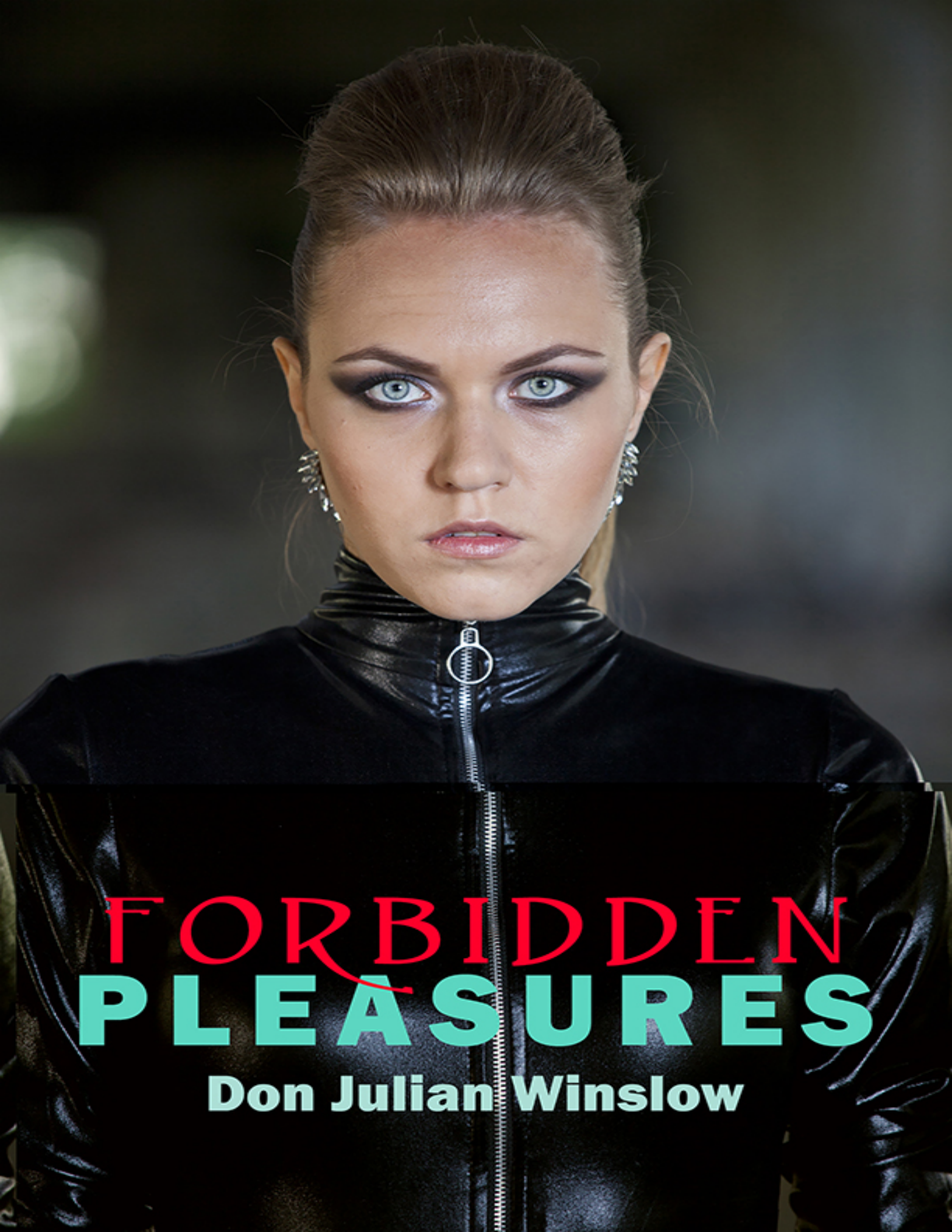

FORBIDDEN PLEASURES

Don Julian Winslow

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by Don Julian Winslow
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Introduction

“No healthy person, it appears, can fail to make some addition that might be called perverse to the normal sexual aim; and the universality of this finding is in itself enough to show how inappropriate it is to use the word perversion as a term of reproach.”

—Sigmund Freud

In this collection of tales whispered fantasies are snatched from the dark side of the internet and brought closer, to allow us to examine the many varieties of human sexual experiences. These are stories inspired by the wonderful riot of sexual encounters laid out in cyberspace — endlessly and inexplicably novel and fascinating and delightful and arousing. Here we find:

The joyful exhibitionist and the happy voyeur (and aren’t we all voyeurs, after all?).

Those enamored with power games, with the thrill of ultimate surrender, with bondage of the body and the soul. The genial couple who would invite a sensual woman, or a strong man to their bed. Those with weakened defenses who can do nothing but consent to the awesome power of Eros. Those who are fascinated by the way a woman thrills to display herself, showing a body irresistible to the caress of an adoring hand. And those who are caught up in their own fantasies, those of such terrible power that they are threatened to be overwhelmed.

These are their stories, presented as tribute to the many, many faces of Eros, spanning the wonderful range of human sexual experience from the “Down and Dirty’ sex of back alleys to the elegant sexual liaisons of the drawing room.

They tell of instances when people give up their will to allow their instincts, if only temporarily, to override their reason. Most of all, they are tales of sexual *fantasy,* where the reader’s will is freely suspended. If the line between

fantasy and reality is firmly established in reader’s mind, this should pose no problem.

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Dan and Mandy’s “Thing”

It was their passion, their life, their secret “thing.” She would be taken; as long as he could watch.

Dan was exhausted. It had been a long grueling trip calling on a series of customers, and bed was looking pretty good. But Mandy was excited; she wanted to talk, and kept on talking even after he dragged her off to bed. They often talked about “their thing” in bed together, coming up with all sorts of possibilities, of the guys they knew who they might invite over. He had to be good-looking stud, a real man who was good in bed, one who would grab a hold of Mandy and fuck her brains out while Dan watched every bit of the hot action. Just thinking about it turned them on: both of them tingling with excitement at the possibilities. Mandy snuggled against Dan’s solid body and slid a hand down to cover his penis. He could sense her excitement grow when she gave him a squeeze as she described this dreamy guy she met at work.

There was this new science teacher. A guy named Mike. A tall thin guy, with a mop of tussled brown hair and big brown eyes; and she knew the look he gave her with those eyes — a look of definite interest. A woman knows when guys are looking at her in that certain way, undressing her with their eyes, wanting her. Mandy was used to it. She was a pretty girl, and guys had been hitting on her since high school. And so now, when she saw that eager look in Mike’s eyes, she smiled back at him.

She listened to the gossip about the new teacher. The female teachers and all three secretaries had plenty to say about the tall good-looking guy with the dreamy smile. In the teacher’s longue with no males present, she found out the new guy was considered a real asshound. The rumors they heard from his previous school said he was one of those guys who had trouble keeping it in his pants; he would chase anything in a skirt. And it often got him in trouble.

The girls laughed about that, but Mandy could feel they were intrigued. She could sense the sexual tension in the air. She knew these randy young women: they all wondered what the new guy was like in bed.

And then today, before school opened, something happened. She had been showing the pictures to some women teachers and secretaries, pictures of their vacation in Cancun, of her and Dan at the beach resort lounging about with drinks in hand. She was sliding through the photos on her iPad when one popped up that surprised her — she lay back on a beach towel wearing nothing but the low slung black briefs of her skimpy bikini. She was embarrassed, laughed and made some joke about how Dan managed to slip that one of her topless in there. The girls were all kidding her and giggling when Mike suddenly appeared in the doorway! He heard the noise and came to see what all the fuss was about. Coming from his early morning jog, and still in T-shirt and running shorts, the new guy stuck his head around the corner to look over the huddled heads of the girls, straining up on tiptoes to find his pretty new colleague so nicely laid out on the pad's screen.

He couldn't have seen much, just a quick glimpse of before Mandy snapped the cover shut, but that was enough: .Mandy's lean tanned body; her softly-rounded tits well-oiled and glistening in the sun. She pulled the iPad into her lap, and looked up, to see him grinning down at her, the thin t-shirt sticking to his hard sweaty body; she caught the quick wink he gave just to her before he turned away.

***

So she told Dan all about Mike, and the two of them began to lay their plans. The next day Mandy took particular care in dressing for work: wearing a crisp cream-colored blouse that buttoned down the front, a loose linen skirt, nylons and heels, and at Dan's suggestion — going without underwear. Careful makeup and just the right perfume, had

her smiling at herself in the mirror. Today, they decided, Mike was in store for a real treat.

Mandy carefully timed her arrival for the early shift in the teacher's lunch room when only a handful of teachers would be there. Mike was sitting all alone at a side table. He smiled at her and gestured her over, but she didn't go over to his table, instead she pulled up a chair to one of the plastic tables directly across from where he sat. No one was paying any particular attention to her as she sat down facing Mike from across the small room. He looked up with a question in his eyes; she gave him a big smile, as she reached under the table, and slid her skirt up her thighs. She saw him straighten up alertly, his eyes lighting up at the half-hidden gesture. Then, when she had his full attention she slowly opened her nyloned legs letting him, and him alone, get a good look at her pussy before promptly closing up and casually crossing her slim legs under the table.

Flashing the new guy had been an unbelievable thrill. When she saw the man staring at her exposed sex with lusty hunger in his eyes, it cut through her like an erotic knife. And now she struggled to control herself and appear nonchalant. Swinging one pointed toe, idly padding the air, while looking serenely around the room.

Across the room Mike sat perfectly still, no longer paying attention to his food, just sitting in his chair, captivated, staring at the incredibly hot woman who was so obviously coming on to him. Mandy ignored him, finished eating and, looking around the room to see that no one was paying attention, reached up to quickly undo the first three buttons of her blouse.

Then she gathered up her tray and strode across the room to stand before the astonished science teacher. She set her tray down and leaned over the table, letting the loosened blouse fall open to give the guy a good view of her unfettered tits as they shifted towards him. She saw his

eyes fixated on her swaying breasts and leaned closer to give him a whiff of her delicate scent.

In a lowered velvety voice she asked if he would like to meet her for drinks at *Fredo's* on Friday night. It was an invitation no red-blooded male could possibly refuse.

***

Mandy was primping in front of the bedroom mirror while Dan sat on the bed, silently admiring his wife's tight slim body, watching her getting dressed. Mandy smiled at what she saw in the mirror. She loved dressing up. She was a good looking brunette, with a lean body, who worked out, took care of herself, and stayed fit and trim.

He silently admired her slightly built body, as fresh from the shower, the nude girl padded across the bedroom carpet. Stopping at the end on the bed, she bend over to rummage through her underwear drawer, giving her husband a choice view of her tautly-rounded behind. She surfaced with a wispy bra in her hands, a lacy thing that would cradle her modest breasts but not help much with support. Luckily, Dan thought those firm high-set boobs didn't require much in the way of support. He watched her slip her arms through the loops, and coax her beasts into the sagging cups. She reached back to secure the clasp, then hefted her brassiered tits with both curved hands to settle them in a comfortable fit.

Now she slipped on a pair of silky panties. Dan smiled. Seeing Mandy's generous butt packed in those skimpy black panties was always a treat.

Next, she sat on the bed to draw the long silky nylons up her legs. The dark tinted thigh-highs were secured by wide topbands of elastic lace. Dan loved seeing his wife's dynamite legs encased in the black stockings. Looking incredibly sexy in her black underwear and stockings she went over to find just the right dress. She picked out a black number, as Dan knew she would — it was a form-fitting dress that hugged her curves nicely. The thin shoulder

straps left her slim arms and narrow shoulders deliciously bare, and the front allowed and just a peek of her gently-mounded tits. She threw back her long dark hair letting it fall down her back, and stepped daintily into her fuck-me heels. Turning in front of the mirror she let herself be admired by her audience of one — who gave her an appreciative whistle.

Looking at herself in the mirror, she saw a horny slut. A familiar tingle rose up in her loins, a wave of randiness. She was a cat in heat, with only one thing in her mind. She needed a man — a stranger with a big hard cock! An aching need to clutch a man, a real man; to hold Mike, his hard athletic body tightly pressed against hers, to rub up against him, feeling the bulge of his good stiff prick pressing into her belly. She wanted Mike to see her like this in heat, to follow her with that hungry look of raw, animal lust. Tonight she would have him. She needed big Mike. Tonight he would want her; take her; fuck her!

***

Fredo's was dimly lit and crowded, as it was every Friday night. Dan guided Mandy through the crowd, his hand lightly on her waist. As they passed the bar, heads turned, interested men, and women, checking out the hot babe with the long hair in her little party dress.

Dan guided her to the booths at the far side of the room, where they could watch the entrance. It was only a few minutes before Mike came through the door, looking around till he spotted Mandy across the room; then, only realizing as he got closer and slowed his step, that she had a man with her.

Mandy made the introductions. Mike approached Dan warily, not sure what to expect; while Dan welcomed the new guy with a firm handshake and a warm smile. Mandy slid over and found herself sandwiched between the two men when the drinks arrived. Dan let her carry the ball, since she had done this sort of thing before and she was

good at it. She snuggled closer to Mike, and made small talk about work, rubbing up to him as she let him get a heady whiff of her perfume, touching him on the arm or hand while making some point. Coming on to him in a thousand ways.

Dan leaned closer to Mike, asking if that he noticed what a big flirt Mandy was. Guys were always trying to get in her pants. He didn't mind; he knew she simply liked men, and that was that. And she especially liked Mike, he added in a whisper. Wore her special dress just for him, so he could see her pretty legs.

Mike felt the woman next to him shift and a under the table, a leg moved over to press against his; the nearness of the girl's warm soft body had Mike getting hard; his stiffening prick stirred in his pants. His left hand that was sitting on the table, was suddenly covered by hers. Mike sucked in a breath of air as she rubbed against him. Dan continued in his low whisper asking if Mike would to see those pretty legs. The poor guy could only try a weak smile and silently nod.

Dan reached down and lifted the hem uncovering a pair of splendid thighs sheathed in black nylon. The dress was hoisted up all the way, giving Mike a view of those mouth-watering legs and the band of smooth white flesh beyond the stockings' tops. Dan placed his right hand on Mandy's left thigh, stroking her, moving it slowly up and down. He leaned over and kissed her. Then he invited Mike to sample the right thigh, encouraging him to touch her, because he knew the guy was dying to feel up his wife. Dan whispered in Mandy ear: "Open up your legs, Babe."

Her knees parted and Mike placed his big hand on the leg that was pressing into his; suddenly it came to him with full force: this hot little woman was being offered to him! He eagerly caressed her under the table while Mandy warmed to his touch, squirmed and wiggle in rising heat. Her hand came down to cover his, and she guided it over between her legs, till his fingertips felt her inner heat and the wet crotch

of her silken panties. For a while Dan watched them play like that in that darkened restaurant, his own cock growing in his pants. Mike's left hand was exploring between her legs, pressing into the soft flesh of the excited woman's pantied cunt. Meanwhile Dan kept up his slowing stroking of Mandy's left leg, and when he saw things were heating up, both of them clearly aroused, he whispered to Mike that his wife was a "terrific cocksucker." He should lay back and she'd work him over. By now Mike understood the game, and was wildly eager to enter in. Dan watched the tall guy slide back, lolling back in the padded booth his lank body slack, long legs parted, he closed his eyes and waited.

Immediately, Mandy slid down to her knees, scuttled under the table and started attacking the lucky guy's pants. Through half-lidded eyes, he looked down on her, as her hands rose up to hold him by the hip. He reached out to touch her bare shoulder; lightly fingered the delicate shoulder strap of the little black dress she wore. He couldn't help smiling as he waited tensely, looking down on the girl who knelt before him.

Dan watched her reach for the front of Mike's pants, leaning forward. He knew she was presenting him with a seductive view down the front of her dress: those unfettered tits moved liquidly. He watched her fingers as she worked, deftly undoing the belt, opening the button, drawing down the zipper. With her face only inches from his crotch, she eased the guy's pants down baring his strong, hairy thighs. The closeness of the girl combined with the thrill of anticipation sent a renewed surge of lust through the swelling cock. It pulsed, thickening in the confines of his jockey shorts. She saw the unmistakable bulge, the tented outline of his burgeoning penis, and she smiled to herself.

She nuzzled against him, pressing her cheek to his covered cock, rubbing her face against the bulging jockey shorts and humming like a sensual cat, causing his penis to swell and grow into a semi-hard erection. Then she kissed

his cock through the reinforced crotch, following up by lapping the front of his shorts. He bit off a whimper as her wet tongue slithered all over the damp front of his cotton underwear.

He clenched the fists at his sides as she reached for the elastic waistband, carefully peeled the jockey shorts down to free his naked penis which swayed heavily just inches from her eager face.

A delicate hand came up to cup his big hairy balls, weighing them, rolling them in her palm, and getting a groan from the pleasure-soaked guy. Her hand moved to his cock where her touch sent an electric thrill shooting through him, powering his penis to a full rock-solid erection.

Now Mandy’s slim fingers curled around the base of his erect manhood, held him in loose grip, as the girl lowered her head, bringing pursed lips to his surging prick. The first touch of her lips was no more than a perfunctory kiss yet the thrill that surged through him, sent him arching back onto the padded cushions. The kiss was followed by the more deliberate probing by her flattened tongue, which now swirled lavishly over the thick, lust-swollen head. He groaned at the delicious feel of that wet, slithering tongue paying slavish tribute to his manhood.

Dan watched his wife’s bowed head as she open her mouth to accept the man’s throbbing stiffened penis in that erotic act so beautiful, so profoundly submissive.

Through half-lidded eyes, Mike looked down on the girl as she gave herself up to pleasuring a man. She began by flicking her tongue at the very tip of his cock, then she licked crown thoroughly before running her stiffened tongue slowly down the straining prick until she reached the puff of pubic hair at the base. There she reversed herself and started back up again using broad flat strokes along the shaft. She eased back to admire her handiwork: the solid, upright prick glistening with her saliva.

The sight of that thoroughly aroused, throbbing penis so close sent an erotic thrill knifing through her. It fired her up so that she renewed her attack with increased enthusiasm, working him over with single minded devotion, her deep-seated, burgeoning excitement spurring her on. Soon she was rewarded with a groan that came rumbling up from deep in his throat resonated through his rigid arching body and turned into a low shivering moan. The eager fellatrix re-doubled her efforts, looking up, as his eyes fluttered closed and the smile of bliss that came over his face told her that he was fully savoring the delicious ripples of excitement she was sending through him.

Dan couldn't help touching himself through his crotch feeling the rising heat when he saw Mike's hands come down to clamp Mandy's naked shoulders; he held onto her as he let the delectable experience of having her lapping tongue slithering along his rigid shaft wash over him. He would concentrate on savoring every scintilla of pleasure, each delicious sliver of the rapturous delight: The electric thrill of that small soft hand that took up his cock, cool fingers curling around the base, tightening; gripping his manhood. Pursed lips so soft and heavenly, opened, sliding down to engulf the swollen head of his penis. He savored the delightful way she used that lively tongue, even as her other hand cupped his tight hairy scrotum, to give his balls a gentle squeeze before she taking him once more into her warm, receptive mouth.

He closed his eyes, swallowing down the abrupt upsurge of pleasure, and swayed back into the cushioned booth. His grip tightened on her naked shoulders, as he surrendered to the myriad sensations of lips and mouth and tongue as the eager girl assiduously worked him over. For him, this was the greatest of life's pleasures — the sight and feel of a pretty woman going down on him.

This one in particular pleased him. He savored the way she sucked with gentle persistence, the exquisite feel of lips

that were protectively turned-in to tighten and then slide wetly along his prick. She gave him an extra thrill each time by the way she twisted her head as she bobbed mindlessly up and down on his painfully stiff throbbing cock. He loved the sound of her soft urgent whimpers; the tiny, slurping noises she made as she softly suckled him.

Now he held her small gently rocking head between his cradling hands. Curled fingers dug into her hair cupped her head, guided her efforts.

Abruptly, he clenched his jaws against the blinding surge of pure pleasure that powered up from his groin, shook him to the core. His buttocks tightened down; butt cheeks clenched spasmodically. His hips bucked in reflexive pelvic thrusts.

His hands tightened on the undulating head, and he staggered back. But he immediately renewed his grip on her, forcing her to stop, holding her face rigidly in place to stop the terrible, unrelenting, tortuous pleasure that ravaged his soul. His sincere gratitude came out as a hiss through tightly-clenched teeth:

“Damn, Babe, you are *good*!”

Mandy heard the sincere compliment through the hands that clamped her ears, and the hoarse words spurred her on to redouble her efforts. She slid her hands around to run them up the back of his legs, and then cup his buttocks so she could steady herself as she took the plunge, diving in to press her face into his crotch, and there to root beneath his hanging balls, inhaling deeply, drinking in the heady musky masculine smell that impregnated the moist pubic hair in which her nose was buried.

The man groaned. But before he could react, she recaptured his gleaming cock, clutching him in her little fist to pull him into her mouth once again, this time to work him over with a renewed frenzy of lust: sliding the taut ring of her lips down his throbbing cock, drawing deeply, vacuuming her lover while her ponytail flounced merrily as

she pumped up and down in long, deliciously shivering strokes. The sight of his wife’s bobbing head buried in the crotch of another man, sent a surge of uncontrollable lust trough Dan.

The creamy rise of tickling pleasure threatened to undo him. His knees weakened. His helpless hands fumbled with the bare shoulders of his greedy cocksucker, as he threw back his head and grunted. The unstoppable rise pleasure seized him, shook him. His fingers tightened on her shoulders as he tried desperately to hang on to his shredding sanity till the last possible minute.

Then he came! It was a blinding flash of ecstasy, an explosion of pure orgasmic delight that overtook him — obliterating everything in its wake. His cock was a thing alive: a pulsating, pumping machine, erupting in thick wads of cum that seemed that painted Mandy’s face like a sticky spider’s web as he strained high up onto his toes, arched back and whimpered. Mandy’s shoulders were heaving, her face sweaty and warm, and dripping with cum. Dan looked down on her, — saw his wife’s pretty face splattered with another man’s cum; the sticky goo fell down her cheeks and dripped off her chin. He leaned down to kiss her, open-mouthed, on the cum-painted lips.

Then Dan handed her a wad of napkins. They hurried to clean up and put themselves together, before all three were racing out to the parking lot, frantic to get back home and continue what had started in that dark restaurant.

***

They were barely through the front door before the two lovers were scrambling all over each other. Dan stood back and watched in awe as Mike’s big hands were feeling up every inch of his wife’s hot writhing body, savoring the feel of that tight little body through the thin dress she wore.

She wiggled up against his well-toned physique; her hands running over his chest, tearing at his shirt. When she had him bare-chested, they kissed; his hungry hands slid

down her back and grabbed handfuls of her ass. She pressed against him and he gave her a crisp smack on the bottom, getting a surprised “whoop.” Suddenly, he spun her around in his arms, worked the dress open, and peeled it down her excited body to let it slither to the floor. Dan watched her heels step daintily out of the fallen dress. Then she was arching back against her shirtless lover while he reached up to up to crush her brassiered breasts in his cupped hands. She moaned, panting in his arms.

She writhed against his solid form, wiggled her panty-clad butt against his tented crotch. Wild with excitement, Mike grabbed her by the hair, dragged her stumbling half way across the room, and threw the long-haired girl over her own dining room table, while her husband watched from the sidelines with one hand on his crotch.

Mandy lay there, sprawled across the table, hinged at the hips, her upper body on the smooth wood tabletop while her legs were opened, heels set wide apart. She lifted herself up, bracing on her upper arms, flinging back her hair to look over her shoulder at him, but otherwise she stayed in place — right where her masterful lover had put her. With a sudden flush, she became intensely aware of what she must look like to the two men: bent over, her rigid legs in silky black nylons. Her ass, tightly packed in those sexy panties, was sticking back in lewd invitation. She gave it a wiggle; an incredible thrill rocketed through her bent body.

Mike’s eyes never moved from the girl’s swaying ass, as he hurriedly ripped off shoes and socks, shoved down his pants, and quickly ran his briefs down his long skinny legs, freeing his cock to spring up into the cool air. Now nude, his gaze never wavered as he padded forward, his long hard prick bobbing upright as he advanced on his target.

He stopped to the left side of Mandy’s provocative bottom and ran a hand up the back of her right stocking from the back of the knee to the top of her thigh. The thrill of the man’s slow moving hand on her leg almost sent the