DARE: A Don’t Knock It Novel #1:
By Lyla Marie Ross

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You'll never know until you try...
Introduction

Charm

My name is Charmaine Nixon. My friends call me Charm. Or, I should say my friend calls me Charm. I only have one friend, my bestie, Eden. I guess I lost a lot of girlfriends along the way because of how I dress and my appetite for some good dick. Yeah, the pursuit of the penis can cause tension between females sometimes.

I don’t know about other 28-year-olds who workout every day and have bangin’ bodies. But, I keep myself in a tight shirt—plenty of cleavage and a short skirt. Painted-on jeans and pants are the next best option. My mama always told me, “Men are visual creatures. Advertise yourself or be by yourself.”

I get along with most of my co-workers at The Best Sports Agency where I’m an executive secretary to the owner, Mila Best. After a few bad judgment calls in my life, I refuse to sleep with anybody else’s boyfriend, husband or significant other. Jump-offs are free game.

Now, on to my love life or should I say, “Dick life?” Over the last two years, good cock has been pretty scarce. Even men that I could tolerate beyond a first fuck have become damn near impossible to find. I'm not even thinking about settling down, I'm just looking for some good consistent throttling. Am I asking for too much?

I look at myself. My nails are manicured and my hair is long. I’ve got a fat ass, flat stomach, and incredible legs. I’m five foot six inches. Where is the guy who wants to get with this? As this year winds down and a new year starts, I don't want to be still on the hunt for a faithful fuck, day after day, week after week, month after month.

This is my story…

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Xander

I’m like most self-confident guys. No, scratch that. I’m better than the majority of men who think they are thoroughbreds. My name is Xander Blackmore, and I’m the Chief Executive Officer of Get Technical, a Philadelphia-based computer firm. My company helps people keep their computers up and running. We provide Internet security and build websites. We even do house calls. I first opened the doors at Get Technical four years ago. Now, profits are soaring.

On the personal side, I'm a good-looking man. I exercise and eat right. Not to brag or anything, but every one of my muscles is shredded and ripped.

Speaking of muscle—my love muscle keeps me busier than all of my computer clients combined. Don’t believe me? Well, give credit to my twelve-inch dong. I’ve measured when fully erect. Some women measured also, right before oral gymnastics. Dick measuring is fun for everyone— all pleasure and no pain.

I’m pretty satisfied with my life except the beautiful women I have sex with don’t want to be seen with me in public. Not possible, right? Well, I forgot to mention something. I suffer from a mild form of dwarfism—I'm four feet, five inches tall. Since the average height of a man in America is five feet, ten inches, the run-of-the-mill guy is about a foot and a half taller than me. Unfortunately, bunches of women think I'm too short.

A lot of insensitive assholes still call people like me midgets—even though I'm taller than three feet. So, now you know. I’m an extremely short person with an incredibly big dick whose feelings were hurt along the way by bitches with image problems.

I don’t like to use the word "Bitches" unless I’m describing a woman who wants my cock but refuses to be seen with me in public or won't take me seriously on the account of my height. Unfortunately, that’s most
women I meet who “coincidentally” witness the outline of my penis (which I make sure happens.) They can’t believe a 12-inch bratwurst on such a short man. Women can't find a foot-long dagger on a normal height guy. Imagine their surprise when they get an eyeful of my lightning rod. They think getting sexed by the "midget" will be our little secret.

Ohhhh, not hardly. I created a special website for them all. It’s called ThisMidgetGetsIt dot com. On this site I put pictures up of all the women who won’t be seen with me in public and/or won't take me seriously but love my one-eyed snake. I squirt cum shots on their faces and take their pictures. I’m smiling to myself because my life is grand. These wonderful women don’t even realize the world sees how much they love the beef on this midget every time people visit my website—about 200,000 eyeballs per month.

Well, this is my story.
Chapter One

Charm drove slowly in front of Maxwell’s house. Maxwell, a tall, thin real estate developer, had an ego the size of Canada.

“Who needs relationships, when we can just get busy?” Charm said to herself.

Maxwell worked hard, didn't have any felonies, and kept a clean set of fingernails. He and Charm met for dinner occasionally and though his dick game lacked finesse, his titty-sucking abilities made him an all-star lay.

“Hmm,” Charm said to herself. The last time they were together, Maxwell sucked on her nipples so well she almost came before he even inserted his penis. Charm felt her nipples poking at her thin silk blouse. Her nipples hardened just thinking about him.

Charm parked her car three doors back and glanced into Maxwell’s living room window.

“Am I this desperate?” she asked out loud. Charm reclined in her seat and closed her eyes. The last sexual escapade she had with Maxwell happened months ago and ended on a bad note.

Maxwell had a thing for having sex in his favorite leather recliner in his man cave. Adorned with flat screen TVs, theater sound system, track lighting and autographed sports memorabilia, Maxwell’s basement brought a sports lover’s dream to life.

Charm sat naked in the recliner with her legs parted and over Maxwell’s shoulders. Maxwell darted his tongue in and out of her and occasionally blew a little air. He ate the box without any technique and I can’t stand his blowing, but at least he tries, Charm thought.

Maxwell stood up.

“Climb on the chair. I want you from behind,” Maxwell said.

Charm stared at him—well, his penis. Mediocre size, average fucking, she thought. He moved his pointy, bouncy schlong toward her face. Charm opened the condom package and put it in her mouth. Charm grabbed the head of his penis and wrapped his rod in the condom like a working girl.

“I have something just for you,” Charm said.

Charm stood and leaned into the recliner and with both hands she spread both her cheeks.

“I got exactly what you’re looking for,” Charm said.

“Damn baby. Your snatch is looking right,” Maxwell said.

“Yeah, it's juicy and calling your name.”

Maxwell put his average-sized, condom-covered shaft in Charm’s tunnel and started thrusting like a man on a mission.

“10, 9, 8,” Charm mumbled under her breath.

Maxwell rarely lasted more than 10 seconds when he entered Charm from behind. Perhaps the sight of her luscious butt cheeks or the cushy softness when he gave her ass a squeeze overwhelmed him. Whatever the trigger, when Charm pushed her fat ass back on him, he’d be lucky to last 7 or 8 seconds.

Charm continued her countdown as Gabriella, one of Maxwell's other side chicks, broke through his back door with a scowl on her face.

"What the hell is going on?" Gabriella said.

"What the hell are you doing in my house?" Maxwell asked while maintaining his erection inside of Charm. He had Charm pinned in the recliner—unable to move.

"I knew you had somebody on the side. This shit ain't right, Maxwell," Gabriella said.

"You're not my girlfriend. I have a lot of people on the side," Maxwell said and pulled himself from Charm who immediately searched for her clothes and got dressed.

As Gabriella and Maxwell argued about his sexual partners, Charm vowed to never go to Maxwell's house again—unless her pussy was howling at the moon.

Several months later, as Charm removed her panties before driving to Maxwell's, she thought she heard
her pussy howl, "Oooooo." The time had come.

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Charm blinked as a light shone from the living room.
“He must have been home the whole time,” Charm said. Charm took off her bra, threw it in the backseat and let her breasts hang.
_I’ll let him have easy access to my breasts_, Charm thought.
Just then, Charm’s phone rang.
“Hello?”
“Hey, girl. What you getting into tonight?” Eden asked.
“Nothing. Nothing.”
“I thought you were going to come by the bar tonight.”
“Nah, I’d jonesing and I need my peach licked right now.”
“Are you on your way to Maxwell’s house?” Eden asked.
Charm chuckled.
“Girl, don’t do it. Remember what happened last time. He could have anybody in his house. He’ll bang anything with a pulse,” Eden said.
“Well, if I’m lucky, I’ll be the thing he’s banging tonight.”
“How are you gonna find a man to be in a good relationship with while you’re still knocking boots with Maxwell?”
“No lectures tonight, Eden. Please and thank you,” Charm said. She disconnected the phone, exited the car and began to approach Maxwell’s house.

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Xander sat bare-chested in his family room watching TV when the doorbell rang.
Xander stood and walked to the door. McKinney, every bit of five feet, ten inches of thin super model DNA stood at the door.
“You can’t drop by my house without calling me,” Xander said. “I might have your best friend in the house boning her right now.”
McKinney had a best friend, Britney, who Xander planned on laying his pipe to in the very near future.
“You wouldn’t do that Xandy,” McKinney said and hugged Xander. She pulled him close—his nose grazing below her belly button. He inhaled deeply. McKinney, no fan of panties, didn't have on any today.
McKinney stroked the back of Xander’s head. His head leaned toward her crotch. Xander resisted. The pussy of a woman who stood about five feet ten was the perfect location for his mouth. He could eat succulent model tacos without having to bend his knees. They just lifted up a leg.
“Can I get a late night quickie?” McKinney asked and followed Xander to the couch.
Xander stared at McKinney—brown hair, brown eyes with smooth skin, slender legs, and small firm breasts. After about a month of intimacy, Xander had showed up at a fashion show where McKinney modeled clothes by an up-and-coming New York designer. At the after party, Xander sat at the bar and eyed McKinney. She met his gaze but did not walk over to him. In fact, she did not acknowledge him at all. After the night of the fashion show, Xander stopped returning her calls or giving her the best pounding of her life.
Xander stood and walked to the specialty shorter sized kitchen counters. They were lowered for his height. He leaned against a cabinet. McKinney followed.
“You disrespected me at your party two weeks ago,” Xander said.
“I did not. It was a misunderstanding,” McKinney said, lying.
“No. We locked eyes. In a room full of all those so-called beautiful people, you couldn’t even say, ‘Hi’ to the man whose jackhammer you’ve been sucking for 30 days.” Xander walked to his couch and sat.
McKinney flopped face first on the couch with her legs across Xander and started to cry. Her short red dress rose up, her panties were absent and he saw her bare ass. McKinney parted her legs and propped up her
hips ever so slightly. Xander caught more than an eyeful of hot, pink flesh.

*Oh God, a bald pussy... It's my weak spot,* Xander thought.

Xander tried to get down from the couch but McKinney turned around, pressed her knees against his chest and dropped one of her legs. Xander looked again and saw her wet below-the-waist lips. Her vagina called to him. Xander’s penis got hard fast. McKinney focused on the front of his pants.

With her legs open, she leaned toward him and started kissing his neck and face. She placed her hand around his extra long cock.

“T’、““ I’m not doing you tonight,” Xander said moving her hand and pushing her legs away. “My therapist said you’re not good for me.”

McKinney grabbed Xander’s wrist as he stood in front of the couch. “We don’t have to do it, just let me give you head. I’ve been dreaming about it,” McKinney said flicking her tongue at Xander as she pulled down Xander’s pajama bottoms.

She slowly kissed and licked his penis. Xander stood there biting his lip. McKinney took her dress off over her head and revealed breasts the size of oranges.

Xander balled his fists.

*I have to stop sexing McKinney,* Xander thought.

“But them lips…,” he mumbled under his breath.

McKinney heard him, stopped sucking on his loverod, stood up and walked over to the wall.

"Come here, Xander," she purred. Xander walked toward McKinney, knowing he couldn't resist. McKinney threw a leg over his shoulder and he stuck his tongue inside of her until she screamed repeatedly.

McKinney walked to the bedroom while holding Xander’s hand. Xander admired McKinney’s ass while they walked. McKinney released Xander’s hand and walked over to the stool in his bedroom.

She sat on the stool and opened her legs.

“Come to mama,” McKinney said and pointed her moist taco right at Xander.

“Them lips,” Xander said again and dove head first into her folds. He licked her and stuck his face in as deep as her tunnel would allow.

Xander grabbed her ass as she sat on the stool and pushed her closer to him. She wrapped her legs around his back and as she came, the vibrations circled his tongue.

Xander loved his royal blue colored stool. He had it made specifically for his height. Any woman sitting on the stool who opened her legs gave him exactly what he wanted, a mouthful of pussy.

McKinney came over and over again and Xander couldn’t take his tongue away. He was a master at ravaging peaches, a skill he learned from one of his father’s mistresses as a teenage boy. As he stuck his tongue inside of McKinney, he remembered Dani Staples. Dani, a grown woman 25 years older than him, had turned him into a pussy addict.

Twelve years ago, as a 17-year-old, Xander had walked down the street in his Philadelphia neighborhood. Dani Staples, a fine-ass single woman who lived down the street from his family, yelled out to him.

“Hi Junior,” Dani said.

Xander stood, puzzled.

“Don’t be confused. I’m talking to you.”

Xander pointed at himself.

“Me?” he asked.

Dani walked inside her house and motioned for Xander to follow.

“You want something to drink?” Dani asked.

Without waiting for an answer, Dani gave him an orange soda.

“I’ll be right back.”

Dani disappeared to the upstairs and returned wearing a sheer negligee and sat next to Xander on the couch.

“I know your father,” Dani said.

“Oh yeah, so what. If you're looking for him, I don't know where he is.”

“Yeah, I understand, he left. But, um, he was legendary… Do you have a girlfriend?”

“No,” Xander said.
“Do you want to have one?” Dani asked.
“Girls at school don’t talk to me.”
Dani put her hand on Xander’s thigh.
“Do you want this to change?” Dani asked.
Xander just gave her a blank stare. Dani leaned into him and kissed him on the lips. She took his hands and put them up to both of her breasts.
Xander had an erection about to cut through his pants.
“I gotta go. I need to go home,” Xander said, sweating and panting.
“No, you don’t. It’ll be okay. I’m going to teach you about being with a woman,” Dani said and slipped her hands down his pants. Before her hand had massaged his penis for more than a few seconds, he ejaculated into her palm.
“Glad the equipment works,” Dani said.
Xander stepped back and stared down at the floor.
“Don’t be embarrassed. If I’m a good teacher, you’ll come many times when you’re here,” Dani said.
Dani and Xander went up to Dani’s bedroom and she took off her gown. Xander explored her body with his hands. He mainly kissed her breasts because they reminded him of two big tan melons with juicy chocolate-covered nipples.
“You knew my dad?” Xander asked one day as he left Dani’s house.
“Yes.”
“What can you tell me about him?” Xander asked.
“You have a much bigger cock than he does and he was no shrimp.”

Xander walked home and stood a little taller after spending time with his Dad's mistress. Even if he and Dani were the only ones who kept his secret, he had a big dagger and Dani showed him exactly how to use it.

“Get on the floor inside the square,” Xander said. Xander had blue carpeting with gray squares throughout his bedroom. If positioned within the gray squares properly Xander's cameras could get the best angles of his various sex positions. “Right in front of the stool.”
McKinney did as instructed. Xander adjusted the stool and sat on its edge and gave McKinney a throat full of his jackhammer. As McKinney circled her tongue around the ridge on his penis, Xander's semen filled his shaft. McKinney licked and licked and finally when he couldn’t take it anymore, Xander pulled back and ejaculated on McKinney’s face.

Perfect, Xander thought looking over at his hidden video camera. I’m not fucking her ever again. There are plenty of women just like McKinney.
Chapter Two

As Charm walked up Maxwell’s steps, she saw Maxwell walking half naked into his living room. He had on a pair of fitted boxers and he carried a glass of wine.

“Damn, he must already have someone with him,” Charm said.

A naked woman with hair down to her ass stood up and kissed Maxwell on the lips. The woman rested on her knees and pulled down Maxwell’s shorts from the sides. She took the glass of wine and drank from it. Then she lowered the glass to Maxwell’s penis and dipped his shaft in the wine glass.

“Wow. A dick dipped in wine. I’ll put that on my to-do list,” Charm said. The woman started kissing on Maxwell’s penis and sucking as if a trophy, sash and tiara awaited her at the end of their session.

“I’d vote for her,” Charm said as she watched the woman’s rhythmic motions of her head and lips massaging Maxwell's member.

"Damn," Maxwell said and closed his eyes. Charm ran her hand over the top of her breast.

"Wow! She's good," Charm said and Maxwell turned toward the living room window.

Charm stood in a trance, watching her jump-off get his sausage sucked by a professional, clearly. And yet, she couldn’t move.

Maxwell snapped his fingers and pointed to the window. He motioned for Charm to come in. Charm pointed at herself.

"Is he talking to me?" Charm thought.

"Me?" she asked.

Maxwell pointed to the door and mouthed, “It’s open.”

Charm glanced at the front door and paused. Maxwell still had his dick in the girl’s mouth and the girl's mouth suctioned him like a Hoover vacuum.

You won, bitch. Charm wanted to tell her. No one will ever suck his cock like you did. Ever. Now, get the hell out so I can get some suction to my titties.

Maxwell grabbed the girl by the head. She released him and he walked to the door.

“Hi, Charm,” Maxwell said as he opened the door. “I haven't seen you in a while.”

Charm nervously grabbed the side of her jacket which displayed a hardened nipple through her shirt.

“Yeah, um, I dropped by to say, ‘Hi.’ You’re busy though, so maybe we can get together another time.”

Maxwell stared at Charm’s nipple and licked his lips.

“Nah, you came this far, you can come in. And before you say anything, there are no jealous jump-offs in here.”

“But, you do have someone in here though.”

“It’s alright. We’re just friends. Me and you can go upstairs. Ria is cool, trust me,” Maxwell said.

Maxwell grabbed Charm’s hand and pulled her inside the house. Maxwell’s erection bounced but he walked as if he were fully clothed and some chick hadn't been slobbing his knob just a few seconds ago. So full of himself... he always liked women to stare at his naked body.

“Ria, this is my friend, Charm,” Maxwell said, rather nonchalantly. Maxwell helped Charm take off her jacket.

Ria looked at Charm whose nipples were still hard. Charm had on a short, “fuck me” skirt with no panties.

“What’s up.” Ria said and grabbed a tank top off the couch. She slowly pulled on the shirt like she had an audience. The shirt fitted tight on her breasts. She could win a wet t-shirt contest without the water.

Ria smiled at Charm and walked into the kitchen. Charm looked at Maxwell for a second and then allowed her eyes to follow Ria.

She has stripper’s body. That's for sure, Charm thought. She had a tiny waist, but a really fat, round ass. Her skin shined in a hue the color of Beyoncé's and was absolutely flawless. I bet guys throw themselves at
Maxwell led Charm upstairs into his bedroom. He put on a silk robe and sat on a chaise lounge while Charm sat on the bed across from him.

“I thought I was never gonna see you again,” Maxwell said.

“Never say never... I’ve gotten over the fact that you put a naked picture of my ass on your Facebook page,” Charm said, lying.

“It’s your fault. Your ass is plump. Makes me weak.” Maxwell lifted his leg up and his penis poked through the luxurious fabric.

“We’ve had some good times together. I just wanted to see you,” Charm said.

“Come over here,” Maxwell said.

Charm stood over Maxwell who lifted up Charm’s shirt and started to slowly kiss her nipples.

What I’ve been waiting for, Charm thought.

Charm’s clitoris started tingling as Maxwell’s tongue circled her nipples. But then, Charm pulled back.

“What’s wrong?” Maxwell asked.

“What’s up with your girl downstairs?” Charm asked.

“Is she gonna have a problem if she finds you up here gettin’ some?” Charm said.

Maxwell put his arm around Charm’s tiny waist and licked around her belly button. “She’d be mad if I wasn’t gettin’ it in with you. She gets turned on when other women desire me,” Maxwell said.

“New meaning to an open relationship,” Charm said and moaned as Maxwell’s lips suckled her breasts.

Speaking of open, when are you gonna open your legs and let me eat that snatch?”

Maxwell ran both of his hands over Charm’s backside and lifted up her skirt. He squeezed both of her ass cheeks.

“Soft and firm,” Maxwell said.

The slit between Charm’s legs tingled as juices began to flow. Charm wanted his tongue to explore between her legs.

Driving to his house without no panties makes me want him even more, Charm thought.

“I’ll be right back,” Maxwell said. “Take your clothes off and get in the bed. I’ve stepped up my technique since I’ve seen you last.”

Maxwell went into the bathroom and turned on the shower. Charm ran her middle finger down the front of her already throbbing clitoris.

“Why? Why?” Charm said out loud. “I try to stay away, but my pussy won’t let me.”

Charm slipped off her skirt and shirt and climbed into the bed.

Within a few minutes, Maxwell returned. He walked carrying the belt from his robe in his hand.

“I want to blindfold you,” Maxwell said.

“I don’t know about that,” Charm said.

“Believe me, it’ll intensify the experience.”

Maxwell pulled back the sheets and climbed into bed. He spread Charm’s legs and licked her clitoris quickly and continued licking until he moved on to her nipples.

Maxwell sucked and sucked on her nipples and gently inserted his middle finger into her vagina.

“Can I put the blindfold on you now?”

Charm’s head buzzed. Her nipples tingled. Her cherry wanted to be licked and sucked at the same time.

“Oh, what the hell.” Maxwell tied the blindfold around Charm’s eyes. “It’s so dark,” Charm said as Maxwell kissed on her nipples. “It feels so good.”

Maxwell pulled Charm to the edge of the bed, where her legs could hang over the edge.

Charm felt his hot warm tongue enter her. The tongue circled her clitoris and then went inside, then circled again.

“Eat my pussy,” Charm said. “Eat my pussy.”

Charm felt some pushing from the end of the bed and each time Maxwell’s tongue entered her tunnel, the bed moved.

"Shit so good, it feels like an earthquake."

Charm came and the warm juices exited her body, but the licking did not stop. Maxwell slurped her juices as if he'd dehydrate without them.
“Oh God. Oh God. You are eating me right.”

Charm felt her body speeding toward another orgasm. Charm's head spun. Her kitty kat dripped with steamy juices—a mix of saliva and her own cum. “Your tongue is gonna make me come back tomorrow... Mmm. Mmm.” Charm's breathing increased and before long she shuttered as her third orgasm ripped through her body.

Her legs shook and Maxwell's tongue slowed down to give Charm a minute to recover.

“You licked me good tonight,” Charm said.

Then, Charm felt his hand caress her breast.

“Yes, my nipples are so hot tonight.”

Maxwell's tongue started again on Charm's cherry. Charm's hips rose to give his tongue what it wanted. Charm grabbed Maxwell's hand and thought, *His hand isn't this small.*

Charm tried to lift her head up and remove the blindfold, but the hot, wet tongue inside of her had her feeling woozy. She started breathing heavily again as she reached the blindfold and pulled it off of her face. The room was dark, but Charm could see Maxwell's friend from downstairs was the one with her tongue inside of her. Maxwell stood behind Ria plugging her, moving his hips and shaft in motion. The visual overwhelmed Charm. Feeling Ria's lips kiss her clitoris while her tongue danced inside her pink walls intoxicated her. Charm wanted to scream stop, but her voice wouldn't let her.

“Stop,” Charm said in a low tone between breaths.

“Stop, stop,” Charm said but Ria wouldn’t stop.

Ria kept licking Charm's wet spot like she'd stop breathing if she withdrew her tongue.

Charmed retreated and pulled away from Ria who chased her slit like Charm's hole was a lock and her tongue held the key. Ria grabbed both of Charm's butt cheeks and pulled her hips closer and inserted her tongue deeper. Charm's breathing quickened.

Ria's tongue had broken all of Charm's defenses. Charm stopped resisting and came again. Juices poured down her leg like a rainstorm. She exhaled and pushed Ria's head away from her.

“What the hell do you think this is?” Charm said, out of breath, and looking for her clothes in the dark.

Maxwell pulled his manhood out of Ria.

“A bitch getting her pussy licked by the best,” Ria said.

“Calm down, Charm,” Maxwell said.

“I'm not gay, bitch,” Charm said. “And I won't calm down.”

“I didn't say you were gay,” Ria said squeezing her big breasts and looking at Charm. “But my tongue felt good, didn’t it?

“Where are my damn clothes?” Charm asked.

Maxwell turned on the light.

“Over there,” Maxwell said.

Ria sat on the bed and spread her legs.

“Ain't nothing wrong with getting your pussy licked,” Ria said. “Matter of fact, my pussy is calling to you, Maxwell. Come over here and do it like I taught you.”

Charmed stood there, stunned. Maxwell climbed into the bed and started licking Ria between the legs like nothing had happened. Ria looked at Charm and stuck her tongue out.

"You know you wanna bring your sweet love hole over here," Ria said. "I'll let you sit on my face while he eats me out." Ria blew Charm a kiss.

Charm felt the little knob between her legs awaken.

"No, I'm good," Charm said, and put on her clothes and ran out the house.

“Fuckin’. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck,” Charm said as she made it to her car.

She picked up her cell phone and nervously dialed Eden’s number. Eden picked up.

“Eden,” Charm said. “You won’t believe what just happened to me.”

“What?” Eden said.

“Maxwell had this girl eating me out while I was blindfolded. I thought it was him!”

“Was it any good?”

“What?” Charm said.

“Her eating you out?” Eden asked.
“How can you even ask me that? I’m not gay. I went over there for a quickie and he boned her from the back while she ate my cookies. And, I mean, she ate the box, for real. My eyes were watering. I never had someone’s tongue me down in such a way, I couldn't say no. She had me. I thought Maxwell had stepped up his game. I should have known better. But then, he never feasted like a professional. I came over and over again. But… screw that. I’m not trying to be gay,” Charm said.

Eden laughed.

“I guess you learned your lesson about Maxwell being your jump-off… You go over there again and ain’t no telling what might jump off,” Eden said.

Charm hung up. The area between her legs throbbed.

“I’ve never come that many times on some cunnilingus. Did the blindfold make me more sensitive? I can't explain coming that many times with Ria kissing my slit? Shit is strange. I need to find me a man, or next thing I'll know my body will be howling for Ria,” Charm said and began dialing her phone.

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Xander had four plastic bags with McKinney's personal items inside. He handed them to her.

"It’s really over between us?" McKinney asked.

"Yes. There's all your stuff. So, there's no reason for you to come over here anymore. We've had our farewell fuck. So, basically, farewell."

McKinney stood with tears in her eyes and grabbed her bags and left.

Xander carried the discs from his video cameras and walked into his basement. A half statue of a naked woman carved out of black marble stood when he entered the basement. The statue sat on a floor stand, and Xander pinched the nipple on the marble breast when he walked past to open a small closet door.

Inside the door, he turned on a light. A black curtain covered a large wall. Xander put the disc into the computer and pressed play. He saw himself eating McKinney’s taco. His joystick hardened again just watching the replay. He fast-forwarded to the part of the video where McKinney had licked his balls and sucked his penis.

“Here it is,” Xander said. The scene froze and showed Xander’s cum all over McKinney’s face. He printed out a color photo. He fast-forwarded to another part of the video where he had turned the stool and McKinney’s bare vagina smiled at the camera. Her parted pussy lips shared the spotlight with a swollen and reddened clitoris.

“McKinney has a great looking pussy,” Xander said and removed the photo from the printer. He pushed at his rising manhood.

Xander rose from his chair and pulled back the curtain. Photos and more photos of women who had their pictures taken while sucking Xander’s bratwurst covered the wall. There must have been at least 50 wall photos. There were photos of women who had their mouths open as he shot cum into it. There were photos of women who had Xander’s semen spread over their faces—just like McKinney. There were also plenty of colored photo shots with women who had their legs spread. He had taken close-ups of the women’s vaginas. There were so many vaginas.

Xander held the two photos of McKinney in his hand.

“Nice to nail ya,” Xander said and stuck the photos on the wall. “Now it’s time for the real work.” Xander sat back down and began typing and uploading McKinney’s photos to his website, ThisMidgetGetsIt.Com.

Xander clicked a PREVIEW button and under a caption that read: LATEST BITCH IN LOVE WITH MY DICK, featured a picture of McKinney with Xander’s cum all over her face. Then, next to it another caption read: HER PUSSY IS WAITING FOR ME TO HIT IT. THIS IS WHAT MODEL PUSSY LOOKS LIKE CLOSE UP.

Xander put his hands in his pants and rubbed his member. He’d become aroused looking at the wall of pussy in front of him. As much as he loved to hittin' skins and have his cock sucked, he probably loved eating pussy even more.

“Those are some beautiful vaginas,” Xander said. “I wonder whose pussy will go next on my wall.” Xander grabbed the Vaseline shelved in a cabinet under the computer console. He stuck is fingers in the Vaseline and began rubbing it all over his shaft. He held his cock with authority and rubbed it and rubbed it
while looking at his wall of vaginas and the wall he affectionately called the “Cum Shot Wall.”

As his breathing increased, Xander started mumbling. “Cynthia, Stacia, Lisa, Tess,…” His eyes fixated on the vagina photos. In very small writing, there were names written under the vaginas.

As Xander came, he thought about his love of new cockpits.

“I’m officially on the hunt for new pussy,” Xander said as he wiped his cum off the wall with a tissue. “I should be able to get some in a day or so—maybe even less.”
Charm sat at the end of High Society bar and grill. She twirled one of her shoulder length curls between her manicured fingers.

“Will Eden hurry up?” Charmaine said under her breath.

Charm’s phone buzzed. She picked it up and read the message.

IT’S RIA, MAXWELL'S FRIEND. WOULD LOVE TO HOOK UP WITH YOU AGAIN. ARE YOU OPEN?

"You gotta be freakin' kidding me," Charm said out loud.

Eden looked over at Charmaine and put one finger in the air.

Charmaine sipped on her glass of white wine and looked at the door.

“What is wrong with you today? You realize I am the owner at this establishment and I’m working, right?” Eden asked and tapped Charm on the shoulder.

“My fault girl, but I’m bored as hell. Maxwell's little friend from the other night just texted me,” Charm said. “Plus, the men out here are ridiculous.”

"What is Maxwell's jump-off texting you for?"

"Hell, if I know? She wants to hook up," Charm said shaking her head.

"Well, it was good for multiple orgasms if memory serves," Eden said with a chuckle.

"Oh, okay. You're on your comedian hour right now. Good to know."

Charm exhaled, "And anyway, what part of 'I need a man' involves Maxwell's jump-off?"

“I hear you. What happened with you and the guy you met at the gas station by Maxwell’s house?” Eden asked.

“He was dumb as a doorknob,” Charm said. “I’m sorry but it’s hard for me to take you seriously if you only have a third grade education.”

Eden laughed. “What about the accountant you met in your office building?”

“Oh God. Really, Eden? He was too uptight. You know I cornered him in the elevator, right?”


Charm recalled the encounter in vivid detail.

Charm wore a grey business suit, black garters, a silk shirt and an open tip bra exposing her bare nipples. She had been speaking with Sherman, the accountant off and on for about two weeks. Sherman, one of the accountants to the stars, had people like Beyoncé and Russell Simmons as clients so Charm knew he had money. Well, on this day, she and Sherman were in the elevator together and Charm hit the emergency stop button. She walked over to Sherman and grabbed him by the collar.

“What would you do if I told you that I wanted to have sex with you right now,” Charm said.

"In this elevator?" Sherman asked, sweat beginning to form on his forehead. He grabbed both sides of his glasses.

“Yes,” Charm said and lifted up her shirt showing him her bare nipples.

“We can’t. Hit the button again so this elevator can move,” Sherman said with his voice cracking.

Charm pushed Sherman against the elevator’s walls. “Sherman have you ever ate pussy? I mean really stuck your tongue in it?”

Sherman shook his head. Charm lifted her skirt up and bent over so Sherman could see her round ass and her wet circle of pink flesh.

“Grab my ass.”

“I can’t…uh. I can’t.”

Charm kissed Sherman on the side of his neck and ran her tongue along his neck until she reached his ear and lightly put her tongue in.
“It’ll be worth it. Now, grab my ass.”
Sherman did as ordered.
“Get on your knees,” Charm said and Sherman hesitated.
“Now,” Charm said.
“If you kiss my wet peach, I’ll let you off this elevator.”
Sherman dropped to his knees and kissed Charm lightly and stopped.
“That’s not enough. Put your tongue in it until I tell you to stop.”
Sherman started darting his tongue in and out—moving his tongue inside of her canal.
“Kiss it and use your tongue,” Charm said.
Sherman, an inexperienced peach licker, grazed well enough for Charm’s clit to throb. He alternated
between kissing her clit and entering her vagina with his tongue.
“Now, lick my clit,” Charm said.
“I don’t know where that is,” Sherman said.
Charm turned around and put one leg over Sherman’s shoulder and pointed to the knob hanging above
the opening of her vagina.
“Lick right there, kiss my lips, and then stick your tongue inside,” Charm said.
Instantly, Sherman followed her directions and Charm came inside of his mouth, right on the elevator.
“Now, wasn’t that the best elevator ride you ever had?” Charm asked while leaning over to hit the stop
button.
Sherman nodded. Charm moved close to him and felt around the front of his pants. His erect dong was
about the size of a fish stick. Charm’s eyes widened.
As the elevator doors opened, Sherman said, “Maybe we can do it again sometime.”
But Charm thought, *Definitely not.*
“That’s some crazy shit. So, he had money but had a little dick,” Eden laughed. “Maybe you are too
hard on these guys. One guy isn’t smart enough, someone’s dick isn’t big enough… I mean maybe you’re
disqualifying everybody.” Eden ran her hand over her forehead—the color of some dark chocolate. She adjusted
the red flower that added serious swag to her attire—a look only Eden could pull off.
Charm sat up straight in the chair. “What? You’re kidding me right?”
“Charm, if you’d listen to me, you’d be in a relationship and probably getting something even better
than what you get from your personal freak Maxwell.”
*Eden did know how to get a man and keep him. She knew how to spot guys with big cocks and big bank
accounts though settling for a big dick and a smaller bank account would work also,* Charm thought.
Eden looked at Charm and nodded.
“Okay, here it is. The next guy who walks in the door, you have to give him an honest chance. Become
make excuses. You have to endeavor to get your ass out of the rut. The next guy breaks the dam open.”
Charm looked around the room and shrugged her shoulders.
“High Society doesn’t have bad male patrons, so I’m game.”
Eden and Charm stared at the door. Within a few moments, the door opened. But at eye level they
couldn’t see anyone. They both leaned to the left and looked down.
A short-statured man who looked like a miniature Tyson Beckford entered the room. He looked to be
about four and a half feet tall.
Charm looked at Eden with wide eyes.
“Hell no, Eden, the bet’s off. He's too short. He isn't even five feet!” Charm said and downed the rest of
her wine in one gulp.
Eden put her hand on Charm’s wrist.
“Let me tell you something, if you don't try to go out with him, you’re going to face a long, lonely cold
winter. I’m telling you. Just aim to be friends with him, it’ll change your karma,” Eden said.
Eden leaned her head toward Charm and walked to the other end of the bar. Charm stared at the short-
statured man who had pulled out his cell phone.
*How is this little asshole gonna change my life? I'm literally a foot taller than him.*
Charm walked over to a small bar table where the short-statured man sat.
“Is anyone sitting here?” Charm asked.
“No,” he replied.
“Well, great. I’m Charm. Up for any company this evening?”
“Sure. Hi Charm, I’m Xander. It’s good to meet you.”
Xander had beautiful brown skin, and slanted eyes. His lips were thick and perfect.
Xander’s phone buzzed but Xander ignored it.
“Do you come here often?” Charm asked.
“A little bit, mostly after work. I like the vibe,” Xander said.
“Me too. I come after work. I wonder why I’ve never seen you here before.”
“Usually, I’m under the radar,” Xander said.
Xander’s phone buzzed again.
“You can get your phone. I’m totally not trippin’,” Charm said.
“I don’t want to get too personal with you—since we just met. But, me and my girlfriend broke up recently and she still wants to keep the lines of communication open.”
“Oh man. I’m sorry to hear about your love troubles,” Charm said.
“Why’d you break up?”
“You wouldn’t believe me if I told you,” Xander said.
“Try me,” Charm said while noticing Xander's extremely well built physique under his child-sized business suit.
“She was jealous of other women who tried to talk to me or who were interested in me,” Xander said.
Charm smiled. “Really?” Charm put her hand up to her cheek.
"Have you been dating since the break-up?"
"Not really," Xander said and sipped his drink.
"Instead of dating, maybe you just need a friend you can talk to," Charm said knowing being friends with him would get Eden off her back. Plus, he didn't have any benefits to offer her anyway.
Xander nodded. "Sounds good."
Xander’s phone buzzed again.
“I should go,” Xander said while collecting his phone.
“Hold on, it was great to talk to you. Can we exchange numbers?” Charm asked.
“Yes,” Xander said while giving Charm his phone.
“Type your name and number in.”
After Charm finished typing, she gave Xander his phone.
“Can I take your picture so I can put it next to your name in my phone?” Xander asked.
“Of course,” Charm said and leaned down revealing more than an eyeful of cleavage.
Xander smiled showing bright white teeth and took the photo.
Xander exited the bar as unimposingly as he had come in.
Did he just feed me a line? Charmaine wondered. What does he have that his girlfriend doesn’t want another chick to get a hold of? That’s probably just some game. Short men have game too.
Chapter Four

Xander’s client, Valerie Ayers, was 15 years Xander's senior, but absolutely obsessed with meeting him on a weekly basis. She paid his company $3,000 per month to come in weekly to check her internet service and make sure no spyware existed on the computer.

When Xander arrived at her home, Valerie wore a black negligee with matching thong.

“Wow,” Xander said. “Is this how you greet the mailman these days?”

“With the kind of package you have, absolutely,” Valerie said.

Xander had made the mistake of using the bathroom in Valerie’s home on one visit without shutting the door completely. She’d apparently seen an eyeful of his penis and ever since then every time he came to work on the computers, she attempted to seduce him.

“Why won’t you have sex with me Xander? Don’t you find me attractive?” Valerie asked.

“Of course, you’re beautiful Valerie, but you’re married. And, I really don’t like to mess with married women.”

Xander sat down at the computer desk in her bedroom and turned it on. Valerie leaned on the desk next to him and cupped her own breast. She grabbed Xander’s hand and placed it in her hairless crotch.

Valerie peeped down at the center of Xander’s pants and said, “I think you want it as much as I do.”

Valerie kicked off her slides and bent over in front of Xander. Pushing her moist folds and ass near his face. She grabbed her cheeks and spread them so Xander could see her pinkness. The thoughts in Xander’s head raced. *Maybe I should put her pussy up on my wall*, Xander thought.

“Just kiss me and I’ll leave you alone,” Valerie said.

Xander ran his hand over his penis and leaned forward and French-kissed Valerie’s clitoris and let his thick tongue dart inside of her.

Valerie stood up.

“I can’t leave you alone now. Let me kiss you.”

Xander looked around the room and exhaled. Valerie unbuckled his pants. Before Xander could say no, Valerie had taken his rod out and ravaged his penis and his balls. She had an appetite.

Xander’s manhood pulsed. He had to admit Valerie knew how to suck a dick—really well. So well, in fact, he wanted to test her wet hole. *Would it be as good as her tongue game?*

Barely able to contain himself, Xander let out his favorite four words, “Get on all fours.”

Valerie complied. Xander entered Valerie’s tight, wet tunnel. With every thrust, Xander felt a swelling of his penis. He hit it doggy-style until she shook on the floor.

Xander put on his clothes and looked over at the nightstand displaying a picture of Valerie and her husband.

*Damn*, Xander thought. “Valerie, this can’t happen again. I’m not into breaking up families.”

In his customized work truck, Xander listened to his messages. He scrolled through his contacts and stopped at Charm’s name. As he pulled out of the driveway, his phone rang. He glanced at his phone. He had an incoming call from Charm. He pushed the ‘ignore’ button.

*It’s still too soon to call or talk to her, Xander thought and exited Valerie’s driveway.*

****

“It’s been a week!” Charm told Eden as she sat at the bar.

Eden picked up her soda.

“The little motherfucker hasn’t called me. Have you seen him around here?”

Eden shook her head. “I haven’t seen him.”
“I thought you said he was gonna break the dam open. I must be pathetic. I can’t get a lil’ motherfucker to call me. He acts like he’s God’s gift, can you believe that?”

Just then Xander sauntered into the bar with a pretty petite girl on his arm. She had an ass like Nikki Minaj and a face like Beyoncé. She towered over him by about a foot. They sat in a booth and ordered drinks.

Every few minutes, she laughed loudly.

“I wonder what they are talking about,” Charm said. “He couldn’t call me all week and now he’s sitting in here with some other bitch. Unbelievable.”

“I still think he’s the guy to break your drought,” Eden said.

“That may be the case, but if he can’t call me, we’ll never find out. Charm said and turned around on her stool. As she turned around, Xander stepped up on the stool next to her.

“Hi,” Xander said.

“Oh, hi,” Charm said, flicked her shoulder-length hair over her shoulder and looked the other way.

“Funny meeting you here,” Xander said.

“Well, not really, like I told you last week, I’m a regular. “

“What’s with the attitude? Is there a problem?” Xander asked.

“Yeah, there’s a problem. You were supposed to call me and you didn’t. I thought we were going to stay in touch,” Charm said.

“My fault. I’ve been really busy,” Xander said.

Charm looked over at the girl sitting in Xander’s booth.

“I see you’ve been busy,” Charm said and rolled her eyes.

“You’re not the jealous type are you?” Xander asked.

“Whatever. I’m not trippin’. I just thought we were gonna be friends, hang out. Laugh. Joke,” Charm said. “I thought we were cool. No biggie. I’m surprised you didn’t call me or call me back.”

"I've been hectic, but I'll give you a call," Xander hopped off his stool and walked back to his booth.

"I hope so, I won't have my friends list open forever."

****

Pretty women always think they have an upper hand, Xander thought. I know all about them. During his senior year in high school, Dani encouraged him to start lifting weights.

“Muscles are sexy,” Dani told him. “Being strong is a turn-on.”

“Girls don’t look at me like they look at guys who are taller than me,” Xander said.

“You gotta get over it. Make the best of what you have… Take your clothes off.”

Xander removed his garments and stood in front of Dani.

“Your shoulders are solid. They’re wide. Once you add more muscle, you’ll have quite an enviable body,” Dani said.

She rubbed her hands over his stomach and touched his penis.

“Groom yourself impeccably,” Dani said.

“Shave your body hair. Women love men who take care of themselves.”

Dani took out a beard trimmer and went over Xander’s pubic hair.

“It looks even bigger,” Xander said.

“Exactly. The effect that you want,” Dani said.

Dani took a warm rag and wiped the stray hairs from his pubic area and away from his penis.

Dani took off her clothes and stood in front of Xander. His johnson throbbed and stuck out as straight as an arrow.

“Look at my body,” Dani said.

Xander’s eyes were fixated on her breasts and then he moved down and looked at her. She had one strip of neat hair, sorta like a short rectangle leading to her clitoris. She sat on the bed and spread her legs. Xander grabbed at her breasts.

“No, Xander. Look at my pussy. Come closer to it,” Dani said.

“Look at how pink it is. Look at my skin. Look at the opening. The opening is ready because I’m turned on by you,” Dani said. “A woman’s deepest love connection—you’re staring right at it. If you can learn to make
love to the pussy, every woman you ever have sex with will love you forever.”

Xander looked up at Dani, he grabbed at her breasts. He kissed her nipples. Suckling her breasts made him feel like she nourished him.

“French kiss me like I’ve been teaching you,” Dani said.

Xander stood and kissed her with his full soft lips. He slowly and gently slipped his tongue into her mouth. He moved his head slightly. Dani returned her tongue to his mouth before pulling back.

"You are made for this," Dani said before kissing Xander's lips and intertwining their tongues. Xander moved his hands to her breasts and pinched her nipples.

“Wait, wait. I want you to think only about kissing right now. Just think about your tongue and what I'm teaching your tongue to do." 

Xander nodded and kissed Dani some more.

"Now, kiss my clit the same way. Don’t stop until you feel my pussy lips kissing you back.”

Xander fell to his knees and kneeled in front of Dani. He leaned into her and kissed her. He moved his tongue around and held the clitoris in his mouth. Slowly.

“Baby, you are an excellent student,” Dani said and collapsed on the bed. "I didn't even tell you about my clit. And, you knew it was special..."

Xander kissed Dani's clit tenderly and tasted it with his tongue.

"Yesssss. The knob in front of my …make circles around it with your tongue." 

Xander's tongue played with her clit as Dani moaned. Just as her orgasm climbed, Xander stuck his tongue into her tunnel and thrust inside, wanting to satisfy her like his penis would. He worked his tongue inside of her until she came. Powerfully and wet. He felt her vaginal muscles clamp around his tongue along with the juices covering his lips.

Xander stood and Dani lay on her back with a smile on her face that he’d never seen on a girl, let alone a grown woman. She was so happy—so satisfied. She had been thoroughly screwed.

In that moment, he knew he wanted to bring every woman that he liked unparalleled sexual satisfaction.

“Is it my turn now?” Xander asked.

“Yes, I want you to learn how to hold your orgasm as long as possible while I have your penis in my mouth.”

“Seems impossible,” Xander said and put his penis exactly where Dani wanted it—in her hot, wet mouth.

From his booth, Xander looked over at Charm and smiled. He had every intention of calling her and then he’d make her beg. That’s how it always went down. It wouldn't matter if her friends list was opened or closed.
Charm stood in front of her bathroom mirror completely naked. She’d been out of the bathtub for a few minutes. She’d soaked, and rubbed her body with some bath salts and simply admired what God and her mother had given her.

Her skin had a golden tone, and she had a full head of shoulder length curls. Her eyelashes went on for days, and her lips were full—the kind people paid plastic surgeons for. Charm closed her eyes and rubbed her hand across the back of her neck.

“Tension,” she said and grabbed a towel. She pressed the towel over her full C-cup breasts and leaned over. She dried off her abdomen and legs as well. She worked out every day and it showed. Charm worked out on the elliptical machine about 60 minutes a day so her ass would sit up high like all the butt injection girls. Charm turned to the side and admired her ass—a thing of beauty.

“Round, plump and firm… and yet I still can’t get a man,” Charm said. She went into her cream and gold colored bedroom and flopped on the bed.

Her cell phone buzzed. Charm looked. "Another text message from Ria," Charm said and read the message.

SORRY
ABOUT THE OTHER NIGHT. DIDN'T MEAN TO OFFEND YOU. -RIA

How do I even respond to Ria? Charm thought. Her phone buzzed again.

I LIKE WOMEN. SOMETIMES MORE THAN MEN, SO MAXWELL WAS JUST TRYING TO DO SOMETHING FOR ME=HOPE YOU WOULD LOVE IT.

"Love it?" Charm said out loud even though she lay in the bedroom of her house all by herself.

Since Ria had been a tongue bandit with Charm's hot box, Charm had been having dreams every night where Ria licked her at various locations. Charm had a dream where she kneeled on all fours and Ria licked her clit from the back while in the backseat of a car. One of Charm's dreams involved she and Ria being in a club. Charm sat on the top of a cocktail table and Ria ate her out in the wide open and no one even noticed. Her most recent dream involved Ria stopping by her place of work and hiding under Charm's desk. Charm rested her legs on Ria's shoulders while Ria proceeded to bring Charm to orgasm. Every morning after one of the Ria dreams, Charm's panties would be soaking wet.

Ria annoyed Charm especially since she couldn't get her out of her head or from between her legs. Charm stared at the message from Ria and typed a reply.

STOP TEXTING ME.

Charm reached over to her nightstand and pulled out a picture of Titus, her college sweetheart who stood naked in the picture with a stiff baby-maker.

Titus embodied all heart and all muscle, Charm thought, getting wet just thinking about him. They used to have nights in her dorm room where they kicked out her roommate and went at it like wild animals.

He introduced Charm to getting licked from behind. Charm remembered, while taking her vibrator out of the nightstand. She sat on the edge of the bed and clicked on the magic wand with the vibrating head.

Titus used to ask Charm to lay flat on her stomach and then he’d part her legs and lick her wet spot. No matter how dark the room, car, or party, he always managed to find the right spot.

Charm’s nipples hardened as the vibrator’s intensity rubbed against her clit.

Charm remembered Titus’ generously sized penis —long and thick like a cucumber. Titus knew the right time to enter Charm and never dove in too rough or too soft. Every sexual encounter between Charm and Titus reached orgasmic levels. Charm anxiously awaited until the next time Titus would spread her legs and stretch her out.
Charm loved Titus but when she found him in her dorm with his shaft fully down her roommate’s throat, she gave up on Titus and committed relationships.

Someone had left the door to the dorm room ajar even though no one was inside. In the adjacent room, Charm heard faint moans sounding like Titus. Charm dropped her backpack and walked into the room and saw her roommate practically choking on Titus’ tool.

“What the hell?” Charm remembered yelling before snatching her roommate up by her braids and body slamming her to the ground.

Titus had called Charm hundreds of times trying to get back with her—begging for her forgiveness.

“She sucked my dick,” Titus pleaded. “But I did not eat her pussy.”

“Yeah, well, your dick belonged to me and so if you let her suck it, what else are you gonna be doing with that bitch?”

“You take things too seriously, Charm. The bitch asked if she could suck my dick. She told me I didn’t have to bang her. She just wanted to know what my cock tasted like,” Titus said.

Charm slapped Titus in the face as hard as she could.

“How does that sound, Titus? If somebody asked me if they could lick my pussy, you’d be cool with that?”

“I’m not saying that…” Titus said.

“Oh, well then you must be doing the women of the world a favor by letting any woman who wants to suck your cock, suck it. I mean you’re helping them with their research project, right?”

Charm inserted two fingers into her vagina while she held the wand with her other hand touching her clit. Her legs started to shake and Charm smiled. Her clitoris plumped up and squirted. A warm feeling shot through her body and she exhaled. Charm put the vibrator back on the nightstand and climbed under the covers.

“Thank God for vibrators and self-stimulation,” Charm said and cut off the light.

“But when I get that little motherfucker, I’m gonna turn him out. I must get alone in a room with him first.”

****

Xander lay in his bed and looked at his phone. He decided to give Charm a call.

“Hi Charm, it’s Xander,” he said.

“Wow, so you do know how to use a phone,” Charm said.

“Yeah, but when we met, I told you I was getting over a break-up, so it’s been a little rough for me,” Xander lied.

“Oh, I remember. How have you been doing?”

Xander shook his head. *Women will believe anything—telling them about a recent break-up gets more pussy-ridden sympathy than one would imagine.*

“I’m okay. It’s over. But, you know how you get used to someone and then trying to learn to trust again, is difficult,” Xander said.

*I’m laying it on thick,* he thought.

“Been there, done that.”

“Well, I have some time tomorrow. I want to invite you to have dinner at my place. Are you available tomorrow?”

“Yeah, I think so,” Charm said.

“I’ll text you my address. Come by at around 7pm… And I promise no break-up talk. I want to get to know you,” Xander said.

“Cool, I’m looking forward to it.”

Xander hung up and went to his basement and pulled the curtain back on his infamous wall.

*She might be freaky enough to go up on my pussy wall tomorrow night,* Xander thought.
Chapter Six

Charm had worked a long day at her office. Being an executive secretary to the premiere female sports agent in Philadelphia had its share of difficulties. The phones rang off the hook all day, but she focused on Xander being able to break her ‘can’t find a good man’ streak. She also hoped hooking up with Xander would free her mind from all of her "Ria keeps licking me" dreams.

On a run to get her boss some coffee, Charm called Eden.
“Hey, Eden. I’m going over to Xander’s tonight.”
“Are you planning to put the punani on him on the first date?” Eden asked with a chuckle.
“I was thinking about going over there wearing some edible panties,” Charm said and laughed.
“I know I dared you to go out with him, but maybe you should play hard to get. Maybe tease him a little, then maybe he’ll call you more and chase you,” Eden said.
“Listen, I’ve been reduced to using my magic wand on a regular basis… Going over Maxwell's has me thinking about that bitch’s tongue inside of me. And, she keeps texting me. Can’t I just sit on the little guy’s face and call it a day?”
“Not if you don’t want to suffocate him,” Eden said and laughed almost uncontrollably.
Charm opened the door to Starbucks.
“Honestly, I don’t know what I’m going to do, but I’m tired of not getting mine on a regular basis. Maybe if I do a little charity lay with Xander, the sky will open up and some big dicks will be raining down upon me,” Charm said while an old lady looked at her with a frown.
“Big bricks will be raining down on me, ma’am. I work in construction…” Charm said to the woman.
“Uh, Eden I should go, this lady in here looks like she’s ‘bout to have a heart attack.”

****

Charm arrived promptly at Xander’s condo at 7 o’clock. She wore a red wrap dress that accentuated her bra-less breasts and curvy backside.
Xander opened the door wearing blue silk pajamas and some expensive velour slippers.
“Hello, Charm, “ Xander said.
“Heyyy,” Charm said and leaned down to hug Xander. She purposely bumped her left breast into his chin.
Xander just smiled and walked into the kitchen as if he’d seen perfect breasts like Charm’s on a regular basis.
“Follow me,” Xander said and walked into the kitchen.
Xander had cooked steak, potatoes, and green beans on the top of the stove.
“The food smells delicious,” Charm said and extended her right leg out of her skirt—exposing a lot of thigh.
Without turning around, Xander said, “It's fried steak—one of my mom’s favorites. I hope you love it.”
Xander cut off the stove and began to put the food on the plates. He sat down across from Charm at an eloquent glass kitchen table.
Charm enjoyed a fork full of potatoes.
“This is so good. Where’d you learn to cook like this?”
“ Mostly my mom, but I’ve had ladies in my life that have shown me things in the kitchen.”
Charm stared at Xander—especially when he talked. His dark brown skin, his slanted eyes, and his full lips were sexy as hell. Charm’s nipples were aroused just watching him eat.

*Letting him get some won’t be so bad after all*, Charm thought.
After dinner, Charm and Xander went to sit on the couch in the family room. The furniture, specially sized for Xander's height, sat lower to the floor. Shades of navy blue and gray spruced up the room with a masculine touch.

“So what do you do for a living?” Charm asked.
“I’m in IT. I fix computers and stuff,” Xander said.
Charm scooted a little closer to Xander and leaned over toward him a bit—close enough so he could smell her perfume.

“You smell good,” Xander said.
Charm laughed and put her hand on Xander’s thigh.
Xander grabbed Charm’s hand and looked at her in her hazel colored eyes.

“Thanks for coming by, but I have an early day tomorrow with some clients. We’ll have to do this again next time,” Xander said and stood up.

While they were both standing, Xander’s eyes were level to Charm’s breasts. Xander stepped away and reached over to turn off a lamp.

Charm’s eyes widened when she noticed the loose-fitting lounge pants that Xander wore hid a huge member extending to his knee.

*That can't possibly be a banana in his pocket. His third leg is swollen! It must have reacted when I touched his thigh,* Charm thought.

“Xander, come here for a minute,” Charm said and sat back down.
Charm opened her legs and allowed Xander to stand between them. Charm leaned forward and whispered in his ear.

“Can I convince you to let me stay for a while?” Charm asked and took one of Xander’s small hands and placed them on her right breast.
Xander kissed Charm on the cheek.

“Business comes first. So, not tonight—but maybe another time,” Xander said and walked toward the door.

Charm rose from the couch and wanted to turn Xander around and put his face in her vagina.

*He's a sexy lil’ motherfucker, for sure,* Charm thought. *He has some tight abs and a tight little ass.*

“Well?” Xander asked.

“Well, what?”

“Can we do this again another time?” Xander asked.

“I’ll think about it. I’m not used to being turned down,” Charm said.

“It’s not personal,” Xander said.

Charm turned around one more time to hug Xander and maybe convince him that his foot-long should be in a tight tunnel like hers. She had parted the front of her dress to let him get a whiff of her exotic feminine aromas, after all his nose and her twat met at the perfect elevation.

He inhaled and smiled. He opened the door and Charm left.
Before she could get out of Xander’s house, she called Eden.

“Eden! You are not going to believe this!” Charm said.

“What? Did the date with Xander not go well?” Eden asked.

“It went fine. He had to work so I had to leave early. But check this out, he's 12 inches,” Charm said.

“No way,” Eden said.

“You're hallucinating. Maybe you're getting it confused because he's so short,” Eden said.

“Listen, Eden. I calculated it. From his crotch to his knee is about twelve inches. He had on some pants and I could see all of his junk. I’m telling you he’s a foot long,” Charm said.

“Wow. Well, what are you gonna do with him now?”

“I’m going to have him addicted to my cookies ‘cause I know if he knows how to use his foot-long sausage, I could be happier than I’ve ever been,” Charm said.

“Remember, Charm, this isn’t just about sex—you are supposed to give him a chance on all levels. Using him for sex will not help you find a good man,” Eden said in her scolding tone.
“Whatever! I told you it’s 12 inches,” and then Charm hung up. "Now, I know what his ex-girlfriend wanted to keep everyone else from getting."
Chapter 7

All women fall for the idea of a big penis, Xander thought. Charm is no different. She practically asked me to look at her pussy tonight. These lounge pants always work.

Xander took off his lounge pants and stepped into the shower. He thought about his first teacher, Dani. Dani taught him to be creative in the ways he showed women the largess of his penis. They were automatically going to discount him because of his height.

“Who is the most popular girl at your school who you know is having sex?” Dani asked.

Xander lay naked beside Dani having had received the best head he’d received all week. He could barely think straight.

“Penelope Jones. She’s the captain of the cheerleading squad and she’s the quarterback’s girlfriend. She hangs out in the weight room sometimes. I see her when I’m there.”

“How do you know she’s having sex with her boyfriend?”

“After I lift weights, I’ve seen them in the shower stalls,” Xander said.

“Your shaft is the bait now. What are you gonna do to get her on the hook?” Dani asked.

Xander’s penis stiffened just thinking about it. He climbed on top of Dani and started kissing her breasts. He thrust his penis inside of her and he thought about banging Penelope Jones until Dani screamed out in pleasure.

The next day at school Xander worked out. As expected, Penelope hung around the weight room and the shower as everyone left. Xander took a shower when the locker room was vacant and waited for Penelope and her boyfriend to get busy in the shower.

Before long, Simon had Penelope’s back against the shower wall and he got busy. She made noises, but by the looks on her face, Xander could tell she’d rather be painting her nails. As expected, Xander's cock stood at attention just looking at Penelope’s perky tits bouncing up and down.

Xander appeared from the shadows and with one hand covered over his eyes. He acted like he didn’t mean to see Penelope and Simon. With his other hand, he jiggled the back of his towel and it fell to the ground. He stood to the side and heard Penelope gasp. Out of a crack between his fingers, he could see Penelope staring at his meat with shock and disbelief.

“Damn, baby, you getting wet now,” her boyfriend said as Penelope stared at Xander. Xander picked his towel up off the floor and looked at Penelope who had a sly smile on her face.

The next day at school, uber-popular Penelope Jones walked over to Xander’s lunch table and spoke to him for the first time ever.

“Hi, you’re Xander, right?”

“Yes.”

“Hi, I’m Penelope.”

“Okay.”

“Um… I think we have the same math teacher and I heard you were really good in math, so I wanted to know if you could tutor me later.”

“I don’t drive, Penelope. So, I really couldn’t stop by your house, plus I work out after school. Sorry.”

Xander started to get up and throw away his lunch tray.

“What if I picked you up or took you home after you worked out?” Penelope asked.

“Would your boyfriend be okay with us being together?” Xander asked.

“We’re just studying. Where's the crime?”

“Okay. I shower after I work out, but I can study with you afterwards. It’s cool with me.”

Penelope drove Xander to her house in silence. When they arrived Penelope led Xander to her bedroom. Xander looked around for the math books, but he didn't see any.

“I saw you yesterday while I had sex with Simon.”
“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to startle you or freak you out. I haven’t told anyone,” Xander said.
“I’m not worried,” Penelope said and took off her sweatpants and stripped down to a tank top and some
short cheerleader shorts.
“I saw your penis, Xander,” Penelope said.
“And? I apologized to you. Let’s move on,” Xander said.
“I want to see it again,” Penelope said. Xander's eyes widened for a moment.
All the lessons Dani had taught him so far rushed through his head.
*Should I get her blow me? Should I eat her out? Should I just hit it and leave?* Xander wondered.
Xander stepped back and Penelope leaned forward and grabbed at his crotch.
“This isn’t show and tell,” Xander said. “Plus, you have a boyfriend, this could get messy. I wouldn’t
want him to hurt me because you want to look at my cock.”
As if she didn't hear him, Penelope pulled Xander’s sweatpants and boxers down at once.
“Damn. Your dick is huge. I heard black guys had the biggest dicks, but this is insane.”
Xander tried to remember what Dani told him.
_Pussy controls women. Focus on the pussy._ Xander heard those words in his head.
“What do you want Penelope? You’re looking at my shaft now. What do you want?”
“I want to have sex with you. I want the biggest dick I’ve ever seen inside of me,” Penelope said and
took off her clothes.
“I have rules, Penelope. My cock has rules. If you want it to make you feel good, you have to kiss it and
worship it. Get on your knees.”
Penelope attempted to put all of Xander in her mouth at once. She gasped and choked, but tried as hard
as she could to do a good job. Xander withdrew a little allowing her to suck off half of his dick.
Xander pulled her by her hair.
“I said kiss it. Lick it. You can’t swallow a 12-inch kielbasa. So don’t try,” Xander told her and she did a
better job giving him head. Dani would have been proud of how he handled Penelope.
“Sit on the edge of the bed and close your eyes,” Xander told her.
Xander parted her legs and moved some of her blonde pubic hair away and darted his tongue into her
vagina. She screamed.
“Oh my god. Oh my god. Oh my god.” She’d had an orgasm before Xander had even put his dagger
inside of her, but when he finally entered her, she smiled just like Dani smiled after they had sex. Penelope, the
most popular girl in high school, smiled because she had just got nailed _extremely well_ by Xander.

Xander stepped out of the shower and heard his phone buzzing. He looked at it. Charm called. Xander
sat on the edge of his bed and let the towel around his waist fall open.
“Charm can’t wait to put her lips on this schlong,” Xander said and stroked himself. He picked up his
cell phone again and said without dialing anyone in particular, “Charm, you’ll have to wait.”
He had a bull's-eye hanging on a stand across from his bed. When bored and horny, he’d see how close
he could shoot his cum to reach the red and black bull's-eye. Today he'd try again. Between reminiscing about
Penelope and thinking about Charm’s fat ass, he stroked his beef until his cum hit the bull's-eye.
_Maybe tomorrow night, my bull's-eye will be the back of Charm's throat,_ Xander thought and drifted off
to sleep.
Chapter Eight

“Damn Eden! I left him 5 messages, 3 texts and he hasn’t returned one call or text yet,” Charm said while sitting at the bar talking to Eden.

“His dick musta been 12 inches cause you losing your freakin’ mind,” Eden said with a snort. “How many days has it been?”

“Three,” Charm said and took a sip of her drink.

“You said he’s busy, so calm down,” Eden said.

“I think he was taunting me, letting me see how big he is even though he’s probably gay. You know some men are cruel like that. A gay man with a firehose like his don’t want none of this creamy peach goodness,” Charm said and stood up.

“He didn’t give off the gay vibe to me,” Eden said.

“Well, what else could it be? I don’t know a straight man alive who can resist me,” Charm said and sauntered off to the ladies room.

As she fixed her hair, Ria walked in wearing a sheer, tight, short gray dress revealing perfect grapefruit-sized boobs and nice legs. Ria's hair was pulled into a neat blonde bun.

"Hi, Charm," Ria said.

"Do I know you?" Charm asked.

"Intimately," Ria said and slid her tongue over her lips slowly. "It’s me, Ria. Maxwell's friend." Ria pirouetted so Charm could get an eyeful of her hourglass figure.

"Did you follow me here?" Charm asked and rolled her eyes.

"No, but Maxwell did tell me it was one of your hangouts. I wanted to apologize in person, for our first night, for the texts, I didn't want you to think..."

Just then, another woman as pretty as Ria walked in and grabbed Ria on the ass. The woman stood about five foot seven inches, was the color of a chestnut, had straight, bright white teeth, and dimples in both of her cheeks. Her hair was short like a Halle Berry type cut, and she had on a nice crisp vest with a white tank top underneath and a pair of black pinstriped pants. She completed her dapper outfit with a pair of black and white, wing-tipped oxfords.

"What's taking you so long? I thought you were in here letting somebody eat your fruit cocktail," the woman said loud enough for Charm to hear while she eased her hand underneath the hem of Ria's dress and started squeezing her ass. Ria’s eyes widened and her lips parted.

"And, of course, I want that job, exclusively," the friend said and sized up Charm with her eyes.

Ria pointed at the friend. "Alexis, this is Charm. Charm this is Alexis," Ria said, speaking with a rapid pace.

From the looks on Ria's face, Alexis had already put her finger in her pussy or her ass, Charm thought. Ria patted Charm’s arm. "I wanted to talk to you... and explain... but I ..."

Ria's breathing pattern had changed. Alexis pulled Ria into the large stall without closing the door. Alexis kneeled on the floor in front of Ria and lifted up Ria's dress. Alexis started french kissing Ria's clit and massaging her ass at the same time.

Ria pulled up her dress so that her naked hips, hairless pussy, and bouncy titties were in full view. Charm's lips parted as she stared.

Ria threw her leg over Alexis's shoulder and Charm saw Alexis kissing and delving further into Ria's hotbox. Alexis's tongue darted in and out of Ria. Ria had her eyes closed and then she opened them and her eyes locked with Charm. Charm and Ria stared at each other.

"This is my pussy," Alexis said. "And my ass." Alexis grabbed Ria's cheeks and pulled her closer. Alexis looked away from Charm as Alexis placed a middle finger at the entrance of Ria's ass. Ria screamed and grabbed the sides of Alexis' face.

"Turn around," Alexis said. Ria grabbed the top of the bathroom stall and stared at Charm again.
Alexis kneeled and lifted the bottom of Ria's dress and palmed her ass with each hand. Alexis leaned in and bit Ria on her ass.

"How does that feel?" Alexis asked while planting bite marks all over Ria's backside in between palm squeezes.

"It feels like you want to taste it," Ria said and licked her lips. Charm couldn't break her stare and licked her lips as well.

Alexis took the tip of her tongue and started dipping into the top curve of Ria's backside. She spread her ass cheeks and kissed at the top of her ass.

"Wider," Alexis said as Ria spread her legs.

Alexis crawled in front of Ria and sat with her back against the bathroom stall. She cupped the bottom of her ass cheeks and licked her clitoris.

Ria moved her hips in a circular motion. With every dip, Alexis stuck her tongue out and squeezed Ria's ass at the same time.

"You know how to take care of this kitty kat," Ria said.

Alexis took her finger and put it in her mouth and then stuck the finger inside of Ria's ass.

"How's that feel baby?" Alexis asked.

Ria’s hips gyrated and dipped low.

"Oh God. Alexis. Fuck me. Fuck me."

Charm watched as Ria's eyes rolled back in her head. Then, shook her head and walked out of the bathroom.

"That bitch knows how to fuck and be fucked," Charm said and exhaled.

As for me, I need help. I'm so horn, I'm watching other people having sex, Charm thought. I gotta change that immediately.

****

Back in his office, Xander called Charm.

“Charm, I apologize for not calling you sooner,” Xander said.

“Yeah, whatever,” Charm said.

“I’ve been swamped over here. How can I make it up to you?” Xander asked.

“You can come over to my house tonight after work,” Charm said.

Xander looked at a calendar on his desk.

“How about I stop by around 8pm?”

“That’d be great,” Charm said.

Xander reclined in his chair. He could tell Charm smiled through the phone.

“Do you like Thai food?” Xander asked.

“Love it.”

“Well, I'll bring some when I come,” Xander said and hung up.

Xander looked at the photo of Charm on his phone. Chomping at the bit, Xander thought.

****

Charm showered and dried off, making sure to put her creamy body butter all over. She put on a short Japanese kimono barely covering her crotch. Made of a satin and the color of pink bubblegum, the kimono had black butterflies all over it. Her hot pink pedicure set off her outfit.

She turned on her Bose stereo and a mix of Mary J. Blige, Alicia Keyes and Beyoncé filled the air. She had picked up some fresh flowers from the market before she came home. She lit a couple of candles and set them on the kitchen table. Charm looked up at the kitchen clock, it read 8:17. Charm bit her lip.

“And he’s late,” Charm said. A few minutes later, the doorbell rang.

Charm popped up and almost ran to the door. She slowed down as she reached the front door. She deeply inhaled then exhaled.

“Okay, calm down,” Charm said and opened the door.
“Hi Xander,” Charm said and grabbed one of the bags of Thai food from his hands. “Come on in.”
“Sorry, I’m late,” Xander said.
Charm walked slowly in front of Xander and had her hip switching in full effect. She bent over to the coffee table and put the bag on the table. Charm hoped Xander caught a glimpse of her bare ass under her kimono.
“It's okay. What was it, traffic?” Charm said and sat in a chair to the left of Xander. “You can sit there.” Charm pointed to the couch.
Charm sat and her kimono rose to the very top of her thigh. If she parted her legs just a little, Xander would know exactly why she wanted him over here. Xander reached into a bag and gave Charm a food carton. Charm jumped up and ran into the kitchen.
“I forgot to bring the plates out,” Charm said and put them on the coffee table. When she leaned over, her right breast practically jumped out of the kimono.
Xander and Charm began eating and talking. Every now and then, Charm would catch Xander eyeing her breasts or looking at where the kimono’s fabric ended.
“Why are you so busy at work?” Charm asked and noticed Xander staring at her crotch. Charm slowly opened her legs as she changed positions and crossed her legs again.
Xander put his two hands together and then put one hand up to his mouth.
Charm switched positions again, but this time she kept her legs slightly open a little longer.
He’s staring. I know he can see my pink circle underneath this fabric, Charm thought, but didn’t say anything.
Does he know an invitation when he sees one?

****

Her cherry looks wet already, Xander thought. She wants me to go deep.
Xander stood and pushed on the front of his pants. Though he tried to ignore it, Charm's aura called out to him and his erection.
“Where’s your bathroom?” Xander asked.
Charm stood up and said, “Follow me.” She led Xander to a powder room on the first floor. He peed, washed his hands and took out his phone. He set the timer function for 5 minutes.

Do I just wanna bone her tonight or do I want her to be my fuck buddy whenever I feel like it? I'll make her wait a few minutes, Xander thought and remembered Penelope from high school again.
When Xander started having sex with Penelope, it felt sorta like a science experiment.
“I can’t believe you have such a big cock,” Penelope said one day after one of their sessions. “It is like totally shocking.”

“Why does that shock you?” Xander asked.
“The rumor is black guys, big guys, tall guys, guys with big hands, and big feet… those are the guys with the biggest dicks. You’re black, but you don’t have any of the other traits,” Penelope said matter of factly.
“What does your boyfriend think about you sucking my shocking dick?” Xander asked and put on his underwear.
“Don’t go, Xander. I wasn’t trying to hurt your feelings. It's just that midgets don’t have big cocks,” Penelope said.

Did she just call me a midget? Xander thought. This blonde bimbo just called me a midget.
Penelope kneeled in front of him.
“Take me home, Penelope. The term midget is offensive,” Xander said and grabbed his shirt off a chair. “I’m sorry, I’m sorry,” Penelope said and kissed Xander’s neck.
Xander's erection returned. Looking down at the outline of his manhood, Xander grew frustrated. His erection had betrayed him.
“Let me make it up to you. I’ll do anything you ask me to,” Penelope said.
“Anything?” Xander asked.
Penelope nodded, reached in Xander’s underwear and pulled his shaft out.
“You gotta swallow me whole,” Xander said. “Now put it in your mouth.”
Xander grabbed the back of Penelope’s head and guided her mouth back and forth.

“More suction,” Xander said. Penelope made sucking noises. “Like a vacuum. Imagine your mouth is a vacuum and you’re trying to suck my cum out.” Penelope’s sucking intensified and Xander gently moved his hips forward and backward. His lizard had hit the back of her throat several times. His hips started moving faster and harder; he busted right in Penelope’s mouth. She kept right on sucking and swallowing. Xander smiled.

_I own this bitch_, Xander thought.

For the next two weeks, Xander ignored Penelope’s offers to drive him home or talk to her on the phone. Penelope called Xander’s house several times each day and he refused to talk to her. Penelope had become so frustrated without having her “midget” to get busy with her; she’d even broken up with her football star boyfriend. Rumor had it she called him ‘little dick’ and ended the relationship.

At the middle of the third week, Xander found himself sitting in the bleachers. Xander watched as Penelope performed stunts at cheerleader practice in the gym. When Penelope saw him, she excused herself from practice.

“What are you doing here?” Penelope asked.

“I just wanted to check on you,” Xander said.

“I broke up with Simon.”

“And?” Xander asked.

“And, I just want to be with you,” Penelope said.

“Prove it,” Xander said.

“How?” Penelope asked.

“I want us to go under the bleachers when practice is over,” Xander said.

Penelope looked around the gym. “Here?”

Xander nodded and stood up. Penelope could see his erection through his sweatpants.

“You can either do me in the next 30 minutes or you can kiss my big schlong goodbye. And by kiss it, I don’t mean I’d ever let you suck it again,” Xander said and walked away.

Xander went to the weight room and blew off twenty minutes and hopped into the shower for the other ten. When exactly thirty minutes had passed, Xander walked underneath the bleachers. Two sets of lights were off, but one set remained on. He leaned against the wall and waited for Penelope who appeared right on time. She kneeled down and kissed Xander on the lips and inserted her tongue in his mouth.

“I miss you so much,” Penelope said.

“Show me,” Xander said and Penelope slid to her knees and started to pull on his sweatpants. She had his rod in her mouth in record time.

“It’s so good. Your dick is so good,” Penelope moaned.

Her loud moaning drew the attention of some of her fellow cheerleaders who Xander saw watching him and Penelope. By the looks of their eyes, they were amazed at Xander’s big cock.


Just like the last time he let Penelope kiss on his penis, Xander kept his one-eyed snake in Penelope’s mouth until he came. Grabbing the back of her head, he held Penelope’s head down so she wouldn’t miss a single drop. Penelope smiled and wiped some of his cum as it dripped down her chin. Xander motioned for Penelope to sit on a metal chair underneath the bleachers. She hiked up her cheerleading skirt and showed him the newly shaven split between her legs.

“I am waxed now, just like you told me to,” Penelope said.

Xander kneeled in front of her and put his face in her crotch. He looked to the right and saw the two cheerleaders still watching him and Penelope. He tilted his head back and stuck out his long tongue slowly. He then went tongue first into Penelope’s vanilla cream. One of the cheerleaders gasped. Xander smiled to himself.

Distracted by having her cherry being licked, Penelope didn't notice or care about being watched. Folks could have made a home movie for all she cared.

“I’m getting ready to cum,” Penelope said while Xander lapped her clitoris. Xander's tongue darted in and out until Penelope's pink flesh vibrated around it. Xander stood. He whipped his stiffness out and plunged forward into her hot tunnel and Penelope yelped.

“Whose pussy is this?” Xander asked.
“It's your pussy,” Penelope said.
“Say my name, when you tell me whose pussy this is,” Xander said.
“It’s Xander’s pussy. It’s Xander’s pussy.”

I got this bitch, Xander thought.

Xander sexed Penelope until she came again and he came shortly thereafter. The two cheerleaders who watched them had never seen a performance quite like it.

Since their reconnection, Penelope followed Xander around like a lost puppy. She sucked him off whenever he wanted, she opened her legs whenever he wanted, and she did whatever he asked her to do. And whenever Xander got pissed at Penelope, he reminded her that he could take his big equipment and nail any of her friends on the cheerleading squad. And, they'd love it.

I want to have Charm like I had Penelope. I want her to worship my johnson, Xander thought. I want that slit between her legs to be available to me whenever and however I want it.

The timer on Xander’s phone went off and he exited Charm’s bathroom.
Charm had changed the music to Two Chainz, “I want a big booty girl,” by the time Xander had exited the bathroom. Charm danced like a stripper without the pole. She grinded her hips to the floor and up again. She bent over and exposed her bare genitalia.

Xander stood watching Charm’s performance. Charm pointed for Xander to come toward her and sit in the chair. As he sat in the chair, Charm began to perform a lap dance for Xander. Charm brought her ass so close to Xander, her eyes lit up when his small hands gave her big ass a squeeze. Charm turned around and twerked in front of Xander. Her small kimono frequently showed Charm's goodies—everything below the waist. Charm kneeled in front of Xander.

“I think you are so hot,” Charm said and kissed Xander on the lips.

_Damn even his lips are the bomb_, Charm thought. Charm slowly allowed her tongue to enter Xander’s mouth and she grabbed one of his hands and brought it to the center of her moist folds.

“You got me wet, Xander,” Charm said. “Can you finger me?”

Charm straddled Xander and he took his middle finger and inserted it in Charm’s vagina.

"It feels so good,” Charm said. Charm pulled the kimono off and her big titties bounced around Xander’s head.

Charm looked at Xander and squeezed both of her breasts.

“You got a man?” Xander asked.

Charm shook her head no and Xander stuck another finger in her moistness. She grinded on his two fingers.

“I bet you have something longer and thicker than your two fingers,” Charm said and reached down and grabbed on Xander’s erection through his pants.

“Yes, I do,” Xander said. “But I don’t just give this cock to anybody.”

Xander removed his fingers from Charm and grabbed one of her breasts and put it to his mouth.

“Ummm,” Charm said. “What I gotta do to get some of that love stick?” Charm asked while rubbing her hand all over his penis.

“Depends. How many guys you gettin’ busy with?” Xander asked.

Charm felt lightheaded. She wanted his piston so bad. _Is he really going to be stingy with the dick?_ She wondered.

“I had a jump-off, but I don’t anymore. So if I started sexing you up, it’d just be me and you.”

“That’s what I like to hear,” Xander said and nibbled on Charm’s breast.

“Let me show you something,” Xander said and Charm rose from the chair. Xander pulled down his pants. Charm’s eyes were the size of golf balls. Xander’s manhood went on for days and days.

“Where do you want it?” Xander asked Charm.

Charm parted her lips and without a second thought, she sucked on the head of his snake, wishing the hot venom would shoot down her throat.

“Get on all fours,” Xander said.

He kneeled behind her, and he put his thick tongue in her love canal. Charm clinched hoping to grab the darting wet tongue before she came. But, it didn't happen.

_Like his cock, his tongue was thicker than normal_, Charm thought. _In fact, his tongue is thicker than many dicks I’ve had._

Xander rolled his tongue around in her hot box until her juices were shooting down her leg. He pulled back from having his entire face hidden within her deep pink flesh. He pulled a condom from his pocket and slowly inserted his penis as far as it would go.

“Ahhhh,” Charm said and let out a scream.

_This short man just hit my rib cage_, Charm thought. _Never been done before, but I like it._
Slowly at first, Xander pushed and then pulled a little. He cupped her ass with both of his hands and thrust deep inside of her, again and again.

“How’s it feel, Charm? Am I filling you up?” Xander asked.

“Oh, baby,” Charm said and came for the second time of the evening.

Xander leaned into her and grabbed her right breast. He pinched the nipple.

“Ahhh …. Damn,” Charm said.

The combination of pleasure and pain ripped through her and landed on her clit. Xander thrust and thrust, faster and faster.

“This is the best jackhammer you’ve ever had,” Xander said. “Admit it.”

Charm didn’t say anything.

Xander withdrew his cock and let go of her breast. He grabbed her butt cheeks and spread them with both of his hands.

Charm pushed her ass toward Xander wanting his thick bratwurst to find her hole once again.

“Give me that rod,” Charm said.

“No,” Xander said and rubbed the tip around the tip of her vagina.

“Admit this is the best dick you’ve ever had.”

Charm felt Xander’s hands squeezing her butt cheeks and pulling them apart, exposing a wet body parts wanting further stimulation.

“Yes, your dick is incredible,” Charm said and Xander plunged inside of her with a throbbing force that she’d never felt before.

Xander kept giving it to her and then he exploded. All of his cum completely filled the condom.

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Charm lay on the floor with her legs shaking. Charm is predictable, like all the rest, Xander thought. *I have yet to meet a broad that can resist a big dick and a thick tongue. They’ll sell their first born if you lay the pipe and tongue ’em right.*

Xander’s phone vibrated in his pants and he pulled the phone out and took a picture of Charm lying on the floor asleep. Really, Charm’s ass—tattoo of a rose included—filled his screen.

“Three orgasms put her fat ass to sleep,” Xander said. *And she does have a fat ass. I wonder if I should wake her up,* Xander thought. He stroked his penis as he eyed Charm’s ass. He stiffened right up. Xander ripped open another condom package. He stood between her legs and spread her cheeks again.

“Damn, you still wet,” Xander said and slowly entered Charm from behind. Charm responded and pushed her ass back on Xander.

“Yeah, Charm, give me ya pussy,” Xander said.

“You can have it, Xander. Every day, all day,” Charm said.

*I know, I know,* Xander thought to himself.

Another round of thrusts and pumps and Charm’s vagina had the workout of the decade. Xander came again at the same time as Charm and they both fell onto the floor. His head lay at the middle of her back and his small hand rested on her breast.

*After wearing her out, its time for me to go,* Xander thought. *Staying too long sends the wrong message.*

Xander busied himself and started getting dressed. Charm awakened, but laid on the couch under a blanket. She laid her head back and fell asleep.

Xander took a business card out of his pocket and wrote Charm a note on the back.

*Charm, great to spend time with you. Let’s do it again soon. Xander.*

Xander chuckled to himself. After boning Charm so well he knew she’d definitely want to do it again soon, but he wanted to do more than bone her. He wanted a cum shot for his website and a picture of her juicy, wet peach on his wall. *How long would it be before Charm's face looked back at him on his wall?* He thought. *Maybe a week?*
Chapter Ten

Charm and Eden sat side by side in the nail salon while receiving pedicures. “Tell me how it was,” Eden said and patted Charm on the knee. “You wouldn’t believe me if I told you,” Charm said and licked her lips. “It couldn’t have been that great,” Eden said. But, Charm shot her a look that said it all. Charm closed her eyes and leaned her head back in the chair. She reminisced about Xander's package and his skills. “Xander is big where it counts and he truly knows how to use it. And, he knows how to eat the pink cookies. Better than Ria,” Charm said and licked her lip. "Xander is completely fuck-a-ble in every way." “Could he be your next jump-off?” Eden asked. “Or with skills like his, are you not trying to share him at all?” "Good question,” Charm said and stared out the window.

Charm reflected on Enzo, her jump-off, before connecting with Maxwell. Enzo, a fine Puerto Rican with short wavy hair and beautiful creamy skin, used to make Charm’s panties wet on a regular basis. He had light-brown eyes, and a dimple in his chin. They’d met at a Bloomingdales where Charm shopped for designer jeans and Enzo hung out with his sister. Enzo’s sister had bumped into Charm. “Excuse me, you look like you know your way around this store,” Maria said. “Hi,” Charm said and nodded. “Do you know where the Seven jeans are?” “Sure, let me show you,” Charm said and walked with Maria to the Seven for All Mankind rack. Charm and Maria talked for a little and then agreed to try on jeans and give each other feedback on their looks. One time while Charm modeled a tight pair of Paige denims, Enzo walked up and stood next to Maria. “Girl, those make your ass look hot,” Maria said. Charm stared in the mirror and smiled. Then out of nowhere Enzo said, “Si, mami. Your ass is perfecto.” Maria elbowed Enzo. “Charm, sorry for my brother. He’s very vocal.” Charm looked at Enzo and shook her head. “Hi, I’m Enzo,” he said walking up to Charm and extended his hand. “Hi.”

After trying on jeans, Maria and Enzo convinced Charm to hang out with them in the mall for a while. They ate lunch, had fun and acted as if they were old friends. When the day came to a close, Enzo asked Charm for her number. “I don’t think I should give you my number,” Charm said. “Why?” Enzo said. “Guys want a lot and right now, I can’t give it. I’m a no-strings attached kind of girl.” “Do I look like a guy with a lot of strings?” Enzo asked and lifted up his hands to show that no strings were dangling from his arms. “We can hang out, go to the movies, chill—like we did today—but next time it’ll just be me and you.” Charm gave Enzo her number and the first couple of dates were fun. Like Enzo had said they went to the movies, hung out in the mall and even went bowling. After about a month of hanging out with Enzo, Charm could no longer pretend that she didn't have feelings for Enzo. During a trip to the movies, they held hands, kissed, and when they walked out of the movies, Charm “accidentally” brushed into Enzo to see if he had an erection.
Thank goodness, Charm thought to herself. On the way out to the parking lot, Charm took the keys from Enzo and ran to the car.

“See if you can catch me,” Charm yelled.
Charm ran with the edges of her dress moving in the wind. By the time Charm reached the car, Enzo caught up to her, and thrust his pelvis into her buttocks.
“I see you playin’ tonight,” Enzo said and put his arm around Charm’s waist. Charm turned around and kissed him and slid her tongue into his mouth. Charm put her hand inside the back of Enzo’s waistband.
“I want you, Enzo,” Charm said and pulled him closer.
Enzo hit the alarm to his Chevy Camaro and instead of sitting in the front, Charm climbed into the backseat.
“Oh, you want me to be driving Miss Daisy now,” Enzo said.
Charm lifted up her dress and pulled down her tights to show him her crotchless panties.
“I don’t hardly think so, I want you to come back here with me,”
Enzo unbuckled his pants and joined Charm in the backseat. He lifted her dress and saw her open-tipped bra where her nipples were exposed.
“Damn,” Enzo said and started kissing on her breasts.
Charm pulled on his pants and they came down. Enzo stuck his pulsating penis into Charm’s core and they began to rock the Camaro like a major earthquake.
“Harder. Harder,” Charm said. Enzo thrust more powerfully.
“Damn, mami. Damn, mami,” Enzo said as Charm squeezed his penis with muscles from her hot core. She wrapped her legs around his back and dug her nails into his skin. She climaxed within minutes and admired Enzo’s beautiful skin as they both adjusted their clothes.
The sex was phenomenal, Charm thought and they left the mall parking lot.
As Enzo pulled up in front of Charm’s house, Enzo reached over and touched Charm’s hand.
“I wanna see you tomorrow,” Enzo said.
“I can’t. I have work and stuff,” Charm said.
“What about the next day?” Enzo said.
“Enzo, remember, we agreed no strings attached. Just because we had sex, we’re not in a relationship. You’re not my man,” Charm said and exited the car.
Enzo sped off. The next day Enzo had called Charm no less than 10 times to talk to her. The sex kept Charm asking for more, but Enzo's possessiveness and craziness drove a wedge between the two of them. Two weeks after they’d had sex in his a, Enzo had a tattoo with Charm’s name inked on his bicep.
“Enzo, I told you our relationship or friendship is with no strings attached,” Charm told Enzo one day in front of her office building. “You can’t wait for me at my job, you can’t follow me home, you can’t call me at work twenty times per day.”
“I thought you had feelings for me,” Enzo said.
“I like you, but I’m not ready to be in a relationship,” Charm said.
Enzo lifted up his shirt sleeve and pointed at a freshly inked tattoo with the name Charm in cursive.
“Do you see what I’ve done for you?” Enzo said.
“You know what? Don’t ever call me again. Seriously. Lose my number,” Charm said and walked into her building. Enzo called her name as she entered the building. Charm stopped at the guard’s desk and pointed to Enzo.
“If you ever see him outside of this building, please call the police. I’m not sure what he is capable of,” Charm said and went up to the penthouse suite of her office.
What if Xander doesn’t want to be a jump-off? Charm thought. What if Xander wants to be in a relationship? Could I even handle that?

****

Xander pulled up at Valerie’s house—his horny, middle-aged and very married client. She had called his office and told them a computer emergency had occurred at her home and she’d pay extra if Xander came out today.
What kind of emergency exists on a computer that I just serviced last week? Xander thought. Xander carried his laptop in its bag and rang Valerie’s doorbell. Valerie appeared at the door in a turquoise lace teddy with satin slippers with fur trim.

“Hi, Xander. It’s about time you arrived,” Valerie said and bent down to kiss Xander who turned his head away.

“What’s the emergency, Valerie?” Xander asked.

“I wanted to see you,” Valerie said.

Xander stopped in his tracks and headed back toward the door.

“Wait, Xander, don’t go, don’t go,” Valerie said and grabbed on Xander’s well-built bicep.

“Valerie, I run a well-respected business and I can’t respond to your non-emergencies as if they were emergencies,” Xander said.

“I told your office that I’d pay you extra.”

“Do I look like a prostitute to you? I’m a businessman. I’m here to service your computers, that’s all.” Valerie fell to her knees and started fiddling with Xander’s belt buckle.

Xander grabbed her hand and powerfully gave it a squeeze.

“Valerie, do not touch me. Maybe I gave you the wrong impression, but I do not want to sex you every time I come to your house. That is not what I’m here for,” Xander said.

“But I want to spend time with you,” Valerie said and carried his briefcase to her living room and opened up his laptop on her coffee table. Valerie followed.

“You want to be with me?” Xander asked and powered up his computer.

“Do you want to leave your husband for me?”

“I want us to have a little fun; it doesn’t have to be that serious,” Valerie said.

“Do you want to go out in public with me, hold hands with me in the mall?” Xander asked.

“I want to spend time with you here. Nobody has to know,” Valerie said.

Xander shook his head. Valerie reminded him of Delilah, a girl he’d fallen for in his senior year of high school.

After boning the entire cheerleading squad, Xander decided he wanted a relationship with someone who cared about him and not just his member. Delilah, a beautiful, brown skin girl, sat in his Trigonometry class. She stood about seven inches taller than Xander, but always spoke and smiled at him in class. After getting good grades on the quizzes and tests, Delilah asked if Xander would be a part of her study group. For a few weeks, Xander and Delilah studied together. Often there’d be four or five of them studying together, but on one day, Xander and Delilah were left in her family room studying by themselves. Delilah kept looking at Xander in between him explaining math equations to her. Xander pretended like he didn’t notice, but he felt the electricity in the room. He put his notebook on his lap so Delilah wouldn’t see his hard-on.

“Is everything okay, Delilah?” Xander asked after catching her staring at him.

“Um,” Delilah said. “I want to ask you something.”

“What? You can ask me.”

“It doesn’t have anything to do with math,” Delilah said.

“Okay, go ‘head,” Xander said.

“Are you a virgin?” Delilah asked.

“Why do you wanna know?”

“I never see you with any girls or anything. Have you ever had a girlfriend?”

“Those are kind of personal questions, Delilah,” Xander said and before he could get it out, Delilah kissed him and rubbed all over his crotch.

What happened to the innocent girl from Trig class, Xander thought. This girl has octopus hands!

Xander backed up and stepped away from Delilah.

“Don’t be afraid, Xander,” Delilah said. “I want you to experience sex for the first time.”

I cannot believe my ears, Xander thought. The first time? I’ve been scoring so much, I can’t keep enough condoms in my locker and she wants to give me my first time experience? Just my luck. I guess I’ll play
“What should I do?” Xander asked.
“Well, let me see your penis,” Delilah said.
Xander fumbled with his buckle—as if he’d never taken it off for a woman on her knees in front of him.
“I’ll do that for you,” Delilah said and as soon as she pulled down his underwear, Xander’s penis swiped her on the side of her face.
“Wow,” Delilah said. “You have a big cock—like bigger than guys twice your size.”
“What do we do now, Delilah?” Xander said.
“I’m going to kiss it,” Delilah said. “Be still.”
Xander stood as still as possible while Delilah put her lips around his penis. He wanted to grab the back of her head and say, “Bitch, suck my big cock,” but he decided against it.
“God, Delilah, it feels really good,” Xander said and started to slowly push his one-eyed snake further in her mouth. Without realizing it, Xander had grabbed the back of her head and stuffed himself down her throat. When she started to gag, he pulled back. Delilah started to cough a little.
“Are you okay?” Xander asked.
“Yeah, I just never…” Delilah said.
“Never what?”
“Never sucked one as big as yours before.”
“Mine is still really hard. I need to release it or something,” Xander said. “Can I stick it inside you?”
“Not on the first date,” Delilah said and continued to suck on Xander until he pulled out and his cum shot on the side of her face.
Xander believed Delilah cared about him. He fell in love for the first time with Delilah.
Three months into their basement sexual trysts, Xander started asking Delilah to go out with him—in public places.
“Delilah, you don’t want to hold my hand in school, you won’t go out to the movies with me, but you tell me you love me and I know I love you,” Xander said. “What’s wrong?”
“I don’t wanna talk about that. Can’t we just have sex?” Delilah asked and began to lift up her blouse and show Xander her titties. “You know you wanna suck ‘em,” Delilah said.
“I’m breaking up with you, if you don’t tell me the truth. What’s the problem?” Xander asked.
“Fine,” Delilah said and pulled down her blouse. “I do love you Xander. I love spending time with you, but I am very protective of my reputation. I’m like 6 inches taller than you and… and… “
“And what?” Xander asked.
“And I don’t want to be seen with a midget in public,” Delilah said.
Xander grabbed his stuff and ran out of her house. The truth punched him in the face. The one girl I loved, who I thought loved me, didn’t even want to be seen with a midget, Xander thought. I’ll never let any girl make me feel like that again.

****

Xander stared at Valerie who was on all fours trying to unbuckle his pants.
“Stop Valerie, I want you to do something for me.”
Valerie looked at Xander, hanging on to his every word.
“Turn around,” Xander said and as Valerie turned, Xander clicked on the video camera on his laptop.
“Back up toward me, Valerie…. Now, bend over.” Xander put his small hands on Valerie’s ass and then unfastened the crotch of her lace teddy.
“Your pussy is smiling at me,” Xander said and inserted a finger inside of her. Valerie moaned. “What else do you want from me?”
“I want you inside of me,” Valerie said. Xander slapped Valerie’s bare ass and spread her cheeks wide.
“Turnaround,” Xander said. Valerie complied and began to pull down his pants. His fully erect penis came bouncing out of his fitted boxers and Valerie started kissing the head. Xander put both hands on Valerie’s head and moved his pelvis with the motion of her sucking. Just as he came, Xander pulled back and his semen shot all over Valerie’s face—in full view of the laptop’s camera. Valerie licked her lips.
“You taste good,” Valerie said.
“Go over to the chair and sit down,” Xander said. While in the chair, Xander kneeled down and put his tongue in Valerie’s wet spot. He licked her clit, circled it with his tongue and then darted in and out.
“Close your eyes,” Xander said and walked over to the laptop. He moved it so the camera had a full view of Valerie’s hungry flesh. Xander stroked his manhood. It had already become hard again after licking Valerie’s hotbox. Xander touched the tip of Valerie’s clit with the head of his shaft.
“I’m gonna get some dick, too…,” Valerie said. Xander moved the head of his penis to the opening of her vagina and entered her slowly and then pulled out.
“I want it, I want it,” Valerie said. Xander stroked his schlong again.
“Can I have this pussy anytime I want?” Xander stuck his member inside of Valerie just a little further—beyond the opening but not submerging his full twelve inches. He pulled his dick out.
“I didn’t hear you…” Xander said and stroked his cock some more.
“Yes, you can have my pussy whenever you want.” Xander plunged forward with his foot long. Valerie’s peach oozed with hotness and wetness. Xander thrust and pushed repeatedly.
“Ohhhhh, yessss,” Valerie said. Xander grabbed the sides of Valerie’s hips and brought her toward him. He pushed further and further. *I know I’m hitting her G-spot now,* he thought. Rhythmically and without missing a beat, Xander plugged Valerie until she came three times in a row. He came again and smiled to himself when he thought about the home movie he and Valerie had just made. *If she ever stalks me or gets out of line, I have something to share with Mr. Ayers.*
Xander started putting on his clothes. “I cannot have you as a client anymore.”
“Why not? Isn’t the sex good?” Valerie asked.
“It has nothing to do with how good the sex is. I’m not trying to bang somebody else’s wife on a regular basis. I don’t want some deranged husband coming after me. And, honestly, I don’t fuck my clients at all.”
"My husband doesn't care about what I do. And, I can keep this a secret," Valerie said.
"Listen, Valerie, don't call my office, do not try to schedule an in-home visit. I will no longer accept work from you again."
Xander put on his clothes, grabbed his laptop and ran out of the house. While driving back to the office, he looked at his cell phone. Charm had called. *What does she want? Oh, she wants what they all want: to get a big cock from a little man—that they can't take out in public.*
Chapter Eleven

It had been two days since Charm and Xander had sex and Xander had not called Charm. Charm sat at her desk wondering why not. She’d put Xander’s business card in her desk a while back and pulled it out. She told her boss she’d have to take a long lunch and she headed over to Xander’s office.

****

Xander was typing on his laptop when McKinney showed up at his office.
“You won’t return any of my calls,” McKinney said as she stormed past Chelsea, Xander’s receptionist. Xander stood and closed the door.
“What do you want McKinney?”
“I want you to call me, I want to spend time with you,” McKinney said.
“You don’t want to spend time with me, really. You just want to fuck me. And since that’s all you want to do, I have plenty of women who want my dick,” Xander said.
“They don’t all look as good as me,” McKinney said as if Xander should stop in his tracks.
“McKinney, they sex me as good as you, suck me off as good as you—so really, what’s the point? You blew it—no pun intended,” Xander said.
“What’s that supposed to mean?” McKinney asked.
“It means if you come to my house or my office again, I will call your modeling agency and file a complaint against you. No one wants to hire a psychotic model. Now, get the hell out.”
McKinney started trembling and crying. “You motherfucker!” She said and left his office but threw a vase on the floor on her way out.
She can cry all she wants to. What can McKinney do about me kicking her ass to the curb? Xander thought. Absolutely nothing.

****

Charm sat in her car and saw the insanely beautiful-tall-must-be-a-model as she left Xander’s office. Charm swallowed hard, grabbed the bag of hoagies off of the passenger seat and walked into his office. Xander had a broom in his hand and handed it over to Chelsea.
“Xander?” Charm said.
Xander smiled.
“Chelsea, I’m sorry about this, but I’ll be in my office.” Xander motioned for Charm to follow him into his office.
“Hi, Charm. What are you doing here? I’ll pretend the bag of food isn’t a giveaway.”
“I hadn’t heard from you and I wanted to do something nice for you. I figured everybody likes to eat and so, here I am.”
Charm placed the bag of hoagies on Xander’s desk.
“How nice of you. Have a seat.” Xander walked over to Charm and kissed her long and hard, putting his tongue in her mouth. Being lost in the moment, Charm kissed Xander back, forgetting her anger. She'd been pissed at him for not calling her.
Xander moved his right hand up Charm’s thigh and grinned broadly when his middle finger reached the center of her crotchless panties. He stuck his finger inside of her.
“No, Xander,” Charm said and pushed his hand away.
“What do you mean, no?”

“I mean, I’m mad at you for not calling me. And just because we had sex a couple of days ago, I didn’t come over here for you to sex me down.”

“You coulda fooled me. You have on panties with your clit cut out and your hole is extremely wet,” Xander said.

“I came here to talk to you, to see how you are doing. Can you talk to me without us getting intimate?” Xander pushed the fabric of Charm’s dress so her white lace panties were exposed. He could see her clitoris poking through the opening.

“I could talk, but I don’t want to, not today,” Xander said.

Charm stood and walked to the window.

"Come here, Charm. I'm not gonna chase you around my office," Xander said.

Charm turned around and Xander stepped toward her. But Charm moved quickly to the other side of the desk. Xander ran toward Charm, but she moved again.

"Okay. I'll wait for you," Xander said. He walked over to the couch and removed his pants. He set the timer function on his watch. Xander pulled down his fitted boxers and started stroking himself.

"What are you doing?" Charm asked as she breathed heavily.

"Just waiting," Xander said.

Charm bit her bottom lip as Xander kept stroking himself.

"Goddammit," Charm mumbled under her breath. His baby-maker is getting bigger, Charm thought.

"You know you wanna come over here," Xander said.

Charm removed her skirt and rushed over to Xander as the beep on his watch sounded. As Charm leaned down to put her mouth beneath his waist, Xander pulled back.

"Uh huh. Bend over. Touch your toes," Xander said and slid his tongue inside of Charm. The crotchless panties were such a bonus.

From the edge of the couch, Xander ate Charm’s peach, making sure to slowly lick and flick his tongue.

"Stop, stop, stop," Charm said as her legs weakened, but Xander’s tongue refused. Xander stood in front of Charm and pushed her back on the couch. His tongue sought her hot core and darted inside her again.

She threw her head back and before she knew it, she came all around his tongue.

"Now, that’s better isn’t it?" Xander asked. Charm walked, wobbly legged, to his office door and locked it.

"You got to eat and now I want some," Charm said. Xander unbuckled his pants and Charm kneeled down, licking the head of his penis. Xander's balls tingled with cum. He held back the explosion and asked Charm to lie on the couch and spread her legs. He climbed on top of her and worked inside of her like he belonged there.

After they finished, Xander went over to his desk and grabbed one of the subs. Charm took two tickets to the Philadelphia 76ers game out of her purse and laid them on Xander’s desk.

“What are those for?” Xander asked.

“We’re going to the game,” Charm said. They’re great seats. Since I bought the tickets, you’re picking me up.” Charm grabbed her sub. “I wish I could stay longer, but I must get back to work. The game is tomorrow night.”

Charm sat in her car and called Eden whose phone went into voicemail, so she left a message.

"I have the answer to your question. Xander is a keeper. I'm not sharing him with anybody. But, now, I gotta convince him to believe the same thing," Charm hung up.

She drove back to her office with a happy vagina—smiling, stretched and still extremely wet.

****

Xander sat in his therapist’s office. Then he stood up, then he began to pace. Dr. Eberly had been Xander’s psychiatrist for the past year.

“She brought me food to my office,” Xander said. “No one has ever brought me lunch before. She bought us tickets to go see a professional basketball game together.” Xander’s chest had begun to heave. “I don’t know what to do. She wants us to go out in public together.”

“You could go,” Dr. Eberly said in a monotone voice.
“Go?”
“Yes, you could go.”
“But if I don’t have sex with her before the game or if I don’t eat her out, I don’t think I could sit there for the entire time. I mean, I’d be nervous.”
“Xander, you came to my office to get over sex addiction. If this woman wants to spend time with you but not have sex with you beforehand, it’s okay. You can do this.”
“Can I? Maybe I should just cancel…” Xander said and flopped back into the chair.
Charm arrived at Xander’s house about one hour before the game. She’d worn some tight jeans and a fitted white t-shirt with a cropped leather jacket.

“You look good,” Xander said when he opened the door. “I’m glad you came early.” Xander put his hand on Charm’s thigh and slid it up to her ass. “Those pants make your ass look good… Can you take them off?”

“Stop playing,” Charm said and sat on the couch. Before she could get comfortable, Xander kissed her on the mouth and felt on her breasts. Xander grabbed Charm’s hand and moved it to his manhood.

“Can we get a quickie in?” Xander asked lifting up Charm’s shirt.

“But, I don’t want to mess my hair up or get my clothes wrinkled.” Charm looked at her watch. “Plus, we need to go.”

Xander put Charm’s hand inside his waistband so she could feel his length.

“Okay, what if I promise not to mess up your hair or wrinkle your clothes?”

“I’d say that’s impossible.”

“Just pull your jeans to your ankles. Please. I just want to taste you on my tongue before we go. It does something to me.” After Charm did so, Xander wiggled his small frame in between Charm’s bare legs and her jeans. His eyes were fixated on her lower lips and he kissed them. He slowly stuck his tongue in between her folds and licked around it. He kissed her clitoris as if the rest of her body didn’t exist. He felt Charm cum in his mouth and he kept licking.


Xander kept kissing on her clitoris and allowing his tongue to lightly go in and out of her vagina. The scent of her sex further aroused him and feasting on her cherry alone brought him to orgasm. That’s how much his addiction affected.

Charm came again. Xander loved the way her walls felt shaking around his tongue. And, really, he didn’t want to stop.

Tasting her with my tongue could make her forget all about the game, right? Xander thought.

****

Xander is eating me out, but it’s different. It’s more sensual. It’s deeper, somehow, Charm thought. And it’s fantastic. He’s taking his time. Each time I move back and try to get away from him, he pulls my pussy closer to him. It’s like he doesn’t want to stop.

“Wait, wait, wait,” Charm said and came again. Charm’s knees were weak from the three orgasms. She tried to stand up but fell to the floor. She pushed herself up with her hands and before she could stand, Xander had inserted his thickness inside of her.

It felt so good. His manhood—thick, powerful—and knew how to hit all the right spots. And every time Charm thought Xander had enough, he’d get hard—like out of the blue.

Xander came and it felt good to have him inside of her—his tongue—his penis—his cum. All of it felt marvelous.

Charm and Xander laid on the floor.

“If you didn’t want to go to the game, you could have just told me,” Charm said.

“No, I want to go. Let’s go now,” Xander said.
“I have to clean myself up. We probably won’t get there until half time. I wanted to show you a good
time,” Charm said.
“Can I go upstairs to the bathroom and clean up?” Charm asked.
“Sure.”
Charm stepped in the shower and quickly cleaned off. When she exited the shower, she looked for her
clothes, but they were no longer in the bathroom.
“Xander,” she called out. “Xander, I can’t find my clothes.”
“In here,” Xander said, calling out from his bedroom. He had Charm's panties draped across his face.
Charm stood naked with juicy breasts, a fat ass and a peach worth eating—all in front of him.
“Where are my clothes?” Charm asked.
“I’ll give them back to you, if…” Xander said and inhaled her panties.
“If what?”
Xander pointed. “If you sit on the stool.”
The way Xander is looking at me and stroking his third leg, I know if I sit on that stool, we can just
forget about the game, Charm thought.

****

The adjustable stool had been sized for Xander's height and his activities. When Xander sat on the edge
of the stool allowing someone to suck him off, it gave the perfect camera angle for facial cum shots.
Any woman who sat on the stool, and spread her legs, gave Xander perfect pussy access and angles. He
didn't have to stand on the tips of his toes, he didn't have to crane his neck in an awkward position. Now,
Charm's turn on the stool had arrived. Xander licked his lips with anticipation.
Xander put his hands on her knees and opened her legs.
It's okay for Charm to treat me to the game. I should be able to go to the game with Charm, Xander
thought as Charm sat on the stool.
Xander put his face in Charm’s hot box and put one hand up and pinched her nipple. She moved her hips
to his tongue.
"Xander, Xander, Xander," Charm cried out.
But every time I think about going out in public with her, I feel shut down. I want to eat her pussy. The
doctor misdiagnosed me or something. I can’t go to the game.
What if this girl asks me to go out with her in public again? What if she wants to treat me to something
else? What am I going to do? Xander thought. Well, maybe, she’s like every woman and can’t resist having her
box licked or taking a ride on my 12-inch firehose.
Two days later, Charm looked up dwarfism on the computer. If I wanted to have kids with Xander, could I? Charm wondered. Would our kids be short too?
Charm hadn’t heard from Xander in 48 hours and she really didn’t appreciate it. Charm picked up the phone and called Eden.
“Hello?” Eden said.
“Hey, Eden, can you take a drive with me really quickly?”
“Sure,” Eden said.
“Ok. I’ll pick you up in 15 minutes,” Charm said, then threw on some clothes and drove over to Eden's. Charm honked the horn and Eden came out in some light blue denim jeans, a brown suede jacket and brown fringe boots.
“Girl, I love your outfit,” Charm said.
“Thanks. Where are we going?”
“We’re going to check in on Xander.”
“Why?” Eden asked.
“He was acting weird a couple of days ago and I want to know what I’m dealing with,” Charm said and headed over to Xander’s house.
Charm exited the car and knocked on the door, but no one answered. Charm sat back into the car and held on to the steering wheel. “Maybe he’s still at work.” Charm put the car in reverse and headed over to Xander’s office.

****

Xander sat in his office by himself. He picked up the phone to call Charm as Valerie walked in wearing a long mink coat. Xander hung up.
“Valerie, what are you doing here?”
Valerie opened her mink coat to show thigh high leather boots and otherwise complete nakedness.
“Close your coat. You shouldn’t be here.”
Valerie walked over to Xander who reclined in his chair. Valerie put her navel in his face. But, he turned in the chair and walked away.
“Not this time, Valerie. You gotta go.”
Valerie sat down on his office couch and spread her legs. She started rubbing her clitoris and fingered herself.
“Make me leave.”
Xander stood there watching Valerie arouse herself. His plug poked inside of his pants, rock hard, but he did not want to be manipulated by Valerie. He had a cum shot of her, so now their sexual relationship had expired.
Valerie had one finger inside of her wet tunnel while grabbing a boob with the other hand. Every voice in his head told him to jump Valerie's bones. Valerie took her finger out of her vanilla cream and put it in her mouth.
“You know you want to taste it Xander,” Valerie said. Just then Xander heard a car pull up in front of his office window.
Who the hell is that? Xander thought and looked longingly at Valerie’s cockpit. He lifted his phone off of his desk and snapped a photo of the space between Valerie's legs.

****
Charm knocked on Xander’s door and walked into the reception area of his office. Charm followed, the light beaming out from his office and walked in. Xander had his cell phone in his hand.

“Xander, who the hell is this?” Charm asked. Valerie sat up and closed her coat.

“She’s a former client who I was calling the police on—she refused to leave my office.”

“Oh really?” Charm took off her earrings and walked toward Valerie. “I have no problem taking out the trash.”

“No, that’s not necessary,” Valerie left with slumped shoulders.

“This is the second time I’ve come here and you have some female drama jumping off,” Charm said. “It looks like you’re running an escort service not an IT business.”

Xander sat on the edge of his desk.

“I want you to explain to me what is going on,” Charm said and sat down in Xander’s chair and scooted it around so she could face him.

****

Xander couldn't hide the fact. He was hard as diamonds when Charm entered his office.

*I planned to take more pictures of Valerie’s pink hole. I didn’t want to sex her, but if Charm had come in 30 seconds later, my face would have probably been very deep in Valerie’s very married pussy,* Xander thought.

Xander struggled with controlling his pussy addiction, but he didn't want to tell Charm about that yet.

“We’re not in an exclusive relationship,” Xander said. “So, it’s not like I’ve cheated on you or anything—I want to say that up front.”

Charm folded her arms across her chest.

“I’m telling you this because you want to know. The lady who left is a client of mine who is attracted to me and won’t take no for an answer. That’s the truth,” Xander said, as he put his cell phone in a desk drawer.

“Did you fuck her?” Charm asked. “Your cock was about to jump out of your pants when I came in here.”

“Not today,” Xander said.

“So, you had sex with her previously. And now, you don’t want to have sex with her anymore. So, she’s mad at you?” Charm said and walked toward the door.

“Don’t leave, Charm,” Xander said and couldn’t believe the words came out of his mouth.

*Why should I care if Charm leaves or not, she isn’t my girlfriend,* Xander thought.

Xander grabbed Charm’s hand and pulled her to the couch. Xander kissed Charm on the mouth and she turned away.

“I don’t want you sleeping with anybody else,” Charm said. Xander kissed Charm on the neck and lifted up her sweater and unfastened her bra.

“I mean it, Xander,” Charm said and Xander had her left nipple in his mouth, sucking.

“Take your pants off,” Xander said. Charm reached for the top of her velour sweatpants.

“No… not until you tell me you will not fuck that client of yours again.”

Xander stared at Charm’s caramel-colored breasts and her cocoa colored areolas. He bit his lip. He wanted inside of her with a passion. He grabbed at her pants, but she wouldn’t budge.

“That’s easy. I’m not going to fuck her again,” Xander said and Charm released the grip on the top of her pants. She had on a yellow thong.

“Lay back,” Xander said. He climbed on top of her and rubbed his finger over her clit, then he put his finger inside of her. He moved her g-string out of the way and licked inside of her moist folds. Charm’s juices started to flow. He heard Charm moaning. She squeezed her pink tunnel around his tongue and he felt her pulsating while his tongue explored deep inside of her.

*My addiction is getting worse,* Xander thought. *I should have let Charm leave. She’s not my girlfriend but here I am, tongue deep in her pussy like we’re magnetized. And I’d be lying if I said I wanted to stop. Maybe if I do the cum shot with her and put it on my website then I’ll be over her.*
"Take your panties off," Xander said.

*I already came once, what else can he do to me,* Charm thought.

Xander lay back on the couch. "Come sit on my face." The couch was wide enough for Charm to straddle Xander’s mouth and she did. *He is eating my pink cookies and I'm giving him some cream to go with it.* Charm’s legs started shaking again.

"Damn." *I want him in my mouth so bad, but the way he eats the cookies, I can’t pull away.*

"Face the door," Xander said and Charm turned around. She straddled Xander’s face from the back. He grabbed her cheeks and spread them and darted his tongue in and out of her hot, moist flesh. Charm felt like screaming.

She opened her eyes and saw Xander’s rod as straight as an arrow. Charm leaned forward and put his shaft in her mouth. *Finally.* Charm came again and kept sucking on Xander even as he got stiffer and harder. And then he came, right inside of Charm’s mouth.

*Xander’s cock is incredible,* Charm thought. *I just want Xander for myself; I love the way he makes me feel. What do I have to do to make an exclusive relationship happen?*

Xander lay on Charm’s stomach when Eden walked in.

“Oh, my fault,” Eden said and covered her eyes. Charm grabbed her pants and covered Xander from behind.

“Sorry, Eden, I’ll be right out,” Charm said. As Eden left the office, Xander and Charm laughed so hard that tears fell from both of their eyes.

"Why don’t you call me after we have sex? You let days go by, I track you down and then you want to go at me like I’m your first time?” Charm asked.

“It’s complicated,” Xander said and started putting on his clothes.

“Do you like me or not?” Charm said.

“Of course, I like you.”

“Well, I like being with you so let’s stop playing games,” Charm said and found her bra on the floor and put it on.

After Charm’s clothes were on, she went out to the car with a sheepish grin on her face.

“I can already tell he blew your mind,” Eden said.

“Yeah, definitely, but it’s something else,” Charm said.

“What?” Eden asked.

“I really want to be with him. There’s something inside of him, a vulnerability—I really like being with him,” Charm said as she drove to Eden’s house.

“Are you sure you’re not simply in love with the way he giving it to you?”

“It is more than that. I’m telling you. It is. Now, I want to find out if he feels the same way."
Chapter 14

Xander paced in Dr. Eberly's office. He punched his fist into his hand. “So, how did it go? Were you able to go to the game?” the doctor asked. “No.” “So, what did you do?” “I had sex with her. What do you think?” Xander said with a snort. “How did you explain to her that you couldn’t go to the game?” “By sticking my tongue below the waist,” Xander said and sat in a nearby chair. “It feels like she has some kind of control on me. Whenever she asks me to do something with her and even after we have sex, I feel different.” “What do you mean?” Dr. Beverly asked. “I feel like I should call her or be with her... And, that’s not me.” “Maybe, you are starting to change,” the doctor said while grabbing the bottom of his chin, playing with his beard. “I don’t want to change. It doesn’t feel right and these sessions aren’t helping,” Xander said and stood. "Maybe you should talk to her about how you're feeling. It could be very helpful." The only cure for me is putting her on my website, Xander thought and headed back to his office.

****

Charm lay on a waxing table in the salon getting her pubic area waxed when Xander called. “Baby, I was just thinking about you,” Charm said as she gave the esthetician her tip and walked to her car feeling a cooler breeze in her nether regions. “Yes, I can come over after work tonight. What do you have up your sleeve? Some more down home recipes?” “It’ll be a surprise,” Xander said. Charm hung up and couldn’t wait for 7 o’clock to arrive.

****

Xander had cooked some barbecue chicken, greens, mashed potatoes as well as some biscuits when Charm rang the doorbell promptly at 7. He had an erection by the time he reached the door. Anticipating Charm's visit gave Xander an instant erection. Charm walked in wearing a peplum style leather jacket, a black wrap dress and leather suede boots. Xander started to feel butterflies in his stomach. Charm leaned down, kissed him and Xander instinctively reached up and gave her bra-less breast a squeeze. Charm’s breast responded with a hardened nipple. “It smells good up in here,” Charm said and kicked off her boots. “Yeah, now that you’ve arrived,” Xander said and watched Charm sashay into the kitchen. Her knee length dress is begging to be lifted up, he thought. The butterflies continued in Xander’s stomach and his shaft hardened to a point, right in his black wool slacks. “You haven’t put the food on the table, yet,” Charm said. “Nah, I'm waiting for you to do that,” Xander said. Charm grabbed two plates. “Wait for a minute. Come over to the table.” Xander pointed at his granite table that weighed a ton. “I want to talk to you for a minute. It’s kind of serious,” Xander said. I'll tell her we need to be friends only— this relationship is getting too serious, Xander thought. "Okay," Charm said and grabbed her purse from the living room.
Charm sat in a chair in front of Xander who kneeled in close enough to smell the perfume Charm had sprayed around her navel. Xander kneeled in front of her and looked at Charm’s thighs. She moisturized herself, Xander thought and put each hand on a thigh and slowly felt up her legs. The fabric had moved from just above her knees to just below her hip.

"Before you start talking, I wanted to give you something," Charm said and gave Xander a narrow black box. Xander opened it and pulled out a black Movado watch.

"Before you start trippin', I just wanted to give you something because I've been enjoying all the time we spend together. I really like you."

"Thank you," Xander said and walked away. Xander's tongue had started wiggling on its own. Even though Charm didn't admit it, the watch meant something sentimental. The butterflies in Xander's stomach returned.

Why did she go and buy me this nice-ass watch, Xander thought. How am I supposed to tell her about my addiction now? She gave me something material without me giving her anything material.

Xander looked down at the front of his pants, his erection had returned, fuller than ever.

Ready.To.Expplode.

Xander kneeled in front of Charm and kissed the insides of her thighs.

“I thought you wanted to talk to me,” Charm said. Xander kissed her legs and moved the dress's fabric until he could see her clit and her pink circle winking back at him.

“I do. See if you can tell what I’m saying,” Xander gently bit both of Charm’s inner thighs and slowly worked his way to where her two legs met. He kissed there too. Xander stopped. “What am I saying?”

Charm inhaled. “You’re saying you want these pink cookies all to yourself.”

“You’re interpreting good so far,” Xander said and kissed her thighs again and when he reached her center, he just allowed his tongue to play with her clit. His tongue went up and down and around in circles.

Then Xander stopped again. “What am I saying, now?”

Charm reached and untied the side of her wrap dress and let her titties hang. “You’re saying you are going to bone me until my eyes roll back in my head.” Xander stood and kissed Charm’s nipples-each one. He suckled while he inserted one and then two fingers inside of her. Charm gyrated her hips and rode his fingers as if his two fingers could equate to his massive third leg.

"Let's finish this upstairs. Come up in five minutes," Xander said and went upstairs. He adjusted the cameras in the master bedroom. He took off his shirt and pants and waited for Charm to arrive. As expected, she entered the dimly lit bedroom.

“Xanderrrr, what are you doing today?” Charm asked walking toward him.

“Sit on the stool and open your legs,” Xander said. Charm spread her legs.

“Wider, wider,” Xander said and walked toward Charm. He lifted each of her legs so her heels rested on the edge of the stool. Xander stood back and admired the view.

"Perfect," Xander said as he hit his stereo remote control and some vintage Marvin Gaye music played from the speakers.

Charm's hands gripped the sides of the stool and her wet peach and juicy breasts patiently waited for the next step. Xander walked over to the stool and turned it just a little. It’d take a good shot of Charm’s hot core. Xander leaned in and french-kissed Charm's fully aroused peach. The clit was full and juices were reaching his tongue. He looked up and grabbed a breast and put it in his mouth. He held one coconut-sized breast in his hand, while his teeth, mouth and tongue ravaged the nipple.

"Do me, Xander. Fuck me," Charm said with a sense of urgency that seemed that her world would end if Xander didn't bring her to climax.

Xander kissed down the middle of Charm's stomach and when he reached the pelvic bone, he pulled her hips toward him—allowing her hot tunnel to surround his tongue. It brought new meaning to the phrase 'tongue and groove.'

“Thanks, baby. I need this,” Charm said, grabbing the back of Xander’s head and pushing his tongue further in her tunnel.

Not as much as I need it, Xander thought. Maybe tonight and the cum shot, will get me over you.

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I’m not gonna lie, Charm thought. He’s the best lover I’ve ever had. I’m as addicted to his tongue as I am to that super long dong of his. And he enjoys eating where my legs be meeting. I can just tell. Charm relaxed back on the stool and let Xander have his way with her juices. He licked and sucked and kissed. Her body missed Xander every minute of every day. Charm closed her eyes and enjoyed the moment. Her split warmed up to his tongue and overheated. Charm reached orgasm while Xander's tongue invaded her. He grabbed her luscious backside and brought her to him. Her juices emptied in his mouth.

“Turn around and kneel on the stool,” Xander said. As Charm did so, Xander grabbed Charm’s cheeks and spread them for the camera. Her asshole and wet spot were in full view. Xander licked her folds and inside of her tunnel some more. He didn’t stop until she came again and the juices began to slide down his face. Xander took off his underwear and Charm rose from the stool. He stood near the edge of the bed fully erect and Charm kneeled on the floor and started sucking him off. The camera had a great side view of Xander’s going inside and out of Charm’s mouth.

“Lick the ring around my dick,” Xander said. “Tell me how much you love my dick.”
“I love your dick, Xander. I love your dick.” Xander grabbed the back of Charm’s head and started guiding it with more force on to his penis. As he felt his cum ready to exit, he pulled back and shot the cum on her face. It landed on her lips and on her cheek.

“Sucking your cock, makes me want you even more,” Charm said and wiped his semen off of her face with the bed sheet. “I wanna keep going.”

****

She hugged me and kissed my neck and kissed the head of my penis after I shot my load on her face, Xander thought.

Charm stepped into the shower and sat with her legs spread on the marble step especially made for Xander’s height. She allowed the hot water to fall all over her body. Xander cracked the door opened and admired Charm.

The butterflies in his stomach returned, as did his erection. As Charm leaned back and the water fell all over her face, Xander entered the shower with her. He stood on the step next to where Charm sat. She turned around. His cock pointed at her mouth and she knew exactly what to do with it. Xander grabbed a berry water-based lubricant and rubbed it on his member. “Taste it now.”

It must be good, Xander thought. She’s sucking even harder. I’m about to cummm. When I tried to pull back, Charm grabbed the back of my ass. She would not let me go. She wanted my cum in her mouth. I’ve shot my load in plenty of women's mouths before, but I'm not sure if any of them really wanted it. Charm wanted my hot semen shooting down her throat like it was her favorite dish.

The butterflies and a feeling of dizziness overcame Xander so he pulled away from Charm and exited the shower.

She followed soon thereafter.
"What's wrong?" Charm asked.
“I got a long day tomorrow at work,” Xander said. “We can’t do an all nighter.” Xander exited the shower and wrapped a towel around his waist. Charm followed.

“Since when does your work interfere with me staying over?” Charm said.
“Since today.” Xander put on his clothes and Charm dried off in the bathroom.
“What’s wrong, Xander? Did I do something to you?”
“No. I just have a lot on my mind.” Charm dressed quickly and left in a huff.
"I gotta find a way to keep a distance between me and Charm. That's just the way it has to be," Xander said to himself as he lay on his bed all alone.

****

“You can’t trust anyone with your heart.” Xander remembered Dani told him a long time ago.
“The minute you trust someone with your heart, they’ll break it.” His study buddy, Delilah seemed so
nice—she seemed like she really cared about Xander. When they broke up, Xander ran to Dani for support. The same butterflies he felt for his study buddy, he felt for Charm. He’d only experienced it once in his life before. When he came to Dani and told her how he had fallen in love with Delilah and she had broken his heart, Dani helped him recover by allowing him to continuously perform oral sex on her and in return she gave him blow jobs—telling him that enough sex will help him get over any hurt.

For years, when the emptiness of being rejected by Delilah returned, Xander would go find somebody else to screw—somebody else’s pussy to lick, someone who could suck his balls until he could forget how he felt. It took at least 5 years for the sense of emptiness to go away. But, now with Charm, the butterflies were back and he could not allow himself to fall in love again.
On an early Saturday morning, Xander stopped by Charm’s house. After he rang the bell, Charm—still in her pajamas—went to the door.

“Hey Xander,” Charm said and hugged him as he walked in. “You coming in here to check on me?”

“Of course not,” Xander said as he looked around the house.

Charm flopped on the couch.

“Come over here,” Charm said and Xander sat on the couch next to her. Charm started kissing Xander on the mouth.

“Charm, I gotta go to work…. That’s what I came over to say. It’s gonna be a long day. But I want you to come by later.”

“You could have said that over the phone,” Charm said and crossed her arms in front of her chest.

“Yeah but then I wouldn’t have been able to do this…” Xander climbed on top of Charm and put his hands under her shirt. He felt on her breasts and kissed her long—allowing his tongue to touch hers.

Charm felt around on the front of Xander’s pants. “Come on, let’s just do a quickie,” Charm said.

“You’re the owner of the company. You can be 15 minutes late, right?” Charm took her shirt off over her head and hugged Xander. He stared at her juicy breasts and licked his lips.

“But that wouldn’t send the right message, would it?” He jumped down off of her lap and started to walk to the door. Behind him, Charm took off her pants and panties and sat on the edge of her coffee table with her legs spread. “You forgot to kiss me goodbye,” she said.

“I just did,” Xander said and turned around. Charm started to flex her inner thigh muscles.

“Not everywhere.” Charm's muscles contracted and she used two fingers to spread her folds and showed Xander her hot box.

"Where are your clothes?" Xander asked. Charm opened her legs wider.

"My cookies want you to say goodbye to her as well," Charm said and touched her clitoris in a circling motion.

_Bald pussy_, Xander thought. His dick led him over to Charm in record speed.

"It looks like your love stick wants to say hello even though your mouth is saying goodbye," Charm said and continued to play with her clitoris.

“I can’t,” Xander said and he turned away from Charm—feeling the butterflies in his stomach return.

“Sure, you can, Xander. You can do anything you put your mind to.”

"If you don't give me a kiss goodbye, I'm going to have to finger myself right here."

Xander put his hand to his head and turned around. Charm had leaned back and lifted up her legs. She knew Xander couldn't resist her finger being the one place he wanted his tongue to be.

_A kiss goodbye_, Xander thought staring at her juices trickling from her moist slit. He checked his watch.

_That’s how it always starts. A kiss becomes a tongue—a tongue becomes an orgasm—and then everything explodes._

“I’m not going to have sex with you this morning. Don’t ask me to take my drop my drawers. I'm going to work. I’ll kiss you goodbye, but it’ll be quick.” Xander kneeled on the floor and french kissed Charm’s clit—and having a mind of its own—his tongue dipped inside of her for a quick taste. One lick became two licks and then three and before he realized it, Charm had come around his tongue and his johnson wanted a mouth or a tunnel of its own.

Charm spread on the floor—ass up—and Xander plunged into her walls. _I wanted to resist_, he thought. _I wasn’t supposed to be having pussy this morning. No, I was supposed to be…_ Xander felt Charm’s canal tightening around him. Charm’s orgasm was shaking her full-force again and Xander's sperm shot out of his piston like a bullet from a high-powered pistol.

Xander breathed heavily as his semen dripped down Charm’s leg. She stood and snatched a paper towel
and wiped herself down. She walked over to Xander and kneeled down and hugged him and kissed him. She gave him a full body hug. She pulled him close to her and he had a face full of her breasts. He inhaled her flowery scent and felt more blood returning to his shaft.

“Now, I wanna kiss you goodbye,” Charm said and grabbed Xander’s shaft which responded to her touch by getting stiff again.

“No, you can’t or I’ll never leave.”

Charm put one of her kissable breasts in Xander’s mouth and started rubbing his dick in the palm of her hand. Then she leaned down and put it in her mouth. Xander threw his head back. Dayum, Xander thought as Charm’s tongue licked his tool. More stiffness returned and he thrust his penis into her mouth as if she had the jaws of life. And Charm could handle it. She grabbed the shaft with her hand and rubbed up and down while she licked and kissed the head, sides and tip. Then without expecting it, Charm started licking his balls. Oh double-damn. This shit feels great, Xander thought. Charm kissed all around his scrotum and Xander couldn't contain his excitement.

Charm put the tip of Xander's manhood in her mouth and Xander thrust as if he wanted to go beyond her throat. Instead of moving back, Charm grabbed Xander’s ass and pulled him closer as if to say, “Cum into my mouth. Feed me.” Xander came and held on to the back of Charm's head as he did so. Charm swallowed and smacked Xander's narrow ass when the sexual session finished.

Charm sashayed to the bedroom door. “You can leave now. I’ve had my breakfast.”

Xander pulled up his pants. The butterflies in his stomach never left and now a queasiness overcame him. I gotta get her out of my system, Xander thought.

****

Charm sat at her kitchen table working on an application to law school and Eden sat across from her sipping a cup of tea.

“I can’t believe you’re finally applying,” Eden said.

“I gotta do it.”

“What has come over you?”

“Some of it is Xander. Some of it is me,” Charm said.

“What do you mean?”

“When I’m around Xander, I want to be a better person—to do more. He had a lot of strikes against him—being short—people discriminating against him. But, he didn’t let anything stop him. He started a business. He’s successful. I wanna do more with my life.”

Later that afternoon, Eden sat on Charm’s bed, and Charm continued to throw clothes on the floor.

“What are you doing?” Eden asked.

“I’m throwing away all of my slut-I-wanna-get-fucked attire. I have a man. So, I’m getting rid of that look from my closet,” Charm said.

“Does Xander know?”

“How could he not know? I swallow,” Charm said with a knowing grin. “And if he doesn’t, I’m going to tell him tonight.”

“Now, help me do what I really asked you to help me with,” Charm said. “I want to surprise Xander.”

****

Underneath the full-length black wool coat, Charm arrived to Xander’s house in all white. When he opened the door and let her in, his eyes lit up. Charm wore a white corset, white garter belt, white stockings, white see-through robe and white satin slippers.

“What do you have in your hand?” Xander asked. Charm walked over to the dining area and put a heart-shaped cake with red icing on the table.

“It’s a cake,” Charm said and shed the coat.

“Is this a special occasion that I need to know about?”

“Yes it is. Can we sit on the couch for a minute?”
Xander nodded and they both walked over to the couch.

Charm faced Xander and held his hand. “When I first met you, I didn’t know what to expect. But, now that I’ve spent time with you, I realize how much you’ve changed my life. At first, I thought the sex had me sprung, but now I realize it’s so much more. They red cake is a symbol of something. I love you. I’m in love with you.”

Xander sat with a blanket stare. He didn’t respond.

“Aren’t you going to say something?” Charm asked. Xander put a hand up to his face.

“You need to leave,” Xander said and rose from the couch. “Get your coat and leave.”

“What?... What are you talking about?” Charm asked.

“I don’t ever want to see or hear from you again.” Xander walked over to the front door.

“Xander. Xander. What’s wrong? What did I do?”

“Get out!” Xander said.

Charm grabbed her coat and ran out the door. She sat in her car, put her head on the steering wheel and cried.

_What’s wrong with him? Why wouldn’t he be glad to hear I loved him?_ She wondered. _He’s a miserable little shit._
Xander paced in front of his pussy wall. He took the photo of Charm, spread wide, and placed it on his wall. He then took it down and put an ‘X’ over it.

“What am I doing?” Xander sat down and went to his site. He had cued up the video of Charm sucking him off and of him entering her wet box from the rear. The butterflies in his stomach had intensified. “I gotta make this feeling stop.” Xander uploaded the Charm videos and promptly ran to the bathroom where he threw up in the toilet. He stood up. Sweat had already begun to cover his forehead. He took his cell phone out of his pocket and called his therapist for an appointment.

****

“There’s something wrong with me, Doc,” Xander said.
“What’s happening to you?”
“I’ve been having butterflies all the time in my stomach. I feel nervous. My palms are getting sweaty and today, I threw up.”

“Do these things occur at any particular time?”
Xander paced and rubbed his hands together.
“Yeah,” Xander said. “When I think about Charm.”

“Who is Charm to you?” The doctor asked.
“She is my girlfriend.” No sooner had Xander put the ‘friend’ at the end of girl, he hurled in the doctor’s trashcan. He sat on the floor breathing heavily.

“When did these symptoms start?”
“Now or before?”
“Before.”

Xander put his head in his hands and sighed. He remembered the girl, Delilah, his study buddy in high school. Shortly after he started going over to her house, he started feeling butterflies in his stomach.

“She acted like she cared about me.”

Some days after school, after they’d finished studying, Delilah would invite Xander to lay down in her bed with her. She’d lay on her side and Xander would gently kiss on her breasts. She’d rub the top of his head like he belonged with her—his lips around her nipples.

“It wasn’t just sex. We were close. We had a connection. She thought she was my first everything—she told me that she wanted to be.”

Delilah used to suck his cock, slowly and passionately. She’d get so wet from licking Xander that she’d climb on top of his lap and ride him until the point of exhaustion. Then, she’d relax for twenty minutes and start up again.

“She made me feel that she wanted me,” Xander said through a sob.

“Didn’t she want you?” The doctor asked.

“I wanted to be her boyfriend, to hold her hand in the hallway, to kiss her after I walked her to class. She didn't want any of that.”

“How did that make you feel?”
“Confused. Humiliated. Stupid. How could she want to give me all of these first experiences, but not want to be my first real girlfriend? I didn’t get it.”

“Did you start vomiting when you were dealing with her?”
“Only when I started writing that Delilah sucks cock in every boys bathroom stall in our high school.”

“I see,” the doctor said and jotted some notes on his pad.

“How did you feel after you did that?”
“Good and bad… good because the world needed to know what a cock-sucker she was but bad because I
lov…. I liked her a lot.”
   “Why did the world need to know about her?”
   “Because she tricked me, she lied to me, just like Charm’s doing.” Xander vomited in the trashcan again.
   “Did you do something so that the world will know about Charm?”
   Xander wrapped his arms around his knees and rocked back and forth. “Maybe.”
   “I believe you’re having an emotional reaction to something you’ve done because of how you truly feel about your girlfriend. If you undo it, maybe the vomiting will stop.”
   “Maybe, Doc? Maybe?”
   “That’s what your symptoms are telling me.”
   “But why did I start having butterflies?”
   “Because your mind told your body that you love this girl.”
   “That’s not possible.” Then, Xander hurled the rest of his lunch in the trashcan.

   ****

   As Xander left the Doctor’s office, he considered the possibilities. Could I love Charm? Do I feel a connection to her? Xander felt his phone vibrating and took it out of his pocket. Charm called. He hit the ‘ignore’ button. I’m going to block her number so that she can’t even call me. Xander started to feel nauseous but that didn’t stop him from calling Valerie. Maybe I just need some rebound pussy.
Chapter 17

After crying all night and early into the morning, Charm decided to call in sick. She never missed a day of work, but she couldn’t manage getting out of bed, let alone handling a busy agent’s office.

Around noon, Eden used her key and entered Charm’s house.

“Charm, it’s me.” Eden brought up some of Charm’s favorite Thai food and climbed into the bed next to her.

“You know this isn’t your fault, right?” Eden asked. “Xander has to be some kind of psychotic asshole to throw out a woman who loves him.”

The tears fell from Charm’s eyes. She nodded.

“It doesn’t make me love him any less.”

“Have you thought about going back over to his house to confront him?”

“For what? He’s made his position known. He’s even blocked my number. He doesn’t have any feelings for me. I will find a way to move on.”

****

Xander pulled up in front of Valerie's house with a grimace on his face.

“I hoped you’d be back,” Valerie said as Xander walked through her front door.

“Good clients are good clients. I just wanna check your network and make sure you’re secure.”

Valerie pointed to a large, new desk where her old computer sat. “When I moved it, I mixed up the modem wires and now I’m not getting the internet.”

Xander climbed under the desk and started moving the wires around. Valerie had a keyboard tray holding the modem. He maneuvered in the small space and thanks to Xander’s small hands, he pulled the cable from the modem and checked on things.

“I’m going to sit right here and keep you company,” Valerie said as she plopped into a chair sitting in front of the desk. The air from her sitting down lifted up the front of her skirt.

Xander turned around and saw Valerie’s panty-less slit staring back at him. He continued to work on the computer cables. Why did I come over here in the first place? Xander thought. As he reworked the wires, he noticed Valerie had begun to rub her clit with one of her fingers. He stopped working and Valerie put one of her fingers inside of her box. He felt the front of his pants. No hard-on? His brain wasn't telling him to lean forward and taste Valerie. Charm! Now, she got me so I don’t want pussy, period? No, this can’t be a solution.

Xander crawled over to Valerie’s chair and stuck his tongue inside of her. He circled his tongue around and then felt his member. Nothing... Oh no!

“Why’d you stop?”

“Just get on your knees and suck my dick. I don’t have time to explain.” Xander whipped out his limp cock—not 12 inches without being hard—and put it in Valerie’s mouth.

“I gotta get you hard today, huh?”

“More sucking, less talking.” With Valerie’s jaws getting a workout, Xander became harder, just a little—nothing like it used to be. He closed his eyes and images of Charm flashed in his mind. He envisioned Charm licking his balls and his erection became harder. He grabbed the back of Valerie’s head and thrust his cock inside of her mouth. “Charm. Charm. Charm.” And then Xander came inside of Valerie’s mouth. Xander pulled his pants up and grabbed his computer bag.

“That’s it?” Valerie stood and wiped her mouth. “You gonna have me swallow your cum while calling out some other bitch’s name and you didn’t even have sex with me.”

“I’m messed up today Valerie. I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have even come over here. I didn’t really want to have sex with you, I just needed to see if I would get hard.”
“What kind of ridiculous explanation is that?”
“One you can’t tell your husband. Bye Valerie.”

****

Back in his office, Xander looked at the video of Charm blowing him. The butterflies returned, then he threw up again. *How am I gonna get over her? I need to find out how.*
Xander walked outside to get into his work truck and noticed all four tires were slashed. “Charm,” he mumbled under his breath. His cell phone rang and his assistant spoke on the other end.

“Xander, somebody just threw a brick threw our office window,” she said.

“Did you see who did it?”

“No, I was walking to the ladies room when it happened. I had taken coffee out of the cabinet and heard the crashing sound.”

Xander leaned against his truck and shook his head. “Damn. Damn. Damn.”

****

Xander arrived at the police station later in the afternoon and filed a complaint regarding his tires and the window at his office.

“Do you know why anyone would do this to you?” Officer Samuels asked.

“I really think it’s a vindictive ex-girlfriend.”

“Did you recently breakup?”

“Yeah.”

“Well, give me a name and an address and we’ll go over and see what we find.”

Xander scribbled Charm’s name, address and phone on a piece of paper and exited the precinct.

****

After he drove around the city for a while, Xander stopped at a bar where McKinney and other models hung out. Some new model pussy ought to get me out of this rut, Xander thought. He walked in and saw Britney, McKinney’s blue-eyed, brown-haired roommate. Like most of the models there, she stood like a tree with no roots. A good wind could knock her over. And, like the rest, she wore a super-short dress—one false move and her clit would be in full view.

Probably no panties and no bra. Model chicks think bras and panties are unnecessary accessories.

She smiled and waved at Xander when she saw him. Xander sat in a booth in the back and before he could order his drink, Britney slid up next to him. McKinney probably told her how big my equipment is.

“Gee, this must be my lucky day. I never thought I’d see you again,” Britney said and kissed Xander on the cheek. She rubbed his thigh.

“Is that what she told you?”

Britney laughed and moved closer to Xander. She whispered in his ear.

“I heard you were the best lay McKinney has ever had.”

The waitress showed up and Xander ordered a club soda. He absorbed the atmosphere and scanned the room for a potential sex partner. But, Britney applied for the job when she blew her hot breath in his ear.

“Is that what she told you?”

Britney threw an arm around Xander and brought his hand under her dress.

“She probably exaggerated,” Xander said even though he didn't believe it himself. Britney put her hand at the center of Xander’s pants and felt his cock. “I don’t think so. She said your dick is huge and I can feel that it is.”

In the darkened club and with the loud music, nobody even noticed Britney had unbuckled his pants and climbed under the table. Xander stuck his hand inside of his pants and grabbed himself. He felt unusually small. Without thinking about Charm, his dick wouldn’t plump to its full 12 inches.

Britney wrapped her fingers around Xander's dick and put it in her mouth. Her slow licking brought his
pre-cum juices to the tip of his shaft. He leaned his head back and thought about Charm. Images of him and Charm having sex filled his head. He recalled eating her peach on his stool. His penis hardened even more as he reminisced. “Charm. Charm. Charm.” Britney could hear Xander calling Charm’s name—but she didn't care because he got harder every time he said, "Charm." Britney stopped and grabbed Xander’s hand. He put his package back into his pants and followed her to a small back room that used a curtain as a door and had a chaise lounge, a chair and mirrors as part of the decor.

Britney lifted up her dress. “Where do you want me?”

“Over there,” Xander pointed to the chaise lounge. Britney laid back on to the chaise lounge and spread her legs. Xander took a condom out of pocket and rolled it on his suddenly limp dick.

“Is something wrong?” Britney asked.

“Give me a second.” Xander pulled out his phone, and watched a video of him nourishing himself between Charm's thighs. His erection returned. He propped the phone up on the chaise lounge so he could see the video and he entered Britney knowing he could only fuck her by looking at what he used to do with his ex-girlfriend. *What a way to go out, Xander thought.*

“Your cock is huge,” Britney repeated over and over again. Every time Xander looked away from his phone and down at Britney—with her nice body and firm breasts—his went limp. Before long, Britney came but Xander didn’t. Xander left a naked Britney sitting on the chaise lounge—trying to convince him to stay.

“I’ll suck your cock again.”

Xander ignored her and walked outside.

*What’s the point? My dick still wants Charm.*

****

“Damn!” Xander yelled when he returned to realize his truck's windshield had been smashed.

“Dammit, Charm. What else are you going to do to me? It’s war now.” Xander pulled out his phone and called his lawyer.
Chapter 19

It had taken a full week for Charm to feel up to going back to work. She dressed in a pair of pinstriped slacks and a white button-down oxford and a pair of black flats. She looked intelligent and hip—like the aspiring attorney she had decided she could be.

When she opened her front door, a man stood there with an envelope.

“Charm Nixon?”

“Yes.”

“You’ve been served.”

Charm walked to her car and threw her bags in. She opened the letter. You must appear in court to face the charges of damaging personal property, vandalizing, and trespassing against Xander Blackmore.

“What?”

Charm picked up the phone and called Eden.

“You’re not going to believe this, Eden.”

“What?”

“Xander is suing me.”

“For what?”

“I think he thinks I’ve been vandalizing his personal property and his office. I haven’t been near that asshole or his shit.”

“Come to the club after work tonight and we can talk about it.”

Charm hung up the phone. Who the fuck is Xander? I wouldn’t vandalize nobody’s shit. Slap a bitch? Yeah. Vandalize? No.

****

Xander sat in his office. All morning his office had been getting hang-up phone calls. His cell phone received numerous hang-ups from a blocked number all throughout last night. Xander picked up his phone and called his attorney.

“Eli, I’ve probably received 100 hang-ups to my office and my cell phone. I’m trying to run a business here. Surely, we can do something,” Xander said while pacing in front of his desk.

“Once she’s been served with papers, she’ll know it’s serious. The phone calls will probably stop now. It normally does. Our server normally gets to all of our clients by four o’clock. It’s still morning. Give it some time,” said Eli Ellsworth—Xander’s lawyer and best friend from college.

****

Around quarter to four, Valerie bypassed the reception area, and waltzed into Xander’s office butt-naked underneath a fur coat. She flashed Xander.

“I’m leaving my husband,” Valerie said with the coat wide open.

“Why are you doing that?”

“I don’t want to sneak around. I want to be single so we can be together.” Valerie strutted over to Xander’s chair and sat on his desk with her legs slightly parted—allowing her wet box to be at his eye level. Xander moved away.

“I’m sorry your marriage is breaking up, but I’m not interested in being in a relationship with you.” Xander looked up at the clock. It read ten after four. The hang-ups had stopped. Good.

“I thought you didn’t want to see me because I was married.” Valerie followed Xander who stood by a corner window in his office.
“It’s more complicated than it seems. I’m just not into you.” Xander sat back down and started typing on his laptop.

“I’m sorry Valerie but you need to leave. No amount of naked pussy is going to change my mind.”

Valerie sat on his couch and cried. Xander walked out of his office into reception.

“Call security and have her removed from here and let her know if she ever comes back we’ll consider it trespassing. I’m working from home for the rest of the day.” Xander slid into his truck and drove home.

As he drove, he received a call from his attorney.

“I was gonna call you to let you know the hang-ups have stopped,” Xander said.

“Great. I’m your friend and your attorney. But as a friend I want to ask you something. Do you think you could just talk to this woman and work it out? There’s no coming back from a lawsuit.”

“It feels like she’s trying to destroy me. I have to stand up for myself. Going to court will prove a point. Can we go to court soon?”

“Yes, I put a rush on it.”

“Seeing her again might help me get my life back on track.”

Xander arrived at his house and pulled out his phone. He played a video of him and Charm having sex. He watched a video of Charm every night. Watching Charm's videos allowed him to maintain an erection and after he'd exhausted himself with a hand job, those same videos helped him to get to sleep.
Chapter 20

On the last full day of work before she started law school, Charm went through her cell phone. She wanted to make sure she had everyone’s phone numbers. When she scrolled past Xander’s contact information showing his photo, her co-worker Langston said, “You know him?”

“Yeah. He’s an asshole,” Charm said.

“He’s my hero. Or at least he sort of looks like a guy who is my hero.”

“Hero? What are you talking about?”

“I’d rather show you than tell you. I think he’s this guy,” Langston said and pulled up the website thismidgetgetsit.

Charm could not believe her eyes. She clicked on photos and videos of Xander fucking numerous women. She saw the cum shots. Though the faces were blurred, she saw herself up there. She clicked on one of the videos and saw Xander had posted a video of her sucking him off.

“This guy gets more pussy than a little bit. And the bitches have the best bodies and some of them even swallow.”

“Really, Langston? This type of guy is your hero? Really?”

“You don’t understand. You must read his story. All sort of women dissed him and then he made it his mission to get the women who dissed him to suck his cock AND lick his balls.”

“You disgust me,” Charm said and began to walk away.

“It’s hard out here for a pimp. Maybe you can’t appreciate his game, but I sure can.”

Charm sat down at her desk. Xander. What a motherfucker. That stool! He videotapes women on that stool. He’s a damn sicko. Charm remembered the day he spun her around on the stool and had her legs spread right at the camera. The camera snapped a close-up of her pink, wet flesh and she didn’t even realize it. He ate my cookies good that day, Charm thought.

It must have been the guilt. I'm never, ever speaking to that prick again. But that doesn't mean I can't pay him back.

Charm picked up her phone and deleted Xander’s numbers.

It'll be a cold day in hell before I ever speak to him again.

****

Charm called for an emergency meeting at her house with Eden in attendance. She opened up her laptop and typed "ThisMidgetGetsItdotcom" into the search engine. After the notice that you had to be 18 or older to enter, Charm took her time and showed Eden all the photos and videos of women on Xander's site.

"Damn," Eden said. "There are so many women on this site." Eden continued to scroll through the site.

"How many times are you on here?"

"At least three. He has photos of my ass, my legs spread wide open..."

"I see this video of you giving him oral, damn," Eden said and shook her head.

"What are we gonna do about this?" Eden asked.

Charm stood and paced.

"I don't know," Charm said. "But he shouldn't get away with this. I bet half of these women don't know he has all of their private parts on display like this."

Charm walked over to one of her law books and flipped some pages.

"And, I bet none of them consented to being on video with him or having their likeness used," Charm said.

"That might be true, but the faces are blurred, you can't tell who these women are," Eden said.

"If no one knew who these women were, then you wouldn't have noticed me giving him head."

"That might be true, but that's only because I know you. We've been best friends forever. If someone recognizes these other women on his website, it would have to be the women themselves or even a close
"Damn, you're right. I should find a way to get these women to come to me," Charm said and scratched her head.

Eden looked at the site again, and went through the videos.
"Some of these women look like they are models, they look almost six feet. What if we did a model call at my bar and somehow..." Eden said.
"Get them to show up," Charm said and smiled.
"Yeah, if you get the right ones, you might even have a case. Sounds like you're ready to prepare a lawsuit and you're not even a lawyer yet."

Charm turned on her heel. *Suing him seems like the right thing to do,* she thought.

****

The next day Charm went to her office and prepared a list of models and their reps from the agency rolodex. She created an invitation-only event email and blasted it to about 50 models in the Philadelphia area. The email blast read:

**WE HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE YOUR IMAGE IS BEING USED WITHOUT YOUR CONSENT. AS A MODELING PROFESSIONAL, MONIES FOR YOU COULD BE PURSUED IF YOU CAN IDENTIFY YOUR IMAGE. AS YOU SHOULD KNOW, NOT BEING COMPENSATED WHEN YOUR IMAGE IS BEING USED REDUCES POTENTIAL FEES OTHER CLIENTS WILL WANT TO PAY YOU. SO, FOR YOUR FINANCIAL STABILITY, THIS IS A SERIOUS MATTER. BECAUSE SOME OF THESE IMAGES AND VIDEO ARE OF AN EXPLICIT AND SEXUAL NATURE, PLEASE CONSIDER CAREFULLY IF YOU WANT TO BRING A PLUS-ONE TO OUR MEETING. MEET WITH ME AT HIGH SOCIETY ON WEDNESDAY NIGHT AT 7PM. —CHARM NIXON. PLEASE RSVP VIA EMAIL.**

After she sent the email, the responses came immediately. Some models wanted to know if they should bring their agents, others wanted to know if they could come early. By the end of the day, 39 models were confirmed to meet Charm at High Society.

****

Xander laid on Dr. Eberly's couch.
"Maybe it’s time for me to prescribe you some anti-anxiety medications," the doctor said.
"Will they help me with my sleeping?" Xander asked.
"You're not sleeping either? When did this start?"
"Everything started once I guess I developed feelings for Charm and since I broke it off, everything with my body is bad."
Xander sat up and put his face in his hands.
"I feel so violated right now."
"Why?"
"Somebody slashed my tires and smashed my windshield. I feel like somebody is watching me all the time."
"Do you know who's doing it?" Dr. Eberly asked.
"Yeah. It's Charm. It started right when I broke up with her."
"Maybe you should hire a private investigator to catch her in the act, then you can take it to the appropriate authorities."
"Now, that's some advice I can actually use," Xander said and laid back down.
Chapter 21

Eden opened the doors at 6:45 and there were already 25 models outside. Eden had shut the bar down for the evening and they had decorated it in all black. The three flat screens were cued in the front and two sides of the bar. In addition, there were laptops at three different tables throughout the bar, being manned by one High Society employee each.

The tall, beautiful models milled about talking to each other—but many stood with their arms stiffly across their chests.

A microphone had been positioned on the edge bar and Charm walked over to it. She placed the microphone firmly in her hand as the clock struck 7. She stepped up on a small stage-like landing and exhaled.

"Hi everyone, I'm Charm Nixon. Thank you for coming. High Society staff is walking through the crowd to make sure everyone has a card and a pen to write down their contact information for this event."

A hush covered the bar.

"It was recently brought to my attention that a website has been posting private videos and photos of some of you—in the most intimate way possible. I don't believe any of you gave consent to have your images used this way. In a few moments, several videos will play on all of the flat screens and the computer monitors. If you recognize yourself and want your video removed, please come see me in the booth in the back. If you see someone else that you recognize, please let that person know, or if you can give me their information, I'll inform them. Ladies, this is a big deal; it could impact your contract and endorsement money for the rest of your lives," Charm said and stepped down.

Eden cued the video.

****

Charm sat in an elevated VIP booth, where she could see everyone's reaction as the images appeared on screen. She heard gasps. She saw some jaws hit the floor. She saw two models go into a back hallway and start slobbing each other down. They must have been turned on by the video. For a few moments, Charm watched the two girls going at it. One of the girls tried the leg-over-the-shoulder position which Xander featured in his videos several times.

Eden walked up to the booth and sat next to Charm. "How do you think it's going so far?" she asked.
"Hard to say... About 60 girls showed up here right at 7pm. Now, about half are gone. Not one person has come over to me and expressed any concern."
"Well, you should walk around, then. Maybe this VIP booth is intimidating," Eden said and grabbed Charm's hand.

Charm walked through the crowd. She nodded, smiled and said, "Hi, how are you?" to everyone as she passed.

Across the room, a woman Charm recognized from Xander's office stood transfixed while she looked at the flat screen. She stood like a skyscraper. She bit her lip, had her arms crossed in front of her chest and seemed to be seething as she stood there. As Charm walked to approach her, a young woman wearing a black miniskirt and green tank top touched Charm's elbow.

"Hi, I'm Ghari. I'm in one of the videos," the woman said and handed Charm her information on the white card.

As Charm continued to move throughout the bar, more women gave her their cards and admitted they were featured on Xander's website.

Charm looked around the bar, went down a couple of the narrow hallways, and entered the men's
bathroom as well as the ladies bathroom. She couldn't find the woman from Xander's office. *She was so angry, Charm thought. I bet she saw herself on the video. Well, at least I have these.*

Charm counted the cards and smiled. *There are at least 12 names here,* she thought. "I'm going to be able to shut his site down faster than I thought," Charm said to herself.

****

The next day, Xander drove to work so early that the sun hadn't risen by the time he sat at his desk. As he drove he saw some car lights from behind come up on his bumper. "What the hell?"

The truck behind Xander’s tapped his bumper lightly and then a little harder. Xander pushed down on the accelerator and moved faster. The other truck came up even faster and hit Xander’s bumper again. Then the truck moved to the side of Xander and began edging into his lane. Xander moved faster and tried to outmaneuver the truck, but before long Xander found himself on the side of the road—in a ditch.

****

Grey skies filled the Philadelphia skyline. Being in law school allowed Charm to free herself from dressing up—a student bonus she actually loved.

*Sweatpants and sweatshirts—the outfit of the day*—Charm thought as she looked down at her outfit. She entered her Corporate Law class on Temple University's campus. Ryan Webster—a tall, hazel-eyed, sexy twenty-five-year-old, waved at her and pointed at the seat next to him.

"Hey Ryan," Charm said as she sat.

"Hi. Did you get through the Entertainment Law assignment yet?"

"A little bit."

"Well, I’m still struggling. Could we study together?" Ryan asked as he and Charm locked eyes.

"Sure, no problem." Charm looked away.

*I haven’t had sex in what seems like forever!* Charm thought. She peered back over at Ryan. His broad chest showed through his tee-shirt.

Can I study with him without wanting him or without thinking about having sex with him?

****

About an hour after the tow truck dropped him off at his office, Xander met with Frank Starling, head of Star Investigative Services.

"I need to find out who just ran me off the road—who’s been leaving threatening messages on my phone and who has been vandalizing my property," Xander said. Last week someone had painted “weasel midget” on the side of his office building.

"I thought you knew who was doing this," Frank said.

"We go to court in a couple of weeks so I need more evidence."

"Our first step is to install exterior surveillance cameras on your office building and some other technical set-ups. I won’t bore you with the details. But, I’d also put a tail on the person you think is doing it. That’s how we’d start your investigation.”

"Good." Xander wrote out a check for $5,000 dollars and gave it to Frank.

"I’ll report back to you next week. Same time?"

"Yeah—if I’m still alive then," Xander stood and shut the blinds in his office and closed the door. He hadn’t been sleeping well since the threatening, hang-up phone calls had started up again. He lay on his sofa and drifted off to sleep. He had Charm in his dreams—they laughed and watched TV together. They were naked on the floor. She straddled his face. She had her backside to him and he held up her butt cheeks with each hand as his tongue went inside and circled her clit. She had his dong in her hand and she rubbed it up and down. He came and his semen shot to the ceiling but he didn’t stop eating her out until after he felt her cum on his tongue.

Xander woke with a smile on his face, then he looked around. *It's not real,* he thought. Then he lifted the
waistband of his pants. My drawers are wet again. What am I, a pimply faced teenager? Xander put his head to his hand and exhaled.

“I can’t get Charm, the psycho, out of my head.” Xander pulled out his phone and went through his contacts.

“McKinney, Valerie,…um. I think I’ll call Britney,” Xander picked up his phone and dialed.
Chapter 22

Charm spent the majority of her morning calling the models that had given her their numbers. Five of them agreed to stop by Charm's house to discuss suing Xander. As noon approached, only two had arrived.

Charm walked to her front door at 12:30pm and looked outside. No models were there. Frank Starling sat in an old car and watched Charm return inside her house.

"Let's start," Charm said to Eden, Ghari, Kevin—an Asian model with a boy's name. They all sat in Charm's living room.

"You may not realize this, but I'm on Xander's site as well and with three of us suing him, I'm sure we can force him to take the site down," Charm said and Eden nodded her head in support.

"What are we suing him for?" Kevin asked.

"Using our images without our consent," Charm said.

"But what if we gave him our consent?" Ghari asked.

"Why would we do that?" Charm said.

"So he'd take the blur off of our faces and we'd be fully recognizable," Ghari said and looked at Kevin.

"I know you're not a model but Kim Kardashian's sex tape changed her life and her entire family's life. We wouldn't even know about the Kardashian's if she didn't give brain on home video."

"You betta say it," Kevin said.

"If he's gonna use our images, I want to sue him to remove the blur from our faces," Ghari said.

Charm sat with her mouth open.

"Ghari and Kevin, you're not worried about this damaging your modeling careers?" Eden asked.

"I have four words for you: Kar. Dash. Shi. An," Ghari said.

"Okayyyy," Charm said and stood. "I'm not sure if I can make that happen, but if I can, I'll let you know."

Eden walked Ghari and Kevin to the door.

"I didn't think we'd have to convince the models that this was a good thing," Charm said.

"Tell me about it," Eden said and flopped on the couch.

"Maybe there will be a class in law school called, 'Convincing Your Client To Be Your Client,'" Charm said and headed toward the steps. "I gotta get ready for my evening class."

****

Charm drove to the campus and Frank Starling followed her the entire way. While Charm sat in class, Starling hung out in the hallways. When she journeyed from the classroom to the law library, Starling followed her there as well.

Charm and Ryan sat in the law library and compared notes on the class assignment.

"Do you have a boyfriend?" Ryan asked.

"What does that have to do with anything?"

"It's just a question."

"No, I don’t. But let's focus," Charm said and pointed to the book.

"Me either," Ryan said.

"I didn’t think you were gay. But thanks for letting me know that you don’t have a boyfriend."

"No, I meant that I don’t have a girlfriend."

Charm stood and said, “I need to find something.” Ryan followed as Charm went upstairs and pulled a book off the shelf. Charm sat on the floor and thumbed through it.

Ryan sat close enough for Charm to smell his wood and cinnamon scented cologne. She wanted to kiss him. I tried to get away from him by walking upstairs, Charm thought. He doesn't know who he’s dealing with
—in an abandoned section of the library like this, I could have his pants down and riding him in about twenty seconds.

“Thanks for coming up here with me, Ryan. But you didn’t have to,” Charm said. Ryan leaned over and kissed Charm on the cheek.

“Thanks for helping me with my assignment. I don’t think I could have gotten through it without you.” Ryan looked at his watch and stood up. “I gotta go. But see you later.”

Charm watched Ryan walk away—his muscular ass moving in his jeans. How am I gonna get through law school if all I want to do is have sex with my classmates? Charm got up and walked right by Frank Starling who sat at a desk nearby.

****

Xander pulled up to McKinney’s old apartment which also happened to be Britney’s current apartment. I wonder if McKinney will be here, he thought. She'd probably get a real kick out of me and her roommate getting it in. Xander rang the bell and Britney came to the door in a white tank top and a black g-string.

“Oooh. I'm surprised you had the courage to show up here,” Britney said.

"What are you talking about?" Xander asked.

"McKinney is super-pissed at you."

"She's always pissed at me. Is that going to be a problem between me and you?"

"Not at all. Come back to my bedroom with me. I was just watching some TV shows on the internet."

Xander followed and watched Britney’s g-stringed ass move down the hallway. Xander kicked off his shoes and laid down on his side while Britney sat indian style.

“You know you can watch TV when I leave,” Xander said. Britney looked at him and pulled off her tank top. Her breasts jiggled around.

“You're absolutely right. What do you want to do?” Britney started to grab at Xander’s belt buckle.

“Whoa. Whoa. Whoa,” Xander said. Staring at Britney, Xander couldn't summon his erection. She had pretty eyes, long hair and straight, white teeth. Her body had decent curves, but his member still wouldn’t get with the program.

“What's wrong?” Britney asked. Xander sat up against the headboard. “I have a lot on my mind.”

Xander’s phone rang. The caller ID read, "FRANK STARLING."

“I gotta take this… Hey Frank, I didn’t think I’d hear from you so soon,” Xander said and stepped out into the hallway and closed the door.

“Charm Nixon has not been vandalizing you,” Frank said.

“Well, who is it?"

“I don't know yet, but I don't think it's her."

“How do you know that?"

"She's in law school and I've checked her attendance records. Everything is computerized these days, so if she's checked in at the library, she can't be busting your windshield. During a lot of the days of your incidences, she was confirmed on the law school campus."

“I didn't even know she attended law school. Is there any chance Charm could have done any of the other vandalizing or hanging up on my phone, or the threats?” Xander asked.

“Anything is possible—but the investigation so far doesn't support it. It wouldn't really make sense for a future lawyer to break the law doing the stuff that's been happening to you, would it?"

"Not really," Xander said under his breath and exhaled.

Xander leaned against the wall and Britney came out of her room wearing absolutely nothing. She started a little stripper dance in front of him.

“Thanks, Frank.”

“What do you want me to do with the report so far?”

“Send it over to my attorney—looks like we were attempting to sue the wrong person.” Xander hung up the phone as Britney bent over and shook her bare ass at him. She wound her hips like she had taken several pole dancing classes. Xander stepped back into Britney’s room and shut the door. She sat in the center of her
bed playing with her clitoris. Normally, Xander would have watched, but he needed to see his doctor. Right away.

“I’m getting it wet for you,” Britney said.
Xander grabbed his shoes and took his car keys out of his pocket.
“Uh, I gotta go. Enjoy yourself.” Xander left. His palms moistened with perspiration. Sweat had formed on his forehead. How can I face myself knowing I tried to sue the wrong person? Xander wondered.
He looked at a picture of Charm on his cellphone and the butterflies returned. Maybe my doctor can give me some medicine to help me with these feelings or else I’m finished, Xander thought.
Chapter 23

Charm sat at the bar in High Society and admired Eden who poured two bottles at once into a short glass. Eden who wore a fat purple flower in her hair stopped and talked to Charm.

"I haven't had any luck with the models that came out at all. Everybody wants the blur removed from their faces," Charm said. "But they don't want their videos taken down."

"Well, maybe, you'll have to just sue him yourself," Eden said and wiped the bar counter.

"What? Sue him, myself?" Eden patted Charm's hand.

"That's right. Look Charm, you're in law school. What Xander has on his site is hurting you. So, you need to make it right for yourself."

Charm stirred her drink.

“I didn't think I'd have to do that. But, me and Ryan get along so well. Maybe he would help me,” Charm said and sipped some cranberry juice at the bar.

“And, I’m getting vibes that Ryan is feeling me anyway so it might be some business AND pleasure…” Charm laughed.

But as much as she put on a strong face for Eden, the thought of seeing Xander in court or anywhere absolutely terrified her. Charm knew she still had feelings for Xander.

"Later Eden," Charm said and left the bar. She sat in her car and drove over to campus.

Can I even tell Ryan the truth about helping me with this case if I ask for his help? I don't want him to know I'm on Xander's website, Charm thought.

****

Xander and Dr. Eberly both sat in the office and neither spoke. The doctor had both hands under his chin. Xander kept rubbing the back of his neck and looked around the office as if he had never been there.

“Xander, I can’t read your mind. I don’t know what the problem is if you don’t tell me.”

Xander got up and started pacing.

“I can’t stop thinking about Charm…” The doctor looked through his notes. “I’m not enjoying sex like I used to. I either have to see a picture of her when I’m with another woman or I gotta think the other person is her in order to cum… I mean ejaculate.”

“How long has this been going on?”

“Since she told me she loved me and I put her out of my place.”

“Do you regret it?”

“Regret what? Not being able to fuck… I mean have sex? Doc, I’m sorry. I’m on edge.”

“Do you regret breaking up with her?”

Xander put his head in both of his hands and started to cry. “I think I do.”

The doctor gave Xander a tissue box.

“You can always go to her and explain how you feel. You’d be surprised, she may still love you.”

“No, it gets worse, Doc,” Xander said and wiped his nose with a tissue. “I’ve begun court proceedings to sue her because I thought she had vandalized my car and my property. I’m sure she hates me.” Xander sobbed some more.

“Oh dear,” the doctor said. “I would still say the best thing to do would be to apologize.”

“What if she doesn’t listen?”

“Find a way—a letter, an email, an impromptu visit. People often say they don’t want to hear an apology, but inside they really do. If you give it an honest try, I believe you will feel better. You might even feel better than ever.”

Xander wiped his eyes. “I’m going to try.”
Charm sat in Ryan's apartment on a cozy, bachelor couch. He brought in two glasses filled with red wine.

“You’re not trying to get me drunk are you?” Charm said with a chuckle.
“Not hardly. I’m not that type a guy.”
“What type of guy are you?”
Ryan sipped his wine and said, ”I’m the type of guy who knows what he wants.” He leaned in and kissed Charm on the mouth. She kissed him back but she didn’t feel a particular spark. She pulled back.
Charm rose and walked over to a small window. Ryan came behind her. Charm felt his erection along her backside. But as she stood in the window thoughts of Xander clouded her mind.
“Can we talk for a minute?” Charm said and went to a chair near the couch.
“I have a court case I could use some help on. It's for a friend. All my energies are focused on that right now. I know we're not lawyers yet, but would you help me?”
“I’ll try.”
Charm hugged Ryan and pulled out some papers from her backpack. I have to be ready by Monday, that's the court date.

****

Xander dialed Charm’s number, but she didn’t answer. He instead left her a message. “Charm, it’s Xander. I need to see you. It’s urgent. It really is urgent.” Xander hung up. Several hours passed and Charm didn’t return his call.
Xander went to his website and dismantled it. He took the website completely offline. On the website he instead put a message that read:

TO THE WOMAN WHO TOLD ME SHE LOVED ME: I LOVE YOU, TOO. I APOLOGIZE FOR NOT SEEING IT SOONER. I HOPE YOU CAN FORGIVE ME.

Xander left 5 more messages on Charm’s phone. He asked her to call him back and pleaded with her to return his phone call. He did not receive one call back from Charm. If she’s not going to call me back, I gotta do something else to get her attention.

Xander stared at a video of him and Charm. She sat on his stool with his face in her lap. His phone rang four times before he even realized it.
"Hello?" Xander said with a gruff sound, irritation in his voice.
"Xander, we can't stop the case from going to court on Monday," his attorney said.
"Why?"
"I didn't get the information before the judge went home for the weekend. So, we have to go to court on Monday."
"Damn, damn, damn," Xander said and hung up. Charm will never forgive me for this. Can my life possibly get worse? Xander thought.
On Monday morning, Charm opened a cola when Eden walked through the front door. "Are you prepared to go to court today?" Eden asked and sat at the kitchen table. "I thought I was, but now, I'm not so sure."
"What are you talking about?" Eden stood and pulled a soda out of the fridge. "Xander has been calling me."
"Who?"
"Xander."
"What the hell does he want? Have you called him back?"
"Not ever. Not gonna do it."
"What do you think he wants to talk about?"
"I have no idea. Right now, I'm just trying keep my head together and focus on shutting down his site that humiliated me and all the other women he put up there," Charm said and grabbed a paper off of the kitchen table.
"Is Ryan going with you to court?" Eden asked. Charm paused and closed her eyes for a moment.
"No... I don't know how I'm going to act around Xander. I don't want Ryan knowing I'm on a site with smoking another man's pole. It's complicated."
"Are you liking Ryan though?" Eden asked. Charm frowned. "Ryan likes me. I like him. But there’s not really a spark."
"Oh, here we go again. You setting the bar so high nobody will be able to reach it," Eden said, taking a soda from the fridge.
"It's not that. I’m not like I was before. I’m honestly telling you Ryan is sexy. He has a nice body and if I was horny like I used to be, yeah, I’d be tryin’ to do him—straight up and down. But, now, I want something more."
"Xander HAS changed you."
Charm walked to the sink. "He has changed me. I admit it."
"Do you admit you still love him?"
Charm looked up at the ceiling. "I don’t know if I still love him, but I do know I can’t be with him. And I do know I'm suing him in court today. So, he better be ready 'cause I am."
Just then Charm’s cell phone rang. "I bet you twenty dollars that’s Xander."
Eden picked up the phone and saw Charm’s phone had “Asshole” on the caller ID.
"It says ‘Asshole’," Eden said.
"Yeah, well that’s him."
"I don’t know what it would take for me to actually give Xander another chance. I mean, what else could he be calling me about?" Charm said.

****

Xander arrived at the courthouse an hour early. He walked around outside and looked for Charm. If I could just talk to her before we get into the courtroom, he thought. I could apologize. I could tell her how sorry I am.

Xander turned around and bumped into a woman who wore a black wool coat. "Excuse me," Xander said.
"Hi Xander," McKinney said with a chill that could freeze water.
"McKinney," Xander said and stood back. "What are you doing here?"
"I had some business here. You're not the only person in Pennsylvania with business in the downtown
"How are you doing?" Xander asked.
"Couldn't be better. Bye now," McKinney said and headed toward the inside of the building.
Now that's strange, Xander thought. What are the odds of seeing McKinney at the courthouse on the very same day I'm scheduled to be here? Xander scratched his head and ventured inside the courthouse.

****

Charm walked up the courthouse steps with brown leather high heel boots, and a caramel-colored wool coat. The wind blew as her shoulder-length hair danced with the wind. Xander gasped while she approached the entrance. She is so beautiful, Xander thought. As Charm neared the door, a man came up next to her. The man hugged her and kissed her on the lips.
"What the hell?" Xander mumbled. His heart filled with rage.
"Who is that guy?"
Xander's attorney entered the building and blocked Xander from being able to see who Charm had hugged and kissed. Xander looked at his watch. Fifteen more minutes until court.

****

"Ryan, I didn't expect you to be here," Charm said as she squeezed Ryan's hand.
"I figured you'd want support for your first case, so here I am," Ryan said.
Charm gave a half smile. Nice of Ryan to show up. But, it's about to be hell up in here, Charm thought.
"Plus, if I was your boyfriend, I'd be here," Ryan said and kissed Charm behind the ear.
"There are a lot of things about this case I didn't tell you about. So, all I can say is, please don't judge me. If you sit through this case, you might hear, see, or learn some things about me. I didn't want to tell you about these things so early in our friendship. But, since you're here, I felt I should warn you."

Out of the corner of her eye, Charm saw Xander from behind. There weren't many men who were built like Xander, were four feet five inches tall and due in court today. To Charm, Xander stood out in the crowd like a neon sign. Charm rubbed her hands together and played with a gold hoop earring.
I'm nervous about this, she thought.
She tapped her forehead and touched a few beads of perspiration.
"Excuse me Ryan, I have to go to the ladies' room."
Charm stood in front of the mirror. Her heart rate had already begun to quicken and the sweat along her brow and hairline had already begun to form.
"Charm, you can do this," she said out loud and looked herself in the mirror. "He is just a man. He is wrong. You are right. He is not your friend. He is not your lover. He is nothing to you." She stood a little straighter, held up her head and walked into the courtroom.

****

The constipated looking bailiff stood with both thumbs rested on the underside of his belt. Charm sat at a long wooden table on the right side of the courtroom. She pulled out a notepad, her laptop, a mobile hotspot, and a pencil.

Ryan sat in the row directly behind Charm's table.
Xander sat at a long wooden table on the left side of the courtroom. Without the specialty size, Xander's feet dangled over the edge reminiscent of a toddler in a big person's chair.
"Please rise for the honorable Judge Henry," the bailiff said.
Everyone rose and the judge slammed his gavel and said, "Be seated."
"Your honor," Xander's attorney stood and addressed the court. "We apologize for wasting the court's time, but we do not will to pursue matters against Charmaine Nixon, your honor. We would like all charges dismissed."
"What?" Charm said out loud.
"Why couldn't you have notified the court earlier, Mr. Ellsworth?" Judge Henry asked.
"Over the weekend, an independent investigation brought substantial evidence forward exonerating Ms. Nixon. We called your office to inform the clerk of this, but we did not reach anyone."
Judge Henry looked over at Charm.
"Ms. Nixon, before I dismiss the charges against you. Would you like to address the court?"
"I would your honor," Charm said and stood. "It was discovered recently that Xander Blackmore, the person over there," Charm pointed, "runs the site, www.thismidgetgetssit.com with explicit photos, and videos of women without their permission. Many of the images feature women performing various sexual acts and the women are completely naked. In response to this lawsuit, I would like to countersue him on the basis that he is using women's images and likeness without their permission. I can show you the site, your honor, on my laptop." Charm walked over to her laptop and turned it on. She powered up her internet hotspot as well.
"While we're waiting for Ms. Nixon to show the court proof of this, would you care to address these allegations, Mr. Blackmore?"
Xander whispered in his attorney's ear. Charm typed in the website and the naked vaginas, the cum shots, the explicit videos were all gone.
"I don't believe this shit!" Charm said.
"Ms. Nixon," Judge Henry said. "Is there a problem?"
Charm repeatedly typed the name of Xander's site in the search engine, but the all the sexual stuff had vanished.
"Your honor," Xander's attorney said. "My client took down the site Ms. Nixon is referring to and so there is no truth to the allegations. The site with those images and videos no longer exists. However, my client would like to read to the court the message which is now on the home page of the site."
Xander walked up to the witness box and took out his smart phone. He typed in the web address, then he looked at Charm.
"Your honor, I just wanna say the website exploited women and their bodies. I made a mistake by creating the website. This is the message that is there now." Xander read his smart phone screen.
"To the woman who told me she loved me, I love you too. I apologize for not seeing it sooner. I hope you can forgive me." Xander took a handkerchief from his suit pocket and dabbed his eye.
Charm sat and stared at Xander.
"Ms. Nixon, have you been able to pull up the images or video you spoke of?" Judge Henry asked.
"No, your honor," Charm said and hung her head down.
"This case is dismissed," Judge Henry said and slammed the gavel.
Charm hurriedly put away her laptop and papers.
"Charm," Xander said as he approached her table. Charm ignored him and ran out of the courtroom and ran out past Ryan.

****

Charm sat in her car and dialed Eden's number.
"Please be here, please be here, please be here," Charm mumbled.
"Hello?"
"I feel so humiliated," Charm said and broke out in tears.
"What happened?" Eden asked.
"He took down the site. I don't know how to feel. He was teary-eyed on the stand," Charm sobbed.
"I can't do this... It's like a roller coaster I can't get off of... I'm gonna screw Ryan and get Xander out of my system."
"Wait, I don't think that's a good idea," Eden said, but Charm had already hung up.
Chapter 25

Xander stood in front of the billboard up the street from Charm’s house. A guy dressed in utility clothes had put the finishing touches on this second sign. He pointed at the bold lettering and Xander nodded his head. The first sign had been completed a few hours earlier and had been situated for when Charm turned left up Magnolia street—the main drag, and the second sign was for when Charm turned right up Magnolia street. Xander smiled as he admired the billboard. It read:

CHARM WILL YOU FORGIVE ME? —X

It’s been days and she hasn’t returned my calls, maybe this will get her to talk to me, Xander thought.

****

Charm and Ryan drove to get some fast food before their study session at her house.

“Look,” Ryan said and pointed. “That sign has your name on it.”

Charm saw the sign and slammed on the breaks.

“Whoa!”

“Who’s X?”

“I don’t know. Could be somebody’s nickname, petname or whatever. Doesn’t mean that billboard is talking to me,” Charm said and drove past the first sign. As she arrived closer to the chicken place, she noticed another sign saying the exact same thing.

“There must be a lot of Charm’s in your neighborhood,” he said.

Charm’s phone rang again. She ignored it.

“Your phone keeps ringing. Why won’t you answer it? Is it a possessive boyfriend?”

“Look, it’s a long story and we’re just study buddies. I don’t owe you an explanation.” Charm whipped her car around and drove back to her place. “You know, on second thought, we don’t have to study together, I’m not in the mood.” Charm exited the car and went into her house. She slammed the door.

Why am I so angry, she thought.

What is Xander doing?

****

Charm put on a pair of crotchless panties she’d originally purchased with Xander in mind and headed out to find Ryan. She knocked on his apartment door and after what seemed like forever, he came to the door bare-chested. Charm walked in.

“Uh, Charm,” he said.
“I gotta itch I need you to scratch,” Charm said and took off her jacket revealing a form-fitting shirt and low-rise sweatpants.

Then out of his bedroom came a young woman with a towel around her waist. The young woman cleared her throat.

Charm turned around and they both said in unison, “Who is she?”

Charm put her jacket back on. “It doesn’t even matter. I shouldn’t have come over here anyway. See you in class tomorrow.”

Charm went to her car and called Eden.

“I’m so distracted by Xander, I almost sexed the guy from my law class,” Charm said and started to cry.

“I do still love Xander. What can I do with him calling me every day? I can’t handle it.”

“Maybe you should talk to him and find out what he wants,” Eden said.

Charm hung up the phone and went home. *Maybe I’ll call Xander tomorrow,* she thought.
Chapter 26

A full week had passed and Charm had not called Xander back. Xander decided he’d go to the one person who he knew could help him win Charm back. He boarded a plane to Florida. He went to visit Dani who had retired there a few years back.

Xander arrived at Dani’s late in the afternoon. When he knocked on the door, Dani appeared instantly as if she’d been waiting for him. They hugged as Xander entered her house. Still was still fit and sexy even though she was knocked on sixty's door.

“You sounded stressed on the phone. What’s going on?” Dani asked and grabbed a steaming hot cup of coffee off of her coffee table.

“I’m in love with someone. I hurt her. But I don’t know how to win her back.”

Dani smiled a knowing smile and said, “I thought we agreed we were not into love.”

“Correction, you’re not into love, I want to try it,” Xander said.

“You came a long way for nothing. Unless you want to take a roll in the hay for old time’s sake.”

Xander walked to the front door and then stopped and turned around.

“It was fun—as a teenager—learning from you, having sex with you. It was great. You taught me a lotta shit that has helped me. But you also shared your coldness for relationships and that wasn’t right. You deprived me of being able to trust women because you brainwashed me.”

“I only taught you what I knew,” Dani said.

“Well, I wish you knew more,” Xander left and drove to his hotel.

Xander sat at the bar of his hotel. He couldn’t believe he thought so highly of Dani. She had sex with him and destroyed his mind. She used him and left nothing for any other woman who he'd ever meet. She pretended that they had a bond, but she had played with his mind the entire time.

"I'm damaged goods," Xander mumbled under his breath.

He remembered being with Charm. Charm made him feel good about himself but also he inspired her. *Being with Charm was the best thing in my life,* Xander thought.

He picked up the phone and called Eden’s bar. *Maybe Eden will help me to get her back.*

Charm jumped up when she heard the doorbell ring. She peeped through the door and saw a deliveryman holding flowers.

“Charm Nixon,” he said when she opened the door.

“Yes.”

“These are for you. Could you please sign here?”

Charm signed by the X then shut the door as she carried a vase full of red roses in her hand. She put the flowers on the table and pulled out a large card — larger than the typical cards that came with flowers.

It read:

> MAYBE I DON’T DESERVE A SECOND CHANCE, BUT THERE ARE THINGS ABOUT ME YOU DON’T KNOW. I WANT TO TELL YOU EVERYTHING ABOUT ME. CAN WE TALK? — XANDER

Charm threw the card in the trash and walked upstairs. She picked up her phone and saw she had received two calls from her study buddy and three calls from Xander. Charm marched back downstairs and took the roses and threw them in the trash as well.

“You’re right, you don’t deserve a second chance Xander!” Charm ran upstairs and climbed into bed. She drifted off and no matter how hard she fought it—more days than not she had dreams about Xander.
During her late morning nap, in the midst of a dream where Xander licked her from behind, Charm’s doorbell awakened her.

*What now?,* she thought. *That dream has me tingling all between the thighs.*

She looked through her peephole and yet another delivery guy stood on the other side of the door.

“Yeah,” she said.

“Are you Charm Nixon?”

Charm nodded.

“Sign here,” the delivery man said and gave Charm a thin envelope in FedEx packaging.

What now? Charm ripped open the package that had a letter inside from Xander.

**CHARM,**

*I want you to know this about me. When I was fifteen, I started having sex with my father’s mistress. By the time I was sixteen, I’d learned so many tricks, I had girls in line to suck my dick behind the bleachers during lunchtime. Since I started going to therapy a few years ago and recently sitting down with my dad’s mistress, I’ve learned she also taught me to not believe in love. And, every woman I ever been in any kind of relationship with has only agreed to be there because of sex. Really, women used the size of my cock to accept me, because they couldn’t accept my height.*

Tears streamed down Charm’s face as she read the letter.

*When I met you, I thought you were like everyone else—a chick obsessed with getting a big dick. I dealt with you the way I dealt with everyone else. But then, I started feeling things. I thought I was coming down with the flu, but my therapist helped me understand what I was experiencing was falling in love…with you.*

Charm wiped the tears from both of her cheeks.

*I could go on, but I really wanna tell you the rest of my story in person. Maybe one day you’ll forgive me and agree to talk to me face to face.*

Xander signed the letter, "I do love you, Xander."

Charm dialed Eden’s number through her sobs. When Eden picked up, Charm yelled into the phone,

“What am I gonna do about Xander? He’s wearing me down.”

“What happened?”

“He sent roses. He wrote me a letter. He’s been calling several times a day.”

“It sounds like he’s trying to come clean about himself. Maybe there’s something to all the stuff he put you through.”

“What should I do?” Charm asked while she clenched her chest.

“Come by tonight, we can talk about it,” Eden said.

Charm hung up and read the letter again. She imagined a line of high school girls waiting to play Xander’s flute instead of going through the lunch line. She smiled and shook her head. *All things aside, knows how to make a girl feel good,* Charm thought. *Too bad he messed up our relationship.*
Chapter 27

Charm walked into the bar in a pair of black dress pants, black flats and a fitted sweater. She looked around and noticed no one there but her. She smiled when she saw Eden at the bar. There were candles along the bar—more than usual.

“You have a special event here tonight?” Charm asked.

“Yes, as a matter of fact, we do.” Just then Xander appeared from the back carrying a bouquet of white roses. He handed them to Charm.

*I think Eden set me up. She’s so dead when I’m outta here,* Charm thought.

“Will you sit down with me and talk for a while?” Xander asked and grabbed Charm’s hand. He led her to a booth and climbed up on the seat while she sat across from him.

“I’m sorry for everything I’ve done to you.”

“I don’t wanna hear your apologies.” Charm folded her arms and looked away.

****

Charm took Xander’s breath away when she walked into the bar. She looked completely different. No cleavage, no fuck-me pumps. She hadn’t even worn a short skirt.

“Charm, I know I hurt you by putting you on my website...” Charm turned around and looked at him. “You probably didn’t appreciate that I created a website like that period.”

“You’re right about that,” Charm said and rolled her eyes. “I was in a dark place, I can't justify what I did, but....”

“Is there a point to this Xander?”

“I put those photos up of you because I wanted to stop feeling what I felt. I didn’t want to be in love with you.”

Charm looked at Xander who continued. “I didn’t know how to handle my emotions,” Xander said. “And now? How do you feel now Xander?”

“I feel I don’t wanna live without you. I feel you’re the perfect person for me. I can’t be with any other woman without thinking about you or wanting to be with you.”

“Why should I believe you?”

“Because everything I told you is the truth. And no sane man would admit everything I have in this conversation or through this letter. Deep down you know I’m telling the truth.

****

_Can I even believe him?_ Charm asked herself. _I see his lips moving, I hear his words but can I believe him?_ Xander reached in his pocket and pulled out a box. He put it on the table.

“Open it.”

“No, you open it,” Charm said. Xander opened the box and saw a gold ring with three Emerald cut diamonds.

“What’s that?”

“It’s a gift for you—something to let you know I’m serious. I’ve never given anyone any kind of ring. I want to let you know I only want to be with you.”

Charm picked up the box, examined the ring and put the box down. _It’s beautiful and I know it cost a mint, but...._”

“I’m sorry, Xander. I don’t know if I can believe you.” Charm ran out the restaurant. Inside of her car, she repeatedly hit the steering wheel with her hands, and cried.
Could Charm allow a man so deceitful to re-enter her life? He had personal issues, psychological issues. Would Xander ever be man enough to be in a real relationship with her?

****

Back at his house, Xander removed the pictures from his pussy wall. He took the stack of pictures and shredded them one by one. He turned on his computer and deleted all of the video and photos of the cum shots, the sex videos, and blow job videos. He deleted them all. He went up to his bedroom and looked at his stool. The stool had earned its place in the hall of fame, but Xander took the stool outside poured some gas on it from his gas can and lit a match. He sat on his back step, sipped a beer and watched it burn.

****

Charm saw smoke from the street.
“I hope his house isn’t on fire.” She jumped out of the car and ran to the back. She stopped when she saw the stool in a fiery blaze. Xander looked over at Charm as she sat.
 “Whatcha doing?” she asked.
 “Torching my past.”
 Charm reached out and grabbed Xander’s hand. “Does that include me?”
 “Do you want to be a part of my future?”
 “Absolutely,” Charm said and kissed Xander, tasting the malt flavor on her tongue.
 “Where’s my stuff?” Charm asked.
 “What are you talking about?”
 Charm put her fingers in the air, and wiggled them. Xander reached into his pocket and took Charm’s ring out of the box. He slipped it onto her finger.
 “You know I love you, right?” Xander said. Charm nodded. “You know I love you, too.”
 Xander took his hose and put out the flames that had disintegrated his stool into a heap of ash.
 “Let’s go inside,” Charm said. “One of my co-workers told me you have a pussy wall.”
 “No, I destroyed it. I’ve changed. It's in my past.”
 “That was a trick question, anyway, I just wanted to see what you had to say.”
 “Well actions speak louder than words; I’d love to show you how I feel,” Xander said and took off her shirt.

****

Xander and Charm made passionate love that night. They went at it non-stop, trying to make up for lost time. Xander’s seemed harder than it had ever been before. And, Charm’s tunnel stayed wet and slick—Xander’s tongue couldn’t get enough and his penis rebounded quickly after each ejaculation. Charm straddled his face and rode his tongue until her legs shook.
 On the floor in front of the fireplace, Xander laid in the space between Charm’s naked breasts. He moved up to her ear and whispered, “I’m never going to leave you.”
 Charm smiled and said, “I know.” Charm grabbed Xander’s backside and sat up. She pulled his hips toward her and wrapped her lips around his dick tighter than a snake getting through a wormhole.

This love muscle belongs to me, Charm thought. And deep down she knew her pussy belonged to Xander.
Epilogue

Three months after Charm and I got back together, I asked her to marry me. She is perfect for me. Sometimes at night when she's asleep and after I've worn her ass out, I think to myself, "She's my perfect pussy princess." That title might sound lame, but I wouldn't change Charm in any way, so she's perfect. Her pussy is a gift from God. Is it possible for a tunnel to get tighter, sweeter and better with time? Well, Charm's does. And, finally, Charm is nothing if not royalty. So, to me, perfect pussy princess is well, perfect.

A woman could walk by with the fattest ass and the biggest breasts and all I think about is the partner I have at home. The butterflies in my stomach and nausea that I had experienced have vanished...mostly. Believe it or not I get butterflies when Charm bends over and lets me lick her from behind. I'd get a mold of her slit if she'd let me. I'd carry it around like my driver's license. Again, I think she's perfect. So, I wouldn't say that my addiction to pussy is over. It's that I'm only addicted to Charm's.

Since she said yes to my marriage proposal, we’re going to build this wonderful life together. Being in love with Charm has brought joy to my life. Joy I didn't even know existed in this life. I don’t think about the women who hurt me because Charm healed me. Being with her is the single most important thing in my life.

Well, I kept Frank Starling on the job a little longer and he discovered Vernon vandalizing my shit and McKinney, the psychotic model had her hand in it too.

I planned to sue McKinney, but instead the prosecutor worked with my therapist to get her some real help. Dr. Eberly helped her into a treatment facility, and as far as I know, she's still there. I knew she had mental issues when I dated her; she just couldn't function with reality.

Well, I sued Vernon Ayers, personally, for damaging my property. I wasn't as compassionate toward Vernon because he came after me. I didn't want to sleep with his wife. If he was gonna take out anything on anyone, it should have been her. She always chased me and she begged me to do her in their bedroom.

Anyway, criminally, he received probation for all the shit he did—he's an old guy and had never been in trouble with the law. He was just messed up in the head because he caught his wife with her legs open. I actually started to feel sorry for the guy ‘cause I definitely never want to be him. So, as a last act of kindness, I gave him Dani's number. I'm no psychic. But, I bet Dani is as lonely as Vernon. From what I've heard, he and Dani might even have a good thing going now. That is if she doesn't try to bang anyone else half her age. Once a troll, always a troll.

With the sixty thousand dollars I received in damages from Vernon, I bought my girl a Mercedes Benz. She deserved it.

As for Valerie, Vernon divorced her and now she’s engaged to some other dude. Good for her. You should be with a person who brings happiness to your life. Valerie and Vernon actually motivate me to give Charm a life beyond what she could wish for—I want Charm to be just that happy.

— Xander

I’m so happy. Xander waits on me and gives me everything I need. He’s supportive of me being in law school. He’s already trying to create the business name for my company. His birthday came along a few months after we got back together and you’ll never guess what I gave him—a pussy wall. But this time, I filled it with pictures of my pink cookies only. I swear when I took him to the basement and showed him, a tear fell from his eye. I’m going to give him something else too—in about six months—a baby. I haven’t told him yet, because I know he’s going to think something may be wrong with the baby. But, the doctor told me the baby doesn’t have to be born with dwarfism. Xander thinks more about dwarfism than I do. When I look at Xander, I don’t see his height as a defect. I love every inch of him. Who he is has made him become this loving, giving person. I wouldn’t trade him for an NBA All Star—not today, not ever.

Me and Xander threw a surprise “You Da Bomb” party for my friend Eden. As happy as we are, we knew we wouldn’t have survived if it weren’t for Eden’s meddling along the way. We brought in a cake, balloons, a couple of male strippers and a male exotic dancer. The exotic dancer was Xander’s idea—a friend of a friend. Well, now I hear Eden likes the dancer a little bit more than she should. But who am I to judge? I have what I want and I believe she should have something good for her too.

Well, Xander is wearing his cop outfit tonight. So, I must run. He likes to beat me with his baton—and
I’m not talking about the one made of wood… For this escapade I wear an orange prison jumpsuit with the crotch missing. You already know Xander knows what to do with a bald pussy.

— Charm

The End
Keep reading for the excerpt to DEEP: A Don't Knock It Novel #2
Bookclub Discussion Questions:

1. Do you think it’s right for women or men to discriminate against a person solely for their height?

2. What did you think of the models who wanted the blur taken off of their faces from Xander's site?

3. What would you have done to Maxwell for allowing a woman to get intimate with you without your knowledge?

4. Do you think Dani is an awesome person for teaching Xander the ropes about sex or is she a bad person for taking advantage of a teenager?

5. Did this book make you consider dating someone who is shorter than your “usual accepted” height? Why or why not?

6. If a woman felt discriminated against, what kind of site could she create that would be a female version of ThisMidgetGetsIt?

7. Do you think it was a good idea for Xander to give Vernon Dani's phone number? Why or why not?

8. Would you have been able to forgive Xander if you were Charm? Why or why not?

9. If you were Eden would you have helped Xander get back with your best friend? Why or why not?

10. When Charm met with Xander at Eden's club on the night he apologized, she was dressed completely differently than her usual revealing get-ups. Why do you think she dressed less provocatively?
I'd love to hear from you... My email is: lyla@lylamarieross.com

Thank you for reading!

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If you are a member of a book club or a book discussion group, consider having DARE as one of your selections.
Here's an excerpt to the next book in the series,
DEEP: A Don't Knock It Novel #2
by Lyla Marie Ross
My stage name is Deep. I'm an upscale male stripper. I got the name "Deep" because when I'm giving it to a woman long and hard, that's what I hear women say. I go deep into your tunnel or deep into your throat. My dick is thick. It can reach belly buttons and go beyond tonsils. Having a big cock is a bonus for a male stripper, but if you know how to move your ass and entice a woman, you could win as a stripper—even if your equipment is average sized.

When I'm stripping, I bring a woman's fantasy to life. From my outfits to the way I dance and give eye contact to the audience, my goal is to be the best stripper that a woman has ever seen. I got into stripping because of my love of dancing. I liked dancing even when I was a teenager. If I was at a party with my boys, I'd wait for slow songs to come on, and then I'd get my grind on. I'd move my hips in a way to say, "I Want You," just like Marvin Gaye, but I was never overly aggressive with it.

I loved dancing to slow songs. Once I started gettin' busy, it seemed logical to me to make dancing a part of it. After all, I've always wanted more than just a lay. I tried to get my teenage girlfriends to dance and strip for me, but they'd act all goofy and shit. So, I got with this college graduate student, she was about 23 and I learned a lot about sex from her. Crazy enough, we'd strip for each other. You could say she broke me in. Pretending with her was nothing like what happened after I became a salsa dancer for a small dance studio. Dancing at a studio brought me in the life in a way you could hardly imagine. I'm thirty now and I'm stripping for cash and if the money is right, I might do a little more. But, the truth is I want to settle down with a woman who can be my rock.

The average person would think that a handsome male stripper is the fantasy guy for a lot of women, but for me, it's been a black mark. Women who I've wanted to get serious with judged me for being a stripper. They didn't believe that I wasn't sexing all the women who put dollar bills in my G-string. Would you take a stripper who wanted to be in a relationship seriously? Would you believe a man who had women pawing him all night if he told you he wanted to settle down with you? Well, I'm determined to find my soul mate and I don't care if I gotta screw a thousand women in the process. It'll be worth it in the end. This is my story.
Chapter One

Eden adjusted the large red flower in her hair as she admired herself in the mirror. Her side braid added some sensuality to her. Her buttery cream dress hugged her curves in all the right places. She was built more like Serena Williams than Naomi Campbell.

She added some blush to her face and headed out of her upstairs office. The music boomed throughout her Philadelphia-based bar, High Society. For a thirty-two year old woman, Eden had done well for herself. For the last couple of years, the bar had been turning a profit and attracting larger crowds. But, three months ago, a club called Code opened three blocks away and High Society's business slumped.

Eden had tried ladies nites, free drinks, and Twitter meet-ups to bring High Society into the black but nothing worked. She exhaled as she eyeballed the darkened room. *I have to save my bar,* she thought. The smell of beer and exotic wines tickled her nose. She held a business card with "Pimptress" written on the front and a hand written number on the back.

"Hey, girl," Eden's best friend, Charmaine, said as she snuck in the back door of the bar. Eden gave Charmaine a quick hug and handed her the business card. Some head nodding R&B music floated through the wall mounted speakers.

"I have a meeting tonight with the Pimptress. She manages male strippers."

"Sounds like she might manage male prostitutes," Charmaine said and sat on the leather barstool as Eden fixed her an apple martini.

"Prostitution is off limits, but the chick claims that bringing her strippers to my bar will save us from bankruptcy overnight. She said she's even willing to let me have a private dance to convince me that her boys are the real deal."

"Whoa ... she's gonna let somebody shake their man meat in your face?" Charmaine smiled, sipped her drink and tucked her shoulder length hair behind her ear.

"Well, let me tell you, if one of her boys wants to do more than dance with me, I'm going to let him. I'm so bored with Indio's one position ass, I'd rather masturbate," Eden and Charmaine laughed as Eden focused her eyes on door.

****

Deep walked into High Society dressed in a blue pinstripe suit. Blue, his favorite color, complimented the brown hues in his skin. His Latin father blessed Deep with thick eyebrows and an even thicker mustache which he groomed meticulously. His mixed race mother gave his hair texture and he believed that his African American grandfather must have been the reason that he was so well endowed.

High Society was decorated with black and cream leather bar stools and furniture. When money was flowing, cream roses were placed throughout the establishment. The decor gave High Society a presence befitting its name. The bar had a small stage, and two private rooms upstairs. In bountiful times, the private rooms were used for customers celebrating an event like a birthday, anniversary or engagement.

Deep waited to be seated by the hostess and observed the surroundings. The hostess, a young white woman, with dark brown hair and a dimple in her left cheek smiled nervously when she approached him.

"Are you here by yourself, Sir?" the Hostess asked.

"I am," Deep said. His voice oozed earthy sexiness and male baritones.

"Well, follow me."

Deep walked behind the young lady whose nametag had read, "Natalie." He gave her a once over. She wore a short skirt and a tight shirt. She was too young for him. She reminded him of a teenager who wouldn't get into an R-rated movie without a parent.

He sat in a corner booth and eyed Eden who stood at the center of the bar and tapped the red flower in her hair.
"Damn," he mumbled under his breath. Wearing a cream-colored wrap dress accentuating every curve, Eden stepped from behind the bar and walked toward the entrance. His manhood awakened as he admired her strolling toward the entrance of the establishment. He reached into a small bowl and threw a few peanuts in his mouth and enjoyed the view.

****

*It's always slow on Tuesdays,* Eden thought. She glanced at her watch as she crossed the decorative concrete floor—colors of deep browns that resembled marble. Before she could make it all the way to the door, Liz, a six-foot tall blonde woman with huge breasts, a tiny waist and no other curve in sight walked in with a muscular man who favored a blonde Arnold Schwarzenegger following her.

"You must be Liz," Eden said and extended her hand.
"Yes," Liz said and nodded. "And this is Adonis ... your treat for taking this meeting."
Eden smiled and eyed Adonis. Sun kissed skin, perfectly straight teeth and muscles upon muscles upon muscles.

*I hope that doesn't mean he has a little package,* Eden thought to herself.
"Where can we talk privately?"
"Follow me."

Eden sashayed into a private office on the second floor. As she walked, she felt eyes on her back and probably her ass. Eden's backside protruded from her waist in a way defying the laws of science. Her waist was small but her butt cheeks belonged to someone thrice her size. Big asses ran in Eden's family. But at five feet, eight inches, as long as she exercised and kept pancakes to a minimum, she maintained an enviable figure.

When they reached Eden's office, Liz told Adonis to wait outside.

Eden and Liz walked into a small office decorated in cream, glass and gold trimmings. A set of monitors hung on the wall and displayed every inch of High Society—from the parking lot outside, to the front door, to all of the seating area and the entire length of the bar. Eden sat behind a curved glass desk and Liz sat down in a French designed, gold colored love seat.

"I love the way that you've designed this place. It has such panache," Liz said. Eden reached down into a cabinet and opened a hidden refrigerator filled with small bottles of champagne.
"Care for a glass?"

Liz nodded and Eden grabbed two gold-rimmed goblets from a top cabinet. She filled the glasses equally and handed one over to Liz.

"I wanna get right to the point," Liz said and took a long sip of champagne.
"You could use the money and my guys are in demand all across the city. We need more locations..."?

Liz took another sip and put her champagne glass at the end of Eden's desk.
"My guys are clean, drug free, and they have big schlongs."
"Really?"

"Yes, really. It's an absolute requirement. No woman wants to come to a private party and see a stripper with a little penis. Let's all be real here."

"Adonis!" Liz yelled out and Adonis walked into the office.
"Take off your pants."

Eden almost choked as she heard Liz's order at the same time the champagne hit the back of her throat. Her eyes watered a little, but she was definitely interested in seeing Adonis drop his pants.

****

Adonis dropped his black slacks and stood in front of Eden and Liz in a gray thong. Liz turned to Adonis and rubbed her hand over his chest and pinched each of his nipples. Eden noticed that a huge erection formed as Liz placed her hand under his shirt.

"Eden is potentially a new client of ours. She is thinking about hosting our dancers here. Show her what we're all about."

Liz turned to Eden, "Turn on some music. It elevates the experience. I'm going to step outside for a
Eden turned on a speaker in her office and admired Adonis and all of his muscles. Adonis removed his shirt and began to dance. He walked over to Eden and pulled her chair toward him and he thrust his pelvis in her face. He smelled like expensive upscale Old Spice cologne.

"Damn," Eden said feeling her panties get moist.

"Touch me," Adonis said. He pronounced his words with a thick accent. *Was he really related to Arnold,* Eden wondered.

"I didn't think the women are allowed to touch the dancers."

"You're an exception."

Eden reached out with one hand and touched Adonis' thigh. *Solid.*

"Don't be scared," Adonis grabbed Eden's other hand and put it on his thigh, but closer to his crotch.

"You know you want to," he said as he gyrated his hips in Eden's face.

Eden grabbed his bare butt cheeks and pulled him toward her. She wanted to touch his manhood though she'd never admit it.

Her body temperature had escalated. She bit her lip. Adonis' dancing was more than a dance. She wanted him inside of her.

Eden reached into his thong and grabbed him. She was shocked at its size. His penis was just that long and thick. She started to stroke his shaft. A dance with Adonis had become a hand job in Eden's office. Eden grabbed Adonis' hand and placed it between her legs. Her panties were already soaked. There was a knock on the door.

"Dayum," Eden said just as Adonis middle finger had entered her pussy. Eden wanted to finger fuck him before Liz returned to the office.

"Miss Eden," the voice called out from the other side of the door.

"Go away," Eden said and walked to the door and locked it. She pushed Adonis to the chair and climbed on top of his finger.

"Add another one," Eden said wanting to release her breasts from their bra imprisonment.

She rode his two fingers until her creamy juices were dripping all over his hand.

She climbed off of Adonis and gave him a paper towel.

"So that's what people get when Adonis dances for you," Eden said.

"No, not that much. But, I'm sure they leave satisfied," Adonis said as he stroked himself. "You know I have something else you can have."

Eden approved of Adonis' thick dong. She hadn't expected to be fingered in her office today. Getting it in with a male stripper would have been too much.

"I'm good. Actually, I'm great." Eden stared at Adonis' package. She knew she'd probably regret not allowing him to do her later. But, right now, she had to think about doing business with Liz.

Eden stood and unlocked the door once Adonis was fully dressed. Liz entered Eden's office within a few moments.

Liz glanced at a smiling Adonis and a flushed Eden.

"So, by the looks of it, do we have a deal?"

"Yes. Yes. We do. How soon do you want to start?"

"Let's start this Thursday," Liz said and exited Eden's office.

Eden lifted up her dress and put her hands in the front of her red thong. Her clit was still throbbing.

"I cannot wait 'til Thursday," Eden said and adjusted her clothes. *Why can't Indio turn me on like that,* she wondered. *Or any man that I'm in a relationship with?* She returned to the bar with the smell of Adonis still in her nostrils.
Look for Deep: A Don't Knock It Novel #2 everywhere books are sold.
About the Author

Lyla Marie Ross is an American author who loves to write stories that encourage women to find more enjoyment out of life. Her idea for the Don't Knock It series came to be after thinking about women's satisfaction in personal relationships and life, in general. So, stay tuned to more stories in the Don't Knock It series where Lyla will push her characters to the limit. Visit http://www.lylamarieross.com
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