, mussed dark hair and its inviting texture. She likes his pale, clear skin and clean-shaven (though not innocent) face. He has a heart-melting smile, which he flashes at her unconsciously, and a deep, melodic voice. Skinny - yes, but not geek-skinny, more wiry, wrestler-type skinny. She returns the smile, a bit self-consciously and asks him if he wants an appetizer. She wishes that she wasn't wearing the awful beige skirt and white polo-shirt combination required in this crap job.

An image flashes in his mind at his first interpretation of the question. She is lying on the table in front of him, her skirt hiked up over her hips and his face is buried in the soft, warm, wet folds of her sex. She is pushing her hips up at him, head back, eyes closed. The image is evaporates immediately when his mind wanders and he pictures himself pulling back from the 'appetizer' and sees a lobster bib around his neck. It has been a VERY long day.

She wonders why he takes so long to respond. Maybe he's stoned. Maybe tired. Maybe he's just a bit dim-witted (after all, she thinks she saw him drive up in a PT-Cruiser), though she hopes not.

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"Oh Christ," coming to, David rubbed his eyes, realizing he'd just completely left planet Earth, "sorry about that." He shook his head and looked at the waitress again with bright wide eyes, "This day has been a hamster wheel. I'm sorry, no need for an appetizer. The drink will do. For now anyway."

He offered his best goofy smile because he felt like he'd just been caught. The waitress gave him a wrenchingly knowing eye, but obviously she was kind and used to customers being a little out of it from driving all day - the highway exit was clearly something of a pit stop what with all the hotels and all - and she merely patted him on the shoulder, "Our boy needs his medicine, no problem."

And off she went.

David watched her go. She looked more appetizing than any meal here, but that's the classic story in a town like this. David realized why he was so on edge, the town had a muted but potent atmosphere. This place was empty of things to do, which gave the place a kinky edge. He couldn't help but speculate what went on behind the closed doors of the cookie cutter homes that ran up the hills like moss. Everyone in this place who didn't look like a traveller of some sort looked a little deviant to him. And the waitress, well, he'd love to think so.

He watched her at the bar. Perfect shape really, if not a little extra in the hips but that gave her swaying walk a musical quality. The dark hair pulled back into a pony tail always caught his eye, but it was the smattering of freckles on her cheeks that made David want to take a bite out of her. The weird energy that had been riddling his spine and mind since landing in San Diego finally showed its face.

There was something about being in a town he didn't know that made him unqualifyingly randy. He'd gone backpacking in Europe years before and that whole trip, the whole damn circuit of hostels from Brussels to Istanbul, had been pumped full of sexual heat. Every college kid with overweight backpacks and slapping flip-flops seemed to have had some switch thrown in the back of their heads, one that said "Spread the code." Go forth, young thing, you are in new lands far away from your own, it is time to cross-pollinate, time to mix up the gene pools, now go forward and spread the code. He'd found young men and women fucking in at least three hostel bathrooms, on buses and once even at the back of a quiet French countryside cathedral - but that was the quiet act of a girl on her knees with her face in a guy's pants. The guy had looked at David and winked.

David's tastes ran to a bit more complex a flavor than all that, but he had spread some code of his own then. The kind spread between the minds of he and the women who looked him in the eye and knew he could give what they were after. Harsh demands in sweating one bedroom pensions. Sore wrists from bungee cord restraints. All of it leading up to screaming release, sweat pouring down their backs hopefully, their minds lighting up in the orgasm's final spark. Oblivion falling on them in a blanket.

Blowjobs in churches were for amateurs.

And Carlsbad, California, whether it was David's hopeful imagination or not, had that kind of buzz to it. He watched a well-muscled guy walk in, gay as the day was long, arm in arm with a double-wide fag hag with curling blonde hair and a cackling laugh. They got to the bar and he announced loudly in a Jerry-Lewis voice, "We're here to get sloshed!" The cackling followed his statement as the bartender turned to them. At least that guy, he thought, had it up front, wore it like the flair on the wait staff's chest. Come to think of it, he hadn't gotten the waitress's name.

But she came walking back up with his drink on her black tray, giving him a weary but friendly face.

Becky. The flat circle of black plastic told him.

"I told the bartender to make it stiff for you." She sat the drink down in front of him, condensation already gathering around the glass.

"You're cruising for a strong tip." He lifted the drink in a quiet salute and sipped. Perfect. "Thank you, Becky. I like'em stiff."

She tapped her name tag wisely and laughed. Becky had brown eyes the color of bitter dark chocolate. With the Sapphire filling his head, David counted the number of buttons on her shirt. Six down. And her neck was tanned but perfectly.

"So are you ready to order or do you need to gawk at Johnny and Alicia for a while longer?"

"Who?" But David knew what she meant, the cold feet of embarrassment walking up his spine.

She eyed the couple at the bar who both had massive margaritas in front of them.

"Does he ever find dates here? Does she go home with them and take pictures?" He sipped his drink and hoped his joke might...hard to say what it might do.

Becky gasped, "They've been married for seven years. They come in here all the time!"

Oops.

"The question stands." Sometimes you just had to say fuck it.

She looked back, nodded, "Yeah, you're right."

When she turned back to him, she hit him with those brown eyes and gave him a laser beam of a look that filled his sternum with heat, "It's a weird town. People have to find some way of entertaining themselves."

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"Take the couple in #15, over by the other wall." Becky nodded towards a young zoish couple, both blonde, both attractive in a common sort of way. "They are totally into showing it off. They love to do it public places, or ask people to come over to his place and watch them. I went once, but it was just silliness. They watch way too many pornos." Her eyes continuing to assess him in a almost cold, clinical fashion. "You already met Anna, the hostess, didn't you? I've heard that she is more of a man than most guys. After a few of the LDs I've met around here..." she sticks her finger out horizontally in front of David, then lets it droop as though it was a quickly wilting flower. "I've been tempted to see if she might be better than the red-necked boys around here." Becky winks at David, flashes a smile, shifts her weight, leaning against the side of the bench opposite where David sits.

"So I'm guessing you are a shrimp and steak kinda guy?"

David considers the volume of information that she has just given him. The most critical bit of which is the knowledge that Becky, despite her innocent, girl-next-door looks, is at the very least knowledgeable and open-minded in her sexual mores. While he had been craving a nice big salad, he guessed that if anything was going to happen between the two of them that he should go along with her.

"Sure, that sounds great. medium rare. A green salad would be great too, olive oil and vinegar" His eyes were now reciprocating the same, nearly clinical examination that she had given him. He guesses that she is a bit smaller on top than most women, a small b-cup perhaps. They ride high and proud on her chest. Her hips are feminine and curvy, but it seems to be the way she is built, not fat, he can sense the strength of her powerful legs, maybe she is a runner? He'd guess skier if he wasn't in the desert now.

He sips his drink. She finishes writing his order, smiles, and walks back to the wait-station. He loves the way her hips sway. Her ass could hypnotize him, probably will if he has another gin. He watches her with no discretion, though never does his gaze

cross the line into a leer. She moves very gracefully, almost cat-like in her movements. It then dawn on him... she's a dancer. The combination of grace and strength in a woman of her height (she must be 5'9" or more) is unmistakable.

She is even better coming than going. She approaches him with a tray. Stands closer to him than any waitress at a TGI would ever get to a diner. She places another gin in front of him. "On me... looks like you would enjoy it."

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"Thanks" He finished off his first drink and set the empty on her tray, her face intoxicatingly close. "The drink helps, and I'm already enjoying myself."

"Well, like you said, there's only so much to do in this town." She liked the way his eyes smiled at her, the way they weren't undressing her the way most men's did. Instead, they seemed to be jumping inside her. A very warming look, that.

Their eyes kept snapping together like magnets. David looked down at his empty on her tray, felt the rush of blood to his groin, making everything in his body rigid, expectant.

"Funny thing is that even though there isn't much to do, I'm finding plenty to consider." With Becky standing so close to him, he could smell her hair. If she'd been working all day, the fact didn't reveal itself. She looked tired and she smelled great. The things he wanted to do to her.

"You're just going to have to tell me about them." Becky stood up and away again, thrilled to watch the way his eyes followed her. This was getting fun. Becky took mental note of how long she had before the place closed. She could probably get one of the other waitresses to count out after she grabbed her tips. "I've got to check on my other tables."

David watched her go. The smile on her face had gone from clinical to challenging in a heartbeat. She was game, that much was almost certain, but David knew that one misstep and she'd leave him to go back to his strange hotel room alone with nothing but his hand and an internet connection to satisfy the images he had flaring up in his mind.

A dancer for sure. With a tiny blast of pride, he noted how she wasn't walking so slowly anymore, that her shoulders were straighter and the way she moved showed off more energy. Her toes pointed but slightly when she spun away from her second table, casting him a short glance as she passed. She was delicious, dinner completely unnecessary at this point. He cast her against a screen in his mind, saw her peeling off her black pants, unbuttoning each button as he directed her, keeping her eyes locked with his, each movement precise in a way only a dancer can be precise.

She was walking back with his salad, her eyes practically squinting. David was thrilled. Time to find out a thing or two. Dinner could be a prolonged agony of waiting, or he could make it engaging.

Becky could see her new favorite customer had a plan, his face said that plainly. God, she was in the mood for this. How was it she was suddenly willing to play this way with him? She hated customers as a rule. She almost couldn't believe it, but it was way better than listening to Alicia pretend she and Johnny had fucked before coming here.

"The good sir's salad." She placed it in front of him. "Your steak will be coming out soon enough."

He pointed a finger straight up as if he'd just remembered something, "I'm considering something here, can you help me out?"

Fun. "Of course."

His finger beckoned her closer. She leaned in generously. Not that he could have looked down her shirt, but the idea cast a glow over the moment so she went with it. He didn't look at her shirt, he actually looked down at the table as if very serious.

Without hesitation, he offered up the following, "Are your nipples brown or are they pink?" He closed his hands, fingers entwined, very serious.

Two things happened: Becky had an urge to push the salad into his lap, but somehow at the same time she wanted to lift up her shirt and show off her perfect browns.

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Considering her situation for a moment and quickly formulating a plan, Becky reaches up and gracefully and almost by slight of hand unbuttons the top button on her shirt. She leans over, this time her blouse is hanging down and he can her small, pert breasts wrapped up in a delicate-looking white bra. As she bends down to whisper something into his ear he notes that Becky's nipples are almost certainly brown, and are in fact very hard. "If you play nice, if only for a little while longer, you'll know for certain what color they are, how I love to have them bitten, and whether or not I shave. Ask me another frat-boy question like that in here, however, and this will be the highlight of your night." She bites his ear lobe playfully, and with all of his attention on her breasts, her words, and the bite she is giving him he completely fails to notice as her left hand pours the remains of his gin into his lap.

She stands, her hands on her hips which are slightly cocked - like those of a gunslinger getting ready to draw. The empty glass of gin a pistol, the last drop of gin dropping from its edge the smoke from its barrel. The image conveys pure feminine energy. Her eyes are smoldering. He is almost positive that he has played this right, despite the increasingly cold and wet feeling soaking into his cock and balls. Looking deep in to his eyes, her mouth parted slightly, he sees her tongue brush lightly along the inner edge of her upper lip - a gesture for him and him only.

"I'm so sorry sir. I'll be back in a moment with a towel!"

She quickly moves off to get a towel while he reaches for some napkins and begins to gather the eyes cubes on his lap. She returns quickly and places a need on the end of



bench where he is sitting. She leans forward again, towel in hand, dabs at a spot on the table, and with a very gentle touch places the towel in his crotch and begins to move it across his lap. She isn't at all disappointed by the semi-erect shaft that she knew would be there. Through the towel and his pants she runs her hand up and down the length of his cock, which is growing in her hand so quickly she is almost scared. She wonders if she could get him off in the booth like this?

"Oh my... I'm sooo sorry sir. I can be such an airhead. Oh look, I've got some on the bench here. She leans forward and it looks to the rest of the restaurant as though she is merely mopping up the bench (although nobody is paying attention to this). As she leans forward he once again is able to see down her blouse - its obvious that she is giving this to him - a promise to him of prizes to come. David notices a small, dime-sized heart tattooed over her left breast, falling on the pale vertical line where her bikini top leaves her skin untouched from the sun. A small droplet of blood drips from the heart which appears to have been partially ripped in half. It is a beautiful, sad mark and brings David to consider, for the first time since he has seen Becky, as someone more than an object of his lust. "Fuck" he thinks to himself, "how can they do this all the time?"

Becky, on the other hand, quite thoroughly impressed by the tools that David has brought to the table, realizes that while 'drying' his crotch, the space between her own legs has become quite damp. Her thin white lacy boyshorts-style panties would be very wet to the touch was David able to do so. She wonders what it will feel like when she sits astride him and it is sliding in past the folds of her sex.

He is so distracted by her tattoo that he doesn't notice she has finished with his pants until she stands again.

"I really am sorry sir." she winks at him conspiratorially, "can I get you another sapphire and tonic?"

The incident has him a bit discombobulated and his cock is pressing painfully into his pants (he wants to be pressing it in to her). "uhhh... yeah" he says absent-mindedly.

She leaves and quickly returns with the drink (it is nothing but pure sapphire this time, with a little ice a twist. "I'm sorry, umm its David right?" she smiles. "You had asked me a question and I've completely forgotten what it was..." she lifts her right brow a bit, questioning him, challenging him.

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Oh, but that was precisely the sort of girl he'd hoped she'd be. Though he didn't expect the gin in pants bit, and certainly the chill all over his prick was sending the blood running away, he liked it. Hell, he loved it. Her little improv with the towel was the kind of delight he hadn't allowed himself to hope for, her fingers had been both gentle and probing. She either wanted to make sure he had the equipment to make all this worth her while, or she just wanted to make damn sure the water got everywhere. Which it



had. So while his cock did battle with the contradiction of the heat surging from his chest and the cool chill that was cradling his balls, he decided to regroup.

"Um, yes. Which way was your men's room? Bit of a mess, you see." He lifted himself up in the booth by lifting his hips forward and up so she could see his still engorged shaft, but also the almost completely encompassing continent of a wet spot she had devilishly provided.

She smirked at him, stepping back, enjoying his obvious chagrin but could see plainly that he loved every bit of it.

As he stood up, he adjusted his clear erection so it would ride straight up, bulging against his belt. That would hide it well enough. But the motion was meant to hide something else.

Becky stepped aside as he passed, eyes afire. He put his hand to her shoulder with the slightest pause.

"Your heart...I think it just stopped mine."

But then he was walking away and Becky had hold still, not respond.

The bastard had just dropped the smallest bit of ice down the line of her chest.

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The ice felt deliciously cool against her flushed skin. It also pushed her over the edge of reluctance that any woman has when meeting a 'potential' (mate, fuck, lover, beautician, mechanic, friend, etc). Acting quickly she spoke with Anna who smiled and nodded her approval (and would later lick her lips wishing Becky swung both ways - Anna would love to hear her muffled screams as Becky's thighs clamped over her ears). She places David's ticket, her last of the night, in the tiny black tray with the master-card and visa logos and places it on his table after quickly scrawling notes on the front and the back.

The front said "No charge! - Sorry about the spill" in the big loopy letters of a waitresses rushed handwriting. Beside that there is a winking smile and her name. Becky.

On the back the writing is more deliberate and refined, no longer the public writing of a waitress, the precise, well-contemplated writing would have been more at home on lavender stationary with a delicate pink rose embossed on the top of a page. It read:

I still expect a tip. Frog & Firkin's. 9:30. Black is the new black.

Winking at Anna as she left, she quickly skipped out to her car, a green 94 Accord, and drove to her 2nd floor apartment 10 blocks away to get ready.

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In the TGIF's bathroom, David leaned against the row of three stand alone off-white sinks and stared at himself in the mirror, as well as the completely besotted crotch of his jeans. Figuring there was no way to hide it, he had marched proudly past a teen-aged couple who were talking with each other by the token pay phone (does anyone use them anymore). The girl gave him an askance view and chuckled in sympathy embarrassment at him, her doe eyes flashing to her boyfriend who had his arm around her hip. He didn't notice David because he had been too busy adjusting his trucker cap.

The girl had kept looking at David's wet spot.

"Sorry kids, the ol' depends just kind of sprung a leak." Adopting the gunslinger pose of his par amour out in the dining area, he pushed his hipbones out to accentuate his so-called embarrassment. In fact, he had been walking around with it like some weird badge of honor.

It's comforting being in a town where no one knows your name. Though it'd be mighty shocking if when he went to the Bellevue Cineplex 12 the following morning to find doe-eyes and her Urban Outfitted beau working the popcorn counter. These are the risks one takes.

Which still left him taking stock in the mirror, his balls soaking wet, his erection calmed down, though everything below his belt pulsed with a warm heat. Becky. She had eyes he could swim in and the kind of smile he could eat. Everything about her was completely consuming him with a near volcanic rush that left his breathing shallow and his heart pumping. He couldn't wait to get back out there and see what happened next. But he'd found her line now, which he wondered if it had been a line so much as an opportunity she'd taken. Frat boy jokes were out now, that was for sure. He'd expected some swift knock to the arm, a harsh but playful retort, but Becky had completely up'd his ante. He looked forward to seeing how he'd keep up.

After ripping out some paper towels from the chrome dispenser while listening to the restaurant's muzak pump a bizarre version of Davey Crockett and swabbing off his crotch as best he could, he walked back out to the dining area. As he made his way down the aisle of booths below the long rowing boat slung from the ceiling, his present thrill took a nosedive. Becky was gone.

But the downswing flew in reverse when he found her note.

Black is the new black? Frog & Firkin's?

Is that what they did for fun in this town?

He sped the dreaded PT Cruiser back to the Marriot Courtyard at such a pace he was amazed he didn't get a ticket.

Bursting into his shoebox hotel room, David slapped open his Powerbook and ripped off his wet jeans while it booted up. He kept only one light on in the room, keeping the place relatively mysterious to him, the possibilities. He pictured Becky's back arching over the back of the couch while he lifted her legs up around his shoulders; he could see

her small tattoo there, her eyes shut. The smell of her was still in his head. Soon, dammit, soon, he was going to devour her.

He was sure she was up for it.

The horrible bathroom mirrors even took a swing for the better as he imagined what might be possible with them. The good line of her ass. The curving swing of her spine as she towed off after a shower. He picture her with her hair wet and his dick got hard again.

Luckily he did have a pair of black Ben Davis pants for the next day. They were brand new, very black, and he even had a black t-shirt to wear. Is that what she was after? Was she a closet goth? David looked at himself in the mirror, his thin frame, his less than tanned skin. Well, it's not like he didn't have some hint of that as well. Before pulling on the t-shirt he took note of the sloping angle his hip muscles created at his waist, the ones that pointed down. Crunches sucked, but being able to eat whatever he wanted without gaining wait was worth it. He'd do whatever he could to make this one happy. She was pretty special, that was apparent.

And that damn tattoo.

He hit Google up for the address and location of Frog's. Scribbled the directions and went back to the PT Cruiser, which had given him a weird satisfaction upon renting it. Driving around in a car everyone hates had it's snarky aspect, but now, well, now it was pretty much a fashion faux pas. Nothing for it now.

He drove to the bar. Frog & Firkin's. What in god's name was he getting himself into?

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Arriving at her apartment, Becky opened the door in a rush, sending her cat, Purrsistence, skittering away from the door with an annoyed meow. Her place was a bit of a mess - she hadn't had a lover in months and almost always met her girlfriends at their places or at a pub - so she didn't feel any overwhelming pressure than to keep the place out of a state of total chaos. On the way home she'd been contemplating what to wear, deciding that it felt like a little black dress night. It was easy and she new that she looked at her best in it. It revealed the petite lines of her breasts beautifully, hung over her hips with just the right flare, and (most importantly) showed off her legs. Her dancers legs that still held their shape despite not dancing for 3 years since she'd left school, dancing, and her dreams.

Becky had grown up in the Los Angeles area with dreams of becoming a dancer. She worked hard toward this goal throughout her childhood and teen years. She accepted a scholarship to study dance and education at a local school - one of her proudest moments. She had done well at school, impressing the small faculty with her abilities and intelligence, and making many friends. She had been on track to graduate with honors until fate decided that it had other plans for her.

She'd chosen to work with her favorite instructor, Dr. Simon Wilson, on her senior honors performance. He had a good reputation and was especially well-versed at choreographing modern dance (since Becky's hips had filled out during her Freshman year she'd given up on ballet). She would work diligently, night after night in the studio on her project during her final semester. Dr. Wilson would make himself available to her a couple nights a week and always seemed to want to please her. He encouraged her, hugged her, always seemed to say the right thing at the right time. At least until a week before her performance had been scheduled. She'd been practicing alone in the studio that night, working on a particularly difficult slide across the stage when he'd shown up.

From the moment he opened the door she'd known something was wrong. He looked disheveled and angry. He walked up to her, she could smell the overpowering stench of whiskey on his breath. He first offered her a passing grade for 'the favor', then when she gracefully demurred, his mood blackened. He promised her that she wouldn't pass the performance, and would fail to graduate if she didn't accompany him back to his office. The emotional shock of this threat was visceral in its impact. She wanted to vomit. She didn't have any idea of what to do. Her whole life preparing for the upcoming performance and this happens. A kick to her belly.

He grasped her wrist with a bruising fist and pulled her out of the dance studio down the corridor, now empty, and to his office. Tears ran down her face. She was too confused to think clearly. She was no match for him physically, even if the idea had occurred to her. She didn't know whether to run, or talk him out of it, or acquiesce. So all she did was cry.

The tears were still streaming down her face when she returned to her dorm room an hour later. She had been battered down there, but that pain was minor in comparison to the emotional wound he had inflicted. While the rape had been terrible, the worst part was knowing that she'd never dance again. She packed up her small car that night and never returned to school. A month later she had the tattoo printed into her skin. Most men and women would assume, after seeing her torn heart, that it was the reminder of a love-gone-wrong. And in a sense it was, her heart had broken because she would never dance again. She recovered from the rape. She didn't recover from her loss.

She came out of her reverie standing in the shower. The hot water soothed aching muscles and her favorite sponge rubbed her skin alive again after the long day. She hoped David would like what he saw when he took her - and she was planning on being taken, hopefully several times. She shaved her legs clean, trimmed the tangle of hair between her thighs. An X had asked her to shave herself bald, which she had, but after seeing herself in the mirror she'd decided it was a bad idea. It made her look pubescent and immature, and made her wonder about the guys who wanted their women to look like that. Sure, she loved cunnilingus almost as much as anything and could understand that the hair in the mouth thing wasn't that great (thank god cocks are mostly hairless!). So she compromised and kept in very neatly trimmed.

She decided to wear her hair down, letting it hang almost to her shoulder blades in its natural, loose curls as black as midnight. She slid her sexiest black bra on - it was more of a notion of a bra than something that would support her breasts (not that they needed support - she was lucky that way). She decided on a lacy pair of boyshorts-style panties, similar to those she'd worn at work. She zipped up the dress as Purrsistence mewed around her ankles seeking attention. Laughing at her own vulgarity, she thought that there were two pussies in this room who wanted some attention.

Her makeup was simple, some ruby red lipstick and a little mascara. She'd been blessed with great skin (though she'd hated the freckles as a kid), and her own personal style just didn't like the idea of makeup. A little rose oil on her wrists which she then gently pressed against the pulse points on her neck, and she was done.

She grabbed her going-out bag, small, black, sexy and equipped with the same lipstick and mascara, 40\$, her license, keys, and a three-pack of trojans (a girl should always be prepared).

On the short drive over to Frog & Firkins she wondered if she'd made the right choice. It was a hip (as hip as things would ever get in this one-horse town) bar that was dark, campy, and not too loud. It had a 50's - 60's theme - with a velvet painting of JFK above the bar, lava lamps, chrome-trimmed furniture, and a lot of other nifty little touches that gave the place personality without begin trendy. The music on the juke-box was good (not 60s though - they kept current thankfully).

There was, of course, no dancing.

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David got out of the cruiser and whispered relief that it was Tuesday night. Whatever nightspot Becky had lured him to wouldn't be overwhelmed with weekend amateurs out for a wild time. She struck him as the kind of girl who could spend entire evenings on a dance floor, laughing at the supposed suitors who would shuffle up to her, all of them drawn by what her body must be capable of. It wasn't hard to imagine the heat she'd bring to a club. That body wouldn't need any rest; she very well could probably dance for hours, taking breaks only for a fast drink and a laugh with friends before returning to the crowd and the throb of bass, the rush of slowly building BPM. But thankfully, Frog & Firkin's wasn't necessarily that kind of place, certainly not on a Tuesday night.

On the outside it was nestled between what looked like an office space for rent on one side and a used car lot on the other. The front was very dark with only a green neon sign in its middle window that read only "F & F's" with thin script. The door was silver with a round window, and upon giving it a good yank open, David felt the warmth of the place ooze out onto the sidewalk. Even though it was dark outside, it was even darker inside by comparison. Dark and quiet, just a few people inside, an interior Shag might have drawn after a few Zombies too many. Though thank god not a full-on Tiki experience. Smiling, seeing the choice of bar as an extension of Becky's playful taste, David felt more at ease than he expected.

And to be sure the place was dead quiet except for a trio of what looked like old friends in one corner booth. A guy with long hair and a smile like the Cheshire Cat's waving his arms around at his friends - a Betty Page girl and a hillbilly boy complete with a pack of cigarettes in a rolled t-shirt sleeve. Long hair was going on about something, all three of them laughing at the story. Otherwise, there were a few people at a pool table on what looked what doubled as the dance floor probably on the weekends. And sitting at the bar, there she was. David took a moment as the door shut behind him. She had already spotted him, a dangerous smile curving her lips. Wasn't he supposed to be on a business trip?

Becky lifted her drink up in a silent hello and sipped as he approached. Everything went into slow motion, a kind of underwater moment, that remained focused entirely on her eyes. Sure, David took in the rest of her, all at once. You don't get gifts like this from fate without snapping as many pictures with your mind as you can. He couldn't miss the cut of the dress, the modest slit up its side revealing a damn near perfect leg crossed over the other, curves like a dare, the black fabric of the dress hanging lightly but enhancing every hidden bit of her. He could see that Becky knew the effect she'd just had on him. Her shoulders were bare, skin looking softer than velvet, jet black hair brushing down, showing off her good skin, her good neck, her good everything. Women who look as good as Becky did often had to put a lot of work into it, but David could see quite easily that she wore very little make-up and the tone of her skin and body in general wasn't at all plastic in any way. She was no credit-card-beauty, she was the real thing.

The thick feeling in his cock was heavy. Not hard, not yet, but ready to join in on a moment's notice. His chest felt thick as well, his throat too, every square inch of his body on high alert, ready to perform howsoever he requested. He had thrown on his blue Dickie's jacket to offset the t-shirt and in general to give him somewhere to carry his what-nots for the night. Women had purses, guys had the inner pockets of their jackets. In his he carried a cell phone, a pack of mint Trident gum, a three-strip of Life-styles Ultra-Sensitive, and a three foot length of red cotton rope. Judging from Becky's she-devil gaze, he couldn't tell who'd be on the receiving end of that particular item. The thought of her tying down his arms and slowly working her lips up and over his dick while he forced himself to not topple over into orgasm was every bit as alluring as the thought of seeing her straddling him on her knees, arms tied behind her as she rode the kind of grinding reverse cowgirl those legs suggested.

It wasn't until he got to the bar that he noticed JFK looking down on them, like some pervy Federal spirit sent to bless their activities.

"That, I think, was the single best walk up to a bar I've ever had." He leaned against the bar right next to her as she swivel in her seat to face him, drink still held close to her lips.

"JFK has the same effect on me."

"I can tell." He pulled out his wallet, then paused, took a deep breath, "You're stunning, I should just get that out of the way right now." He laughed, "Let's just be friends."

Becky tapped his leg with her toe, "Whatever you say."

"What are you drinking?"

"Ten on the rocks. They're out of Sapphire."

Gods, she was a gin drinker. He might marry this girl. "Any good?"

She shrugged and lifted the glass again. David watched her take a gentle sip, her tongue lapping ever so gently on the glass's rim before dropping a perfectly devastating "O" of her lips against the glass to sip. He could see the red perfection of her tongue tip as she did so. She closed her lips, the bright flavor of the gin no doubt filling her head.

"Mind if I have a taste?" He leaned in. Her free hand went out, the other lifting the glass. The bar's music seemed to fade. A guy cracked a pool ball hard into a pocket, and the long haired storyteller jumped up on his seat to end his story with a flourish. Becky's smile went serious as she leaned in to the kiss.

The bar disappeared for David. She tasted like distilled sunlight.

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He tasted like lust: hot, fierce, penetrating, powerful, and musky.

The kiss lasts but a second, a tenth of a second, but the energy flowing between their lips could have burned every light in the bar (not that there were many). She settles back trying to keep the 'shit-eating-grin' as her brother would have labeled it, off of her lovely lips. "I thought we could get a booth, I like the vinyl seats and the formica tables. Plus, if you bore me I can play bouncy on the springs." Shooting him a mischievous grin, she slips off her stool, David is for the first time aware of her height, at least 5'9", and he notes, giving her a subtle once over, she wasn't wearing heels.

He stands back, gestures towards a secluded and dark table in the corner of the room with a doorman's bow, "after you m'lady." Glancing back at the bartender he orders two more, 'make 'em doubles' he says slinging the words like Bogart.

She giggles and knows right away that she was correct and that David was just traveling through. Locals wouldn't have been keen to the little touches he was so adept at. She walks ahead of him and he notices that her gait has changed from the rushed, purposeful movements she displayed when she was working to a more fluid, silky, almost cat-like motion. Her hips swaying in a primeval way that threatens to yank the As Ts Gs and Cs from his very DNA - the eternal call. If David wasn't a 'legs n' ass' man before he is probably being converted.

He loves the knee-length dress. It is sexy without a hint of slutty. It is simple in its lines and seems to be tailored to her curves, though the simple fabric betrays the rack-bought reality of the garment. He notices that she is not wearing hose - a disappointment to him as stockings are amongst David's favorite sexy under-things. He realizes with that thought though, that her legs are so near perfect, her very modest tan is



even, her knees are deliciously smooth, and the shapes so fluid that covering those legs would be a sin.

She sits, and slides into the middle place on the bench, forcing David to choose between pushing her over and sitting beside her, or sitting across from her. He chooses to sit across from her (perhaps as she intended he do). He want to drink in her eyes, see her lips form vowels, see that silver chain dance across the delicate skin of her neck.

He sits, is about to say something, and the bartender slides the drinks onto the table. David produces his plastic, and with nary a glance at the bartender he simply says "tab".

"So Mr. David," Becky says "what is it that brings you here, to the world's dustiest truck-stop that calls itself a town?" She sips her gin through the little straw, leaving the smallest trace of lipstick. Her posture is elegant, she could be a princess or an aristocrat. She is an enigma, a diamond in a coal bed.

In Becky's mind David has only one more thing to do before Becky will suggest that they leave. She will not let herself sleep with an ape or a fool, that is the easy determination and that she is even at the bar is consistent with her recognition that David is neither. She wants more than that though, she needs to know he is intelligent. His playful witty ways suggest that he is, but they could be simple routines, automations that he has practiced on a hundred girls. She'll see how he handles himself, and knows ahead of time that tonight will provide for quite the interesting adventure, regardless of outcome. After all, she thinks a big glumly, if he is a moron, she always has her rabbit and a new pack of duracells at home. After all, why put up with a sweaty, possibly disease carrying guy if his intelligence is no greater than her vibrators, moreover she **\*\*knows\*\*** the rabbit will get her off - an idiot has maybe a 50-50 chance.

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Oh ho, David thought, time for the interview. Becky looked at him with smoldering anticipation, an eager audience. Which is more than he could say about the last woman he'd had dinner with. She was a friend of a friend and had conducted herself through dinner as if she had a clipboard below the table with its long list of questions outlined in various colored inks. Favorite bands, favorite foods, favorite bars. She was a tall drink of water for sure, but the application process bored David so he had started messing with her, hot chick or not. When she asked him what his favorite movie was, he told her all about his home DVD porn collection and how often he updated it and that he was considering starting one of those Netflix like services. She balked at that, and pretty much closed up her clipboard, shuffled away his resume, and sat quietly through the post-dinner drink. David went home alone, watched an old VHS copy of Kieslowski's Blue and masturbated himself to sleep fantasizing about Juliette Binoche. Although he did imagine the girl he'd been out with on her knees with a little come on her chin just for kicks, but it was Juliette who brought him home.

"Well, that's a tough question, but you seem like a good girl so I'm going to tell you the truth. It may be shocking, you may call me an abomination, but there's so much a good boy from the old country can take." He held his drink up to his mouth as if it held gov-

ernment secrets and whispered, "I was shipped here in a pine board box that has been in my clan for seven generations, I've got 200 pounds of soil in the back of my rental, wanna see?"

Becky's eyebrows did a sort of wrinkled allee-oop, "Is that why you're wearing all black?"

"No, I'm wearing black because it's the new black, although I disagree with you on that, I think salmon in the new black. It's going to be very popular this year, you'll see. Salmon, the color of summer 2006, just you wait."

Becky enjoyed playful banter as much as the next girl, but David looked a little too good and she was beginning to feel a little too...well, let's face it, she wanted to jump the guy but she wasn't going to until she knew for damn sure he wasn't some smart ass without any substance. All icing and no cake was good in some circumstances, and hell, that's what she was looking at having tonight anyway, but she'd just like to know that if when licked the sweet stuff down hard enough she'd see the spice cake below and know she had kept her standards.

With that in mind, she gave his shin a small kick, "C'mon Romeo...Juliet's waiting."

David had jumped at the kick, naturally, and shot her a look. For god's sake she'd been nothing but goofy since his arrival, but then he felt her bare foot rubbing the spot she had just kicked. Soothing in a completely different way. She cast him a snarky smile and sipped her drink through the small cocktail straw again. It was like reeling in a strange feral animal with good manners. Christ, he wasn't very good at this.

"Okay, okay, I'm an audio technician. I program digital surround sound codec, but every now and then am forced to cover for someone and get sent on these little maintenance runs. It's a favor to a co-worker. I'm driving over to Oceanside tomorrow to tweak the multi-plex there. Apparently they're getting a little out of balance and no one can fix it over the phone. So I get to visit." He shrugged, "All of which, by the way, isn't half as fun to say as being a vampire, but I mean it when I say, 'Lucky me.' I'm happy to be here."

Becky's foot had rested against his ankle, toes moving slightly, but for the most part just sitting gathering warmth. He liked it there.

Jesus, Becky thought, she's just bagged a nerd. Or was about to anyway. Knowing he had a job that required brains more than brawn made her warmer; almost time to go, but now she was just curious. The deal was practically closed now, she just wanted to know more, something more personal.

"Vampire by night, sound guy by day. I get it." She cocked her head at him, couldn't help but let out the shit-eating grin now, "How'd that happen?"

David rubbed his hands together, settling into this, she was such perfect eye candy he could talk all night. But even better he could see the wheels turning behind her lovely eyes and for all the world he wanted nothing more than to jump inside her and

squeeze, everything about her physicality transforming into a real woman. He had something he wanted to ask about too.

"Okay, this is a sad story so imagine a guy behind me with a floppy mustache raking a bow across a violin. He's wearing a mariachi suit and a bolo tie and his eyes speak of infinite heartbreak, got it?"

"Got it." She rubbed his shin again with her foot, practically squirming in her seat. "Just don't tell me about your parents or how you were beaten up as a kid."

The feel of her warm foot against his leg was giving him a raging hard-on and his breathing was coming a little bit too shallow for all this talk, but such are the bumps in the road that make the final destination all the sweeter. "I'll leave that out then. As the story goes I went to film school back east at NYU, great place, lots of debt, all sorts of filmic adventures and what not. I had wanted to direct going in - everyone does - but in one of my classes the professor showed us a sound console and how you could make one track sound like anything just by adjusting the EQ. What sounded like a football stadium one minute could be a tiny transistor radio the next just by pulling out the reverb and adding a ton of treble. I dunno. Something about it just snagged me, so I jumped out the director's chair and got behind the mixers. I graduated, moved to LA, and worked on a few movies as a boom operator."

"Boom-boom..." she rubbed her foot higher up his leg. "When does it get sad?"

He wanted to devour her. Kept picturing her hard nipples back at the restaurant, the feel of her sure hand against his cock. He sat his arm in his lap and resisted the urge to rub himself a little. He noticed one of her hands was missing as well, and come to think of it, she was looking more and more devilish with every passing minute.

"Right about now since we're in LA. I hated it there. Didn't like the people, didn't like the business. Everyone out to work someone for a connection. I worked a lot, but had no life, and even though it was my dream to work in the movies I couldn't hack it. I hated the weird hours and the uncertainty and the freelancing nature of the job. So I left."

"That's really not so sad, David." She had started tapping at his foot with her pointed toe, tap tap tap.

"Well." He thought about it. "I work at Dolby, so yeah, it's not so sad. They pay me well and I get to geek out on all the most amazing gear, but it doesn't fit me any more than LA did. Being in an office all day doesn't quite compare to being on set all day, different location every day, your skills against the world. At The Labs - that's we call it - we have cubes, we have sound rooms, we have our normal hours. It gets boring. So naturally I jumped at the chance to get out for a few days to come down here. So yeah, I left LA and my childhood dreams behind but I'm not sure what I traded it for. Some days are great and some days I wonder what it was I wanted and if I hit the mark."

David finished off his drink and winked. "Maybe it's sad, I dunno. I probably paid the violin guy too much anyway. Want another drink?"

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Becky pauses a moment to gather information on the three different internal states that all play into when she will leave and what she will do afterwards. Her libido was pushing her hard in the direction of David's bed, or his car, or even one of the stalls in the ladies room. Her foot had been wondering up his leg for the last few minutes and the dampness returning to her sex was only the most obvious indication of her readiness.

David had made the grade intellectually, though she doubted that he was very in touch or intact emotionally - his story was interesting, perhaps just a tad pensive but not sad, at least not to her ear. Never the matter she thought, if briny water fell from her face to David's shoulder tonight it would be sweat, not tears.

The final check was her sobriety. There was an oft changing, usually thin (though tonight it was as wide as the Mississippi) line between drunk and icky lack of control and loose and happy. She immediately recognized that she was exactly where she wanted to be.

"I need to excuse myself for a moment David, but I think I'll pass on the drink. Why don't you settle the bill?" she gazes directly into his eyes. There is no mistaking the look. The odd thing is that most men will never see that look, because it is the look that men give women that they are metaphorically hunting. If David takes a moment to think about the look he will recognize that in all likelihood he is likely to be playing the more passive role tonight.

She exits the booth, a little less gracefully than before the second gin, and slides into the dark towards the restrooms at the back of the bar. Turning his head, David watches her hips sway away (he realizes that he could watch those hips sway every day for a year and never lose his attention on them). He pulls out cash for the drinks, and motions for the bartender. He'd stand and pay the bill at the bar, but walking now, while technically possible, would be awkward, a bit painful, and quite possibly embarrassing. The bartender comes over with his card, exchanges it for cash that includes a nice tip, and winks at David. "She's a cute girl, seen her in here a couple times with friends. A lot of guys try, haven't ever seen one succeed." and with a wink he wanders back to the lonely bar and the company of JFK.

In the bathroom Becky checks herself in the mirror, smiling and feeling ready to abandon the inhibiting influences of her superego. She consciously decides to move one degree more towards the 'slut' end of the sexuality scale. Glancing back at the stall and seeing no one, she pulls her skirt high enough to grasp her panties. She pulls the thin, lacy material over her rounded, pale hips with a girlish wiggle and gracefully steps out of them. She rolls them up into a loose tube, straightens her skirt, rolls her lips together to smooth her lipstick, and walks back into the blackness.

David, who is facing away from the restroom, doesn't see her coming, although he does hear her approach when she is close. He is turning in the booth to greet her, his eyes scanning up her frame to find her eyes when she walks past him towards the door. He is stammering a bit to try and say something witty (or otherwise) but doesn't get out a word. As she passes she tosses the thin, airy black tube to him, a sort of sexual baton in the worlds longest and oldest relay race, and walks to the door, never hesitating, never looking back. He reflexively catches the black somewhat phallic tube and watches her walk away, thinking that things may have gone horribly wrong - "but how" he whispers to himself, "what the fuck did I do wrong?" as a look of great consternation sweeps across his furrowed brow.

His hands tell him that nothing has gone wrong before his nose does. The thin satiny, lacy feel of the material in his hands is certainly feminine in its quality, though he can't by feel alone identify what it is. His nose tell him that nothing has gone wrong before his eyes do. His nose captures the next bit of information conveyed by the feminine phallus as the faint odor of roses wafts into his brain. As his attention focuses on the smell, he notes the far more subtle but unmistakable smell of a woman's musk lingering under the roses. Glancing across the room as Becky walks out the door, he sees he is not being watched (all the men in the room have left their gaze on the door that just covered up Becky's prototypically female silhouette). He looks down into his hands and unrolls the black panties, his jaw drops. His eyes tell him that nothing has gone wrong before his mind does. He notices the faintest trace of dampness at the bottom. Smiling, he inhales deeply through his nose, though not in a vulgar, old man sort of way, and stands as he rolls the panties back into their tube. He places them in his shirt pocket, by far the sexiest pocket square that David will ever possess in his life.

Nearly stumbling out of the bar, he sees Becky leaning against the PT cruiser and looking up into the not-so-starry sky. He walks up to her. His heart is racing, his cock would be screaming for attention had it a voice. She pans down from the sky, hiding the line of her neck from this would-be-vampire, and raises her brow.

He steps into her circle, leaning in, places his hands on the silky smooth fabric of her LBD and pushes his lips hard against hers.

And now the night is full of more stars than there are in the sky.

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Her tongue makes contact before his, a small hello. She pulls away to smile at him, put her arm around his neck and yank him back to her lips where David realizes she's got a bigger erection than he does. The way she's pressing her hips into his speaks of a conscious hunger, a bowstring finally released, and the very slow almost luxurious grind of her body against his nearly sends him into fits. Her body's language is too subtle to be crude, but with his lips dancing against hers, he can tell with all certainty that she's got more than a good girl's idea about sex. The liberated panties said as much, but right now paired with her below a desert sky, arms wrapped solidly around each other and mouths perfectly matched, David felt like if someone were to turn off the lights they'd glow.

And thank god she was a good kisser. He'd been with women whose idea of necking involved a limp comehitherness, a passive mouth, and a willing tongue. Kissing them was like kissing warm mannequins that got wet in the right places. Becky, however, was present, was leading this march towards the bedroom...or wherever they wound up. David's body was taking over but completely, the hardness in his dick consuming his entire body, everything flush with a primal desire that was bubbling over. He could feel himself squeezing her more, the need to jump inside her growing, an animal need that he loved to release. He wanted to feel this woman naked below him, he wanted to hear her come, he wanted to smell her, to taste and inhabit her, he wanted if for just one night to completely devour her.

But she popped away from him, her lipstick worn down, eyes searching his face with a pleased grin, but then suddenly she focused.

"This parking lot's sexy and all, but..." For the second time that night he felt her hand on his cock, a casual rub from the back of her hand. "If you're going to turn me inside out at some point, this ain't the place."

She turned around and walked to the passenger side door and waited for him, her perfect legs sliding along below her dress.

But David stopped short behind her and opened the door to the rear seat feeling a wicked burn inside him. "The hotel is maybe five minutes away and I'm going to watch you in the mirror the whole way there. Please get in, kitten. I'll take you somewhere safe."

He liked the way Becky sauntered up to him to stop with her face hovering just inches away from his. "What are you going to watch, Travelling Man?"

"Everything you're about to show me."

Her eyebrow cocked high. David liked that too. "What? Am I supposed to strip?" The devilish grin came back but with a tentative slant.

"Not necessarily. You're wearing a little black dress, and besides," he pulled her panties from his shirt pocket, "You've already made the job quite easy." He dragged the still damp coil of lace and satin across her chin. She looked like she might bite it. He loved that she was playing along, though he expected something altogether unexpected from her now. She was nothing if not unabandoned with her creativity. "If you get bored you can play bouncy on the seat springs."

She leaned in and brushed her lips against his. "Then what happens?"

"I get to have a taste."

Becky's hungry mouth. Her perfect lips, the slight tang the gin left behind, and her eager tongue were taking him over. As they kissed his hands travelled the line of her spine, down to the small of her back, pulling her closer. He wanted to reach inside her. Time to get somewhere alone.

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Becky slides into the middle of the back seat. She'd been hatching an idea of giving David head on the drive to his place, but he wanted a show instead. A show he shall have - but perhaps not the one he imagined.

"So you want a show David?" she asks as he slides in to the driver's seat.

Peeking back at her, their eyes meeting in the mirror, he says, "I'd love one."

"Ok dolby boy. Here's what I got for you. Since you are the sound man, and driving is a visual sport, and I have this real fondness for not dying in a fricken PT cruiser you'll get your show. But on my terms." She slides behind him. "Put the mirror back so you can see behind you."

He does so, beginning to protest, but then thinking better of it - why argue when in 10 minutes he'll be so wrapped up in her that the little show will be but a faint memory?

He puts his seat belt on and begins to drive. Becky leans forward her lips inches away from David's left ear.

As she starts to speak David notices how melodic and relatively deep her voice is. Not in the least bit nasally or girlish. "Turn your head from the road just once and show's over and you have to wait till we get to your place, comprendo amigo?"

"Si, senorita"

"And don't reply to anything."

"Si, senorita"

She clears her throat a bit. He can hear her breathe. The car begins to roll.

"When I was showering before I came here I was thinking about the way your cock felt in my hand. You'll never really know, really appreciate, what a thick, hard cock feels like." Her left hand slides under his arm, her hand runs across David's chest. "Sure, you know what your cock feels like, but you've got no appreciation of it. Its power, its strength, the way it feels when it grows in your hand."

Her right hand, unbeknownst to david, slides under her skirt, brushing against her thighs till it finds its target. She takes a deep breath.

"You for sure don't know how it affects a woman. Sure, we all want love, and friendship, and a guy who'll rub our feet. We pretend to not care about cocks. But you know the truth is deeper than that. We care, ohhh, we do so care." a wistful tinge in her voice. "The feel of that spongy head rubbing against my clit, the way it makes my head spin."

Her left hand digs into David's chest, the short, uncolored nails pressing themselves into the thin fabric of his shirt.



"I once went down on a football player when I was in college. He was huge. Like a god. To feel the power behind it, even the smallest push was like getting knocked down. His ass was like jackhammer, driving it down my throat. I couldn't breathe." Becky gasps as her fingers begin to work their magic around her clit. "I was amazed by his power. Men are never more powerful then they are at that moment... when they the are pushing themselves into a woman. Taking her, moving her, driving in to her..."

"I dated a swimmer for a few months. He wasn't as big as the footballer, but he could move. God, the hips on that boy!" another sharp intake of breath. A soft moan as her fingers dance across her engorged clit, "ohhh David."

"The way he moved when he slid into me. The way the cock felt when he couldn't move in any farther. The way he would grind his pelvis into my clit. I'd scream his name when I peaked, and god did I ever come, and come and come and come."

She leans in closer, her breath in his ear. Her hand slides down into his lap, quickly finding his rigid manhood. A soft gentle moan escapes from her lips.

"Once, we had been drinking, we were fucked up. He threw me down on the bed, ripped my panties off, fucked me from behind, like an animal. I lost control... the power... it was overwhelming. Then he spread my ass, God, his cock was so wet with my come, and he pressed himself in. I'd never had anal sex before, it was such a rush. I was totally at his mercy - he controlled me."

They are turning into a hotel parking lot. Her hand is stroking his shaft gently, kindly, with respect.

Her hand drops away from her now thoroughly wet cunt. She can't let her self come yet.

"So I've learned how much fun it is to be the focus of such power. Its a thrill unlike any other. So I've learned to be powerful myself. A woman's power is different than a guy's, but I think an observant man knows it when he experiences it. I hope David, that you are an observant man."

She kisses his ear lobe then leans back. The car comes to a stop. Her head is spinning with gin, power, and sex. David sits unmoving for a moment. Gathering himself. He gets out of the car and quickly opens the door for her, offers his hand, which she takes, and helps her from the car. Their eyes meet and he pulls her into him, hand on her hips, as their lips meet and their tongues dance together. She can feel his cock pressed into her lower abdomen. The feeling makes her want to be naked with him.

She pulls away. "Shall we?"

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David takes her hand and is very glad to feel the dampness there. He had hoped she was attending to herself with one hand while the other was stroking him. The thought of her hands on both of them, like a completed electrical circuit, had turned him on just

as much as the feel of her breath on his neck when she remembered her footballer's cock down her throat or the swimmer's hips as they jackhammered his dick into her. The heat that came from her voice had made driving somehow easier than he would have expected, like a perfect soundtrack to the task. He had considered driving a bit longer just to hear what else she might tell, but - he smiled as he led her along, her hand warm and damp in his - why in god's name wait?

She remained silent but perfectly deadly the whole stroll into the Marriot. It's corridors quite subdued with the hum of an ice machine and the quiet gang of business men at the small hotel bar where they watched a late night news program and drank bottles of beer. One of them looked at David and his catch, the guy's eyes knowing, somehow approving, somehow lecherous. Becky had looked them all, but then back at David her eyes a strip tease. The way she was walking promised him there would be little sleep at all tonight.

He liked how they said nothing since leaving the car. Just their hands touching. As they had walked past the front desk she had tickled the palm of his hand with a single finger. When they reached his room, he pulled out his card and prepared to stab it into the reader. Becky stood next to him, her body not pressed up against him but finding a way to enjoy as much contact as possible. He held the card over the reader, leaned in to her and spoke quietly as she had immediately pulled closer, her ear a willing conspirator.

"I can smell you, Becky." He squeezed her now dried hand, lifted it to his mouth to kiss her knuckles. God, the scent. His dick pulsed as he kissed and inhaled. "Shall I tell you about the power of pussy then?"

He stabbed the card in, smiling at her, then yanked it out, the small lights going from red to green followed by the snick-snack of the lock admitting them. He opened the door into a dark room and offered Becky first rights of entry. She looked in and for the slightest moment he saw her cautious hesitation, such a smart girl.

He hit the light switch so she could see the room didn't contain anything more than his black over the shoulder bag stuffed with two night's worth of clothing. Which sat next to his hard carbon-fiber shelled kit of tools. His powerbook sat on the desk.

"No axes in here, my dear. Only some hex wrenches, a soldering iron or two, maybe a bar of soap. I dunno. Well, and this..." He rubbed his still fully attentive dick, enjoying the naughty look on her face as she stepped forward.

"That's the only tool in here I'm particularly interested in." She strutted past him into the room, all as aunter, arms pushed out from her sides, carrying her black bag which she dropped immediately and spun to face him. "And besides, if you had an axe I'm damn sure faster than you and willing to bet a bit meaner, so there. I'm not worried though, because you're a good guy..." She dropped her coat to the floor, slid a finger below one of her LBD's shoulder straps, "...aren't you, David?"

The strap slipped down her shoulder, the dress teetering, cupping around her clearly erect nipples, her hand rubbing down to the triangle between her legs, smiling like the devil herself.

"The nicest you've ever met." He shut the door. "Turn around for me, let me see your back."

Becky seemed all too happy to comply. She moved her hips a bit, showed David how the material of the dress moved over her skin.

"I'm going to turn off the light, all right?"

Becky didn't turn back, "The furniture in here is hideous anyway."

With the light snapped off, Becky became a silhouette against the sheer curtains that faced the black night of the hills to the east. David walked up behind her and pressed himself hard against everything she had to offer. He felt the firm press of her ass against the even firmer shaft of his dick which cradled all too perfectly against her. Reaching around, he clutched her to him, felt her almost crumbled within his grasp, pressing her ass into his dick, turning to kiss his cheek.

"The power of pussy?" She licked his ear, "Do you honestly think I don't know that one?"

David's hand slid down her satisfyingly firm belly to the patch of skin between her legs, rubbed the gathering warmth there over her dress, felt her upper thighs rub against each other as she stroked his cock with her cupped ass, back arched, mouth open for his. His mouth was watering, lifted her hand up to his face again so he could smell her heat there.

"Honestly Becky, I don't care." His hand clamped down hard against her pubic bone, her sharp intake of breath accompanied by a lovely passing second of tension as she ground into his hand. "I just want to bury my face between your legs."

His hand slid down to lift the skirt up, her leg slipping sideways to let him, his hand found her bare pudendum, the wonderful patch of hair there, then down, down into the warmth, between her legs he found a puffed gathering of skin, the divided mound there so warm to the touch, and slightly moist. But he knew where the real heat was.

Keeping his hand flat against her sex, he reached up with the other so he could feel her firm breast and even firmer nipple he took great pleasure in pinching slightly.

"What kind of an animal are you, Becky?" He squeezed her breast while pulling up hard against her crotch, "What's it going to take to turn you into a toy, eh?" She continued to writhe against him, reaching around now to feel the heat of his dick, unzipping his pants while her mouth searched for his. He loved how willing she was, how immediate and hungry, ready to give herself up entirely to this, the oldest of dances, the most delicious of athletics. He reached up to pull her hair back, to see her lovely neck, to kiss it

and then up to her mouth which clamped onto his with a ravenous heat of its own. All the while he massaged her cunt with his flat hand.

"Walk forward, lovely. Spin and sit on the back of the couch for me." Humming slightly, Becky did so, her hand letting go of his dick so she could gather up his skirt and spin to face him. Eyes almost demure, looking down with a shy smile right before turned her eyes up to his and her mouth to his and her everything else to his. They locked against each other as her hips ground up into his, sitting back into the couch and lifting her muscular dancers legs up to wrap around his hips and let his dick right up against her, to dry hump as they kissed. "Good," he mumbled as they kissed, "Good...but I want a taste, lovely. I want a taste."

He pulled away from her as she steadied herself on the couch, lifting her legs up. Silently she mouthed the words, "little circles" while spinning her finger around in a like motion.

"Oh god, like I don't know that." He yanked her close for one last hard kiss, then dropped to his knees as she lifted her skirt. Looking up from the spread of her legs, he saw her looking down at him, proud as proud could be, one hand gently stroking herself.

He leaned forward, mouth still watering, the smell of her a riot in his head, the deep pungent gravity of sex awash over her. His mind was turning off from the proximity, kissing her thighs as he lifted her legs up by the backs of her knees, wanting to see her open up. The darkness of her skin, the raised patch of fur just about her mound, but the rest having been shaved and trimmed but perfectly. In the dim light that shed through the curtains he could make out the wave of her lips, how they were gathered, he leaned forward into her heat and kissed. Felt her shiver, her hand holding the back of his head slightly as he kissed her up and down, tapping slightly with his tongue. The flavor of her just about to hit him.

His cock was a raging thing spearing from his crotch. It wanted nothing more than to mount this woman, jump inside her and scream its primal need to pound, to pump, to devour her with its so-called power. David always thought of the power that happened between two people who gave themselves up to this. To the rub of skin, the smell of the body, the feel of arms and legs and crotches and chests and heat from the mouth, all of it.

Stroking himself slightly, he then reached up to hold her steady once again.

He opened her with his tongue.

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Becky leans back against the wall as David's tongue began to work its magic. The entire evening had been such a build up that she wouldn't be able to hold off the impending orgasm very long, which was fine by her as she full well expected to come several times. Looking down at David in the dim light was such a turn on. His eyes are closed as he

expertly teases her tiny button with little circles getting Becky so hot. Leaning against the wall she began to run her fingers through his hair, loving the feeling of it as her pussy begin to drip.

David was indeed an expert. He was spending most of his time teasing her button, occasionally though he would place his mouth over her clit, sucking on it so the vacuum created by his mouth would tease her even more. He also paid attention to the warm wet folds of her labia, running his tongue across them, then parting them with his hands and pushing his soft wet tongue deep in to her crease. He could hear her breathing become more and more rapid, her moans becoming less self-conscious. She begins to squeeze her thighs together, her hands on his head. He slowly begins to work his middle finger into her pussy which couldn't be any more lubricated. He feels like it is being pulled in.

The last thing he hears before her strong thighs clamp over his ears are moans punctuated by "ohh fuck... oh fuck... make me come David... please... faster" and then all he can hear is his heartbeat. The pheromones she is producing flood David's senses. His cock, taught and long, now drips in expectation of getting its due. With Becky's come smeared across his face he is breathing her in with every breath.

The first indication that she is climaxing is the feeling of a gentle rippling tug on his finger, now fully inside of her. This is followed by a small release of her salty warm come onto his hand and into his mouth. If he could hear, his neighbors certainly can, he would believe Becky to be a religious woman, and himself to be on a rank with God. Her thighs clench hard and for a moment he is genuinely worried that he may suffocate here between this diva's thighs.

Instead, he feels her thighs spread, and her hands, initially so gentle in his hair, pull him to standing. She then pulls him into to her, and feels her kiss his wet lips. They open their mouths giving each other big sloppy kisses lubricated by Becky's juice. Never letting go of his hair she licks a couple times at his face, tasting herself.

Using her the advantage of her position above him, she pushes him back in a sudden and unexpected thrust. He almost stumbles as she continues to push him back and across the room. He hits the wall on the opposite side of the room much harder than he expected to, and feels his wind briefly leave his lungs. Knowing he won't move for a moment, Becky stands back, removes her hands from his shoulders, and reaches to her side, slides her zipper down, and lets the dress fall to the floor. Her body, seems to have a sheen or a glow against the light of the window over the couch on the far side of the room. She gets the dress off and approaches David again then thin black material of her bra the only material left on her. She reaches out to the seam on his button-down shirt. Looks at him with a 'take-no-prisoners' glare, and rips the two edges of the shirt apart, buttons fly as David's chest is opened to her. She finishes unfastening his pants, drops to her knees, and slides his pants and shorts carefully over his fully engaged phallus.

Quickly pulling off his shoes and socks, she pulls pants and short off, and then from her position on her knees in front of him, grasps the long shaft of his cock with both hands.

The power of his cock is tangible, it pulses in her hands, straining to accomplish its age-old mission. She leans forward, her mouth so close he can almost feel her breath on its large, mushroom head. Looking up at him, she licks her lips. "Don't come yet... I want you in me when you come. I can't wait for you to get hard again before I get fucked. Ok?"

Without waiting for a reply, and never removing her gaze from his, she licks the tip of his cock, then without hint of teeth or jaw she begins to draw him into the tight warm confines of her mouth.

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David flexed his cock into Becky's mouth. There is very little to compare with the sensation, so little indeed. Especially when a woman this attractive is looking you right in the eye as she slowly, slowly, but good lord, when she fits the entire damn thing inside. David's dick isn't small by any stretch, a good seven inches, thick at the mid-shaft, with a slight hang to the left. He's always been relieved about the size of it, knowing he had that going for him when the chips were down and a woman made the final stroke to check the size. And watching her now, it made David's chest inflate with what felt like helium.

"That's a trick..." he rubbed her cheek. He loved the way a woman's cheeks sucked in when she had a dick in her mouth. Becky hummed at him.

Still stroking him slowly, in just the right way, her hand gripping one part of his shaft and letting the skin stroke him instead of her palm moving up and down the engorged flesh, "Don't worry, traveling man. You rate." She looked at it again, let an evil smile drift, "You certainly do."

Eye contact broken, she clearly got serious, kept her eyes down, grabbed the middle of his shaft and went to work. David's balls tightened as he watched her stroke him and suck him at once, the warmth of her mouth slippery. A woman with a deep throat is a gift. The more she sucked, the more his hips pumped into her face. She seemed to want it that way, an aggressive blowjob, the kind that would leave her lips a little bruised. Feeling the age old impulse, a mindless caveman urge, David responded in kind, placed either hand at each side of her bobbing head, urging his dick into deeper, wanted suddenly to feel the back of her throat. He eased his hips forward, pumping, liking the way her head moved, the way her hand kept constant pressure on his dick while every now and then she would concentrate on the head, rolling her mouth over it like it were a lollipop that wouldn't quit, tickling the head just below the very tip with her tongue, and every now and then stopping mid-stroke to get at it with her thumb. Whenever she did, he lifted up on his toes, felt like barking and laughing at once, the sensation somewhere between a tickle and lit match dragging across his libido.

Overcome, he thoughtlessly forced himself so deep into her mouth she gagged on him, but didn't let up. That head just bobbing away, slowly though, not like a jackhammer, not like a wind-up toy. Her lips kept at him with a sensuous tug, a writhing mouth on

his shaft. He slowed the pumping after the gag, at which she popped the cock from her mouth.

"Don't be shy, sailor. I can take a hell of a lot more than that." She kept her eyes locked on his again as his dick disappeared once more into her mouth then slid right out again, "Fuck my face, dear. I'm not shy, you shouldn't be either."

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With that taunt David let loose. Grasping her head more firmly he pushed himself in hard, tip-toeing just a bit to improve the angle. He could feel his head push against the back of her throat, could feel her tongue sliding along the undersurface of his member. She began to fondle his balls gently, tracing her nail along the taint to where it met his sack. His testicles were heavy and were beginning to pull up into his body - an indication to Becky that she was doing her job a bit too well. She slowly began to pull back off of David's saliva-covered cock, feeling the bumpy veins push against her lips as she did so.

She looks up at David, who is breathing hard, leaning against the wall, nude with the exception of her sexy black bra. She continues to run her hand up and down his shaft, occasionally moving her gaze from David's blissful face to his ever-demanding cock. "I bet you would love to come now, wouldn't you?" She says looking as innocent as she can.

"I bet you would love to shoot your come all over my face and tits, right?" she jacks him a bit harder. "I bet you would really love it if I started to lick it off my tits then, huh?" trying hard to suppress a giggle... who is this slut that just took control of her and where did she learn how to talk?

David looks like he is going to issue forth at any moment - he doesn't seem to be registering her dirty talk. She leans forward and kisses his spongy head, then kisses her way up his body, stopping briefly to bite his left nipple as she continues to gently stroke him. "I need to get fucked David, are you man enough?"

David finally seems to come out of his pre-orgasmic stupor, smiles, says "oh my God, I've never had head like that... you, you, ummmm." Well, maybe he doesn't come fully out of the stupor.

"I give good head don't I David? Uncle Larry had taught me how to one summer when I was 10." smiling at the old joke she winks at David, who grins in reply. She begins to back herself to the bed, leading David by his cock, as a cowboy would lead his stallion by the reins.

David enjoys this first view of her nude backside. As he suspected her ass is, for all intents and purposes perfect (and he does have intentions, doesn't he?). The strong, rounded muscles move sleekly under perfectly soft, smooth skin. The alternating tensing and releasing keeps the beat in their sexual soundtrack. He reaches out and places his hand on her, relishing the shape and the feel of her cool skin. He caresses her fanny



gently as she pauses a moment, his cock still in her hand, to enjoy the gentle touch he offers her now. It is a lovely counter point to the overt lust of their oral encounters. She pushes herself back into him, dropping her hands to his hips. His cock pushes itself awkwardly between the flesh of her buttocks, and he slides his hands up the sides of her hips, waist and onto her breasts. She twists her head, her long black hair moves off her neck, and she wordlessly offers the tender skin of her nape to David.

He doesn't hesitate, as he begins to kiss her he breathes in the soft fruity smells of her hair mixed with the rose oil and to a lesser degree the smell of her cum that still lingers on his face. His hands roam across her chest, belly, and furry patch. He nibbles gently on her neck and ear lobe sending shivers up her back. Her nipples grow harder under his touch. He loves her flat, smooth belly, running his finger around and into her belly button. He reaches up and unfastens her front-hook bra, finally releasing her b-cup breasts, pert and reddened to the air. His right hand dances across her chest, exploring, teasing, manipulating. His left hand dives down to her overly-ready box. His fingers sliding on either side of her clit which protrudes ever-so-slightly from beneath its fleshy hood.

She moans, pulling him closer, loving the warmth and solidity of his body. His cock presses into her a bit, not attempting to penetrate, but simply left with no where else to go between the bodies that melt together in the night. "They are brown and you keep it trim, but don't shave" he whispers into her ear, bringing a smile to her ear.

"Yes." She whispers.

"Its time David. I can't wait any longer. Lie down." She extracts her self from his embrace, and moves with her appealing grace to her purse, finds the package of three that she is looking for quickly and returns to David, who is lying on his back. She kneels down at his feet, begins to stroke and kiss her way up his legs. She glances up at him occasionally as he props himself up on to his elbows, watching her, loving the way her breasts hang from her body, the way her hair hangs down. She makes her way up to his cock again and hiding it and her face in a halo of silky black hair. He hears the the plastic wrapper open, then feels his cock warm again as she slides him deep into her throat again. She bobs up and down a few times, he only sees hair, she only feels power.

She gently stops, then rolls the condom over his head and shaft with care in a not-too-often practiced manner. She then continues to kiss her way up his body, her nipples just touching his skin as her hands find purchase on his shoulders. Straddling him she smiles. "I always wanted a pony when I was a girl. Now I know why. I love to ride on top" the impish grin and freckles give him a hint of what a lovely happy girl she must have been, and in some ways still is.

She is kneeling over him, letting her pussy brush against and tease his rigid wand. Instead of simply sliding down onto his offering, she instead pushes herself up onto her feet, now squatting over him, her hands using his pecs to balance herself. She begins to lower her hips down, making sure that his cock is slipping into the folds of her dripping cunt. As the tip enters she smiles, knowing how much guys being fucked when the only thing they feel is her tight pussy wrapped around their cock.

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David watched Becky flip her black-as-night hair to one side of her face, letting it twirl down one shoulder as she tilted her head, closing her eyes for the moment, biting her lower lip as she slid the head of his dick inside her. Her mouth opened in plain rapture at the feel of his cock teasing her. He feels the taught drag of her pussy lips, wet but still tight, her trimmed hair tickling his dick as she forces him in deeper. She lifts herself up and down, coaxing herself open, wanting him entirely, but letting the body slowly do its work. Wet as she is, she's still tight. David wonders how long it's been since she last got laid.

She bobs on his cock, her breasts floating up and down on her chest slightly. They impress David to no end. Perfect little nipples, very hard in this light, dark, ghosting almost as she moves. She leans forward over him to get a strong angle so his dick can get deeper. She's humming a bit to herself, a low throaty need that leaves David at odds with his very real urge to flip her over, to throw her down, to pound his cock inside her, take her hard, crush her with his body, but he knows that's not on her mind, he knows she likes it this way, and he is in no small way looking forward to watching this hot little number grinding over him.

She bounces some more, his dick sliding into her heat. He loves it.

"You're a like a furnace inside, girl..." He reaches up to stroke her shoulder, "Come down now...c'mon..."

Opening her wanton eyes, she gives him a hungry wide-eyed look, her eyes halfway between control and need, the want plain. She grinds her hips forward, tongue licking her lower lip, bouncing more.

"Getting bored?" He leans up for a kiss that Becky welcomes, the mouths lock. He pulls away, loves the open almost innocent need swimming in her gaze, "Are you playing bouncy on my springs?"

"Ho-ho..." she purrs and kisses him.

She's twirling her cunt down on his cock now, fully esconced at his mid-shaft, which has always been a tight point for women, but he knows what's coming...he knows the sweet blinding rush of complete entry is about to land at the base of his dick, along with Becky's direct dripping heat. The most serious kiss two bodies can enjoy.

Becky arches her back so deliciously over David it's all he can do to not grab those hips and yank them down. He wants inside of her every bit as desperately as she wants him in. He pushes himself up higher so he can hold his face next to hers, cheek to cheek, so he can whisper in her ear, more like growl.

"C'mon...get down on that cock." He squeezes her hip but doesn't pull down, though he does pump his hips up into hers, can't resist. "Take that cock...take it...take it all...the...way...in...."

With a high squeak, she bolts upright, eyes gone from need to a satisfied witchery as she twirls her hips around him, riding him like a bucking broomstick, raising her arms to her hair, her chin lifting in an exalting gaze. That cock is so deep inside her now, and she likes it. David panting as he watches her, his face a demanding mask, eyebrows in a harsh V. He wants it just the way she likes it, she can tell. It's a fine fine thing.

"Fits just right, boy." She plants a firm palm on his chest, his delightfully smooth chest, "So fucking nice. Such a good spring to play bouncy on..." Laughing, she looks up at the ceiling as she feels the hard grind against her clit. Rubs her furry patch down onto it, then back up so she can enjoy a good scintillating drag against her firm pelvis, and that cock! Filling her...filling her...filling her....

David can't believe the perfection of this girl. After raising her arms over her head, she let them drape down, tussling her hair, then to let them slither over her breasts, tweaking her nipples as she continued the most hypnotizing grind he's ever seen. Her entire body is moving, not one portion still, everything separately, the kind of move he's seen dancers pull off on television or at a club. He once saw a woman dance all alone in an empty bar for probably no more than ten seconds, spinning a lavender scarf around her body, keeping a mysterious lock on the beat of the music that David could sense but not hear. She was amazing. Becky is doing this now, speared on his dick, still biting her lower lip, eyes languorously closed, body flush, everything in her lighting up the heat from his dick.

He writhed below her, wanting to give her the right beat to move against. Every time he changed his motion, she caught him at a different angle that just rocketed up her body. He felt like a bassline and she was the melody on top. Notes jogging back and forth between their bodies like spaceshot. He grabbed her hips as she began to grind down hard, the sense that she may be getting closer to orgasm, a more rhythmic line being made against him now, leaning forward, planting her hand now on his shoulder. Keeping hold on her hips, he snarled in her ear, "Fuck me...Take that cock...take it....fuck me...." She responded in kind, smiling, eyes bright now...thrilled, rocking back and forth on his rod.

Thankful for the position - he'd always been able to prolong forever whenever the woman was on top, something about the position, not to mention the condom, just made him foreverman - he grabbed hard at her ass, spreading it so she could slam down on him. "Take my cock..that's it...that's it....do it!...fuck me, toy!! Fuck that cock you eager little fuck..." He slapped her ass hard, the sound bright in the dark room, and her body convulsed, her mouth wide open, the sound coming out of it a jagged shout.

"Yes David, yes david...yesdavidyesdavidyesdavidyesdavid...." She ground down on him, lowered into him as she arched her pussy hard into his cock. So much so it almost hurt, but David was so turned on by the feel of her hot breath against him as she crept so damn close to orgasm he almost felt himself tip over, but he eased his motion to rest his dick and allowed Becky to take her body home...listening to her ragged breath...."come for me toy...get off on that dick...you like that deep in you...you love that heated cock stretching you out...I can feel how tight that cunt is getting

toy...c'mon..." he slapped her ass again, ground her down into his shaft...wanted to hear her scream...wanted to hear that orgasm again...she was so fucking hot...he kept picturing her sucking his dick...alternating with the reality of her mounted body...his body humming, every inch of him screaming for the opportunity to come with her...but he held off...he held off..had to...so he concentrated on her, thought only on Becky's need...the heat of her all over his body, her flavor still on his tongue, that earthy, musky, sweating, almost wine-like tang that her pussy tasted of...he kissed her hard, tasting his dick on her lips.

She bit him, teeth actually biting his lips...as a growling scream ripped itself free of her throat..."GGGGAAAAAAHHHhhhHHhh..."

"Do it now, toy." SLAP! "Come on me, toy!" SLAP "NOW!!!" He tasted blood on his lip, which somehow turned him on even more. His dick was a lightening rod as her body dropped a thunderbolt of passion all over his chest, squirming over him, smothering him as her legs shook, ass heaving over him as he stroked it, he reached over her ass and down to her pussy where he felt the drip and the warmth, his cock firmly buried inside her. "That's it, Becky..come on...come on...so fucking nice...so fucking delicious...mmmmm...." he kissed her face, her neck, her lips as she hummed and squirmed all over him, spreading her heat all over his dick, his crotch, to the tops of his thighs, painting him with her lust.

She collapsed on top of him, grinning, her hard breasts warm against his chest, her arms wrapping tightly around his neck, black hair draping over them both, tickling David's nose. The smell of her the best aphrodisiac David had ever known.

His cock throbbed inside her.

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Becky, as we know her, ceases to exist for a moment. She is awash in the ecstasy of the moment; any awareness of place, time, and self utterly gone as her mind floats on the waves of her orgasm, a raft on the ocean. Sensing her 'moment' David respectfully holds her tight in his arms, and aside from a few uncontrollable pulses of his cock, does nothing else but hold her and breathe.

As the intense emotion of the orgasm subsides and Becky's consciousness returns to her she wraps her arms around David in a hug of thanks and intimacy. She whispers into his ear a soft "thank you" and kisses him gently. A twitch of his cock brings her attention back to regions south and her still smoldering pussy. Her cum now soaks not only her but him to a greater degree as well.

She wraps her legs around him tightly and pulling her weight to one side whispers "roll over", which David is doing so before she asks. They never lose their connection, not surprising to Deb, who thinks that the neighbors would need a garden hose to separate them at this moment given how far inside her he is.

"So I get the feeling from all that nasty talk to that you want to fuck me hard David" she says as he pushes himself up onto his straightened arms. Classic missionary position with her legs still wrapped around his ass, his cock speared deeply into her. She looks up at him with her best innocent-Catholic-school girl face that almost seems to make her freckles look more pronounced. "If that's what you want Dolby boy, then lets see if I can give to you what you just gave to me."

The look of animal passion that crosses his face is immediate, unaltered and utterly unselfconscious.

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David casts a warm glow over Becky, nudges his forehead into hers and presses up and in with his hips. She breathes deeply, her chest expanding below him as her legs gather around his waist. It's a soft moment, a good one. David loves the way she feels, half-delicate, half-indestructible, still heated with the rush of her orgasm. She's whispering into his ear, "Fuck me, David...your turn...come for me...fill me..."

Somehow David has shifted gears, the roll in the hay - so to speak - did it. The falling into her arms and legs, the sweat sticky crush of her breasts below him, the way her hair smells, the consistent kisses that they're continuing to pepper onto each other. He can feel his dick raging still, knows that it won't take but a moment for him to return to the upwards slope towards his own release, and he knows he's going to go blind with it, that Becky is going to completely rise to the occasion - she certainly already has - so much so that he may wonder what happened afterwards.

For now, fucking her hard isn't on his mind. For now, he wants to lavish in her. He continues to work his forehead into hers, and Becky seems to enjoy it, holding him closely, arm around his neck, their lips a soft mash, a wet entreatment to the next round. Her skin intoxicates him, the smell of her sex all over them both. He lifts her up by the small of her back, so they sit, still enjoined, still working the slow pulse of their hips.

He pictures her again in the restaurant, imagines her life before this naked moment. Pictures what her apartment must look like, cluttered or clean, he can't tell. He wonders about her closets, her variety of underwear and toiletries, how often she eats, what she enjoys when she's alone, if she watches television. He thinks of all these things as their bodies carry on in a slow embrace. She squeezes his buttocks, a harsh clamp with all fingers grabbing.

"This is really nice," he says.

"MmmhmmMMM..." Becky keeps hold of him, her hands now sliding up his back, pulling herself closer to his ear, then says, "I want to hear you get off too, Dolby Boy. Show me what you've got." She punctuates this with more nuzzles to his neck, kissing his collar bone.

Smiling inside with wicked intent, he says, "Not yet." Then he slips out of her, the condom around his penis slick, the base of his dick sopping with her heat. He plucks the condom off, it does so with a funny snap, and he begins to stroke.

Becky's face is a tentative mask. She knows something's up, and suspects it might be pretty good. She likes this guy and certainly trusts him to some degree, but what is he up to? His dick looks good in his hand. He leans back into the bed, sliding backwards, leaning back on his knees with his member fully erect and solid in his hand, pointing upwards. The slow stroke has a meditative effect.

"Go over to the bathroom, you'll see a leather bag-thing with my shampoo and what-nots in it. Inside it I've got a small travel-size container of Wet lube. Get it for me."

Becky stands up. David can see she's calculating whatever's going on.

"Go ahead. Hold on." He leans over to turn on one of the small bed lights. He spins the knurled brass switch and with a pop the small light burns into life. It casts a slight yellow glow in the room that feels intrusive, but somehow that turns David on too. He looks back to Becky who's fully unsure now, and says, "Becky, you're perfectly gorgeous, I just want to watch you move, that's all. I need a little lube because condoms tend to dry things out down here." He strokes, "So I'd like you to put a little on me so I can enjoy myself."

Becky's mouth slips into a half-smile. She's beginning to get it. "How are you going to enjoy yourself?"

"If you're game....you're going to show me your body in every way you can, you're going to tell me about what you thought about the last time you masturbated, or even the last few times you masturbated. I know how your body responds to a good lay, now. Thank you very much." They cast smiles back and forth. "But now I want to know where your mind goes, and that'll bring me so far over the top you have no idea, I like to prolong a bit, tease myself into a frenzy, which I already have I suppose, but a little bit further will be perfect. When I've gotten close a few times I'm going to want to fuck your brains out, and when I do hopefully we'll come at the same time and wake a few people, and feel the ol' earth move a bit."

He looks her up and down again, wants her to feel his eyes on her.

"Who knows? We've got lube. If you're in the mood, we might even have to enjoy some anal tonight...whatever fits the moment. That is, if you're game for any of this. I'm more than happy to jump you again, but...."

As it turns out this is his first good look at her naked. His dick is gleaming in his hand. The smell of her is still making him growl inside. She's standing with her back straight, hair thrown back. She's got a proud swagger and it's making David really happy. Becky has light skin with a slightly olive cast, so even when she's pale she isn't. Her hair is brushing her shoulders, and her eyes are penetrating him. He hasn't released her yet, so she's letting him watch her. A generous woman. God help him, her legs are mythic.

They're muscular with solid calves, a slight bulge to her quads, and it all leads to a nicely trimmed patch. A cute little outie belly button punctuates her flat stomach and her damn near perfect breasts are round and don't hang at all.

"...I just can't stand the thought of not enjoying every bit of you as much as I can."

Becky's getting impatient. He looks nice on that bed too and standing there is making her a little chilly. Though it's making her nipples nice and hard.

She twists her body a bit to tease him. "Can I get your lube now?"

David answers her with his eyes and his smile.

She turns to the bathroom.

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As she pads off to the bathroom she checks her feelings for what just happened. Her natural tendencies are to give, to please, so her first reactions to requests of most sorts tend to be affirmative. This tendency has gotten her in to trouble in the past and as she matures she is learning more about herself, others, and the consequences of forsaking self for others. She worries that her good nature is getting the worst of her again.

She can feel his eyes on her ass, as if they are firing heat rays into the flesh in a vain attempt to brand her as his own. She enters the bathroom and reflexively closes the door behind her, lost in her thoughts. She is disappointed in what just happened - sure she came (and came ever-so-wonderfully), but that is only half of the story by her book and actually served to make the sudden screeching stop (was that the sound of glass breaking when he pulled the condom off?). Its only best when you both come, preferably together. She feels herself begin to boil a bit, looking into the bathroom mirror and thinking - how dare he stop like that. Then order me off to get his lube. Another frat-boy stunt by her book. The final straw had to be suggesting "some anal tonight" - not that she wouldn't have, but not with his cocksure, frat-boy attitude, and absolutely not before he had made love to her properly and finished like somebody who appreciated what he was getting and was respectful of their shared intimacy. She sees her face flush not with passion but with anger.

Was this a mistake? It certainly wouldn't be her first, and unfortunately wouldn't be her last. She calls out to him, "I'll be just a moment." She realizes then what she must do to be true to herself.

She opens the door, and turning out the light, walks back to the bed where she sits on the edge near David, one leg off, the other folded under her indian-style. She looks at David who returns her gaze questioningly, "You couldn't find it?"

She sighs, "Listen, David, ummm, well you know I just feel really uneasy about what just happened here. We, or let me speak for myself, I was have a very very good time" she reaches out, placing her hand on his knee, "and I know what this is and I know what this is not. It just really upset me that you stopped like that especially when you were



getting all tender with me. Then you ordered me off like your little serving wench to get get lube - which, quite frankly, is so odd - I mean, are you gay? Then you suggest we can have anal which just makes me think you are more gay because you stop fucking me to suggest it. I don't know, I'm really confused because I like you, but I'm not going to sell my soul for a fuck, you know?"

Her face looks sad and confused as she looks at his face, searching for answers in the night.

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David wilts, and thinks to himself...oops. He shifts in the bed, feels perfectly naked and has an urge to burrow below the covers and perhaps just be teleported back to Planet X or wherever the hell he came from.

"Sorry about that, hell, I'm really sorry about that. Okay, let's back up here. I just mis-stepped and let's get that clear from the start. You're in a safe spot here and I wouldn't ever have anyone do a damn thing they wouldn't want to, and lord knows I'm not keen at all on leaving anyone demeaned. Okay? Believe it or not, that was just me wanting to know more about you and kind of hoping to see where things might lead. It was a curious gambit and a wrong turn for everyone involved."

Becky is looking earnestly at him, but more like he's an alien than anything. He feels horrible about having led her to this moment, sucked all the fun out of the evening. But it's hugely awkward for him now as well.

"Do you want some of the blanket here?" He shifts, "Maybe it's strange to all of sudden be talking to someone who is essentially a stranger and be naked."

"If you put it like that..." She reached for the blanket and wrapped it around her. David can't help but think that even now she looks great.

"I'm surprised to be honest with you. You've been forward and playful all night, demanding in your own ways, but the moment I suggest I'd love to just...see you, talk to you, all in the name of prolonging the whole thing because it's so damn good, you respond like I'm ordering you around, which is the furthest thing from the truth. But hell, that just means I didn't read the signals right. So seriously, listen, I'm really sorry about all that."

David puts one of the dark bed pillows over his crotch. It's a rather silly move, but it fits how he feels right now. "Kind of weirdly momenshantz, huh?" He indicates the pillow, does some Egyptian arm movements.

"Anyway, christ no, I'm not gay. You're the one who brought up anal sex, not me. Was that boyfriend of yours gay? Why is it a guy gets a little creative and admits to enjoying the look of the woman he's with, he becomes gay? Serving wench? Becky, I would have gotten the lube but for the joy of watching you. I'd say I didn't meant to objectify you, but I was, and that was part of the play, because you're gorgeous, and you've got a huge fucking brain, and I wanted to enjoy both parts of you at once consciously. I'm

"So listen, if it's at all possible I want to make this feel better for you. The whole sex thing is clearly been kicked from the room, and I want you to not feel like you made a mistake or that you chose an asshole, because I'm not. I'm actually one of the best nicest guys I know, I just got a little weird on you, and I suppose that should be saved for when I'm married to some weird chick from the Bay Area. I wish to hell now that I had gone with it, and just came like a maniac with you, but I usually can't come with a woman on top, so I figured I'd see what would be fun beyond that. I was looking forward to a long night with you, but if it's ending now, believe it or not, my main thing is to make you feel somewhat comfortable because you're an incredible woman and I'd be asking you out on a proper date if we lived in the same area, but instead I'm leaving soon enough and that's out, but really, yes, I'd rather not end this with you feeling weird or anything."

"And P.S., I've been having the best time with you. You've transformed a typically dull business trip into a majorly incredible thing. You're really great, and there's no small part of me that wants to know you a hell of a lot better than I do. If anything, I was wanting to transcend the whole sex thing somewhat and get into who you are more. That's all. But I slipped from the script. One night stands, who needs 'em?"

He hopes this attempt at levity will at least thaw the moment so they can smile at each other honestly if Becky decides to leave.

Becky wants to say so many things right now, but she starts simply, "Thanks, David. I know you are a nice guy, at least I feel that you are a nice guy. I've obviously got some issues around control, especially around sex. I spend my entire day serving people and sometimes my self-esteem flags a bit - I wanted to be spoiled, not sent fetching things." A tear comes to her eye as she pulls her legs up, rests her chin on her knees and pulls the blanket tighter.

38 [mindsparks\\_boon@yahoo.com](mailto:mindsparks_boon@yahoo.com)

and a nice butt - I saw you looking at me and those puppy dog eyes looking at me and thought, crap, I'll take two outta three today." For the first time since this awkwardness began her face lightens.

"I'm also sorry for the gay thing - it was a total cheap shot. I realize how insecure most guys are and I took advantage of it."

She looks at him again, this time, however, there is a devilish gleam in her eye again. He realizes that this last bit was a playful barb. Sensing a moment, he smiles, and keeping her gaze in his eyes pulls the pillow from his lap and tenderly swings it at her, "Now just because I stopped fucking you to ask for lube and an ass fuck doesn't mean I'm gay."

Laughing with him, Becky replies as she mocks being slammed to the bed by his blow, her chest open to him "No, that all was the final straw, it was the PT cruiser that blew your cover. Plus, don't you know that girls always feel very safe around GGs."

The blanket lies between her thighs, exposing a portion of her black pubic hair. Her legs are slightly parted, her firm abdomen slightly twisted in a long graceful line leading up to her squared shoulders and still-flushed breasts. She rests her head on her right hand, her black hair mussed. "David, I didn't know that I just wanted to be held more than anything until that happened. Do you want me to go?" She looks at him, perhaps a bit coyly, knowing what his response will be, or at least hoping.

*Author's Note: This is by far my favorite collaborative story (my contributions are in black). I really loved the way it developed and that it just didn't end with mutual orgasms or falling asleep.*

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