

MIA

by

Siegfried Daniel Collins

*The following story is fiction,
and yet all of the names have been changed
to protect the innocent.*

For Lisa

I.

Sometimes, you just gotta say fuck it and get the fuck out of Dodge!

It's a Friday afternoon, I've got a head full of steam and I'm stoned.

I pack some shit in a suitcase, throw it in my car and drive.

I drive West on Culver and then South on Sawtelle to the long onramp of the Southbound 405 that intersects with Braddock where I see her standing at the corner with the red light.

She wears a tight black dress with straps that hang from her shoulders, hugging her small breasts and narrow waist and stopping to cling midway down long, shapely thighs that climb forever from a pair of heels. A medium sized black leather purse hangs under her long straight black hair that hangs between her shoulders and her elbows.

"Mia!" I shout through the passenger-side window.

She looks surprised, then puzzled, and then confused.

"You alright?"

She's been crying. She bends forward towards my voice and shrugs. She's still trying to figure out who I am.

With how she's dressed and the corner where she stands looking like she's been crying, like she could use some help, I shout out, "You need a ride?"

We both look to see the light turn green and now she quickly gets into the car. I step on the gas and the car leaps forward towards the freeway.

She has yet to speak. She breathes hard and heavy like she's in shock sitting quietly in her seat, staring into the windshield, looking somewhat hysterical.

Jesus, did I just pick up a freak?

She smells amazing, like an orchard!

Her long black hair is parted in the middle, falls to the sides of her face, and hides her eyes. The drama of some fierce battle rages on in some faraway land in her mind.

"Where are you taking me?" she finally says with a sniffle.

"San Diego."

"Really?" she says, suddenly turning her head to look at me, to really look at me, leaning towards me to eye me up and down.

"Are you all right?"

"I don't know," she snuffles again. "How do I know you?"

I pull down my sunglasses and look into her big brown bloodshot eyes to show her my own brown, bloodshot eyes. I push my glasses back onto my face before extending my hand out for her to shake. "Ziggy Collins," I say with a smile, "at your service."

She is suddenly charmed, looks down for a moment at my hand and finally smiles when she slides her slender fingers across my palm to gently grip it. I slowly slide my thumb across the back of her hand. Her skin is soft. She smiles with relief and says, "I do know you."

"And I know you."

She slides her hand out of mine and points a finger at my face. "You're that guy from that thing."

It was a real estate class held a few months ago in the large conference room at the brokerage office where we were both agents. I had never before seen her, so I assumed she was a new agent. She sits in the back of the class while I sit off to the side. She was so beautiful that I couldn't keep my eyes off her, and so I couldn't help but turn in my seat to keep her in my periphery. She was tall and slender with a waist and hips. A small chin points down below a big, wide smile and a big pair of deep, dark eyes. She could be a witch or some kind of Asian, or maybe even Persian. I don't know what she is, and I don't really care. The teacher of the class is teaching something, but what it was is completely irrelevant. So when the class ends, we're asked to sign a sheet of paper located on the table where I am sitting. Most of the class had already signed it, but I still needed to since I came in late, as did she – as a matter of fact, I followed her in through the lobby and down the hall to the conference room, and what a pleasure it was to watch her walk with her lovely long legs. So as I reach for the sign-in sheet, she is suddenly standing right before me patiently waiting for her turn to sign. I look up from my chair to see her big smile shining down upon me. She is warm and I can smell her. She smells amazing, like an orchard. A few heartbeats thump before I warn her, with a smile, that I might have to take my time signing this sheet of paper if it means she will continue to stand there in front of me with that beautiful smile on her beautiful face on such a beautiful girl. She looks away for a second embarrassed before looking back with a bigger smile, slightly blushing. No

other words were spoken, but we were clearly speaking the same language as she stands before me not looking like she's in a rush. So I finally signed the paper and slid it towards her. She signed it 'Mia'. "It's nice to meet you, Ziggy Collins." "The pleasure is all mine, Miss Mia."

I nod and point back at her with a smirk and say, "You remember me now?"

"I do," she whispers and places her hand on my forearm, which shocks me for just a moment from both her unexpected touch and the sudden tightening in my boot cuts.

"I say, how did I get to be so lucky as to have the company of such a beautiful girl on such a beautiful day?"

"Yes," she says, as if suddenly realizing, "It is a beautiful day."

"And I have just the thing that will make this day even more beautiful." I open the console between us and pull out a small wooden pipe, a lighter, and a purple plastic container labeled 'Super Silver Haze', the sweet, citrus smell of which permeates the space between us in a way as to inspire only happiness and joy. "So, are you in?" I ask.

Her eyes widen and her mouth gapes. "Oh my god," is all she says as she takes the treasure from my hand, looks in the bowl to see that it's already packed with small sticky-green nuggets of love, and whispers almost inaudibly, "Yay!"

She is suddenly sullen, placing the pipe and pot in her lap to again sit in silence for a dramatic moment, looking away from me through her window as traffic starts to loosen up around the airport and the car moves faster.

"If I smoke this, Ziggy Collins," she says facing forward and methodically raising the pipe to her lips, "I can't be held responsible for what I might do," and punctuates the sentence with a spark from the lighter and takes a hit, holds it in for a second before busting out with laughter and filling the car with smoke. I laugh with her and press all four buttons on the console on my door to simultaneously open all the windows, which causes the fog to quickly be replaced by gale force winds that cause her long black hair to spin around the car, causing her to laugh even more while I try to maintain control of my vehicle. She has a wonderful laugh, one that inspires laughter. She grabs control of her hair as I roll up the windows to a more reasonable level.

"So, Ziggy Collins," she says, gesturing at the pipe after taking another hit and passing it to me, "is this the secret to your success?"

I take a hit and give it back to her and say after exhaling out the window, "I find it's always best to have a fresh perspective about everything."

"Yes," she says now more relaxed with a genius swagger, "one could definitely say that."

"Hello, I think I just did."

She takes another hit and says, "So why are we going to San Diego?"

"Because sometimes you just gotta say fuck it and get the fuck out of Dodge."

"I heard that," she says as she packs another bowl. "Going on a little vaca, are we?"

"Well it's Father's Day weekend, and I ain't nobody's daddy."

"You can be my daddy, Ziggy Collins."

I smile at her naughty grin and say, "I'm probably old enough to be your daddy."

"Well, let's just say that I have an appreciation for a well seasoned man."

"And I certainly have an appreciation for a beautiful young girl, such as yourself," who gets in my car at a moment's notice and lets me take her wherever I want.

"So, are you solo?"

"I am so solo."

"And I am so solo too."

"It's good to be solo."

"Ziggy," she says with a sudden look of concern on her face, "you have no idea how badly I need to seriously get the fuck out of here right now, like as far away as I can, okay?"

"Okay."

"And you have to promise me that we're going to have a good time, okay?"

"I promise," I say, bringing my hand up to pledge it so.

"And you have to promise me that you'll take good care of me!"

"Like you're my brand new blushing bride."

"Like we're on our honeymoon?"

"Let's pretend we're married and go all night."

"There ain't nothin' wrong if it feels all right."

The hand that I've been holding up gives her a high five, which naturally turns into our hands folding together until I am holding her lovely ringless, white polished fingers with a red heart painted only on her middle nail. I pull the back of her hand up to kiss it gently with pooched lips. "You kill me," I whisper looking into her dead stoned eyes.

She turns away for a moment before looking back with a bigger smile, slightly blushing.

I tell her, "But we can't fall in love."

"Oh no, not love."

"We're just having fun."

"And you promise me we're gonna have fun?"

I release her hand, find a cigarette and light it. "Look," I tell her in all seriousness, gesturing with the cigarette in my hand, "let's just get a few things straight right now, okay? I'm only going to San Diego for two reasons. Number One is to get the fuck out of Dodge, and Number Two is to have as much fun as I can. So as long as we are out of Dodge and as long as we are having fun, then I will do everything in my power to keep it that way. Therefore, if anything bad were to happen to you while we're having fun, well then that wouldn't be much fun, now would it?"

She smiles at me, nodding with pursed lips and slightly squinted eyes, seemingly satisfied with my response. "Those almost sound like wedding vows," she laughs with her awesome laugh.

"They kinda were, you know?"

"True that," she says with a nod.

"Like, given the circumstances."

We're both pretty stoned as we perpetually grin at each other.

Things feel pretty good right now.

I just need to maintain.

Finally she says, "And so when are you planning to return?"

"Sunday."

"Father's Day?"

"We can leave early if you need to be somewhere."

"So two days."

"If you don't count today."

"Two days with a near stranger."

"Two days and two nights with someone you've met before and you technically work at the same place with."

"Two days is a lot of time."

"Two days is plenty of time."

"And you think you can handle me?"

"Handle you?" I say, "Oh I'll handle you alright. Don't you worry you're pretty little head off about that."

She leans back in her seat before asking for my cigarette, which dangles from her lips when she lifts her hips, leans forward to reach for her feet before sitting up with her black lace panties dangling from her fingertips. She removes the cigarette from her lips with her other hand and slowly places her panties in my lap in one fluid motion, running her fingers over the size of my bulge.

But this is not just a bulge in my jeans - this is a hazard to my ability to control my vehicle.

I can smell her panties – they smell like an orchard. I take them from my lap and bring them to my face. I can smell her pussy.

There is nothing like the smell of fresh pussy.

I suddenly hear her laugh and say, "You need to pay attention to the road, Mister Collins."

I quickly bring the car back into its appropriate lane.

What the fuck is going on right now?

She brings her knees to her chin, her long legs bent in front of her, and her naked feet on the dashboard with her toes wiggling impatiently, painted the same red as the red heart on her middle fingernails, a small white heart painted on the big toes.

Is this really happening?

"Keep a secret?" she says with a big smile.

"To the grave."

I take a breath thinking of something clever to say, but before anything comes to mind, she slowly spreads her legs, her tight black dress bunching up around her hips, before closing them quickly with her funny laugh. I see her mound, her pretty pussy split up the middle like a puffy peach.

"Holy shit," I say under my breath, almost again veering into the next lane. The car next to me honks and I apologetically wave back to the driver.

She does it again, spreading her legs, but just a wee bit slower and a whole lot wider as she spreads her small pink pussy with toasted brown lips that she slides her fingers between, up and over her mound to her clit where she exposes her pubic hair, which has been shaved into the shape of a small heart.

I find myself gawking at it, my heart pounding in my head as I quickly realize that the sound is actually from my tires running over the reflector marks on the lines in the road.

"Fuck!"

She laughs as I make a quick correction back into my lane.

But suddenly, she is not laughing. Now, she is serious.

"Ziggy," she says, handing me back my half-smoked cigarette with her legs wide open. "Now you listen to me right now," she purrs as I peripherally watch her slender middle finger slide down her pelvis and disappear into the other side of her swollen peach. She could say a million different things right now, but it seems pretty clear what the ultimate message is. Her hips are on the edge of the seat, her feet are up on the dash, her head is back against the headrest, and her small strands of her hair float lightly in the wind from the open windows. In a soft seductive voice, she tells me, "I'm only going to San Diego with you for two reasons. One is to get the fuck out of Dodge."

She licks her finger and returns it to her pussy.

And now I can smell it even more.

I can smell her.

Taste her.

Lick her.

Keep the car on the road, you bastard!

"And the second is..." she pauses to insert a second finger and in a moan continues, "to get as high as fuck and to fuck as much as possible."

Her fingers move in and out of her pussy and her hand claps gently against her clit.

"So as long as you keep me stoned and fuck me as much as possible, then we can have all the fun you want."

I say nothing.

I watch her.

I watch the road.

I watch her hips gyrate against her slippery fingers, her one hand clapping.

I watch the road.

I watch her head fall back as heavy breathing purrs through her open mouth as she gasps for air.

I watch the road.

"And I will do everything in my power to be sure it stays that way," she says in a heavier breath as her finger slides in and out of an area that I can not clearly see, sometimes sliding out to rub circular motions against her clit before sliding her fingers back in.

She moans passionately.

My cock is about to burst out of my jeans.

I now suspect that the dude driving next to us has a clue about what is going on in my car, so I switch lanes to get away from him.

I should get off the freeway, find a parking lot somewhere, maybe a mall, and fuck the shit out of this... this... I mean, I don't even know what to call this. A blessing? A sign from God? A message? A clue? My last supper? My Mona Lisa? A fantasy? A fucking fantastic fantasy come to life? A fantastic goddess masturbating in my car! Holy fuck!

One thing's for sure: this Father's Day Weekend just may go down in history as one of the best Father's Day Weekends ever.

I need to get the fuck out of Dodge more often.

She moans hard against her fingers, her breath heavy as she rubs her clit in a circular motion while the fingers of her other hand slide in and out of her pussy, the tempo getting harder and faster, her moans getting louder and deeper, her knees raising slightly.

I throw the cigarette out my window and place my right hand on her thigh. She slides her left hand over the back of mine and slowly slides it in the direction of her pussy, every inch of the journey getting hotter and hotter, falling closer and closer towards the sun of her sexual solar system.

"So do we have a deal, Mister Collins?" she says in a breathy voice.

I feel the soft skin of her thigh.

I see the desire in her eyes.

I take a deep breath, nod and say, "We're just having fun, right?"

She nods as she slides my hand a little closer to her softer, hotter skin.

"No falling in love."

"No falling in love."

"So you're in?"

"I'm in if you're in."

I squeeze her soft skin, "How could I possibly say no?"

And just as my fingers feel the hot bath between her legs, she gasps hard and suddenly collapses into a ball and throws her head forward towards her knees. Her legs close and tighten around my trapped fingers as she releases a loud gasp throwing her head back with a loud, intense moaning orgasmic explosion!

Wow!

Holy shit!

I need to slow the fuck down!

Shit.

At least I'm in the right lane.

And as I take my foot off the gas and the car slows, I taste her pussy on my wet, sticky fingers.

Yummy.

She deflates completely in her seat.

Her breath is deep.

Her taste is like a full course meal on the most famished day.

There is nothing like the taste of fresh pussy.

As the car finally comes to a halt in Long Beach traffic, she looks dead. Her hair partially covers her face.

Did she just pass out?

Her breathing is still long and slow, but regulating.

She slowly comes back to life and pulls her skirt down, sits up in her seat, crosses her arms, and looks at me now with a serious look.

"Ziggy?" she says.

"Yes?"

"Can I tell you my story?"

"Only if it's a good story."

Well, it just so happens that today is her boyfriend's birthday and she wanted to make it special. So she calls in sick to work, spends the entire morning dolling herself up, shaving her pubic heart, finding the perfect tight black dress, the perfect rattlesnake-skin shoes, and the perfect black-lace panties to sneak into his house and give him the best birthday fuck he's ever had. But unfortunately, there on a loveseat with its back turned towards the entrance of his very large living room, a long leg in black stockings with a black sexy female shoe of some sort waving like a flag from some mystery toes extended high up in the air. A few more steps and she finds herself looking down at her naked boyfriend spooning his ex-wife on his couch, his cock pumping in and out of her. She quietly watches them fuck loudly for what felt like forever before he finally notices her standing there gaping at them. "HOLY SHIT!" "WHAT THE FUCK?!" She says not a word, turns to the front door, and leaves. Her tears don't come until the door slams behind her. But as she approaches her car in his driveway, she realizes that she has left her car keys on the table in his kitchen with her cell phone, a bottle of wine, cheddar cheese goldfish, and a dozen red balloons that float patiently in the air. She was not going back into that house. She had her purse, so she just kept on walking down the street, trying to get as far away from the situation as she could. She feels sick. She hears a voice. She hears my voice. She gets in my car. She

smokes my weed and jills herself off. And now she's going to San Diego with me for the weekend.

I light her a cigarette.

She tells me I'm sweet.

The traffic's been stop-and-go until it finally jams in Fountain Valley.

She packs another bowl and says, "Now you tell me a story, Ziggy Collins."

"You want a story?"

"Not just any old story," she says taking a hit from the pipe and exhaling out the window. "Tell me a story about your greatest sexual adventure."

"My goodness," I say, taking the bowl and the lighter from her, "there's just so many to choose from."

"Are there really?" she giggles with awe. "Tell me!"

I smirk at her.

"Please?" she pouts. "They don't even have to be true stories. And we got all this time before we get to San Diego. Look at this fuckin' traffic, man! Ziggy, this is not fun."

"No, it's not."

"Right? So tell me a fucking story, a story about fucking, and give me lots of juicy, sweaty details."

I light a fresh cigarette and say, with a finger in the air, "Okay."

II.

Samantha Miller was a good girl.

She never cursed.

She always told the truth.

Samantha was my assistant at the firm where I worked as a financial advisor for ten years. She was smart and forever reliable – an overall hard worker. She was just a kid when she first started working for me, and over those ten years I’ve seen her grow up to be quite a beautiful woman, all married now with kids. I was always so sure she was a virgin before she married, especially since she was raised so devoutly Christian. I guess I always had a soft spot for her, but she was always just so sweet and innocent, just way too pure for me.

But then Asshole Bob had to fuck things up for me at the firm the year before, and I have since moved on to happier pastures.

But Samantha kept in touch. She called me when her mom died. I knew her mom pretty well – she was a good woman.

I then pursued a career in real estate, and a year later Samantha became a client. I qualified her for a loan, and we agreed to start looking for a house.

She wanted to see a listing that she found and asked if we could see it when she got off work. I made the appointment for three o’clock that afternoon.

So I park behind her truck in front of the house on a quiet suburban street in Agoura. And just as I get out of my car, Samantha steps out of her white F150 pickup truck wearing a white button down blouse, a tight beige skirt, and black strappy heels. I’m amazed by how good she looks as we hug, and her long, blonde curls tangle in my stubble and we laugh awkwardly when her soft hair slides through the velcro on my face as we pull away. Her face is always so angelic and I try

not to look at her for too long. But her sly little grin; I can never get enough of. And I know she knows when I look at her, even though we both do our best to stay professional.

I lead her into the house.

“Hello?” I say loudly to be sure the house is empty.

The front door leads us into the kitchen where I let her move ahead of me and follow her across the tiled floor lined with cabinets, countertops and appliances to a door that looks like a closet, but instead appears to be a spare bedroom, like a maid’s quarter, that jack-and-jills into a larger room on the other side of the house. I assume that we are going into the room, but instead, Samantha not only stops but she is slowly backing up – her ass is within a breath of my suddenly awakening penis, causing me to whimper ever so quietly as I look down to see her lovely cheeks restrained by her tight skirt, complete with panty line, a thong of some kind. I muster the strength to back up just in time to avoid the collision as she shuts the door. I turn quickly to avoid her seeing the snake that’s uncoiling in my trousers and lead her through the rest of the kitchen, the adjoining dining room, and then into a large family room with many couches and coffee tables all facing the back wall that has floor-to-ceiling windows with white curtains that overlook a lush Japanese garden in the large back yard decorated with a multitude of colors and textures that glimmers in the afternoon sun.

I can’t tell if she likes the house yet, but I am relieved that my penis has calmed down a bit.

I open the sliding glass door to fill the room with fresh spring air and the sounds of wind chimes in harmony with the songs of the birds that flutter in the trees at the edge of the property and fly freely around the backyard. The breeze smells floral and billows the flowing white curtains around us and into the room between us as she stands next to me. We gaze at the garden as the bright sunlight fills the room and warms my face.

“Ziggy?”

This is it! The moment of truth! She’s gotta love this house.

“Yes?”

“How much time do we have?”

I look at my watch and tell her, “The sellers gave us a two-hour window that opened about twenty minutes ago.”

“Ziggy?”

“Yes?”

She takes a deep breath and says in a distant, trance-like voice as she stares out into the garden, "Have you ever had the opportunity to do something that you've always wanted to do, like something you've prayed for, but you would only do it if no one ever find out? You know, like a secret? Or more like a promise to keep a secret?"

"A secret?"

"Yeah, but a secret so crazy that no one would ever believe you, even if you told them?"

I'm starting to think she's not talking about the house. It seems like she wants something else, like something a little more abstract. "You mean, fulfill any dream with no consequences, but forever keep it a secret?"

She nods without looking at me, now looking down at her feet.

Samantha always had a mysterious side to her. She never spoke much about her personal life too much in any great detail. So for her to want to share a secret of any kind with me was significantly important. And I think she knows that I know that we have this understanding.

I take a deep breath and say, "Well, depending on what it is, I'd say you really can't turn an offer like that down."

She looks up at me and seriously but sweetly says, "I can trust you, right Ziggy?"

I look at her and see a different look in her eyes, a glimmer of allure, a look I have never seen on her face before.

A dramatic moment passes before I tell her, "You know you can, Sam."

Sam is what her family calls her, and I only call her Sam when I really need her to understand that I am serious about what I'm saying.

She nods and says, "Good," and then turns to step back into the room towards the doorway to possibly the spare bedroom we saw in the kitchen and disappears inside.

She's doing something in the room, but it's too faint to tell what it is.

It's kinda odd that she's just in there.

I curiously walk across the large family room around a large couch in the direction of the doorway and say, "So do you like the house?"

She doesn't answer.

When I get to the doorway, I see her lying on the bed, on her left side in a lacy baby-blue bra and matching panties. Her strappy black heels hang on her feet off the side of the bed. Her skirt, blouse, and purse lay neatly on a nearby chair.

“Oh my...”

“Ziggy?”

I swallow hard and sputter, “Yes?”

“Would you believe that I’ve only been with one man my entire life?”

“I wouldn’t doubt that.” I swallow hard to clear my throat before saying, “You were always such a good girl, Samantha.”

“I thought I’d be okay with it, but I’ve been praying to know what it’s like to be with someone else, with another man,” she says taking a deep breath and exhaling before saying, “with you perhaps.”

“Me?”

“Ziggy?”

“Yes?”

“I’ve always wanted to see your penis.”

“My what?”

“Your penis.”

“My...?”

“May I see it?”

“Um, yeah, sure...”

Samantha, the devout Christian girl who I’ve known since she was so young, so sweet and innocent, so fragile, now wants to see my penis – actually said the word “penis” that now echoes constantly in my mind. Holy shit! I know this girl’s family – I worked with her mom and her sister at the firm. She’s now married with two kids. I’ve watched her grow up. And so, for so many reasons this is definitely a side of Samantha that I did not anticipate.

And yet in my mind, there is no way that this is not going to happen!

I unzip and unbutton my slacks and pull out my half hard penis.

Her mouth gapes slightly with a grin as she turns her body to end up on her hands and knees at the corner of the bed, and I can feel her breathing on the tip, looking at it with parted lips like she's never seen a penis before.

"Your penis is so huge."

"Is that okay?"

"I don't know, I've never..."

I slide my fingers into the small of her back, look into her eyes, and say, "I'll be gentle, I promise." And with that, I grip her ass and pull her body against mine, dropping my head to land my lips against hers.

"No, Ziggy," she says suddenly ending the kiss as we freeze looking at each other for half a second before she continues. "You can do whatever you want with me, you just can't kiss me on the lips."

"Okay."

"And you can't mark me, or hurt me."

"Okay."

"And you have to take this to your grave, Ziggy? This is only between you and me."

"To the grave."

She grips the head of my penis and says, "And if you tell any living soul about this, I will find you and crucify you."

"Okay."

"I promise you, Ziggy Collins," she says squeezing the head of my penis hard, like she's squeezing the juice from a lime and causing me to groan. "I'm only doing this with you because I trust you and you're like family to me."

"Okay!"

"Do you agree to these terms as I have verbally stated them?" She grips the tip harder.

"O-o-o-okay!"

"I'm not joking, Ziggy," she says right before she bends forward to drool a large goober of spit on my penis and starts slathering it all up and down making it completely wet and slippery. "Do you agree to my terms as I've stated them?"

"Yes!"

"Yes?"

"Oh God yes!"

"Oh praise Jesus Christ our lord and savior!"

"Who?"

She bends over and I hear her whisper, "Thank you, Jesus," and puts her mouth around the head and looks up at me with her pale blue eyes, her long blonde curly hair flowing down her arching back to her small waist causing her ass to look particularly round from my point of view with her baby-blue thong creating a fantastic heart shape.

"Such a lovely view this house has," I say with a chuckle.

She slowly pulls her head away and smacks the head with suction from her lips and then starts stroking it. Looking up at me, she says, "I can't believe I'm actually sucking your penis."

"Neither can I!"

"But I do believe."

"Oh yes, I believe too!"

"Oh thank you, Jesus," says as she sucks me more with amazing skills, and good stroking action with her hand.

Oh my god, I think she's gonna make me cum.

She suddenly stops sucking, sits back on her heels, puts her hands behind her back, and unhinges her bra to reveal the most gorgeous pair of C-cup breasts with perfectly round and puffy nipples, so soft and pink that they nearly match the color of her pale white skin. Her hands cup them as if to offer them to me. She looks up and says, "Do you like them?"

And just as my fingertips touch the soft flesh of those perfect tits, I suddenly feel emotional as I feel tears come to my eyes. "Oh yes," I gasp, "I do believe they are beautiful, without a doubt." She smiles at me while I gently massage them, warm in my hands as I lean forward to lick the one in my right hand, pinching her other nipple, both becoming hard.

She falls back into the middle of the bed where she lifts her long legs up, crossing them at the knees with her strappy black heels pointed at the ceiling. She lifts her hips and hooks her thumbs under the sides of her panties and pulls them off her ass and down her legs where they hang from her right shoe. She places her hands on her bent knees and slowly opens her legs to reveal the most perfectly pink pussy with big puffy lips that look like a melted diamond-shaped candle. And as she opens her legs wider, her lips act like curtains opening up a tiny pink stage, above which is a modest bush of curly blonde public hair. She grips her knees as if to brace herself and says between her teeth, "Fuck me now."

I stand over her and look down at her completely naked body, spread eagle in the middle of the bed marveling at her begging me to fuck her, but also that she even used the word "fuck", which I've never heard her say – I've never heard her swear at all. I lower my head and fiercely grip her thighs and run my tongue between her puffy lips up to her clit where she squeals with surprised delight.

My god, I can't believe I'm about to fuck Samantha Miller!

I place my hands on the bed on either side of her shoulders and point my penis directly at her lovely pink slit, and just as the tip touches her wet and warm lips, she places her hands on my chest and says, "Ziggy!"

"Yes?"

"Please don't hurt me, Ziggy," she says in a serious but calm voice amidst her heavy breathing. "You promised."

At that moment, I caught a glimpse of myself with large curved horns growing from my crown, flared nostrils, and penis ready to stab her like a dagger about to stab her with my penis – I was just about to crush her.

I take a deep breath and slowly slide the tip into her extremely tight but wet pussy.

"Careful," she says placing her hands on my hips and taking a breath. "Just let me feel it inside of me," she says as I start moving in and out of her with very short stokes as I can feel her getting wetter, "and then you can fuck the shit out of me as hard as you want," and now I'm finally inside her with one mighty slide and hold it in there for a moment, feeling it pulse inside her, taking it all in and holding a deep breath. I look down into her face and see her mouth and blue eyes wide open. She is very much in this moment with me.

"Ziggy," she whispers.

"Yeah?"

"Fuck the shit outta me."

“HolyJesusMotherofGod!”

I pull back my hips and start fucking her with a mighty force in a steady 120BPM tempo.

“Oh, yes Ziggy, just like that!”

It doesn’t take long, the wave hits me and I can’t stop it, I don’t want to stop it, and now I’m slamming my hips against hers until I hit maximum ecstasy and throw one last thrust inside her. I feel her shake and see her pretty baby-blue eyes defocus. We orgasm together, our bodies twitching against each other, and gasp for air.

“Oh my goodness,” she says, pulling me down onto the bed beside her, twisting us so she is now on top, sitting on me with her hands on my chest as I collapse on the bed. “That was amazing!”

“Hey!” I tell her.

“What?”

“We need to get out of here! How long have we been here?”

She laughs and says with a shrug, “Maybe a half hour.”

I roll us over again and pull my wet, deflating penis out of her. I stand, looking at my watch and it’s now ten minutes after four. We’ve used up over an hour’s worth of time. Panic hits me as I realize that getting caught could be devastating to us both. I start looking for my clothes. “Yes, well we should be on our way.”

“I’ll straighten the bed.”

“Put some clothes on first, please. Thank you.”

She doesn’t realize that I’m watching her put on her clothes, watching her pull her panties up over her ass as she then pulls up her skirt. But it’s not until she buttons her blouse when I notice a sly little grin, and she looks pleasantly satisfied as she stares down at the floor.

We leave the house in a hurry and I walk her to her truck. She gets in and rolls down her window. “Thank you, Ziggy,” she says.

“Oh no, thank you,” I smile and want so badly to kiss her in that moment, but can’t.

“I’ll let you know if I find any other houses,” she says with a serious look.

“We didn’t even see all of this one – I’m sure it had more bedrooms.”

“I’d like to see more houses with you, Ziggy.”

“Well, I think we should definitely ‘see more houses’, but maybe a hotel somewhere would be more appropriate. This sort of thing in an active listing could get me in a lot of trouble, get us both in a lot of trouble actually.”

“Hmm,” she ponders as she starts her truck.

I smile at her and say, “I want to kiss you so bad right now.”

“Ziggy?”

“Yes?”

“This is all part of a plan – God’s plan.”

“Okay.”

“I’ve been praying for this.”

“Okay.”

“Kissing is not part of the plan.”

“Okay.”

“God bless you, Ziggy.”

“Yes, and to you too, Samantha.”

She drives away.

I watch and wait for her truck to disappear.

III.

When I was in college, I knew a couple guys who were in a band. They converted their garage into a recording studio. I would engineer the mics and recording equipment as best I could and recorded their jam sessions.

Lupe was the rhythm guitar player in their ska band. She was the only girl in the band, and she took a lot of shit from the other guys. But she, by far, wrote a much better song than any of her fellow band mates, who all thought their forgettable music was better.

I drove her home one night after practice.

I told her I thought she should start her own band.

She told me she wanted to give me a blowjob.

And I was in no position to say no?

I parked in a dark cul-de-sac and she made a mess in my car.

But she thanked me with a smile when I dropped her off at her house as I watched her walk away in my headlights.

IV.

It's not until we park the car and start walking down Date Street towards La Pensione when I first get a good look at Mia's shoes – rattlesnake-skin heels – classic as they support such lovely long and shapely legs grinding underneath her black dress that is tight enough to hide the wrinkles caused by being bunched up around her waist while she slapped her clit to orgasm. But her hair is a different story, now in mild disarray, partially covering her face just as she reaches up, slides the hair that hangs on my side back behind her ear and looks at me with her head tilted before slowly producing a smile, which causes me to smile back at her while we wait to cross the street at the corner across from the hotel. She looks stoned, like she's at peace. It's astonishing to me that she's here with me without a moment's notice, so spontaneous, so delicious as we cross the street to the hotel in the long shadows of the late afternoon.

"Damn, you're fine," I tell her as I watch her step up the steps to the entrance where she collides with me at the top and wraps an arm around my shoulders and whispers in my ear, "If you keep looking at me like that, Mr. Collins, I'm gonna have to rape you."

"That's what I'm hoping for, Mrs. Collins."

I turn to face her in the small lobby, placing my hands on her hips and giving her a small kiss on the lips. I press my body against hers and give her a deeper kiss as her arms wrap around my shoulders. I peek to see her eyes swirling in their sockets as her hips align with mine. Her heels make her just a wee bit taller than me, probably just my height without them, so she looks down at me as she fondles the back of my head with her fingers and gazes into my eyes, our lips quivering from the hot air of our breath.

"Not bad, Mr. Collins."

"You're not so bad yourself, Mrs. Collins."

One breath later and our lips lock again. My hands grip her ass. And just when everything around us seems irrelevant and insignificant, I feel a couple of people approach us and pass behind me trying to exit the hotel. We abruptly finish the kiss and Mia shouts out to them, "We just got married!"

"Oh," they say together, an older couple seemingly more embarrassed than us as they keep walking through the door.

I blurt out, "That was actually our very first kiss."

We laugh.

"Congratulations!"

As we approach the reception desk, Mia hugs me closely from behind and rests her pointy chin on my shoulder, as we look down into the beautiful eyes of a beautiful young lady who looks up and asks, "Checking in?"

Her name badge reads 'Clara' and she is a beautiful Latina with big wide eyes and nice teeth within a gorgeous smile. Her hair is pulled back into a bun that dramatically shows off her long neck and her small but strong frame that holds up nicely the lovely, natural looking tits hanging in front of her, so innocently in modest display amongst the décolletage of her uniform that consists of a black blazer and skirt set that comfortably hugs her body as if it were custom made for her beautiful shape, and all I see in her eyes is sex!

"Yes," I tell Clara as I feel Mia running her hands across my chest with her right arm that she has draped across my shoulder and her left hand that slides across my hip and stomach, up to my chest. She presses her body against my back, kisses my neck and whispers in my ear just loud enough for Clara to hear, "I love it when you say yes."

Clara looks up at my blushing face with a curious smile intermittently looking between me and Mia before asking, "May I see your driver's license and a credit card to put on file?"

"Yes, of course," I say digging my right hand into the front right pocket of my jeans where I keep my credit cards only to feel Mia's hand in there with mine. And when I pull out my credit card case, her hand remains in the pocket and gently grips my cock that is already pretty hard and is now getting harder as I accidentally utter, "Oh my god," while my eyes defocus for the briefest of seconds. I take a breath and hand Clara the two items that she asked for.

Taking the two items and typing information into her computer, Clara keeps her composure despite her smirky grin.

"Hi Clara," Mia sings over my shoulder.

"Hello," Clara says sweetly, but cautiously, quickly looking up at Mia with a grin before going back to typing.

"How you doin' tonight?"

"I'm doing well, thank you," Clara says without breaking her concentration on the computer screen.

Mia is gripping my cock, which is causing my concentration on the matters at hand with Clara to be sporadic at best as I now feel hot and a little sweaty.

As much as I'm trying to look normal standing here at this reception desk with my hands folded in front of me, on the inside I'm getting completely worked up here, and I don't think any of this is getting past Clara who looks up at me and says with interest in her tone, "Did I hear you say you two are newlyweds?"

"Yes," I say with a nervous smile.

"Congratulations," she says, and in that moment I see her look at my fingers that are void of any wedding band, and I don't recall seeing any rings on Mia's fingers either. "So you two are Mister and Misses Siegfried Daniel Collins then?"

"Yes, we are, that!"

"Oh my god, Ziggy," Mia whispers in my ear loud enough for Clara to hear, "your cock is so huge," she says with discovery in her voice as she is now stroking my cock through the pocket in my jeans. I can't help but move in unison with the movement of her hand against my fully engorged tool. And just when I thought this situation couldn't get more awkward, Mia continues by saying, "If I knew it was this big, I would have sucked it all the way down here."

"Well, Mister and Misses Siegfried Daniel Collins," Clara says in a near chuckle, "how many keys would you like for your room?"

"Three," Mia blurts out.

"Three?" I ask. "What do we need three keys for?"

"Two for us," Mia says, "and one for her."

Clara looks at the two of us with a smirky smile like this is all a joke, and for all I know it is. She leans towards us and whispers, "You know, I've seen a lot of newlyweds come in and out of here, and they don't look nothing like the two of you."

"Shhhhh," Mia whispers bringing the index finger of her left hand to cross her lips.

"It's okay," Clara says with a smile. "Your secret is safe with me."

Mia stops stroking my cock when she asks Clara, "So what time are you getting off?"

"I leave here at eleven," she says, but then whispers with a grin, "but I won't be getting off until well after midnight."

"Oh really?"

“Well why wait?” Mia says. “You should come up and celebrate with us. Celebrate our nuptials! Suck on our vows! We’ll get you off in no time.”

Clara pouts and says, “I’m so sorry, but that would be against hotel policy.”

“Rules were made to be broken,” Mia says. “If nobody broke them, then we wouldn’t need to have them. Now would we?”

Clara paused with a shift in her smirk that made me think she was considering our offer, but instead hands me a receipt and two keys and tells us our room is on the second floor and points us in the direction of the elevators, all with her beautiful smile. “You have a good night, you two,” she says waving at us as we turn to walk away.

“You too.”

“Thank you, Clara!” Mia sings to her as we step away. She looks over her shoulder and says, “Bye, Clara!”

She leans back against the wall of the elevator staring at me with the mighty bulge in my jeans.

“She was hot,” she says.

“Totally hot.”

“You’re hot.”

“No, you’re hot.”

“Fuck you, you’re hot!”

“No fuck you, I’m gonna fuck your brains out.”

“Not if I don’t fuck yours out first.”

The elevator doors open and she grabs me by the belt and walks me to our room, which is small, very small, and directly overlooks the corner of Date and India.

And we are not one minute in the room when she pulls her dress up over her head in one fluid motion and has me pressed up against the wall, her soft lips pressed hard against mine as our tongues slither together in a slow, aggressive dance. Without her heels on, she is almost my height, and her body is a perfect fit against mine, especially with her much longer legs.

I slide my hands around her hips and grip her round ass.

She moans and slides her nails across my back just enough to make it sting.

She is now on her knees, tugging on my belt and pulling down my jeans.

My cock springs out and nearly slaps her across the face.

She holds it at the base with one hand and puts the tip in her mouth, slowly pulling it out and rotating her tongue in circles around the circumference of my pulsating head.

I think the only thing I said as she sucked my cock was "Fuck!" in a whisper, over and over again.

This is not the way I planned to spend this day, but that's okay – I really don't mind at all and, by the way, thanks!

Before I can cum, she stands up and, without a word, turns to walk toward the bathroom with my cock in her hand leading me like a dog to the bathroom where she turns on the shower and strips me of the rest of my clothes as steam fills the room.

She smiles, gives me a quick kiss on the lips, turns to the shower, and I watch her ass get in.

The water wets her long black hair that streams down her back, over her perfectly round booty and across her long shapely legs.

She looks over her shoulder at me and says, "Are you coming in, Ziggy Collins? Or are you just gonna stand there and play with yourself."

I grab her hip with my right hand and brace myself against the wall with my left hand so as not to crush her as I press my body against hers from behind. My cock slides in between the cheeks of her ass. My teeth dig into her long and slender neck. She puts her hands on the wall to push her ass against my cock, and I take my hand off the wall and grip her left breast, which is small and perky - her nipple hardens between my fingers. My nose slides across her ear as I take her lobe with my teeth and suck on her tender skin. My right hand is now on her ass as I push my hips away from hers to point my cock more directly at her pussy. She arches her back so her nice long legs can slide the lips of her hot pussy against the head of my throbbing cock. I finally grip it and shove it in with one single thrust and hold it there as the momentum has pressed her face against the black marble tile. She shouts out a loud gasp of pleasure. "Oh my god," she says looking back at me, pushing herself off the wall, pushing me back a little as the water showers down between us. "Your cock is so big." She reaches back and puts her hand on my chest as if to position me in the perfect spot and hold me steady before she slowly slides off of it, the head of my cock still inside of her as we breathe and throb together. She then pushes back again, impaling herself on my fully engorged meat muscle. She speeds up the tempo and rocks her hips as I stand stationary watching her work her pussy with my cock, sometimes staring me right in the eye, sometimes taking in all of me, other times closing her eyes and losing herself in the rhythm. I grip her hips the moment she takes her hand off my chest and I start thrusting my cock in and out of her hard, my balls splashing against the water that cleanses between us. I

slide my hands around her hips up to her nipples and give them firm pinches before reaching her shoulders, causing her arms to rise above our heads. Her fingers run through my hair and a shiver runs down my spine. I grip her shoulders and fuck her harder. She leans back against me until the water showers down upon her pussy as I almost have her in a full nelson bucking my hips against hers. We lose our balance and slide down the tile to the floor. It seems appropriate to laugh, but our breathing is too heavy. We spend the next few moments just looking into each other's hungry eyes, catching our breath as the water falls down upon our bodies like rain.

I pull her up out of the shower, lead her out of the bathroom and sit her down on the corner of the bed, water still dripping off her slender curves, her black hair sticking to her wet skin as the shower still runs in the other room behind me. She leans back on the bed, raises her knees, and spreads her legs. I place my hands on the back of her knees, push them back towards her shoulders, and run a slow flat tongue from the pucker of her asshole, across her taint, to splash into her hot wet pussy and tickle her clit with the tip of my tongue. She seems to hold her breath throughout all of this until I get to her clit when she then exhales a long and steady moan into the room with yet another mighty orgasm.

Still pushing down on her thighs, I hover over her for a moment as water and sweat drips off my head and shoulders onto her wet naked body. Her beautiful face has an anxious look of desire, but then relief as my cock slides into her, and fucking her with a determined force, my hips swinging effortlessly, my cock punishing her pussy. The sound of our bodies slapping together in a hollow cadence fills the room.

I think of her sitting in the back of that real estate class. I think of her crying on the side of the road. And now I'm fucking her hard in a San Diego hotel room, her small tits bouncing in rhythm to my thrusts, my cock penetrating deep inside her tight pussy, her eyes closed, her face intensely concentrated.

And I need this fuck! I've earned this fuck! This fuck is mine!

That good old orgasmic feeling comes over me like the unexpected visit from a good old friend.

I pull out my cock just in time for a huge discharge of cum to come soaring through the air and splatter a near straight line down her chest and stomach. My whole body goes completely numb for all of a second before that good old friend charges up my spine and grips the top of my head and causes my body to shake uncontrollably like an epileptic. I feel more cum squirting out of me, but my eyes are shut with agonizing pleasure.

I crash down onto the bed beside her as we lay on our backs. The sound of our heavy breath fades into the sound of the people in the street below our window.

V.

I am high and by myself in the studio listening the playback of one of Lupe's songs that we just recorded. The guys in the band all decided to take a break and get some food, but I stayed back to smoke a roach, have a beer, and adjust the levels of the mix.

"Sounds good," says a voice to my left.

I guess I'm not alone as I turn to see Lupe's skinny figure in an AC/DC T-shirt along with her typical pleated skirt, leather jacket, and knee-high leather boots, standing in the light of the studio door and casting a long shadow into the dark corner of the room behind her. She gazes down at her cell phone, which lights up the silhouette of her face nestled in her jet-black bangs and bob-cut.

"You sound good," I tell her with a smile as her voice sings the first chorus through the speakers.

"Thanks," she says flat with a shrug all the while looking and pressing at her phone.

"I thought you all went to get food."

"They all left without me," she says still looking at her phone. "I'm waiting for July to pick me up, but she's just now getting off work."

This is the first time I've been alone with Lupe since the night I drove her home a few weeks ago when I parked my car in that dark cul-de-sac where I rolled back my seat so she could lean over the console between us, grip my dick and suck it for all of six or seven minutes before making me cum, finishing me off with her hand in the last half minute with extra attention to the head. "Oh yeah!" she says with a growling chuckle and squirts my cum all over me and the inside of my car, the largest squirt landing right in a fantastic arc across nearly the entire width of the driver's side window, like she was aiming for it, and boy did she hit it! It was as if she had taken a squirt gun filled with my cum and squirted it across my window. I pondered leaving it there for the artistic quality, but couldn't think of what to tell people, because someone surely would ask me what that was.

She finally puts her phone in her purse and looks at me when I realize I've been staring at her.

Her song plays into the second chorus through the speakers.

"I see you cleaned the windows in your car." she says, cracking an evil smile.

I just nod while I watch her.

And now I'm pretty sure by the way she's just standing there looking at me that we are having similar thoughts. She swings her head into the direction of the studio. "Come on," she says slowly moving closer to the doorway of the recording room. "I promise I won't make a mess."

When I stand, she disappears through the doorway into the main recording room.

When I get to the doorway, I see her step inside an isolation booth, which was converted from a small closet in the garage.

When I get to the doorway of the booth, I see her sitting on her guitar amp, her hands together on her knees, her shoulders straight as she looks up and says, "Shut the door," reaching for my belt and pulling out my pecker.

When I shut the door, her song drifts away and everything goes dark except for a dull glow that shines through a small window in the door at my shoulder. I feel her tongue swirling around the head and down the shaft. I place my hands on her head pumping in and out of her mouth. I feel her soft hair and slide my hands down her back to her tiny ass underneath her short skirt and grip it firmly, causing her to moan like she wants it.

She grips me at the base, pulling the skin tight, and now I feel her tongue flickering against the head, kissing it like she did in the car, stroking the shaft, wringing the tip.

And I can't take it any more and pull her to her feet, turn us both around in the small booth and sit where she was sitting, pulling my jeans down to my ankles as I do. I reach up and slide down her panties and she breathes heavier with a look of shock on the silhouette of her face. I slide my hand between her legs and my middle finger slips into her hot wetness, which I spread around her pelvic mound while she moans even louder. Her legs buckle slightly. My eyes have adjusted enough for me to see her shadow gyrating against my hand under her skirt. And as I work a second finger into her tight, little hole, my hand starts slapping against her clit and my middle and ring finger massage her silky wet insides as she moans more intensely, the sound dead in the soundproof booth.

I slide my fingers out of her and put them in her mouth as she sucks her wetness off my fingers.

I turn her around and lower her hips down so my dick slides easily into her now sopping wet pussy. She seems to stop breathing as her skinny legs continue to tremble and she throws the back of her head against my shoulder. My hands guide her ass up and down. Her moans have now turned into a chant of "oh my god!" in an exhausted whisper. She starts bucking her hips until I feel her legs give out and she becomes too heavy for me to hold as she places her hands on my knees.

I stand up behind her and brace her against the door of the booth, place one hand on her hip as I grip my cock with the other and slide it into her, grab her hips and start thrusting hard. Her silhouette looks like her face is pressed against the door below the window with her hands on either side of her shoulders. Every thrust brings me closer to cumming, which she can feel and begs that I please cum in her mouth.

She slides off my dick and drops to her knees just in time for my explosion as she wraps her lips around the head and jerks it with her hand while I crumble back down onto the amp and lean back against the wall so she can suck me dry.

“See, no mess,” she says standing up and pulling up her panties and wiping her lips.

And just as I catch my breath, her phone receives a text.

“July’s here,” she says after looking at her phone. “I have to go.” She grabs her purse and leaves me in the booth with my pants around my ankles, collapsed on her amp with a wet throbbing semi-erect penis slowly dying in my lap.

“Thanks,” I mutter even though I’m sure she can’t hear. “See ya.”

I pull up my jeans and make my way to the entrance of the studio where I see her get into a car in the glow of the streetlight at the end of the long driveway. And as they drive away, I see July’s hair and red lipstick smiling in the driver’s seat.

VI.

And I awake some time later, alone in the hotel room. I'm not sure how long I've been out, but I don't think it's been very long. I hear water running in the bathroom. I roll off the bed to find Mia back in the shower shaving the heart off her pussy with my razor.

I pack a bowl and we smoke it in the shower.

She washes me, standing behind me and sliding her soapy hands across my chest, down my stomach to my very happy penis.

"Are you having fun, Ziggy?"

"This is the most fun I've had all day," I tell her, still weary from the sex.

She smiles wide with tired eyes, stoned. "This has been an interesting day."

"Why can't more days be like this?"

I give her one of my white V-neck T-shirts, which looks great on her – everything probably looks great on her. She wears it over her dress and pulls her damp hair back into a ponytail, and all I can think about as I watch her getting dressed is ripping it all off and starting all over again.

The sun goes down behind the buildings of Little Italy, losing color and turning gray in soft-tone silhouettes, with ghosts lurking in the shadows and the streetlights slowly start their evening glow. People walk the street going in and out of a rather large assortment of bars and restaurants seemingly cheerful, holding hands and takeout bags, beautiful women everywhere, one right after another, in their own individual way. It's so hard not to look, not to stare at all the beautiful people in San Diego.

We walk to Filippi's in Little Italy and order a veggie pizza and a pitcher of beer.

"Mister Collins?"

"Yes, Misses Collins."

"As your new bride, I propose that we celebrate wildly and get thoroughly shitfaced."

"That's exactly why I married you."

"To get shitfaced?"

"Well, that and the sex."

"Oh yes, the wonderful sex."

"I agree, but I just think we need more of it."

"Yes," she says raising her mug of beer.

"A toast!"

"To more of it!"

"To a lot more of it!"

We drink and eat the bread that the waitress had brought.

"What are the odds of this?" I say, refilling our glasses.

"Of us?"

"Yeah?"

"I was just thinking about the randomness of all this, and yet this really feels like it's supposed to be this way."

"They say people come together for a reason."

"Like lovers in a past life."

"How strange it is that we found each other at just the right moment to make this little adventure possible."

"Well, I don't know, you're the one who just pulled up in your car and took me away."

"Yeah, but you were the one who actually got in my car in the first place."

"Well you're the one who wants me to be his bride for the weekend."

"And to think we were nearly strangers just hours ago."

"It was the perfect impulsive moment."

"An inflection point."

"Seize the day!" She raises her glass.

"Carpe diem!"

We clink our mugs and drink some more.

Putting my mug down, I say, "So the fact that you are here with me tonight is clearly your doing."

"It is."

"Clearly."

"I'll own that."

"I didn't force you."

"But you did fuck me."

"As promised."

"And you're having fun?"

"I am."

"As promised," she says as we clink our glasses again.

Our pizza arrives and we order another pitcher after topping off our glasses. It is the best pizza ever as we inhale the toasted crust, the stringy, chewy cheese, tomato sauce and various veggies like a pair of savages, our burning mouths quickly extinguished by more cold beer.

"May I ask you another question, Ziggy Collins?"

I nod at her while I chew my pizza.

"So why are we here?"

"Ah, the eternal question."

"No, I mean like, why are you here?"

"I told you, to get the fuck out of Dodge."

“No really.”

I paused to wipe my mouth with a napkin before saying, “I don’t want to talk about my personal life. If I have to talk about my personal life, then I won’t be having fun, which completely defeats the purpose of this journey.”

“Okay,” she folds immediately, looking innocent. “We’ll only talk about it if you want. I made you a promise.”

I waved my hand in forgiveness and tell her, “Let’s just say that you will be accompanying me at an event tomorrow.”

“What kind of event?”

“I’m not gonna tell you.”

“And we’ll have fun at this event?”

“Most assuredly we will.”

“One moment,” she says with a finger in the air. She swallows the last of her beer and grips the table in the booth, swings her hips around to sit next to me. And as I make a little room for her, she swings her arms around my head, her left arm gently slides around my neck like a feather, her fingers gently swirl in my hair, and as I feel the warmth of her thigh against mine, her right hand softly lands on my chest, her breast is warm against me. Her right hand is now up on my cheek turning my face towards her. She kisses me gently and softly and her fingers slither through my hair. I see the darkness in her eyes, the sex in her gaze as if to say this isn’t for me – this is for her, to service her in any way and every way possible – that is what will make her happy, that this is a fit, that both of our desires, although completely different, could also completely complement the other with the same desired result, to serve only one common purpose, to just take a break from everything and just live life so completely from the norm, to just fall in love with a complete stranger knowing that you will let go of that stranger once the duration of the verbal contract expires.

You’re just going to ride this one out, Ziggy Collins, for as long as it lasts.

She kisses me deeply and it’s nothing but passion, the kind of passion with deep breaths and swirling tongues, which causes the room to spin and the ground to shake and quake.

Our lips suddenly smack apart.

“Ziggy?”

“I need to pay the bill.”

“Yes, that’s right, you need to pay the bill.”

I kiss her lips, as they look so nice and puffy and moist and warm. I see her eyes cross as she looks down onto my lips, her hand now under the tablecloth sliding her fingers down the full length of my cock, which is ever so hard.

“Where the fuck is our waitress!”

“Check please!”

“God damn it!”

And as we wait for the waitress to charge my card, I stand up and in one single motion grip her ponytail with just the right amount of gentle force as she sits to tilt her head up so I can calmly look down upon her big brown eyes, now with just a little bit of fear. She then releases a gasp that may have turned some heads in an emptying dining room. My lips fall to hers as if they were trying to keep me from crashing as I gently place my hand on her neck. I kiss her deeply in the dark booth in the corner of the dining room that echoes the sounds of Dean Martin singing Amore.

She straddles me on the bed for nearly an hour.

She rides my cock with the wildest abandon and passion.

She has so many beautiful orgasms, each one different from the last.

I grip her firm young ass and thrust my cock up inside her as she gasps loudly into the hot air above us.

I lay still on my back, catching my breath from all my hard work, and watch her grind on my cock with every spontaneous gyration in every direction with multiple spasms that I can feel from the movement of her ass, where I loosely place the palms of my hands to get the full effect of her motion. I look past her to see my thickness thumping in and out her pussy in the mirror above the desk at the foot of the bed. I see my hands grip her ass and the pumping of my cock into her slender body like a cylinder. And just as she looks back to see my eyes in the reflection, I now see all of her, this gorgeous woman with her long legs and her tight, round ass in my grasp, my nails digging into the soft tenderness of her sweaty flesh. I wrap my arms around her waist, holding her up so I can swing my hips up with full strokes as she places her hands on the bed at the sides of my head. Her body rises as every thrust pushes her up, and as soon as I feel her small tits bounce randomly against my face, I feel a rush of energy slice down my spine and throughout my entire body. I start slamming my cock in and out of her, and it feels like we’re about to cum together amidst a series of operatic gasps that have built up to fill her with a massive orgasm.

I am so in the moment.

Nothing could make this moment any better.

I am in complete bliss.

And I can hardly decipher the world around me.

“That was fun,” she gasps in my ear as she wraps herself around me, squeezing me tight.

I let out a long exhale, “Yeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee.”

And as she lay collapsed on my chest with my deflating cock still inside her and our juices slowly dripping down my balls, the room quickly clouds out and I float away into the darkness of dreams.

VII.

A week goes by before I hear from Samantha when she sends me a text with an address that has what I believe to be a condo unit number of a place where she wants me to meet her in Calabasas. She says she's already set it up, so I just have to meet her there. Her last message read, "COME ALONE".

Lo and behold, the address she gives me is to the Good Night Inn in Calabasas, right off the 101.

It's about seven-thirty at night and the sun is setting behind the hills. I see her truck in the parking lot, and then her shadow in the doorway of the unit number, which was shut by the time I get to it and knock.

She opens the door just enough for me to see her right eye looking at me, and I can tell she's grinning. Her long curly blonde hair cascades across her forehead and down over her shoulder.

I smile and sing, "Hello?"

She opens the door to reveal herself in a white silk robe that looks like wet paint across her puffy tits, tied at the waist to hang off her hips to the middle of her muscular pale thighs. She stands shorter than I'm used to, as she is barefoot.

And as I step into the room, all I can think about is how pure and innocent she looks, almost like she's glowing. She has no expression on her face except for the tiniest of grins. At first I read it as mischievous, but then at times I feel a sense of purpose and peace.

"Thank you for coming," she says in a sweet tone as she shuts the door behind me. She then unties her robe and lets it fall to the floor in one quick blink of an eye.

And there she stands before me, her pale skin wrapped around such a breathtaking shape, her shoulders and hips accentuated by the wonderful curve in her waist, her pretty pink nipples and her curly blonde bush as she looks up into my eyes.

She is beautiful.

She is sexy.

And my dick is hard.

She takes my hand and pulls me to the edge of the closer of the two twin beds in the room where she sits, unbuckles and pulls down my pants. And just as she gives the tip a kiss, I hear her very softly say, "Thank you, Jesus," and then kiss it again with pooched out lips. And when she kisses it a third time, she inhales the head and slowly bobs forward and back just on the tip where her tongue encircles and flickers in her mouth. She pulls the tip out with a smack of her lips, and I nearly buckle in half, that felt so good! Damn! And then she does it again – puts her lips around the head, pulls back and smacks her lips off the tip. "Damn," I exhale, and she grins up at me while she slides the tip back and forth very gently against her flat tongue before devouring it, getting about two-thirds of it in her mouth before sliding up my shaft back to the tip where she stops and sucks on it for a brief moment before smacking it again with her lips, looking up to see my expression.

And my expression is: "Oh my god!"

She spits on my dick and starts stroking it with sometimes long broad strokes to sometimes wringing the head and making me squirm. She says, "I watch a lot of porn, and when I do, I often think of doing things like this to you."

"That's the nicest thing anyone's ever said to me."

And then it occurs to me that the shower is on in the bathroom with the closed door, but I figure she's planning to transition there eventually.

I unbutton and remove my shirt.

I hear movement in the shower, and immediately blurt out, "Is there someone in the shower?" just as the water shuts off.

And just as quickly as my eyebrows can raise, Samantha suddenly pops my penis out of her mouth, leans back onto the bed, spreads her legs, and says, "Fuck me now, Ziggy!"

"But there's someone in the..."

She wraps her legs around my knees and pulls me forward, and my right knee lands on the edge of the mattress against her inner left thigh and my hands land on either side of her ribs. Her long curly blonde hair splinters the bed above her head in a mighty halo as my dick slides straight into her like a hot knife in butter to the chorus of our simultaneous moans of pleasure.

"Thank you, Jesus," I hear her say after closing her eyes with a big smile, "for what we are about to receive."

I slide it in and out of her slowly with one, two, three, four, five full-length strokes before the bathroom door suddenly opens and I stop!

Holy shit!

Frozen.

Waiting to see who it is.

My heart is suddenly beating super fast and I realize I'm not breathing. The only thing keeping me from freaking out right now is Samantha's perpetual smile as if she's waiting for yet another surprise on my face.

And there, rounding the corner and leaning in the doorway is Barbie Miller, Samantha's younger sister, wrapped up in a white hotel towel and looking across the small room at us.

And my expression is: "Oh my god."

Samantha just continues to smile below me.

Barbie's face suddenly looks disappointed as she sweetly says, "Are you hiding it from me, Sam?"

Samantha wraps her legs around my hips and forces me to stay in her. "Don't let her see it," she tells me.

"I wanna see it!"

"Fuck me, Ziggy," Samantha says as she starts to pump her legs allowing my hips to only move my dick in and out of her.

"Please, Jesus, please let me see it," Barbie says as she slides her hand into her towel to the space between her legs, the space I have so often fantasized about. She rubs herself through her towel and watches me fuck her sister harder with every step she takes, moving closer between the two beds to the opposite side of our bed. She drops her towel right before my eyes like a bird unfolding its wings. I gasp at the sight of her cute little belly button and her puffy pussy, just like her sister's pussy, the pussy I'm currently fucking, and there's another one I can potentially fuck right in front of me that looks just like a small tuft of dirty-blond pubic hair with a down arrow that points between the creases of her shapely thighs. Except Barbie's pubic hair is straight, like the wavy long dirty-blond hair on her head. Her tits are smaller than her sisters, but still wonderfully perky. I look up to see her pale blue eyes that smile when she smiles, her high cheekbones, her pointy chin, long neck, and pale skin. But truly the best part of Barbie is her booty.

While Samantha rhythmically whimpers beneath me at the tempo of my heavy thrust, Barbie kneels on the bed by her sister's head and leans forward so her head is at our hips. And now I

have a wonderful view of Barbie's booty in the air, just a little bit rounder and fuller than her sister's smaller and tighter booty. She looks up at me and says, "Can I please see it?"

After three or four more thrusts, I pull out my wet, throbbing rod from Samantha's pussy and point it straight at Barbie's nose.

Barbie gasps when she sees it. "Holy Jesus," she says, "that is huge!"

"I told you," says Samantha.

"Boy," Barbie gasps with a chuckle as she looks down at her sister with concern. "I don't know, Sam."

"It's what you prayed for, right?"

My jaw hangs from my face watching these two sisters whom I've known for years, whom I've fantasized about for years without ever thinking I would ever have a better than nothing chance to ever have not one, but both of them at the same time. And yet they have apparently had a discussion about the size of my manhood, and perhaps even prayed for it.

Barbie teases the head with her tongue before sucking on it with her thin lips, her tongue swirling against it in her mouth as she moans a little before sliding in more.

I lift my knee that was on the bed and replace it with my foot to get my hips closer to Barbie so she can take more of it in her mouth just as Samantha slides down between my legs to suck on my balls.

Holy Lordy, could anything be better than this? Have I died and gone to some kind of happy utopian final destination?

I am thinking of everything I can to prevent myself from cumming at a moment when such a thing would devastate my ability to enjoy as much of this wonderfully rare phenomenon that has unveiled before my very eyes. This is a moment that must be savored. How does one man get to be so lucky?

Samantha slides her tongue up my shaft to relieve Barbie from the head to start sucking on it as I straddle her chest.

Barbie in turn stands up, falls back on the other bed, and spreads her legs to show me her pussy, which has smaller lips than her sister's, and yet is exactly as I imagined whenever I could see her camel toe in the tight jeans she would wear on casual Friday. She rubs herself, sliding her middle finger in and out to make it glisten. "Fuck me, Ziggy," she says just like her sister, and I grin at the comparison. "Fuck me now," she gasps as she spreads the lips of her pussy open in my direction.

Samantha smacks her lips against my tip and says, "Don't make her wait, Ziggy."

I stand up, step around between the beds, and torpedo straight into Barbie with one continuous thrust, leaving it in her as if I've just stabbed her, looking down onto her. I feared at that moment that I might cum pretty quick if I started fucking her right away. So I take the moment to see her beneath me with her tightness filled to the rim with my throbbing penis.

"Ziggy," she says suddenly looking up at me with searching eyes, "do you remember when you used to see me at the copy machine and say good morning to me?"

Barbie worked with us too at the same firm – Samantha and her mother got her the job.

"Yes I do. Quite fondly in fact."

"You used to make my knees shake sometimes when you walked by."

"Really?"

"I used to fantasize about what it would feel like to have you inside me. I had dreams of you bending me over the copy machine and fucking me, so hard," she pauses, excitedly apprehensive about what she is about to say, "in my ass."

"Oh no," I grunt as I suddenly feel the urge to cum, and yet I haven't even completed the first thrust that I have in her.

"No!" Both girls cry out at the same time as Barbie lifts up her hips to eradicate my penis, which quickly slides out like a bullet as we all freeze looking at it throb, anticipating a burst of cum to come springing out of the tip at any moment.

"Siegfried Daniel Collins, don't you dare cum right now!"

I put my hands on my face trying to avoid the pulsating in my penis that beats at the same rate as the pulsating in my temples.

"Ziggy?"

"Shhhhhh!" I put my hands out like I'm trying to deflect their voices

I begin pacing between the two beds, my cock swinging in the cold air from side to side with every step I take with a naked Miller sister on either side. My breath is still heavy as I rub my face thinking, 'baseball, football, baseball, football, soccer, hockey, soccer, hockey, baseball, football, baseball, football...'

Samantha waves at her sister who has been laying in the same position that she was in when I pulled out of her, legs spread with her vagina wide open and glistening wet. "Put that away," she tells her as Barbie closes her legs with a guilty smirk.

The room is finally silent.

I slowly open my eyes and say, "Okay, it's over! The crisis is over! I am now in control."

Both girls exhale at the same time and we all have a little laugh.

Samantha says, "you're gonna fuck us some more, right Ziggy?"

"Oh yeah," I say with a chuckle.

"Good, cause Babs has something she wants to show you."

Barbie nudges her sister. "No."

I grin and look down on Barbie. "What is it?" I ask her.

"It's really more of an outfit," Samantha says on behalf of her sister.

"Really?" I ask. "What kind of outfit?"

Samantha tells her sister to go put it on and Barbie smiles, bounds off the bed and quickly walks back to the bathroom showing me for the first time her big round booty in the flesh.

"I've always been a fan of that ass," I tell her.

I lay down next to Samantha on her bed as she turns her back to me and reaches back to grip me. She seems to want more and I want to give her more, so I let her guide it in. But as I feel her placing the tip into her nether-reaches, I realize that the nether-reaches she is aiming for is not her vagina?

Really?

"Are you trying to put it in your..."

"Shhh!" she says quickly and quietly as she works the head into the pucker of her ass.

"Oh my," I say as I feel her extremely tight ass slowly making its way around the tip. I see her mouth gape and her eyes roll as she slowly slides it in. And when it is almost completely in, she releases an agonizing cry into the headboard, which amplifies the cry even further.

"Sam!" I hear Barbie crying out behind me. "What are you doing?"

"He can't fuck your ass until he fucks mine first."

Samantha is obviously the older sister.

"Just don't cum, Ziggy," Barbie says.

Samantha, with an intense look on her face, starts bouncing her booty against me as if to spite her sister.

I can only smile at the situation while I start to pump it in and out of her tight butthole.

Suddenly, the lights go off except for the lights in the sink area by the bathroom at the end of the room.

I look up to see Barbie standing before me in my favorite orange pastel dress with a white floral print.

"Oh my," I whisper, mesmerized.

All she says is, "Praise Jesus for what I am about to receive."

"Praise the Lord!"

"Holy Christ!"

VIII.

It is the morning of the fiesta of San Fermin and people scuttle about in preparation for the festivities. Mike and Brett have yet to wake up, so I drink a glass of Jerez with Bill and Robert in the café on the square. And when the rockets go off in the plaza, everyone is suddenly drinking and dancing! Pipes, fifes and drums play in the streets for the colorful riau-riau dancers. And it feels like nothing could ever go wrong.

And I awake to the glare of the sun and the sounds of Pamplona: people talking and laughing, and a band plays Spanish music in the distance. The smell of bread and pastry and pasta and coffee and wine is everywhere.

I must have missed the bulls.

My blurry eyes squint in the sunlight shining brightly through shutter-like blinds in the windows.

The TV is on, but not very loud.

My cock is hard.

My cock feels good.

My cock feels very good.

My cock is in Mia's mouth.

Mia has been sucking my cock in my sleep.

Mia is lying on her side on the bed at my waist watching television with her head on my hip and my cock in her mouth.

All I can see of her is the back of her head.

She realizes I am awake, moans with delight and sucks me harder.

I almost immediately cum her mouth.

Holy shit!

Oh my God!

What a way to start the day!

And now I am in some kind of fuzzy-numb bubble of sexual nirvana.

She cuddles next to me wiping her chin and sweetly sings, "Good morning, Mr. Collins"

Still trying to catch my breath, I gasp, "Yes it is, Mrs. Collins. One could definitely say that."

We both laugh.

"Ziggy," she says softly stroking my chest as her long legs slide up and down the lower half of my body.

"Mia," is all I can say.

"Ziggy, I know I told you I wouldn't fall in love with you, but I have to be honest with you," she pauses to look up and see the smirk on my face. "Now don't be mad, but I may have a tiny little crush on your penis."

"It's okay," I say rolling to the edge of the bed, "Your secret is safe with me."

"I'm afraid it might break my heart someday."

I sit on the edge of the bed, run my fingers through my hair, and rub my tired eyes before standing to finally look through the wide blinds in the window.

To my dismay, there is no festival and we are not in Pamplona. There are no rockets, there is no fiesta, and there are no bulls.

Instead, the San Diego Farmer's Market is right outside our window crowded with people on Date Street eating and shopping for food. A trio of Latin men play guitar, drums, and keyboard and are seemingly play an extended version of '*Oye Como Va*'.

We get dressed, smoke a bowl, and go get fresh fruit salad, granola, pastry, pie, and organic coffee.

It's a beautiful, hot San Diego day, a day with the feel of freedom, of release, and joy. How can you not love this day?

And by my side right now is a beautiful, sexy stranger who is spending the weekend with me.

We sit on a bus bench and watch the locals shop and socialize as they glare at us in disgust as we sit in a pile of ourselves with our messy hair, our wrinkled clothes, and our stoned eyes behind dark sunglasses gorging on our food, drinking our coffee and smoking cigarettes where we're probably not supposed to.

And beautiful people keep walking by, and Mia seems more impressed with the girls than the boys, as we seem to be checking out the same bogies.

We languidly and almost reluctantly go back to the room.

"So what is our agenda for the day?" she asks while I lather her body with soapy suds in the shower. She is just as beautiful without makeup, maybe even more so. Her skin is warm and soft under the hot water as I slide my hands slowly all over every curve of her body.

"It's a secret."

"Oh no," she says, "I hate secrets. Can you please tell me?"

"Why?"

"Please?"

"Why?"

"Because I need to know – I only have the clothes that I wore yesterday and some of yours, which are way too big for me. And depending on what it is, I may need to strategize for appropriate attire."

"We're going to an outdoor concert in a park down at the harbor."

"A concert? Who?"

"A bunch of different bands are playing all day at a festival and it doesn't matter who they are. All you need to know is that we're gonna have a good time."

I lower to my knees and raise one of her legs to lick her freshly washed clit.

"Ziggy?" she says in a breathy voice.

"Yes?"

"So you'll take me to the mall?"

I nod my head, putting pressure on her clit and sliding my thumb into her hot pussy as she moans. The water from the shower relentlessly comes down on me as I tickle her clit with my

tongue and massage the walls of her pussy with my thumb, my fingers extended behind her and wrapped around a cheek of her ass applying pressure to her asshole with the knuckle of my index finger. She grabs my head, digs her nails into my scalp, throws her head back and has an orgasm so massive that she pushes away my head and pulls my thumb from out of her pussy. "Ziggy, stop," she gasps. She does not want me to touch her as she presses against my head to keep me from continuing. "Ziggy, please!" I smile up at her as she holds my head back. I wiggle my tongue teasingly in the direction of her clit. She's laughing at me now as she falls to her knees in front of me, grips my head with both hands and kisses me hard in the rain of the shower.

She pulls away and, for a moment, we stare into each other's eyes.

For a moment, we had a moment – a near infraction of our agreement.

I get out of the shower and pack another bowl.

"Tell me another story, Ziggy."

IX.

It's a hot summer night in Echo Park and the Catwoman and I enter the darkness of the Echo to see the band, Poolside. We took a train and a bus to get here and now I'm just happy to be here. I am exhausted, mostly from the stress I'm dealing with at work, but also from the attitude the Catwoman's been giving me all night, seemingly every night – I'm kinda getting used to it, actually. I had thought that this would be a great getaway for us to do something fun, especially with a brand new strain of herb that I had just picked up at the dispensary that afternoon. But she seems mad at me for reasons I probably won't find out until tomorrow, if I'm lucky.

We get a couple of Stellas and go out to the back patio, which is by now full. We smoke a bowl at the far end of the patio where security seldom goes.

Ten-o'clock rolls up and the anticipation of the band taking the stage sends people back into the club.

The patio at the Echo is on a steep incline that leads to an L-shaped hallway and eventually to the entrance of the dark bar where the stage is.

Halfway up the incline, I am suddenly out of breath. My chest starts thumping. I feel panic and think about shouting out at the Catwoman to stop, but there are too many people around and she is too far ahead of me. So I push onward to finally reach the top of the patio in total exhaustion. I see her moving ahead of me and wonder why she's not with me as I stagger behind her down the first hallway that turns right into a longer hallway, and I can see the entrance of the club at the very end. With my heavy feet, I fall closer and closer towards the door. The crowd of people in this hellishly hot club is radiating an impossible amount of heat for me to withstand. And as the band begins to play to the applause of the crowd, I splash through the membrane of heat that illusively stretches across the door and slides across my face like a spider web. And now the only air I can breathe is that of a thick heat, a thick mass of people heat. I can't breathe. My head spins. My knees buckle from the weight of the room.

"I can't be in here!" I shout out with what little breath I have.

I see the Catwoman turn to me as I dive backwards towards the door.

"I'll get some water," I hear her shout.

I stumble through the door and stagger down the long empty hallway.

The far wall is slowly getting closer.

I might be blacking out.

My heavy breath lumbers through my head long and slow.

If I can just make it to the wall at the end of the hallway, I'll be okay.

Every step forward makes the hallway darker and darker until suddenly I feel the wall against my fingertips and the darkness instantly fades away.

I turn and lean back against the wall.

I'm cool - I'm cool.

And now the Catwoman is quickly coming down the hallway with cups of water in both her hands and the cool breeze from the patio to my right convinces me that if I can just make it to the patio, then I'll be okay.

I'm cool – I'm cool.

When I get to the patio, she hands me a cup of water and asks if I'm okay.

I nod and take the water just as she stretches up to kiss me.

And just as her lips touch mine, that's when everything goes black, and I blackout.

X.

I take Mia to the mall and she takes me into the dressing room with some clothes she's picked out. I sit in the small room and watch her take off her clothes, mirrors everywhere around her.

She starts to dance.

"I love this song," she says quietly, and only then do I realize that not only is Lady Gaga's 'Alijandro' playing in the store but that it's a pretty sexy song when a beautiful, naked girl dances to it.

She straddles me and whispers in my ear, "You wanna know what I was gonna give my boyfriend for his birthday?"

She brings my hands up so I can grip her ass cheeks, and before I could guess, she whispers, "I was going to let him fuck my ass." She then grinds her pussy on my hardening cock and whispers, "I've never been fucked in my ass before." I watch her from several mirrors in the room, but the best one is right behind her where I can see my hands spread her cheeks apart to see her buttocks, which looks like a dancing starfish as she grinds a little harder against my boner. "Will you do the honor of being the first man to ever fuck my ass, Ziggy Collins?" My fingers instinctively slide across her buttocks and she instinctively lets out a loud revealing moan!

And suddenly not only are we quiet but it sounds like the entire store is quiet, listening to hear if that was really a sexual moan coming from the dressing rooms.

We quickly and quietly get our shit together and exit the room.

And as I stand next to a rounder of shirts in the front of the store trying to hide my erection, I can't tell if the people in the store are looking at me while Mia pays for the black crop top, tiny white shorts, and flat comfortable shoes that she wears out looking sexy-cute. Every man seems to look at her as we walk to the car. And all the while, I am struggling to hide my bulge.

My first instinct is to take her straight back to the room and fuck her ass, but we instead make our way down to Ebarcadero Marina for the 4th Annual Oysterfest.

My penis needs rest anyway.

XI.

The lights around the mirror above the sink at the end of the hotel room are the only lights that are on in the room, brightly exposing a halo around Barbie who has her back to me. As she stands at the sink with her hands on the counter, her pale reflection glows in the mirror. Her hair is pulled back into a bun exposing the powder-white skin of her long neck that stretches down to her shoulders where the straps of my favorite pastel orange dress with a white floral print hangs from her lovely shape. From behind, the lights produce a silhouette through her dress, which is slightly see-through in the glow of the light. She's wearing the light-brown leather heels that she always wears with this dress that extend the length of her long legs and strap around her red-polished feet. And she stands exactly as she would if she were standing in front of a copy machine.

I approach her from behind, slowly stepping into the light from the shadows of the room, and I can see my naked body over her shoulder in the mirror, my very intense face looking at her very still face, the look of evil looking into the eyes of innocence, her innocence, mine for the taking. Her body billows gently with deepening breaths as I approach and slide my hands around her waist, hover my lips over her left shoulder, and exhale through my nose down the front of her chest, causing her body to quiver, her eyes closing slightly. I see her eyes in the mirror. I inhale her aura and whisper in her ear, "Good Morning, Miss Miller."

Way back when, when we worked at the firm, I always had my morning ritual. And if so properly timed, I would sometimes have the good fortune of intersecting my morning ritual with Barbie's morning ritual at the copy machine located at the corner between my office and the lobby where she made copies of reports for the brokers she assisted. But the best days were the days when she wore this one particular pastel orange dress with the white floral print, the one that compliments her shape, particularly, her pale skin and, most specifically, her wonderful round ass. Oh god, how I wanted so bad to spank her every time I rounded that corner and saw her there. But on the days when she wore this particular pastel orange dress with the white floral print, I would have instant thoughts of bending her over the copy machine and fucking her hard while she begged for more. But instead, I would only say to her, "Good morning Miss Miller," as I walked through the lobby. To which she would always respond, "Good morning, Mr. Collins."

But this time, she shivers in my hands and says in a heavy smiling sigh, "Good morning, Mr. Collins."

My right hand reaches around the front of her dress to the warmth between her legs while my other hand finds her right nipple through the softness of the material. My right hand feels her clit beneath my middle finger, her nipple stiffens between my other fingers, and my penis presses between the round mounds of her booty as her eyes close and her breathing becomes heavy from the grip of my lips on her neck. "Don't mark me, Ziggy," she says sweetly in a breathy moan, and so I instead slide my tongue up her neck to her earlobe that I nibble on gently while I rub her clit in a circular motion. Her body nearly collapses as I hold her up and keep her on her feet. She trembles against my body, her hips bucking against my fingers. She gasps louder into the mirror, her eyes open slightly while her mouth gapes and I see her tongue slide against her lips. She slides her hands down the backs of my forearms and starts pulling at her dress, like she's about to rip it off. I take my left hand off her nipple and grip the tight flesh of her left ass cheek while my right hand rubs side-to-side against her clit through the moist fabric of her dress and panties. In one motion, she quickly pulls up her dress to her hips and, behold, a white g-string, the very one that I forever imagined her wearing whenever I saw the outline of it beneath the fabric of this dress.

I hook my fingers under the sides of her panties and yank them down to her knees before returning my hands back to where they were, except now I'm touching her flesh, the wetness of her hot vagina with both hands, one in the front, the other from behind where I spread her juices all over her underside to her clit, where I return the same circular motion, and to her ass that I give a firm spank causing her body to shiver unexpectedly. I spank her a third time hard enough to make my hand sting, but I leave it on her reddened cheek and start rubbing it softly, sliding my fingers between her cheeks where I work the tip of my middle finger into her buttock while my other fingers slide into the hot wetness of her pussy. Her body writhes in the mirror, moaning in long deep breaths while I work my fingers in and out of her hot holes, her head facing up, her neck extended and loosely oscillating, her eyes closed, as she climaxes to orgasm against my fingers with ease.

I grip her ass with both hands and, as my penis naturally finds the entrance of her pussy like a magnet, I hear her say in the exhaust of her orgasm, "Thank you, Jesus," as she bends over the counter, pushes back against my hands as my penis slides between her legs. She reaches back with both hands, grabs her cheeks and exposes her entire underside, spreading herself wide open. "Thank you Jesus for what I am about to receive." I pull my hips back and push myself deep into her now very hot and wet vagina – it feels so good!

"Oh, yes," she says looking back at me over her shoulder. "Fuck me, Ziggy!"

And with that, I start thrusting in and out of her, fucking her hard, slapping my hips against hers, grunting along with her moans.

I hear Samantha cooing on the bed behind me as I look over my shoulder to see her in the shadows on the bed with legs spread rubbing her clit with one hand and sliding several fingers in and out of her pussy while she watches me fuck her sister.

I look back down at Barbie to see that she has twisted herself at the waist, looking over her left shoulder at me, watching me fuck her. She reaches back to put her left hand on her ass and slides her middle finger up and down her crack, spreading her moisture from her pussy up to where she presses the tip of her finger against her butthole.

“Mr. Collins?”

“Yes, Miss Miller?”

“Will you please fuck my ass?”

She slides her middle finger into her tight little hole to the second knuckle and moans as I feel her muscles tighten around my penis and pop it out, causing us both to gasp heavily and simultaneously. She pulls out her finger to spread more of her moisture back up to where she now inserts two fingers.

Her panties tremble stretched between her knees.

Samantha is suddenly on her knees at my feet sliding her hands up my thighs and ass to eventually my penis that she puts the head of in her mouth slurping out as much slobber onto my rod to eventually place the wet head against her sister’s butthole.

Barbie and I slowly find the right angle to apply the proper pressure to slide about half of it in as she places a hand on my chest to limit my forward advance, taking a deep breath and exhaling between her lips like she’s blowing out candles on a birthday cake. Her face in the mirror is a mix of pain and pleasure when she grits her teeth and slowly pushes her ass back, completely impaling herself upon my sword. “Thank you, Jesus,” she says.

“Thank the Lord,” Samantha says getting to her feet and leaning over the sink next to her sister in front of the mirror.

“Oh my god,” I say as I slowly start fucking Barbie’s tight little hole. The tempo of my thrusts increase gradually and Barbie sounds like she’s crying, her teeth and eyes in the mirror are both clenched. “Yes!” she gasps as I spank her, once hard on each cheek, and I slide my hand up her sternum to grip her by the collarbone where she extends her neck even further as my thrusts grow deeper, harder, and faster.

She suddenly puts her head down and yelps, “Oh, I’m gonna cum again!” And she does, hard, while she rubs her clit as she cries, “And now it feels good! Now it feels good! Keep fucking me! Keep fucking my ass!” So I grip her hips and continue to fuck her with the same forceful thrusts. Her moans sound like she’s enjoying it now, occasionally saying “Yes!”

I grip Samantha’s ass and slide my fingers down to her pussy where I easily slide in two fingers as she watches us fuck.

Samantha moves closer to her sister's face and says in a taunting tone, "You like that cock in your ass, don't you?"

"I do," Barbie whines.

"It feels good in there, doesn't it?"

"It does now!"

"His dick is big, isn't it?"

"Bigger than I thought it would be! I didn't think I could do this!"

"See how God makes the impossible possible."

"Oh thank you, Jesus!"

"Praise the Lord."

"But you're sure this is okay, Sam?"

"We're sharing God's love and blessings with Ziggy."

"Praise Jesus!"

"That's a good girl."

Sweat is dripping off my face and onto Barbie's ass cheeks as we both slow down, exhausted. I gently pull my fingers out of Samantha and my penis out of Barbie to back up and fall back onto the closest bed, all the while with a fantastic view of the two Miller sister's long legs and round asses bent over the counter. Barbie's panties still stretch and twitch between her knees.

I'd make Christmas cards out of a picture of that.

And as I lay on the bed, gasping for air, the lights suddenly go out.

Somewhere between the darkness in the room and the residual flash of the light that blinds my eyes, I hear them slowly approach. I feel one hand on my thigh and another on my hip, and quickly both of them find my penis. I feel one of them sit on the bed to my left and the other one down between my knees. I feel a hand on my balls, massaging and gripping them as I feel a breast on my face, and my eyes adjust enough for me to see that it's Samantha's tit that I'm sucking on.

And that must mean that it's Barbie's mouth that is now sucking on my balls, licking up the shaft to take my head in her mouth while her sister now pulls my balls down stretching the skin on my

penis tight. But then I barely see Samantha's left hand now on her left breast replacing her other nipple between my lips. So the hand tugging my balls must be Barbie's.

What a trip.

Samantha straddles my face, resting her juicy wet love on my tongue as I lap up her honey while she squirms against my mouth. I wrap my arms around her muscular thighs and reach up to grip her tits while she releases systematic high pitch whines.

Barbie strokes me and sucks on the head, her moans humming through my body.

I look under Samantha to see Barbie slowly sliding down my pole, exhaling deeply as she works it into her vagina.

I grip Barbie's fleshy ass and thrust up against her hips while Samantha dismounts my face and sits again on the bed to my left.

Barbie puts her hands on my chest and lets out one long moan in one long tone that is accentuated every time my body collides with hers deep in her valley below.

And just as I feel Samantha's hand massaging my balls to stop them from slapping up against her sister's ass, I get the feeling like I'm going to cum, and it isn't long before I feel it's inevitable. So I wrap my arms around Barbie's waist and bang her hard, building up until I thrust one last time into her and hold it there. And when I cum, I immediately start gripping at her body with both my arms and legs, like I'm climbing a tree, my head buried in her chest, her body shaking in spasms with an echoed orgasm, an orgasm from my orgasm.

"That was so hot," Samantha says as Barbie sits on me catching her breath.

"Yeah," Barbie says in exhaustion. "Praise Jesus."

"Praise Jesus."

Both girls lay on either side of me, sliding their hands up and down my body while my breathing regulates.

"Yeah," I finally say. "But why Jesus?"

"Well he made this all possible," Samantha says.

"He did?"

"Of course," Samantha says with a grin. "God has chosen you because you are the most receptive to his love."

"I am?"

"Barbie and I have the love of God in our hearts, and we give that love to you to make you happy too."

"Wow, that's very kind of you."

Barbie says, "Jesus is rewarding us by answering our prayers."

"Your prayers?"

"I've been wanting this for a long time," Barbie tells me as she gets up and turns on the light above the sink, filling the room with light. "And now I want to take another shower."

"Let's all take one," Samantha says.

It's a tight fit in the shower as they wash me and awaken my swollen penis.

They sit on the edge of the tub and take turns sucking me until I land a large load on both of their faces.

We get dressed and, as they fix their makeup, Samantha says to me, "We're gonna meet like this one more time, okay?"

"Okay."

"I don't know when it will be, but it will happen."

"And then, are you suggesting that we'll never do this again?"

"That, Mr. Collins, is completely between you and God."

XII.

It's been said that oysters are an aphrodisiac, which I don't doubt is true for some people. However, for me, it's hard to say that anything in particular makes me horny because I'm just generally always horny. But I will say that the one thing oysters make me want to do more than anything is lick pussy, as the texture of an oyster is that of a pussy. Hence!

So after a couple of oyster shots, a dozen or so oysters on the half shell, a fried oyster po'boy, three Stellas on tap, and a big fat bowl, I'm now ready to lick every beautiful pussy at this event, and most every pussy at this event is beautiful, and there's a lot of it.

"All these oysters are making me want to do is to lick your pussy forever and ever," I tell her.

"Do they really?"

"They do," I say wrapping an arm around her shoulder and kissing her lips like we're madly in love.

"Oh, you licked me so good in the shower this morning."

"You liked that, didn't you?"

"Yes please may I have some more?"

"I'll see what I can do about that."

"So I'm sorry to say this to you right now, but I might have a little crush on your tongue too when it's all said and done."

"Yeah, well my tongue's a heartbreaker for sure."

"You've got a gift there – not many men know what their doing."

"I just pay attention to what seems to make you feel good."

"You've had a lot of experience, haven't you?"

"Yes, but I think I've always been a natural in the art of licking clit."

Mia lays next to me in the shade of a tree while we drink our beer, watch all of the beautiful people pass by, and listen to bands we've never heard of, like Family Wagon, Chris Clouse, and Tyrone Wells. We smoke several bowls in the meantime and are feeling rather tasty.

She rests her head on my chest, and for a moment I could swear we had fallen asleep, both in the same dream, floating away in the soft gentle ocean breeze that floats through strong rays of sun sprinkling through the leaves on the trees overhead on this ever so gorgeous a spring day.

I tell her the next band is Poolside, the band that played when I had my episode at the Echo.

We make our way through the crowd to the stage and dance to the music that a DJ plays funky beats through a big wall of speakers.

We kiss like young lovers in the swarm of dancing people.

After a long delay, Poolside finally makes it to the stage and plays 'Next To You' and 'Harvest Moon', which ends up being only songs as they've been stuck in typical Los Angeles to San Diego Saturday afternoon traffic and have no more time to play.

I might as well have passed out in the middle of that performance.

A riot nearly brakes out in my mind, especially when the Asian/model DJ who was scheduled to play after them kept dropping beats and losing sound – such a horrible, shameful waste of time.

But then comes the headliner, Mayer Hawthorne, who is one of the best songwriters and performers living today. Now this is music that I know all the words to. And I sing them all as he performs them to Mia who shakes her body before me, at times bumping and pressing against me seductively.

"Well we're breaking all the rules 'cause they're getting in the way, and we'll never be as young as we are today! And they're claiming I'm a fool, but I look the other way! They can tell me what to do when I'm old and grey! Because the stars are ours tonight! We'll worry about tomorrow when the sun starts shining bright, then we'll sleep!"

Her head rests on my shoulder and my arms wrap around her waist.

"You know, I won't say a word. Yeah, we can keep it discreet, darling no one in the world, it's just between you and me. If I gotta be your cheap backseat lover, cruisin' down the street to nowhere! If I gotta be your cheap back seat lover, then man... Well let's get it on then!"

Her body beats against me to the beat of the music.

"Friday night and the scene is bright at Avalon! I walk straight to the bar and the party dress, yes! I told the bartender 'pour a shot and make it strong,' because she needs it, tearing up, she

proceeded to be drunk, you can see it, tearing up, in her eyes! But when she gets home, she puts her headphones on! She plays her favorite song and fades away! And when the music's on, she can do no wrong and she feels safe and calm, and it's okay! And she says, the world keeps turning, life goes on!"

I see her dancing naked in the dressing room of my mind.

"Well I don't need to know a thing about your past – I just want one night with you, no strings attached! And I know that we might not be the perfect match – I just want one night with you, no strings attached!"

I slide my hand discreetly down the front of her shorts, causing her hips to move back to press her ass hard against the hard cock confined within the tightness of my jeans, snug between her wiggling cheeks, wiggling against my finger as it wiggles against her clit.

"My baby's got a one track mind, and she's so fine!"

She turns to face me, grabs my face and inhales my lips with hers, her tongue sliding with mine as I dig the tips of my fingers into the small of her back and pull her hard, holding her close as her long leg wraps around me to grind harder against my bulge.

"From the moment that I met you, I thought you were fine, so fine. But your shitty fuckin' attitude has me changin' my mind!"

She finally releases me from the grasp of her legs that have been wrapped around my lower frame. And as I release her ass and place her feet on the ground, she stands before me, staring into my eyes, and I fear that that look on her face is that of love.

"It's gonna take a long time! It's gonna take it, but we'll make it one day!"

The crowd we're in doesn't seem to care too much other than the one or two adolescent woops and hollas behind me.

If she wasn't a fan before this moment, she definitely is now.

As the last encore is complete and the sun goes down over the harbor, she takes my hand and pulls me across the park to the exit.

I still sing to her, "And you can walk those long legs baby right out my life!"

XIII.

It was a long night of rehearsing and recording, and when it was over I got stoned and drank beers with the guys in the band listening to the playback in the studio until we ran dry and it was too late and we were too fucked up to go get more.

My head lifts heavy off my pillow at noon the next day.

My head is heavy and dizzy.

My head tells me to smoke a bowl.

And so I do.

I go to the kitchen to make some tea.

I'm pretty sure I'm the first in the house to rise from the dead.

I stand at the stove waiting for my water to boil. And just as little bubbles begin to form and float to the surface of my water, Lupe and July walk into the kitchen – they were so quiet coming into the house and not saying a word.

I'm too numb to be startled.

They seem just as surprised to see me as I am to see them.

"Mornin'," I say in a rough voice, my first words of the day, and I could give a fuck that all I'm wearing right now are some black boxer-briefs and a Nine Inch Nails T-shirt. Whatever – I live here. Any fool coming into this house should expect to occasionally see someone in their panties.

"Good afternoon," Lupe says with a smirk moving closer, and I see that she is holding a yellow and red cardboard box of Abuelita chocolate. "Is it okay if we make some hot cocoa?"

I look past Lupe to see July holding a quart of milk in her hand, her other hand at her mouth where she's suppressing a laugh, obviously from the sight of me.

“Uh, yeah, sure.”

When Lupe gets to me, she puts the chocolate on the counter next to my teacup filled only with a dry teabag. She looks over her shoulder and waves July to come closer, which she does, putting the milk on the counter next to my teacup and the chocolate.

And now both girls are at the stove standing very close, with their dark eyes looking up at me, watching me pour the hot water into my teacup. These two Latinas stand a few inches shorter than me, both with raven black hair, but unlike Lupe’s bangs and bob-cut, July wears her bangs blown up and pulled back with the rest of her long hair flowing down the back of her head to her shoulder blades. Both girls wear dark makeup around their eyes and bright red lipstick on their Latina lips. Lupe wears her customary pleated skirt, a Misfits T-shirt, a black leather jacket and knee-high leather boots, while July wears skinny black jeans with black and white Vans, and a white button down short sleeve blouse that holds back her lovely tits. While Lupe is the cute Latina, July is the pretty Latina. While Lupe has a thin shape, July has curves. But they’re both sexy.

“Did you need help?” I ask.

“Hey July, wanna see something,” Lupe says placing her hand on the front of my Jockey’s where my penis is suddenly alive.

“Lupe...” I say nervously looking at July who is smirking at the situation.

Lupe pulls the front of my underwear down to my surprise, exposing my still mostly flaccid penis.

I can’t tell by the sudden height of July’s eyebrows if she’s impressed with my package or if she’s just surprised by Lupe’s actions, or maybe both.

“It gets bigger,” she tells July as she starts tugging it, looking into my eyes and saying to me, “doesn’t it?”

I give July an awkward grin.

July looks intermittently between my face and my dick, which grows close to full size, and I see her lips part ever so slightly.

Lupe moves to sit in the closest chair around the table in the middle of the kitchen, pulling my dick like a leash to follow her as I step around July to stand in front of a now seated Lupe.

July moves to my left and stands close to me as Lupe starts licking and sucking the head of my dick. I feel July’s body against mine, her right breast pressing against my arm. And as Lupe starts working more of me into her mouth, July starts unbuttoning her blouse, exposing a see-through, sheer white bra, and I can see that her nipples are pierced with barbells.

I put my left arm around July's waist and my hand falls gently on her ass. Her left breast fits nicely in my right hand, warm and soft in the microfiber fabric of her bra. I place the barbell between my fingers and pull it slightly causing her to coo while Lupe bobs her head at my hips, sucking in a steady tempo while her hand disappears underneath her skirt.

July pulls down the front of her bra and her boobs hardly move from where they were in the bra – she really doesn't need much support. Her wide areolas are just a shade darker than her light brown skin. She has two blue swallows with red highlights tattooed on each side of her hips just below her bellybutton. She grins when I place both hands on her tits as she turns more to face me, standing closer to the chair where Lupe licks down my shaft to suck on my balls, stroking my dick with her right hand in the direction of July's face, trying to get her attention, nudging her with her elbow.

July bends over and in one motion puts as much of my dick into her mouth as she can, pulling off slowly to just the tip where she plunges down again while Lupe licks randomly against my scrotum, the combination of which is absolute heaven as I gasp happily into the air above us.

And now July kneels at my feet, and as I turn to face her, she pulls off her blouse and bra and wraps her tits around my dick, squeezing them together with both hands while Lupe leans forward to suck on the head when it pokes out between July's wonderfully soft pillows of flesh. Lupe slides her hand down to my shaft and starts stroking my dick between July's tits, banging the head between them before putting it back into her mouth, getting it nice and wet, and sliding it back between July's lovely humps.

I feel myself about to cum; the buildup in my heavy breathing gives it away.

Lupe takes control of my rod and starts squeezing it and stroking it and slapping it against July's tits until I finally cum all over them in squirts and splatters. Both girls cheer with whispered delight as they both lick and kiss the cum off my deflating dick.

My knees buckle as I brace myself against the table where a roll of paper towels sits. I tear off a towel and place it on July's chest as I see it immediately soak up my sperm.

My head is now heavier and dizzier, especially as Lupe continues to suck on me until I stagger back, detaching from both girls, falling back against the counter by the stove, bending down, pulling up my Jockey's, picking up my teacup, raising it to them, taking a sip, and walking out of the kitchen saying, "Good afternoon, ladies."

I go back to my room, go back to my bed, and go back to sleep to the smell of tea and Mexican hot chocolate.

XIV.

The sun goes down over San Diego Harbor and we quietly walk arm and arm down the Promenade to Lou & Mickey's. We order two Allagash and sit side by side in a dark booth, far away removed from the rest of the dining room.

"Ziggy?"

"Mia."

"Do you trust me?"

"I trust no one," I say in a drunken drawl. "But for you, I'll make an exception, but just this one time."

She runs her fingers thoughtfully through my hair, searching in my eyes with a relaxed grin and whispers, "That's a good boy."

The room spins in the whirlpool of beer and pot in my head, and from the feel of her fingers in my hair.

She pulls two small Ziplock bags from her purse containing a dozen or so pills of a dozen different colors, shapes, and sizes. "I want you to take these for me."

I hold the bag looking at the pills inside. "What are they?"

She points and gestures to the bag as she reads the list written on the walls of her mind: "Two hundred milligrams of 5-HTP, six hundred milligrams of St. John's Wort, a thousand milligrams of magnesium, two thousand milligrams of creatine, four thousand milligrams of B-12, six thousand milligrams of vitamin C, one Viagra, and one tab of pure MDMA."

"Wow," I say trying to focus on the assorted contents in the bag before looking at her puzzled, "Did you say wart?"

"St. John's Wort," she says with a smile. "It's a mood enhancer, as is the 5-HTP. Vitamin C is for your overall health and the magnesium is for muscle control, as is the B-12, the Creatine, and the Viagra."

I pretend to be unfazed by the inclusion of the Viagra.

In fact, that's the part that I'm most encouraged about.

"Sounds healthy."

"It's all good, Ziggy Collins."

"And what's MDMA?"

"It's ecstasy."

Damn it, I knew that one.

"You want me to take all these pills?"

She takes the bag from my fingers and dangles it in front of me.

"This bag," she says, "is the part of the story I didn't tell you about my foiled plans with Ass Head yesterday." She opens the Ziploc and dumps the contents in her hand.

"Oh really?" I say as I pull my beer closer.

"All I have to say to you is this," she says, slowly dropping the pills into my hand, "Happy Birthday, Ziggy Collins."

"Are you serious?"

"Trust me, Ziggy."

"Did you say Viagra?"

"I promise you, you won't regret it."

At this point, it's kinda hard to say no.

Some times, you just gotta say, fuck it.

You, you are my designer drug and only you can help me, and I can't get enough. It's like you're made inside a laboratory just for me. Only you, you can help me, ooooooooooooooooooooo...

XV.

Samantha finally texts me an address in Chatsworth.

It's now September, and the summer is in full heat. Samantha and her family have already moved into their new home in Thousand Oaks. They invited me to their housewarming party with their rather large family all in the back yard barbecuing with much appreciation thrown my way as the realtor who made it all happen. Samantha tells Barbie and me when the three of us are alone in the kitchen that she would like to thank me in person, and the three of us toasted to a speedy reunion. That was the only time Samantha ever broke character and made reference to The Night of the Good Night Inn. It was a little scary how quickly she slipped between this suburban professional character for her friends and family and the sexual deviant who she is when she's alone with me.

And I'd be lying if I said that the thought of reuniting again with the Miller Sisters wasn't a more pressing thought during the two weeks that went by between that party and the moment I get the Chatsworth address.

I have lived many a year in the San Fernando Valley, and never did I know there was this kind of landscape in Chatsworth. Apparently, the North West Hills of the Valley is home to a different world I never knew existed – long rolling hills and green meadows with houses perched up on the hillside that I drive a long windy road to get to.

The spacious marble circular driveway that I pull into shimmers bronze in the warm midafternoon where Samantha's truck is parked. The house is a huge, enchanting chateau with two conical rooftops. A bridge spans across a small brook and connects the driveway to a round-top mahogany door set inside a castle-like stone exterior.

I press the button on the intercom next to the door.

"Hello," a sweet female voice sings, but I can't make out whose voice it is.

"It's Ziggy," I say.

"One moment please," the voice pleasantly says.

I look around behind me and see no other houses as the perimeter of the property is lined with hedges and trees. I see rooftops out in the distance that do not seem to infringe on the privacy here.

The door finally opens wide and I see Samantha standing before me statuesque, wearing a white bra, white panties, white stockings, and a tall pair of white heels, which almost puts us eye-to-eye. Her long curly hair is pulled back and cascades down her back, with small strands of her curly hair that hang on either side of her face. She doesn't seem to be wearing makeup, but then again she could be wearing a very natural look. Her smile is pleasantly wide. Every time I see her, she looks just that much more beautiful.

"Hello," I sing with a smile when I see her.

"Thank you for coming," she says. "Please come in."

"Thank you," I say kissing her on the cheek as I walk through the threshold into the massive foyer, circular under one of the conical roofs, completely painted white with a breathtaking contrast to the dark mahogany floor and the black metal railing on the circular staircase that lines the back curvature of the wall to an upstairs balcony that overlooks a large crystal chandelier hanging in the middle of the high ceilings and shimmers in the natural light that seems to come from every direction and casts small prism dots that slide in unison across the white walls.

And standing beneath this chandelier at the foot of the stairs wearing the same white bra, panties, stockings, and heels as her sister, is Barbie looking just as beautiful. She stands in a pose with one leg crossed before the other, hands behind her back with her amazing smile, the brightest thing in the room.

"This house is amazing," I say, my voice echoing in the steeple above. I step closer to Barbie while Samantha shuts the door behind me.

"This is our sister's house," Barbie tells me as I place a hand on her hip and give her a kiss on the cheek.

"She does very well," Samantha says behind me, the sound of her heels on the hardwood stepping up behind me echoes in the steeple above us as she stands next to her sister.

"Come," Barbie says, taking my hand, "we'll show you around." Samantha takes my other hand and the two of them lead me up the stairs ahead of me. I have such an amazing view of their elevating ass cheeks that gyrate in my face with every step they take. My hands slip out of theirs and land on their cheeks that are nicely accentuated by their matching thongs and jiggle nicely beneath my touch.

Samantha looks at Barbie and sweetly says, "He's such a good plow, isn't he?"

"He is," Barbie says with a smile.

They lead me across the balcony to a large white bedroom with vaulted ceilings. There is a very large bed flanked by two end tables and matching lamps. Two large dressers flank the bed on opposite sides of the room. The only other furniture in the room is a chair at the foot of the bed that sits alone on the beige carpet facing the sunlight shining through the large paned windows that span nearly the entire back wall and overlook the backyard and beyond over the meadows and further to the Valley in the distance, foggy in the afternoon haze.

They lead me straight to the chair and sit me down.

Barbie disappears behind me while Samantha gently sits on my right thigh with her arm around my neck and resting on my shoulders. "Thank you so much, Ziggy, for helping me and my family get that fantastic house."

"Oh no, Samantha, thank you for being such a great client," I say running my fingers over the cups of her bra. "I was totally honored that you even asked me. And even more honored when you asked me to be your Number Two."

"Ziggy," she says, placing her hand on my jaw and moving my face to look up at her. She looks even more angelic than I've ever seen her look before. "I just want you to know that I fucked you with the love of God in my heart."

"Wow," is all I can think to say.

"I love you, Ziggy," she says gently placing her lips on mine, but only for that one peck, and no more, but my mouth hungers for more.

The sound of water starts running behind me in a room that I cannot see.

Samantha stands up and straddles me, wraps her arms around my neck and gives me a big hug, tight. I wrap my arms around her and hug her back. "Thank you, Ziggy," she says with genuine sincerity.

"Hey," I say, taking her by the face and looking intensely into her eyes, "I love you and your whole family, Sam. You know we have history. I've watched you girls grow up. So this is very much an honor for me to be of service to you."

"It makes me so very happy to hear you say that. It makes me very happy that you keep coming to see us, Ziggy. It really means a lot to me and my family."

"Well, that makes me very happy."

"And that's all that I want."

"That's all that we want," Barbie interjects behind me.

"Well," I say with a chuckle, a little confused, "that makes me even happier."

"That's really all we want, Ziggy," Samantha says. "All we want is for you to be as happy as you can possibly be, for all eternity."

"Damn," I say. "That's a long time."

Barbie is suddenly leaning over my shoulder with a remote of some kind in her hand. "What kind of music do you like to listen to when you're having sex, Ziggy?"

"Ah," the answer to this question must be, "minimal techno."

And just as I say the words, a sequenced synth pattern beeps through speakers in the walls that I cannot see. The sound is all around me as it quickly builds into an interweaving of several rhythms and textures subtly pounding away with a hard driving bass line that creates an immediate sexual pulse within the room.

"I've never heard this kind of music before," Samantha says.

This family is devoutly country music.

For these two, this is music from a different country, on a different planet, in a different galaxy, far, far away

"Neither have I," Barbie says moving in front of me, swinging her hips to the beat of the music, dancing in a slow spin until her ass faces us. She seems already lost in the music, reaching behind her back to unhook her bra and letting it fall to the floor in front of her. She raises her arms over her head, completing the slow spin to show her small perky breasts, bouncing innocently to the rhythm of her gyrating body.

Samantha stands up, turns around, and sits in my lap, placing her butt on the swollen bulge in my pants. She unhooks her bra and swings it over her head like a lasso and flings it to some other part of the room. She grabs my hands and places them on her lovely handfuls while she grinds her booty harder against my bulge.

Barbie takes her sister's hands and pulls her off me to dance with her seductively in front of me.

Samantha says, "You wanna watch us dance, Ziggy?"

"I do," I tell them.

"Does it turn you on?" Barbie asks.

"It does," I admit, gripping at my bulge.

They each have their hands on the other's hips that swing in unison to the steady beat of the music.

"I like this music," Barbie says, looking at her sister.

"Me too," says Samantha as she turns her sister's back to me and starts pulling her sister's panties off her plump ass and slides them down to the floor where Barbie steps out of them.

Barbie looks back at me, bends forward slightly, spreads her cheeks apart with both hands, and exposes her vagina and butthole stretched open as her hips still swing from side to side in time with the music.

Samantha stands next to her sister, turns her back to me and bends over to remove her panties and expose her underside as well.

Both girls look over opposite shoulders, their heads together between their bodies, their asses pointed in my direction as the summer rays of sunshine beam through the window behind them.

I would definitely make a Christmas card out of a picture of that.

They both turn to pull me to my feet. They take off my clothes as I stand in the sunlight that shines warm through the very large window exposing my naked body to all of the West Hills and further beyond into the San Fernando Valley. The two sisters run their hands all over my body, taking turns stroking my cock as my hands grip their asses involuntarily while they take off their shoes and slide off their stockings.

"Come," Samantha says taking my hand and leading me to a door in the side of the room, which opens to a large bathroom lined mostly with white and grey marble tile that feels heated under my feet. A large glass shower stall stands in the corner of the room while a large bath tub sits next to it in front of another wide set of windows overlooking the same view as the other room.

Barbie turns off the water and the bath sits steaming hot.

Samantha leads me straight to the bathtub and is the first to step in and lay on one side of the tub.

The dimensions of this tub must be close to five feet by eight, maybe ten – it's huge.

Samantha sinks into the water and sits against the width of the small swimming pool. She looks up at me as if she expects me to sit in between her legs. I slowly lower my balls into the hot water and sit between her soft legs. She wraps her arms around my arms and shoulders and pulls me back against her soft body. I rest my head back against her shoulder and close my eyes

as she splashes hot water up over my chest with one hand and runs the fingers through my hair with the other.

The minimal techno continues to play through speakers hidden somewhere in the walls.

Barbie gets into the tub between my legs and pushes her ass against my little drowning soldier, squeezing him between our hips to slide up and squash his purple little head. She looks over her shoulder to see me gasp long and hard while she continues to massage my hardness with her hot and wet softness.

There's so much room in this tub that I easily get my feet underneath me and grab Barbie's hips to thrust my throbbing rod into her heavenly hole. Barbie grabs the side of the tub and raises her hips above water, causing me to stand and fuck her hard from behind, the water rippling in waves around my thighs like Barbie's ass is rippling in waves around my thrusting penis.

"Whoa!" Samantha exclaims. "Whoa, guys!"

"What?"

"Let's not get too excited here!" Samantha looks almost panicked. "Ziggy just got here!"

I immediately pull my penis out of Barbie and immediately it goes into Samantha's mouth.

"Whoa," I say with a chuckle, looking down at Samantha sliding her hand up and down my shaft and looking up at me while she sucks on the head before pulling her lips away with her classic smack.

"You like the way I suck you, don't you Ziggy?"

"I do," I gasp, pretty much agreeing to anything and everything she wants me to at this point.

"Do you like the way Baby sucks you?"

Barbie has now positioned herself at my feet next to her sister who passes my penis over to her mouth as she slowly sucks the head with no hands and short, quick thrusts of her head working the length deeper into her mouth until she gets about two-thirds of it in before pulling back to gently release my throbbing penis, glistening with her saliva, a line of which hangs between my cock and her lips as she looks up at me with a smile.

I point down at her face and say, "That was amazing!"

We all pretty much agree that what she just did was in fact amazing.

She blushes with pride as she slurps up her spit to arrive back at the tip that she gives kisses.

I blurt out, "I wish I had taken a video of that!"

The two sisters suddenly look at each other.

"What happened?" I ask.

They both look up at me and Samantha says, "No video, Ziggy."

"No, of course not, I was only joking, really, just really saying that what she did was a fantastic visual that was worthy of video and not to actually shoot the video or anything of that nature, you know, but of course I didn't really mean..."

"Ziggy?" says Sam.

"Yes?"

"Do you think you can tell the difference between the two of us by the way we suck you?"

"Absolutely," I say without giving it a second thought.

Samantha smiles at her sister who smiles back just as the two of them look up at me and say, "Well let's find out."

Barbie stands in the tub, takes my hand and helps me to my feet and out of the tub.

Samantha gives her sister a towel and they towel down my entire body once I've completely stepped out of the bath, including my feet. Samantha puts a white robe on me with a belt that she ties loosely around my waist.

I watch them towel themselves dry and wrap themselves in white robes.

They take me by the arms and lead me back to the bedroom and sit me back down in the chair.

Samantha stands between my legs while her sister disappears behind me. She opens my robe and pulls the belt from my waist and steps behind me. She pulls my arms together and ties my hands behind back, my cock still hard from Barbie's hands as it swings from side to side in my lap.

Suddenly, something dark flies over my face, a hood of sorts that seems porous enough to breathe through, but my vision is completely obscured. "What the..."

I hear Samantha's voice say, "We're gonna play a little game right now. The game is called, Who's Sucking Your Dick, Ziggy?"

"Well, I like this game already," I say under my hood.

“Who’s sucking your dick, Ziggy?” I hear Samantha’s voice say.

A body kneels between my legs and grips my penis, licking at my head a little before sucking on just the tip and then taking my entire penis into her mouth with a tongue that swirls around the head. Then I feel the entire warm wet mouth slide down the entire length of my rod.

It really could be either of them as far as I was concerned, but because it was Samantha who asked, it seemed natural that it was her sister.

“Barbie,” I say in the muffle of the hood.

“Wow,” I hear Samantha say as I feel Barbie immediately release her mouth from my penis and step away from between my legs. “You’re good.”

I feel another body move between my legs, a different hand that touches my penis, a different mouth that immediately puts it all into her mouth and slowly slides it out to suck a short while on my head before smacking off the tip with her lips, and I already know who’s wonderful mouth this is.

“That is definitely Samantha,” I say in a chuckle, and I hear both girls laugh together.

Samantha stands up and leaves the space between my legs.

It’s quiet for a short while and I’m not really sure what’s happening outside of the hood on my head.

“Who’s sucking your dick, Ziggy?”

I can’t tell who said that, but I feel a body between my knees and a hand on my penis. A mouth sucks the head in a very systematic rhythm, and I’m sure that whoever it is is trying to confuse me by just sucking on my cock in a plain ordinary way. But still I can’t guess as to who it is.

“You guys are trying to fool me,” I say with a chuckle.

I hear suppressed giggling in the room.

The mouth keeps sucking me in slow, methodical strokes. The hand grips the base of my shaft, pulling the skin tight while the mouth slowly penetrates deeper with every little forward thrust.

“Barbie,” I guess because it seems like it would just be her turn.

“Who’s sucking your dick, Ziggy,” I hear Barbie’s voice on the right side of the hood.

“Samantha?”

“Guess again,” I hear Samantha’s voice on the left side of the hood.

And they both say together in stereo, “Who’s sucking your dick, Ziggy?”

By process of elimination, I have no idea how they are able to both be whispering in my ears and yet one of them is continually sucking on my cock.

“Barbie?”

The two girls giggle around the outside of my hood while a warm, wet set of lips sides up and down on my dick.

It seems pretty obvious that there is a third pair of lips in this room, or a fourth pair, I guess, if you counted mine.

My penis is released from the mystery mouth and replaced by what feels like two warm soft breasts squeezing around my penis. These are tits that neither Samantha nor Barbie posses. Oh, how exciting! Tits!

“Who’s tits are those, Ziggy?” I hear Samantha’s voice say in my left ear.

“I don’t know?”

“Do you care?” I hear Barbie’s voice in my right ear.

“Not really,” I admit in utter delirium from my penis sliding between the heavens of two soft and warm hemispheres of tit flesh. “That feels so good.”

The hood abruptly slides off my head and I look straight into the face of a beautiful young girl who I recognize from the housewarming party as one of their nieces.

“You remember Ashley, don’t you Ziggy?” Samantha asks.

“She lives here,” Barbie says.

Ashley introduced herself to me at the housewarming shortly after Samantha, Barbie and I all toasted to a speedy reunion. Ashley was surprisingly straightforward with her approach as she put her small hand into mine when she told me her name, which I instantly forgot. She seemed way too young to have any interest in, even though it was obvious her breasts were singing to me at the time beneath her tight shirt and curious smile.

Barbie says, “She just turned eighteen last month.”

"Is that a fact?" I say while the head of my penis pokes up between Ashley's breasts causing me to wiggle a bit uncontrollably in the chair beneath me.

"We're going to let you two have some time alone," Samantha says as she takes her sister's hand and walks her to the bed behind me where they sit and watch.

The most striking thing about Ashley is that her appearance is the complete opposite of her aunt's. Her hair is a warm chestnut, long and wavy, and her skin is bronze with tan lines, and oh, how I love tan lines! She has a similar shape as her aunt's but somehow managed to sprout out an amazing, award-winning pair of tits that slide around the length of my shaft. The two things that she did inherit were the same beautiful, sky-blue eyes that look up at me through nerdy black-rimmed glasses.

She suddenly releases my cock from between her breasts and stands between my legs to then straddle me, positioning my cock with her hand to the entrance of her vagina to slowly sit on it. Her small hands grip my shoulders to provide leverage for her hips that grind against my hardness.

Her pussy is amazingly tight, but slick enough to slide completely in without much resistance.

I release a moan, but Ashley is mostly quiet as she starts fucking me slowly, gyrating her hips against the stiffness of my throbbing erection, her tits bouncing against my face with every landing she sticks, pulling up and falling down repeatedly against my hardness.

"Cum in me," she says in a heavier breath. "It's okay," she assures me, taking me by the back of the neck to leverage her weight and produce the maximum amount of pleasure my cock has in her pussy. Her breathing turns into moaning as her face shows the intensity of orgasm. And I feel the urge to cum at just the right moment when it feels like she is climaxing as well. This orgasm feels like it's coming from nowhere as my whole body feels the surge at once and I immediately start cumming inside of her tight little pussy. Her body responds to my climax, dropping her head and shutting her eyes tight, her body quivering against my body where she collapses with her head covered by her long wavy hair that covers her face.

"Thank you, Jesus," I hear her whisper down in the direction of my chest where I feel her heavy breath in chorus with my heavy breath that I billow into the air above our heads as I feel her pussy twitching orgasmicly, her body twitching involuntarily against mine.

For a moment it feels as if both of our bodies sink into one another and melt together in the glimmer of the sun. I grip her young, little tight ass with both hands.

I look up at her and say, "Eighteen? Really?"

"Yeah," she says, pulling her head up from my shoulder so I can see her face. She pushes her glasses back on her nose, looks me in the eye and says, "Virgin."

“Virgin?”

“No more,” she says with a smile.

“Really?”

“God bless you, Ziggy Collins,” she says in a whisper, “Thank the good Lord Jesus for this wonderful day.”

Who is this beautiful young girl who I just came inside?

“Look, I’m sorry,” I plead to her. “That really was pretty lame. I can do much better. Just give me a few minutes and I’m sure I can do it again, you know, like good and proper.”

And just as I see Ashley’s face crinkle into a funny laugh while she waves goodbye, the hood goes back over my head, and the darkness returns.

Ashley slides off and steps away from me.

I say, “Are we playing another game?”

“It’s okay, Ziggy,” I hear Samantha say. “Just trust us.”

I sit in silence for what feels like forever.

I almost start to panic as claustrophobia starts creeping in.

“Hey!” I finally cry out.

A moment goes by before the hood is yanked off my head.

And standing before me is Steve, Samantha’s husband.

“Hello Ziggy,” he says.

“Holy shit, Steve!”

XVI.

I wake up some time later, naked and tied to the bed in the hotel room. The television flickers the only light in the room as an ad for a Swiffer Jet dissolves into a show about the Kardashians. I look down to see my cock stiff as a board, pulsating in dark purple agony as I am unable to touch it, my hands tied to the corners of the headboard, my legs tied to the legs of the bed, my body numb and sweating, my breathing deep and heavy, my mind in a fog, my vision blurred, my body spread eagle on the bed, and it appears as though I am alone, but I can never be sure at this point.

“Hello?” I cry out, hoping Mia is in the bathroom, but it is clear that I have been left here, alone to imagine Kim Kardashian’s beautiful lips sucking my hugely engorged cock, fucking her with this massive erection, gripping that plump chunky ass of hers, in cowgirl, fucking her ass, pumping it into her, and I’m pretty sure that I could cum right now if I continue these thoughts.

Holy fuck, I’m horny.

Holy fuck!

XVII.

I'm drunk, and I know this. I'm walking home from Oldfield's alone in the dark and realize that I'm still holding onto my whiskey sour. But unfortunately I am in a mood, and that mood does not involve sleep anytime soon. I might have to make some calls to some girls when I get home.

As I approach my house, I notice that a light is on in my room, so I peek through the side window where there might be a crack in the shade where I can see inside.

The light that's on in my room is the light on my nightstand, and I see July naked and mounting Randy on my bed.

On my bed!

Randy is the youngest member in the band and a damn good bass player, but he doesn't live here – he lives at home with his mom. I don't even think he's legally old enough to drink. What the fuck is he doing in my house, in my room, in my fucking bed fucking July? No one fucks in my room except me – that's why I keep it in such exceptional disarray.

I storm into the house and bang on my locked door.

"Randy!" I shout. "I know you're in there!"

I bang on the door again, which dissipates the silence in the room as I now hear some rummaging behind the door.

Finally, the door opens and Randy stands in the doorway with his shoes in his hands and his clothes loosely thrown on his tall skinny body. He has red lipstick smeared all over his chin, his hair's a mess and the look on his face is a mix of fear and embarrassment. "I'm sorry," is all he says.

"The fuck are you doing in my room?"

"They said it would be okay."

He's so pathetic.

“Go home, now, you skinny cunt! You’re mommy’s waiting for you to tuck her in!”

“Fuck you,” he whines after passing me and heading for the back door.

I enter the room slowly, cautiously, closing and locking the door behind me.

I finish the whisky sour and crunch the ice loudly in the quiet of the dark room, which spins a little as I slowly walk across the floor, around my bed, to my closet.

She’s in the closet.

I can hear her breathing through the door.

I wait a moment before quickly opening the door, and to no surprise July stands in the shadows of my closet completely naked with her head down, one hand covering her nipples, the other covering her crotch.

“Hello, July,” I say in a stern growl.

She looks up at me with fear in her eyes and her red lipstick smeared across her left cheek. She looks like she’s about to cry.

I take two steps back from the entrance and point to the floor in front of me and command her, “Come here.”

She takes a small step forward, moving slowly and cautiously with fear in her eyes as she steps into the soft light from the lamp that sits on the end table next to the entrance to the closet.

The lamp is a reading lamp that only lights the lower half of the room at an angle, and the darkness above is dimly lit from the reflection off the hardwood floor, the blue walls, and the white ceiling.

“Come here!” I shout, and suddenly she is on her knees looking down at my feet, her hands behind her back pushing out her large breasts.

I run fingers from behind her head to land at her jaw sliding down to her chin where I tilt her head up to me. Her face emerges from within a net of thick hair that she wears wavy down the sides of her face in mild disarray. I run my thumb across her cheek to remove some of her lipstick from her cheek before running it softly over her big pouty Latina lips as they quiver under my touch. “You have such nice lips,” I say and bend over to kiss her. She is at first resistant, but quickly starts kissing me back as our tongues passionately slither together in a hungry furor. It isn’t long before she is sucking on my tongue.

“You wanna fuck in my room?” I say in a low and powerful tone when I break the kiss and stand up, looking down at her. “Okay.” I kick off my shoes, unbuckle my belt, pull off my jeans, underwear, socks, and shirt, stand before her naked, look down at her with a drunken fury in my eyes and say, “Then let’s get started.”

She slowly looks up at my penis, which now grows in her face, as if it were reaching out for her big pouty lips.

“You know what to do,” I tell her.

She extends her lips and presses them against my shaft and kisses it with a series of soft, mushy kisses all the way up to the tip where she sucks in the head and tilts her head in different directions, causing me to moan, “Oh yeah.” She then puts as much of it in her mouth, to which I help her by grabbing the back of her head and pushing as much of my dick into her throat as I can until she gags slightly and I pull her head by her hair off me. Her lips gape wide, my dick throbbing just inches away.

But then I see July look to her right, into the darkness behind me. It was actually the second time I had seen her do it. I hear a whimper behind me and immediately turn my head. My eyes need a second to adjust to the lack of light, but I soon see her crouched down in the corner of the room wrapped in a blanket of shadows behind me. But it takes a few seconds more to realize that she’s holding a video recorder, a small red light blinking like a tiny satellite in the night sky.

“Lupe?”

“That was so hot,” she says and starts waving a hand in the air. “Keep going, keep going.”

“The fuck are you doing over there?”

She begins to stand while she says, “We should do this part POV.” She is fully clothed and moves closer, “If you don’t mind,” she says putting the camera over my shoulder, pointing it down at July. She whispers in my ear with a smile, “Just go with it.”

The fuck did I just walk into?

Who cares?

Just go with it, you fuck!

“Keep talking to her like you were,” Lupe tells me while July starts sucking me again. “She likes it rough and tough.”

I'm a little out of the moment suddenly in awe of how this whole situation got flipped on me. In as close to the stern tone as I was using before, I tell July, "Suck it, bitch. That's right, just like that, you little whore."

July doesn't look at me while she's sucking – she looks at the camera, to an audience perhaps.

Lupe spans my ass and says, "Fuck her face."

I look over to see Lupe transfixed by the images she sees on the little screen in front of her eye. "Give me that fucking camera," I say, snatching it from her hand, causing her to look at me in complete surprise. I point it at Lupe and say in a growl, "Take off those clothes."

While July slides her tongue up and down my shaft, I look in the little screen – the camera's quality is good and shoots well in low light. Lupe's face fills the little screen and I tell her to move back. She takes two steps back to the corner of the bed and now I can see mostly all of her.

"I said, take off those clothes!"

She looks shocked in the camera, but soon pulls off a shy smile and pulls off her white wife-beater shirt that has 'WIFE BEATER' printed across her tits, exposing a black bra that she unlatches and lets fall to the floor, exposing her nice perky tits with half-dollar shaped nipples.

July stuffs as much of my dick down her throat as she can and gags a little with every attempt. Lupe lifts the front of her skirt and I lower the camera to see her nice little pussy, which I've actually never seen until now – It has a good tuft of hair, from what little I can see in the low light. She lifts one knee and spreads her panty-less pussy at the camera, looking trim, clean, and tasty. With her jaw still down, Lupe looks up at me and then down at the camera exposing her womanhood to the lens.

July sucks on my balls while Lupe turns around and lifts her skirt to show the lovely cheeks of her ass, which seem to glimmer in the screen on the camera – in the distance I hear a trio of angels all running their angelic fingers across their tiny harps. Lupe reaches back with both hands and spreads her cheeks apart to expose her happy holes in the direction of the camera.

July slides my pole between her tits and squeezes them around it when I grab Lupe by the arm and drag her to the wooden floor, to which I hear her whisper, "Oh yeah!" She sucks the head poking in and out between July's lovely fleshy bits, just like she once did in my kitchen.

I take the back of Lupe's head with my left hand and, sliding my dick out from between July's tits, shoving it into Lupe's mouth, pulling her head down to engulf the entire thing before she gags slightly and pulling her head off my throbbing rod, her mouth gaping.

The image in the camera looks so good; my hand gripping the hair on the back of her head to tilt her face up, looking completely submissive.

I growl at her, "You like sucking cock, don't you, you little whore?"

"I do," she immediately says in monotone.

"Say it!"

"I like sucking cock."

"And you're a little whore?"

"I'm a dirty little whore."

I throttle the back of her throat, pulling the back of her head towards my hips until she gags, and I can suddenly feel her teeth and pull my cock out of her mouth.

"Oh, you made me gag," she says with a chuckle wiping tears from her eyes. "That's so hot."

"Damn you and those teeth," I growl at Lupe and slap her tits with my dick, which she loves.

I then point my dick at July's mouth, which she rests the head on her lips while I push Lupe's head so her lips land on the other side of the head, which they both suckle on. I slide my dick between their lips all the way down to the base and then back up the tip. As I am guiding only Lupe's head, July is good to mirror Lupe so both of their lips slide together down and then back up my shaft to suckle again on the head.

Their lips come together as I pull away, and I see in the camera the two girls kissing, and now gripping each other, their exploring hands, their kissing more intense as July now sucks on Lupe's tongue.

I step back to get a wider shot of both girls kissing. On the screen I see Lupe start to stand, but continuing the kiss as she brings July to her feet and gently pushes her back on the bed.

July's swallow tattoos look like their diving towards her pussy, which has a small landing strip of black pubic hair.

Lupe methodically straddles July's shapely right thigh and starts grinding her legs between Lupe's while kissing her hard and gripping her ass, pulling her hips to grind against their undersides. July's left hand slides up and down Lupe's back and spreads the right side of Lupe's ass open at the camera, which is what I'm mostly focusing on as it gyrates against July beneath her. They slide together like large snakes constricting one another in my bed while they moan in intense heavy breaths.

Lupe suddenly untangles herself from July and rolls off the bed, moves around to the other side of the bed, places a knee on either side of July's head, and straddles her face reaching down with

her right hand to slide her fingers over July's pussy, which is now at the forefront of what the camera sees. Lupe's face grimaces with pleasure in the mid-ground and July's tongue licking up at July's underside in the background. Lupe looks up into the camera for a moment before she begins licking July's dark pussy, pretty pink inside. Lupe spreads July's lips wide and flickers her tongue against the clit. The muscles in July's crotch and legs flex randomly in the camera, accentuated by synchronized gasps muffled in the echoes from the other side of the room.

Lupe looks up again, her fingers spreading July's pinkness at the camera, and she says to me through the camera, "You want to fuck this pretty pussy?"

"Want to?" I say standing, the picture on the screen going areal above July's hips looking straight down on her with Lupe's shoulder and head filling the upper left corner. "I'm going to," I say giving the camera to Lupe and positioning my cock directly at July's pussy. She is so tight, which is surprising given how wet she is at the same time as I press it in her. It seems as though we all stop breathing until finally, July relaxes her muscles and I slide my dick all the way in her when all three of us release a simultaneous moan which makes us all chuckle for a moment. July looks up at me with deep passionate eyes and I stretch my neck down to kiss her big pouty lips while my hips begin to randomly thrust hard into her, pulling back slowly and holding it still for a moment before thrusting it back in her. I give her several more of these thrusts, each one causing her to gasp out in a combination of both pain and pleasure as I gradually start fucking her faster, my body slamming down upon the soft and wet space between the legs she has as open as she can spread them. By the time the tempo gets hard and fast, her pussy now sounds hollow, like a drum I'm beating with my club. Her tits bounce to the rhythm of our fucking while Lupe circles around us getting various angles of our position. I feel an orgasm coming on, but it feels like it's starting right in the center of my forehead, and as my orgasm comes, the feeling seeps down my neck and down my spine and then through my arms and legs to fill her pussy with a gush of cum.

As I throw in a final thrust, I look down to see July completely prone on the bed, her arms above her head resting on the scattering of her hair, like a dark halo. Her legs still bent and up in the air until I lean back, pull my dick out of her, and Lupe is right there with the camera making sure to get a shot of the sperm that oozes out of July's vagina.

XVIII.

The hollow sound of the hotel door becoming ajar startles me present, and I hear Mia's silly laugh. Her voice giggles to another voice, another female voice. Everything's blurry from the fog in my head and the strobe from the TV, but I hear them in the doorway that's hidden behind the wall of the bathroom where the sound of hot passionate kissing reverberates through the air.

"Mia?" I mutter into the cloud of ecstasy, still tied to the bed spread eagle and naked with an enormous throbbing erection lifting from my body like an antenna.

"What was that?" I hear the other voice say in a concerned tone as the two girls giggle. "Was that him?"

"Shhhh," Mia says as she rushes into the room, leaping out of her little white shorts and jumping towards the bed, landing on me in a perfect straddle. Her long legs hold her pussy just above my cock and I can feel its heat as she slowly lowers her hips down to slide the lips against my shaft.

She also lowers her smiling lips down onto mine and kisses me deeply, impaling my mouth with her tongue.

I kiss her back hungrily, like an animal eating its kill, my eyes are wide open, dilated and rolling in their sockets. I moan in agony, my hips raising up to press my cock hard against the outside of her wet pussy and she kisses me harder, biting my lower lip, pulling away before kissing me again.

Every touch of her body is a soft electric charge that collectively attacks my brain with a bright brilliance of pleasure.

"Mia," I plead urgently in an intoxicated moan, "Mia, please fuck me - Mia please, I beg you!"

Are these words really coming out of my mouth? It's as if someone else is speaking them from deep within the dark alleyways of my most desperate desires.

Mia then sits up on my hips and pulls off her top, and as soon as I see her pretty perky tits, I notice the girl she came in with standing behind her at the entrance of the room, her hands covering her nose and mouth below big wide eyes and raised eyebrows. Her black hair is pulled back high on the back of her head in a small bun. She wears a black tank top and tight blue jeans

that show off her lovely curves. She has a thin black leather choker around her neck. And when our eyes meet, she giggles and says, "Oh my god!"

And when she takes her hands away from her face, I see that it's Clara, the girl from downstairs at the front desk, the one who checked us in and knows that we're on a honeymoon but most likely that we're not really married. This is the girl Mia was just kissing in the doorway and right now is watching Mia straddle my medically induced erection and sorry ass tied to the bed begging her to fuck me while I am both highly intoxicated and firmly tied to the bed.

Or is this all just a figment of my imagination?

Am I dreaming?

Is this real?

"Ziggy," Mia says after looking briefly at Clara, looks back down at me, places the head of my cock against the warm entrance of her pussy, says, "look who I found in the lobby downstairs," and she slides her pussy down on my cock as we moan together like we're singing a song in perfect harmony. The room spins as she slides all the way in and sits up straight on it. After moaning and shuttering for a brief moment with my cock throbbing high and hard inside her, she says, "We went across the street and had a couple drinks and got to know each other a whole lot better."

"Oh yeah?" I gasp as I look over at Clara who is nodding and has a big guilty smile on her face.

"She asked about you," Mia says looking at her over her shoulder. "Didn't you?"

Clara continues to nod as she puts her hands behind her back, pushing out her boobs just enough to remind everyone that they are in the room.

"She asked me where you were and I told her if she was a good girl, I would share you with her in due time."

I look over at Clara while Mia continues to sit on my cock as I try to pronounce the words, "So I guess you were a good girl then?"

"I guess so," Clara says with a big smile stepping closer to the bed.

"Oh thank you god," I exhale in delirium.

Mia jumps off my cock, which slaps hard and loud on my belly wet, causing my whole body to wince with a multitude of explosions of energy in waves beneath my skin, all charging up my spine and attacking my brain with light.

She gives Clara a hug and says, “Oh this one? This one – oh god, Ziggy, Clara was so good, let me tell ya, she was so good she was bad! So bad, that she needs to be spanked!” Mia kisses Clara hard, unbuckles her belt and pulls down her jeans to immediately spank her ass with a loud smack, causing Clara to yelp awkwardly, the two sounds, of which, echo quickly in the room and cause us all to laugh briefly. Mia spins her around to show me the big rosy handprint on one cheek of Clara’s ass, which looks so nice and juicy round in her white cotton thong.

“Oh my god!” I exhale.

Mia pulls Clara back around the corner to disappear into the bright treble of the bathroom. The shower turns on and water splatters against the marble tile, and I hear what sounds like more kissing and whispering and moaning and giggling.

I hear a lighter spark and, in that very moment, smell pot.

“Hey,” I try to shout, but it’s more of a whispered whine in the haze of my head. “Can I have some of that?”

“Is he gonna be alright in there?” Clara asks through the foggy echo in the room.

“Oh yeah,” Mia says, “I’ll go check up on him right now. But you, get in the shower.”

Mia suddenly appears at my side kneeling on the bed. She looks beautifully fucked up, putting the pipe in my mouth and lighting it.

I muster the wherewithal to take as big of a hit as I can, the exhale of which produces a massive nuclear cloud into the outer stratosphere above us. Mia’s face pokes through the cloud, laughing, and I’m laughing with her, but I can’t tell if I’m also coughing at the same time from the smoke. I’m so confused.

“Ziggy?”

“Mia!”

“You like Clara don’t you?”

“She’s hot!”

“She’s so hot, isn’t she?”

“She is!”

“It was good that I brought her here, yes?”

“Will she fuck me?”

"You want her to, don't you Ziggy?"

"Oh god yes!"

"Well don't you worry your foggy little head," she whispers in my ear, "because no matter what, you will be cumming in my ass before dawn. Do you understand me?"

"Oh, god, yes, please!"

"Ziggy?"

"Mia?"

"We're having fun, right?"

"This is the most fun I've had all day."

"I know," she laughs, "and that's saying a lot."

"I know," I smile, "this has been a pretty fucking awesome day."

"Right?" She gives me several lip kisses and I can't get enough of her soft mushy lips bouncing up and down on mine like a trampoline. And for a split second, it feels like she's lost herself in the subtle pendulum of the moment.

"Mia?"

"Siegfried?"

"Why can't every day be like today?"

"I don't know?"

"Mia, please promise me that you'll make me cum soon."

"If it takes me all night."

"If it takes the two of you all night, let's just think of it like that for now, all right?"

She kisses me and says, "I'm so glad I got into your car yesterday," kissing me more for what feels like forever, "you know why?" causing my head to spin within this ever expanding hotel room that feels like an auditorium, "Because I am having the time of my life," as every sound is that of an echo of Mia sucking my cock for all of a blink of a hazy eye, "with you," before

completely disappearing somewhere within the flashes of restrained pleasure exploding in my brain.

“Mia,” I shout out again, but with no effect as I hear the two girls in the shower moaning, gasping and giggling while the blood pumps hard in my head, in unison with my pulsating penis. My breathing echoes heavy in my head with the sounds of a Girls Gone Wild infomercial blinking on the television as dozens of young college girls come into the room and start happily flashing their perky, plump titties in full color at me, sliding my cock between them in 3D as I writhe in sexual agony tied to this bed as both girls moan louder in the shower with what sounds like a mutual climax, the two of them intermittently gasping such things as “Oh yes,” “Fuck yeah,” and “Don’t stop that right there that feels good do more of that,” over the static sound of water falling in the shower off their gyrating naked bodies.

And when they climax in the shower together, a cold flash of energy explodes from the bathroom, and the light is suddenly brighter all around me, everything seemingly glowing and humming. And as the delayed echo reverberates within the colosseum of the bedroom, all I hear is the shower running to the right of me and people partying in the street to my left, and it sounds like it’s raining outside, and all I want to do is grip the head of my cock as hard as I can and fucking cum goddammit.

“Mia?”

Shower sounds.

“Mia?!” I try to speak a little louder, but I can’t muster the gusto to get my gut into it. Even though I am completely restrained, I am also completely fucked up and at the same time feel safe in the hollowness of this strange womb of existence.

Did they leave?

And just as I begin to lose hope, the sound of the shower ceases and the two of them stand before me, Clara standing in front of Mia. Clara is naked, but her hands cover her pussy and Mia’s hands reach around and cover her breasts, hiding her nipples, preventing me from seeing how they hang. Clara’s tits look very large, easily like a D-cup. Her skin is bronze, clean, and shiny and her hair is still pulled back, but now into a wet ponytail, like Mia’s. Clara is shorter than Mia by several inches, so Mia’s face is ever present as the two of them stand together with their devious smiles, like two evil sisters.

I blink my eyes and they are instantly closer to me as Clara slowly bends over towards my face, Mia’s hands hold Clara’s heaping love-sacks right above my face.

I look up to see Clara’s eyes looking down into mine, and it’s as if we both had the same question in our minds at that time: What does this crazy sexy bitch have in mind for the two of us?

Clara's breath deepens. She looks much more relaxed then before they took their shower. Her eyes are sexed up, heavy and stoned.

"Are you ready, Ziggy?" Mia says with a widening smile. "Are you ready for the most amazing tits you've ever had on your face?"

"Oh god, yes, Mia, please!"

"He's cute, isn't he?"

Clara nods just as Mia gently places her tits hit my face, warm and soft on my cheeks and nose.

Mia now sucks my cock.

Perfect soft caramel tits with milk chocolate nipples slide slowly across my face, a nipple placed between my lips, my tongue stretching out to welcome them, my lips sucking on them, making them stiff, like a little baby boy looking up into his mother's dilated eyes. She looks peaceful and tranquil as if this were the plan the whole time from the moment we first checked in, as if fulfilling a fantasy of her own. She slides her heavy tits down my face to my neck to place her full lips on mine as our tongues slide eagerly together, and I feel myself wanting to cum in Mia's eager mouth, hot and wet on my cock.

And just as I feel myself about to cum, Mia stops and pulls Clara off me, our lips smacking hard as they separate, and my body involuntarily convulses in spasms as I cry out as best I can in agony because I can't cum, "Oh no, please don't stop!"

The two girls giggle.

And when I open my eyes, I see the two of them kissing passionately before me.

Mia grips Clara's ponytail and brings her to the foot of the bed, her other arm reaching around gripping her breasts while Clara pants loudly, her chest expanding and contracting as air moves through her lungs causing her beautiful tits to sway naturally – they seriously are the most perfect set of tits I have ever seen. Mia growls in her ear, "Oh no you don't, you hot little bitch, you don't get to make him cum! The plan is to not let this poor bastard cum so easily."

"Why?" I gasp.

"That would ruin everything."

"But why?" I gasp again.

"Suck on his balls," Mia says as she pushes Clara's head down toward between my legs, and just as Clara's lips settle upon my ballsack, Mia starts to softly stroke my cock, slowly, drooling a large

gob of spit onto it from about a foot above the tip, spreading it over the length of my length with her slender fingers.

I moan and convulse, and just as I feel myself about to cum again, Mia lets go of my cock and pulls Clara's head from my balls to disturb my ability to orgasm. And as I am already at the edge, I cry out in sexual anguish. "Oh my god!" I plead, "Please stop! Make me cum!"

"Stop making you cum?" Mia laughs.

"Noooooooooooo!"

Clara is breathing heavy like a dog on Mia's hair-leash, her neck stretched, her chocker wrapped tight around her throat, her chin pulled off to the side at an awkward angle, totally submissive.

"We'll see about that," Mia continues as she pushes Clara's head back towards my balls at the same time putting her own head down there too, and they each suck on a nut while my cock throbs above them. I feel their lips and tongues and the heat of their breath on my scrotum and the endorphins in my head crack open a window to let out some heat from this hot air balloon that floats our bed away into the heavens and deeper into stellar space.

Slowly they slide their tongues adjacently all the way up the shaft to where they both lick the tip like they were sharing an ice cream cone on a hot day and hungrily try to lap it up before it melts. And then their tongues are flat and slowly sliding up and down on just the tip as they both look up into my eyes. Mia turns her head and slowly slides her lips back down the shaft, extending her tongue over the front of my cock where the main vain protrudes, wrapping her upper lip just over the topside. Clara sloppily slurps the tip into her mouth and I can feel her tongue swirling around the tip within her mouth as her head begins to spin in circles while she moans, which I feel in my chest and behind my eyes.

And just then, Mia again pulls Clara's head off my cock, which produces a loud smack from her lips.

Mia says to me, "And look, she has a pretty pussy too," and just as I hear these words, Clara's pussy is in my face. I lick and fuck her delicious dark hole with my tongue while she moans and grinds on my face. I look up and see an eager, desperate, deeply sexual look on Clara's face between her gorgeous tits as she looks down at me between her thighs, my hollow eyes locked with hers. I lick her asshole, which makes her squeal and giggle, but then she likes it as I try to work my tongue into it, causing her to purr and moan.

"Here, I want some of that," Mia says, pulling off Clara and now straddling my face, pressing her asshole to my lips as I thrust my tongue in it. "Get it all wet, Ziggy," she says. So I spit on it and spread it around as best I can with my tongue.

"You wanna ride that cock?" I hear Mia ask Clara who's been standing by the side of the bed.

"Yes please," Clara pants.

"Get on that cock then," Mia commands, "but don't make him cum."

I feel Clara mount me, grab my stiffness, and work it into her pussy, which is super tight and she is only able to get the head of it in at first as she bounces slightly up and down accentuated by moans until she slides it in a little at a time. "I'm sorry," she says, "it's been a while for me," just as she slides it all the way in and takes a deep couple of breaths along the way. "And he's so big and hard."

"Right?" Mia says as if to prove a point made in an earlier discussion.

As I lick all of her underside with a flat tongue, Mia brushes my face with her pussy and asshole that are slick with my saliva and her juices.

Clara moans louder somewhere behind Mia grinding away.

And suddenly, Mia is no longer on my face and I now have a clear view of Clara's beautiful body bouncing on my cock, her tits in a beautiful, natural bounce in a steady cadence with her hands on my chest. She sits on my cock and grinds her pussy on my pelvis forward and backward, which is not terribly stimulating to me, but it's really getting Clara off as she brings herself quickly to an orgasm that shakes the walls and rattles the windows. Mia kisses her deeply while Clara continues to sit on my cock, shaking in what feels like multiple orgasms as she continues to gasp and kiss Mia desperately. Each twitch of her pussy is like a hand gripping my cock in waves.

"Put your ass back in his face," Mia says.

Clara slides off my cock, turns around, and promptly sits on my face with still shaky legs. Her pussy is soaking wet and adding to the juices on my face from Mia.

Mia mounts and attempts to fuck me, but she is suddenly very tight and struggles to work the head in. But it isn't until I hear her moan a little bit differently, a bit awkwardly, with pain in her tone, when I realize she could be trying to put it in her ass. She bounces on it, trying to work it in. "Oh my god," she sobs, "such a big cock, oh my god!"

I can't see anything but Clara's round ass in my face as I fuck her pucker with my tongue.

The only light in the room is from the streetlights glowing through the blinds in the window and the flickering of multicolors intermittently on the walls from the television, the sound of which has been drowned out by better distractions in the room.

And suddenly, Clara leaps off me and stands again by the side of the bed next to Mia who, behold, is straddling me, her feet on either side of my ribs and her long spider legs grinding her hips with my cock in her ass. I see all of her as she randomly tosses her head back and looks at

me with a gaping mouth, gasping in agonizing pleasure as her hips repeatedly bounce her ass up and down on it, the sight of which deepens my desire to cum quite badly.

But the drugs don't seem to be willing to let me cum.

My whole body clenches tight, and suddenly the cloth that was tied around my right wrist rips. And for a moment it doesn't register until my hand slides down Mia's belly to her mound as she grinds against the palm of my hand. I slide my thumb into her pussy and start massaging her inner walls while I pump my cock in and out of her ass. She cums hard and her asshole tightens and pops out my cock. My thumb slides out of her soaked pussy, her knees come together, and she rolls off me into a fetal position at the foot of the bed between my legs writhing in a very powerful orgasm.

I reach up and start undoing the restraint around my left wrist while Clara looks down at me with wonder in her eyes, unsure of what to do.

Mia appears to have passed out.

"Untie my feet," I command Clara, and she does what she's told.

The first thing I do when I get to my feet is wipe my face and shut off the television.

And now the only light in the room comes from the street lights glowing through the shutter blinds in the window, causing everything to look black and white in stripes of light that stretch across the room and wrap around Clara's gorgeous curves. She looks up at me with curious eyes and an innocent submissive smile.

I grab her by the waist with one hand and pull her toward me. And as our bodies slap together, her tits are warm and soft on my stomach. My cock slides up between us and she grinds up against it while we suck on each other's tongue.

And for a quick moment without breathing as if suspended in space, the room loses gravity and starts to tilt backward towards the darkness in the room. But just before I fall, Clara suddenly grabs me around the waist, as if catching me, pulling me up, except now I'm falling towards her as we land in the darkest corner of the room atop the dresser in a loud crash, her body folded into the corner. My cock thrusts in and out of her pussy for several minutes before she pulls it out and guides it into her asshole, so smooth and slick from being in her wet pussy. She smiles when I push it in, her eyes roll back in her head as I grunt it into her, thrusting it hard as she gasps, "Oh yes! Oh yes! Oh si! Si papi – fuck my ass harder!" And so I do, but I'm running out of breath as I feel beads of sweat dripping off my face and down my chest and back.

I think I might be blacking out.

My heavy breath lumbers through my head long and slow.

If I can just orgasm, I'll be okay.

Mia quickly spins me around. "I'm not done with you yet," she says now on her knees, sucking on the head of my cock.

Clara and I breathe hard and heavy in unison, the sound of which echoes wide and vast in the dark cave of the room.

I'm cool – I'm cool.

Clara slides off the dresser and kneels at my feet next to Mia and starts sucking on my balls. And now the rays of light beam through the window and seem to go on forever, as if the far wall of the bathroom and, even farther away, the door to the room appear to be millions of miles away, a projection that I observe through a lens of a cloudy telescope.

Mia continues to stroke my shaft while the two of them, after licking the tip together, begin licking each other's tongue and lips, their hands disappearing beneath the other, their arms crossing at my knees and their lips barely touch as they moan in each others mouth, getting louder until both girls appear to orgasm together, but Clara more so than Mia.

Mia goes to the bed and gets on her hands and knees with her ass pointed straight up at me and accented by the curves of light. And as I step onto the bed and place my legs on either side of her thighs and ass, she lowers her face down onto the mattress and arches her back, her asshole now pointed straight up at my dick that I lower down and slide easily in. She whimpers and moans, and grasps at the bedding like she can barely stand it.

"Cum in my ass, Ziggy! I want to feel your big hard cock explode in my tight little virgin asshole!"

But it isn't until I feel Clara's hand massaging my balls when I feel my whole body go numb, when I am suddenly at the point of no return. My body is a bomb about to explode, like a supernova, and instantly I go from feeling completely numb and cold to every cell in my body catching tiny bolts of lightening. My cum makes her asshole super smooth and super loose, and I lose a little control and land beside her on the bed. My legs shake uncontrollably while I continue to fuck her asshole and grasp uncontrollably at her body until one hand is across her forehead pulling her head back, and the other hand stretches across her collar bone and grips at her throat, which she stretches upward enabling my hand to slide up to beneath her chin and slide my fingers across her jaw, my palm pressed gently against her throat. Her eyes are closed tight as her lips gasp for air. Her chest expands and contracts deeply with mine. Her hips clap against mine as I suck on her neck, grazing her hot, salty soft skin with my teeth as she moans more softly, lost in her own fog.

The tempo of our fucking slows to a final thrust until our breathing slowly regulates. We stay in the same spoon position with my cock still in her ass, still somewhat hard, but softening.

“Mia?” I say in delirium, the words coming out of me without any forethought, like I’m watching a movie with someone else playing me.

“Ziggy?”

“I love you, Mia.”

She looks up at me with a slight look of fear in her eyes and says, “I love you too, Ziggy.”

And just as her lips touch mine, that's when everything goes black, and I blackout.

“That was so hot!” Clara’s voice echoes in the distance as I look up to see her gone and the glow of the morning sun shines through the shutter blinds for all of a blink of an eye before I continue my warm embrace around Mia, her hair in my face, her face fading away and dissolving into the heaviness of nothingness.

XIX.

“Ziggy! You have to wake up!”

The voice is faint at first, but then I realize that it’s the Catwoman’s voice coming from deep within the fog of the darkness. “Ziggy!”

The clouds part and I open my eyes, and for some strange reason the pavement of the Echo patio is stuck to my head at the oddest angle against my forehead, and everything is upside down.

What the fuck just happened?

“Ziggy,” the Catwoman says crouching down beside me, still holding my hand and pleading, “Are you alright?”

“What?”

She pulls on my arm. “Ziggy, you have to get up.”

And as I stand up, the whole world spins up and around to eventually situate back to the way it all was before I apparently left it.

Everyone on the patio seems completely unfazed by what just happened. Some look at me for a moment sensing that something did in fact just happen. But very quickly they suck themselves back to their self-absorbed conversations.

I find the wall for support.

And the thing that hurts the most is my knees and my toes curled in such a painful arch beneath me.

I just completely passed out right now and no one seems to have cared.

Holy shit.

That was so cool.

And suddenly I am refreshed, like I had just taken the longest, most peaceful nap.

“Wow,” I say and then realize that my shirt is soaking wet from the cup of water I was holding.

The Catwoman gives me her water, and it’s the best water I have ever tasted.

A security guard is suddenly in my face asking me if everything is okay.

The only thing I can think of to tell him is that my blood sugar is low and that it’s really fucking hot in there.

He brings me a Coke.

And it’s the best Coke I’ve ever tasted.

The Catwoman takes me to a table where we sit and smoke a cigarette.

Apparently, if she hadn’t taken my hand, I would have fallen flat on my face. Instead, she realized I was falling and stopped it by grabbing my hand and led me down to the pavement.

If something bad had happened to me, then she didn’t have too many options. Remember, we took the bus here.

A small bump forms on my forehead where the pavement had adhered itself.

And yet at this very moment, I couldn’t feel better than I do right now.

Some kind of nirvana has swept over me.

We finish our cigarette and I assure her that I am fine and that I want to go back into the club – Poolside was only two songs into their set. So we get back in there and sing and dance for the rest of the night.

You – right here next to you.

You – right here next to you.

You – right here next to you.

You – right here next to you.

XX.

"Hello Ziggy."

"Holy shit, Steve!"

"It's okay, Ziggy," he tells me as I'm in a near panic.

I feel Samantha and Barbie grinning at me, beaming with some kind of pride.

"What's going on?" I exclaim.

Steve wears a white bathrobe, white pajama bottoms, and white bathroom slippers. He's a flabby guy for not being much overweight. He has a receding hairline and wears glasses that square off his otherwise round head. He has blue eyes and a friendly smile.

"It's okay, Ziggy," he repeats. "This is just a formality."

"A what?"

"A formality."

"Oh," I gulp, "am I in trouble?"

"No, no, no, no, no," he says with an index finger in the air like he's about to teach me something. "You are hardly that."

"Oh, thank god."

"Yes, thank the good lord Jesus that he has brought you to us, Ziggy."

"Praise the lord," I hear the three girls all say randomly around me.

The room grows quiet as I sit before him naked and confused, my penis withered away to a large shriveled worm.

“Ziggy,” Steve continues, “I want to be honest about why you’re here.”

I nod.

“I know that you fucked my wife.”

“Oh god!” I say, hanging my head.

“And I know you fucked my sister-in-law.”

“I’m so sorry!”

“And now you’ve just fucked my niece.”

“I’ll never do it again, I swear to god!”

“Yes, well God is very interested in that very idea, Ziggy.”

“He is?”

“He is, and what he wants to know is if the seed that you’ve planted in any of these three furrows, if you are the flesh father of any of their offspring, would you also be their real father?”

“Their real what?”

I suddenly realize that I have cum in all three of these girls and never considered once if they were on any kind of birth control. Since they were the ones who planned all this out, I just figured they had that part all worked out too.

“You see, Ziggy,” Steve goes on, “typically in this situation, we would give you a choice about what happens next. You see God chooses who plants the seed in the mothers who give us babies. God can choose any man to be the father, even if the real father ends up not being the biological father.” He gestures to Samantha and says, “I love my wife. Sam is everything to me, and we’re already raising two beautiful children together. But to be a real father, you would have to be part of our community, part of our ministry, which typically means you would come live with us, be the father of your child, have a family, live in a beautiful home such as this, live a wonderful life with the best job in the world working for Jesus. And in return, Ziggy, you could have everything you could possibly ever dream of.”

The thought was definitely perplexing. He spoke with such a gentle calm as if it were an offer I could hardly refuse. “Really?” I sputter, as if that’s what I’m supposed to say.

“Yes. However, we’re pretty sure you can’t fill that role in our community. We don’t feel you qualify as a real father.”

"No?"

"No. You see, my friend, you are a tool, a plow, if you will, that sows seeds into furrows with no intention of ever taking care of the fruit that harvests from your seed."

"I'm so sorry," is all I can think of to say.

"And we're also pretty sure you could care less about the furrow that you plow your seed into if it meant you would have absolutely no responsibility raising that child in any way, shape, or form, a situation that yields no consequences. This is why you can never be a real father in my family."

I am instantly offended. "How could you say such a thing? I mean, how can you determine my suitability as a real father?"

"It's not that you're not suitable," he says pointing the remote in his hand to the ceiling between where I sit and the windows. A large screen descends, glowing blue into the room. At the same time, dark shades slowly slide down the windows, completely sealing off all light, bringing darkness around the blue-lighted screen above my head. Steve stands next to the screen in a blue glow and says, "We do our research, Ziggy. We don't let just anybody into our family. You obviously have a history with Samantha and Barbie, and now with Ashley, our freshest womb that you have hopefully put life into to give us another baby, one of which you will never be the real father to."

"Why not?"

"Because I will be the real father to your children. Do you understand these conditions as I have stated them to you?"

"Well, why can't I be the father to my own children?"

"Because of this," he says pressing a button on the remote, aiming it at the screen.

The screen goes dark, a darkness that quickly turns into the shadows of my bedroom from years ago with a shaky hand holding the camera. In the middle of the screen, a naked July kneels in front of and sucks the dick of a half-naked Randy next to my bed for a few moments. She sucks on his tip and strokes his shaft before he falls back on my bed when she stands, approaches the bed, and proceeds to straddle him.

And I remember this scene from a different angle, from between the shades in my room, looking through the window watching that whore mount him, grip his penis, and slide it in her. They start fucking slowly for a few thrusts, and I can almost predict exactly the moment when a loud banging comes to the door, quickly followed but my muffled shouting voice.

"Randy! I know you're in there!"

The sound of the video surrounds me like I'm back in the room on the screen.

Both bodies freeze as if Steve had paused the video for a moment before the second round of banging on the door sounds off in the background.

Lupe's voice suddenly exclaims in a whisper, *"Oh my god, what the fuck was that?"* as the camera suddenly shakes wildly for a second before landing in the corner. *"It's Ziggy!"* someone whispers. And now the camera stabilizes where we now see Randy hastily pulling up his jeans and pulling on his shirt, picking up his shoes and walking out of the screen while July disappears into the closet and shuts the door where the camera is now focused and still.

A sound of a door opening is heard in the distance.

"I'm sorry."

"The fuck are you doing in my room?"

"They said it would be okay."

"Go home, now, you skinny cunt! You're mommy's waiting for you to tuck her in!"

"Fuck you."

The door closes and locks in the distance followed by a very uncomfortable silence that breaks gradually from the sounds of crunching ice in my mouth and the crescendo of footsteps walking across the wooden floor until a pair of legs, my legs, eclipses the view between the camera and the closet door where I pause for a moment before opening it quickly.

"Hello, July."

July cannot be seen as I am standing in front of the view of the camera. When I take two steps back, she is just a silhouette in the shadows.

"Come here. Come here! You have such nice lips. You wanna fuck in my room? Okay. Then let's get started. You know what to do. Oh yeah. Lupe?"

"That was so hot. Keep going, keep going."

"The fuck are you doing over there?"

"We should do this part POV. If you don't mind."

It is at this moment, when Lupe moves the camera towards me, when Steve pauses the picture on exactly the frame that shows my face clearly in the glow from the light in the room. I realize

that my head has been cut off the screen for most of the video thus far, and I'm also facing away from the camera.

And to make matters worse, the look on my face is that of "What the fuck?" which is also the look on my face now.

"Ziggy, we know this is you," Steve says stepping forward pointing at the screen with the remote.

"Yup," I admit, hanging my head. "It is."

"We also know that the girl in this video had an abortion several months after this video was first uploaded."

"She did?"

"This is why you can not be a real father to these children. Pornography is okay to watch but strictly forbidden to be performed. But where participating in a video of this nature can be forgiven, abortion cannot."

"I see."

"This video has been posted to at least twenty-four pornography sites that we know of with a total of over five million hits."

"That's amazing," Samantha says with pride behind her husband.

Steve chuckles and says, "Samantha watches a lot of porn and tells me she has visions of the two of you often when she watches it."

"Yeah, well, she told me that too," I tell him with a smirky smile.

"These are visions from God that indicate to us that you have strong potential to be the tool that Jesus will use to help create wonderful children for his kingdom."

"What? What are you talking about?"

"Ziggy," Steve says with open hands at his sides, like Jesus performing a miracle, "we love you because God loves you."

"And Jesus loves you too," Barbie says.

"Praise the lord," exclaims Samantha, gesturing at the sky.

Steve moves close enough to place a hand on my shoulder and says, "You're just a tool, Ziggy, and we love you for that. You could be the fittest of the fit, and we welcome that because it is

truly God's plan to absolve us of our sins. He forgives us and shows us mercy so that we can grow his family through our family."

"Wow," I say.

"But you can continue to be a plow for my family if you accept the Lord, Jesus Christ, into your heart as your own personal savior and spend the rest of the weekend here with these three girls to increase your chances of serving the Lord and growing our family. Ziggy, you have my blessing."

I think for a moment and say, "So you want me to become a Christian so I can keep fucking your wife, your sister-in-law, your niece, and any other vagina in your family to get any or all of them pregnant so you can raise the baby as its father?"

"Exactly."

"And you expect me to just walk away from that and not have any contact with my children?"

"Your spirit must be strong."

"Yeah but, I don't think it's that strong. I mean I would want to be the father of my children."

"Of course you would," he says looking down on me, his hand still on my shoulder. "That's most unfortunate. But nonetheless, we expected that you'd probably make that decision. This too is part of God's plan. We can only pray that either your seed was strong for God to give us a new baby or that he will send us a younger, stronger man who will."

"Well best of luck to you with that."

"God bless you, Ziggy," he says, followed by a chorus of the three girls all saying the same words.

"Thanks," I say, completely baffled.

"At this point, Ziggy," Steve says as he presses a button on the remote and the screen goes black and recedes into the ceiling, and the room fills with sunlight from the dark shades sliding back into the walls, "I would like to thank you for visiting us here this afternoon, for giving us yet another opportunity to grow our family and serve our lord and savior Jesus Christ, and for allowing us to have this little talk. But unfortunately, the doors to my family are not open to everyone. And so if you're not planning to stay, then we must ask you to leave."

"Okay."

I put my clothes on and say goodbye to Ashley who stays with her uncle in the bedroom.

Samantha and Barbie take my hands and lead me down the hallway and down the stairs to the foyer.

I kiss Barbie on the cheek and say goodbye.

Samantha walks me to the front door. Her naked body turns to me when the door opens and a fresh breeze gently blows in between us. I look into her eyes, which have a hint of sadness in them as she grins up at me.

“To the grave, Mr. Collins?”

“To the grave” I respond with a wry smile.

“Thank you, Ziggy.”

I bend down to kiss her cheek and say, “The pleasure was all mine.”

I never saw any of them again in the flesh.

XXI.

I awake in a bright noisy fish bowl.

My eyes open to the ceiling.

My head feels like it's made of lead.

My whole body aches.

It feels like an elephant is sitting on my chest.

I thought I heard a knock at the door, but I can't be sure.

So much noise is buzzing around from the hustle and bustle on the street below.

Mia's voice is quietly muffled in the distance.

Suddenly, there is a definitive knock at the door.

"Housekeeping!"

The clock on the nightstand says 12:37. Holy shit! I blink my eyes to be sure that that it is in fact the correct time just as I see the rest of the room, which looks completely trashed: The mattress on the bed is somewhat diagonal, everything that was on the dresser and desk areas, including a lamp, several hotel directories, an ice bucket, a coffee maker and coffee making ingredients, two remotes, a box of tissues, and all of our clothes have been scattered throughout the entire room. All of the bedding is mostly balled up in the bottom left corner of the bed, and the whole place smells like pot, pussy, and ass.

I pull myself to my feet as quick as I can, shake my head a few times. And as I cry out, "Just a minute please!" the door opens and a short fat Hispanic woman stands in the doorway seeing my naked fucked up body coming toward her like a zombie. "Oh sorry!" she exclaims as she quickly shuts the door, which I lock and say, "Give us twenty minutes, half hour tops!"

"Check out is at noon!"

“Please? We overslept. We’ll be out as soon as possible.”

“Okay,” she says as I hear her push her cart away. “I’ll be back. Stupid *pendejo*...”

I turn to look at the destruction before me – it’s not really so bad. I just have to put it all back together.

Mia’s voice is coming from the bathroom, speaking a language other than English. In fact, I’m pretty sure I’m hearing French from what little of that language I know. She’s obviously talking on the phone as I notice the telephone cord stretching under the door. She sounds like she’s crying: *“Je suis désolé, mon père. S’il vous plaît, pardonnez-moi. Je promets que je serai bientôt à la maison. Je t’aime, mon père.”*

I look down to see that my dick has swollen to twice its normal size – it’s flaccid and yet the size as if it were completely erect. I feel like I have bruises all over my aching body including a big one on my left ass cheek. There are bright pink welts around my wrists and ankles from the restraints. My jaw aches from the clenching of my teeth. My lips are swollen and there is the distinct taste of blood between my teeth. Scratch marks scrape across my back, crisscrossing in wide arches. My face feels puffy.

I step in front of the mirror above the desk to see my puffy and badly bloodshot eyes, and my hair is shaped in a way I’ve never seen it before. I chuckle at my bruised appearance and begin piecing together the festivities from the night before, all fragmented in chronology.

Mia’s voice is suddenly strong as I hear her say, *“Je t’aime père. Joyeuse fête des père. Au revoir.”* I hear her hang up the phone and sigh. The door to the bathroom finally opens and she comes out wrapped in a towel. Her hair is wet from apparently having already taken a shower.

I move closer and put my arms around her. “Are you okay?”

“Yes, yes,” she says, hiding her puffy eyes and squirming out of my embrace. “I just had to call my father, you know, for Father’s Day. That’s all.”

“Oh yes, I forgot.”

“He’s worried about me, Ziggy. My whole family is worried.”

“Oh?” I say only now realizing that she’s made no phone calls since this whole journey began.

“Well, I have been gone for three days,” she weeps and I wrap my arms around her. She slowly wraps her arms around my waist and puts her head on my shoulder.

“It’s only technically been about two days,” I tell her.

“They were about to report me missing.”

“Well, it’s a good thing you called him then.”

“They all sounded relieved and happy I called.”

“I’m sure.”

“Ziggy?”

“Yes, Mia.”

“Can we get the fuck out of Dodge?”

“Sure thing, Mia.”

I kiss her forehead.

“I’m not going to be much fun today,” she says.

“It’s okay, dear. We’ll just take our time and be home before you know it.”

“Okay,” she smiles sadly.

“But first let’s put this room back together.”

It takes us less than ten minutes to put the room in a presentable order.

I take a hot shower. It feels good to clean myself. My bruises ache and my muscles are sore, but my wounds are deep and fresh and still sting. But at least they’re clean. It feels good to be clean.

When I come out of the bathroom, Mia has braided her hair and put on a little makeup. She wears her shorts and shoes and my big white V-neck T-shirt that looks great on her. Her face looks swollen and her eyes are puffy.

She tries to smile for me.

She looks sad.

She looks hurt.

She looks beautiful.

She tells me, “I really don’t want to go home.”

We put our stuff in the car and walk over to Caffè Italia and get delicious coffee, as well as coffee cake, an orange baba, a banana walnut waffle, white chocolate brownies, cheese cake, tiramisu, crème brûlée, a couple cannoli with rainbow sprinkles, and a toasted everything bagel with cream cheese and pesto. We take it all to go in several boxes.

We smoke a big fat bowl in the parking lot and eat half the food in the car, saving the rest for the ride home.

But by the time the car gets to the onramp of the freeway, Mia falls asleep and sleeps for the majority of the ride home.

XXII.

"You know what I'm going to miss most about this trip?"

"What?"

"Clara."

"Me too."

"We should come see her again some day?"

"That's a nice thought to have."

"It was nice to spend the weekend with you, Ziggy Collins."

"The pleasure was all mine, Miss Mia."

"I know you weren't expecting company on this trip, but I just hope I made it worth your while."

"I'd like to think that maybe someday down the road in the not too distant future, maybe we'll bump into each other again, maybe in an elevator, a conference room, or the produce section of the grocery store at just the right moment when we both feel the need to, again, get the fuck out of Dodge."

"Keep a secret?"

"To the grave."

"Goodbye, Ziggy."

"Goodbye, Mia."

"Thank you."

"Oh no, thank you."