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Sex & Satisfaction

20 Erotic Stories

Cathryn Cooper

Published by Xcite Books

Please note that this extract contains scenes of an adult nature

Extract

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Published by Accent Press Ltd – 2007
ISBN 1905170777 / 9781905170777

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Printed and bound in the UK by
Creative Design and Print

Cover Design by
Red Dot Design

Contents

The Blue Roman	Cathryn Cooper	1
Netsuke	N. Vasco	11
Any Day Of The Week	Jeremy Edwards	27
Rock Hard	Kristina Wright	37
The V.I.P.	Phoebe Grafton	49
Dangling By A Thread	Conrad Lawrence	59
Don't Mind Me	Landon Dixon	69
Favourite Flight	N. Vasco	79
Coffee Break	Teresa Joseph	87
Fratel	Adrie Santos	99
Visiting Time	Stephen Albrow	107
Two's Company	Georgina Brown	119
The First Time	J. Johnson	127
So Come See Me, OK?	Thomas Fuchs	133
Anthony	Gwen Masters	141
Flying	Paige Roberts	153
Night On A Bare Mountain	Roz Macleod	165
Mermaid By Moonlight	Alex de Kok	179
Starring Tonight	Kitti Bernetti	193
Brushing Flesh	J. Carron	203

Starring Tonight
by Kitti Bernetti

Funny how sometimes your fantasies catch up with you.

With me it's always been fancying the unattainable. When I was a boy in school, eleven years old with trousers that looked as if they'd had a row with my ankles and a blazer that was tailor made for King Kong, I fancied Casey Blackwell. I didn't just fancy her, I obsessed about her twenty-four hours a day. It wasn't because of her fully formed breasts and those come-and-get-it eyes although they helped some. It was because she was sixteen and I was about as likely to get off with her as I was to become President of the United States. Hah, and they say women are fickle.

Now I'm older, six foot four and not a pimple in sight. If I looked up Casey she'd probably fall at my feet with a bad dose of younger man syndrome. Except if she did that, I wouldn't want her. How things change. Except I don't. I still fancy women who I'm about as likely to sleep with as the world is to stop turning. Take the lady lawyer who handled my divorce. Those brains sure came gift wrapped. Eyes as blue as the flash on a jay's wing but a look as cold as marble even in the middle of a heat wave. I know it's not really done to lust after your divorce lawyer when you're meant to be all cut up about the end of a beautiful marriage. But getting out of my marriage was a relief for both of us. Married too young, we'd given it ten years before we finally bought ourselves a one-way ticket out.

I suppose that's one of the reasons I'm now sitting in this hotel room on the outskirts of a city I can barely pronounce. I've done a good day's business, sealed some deals and the adrenaline's pumping but I've got nowhere to take it. I'm lying back on a green coverlet that's seen enough strangers to fill the Yankee stadium,with a calling card in my hand that I've been nursing for the past two hours, wondering if I dare pick up the phone. You gotta understand me. I have never done anything like this in my life. I was always faithful to my wife. I don't believe in betrayal, I could have coped with telling her had I been going out with another gal but I never did, not once. But now I'm free and I'm in a place that's making me feel as horny as a sailor in port with a one night pass.

Do you believe in coincidences? I didn't until five minutes ago but I do now. You see, for me the ultimate turn-on would be a night with a film star. Not like they make them today, all emaciated and doe-eyed, like greyhounds on speed. I like my film stars fifties-shaped with curves you could send a roller coaster down and hair so blonde there'd be no way those curls came from anywhere other than out of a bottle.

Marilyn, she is my ultimate. Marilyn Monroe; just saying that name, rolling it around on my tongue makes me a little hard. She surely is not just the most beautiful, sexy thing on two legs, she's a legend, and when it comes to the unattainable that's a real turn on for me.

Which just about explains why, for the first time in my life I'm thinking of paying for my kicks: You see the service on offer on this little card I'm twirling between my forefinger and my thumb is something way out of the ordinary. I've never paid before, never needed to. I'm not given to brag, but I'm not a bad-looking guy. I work out each day no matter which hotel room I'm in and I eat good food. Being on the road means it's easy to eat trash but I don't. I'm a lean steak and salad guy, a water ice and fruit guy. I guess it shows in a clear skin that tans easy thanks to my Sicilian ancestors.

Why am I stalling? I guess it's because calling up a girl for sex and paying her is just way out of my rule book. 'Specially if she looks as much like Marilyn as the girl on this card looks. 'Starring Tonight', that's the name of the escort agency. 'Hollywood look-alikes' says the blurb. More like starlets who haven't made it but have to do something to earn a crust. Marilyn's on the front, but there on the back are Vivien Leigh, Marlene Deitrich, Mae West. All fine, fine-looking women and so like the real thing. But my fantasy come true is Marilyn. If she isn't available I'll go for a run, take a cold shower and if that doesn't drive my animal urges away, I'll go in for a little solitary arm wrestling. Only the best, the most unattainable will do for me.

I pick up the phone and dial.

'Hello, can I help you?'

I hesitate and shake my head in disbelief. That voice, small, breathy like a child's but not like a child's at all. They've certainly done a fantastic job of making her sound like Marilyn. That girl must've worked with a voice coach until her larynx could do press-ups.

'Is that Marilyn?' I ask.

'Sure,' she says with a little giggle, 'who else would it be? It was me you wanted wasn't it?'

'Why yes, as a matter of fact it was. Are you…are you free tonight?'

'Of course. Just give me your address and I'll be right over.'

It's as easy as that. Suddenly I'm all fingers and thumbs puffing up cushions on the couch I haven't even sat on and straightening the bedspread. I know in my heart of hearts she won't really look like Marilyn, that I'll have to keep the lights down low and play games in my head to conjure up the real thing. I don't like to close my eyes when I'm making love but if I just listen to that voice my imagination will fill in where her make-up hasn't quite done the trick. There's a knock on the door. I walk over, putting on my tie and wondering whether to humour the girl on the other side of the door in her act. Maybe it turns her on too to pretend to be someone else. Don't be stupid, I chastise myself. This is a working girl, they don't get turned on. Their job is to make sure you're in that state. She wouldn't have to work that hard. I was already three-fifths gone just thinking about her.

I open the door. There in the half light of the dim passageway is the most superb vision of ripe womanhood I have ever had the pleasure to drink in. She is wearing an off the shoulder white dress which is either staying up by pure magic or maybe it's that magnificent shelf of breasts which is helping it defy gravity. The fabric, sheer and ruched is not so much see-through as designed to magnify the female form. It clings lovingly to every contour like shrink wrap over a packet of pears. Underneath it I can make out perfect girl-curves. Round, upright, pert. She has that turn-on combination of luxurious and tarty at the same time.

I have to tear my eyes away from her body to look up at her face. This is unbelievable. I gasp and my hand drops from the handle of the door – I no longer have the power to hold on. She is the spitting image of Marilyn. The word 'doppelganger' comes to mind. I once had a friend who swears to this day that he saw a girl standing on a station platform across the tracks from him who worked in the same office. He waved and called out her name but she didn't bat an eyelid, instead stepping onto the train and disappearing. When he got to work he phoned her to find out why she snubbed him only to discover she was on holiday in a different continent. He can still hardly believe her but he does believe now that everyone has a double. And looking at this girl, so do I. Her mouth quivers in a perfect 'O', glistening with come-hither red lipstick. The eyes are heavy-lidded and half shut and painted with

black eye-liner. Brows plucked into a bowed curve give her a wide-awake beckoning look which she turns on me like car headlights blinding an alley cat.

'Aren't you going to invite me in?'

There's that voice again: that unusual careful enunciation of every word that comes from shaping her lips in that studied oh-so-Marilyn way. My knees threaten to give way as I move aside and watch in sheer admiration as she sashays across the room. Her rump reminds me of a prize racing horse I saw once saw at a meet. Proud and upright, the cheeks encased in the clingy white material bob up and down as if they are on a choppy sea. Mesmerized I watch her turn and sit on the bed. I thought I was smitten until I saw her wink at me. Now I'm devastated. A slow lazy all-knowing wink, those extra long lashes brush against the silken skin of her face. Mesmerized, I wonder if maybe she's had plastic surgery to work this miracle-double thing. Then I think what the hell, stop looking for the joins and just enjoy yourself.

'Sit down big boy.' She says pouting.

I forgive her the cliché, I would forgive her anything.

'You're gorgeous,' I know it's a ridiculous thing to say but it slips out, it has to be said. It is sooooo true. I sit on the spot where she's patted the bed and watch her cross those lightly tanned legs giving me a glimpse of thigh where the white skirt splits. I once saw a film where Cyd Charisse danced with Gene Kelly. Every time he swirled her round you caught a sight of pure, figure-hugging simple white knickers encasing a bottom as round as a ripe apricot. It was coy, it was calculated. I thought it was one of the sexiest things I'd ever seen until I sat next to this girl uncrossing and crossing her legs. I just know she has the same sort of knickers on as I catch the tiniest glimpse. I swear I've died and gone to heaven.

Marilyn reaches out, picks up my hand and places it on her thigh. 'You look so much like,' I began, 'like Marilyn. How come you aren't in the movies or something –?' I'm blurting. She takes one crimson painted finger and places it on my lips. Then she leans over, thrusting her breasts against me and whispering in my ear.

'Sometimes it's better just to lie back and accept rather than to question. I'm having a good time. I hope you're having a good time. Isn't that enough?'

As I run my hand up her thigh, displacing the material of her skirt I nod, struck dumb. It sure is. As I feel her hand cup the back of my head and draw me to her I close my lips around hers and feel her mould to my mouth. As I breathe in I smell the unmistakable Chanel No5 scent filling my nostrils. As if I'm falling into a chasm I feel myself collapse onto the bed as she pulls me downwards. We kiss and she allows me to slowly push the dress further down her shoulders. 'I want to see you,' I say. 'Stand up. Please.'

She smiles, is it because of the politeness I cannot help using in front of this goddess? Whatever it is, it does the trick. Obligingly she stands up in front of me while I lounge on the bed, staring at the superb vision before me as she pushes the dress with a little wiggle of her ample hips, down over her waist, dropping it to her ankles. She is wearing white peep-toe court shoes with high heels and nails painted so they sparkle in the half-light. She steps neatly away from the lifeless dress. Without her it is like the shapeless husk of a caterpillar once the butterfly has escaped. I was right. She stands in trim, waist high knickers which cover a girlishly flat stomach, the perfect foil to the plumpness of her rear. I raise my eyes and see that she was bra-less under the dress. Her creamy white gloriously ample breasts seem to glow. She bows her head forward, letting the blonde cloud of curls dip over her eyes then, raising her arms, she puts her hands behind her head collecting her hair. She lifts her face and pouts. I swear she's enjoying every minute as she strikes the perfect model fifties

pose, with one foot on tiptoe in front of the other and a smile that says come and get it.

Unable to wait any longer, I find my feet, stand up, put one hand underneath her and lift her laughing onto the bed. One minute I am over her, covering her in hungry kisses. The next she sits over me, her blonde hair tickling my chest, those lidded eyes locked into mine. I push her gently down, hook my finger over the tight white knickers and ease them down over her hips, smiling as I notice she is definitely a natural blonde. Hard and eager I cannot wait any longer but ease myself into her, feeling her enfolding her arms around me. I feel a build up in my aching crotch like I have never experienced with any other woman. My heart is pounding as I feel the blood surge through me. Suddenly I am Superman and Action Man. I am Julius Caesar and the whole damn Holy Roman Empire marching to victory I feel so sexually potent in her grasp. My muscles tense like I am lifting the weight of twenty men. I look into those liquid eyes as they appraise me and blink slowly like a cat's. In a burst of fulfilment I explode, causing her to shudder and sigh with a sound which tells me that she knows the power she has over me and enjoys it.

Leaving me on the bed, collapsed like a soldier after battle, she gets up and puts first her dress then her shoes back on.

'You're not going are you?' I sit up, desperate to keep her for as long as possible. 'Stay, please stay and talk to me, I want to know more about you. I'll pay whatever it costs.'

I watch her walk towards the mirror as she straightens her hair and I jump up, clutching the still warm sheet around me.

'You're sweet. I can't stay,' she says, the pink lips even more beautiful for being devoid of lipstick, the bouffant hair even more lovely now it is flatter. She is standing with her back to me. I stand up wanting to look at her face in the mirror, when my jaw drops.

The only reflection I see is my own. I'm standing in an empty room. She turns around to look at me, blows me a kiss and says, 'I'm really sorry I can't stay.'

Dumbstruck, I watch her step through the solid wall as if it were nothing more than a beaded curtain and I am left alone.