

WEDNESDAY'S CHILD

Full of Woe

Spicy Sample...from Room 107
• CHAPTER 3 •

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The Extraordinary Days Series

Chapter 3

Room 107, The Obergrande Hotel

The first floor wing-room was a-twinkle with lights when Sloane knocked on the door and was eagerly let in.

“Thanks for coming,” Kyle said, ushering her inside.

“I hope to hear you say that repeatedly tonight, Kyle,” Sloane said as he took her suitcase from her and put it in the closet near the bathroom. She glanced around the room approvingly. “Good job at arranging the accommodations. In my business, that’s a high compliment.”

The tall southern blond man was practically bursting with excitement.

“Thank you most kindly, ma’am,” he said, grinning. “I think I’m ready for ya.”

Sloane’s brows drew together.

“What do you mean? I hope you’re set with condoms.”

“Always,” he said as he closed the closet door.

He came away from the closet, his grin growing bigger, took her hand and led her around the wall that separated the bathroom and entry from the main part of the room, where a TV armoire, a desk, table and chairs, and a king-sized bed with a glistening white duvet stood.

The duvet was still in place on the bed, but a thick towel had been unfolded neatly and placed on top of it, half of it hanging off the side. Two of the four bed pillows had been removed from the head of the bed, one folded in half the short way, lying on the duvet in the center just above the towel, the other spread out flat just beyond the first one.

“Would you like some help taking off your skirt, ma’am?” Kyle inquired politely.

Sloane looked at him teasingly. “Who says I wanna take it off?”

“Oh, you do,” Kyle said, removing his suit jacket and his tie. “Back in the restaurant I was gonna offer you a little preview in the bathroom, where I would have demonstrated how I can take off a couture pencil skirt without using my hands—or, rather, work around it—but I thought I’d gamble and see if you might prefer to wait for privacy and comfort. If I was staying after tomorrow, I’d set up another dinner in a place with a nice unisex bathroom, just for the clandestine fun of it, like the one at Charlie’s, but alas—I’m unable to change my plans. My heart’s breakin’ already.”

Sloane wandered casually over until she was standing in front of him.

Then she slowly turned her back to him.

A moment later his hands were on the sides of her knees.

Sloane was caught off-guard, expecting to feel his touch on the small of her back, where the skirt's zipper lay.

Bent over as he was, his mouth passed over her shoulder and back, loosing a warm breath, nothing more.

Fire began to burn between her legs as her knees trembled slightly.

His hands, still flat outside her knees, caressed her gently, then began to slide up the woolen skirt, leaving it in place, almost as if he was casually ironing it with his palms. He continued to slide them up until they were on her thighs, whereupon he breathed on her neck once more, and let his nose settle on her shoulder for a moment.

His palms rubbed her hips carefully, then simultaneously moved around from either side and settled on her abdomen, where they came to rest, fingers pointing down, just below her navel.

Sloane held her breath.

"I won't kiss your mouth 'til you give me permission," Kyle said in a low voice as his lips made their way up her neck, settling just below her

jawline. “But I assume you don’t mind having my mine on you elsewhere—
am I right, ma’am?”

She nodded silently. The exhaustion from her short, busy trip to New York City, coupled with the very long party at Charlie’s, disappeared.

Every extremity, from her toes and fingertips to her nipples and ears, was humming with excitement now.

His hands moved slowly from her navel to the point below it, pushing down on her enough to pull her back against him, caught in the circle of his arms, but he still seemed intent on smoothing the fabric out with his hands more than anything else.

“I had a girlfriend in the dry cleaning business once,” he said. “She was very particular about how women’s clothes should be treated.”

“A nice bonus for me tonight,” Sloane said as he pulled her up against his abdomen. The height difference meant that his waist was under her shoulder blades. “And for my clothes tomorrow morning. Thank you, Kyle.”

“My pleasure, ma’am,” he said.

Above her waist, in the small of her back, she could feel muscular expansion through the silk of her shirt.

His muscular expansion.

And it appeared, at least from what she could tell, to be significant in size.

Sloane had seen a lot of male hardware in her day, but it seemed to her that she might be experiencing the warm-up routine of a package of Olympic proportions.

She sighed happily.

Lake Placid, a beautiful city twenty or so miles to the north of Obergrande, had hosted the Olympic games twice.

Sloane had hosted a different kind of Olympic games at least ten times that many times.

Go for the gold, Kyle, she thought. Your entry has some stiff competition from the past, however.

As if he could read her thoughts, Kyle's hands stopped slowly caressing her front and moved quickly around to the small of her back, addressing the zipper of the pencil skirt with impressive expertise.

The skirt slid down over her hips to the floor, with not a hint of a wrinkle.

Revealing a skimpy lace thong, which he also assisted her out of.

As he bent to pick up the shed clothing, his lips traced the path from her waist over the cheeks of her spectacular backside, where he came to a

brief stop and took a naughty little vampiric nip, until the skirt and thong were on the chair beside the bed.

Then, to Sloane's surprise, he stepped back.

"Turn around, please, ma'am," Kyle said softly.

Sloane took a deep breath, exhaled, then complied.

A look of frank admiration came over Kyle's face as his eyes ran over her, still attired in her pearls, her matching earrings, her silk shirt, her garters and stockings, and her Jimmy Choo pumps.

"This is gonna be fun," he said.

Then he stepped even farther back, still wearing everything except his jacket and tie. He crossed his arms and looked at her thoughtfully.

"Round One—I'm gonna guess that you're a firework fan," he said, smiling broadly.

Sloane, who in fact loved pyrotechnics intensely, remained silent.

"How old are you, if you'll forgive me for asking?"

"Twenty-eight," said Sloane, her red-gold brows beginning to draw together.

"Hmmm," said Kyle. "Not too much younger'n me." He patted his shirt pocket. "Well, you may have seen these before, then."

"If I have, do I win the game?"

“Not necessarily. The first game we’re gonna play is a little game called ‘Fireworks.’ These are just supplies for the game.”

Sloane was beginning to feel awkward, standing partially dressed before him.

“How does the game work?”

“Here are the rules for you,” Kyle said, approaching her. “You don’t say my name until you start to come. Then you say it over and over again, giving me guidance using volume as to how things are going. Fair enough?”

“We’ll see,” Sloane said.

Kyle’s smile grew brighter. He came directly up to her, looking down half a foot or more.

“Please have a seat, ma’am.” His voice was pleasant but authoritative, like a flight attendant.

The tone of his voice made Sloane obey. She sat down on the bed, as he guided her, on the towel that hung over the edge.

Kyle smiled even more broadly. Still dressed in his slacks, shirt and shoes, he knelt down in front of her.

“In a moment, I’m gonna ask you to close your eyes, and think of fireworks,” he said. “Fireworks on the Fourth of July, or any other time you want.”

“The West Obergrande Elect does nice ones on the Fourth of July.”

“Well, just think of the Fourth of July in Obergrande, then,” Kyle said agreeably. “Do you remember these?”

He reached into his pocket and pulled out a small, rectangular package of candy, and held it before her eyes.

POP-ROCKS it said.

Sloane’s mouth dropped open.

“I—I do, but—”

“No worries,” he assured her. “I’m a pro at this—I know exactly where, and where *not* to go. Don’t try this at home; it could hurt.”

More quickly than she could follow, Kyle tore the top off the envelope, sprinkled some of the candy made famous for its exploding properties into his mouth.

Then his hands came to rest on her knees.

He drew them apart decisively.

And buried his head between them, his lips and tongue moving rapidly inward, his hands encircling her hips and backside, drawing her as deeply into his mouth as he could get her.

“Uh—uhm,” Sloane stammered, the sensitive flesh between her legs excited by the heat of his mouth, expanding a few moments later into full-blown pleasure.

Until the chemical reaction began.

Making her explode with an unimaginable thrill.

Almost like the Pop-rocks themselves.

“Omigod,” she whispered, arching her back, suddenly breathless.

Kyle came up for air and more Pop-rocks.

“Stage Two,” he said in amusement before he took another sprinkle into his mouth. “Oh—ma’am—by the way—”

Sloane tried to focus her eyes on his face, and managed a blurry picture of his features.

Her mouth dropped open again.

Kyle was staring at her, unrolling a tongue of definite Olympic proportions, hissing and crackling with sparking sugar. It reminded her of that of the lead singer of KISS, but attractive, slender, muscular.

And every bit as diabolical.

He pushed her gently down from her upright sitting position as the small of her back came in perfect contact with the rolled-up pillow, which raised her high-heel-clad feet off the floor. Sloane was beginning to feel

slightly out of control and panicky until the spectacular tongue returned to her crotch, hissing and popping with the chemical candy.

This time Kyle grabbed her backside, dove between her legs and headed for the Olympic finish line.

Against her will, soft, long moans began to emit from Sloane.

Each one of them seemed to encourage Kyle to be more insistent.

Sloane fell back, her head on the outstretched pillow, knees bent, her legs in the air now, gripped intently by Kyle, who proceeded to use the strongest muscle in the human body decisively and vigorously, pushing it inside her, drawing it out, then returning a second later, over and over as the sugar rush ended.

And a different kind of rush began.

Sloane lost all control and gasped loudly, seeing the ceiling turn bright, ever-changing colors exploding above her.

Exactly like fireworks.

“Kyle,” she whispered raggedly, grabbing hold of his thick blond hair.

“Oh, oh—Kyle—”

At the sound of his name, Kyle moved up as high, and far in, as he could go. He let go of her with one of his hands and brought a finger to bear on the firm little nub his mouth had been addressing, caressing it carefully.

“Yes, ma’am,” he said to her clitoris.

Then sent her over the edge, wriggling and moaning his name, by way of an impressive barrage of kisses, caresses, the gentle application of teeth, soft puffs of warm and cold air, and lush tongue action.

Not to mention chemical *re*-action.

Sloane, who never liked risk-taking and being out of control, was frantically slapping her arms on the duvet when her hands were not entwined in Kyle’s hair, groaning loudly in pleasure now.

She gasped his name as she climaxed, over and over again, trying to keep from screaming.

Amazed at how long the orgasm, and he, lasted.

Finally, as the moment seemed like it was passing, she gripped the duvet, over-excited.

“Stop,” she whispered. “Please—oh, oh, Kyle, please stop. I—I—”

She felt him inhale deeply through his mouth, as if sucking every bit of air and moisture from her like a vacuum cleaner.

A sudden, final crescendo caused her to keen and beg, panting.

“Oh—*oh*—*Kyle!*”

All movement below her waist came to a sudden halt.

Sloane gasped deeply, struggling for breath.

The blond southern gentleman pulled his head out from between her legs and sat back, grinning and running his hands through his hair to put it back into place.

Still fully clothed.

He stood up, then bent over and ran his lips up the inside of her right leg, which was spasming in pleasure now. He kissed her on top of her crotch, then leaned over her gasping mouth to her ear and whispered in it.

“Do you believe me *now*, ma’am?”

Sloane exhaled deeply.

“I believe you brought a secret—weapon,” she said between breaths, still feeling the slightest effects of the Pop-rocks in the deepest parts of her folds.

“I sure did,” Kyle said. “And you haven’t even met him yet.”

She sat up slightly, the hotel room and the world spinning violently. “I was referring to the candy.”

“I know. I wasn’t.”

Sloane sat up even more so she was no longer leaning back on her elbows.

And sighed.

“All right,” she said begrudgingly, shaking her hair out of her face.

“You win the bet. What do I have to do?”

“Ahhh,” said Kyle. He rose to a stand and walked to the long dresser next to the armoire where the television was displayed.

He picked up one of the paper carry-out cups of hot chocolate, carefully removed the top, and stuck a finger in.

“Perfect timing,” he said, looking back at Sloane and winking. “Just the right temperature.”

Unconsciously, Sloane snapped her knees together.

“I don’t think I can absorb any more sugar down there tonight, Kyle. But thank you.”

“Oh, the hot chocolate isn’t for your private parts,” Kyle said. “It’s for mine—just to get primed for you, ma’am.”

Sloane’s gorgeous eyebrows drew together. “I—*what?*”

He picked up the straws he had requested from the bartender and waved them at her.

“Ever play Ball-cuzzi?” he asked innocently as he began to unbutton his shirt.

“That would be a new one on me,” Sloane admitted. “You are full of tricks I haven’t seen, I admit it.”

Kyle pulled off the shirt, revealing a spectacularly trim chest and a six-pack that gleamed.

“You probably want to take off your clothes now, ma’am,” he said. “I try to be considerate with the hotel’s linens and the lady’s garments—and what we’re about to embark on is kinda messy.” He unzipped his trousers and dropped them, revealing an impressive bulge in his boxers, the sight of which made the tiny hairs on the back of Sloane’s head tingle. “Come on, hop to it—the cocoa’s getting cold.”

Sloane shook her head to see if she could make her brain reboot.

With little to no success.

She sat for a moment as Kyle reached down and retrieved his trousers, taking them by the hems and snapping them upside down into their pleats. He walked toward the closet, disappearing from view. She could hear the screech of metal hangers on the clothing bar. Then he appeared again, looking slightly displeased.

He made the universal male sign for *hurry up*, a vigorous circular rolling of his hand.

Sloane shook her head once more to return a sense of propriety, and scowled slightly, her emerald eyes flashing.

“You want me naked?” she demanded, staring him down. “You seem to have read the directions for removing a woman’s clothing. Don’t roll your hand, or your eyes, at me, southern boy. Where are your alleged manners? Were you born in a cotton field or something? Hmmmph.”

Kyle blinked in shock.

Then the grin returned.

“No, ma’am,” he said respectfully. “The crop in the field I was born in was tobacco. That’s why I’m hot, and pleasurable for a short while, but bad for you over the long run. And I love being in your mouth while you suck on me, producing smoke in the process—like a Cuban cigar.”

He came back to the bed and knelt down before her, removing her high heels as if he were Reverse Prince Charming.

Then he bowed, extending a hand.

Sloane took it grudgingly and let him pull her to her feet.

“I apologize most sincerely, ma’am,” he said, beginning to carefully unbutton her ivory silk blouse. “You are clearly even more out of my league than I originally thought. Please forgive me; I’ll do my best to make it up to you.”

In spite of herself, Sloane chuckled, then cleared her throat.

“See that you do, Kyle,” she said, sounding like a reproving school-marm.

He dropped the smooth shirt onto the bed, taking care to avoid the towel that was now flecked with streaks, spots, and small pools of sugary colors not found in nature.

Then he turned back to Sloane, naked except for bra and jewelry.

His hand went behind her neck to the clasp on the classic string of pearls, which he released, laying the necklace on her blouse. Then both hands went behind her again, and he felt around for the hooks on her Egyptian-style bra, a gift from one of the most elite undergarment manufacturers in the world that Briony had modeled for, and with whom her friend had gotten her on the freebie list.

He let loose an admiring whistle. Then his brow knotted with confusion.

Sloan reached behind herself and took his hands, brought them around in front of her, and put them in between her breasts, where the clasp really was.

Her eyes sparkled in amusement and she sighed comically.

“Another demerit, another failure, first in protocol, now in undergarment removal,” she said, shaking her head as he sprang the clasp, releasing her breasts, which bounced pleasantly, causing him to blink rapidly. “Kyle, Kyle—you need to go back to sex school when you return to Atlanta. Every northern boy in existence can pop an Egyptian clasp with his eyes closed, one-handed and without spilling his beer.”

“Ahhh, but do they know how to play Etch-a-Sketch?” Kyle said, dropping the bra onto the pile of clothes.

“Etch-a-Sketch? Like the old drawing toy?”

“Yes, indeed,” Kyle said. “Think of a picture, any picture.”

“OK,” said Sloane.

Kyle nodded. “Tell me, ma’am.”

“The Eiffel Tower,” said Sloane.

“Always a good one,” noted Kyle.

He reached out and took both her nipples between his index fingers and thumbs, causing Sloane to suddenly stand up straighter.

Then he gently began to roll them sensuously between his fingers, causing her to gasp out loud.

“Hmm,” he said as he increased his play on the right breast, “need to get the horizontal frame of the tower set before I can go lateral.”

He began to whistle the French national anthem as he worked.

“Your hot chocolate is becoming cold—chocolate,” Sloane said, trying to keep from collapsing on the floor.

“Oh, that’s right,” said Kyle, taking her in his arms and pulling her close. “Would you like to do the honors?” He nodded toward his boxers.

Sloane looked him directly in the eye.

With one quick, fluid movement, she grasped the waistband on both sides of his body, stretched and flapped it to release any interior cling, then pants him smoothly, dropping his boxers to the floor.

“Truly, you are an artist, ma’am,” he said admiringly.

Sloane was staring at one of the bigger erections she had ever seen.

“That’s one massive piece of junk,” she said. “And, even if it doesn’t sound like it, I mean that as a compliment.”

“Oh, you ain’t seen nuthin’ yet, ma’am,” Kyle said, smiling. “Come on.”

He took her hand and led her to the dresser, gave her the two straws and took hold of the cups of hot chocolate himself. Then he headed into the bathroom, turning on the light.

Sloane, still confused and a few steps behind, followed him into the large hotel bathroom, where a luxurious standing shower with an enormous

rain forest head lined the back wall, encased in glass, with two swinging doors.

As they passed the sink cabinet, she saw him snatch up a metal shaving basin that he had obviously brought in his suitcase.

Kyle gallantly held the shower doors open for her, then followed her inside and closed them.

He examined the paper cups.

“Oh, good,” he said. “The unopened one’s hot enough to bring the other up to temperature. Good, good.”

Then he looked at Sloane and smiled.

“In case I haven’t said so yet, you are absolutely gorgeous, ma’am. I’ve seen Miss Texas’s titties up close and personal, and she’s got nuthin’ on you.”

“Thank you?” Sloane said, squinting.

“You are welcome. Now, will you please hold that basin a little closer?”

Sloane held it out, gripping the sides with both hands.

Kyle quickly poured both cups of hot chocolate into it.

“Hold tight,” he said, taking the basin from her.

Then, with one swift, artistic move, he grabbed his sack and plunged it into the lukewarm cocoa.

“Ahhhhh,” he murmured, swishing his scrotum around in the tiny chocolate tides.

Sloane just stared, somewhat fascinated, somewhat horrified.

“OK, here’s where you come in,” Kyle said, his head back, eyes closed.

“What part of me do you expect to ‘come in’?” Sloane demanded. She thought about what she had just said, coughed, and tried again. “You take up the entire basin—not that I’m complaining about *that*, mind you.”

“It’s called Ball-cuzzi,” Kyle explained. “You play the part of the jets.”

“What?”

“You know—like Jacuzzi. Put the straws in the hot chocolate, hopefully a little distance apart, and blow,” he said. “Make some bubbles.”

“Oh, for the love of—”

“Need I remind you I won the bet for Round One? It’s my turn to get orally stimulated. And, as sweets go, residual aftertaste of high-quality restaurant cocoa beats the crap out of Pop-rocks. Stop complaining and pleasure me, ma’am. You’ll like the results, I’ll wager.”

“No more wagering,” Sloane grumbled, bending over the shaving basin and sticking the straws into the brown liquid as far away from anything solid as she could manage. She inhaled, feeling foolish, then gently blew into both straws.

Causing two streams of bubbles to rise in the hot chocolate.

Kyle inhaled deeply. He closed his eyes as a wide smile came across his face.

“Keep going, ma’am,” he said quietly, his breathing going shallow. “Please.”

Sloane snickered. Then she blew through the straws again.

As more bubbles rose, something else was rising in the water.

“Wha—omigod,” Sloane whispered. “What *is* that, the Loch Ness Monster?”

“Yes, but it’s only half hard,” Kyle said. “If you think of your, er, input, as if you were blowing up a beach-ball or something, the more bubbles you produce, the bigger—”

Sloane did not wait for him to finish. She plunged the straws back into the cocoa and began blowing as hard and as long as she could.

When she felt she had inflated the Washington Monument, she finally stopped.

“Dear sweet lord,” she murmured.

“I think we’re about done,” said Kyle, whose head had been back, his eyes closed, grinning at the ceiling. “Hope you didn’t make me too big for the Outsize condoms.”

“I hope not, too,” Sloane said nervously. “I hope I didn’t make you too big for *me*.”

“Naw,” said Kyle, lowering his head and opening his eyes. “I know what I’m doing. Come on—unless you want to start in the shower. But that’s usually where I like to end.”

“I don’t think so. I’d be afraid when you were done with me there’d be so little left I’d slip down the drain.” Sloane got out of the shower and looked at what remained of the now-calm, half-full tepid chocolate in the shaving basin.

“You’re not expecting me to *drink* this cocoa, are you?” she asked hopefully.

“No, ma’am. That’s not the part that goes in your mouth.”

Sloane exhaled in relief. She dumped the contents of the shaving basin down the sink and turned on the water.

“Come on, Godzilla,” Kyle said to his enormous erection as he walked back to the bedroom. “We’ve got a lady to impress—we better get a move on.”

“G-Godzilla?”

Kyle shrugged. “Can you think of a more appropriate name?”

“I’ll work on it,” Sloane promised. “I’ve got to get to know him a little better first. Looks can be deceiving. That thing might deflate like a clown balloon before I even get on top of you.”

Kyle chuckled. “*Hardly*. Heh. Get it? Oh—there’s some special lubricant in my shaving bag on the bathroom countertop near the sink. Might be prudent.”

Sloane returned to the bathroom, wondering what the hell she had been thinking earlier in the bar at Charlie’s.

As she searched quickly through his shaving kit, a thought struck her.

A memory from earlier in the evening of the sight of two of her best friends, first Grace, then Sarah, exiting the restaurant with their lovers.

Their faces shining, their eyes gleaming, their expressions wreathed in a warm glow she could not have identified.

Expressions she had seen mirrored on their partners’ faces as well.

But never on her own.

The memory made the pit of her stomach spasm.

She found and availed herself of the contents of the phallic-shaped tube, washed her hands, shook her head and ran her fingers through her hair, then returned to the main room.

Every light in the room was on. The heavy hotel drapes had been pulled shut.

Kyle was lying on his back on the hotel room bed, rolling an enormous condom down over his shaft.

“With respect, ma’am, and I mean this in the nicest of ways—will you get your extremely cute ass over here, please? Godzilla and I are waiting to plow you like a Georgia peanut field.”

“Well, who could resist an invitation like that?” Sloane said sarcastically.

“The same group of women who sent me home in disappointment,” said Kyle, plumping the pillow behind his head. “No one, ever, ma’am.”

Sloane came to a halt at the edge of the bed.

And sighed.

Kyle looked over at her. His forehead furrowed.

“You OK, ma’am?”

Sloane sighed again.

A thoughtful expression replaced the giddy excitement that had been on Kyle's face the moment before. He patted the bed next to him.

"Come're, ma'am," he said quietly.

Sloane sat down.

"Can I make a request of you? A request I've never made of any woman but you—ever?"

Sloane turned and looked at him. "What?"

Kyle patted the space right beside him. "First, please lie down here. Quickly—Godzilla's getting antsy."

Reluctantly, Sloane rolled up next to him. "What?"

Kyle looked at her seriously. He took hold of one the locks of her glistening red-gold hair and caressed it absently.

"I think you've probably seen enough to know that I'm pretty straightforward in what I like sexually," he said quietly. "I say what I want straight out—I don't play a lot of fantasy games. Uncomplicated. Just like I promised."

Sloane nodded.

He bit his lip, considering.

"When I saw you in the bar tonight, it was a little like being struck by lightning," he said, his face turning a duskier shade as he struggled to keep

Godzilla reaching for the sky. “The first thing I thought was ‘man—that’s the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen.’ And I’ve seen a *lot* of women. It was very obvious how special you are, even from across the restaurant. I had little to no hope that you would even look at me twice. Tomorrow I’m going to be on my way back to Atlanta. I haven’t even had you yet, and I’m missing you already.”

Sloane blinked.

“So if you’re even vaguely interested in making my night spectacular, as I am very committed to doing for you, would you do me three big favors?”

Sloane exhaled, lost in the look in his eyes. It was hovering somewhere between sadness and hope.

“What favors?” she asked quietly.

“First, would you please let me kiss you?” His eyes gleamed slightly as he stared deeply into hers. “It would make my night, ma’am.”

Sloane smiled slightly. “OK,” she said.

Kyle swallowed as Godzilla seemed to grow a little firmer.

He put his hand through her hair and around the back of her neck, pulling her gently closer.

And kissed her as tenderly as Sloane had ever been kissed.

From everywhere on her body, heat rose, moistening her, exciting her, making her sting with desire.

She opened her mouth and deepened the kiss, feeling the impressive tongue fill it, pumping her desire even higher.

His hand retreated from behind her neck, and ran lightly down her breast.

Sloane started to tremble.

Kyle kissed her lips closed and broke from them.

“Thank you, ma’am,” he whispered.

“What else?” Sloane whispered back, her green eyes locked with his brown ones.

Kyle looked deeply into her eyes.

“Tell me you want me,” he said. He took her hand and drew it close to Godzilla. “Please. Even if you don’t mean it.”

A smile crept over Sloane’s face. She took him in hand expertly as he shivered with excitement, feeling him stiffen and grow hot as his body started to shake.

“I want you,” she whispered. “I want you so much, Kyle.”

The southern boy shivered even more. “Aw, shucks, ma’am,” he whispered back humorously. Sloane chuckled.

“Come on up,” he urged, patting his chest.

Sloane quickly released Godzilla and climbed atop him.

“I’m gonna suggest you scoot up here first, ma’am,” Kyle said, shaking violently now as he gripped her backside and pulled her closer to his face. “I want to kiss you down there again—then you can start sliding backwards. We’ll see what happens when an irresistible force—and you sure are irresistible—meets an immovable object. That would be Godzilla.”

Willingly, Sloane followed his directions and was gasping again momentarily.

“Philosophy,” she choked as she gleefully experienced the monster tongue again. “I hate—philosophy—at least I did until—a minute ago.”

As excitement began to crest, she let him push her down his chest toward his waist and abdomen, watching his face intently.

Until she was suddenly filled with muscle—or what felt like muscle—a silken shaft of veritable steel and heat so intense, so complete, that she began to gasp.

“Wha—what was the—the—third favor?” she asked, trembling as Kyle pushed her farther down his pelvis, filling her even more completely.

Kyle’s eyes, closed in concentration a moment before, opened and looked deeply into hers.

“Tell me the truth, now,” he said, his voice hoarse. “Tell me if you really want me—yes, or no. I can handle the truth. Please tell me.”

Sloane was fighting the hot rivers of thrill that were beginning to flood through her. She nodded rapidly.

“Oh—oh yes,” she whispered. “Yes.”

“Tell me,” Kyle insisted, still not moving yet. “Tell me, ma’am.”

“Omigod, *yes*,” Sloane said, control over her words utterly lost. They were spilling from her mouth in between gulps of air. “I want you, Kyle—I want you so much—I want you *now*.”

In one of the most exquisite pelvic thrusts she had ever experienced, she got her wish.

Sloane gasped more deeply than she had ever gasped in her life as pleasure shot through her from her head to the balls of her feet.

Over, and over, and over, growing more orgiastic with each thrust until all she could see above and around her was fireworks.

Sloane, the most control-oriented, OCD-afflicted megalomaniac, loosed her concentration, her command of the situation, and her sense of reality, surrendering to the most glorious combination of sexual skill and top-of-the-line equipment she ever remembered experiencing.

She arched her back, reveling in the moment, only to feel another shock of pleasure rush through her as Kyle's hands returned to her breasts.

His fingers rolling her nipples.

“Gotta—finish—the Eiffel—tower—picture,” he panted.

Sloane was too lost in passion and pleasure, too breathless to laugh.

Even though, in her last moment of focused thought, she really wanted to.