What Men Want - Part 1

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A naive young woman falls prey to a handsome predator.

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'There you are, class of '79.' Mary-Jane's hand quaked just a little, as she took the yearbook from the school secretary.

'Is there anywhere I can...?' Her eyes cast about for some private space.

'Oh yes, the visitors' room is two doors down on the right. I think it's empty right now.'

Seated alone, Mary-Jane opened the imposing, hard-backed volume and leafed her way past the introduction to the staff photographs with an odd sense of trepidation. She could not even be sure that she would find him here; after all, what had she learned for sure about the man during those few brief hours in his company? She was even hazy about his name. Wasn't that weird, considering the significance in her life of that night? A night seared on to her memory in such vivid detail...

It took only a cursory glance over the pages for her to pick out the portrait that made her heart lurch. Oh my God, that's him, that's him... He did work here. The photograph was inadequate, could only convey part of his physical impressiveness, the sheer force of his magnetism. Yet there he was, staring out of the frame charming and civilised, as he had seemed in that moment when he first spoke to her. But this was not the real man at all, only what he chose to convey. There were other images coming to mind, intense, colour ones, deeply at odds with this picture of suit-and-tie respectability. Images that still made her heart race after all that time, that made her sex moisten and gently spasm, as she sat there in this High School visitors' room.

Joseph Sadler, Fraser High School sports coach and educator. On that one occasion her educator... Her self-appointed instructor in a crash course that had, she realised, moulded her whole sexual being. To this day every fantasy she masturbated to could be traced back to him. Every submissive little quirk in her erotic nature was rooted in that brief, crazy encounter. A chance encounter for her, a simple floating on the tide of events - but in hindsight she could see how different it had been for him. There had been no element of chance in his plans - just a quietly determined, supremely skilled

hunting down and capturing of his prey. It was an older, wiser female, who could guess at his innermost thoughts on that revelatory evening; who could imagine the intensity of desire that had driven him to seek his satisfaction that night, the nature of the lust that had made her his perfect quarry.

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Saturday 25th August, 1979.

Joe Sadler adjusted his tie in the mirror and gave himself a more appraising stare than usual. Hair still thick and dark, no tell-tail hints of grey, even around the temples. A facial structure that continued to stand by him - strong brow, nose and jaw line, that would still, with a little care, convey a sense of masculine power long after he reached retirement. Skin taut for the most part; yes, years of outdoor training had produced a slight cragginess around the eyes and forehead, but that only served to underscore his handsomeness with an air of authority. All vanity aside, one day on from his thirty-eighth birthday he had never looked better.

That in itself galled him a little. A face like his, the hard-packed torso covered up by his silk shirt - they should have been earning him countless thousands by now. The dignified end to a glowing sporting career should have given way, amidst plaudits and celebratory dinners, to lucrative celebrity endorsements for sporting goods, for shower and shaving products. What a difference a match makes. One bone-crunching foul. One cartilage-tearing knee injury, that had laid low a sporting-god in the making. A dream wiped out in a split-second. High School wrestling coach, that was his lot in life now. In a respected educational establishment, admittedly, that topped up his salary just to keep him there. Helping bone-headed students to attain sports scholarships, one of them occasionally making the grade as a professional. And this was his 'job satisfaction'.

'Hey, that Foster kid could make the Olympic squad, makes you proud, huh?' He had suffered that and a dozen other fatuous remarks one night before, at the wholly unsought-for birthday party set up by his sister. A whole evening hemmed in by platitude-laden family members and beer-bellied friends from his College days, whose conversation ranged from styles of barbecue to the education of their brats. Truth be told the only guest he had welcomed was Arnold Venkman, divorce lawyer and true friend, the man who had salvaged his pride and at least some of his belongings during the recent acrimonious proceedings with Angela. The rest of them could go to hell and take their green, suburban smugness with them.

No, the only party Joe was interested in took place tonight. A real birthday celebration, one that would provide enough relish to take from his mouth the previous evening's tang of defeat. The venue was prepared, the host looking his best. The only thing missing was that single special guest with whom

he would properly usher in his 39th year. She would be leaving home, he thought, at much the same time as him, heading for some venue like The Butterfly Suite over in Sterling Heights - yes, he would make that his destination too. She would have no idea of the twist her evening would take, of her exclusive invitation to Joe's festivity. But this he would ensure - she would provide him one sweet night's entertainment, before she saw her home again. Whoever she was.

Joe checked through the house to make sure that everything was ready - subtle lighting, a bottle of baby oil placed on the bedside table and, most importantly for the latter part of the night, a little chemical pick-me-up at the ready in the dining-room. It paid to have contacts in the world of professional sport. He picked up his car keys, slammed the door behind him and set out to catch his butterfly.

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Mary-Jane Dodds arrived at Pammie's front door to find her own sense of excitement mirrored in her friend's face; it was the same any time they planned an evening at Macomb County's hottest night spot. 'Hey, I wondered where you were, the taxi's due any... M-J, you look amazing!' Mary-Jane cast her eyes down and blushed. She had checked herself out extensively in front of her mom's full-length mirror before coming out, experimented with a few catwalk twirls, feeling a thrill at the sight of the beautiful young woman reflected before her. And yet it still surprised her to hear someone else put words to that same immodest thought. 'No really,' Pammie enthused, eyes drinking her in, as she entered the house, 'you look fabulous! Where did you get that dress?'

'You like it?' Mary-Jane bit her lip and tried to hide how pleased she was with herself at the gauzy chiffon that so lightly swathed her body. 'It's a two-piece. I found it last week in Gantos - cost me two months' allowance! I swear it's the most expensive thing I've ever bought!' She beamed with embarrassed pleasure.

'God, it was worth it!' Pammie exclaimed, echoing Mary-Jane's girlish delight. 'You look so sexy... And I love what you've done with your hair, it looks so good pinned up that way - you're a princess! I'm so jealous!' Mary-Jane's face burned at Pammie's praise. It was not as if her friend would be starved of male glances herself that evening, with her cascade of blonde hair and her slender figure, set off by a shimmering, blue disco frock. All of which made the effusive outburst more gratifying.

But in the back of the taxi, as they covered the few short miles to the venue, Pammie drew up close to her, an expression of mock concern on her face. 'Now look, I hope you're not going to be a wallflower tonight.'

'I am not a wallflower!' Mary-Jane laughingly protested. 'I just - like to sit and soak up the atmosphere

sometimes...'

'You cannot go out looking that good and hang around in a corner somewhere,' her friend insisted. 'This is The Butterfly Suite we're going to. You've got to - well - flutter a little!'

'But you're a way better dancer than I am. I feel so self-conscious out there!'

Pammie rolled her eyes. 'There's nothing wrong with your dancing! And no guy looking at you on the dance floor tonight is going to be worried about your disco moves, believe me!' She slipped an arm round Mary-Jane's shoulder and gave her a playful squeeze. 'Come on, don't you want to try and meet that special somebody?'

'Well - maybe,' Mary-Jane responded doubtfully. The thought was far from unappealing and The Butterfly Suite was cute-guy heaven, but her romantic notions had never advanced far into reality, even there. Any time a boy spoke to her, her natural bashfulness kicked in and he appeared to lose interest. It just seemed easier to look - to enjoy whatever male beauty was on display - and then go home without any social awkwardness.

Pammie persisted jovially. 'Come on, M-J, don't make me feel like a freak here. You can't tell me when we go out you don't have any - you know - fantasies.' Her voice dropped meaningfully on the final word, suggesting that she meant rather more than a lingering goodnight kiss.

Mary-Jane felt a tightening in her chest. Pammie would have been amazed at the late night flights of imagination she sometimes indulged in. That she knew what it was to touch herself and had regularly indulged in such a practice for some time. That she had discovered what exquisite sensations were to be felt exploring her own body. Or that so often, when undertaking these explorations, her thoughts were fed by a particular well-thumbed paperback, now shut up safely with her diary.

She had discovered the novel two years previously, rummaging through a box of tatty paperbacks in a local garage sale. It had lain shamefully at the bottom of the box, hiding its tawdry front-cover sketch of a naked and anxious young woman, until Mary-Jane had lifted it out and flicked through its pages. The Violation of Violet was a lustily exploitative piece of sex-fiction, the words of which had repelled and fascinated her enough to make her purchase it for fifty cents from a middle-aged man, who had eyed her curiously as she handed over the money.

At home she had devoured the story, a disturbing tale of how College-girl Violet was lured by an older boyfriend to a remote lakeside cabin, where she became a reluctant source of carnal pleasure for him and a group of his friends. The book had recounted, in lurid detail, the increasingly debauched acts to which the heroine had been subjected over a long, gruelling weekend. Mary-Jane knew she should

have been appalled at the gratuitous descriptions of poor Violet's sexual plight, but the crude words and vivid images drew her back many times and the depraved actions of the male protagonists became somehow incorporated into her nocturnal thoughts, as she fingered between her thighs.

Silly really - these fantasies were a huge remove from the undefined sense of romance she felt, when glancing at men amid the disco lights; such thoughts were strictly for her bedroom, tidied away in some secret corner of her mind for private use only. They had no bearing on the events of her real life; she was sure she had never met any men remotely like the characters in the novel.

'Well I really don't,' she finally responded, shrugging off her friend's fantasy-related inquiry without quite meeting her eye.

Pammie shook her head in amusement. 'My God, no wonder my dad thinks you're so sensible. I don't think he'd let me go out, if he didn't know you were with me.' The taxi drew to a halt just short of The Butterfly Suite's main entrance. Pammie handed over the fare and grinned at Mary-Jane in a sudden thrill of excitement. 'Here we are... It's party time.'

Outside the club was the buzz of Senior High School and College students, ready to eat up the final few weeks of balmy, late-summer recess. Well-groomed, well-heeled young professionals were queuing up as well - glamorous, would-be disco-queens and sharp-suited men, all using The Butterfly Suite's rigorous dress-code as an excuse to indulge their most expensive tastes. Mary-Jane's eyes gazed on the more striking female fashions being paraded and flicked rather more discretely over the selection of males in attendance, as she and Pammie progressed through the club's foyer into its dazzling interior. Disco lights spun crazily, mirror-balls fragmenting their beams into hundreds of sparkles that swam about the dance floor. Lipps Inc.'s Funkytown was already drawing people from their tables. There was a fluidity of motion to the whole place and Mary-Jane's eyes darted from one handsome club-patron at another, as she followed Pammie towards the bar.

They ordered grasshoppers and took them to a secluded table, where they could giggle at the more desperate dance-efforts on display and swap notions of which men were the most attractive. Mary-Jane rolled the green liquid around her mouth, to fully enjoy the taste of mint liqueur on her tongue. After the initial frissons of anticipation she felt the atmosphere and alcohol soak through her and she relaxed into the evening. The music was hot, the guys were pretty and she was with her best friend in the hippest club outside of New York. Nothing else was needed for a good night. So if Pammie's 'special somebody' came along to sweep her off her feet, well, that would just be a bonus.

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Joe swung his Lamborghini into The Butterfly Suite car park around nine, having stopped off for gas.

The club, he thought, as he locked the car, would be filling up with an enticing range of attractively packaged females: secretaries freed from their office constraints for a devil-may-care weekend of dancing, College cheerleaders now bedecked from their disco wardrobe, and yes, Senior High School girls, just beginning their flirtations with womanhood... And for the first time in years Joe felt at liberty to enjoy it all freely.

His few sorry years with his wife - what had made him think marriage was a good idea? - had taught him the difficulty of taming a rampant sex-drive. During all the hard-fucking years of his early bachelorhood it hadn't been an issue; his knee injury had prevented him from indulging his libido as widely as if he had been a rising sports star, but his natural attributes and social confidence had opened up ample sexual opportunity nonetheless and he had seized it all greedily. The marital bed, however, had imposed constraints against which all his instincts had raged; his attempts at monogamy foundered within a year, but due to the discretion with which he controlled his sexual thirst, it was another three before one of his infidelities was discovered.

Separated from Angela, he had been primed to give free rein to his ravenous sexual appetite once more, but Arnold Venkman had pleaded with him to keep his cravings in check until the damage limitation of the divorce proceedings was concluded. Joe had conducted his carnal activities with stealth for another year, driving across the state line on occasional weekends, so he could fuck College girls on campuses remote from home, or booking out-of-town hotel rooms and passing details surreptitiously to cocktail waitresses of where they could later join him for a strenuous night of his demanding sexual attention. Then there had been some delicious evenings, when he had played fast and loose with Arnold's advice; like the night where he had exchanged increasingly lust-charged glances with the young wife of the Vice Principal, on a Fraser High staff evening out. Eventually Joe and the lady in question had tactfully absented themselves from the table and reconvened in the men's room; the thought that the husband had continued regaling his colleagues drunkenly with his thoughts on education reform, while Joe had been mere yards away in a toilet cubicle, rammed to the balls inside the man's moaning wife, brought a smile to his lips even as he approached The Butterfly Suite's main entrance.

Joe smiled fleetingly for another reason. At thirty-eight he was single again, all divorce-court mudslinging and curtailing of his sexual pursuits behind him. His wife's lawyers had been at least partially fended off, so that he still owned his fast car and bachelor apartment. He had trained his way back to a peak of fitness in preparation for this day and, as he paid his way into the swirling lights and pounding beat of the club, he could feel his own life-force pulse within him. The inertia of his birthday party was dispelled utterly; he had come out tonight to prove he was alive.

For Joe the air in The Butterfly Suite was almost static with sexual energy. Spectacular women in high heels and wraparound, strapless dresses were eyeing men over cocktails or swaying daringly to

Night Fever on the dance floor. He paid for a whiskey and soda at the bar and set off around the club at a nonchalant stroll. The evening was still only getting underway and he had plenty of time to seek out exactly the right girl. It was a luxury that came with his level of attractiveness, combined with self-assurance - something he had faked as a young man, but which had by now soaked itself into the very way he thought. Other men, even good-looking ones, made do with whoever would respond favourably to their advances - went home with a blonde, when their preference was for a brunette, settled for the girl with the mild air of desperation, when they really wanted inside the panties of her sexily confident friend. Joe could remember having to make few such choices; he weighed up the options, made his choice based on precisely what he craved on any given evening and usually had his cock thrusting in and out of that choice's wet pussy before midnight.

Tonight, for example, he had no desire for sophistication, either social or sexual. He could pick out the sleek, moneyed professionals and the pouting College girls at a glance, could see numerous delicate or curvaceous female forms that he would gladly have brought to his bed on another night. The glamorous socialites and glittering disco sirens, however, could leave with whoever else they wanted. This night called for something worthy of the occasion. It called for innocence, absolute purity. A clean page on which to scrawl. He had spent a good half hour casually roving around the club before he saw her.

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Mary-Jane sipped at her second grasshopper and peered into the dancing crowd to see if she could spy out Pammie. When her friend had been asked to dance some twenty minutes previously, it had occurred to her that abandonment might be her fate; love Pammie though she did, she knew her companion's loyalty would hardly outweigh the appeal of any halfway-attractive boy on an evening such as this one. She did not hold it against the girl; she was perfectly content to sit and observe, while Pammie danced and flirted the night away. Watching men, sometimes candidly photographing them in the local park or down by the lake during high summer, had been a pastime of Mary-Jane's since her early teens; she loved studying finely carved facial features or the ripple of a muscled torso when a man went diving. But her thoughts never strayed far beyond the purely aesthetic.

Sure she had dated boys, and there had been one fumbling encounter in the back seat of a car with a High School football jock. The guy in question had proved as clumsy as he had been excited. Her breasts had been briefly fondled through the thin material of her blouse and he had carried out some fully-clothed dry humping against her; she had been intrigued by the bulge in the crotch of his jeans, as he did so. His excitement had grown so intense, however, that he appeared to go into some form of seizure, during which he lost control of his whole body and began to shudder and cry out incoherently. It was only afterwards when he mumbled abjectly and drove her home, that she realised he had ejaculated into his own pants. The overriding memory was one of deep embarrassment.

Looking, she felt, had its pleasures, minus the possibility of total mortification.
Looking at men like him... Mary-Jane's attention had been flitting bird-like from one guy to the next, but it came to rest on the rather older man in the crisp, dark navy suit, the one drifting with apparent unconcern amongst the tables in her section of the club. He paused on the edge of the dance floor and stared serenely across the room, drinking quietly from his glass. Standing at over six feet, with layered, jet-black hair and strong, classically handsome features, he seemed the embodiment of what Mary-Jane found attractive about the opposite sex. The clothes he wore gave him an air of class without affectation, and hinted at an impressive physique lying beneath. The very way he moved suggested implicitly that he owned the place. She found herself staring; it was only when he turned and his gaze swept over her, that she diverted her eyes. Had he seen her look? She could not be sure, but she risked another furtive glance a moment later, to find him still perusing the swaying masses on the floor.

'Hi there...' Mary-Jane turned and looked up to see a tall, fair-haired boy, not much older than herself, hovering above her. He had the broad shoulders and bulky frame of a sporting type and fitted uncomfortably into the suit he was wearing. 'I was wondering - would you like to dance?' His weight shifted slightly from one foot to the other.

Mary-Jane was immediately infected by his diffidence and heard herself give her stock response. 'No, sorry - I'm just waiting for my friend. But thanks.' She diverted her eyes from his crushed gaze and waited until he had muttered apologetically and sloped away to wherever he had come from. He had actually been quite good-looking, it occurred to her, but the thought of making small-talk with him while dancing, that was more hassle than she was prepared to cope with. She brought her glass to her lips defensively and glanced off towards the dance floor. The suave older man, she noted, appeared to have moved on...

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Oh God yes, thought Joe, you are exactly what I want. And you've already noticed me. He stood in the shadow of one of the club's great columns and continued to observe the new object of his lust well out of her eye-line. He felt the familiar tingling of excitement in his scrotum, that accompanied the acquisition of a fuck-target. The girl at the table was petite, with small, pretty features and an ingenuous air that placed her, as far as he could be sure, still in High School. That alone made him shiver inwardly with the thrill of the forbidden.

There was the sophistication of a grown woman in her attire; her top was spaghetti-strapped, showing off her smooth shoulders and arms, and made from wispishly-light, beige chiffon - opaque, but so sheer it clung to the curves of her young breasts like it were see-through. A pattern of darker brown flowers added a touch of modesty to the bust-line. The similarly gauzy material of her skirt brushed

her bare legs lightly when she shifted in her seat, and those daringly high heels set off her pretty insteps to perfection. Her loose, ash-brown curls were pinned up, with little tendrils of hair teased artfully downwards around her face and neck. Now this was someone who knew how to make the most of herself.

Her behaviour, however, told a different story. Her bearing, the way she shifted in her seat, the timidity of her eye-contact, all marked her out an innocent girl. Joe watched as she shook her head in response to the approaches of a well-presented but over-keen young buck - that was the second refusal she had delivered in ten minutes - in the same bashful fashion. He felt sure that this girl had yet to experience a cock pumping inside her.

And yet she knew how good she looked; she mightn't have been preening or self-absorbed like some of the other girls there that night, but she was fully aware of how many heads she was turning and oh was she enjoying it, however nervous her body-language. A not-quite-accidental prick-tease, drawing bees to her honey and then politely swatting them away.

The pretty young thing sat in a disco reverie, singing along quietly with the music that swelled through the club. Heaven - must be missing an angel...Joe took a swig from his drink, then he strode out from the column's shade and advanced on her. Time to bring this angel to ground.

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'Good evening.' Mary-Jane was startled by the voice, a voice that held all the assurance lacking in those of her other potential beaux. She looked up again and he was there, his broad, immaculately clad frame towering over her. Her heart thumped, as she recognised the object of her recent scrutiny. He had all the natural attractiveness she had initially thought, and the mature confidence with which he addressed her served to heighten it. 'Now I'm hoping if I ask you to dance, you won't shoot me down like you did those other guys.' He smiled at her with warm self-deprecation and extended an inviting hand.

She did not think to refuse. It was the most natural response in the world to put her hand in his and let him guide her from her seat, even if she was blushing to the roots of her hair as she did so, even if her accepting hand was shaking. 'I'm not a very good dancer,' she said apologetically, her whole body seeming to heat up under the warmth of his gaze.

'You're in trouble then, I'm John Travolta once I'm out there,' he grinned. She giggled in a thrill of bashful delight and allowed her gorgeous, charming new acquaintance to lead her to the dance floor, studying all the while not to stumble in her heels. She could feel her head spinning, partly from the effects of that second grasshopper and the swirl of lights in which she was submerging herself, partly

from the scary excitement of being swept up by the man she had been so thoroughly admiring. The Tavares tune was giving way to The Johnston Brothers' Strawberry Letter 23 and after the initial fraught seconds she found herself relaxing into the rhythm of the music, as if the crowded ebb and flow of this space was her second home. It was her new companion who made it all so simple, with his understated dance floor moves and the gentle humour in his eyes. Dancing within a foot of him, she felt carried by the reassuring way he smiled at her and fell into the same easy motion. She stared back at him, taking in at length those strong, clean features, made all the more sexy by his modish five o'clock stubble. It was all she could do not to betray how young she felt by breaking into a stupid, schoolgirl grin.

'What's your name?' he asked, the fresh citrus of his aftershave washing over her, as he leant in so that their faces almost touched.

'Mary-Jane, but everyone just calls me M-J.' Her nose accidentally brushed his cheek, as she innocently moved in on his ear, and she felt a delighted shiver run through her.

'Well I'm delighted to make your acquaintance, M-J. I'm Joe.'

'Hi.' She made a determined effort not to simper as she responded. Every word from his mouth proclaimed him such a gentleman; no boy her own age had ever spoken to her with such unforced charm. If only Pammie could see her...

'So you go to College close to here?'

'Not yet, I'm starting College in the Fall.'

'Now come on - you're way too classy and cosmopolitan to be just out of High School!' he said, with a winsome grin.

She gave what she felt was a very un-classy giggle at his compliment. Had she really shaken off the High School air that Pammie insisted still clung to her? 'You're teasing me,' she laughed. 'I'm only just eighteen!'

He professed further mock-disbelief, until she started to fumble words in her embarrassment and changed the subject to ask what he did. 'Oh, I teach over at Fraser High,' he told her. 'I'm a wrestling coach...'

Oh my, she thought, fighting the silly giggle that bubbled up inside her. He was almost throwaway as he mentioned his job, yet it sounded so wonderfully sexy. Why couldn't he have taught at my school?

she wondered, laughing inwardly at her own secret wish. But then of course, she wouldn't be dancing with him now...

Oh yes, thought Joe. Just turned eighteen, hardly left High School. More a girl than a woman - exactly what he'd imagined. And couldn't have responded more perfectly to his advance. With experienced females a combination of wit and innuendo was most effective, but his self-effacing nice-guy charm was working a better magic here. And the reference to his job, sometimes best not made, was having the same desired effect. He could see young Mary-Jane fairly glow with pride at being seen dancing with him.

He observed the girlish smile that played on her pert features, watched how the gossamer of her blouse traced her sweet body, as she swung to the music. A picture of innocence, with just the merest hint of sexual curiosity rising to the surface. Joe imagined the lissom, young figure, so teasingly hinted at by the girl's blouse and skirt. He had a sudden, vivid image of her, stripped of every stitch she wore, kneeling on all fours and shocked to find herself being vigorously fucked on his bed. The thought heightened his pulse, made the blood pump through him, charging his cock as he danced opposite her.

There was a recklessness to his thoughts now, wild and liberating. He would make the image a reality, however he had to do it. Yes, he could have suggested a future dinner-date, taken his time to seduce her. But the sexual need was clamouring within him; he wanted her that night, wanted her curvy little High School body impaled on his dick very badly. So caution would have to dispensed with. He would get her away from the club, overwhelm her resistance and take her whatever way he desired. And if she did still resist...he would take her anyway.

Mary-Jane's head was a-whirl with the turn events had taken amongst the haze of disco lights. The Johnston Brothers song melded into a Donna Summer number and she felt relief as her partner indicated they take a breather. He guided her gently away from the dance space back to her table, drawing out her chair, so she could seat herself. 'Let me get you another drink. What are you having?'

'A grasshopper,' she responded as demurely as possible, hoping her choice didn't sound girlishly silly. She relaxed into her chair while he fetched drinks from the bar, basking in her new, unexpected adventure. Next week it would be she who had the story to tell, when she met up with Pammie. 'He was sooooo handsome I can't tell you... Not a boy, a real man - but a gentleman - funny and polite and charming... And he's a teacher!' Her friend would be wide-eyed and almost screaming with gossipy delight, as they clung together and dissolved into rapturous giggles.

'A sophisticated drink for a sophisticated lady.' Joe had returned and he settled in with her cosily at

the table, as they sipped their drinks. She felt further tremors in her lower abdomen at her renewed proximity to him. 'So,' he said, with the same relaxed air as before, 'how does a lovely girl like you end up sitting here solo?'

'Oh, I'm here with my friend Pammie,' she explained, 'only she's vanished somewhere. She does that.'

'What, she abandons you for the whole evening?' asked Joe, his voice full of mock-outrage.

'It's not her fault, she just likes dancing and then she gets carried away. I'm kinda supposed to be stopping over at her place tonight, but if she doesn't show up again, I'll just go home.'

'Well I hope you don't mind being stuck with me in the meantime.'

She laughed again. 'Not at all. Your company's very welcome.' She eyed him coyly over her drink. It was easy to talk to Joe; he was relaxed and unassuming, for all his fine physical attributes, and he began to draw her out - on home life, music, her College aspirations... His presence was intoxicating, although that was possibly also to do with the banana daiquiri he had cajoled her into accepting. 'You have to try one, I can just tell you're going to like it...' And she did. She could not remember having drunk so much before and revelled in the alcoholic buzz. It only enhanced the experience of chatting with her new companion.

Joe liked the way things were progressing, but felt a need to hurry them along. The little poppet was not expected home and had been conveniently deserted by her girlfriend. On the other hand, that same girlfriend could return at any moment and complicate the situation. The additional drink with which he had plied Mary-Jane should have knocked her sufficiently off balance. Time for his next move.

'Look, M-J...' He glanced at his watch. 'I'm leading a pre-season training session in the morning - I should really be getting off soon. Can I give you a lift home? Your friend hasn't shown up...'

He watched her face light up with excited gratitude. 'That's really nice of you! I don't want you to go out of your way though, I live over in Clinton Township...'

'Not far from me at all,' he said, his cock beginning to stiffen again. 'Trust me, it won't be any trouble.'

Mary-Jane had no qualms about leaving the club without Pammie; she knew her friend too well to suffer any serious pangs of conscience. Surely Pammie would have encouraged her to accept the chivalry of such a well-mannered and good-looking gentleman. She wove her way unsteadily through

the party crowd, but it was only when she stepped out into the cool of the night, that her alcohol intake truly caught up with her. Joe caught and steadied her as she stumbled on the tarmac, then guided her solicitously to the parking lot and his waiting silver-blue sports car. He opened the door for her and she slipped inside, subsiding dreamily into the sumptuously upholstered passenger seat.

'You okay?' Joe inquired, seating himself beside her. 'Maybe the daiquiri wasn't such a good idea.' He closed the car door, sealing his happily reclining passenger from the outside world and any niggling chance of rescue. Job as good as done.

'I'm fine,' Mary-Jane laughed, fighting her wooziness, as he pulled out of the lot. 'I really enjoyed the drink.' She nestled into the seat and succumbed to the daydream of narrating her story to Pammie. 'And then he drove me home, left me off right to the door. He opened the car door and everything...'

She could hear her friend's response. So did he kiss you? Say he wanted to see you again? That was Pam. The imagined questions, however, sped up her heart rate quite distinctly. Joe was certainly a gentleman, had paid her the compliment of spending the evening with her and was even thoughtful enough to taxi her home. But would someone as mature as him want to spend any further time with a girl just out of High School?

'M-J, look, I've just remembered - there are one or two calls I should really make before it gets too late. Would you mind terribly if I stopped off at my place on the way, just for a few minutes? I won't keep you long, I promise.'

Mary-Jane blinked and roused herself from her dreamy reverie. 'Sure, that's okay.' Joe turned off at the next junction and she sat up a little in her seat, keen to savour her extra little bit of time in his company. Wow, an extra morsel for the tale she would share with Pammie. He even let me see where he lives!'

Driving the final few blocks to his home, Joe felt a rush of excitement, the like of which he had not experienced in years. This girl was every bit as naïve as he had hoped; not the least glimmer of suspicion could be detected in her voice. She was walking open-eyed into the trap, one that would spring as soon as his front door shut behind her. He sensed every rhythm in his body quicken, as he contemplated the delicious hours ahead. In all his years as a High School teacher he had exerted discipline where his hankering after Senior girls was concerned, even if they attended a school other than Fraser. However much his desire for those newly-developed young bodies had crazed him, he had jerked it off secretly and taken out his frustrations on willing College girls at the weekend. Tonight, however, would see a glorious transgression of his own rule. His cock grew rampant in his pants, as he contemplated the ways he would bone the little sweetheart who sat unwittingly next to him in the car. As he turned the corner into his own street, he could barely contain the shudders that

ran through his body. It was as though the lust were welling up from a great cistern within him, so that he could barely contain it. Get her in the house - just get her in the house... Then he had all evening to siphon off every last drop inside her. 'Almost there,' he said.

Mary-Jane gazed out at the broad, tree-lined boulevard, along which Joe was driving. Wow, he lived in a really nice neighbourhood. The car drew up outside a sizeable, single-storey ranch house, fronted, like the other houses on the block, by a well-kept garden, resplendent with flowers and bushes. 'Well, here we are,' said Joe. He climbed from the car and appeared a moment later by the passenger door, which he opened, ushering her out. 'Come on in while I make the call - can't have you sitting outside in the car.'

She beamed at his further display of gallantry and climbed from the vehicle, steadying herself on his arm as she did so. The street lamps threw a wash of light over the front of the house, showing off its fieldstone cladding. The building had a solid, masculine feel to it, that seemed to compliment its owner perfectly. Mary-Jane strolled up the garden path to the front door, admiring all she saw. Joe caught up with her at the heavy oak front door and unlocked it, holding the door open for her to enter. She peered into a broad, low-lit hallway. So this was the type of house in which a single gentleman lived. This was Joe's place... She stepped inside, fascinated.

Joe watched how the folds of Mary-Jane's filmy skirt swished against her smooth calves, how the delicate muscles of her feminine shoulders fluttered a little, as she walked into his home. She stopped and looked around, apparently absorbed in the details of the place, her bare arms hanging simply by her sides. Joe turned and shut the door deliberately. It was done. He had netted the prettiest specimen in The Butterfly Suite and from the way his great erection was tightening against the material of his pants, he was all primed to pin her. Care had been required from the moment he left the car to keep the stiffness of his member a secret from his young guest, but it was time to share that secret. He let Mary-Jane wander a little further down the hallway, stood watching as she brushed a curling strand of hair from her cheek. For just a few more exquisite moments he held down the lust that boiled and seethed within him, then he gave himself up to it and moved in on his pretty, heedless young captive.

Mary-Jane took in the clean simplicity of Joe's décor, delighting in the distinctly male ambience of his living space - the dark green carpeting and expanses of white wall, just occasionally broken by a framed print. This was a nice, middle-class dwelling, but one definitely owned by a single man - albeit a man of taste, intelligence and maturity. How privileged she was to get to know him, to have him treat her not as a student, but on a proper adult... Her thoughts were interrupted by the touch of Joe's hand on the bare skin of her shoulder and she turned in smiling response.

He was on her before she knew it. Her host grabbed her by the waist with one hand as she swung

about, and dragged her tight into him. She made to gasp, but his mouth descended and closed on hers before she could utter a sound; he kissed her hard, his other hand cleaving to the back of her head, so that she had no choice but to accept his tongue as it dove into her mouth. It happened so fast, that she offered no resistance as he shoved her against the wall, almost lifting her off her feet as he did so. His body was still crushed against her, his mouth locked on hers with near-carnivorous intent. Her senses were consumed with the spice of his cologne and the sharpness of freshly-drunk whiskey, with his forceful grip on her body and the rude intrusion of his deep-thrusting tongue.
Her body tensed and held back for a mere instant, before relenting and thawing under the heat of his rough embrace; her hands ceased their momentary flailing and wilted by her sides, as her trembling form was squeezed to his strong, athletic frame. The beautiful, charming man, who had rescued her so gallantly from an evening of solitude, who had treated her like such a lady, was pressing his fierce physical attentions on her, as if suddenly possessed by desire for her body. The turnabout filled her with alarm and sudden, unexpected excitement. Her hands slipped around his waist and she let him kiss her as ravenously as he wanted to, her inexperienced tongue responding to the probing explorations of his.

As her feminine slimness melted into his solid bulk, she became fully conscious of his arousal, pressed hard and implacable against her loins. She had felt concealed, male excitement close to her before, but only with a callow teenage boy - not with a grown, experienced man, who so obviously knew how to take what he wanted. The surface of her body felt aflame with sensation; her nipples were tingling, her belly was fluttering madly, in a way that even her late-night touching of herself had not achieved. It terrified her. She wanted to break away and run for the door, and she hoped it would never stop.

How long it was before he broke the kiss, minutes or seconds, she could scarcely have said. When he did, he stared at her for a moment, his face suffused with some emotion the intensity of which she had never seen in her young life. Then he bent down, slipped a hand behind her knees and hoisted her bodily off the floor. She grabbed a startled hand to his shoulder to secure herself and looked at him astonished, as he set off carrying her through the house. It was so obvious what was on the way - she wasn't that naïve. She was like a bride, being carried to her honeymoon bed, only Joe's face registered something very different from wedded bliss. He was as handsome as before, but the genially kind expression she had seen back as the club had been transfigured into...not quite cruelty, but hard, determined lust.

This is it, I'm going to lose my virginity! Mary-Jane felt a surge of panic in her chest, as she was borne the length of the hallway. Joe, this man who she hardly knew, was about to have her on his bed. She had not realised what was expected of her that night, but had apparently been setting herself up for it all evening! She was in the power of a grown man, obviously practised in the ways of sex. Did he even know she was a virgin? Did he assume she knew how to respond to him? She had no notion of

what to do. She was a clumsy, clueless girl, just past her eighteenth birthday - she knew nothing! Her fear was less of imminent ravishment, more of how foolish she would appear in front of this worldly adult male.

He swung her through a doorway and she found herself in the room she had expected, found it already lit in readiness with several lamps... Joe released her suddenly and she tumbled with a little cry on to the bed. She propped herself up, panting and bewildered, on a dark maroon bedspread. The man who had sprung the surprise fixed her with the same heat-charged look as before. 'Take off all your clothes.' There was no anger in his voice, just the absolute, lust-soaked conviction that she would do as she was told. It did not seem to occur to him that she might hesitate, let alone refuse. Her mind reeled, fuzzed as it still was with alcohol. Her innocent sense of romance and the secret, decadent thoughts inspired by her night-time reading had always been separate parts of her life; now in Joe's Jekyll and Hyde transformation they seemed to be colliding crazily. Scared and helpless in the face of her abductor's softly arrogant demand, she climbed meekly from the bed, wobbling a little in her heels as she did so, and began to undress.

Joe leaned casually against the bedroom wall and savoured the moment. His heart was still racing from having jumped Mary-Jane in the hallway. One more night and he could have simply charmed her out of her sweet little panties, that much was obvious, but to go half that journey and then take sudden control of her when her guard was down was vastly more exciting. He had read the little darling well. One second's resistance and she had yielded herself to his lustful assault. Now frightened, overpowered and beneath it all clearly aroused, she was about to prove herself a very good girl, by Christ she was.

He watched in quiet, erectile delight, as she removed her clothing one item at a time. It was the most hesitant striptease he had ever witnessed and that made it all the more delicious. She loosed her shoes first, supporting herself on the bed's footboard, and slipped her exquisite feet out of them, so that she stood a dainty five foot four, or thereabouts, on the carpet. No longer able to meet his eye, she hung her head and began to turn away, as she unfastened her skirt.

'Keep facing me,' he told her with a voice of velvet-edged steel. 'I want to see you as you strip.' She halted and continued removing her skirt, eyes still cast to the floor. The fine material rustled against her skin, as she lowered it down to her ankles and stepped free. Joe's eyes wandered appreciatively over the smooth curves of her legs and that pert, little backside, barely clad in bikini-string, beige panties, as she painstakingly folded the piece of clothing and laid in on a bedside chair. Then she set about what he knew she had put off as long as she could - the removal of the silky top that alone concealed her bosom. She crossed her arms and took hold of the garment at both sides, then in a single move she peeled the top upwards, over her head and free of herself, revealing to him her youthfully curved upper body. Her skin, he could see in the bright lamp-light, had a rich honey tone to

it. Her breasts were high and full, big in relation to her slender, diminutive form, and with delectable, raised nipples, larger than quarters and the colour of plum.

She laid her top over the skirt and continued on, her fingers plucking hesitantly at the sides of her tiny panties. In her near-total exposure she looked up at Joe and froze for the first time. 'Get naked,' he instructed her, adding a touch more rigour to his voice. His cock spasmed, as she pulled the panties away from her hips and stepped out of them, displaying the neatly-trimmed prettiness of her pussy. Joe gazed in quietly lecherous admiration at what he was shortly going to fuck.

Mary-Jane's toes curled and her feet arched involuntarily, as she stood in her naked shame. She felt lonely and utterly vulnerable, with Joe's eyes feasting on her, but in some corner of her mind she hoped nonetheless that he approved of what he saw. He was strolling almost idly towards her, his erection bulging prominently in his pants; slipping off his jacket, tugging his tie free of its knot and casting both garments on to the same chair where Mary-Jane had carefully laid her things. How had she gotten herself into this situation? How had she been so stupid? She did not even know what this man was capable of, whether he might turn into something even more dangerous...

As he drew close, he took hold of her waist with strong hands and hoisted her roughly on to tiptoe, pulling her hard against him, so that she felt the smooth silk of his shirt against her breasts, the solidly-filled crotch of his pants against her lower stomach. He lowered his face to hers and kissed her again, but more sensually than before, his tongue stroking its way subtly into her open mouth. She responded as before in the hall, kissing him in return, flicking her tongue against his. Trying to give him what she felt he wanted. Just for a moment they seemed like lovers in some movie romance.

Joe withdrew his lips from Mary-Jane's and stared at her face; it was still a picture of dizzy apprehension. 'It's okay,' he told her, tracing her high cheek-bone tenderly with his finger. 'You're not going to come to any harm. Later tonight I'll drop you off home and in the morning you'll wake up safely in your own bed.' He added a loving caress to his voice and stroked her head gently. It would be fun to toy with her a little, before putting her to work. 'But right now you're here with me and you're going to make me feel good whatever way I tell you to.' He leaned in and whispered into her delicate ear. 'Nobody knows where you are, M-J. Pammie will be too busy making out with some guy to worry, and your mom and dad will be going to bed, happy to think you're stopping over with your friend. I wonder what your dad would think, if he knew where his little girl really was and what she was about to do...'

He slid his hands down over the warm, downy cheeks of her ass and pulled her tighter to his hard dick. 'You go out dressed so prettily and so sexily, and you have no idea what you do to all the boys who look at you - no idea of what they really want to do to you when they ask you to dance.' He ran his tongue lightly inside her ear, making her gasp and tense her stomach. 'Well tonight I'm going to

show you. I'm going to show you it all.' He released his hold on her and looked her full in the face once more, with an expression as serious as death. 'Get down on your knees.'

Mary-Jane complied instantly; either he had taken possession of her will, or she simply knew that if she held back, he would force her anyway. His words had calmed, then terrified her; just what was he going to make her do? But she had read the most explicit passages in The Violation of Violet so many times, remembered so vividly all Violet had been forced to perform, that perhaps she already knew the answer. She certainly knew why she was dropping to the carpet, kneeling before the straining zipper of his pants, waiting like an obedient hand-maiden for further instruction, as he stroked her hair.

'Take my cock out of my trousers.' There was relish in the way he said it, and perhaps a touch of enjoyment that he knew she would do it without question. She took hold of his belt buckle and pulled the strap aside to unhook it, her heart drumming in her chest at the thought of what she was about to uncover. She had read descriptions in her book, had seen sketches in science text books, but for the first time was to be confronted with the genuine article. Fear might have held her back, but necessity and, yes, an undeniable, pussy-tingling curiosity spurred her forward. She fumbled with the clasp on his pants for a moment before freeing it, then she tugged the zipper all the way down, feeling its resistance to the seemingly powerful organ that pressed against it from within. It felt like she were freeing some awesome beast from its pent-up confines. Holding her breath, she pulled the pants clear of Joe's hips.

The shape and impressive size of his manhood was more apparent under his shorts, taut as it was against the tight cotton material. She stared at how the length and thickness were emphasized by the restricting fabric, how the great bulge at the top tried to push its way through to freedom. Her fingers tugged tentatively at the elastic waistband; she did not know whether to peel them away slowly, revealing a little at a time, or just to tear them off and see what confronted her at a shot. Joe's breathing was heavy with anticipation, as if urging her to get on with it, yet she could not quite bring herself finally to expose him. 'Come on M-J, we both know you want to have a good look. Just do it.' She gripped the waistband, held her breath and yanked the shorts briskly downwards.

Joe's cock seemed to leap out at her aggressively - the word 'penis' was too clinical to describe so fearsome a thing, this was most certainly a 'cock' - then it swayed upright before her astonished gaze. It was like some uniquely male architectural wonder - a dense, flesh construction, with a great domed head, that towered upwards from the dark hair curled around its base and pointed towards the ceiling, terrifying and magnificent. Mary-Jane let out a gasp of fearful wonder and reached out to touch it, as was surely expected of her. It twitched visibly when her fingers brushed its surface, as if it had a life of its own. She nearly jumped, felt an instinctive urge to shy away from it, yet something in her still marvelled at its strange, masculine beauty.

'Now put your mouth to it.' Joe's voice was husky and constrained. She had been expecting the command and brought her lips dutifully to the cock's swollen mushroom-head. The sensation, as it slipped into her mouth, was bizarre; it was velvety, yet utterly hard and pulsing with warm life. She was unsure of what to do next, but Joe stroked her face and let her know. 'Run your tongue over the head.' She withdrew a moment, to work up some saliva in her dry mouth, then she took hold of the iron shaft and circled her newly wet tongue over the surface of the glans - that was the word her book had used - working back and forth several times with the same motion. Joe uttered a little groan of approval. 'Now lick just under the head - right here...' He relocated himself with his hand, so that Mary-Jane could dig in the tip of her tongue just below the engorged hood. 'That's right, now flick your tongue there, fast...' She applied a rapid back and forth flicking motion, one that had the desired effect; an ecstasy seemed to thrill his whole body. 'Oh God yes - fuck, that's nice. Keep going...'

It was obvious Joe knew just what he wanted - had learnt from experience exactly what made him feel good. She followed each direction with anxious diligence, hoping it would go better for her if she made a good impression, hoping she would satisfy him. Sliding a saliva-trail down the broad, thickly-veined underside of his shaft, lapping underneath his inflated balls, searching out that tender flesh-highway linking his tight sac to his asshole - it was a close-up, scarily instructive introduction to the erect male organ and how it might best be orally stimulated. Joe muttered his quietly intense appreciation each time she hit the spot: 'That's good, keep it there, just like that...' She could hear the breath rushing from his lips, as if he were controlling the waves of pleasure that rolled over him. 'Okay.' He lifted her head with the palm of one hand. 'Now suck me.' She wrapped her mouth once more around that great bulbous head, the size and colour of a ripening plum, and began to suck on his cock. If she had thought it could not get any harder, she was proved wrong; she could feel it swelling, galvanizing on her tongue, becoming big with potency. A salty flavour was there on her taste buds, from what she knew had leaked from its eye. She felt appalled and amazed by what she was being made to do.

In his excitement Joe began stripping off his shirt, feeling that sudden, urgent need to be naked. He tossed the garment aside and returned both hands to the back of Mary-Jane's busy head, cradled it gently as she worked on him. 'Oh fuck, that feels so good. Get the shaft wet - go on, suck the shaft, use your tongue...' He felt her take more of him inside her, slide her lips down his rigid column, bathe him in the juices of her mouth. 'That's my good girl, keep sucking my cock, that feels real nice...'

He'd had so many more-experienced mouths go down on him, mouths with well-honed technique. But there was a very special joy, he thought, in teaching a frightened little virgin how to suck dick. So his life had been short on breaks recently - fuck all that. Alone with pretty, naked young M-J, using his erect prick to train up her hot, succulent mouth, life was sweet again - and soon to get much sweeter. It was almost time to fire off shot number one and he knew just where it was going. 'Look at me,' he

ordered, his arousal increasing at the very thought of what was next. She stared up at him with startled, dark blue eyes, her mouth full with his cock. 'Keep sucking, that's it - suck harder, use your mouth...' She kept her eyes fastened on his and intensified her rhythmic sucking on the foremost few stiff inches. Ardent lust flared inside him with the increased suction and he tightened his grip on her head, causing her eyes to widen in surprise.

'Alright M-J... Now I'm going to fuck your pretty face.'

Mary-Jane hadn't any time to take in his meaning, before he pulled on the back of her head, bearing her down on to the full length of his cock. It filled her whole mouth and she thought for a moment she would wretch, as its thick solidity glided over the back of her tongue. The massive dick kept going, however, its full length squelching down into her very throat, packing it with its solid mass. Her lips stretched in a giant O around the thick base of Joe's shaft; his pubic hair was tickling her nose and her chin was pressed right up against his scrotum. Only her pointlessly flapping hands could express the alarm she felt at having her face and throat crammed so completely with his hard maleness.

'Breath through your nose,' he told her in a calm, though constricted voice. 'Go on, let's see you breath through your nose...' He held her there for some seconds and she managed to relax herself enough to draw in air under the duress of this huge foreign body, plunged beyond the root of her tongue. 'That's good, keep that up,' he said, approvingly. 'Okay...' There was serious intent in the final word that she didn't understand, until he firmed up his grip once more and began to slide his cock in and out of the tight channel of her gullet. He was moving his whole body now, his breath growing ragged and catching in the back of his own throat, as he started to actively pump himself into her gaping oral cavity.

'Oh fuck yes, that's it...' Joe was muttering to himself again. 'Fuck that throat...' Then he paused a moment, holding her fast to his stomach, while she sucked air through her nose and attempted not to swallow with her throat so full. She felt the pins being plucked out of her hair, so that her curls tumbled freely down her back. He had obviously deposited them somewhere, for he used a free hand to gather up the tresses into a single thick strand, which he grasped tight to her scalp. Clutching her tightly by the hair, he drew his cock backwards out of her throat and plunged it back in again to the balls. Then he set about the same move repeatedly.

Mary-Jane was staggered by the crazed oral assault. He was ploughing her tight airway like - like it was a vagina! Fucking her face! Sometimes he would pull out completely and she would gasp for air, as his dick bounced, hard and dripping, before her gaze. Then he would slot it back in again and resume the reckless pounding of her throat, grunting heatedly all the while. Her face slapped into his belly each time his cock-head drove deep towards her trachea and she suddenly knew he would not be turning back from this. She knew what happened to the men in her book when they got this

excited.

'Oh God, oh shit M-J, I'm going to come down your throat...' Well she had got that one right. 'Oh God, oh God, oh Gggoddd...' He pulled her face flat against his stomach in what sounded like a moment of pure lustful ecstasy. Fresh, hot seed gushed profusely down her gullet. She could trace the burning sensation it made in her oesophagus, as it rivered towards her belly.

Joe emptied shot on shot of cum into Mary-Jane, crushing her lovely face to his stomach as he did so, his jetting cock-head stuffed gloriously far down her throat. To treat such a sweet girl so selfishly, with such total disregard for anything other than his own pleasure - well life just didn't get any better, did it? The last of the orgasm rippled through him and his coital snarl eased into a satisfied smile. It was one of more than just sexual release, although following the initial draining of his balls that was considerable; it was the knowledge that he could reload so quickly. His sexually recuperative abilities had taken his female conquests by storm over a twenty year period and in his latter thirties they showed little sign of abating. A talent he had seemingly been born with, it had proved a curse during lengthy working days or in heavy traffic, but on a night such as this it was a beautiful gift. How surprised his young guest would be, when he moved on to her next target without pause.

He eased his grip on her head, but kept her there for a moment, his passive organ still taking up serious space in her mouth. 'Lick me clean,' he ordered softly, letting her go.

Mary-Jane emptied her mouth with relief, her throat still hot from the sticky stream that had cascaded down it. She ran her tongue around the spermy head of Joe's still bobbing cock; the taste was of corn-flour, she thought distractedly. 'Suck me some more.' She did, guzzling intently on the bulged end and extracting a few more drops of cum. But the penis did not turn slack as she had expected. It had lost the merest edge of hardness after its ejaculation, but had retained virtually all its size, and as she sucked, it swelled fully erect once more, reasserted itself, as if primed to pump her throat all over again.

Then she felt herself prised off him, so that his member bounced gently before her. He raised her to her feet and cupped her face in his hands, kissing her softly on the forehead. 'Good girl,' he said. 'You're a quick learner.' He breathed deeply and stared meaningfully into her eyes. 'And now Mary-Jane - now I'm going to fuck you properly.'

TO BE CONTINUED...

ALL FEEDBACK APPRECIATED