

MAMMOTH BOOKS PRESENTS

BETTY CAME

THE BEST OF

M. Christian

6 EROTIC STORIES

Edited by MAXIM JAKUBOWSKI

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He is the author of the collections *Dirty Words*, *Speaking Parts*, *The Bachelor Machine*, *Licks*, *Promises*, *Filthy*, *Love Without Gun Control*, *Rude Mechanicals*, *Coming Together* Presented by *M.Christian*, *Pornotopia*, *How To Write And Sell Erotica*; and the novels *Running Dry*, *The Veil*, *Bloody Marys*, *Me2*, *Brushes*, *Finger's Breadth* and *Painted Doll*. He lives in San Francisco.

Mammoth Books presents

Betty Came
The Best of M. Christian: Six Erotic Stories

Edited by Maxim Jakubowski



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The Colour of Lust

M. Christian

POOL, the sign said, and BILLIARDS, in typography that somehow managed to be early 40s without any of that period's style.

Below TEVIS'S POOL & BILLIARDS was a tobacconist's, a dark little corner store with displays of dusty boxes lined with greasy old cigars. Next to it a door stood open, showing a heavy green runner on a narrow flight of stairs. The banister was polished to a dark, mahogany glow from endless palms.

A row of narrow smoke-stained windows, once gold-trimmed, ran around the second storey. Islands of threadbare rugs and strips of matted oil-stained carpeting were cast adrift the ancient parquet floor. A cage stood against the far wall containing an old black man in a crisp white cotton shirt and simple black dress tie. His eyes were too sharp and clear for him to need protection. Daisy imagined him as a dapper tiger, kept locked away for the safety of the hall, and not as a precaution against the half dozen sharks circling lazily around the tables.

Standing next to her, Eddy's hard, narrow face slipped into a wry grin. TEVIS'S was a heavy place burdened by architecture, sagging from decade after decade of a meticulous game played by tough desperate people. It was a place that didn't know joy or ecstasy, only winning or losing in a game played with sticks and little round balls. Eddy was there, Eddy was on, Eddy was in her place and pool was her game.

Daisy also knew what her role was supposed to be. "Eddy –" she said with an exasperated little sigh, "– there's not even a fucking bar."

"We can get a drink later, doll," Eddy said, walking away towards the dapper man behind the bar, the narrow leather case swinging gently in her long, thin hand. "I promise."

"Yeah, right," Daisy said, catching up to Eddy with a quick dash. Her own thin hand clutched at her sleeve. "Come on, Eddy, let's go get something to eat, OK?"

Eddy turned to her, looked straight in her pale blue eyes. Daisy was small, like a model. Sometimes, when Eddy kissed her, when she held her in her arms, a bitter surge of guilt swept up from deep inside her. She was small, like a child. But the feeling rarely lasted more than one or two heartbeats. Eddy had been around, had kissed – and more than kissed – a lot of girls. None of them, even the ones with the leather and the rock-solid attitudes, had been as much of a hurricane in bed. Yes, she was small; but concentrated would be a better word. "I've got to do this, doll," Eddy said.

"No, Eddy, you don't." Daisy aimed fiery eyes up at the taller woman. "You don't have to do anything but go back to the hotel room with me." In her little blue and white cotton dress with her long blonde hair hanging straight down, Daisy looked every inch like Dorothy or Alice, stepped right out of their native pages. But the heat in her eyes revealed the edge that hid under her candy and silk.

"Baby, you know I gotta," Eddy said with firmness, certainty. "You know this is something I have to do."

"No, Eddy you don't. You have to eat, you have to drink, you have to fucking breathe, but you don't have to play pool. You don't have to."

Eddy stood and looked down at her, the narrow leather satchel still in her long-fingered hand.

Daisy's eyes flicked, and Eddy knew she was right. It was a game played with a stick and a few coloured balls. It wasn't life, it wasn't love. It was just a game. Life was many small hotel rooms, Gideon in a drawer, a blue plate special for dinner, and Daisy.

Daisy standing naked in a beam of merciless sunlight, her little body graceful and fine. Her nipples were red kernels on breasts as luscious as her thighs; her thighs were as soft and tender as her breasts. The gentle swell of her belly, the tight blond curls just below, the shocking pinkness of her cunt, the sweet taste of her juice. The way her tongue danced with Eddy's as they kissed, mingling hot breath and the way her tongue danced between Eddy's thighs, always with the right tempo, the right step. Other lovers had stepped on her clit's toes – too much, too little, not enough – but Daisy knew ballet, she knew just the right steps. She was light and strong, and had a perfect sense of rhythm.

It was a good life. But there was something missing; it all seemed too simple. They were dancing in an empty hall to a predictable tune. There was lust, but it was a lazy, easy lust. Eddy absently stroked the handle of the case with her thumb, feeling the worn smoothness of it and the way the leather warmed under her touch. There was something thundering and powerful in the game: skill, risk, reward . . . a reward not as spectacular as when Daisy danced her tongue between her thighs, but sweeter because Eddy won with her own talent.

Eddy was possessed by two different kinds of lust. Lust for the green felt, the cue, and the colourful balls, fighting roughly in the back of her mind with that other lust: lust for Daisy in a cheap hotel room, her skin a patina of hot sweat, her small breasts tented, tipped with tight, hard nipples, her legs spread gently apart, her lips pink like Georgia O'Keefe's flowery labia.

A solid click, the hollow sound of a ball falling home in a pocket. Eddy shook her head, clearing her eyes and mind. "I have to do this, Daisy," she said, turned back to the man in the cage. "I just have to."

Daisy just glowered, the fire in her blue eyes only burning brighter.

"I hear you've got quite a pool player here," Eddy said to the man behind the bars.

The little man gazed at Eddy for a long time. When he was done sizing her up, he drawled: "So who's looking?"

"Just someone interested in a game of pool, that's all. Just someone looking for a game," Eddy said with a sly grin. Out of the corner of her eye, she caught Daisy heading towards a chair at the edge of the hall. Her little ass moved like poetry when she walked.

The man in the cage smiled, showing two porcelain teeth and many more of tarnished gold; then in a shockingly loud voice, he yelled, "Hey, Fats, some guy named Eddy wants to shoot some pool."

The place had four walls. Two of them had narrow windows, two were banked with chairs. Eight pool tables. The cage. The stairs. From somewhere Eddy hadn't looked, Fats appeared.

It was as if a smudge of night stepped out into the cool twilight of the pool hall. Big and round, she walked – she didn't lurch, she didn't struggle, she didn't roll. Fats had a grace that froze Eddy in her tracks and made her incapable of doing anything but watch as Fats materialized from her hidden corner of TEVIS'S POOL & BILLIARDS. She moved as if on oiled bearings, as if she'd discovered the pure beauty of what walking could be, and was now demonstrating it to Eddy.

She was middle-aged, her dark face a play of round cheeks and dark, hooded eyes. Her hair was the purest black, cut so short that the shape of her perfectly round skull was showing. Fats wore an immaculate white cotton shirt, perfectly pressed and buttoned up tight to her dark throat. No tie, but instead a tiny cross hanging from a thin gold chain. At her wrists she sported gold and onyx cufflinks. Her pants were black, almost invisible in the shadows of the hall. She wore black and white men's

shoes that looked brand-new. The room was warm and getting warmer in the growing day, but Fats looked elegant, refined, immaculate, and cool. “Yes, Winthrop?” she said in a deep, drum-roll voice naming the black man in the cage.

“Girl here is interested in a game of pool,” Winthrop said, with a tilt of his head to Eddy.

“Is that true?” Fats said, turning her dark face towards Eddy. Suddenly she smiled, showing a row of perfect white teeth.

Before Winthrop could answer, and before the allure of Daisy and another soft hotel bed could change her mind, Eddy said: “I heard you’re one of the best, Fats. I heard it in Oakland, I heard it in Chicago, I heard it just the other day on the train. I just want to see if it’s true.”

Fats slowly measured her, looking Eddy up and down as if sizing up a lobster in a tank. Under her dark-eyed gaze Eddy felt a surge of heat in her face and chest. She felt herself shrink under her scrutiny.

Someone put a small, very strong hand on Eddy’s shoulder. “Come on, Eddy. Come on back to the room with me,” Daisy said, her voice edged with tired anger. “It’s just a game, Eddy. Come on, it’s just a game.”

Eddy felt the anger thrill up her spine, tension bloom in her long arms: “Come on, fat girl. You wanna play or not?”

The smile returned to Fats’s face – but it was worse, much worse than her cool scrutiny. “Let’s play pool, Eddy.”

Eddy put her case on the table and carefully popped the tiny latches. “What we shooting for, Fats? Hundred a game?”

Fats nodded, a long, slow motion as if she had all the time in the world. “Let’s see your roll first, girl.”

Eddy smiled, showing sparkling, perfect teeth. From a deep pocket she pulled a fat roll, tossed it down onto the velvet. “Ten grand, Fats. Count it if you want to.”

Fats picked up the roll, weighing it in her chubby, dark hands, her face suddenly cool and earnest. Then she smiled, tossed it neatly back to Eddy. “Looks good, girl.”

They rolled to break; despite her humming nerves, Eddy got the opening. In her hand the cue was steady, a part of her body. Languishing before the virgin balls, she cocked and slid the pale pine along her fingers, driving the cue in a perfect strike – just enough, and no more, to snap the eight and four balls away to bounce gently against the cushions and return to the pack. No quarter taken, none given.

“Deal with that, fat girl,” Eddy said with a note of bravery she barely felt.

Fats smiled, showing the sparkle of a gold tooth. There is a mastery that disguises itself as bored, casual actions. Without looking, with a careless stroke, she smashed the pack – sending the right two balls into side and right corner pockets with hollow sounds of perfection.

Eddy could do nothing but watch her clear the table.

As the next to last ball fell neatly into a side pocket, a hand suddenly rested on Eddy’s shoulder and a firm but soft voice whispered in her ear: “Come on, Eddy, let’s go back to the room.”

Eddy wanted to shrug off Daisy’s pity, her simple answer of a soft bed and a hot cunt, but she didn’t. The first burn of failure was too hot. Instead, she patted Daisy’s hand and said, “Maybe – but not yet.”

During their words, the last two balls had sunk neatly into pockets. Winthrop had emerged from his cage, swimming lazily through the murky depths of the hall, and had quietly racked them up.

“You’re good, fat girl,” Eddy said, stepping away from the wiry energy of her lover to peel off

some bills from her fat roll, slap five of them down on the table. "You're damned good. But you're not the best."

"Are you going to talk, or shoot pool, Eddy?" Fats said, her coal-dark face calm and inscrutable.

"I'm going to do what I came here to do, Fats; I'm going to show you the best damned pool play there is."

With that, leaning into the shot, pine slick and fast between her fingers, Eddy made the first break sinking the right two balls, neat and clean.

"I already own a mirror, Eddy," Fats said with a frighteningly cruel smile as she signalled Winthrop for a cold beer.

Despite the deep sting, Eddy cleared the table and won the game. Then the next, and the one after that. She was on, she was there; right there, in that hall and in that game. Every ball obeyed her will, every shot was sweet perfection. It wasn't the body scream of orgasm, or the thrill of Daisy's nipple in her mouth, but it was the climbing glory of winning.

A hand, again on her shoulder. "I want you, Eddy," the sultry voice, low and deep, whispered in her ear. "I want you, back in our room. Your fingers deep inside me, your lips on mine, my nipples hard as yours as well."

"Not yet, not yet," Eddy said, chalking the tip of her cue and smiling slyly at Fats.

"Eddy, you've won. Please, Eddy, come back to the room with me. Lick me, fuck me, suck me, put those sweet fingers in my cunt, my ass. I want you to come with me; I want to come with you. Don't bathe, don't shower, just spread your legs for me – I love the smell, the taste of your sweat, the perfume of your cunt. I want it all. I want it now."

Eddy hesitated in the game to look down into Daisy's burning, hungry eyes. There was so much heat and steamy stuff. But then she looked at the table, saw the balls still in play. "Not yet. Maybe later."

Eddy won the next game – making it ten to six – but her edge slipped away in the middle of the one after that and Fats ran the table clean. Then the big black woman won the next, and the next after that. Eddy felt the world slip away, felt it vanish like chalk between her finger tips, like one of Fats's balls falling into a deep, dark, bottomless pocket.

"Come back to the room with me," Daisy said, whispering again in her ear. "Make my clit hard, make my juices flow. Make me scream and cry. I want to lay in bed half asleep and watch you, naked, walk to the bathroom for a drink – I love to watch your ass jiggle, your neat little tits jiggle when you walk. You're so beautiful."

She did okay with the next game. But as the seven ball sped towards the cushion Eddy felt the edge fade again; the ball bounced just short of the pocket and lazily rolled away, giving Fats the perfect opportunity to run the table.

"Come with me, Eddy," Daisy said, arm wrapped around her, holding Eddy close. "I want you warm and soft in my arms. I want you in me, on me, I want to hear the way your voice changes when you come, the way you breathe quicker and quicker till it just bursts out of you in a great, wonderful sigh of release. I want to feel your cunt grab my fingers, your muscles holding on tight as the cunt surges up and out through you. Come on, Eddy, this is only a game."

Eddy stared at the table, hypnotized by the way Winthrop racked up the balls; nestling them together in momentary perfect geometry, waiting to be shattered apart and scattered across the table.

A game . . . only a game? Absently, Eddy chalked her cue as she walked over to the table. She could just put the cue down, shake Fats's hand and walk out into the fresh night. Maybe a cup of coffee, a cheeseburger in some diner, then back to their cheap room. A kiss, Eddy's hand cupping Daisy's small, firm breast; Daisy reaching down, pulling her cotton dress up and off, standing in the cool night

air of the room in bra and panties. White cotton below and yellowed nylon above, holding Daisy perky little breasts like deep secrets. With a sly smile, she'd reach behind her back, unsnap and reveal herself—two neat puddings, pale and silky, yet firm and upswept. Nipples burning pink, like they'd been lipstick-painted.

Then, reaching down, she'd step out of her simple cotton, revealing the uncommon beauty of her golden-coloured curls. Then she'd stand, naked in the dim light, a lithe nymph, a Kansas goddess, a strong little wheat and plains sprite.

They'd kiss, they'd suck nipples, they'd lick clits, they'd come. Eddy was the easiest, the quickest to scream, shout, with Daisy sometime thereafter. It would be wonderful; and then they'd do it the next morning, the next afternoon, the next night.

The table was green felt, a deep verdant green – like the Amazon must look from high above. An impenetrable green. Just a game?

“Come on, Eddy,” Daisy said with firm exhaustion, determined tones in her voice. “Come on.”

But this wasn't about winning and losing. It was Eddy's way, her real passion; the green of the felt was the colour of her special lust. Her lust to be the best, to be better than anyone. “Go back to the room, Daisy. I have a game to play.” Then, not waiting to see if her lover had left, she turned to Fats and added in level tones: “Let's play some pool.”

Eddy lost the next game, and the one after that, but the pain of losing wasn't there. Instead she was building up speed, accelerating to where Fats was steadily cruising. She wasn't there, not yet; but she could feel the groove, and knew that catching it was just a matter of time.

She won the next game but, like the loss, the win wasn't hot. Eddy wasn't there yet, not yet.

After she won the next game and the last ball sank home in its pocket, she knew she had the edge. She could taste it, she could hear the prolonged low note in her ears, there was a new clarity to everything. She almost put her cue away, almost shook Fats's hand and walked out. She knew she had it, and she knew she'd win every game. The edge was there.

But she didn't leave. Just knowing she had it wasn't enough. She won the next three games; with each sinking ball her game grew clearer and more perfect until the cue was more than just an extension of her body, it was an extension of her will – a part of her mind. It was 15 to 12.

The sun had set a long time ago, and would rise soon. Time had become nothing but a way to measure the game. That she'd played through the whole night, that she hadn't slept or eaten in over twelve hours, meant nothing. Only the game mattered.

It was good. It was very, very good.

Suddenly Fats's voice broke loudly through the edge to reach Eddy: “That's it, Eddy; You've won, you've beaten me.”

Eddy blinked away the glamour, saw Fats for what seemed like the first time. The gleam was gone from her gold tooth; her hands were bilious green from the velvet and the chalk, her skin was gleaming with sweat, and her shirt was sticking to her stomach and tits.

Eddy smiled, wide and true, and shook her damp hand. “Thanks for the game,” she said.

“Thank you, Eddy,” Fats said. “You play a damned good game of pool.”

Which Eddy knew meant she was the best. The best there was.

Daisy didn't know the girl's name and didn't care. All she did care about was that the girl was there in the bed.

She was fresh, maybe too young, but eager and willing. They'd started flirting earlier in the night, just an hour after Daisy left the pool hall. She was behind the counter in a place called, simply, EAT

Young, plump – soft skin billowy and yielding under Daisy’s fingers – but best of all willing. It just wouldn’t do, to have such a perfect opportunity and have no one who wanted to play with her.

The girl had actually blushed when Daisy had taken her coat, hanging it behind the hotel room door: “You’re so gorgeous. I wanted to kiss you the instant I set eyes on you.”

Then Daisy did, and the girl’s blush deepened even more. “Th-thank you –” she’d stammered gently when the kiss ended. Was it for the compliment or the touch of her lips? Daisy didn’t know what the girl was thanking her for.

It didn’t take long. Her dress buttoned up the back, easy pickings. As they sat on the too soft hotel bed, kissing meekly and then with growing passion, Daisy’s knowledgeable fingers neatly popped one, two, three, then all of the girl’s buttons.

Weakly protesting, she’d tried to hold the dress together, only giving Daisy an excuse to tickle and nibble her mercilessly. When the tears had stopped and the laughter had died down the girl was in her bra and panties. Daisy looked at her for a long moment, savoring her plumpness: the way her breasts pushed up and around the confining bra, the twin little mounds of her nipples, the scratchy hair peering around the elastic of her everyday panties, her gentle little swell of belly. “Tasty,” she’d mumbled as she took the nameless girl in her arms, and kissed her long and deep as her fingers explored the seams of those panties.

Wet – a marvellously pure wetness greeted her hunting fingers. A wetness of legend, a hungry virgin’s kind of wetness. Looking the girl in the eyes, she withdrew her hand to taste and murmur delighted sounds at the girl’s savoury cunt. Then she pushed her back onto the bed, knelt between her legs, gently pulled aside her so-wet panties and kissed, then licked her into a quick, shuddering orgasm – one of many.

The girl was young, juicy, and naïve. When it was time for her to return the favour her tongue slipped and missed, her fingers gripped Daisy’s thighs too tight, and her thumb and forefinger were too meek with Daisy’s nipples. When Daisy did come, it was more from her own quick fingers showing the way than from the girl’s timid explorations of Daisy’s body. Still, it was a good come. But simply coming wasn’t what made Daisy smile like a kitten that feasted on cream.

“I should be going,” she said as Daisy let her hands roam over her luscious body. When Daisy found a plump nipple and gently teased it into rubber hardness she whistled softly in excitement. “Don’t you have a girlfriend?”

“Yes,” Daisy said, dropping her mouth to the nipple, sucking and nibbling it into even further firmness. “I do.”

“What if she comes back?” the girl said with sudden fear.

“Maybe she will, maybe she won’t – not for a while yet anyway. Not if I played it well, that is.”

“I should still go,” the girl said, but Daisy pushed her back on the bed, resting a firm hand on her still wet cunt.

“Stay. I want to come again, and I want to make you come again, too.” Daisy bent down to part her fat labia and lick – once, very fast – making the girl whistle with a quick intake of breath. “I think I played it perfectly well; just the right amount of tantrum, the right amount of ego stroke. No, she won’t be back till dawn, at least. She won’t be back till she sweeps the table. We’ve got hours.”

“I don’t . . . understand,” the girl tried to say as Daisy licked her harder, longer, circling the throbbing bead of her clit.

“My Eddy has her game, and I have mine. And mine is to keep her busy while I fuck you at least five more times. Eddy’s good –” Daisy said with a wicked smile as she absently rubbed the girl’s hard clit “– but I’m the best there is.”

Everything but the Smell of Lilies

M. Christian

She is wearing spandex pants decorated with the bold black and white icons of half a dozen Tokyo corporations. Her hair is in dreads, spiced with glittering watch parts. Her shoes are new and intelligent, contouring to her feet as she runs out of the crowd towards the place. Her poncho is tiger striped, the newest Eurotrash fad, and the bystanders can see, as she pumps those strong legs in the black and white spandex pants, that she doesn't have a top on, and that her nipples (flashing out from under the red and black of the poncho) are only covered by crosses of black electrical tape. She is a mix of black and something else. All can see – even in the midnight glare of Broadway's brilliance of neon, lasers, fluorescents, and headlights from blurring cars – that her skin is a brown – like stained wood. Her face is high-cheekboned, her lips dark brown, her eyes hidden behind mirrored image intensifying glasses.

She is running for her life: down the street, through the sidewalk crowd – panic in her strides and panting breaths.

It is drizzling, like static. The muscle at the door to the place don't like it because it messes up their radar goggles. The clients don't like it because it gets their furs and leathers all wet. The street drek don't like it 'cause it pisses off the money and the muscle and they usually take it out on whoever is closest and can't afford to fight back. The limos come and go, a high-class and costly river of black plastic and steel. The rich's banter is light and sparkling above the rain and it blends, as only it could, in the twenty-first century, with the chatter from the muscle's narrow-band radios.

She runs through the crowd, pushing street drek and citizens aside, glancing back over her shoulder at every opportunity. Panic lights her muscles, and she looks for someone to . . .

The words finally come out in an oscillating scream as she slams against the first ring of genetically enhanced, neuro-chemically boosted, electronically hot-wired thugs. True to their purpose and few remaining authentic brain cells, they smash back – surrounding her with dense muscle and squealing radios and pushing her back into the crowd.

Her hands are grasping claws, her nails draw blood in a triad streak down the face of one of the (who didn't blink against his conditioning), and her legs hammer against his ballistic-nylon pants. Her scream sounds like some kind of a weapon and the few cheap, off-the-shelf guards pull their own arms to track the high windows around and up – unable to distinguish one crazed woman from an armed assault squad.

Then an arm snakes out of the crowd and with a clean, sure swipe slices her throat ear to ear.

The city is big, but not so big as to make the woman's throat opening up and a fine fanning spray of arterial blood commonplace. The muscle reacts first, being now freckled with potentially dangerous infected blood, and draws and aims . . . at nothing but the already twitchy street. At the sight of the weapons being quickly drawn and dropped to street level, anyone who has any kind of survival skill instantly turns and runs. To a streetful of people used to sudden urban violence, turning and running is called a riot. Luckily for the muscle and the few really innocent bystanders, the riot had a place to go down the street like water down a cascade, away from the Men with Guns, away from the dangerous

Blood, away from the Rich People being thrown into their cars by their over-reacting bodyguards.

The street is nearly quiet very soon after save for the wailing of an approaching ambulance, called in a moment of rare altruism by one of the suits, and the last foaming, crackling bubbles from the woman's throat.

The ambulance, one of the new Matzitas, arrives with a pulsing Doppler scream, parting the feebly moving bystanders who linger over the cooling corpse of the woman. Pulling up to the low curb, it clamshells open and coolly – as only micromechanicals and smartpolyplastics can – reaches out and touches her with the preciseness of Japanese manufacture. Like-born, the medic steps from the uncoiling and undulating machines, orchestrating their movements with a palm-sized control unit.

Screened, probed, touched, sampled, sniffed, smelled, she is neatly picked off the cold and dirty sidewalk and swallowed into the ambulance's expanded interior.

Leaving behind the bodyguards giving statements to bored cops, the impatient suits, and the hungry stares of the onlookers, the ambulance closes with her and the medic inside and screams away.

Death is too easy for me. See it every day. No, that's not the truth: some days I sit in the hospital bay with the warm and humming ambulance and just wait for it. But the deaths I do see – the leaking, shrieking, whining, crying ones – reach beyond their occasions to swallow me, even when I do nothing but sit in the bay and watch teevee. One of those deaths can last days for me, stretching beyond the instant.

It's easy to die, when you're like me. I mean it's easy to die, period, man. Slip in the tub, get ice for your wallet, the new strains, acts of God – all of it man. Easy as pie to lie down and croak – and it's easy when you're like me to get right back up again.

I try not to get used to it, try not to have them stretch so far that they start to die in my dream when I eat, when I'm away from the ambulance. But I've been at it too long – they die in slippery, out-of-focus dreams and even when I sit down for dinner, soup becomes blood, meat becomes . . . meat. I look into everyone else's eyes and expect to see the things I've seen reflected back at me, but I don't know what they see, but it sure isn't what I see – what feels like every day.

Like me, yeah. Painful, sure, but you just gotta lie back and think of the money. Isn't that how it always is? Fucking for money, getting fucked for money – I just happen to get fucked over for money, that's all. The big fuck, maybe, but still. . . I'm a whore. A whore with a specialty, that's all. A real specialty.

I look at people differently, I guess. You do that when you see them dying, when you see them hurt and crying. I don't see them as they always look – smiling, laughing, getting angry . . . kissing and touching. . . . I see them broken and leaking, discovering that they're meat and bones and blood. I see them in pain. Had a few girls in my life, even have two myself, now, but it's strange to see them, hear them and even crawl into bed with them when you see the things I see. I keep expecting them to break, to leak, to cry. I see it all the time – so often it doesn't seem right that they aren't hurting or dying.

Morley rigged it, the sick bastard. "There's a need, babe, a need we can fill." Yeah, you bastard – it creeps like to fuck dead girls, so what do they need? You fucking guessed it. Problem is your usual dead chick will get all, kind of. . . unappealing after a point, right? What you need is a dead chick who

can get up and walk out when the John's finished. What you need is me – or me after Morley.

Sometimes, the most real women I see are the ones who are lying still and cooling in the ambulance with me. The rest of them, the rest of the people I see, are just waiting to see me.

“Just rearrange you a bit,” he says and gives me to his pals with the machines, the plastic part of the implants. Technique noir, black tech, nasty bedroom tech. I remember one of them, this fat Chinese with skin like cheese – a clicking and whirring part of his face looking me over with God knows what radar, microwaves, frigging sound for all I know. I remember him for the clicking and the whirring and how he only spoke a few words of English. He also fucked me, I'm sure, while I was zoned under his machines, under his knife. My pussy smelled bad the next day, something that could've been contaminated, leaked out – smelled an awful lot like cheese, too.

Like this one, here: they look so peaceful, so rested and still. Their skin is so cool, so smooth. Even with the blood . . . but I can fix that, a little swipe with disinfectant, a dab or two with a biohazard absorbent towelette. Such a long wound, a thin slice from ear to ear. Clean, must have been a fracture knife, or a monomolecular wire. Still, she is beautiful. Striking. Frozen at the peak of her beauty by the knife, or maybe that wire. Her face is like a magnet and I have a hard time doing the routine thing I'm supposed to do. The implant and blood-screen fall away because of my enhancement. It's all I can do to sit in the back and let the ambulance drive itself to Mercy. She has high, sharp cheekbones; a nose with just enough of an upturn; lips full but not cartoonish. She has such a natural, wild look, the one has. I can see her not lying, cooling, chilling, in the back of my ambulance, her negative signs showing on half a dozen flat-screen monitors, but rather running under a hot sun somewhere, naked and warm, wild grasses shushing by her fine, perfectly turned legs, not-too-big, not-too-small breasts bobbing and swinging free and bare under the same glowing sun. She isn't a casualty, a DOA, a street dreck; she is a primeval forest huntress, a priestess of a land long ago paved and sterilized.

I'm a corpse. I'm a professional victim, a stiff for hire. Pull my string (okay, slit my throat, strangling me) and I do my little number. And while I'm down there on your floor, on your bed, you can do whatever you want to do to me. Special job, as only Morley's dark doctors could have done. Don't know all of it myself – one lung gone for a refillable tank of air (so no breathing) blood now flowing through the back of my neck so my throat can get sliced or crushed if you like that kind of thing. Cue I get all cold, my nipples get all stiff, my cunt chills, my eyes lock up (in case you like to see your reflection in them when you fuck my stiff self) and I'm dead. Everything but the smell of lilies. Pay in advance, don't break the rules, and you can kill me, fuck me, and go back to the wife and kids. It's living, dying is . . .

So beautiful. So natural she looks, even cooling and stiffening. She is a statue, an image on clear water. I try to be quiet, watching her, so as not to wake her. The image of her, quiet and still and not really, truly dead is so strong it's almost enough to dissipate the clean wound across her throat, the whining instruments all crying *she's dead* and the few specks of blood that remain on her poncho. Carefully, so as not to wake her, I move the poncho aside to better see her breasts – and so lovely they are: just the right size, somewhere between a nice cleavage and too small. They are fine, tight cones on deeply tanned skin. I can't see her nipples, covered as they are by crosses of tape (a recent style). I notice as I move the poncho that her pants end a bit below her navel, that her navel is pierced with a steel ring, and that she has the tiniest of bellies – a gentle rise to her stomach that seems so perfect

her. It adds something to her, this little belly does – when everyone can look like anyone (with enough money, of course) this little pot brings her right down to me, in the ambulance. She is a woman, a wild and fiery woman – all heat and hunger. Dead yes, but more alive than most of the meat I haul to the hospital.

Doesn't help that I like it. Yeah, Morley, make me into a dying doll. Yeah, you freaky creep, remake me so I can die on cue. Wouldn't work, you knew, if I didn't get off on it, too – maybe not croaking for every fat, rich slob, but – shit – I dig stepping into even the weirdest fuck's fucked-up trip. I don't get off, really, about lying here all dead, brain still clicking away but body faking being all cold and still, but I sure as shit do when I watch them hump my stiff body. That's what gets me off, man, that's what Morley saw as he sucked my toes and came in my shoe – that I come when you come from doing your weirdest shit. I get off watching them all – yeah, Morley, too – dig down in their weirdest shit and make me do it. That fucking makes me come . . .

My still little angel. *Justine Moor, 27, type B +* the info from the ident card in her slim little wall going past my eyes, into the mind of the ambulance. I watch her still chest, her fixed and dilated eyes. Even with a clotted line across her throat she is more alive than anyone I have ever seen. She is more alive, more vital, than Ruth or Vivian, than the other attendants at Mercy Hospital, than the doctor, than the people who flash by the window of the speeding ambulance. She is immobile, chilling but more alive than anyone, than me – I can't resist. She pulls me down to her with the force of her dead aliveness and I stroke the cool belly, run my quivering fingers up her sides to her lovely, pert breasts, glide my hand up to cup them, to hold one like a still pillow, her nipples powerfully erect beneath the crosses of tape. My breathing is a hammer in my ears and my cock is painful iron in my uniform pants.

Yeah, Morley sure can pick them. "Justine," he said with that smile, that voice, "become a hardwired dead girl, a chilling and stiffening hooker. A corpse for rent." Slice my throat, strangle me, fuck me – pay me. Pegged me, looked right into these eyes and picked just the right job for a fucked up rent-a-corpse like me. Like tonight, man, Morley comes right up and says "– die for me, babe" Sure, no thought, no problem, man. I die for clients, right? So why shouldn't I die for my fucking pimp? Some bent job, some need for a diversion – what better than little me doing the poor street drug routine, right up to the suits and their rented guns, then Morley with his straight-edge right on cue to slice my pretty throat. Just another Saturday night for me. All I gotta do is get to the damned hospital, turn myself back on, get up and get out. Morley's got his distraction, I got my money. All is right with the – what the fuck? What's this guy doing? Shit, man, of all the fucking ambulances I gotta get on with a perv. Fucking-A, man, just my luck. Shit . . .

So still and quiet. So perfectly frozen. Carefully, I remove the tape from her breasts. Her nipples are hard – little fingers, not thumbs. Deep brown like chocolate babies, wrinkled and hard like tire rubber. I taste one, the right one, and it reminds me of a pencil eraser dipped in chilled water. It seems to fill my mouth – the fear, the excitement, the humiliation making the universe balloon till there's just me, the background whine of the ambulance, and this dead girl's nipple in my mouth. My hand moves without me to cup the breast, to feel the weight of it, to gently squeeze to know its shape: it is a firm breast, a young breast. Not warm, no, but soft like silk with a thick African-mixed skin. Her skin has the weight of a black woman's but the color of coffee with way too much cream. As I lick and suck at her glorious nipple, my cock aches with the feverish pounding that fills my head and pushes

the whine of the ambulance's electric motor to somewhere in the deep background. I hear the sound of my lips sucking and kissing her breasts and nipples. I hear my hammering heartbeat and the hurricane of my breaths going in and out.

What a fucking freaky man. What a professional, roaring, twister! The guys who do me know I can snap out and sit up, right? This guy ain't one. He's a corpse fucker and I'm his girlfriend, man. This guy ain't playing a fucking game with a specialty hooker. I almost switch my heart back on and take a nasty ol' breath and sit up and sock him one, right? But then I remember Morley, with his cold eyes and his jailhouse tattoo of chains going around his neck (one link per year) and I remember those chilling words: "Just give me enough time." And I'm fucked, I'm screwed, "cause it ain't been enough – not nearly enough – so I gotta lie down like the nice little stiff that I am. At least the guy knows how to suck a tit – dead or not.

I burst into flame, then. The heat of me blasts through my head and my cock and my lips. I kiss and lick her other nipple, squeeze and knead her other tit. She is cold under me, like from an ice water bath, but I am flaming, smoking from my lips and cock. Roughly, more rough than I would even have been with Ruth, Vivian – anyone breathing – I grab at her pants and give them a hard pull down, relishing in the smoothness of that glorious little belly. I get them down, and for the first time see her cunt. It is a glorious cunt, precisely shaved like hair was never there: a coffee-too-much-cream triangle padded with a delightful layer of so-soft skin. Her lips are tucked inside, so all I see is a faint brown crease, that delicious mons, and the hint of pearly clit. I struggle with her pants, stretching and pulling at the elastic stuff till I realize they are not coming off over her shoes. I quickly take out the safety shears and slice them away, leaving her strong legs and glorious cunt free. Now that I have completely fallen in, I am feverish and panicked: it is a long trip to Mercy, but not that long. I have minutes but not all that many. But, still, she is here, and my panic only adds an edge to my straining cock . . .

Fuck y fuck y fuck y fuck – not only a fucking corpse fucker but a fucking corpse rapist. Shit, shit! I almost pop my cork, blink and tell him to get the fuck away from my cunt when I remember again Morley's cold eyes and stay down. How many ambulances, man? How many tricks in this city? And I pick the two on the one night when I can't screw up. Great. Just great. Oh, man, not the fucking pants, man, they aren't cheap – oh, well. I'll get Morley to get me some others when I – oh, Jesus, there is one – sick fuck, man, one sick fuck . . .

I can't resist. Even dead her pussy is wine, a pure lovely vintage. In the cramped inside of the automatic ambulance, I get down between her strong legs and part them just enough – just enough to get my face down to her cunt, spread her lips and taste her. Her clit is big, her juices are chilled. Not white wine, red – not blood, just served cold, chilled. Her lips are so soft, like fine silk and I explore her cunt with my tongue, feeling her tiny inner lips, the hard cleft between her clit and her cunt proper. I slide my hand under her hard ass and squeeze, feeling the softness there, too, but also the relaxed dead muscles that I could tell would have been iron, knotted steel when she was alive. Somewhere along the way I reach and grab my cock, start to roughly yank at myself, driven by the high-octane of her and the whine of the ambulance that I am sure, at any second, will drop as we enter Mercy's medical bays. My fear and disgust and excitement ram into me and make my cock an iron, burning rod at my waist.

God, he's a fucking freak! My cunt's sopping, man. I'm dead and he's licking my corpse cunt teasing my clit and I'm fucking coming. Can't move, can't until I pop my programming cork and climb all the way out of my "zombie" act, but that doesn't stop my clit from jangling like a bell. The come echo and bounce around inside me. Can't cry, can't scream can't grab the fucked-up freak's ears and jam his maniac face down hard onto my clit but, fuck, fuck, fuck I can damned sure fucking come. Can't scream, man, can't jerk and yell and cry and all that damned embarrassing stuff I do normally when someone's going after my clit like trying to dig the pearl out of an oyster, but I sure as fuck am coming and coming all over the place: I can feel it ripple and surge and tear and buck my brains out. My eyes are for crap anyway when I'm dead but now they're strobing and flashing all these gorgeous colors and all I can think, all the words that I can get to run through my head are that I hope he's so weird, so fucking bent, that he fucks me – cause I really want to get fucked, like, real fucking bad.

I want to fuck her. My cock hurts, and the one place, I know, that will make it feel so much better is the cold, wet and stiff confines of her cunt. With the taste of her still on my tongue and all over my face, I fuss and mutter with my belt and pants, finally getting them down as the ambulance rolls near and computer-assisted into a high-banked turn and I know I have maybe five or ten minutes before the bay, before Mercy, to finish. My cock is finally out, and I clumsily position myself and move her cool legs out of my way. Despite the pain I feel from my cock, the horrible tension, I resist just sinking myself into her – wanting to make it last just so much longer until I taste her dead cunt with my cock . . .

Fuck me fuck me fuck me – fuck! I hate when they fucking tease! Get it in me you sick fuck, I scream in my paralysis, in my cooling and immobile jail cell of my reengineered and redesigned body. Fuck me, you sick fuck!

I sink myself into her. Her cunt is cool, but not cold – maybe my own heat warming her, maybe her core temperature is still pretty high. But you can't think of medicine and science when you fuck . . . fuck a corpse. I push myself in and feel her froth and juices swell around my cock, feel her tight yet loosening muscles surround and squeeze my cock. I think two things as I fuck her, my mind split between excitement and a cramping shame: I think of this beauty I am making love to, think of her incredible body, her nipple that I again put in my mouth and suck and kiss and nibble, and I think of fucking sucking chest wound, of a sultry corpse, or a graverape. My cock is ramming, hammering into her beautiful cunt, into this delicious corpse and I tighten and spasm and jerk and scream as it all starts to come out . . .

Fuck fuck fuck – that's it, I've reached my top. How many fucking (fucking fucking fucking) times is a fucking corpse supposed to come, man? Fuck Morley and his rip, fuck him and me as his little distraction for the guards and the suits, I think the magic word, twitch that nerve-cluster I didn't have before Morley got his black medical hands on me, and I come up and out with a rush of heat, screaming wave of fully reactivated nerves. I pull myself up and out of the grave, restart my heart, take a deep, painful, breath, feel my skin awake with an S/M crash of blasting pain (imagine your whole body falling asleep then waking up) and I scream into his face as he fucks me. I put my legs up and around and lock them behind his back, in that special place guys have just for this kind of thing and I fucking ride his own screaming bucks. He lets go of my nipple and gives me the cutest look of pure lust and fear I have ever seen, but the sick fuck doesn't stop fucking, doesn't stop jerking himself into and out of my now-warming, now steaming honey-pot. He screams and yells and keeps fuckin

then jerks and squirms . . .

I ain't done yet, man, I ain't at all done yet. I push and pull on his stiffening and quivering muscles until I've had my own – and it comes like it has never come before: a fucking torrent of good stuff crashing down and all over me and I scream like I never screamed for Morley, for a client (when they're into murder), I scream the best scream I have ever screamed, bucking and clawing at him, cooling back until I can't move any more . . .

The ambulance arrives at Mercy. It whines, fading to a simple warning burst of sound as the medical staff pour from the hospital's service bays. Nestling into its sockets and data-ports, it opens organic and precise, spilling out its gurney into their waiting arms.

With technological precision, the body is brought into an emergency suite and the hospital sets to work with an array of micro-surgical tools resembling a squirming, undulating, chrome palm from the future. Fluids are pumped, charges are sent, nanomachines are injected, and even a cloned and altered head the size of a large orange is mated to his body. These and many other (as many as his body and minimal medical insurance can stand) attempts are made but in the end, after some four or so minutes his body is simply dumped into the hospital's vast and frightening organ storage facilities for recycling – and his next-of-kin is automatically sent an apologetic videomail message.

Walking home through a drizzle that is creeping towards a hard rain, she doesn't feel any of it. Some people stare at the pale gash that runs from under one ear and across her throat to end at her other ear – but since it closely resembles a new young fashion statement, most dismiss it casually.

Justine doesn't think all that much as she walks the three miles back to her capsule apartment, but once she thinks very, very clearly, cleanly: *Morley, Morley, Morley . . . I hope it was a good score, grand score. You owe me, you motherfucker and you owe me big . . .*

You sure can pick them, Morley; next time I get to fuck a corpse – next fucking time, man, you get to be all cold and stiff.

Hope you like playing the corpse, man. Cause I just developed a new – hmm – taste . . .

Betty Came

M. Christian

She remembered the first time that Betty came. Sitting in her tiny kitchen, beams of warm sunlight painting it with brilliant yellow stripes, it was so easy to think of Betty as being there, next to her. It had been one of Audrey's all-night parties. Another of the ex-boy's "No other reason" Friday night dancing and drinking bashes. June had gotten pretty toasted early on – washing down the stubborn truth that she and Wendy had broken up the month before – and was quite satisfied to sit in a corner of the hideously cluttered apartment and get lost in the Pussy Tournette album blasting from Audrey's frankensteined sound system.

Didn't know the tiny black girl's name, didn't even see who she'd come with. One second June was belting back her fifth Red Rock and the next the room exploded with a billion flashbulbs when she had walked in.

But Wendy was still a dull ache and the one thing you don't think about when you have that "no one loves me any more" pang is that someone, suddenly, would.

Somehow, intros were made and June found herself fighting that fifth Red Rock to be on her best behavior. Chat. Joke. Smile. Flirt. Smile some more. Bat those eyelashes. Flirt. Chat.

While the sexy heat of the sparkling little girl was something that made all of June's clouds blow away, the beers (and a bitchy week at work) had started to take their toll on her. Even against the searchlight brilliance of the girl's smile, incredible cheekbones, and humming eyes, June's own face started to feel haggard, drawn, and – yawn!

She remembered saying something like: "Sorry. Luckily I live right around the corner."

"I'll walk you," the dream had said, smiling a sunrise at her.

Her place was a mess, of course. Isn't it always? Some kind of universal law: bring trick (or love or your life) home and the first thing they see when they walk in the door is a pair of stained pants tossed on the floor.

"Wouldn't want you to be too clean," the lovely charcoal sketch had said, leaning in close enough so that June could slip an arm around her.

A cup of coffee had sounded good. June prattled some kind of empty dialogue, pretty much to herself, as she had ground the beans and tried to find the sugar. She was pretty sure she had said something about what she did for a living (messenger), what she liked to do (theater), what she liked to eat (pecan pie and sleeping in), and what she wanted (someone special). Now, sitting in the same kitchen, June wasn't sure if she'd mentioned Wendy. She hoped she hadn't.

Sometime during the beans and the milk and the water and all the talk, talk, talk (that mostly June did), she found herself next to her again, found herself with one arm stroking her T-shirt-covered back, feeling the strong planes of her shoulders, and the thick warmth of her dark skin. She remembered, strongly, perfectly, the girl looking up at her and smiling a glowing smile. June had kissed her.

It seemed to last forever, that first kiss (well, don't most first kisses? Another universal law). June felt herself catch fire from head to toe. To the background sounds of the percolating Senior Coffee

she had let her hands fall to the girl's shoulders, arms, and then her perfectly shaped titties.

~~The T-shirt came off quickly and she had stood up. Holding her close, June stroked and kneaded her arms, sides and even her tiny little pot belly. They had sighed and moaned and groaned together . . . they both touched (her hands on June's own big biceps and almost non-existent tits) and kissed. Somewhere, June lost her flannel shirt and the black girl had lost her jeans and shoes.~~

She had circled her big, hard nipples with hot kisses as she squeezed June's cunt through her own jeans like a trick fondling a John. June couldn't keep the hissing moan in, so she had let it out into the girl's mouth – feeling it echo through her as her own hand cupped a shaved and slippery cunt.

With Wendy it had been walking on eggs. Her first real lover, June had treated Wendy like she was priceless, fragile – even though Wendy was five years older than June's 26. June had barricaded herself in June's tiny place against her being alone again and tried to do whatever it would take to keep Wendy there. If Wendy liked something, June did it. If Wendy didn't like it . . . it never happened again.

After a point, June followed Wendy everywhere. Never led. Tried not to want, desire, anything.

But then, there, in the kitchen that night something different was happening – it was June and her. No top, no bottom, no give, no take. Just kissing and tits and cunts and heat.

The girl had sat down in one of June's battered old wooden chairs and spread her legs as if to let some of the heat escape. June had sat down herself, surprised into almost squealing by how cold the linoleum floor was on her bare ass (lost her own pants and shoes somewhere). Since she was down there already (yeah, right) she kissed the girl's thighs; that delicious, all-but-invisible belly; and then rummaged in her hot, hot slit with her nose: playful rooting and tickling like a frisky puppy.

She had sighed and spread her legs wider.

June gently brought one hand up and pulled her cunt lips apart, spying with almost childish delight a pink clit the size of a marble in a sculpture of black and pink lips, almost smoking in the cool air of the kitchen. Of course she had licked. Of course she sucked and kissed and stroked it with her tongue.

June had forgotten her name almost the instant it had been told her. She called her Betty because she looked kind of like a black Betty Page.

In the same, now empty, kitchen: Betty came.

Now empty. June got up and wandered back into the rest of her apartment. Not the same, but the same kind – pair of slightly yellowed panties on the hardwood floor next to her stack of Bay Times newspapers. The same old, barely working Mac Classic her father had bought her. Same old futon on the floor. Same Pier One rattan blinds. Same sketch Fish had done of her at the Folsom Street Fair. Same tiny stack of playbills with her name on it.

It kind of scared June when people reminded her that they were only together for two months. It seemed longer. Lots longer. Betty was the kind of girlfriend she thought she always needed. Looking at the futon, with its discolorations, stains and lumps, it was too easy to feel her again. Standing, Betty always seemed to, so that she was just touching June's hip or arm.

June sat and absently flashed through the newspapers, trying not to think about the bed. Betty.

Lots of luck.

One night – oh, boy – that night: it was their second week together so, naturally, Betty had hauled over most of her stuff. They had gone long into the night prowling through her records, books, tapes, clothes, sharing stories about them or June's similars – when this thing of plastic and nylon webbing had come out of one box.

“Haven't you ever?” Betty had said, digging in another box for the main part of it.

June hadn't. Wendy had been a kind of old-world dyke. Plastic or meat it was still a cock and she

wouldn't have wanted any part of it. June had actually been interested for a long time but never had the opportunity—and after Wendy had left she had pretty much lost interest in much of anything.

Betty found her cock – a pretty, stylized blue thing that looked more like a gizmo from a science fiction movie than a penis. Maybe that's what made it easier for June. As Wendy protested in the back of June's mind she kept telling the phantom: have you seen a cock like this?

Buckle, snap, synch. Condom, lube . . . “Bend over, dear.”

“Waitaminute,” June had said, feeling out of control, “who wears the pants around here?”

“You do,” Betty had said, stroking her penis, “but I have the cock. Now bend over, or do I have to call you bitch?”

“No, sir!” June snapped in sarcasm, but added in a much smaller voice: “Take it easy with the thing; I'm a virgin.”

“Now this is going to be a novel experience,” Betty had said, all smiles with enthusiasm, “I've never deflowered a virgin before—”

June had suddenly been aware of a different part of her: a part that wanted the cock and Betty behind it, sure, but wanted it because of Betty. She instantly knew what it was all about, the surprising desire to feel the plastic penis in her cunt. It wasn't just hornyness. It was love. She wanted to be wanted by her

It almost made her cry. It was something she thought she'd left when Wendy had left to find someone even more subservient. Having it back was almost too much for her to handle: the fear that it could go again.

Slowly, June had stood up on the lumpy futon, unbuttoned her jeans, and then, teasingly, dropped her panties. She did it slowly because while it seemed that all she and Betty did was fuck, the magic of their bodies hadn't rubbed off yet. She had loved to get naked in front of Betty, watching her eyes dance and hunger for her.

It was a little chilly in the apartment, so June left her T-shirt on.

“Make like a doggie, love,” Betty had said, “It's easier that way.”

Slowly, kind of scared, June had: she got down on the futon, first on her hands and knees and then on 'cause her arms started to ache – leaning down on a pillow.

“So pretty,” Betty said from behind her.

The kiss was kind of a shock. June had been so psyched to receive the brilliantly blue silicone dildo that the one thing she hadn't expected was the butterfly kiss of Betty's lips on her cunt lips.

Slowly, worshipfully, Betty kissed her again and again: on the cheeks of her ass, on the little knob of her asshole, on her puffy outer lips, and then, with a little skillful positioning, on the little depression where her cunt lips started and where her clit lay hidden.

“So very pretty,” Betty had said, massaging June's cunt with a smooth, slightly cool hand – rubbing her mons and lips and thus her clit in its folds and valleys of very warm skin (and getting warmer). It was the kind of touch that June loved even more than a hard, driving jerking off; having her tits really worked on; nipple sucking and biting. . . it was a kind of gentle, worshipping touch that was almost unfamiliar. Wendy had done it, very early on in their relationship, then tossed it aside as she got bored.

June had missed it.

Betty had been so gentle, so tender with her touches and kisses that June almost didn't realize that the cock was entering her. It was warm, not too big, and definitely not persistent. It had felt, in fact, like Betty had just sort of parked its condom-covered plastic head just outside her cunt and was just sort of letting it be there as Betty stroked and gingerly touched June's back, thighs and ass.

June had been so caught up in the gentleness of something she had always considered harsh and probably painful . . . fucking . . . she almost didn't notice, didn't pick up, that Betty was talking.

“Such a beautiful woman. Such a gorgeous woman. Oh, God, I look at you and I get all wet. Yeah, my pussy, too, but me, inside, too. I get all warm and squishy when I look at you and touch you and . . . God . . . I get all gold inside, all sunlight and hot and tingly—”

The cock had slowly started to ease inside June, to make its way very slowly and very sedately into her cunt. In some way it reminded June of taking a dump – backwards: the sense of being filled, being stretched by something warm and slightly resident. It wasn't an unfavourable feeling but it was . . . different: fucking and sex before had always just been quick and flickering things like tongues and fingers – not big solid things like plastic cocks.

It was unique, but something, June knew, there on her lumpy old futon, that she could grow to like. A lot.

She was filled, she was empty, she was filled, she was empty – the transition from just being occupied by Betty's cock to being fucked by Betty's cock was so smooth that, at first, June really didn't know what was going on. The sensation was warm and rhythmic, like her whole ass and cunt were breathing with the dildo – like she was expanding and contracting with each thrust. Heavy, warm surges ran through her and she had found herself panting into the pillow she was resting on. Her legs started to ache.

She must have said something, because Betty had taken a few careful moments to adjust her position, putting a pillow under her tummy and moving her legs so she was more flat-out – before easing her cock back into June's cunt.

It was like floating in a boat, June had decided as Betty fucked her. Gentle, warm waves on a lightly moving sea. She liked it. She wasn't going to come – no way – but it was like a kind of internal massage.

“Try rubbing your cunt,” Betty had said in a voice laced with a kind of aerobics pant.

Thoroughly committed, June had done exactly that. She snaked her right hand down to her clit and found it delightfully hard and wonderfully wet from the juice and lube that had dripped down from her slurping cunt. Since she loved it usually when she jerked off, her left also went to her left nipple where she found it, also, incredibly hard. As Betty fucked her she started to really get down and nasty with her clit as she rubbed and pulled at her nipple.

Oh, boy – she remembered thinking as the first of five deep and rumbling comes surged through her. She also remembered the leg cramps and the embarrassing huge wet mark on the pillow where she had been drooling in excitement.

Slowly, cautiously, because of her raging leg cramps, she had turned over and hugged Betty. A delightful surprise awaited her as she did so: in her arms, Betty had her own hand down between the harness and the plastic cock, and was furiously working her own clit.

Holding her, feeling her fiery heat, Betty came.

That was then. June got up from the futon and her old newspapers and tried to think without thinking of Betty. Even though the tiny black girl had been pretty thorough about taking everything out of hers it was still painfully hard not to try and think of her. Every room brought back flashes of wonderful times: tea and talk, tears and hugs, and comes – lots and lots of comes.

Even the fucking bathroom, June thought with a sudden flash of anger, remembering that one morning: cold tiles under her back as Betty lowered herself onto her face. It was an odd scene, one she, again, would never have thought of. She also remembered that they hadn't talked. It had just so happened the same way that first time in the kitchen had happened. June had been taking a piss

Betty had just stepped out of the shower. Betty walked over to her and asked June to towel her off. June had, then kissed her lips and then the younger girl's nipples. There was such joy in Betty—like all was just a game of come and come again. She didn't seem to worry like Wendy had, about right and wrong things to do and enjoy. Betty had just drifted from one fun thing to another.

The fun, for instance, in hauling June down to the cold tiles and carefully lowering her sweet little cunt down onto June's face. It was kind of scary – to have someone, no matter how tiny, hovering over your eyes and nose and mouth and tongue. But then it started to kick in for June, and she felt an explosion of pure, crazed hornyness: Betty was using her, shoving herself down onto June's tongue and eagerness.

In the hall, looking into the now dark bathroom, June didn't even have to close her eyes to experience the taste of Betty's cunt – the heady perfume of her excitement. She remembered waking up many mornings to that smell on her lips and fingers, permeating even the time she spent away from her.

She remembered the bathroom, the gentle weight of Betty on her face. She recalled the giggles and the sighs that eased and surged out of the little dark-haired black girl as June licked and nibbled and sucked at her cunt and clit.

Sweet music—

Betty's hands, always busy, always hunting for June's tits, ass or cunt, had fluttered on the tight skin of June's thighs, forced then apart with the crazed energy of the very, very excited, and then had started to work on June's pussy. Betty had been surprisingly deft, considering the feverish licking June had been giving her, and soon June was staring down into the white light of a brilliant come.

Together, they went there. June came from Betty's fingers.

Above her, Betty came.

June found herself in the hall. Down the stairs was the front door. Probably the one place where they hadn't played, where Betty hadn't come. She'd gone, though.

What she said, what Betty said, was pretty well gone. All June could remember was a bad week of bad work, bad parents, bad city – and a fight about . . . something. Maybe she had talked about Wendy. She hoped not.

Betty had gone.

Now, five days later: the little apartment was cold and empty. It was dark and quiet. June, and June alone, slept on the lumpy futon, made coffee in the morning and read her newspapers. No calls came in, and she didn't feel like making any.

Except one. Now, in the quiet dark.

June's fingers felt numb. It was hard to admit that she wanted Betty, wanted her back. It was hard to say she wanted anything. It was a scary place – as dark as the apartment was: What if she said no?

But would it be any worse?

Audrey answered on the second ring, her surprisingly deep voice: "Speak your peace."

"Is Betty there, Audrey?"

"Just a minute, you heartbreaker—"

"Yes?"

"Come. Please come. I want you."

Betty came.

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