

Everyone In Sight
by
Peaches Louise

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Sunday: The Pussy Fairy Grants a Wish

On the first warm day in early June, Hannah Hanahan drove to work with the windows of her sports car rolled down. Hannah was a fully packed woman, always slightly spilling out of her clothes, though she never meant to. Tall, with long wavy oaty-blond hair, large deep-set eyes, and eyelashes you could trip on, she belonged in a Botticelli painting. Instead she sold real estate, which in this economy could be demoralizing. When she started five years ago, she could buy a new sports car every eight months; she'd been driving this one for the past two years. Her demoralization was compounded by her boyfriend, whom she'd never really found that attractive, leaving her for another woman.

It was a gorgeous day. She felt the sun warming her chest where it met the neckline of her top, and she wanted to be driving to Palm Springs for a week at a spa. Instead, she was cruising out of Seattle to show someone a large house, only a few years old, that had languished on the market for months and months and months.

She wanted heat and a sexy waiter bringing her a blue cocktail by a shimmering pool. She was getting freeway traffic and a trip to the 'burbs to show a smug client a house he'd want for half its old market value. The equation wasn't thrilling her.

As her car dodged from lane to lane navigating the slowbies, she fell into a fantasy about that dark-skinned Latin waiter bringing her cocktail after cocktail. After a while he would sit down on her lawn chair, beside her tanning legs, and say with worried eyes, "You seem unhappy. Is there anything else I can bring you?" She would sigh and shift her legs and gaze down at her perfectly manicured toes and say, "I don't think it's in your job description to help me, Juan."

Then she'd discover, in her hotel room moments later, that it was indeed in Juan's job description to take off his white shirt and shorts and give her, with his sleek bronze body, exactly what she needed.

Eyes glazing over, contemplating what that might involve, Hannah shrieked and jerked the wheel as an orange tabby cat ran in front of her car. Her car popped out of the fast lane onto the shoulder, nose tapping the median. An SUV behind her honked as it swerved around and past her.

But when Hannah, knees wobbly, turned off the ignition and climbed out of her car, she couldn't see the cat anywhere. Had she imagined it? She stood on the shoulder as cars flew by. Heart rate returning to normal, she wondered if she was hallucinating. Or maybe the cat had somehow made it across three lanes of traffic going sixty an hour . . . in the time it took her to pull over? *No*.

Her eye caught something sparkle on the side of the highway, and she quickly bent to grab it before the next car passed. Just a bottle cap, one of those iced-tea caps that had a piece of trivia written inside.

Hannah returned to the car, holding the cap because she was still dazed. Sitting down behind the wheel, she glanced at it as she threw it in her little trash compartment. Then she did a double-take, eyes widening as she picked it up and read it again. The outside of the cap read "Snoople Iced Tea: Strawberry Bonanza." The inside read:

One week of great sex*

**M-F 10 a.m. – 12 p.m. To redeem, dispose of by midnight.*

Hannah laughed nervously, put on her turn signal, and eased into the fast lane. Somehow she couldn't see the Snoople Company authorizing a marketing campaign that promised sex. Cars honked as she drove with hands tight on the wheel a modest forty miles an hour, so she moved over to the old-people lane and pattered along out to Mill Creek.

When she got there and climbed out of her car in the driveway of the cookie-cutter white house, she found she still held the bottle cap, a red ring embedded in her sweating palm. Inhaling and rolling her eyes, she shoved the bottle cap in her purse and walked into the house.

Ridiculous, she thought. Then, "*Dispose of.*" *Does that mean if I just throw it in the trash tonight . . .?*

She said a little prayer for the pussy that tried to get to the other side.

As she'd expected, she did not close a deal that day. She took back roads home, longer but slower, giving her freedom to continue her Juan-the-waiter fantasy. He would be shorter than she was, of course, but sleekly muscled and well endowed. His first concern would be to lie down with her naked on her freshly made hotel bed and stroke her stomach and arms, asking what she required. The breeze would ruffle the curtains out to the balcony, the fan spinning with a

hypnotic little click above them. Relaxed on the bedspread, breasts free, legs bare, she would stretch her arms over her head and ask him to start by kissing his way from her stomach to her neck.

“Are you sure you want me to start that high?” Juan asks. She shakes her head, smiling, so he goes down to her calves. His hands are light and his tongue hot as he works his way with slow tastes and caresses up the fronts of her legs, knees. Hands outside her hips, his mouth moves up the insides. He gently spreads her legs further apart, one hand under her to lift her, the other hand parting her lips.

To her great relaxation he does not look at her for approval but only at her folds, with curiosity. His fingers move in circles around her lips, then his thumb finds her clit and his fingers slide inside her. For a moment he presses with his thumb against her, awakening her nerve endings. Bending in, he gives her a long lick, nuzzling her clit. She strains against the delight of fingers pushing against tunnel walls and insistent kissing of her clit. He pulls her in and up, spreading her legs. She groans as her pelvis opens to his mouth. His sexy stubble accentuates the movement of his hungry licks and kisses. He has two fingers inside her, now there is room for three, while his tongue moves further along down into the same opening. Mouth there, hot and moist as fingers press inside, finding her G-spot. It feels like heaven but her clit is throbbing. As though reading her mind, he returns to her clit while his fingers continue bumping within her. The heat is building, pushing up from his fingers, meeting the tingling in her pelvis. Subterranean meets surface, skin meets forces underground, Hannah’s legs jerk and fists clench, a moan pops. His fingers slow as he watches her, and she comes again, collapsing against the now-rumpled bedspread.

Limp, she breathes deeply, gazing at the ruffling curtain. He sits up, then lies down next to her. His erect cock is now in her field of vision, a rocket between her and the white folds of curtain tossing in the breeze. It’s his job to pleasure her, and she’s happy, so he’s not going to ask for anything. But she hates to let a good hard-on go to waste, and she feels expansive.

Hannah pushes herself up, straddles him, stroking his bronze chest, leans in to kiss his full lips, reaches down to hold his cock and push him into her, her onto him. She trembles at the renewed sensation where she is sated, but still wet. He is in no hurry, so she rides him slowly at first, getting the feel of his angle into

her, shifting her knees on the bed to feel him as deeply as possible. His eyes flutter as her legs widen to come down farther on him. His hands find her ass, squeezing her. Stimulated by his grip, she pushes from and onto him, again, taking her time to find her rhythm. It feels so good to use him, to feel the pressure on her clit as she rocks her pelvis against his, to feel his startled breath as she leans in and sways harder, to feel his hands sliding up her hips to her breasts and convulsively gripping her ass again. To know she is the only thing he can have in his mind: Hannah-breasts, Hannah-breathing, Hannah-hair-in-his-face, Hannah grinding down and enfolding his hungry cock inside her warmth. Then swing against him again, and again, hotter, and wetter, and harder, and deeper. Again.

Lost in the pleasure of fucking him, the waves come up her chest, breaking in her brain, and as fantasy-Hannah comes, real-Hannah does too, in her car in her dark garage, fingers circling her wet clit.

With a sigh, Hannah emerges and walks into her house. She's sure as hell throwing the bottle cap away before midnight. But first, a glass of wine to toast her insanity . . . and her horniness.

Monday: The Lawn Guy

Hannah stood in her yard, the summer breeze ruffling the hem of her dress. She was watering the flowers and staring into space, thinking about yesterday's strange bottle-cap incident. It took her several minutes to notice the two young men in the neighbor's yard, hauling bags of bark to lay along the driveway.

In their early twenties, they were both rock-solid and dirty around the edges. Wide chests and arms stuffed into T-shirts, fringe hanging from their shorts. They were clearly brothers: one with short fair hair, the other's head a tight mass of dark curls. Hannah tried to stop herself from glancing at them, but she couldn't seem to and kept doing it. Noticing her looks, the fair one caught her eye and waved a hand at her. His bicep bulged as he ripped open a bag of bark.

Hairs on the back of her neck standing up, Hannah waved for them both to come over. The dark-haired one rubbed bark across his forehead with his dirty forearm as he came.

"I was just wondering . . ." she looked around, desperate to find an excuse fast, "What you'd charge to get that hydrangea out?"

"That poor thing?" the fair one asked. "Why'd you want to take that out?" He leaned his arms on the fence and grinned. "You hydrangea-killer, you."

"Looks healthy," the dark-haired one said. He had a slow smile that excited Hannah more than his brother's confidence. "You sure you want it removed?"

"Very sure," she said, meeting his green eyes.

The fair brother seemed to know a decision had been made, because he straightened and started looking around the yard they were working on.

The darker brother, whose name was Sean, said quietly, "Maybe we should discuss it. Inside."

"Yes." Hannah turned without another word and thrilled as she heard him jump her fence to follow her.

She closed the door after him and he leaned in, pushing her against it to kiss her. Hard. She pulled him close, hands in his hair and on his dirty shirt.

They left a trail of bark and shoes on the stairs.

In her bedroom, she shoved a giant pile of clean laundry to the floor and fell on the bed, him alongside. He was already hard, squeezing her thigh and ass, pulling her leg over him as he leaned in to kiss her, sucking on her lower lip. Her

fingers buried in his thick curls and pulled him closer, so happy to be wrapped up with this gentle giant of a boy. Her skirt came off, and then his jeans, then her top and his T-shirt. He rolled her onto her back and slid his hand under her panties, cupping her ass as he kissed her chest. His teeth tugged at the edge of her bra and she reached behind herself to unfasten it and yank it off. Now his hand moved to her front, over her panties, feeling her heat and wetness. She was kissing him, digging fingers into the muscles of his shoulders and back. He had her panties off and was moving down her stomach, kissing her body.

“God, you’re hot,” he whispered as he kissed her pelvis. This made her more wet. He held her thighs and ate at her with wet tongue and lips, top to bottom, moving along her and then diving in to suck on her clit. He seemed ravenous for her, pulling her hips in closer to him. Hannah’s body relaxed, something long locked now undone. She gave in to him, opening, pelvis rising, as he licked deeper into her folds. The sounds of slurping and the grip of his huge hands made her feel like the most delicious snack. Glancing down at his dark head moving between her legs, she felt a little spasm, the first small orgasm. She started to lift him by his hair out of her, but he dove in, insistent, and his doing so sent her with a groan into a full climax.

He sat up and scooted her down to him, leaning in to kiss her, and she wrapped her legs around him. His hard cock was pushing against her upper legs but he seemed unwilling to get inside yet, preoccupied with kissing her neck and clavicles. When she could no longer think of anything else but his fucking her, she pulled back to meet his eyes.

“Get the hell inside me,” she growled.

He smiled and pulled her hips against his, spitting on his dick as though for luck and sliding it inside her. He towered over her, chest covered in a light fur of dark curls, tanned skin sunburnt in spots, abs flexing as he thrust into her. She admired the view as she clutched the sheets, massively enjoying the sensation of his large dick moving within her. He held her hip, leaning away from her to smile at her body, watching her as he slowed and then sped up, again. And again. She writhed under him. It had been so long since she had been thoroughly fucked. It felt like Sean was going to make up for it in a single night.

He thrust harder, his body weight on her, rocking her into the mattress, making her gasp. When she could no longer take the pressure, he buried his face in

her neck, holding her close, and pushed slowly against her. Wrapping him in her arms, she kissed his shoulder and then bit him. God, he smelled good. Being enfolded in him this way, with his body hitting her clit with each thrust, she was tossed in pleasure. Totally relaxed into him, legs bent around his, she savored the sensation of his dick against her wall, and came in a silent climax that shook her against him.

The next morning, just after dawn, Sean kissed her and left for work. Rolling over, enjoying the sensation of the comforter on her naked skin, she decided this curse could have its perks.

Tuesday: The Doctor

Hannah needed to see her eye doctor. She'd worn contacts without trouble for years, but that morning her eyes started to blur and sting. She almost crashed from the sudden pain. Once at her office, she took the contacts out and put in a new set she always kept in her desk. The second pair stung even worse, and when she pulled them out, her eyes still hurt.

Calling the eye doctor's office she had visited often over the years, she was relieved to hear that he could see her that afternoon.

Between showing a condo and buying some cheap antique schoolbooks to finish staging a home in Seattle, Hannah drove to the little house where her white-haired optometrist Dr. Stanley kept his office. As usual, she found Dr. Stanley's matronly sister Louisa acting as receptionist, office manager, and tea-brewer from a little desk under a picture of kittens.

Louisa seemed ruffled, her floury cheeks flushed pink and her hands twitching over her floral blouse.

"Are you all right?" Hannah asked, leaning down to stare in the dimly lit room at the panting woman. "Hot flash?"

Louisa stopped panting long enough to glare at Hannah, snapping, "I'm thirty-nine!"

"Of course you are," Hannah murmured.

"It's him," Louisa said, her fluffy head tossing toward the doctor's closed door. "He's just . . . intolerable."

"Dr. Stanley?!" Hannah was delighted to find such entertaining drama at the usually Victorian office. "He's offended you?"

"Not George!" Louisa was getting even redder in her irritation with Hannah. "His nephew! Phillip Stanley is taking Dr. Stanley's appointments while he attends a conference."

Hannah straightened as the doctor's door opened. She was a little nervous to find out what sort of dragon would upset the unmovable Louisa. But instead of a loudmouthed braggart or a sleaze, as she'd expected, she was faced with a man with smile-crinkles around blue Irish eyes that met hers calmly, flicked briefly up and down her, and bent to Louisa to hand her a file. He had a voice like maple

syrup on pancakes, and his red hair was just long enough to make you want to touch it. Hannah liked his crisp white shirt, too.

His patient, a red-cheeked woman in a dated suit, tittered once and almost ran into the door when leaving.

Wondering exactly what about this quiet man was upsetting these women, Hannah watched him bend over Louisa, pointing something out to her on the computer. There was nothing inappropriate about him; he kept a respectful distance from her and made no physical contact. But he was talking in that low voice again, as though explaining a patient's bill to his assistant was an intimate moment they both shared.

He turned to give her a smile and a handshake. As Hannah's heart skipped a beat at the wattage behind the smile, she noticed Louisa flutter a hand at her chest. Then Hannah followed Phillip Stanley into his office. She felt absurdly aware of the way her skirt hugged her hips and nipped her waist, wondering if the top button of her blouse had come undone as it was wont to do, and wishing she hadn't driven with the top down. Her long hair probably looked like an animal had nested in it.

Sliding into the black chair and setting her heels on the metal foot stand, she inhaled and tried to collect her thoughts. The little exam room was dark, the only light coming from the far wall that sported the projection of letters of differing sizes. Phillip (*Dr. Stanley*, she warned herself) shut the door softly, with a click, his strong hands . . . (*Stop it, Hannah*).

But there was no denying that his hands were strong, or that his shirt was beautifully ironed, or that it made her hot to see the freckles on his arms, where that shirt's sleeves were rolled up.

Phillip sat down on the stool by the door, his legs wide, and bent over her file. "So Louisa tells me you're having some trouble . . . Hannah." He looked up at her with that smile that made his eyes crinkle, and she nodded. Looking back down at the file, "Your eyes are burning? All day, since you woke up?"

She nodded, but since he wasn't looking at her as he rolled toward her, she said, "Since I put the first pair in this morning."

He blinked, pausing in the act of turning some dial on the device over her head. "You wear them two in each eye?"

Laughing, “No. I took the first pair out in case it was causing the trouble. But it shouldn’t . . .” She cleared her throat, distracted by the smell of cedar and musk that wafted off of him as he lowered that black eye-exam-thingy over her head. “I mean it was a new pair, so it shouldn't cause any problems.”

“I see.” He was now effectively straddling her with his legs as he faced her on his stool, his arms, with those freckles, adjusting the dials on the black thing. She had never felt so aware of an optometrist before. He seemed to be all around her. Maybe the jam on her toast had gone bad, and the eye problems and her current rising pulse were food poisoning. She wanted to ask him who his tailor was; his pants were perfect, dark khaki, one crease down each leg, not too loose, not too tight, although right now all she could see was his waistband and his crotch

...

She wanted to find out what was in his pants.

She realized to her horror that he’d asked her something and she’d been too busy trying to gauge the size of his dick to notice. “Huh? I mean, what was that?”

He laughed and lifted the black thing away from her face to meet her eyes. “Are you feeling all right, Hannah? Would you like a glass of water?”

“I’m fine,” she said weakly. Was it her imagination or had his shirt come unbuttoned? She could just see a few red hairs over the white curve of an undershirt. God, a well-dressed man did her in.

“Let’s start with this,” he said, handing her a little white card to hold in front of one eye. He asked her to stare straight ahead as he flicked the flashlight back and forth. He was leaning in close now to look at her eyes.

“I think you’re suffering from tired eyes,” he said softly. She could feel his breath on her face. “They look red. Are you under a lot of stress?”

“It’s the economy,” she sighed, disappointed when he sat back.

He slid another device in front of her and asked her to rest her chin in the cup so he could stare through the lens at her. His hand came up, one finger and thumb touching the bottom of her eye as he asked her to look up. His fingers lingered. The other side, but this time, his finger traced the side of her face before resting on her lower lid. “How does that feel?” he asked quietly.

“Wonderful,” she said.

“Hannah, do you mind that your shirt has come unbuttoned?”

“Oh, I,” her hand instinctively rose to her neckline, but his stopped her, holding hers down.

“I asked if you minded.”

“No, I don’t mind,” she said, tingling with relief at admitting that if she had her way everyone would see her brightly colored lacy bras and fantastic tits all the time.

“They’re very beautiful,” he murmured, spinning a dial, still eye-to-eye with her. “I admired them when I first saw you. It’s a shame you have to keep yourself covered.”

There was a long silence. Then, “I don’t have to,” she said, so quietly she could hardly hear herself.

“What’s that?” he asked, looking around the machine at her.

“I don’t . . . have to keep covered up,” she said. She gestured vaguely at the placket of her blouse.

“Well, we have a little time,” he said, eyes crinkling, “if you’d like to get more comfortable.”

Her mind went blank. What was going on? She’d come in to find out what was wrong with her contacts, and instead was offering to take her shirt off for the eye doctor. Or was it for herself? As though to make her more comfortable, he scooted to her on his stool, took her chin in his hand, and pulled her gently to him for a soft kiss.

She liked it, and he kissed her again. This continued.

“I’m afraid I need to continue the exam,” he said quietly. “But if you like, I could relieve your tension in a . . . nontraditional way.”

She nodded, not sure what he meant but oddly curious to find out.

“Why don’t you take off your shirt?”

She considered this for about two seconds, then unbuttoned her blouse with the greatest concentration. She exhaled with relief when his hand joined hers, loosing the last two buttons and helping her tweak it out of her skirt. When she took it off and handed it to him, he carefully draped it over the back of a nearby chair.

“You’d better take off your skirt, too,” he said in a kind tone. “Otherwise you’ll still feel too restricted.”

“That’s true,” Hannah stood to wiggle out of her skirt. He lay this on the chair as well. She felt incredibly proud of her long legs and the lacy purple panties she wore, always fond of matching them to her bras.

“Now, should we carry on?”

She nodded, returning to her seat. He slid the machine in front of her again, his legs on either side of hers as he sat on his stool and asked her to rest her chin in the cup.

In his soft voice, “To the left. That’s it. Now look up. Blink. Perfect. Blink again. Hmm. Let’s look at the other eye.”

She fell into a trance, shoulders forward, tingling slightly between her legs, wanting him to touch her as she sat in that cool black vinyl chair. His hand rested on hers and he slid the machine away. “Now look at the letters on the wall,” he instructed. “What do you see?”

His hand stayed on hers while she recited, but his other hand moved to her shoulder, slowly sliding down the strap of her bra.

“How does that feel?” he asked.

“Better.”

“This one too?”

“Yes.”

“We’d better take this off. There isn’t much time, I have another patient at eleven.”

Sad that this could end so soon, she leaned forward as he stood to unfasten her bra in the back. His hands cupped her breasts as the bra slid from her arms. He leaned down, still behind her, and kissed her neck under her ear. His lips were warm and hot on her shoulder, clavicle, the other side of her neck, as his hands roved across her breasts.

He reached down and pulled one leg out, then the other, and slid his hand between them. His fingers found the edges of her lace panties and ran alongside this, up and down. Now on the other side. He was still kissing her from behind. Coming to one side of the chair, he pushed her around so that her legs were over one arm and her head fell back over the other. His expression was focused and calm, unconcerned with her comfort.

Slowly, he pulled her panties off and pushed her legs further to each side, totally exposing her. His touch was slow, just firm enough, simply sliding up and

down her lips. Now his fingers moved inside the lips, dipping briefly into her vagina before tickling up to her peak. She raised her arms over her head so that she could bite her arm to quiet her moans.

“Just relax. That’s it.” He slowly plucked at her clit. “How does that feel? Harder, softer?”

“Softer. Oh . . . slower . . . oh yes . . .”

His fingers circled, slick with her wetness. Now the fingers of his other hand reached into her.

“Just relax, I’m just stimulating the nerve endings . . . how does that feel?”

“Wonderful,” she breathed. His fingers were filling her inside and stroking her outside, signals traveling in both directions. The dark, his slow breath, his methodical touch, all put her in a deep state of bliss. All she wanted to do was enjoy the perfect tension mounting under her skin.

The fingers that were outside her had worked far enough in to find her G-spot. He began pulling out rather than pushing in, running over the nub each time. She was soaking wet between her legs. The fingers on her clit continued their maddeningly methodical, infinitesimal circles. Fire built there, in an ever-widening ring, while her channel grew more slick and more hungry.

Three fingers ran inside her, rather than two. He pushed deeper, harder.

“Hannah, to finish this properly, I should fuck you.”

“Yes please!”

Head fallen back, she heard his belt fall to the floor and felt the head of his solid cock rubbing against her. Then he pushed in and pulled her knees up around his waist. From this angle, with her draped over the chair sideways, and the doctor standing, every stroke hit the spot he had already been teasing with his fingers. He was firm and even in his thrusting, hands gripping her knees.

She managed to look up long enough to see his smooth pelvis hitting hers, his face bent with determination. *This is good healthcare*, she thought, her head falling and eyes rolling back. He hit against her again, and again.

A hot air balloon rose inside her and exploded into a million strands of colored fabric before her eyes.

Later, dressed, she gave Louisa a commiserating look as she left, one button left open to expose a hint of purple lace. Hannah noticed that she could see fine now.

Wednesday: The Cop

Hannah sold a house the next afternoon. Her fellow realtors insisted on taking her out for happy hour. They chose a bar near the office where unbeknownst to any of them, the bartender was pouring doubles. Downing fruity, booze-disguising drinks, Hannah and her friends didn't realize they were one sip from staggering.

Thus it was that a wild quartet of women staggered out of the Hot Martini around seven that night, drunk as flies in a jar of moonshine. They patted Hannah's back and told her she'd soon be on her way to buying a new car every year again. Hooting and cackling, they all moved off to their own cars, to wreak havoc driving home. Hannah slowly and methodically buckled her seat belt and turned on the car and locked all the doors and arranged her seat three or four times and turned on the pop station really, really loudly. She pulled out onto the street and down the next few blocks to the highway. Then she decided to take a back road. That was her mistake.

The hip-hop was thumping, the road was winding, sun setting. Lost in a reverie about a quiet late night at Pete's when she'd dirty danced to the juke box with Joe, Hannah was taking the curves a little too fast. She realized she was, and decided to do it intentionally because it was fun, and shake that ass, uh-huh. *Oh baby yo booty like a . . .*

A siren yelped behind her, and red lights spun in her rearview mirror. Hannah slowed to a stop and pushed her window button. *Am I drunk?*

Officer Brady was a boy of twelve with lashes that almost hit her in the face. "How OLD are you?" she asked as he leaned down to talk to her through her window. The blue-eyed lad in blue blinked and said, "Could you step out of the vehicle, ma'am?"

"Don't call me ma'am," she snapped. "I'm not eighty." She hitched up the strap of her sleeveless dress and climbed out of the car. The dress was polka-dotted, one of her favorites, with a low v-neck and a swing to the short skirt. She was drunk, she decided. She leaned against her car and grinned at him. He was tall, lean, fresh-faced.

"You're a pretend police officer," she said. "You're twelve."

“I am not-” he began, then cleared his throat. “Your license and registration please, ma’am.”

She opened the door and bent over to grab her purse from the front seat, giving him a good view of her derriere. When she straightened she was pleased to see his eyes flick back up to her face, from somewhere south. She fumbled in her purse.

“I can’t find it.”

“Ma’am, I’m going to need you to come over to this white line.”

She sighed and flapped her arms. “Okay, I know, I’m drunk. Just give me the ticket and send me home.”

Officer Junior hid a smile—a wide and dimpled smile—with his hand. “I could take you to jail, ma’am.”

She groaned. “Stop calling me ma’am. Please. Just call me miss or lady or even ‘Hey bitch,’ but not ma’am.”

“What’s the problem with calling you ma’am?”

Meeting his clear, direct blue eyes, she said, “It’s what a Boy Scout calls the old lady he helps cross the street.”

He stepped closer, right up to her. “I am not a Boy Scout.”

“You could be, you’re the right age.”

“I am thirty-three years old.”

“Hah! Yeah, right.”

“Madame, you are over the line.”

“Great, take me to jail. I’m fucked either way, I can’t get home, I’ll just crash the car. Didn’t mean to get drunk,” she rambled, gazing past his broad blue-clad shoulder. “Just had a couple Cosmos . . . didn’t know he’d make them so stiff.”

To her surprise, Officer Junior sighed and took her arm. “Come on.”

“What?” she let him lead her to the cop car. “Oh no, you’re not really locking me up, are you? I can’t have that on my record. I’m an honest person!”

“Be quiet,” he said, pushing her head down so she could sit, not in the back as she’d expected, but in the passenger seat in front. “I’ll drive you home.”

“But what about my car?” she asked, but more quietly this time, as she was in awe of the Boy Scout’s kindness. He sat behind the wheel, turned on the car, turned off the siren, and pulled out.

“I’ll bring your car later,” he said, and that was all Hannah remembered, because she fell asleep.

She didn’t remember Officer Brady rummaging through her purse to find her address on a bill, she didn’t remember him bringing her into the house, or draping her on her couch, or removing her heels. Or leaving, with a long look at her body spilling out of her polka-dot dress, and a sigh.

Hannah woke several hours later. She staggered around the house, getting a glass of water, taking a shower, and climbing into bed naked. She didn’t notice that, despite all the night’s activity, it was still only ten-thirty. She passed out, again.

When she woke again, it was from the sound of her garage door opening. She sat up with a start, trying to remember who or where she was. Pieces of the happy hour festivities and her run-in with the cop trickled back into her brain.

Goosebumps rose on her arm she listened to the front door below her slowly open and close.

She heard footsteps climb the stairs, cross the hall, and open her door. Brady stood silhouetted in the doorway, the light from the stairwell window behind him highlighting the walkie and other bulges on his belt. And his narrow waist. And wide shoulders. She waited in bed, covers pulled around her breasts. He crossed to her.

“I need you to stay here tonight. No more driving around, okay?”

“I’m not sure if I want to,” she said, surprising herself with her own saucy tone.

“You will or I’ll have to do something about it.”

“You couldn’t do anything to keep me here,” she scoffed, heart pounding, moving so the sheets fell down further over her cleavage.

He leaned down, pulling out his handcuffs. He flipped one open, took her wrist, and cuffed her to the post of her headboard. “How’s that?”

“I could get out of that. If I was left alone all night.”

That was how she wound up with her arms over her head, both hands handcuffed to the headboard, watching the cop take off his clothes in the light through her curtains.

“I’m going to have to wear you out,” he said, returning to her, naked, erect cock pointing straight at her face. “So you don’t go anywhere.”

She was restrained in the best kind of way by a young cop with a perfect body and a bobbing hard-on. What did she need to say? She was already tingling and wet with anticipation.

He touched her lips, running his fingertip over them. She opened her mouth and slid her tongue out, enfolding his finger, sucking on it as he pulled it out. With his other hand he took his dick and slid it down. Into her mouth. His hands caressed her face as she leaned toward him to give him a nice warm welcome. She filled her mouth with him, tasting the salt, sucking. Licking. His eyes flickered, and he pulled out.

She strained in the cuffs, wanting to taste some part of him again. When he just contemplatively looked her up and down she found herself biting her lip and murmuring, "Please. . ."

"No 'please,' this isn't for you, this is to punish you. For drunk driving." He rubbed the head of his erect cock, looking down at her.

"Let me taste you again."

"I'm not sure. I may just want to fuck you. This isn't for your pleasure, you know."

"Oh PLEASE," she moaned, enjoying the cuffs and abandon and being loud. "Please let me SUCK YOU."

"No." He lifted her by her shoulders and turned her to rest her forearms on her headboard so that her back was to him. He spanked her, then caressed her between her legs, then spanked her, then caressed, then spanked, and so on. Her head fell on her arms on the headboard as she gave in to the punishment. Her pussy was dripping. Every time he touched her she wanted him inside her, then the pain of the spank made her aware of his powerful hands and she wanted another one. He continued to alternate pleasure with pain this way for some time, until she was grunting and groaning without control. They fell into a rhythm, with her getting wetter and wetter as his fingers grew more insistent on her lips and harder against her ass.

Just as suddenly he pulled her down and flopped her over onto her back. Her arms were still handcuffed, flung over her head. He stroked his hard cock and she licked her lips, looking at him with doe eyes. He held the head to her mouth and she licked it.

“Kiss it. That’s it. Good girl. Do as you’re told. Now take it in. Far as it will go. Yes.” His hand found her breast as he kneeled over her, eyes closed. She was so emptied by his punishment that she thought of nothing except his cock and the different things she could do to it with her lips and tongue and saliva. She ran it up and down, and deeper down, and sucked till her cheeks ached. He was squeezing and circling her breast with his hand, his other hand on the top of her head. She let him down into her until his cock was hitting the back wall of her mouth. Exhaling roughly, he pulled out and let her gather more saliva and take him in again. His movements were shaky. She knew he was going to come and didn’t want him to. She wanted more of him inside her. She turned her head away and he glared down at her.

“I did not tell you to stop.”

“I don’t want to. I want you to come down there.”

“That’s not a choice,” he said, and spun around so he was facing down over her pussy. His cock dangled over her face, dripping a pearl of semen. His hot tongue moved over her lips and then he settled in on her clit. Worried she’d bite him when she came, she only licked and kissed at the head of his dick above her. He was closer and closer, pre-cum spurting from him. His cock had become her favorite food, her only sustenance, the strongest force in her world. She held onto it as the rest of her body gave in to exhaustion and a riot of sensation. He had one hand rubbing, one hand under her pressing into her asshole, his mouth on her clit. He worked her, bobbing over her, pressure building in her clit. She wasn’t likely to come in a sixty-nine, but the cop apparently had no intention of her doing so.

“This’ll be easier from behind,” he said. Extricating himself, he turned her around so she was on all fours again. He caressed her warm, round ass. “Mm . . . pounding the dickens out of you will be fun.” He made a thoughtful whistle as he rubbed down between her legs, assessing her wetness. He ran his fingers over her lips while sticking a finger from his other hand up her ass. She moaned and spread her legs. He pushed her face down on the pillow, and her knees a little further out, so that she was wide open to him. For a moment she could just hear him breathing, looking at her open lips. He caressed them for a moment, relaxing her, her chest falling into the bed, pelvis rising and opening even further. All she could see was the white linen of her pillowcase, making her more aware of his touch and the sound of his breath. His hand was gently rubbing up and down across her.

Then she felt his finger return to her asshole and ever so gently circle and press into it. Feeling like an apple he had peeled and was about to slice into wedges, she relaxed deeply into the pillow and let his hands work their magic. Two fingers worked their way into her vagina, then three. His other hand kept tickling at and pushing on her anus. Finally she felt the head of his cock pushing against her lips, popping them open, and sliding down into her. He was long and fell against her G-spot.

The pressure on her asshole made her feel helpless, exposed. Arrested. She moaned, head thrashing on the pillow, as he rocked against her, and through her. His fingers continued to insistently press into her ass as his cock tunneled into her. Her back arched more deeply, so that he was coming directly against her spot, his fingers tickling at her, touching that oh-so-sensitive spot between her asshole and where he thrust. Pleasure mounted. She loved hearing his breath come harder, feeling the thump of his pelvis against her butt, seeing in her mind's eye the spasm of his chest as he rocked into her.

His finger broke the seal, entering her anus, slowly pushing further. Her fingers clenched in her handcuffs. He was taking advantage of her every orifice and she was handcuffed to her bed. Realizing this anew as his finger pressed deeper inside her and he hit her gold nub one last, magical time, she exploded in an orgasm the neighbors probably heard.

His hands dug into her, loosened, dug in again as he came, one leg unintentionally kicking at hers. She heard him gasping. Slowly, he emerged and fell over.

“Now are you ready to sleep it off?” he asked, one arm thrown over his face as he lay catching his breath.

“Nope,” she said.

“Then I guess I’ll have to shower and start over with the punishment.”

Hours later, when dawn lit the curtains white, she rolled over and saw a gorgeous blond boy in her bed, a pair of handcuffs draped over one pectoral. She laughed and buried her face in her sheets, knowing who had actually been punished.

Thursday: The UPS Guy

Hannah smiled to herself as she watched their administrative assistant, a pretty young thing who liked to wear tight satin blouses, blush as she signed for a package from the UPS Guy. The UPS Guy was hot, of course, with long, well-muscled legs, broad shoulders, tousled blond hair, and a smile that had blinded many an unsuspecting 9-to-5'er. Hannah had fantasized about him many times, but watching him lean on the counter talking to their little admin, Lacey, she couldn't help but admire what a great couple they'd make. A redhead with a full bust, freckles, and slanted green eyes, she looked like a medieval bar wench transported to modern day, next to the California surfer dude who was their UPS Guy. They were gorgeous together. Really . . . hot.

In fact, she wanted them. Together.

It had been an odd week for Hannah, so she forgave herself for her raging carnal imagination and returned to her desk to shuffle papers. Twenty minutes later she was walking to the little supply room where they kept packages and office materials. She just needed staples for her stapler, and was startled out of her paperwork-induced coma by the sight of Lacey staggering under an armload of boxes after the UPS Guy toward the supply room. Hannah joined them as they set down the pile of boxes.

"George ordered too many ink cartridges," Lacey explained as she set down the last box. The three of them tried to avoid jostling each other in the tiny space.

"I just need some staples," Hannah said with a smile, starting to leave.

"Dammit," she heard the UPS Guy say. She and Lacey turned to him. He was reading a label on one of the boxes. "Half of these are for another business."

He gave them an apologetic look and Lacey returned it with a disheartened shrug. "Okay, then, I can carry some back—"

"No, let me do it, this is all my fault," he reached out to take them from her. She shook her head, leaning back slightly, he reached further, both of them demurring. Hannah watched with fascination as the thirty-second exchange ended with Lacey gasping and falling into the UPS Guy's arms as he fell backward against a shelf, a stack of boxes toppling out of both their hands. Lacey bent to pick them up, unwittingly bending so that her head was exactly at his crotch as he tried to straighten himself. The UPS Guy, flustered and unable to get his balance,

reached out and landed on her head, pushing her further into his crotch. Lacey righted herself by grabbing his thigh and jerking up, bumping her head against his chin. Wincing and holding his face with one hand, his other seemed to unconsciously grab her arm. She leaned into him, stumbling on all the boxes. To Hannah's delight, the buxom little redhead and the hot UPS Guy were now arm in arm, cornered by fallen boxes, in the tiny supply room . . . and she was the only person who could see them.

They stood for a moment, catching their breaths, his hands still on her upper arms and hers on his chest. Lacey made noises like she was trying to find words. Inspired by the bizarre three days she had had, Hannah stepped into the supply room and closed the door behind her. They looked at her with wide eyes.

"Kiss her," Hannah said.

"I—"

"You're attracted to each other, you've just fallen into each other's arms. You're going to have sex before you leave this room. Start by kissing her."

Both of them made fish-o's with their mouths, but said nothing. Hannah settled on a stack of boxes and leaned back, ready to watch. Lacey looked at the UPS Guy and tilted her face up. He leaned down, one hand sliding up to her face, and kissed her. It started small and gentle, and then Lacey's leg moved up his side, his hand gripping under her thigh. Hannah wished she had popcorn. He pushed her away for a moment. "Are you sure?" he asked Lacey.

She nodded, then looked over her shoulder at Hannah. "What should we do next?"

"Shirts off," Hannah said without a moment's hesitation. They pulled each other's shirts off, exposing the blond curls on his muscled chest and the rose-bedecked bra she supported her full, milky knockers with. Hannah was surprised at the Ace of Hearts tattoo on Lacey's side and the silver ring through her navel. For a moment the UPS Guy simply caressed her, running his fingers up her sides and down her arms. Then he leaned down to kiss her chest, between her breasts, taking one in his hand and plucking it from her bra to lick her large pale nipple. She fumbled behind her, yanking off her bra and flinging it away. His hand on her back pushed her chest forward and her head back, as he caressed and kissed her breasts.

"Slow," Hannah suddenly said. "Lick them slowly."

Without pausing, the UPS Guy nodded over Lacey's bosom. As if enjoying an ice-cream cone that would never melt, he slowly licked up from under her breast and across her nipple, which was alert now. He brought his tongue back down the same path, stopping to suck on her nipple. Lacey made a noise between a sigh and a groan and grabbed the back of his head as he did this again to her other breast. He continued up her breastbone, over the hollow in her neck, each side of her neck.

"Lacey, undo your hair," Hannah said. She watched with admiration as the girl's red waves fell against the arch of her bare back. "Turn her around," she said then. Lacey stumbled on the boxes as the UPS Guy's strong arms turned her, pulling her to him with her back to his chest. Her eyes rolled with pleasure as he took her breasts in his hand while kissing her neck and shoulders.

"Put your hand down her pants," Hannah said. She watched with growing pleasure as the UPS Guy's deft hands unbuttoned Lacey's jeans, still from behind her. They both pushed her jeans down to the ground and she somehow stepped out of them. Hannah wanted very badly to kiss Lacey's breasts herself as they fell forward. Then she realized that this was her show, and she could do so if she wanted. She said, "I'm going to give you a choice." They both looked at her.

"Either I join you, and you can do whatever you want . . . or I stay here and you keep doing as I say."

The UPS Guy seemed distracted, his hand in Lacey's rosy panties, mumbling, "She's so wet."

"I want to tell her what to do," Lacey managed to moan, legs wriggling at the pressure of his fingertips between her legs.

The UPS Guy nodded into Lacey's hair. Hannah pulled off her top and skirt and gingerly crossed the piles of fallen boxes to squeeze between Lacey and the wall. Now she and the UPS Guy had Lacey sandwiched.

Lacey gave Hannah an almost drunken grin. "Take off your panties," she said. When Hannah did so, Lacey grabbed her thighs like the sides of a ladder and leaned down to lick between Hannah's legs. Hannah gasped, leaning back against the wall. Behind them, the UPS Guy was sliding off Lacey's panties and somehow, despite the lack of room, his own pants. Hannah lifted one leg to the side for Lacey to gain access to her clit. The tent in the UPS Guy's white boxers had her mesmerized along with Lacey's eager sucking. Hannah wanted more, so

much more. Lacey stood up suddenly, leaning against the UPS Guy, who groaned at the sudden pressure on his erect penis. “Go down on him,” she said.

“Yes ma’am,” Hannah said. Lacey squeezed to one side, making room for Hannah to pull off the UPS Guy’s white boxers. His long hard cock bounced free and Hannah took it immediately into her mouth. She could hear Lacey giggling softly, and from the corner of her eye, saw the girl touching herself. Hannah stood up, keeping his cock in her hand.

“Why are you laughing?” she demanded.

“I’m not. It’s just hot.”

“She needs a spanking,” Hannah said.

“You don’t get to tell us what to do anymore!”

Hannah grinned and leaned down, taking the UPS Guy between her lips once more. She pulled back, saying, “Spank her,” then returned to sliding him in and out of her mouth. She did this once more, “Spank her.” He pushed her away and flung Lacey over one knee, spanking her round little butt.

“Oh oh oh!” she kept saying.

Hannah pulled her, gently but firmly, up by the hair. “You don’t laugh at something that’s hot.”

Eyes wide, Lacey nodded. The UPS Guy turned her around, pushing her against Hannah against the opposite wall, kissing her. Backed up behind them, Hannah caressed the girl’s hips and breasts. As Lacey once again wrapped a leg around the UPS Guy, Hannah put her hand between Lacey’s legs and pushed two fingers inside her. She could feel his hard cock against her leg, under Lacey. She wasn’t sure who she wanted to fuck who first. Fortunately, the UPS Guy did. He hoisted Lacey up, her legs wrapping around his waist, and thrust into Hannah. Shocked, Hannah hit her head against the wall, groaning at the length and hardness of him. He kept kissing Lacey while fucking Hannah against the wall. She felt like just another package being taken where it needed to go. Lacey’s soft hair fell against her face and she pushed it to one side and took Lacey’s breasts in her hands, holding her torso against her and kissing her neck. Lacey was like a big stuffed animal between them, soft and making kitten mews, while the UPS Guy shifted Hannah to thrust further inside her.

Handsome face contorted with restraining his climax, the UPS Guy pulled out, gave Lacey a savage kiss, and thrust her against a nearby shelf, muttering, “Be

right back.” Coming up against Hannah, he searched her face with his blue eyes. “Can you come like this?”

Hannah admittedly hadn’t had sex against a wall often, but she shook her head, fairly certain it wasn’t going to take her home no matter how much she enjoyed it. The UPS Guy nodded and pointed for her to bend over. Staring at boxes, her eyes flew open wide as he pushed into her from behind. He felt so large and she felt so round and exposed with her ass in the air. Able to push fully into her, his hips rocked against her cheeks. Excitement made her breath turn to panting as he held her ass and pounded. A tremor started low within her and rose up her pelvis, chasing the blood that was flowing to her bent head. She came with a yelp that she stifled with a fist against her hand.

He gently pulled out and let her sit down on a nearby stack of boxes. She leaned against the wall, waiting for her knees to steady, as he took Lacey in his arms. He slid her onto him, standing against a shelf. She put one foot on a shelf and they rocked against each other. Lacey’s whooping orgasm was talked about in the office for a year afterward.

Hannah felt proud of her handiwork.

Friday: The Marlboro Man

Hannah had a retired neighbor named Jim who would come by to fix a leak or replace a bit of trim. Jim was a long, lean strawberry blonde with a jawline you could cut paper with and eyes as bright and changeable as sea glass. A former Marine and trucker in his late forties, he lived on disability for a slight limp in one leg. His legs seemed to go on and on. Although she wasn't clear how he spent his days now, he always had an aroma of leather and hay and sun-warmed skin and tobacco

Jim was, in other words, the Marlboro man. He had been married four times, mostly due to a meat-eating smile of white even teeth and a way of looking through your clothes when you spoke to him. Whenever he came over to work on something in her house, Hannah always found herself wearing something floral and ruffly. It wasn't that she had a single thing in common with Jim, or fantasized about a relationship with him, or even found him particularly interesting. Something about him just made her breathy, pie-making, quick to undress and rub one out.

She turned the dishwasher on that morning and then returned to the bathroom to finish her makeup. When she passed the kitchen on her way out of the house, she froze at the sight of soapy water spreading across the tile floor. Dammit. Throwing a few bath towels on the slop and opening the dishwasher, she could find no reason for the leak. She left a message on Jim's phone and got down on her knees to clean up the mess. In the process, she discovered how disgusting the floor was between her sink and refrigerator. Soon she was knee-deep in mopping the entire kitchen.

Flustered by her unexpected cleaning frenzy, Hannah answered the door. Jim looked particularly tasty in an old tee that fit him perfectly and those damn torn jeans. She let him in almost grouchily. The last thing she needed was another distraction; she was supposed to visit a wealthy client's house today and advise her on staging.

"There wasn't anything blocking anything . . . or anything," Hannah said lamely, standing in the kitchen doorway and flinging her hand in the direction of the offending appliance. "It just started splooshing water."

"Splooshing, huh?" Jim said, hands in pockets. "I'll take a look."

While he knelt down to examine the inside of the dishwasher, she decided she should also wipe down the stove hood and cupboard doors. It had been a whopping fifteen hours since she'd last had sex and already this crazy week was leaving her wanting more. Now. She sighed with frustration.

"You're forlorn today," he remarked.

"Oh I'm just . . . tired."

"Or not tired enough?"

"Have you figured out what's wrong yet?"

He stood up and rubbed his jaw. "I ain't gonna with all the sass from you."

She put her hands on her hips. "I'm just asking. Do you think it'll be expensive to fix?"

"How about a thank-you for coming right over without so much as a please from you?"

"I'm sorry, if it's putting you out, you didn't have to come by!"

"I have half a mind to take a hand to your backside."

Hannah clutched the counter behind her. Her heart was pounding. Not only had she always wanted Jim, her week of debauchery was making it difficult for her to not act on those urges she was so used to ignoring. She had to actively restrain herself from telling him to take off his shirt.

"Maybe I will," Jim said, reaching behind her. He pulled a wooden spoon from the jar of utensils by the stove. "Bend over."

"No," she gasped, but weakly.

"Bend over," he said, holding the spoon with both hands. "Put your arms on the counter and stick your butt out."

"No," she murmured again, turning around and putting her forearms on the freshly cleaned counter. She was already starting to feel better. She listened to him breathing as he moved behind her, slapping the spoon in one hand. His hand lightly rubbed a circle on her ass, as though surveying its width.

Then, with a small grunt, he sent the spoon with a swack against her ass. She winced and looked down at the counter. Again. He positioned himself directly behind her and hit from each side, then flat against her, until she was gasping and grunting. She heard the spoon fall to the ground and felt him lift her skirt and hike it up her back.

Jim leaned down and kissed the line where cheek met thigh. Her pussy was hollering for attention. His hand slid up the inside of one thigh, into the edge of her panties, as he kept kissing her ass. Her panties were gently pulled down as his lips fell between her legs. He pushed her legs apart and sat on the floor, licking her. It felt like he had contemplated doing this many times. Hannah was flooding, straddling this man as he sat on the floor eating her out. His tongue moved between her folds, dipping inside her and then up again, sucking on her. Hands held her hips, keeping her locked in place over his mouth. Her knees were buckling. Just when she wondered if she might collapse on him, he stood up and spun her around to face him. The look on his face turned her on even more, if that was possible: He wanted her as much as she wanted him.

Hannah pulled her dress over her head and tugged at his shirt for him to do the same. His chest was covered in gold hair, faded tattoos marking his pecs and abs. She bent down to lick one of these on the side of his ribcage and then kiss her way up his chest to his neck. He grabbed her hair and pulled her head back to kiss her, violently. Just right. One or both of them hoisted her onto the counter and his jeans fell, then boxers. She barely had time to admire his long throbbing cock before he had her thighs wrapped around his waist and had thrust inside her. He let out a sharp short groan, burying his face in her neck and slowly moving against her.

A river flowing around him, Hannah leaned against the cupboard, eyes rolling back, fingers digging into his sunburnt back. His face moved down to her breasts, kissing between them as he thrust more smoothly now. Jim grabbed her ass and pulled her closer against him and moved from side to side. This felt so good. It felt even better when he was still doing it ten minutes later. She leaned back, hands on the counter, knees under his arms, making inhuman noises as he diagonally went this way and that.

“Kiss me,” he commanded, his voice nearly a growl. She did so, holding his face in her hands. Sweat poured down from his temples, his chest and back. She hugged him closer to her with her legs and tilted even further to let him in as far as she could. He rocked inside her, swinging against her sweet spot, until a wave of pleasure crossed her and she collapsed against him. He pulled her waist, jack-hammered for a few moments, and let out a yell of orgasm.

Face buried in his slick shoulder, Hannah smiled to herself. She was going to have to clean the kitchen all over again . . . as soon as she was done with him.

Saturday: Who Knows?

Hannah woke up Saturday morning feeling like a million bucks. She stretched naked under the covers, blinking in the sunlight coming through the parted curtains. Birds tweeted and sang outside.

Rolling over on her side, she put one hand between her legs and contemplatively stroked the furry triangle there. *It would be fun*, she thought, *to get a hot new mailman*. . . As she stroked herself, she smiled. She'd give her body a break this weekend, but next week was another story.

The End