

addicted to sex



christine calnin

Behind the Apron - Book One

ADDICTED
TO
SEX

Behind the Apron Series: Book 1

by
Christine Calnin

Includes excerpts, sexy bonus story and excerpt from the sizzling and shocking, *“Eleven Ladies Luncheon and Other Erotic Hitchhiking Tales”*

CHRISTINE CALNIN

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~ ADDICTED TO SEX ~
Behind the Apron Series: Book 1

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~PROLOGUE~

You may think you know who you are.

Your past is filled with memories of wonderful times, sad and difficult times, love, hate, friendship and sorrow, but they are memories nonetheless.

I have two sets of memories. One of a perfect childhood, high school and college years with kind doting parents. Then, onto a storybook marriage.

But that was a lie.

Something happened one evening. Something that changed everything. It was the start of a downward spiral that was to be the end of life as I had known it - or thought it to be. My single indiscretion was the start of something so sinister, yet so very exciting that it would recreate my very existence, body and soul.

As the second 'true' set of memories emerged, I came to the conclusion that I must let my former self die to let who I truly was live.

*My identity had been handed down through the centuries –
refined and perfected.*

*In the end, I not only accepted who and what I was, I reveled in
it.*

But suddenly... things changed and there was no turning back.

*Have you ever bathed in blood? It has the most amazing effect
on the skin...*

~ CHAPTER ONE ~

I look at him lying there. I run my hand down the length of his body. It is like feathers on his skin. He groans and reaches for me. I don't even know his name. We have sex and it is thrilling and feels good, but afterward, there is nothing. I don't want his telephone number or to know who he is or where he lives. I don't care if he is married. Does he have children? It doesn't matter. I got what I wanted from him and am on my way to find another. Am I a prostitute?

No.

I am a married woman with a small daughter and I am addicted to sex.

At first meeting, I was hopelessly and absolutely thrilled by the sex that I knew was about to happen. Every aspect of it, from the first time my eyes met someone else's, to hearing, "Was it good for you?" and yes, it usually was. But when it was done and we were dressing and he was asking me, "Can I call you?" I felt sick, and no, he could not call me and, no, he didn't need to know my name because he would never see me again. These men never knew that I went home to my family and was a good wife and mother.

I loved my husband, a handsome and caring man, good provider and an excellent father. I wouldn't have hurt him for the world, but if he had known about my problem it would have destroyed him and us. I couldn't help myself though. Taking nameless, one-time lovers wasn't a passion, it was a disease.

* * *

These were the memories I had, or perhaps I should say, the memories I was given. For even now, they are muddled together at times coexisting with the truth and the lies.

Not long ago, my true life found me once again.

I know most of the truth now – especially the most important things.

Some things I have yet to put together. While some memories may never return, from what I know now – about who and what I am – that could be a blessing.

I was able to fill in many of the gaps with the help of my people, my family... The Sisterhood.

Some memories blended together and invaded my dreams and thoughts as disturbing visions. There was blood, and the visions were so real that I could taste them and I would realize in my distress I had bitten my tongue or lip.

All those visions are gone because I discovered the truth.

Now I sit, next to my husband – our child growing inside me – contemplating his demise.

* * *

It was a week after Mark and I had celebrated our sixth anniversary. I spotted a man who looked like a movie star and was built like a brick shithouse. I knew in a heartbeat, I wanted him. My best friend and I had gone out for her birthday. We went to see "Dominoes, A World Famous Male Dance Review". Their motto was, "You'll fall down one by one." These words couldn't have rung more true. These guys were delicious, gyrating, sex machines. Especially the one I was watching.

"Oh, this is great," Geri squeaked. "God, I can't believe these guys."

"No kidding," I said, totally enthralled. "This guy is unbelievable." I got caught up in the excitement. I was so taken by his raw animal sexuality I must have stuffed \$50 into his G-string. It was worth the money just to touch his hard stomach and slim hips. I scribbled a quick note on a napkin.

Meet me at the bar after you're done.
I'll pay \$100 for you tonight.

I was not sure what had gotten into me, but I didn't care.

Geri didn't know about the note, she was too interested in drinking and screaming obscenities at the men. I didn't need alcohol. The thought of going to bed with that hard body was

enough of a high for me. I didn't need alcohol to dull the pleasure I was anticipating.

He met me at the bar as I requested. He made it clear he was flattered by my proposal, but also made it clear that he had a boyfriend waiting for him. Of course, I was disappointed but that didn't stop me. I was a woman on a sexual mission. If I couldn't have him, I would have someone that night. I needed satisfaction, satisfaction that I didn't want from my wonderful, but suddenly boring, husband.

I needed a stranger. Someone exciting who wanted me, too. I looked around at the bar. It was ladies night and the men weren't exactly coming out of the woodwork, but a smart man would know that it wouldn't be hard to find a date when this club was loaded with women on the prowl. Any man had a good chance to go home with one of these lust-crazed women who had been busy stuffing money into the G-strings of sexy, well hung men.

Just as I figured, there was a man at the end of the bar. Ironically, he was watching when I noticed him. A funny thought entered my mind

I just saved myself \$100.

It was obvious that this man wanted me as much as I wanted him. I smiled seductively and leaned heavily on the bar, hoping he would get a good shot of my ample cleavage. He beckoned the bartender and ordered a drink for me, never removing his eyes from mine. I raised my glass to him in a gesture of thanks and sipped it slowly. I ate the cherry with relish and that was all it took for him to make his way over to me.

"Hi," he said. "My name is Michael. ...and you are?"

"It doesn't matter," I said. "Names mean nothing when you look at me like that, Michael." He took my hand and raised it to his lips.

"Touché," said my lover-to-be. He was a year or two younger than my thirty years, but that only added to the excitement that was coursing through my veins to my most intimate parts.

This man was downright breathtaking with dark hair that fell in a rakish manner over his brown eyes which sparkled with his desire. He smiled with full lips and straight white teeth. I excused myself for a moment and told Geri I was leaving with a friend. She was so busy screaming and doing the bump and grind with another dancer, she waved me off as if I were a bothersome fly.

"See you tomorrow," I yelled over the primal beat of the strippers' music. She waved me off again. I made my way back to Michael who was waiting less than patiently for me at the bar.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

"Are you?" I smiled and winked. That was the last of our conversation for the night. I followed him in my car to a hotel on the east side of town. Anticipation mounted as I drove. I couldn't believe how I felt. I was sexy and wanton, dirty and perverted. I loved every second of it.

He pulled into the hotel and I waited for him outside of my car as he registered. He came out of the office with a key and waved

it in front of my face. He turned and I followed him to room 19.

Funny, so many room numbers followed after that first night. I never tried or cared to remember any others, but I still remember room 19. The first time.

* * *

The curtains were open and the small room was lit by the harsh linestreetlights. Michael turned on the small bedside table lamp. At that moment I was experiencing a multitude of different feelings and none of them was guilt. I put my purse and coat on the chair and just stood there. I wasn't sure what to do next, but I had a feeling this man would show me.

He put his hands on my face and kissed me. It was the first time in a very long time that I had kissed a man other than my husband and this kiss was well worth the wait.

His hands moved down and he gently lifted the straps of my dress and slid them off my shoulders. The dress fell to the floor in a heap and I nearly lost control. We kissed passionately as I furiously unbuttoned his shirt, almost ripping it in the process. I rubbed myself against him and felt his hardness. He backed me up to the dresser and lifted me to sit on the edge. He pulled off my shoes and stockings as he kissed me. His lips then blazed a trail down to my breasts and belly and further yet...

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* * *

My men ranged from college students to doctors and lawyers. Many of them did not divulge their names, professions or anything else. Some told me far more than I wanted to know. There were men with fetishes and weird fantasies and men who only wanted straight sex with me, doing nothing more than laying there motionless. There were men who wanted me to scream, moan and claw at them and men who wanted to be punished, abused, spanked and demeaned.

I remember one such man or perhaps I should say boy. I doubt he was more than eighteen – if that. We met on a street corner. He was waiting for a city bus and I was on my way to a lunch with Geri. I had planned to do some shopping first, but after seeing this young man wearing jeans perfectly suited to his form and a t-shirt that left little to the imagination, I decided my shopping could wait.

I sidled up next to him.

"Hello," I said and gave him a smile. I felt a rush of excitement that came with men I knew would be special. That rush would have me intimately ready for them in a matter of seconds. Not all men had the luxury of instant turn on. Some of them had to work at it.

"Hi!" He smiled back and looked away, then looked back at me. Some men just know. I could tell he was a bit nervous and his lack of experience with women showed, but some men know a golden opportunity when they see one, and I was shining

brightly at the moment.

"Are you famous?" I asked him. He blushed sweetly, his cheeks reddening as he took a healthy look at my breasts.

"No," he laughed a little. "But some girls say I look a little like a certain movie star," he shrugged and blushed some more.

"Ah, that's it. Yes, I know who you mean," I lied, winking and flirting by squeezing his biceps. "Wow," I said with wide eyes.

"I work out," he told me proudly and flexed for me. "I work out hard."

"Hard?"

"Very hard," he said slowly, his blue eyes penetrated mine. I took the cue I was waiting for.

"It's naughty to flirt with an older woman, movie star," I egged him on by running my hand down his arm.

"Well, maybe I'm just a naughty boy. Maybe I should show you how naughty," he teased and I pegged him right away for a Mama's boy who wanted to be dominated. This just might be even more memorable than I had thought.

"Yes, you should, movie star. Show me how naughty you are and I'll show you what Mommy does to a bad boy," I cooed seductively and moved closer to him, reaching down to feel how hard he was.

No disappointment there.

I took his hand and pulled him down a walkway between two buildings.

"Where are we going? He asked.

"Mommy's going to spank you," I told him simply.

"Holy shit."

And he was punished all right...

Want to know what happens next?

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*Scroll down to learn about the author, find out what's in store for 'Behind the Apron' fans and enjoy a **sexy, bonus story...***

~ **About the Author** ~

Christine Calnin writes from her rural Wisconsin home. From children's literature to mystery to erotica she is an award winning writer whose work has been featured both online and in print. She is currently working on the next book in the Behind the Apron Series as well as her next series, the funny and sexy "Farmer's Wife Mysteries".

Christine is also the Wisconsin Regional Representative for the National Association of Women Writers.

She can be reached through her website:
www.ChristineCalnin.com where readers can also find information on book signings, upcoming events and can sign up for her email newsletter.

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Madame Murder: The Memoirs of Gayle Perry –
Travel from Nazi Germany to the Arizona desert and everywhere in between, as Gayle Perry, the notorious Madame Murder leaves a trail of broken hearts and broken men in her wake. Gayle has the face of an angel, the sting of a scorpion and the mystical “Spear of Destiny”!

(Behind the Apron Series: Book 2)

...It's Catherine
by Christine Calnin © 2004

Perhaps it was because he had the most beautiful jaw line I had ever seen. Perhaps it was the way he smiled and nodded my way when he realized I was staring at him. Perhaps it was simply afternoon lust in a tiny bistro uptown.

It reminded me of that first day of my senior year at Saint Thomas Aquinas Catholic School for Girls. I sat down on the bench by my locker and somehow snagged my panties on a nail that was sticking up. As I stood up with surprise at gashing my rear end on something, my pink cotton panties had ripped all but in half under my pleated plaid uniform skirt. Thankful I was alone, I pulled them off -- I couldn't wear the ripped panties, so I threw them in the nearest trashcan taking care to hide them well. Throughout the day I lived in raw fear of being discovered. At lunch I made my way to the outdoor commons that we shared with Saint Thomas More boy's high school across the way. It was the only thing we shared with the boys' school, but the scenery at lunch was enough for me. I made my way, with my lunch tray to a table and sat, alone as usual, to eat all the time fretting over my bare bottom being discovered.

"Hey!" Scott Newsome yelled. I continued to eat never imagining he'd be talking to the likes of me. "Hey!" he yelled again and I looked up. I knew his name was because he was about the most popular boy at Thomas More; square jaw,

handsome, football player, heartbreaking crush for this lonely, plain girl.

“Me?” I mouthed and he nodded.

“Come ‘ere!” He got up from a table with a bunch of other popular boys and my heart nearly beat right out of my chest as I walked over clutching my lunch tray.

“Come over here, I want to show you something,” he said and walked toward a bench under a tree about fifty feet from the commons. I followed dumbly as the other boys sat eating their lunch.

“Sit down here -- what’s your name? Caroline?”

“Catherine,” I corrected him and sat down with my tray on my lap. Scott came around behind me and straddled me on the bench. I clutched the lunch tray with half of my lunch to my lap as his hands grasped my sides and his warm breath assaulted my ear.

“I know your little secret,” he whispered and the hair on my arms stood up as his hot tongue licked my ear lobe.

“I, I don’t know what you mean,” I stuttered and he moved the collar of my blouse over to kiss the soft part of my neck. No one had ever done this to me and I suddenly felt my body doing things it didn’t normally do. I was scared to death, but unable to move.

“You’re not wearing any panties are you?”

“Y-Yes I am,” I said.

“No,” he bit gently. “No you’re not. I saw your pussy. I bent down to pick up a book and saw it right there under the table,” he cooed softly.

My skin prickled and I clenched my legs together under the lunch tray. He licked my ear again and blew softly into it.

“Nice tits. I can see you enjoy this – your nipples could cut glass.”

My mouth was dry, but I swallowed anyway and nearly choked. Scott slid his hand down my hip and to my bare leg. He wormed his way under my uniform and pried my clenched thighs apart as every nerve screamed and I shook nervously. The lunch tray moved slightly as his fingers crept up until he parted me. He started to rub in small circles and I felt my thighs relax. I was breathing so heavy I thought I would hyperventilate.

“That’s it, let me in, baby. I’ll show you something sweet.” Scott whispered and slid a finger inside me rubbing inside with one and outside with his thumb. I felt a slight gush and shuddered a bit, blinking my eyes wildly as if I were going blind. He moaned and muttered dirty words and pushed his hips and something very hard against my rear end.

He slid his other hand across my chest and opened one button -- enough to reach in my bra and squeeze my breast. He pinched my nipple as he rubbed and moved his finger around inside me.

As if hypnotized I stared out at the commons and into the eyes of the boys at Scott's lunch table. When Scott told me to come, I didn't know what he meant until about 10 seconds later when I jerked forward, my lunch tray falling to the ground as my eyes rolled up in my head.

"Uh, uh," I said without meaning to and he thrust his finger deeper inside me. As I fell forward onto the ground, his wet hand slid across my thigh. In slow motion, I fell upon my lunch tray and remaining lunch that lay scattered on the ground.

I looked up to see Scott standing over me. He grabbed his crotch and said, "While your down there," and laughed. The boys at the table were also laughing and a couple split up a pile of dollar bills on the table. He started to walk away, then turned and said, "See ya, Caroline,"

"It's Catherine," I said.

"Catherine. Catherine?"

"Yes, Scott?" I said.

"Scott? Who the hell is Scott? My name is Sean," he said and reached across the table to run his fingertip over the back of my hand.

"Yes, of course, forgive me," I smiled sweetly.

I usually don't take my lovers this way, but after three consecutive days of mind foreplay over lunch at my, and

obviously his, favorite café, I was hungry for more than Caesar Salad. There is only so much eye contact and lip licking one can take. Today, day four of this blatant flirting was the day I had chosen to introduce myself.

I took every measure to be desirable. Every inch of me pampered, scented and ready – I would not take no for an answer and after I had sat down at his table and coyly presented my cleavage to him, I knew I wouldn't have to.

“Your place or mine?” I asked him. He stood up and took my hand and I led him out the door, much to the surprise of the waitress who hadn't even taken our order yet.

I enjoyed it immensely as slid ever so slowly up and down his length. His eyes were pinched shut and his beautiful mouth was slightly open as he groped for my breasts. I bent down slightly and teased his lips with a hard nipple. He latched on like he was starving and clamped his hands upon my hips working me faster and faster. I felt that unbelievable hardening and knew he was on the brink of orgasm and I stopped. He bucked his hips skyward trying, trying, but I pushed my hands down on his chest and rolled off him knowing full well he was two seconds from exploding inside me.

“Jesus Christ!” he grabbed his sex and rolled onto his side, clutching himself as if in pain. “What are you doing?”

“I’m sorry,” I said and stood up. “It was wonderful, but I can’t – you know.”

“Can’t what?” he asked, still clutching his hardness. “Come?”

“Yes,” I answered.

“Well, what do you want me to do? Go down on you?” He seemed sincere enough.

“No, I have an idea,” I smiled and played the shy maiden. “Do you want to play a little game?”

“I don’t care,” he said, impatient now. He swore under his breath and muttered something about blue balls. I giggled and apologized, but I wanted it to be good for both of us. I didn’t think that was being unreasonable.

“Ok, baby come here,” I said and he stood up, his erection bobbing eagerly and leading him to me. “Sit down here,” I directed him. He sat down on the little bench in my room and waited like a good boy while I put my uniform on.

“Why are you wearing that?” he asked of my plaid pleated skirt and button up blouse.

“It’s a game, remember?” I answered and stroked him a few times until he decided he didn’t care what I was wearing.

I sat down between his legs and told him exactly what to do. He came just as quick as ever and, as usual, fell to the ground. He

put his hands on my hips and was going to squat down to take me from behind, but I told him to stop.

“Your turn,” I said.

“Come on, Catherine. I’m fucking horny!”

“Caroline! I told you to call me Caroline!”

It was my turn to straddle him from behind and I worked him up and down, stroking, sliding, stroking. He went with the rhythm and when he started to writhe about, I knew it was time. I draped the tattered, pink cotton panties around his neck as he started to come.

“Say my name,” I bit his neck and whispered.

“Cath – Caroline!” he moaned and I took my hand from his exploding hardness and yanked and twisted the panties so hard, it only took a second for the snap.

He died in mid-stream. That happened a lot.

I stood up and looked down at him.

“It’s CATHERINE,” I said and tucked the torn panties down into the bedroom wastebasket.

Perhaps it was the way he picked up the pile of dollar bills he had won. Perhaps it was the way he cheered on his football team. Perhaps it was simply afternoon lust in a tiny tavern uptown.

It reminded me of the rest of my senior year at Saint Thomas Aquinas Catholic School for Girls. Normally girls are the cruelest of all, but it was funny how I started to make friends. I was even somewhat of a legend for all the girls that would never make it to Scott Newsome's bed or maybe I should have said bench. Sure they called me a slut and whore for a while, but it wore off quick enough. The Thomas More boys, on the other hand, were vicious. Slut and whore were nothing; it was the thing they would do with their fingers; wagging them and making lewd little hand gestures. I even went to bed with some of them. I suppose if I were to be called a slut, I might as well act like one. I even learned to put on make-up, cut my hair in a trendy way and shortened my uniform skirt. Lots of them had their way with me and some even noticed the change. If Scott noticed he never mentioned it. In fact, he never even glanced my way again. The only thing Scott Newsome had done for me was to make me come, which none of the other boys could ever do – until I invented my little game, that was.

“So do you want to split this dive?” the football fan at the tavern asked me.

“Sure,” I smiled.

“Shit, I don't even know your name.”

“Caroline,” I said. “And I bet your name is Scott.”

He laughed. “Scott? No, it’s Mark.”

“Tonight it’s Scott,” I said and he smiled and shook his head in that “whatever” kind of way.

“You like, games,” I said. “Want to play a naughty little game?”

“Sure!” He couldn’t get off the bar stool fast enough.

I usually don’t take my lovers this way, but he liked games – and he played very well.

Perhaps it was the way he swaggered over to my cell in his swanky suit. Perhaps it was the way cocked his head as he recognized me. Perhaps it was simply lust for my defense attorney.

"You look different," he said. "Good."

"I've been looking for you," I replied.

“Well, let’s get to discussing your case, Caroline,” Scott Newsome said.

“It’s Catherine,” I said.

- the end -

Excerpt from

***Eleven Ladies Luncheon and
Other Erotic Hitchhiking Tales***

by Sydney Gale

Of course my parents told me to never pick up a hitchhiker. Don't all good parents tell their children that? But parents only mention the usual breed of hitchhiker; hairy, dirty men that look as though they've traveled a lifetime and back.

It was late summer, the summer before starting college, when I saw a couple walking down my long country road that evening; I assumed at first, that they were simply taking a walk. Perhaps they were visiting neighbors and enjoying the beautiful August evening.

When the woman turned and put up her thumb, I didn't think twice about stopping for them. Especially since the young woman was pregnant.

I stopped the car.

"I'm not going very far; just a few more miles, but if that helps..."

"Yes, thank you," the older man said with an odd accent. They both got in the back seat and when I turned to ask them why they needed a ride, I noticed the woman was pulling a backpack out from under her jacket.

"Oh," I said. "I thought you were pregnant."

"And would you 'ave picked us up if I were not?" she asked. French. They sounded French.

"I, I don't know," I answered with some discomfort at this situation.

"But, of course not," she said and laughed. "Women do not pick up hitchhikers, now do they?" I asked why they were hitchhiking and the man told me they were traveling, visiting the states. Their car had broke down and it was as simple as that. Yes. I remembered seeing the small red car sitting half in the ditch about a half-mile before I saw the two walking.

We made light chit chat as I drove.

"Do you live nearby?" the man asked. "My wife is ill. She needs to use the restroom."

"If you need to go into town, I can drive a bit further; otherwise, my house is right up the road a bit yet if she can't wait. It's no problem if you need to use the phone."

"Yes, wonderful," the man said. We took the next turn and pulled into the drive and entered the house.

"You live 'ere alone?" the woman asked.

"No, with my parents," I replied and she smiled an odd smile at me. I didn't like it.

“Where are they now then?” she asked and walked around the living room as though she were familiarizing herself with the house. Her demeanor was too casual and I just wanted them to use the phone and leave.”

“Uh, in town. Probably shopping. I’m sure they’ll be here soon,” I said. “The phone is right there, on the table.”

The woman picked up the phone and dialed, then hung up quickly.

“Busy,” she said. “May I use your bathroom?” she asked after she hung up the phone. I pointed down the hall and she started off for the bathroom, then stopped and turned.

“Jean” she said to her husband. “Please come with me.”

“Certainly, Mimi,” he said and followed her in.

Very nervous at this point, I entertained the thought of going to my parent’s room for my father’s gun, but they came out of the bathroom before I had the chance.

“You say your parents are in town, eh?” she asked me as Jean’ came up behind me. Electricity shot through my body as he pulled my arms back, holding me. I struggled but he was too strong. The more I fought him, the tighter he held and pulled me so that my back was arched severely and my head almost on his shoulder.

Mimi walked up to me with the same odd smile she had earlier and held a piece of paper up to my face. It contained the number of my parents' hotel, and the arrival and departure times to and from their vacation destination in Canada.

"Looks like they are in a very different town, my love," she said with her French accent and traced the outline of my breast as Jean' held me tight and laughed softly in my ear.

"So young," Mimi said as she unbuttoned my blouse. My bra hooked in the front and she undid the snap. I tried to kick at Jean and Mimi stepped back.

"This won't do, Jean. I will find something," she said and headed for the kitchen. I heard her rifling around in the drawers and heard her laugh. I screamed. It would do no good for there was no one to hear. Jean held me tighter and sighed. I started to cry when Mimi returned with a roll of duct tape.

"Shh, shh," Jean' said. "It will do no good to cry," as though he were trying to comfort me in this nightmare.

Mimi wrapped my wrists and ankles with the tape and asked me where my bedroom was.

I continued to cry not answering.

"Girl," Jean' said. "Tell Mimi what she wants. It will be easier."

“Why are you letting her do this to me?” I cried and Mimi put a piece tape over my mouth.

“She is doing it for me, love,” he answered.

“I am sure it is upstairs,” Mimi said and she took my feet and Jean held my torso as they carried me upstairs. With two bedrooms, it was obvious which was mine and they laid me on the bed. They talked between themselves and Mimi looked around the room. She picked up pictures of me and my friends, our cheerleading squad and other mementos.

“Oh, Jean’,” she said happily. “We ‘ave us a baby here!”

“Are you still in high school, lovee, yes or no?” I shook my head. Jean stood and did not say a word but I could see he was hard and I was terrified. He was older than I thought maybe as old as my father, but his wife was very young and looked not much older than my own 18 years.

“Do you want the tape off your mouth?” Jean’ finally spoke up. “You can not scream, I see no one is nearby to hear you, but if you scream the tape goes back on,” he said. I nodded my head.

“You want the tape off then, yes?” he asked. I nodded again. Mimi put the picture she was holding down and walked over to where I lay on the bed.

“Soon,” she said. “You will not want to scream. You will moan and want more. You will see,” and she pulled the tape off gently. It hurt, but I could tell she was trying to be careful.

“Why are you doing this to me?” I asked, trying not to cry. I had to be strong.

“You are beautiful, girl, Annie,” she said. She had apparently seen my name on one of the many high school awards. “We want to make love to you. What is wrong with that? Jean, he is older than me as you see. He likes young women, and he likes me to like young women also.” I stiffened when she said this and felt sick. She could see my discomfort and walked over to me.

“You will like it, I promise,” she said and sat down on the bed next to me. Jean continued to stand still saying nothing as Mimi moved my bra from my breasts. She trailed her finger around one nipple, then the other and I felt them harden. My hands were still taped behind my back and my large breasts were pushed into the air. I was so humiliated but she chuckled quietly.

“Look Jean, she is beautiful. Just this little bit we see. She will love it and she will love us soon, as well. But this will not do. Come, help me with her.” Jean walked over and pulled a small knife from his pocket he handed it to Mimi and went to her backpack and pulled a length of rope from it. Mimi waited until he put the rope down next to me and held my legs down as she cut the tape. Jean continued to hold them down, though I thrashed a bit. Mimi came to stand near my head and slapped my face lightly.

“No pain here, mon ami. If you want it you will have it your way, but do not move and it will be only pleasure for all of us.”

She bent down and put her face between my breasts. Of course, I was frightened, but something inside of me...

To purchase *Eleven Ladies Luncheon and Other Erotic Hitchhiking Tales*, by Sydney Gale, [click **HERE**](#)