Heart-Shaped Headfuck

By Jaymal

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Sammy leads Shane on a sexy Valentine treasure-hunt.

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"She walked into the room in a Santa suit and I could tell she was trouble..."

from *Yuletide Mindfuck*

Shane Houston finished his shift at 1pm on February 14 th and left work with a spring in his step. He even blew a kiss to the check-out girl as he stepped out the door.

There were several reasons for his lightness of mood. His new first-floor manager's job at the 86 th Street branch of *Barnes and Noble* was one. What a splendid fluke that had been. Intently discussing the American crime novel with a staff member while making a purchase just after New Year, the possibility of employment had sprung from nowhere. *You'd be a real asset here with your background knowledge.* You think? Any jobs going? *Well as it happens...* He had above average computer skills and an approachable air and he knew his Dashiell Hammett from his Raymond Chandler. Before he knew it, he'd been plucked from the drudgery of his video store clerk's job and transplanted somewhere that made him feel good about himself.

His creative writing evening-class was going well too. The tutor had praised him roundly for the freshness and vigour of his assignments in the new term and his most recent had drawn an ovation from his fellow-students. Now *Smoking Gun* magazine was showing serious interest in one of his short stories. He had even felt inspired to start penning a secret piece of fiction for the eyes of one reader only. It was a 1940s gumshoe parody with himself in the Sam Spade role. The further he got into it the more overt was its eroticism, but that was no surprise. The lissom, blonde 'dame' of the piece was firmly based on Sammy after all.

Ahhh, Sammy. Well wasn't she the reason behind *all* his good luck? She had strolled into his life on Christmas Eve and made him believe that the good stuff could happen to *him*. That jobs were there for the asking, that publishers might actually notice he could write. Hell, she had even made him feel mushy about today's date. Here was a Valentine's Day which he didn't resist by railing inwardly

against the card companies' cynical peddling of sentiment in the name of Capitalist gain, those money-grubbing bastards. No, here was a Valentine's where giddy waves of excitement were emanating outwards from his stomach to his extremities, making him feel like a school kid. Where he was promised an evening with that elusive, magical 'special person'. Where he would get seriously, unequivocally laid. Hoo-fucking-ray.

There was a big dumb grin all over his face and he knew it, as he set off for the subway, hands plunged into the pockets of his greatcoat in protection against the sharp February air. Who would have believed that a workplace blowjob from a random girl at Christmas could lead to a legitimate dating scenario? (Who would have believed in the workplace blowjob to start with, for Christ's sake?) But two days after Christmas he had actually taken her out - to a sushi restaurant as it happened, her selection from his suggested options. Possibly so she could have a giggle when he OD'ed on wasabi and struggled not to blow snot out of both nostrils. But Japanese condiment-related mishaps notwithstanding, here he was, going steady with the gorgeousness that was Sammy Lasalle and finalising his preparations for a beautiful Valentine's night in - a full-on, irony-free embracing of every last clichéd tradition.

A twenty minute trip on the Green Line brought him to Broadway-Lafayette, where he emerged into the cold sunlight to seek out his finishing touches. Chocolates he bought from *Roni Sue* in Essex Street Market - dark Belgian truffles and lots of them. The pre-ordered roses he picked up from *Clinton* en route to his apartment - big fat velvety ones in a deep reddish-purple, full compliment of twelve. Significance of that number? He realised he didn't actually know. But if that's what tradition dictated as a symbol of affection, who was he to fly in its face? He rushed the rest of the way to his new place to get the blooms out of the biting cold and into water.

Shane's modest fourth floor rental, just a turn of Delancey, was humble but clean. The old high school friend with whom he had recently begun sharing had generously agreed to absent himself that day, which freed him up, as he bustled through the door, to carry out a quick V-day make-over. Romantic jazz was ready in the stereo. There were the huge church candles he had bought online and a bag of rose petals separate from the newly-bought bouquet to scatter festively about the place. His lasagne, the one dish he had perfected during his errant student days, was ready-made and waiting in the tiny kitchenette's tiny fridge. The Moet and Chandon was there too - Moet and Chandon for Christ's sake, his credit card *knew* he liked this girl - and the ice-maker had been doing its thing in preparation for the ice bucket he had especially purchased. All of which made the discovery on the living-room coffee table more irritating.

It was an innocuous-looking red envelope to be sure, with the words *Open Me Now* written on the front in silver pen. The card inside raised his smile with its photograph of four disordered feet sticking out from under a duvet. So did the sheet of vellum which fell out of the card, on which was a pencil

sketch of his lovely girlfriend idly brushing her hair while wearing not a stitch of clothing. He guessed it had been drawn by Vanessa, Sammy's best friend and a graduate from the *New York Academy of Art*. The thought of Vanessa so perfectly capturing Sammy's lithe curvaceousness over a protracted sitting for his benefit was wonderfully exciting. God, he had enough trouble as it was meeting Vanessa's eye, following the role the girl had played in bringing him and Sammy together, and he tried not to dwell on the artist. It was enough that the subject of the portrait had bestowed on him such an exquisitely sexy gift.

He went back to the card. The silver-inscribed rubric within turned his smile to a frown of consternation. *Want to get in a tangle? Ask for me at Park Central Hotel. 870, 7 th Avenue at 56 th . I'm waiting. Kiss.*

Ehhh - not the plan. Dinner at his, hadn't he been clear on that? Of *course* he had, they'd agreed. Okay. Generally 'capricious' was good. He *liked* 'capricious'. 'Capricious' had brought him and Sammy together for crying out loud. But Jesus, there were limits. Let herself into the apartment, drop off a card and rearrange the whole evening? This was the Valentine's date he'd been subconsciously planning for years. And she'd just jettisoned the whole thing. Damn the girl! What, his living quarters suddenly weren't sufficient for a romantic interlude?

He stood for a few minutes, then he stomped around the limited space of his apartment checking out all his preparations. Then he stood a while longer. Then he sat down on his black leather make-out sofa and brooded some. He took out his cellphone and called Sammy's number. It rang six times and went to voicemail. He was too angry to leave a message. Finally he took the mini backpack he used for class, shoved the champagne bottle irritably inside it, grabbed the roses and stormed out. *Okay - you want to blow your money on a hotel room, that's just fine. But maybe tell me about it first?* The elevator was not working any more than it had been when he arrived home, only this time the fact caused him annoyance. Was Sammy generally this inconsiderate and he just hadn't noticed it? Quietly fuming he left the building and headed back to the subway.

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Across the street a blonde girl and a redhead sat in a car, watching him go.

'Well, he looks *reallllllly* pissed,' observed the latter, matter-of-factly.

'Yeah, he does,' admitted the blonde. 'But there's no going back now. And 'pissed' is kinda the point.'

Red shook her head. 'God, girl, I've trained you much too well in the ways of mindfuckery. I've created a monster.'

'Yes, but at least it's a pretty blonde monster with the use of her eyelashes.' Blondie gave her friend a demonstrative flutter. 'He'll forgive me, you'll see.'

'Which is more than I will, Sammy, if you ever enlist my help with anything like this again.'

'Oh Vee, admit it - you've loved every minute.'

'The sketching, yes. The subterfuge, maybe. The digging in sub-zero temperatures, most definitely not. My hands are still chapped. You totally owe me.'

'I do *not*!' Blondie protested. 'I told you - you get the bigger room from now on.'

'Starting right away?' inquired Red, raising a hopeful eyebrow. 'I could do with more bedroom space in case things get - athletic tonight.'

'Oooh, that's right. Your big Canadian's coming over to give you a special Valentine,' Blondie grinned deliciously. 'Lumberjack Dave's gonna topple you before you get to wish him a Happy One. *Timber!!!*'

'He's in TV production,' Red said archly. 'But - yes, you're right about the rest.' And she smiled at the thought. 'Looks like *your* boy's been hitting the gym since he met you.' She watched Shane's retreating figure. 'I think he's got it bad. Okay, he's far enough away. You ready to do this thing?'

'Think so. Let's see. Outfit - check. Camera - check. Lipstick - check. We're good.'

'Lipstick?'

'Oh, didn't I tell you that part?' She told her.

Red rolled her eyes to the heavens. 'Jesus, Sam, the things I do for friendship.'

'You get the room *right* away, Vanessa, I promise.'

'Well I suppose that's more than fair.' Vanessa paused to look at Sammy before they left her car. 'You do realise you're going to drive that poor boy crazy.'

Sammy smiled her sweetest. 'Well a girl can only hope.'

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Shane was frustrated, as he renewed his subway commute, but ultimately not surprised. It wasn't as though Sammy hadn't teased him before. That had begun on the wasabi date. After the sushi rolls they had retired to the Lower East Side apartment Sammy shared with Vanessa, just a half-mile from his own new living space, to let the simmering eroticism of the evening boil over into furious lip-lock and urgent delving beneath each other's clothes. The nature of their first encounter had sped up the whole courting process, it seemed; Shane had peeled Sammy's curve-clinging red dress from her body and was in the process of removing her sheer lace panties when she restrained his ardour with a firm finger to the chest.

'Slow down, buster,' she had said, blue eyes a-twinkle. 'What sort of girl do you think I am? Just 'cos I blew you first time we met... You don't get inside those till next year!'

He hadn't either. She had teased his cock very literally - with her fingers, her tongue-tip, one hard nipple or the other, the oiled-up cleft of her tight, round bottom - for five more days. She had even imposed a 'no-climax rule' on the final two. 'And no sneaky jerk sessions while you're alone. I'll know.'

New Year's Eve they had stayed in and played long and slow on a spread-out sheet with the massage oils he had bought her for a late Christmas present. 'Something we can *both* enjoy, how clever.' The build-up to the Times Square ball-drop had been playing out on the TV screen behind them. She had taunted his unrelieved erection mercilessly with her slicked-up body that night. At one point he had hovered above her, his straining tip pressed full against her panty-crotch, a sheath of thin, sodden lace all that prevented the union of their sexes. Five minutes to twelve and she had slithered the garment off her legs but still made him wait. 'Not yet baby, not yet. C'mon, just kiss me...' At final countdown he had been poised once more, staring into her flushed, panting face beneath him. *Five, four, three...* And on the stroke of Midnight he had delivered his very first stroke into her.

'Ohhhh Shane, Shane baby... Happy *fucking* New Year...'

The memory had him bone-hard by the time he arrived in Grand Central Station for the hotel. He shuffled out of the train using the roses to shield his bulged crotch from view, several of the blooms getting bruised through collision with other commuters in the process. His anger was dissipating nonetheless as he walked the four blocks to the Park Avenue. How could it not as he recalled the most fabulous opening to any year in his life? Six weeks of fucking, flirting, laughing, sharing passions late into the night... He had even been persuaded to share some of his writings with her; she had been apparently mesmerised. And *she* had spoken French to him...the actual language.

'You're a French grad?' His reaction had been a little too taken-aback.

'Who's gone on to take French and Business in grad school,' she had ticked him off with mock-haughtiness. 'Pretty blonde stranger in a Santa suit sucks you off and you just assume she's a dimwit? *Very* lazy stereotyping if I may say so.' And she had smacked his wrist and kissed him.

With this endearing memory he passed under the blue awning into the hotel lobby. Well, he thought, staring at the brightly-lit opulence around him, if you were going to make a last-minute change of venue for a date, if might as well be somewhere fabulous. A dark-haired girl with clipped-back hair and a professional air greeted him at reception. 'How can I help you, Sir?'

'Have you a room booked under Samantha Lasalle?' She made a few clicks at her computer and reported back in the negative. 'Ehhh...' Shane tried to pretend he knew what was going on. 'Okay, it must be under Shane Houston.' It wasn't. He looked at her, perplexed, and she returned a sympathetic glance. 'Hang on a second.' He turned aside and tried Sammy on his cellphone again. She was still not answering. He went back to the receptionist. 'Look - are you sure there's...'

'Actually,' she said, her calm professionalism melting into a knowing smile, 'I *think* the person you're looking for is in the Silverleaf Tavern, just across the lobby.' She indicated the direction.

Shane smiled back in relief. 'So she's got you playing with me as well now. Thanks.' With renewed purpose he brandished his bouquet and headed to the tavern for his Valentine's tryst.

The sumptuous, moodily-lit space had a few patrons seated about, but he found her alone at the bar, back turned to him. Her strawberry-blonde hair was draped artfully about one shoulder and she was wearing the same red dress, plunging to the smooth curve of her lower back, as on that first official date. Ohhh yes - she had on the hold-up stockings as well. Fabulous. One hand propped her chin and there was a tall glass in the other - most likely containing her favourite Long Island Iced Tea. And she was wearing dark glasses, to ward off any preying Valentine barflies, he thought.

Shane found that his heart still jumped at the sight of her. Naughty little game-player... He grinned, strode up to her and, dropping the backpack, linked his arm around her waist from behind. The barman was turned away, so he brazenly grabbed one breast thought the velvet material and clamped his lips to her neck, setting his flowers on the bar so as to embrace her fully. 'You are a *very* bad girl...'

Something about her body-shape clued him in first. He had got to know Sammy's physical layout fairly well over a month and a half and this just didn't quite feel the same. The way the girl flinched in horror and broke away confirmed the suspicion of that first split-second, along with the speed with which she wheeled around in her chair and whipped off the glasses. Her general outline and accessories were Sammy-esque, of that there was no doubt, but she was - well - Korean. And

outraged.

'Find yourself some other bad girl, you fucking pervert!' She flung the Iced Tea around him. It splashed extravagantly, soaking his face and neck.

Shane stood spluttering wetly, hands outstretched in astonished pacification. 'I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I thought you were someone else. I was told they'd be...'

'Get the fuck away from me or I'm calling the cops!' She was standing in front of him, same height as Sammy, with dyed-blonde hair - or was it a wig? - and a face incandescent with fury. 'Go grope somebody else's tits!' The barman had turned to see if muscle was required in the situation. All the other denizens of the bar were staring at him.

He grabbed the flowers and the pack and backed off, still beseeching tolerance. 'Sorry, my girlfriend was supposed to be here, you two look... Okay, okay, I'll go.' He made for the exit as fast as he could, dripping all the way, but bizarrely she called after him before he could complete his escape.

'Hey, you, come back here!' He swung around and saw to his confusion that she was approaching him, thrusting a folded paper napkin in his face. 'Take this, clean yourself up, you're a fucking mess!'

He took the napkin robotically, staring in bemusement as he did. Her expression seemed expectant, so he opened it to pat his face dry, only to see the message that was inked there. He stared back at her, but she shrugged, grabbed her purse and made to leave. 'Hey - what -?'

'Read the napkin,' she told him brusquely, but as she walked out past him he was sure there was a hint of amusement on her lips. He walked dazedly into the lobby, picking a lump of ice from his shirt, and briefly glanced over to the receptionist. She caught his eye and looked away, as though trying not to smirk. He considered approaching her, but suddenly felt so conspired- against that he decided otherwise. Instead he hurried outside onto the street and properly checked the words on the napkin.

Having fun yet baby? Go back to Barnes - and pick up a copy of 'Spank You Kindly' - the section should be obvious. Don't you think Chan-sook and I could be sisters?

'Funny,' Shane said aloud, his heart rate slowing, but a sense of inevitability growing there too. 'Alright, let's just do this thing. Whatever you want, babe.'

He wrapped his coat tighter around him as he bustled uptown to the workplace he had left not two hours ago. Fuck the subway. Wrapping his greatcoat around him to protect his saturated shirt against the increased chill, he bustled the full twenty blocks, clutching the battered roses tenaciously. Full of

surprises was his new girlfriend, Christmas Eve should have told him that. As should various other occasions in her company.

Like that cinema visit shortly after New Year, where the 3-D science-fiction extravaganza on screen had proved a secondary attraction to the oral attentions she had provided. Those nimble fingers pattering about the crotch of his jeans as they lay back in one of the plush double-seats reserved for couples. Teasing him to a thundering harness before deftly unzipping him and plucking his rigid length free of his clothing. That blonde head descending, still wearing the damn 3-D glasses, as he stared in transfixed amazement *not* at the screen. That hot juicy mouth gobbling him up so that his jaw dropped. Christ, did this girl *always* go down in public? Several minutes' worth of outrageous soft-sucking bliss around his hard shaft until a female attendant had tapped Sammy on the shoulder. His girl had raised her head inquiringly, while Shane attempted to conceal his huge erection.

'You try that again and I'll report you,' the usherette had scolded in a hiss. 'There are children in this theatre, you ought to be ashamed.'

'Oh come on, like you weren't checking him out,' Sammy had replied in a gleeful whisper, patting her boyfriend's rezipped crotch. 'It doesn't get much more 3-D than that big-boy, now does it?'

The manager had been called and they had been asked to leave. Shane still didn't know what happened at the end of the movie.

'Hey Valentino, I thought you were off getting loved-up!' grinned Dana the grungy high-schooler on check-out, as he re-entered *Barnes and Noble*.

'Yeah,' he said dismissively, wondering if she were in on this little set-up as well. 'Getting there.' As discreetly as possible he checked through Erotica - it was nestled in-between Crime and Women's Fiction - but the book was not to be found. What if someone else had bought it? But no - Sammy would never be that sloppy in her thinking. That pretty ingénue's face concealed a scarily sharp mind. He went to customer inquiries where Erin, his somewhat po-faced forty-something colleague was on duty. 'Erin - was there a book reserved for me by any chance? By - anyone? Called - ehh - ' He hoped the inner cringe did not register on his face. '*Spank You Kindly*?'

'I'll check,' she said, after a discernable beat. She delved amongst the shelves below the counter and returned with a slim paperback. Its cover was graced with a pert feminine ass stretched across the lap of a tuxedoed gentleman, rose petals crushed about the bared butt-flesh to make it all look tasteful. 'There you are. Pre-paid.'

'Thanks. Ehhh - that's great.' He turned away relieved that he did not have to spend further time

rummaging in his wallet, but suddenly remembered he was on a quest. 'Hang on - I just need to check for something...' Erin looked at him curiously as he set down his floral burden and flipped through his gift. The inscription was, as he'd expected, on the inside cover. He hadn't expected it to be in French.

Posez ton main virile ferme sur mon cul tendre d'attente mon amour et faites le bruler.

Damn her. She knew he'd dropped French at the end of eighth grade. She'd provided some coaching, certainly, but insufficient for this. 'Erin -' Could *she* be a part of all this? Genuine paranoia was setting in now. 'You don't know any French, do you? There's something here I need translated. Kind of urgently.'

'O-kay,' his pony-tailed, bespectacled colleague said curiously. 'Mine's a bit rusty. I think Bernice might be a surer bet. Wait here. I think she's in the stock room...' She returned a couple of minutes later with Bernice, a larger lady with a cheerful attitude and an abiding fondness for Shane. This afternoon he could scarcely look her in the eye.

'Hey handsome,' she smiled, eyes glinting cheekily, 'someone left you a message in the language of love? Let me check it out.' Shane spread the book wide so Bernice couldn't see the gaudily indecent cover. She inspected closely and stared at him a moment. 'And you - want this translated right now?'

'Ehh - yyyyes, if you could...?' He suspected something was amiss.

'Well,' said Bernice, as though trying to suppress some strong emotion, 'roughly - I'd translate it as... You ready for this?' She enunciated as might an elocution teacher: "Put your strong, firm hand on my tender waiting ass, my love, and make it burn". Yes, definitely. That's it.' Her eyes flicked up to Shane. 'That mean anything to you, honey?' She asked it with an utterly straight face.

Shane spent a moment in quiet, mortified contemplation before his two colleagues. Bernice and Erin, he noticed, were studiously avoiding each other's gaze. 'And - that's the whole thing?'

'The *whole* thing,' said Bernice frankly. 'Oh, have you checked the back inside cover?' Shane glanced up at her suspiciously, but she had assumed a look of supreme innocence.

'No, not yet.' He searched and found a second message. *While you're here pick up your copy of 'The Reluctant Gardener'. Don't miss the free gift! Then take it to our Special Tree in Central Park.*

Shane turned back to his two associates. He was sure by now they were both - yes, Erin too - stifling advanced amusement. 'You couldn't check to see if there's a copy of *The Reluctant Gardener* waiting

for me too?'

'Well whadda ya know?' said Bernice, when Erin produced the required item from the same place as the spanking novel.

The free gift was a small garden trowel. Shane resisted the compulsion to thump his head against the counter and smiled ruefully instead. He considered asking how much they knew about whoever had ordered the gifts, but figured he would not get very far. 'Thanks girls, you've been very helpful. See you later...'

'You look like you're having a fun day,' quipped Erin as he turned to leave. She didn't even crack a smile.

'Happy Valentine's!' Bernice called cheerily after him. 'You've got quite a gal there!' Several other members of staff, check-out girl included, were joining in the laughter.

Their *Special Tree.* There was only one in all of Central Park's eight hundred and forty-three acres to which *that* could refer and to there he went with his roses, and with the novel and the trowel stowed alongside the champagne. Past the Guggenheim, into the Park east of the Reservoir, then fifteen blocks south, hardly noticing any of the place's furled winter beauty on his furious, laden-down trek. The seasonal cold was biting now, but daylight thankfully was still sufficient for what he had to do. *Had* to do? Who *said* he had to? His clearly demented girlfriend? Sammy's hilarious treasure hunt was losing what crazy appeal it had begun with. But yes, of course he had to know what was buried at that freaking tree.

Twenty minutes' hard walking and he arrived at Cherry Hill, his breath smoking. There were hundreds - *hundreds* - of cherry trees surrounding the summit, but she'd known he would remember. They had walked the same route less than a month previously, snow still on the ground, wrapped in winter layers which had failed to distract from how fucking hot they were for each other. Then they had strolled past Bethesda Fountain, had sauntered off the path with the lined-up carriage-horses watching them and snorting, just like they watched Shane now. Across the grass to explore *this* particular cherry grove, Sammy teasing him all the way. 'Sooooo cold baby, I need you to warm me up the way you do. You know, stoke my furnace...'

And they had ended up making out against - against *that* tree. Okay, he could have mistaken it for one either side, had it not been for the red ribbon tied around the base of the trunk. *Demented. This whole thing is fucking demented.* He searched around the tree nonetheless and noticed a stick planted in the ground and adorned with the same colour of ribbon. It had been jammed down into freshly-dug earth. Freshly-dug, but packed hard again, stamped down with a vengeance. Checking

that no passers-by were watching, he dropped to his knees, lay down the increasingly frost-bitten flowers and produced the trowel from his pack.

This was meant to be fun, right? This was a dig for treasure, a literal one - the 'dig' part at any rate. And he did want to know what was worth fucking up his perfectly acceptable plan for a Valentine's celebration. So he raised his hand and stabbed down hard with the little painted trowel.

It jammed against the ground, making virtually no impact. The tip dented slightly. Shane swore and shook out his jarred hand. He gritted his teeth and tried again. The blade rasped against the dirt, breaking off a thin crust. He went at it harder in repeated shallow scoops, eyes flicking about for suspicious park wardens all the while. Mind you they hadn't been terribly vigilant on that day in early January. They hadn't seemed to notice him pushing Sammy up against this very tree, kissing her cold lips heatedly, orally transferring to her all the glowing warmth of his desire and feeling the grinding response of her pelvis against his, their picturesque winter stroll having turned unexpectedly combustible.

'God, you've got me all wet, baby,' she had breathed cloudily, and in the heat of that January moment he had flipped off a glove and tested out her revelation. His hand had slid up her skirt and back down beneath two layers of thermal tights plus panties to discover the marshland between her thighs. His trowel ground into the compacted dirt and he scooped and scraped and dug into earth as resistant as Sammy's sweet cunt had been wet and yielding. His middle finger had been swallowed up easily into her silky warmth, the pads of his palm gently crushing against the fully-blossomed hardness of her clitoris as she ground into him.

'Ohh baby, that's so fucking naughty, you bad *bad* boy. Oh God don't stop, don't stop...' Writhing and giggling and biting his ear. '*Baise-moi, baise moi avec vos doigts, mon beau cheri*.' He'd still no idea as he shovelled hard what the hell she'd been saying, but it had sounded so beautiful, so sexy-dirty, as she ground herself into his slickened palm and took his wriggling finger as deep as he could thrust it. '*Ohh baise-moi, baise-moi* - fuck me, fuck me...' *Fucking* hell, how deep had she buried this damn - freaking - whatever it was? 'Baby - baby - gonna come - gonna come -' Right in his ear he could hear her like she were there again as he drove that fucking shovel deep, deep, deep into the earth like he'd burrowed his fucking finger into her...

Thump. 'Ow! Damn! Shit!' The blade hit hard against something solid. Solid and wooden, he was sure, though sealed in plastic. He scraped around the object, managing to outline a rectangular surface. Then he dug some more, a lot more, till he could lever out his find from its earthen resting place. His heart was pounding and he was bulging in his jeans from the memory of that recent afternoon at this very spot.

Swiftly he tore open the zip-lock covering. From it he slid a carved pine box - it might have been a jewellery box. Heart continuing to race, from more than physical exertion, he prised it open. The inside was crammed with cotton wool. He searched amongst the stuff and his fingers found something - solid, hard, metallic - which he plucked out. A silver pocket tape recorder lying neatly in his palm. Okay, it had got to him. If not before, certainly now. The sheer artfulness of it all. He hesitated, savouring the thrill of the moment, then pressed Play.

'Hey baby...' He clicked it off the instant he heard the warm, drawn-out sultriness in Sammy's voice and looked about. From fifty yards one of the carriage drivers was scrutinizing him curiously, but that was it. He resumed listening and grew quietly enthralled by the breathy teasing of his girl's recorded voice. '...You all warmed up from your digging? I'm waiting patiently for you to find me. And you know I find it so difficult to be patient for *you*. Remember at your folks' place? I tried so hard, I behaved myself all that evening. I was such a good girlfriend, so appropriate...'

Well almost. Shane had a marginally different memory of the evening and it all flashed instantly into his mind. It had been not two weeks previous when Sammy had gone upstate with him for his dad's fiftieth birthday dinner. He'd been delighted she had agreed, and of course *how* his devoutly Presbyterian parents had loved his polite, sweet-natured guest. Her playtime had begun at dinner and had strolled an excruciatingly fine line.

'So, how did you and Shane meet?' It was Mom who had broached the dread subject.

'It was so lovely,' Sammy had responded sweetly, batting her lashes his direction. 'He was working in his movie rental store Christmas Eve and not looking very festive at all, poor love, and I came in from *my* part-time job in a Santa suit... Can you imagine?' She had drawn both parents into a shared smile. 'So we got chatting and I could tell right away he was a sweet guy, and not at *all* bad looking' (giggle) '- he gets it from you Mr Houston.' Laughs all round, she had said it with such a complete lack of guile. 'And I just wanted to cheer him up, put a smile on his face for Christmas, isn't that right Shane?' She had laughed, her dainty chin perched on her steepled fingers, and looked at him with doe-eyed adoration.

'Yeah,' Shane had responded, a prickling sensation around his hairline while he fumbled his hold on the mashed potatoes. 'She was - ehhh - charming, quite charming.'

'So I just kinda stuck around, and we got acquainted, right? He told me later I blew away all his cobwebs.'

'You were happier Christmas Day than I'd seen you in a while,' Dad had ventured, jauntily, glancing over at Sammy. 'And now I know why.'

'I'm glad I make you happy,' she had told Shane winsomely, then snaked her tongue over her upper lip when only he was looking.

Over dish-washing Mom had whispered to him, 'She's a sweetheart. You want to hold on to that one.'

The President of the local Presbyterian Women's Association might have changed her mind had she seen what went on next door to her bedroom hours later. It was this memory which was being revived in Shane's mind via the medium of tape-recording.

'...Until later that night, of course. You couldn't quite believe me tiptoeing from the guest bedroom and creeping into yours, could you? Couldn't quite bring yourself to send me away either, not when I turned on your table lamp and you saw me in my thigh-skimming - pink - silk - nightie. With my nipples standing out so hard against the silk. And when I pulled away the covers and crouched over you in reverse to peel off your shorts, you could see I was wearing *nothing* underneath. Your Mom and Dad just feet away in the next room, but you still let me brush my naked ass back and forth all over your beautiful stiffening cock, before I swung around and fitted you inside myself and then slid my tight - wet - pussy all the way down onto your big - thick - shaft and then began to ride so *ffffucking* slowly with your folks next door so you couldn't make a sound. I had to put my hand over your mouth when you came.'

Her voice turned from breathy to brisk and sparky in a beat. 'Oh yeah. And then the next day we all went to church and you got to sit beside me in the pew and think about what a sexy little slut I was. Remember?'

Ohhhhh fuck he remembered it all.

'Well if you want this sexy little superslut, you'd better get your ass over to her place *right* now. Cos she's ready, baby - for whatever her bad boy wants to do to her. Text me baby - I want to know you're coming. So to speak.'

Shane was as stunned as he was aroused. No hotel then. No exotic location of any kind. His little queen of tease was waiting back at her own apartment. Well that was all the 'exotic' he needed. He kept the text short - ON MY WAY. Then smiling a secret smile, shifting his fully-resolved erection about his pants-crotch for comfort, he packed everything - trowel, box, recorder, even the damned roses - into his backpack and set off east through the fading light of the Park. Ten minutes' newly-motivated walking took him to the Frick Museum, another five to 68 th for the Green Line.

The subway train was surprisingly full for a weekend afternoon. Shane jostled fellow-passengers all

the way. The flowers were properly crushed by now, petals trailing limply from the cold-wilted heads. Several commuters smirked at their battered state, thrusting out of the pack as they did. But with visions of Sammy crowding his head, he did not care. He was sustained all the way to the Lower East, shielded from ridicule by the thought of his imminent liaison. He was headed for Avenue B and his naughty Valentine was waiting.

The apartment was five minutes' hard walk from the Spring Street Subway, but by now Shane was beyond cold and tiredness. Excitement was bubbling in his stomach as he rushed up the steps and tapped in the entry code. His imagination reeled with delicious possibilities and anticipated sensations as he bounded - hell with the elevator - up two stories. The key he'd been given to would unlock untold erotic delights, he knew, and he could barely contain himself as he turned it in the door and passed inside.

The living-space of the pre-war apartment, hung with Vanessa's own sketches and Sammy's Renoir and Matisse prints, was deserted, but someone was at home. Sammy's bedroom, the larger of the two, the one with the better-sprung bed and the space in which to manoeuvre imaginatively, was alive with music. Buckcherry's *Crazy Bitch* of all songs was booming its way aggressively through her door:

Heyyyy, you're a crazy bitch

But you fuck so good I'm on top of it...

When I dream, I'm doing you all night

Scratches all down my back to keep me right on...

So *that* was the Valentine's vibe she was going for. Shane's heart pounded along with the raunch of the track. He hadn't even known she *liked* Buckcherry. But he was indeed on top of this. In his soul and in his pants he was primed. Casting aside his backpack and straightening the rose stems, he walked to the vibrating door and stood for a moment in contemplation of the position in which she might be posed, of the scraps of clothing in which she might be barely clad. Thanking the Universe for this precious, precious moment he strode inside...

...And saw Vanessa stark naked on the bed, being fucked hard from behind by her brawny Canadian boyfriend. She was facing Shane directly, having been on all fours only to be hauled up from the covers by her arms, so that she was stretched out robustly like a ship's figurehead. The locks of her flaming hair were dancing wildly about her shoulders, her lightly freckled body was glistening with moisturiser and sweat and every *Buckcherry*-accompanying thrust from Dave was shivering through her firm, ample tits to the bullet-hard points of her nipples. Her eyes lit on Shane and she met his

shocked stare brazenly, not remotely phased by the audience.

Appalled, Shane stumbled in reverse, but the throw-rug at the room's entrance slid from under him on the recently-polished wood floor and he went crashing to the ground in a flurry of thrashing limbs. The roses smashed into the wall as he went, several of the stems snapping cleanly. Dave finally noticed there was company and let go Vanessa in his surprise, so that she slid off his cock and tumbled onto the surface of the bed. He groped for a pillow to cover his bouncing wet erection, as Shane attempted a scramble to his feet only to collapse once more.

'Sorry! Sorry! I'd no idea... I'll get out! Sorry!' he was shouting desperately above the roar of the music, vaguely wondering what the fuck had just gone wrong. Only Vanessa seemed unabashed by the situation. Clambering from the bed, every inch of her lionine body on display, she calmly lifted an olive-green silk kimono from a bedside chair and wrapped it around herself. Shane had still not succeeded in departing the room by the time she switched off the stereo.

'Shane, it's okay, chill.'

'Vanessa... Sorry, I thought... Ehhh, why are you here? In this room?'

'Ah. Sammy didn't tell you about the swap then?'

'Swap? No, no, she didn't say a word, I'd have remembered. Oh... Hi Dave.'

'Hey buddy.' Vanessa's muscular, long-haired boyfriend gave him an uncertain wave from behind the protection of the pillow.

'Ehhh...' Shane had felt at his inarticulate worst for most of that afternoon. 'Is Sammy...' - he indicated the adjacent room - 'here?'

'No, she's not here,' Vanessa said simply, shaking her head.

'But she...led me to believe that I'd be meeting her. Here. Now.'

'Yes...' Vanessa appeared to have had a light-bulb moment. 'There was something I was to give you.'

'Ohhhh,' said Shane, throwing his hands in the air resignedly, as realisation dawned. 'Of *course* there is.' He watched as she went to her bedside table, flipped through the pages of a magazine which sat on it and picked out a lavender envelope.

'There you are,' she said helpfully, returning and flicking it into his hand.

Shane stared for a moment at the unsealed envelope, not even bothering to look yet at what might bulge within. 'Vanessa,' he said confidentially, 'your roommate, my girlfriend - she's *certifiable*. She's had me following these...clues all damn day. She's had me running up to... I've been... I've had...' He paused a second, scrutinising Vanessa's placid face. 'You're *in* on this. You've been helping her plan this. The sketch, that was yours. *This...*' He held up the envelope in vague accusation. 'You know where she is, don't you?'

'Now Shane,' she said, hitting him with a gaze of utter sincerity. 'When have I *ever* fucked with you?' He stared back for a moment, then realised there was no winning against Vanessa. 'I think,' she suggested, 'you need to go finish whatever little game you and Sam are playing. And then I think you *really* need to take that girl in hand. 'Cos she's running rings around you right now.' She patted him on the cheek affectionately. 'When you've checked in the envelope, there's a *Walmart* close by. Turn right outside the building - it's three blocks down on your left.'

'*Walmart*... Because...I'm supposed to...?' Faced with Vanessa's sympathetic but basically unhelpful smile, Shane gave up trying. He picked up his ruined flowers - that insane girl would be presented with the wretched things if it killed him - and walked out of the room, burning from Vanessa's obviously amused gaze. Then he stormed silently from the apartment, the redhead's ravenous tones carrying to him as she resumed business with her partner.

'Come on, lover, I need you to finish what you started...' *Buckcherry* began to blast out all over again. *Heyyyy, you're a crazy bitch...*

In the hallway Shane leaned against the wall, eyes shut, breathing in deeply. God, he seemed to *collect* reasons for being embarrassed anytime he met Sammy's best friend. And his crazed girlfriend had clearly known what might have happened...had probably even chuckled over it. Scheming little... He checked the contents of the envelope. Inside was a digital camera chip. Well that explained the *Walmart* instruction. And a sheet of writing paper matching the envelope and bearing a four-word message in Sammy's curling script: *Was that bad enough?* He remained sloped against the wall as he stared at it.

Was that bad enough? Shane recalled the conversation to which the question alluded. It had begun a few days after his dad's birthday weekend. They had been in the tub together at his place when she had introduced the subject. She had been conscientiously soaping his hard dick, the purple-red of her pointy nipples visible through the suds which clung to her neat round breasts. 'You think I pushed things too far at your folks' place?'

'You certainly played a dangerous game,' he had replied, his voice a touch uneven due to her smooth manual attentions. He was aware as he said it that he had not managed a word of protest during her nocturnal visit to his room the night in question.

'I know I can be bad,' she had said, head dipped, eyes cast upwards at their most seductive, as she curled the fingers of one hand gently around his balls, sustaining her soapy ministrations on his shaft with the other. 'I know I can go too far. Maybe I need taming, have you ever thought about that? Putting me in my place?' She bit the corner of her lip. 'Teaching this naughty girl a lesson?'

'What, you mean rope you up and give your ass a good thrashing with a cat o' nine?' He had said it as a joke, but with her hands all over his genitals his own words had a rather potent physical effect on him.

Sammy just paused the longest time, not laughing, nor taking her eyes off him. 'Something like that.' She let the seriousness of her tone sink in. Well, do you like that thought?'

He paused too, revelling in her intimate touch, but also in her adoption of this playfully submissive air. 'Ehhh - yeah, in theory... It's not something I've ever...explored.'

More soft soaping of his hard cock. 'You wanna?'

And so some short while later Shane had found Sammy's towel-dried, moisturised bottom stretched across his lap as he sat naked on his bed. The anticipation had quickened his pulse and swollen his rod, but when he tried, all he could manage was a tentative pat. 'That it, baby? Come on, you're not *congratulating* my butt,' she had giggled. 'I've been *naughty*.' He had tried again, adding a little more weigh. 'Better. Come on - where's my big strong guy?' He gave it some this time, a decent whack on her cheeks.

'Owww!'

'Shit! Sorry baby, you okay?'

'Yeah, yeah, again!'

'Okay, ehhh...' He'd raised his hand, but it was no use. It just hovered there unable to follow through with her request. They had sat on the bed moments later, Sammy stroking his arm tenderly. 'Sorry, I just couldn't.'

'It's okay,' she had reassured. 'It was just a thought. We can try it again sometime.'

'I don't know. It was exciting, I mean *really* exciting, but - well - I'm not sure if I could ever do it properly. It feels weird. Not right. I - you know...' He stroked her cheek with his thumb. '...Care about you.'

She looked suddenly coy. 'I know you do, baby. That's why I'd let you do it.' She rested her head on his shoulder a moment. 'So how bad would I have to be for you to spank me sore?'

He held her close. 'Sorry, babe. I'm not sure you could ever be that bad.'

Ever be that bad.

Shane seethed the entire three blocks to *Walmart*. There was *teasing*. There was *sexy*. And then there was tearing up all plans for the day and dragging your boyfriend through a mire of frustration and humiliation instead. Damn the girl. Damn the silly, infuriating little...little... *She thinks she knows what she wants? I oughta show her...*

He ignored all stares at whatever ridiculous figure he cut as he walked through the *Walmart* branch and searched out the photo section. No hesitation, he was a man on a mission. Booth - chip in slot - follow the on-screen instructions and wait for the results. *Come on, come on, let's see if this little amusement is going to go on forever*. The snapshots landed one by one in the tray, around twenty of them. He waited till the entire set had collected and, checking that no one was looking over his shoulder, commenced flipping through them.

Vanessa's work once again, of that he had no doubt. Cunningly shot, there was no one photo in which the lissom blonde model was completely identifiable as Sammy. Not short of several weeks' close-up inspection of her hot body at any rate. It was all artfully draped hair and clever framing with just the hint of that sunshine smile on display. The early snaps had her posing in a scarlet tank top and cut-off blue jeans laced at the crotch in the same red. There proceeded a shot-by-shot striptease, the shorts peeled off an appealingly thrust-out rear, till she was captured in a tiny white-cotton thong. This she stretched upwards for the lens, pulling the strand of material tight into her pussy-cleft. After that it was strictly nude - draping herself over kitchen work-tops, armchairs and washing machines with exhibitionist abandon, cupping her tits, bending at ninety degrees with her legs split, lying back and fingering herself wantonly.

Then the final picture. Snapped from the rear, blonde mane pulled aside to give a clear view from the nape of her neck to the very beginning of her ass's crevice. And written in bright russet lipstick down the smooth curve of her back: *Not going anywhere - come get me.* There was no mistaking the location or how recently the shots had been taken. The audacity of the girl was impressive, but it did

not absolve her. Shane stood for a few moments more, feasting on the digital images, cock straining hard against denim. The hunt was almost over, he knew. Deliberately and with firm intent, he gathered up his belongings and set off on the final stretch to claim his Treasure.

****

Sammy flipped shut her cell and waited amidst the flickering candle-light. It would not be long now. The whole afternoon had gone like prime Swiss clockwork, but she could not help but fret that she had stretched the business a little further than necessary. All very well being playful, but to substitute her tricksiness for the evening her boy had so touchingly planned? And just maybe her mind games had worked *too* well?

The first check-in call, the one from Chan-sook, had begun to put her on edge. The Korean-American friend from her most recent promotions gig had thrown a little improvisation into her role, it seemed, leaving Shane vaguely traumatised by the sound of it. Not that Chan-sook had been worried, laughing merrily as she related the story of the hotel bar soaking. She and Beverley, the college friend of Sammy's who now worked in hotel reception, had shared huge amusement after he had gone. Oh yes, and Chan-sook wondered if Sammy might possibly consider lending out her foxy red dress one more time. Later on the ladies from *Barnes and Noble* had reported a work colleague who visibly squirmed when having private messages read to him from the inside cover of a pornographic novel; to engage Shane's co-workers in her scheme had seemed such a choice notion to Sammy up till now. And as for Vanessa...

'So after all your moaning about helping me, what are you saying, you *wanted* to be caught *in flagrante de*-whatsit? You're an exhibitionist slut, Vee!'

'Oh come on, Sam, why did you text me he was coming from the Park? You knew he might walk in on us, it's what you were hoping for. I'm a good friend, I didn't disappoint. He got quite a show, let me tell you.'

'And - was he pissed?'

'Ohh - after all the stammering and the comedy pratfalls? I think *uber*-pissed is called for here. You've really done a number on that boy. I just hope it all works out how you intend.'

This most recent conversation had compounded all Sammy's unease. *Find yourself a smart, sexy, adorable guy and then mess with his head on the most romantic day of the year. Swell move, Sammy-girl. Reallllll clever.* But all the self-directed irony in the world couldn't undo what she had set in motion. So she waited. Waited in her selected pose the few short minutes it would take him from

Walmart. Waited and held her nerve as she listened to those solid, purposeful footsteps on the stairs growing nearer and nearer. Waited as his key rattled briefly in the door, as he walked inside and stood there silently in the entrance. Then tentatively, rather scared of what she might find there, she turned her head to look into her boyfriend's face.

Shane took in the sight of his own apartment. It was lit solely by the thick candles he had purchased - they were set about the coffee table, the shelves and the wood floor. The full ice bucket and two waiting glasses were set between the table and the black leather sofa, his one piece of semi-expensive furniture. His jazz selection was playing and the smell of heating lasagne wafted from the kitchen. And on the sofa itself, her nude body golden in the flickering candlelight, lay his tormentor for the afternoon. She was positioned as she had been in the final photograph, resting on hands and knees, her face tight against the leather and her ass thrust invitingly into the air. Her face was turned to him and wearing a plaintive expression.

'Hey baby, I got the place all ready.'

He said nothing, simply shut the door behind him and strolled with his various burdens between the candles to where she lay. He stared down at the graceful upward slope of her back to her proffered rump. She smelt clean and fragrant - bathed and smoothed over with rose-scented body cream to compliment the petals she had scattered about her. The inscription on her back from the photo had been wiped clean and replaced with another in the same dark red lipstick. It was a simple instruction, more a plea: *Spank and fuck this bad-girl.*

Shane studied the words silently for a moment. The amount of work the 'bad-girl' had put in was undeniable. She had plotted and schemed and sneaked around behind his back for days, maybe weeks to realise her grand plan. A grand plan which involved putting him through the most frustrating, irritating, deeply embarrassing afternoon of his life.

'You very *very* mad at me?' She shifted her hips a little so that her bottom wiggled. He reached into his backpack, took out the magnum bottle of champagne and ground it firmly into the waiting ice cubes, her eyes following him intently. Then he departed into the kitchen a moment and returned with the waste basket. For a moment he displayed before her the wreckage of a once flawless bouquet of roses, then he upturned the flowers and crushed them hard into the bin. She stared at him in mournful apology. 'I'm sorry, baby, they were beautiful.'

He shrugged off his coat and flung it onto an armchair, followed it with his gloves. Then slowly, deliberately, he moved to her rear and ran his hands over the pert cheeks which she had so submissively thrust ceiling-wards. She flinched slightly at the relative cold of his hands, maybe, or at the release of tension after waiting so long for his touch. He continued to explore the contours of that

firm, cheeky little ass, contemplating all the while the smiling, taunting wickedness of those globed cheeks' owner. Of how she must have laughed at the thought of his Manhattan-wide travails and his various public humiliations. Of how damn smart she thought she was, teasing little minx. His cock stretched hard against his jeans. You couldn't mistreat your darling girl, but you could damn well do it to a *teasing little minx.*

This time there was no gentle build-up. He kept his hand flat against the base of her ass cheeks first, made her wait. Enjoyed the feeling of her body tensing in anticipation. Massaged her just slightly with his flexing and relaxing palm. Drew out the moment until she was all but writhing until his firm, gentle touch. Then he drew back his arm and with a whip-like flick of his hand whacked her soundly. She cried aloud, was rearing up and looking around to check his movements just as he applied the second slap. It went to the exact same tender spot, as did the third and fourth in swift succession. She yelped and laughed and squealed, her body jolting at his hand's firm reprimand.

'That what you want? That how you want to be punished?'

'Yeah, yeah baby...' Her words were coming in little gasps. 'I've been so bad... Punish me please...' He spanked again, just above where her pussy lips peeked from her thighs, then wriggled a finger inside her to find her utterly wet. God, his *bad-girl* wanted this so, so much, it transpired, and tonight her thirst was going to be slaked. He raised his arm higher, let it fall in a wide arc so his hand impacted resonantly against the firm muscle of her right bum cheek. Following through on the swing, he brought his hand back to similarly smack the left. Enjoying his creativity and the loud vocal response, he continued his pendulum swings, hand splashing hard against her buttocks on each back and forth journey. Everything in his long afternoon suddenly made sense in the liberated joy of smacking his girl's naughty ass till it was red and smarting.

Sammy's chief emotion was relief - that her boy was taking out every ounce of his irritation the way she had intended. She had felt such a cruel, unworthy girlfriend when he appeared at the door with his harried expression and ruined bouquet, and now she took her punishment with relish. She'd put him through so much, he could take what he deserved. 'Ow - ow - OW!' He was making her so juicy with his manual self-expression she just had to tug at her nipples and rub her excited clit.

Then it appeared that his own excitement had reached critical, for he was standing up, ripping off his clothes, flinging them far beyond the candle flames, getting himself all naked before her. In the flickering glow she appreciated how beautiful was her boy, with his gym-enhanced musculature and his lightly-haired body and his messy fair hair, and with that robust seven inches of cock springing up from his loins so handsomely. The very sight of him made her pinch and frig herself more insistently. He returned to her on the sofa and began to manhandle her up from her arched position, one hand possessively cupping her breast, the other sliding over her warmed ass, as he guided her where he

desired. 'Come on, I want you over my lap, like last time.' *Oooh - caveman!*

She lay across him, her pussy slick against his thigh, his hard erection pressing against her waist. He held her, his left arm wrapped just under her breasts, his right doing what she'd asked for - giving the good firm spanking she'd wanted and most manifestly required. 'You *tell* me when you want me to stop,' he told her huskily between hard slaps. 'Otherwise I'll just keep on going.' She bit down on her lip and restrained her cries as each impact built on the one before, as the burning sensation grew. She was testing him, seeing how far he would go. When she could not restrain a sob he paused, but hearing no further protest, whacked her butt cheeks more forcefully than ever, four-five times, grunting with the effort - till 'Stop! Stop! Okay!' was wrested from her.

Shane had entertained the fantasy, but only now did he know the sheer dick-swelling wonder of taking control, positioning and disciplining his sexy darling, with her limber form stretched out across him, sweet tits plumped against his cradling arm as he meted out what she deserved and desired. He stopped instantly she cried out, slid her up and about, and pulled her to him, kissing her hard and full. 'Sweetheart...' he said in wonder, a strand of saliva still linking their lips, 'you're totally crazy.' She laughed breathily and went to kiss him again, then screamed in delight as he flipped her onto her back and leaped on top of her. A new improvised idea suddenly burned in his mind. 'I'm not done with you.'

She thought she knew what he meant, but gasped aloud when he snatched one of the huge candles from the coffee table and held it above her. Its concave top was awash with liquid wax, a little of which trickled down the side. He raised his eyes inquiringly and she stared back with apprehensive delight. *You wouldn't...* her eyes were saying, but the flicker of a smile on her lips dared him. He tipped the candle and molten wax spattered over one nipple, all the way across her breasts and onto the other. She uttered an inverted gasp, sucking in air as the sensitive flesh of her nipples drew all the heat from the searing liquid and formed it into hard crusts on both her peaks. 'Oh - Oh God...' Her whole body was bucking in reaction, her flat stomach tautening as she absorbed the extreme sensation.

Shane loved the writhe and bounce of his girlfriend's torso as she gave herself up to the painful pleasure. He had never heard such agonised delight rent from someone's vocal chords. Sammy's hand was searching for her clitoris, but then her body registered the steady hot drip-drip-drip down her sternum, over her stomach, down to her most sensitive spot, as he drew the still-dripping candle over her body. Her eyes widened as she saw it hover over her pussy, hot wax still pooling at the brim. 'Shane - Shane - Shane -' she was gasping, not actually telling him to desist. Their eyes locked. He read her and let the merest drop of scorching liquid fall onto her exposed little button. A kind of traumatic ecstasy exploded outwards from that tender pinpointed spot. She screamed aloud, her whole body thrashing, hands clutching at her tits, crumbling the now brittle wax.

Enflamed with lust and somewhat astonished at what he had just done, Shane pulled her to him and kissed her insistently, thrusting his tongue into her mouth. She grabbed hold of him and returned his fevered passion, channelling the rage of sensation from her clit into her lips' and tongue's embrace. The lovers were close in, gripping tight, panting-mad for each other. She did not even realise his hand was reaching down below the sofa, clutching at something and returning full. She did not know till he clamped the ice cubes to her left breast, making her scream again.

'Fuck! Oh God, fuck!' He held them there till the burning chill in her poor, sore nipple had waned, till the heat of her bosom had half-melted the ice. Slowly, holding her stare all the time, he slithered one cube with his flexed palm down the slope of her breast and way down her body, pausing before the final crucial stretch. She gripped his upper arm, nails digging fiercely into his flesh, her teary eyes gazing into his. 'Baby...' she breathed, scared but wanting. He slid his palm down, cupping her between the legs, her clit all but sizzling under the ice. She seemed to swallow the pain, but her body went rigid and her fingers dug till she almost drew blood from him. When her tensed form finally eased along with her grip, she looked at him piteously and whispered only, '*Fuck* me... Fuck me please...'

As though bidding were needed. Shane was wildly hard against her stomach. He slid downwards, pressed himself where the last of the ice-melt was trickling and where her pussy flowed hot, felt the inviting kiss of her labia against his pulsing head. Never had she more completely aroused him. Never had he been so desperate to lock himself into her. Not waiting for any further direction, he tensed and thrust, submerging himself to the balls in the hot clench of her pussy.

Sammy's body had already been ablaze with sensation, before she was filled up with cock. The urgency and depth of Shane's penetration overwhelmed her. Her hands flailed momentarily, then lit on his shoulder and hair, gripping tight, as her beautiful, sweet boy ploughed her cunt like he were a different lover. She had succeeded in unfettering some inner animal, it seemed, and she welcomed every ass-tanning, pussy-hammering consequence. She clung to him fiercely, she could do no other, absorbing the fabulous, punishing fuck he was slamming into her body. Then needing to submit further, she raised her legs and hooked her feet around his upper thighs, opening herself up to him even more. Her upper body she pulled tight to him, moaning desperately in his ear as she did.

'That's it, that's it, baby, fuck me, fuck your little Valentine's bitch...' He had an even higher gear, she discovered, and her words had switched him there for the duration. *Oh my God, Shane baby!* She would have laughed wildly, gleefully at his transformation, but the relentless frantic surges of his dick knocked the ability right out of her. Sammy was used to him treating her like china - now it seemed he might smash her all to pieces. 'Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me - oh God - oh God I'm gonna come, I'm gonna come, I'm gonna come for you baby...'

Shane was possessed with an insane, blissed-out lust. He gripped his precious, sweet-bodied, fucked-in-the-head angel hard. He threw his cock into her tight squelching cunt recklessly, fuelled by her fevered exhortations in his ear. Oh God she drove him crazy, drove him clean out of his head, the sexy little bitch - he loved her, fucking *loved* her...shit, had he said it out loud? Who cared? It was true, even though she was fucking nuts - maybe *because* she was fucking nuts...

He shafted her hard, unrestrainedly, as she clung and clawed and keened, as she burst into screaming orgasm, her pussy contracting tight around his plunging cock. As she came he continued to thrust crazily - through the rush of her ecstasy, through her body's furious shuddering, all the way, all the way to the point of his own glorious, explosive satisfaction. He clung to her, squeezed her sweet round tits hard to his chest as molten Valentine's passion erupted from his cock and emptied deep inside her. His orgasm was long, loud and draining, as though the maddening little hottie he dated had sucked all the energy from his body. They cleaved to each other breathlessly after the joint event. Then gradually they slumped as one into the tender embrace of soft furnishing.

Their recovery was lengthy and slow. For a long while they were both glad just to stay locked in each other's embrace, pulses gradually returning to normal. It was some minutes before the circumstances which had provoked this most intense coupling returned to Shane's mind. Lying with Sammy and tenderly caressing her face, he could not help but put words to the question in his mind.

'So, today... All that tearing about the city... Do you fuck with everyone that way?'

'Baby...' She sounded a touch hurt and looked at him with great soulful eyes, stroking his hair. 'I've never fucked with *anyone* the way I fuck with you. Don't you know that?'

He looked into her eyes a moment, then they hugged and laughed. They lay together and cuddled and smooched. Stroked each other and playfully teased. Pinched and tugged with teeth and clutched each other as they both got rampantly horny once more. Then they fucked long and intensely - first slow and smouldering, then fast and hard - with occasional added spank, till the candles guttered and the lasagne cooked crisp in the oven.

Late that night they lay entwined under the duvet Shane had brought from the bedroom. Sammy curled into him while he idly stroked her arm with his thumb. 'So,' he inquired a touch sleepily, I know I found *my* treasure, but - did you get what you wanted from today's little escapade? Did I - successfully claim you as - what was it - my Valentine's bitch?'

'Valentine's and beyond,' she said happily, snuggling close. 'I'm *totally* your bitch. Although...' - she pulled herself closer - '...I already was, in case you didn't know it.'

Shane lapsed into deeply contented silence for a moment. Then he asked it. 'So, that being the case, do you absolutely promise never to put me through anything like that again?'

'Baby.' Sammy drew herself tighter to him, throwing an arm across his chest. She nuzzled into him, smiling with the deepest romantic affection, memories of spanking and hot candle wax and the fiercely angry thrusting of his cock still fresh in her mind. Of a gentle boy who had fucked her like his cherished whore. 'Absolutely *not*.'