Lovereading.co.uk

Sex & Seduction

20 Erotic Stories

Cathryn Cooper

Published by Xcite Books

Please note that this extract contains scenes of an adult nature

Extract

All text is copyright of the author

Click here to buy this book and read more

This opening extract is exclusive to Love**reading**.
Please print off and read at your leisure.

Published by Accent Press Ltd – 2007
ISBN 1905170785 / 9781905170784

Copyright © Accent Press Ltd 2007

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, electrostatic, magnetic tape, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the written permission of the publishers: Accent Press Ltd, PO Box 26, Treharris, CF46 9AG

Printed and bound in the UK by
Creative Design and Print

Cover Design by
Red Dot Design

Contents

Coming Soon	Elizabeth Cage	1
King Dong	Landon Dixon	9
The First Deadly Sin	Gwen Masters	17
The Tie Breaker	Phoebe Grafton	29
Library Rendezvous	N. Vasco	41
Mother Knows Best	Landon Dixon	53
Changing Objectives	Jeremy Edwards	67
Don't Quote Me	Lynne Jamneck	77
I Say His Name Out Loud	Adrie Santos	83
Choices	Kate Franklin	89
Flash Flood	Lynn Lake	103
Well Suited	Jordana Winters	115
Bananaz	Dee Dawning	123
Crazy Has A Name	Gwen Masters	139
Murder, Whores And Money	Teresa Joseph	145
Getting Waxed	Jade Taylor	155
Night Of The Bear	Garrett Calcaterra	165
Personal Enquiries	J. Carron	183
Test Drive	Roxanne Sinclair	195
Much Ado (About Nothing)	Sue Williams	205

King Dong
by Landon Dixon

I gunned it through the iron gates, up a blacktop lane that looped its way to the barn-sized front door of the Bisbey mansion. I slid out of my jalopy and stared at the architectural monstrosity – two glowering storeys of red brick and bronze gargoyles, fronted by Southern gothic pillars that put rotted teeth into the ugly face of the building. For the middle of the Great Depression, it was quite the joint. The discovery of oil in the LA basin had enriched a chosen few, when most were shuffling their tired dogs through bread lines and unemployment offices.

I eschewed the ornamental brass knocker and hammered on the door with my fist. A servant led me into the hushed, cool confines of a marble-carpeted hallway, up a winding staircase clothed in red velvet, to the second-floor study of the mistress of the manor.

Her name was Etta Bisbey, and she was seated behind an oak-panelled desk large enough to float twenty Titanic survivors. She rose, sashayed around the varnished expanse of wood, giving me a good gander at all she had. And, baby, she had plenty. Her large, round breasts strained the buttons on her pearl-white blouse like Fatty Arbuckle's claims of innocence strained credibility. The rest of her wasn't soup kitchen fare, either: pretty face, pitch-black hair piled atop her gourd by the same skilled, effeminate artisans who weave gold out of dross, a slim waist, and shapely, slender calves and ankles peeking out from under a sapphire-coloured skirt.

I pumped her extended hand. 'You said on the phone you wanted me to find something,' I stated, talking shop while my eyes took inventory. I dangled my hat over my crotch, to conceal a rather rude case development down there.

'Yes, Mr Polk,' Mrs Bisbey responded. 'An item of mine – an objet d'art – has been stolen, and I must get it back.' Her hand fluttered about her throat, then down the side of her breast.

Her voice and mannerisms were a little too exaggerated for my taste; I smelled ham. 'You an actress?' I asked, impressing her with my whiskey-clotted powers of observation. What babe with a built-for-bed body like hers, living in sunny, sinny LA, the widow of an oil tycoon who, when living, had more wrinkles in his dick erect than flaccid, wasn't a current or former actress?

She pirouetted away from me, strutted to the window and gazed out at the Hollywood Hills, perhaps doing a visual size comparison. 'Why, yes, I was a thespian of some renown – at one time,' she remarked.

I studied the wicked silhouette of her generous tits and gave my pocket-rocket a surreptitious stroke of affection. 'What's been lifted?'

'I have a picture of the…item…in my bedroom.'

We adjourned to the room next door, a tastefully-appointed sleeping and sex flop big enough to shelter a Wobblies' convention. She pulled open a drawer in a walnut nightstand, took a picture out of the drawer, handed it to me. It was an 8 by 10 glossy of a black dildo – a rather immense dildo if I was any judge of perspective, and pricks. I glanced from the picture to her, and her face went redder than post-war Russia.

'It's an object of no real value to others, but of great, uh, sentimental value to myself,' she breathed, twisting her hands. 'My father obtained it from a tribal chieftain in the Belgian Congo during one of his explorations many years back. It's

supposed to bring its owner good luck.'
And great gushes of girl-goo, no doubt. I tossed the picture of the inflamed cunt-plunger on her bed, said, 'No dice, doll. I don't hunt sex toys – unless they're human.' I had a semi-reputable reputation to maintain, after all, and scurrying off on a clam digger expedition wasn't going to improve it any. I headed for the exit, stage-right.

'Mr Polk!' she gasped.

I spun around, and gaped in awe at her spectacular, naked upper body. 'Yiminy yaminy,' I murmured, ogling her twin, creamy-white globes, her jutting, pink nipples.

She cupped her huge, heavy tits and squeezed, her wrist strength incredible. 'Are you sure I can't convince you to handle my case?' she whispered.

I scratched the erect stubble on my chin. 'I guess if you put it that way,' I rationalized, tearing my hat and jacket off, ripping away my tie.

I grabbed her proffered jugs and kneaded the firm, warm, blue-veined flesh. Then I bent my head down, her tits up, and licked at her engorged nipples. I nursed on her rubbery nubs for a good, long while, then shoved her onto the bed and climbed aboard. I unhanded and un-mouthed her burlesque show boobies just long enough to fumble my pants and shorts down, her skirt open. I tore her panties apart and grabbed my cocked love-hammer and stuck it inside her pussy.

Then I froze like Scott at the South Pole. I was swimming down there! My sperm-shooter comes with a seven-inch barrel, fully-loaded, but it couldn't get even the slightest bit of traction in Mrs Bisbey's stretched-out man-catcher. I snorted, churned my hips, got absolutely nowhere. 'What are the actual dimensions of that missing dildo of yours?' I asked dejectedly.

'Well, it's about ten and three-quarter inches in circumference, I suppose, and approximately thirteen and a third inches in length. Its head is –'

'Stow it,' I groaned. 'I get the picture.' Obviously, her ebony plaything had spoiled her for any normal guy, ever again.

After making ourselves decent, Mrs Bisbey gave me the photo of her absconded art-piece/cunt-plug and strict instructions not to talk to her step-children, servants, or friends about the case. She claimed that none of them even knew about her thirteen-inch, blue-black dipstick, and that they could all be trusted anyway.

How the hell the busty broad expected me to get my mitts on a giant dong without chatting up any of her connections, I had no idea. But I agreed to follow her wishes – for the time being – and made my first pit stop Sol 'Gutsy' Gutzinger. Gutsy was a peeping-tom blackmailer who had kidnapped rich kid's pets for a living before he'd cleaned up his act. His shutterbug specialty was actors and actresses who could afford to pay to keep unwanted publicity private. He had a file and photos on every silver screen show-off from Zdeno Adams to Alma-May Zbitnew.

I slipped through the unhinged door that served as the entrance to the fleabag hotel he called home and office, took rotted stairs to the third floor, and strode into his dump, inadvertently scaring off an old geezer clutching a heavy-bound book like it was a stone tablet just come hot off the Mount. Gutsy also operated a pornographic lending library, when he wasn't making with the creeping ivy.

'What'd you got on Etta Bisbey?' I asked, tossing a crumpled twenty his way.

He was hunkered down on a ratty sofa, his fat mouth wrapped around a ham sandwich, his fat hand a bottle of beer. 'The film floozy that married the croaked oil baron?' he grunted, his porcine features gleaming sweat.

'Yeah, something like that. She lives out on –'

‘I know where she spreads ’em, gumshoe,’ he growled. He shoved more sandwich into his kisser, took a leisurely chug of beer, and waited.

I tossed another twenty into his crusty lap.

He set his snack down on the dust-coloured carpet, hefted himself off the tortured couch, and waddled over to a row of filing cabinets. ‘Etta Vlat was the tomato’s maiden name, if I ’member correct – which I always do.’ He bent in half like a sagging tower of mashed potatoes, pulled out a drawer marked ‘V’, a file marked ‘Vlat’.

He straightened up with a groan, thumbed through the file, then let out a wolf-whistle. ‘Well, hello dolly! Kee-rist, I musta jerked off to this dame’s films more’n any –’

‘Spill the beans, Gutsy!’ I barked, instantly regretting my choice of words.

According to Gutsy, Etta Vlat had been a stage and silent film actress in the late-teens and early-twenties – before my time. She’d been a real bankable cock-throb, until she’d had an affair with a black stagehand while still starring in a sham marriage with another matinee idol who was rumoured to stick his dick where the sun didn’t shine. The resulting scandalous abortion and divorce had deep-sixed her career quicker than leprosy.

The stagehand’s name was Leonard Little and it was to his seedy address in Hollywood that I next directed my flivver. Ten minutes of phoning had confirmed his location in the city directory; he was the guy who too-vehemently denied ever knowing one Etta Vlat.

He rented number 306 in a grime-stuccoed building located next to an abandoned liquor store, and when I pressed my ear to his papier-mâché door, I heard the unmistakable grunting and groaning of the body-English language. I kicked the door open with a size-twelve and, snapping on the lights, beheld a black guy banging a white gal from behind, on a foldaway bed. The guy had a prosthetic penis rigged to his loins – a huge, night-shaded dong about ten and three-quarter inches in circumference and approximately thirteen and a third inches in length.

‘What the fuck you want!?’ the cock-strapped man yelled.

I pointed meaningfully at his dangling dick.

I sent Leonard Little’s bed-buddy packing, then spoke to Little with my clenched fists for a minute or two, till he came bloody well clean. He and Etta had indeed been a pair back in the roaring 20s, until he’d knocked her up, flown the coop, and then tried to blackmail her and the studio by threatening to go to the papers. Etta had endured a near-death abortion experience, and she rewarded Little for his ungentlemanly behaviour by tracking him down and hacking his double-length dong off with a meat cleaver.

Time had passed, wounds had healed, and Little had resigned himself to a less-than-cocksure lifestyle, Etta to the well-paid role of career housewife. But then Little heard that Etta had turned a plaster cast of his prodigious prong, made in happier times, into a workable, rubberized dildo. Having his meat cleaved was one thing, but having his ex-lover pleasuring herself with his cock, while he wasn’t attached to it, was too much. So, he’d taken back what he thought rightfully belonged to him – his manhood.

I relayed all of my juicy findings back to Etta, after she’d snatched the liquorice thunderstick out of my hand and started lovingly stroking it like a long-lost friend. When I was done with my monologue, she quickly paid me off, obviously anxious to

get reacquainted with her black beauty. I headed for the study door as she raced into her bedroom, then I quickly backtracked and surveyed her from the crack in the bedroom door, to make sure I hadn't sold her a phoney bill of goods, of course.

She stripped out of her blue, tailor-made dress, her pink, silk under-thingies, until she was as breathtakingly naked as the truth, her bountiful breasts hanging huge from her rib cage. Then she bent down and yanked something out from under her bed. A blue-black corpse! No, upon closer examination, I saw that it was a life-size replica of the groin-gouged Leonard Little. I even recognized his outsize bellybutton. And as I stared in amazement at the black mannequin, Etta locked the colossal cock back into place with a deft twist of her wrist, and Little was big once more.

I slid my own rod out of my pants, rubbed it like the New Deal rubbed some folks the wrong way, as Etta hurriedly straddled her former lover's body-double, spread her puffy, pink pussy lips, and eased them over the mushroomed cock head of that towering pole, then down the incredible length of the snatch-shattering shaft. She groaned with unadulterated joy as the lethal cock-imitation sank into her sopping-wet puss like a lance into a Spanish bull, till the massive member was buried to the pre-formed balls in her glistening gash.

Impaled on that ebony-sheathed sword, she began churning her taut ass up and down, the dong sliding back and forth in her gripping, dripping sex hole, her breasts bouncing up and down with glee as she stuffed her warped pussy full of industrial-sized dick. I stared at her jouncing jugs, my hand a blur on my steel-hard cum-cannon, and when Etta cried out in blistering ecstasy, I saluted her spectacular show of nostalgic lust by coating her bedroom door and carpet with sticky, steaming adulation.

But the fun didn't end there. She quickly recovered from her long, hard pussy ride, reached back and spread apart her rounded butt cheeks, and split her anus in two on the dark, deadly dildo. I felt obliged to hold my post to the very end, and soon added even more substance to the gooey contents of the case file that I'd already emptied onto the floor.