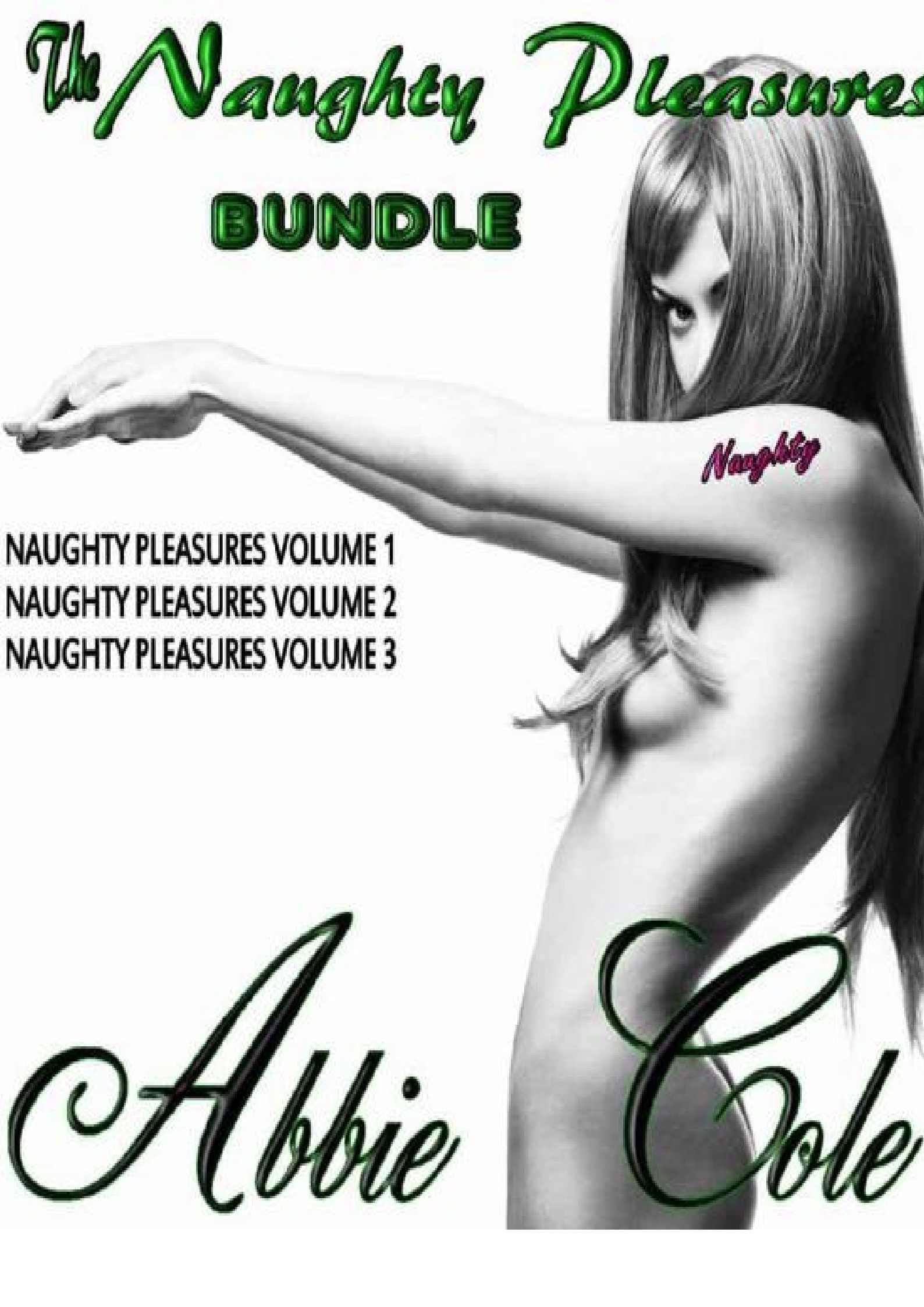


# The Naughty Pleasures

**BUNDLE**

NAUGHTY PLEASURES VOLUME 1  
NAUGHTY PLEASURES VOLUME 2  
NAUGHTY PLEASURES VOLUME 3

*Abbie Cole*



Nine Short Erotic Tales

NAUGHTY PLEASURES VOLUME 1  
NAUGHTY PLEASURES VOLUME 2  
NAUGHTY PLEASURES VOLUME 3

Abbie Cole

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**To behave in an inappropriate way**

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## **TABLE OF CONTENTS**

THE SWING  
THE ALLEY  
THE RELEASE  
GHOSTLY ORGASMS  
SATISFIED  
MY WORK FUCK BUDDY  
SWALLOWING THE GRAVY  
THEIR NAUGHTY MÉNAGE  
DADDY'S NAUGHTY LITTLE GIRL

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## THE SWING

“A Swing!” I stopped before a padded bench, two people wide suspended from a cast-iron stand under a large weeping willow tree in a secluded edge of the immense lawn. “What a neat idea. It must be new.”

“I’ve got an idea.” Jonathan stopped beside me. I notice a mischievous glint in his eyes.

“What if we’re interrupted? Again. *By the others.*” He is one of the sexiest men I’ve ever seen.

“We won’t be. I can assure you they won’t notice we’re gone—they’re otherwise occupied. We can do whatever we please, and right now, what pleases me is to *do you.*” He made the last phrase a challenge, a dare.

I moisten my lips. “How, then?”

Drawing me to him I encouragingly obey, with an aloof air, as if reserving judgment on his expertise. A subtle taunting, an encouragement to impress. Suppressing a smile of anticipation, he lowers his head and covers my lips.

Kissing me until I’d forgotten all notion of aloofness, I cling, my lips to his, my arms about his shoulders, my hands sink into his hair.

“Take off your dress.” He orders. Murmuring the words against my slightly parted lips, he takes my mouth again, dragging my willing senses down into the heat of the kiss. Into the fire and flames that so steadily burn between us.

I know he is way more experienced than me. In my limited experience, it has never been like this—never been such a simple, easy, rapid descent into ravenous desire. Into a primitive place, a place where the need to be possessed rules absolutely. With him, it has never been any other way, which I now know how I’d known, from the first. I know that, ultimately, I would sell my very soul for him, if that were what was asked.

Being in his arms, I don’t care; with my body arching, flagrantly demanding against his, I know only the need to appease him, to feed and satisfy my hungry senses and, thus, his.

As he tugs up my short, soft cotton dress, I whimper. Delightful shivers race to my pussy. I know exactly what he wants to see, needs to see, from me today. What he wants, needs—has to have. We are both breathing rapidly, both dark-eyed, tense with expectation.

“Lift your arms.”

Drawing the dress off over my head, it leaves my short spiky hair, standing even more on end. His eyes glued on my body, concealed only by my demi-cup, push-up bra showing my full breasts to my advantage above the hot pink silk and a tiny scrap of silk barely concealing the treasure hidden between my thighs; blindly, he tosses my dress onto the ground nearby. I feel his hand at my back, unfastening my bra. And now he reaches for me.

I come eagerly this time, no pretense of aloofness necessary; my desire for him is the most important thought swirling around in my head. I want everything he is going to give me. My intense need for him glitters in my eyes, my lips lift again to his.

He closes his hands around my waist. I rejoice in the power of his hands as he slides them down to my hips and gathers me to him. He molds me against him so I can feel his desire, and moans, rocking me

hips against the iron length of his erection. I all but melt in his arms, my body softens, enticingly. A small moan parts my lips as his tongue rakes over my lower lip, gently sucking it into his mouth, nipping at my swollen flesh. I kiss him back, and set aside all reservations. I can care less if we are interrupted. Let them watch. I want him; he wants me—for this precise moment, that is enough. I need to be with him again, close, skin on skin, so our hearts beat together and our pulses pound as sweat soaks our heated bodies.

His hands, roving over me, sets my skin on fire, then glide lower; I hear a tear as he yanks the silk from my hips, the slight hint of pain as the ripping silk bites into my hip before breaking free, his palms on bare skin, fondling, kneading my firm, round ass, gripping with his strong hands. His long fingers slide down and inward to stroke the drenched cleft between my legs, caress my plump pink lips. Running his forefinger around my opening, he opens me, testing, pressing in to my glistening channel. My pussy clenches around his finger as he slides his finger in and out in masterful strokes, coaxing pleasure from every inch of my body.

Drinking in my gasp through our kiss, he takes in my breath as he strokes and probes. Drawing back from the kiss, he withdraws his hands from me. One still remaining on my hip, he steadies me, the other slips between us; I feel him fiddling at his waist, looking down, I move my hands down his chest, brush his hands away and cup the huge bulge in his jeans. I deal with the zipper and rip open his jeans; my lips curve as I lay him bare. His cock engorged and erect buoyed in front of him, jutting from the nest of trimmed pubic hair at the base.

I swallow, easing the dryness in my throat, wetting my lips as I fill my hand with his rock-hard cock and start pumping his smooth length, rubbing my thumb over the crown of his cock spreading the droplets of pre-come over the tip. I hear his raspy breathing as he sucks in, feel him tense. His hardened flesh grows even harder with each stroke of my hand. I feel his breath growing labored. I close my hand firmly. Marveling at the contrast of velvety softness enclosing such potent, patently masculine strength, I allow my nails to gently score upward.

I repeat the torture three times before he carefully disengages; for just a moment, I question if he is breathing. Until he begins stepping back and sitting on the swing, urging me to follow. “Are you ready for my big, hard cock?”

My mouth opening, all I can do is nod.

“Kneel astride.”

I don't argue, not questioning because I am desperate to feel his hard cock. I submit sweetly to his commands. Putting one knee up, now the other, I feel the damask cushion under both knees, straddling his muscular thighs. I wrap my arms around his neck, tilt my head and set my lips to his, shifting even so closer, until my stomach meets the hard wall of his abdomen, sliding sensuously down. The touch of his clothes, rough against my soft skin, is a reminder of my nakedness and his relatively clothed state.

He ravages my mouth and urges me lower. His hand is beneath me, guiding me, guiding the head of his erection into the softness of my swollen labia drenched with my juices. I feel its touch, feel the strength as he presses in just a little, just past the constriction. My lungs seize and I stop, then, slowly—slowly—as slowly as I can—I ease fraction by fraction down, taking him in, glorying in the pressure, the fullness, the ease with which my body adjusts, then closes eagerly about him.

I don't stop until I impale myself fully. I can't breathe. My skin alive, heated, nerves flickering. Now he captures my mouth, his tongue thrusting deep, fracturing my attention. Mouth and teeth scrape. I feel his thigh, beneath mine, flexing.

The swing begins to rock.

Sensations wash through me. Surprisingly, I cling, as I press closer, I feel his hands on my legs, urging me to wrap them around his hips. The heat of his body washes over me, engulfs me; something

primitive prowls just behind his mask.

~~I do, and he is now even deeper inside me; the sensations intensify, driven by the swing, by the increasing momentum. The swing is well oiled, well balanced; the occasional push from Jonathan's foot is enough to keep us whooshing gently back and forth.~~

Which one of us started the dance, I am not sure, layering one rhythm atop another, matching an effortless thrust and withdrawal to the swing's motion. Amplifying the effect, I control it, using my arms to ease myself up, using my locked legs as leverage. Once I have the rhythm established, our bodies are merging freely, deeply, in absolute harmony, his hands leave my hips, moving over my skin, caressing, knowingly stroking, igniting a million small fires that slowly, gradually, coalesce into a blaze, an inferno.

A vortex of heat and movements sweep us up and send them whizzing dizzily back down, it snatches our breath, pressing pleasure and yet more pleasure upon us, through us, one to the other, then back again.

The ultimate give-and-take, the epitome of sharing.

As I cling, my lips mold with his, my mouth all his, as is my body. I can feel Jonathan give himself up to this, to me, to what he now needs beyond all else.

This is what I had wanted today, this complete, unreserved giving. My legs, naked, wrapped around his hips, his hands on my skin, are able to touch and savor as he wishes. My body, slick, hot, all but molten, encloses him, clamps down as the swing descends, easing as it swings up again. Open and generous and his.

Again, and again, and again.

The powerful repetition for once beyond his control holds me captive, holding my senses in unparalleled delight. Until we fracture.

I shatter in his arms, my cry muted by our kiss; he follows, shooting his seed deep within. As the swing slows and I catch my breath, his arms hold me. My head falls forward against his chest. "Ohhh."

The power that had flowed, briefly but so powerfully, that had so effortlessly fused us not just in this world but beyond it, is undeniable.

I drag in a breath; my lungs are still too tight. He nuzzles the curls around my ears and sets the swing in motion once again.

A shiver of ecstasy spirals through me. Eyes widen, I stare as his hands rise to close once again around my breasts. Inside, I feel him stir, strengthen, grow fatter with each sway of the swing.

Then he pushes harder. His fingers close tight around my nipples. My lids fall. "Good God!" My body responds eagerly to his expert touch.

Cupping my breasts gently in his large hands, I writhe in torment as his tongue swirls around my top nipple. I arch my back into him pushing my breasts even more deeply into his mouth. His abrasive tongue rasps, licking until it is a hard, aching pebble.

"Please, Jonathan." I rock, moving onto my knees for more leverage. Warm heat slithers down my spine, liquid heat pools in my pussy.

He glances up, his eyes lock with mine, he grunts, thrusting his hips up, moving his cock deep in me the same time pressing my breasts together while biting and tonguing my tightly furled nipples.

I gasp as his strong hands suddenly leave my breasts to grip my waist, assisting with the lifting and lowering of my body over his straining shaft. I pant, my clit throbs, the sensations of the trail of hair from his navel to his groin rub against my swollen nub enhancing the tremors of pleasure shooting through my body as his cock throbs inside of me.

A sob escapes my throat as I slam my pussy onto his cock taking him all the way inside. I can't breathe deep enough, my breath burns in my lungs. "Fuck, Jonathan," I can barely make out my own



voice.

~~The friction of our heated bodies sizzles, as he fucks me, or as I fuck him is just like a match dropped on dry kindling. We have become a roaring inferno of lust.~~

My movements grow even more frantic as I ride him harder. His huge cock slides in and out of my body. Faster. Harder. Deeper. My breathing is sharp and fast.

With our sweat-slicked bodies pressing together, he bites down hard on my nipple and I cry out, shuddering with the thrust of his cock and the gentle rock of the swing as my orgasm slams into me.

I feel the small throaty vibration in his chest, he jerks, pulsing deeply into my pussy as he comes, my tight muscles milking him dry.

Every last drop!

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## THE ALLEY

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“You get compliments all the time,” he said as we turned the corner onto another narrow, quiet street. “Yes. But most don’t truly mean anything.” I stop to lean against a rough stone wall, my head tipping back to look up at him with my bright green eyes. He towers over me, which I find exceedingly attractive. Big and bulky, extremely masculine and very easy on the eyes. “No one ever means what they say, not really.” I try to practice one of my pouts on him, but he seems to be immune to my so-called charms.

Phillip leans his hands against the wall on either side of me. His large, strong body shields me from the cold wind, and encloses me with his heat. He smells of smoke and whiskey and soap. He smells delicious and I would like to eat him alive.

“Are you fishing for compliments?” His deep voice flows down my spine, my nerves jump in my belly, sending tingles down to settle in my pussy.

“You wouldn’t give me one anyway.” I grumble, rolling my eyes up at him, now closely watching him through my lashes. Reaching up, I curl my fingers into the front of his coat and pull him closer. The coarse wool tickles my bare skin, and I can feel the shift of his magnificent body underneath, my pussy is growing warm and sending a deep flush over my entire body. The cool night air a welcome respite.

“So you don’t believe me?” he whispers close to my ear. “You are so beautiful. But very insecure.” “Insecure?” I laugh, trying for my usual carelessness, but even to myself I sound uncertain and shaky. “I am the luckiest girl in the world. What do I have to be insecure about?”

“You tell me.” He smiles, before gently brushing the back of his hand over my cheek, his knuckles softly skimming over my skin. “What are you hiding, Emma?”

Pursing my lips for a moment before answering, “You are the one who knows about secrets. The stories I’ve heard about you,” I cock my head and then playfully push him before laying my hands flat against his chest, kneading the firm muscles with my fingers as I look up through my lashes. “They make my ears burn.”

“Me?” He meets my eyes, hunger evident in their dark depths. His fingers slide slowly down my throat, resting just where my pulse pounds in the vulnerable hollow. “I’m just a simple man, an open book to anyone who is willing to read me.”

The look in his eyes is setting my pussy on fire. I squirm against the bricks attempting to ease the damp ache between my legs. “I’m not stupid, Phillip. There is nothing simple about you.” Wrapping my arms around his shoulders I tug him closer to me, feeling his thick erection, hard against my belly. Rising up on my tip-toes, I lean into him.

Staring down at me in the darkness, his hand pressed to my throat. “I’d like to make other parts of you burn...”

“I’m sure you would like to try.”

“Believe what you will.”

“If I cared what people said, I wouldn’t be here with you now.”

I love the sound of his laugh. “Me neither. We’re not good for each other, Emma.”

I smile up at him. "What makes you say that?"

"You make me want to do dangerous things." He presses closer to me.

"Is that a bad thing?" Suddenly, I feel very naughty. "I think sometimes we are very good for each other." I press a soft kiss to the hard line of his jaw. The new growth of his beard prickles at my lips, making me laugh. I spread a line of wet, open-mouthed kisses along his cheek and catch his earlobe with my teeth, biting down lightly.

I can feel his groan, "Emma..."

"Don't you like that, Phillip?" I whisper in his ear. Leaning my body against his I can feel the heaviness of his erection through our clothes. "I think you do."

"Of course I do, baby. I like it too much."

"There's no such thing." I slide my hands up over his shoulders. They are tense and hard, as if he's struggling to hold himself back. I bury my fingers into his hair, the silken strands wrap around my skin. "I like this, too. I've never felt the way I do when I'm with you, Phillip. I know it won't last. I know soon you'll disappear again. But for now—will you kiss me?"

He shakes his head, but he doesn't turn away from me. It is as if he can't help himself. His lips capture mine, open and hungry and rough.

I meet him eagerly, welcoming the thrust of his tongue into my mouth. He pushes me back against the wall as my head leans against the stone we kiss and kiss. I don't feel the cold or the hard brick at my back. Whenever we come together like this, I know only him.

The blood runs hot in my veins, burning me from the inside out. I taste him in my mouth, mint and whiskey and darkness, and it makes me want more. I want to fall into him, and I want him to want me just as much, a feeling so primal and basic it will not be forced away.

Through the blurry haze of our kiss, I feel him tug down my bodice and touch my breasts through the thin silk of my bra. He covers them with his palms, his fingers wrapping around their curves. His thumb circles my nipple, flicking at it until I cry out with a shock of pleasure.

Far from gentle, but I don't want him to be. I want his touch, his kiss, his body on mine, all of it. He catches that aching nipple between his thumb and finger and pinches lightly, sending a sizzling bolt of lightning all through me.

"Phillip!" I hear myself cry, my neck arching back, my entire being bursting with excitement.

"Shh," he whispers. "Someone will hear us." He covers my mouth with his again. I happen to notice that he is carrying me backwards. I open my eyes to find we are in a recessed doorway, completely wrapped in shadows, Phillip outlined in the starlight.

I kiss him again, reaching out for him hungrily. That's exactly how I feel, *hungry*, starving for his touch, for more of that wild pleasure. He meets me willingly, his hands sweep over my ribs, my hips pulling me against him.

His lips move to my cheek, his tongue dips into my ear and I gasp, then he moves down my throat to my shoulder, scraping my tender flesh with his stubble-roughened jaw. He nudges the strap of my bra aside and flicks his tongue over my skin. I arch my back, silently begging, and he gives me what I want. He takes my nipple into his mouth, sucking it hard.

I drive my hand through his hair and hold him to me. He reaches down and grasps my skirt, dragging it up and up until it catches around my waist. Dizzily, I feel his body slide down mine and lean me back hard against the wall.

"Fuck. God yes..." I whisper hoarsely as he kneels between my legs. I can't describe how thankful I feel that I haven't worn any panties tonight. As if I had anticipated or hoped for this encounter.

He looks up at me, and I can see the gleam of his wicked smile. "Your legs are like silk. So fine and soft..." His hand glides up the inside of my leg, pushing my thighs apart. He lowers his head, kissing my knee, my trembling skin.

“So soft,” he says, and I feel his touch comb through my damp curls and delve inside me. His care rough and warm as he moves up and down my cleft. “And so wet.” He pulls his hand away slick with my wetness; he brings his hand up to his lips and sucks his fingers, licking them clean of my juice. The sight of his eyes half-closed in pleasure sends blood rushing to my pussy. Now his mouth replaces his hand. He licks at my seam, making me cry out in shock. “Damn, you’re delicious,” he whispers against me. “Don’t you like it?” “I…” His tongue presses into me, tasting deeply. “Oh, yes.” He laughs; I can feel the sound reverberate deep inside me. “I knew you would.” His fingers spread even wider, his tongue swipes along my aching folds as he tastes me with long sweeping strokes. Closing my eyes tightly I allow the sensations to wash over me like sparks dancing over my skin, burning, shooting the pleasure higher and higher and higher until I feel like I can’t breathe. His tongue touches my clit, and I cry out, my body taut. “Phillip, I—oh!” I gasp. The sparks catch in flames; a bonfire of pleasure soars through me. My mind floods with white-hot light, and everything else vanishes. I feel my knees buckle, and I collapse toward the stone doorstep. Phillip catches me around the waist and lowers me gently. For a moment, I can only shiver. The heat of my climax dissipates, and I feel the cold wind again and the hard stone beneath me. I slowly open my eyes finding myself sitting back against the wall. He kneels beside me, his head buried between my trembling thighs. I watch as he slowly wipes his mouth with the back of his hand. He turns his head to stare up at me. “You are magnificent,” I barely manage to utter. “And wonderful.” He laughs. “I’m said to be a man of many talents.” “Oh? And what are some more of them?” Leaning down to kiss him, a spasm of pleasure rushes through me as I taste myself on his lips, I reach down to rub and squeeze his hard cock through his jeans, moaning into his mouth as I kiss him hard. He kisses me back, but only for a moment. Then he grasps my shoulders and holds me back from him. “Please, Emma, don’t touch me. If you do, I’ll explode.” Standing, he grabs my hands and pulls me toward my feet. “Oh,” I whisper. My gaze sweeps down his body to the hard bulge in his jeans. It strains against the seams. “Emma, you’re determined to torture me.” Phillip groans, before turning me around, shoving me against the wall, kicking out my legs, spreading them wide open as he pins me to the wall and then unzips his jeans, shoving them down. Leaning in kissing my neck while biting me at the same time, he rams his cock into my dripping pussy. “Oh yeah, Phillip,” I murmur. “Fuck me, Phillip.” “Oh, don’t worry, baby, I’m going to fuck you hard.” He grips my waist and thrusts harder. I reach up and cup my breast, squeezing them, kneading them, pinching my nipples as he drives into me, over and over. “Harder, Phillip.” “Fuck, fuck, fuck.” I lower my hand shoving it between my own legs, as he takes me from the rear. My legs tremble as he fills me, my fingers playing in the wetness seeping from my pussy, flicking my clit as he fucks me. My breathing grows labored as I rub my clit. I know my own body, and that I will need to touch myself to reach another orgasm. First small circles, then larger circles, squirming, whimpering and moaning, his lips press to mine, his tongue forces its way between my teeth, sweeping around my mouth before making its way down my throat. His dick slides in and out of my pussy, as he buries himself balls deep, pounding into me as I grind my ass against him. Teeth gritted, his voice rough, “Come for me, Emma.”

I came, exploding, harder than I ever have before. My body vibrating with the aftermath of my massive orgasm, I fall limp against the rough bricks, propped on my forearms as he impales me with his cock. Driving hard into me, stroking fast and furious until he throws back his head and roars. Coming in hot spurts. I can feel his cock throbbing inside me.

Slowly he pulls out, jerks up his jeans and lowers my skirt before he wraps his arms around me, spinning to lean his back against the hard brick pressing me tightly against his chest.

I can feel him as he leans down to place a kiss on the top of my head and rub his hand up and down my arm. I can hear the humor in his voice when he says, “Damn, Emma. You have been keeping some secrets from me.”

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## THE RELEASE

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A smile touches my lips for the first time in more than an hour. It has taken quite a long time to calm down after my altercation earlier in the day.

Without waiting for an invitation, Brant swung one leg around and fit himself behind my back, drawing me into his arms.

*Why fight it, I've been fighting all afternoon.* I nestle into his embrace. "I overreacted tonight, I guess." I try my best to sound penitent.

"Hmm...punching the wall?" He lifts my hand and kisses my scraped and bruised knuckles. My body tingles as he skims his soft lips over my fingers. "I think that's the first time I've ever seen a girl do that."

I let out a sigh, glancing over my shoulder. "He pissed me off." I shrug.

"Obviously." His brow lifts. "You shouldn't be fighting anyway."

"Now you're just being ridiculous." Reaching back, I hit him on his well-muscled bicep. "I don't fight all the time."

"Sure..." He rubs his arm comically where I had punched him.

"Whatever." I cross my arms over my chest. "It's been coming on for months." I explain. "Every time he asks me out, I say no. But he won't take no for an answer."

"You should have punched him instead of the wall." His hands flatten on my belly and I find myself begin to relax against him. Warmth travels from his body to mine in a never-ending current that sensitizes my skin and causes a delicious pulse to hammer in my veins. He buries his face against the back of my neck and inhales.

I shiver. "I've never punched a person before." I chuckle, my fingers trailing lazy circles over the back of his hand. The masculine hair tickles my fingertips. "It seemed like a good idea at the time to hit the wall." I glance over my shoulder at Brant.

"Stubborn." He lifts my shirt and strokes my stomach. "You're so hot." His sensual whisper washes over me in soft waves. I feel my stomach muscles quiver and tremble with his touch. His hand comes into contact with my naked breasts because I am not wearing a bra, I removed it when I'd changed into the oversize T-shirt I am wearing, and now his thumbs softly graze the underside of my breasts in a rhythmic rousing motion.

My breath hitches as Brant leans down and whispers in my ear, "Watching you punch the wall was really a turn on." His tongue swirls lazily along the shell of my ear causing zips of pleasure to skate down my spine. "My big cock was so hard I thought I was going to come in my pants as I watched your breasts rise and fall with each agitated breath you took." His fingertips still. "I wanted to push you up against the wall spread your gorgeous legs, and fuck your sweet pussy right there in the bar." His warm breath heats my skin as he bites my neck and licks it with his tongue.

My head falls back, relaxed by the sensual haze created with his whispering words. I gaze up into his face, his eyes heavy with lust. "Why didn't you?" The words a breathless murmur as I watch the pulse working frantically in his neck.

I twist so I can face him, straddling his legs and placing my bare knees on the outside of his thighs. I squirm, grinding against his rock-hard cock pressing between my legs, full, warm and inviting. I can't ignore the throbbing heat, begging for his cock.

I swallow hard, meeting his gaze, placing my hands on his chest. “What do you want to do now?” “Baby.” His chuckle is a husky, sexy sound that vibrates straight to my clit. “It has nothing to do with what I want to do; I’m going to do *you*.”

Considering his erection pulsing at the vee of my legs, I figure he is probably right. I feel his harsh exhale as my body covered only by thin, damp silk settles over his cock. His seductive grin, an upward turn of his lips, got bolder.

He reaches out grabbing my neck urging my head within inches of his own. His masculine scent envelopes me, wrapping me in a cocoon of desire. His lips cover mine. His lips part, my tongue taking advantage and I hear him groan. Feel him groan. He crushes me to him with his strong arms.

He tastes me, first with his tongue, then with his whole mouth, until not only do I kiss him back, but give as good and I am getting. I devour him. My mouth against his, my hands plowing through his hair using the soft strands as a handle as I buck my hips urgently trying to ease the hot, heavy ache pooling between my legs.

I buck against him, searching for fulfillment. I feel him grow and swell against my damp heat. I need more. This isn’t working. I sit up, fitting my pussy against him, I groan as I grind into his engorged cock, and reach for the hem of my T-shirt. I pull it off and toss it.

“Sweet heaven,” he mutters. My bare body covered only by a scrap of panties, my rounded breasts thrusts in his face.

He brackets my hips in his palms and looks up at me. His blue eyes glazed with passion stare in mine.

“I’m going to fuck you now.”

“Good.”

His eyes darken even further. Easing the bit of silk down my legs, I catch my breath in anticipation. Maneuvering out of his current position, he sits upright against the couch, forcing me to move and balance on my knees before him.

His fingers slip from my hips to my thighs. I gasp aloud, my eyelids open wide.

“Don’t move.”

He parts my legs with his hand, sliding his fingers down my slit to tease me with the drag of his fingers before dipping his head to taste my warm, waiting flesh.

My knees buckle and my body sways. “Oh, God.”

He somehow switches our positions and lowers me onto the couch. In my wildest fantasy—and since meeting Brant I’d had plenty—I have never dreamed it could be like this.

The skin on my thighs tingles, chafed from where his whiskers had rubbed my flesh. My muscles quiver, seeking more of the exquisite sensations. His mouth works its way up my inner thigh, the rasp of male whiskers has my body jerking upward, nearly taking me off the seat.

“Easy, baby,” he spoke in a husky voice, letting his tongue soothe the chafed surface on my thighs.

“Easy for you to...” my words end abruptly as he lowers his head and his mouth covers my pussy.

Shutting my eyes I practically faint as I fall back on the couch. Waves of pleasure course over me each time his agile tongue darts in and out of my pulsing flesh. Need curls in my muscles and my stomach contracts, arching my back, silently reaching higher as he spears his tongue deep. “Brant?”

He meets my gaze, the desire I see in his eyes shakes me to the core. He shocks me again by placing his palm over the juncture of my thighs and rocking gently with the heel of his hand. I moan at his assault, trembling as the incredible pressure inside me continues. With each upward thrust of his hand with each jerk of my hips, his eyes darken even more. The need to come is all-consuming as pleasure rolls through me. I want to wait, I want him inside me, I want...to scream...and I do, as I tumble over the peak of the most spectacular orgasm I’ve ever had. My body pulses and pounds long after I crumple to the couch, panting heavily.

He stands and scoops me into his arms and takes me to the bedroom, dropping me on the bed before ripping off his clothes.

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He joins me on the bed where I welcome him with open arms.

He rolls me onto my back and straddles me, catching my hands above my head with one hand.

As I stare into his dark eyes, desire strikes me again. Hard. His breathing is labored, as if he's been through one who'd just...I shake my head to dislodge the memory of having his hands on my body, his eyes watch me as I come. But the image stays.

"Brant," I moan as he plumps both of my breasts together in his big hands and fucks himself between my two soft mounds of flesh. The feel of his thick cock between my breasts, is most erotic. The sight of the fat head of his cock peeking out with each of his thrusts sends sizzling heat to my clit. I must have grown a little frantic because he leans over with his lips nuzzling the side of my neck as I moan. His hand slips to the juncture of my thighs and I know he finds me wet and wanting. I lift my hips and he eases one finger inside me. A soft moan escapes my lips and another finger joins the first.

My head falls back against the pillow. My thighs fall wide open.

He chuckles, a relaxing sound that flows through me.

Leaning forward, I ease one hand out of his grip and grasp his straining cock in my fingers, running my hand down the length of his erection and back again to the broad head. Stroking his flesh until I groan, his teeth clench tight as his rod pulses against my hand. His erection grows larger in my hand with each stroke. A small drop of pre-come coats my palm making me wet, making me want him inside me. My tongue darts out, moistening my dry lips.

His groan echoes in the small room. Sweat beads on his forehead

I smile as he retakes my hand and locks it back with the other one above my head pressing them into the mattress. But he quickly releases my hands to grab for a condom. I immediately pluck the foil packet from his fingers, covering his pulsating cock with one languid stroke, making sure my hands graze and linger longer than strictly necessary, purposefully playful and light. But he raises himself over me, and I realize he isn't playing anymore.

I feel a desperate moan escape my lips. Lifting my hips at the same time he grabs my hips in his hands and enters me with a smooth, easy thrust. He lets out a groan, a deep, masculine grunt of satisfaction that coils my stomach into an even tighter knot. I strain, lifting my hips as far as I can, meeting his thrusting cock. Wildly meeting him stroke for stroke.

*Oh, sweet heaven.*

"Fuck." Then he surges into me, fucking me long and hard and I lose myself in the moment.

Fully impaled by his strong erection, I begin to move, to grind my hips against him.

As he pumps himself into me, each time harder than the last, my body rises to meet his. The sighs, the moans, the gentle coaxing, that come from my lips. My body feels full and ready to burst, without warning he slows the pace.

"Don't stop," I whimper.

"Don't worry, babe, I'm not." He speaks in a deep voice. His hands rove over my breasts, cupping and caressing my already hardened nipples, drawing them into tight distended peaks.

"Oh, Brant."

He pulls me upward, so I can feel every hard ridge of his cock, stopping so I am poised at the tip of his erection.

Bending his head, he opens his mouth over my breast, clamping his lips over my tender nipple and sucks. He nibbles, tastes and soothes, all the while rocking my swollen body against his rigid cock. He holds my hips still and drives into me to the hilt.

"Oh, God..." I choke on the words just as he lunges into me again.

As he surges inside me, seeming to grow larger and pulse stronger with each thrust, I don't need long



He's pushed me close to the edge already and I don't have far to go. So as he stiffens, his harsh groan fills my ears, I buck as he rides me hard, his final plunge sends my orgasm slamming through me. Brant comes right after, his cock convulsing, his shout of ecstasy as his sweat slicked body falls against mine.

My breathing comes in labored gasps and my body trembles as I open my eyes to find the world hasn't ended.

"Fuck me...you're amazing."

I laugh. "I bet you say that to all the women you sleep with."

He raises an eyebrow in blatant disbelief. A cocky grin spreads across his face.

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## GHOSTLY ORGASMS

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AFTER LIVING IN THE SOUTH MY WHOLE LIFE, ghost stories and haunted houses are nothing new. I have tons of friends who claim they have seen a ghost or felt the presence of one when they've toured some of the old mansions scattered about.

There are numerous mansions built in the eighteen hundred's that are still standing and each one has its own story.

One particular mansion is watched over by a friend of mine. Casey has always found the subject of hauntings exciting while I, on the other hand, have never seen what the attraction is all about.

Is the place haunted, if so, do I really want to know or care?

The mansion Casey manages has been deemed a historical site and she actually lives on the property. She told me that every night she has to walk the grounds at least once to make sure all is well and that no one has lagged behind on the tour. The gates are locked at sunset and she definitely doesn't want to be woken up by a straggler or someone doing things that they shouldn't.

One night she said that she found a dozen teenage boys surrounding a headstone with a Ouija board propped on top. Suddenly it flew off with such a force that it crashed into a nearby grave. The sight alone would have caused even the most hardened man to run away like a scared little boy. I think that is why she invited me to spend a few days with her.

What really sold me on the idea of visiting, is Arthur. He is rumored to haunt the house Casey stays in. I find it interesting that she talks about him as if he is real.

"Sheila, would you mind watching over the old mansion for me for the next couple of days? Remember I told you about the family reunion we are having. It is only a couple hours from here, but there is no way I can make the drive back and forth every night."

"Casey, you know how I feel about haunted houses, let alone being alone in one."

"I'll pay you," Casey bribed. "I know you can always use some extra cash."

"Do you honestly believe I will be able to make your rounds after you told me about the Ouija board?"

"This is a chance of a lifetime," Casey pleaded. "I guarantee it will be nothing like anything you have ever experienced before and I will pay you double if you don't thoroughly enjoy it."

*Now what in the world does she mean by that?*

Secretly I am intrigued by the prospect of staying in this haunted house by myself, but I don't want to tell Casey that. It's more fun to keep her on edge for the moment, so I decide to stay silent as she continues to sell me on the idea.

"Who knows, Sheila, you might be lucky enough to meet Arthur. He's not a scary ghost at all, as a matter of fact, he's just the opposite. I guarantee that once you meet him, you will be offering to pay me to stay here!"

Casey has now officially piqued my curiosity beyond my fear. I'm now fascinated by the prospect of meeting up with a ghost that I will supposedly pay to see again? *Hmm...*

Who the fuck is this Arthur, and why the hell would I pay to meet him again?

He must be fabulous. Casey has been offered numerous jobs at other historical sites and even though the pay is more and the responsibility less, she has turned every single one of them down with a simple reply, *What would Arthur do without me?*

"Alright Casey, I'll do you this favor. After all, what are friends for? Besides, I should really get over

my fear of haunted houses.”

It's Friday night and Casey is providing me with all the instructions I'll need over the next couple of days. So, I guess I'm going to have this haunted house all to myself until three o'clock on Sunday afternoon.

“Sheila, you'll never get over your fear if you don't face it head on. After all, Arthur is up there. You might not be able to see him but you'll be able to feel his presence and he is a very good ghost. If you meet him you might never want to leave.”

I don't have a clue why Casey keeps rambling on about Arthur, but if she has no fear of the room or the ghost, why should I? Her eyes light up every time she talks about him. Fear is definitely not part of the equation, so now my curiosity has been heightened.

“Have a wonderful family reunion, Casey!” I say as she drives away.

“You have a good time too, Sheila, and don't forget about the secret room I told you about.”

No matter what I do throughout the night, I keep making my way back to the Master bedroom on the second floor. Casey mentioned that there is a hidden room behind the large oak bookshelf that stands on the far wall. She told me that she actually spends the night in the room sometimes.

So around nine-thirty, after I make my rounds, I head back to the house and walk eagerly up the stairs to the Master suite.

Pacing back in forth, I recall Casey's insistent prodding that I pay close attention to the secret room behind the book shelf.

Fuck it. I have to know what's in there.

Reaching out I slide the shelf from the wall to expose the door. I hesitate for only a second before opening the door to what I expect to be a room the size of a closet, but it's much bigger than I would have thought. The contents of the room include a King size bed, a side table with a light, snacks, a small refrigerator and a T.V.

Casey must spend a lot of nights in here.

So I settle in with the book she has on the night table and wait.

The next thing I know a cool gust of wind wakes me up and I'm in a bed that I don't even recall falling asleep in. I nearly jump out of my skin as I realize I'm naked and I feel what could only be the rasp of a tongue gliding over the folds of my pussy.

I immediately jerk up, unable to breathe as my heart feels like it's about to pound out of my chest. Where are my clothes? Who undressed me? I'm not sure, and as I lower my gaze to the foot of the bed, I see nothing.

But being eaten out by someone I can't see is only heightening my pleasure. I try to visualize what it looks like with his head buried between my legs.

Suddenly, what feels like the tip of a finger tickles my asshole and a wild spiral of sensations takes over as liquid heat rushes through my veins, opening me up to pleasure. Fisting my hands in the comforter I brace myself as the tongue swirls over my clit.

My breasts swell and my nipples tingle as a rough masculine hand roams up my body over my belly and over my breasts until fingers pluck and pinch my furred peaks. My nipples bead painfully. His tongue sweeps across my quivering flesh, circling and biting as I drag in breaths and let them out rapidly.

Yes, I'm freaking out at this moment, but if I'm sleeping why not enjoy it, right? After all, I'm in the room alone, awake or asleep it feels so good. As I give in to the slide of his tongue continuing to lick me, sucking my clit and pussy until I can't stand it anymore.

My legs tighten as his warm breath flows across my aching flesh. Two fingers work their way into my passage with a small pinky finger working my asshole causing throbbing sparks of pleasure to spread from my clit to my pussy as he takes possession. He plants his mouth firmly over my dripping sex, his tongue diving inside.

Wow, now I know what Casey was talking about. Getting licked and fucked in both holes is not something I am going to turn down.

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Asleep or not!

Tension builds fast as his hands spread my legs further apart and heat swirls around me as I feel my body full-on against me. His chest is wide, and from what I can feel he has spectacular pecs. Reaching out I touch his stomach, surprised at the rock-hard abs under his firm, yet ghostly flesh.

“How can I feel you, but not see you?”

All he did is growl low in his throat, dark and breathless.

He rode his cock between my legs, not entering me yet, but rocking fully against my slick slit, rubbing deliciously against my engorged clit as I buck against him urging him closer.

He slips one hand under my hips and tilts me up, drawing me closer until I feel him shoving his cock in deep. His heated length sliding easily inside to fully seat himself in my inner core as he drives in and out of me over and over.

“Do I scare you?” I hear his breathless voice whispering across my cheek.

My hips thrust up and down in answer as I drag my clit against his ghostly cock moving inside me.

“Give it to me.”

He takes my mouth, his moist tongue licking my lips then sliding between my teeth to capture and lick as his hands press in the curves of my body.

I slowly open my mouth and suck hard. This must have excited him, because I can feel him swelling inside me. My eyes drift closed; my lips open as I let out a low moan.

I sling my leg around his hip. The rhythm of our fucking increasing and my pleasure intensifies! My pussy grips his thick cock in a tight vise.

“I’m going to come, Arthur.”

Oh Fuck! I tremble as a scream escapes my lips. And I keep screaming loudly. Knowing full well that if I am asleep or not, at least no one can hear me in this empty old mansion.

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Feeling a movement on the bed I awaken. I assume its morning. I’m not sure what made the bed shift but I think it best to get up.

Could that have been a dream?

It felt completely real.

After spending the day anxiously waiting for night to fall, I hope that I will meet Arthur again.

I make my rounds early. It’s only around eight thirty in the evening when I’m done and though I am not really tired, I am anxiously hopeful that I will have a visitor in the night.

After all if it was just a dream, there’s a T.V. in the room, so why not retire early.

I undress and slip under the comforter.

Watching some nature show that happens to be on the T.V, I start to feel as if I had only imagined the night before when I notice the bottom of the comforter beginning to rise.

A feeling of lightheadedness washes over me as my heart rate begins to increase and I feel a great rush of excitement and nervousness.

I know I’m not asleep this time and a tingle of fear skitters down my spine until I feel the sensation of a wet tongue sliding along my leg, licking up my thigh, and making its way towards my slit. He spreads my legs apart and thrusts his tongue between my folds.

Tension builds fast. It doesn’t take long for hot waves of orgasm to rush over me, crying out I flood

his face with my come.

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Casey pulls in around three o'clock as promised and I'm standing outside to greet her. I'm not sure how to explain the ecstasy or my insane experience.

Even to my best friend.

She gets out of her car with a huge smile spread across her face. "With that kind of glow, you must have met Arthur."

"So it really did happen? It wasn't a dream. You're my best friend right and are you saying that I... you know... with a ghost?"

"You sure did!"

"Do you think he might be up to a threesome tonight, Casey?"

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## **SATISFIED**

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AS I LIE COMFORTABLY ON THE COUCH wrapped in one of my favorite blankets trying to finish the latest book I've been reading, my husband's voice suddenly travels down the stairs in a muffled yell.

"Are you coming to bed, babe?"

"I'll be there in a minute, honey," I call. "I'm just finishing up my book, Ian. I'm at the very end. I don't want to stop now." I like teasing him, and he makes it so easy.

"Hurry up," Ian calls back. "You told me I was going to get lucky tonight, Lizi."

"Whatever!" Even though he can't see me, I roll my eyes. "You say that every single night." We could have had sex three minutes ago and he will still act as if it had been months. I've come to the conclusion that all men are sex addicts.

"You want my giant rod in your pussy, and you know it."

I laugh. I can't help it. "I can't hear you." The sing-song tone I use annoys him every time.

"Bedroom. Now."

"Ooh, I love it when you talk like a caveman." I continue sitting on the couch, waiting for just a little bit longer, my eyes raised to the ceiling, listening for the rest. Imagining how hard he probably is right now sends a warm tingle to my inner core.

"I'm not going to wait long..." he drawls back, his tone brooking no argument.

"Do you ever?" I grin and can hear him chuckle, but still take an extra-long time turning off my Kindle. Marching loudly up the stairs I stumble to a stop as I walk into the bedroom and find Ian lying on his side atop the comforter with his abs bunched, his hard cock jutting forward. His hand is fist around his own huge erection as he plays with himself. He has a deliciously naughty grin on his face as he strokes his cock up and down, its engorged girth straining against his palm.

"You know you want all this, baby."

I can't hold back my moan at the sight of his heavily-muscled, naked body, and long, thick cock because I do want all that. I want every last inch of him deep inside me. My pussy clenches and he gushes to my clit. I'm already so turned on; my juices flow unchecked, soaking my thighs just imagining his manhood pummeling me senseless.

"Take. Your. Clothes. Off." He orders. "Now."

Crossing my arms over my chest, I cock my hip as I continue to observe his hand unhurriedly sliding up and around his cock in long, easy strokes, his breath a low hiss.

"Do I need to undress you myself, Lizi?" His right brow lifts, his voice husky, rough with need, even though he isn't moving anything but his hand.

I don't say a thing; instead I slowly tug off my tank and toss it on the ground. Hooking my thumb inside my boxers I push them over my hips, wiggling as they slide down my legs, dropping to my feet. I'm not wearing anything underneath them so my clean shaven pussy glistens. My labia swollen and pouting, eagerly awaiting his touch.

I watch Ian's cock jerk in his hand as his eyes follow me walk towards the bed. As I get close enough he reaches out, tugging me down, and tumbles me onto the bed beside him kissing me hard.

He's so strong and warm and hard against me.

He leans down, burying his face in my neck, sucking, and kissing. His kisses on my neck, wet and

open, licks of his wet tongue are making me melt from the inside out, his heat burns my flesh and goose bumps erupt all over my entire body.

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“You’ve been teasing me all night.”

I can feel his deep groan throughout my entire body.

Shifting, he moves his free hand up to cup my breast, his palms rub against the tight points of my hard nipples, engorged and waiting for his mouth as my body continues to grow hotter under his touch.

Leaning down to lave kisses on my neck, the heat and weight of him makes me feel deliciously trapped. My breathing quickens as his rough, stubble covered jaw scrapes against my soft skin. He bites the side of my neck causing me to cry out at the pleasure-pain before soothing the erotic sting with a flick of his wet tongue.

I slide along his hard flesh in small, sensual movements making his arousal throb against my hip. I place my hands over the heat of his chest covered heavily with black hair narrowing down in a thick straight line to his cock. His skin is like hot satin, his muscles fluid beneath the smooth flesh as I rub my cheek against his pecs, stroking my hands down his body, so hard and muscled and strong and beautiful. Exploring every ridge and every muscle.

I open my mouth over his flat male nipple and suck, nibbling at the tiny bud against my tongue, my whole body liquefies at his growl of pleasure.

He suddenly shifts to my right side, his cock even with my face. “Suck him, baby.”

Pressing kisses past the ridged muscle of his abdomen, I nuzzle at the line of hair.

I curve my hands over his sides, tugging him down, he lowers himself until I can easily reach his cock with my mouth. His hand grips the base of his cock guiding the long, thick pulse of his erection towards my open mouth. His groan deepens as I fit my hand below his, grasping it firmly and stroking it. My fingers circle tight around the base of his cock. I smile, nodding as I look at the length of his cock. My tongue flickers out, my mouth pools with saliva as I take him in, his cock sliding over my tongue and deep into my throat.

“Mmm...”

“Oh fuck yeah, baby.”

Sliding my tongue in tiny circles over the pulsating vein on the underside, licking him; sucking at the spot I know that will make him grow even larger in my mouth. Filling me, stretching my lips. I take his balls in my hand and squeeze them gently.

His head falls back for a minute and I know he’s savoring the feel of my tongue and mouth stroking his cock as my hands play with his balls.

His hands fist in my hair. He is as hard as a rock, rigid and demanding, the skin against my tongue almost delicate, the salty taste of him a dark musk that makes me his slave.

“You’re so good at this, baby.” His statement is guttural as he moves in shallow thrusts against my tongue and lips.

Moaning, I suck harder, barely grazing him with my teeth.

“Suck me.” His hips buck against my mouth.

I’m already so wet between my legs, so aroused, I hold still as he slides between my lips. Sliding in and out of my mouth. Long, slow strokes.

His breath comes faster as he reaches down, the slightly rough skin of his finger strokes along the edge before sliding through my slick flesh, heading straight for my clit. The nub pulses hot and tight between my dripping lips.

His fingers trace my clit, with a rough flick and I shudder, moaning. My red swollen lips eagerly gobble his cock.

His fingers rub, slide back, circling the entrance to my body with an exploring touch. The rough pads of his fingers close around my clit making me boneless. Rubbing his fingers on my clit at the same

time he leans in and I can feel the hot gust of his breath on my most intimate flesh. The heat is not only warning before he puts his mouth on me, kissing my pussy long and deep. The scruff of his face scratching my thighs and I whimper.

My blood pumps hotly through my veins, I arch, pressing myself more fully against his mouth. I hear my own desperate groan, before my body clenches and grows even slicker for him, the wetness of my body loud to my ears. His tongue spears me, fucks me, lapping up the proof of my pleasure before sinking a finger deep inside me.

“Ian!”

Thighs parting, my knees nearly touch the bed, opening myself more fully to his assault. I shudder, biting back a moan as he flicks his tongue over the entrance to my body. His large hand slides under my ass, lifting my hips to press me closer.

“I like the taste of you.”

My clit throbs and a short scream erupts as he covers me with his mouth again, my heels dig into the mattress, my fingers thread deep into his hair, pulling him closer. This time, he tries little flicks and licks using his tongue, rubs with his thumb and sucks with his mouth. Lifting away his lips as I begin bucking against him, he plays his finger through my slickness before sliding it inside again...then adding another. Twisting, thrusting, probing.

I want him to lick and suck and bite at me, my eyes close and I moan. Lost in the sensations.

Quivering, I gasp around his cock, begging him not to stop. So he pumps his fingers, slow and deep and again.

He trails a single, bold finger down the cleft of my cheeks and parts of my mind just haze over. And then I feel the brush of a fingertip against my sensitive hole, probing as he begins to push in a little with one thick finger, breaching the tight ring of muscle and enters.

The air escapes my lungs and I freeze as he eases into my hole, then inserts two fingers back into my pussy. I feel full. Bucking as he thrusts with his fingers while sucking my clit hard with his mouth.

“Oh, God, I’m going to come.” A jolt of electricity shoots through me and my tiny muscles clench on his finger over and over again as tremors of pleasure shake my body.

Making a rumbling sound deep in his chest, he leans on his elbow, gripping the back of my neck with his free hand as I work him with my hands and mouth.

His breath comes in short puffs as he begins to speed up, short, shallow thrusts. I can feel his cock thicken but he holds off from coming.

I buck and moan against his tongue and fingers as they work my pussy. The excruciating pleasure is almost too much.

I practically sob. Thrusting my hips up I fuck myself on his fingers. His tongue stroking insistently on my engorged clit, licking up and down my wet slit.

I arch even more. Pressing my heels into the mattress I lift my hips off the bed. Clenching my fingers in the sheets, I force myself not to wiggle as my second orgasm begins off slowly and is not overpowering me, my pussy clenching in wave after wave of sensation.

“I want you inside of me.”

He lifts his head from where it was laying against the crease of my thigh, my juices pearly drops on the stubble of his chin.

“I can certainly do that.”

He moves between my legs, causing his arousal to nestle snugly into the hot, wet place between my thighs. Sliding his hands down to my bottom, he repositions me so I am flush against his hard arousal. It takes his deep masculine groan, his hand squeezing my bottom, for me to realize I am rubbing myself against the hard ridge of his erection in time with the thrusts of his tongue in my mouth. I rotate my hips against his cock and this feels like heaven.



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