

# Starving Artist by Selena Kitt

Erotica

# Excessica Publishing www.excessica.com

Copyright © 2008 by Selena Kitt

NOTICE: This work is copyrighted. It is licensed only for use by the original purchaser. Making copies of this work or distributing it to any unauthorized person by any means, including without limit email, floppy disk, file transfer, paper print out, or any other method constitutes a violation of International copyright law and subjects the violator to severe fines or imprisonment.

WARNING: This book is not transferable. It is for your own personal use. If it is sold, shared, or given away, it is an infringement of the copyright of this work and violators will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

This book is for sale to ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY. It contains substantial sexually explicit scenes and graphic language which may be considered offensive by some readers. Please store your files where they cannot be accessed by minors.

All sexually active characters in this work are 18 years of age or older.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are solely the product of the author's imagination and/or are used fictitiously, though reference may be made to actual historical events or existing locations. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events or locales is entirely coincidental.

Cover Photo Credit: Natalie Roberts, Cad Fael Used under a Creative Commons license.

Cover Design: Selena Kitt

Starving Artist © 2008 Selena Kitt eXcessica publishing

All rights reserved

## **Starving Artist**

#### By Selena Kitt

The world went away when she painted. There were times, days or weeks at a stretch, when the colors wouldn't blend and the light wasn't right—but when things flowed, the world blurred around the edges and finally disappeared. She fell into the painting itself, riding slick red swirls through wispy orange flecks, carried away, a light beyond color coming through her, as if the brush were painting on its own and she was a simple conduit.

It was during one of these moments that the doorbell rang. Dream-like, she incorporated it into the world she'd slipped into somehow, her only response a slight tilt of her head, like a dog listening to a pitch too high for human ears. It came again. Being drawn into her work might be bliss, but being pulled out this way was jarring and painful. She walked, slightly disoriented, toward the door, just a few steps to the left in the small one-room apartment.

"Tom." Her voice was flat, although her stomach lurched at the sight of her landlord, and she immediately began to do the math in her head. No matter how much she shifted and tumbled the numbers, there was never enough.

"Hey, Ellie, you got a little something on you, there," he remarked with a smooth, easy chuckle. She wiped her hands on an apron-front covered in splotches of old, dried paint, giving him an obligatory smile at his attempt at humor. He left a bad taste in her mouth.

"Tom, listen, can you give me until Monday?" Her words were abrupt, pointed, no games or subtle innuendo. She hoped her brisk, businesslike demeanor would appeal to him, perhaps penetrate his slick, glossy veneer and find its way to the place where there was a heart—or a conscience. She'd been unsuccessful so far.

"Now, Ellie..." He sighed, shaking his head. Her chest burned as he continued the act. "You're already two months behind. And last month, I made certain ... allowances for you." He inclined his head slightly, and she saw a brief flash of his teeth. They were the brightest teeth she'd ever seen. He probably has them professionally whitened.

She ignored the indignant flush he must see burning on her cheeks. The eyes which looked back at her were cool and certain, but while she'd once mistaken them for predatory, she saw now, he was no hunter.

"Allowances? Is that what you call it?" Her mouth barely moved.

He casually shrugged one shoulder, rumpling the lines of his suit coat. "We can call it whatever you like, Ellie. May first, rent's due. We're now ten days past. Would you like to revisit last month's arrangement?" His eyes shifted down her body, over her breasts, the gentle curve of her waist, the slope of her thigh. No, he wasn't a hunter—he was a bottom feeder. The look in his eyes was never predatory, it was vulturous. He simply circled, waiting.

Her face burned with memory when she lowered her eyes. He put one cap-toed leather Gianfranco Ferre shoe up into the wedge of the doorway, and before she stepped aside to admit him, she realized with a sick flush of anger that his shoes alone cost more than what she paid in rent. He glanced around the little room, his eyes lingering on her painting. She moved to cover it, knowing the paint wasn't dry and not caring.

The wide-open space of her efficiency was dominated by her futon. It was the only furniture in the room aside from a small table pushed up against the wall near the kitchenette, beneath the wide, high

skylight. It was the only glass in the house not barred against intruders. The other room was the bathroom, a square of space you could barely turn around in, attached to an even more diminutive shower stall.

The entire apartment was one corner of a large old house in a poor and fairly dangerous section of Detroit. The most she could say about it was he kept it clean, and so far, bug-free. That was one reason she'd taken it—but really, it was the incredible light coming into the kitchen that sold it for her. Never mind it was one of the only places in her student price-range that didn't have a roach or a rat included in the décor.

"Nothing like being a poor student, huh?" He flashed that smile again. "I know what it's like. I was there once."

She leaned against the table, hugging her arms over her belly. She realized she was still wearing her apron, and it reminded her of the world she'd been flowing through only moments before. That world seemed impossibly far away. She untied the apron and tossed it behind her onto the table.

She regretted uncovering herself a moment later as she turned to find his eyes locked on the light blue tank-tee she wore. With a swallow, she watched as those eyes slid down her form to the faded jeans hugging her slight hips. If she could've stepped back, she would've, but the table stopped her. His eyes flicked back and forth between her breasts, as if trying to decide which one to settle on. He reached his left hand out, a large hand with a thick gold and diamond band on the ring finger, but she rounded her back like a hissing cat, crossing her arms over her chest.

This had all been negotiated last time—he wasn't to touch her. It was a simple barter agreement. He withdrew, his eyes flickering with some sort of heat Ellie could almost feel.

"All right, come on then, starving artist." He took the few strides to the futon and settled himself down onto the black cushion over the sweeping white oriental symbol for "prosperity." He looked out of place here, as out of place as she might look at a cocktail party, she imagined. She found herself gnawing the inside of her cheek as he leaned back and unzipped his trousers. "Let's see if we have something for you to eat."

That first time, it had been no surprise to her his cock was as slick and smooth as he appeared, his dark pubic hair neatly trimmed. What had surprised her was the texture of him, unlined and unveined, with the smoothness of velvet around the tip, and even more unexpected was the benign taste of him, a bland shock, like a bowl of oatmeal or cream of wheat.

As she knelt before him now, the carpet digging into the tender flesh of her knees, she watched him stroke the unwrinkled shaft emerging from the fly of his finely pin-striped Montefino trousers, his eyes slipping closed, his nostrils flaring in anticipation. She leaned in, careful not to touch him too much, balancing herself with one paint-stained hand on the edge of the futon between his legs, still startled by the lack of aroma as she slipped the head of his cock between her lips.

He was rigid, and the pre-cum escaping into her mouth as she began to slide her head up and down on him told her he'd probably been hard for a while—long before he'd rung her doorbell. That thought made her angry, and she moved her mouth faster on him, using her tongue and lips to create a deep, aching suction. She wondered if he mistook her intensity for passion because he closed his eyes and licked his lips, his expression a mask of self-indulgence. She didn't touch him with her hands, an attempt to keep them clean, using just her mouth from balls to tip, keeping up a strong, almost violent friction

"Oh yeah, Ellie." The sound of her name in his mouth, as if they were familiar, made her cringe. His fingers found the feather-light raven's wings of her hair. It wasn't long enough for him to really grab

hold and pull, and for that she was grateful. She stopped, her lips poised at the swollen, reddened tip of him, firmly using her arm to push his hand down to his own thigh. He sighed, his eyes sweeping over her form. "Fine, okay. Take your shirt off," he said. "I want to see you."

"No." She shook her head, sitting back on her heels. "That isn't what we agreed on."

"That isn't what we agreed on last month," he corrected her, his cock a rising tower between them. She was still shaking her head, but the firm set of her mouth, fat, crimson and raw from the vigorous sucking, trembled slightly.

"And you know, from where I sit, I don't think you have much leverage to negotiate with," he added with the same chuckle which had greeted her at the door.

Her only response was to sink to her knees and ease her slender, pale arms out of the thin blue straps, pushing her shirt down to her waist. Her small, dark nipples immediately pursed at the exposure. She sat still, her hands on her thighs, watching him look at her, his hand moving easily over his cock.

"You won't let me touch them?" he asked in a calm, cold tone.

"No." She crossed her arms over her breasts.

"Okay," he conceded. "Then you do it."

She shook her head again, almost imperceptibly this time, but he pretended he hadn't seen her. "Go ahead. Rub them. Pinch your nipples. Go on."

She lifted her breasts in her hands, just enough to press together to create the illusion of cleavage. He nodded, smiling, as she tweaked her own nipples, rolling them between her fingers. Her breasts were sensitive, and even superficial contact sent a jolt straight to her clit. Her face couldn't belie the sensation.

He smiled his triumph. "Can you lick them?"

She shook her head, amused at the suggestion.

"Try."

She obeyed, reaching her pink tongue for the dark center of her breast and making it only to the pale perimeter of her latte-colored areola.

"I can reach," he assured her, his voice heavy with lust. She shook her head again.

"No," she said. "Only what we agreed to."

He sighed, waving her over and pointing his cock towards her. "Then suck it."

She moved in again, seemingly obedient but just aching for it to be over with, her breasts swaying prettily between his knees as her tongue skated over his flesh, licking the clean, plump, pink mushroom tip.

"Ellie." He used one finger pressed to the center of her forehead to stop her. It was a ridiculous gesture, a pointed one, and she flushed. "Just like last time, you swallow every last drop, do you understand me?"

"Yes." Her voice was a bare whisper as she went to work, sucking him with a furious desperation, still using only her mouth, both hands gripping the edge of the futon. Last time he'd struggled to hold out, she could feel it in him, the way his thighs tightened and pressed inward, the way his hips slid forward, and she could feel it beginning again now.

It started like a landslide, full abandon, small growls and a thrust aimed toward the back of her throat,

making her gag. Instead of withdrawing, she moaned and wiggled, judging correctly that the sound of her, knowing it was her bare skin this time against his thighs, would push him further, faster. Her movements became frantic, even eager. Ellie would've smiled if her mouth hadn't been so full when she felt him begin to tense, straining to hold on, hold out.

She wouldn't allow it, moaning loudly and working his cock at a terrible pace, her tongue flicking wildly at the tip on the upstroke, and her throat just tight, wet heat on the down stroke.

Tom groaned, a sound caught somewhere between a snarl and a grunt.

His eyes were half-open, watching her suck him, and she looked up at him with a bitter heat. He reached for her, one huge hand going behind her head, pressing her down hard, the other hand finding her breast, pinching and twisting, making her squirm with a sensation caught firmly between pleasure and pain. Caught in the middle of a silent protest, the first blast was like a geyser out of nowhere. She struggled with it, feeling that mellow burn flooding the back of her throat.

His hands didn't stop, forcing her down onto his cock, kneading and pulling at her breast. She was relieved, eager to take him now. Almost over. Ellie swallowed her obligation until he was spent. Afterward, she moved quickly to cover herself, standing and walking a little unsteadily toward the kitchen and turning on the tap. She filled a glass of water and drank it. Then she filled another, and drank that, too fast, the liquid finding its way down her cheeks, out the sides of her open mouth and splashing off the skin of her shoulders to make dark dribbles on her shirt as if she'd been crying.

She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand as she felt him move in behind her. She didn't want to turn to face him. Her eyes were closed, and the slant of the afternoon light against her face told her it was perfect for painting, but somehow she didn't think she'd get back to it today.

"You can go." She had wondered in the moment just before she spoke, how her voice was going to sound out loud, and was surprised it was steady and clear.

"Not quite. We have a little problem." His tone was regretful—he was good at pretending, and she knew he really wasn't. He was seething. She thought he might be attempting to hide even more rage than she was.

"Oh? What's that?" She turned to see him, zipped and smoothed over, standing by the table. He leaned back on it, and flipped the fly of his trousers open to reveal the zipper. "Look here. So much for every last drop?"

Ellie strained, leaning in to see what he was talking about and then saw it. It was the size of a pea, a small dark splotch. She snorted and rolled her eyes, reaching for a dish towel and said coldly, "I'll dab it with some club soda, how's that?"

His eyes grew dark, his lip curling at her in disgust. "No dear, I'm afraid not. This is a thousand dollar suit. It requires special cleaning. Do you perhaps have the money to reimburse me for that?"

She felt something small snap open in her, like a lid had popped off from sheer pressure.

"Fuck you," she hissed, throwing the dish towel at him. It landed squarely in the middle of his chest and then dropped onto his shoes. "Get out of my house!"

"Fuck me? Yeah. Exactly, sweetheart. And remember, this is my house. That's the issue here, isn't it? This is just a business transaction, like you said. Unfortunately, you now have more debt to pay ... unless you'd like the sheriff to put you out onto the street tonight. I can arrange that, too. Either way, it makes no difference to me." He crossed his arms, his shrug trying to make him appear unconcerned, casual, but his eyes were hard and insistent.

"No." Her voice was no longer steady or sure. "You are never touching me again, do you hear me? This

is over! No fucking way."

"Then find another place." He kicked the dishtowel in her direction and turned toward the front door. Just a few steps and he would be gone. "I'll have your things out on the street by morning, believe me."

"No!" She was pleading, she heard it in her voice and hated it, but apparently he'd heard it, too, and it was enough to stop him at the door. She relented, her eyes and cheeks burning, glad his back was to her. "I ... okay ... fine. Whatever you want."

He nodded but didn't turn to face her. "Good, that's settled then. I've got work left to do today. Perhaps next week. I'll be back in the neighborhood collecting rents."

For Ellie, the door closing sounded and felt like the sealing of a tomb. She watched him walk past the barred front window, not knowing when or if he would be back, and then sank to her knees onto faded green linoleum that didn't even belong to her in the warm afternoon light. She grabbed the dish towel and stuffed it into her mouth, biting hard, sobbing, muffling her pain as best she could.

\* \* \* \*

"Prosecutor's office."

Ellie almost hung up. The phone was an old one and looked as if it had been attached to the wall forever, the green and blue flowered wallpaper edged jaggedly around it, showing a textured avocado green underneath. The phone itself was mustard yellow. She heard the bustle of the office in the background, keyboards clacking, phones ringing, voices. One click and she didn't have to do this and no one would ever know. She cleared her throat.

"Can I speak to James Knight, please? This is his daughter." There was a significant pause and Ellie twisted the long cord round and round her index finger.

"Did you say his daughter?" The voice was a man's, a man with a slightly befuddled sounding New York accent, not that she was surprised. Her father didn't have many women work directly under him if he could help it, elected official or not.

"Yes," she assured him. "Please tell him it's Eleanor Knight calling."

"Hold one moment." Ellie chewed her fingernail while she waited. It tasted like linseed oil.

"James Knight." He sounded businesslike, and she doubted that anyone but her could have detected the surprise in his voice. She didn't like how hearing him for the first time in four years affected her, how she shrank to the floor, her back against the wall, her knees drawn up, but her body seemed to have a mind of its own

"Daddy, it's Ellie." Daddy. The word felt both nostalgic and toxic in her mouth. It tasted worse than the linseed oil.

"Yes?" There was no acknowledgement, just expectation. He knew why she was calling, and that thought slid her further down the wall, closing her eyes.

"I wouldn't be calling if I didn't..." She decided to just say it, since she knew he already knew. "I really need three hundred dollars."

"For what?"

Strings, always strings, everywhere she looked there were strings. She felt like some strange female version of Pinocchio waiting for the blue fairy to deliver her from wooden limbs to flesh.

"Rent." At least it was the truth.

"Hm."

"I'm going to be evicted. I'm out of loan and grant money, and the semester's nearly over ... then I can graduate. You know I don't have anyone else to ask..." Her voice broke then and she bit the inside of her cheek hard. She didn't want to think about her mother, and she didn't want him to talk about her, either. Thankfully, he didn't pick up on that thread, and instead chose a different, although no less troublesome path.

"You're still at that clown college?"

"College for Creative Studies ... yes." She sighed.

"Peter, take this and get me the Gorcyca file, would you?" His voice was faint for a moment, and then he was back, stronger than ever. "Ellie, you know my philosophy."

"Which one? Sink or swim?"

"Give a man a fish..." He let her fill in the blanks.

"I don't want to learn how to fish. I want to paint."

"Well it clearly doesn't pay the bills, does it? You know I'd be happy to find you a job here in the office..." Again, he let her fill in the blanks.

"Okay, you know what ... never mind. Let's rewind this tape and pretend I didn't call. I don't know what the hell I was thinking, calling one asshole to save me from another." She stood and slammed the receiver down and then did it again, harder.

She slowly disentangled herself from the phone cord, finding herself back in front of the kitchen table, her easel set up just to the right, catching the light coming in through the skylight. She leaned on the table, staring at the phone and chewing on her fingernail, trying to think of anyone else she could call. She hadn't realized how much art school bred cut-throat competition, and the few friends she'd made were just "hi, how are you" types. Besides, everyone was in the same boat she was—they were all poor students. The only difference was they all happened to have parents who would offer to help them if needed.

She noticed she'd left her sketch book open, an unfinished figure languishing there, the angles and lines all wrong. She knew she was never going to make it out of figure-drawing alive. Humans didn't interest her—but landscapes ... She looked out the window to her left, not seeing the black vertical bars, but the vacant lot beyond. The painting on her easel was an inner landscape of that exact same lot, the one she saw with her mind, rather than the one actually appearing outside of the window.

"Paint what you see." That's what she heard again and again from every teacher, instructor and professor. If only they could see what she could see when she looked out there. The grisly reality of empty beer bottles, makeshift crack pipes, a crumbling, abandoned house, one half simply gone, the second floor open as if it were a girl's ghoulish dollhouse in some alternate universe. She'd even painted a version of the girl, perhaps a version of herself, and the figures she moved around in the empty house, a tender giant shifting ghosts.

There were times when she saw past all of that, though, deeper, into a warmer, brighter place. It was the same vacant lot, the same lines, the grass growing tall enough for the wind to catch, the shapes and lines of the house still there, the rusted, tireless Chevy at the curb. The lines were the same, but it was the mood and tone which shifted, the colors flooding in, the reds and yellows, oranges and purples—that was when the world seemed to come alive.

It was the light which made all the difference, that glorious north light streaming in through the skylight. She was dangerously far behind on her year-end exhibition paintings because she kept

returning to that world of warmth and light. She refused to show those paintings, though. She'd heard enough about "painting what you see." Work like this was "unrealistic" and just wouldn't be very well-received. They were her joyful little secret. She loved working in oil paints, thinning her colors and blending with linseed oil to make it dry more slowly, giving her time to blend, change, shift, follow the lines and shapes where they wanted to go.

She studied her personal painting, lost in the colors for a moment, wishing she could work on it some more. Instead, she pulled out the other piece she intended to finish for her exhibition show in a few weeks and laid it on the table. It was a small canvas. Just a few more finishing touches on this one, and it would be done.

She glanced at the phone again and sighed. Her stomach growled, and she found two crusts of bread from a loaf and made toast, spreading it with tub margarine. She missed real butter, or real bread for that matter, but art supplies were expensive, and she didn't have room in her budget for extras. The Wonder Bread now had the awful texture of buttered Playdoh in her mouth, but it stopped the gnawing anyway.

Her heart began to race when someone knocked on the front door. It was the first of June, and Tom had never come back last month. Never in her life had she wished to see a Jehovah's Witness more than when she pulled the door open that afternoon and peered onto the front porch. She closed her eyes for a moment in thanks. He may not have been carrying a Watchtower, but whoever he was, she was just grateful he wasn't Tom. He stood there on the lawn in construction worker's boots with his hands in his jean pockets, looking up at her roof.

Ellie smiled at him. "Hi, listen, I rent, so whatever you're thinking about doing to the roof, you have to ask the landlord"

He shaded his eyes against the sun and didn't stop when he saw her standing at the door. "Hey, yeah, hi, I know, I'm the landlord." He returned her smile. "Ellie, right? I'm Scott."

"What ... what happened to Tom?" Ellie's jaw dropped, her eyebrows raised.

"I've taken over the property management," he said. "Looks like you need a new roof. Can I come in?" Ellie stepped aside without a word. She didn't think she could speak if she tried.

"Carpet could be replaced, huh?" He kicked it with his boot. "Wow, this is a tiny one. How much did you sign the lease for?" He squatted to touch the carpet, peeling it up near a corner to look underneath. "Hell, there's hardwood under here. We could probably take it up."

"Three hundred." She sat down on the futon, feeling a little faint and flushed. Tom's not the landlord anymore! The relief flooding her belly brought tears to her eyes. "I know I'm behind..."

"Yeah, we can talk about that..." He stood and peered at the ceiling. "Can I look in your bathroom?"

"Sure!" She waved him toward it. He opened the closet instead, realizing his mistake, and then opened the other door.

She heard him give a low whistle. "Good thing you're not a big girl." He laughed as he came back out. "That's a damned small shower."

"I manage." She couldn't help smiling. When had she last felt this elated? Maybe the time she was so involved in the canvas, she didn't realize everyone else had stopped and gathered around to watch her work—even the teacher.

"So, do you have any complaints about this place?" He returned her smile with one that was so warm it made her flush. "Everything seem to work okay? Water pressure good? Any leaks?"

"I..." She blinked at him a few times. "No, I guess I can't really say I have any complaints about the apartment."

"Good!" He looked back down at the floor. "I'd like to take up this carpet. Any objections?"

"To hardwood floors?" She almost laughed. The looming shadow of Tom had vanished like magic, and now this man was asking if she wanted hardwood floors? "No objections. Besides, it's your house, right?"

"Right." He nodded, flashing another smile. He reminded her of someone then, but she couldn't place it. "So, about the rent...?"

"Yeah ... listen, I'm a month behind, but I have a hundred for you." She reached under the futon and found her purse, digging through for her wallet. "See, I'm almost out of school, and then I can get a full-time job. If you could just give me a break..."

"Well, my dad told me about your arrangement." He sat next to her on the futon.

"Your ... dad...?" Ellie involuntarily crinkled the five twenties in her hand as her fist tightened.

"Yeah. Tom's my father." Scott rested one work boot on his opposite knee, picking at the dirt on the sole. "Like I said, I'm okay with that arrangement once in a while, if you're short."

Ellie covered her eyes with her hand for a moment, her elbow resting on her knee. "Of course," she whispered, looking up toward the ceiling as if she could find an answer there. "Of course you are."

"I hate doing evictions." Scott sighed, turning his head to look at her. "It sucks for everyone, all that drama. Sheriff pounding at the door, your stuff chucked into the street, and I gotta change the locks and clean and paint and find a new tenant and all that."

"Yeahhhh..." Ellie looked down at the five twenties crumpled in her hand, her chest burning and tight.

"This just makes more sense." Scott slid his hand across the futon and let it rest nudged up against her bare thigh. Ellie looked down, noticing a gold band on his ring finger. "And everybody gets a little something out of it, right?" His fingers played along the seam of her shorts.

"What do you want?" Her voice was flat.

Scott stroked her thigh with his index finger. "This time? I'll take that hundred." He plucked the money from her clenched fist. Ellie felt her jaw relax and she looked down at her paint-stained hands.

"And a handjob." He shoved the money into the pocket of his jeans. "I want to come on your tits."

"No." She moved away from his hand as it snuck back across the futon. "You don't get to touch me."

Scott laughed. "My father agreed to that?"

Ellie nodded, looking down at his hand which had found its way back onto her thigh, bolder now, squeezing her flesh.

"Sorry, sweetie." His voice was soft. "You might get hardwood floors from me, but I'm tougher when it comes to payment."

"So what are your terms?" She tried hard to sound business-like. Her voice and hands were trembling.

"My terms?" Scott sighed. "Look, it doesn't have to be like this. It can be good for both of us, you know. You can make it a win-win situation for yourself."

Ellie stared at him, her mouth dry. She didn't answer.

"All right, fine, have it your way." Scott slid his hand up under her shorts, finding the crotch of her

panties and rubbing her there, hard. "My terms are whatever I want, whenever I want."

Ellie gasped, pushing herself back toward the corner of the futon. "I don't think so!"

"Come on, Ellie." He said her name as if he knew her. "I don't want it to be like this. Do you? Really?" His fingers moved her panties aside, searching.

"No," she agreed, although she wasn't sure they were talking about the same thing.

"I'll be nice to you." He found her clit and caressed it. "You be nice to me. What do you say?"

She shook her head, closing her eyes against it, but he was already pulling her shorts down over her hips. They slid off, revealing white cotton panties, her pubic hair a dark shadow underneath. His fingers rubbed her through the material for a moment and then he slid those off too, pulling her hips with his hands and positioning her flat on the futon.

Ellie kept her eyes closed, lying motionless and quiet. She sought somewhere to go in her mind, somewhere bright and safe and warm. She waited to feel his weight on her, knowing it was coming, the burn and thrust and shudder of him. She drifted and waited for it to be over.

When she felt his mouth on her, she nearly came off the futon she was so shocked by the sensation. She stared down at him, wide-eyed and open-mouthed as he parted her pussy lips with his tongue.

"What are you doing?"

"I told you." He smiled up at her, slipping a finger deep inside of her. "I'll be nice to you, you be nice to me."

"I don't want you to do that." She started to back pedal on the futon, but he grabbed her arm with his other hand.

"Yes, you do." He leaned in to kiss her clit, flicking it with his tongue.

Ellie shivered. "No, please, don't." She twisted her arm in his but he held her, his tongue probing her flesh, his finger slipping in and out of her. "I'll do you, okay? Handjob, blowjob—whatever you want."

"I want this." He covered her mound with his mouth and worked her clit with his tongue, back and forth, over and over, slipping a second finger into her pussy as he did.

Ellie groaned and stopped struggling, watching his dark head move between her legs, her feeling of horror giving way to something else—something no less terrible. It's starting to feel good. His tongue was lightening fast, not too soft, not too hard, applying just the right amount of pressure as he rocked his hand against her pelvis, his fingers buried in her to the hilt. The sound of her pussy, wet already, made her face burn with embarrassment.

She couldn't help her response. She whimpered, making another feeble attempt to push his head away with her other hand but he stayed glued to her pussy, his tongue a constant pulse between her thighs.

"Please," she begged. "Please, don't." But he wasn't listening, and she wasn't sure she meant it as his tongue swept over her clit, firm and relentless. She felt the tension building, caught like a pent-up breath between her legs, waiting desperately for release.

"Noooo," she moaned, arching her back anyway, pressing against his mouth.

His tongue stopped for a moment, his fingers still moving inside of her, and he said, "Don't fake it. I'll know. I can feel if you really come—right here." He pressed his fingers into her, twisting them. "You can't fake those little muscle spasms."

With that, his tongue was on her again. When he let go of her arm, she didn't move away. Instead she

lifted her hips toward his mouth, lost in the sensation. He used his now-free hand to lift her t-shirt, pulling her bra down over her nipples and rubbing them with his fingertips.

His fingers playing with her nipples was too much. It took only moments of that increased sensation for Ellie's orgasm to catch up with her, bursting with a pop and flutter, her whole body a sweet, ecstatic tremor. She bit her lip, trying not to cry out, throwing her arm over her eyes to hide her face. He stayed there for a moment, letting her ride it out, his mouth covering her mound. Finally, he withdrew, and when she heard him licking his fingers, she peeked out at him.

"That was real." He grabbed her panties and wiped his face with them.

Standing, he unbuckled his belt and then unsnapped and unzipped his jeans. He freed his cock, stroking it as he looked down at her, still flushed from her orgasm, her legs splayed wide and the futon beneath her wet with her own juices.

Ellie moved to sit, her head still spinning, trying to find a way to cover herself, but there was nothing to cover herself with. He grabbed her arm, helping her sit, and then presented her with his cock, the tip slick with pre-cum.

"Suck it." He pressed it against her lips. She opened her mouth for it, letting him slide it deep into her throat, hearing him groan as the tip nuzzled her tonsils. She gagged a little and he pressed harder, making her eyes water. He held the back of her neck, thrusting his cock into her mouth over and over. She could barely breathe.

"Play with my balls." He moved just the tip of his cock between her lips now. She sucked at the head, running her tongue around the tip. If she could make him come, she knew, this would all be over. She cupped his balls in her hands, rolling them gently with her fingers. He groaned, thrusting deeper into her mouth when she took a testicle in each hand and tugged a little.

"I want your cunt." He leaned over and grabbed her arm.

"No!" She stood, pushing past him toward the bathroom, the only door with a lock, but he grabbed her arm and yanked her back.

"Unh-uh." He clicked his tongue and turned her, pushing her forward. He bent her over the kitchen table, putting a hand between her legs. Ellie winced, face to face with her paintings, one propped on the easel next to the table, the other lying flat in front of her—light and dark.

"You're saying no, but this wet little pussy wants more." He shoved two fingers inside of her. Ellie whimpered, pressing her red face against the surface of the table as he fingered her from behind. He was thumbing her clit as he moved his fingers in and out of her wetness and Ellie moaned, unable to keep herself from arching her back, spreading her thighs.

"You want this cock." He slapped her ass with it. She jumped, gasping. "Say it."

"No," she whispered, crying out when his fingers moved away.

"Say it," he repeated, positioning himself behind her.

"I want your cock." Her whole body felt as if it were on fire, with shame and wanting, and shame for wanting, and she trembled with the feeling.

"Fuck! Yeah!" He shoved into her, hard, nestling himself against her ass for a moment, his hands on her hips. He began to move inside of her, making small grunting noises as he did.

Ellie gripped the edge of the table with her hands to keep from falling over, letting him rock her back and forth, her breasts swaying, her hot, dark nipples grazing the cool surface of the table, sending shivers through her. He reached his hand around her thigh, underneath her, feeling his way to her clit

and rubbing it as he thrust into her. Ellie moaned, letting him fuck her, use her, take her. His cock felt huge inside of her, the heat of it throbbing between her legs as his fingers coaxed her clit toward release.

"Please," Ellie begged, but she wasn't sure what she was asking for.

"Tell me." He pressed his weight into her. "Tell me to fuck you. Tell me you want it."

Ellie groaned, shaking her head, but saying, "Yes! I want you to fuck me!" She lifted her hips and started thrusting back. "Fuck me hard!"

He obliged, driving into her with greater force, the table slamming against the wall again and again. The empty bag from the loaf of bread vibrated off the table, the butter knife clattering off the container, and Ellie's dark painting trembled on the edge for a moment before slipping off, tumbling and landing face-up on the floor. She didn't even look twice at it as she went up on her tiptoes, rocking against his hard shaft, his hand between her legs urging her on.

"Oh, no," she cried out, feeling her orgasm fast approaching. He grabbed her breast in his other hand, twisting and pulling her nipple.

"Yes," he growled. "Say yes."

"Yes!" She shuddered and bucked underneath him, her pussy spasming around his cock again and again. She collapsed onto the table, his cock pressed deep inside of her, still hard and throbbing. Her whole body was wet with sweat and she felt her juices running down her thighs.

He slid out of her, rubbing his cock between her slit. She shuddered when he touched the tip of it to her clit. He let it rest against the crack of her ass. "You're a hot little thing." His hands trailed over her back and her ass, caressing her.

Ellie turned her face, pressing her other cheek to the cool surface of the table, facing the painting on her easel, her other world, her delicious secret. I can go there. I can go there any time I want.

Her breath began to return to normal, but she realized he still hadn't come as he started to move his cock between the cheeks of her ass. She looked over her shoulder at him. He was staring down at his cock resting against her ass. His eyes were dark with lust.

"I think you're too wet for me, now." Scott lifted his eyes to her face.

"Do you want me to suck you off?" she asked, matter-of-fact.

He shook his head. "Hand me that tub." He pointed at the margarine on the table.

Ellie complied, frowning at him, her brow knitting. He dipped his fingers into the container and spread some over her crack of her ass.

"No!" Ellie gasped, feeling his finger probing her asshole. She looked over her shoulder at him, her eves wide with fear. "No!"

"Oh, yes." He pressed his finger there, not entering her, just rubbing the margarine against the hole. "Just relax. It will be okay."

She tried to stand, but he grabbed her arm, twisting it behind her and pushing her against the table with his full weight. She writhed, trying to catch her breath. "Please, don't!"

"Ellie, I'm not going to hurt you," he said. "I promise. If it hurts, I'll stop. Okay?"

"Nooooo," she moaned, feeling tears sting her eyes.

"Shhhh." He let her arm go and kissed down her spine. He held her there with the flat of his hand,

using his other hand to probe the tight rosebud of her asshole. She gasped and wiggled under his hands. He sighed, slipping his other hand underneath her, searching for her clit.

Ellie shivered when he grasped her clit between his thumb and finger, rolling it, tugging at it. She relaxed a little when he started rubbing it in small circles, her body responding without her permission. He took advantage of her distraction and his other finger, still slick with margarine, stroked her asshole, the lightest of touches.

Ellie winced at first, but his fingers were so gentle, easing their way in. She didn't know how many—his fingers working her clit were persistent, keeping her level of arousal too high for her to really notice. When his fingers started moving in her asshole, she gasped out loud, but she didn't say no.

"That's it." He eased yet another finger into her tight hole. She whimpered, burying her face in her arms. He moved his fingers in and out of her asshole at a slow, steady pace, the fingers of his other hand still working her clit. The sensation wasn't pain, but it wasn't quite pleasure either.

Scott's fingers slowed and then stopped. She looked over her shoulder at him and saw him scooping margarine up with his fingers and spreading it over his hard cock, stroking it as he did.

"Please!" She felt him press the slick tip against her asshole. She tightened up immediately, trying to twist away. His hands, slippery with margarine, tried to hold her hips still. His cock felt huge, much larger than his fingers, the tip of it pressing against a tight ring of resistance.

"Hold still." He grabbed her hips and pushed himself forward. She felt a burn, a small "pop" as his cock head eased into her ass. She gasped and writhed under him, reaching back with her hands to push him away, but it was useless. He eased his way into her, an inch at a time, his hand moving underneath her again to rub her clit.

At first, she couldn't feel anything but the enormous sensation of being filled, his cock stretching her open to her limits. Pressed deep within her, he stopped, stroking her clit lightly, his fingers petting her, calming her. She rested her cheek on the table and trembled, her eyes falling on her painting again, the brightness of the landscape a welcome escape. Her muscles twitched as she began to relax—they'd been so tight with her resistance.

"Yeah, that's it." He drew circles around her clit with one finger. Ellie felt little sparks shooting up her spine from her pelvis when he did. She moaned, still unable to comprehend the enormity of what was buried inside of her. "Come on, Ellie. That's it."

He began to move in her, drawing back, slow, his fingers between her legs never stopping. Ellie shifted, getting used to this new sensation, not being penetrated, but being fucked, his cock moving in and out of her asshole. It didn't hurt, she realized, and she focused on the sensation between her legs, her clit a steady throbbing ache as he began to fuck her harder now, grunting with the effort.

He grabbed her hips then, his hands slipping along her flesh, the margarine making them both so slick. Ellie whimpered, reaching between her own legs to rub her eager clit, lifting off the table a little so her nipples grazed the surface, sending little jolts of delight straight to her core.

He shifted his position, coming into her at a different angle, and Ellie gasped, turning her head to look at him. His eyes were closed, his face drawn, as if he were concentrating. Something was happening. His cock in her ass felt different somehow. She was used to the sensation of him moving in her asshole, but now the tip of him was probing some deep part of her that she didn't even know existed.

"What ... are you doing?" She reached back with her hand and grasped his. Too slick for purchase, it slid off again. He just grunted a response, his cock throbbing in her. She felt a deep pressure, a tingling, a growing heat.

"Oh God!" She strained back against him, wanting it to end and wanting it to go on forever.

"Tell me!" He rubbed his oily hands over her ass, spreading it open as he fucked her. "Tell me, baby, tell me."

"Yes," she moaned, that sensation buried deep within her edging toward some sort of breaking open, a slow deliverance, a sweet emancipation.

"Fuck my ass," she moaned. "Oh please, fuck me harder!" She circled her clit fast with her wet fingers, lifting her hips so he could push into her harder, deeper, right there.

"Oh fuck, yeah, baby," he groaned "I'm gonna come!"

Ellie groaned, too, feeling something inside of her ready to burst, a destination almost achieved, and she was afraid she wouldn't reach it.

Scott grabbed her hips with his greasy hands, growling as he impaled her with his stiff cock again and again. She felt the tip of him pressing into that sweet, sensitive spot somewhere deep inside of her, his hot cum flooding in, wave after wave, and something deliciously new surged through her, cracking her open from the inside and setting her floating in a sea of blissful waves. Bright colors flooded her mind —purples, oranges, deep goldenrod yellows—and when she opened her eyes, she saw the same colors reflected back at her in her painting. She bit her own arm to keep from screaming as her body bucked and rolled beneath him.

Ellie panted and gripped the edge of the table, her whole body trembling with sensation. She groaned when Scott pulled back, easing out of her. Her bottom throbbed where he had been. She felt shame creeping up her throat, flushing her cheeks.

Scott moved past her, reaching for the dish towel hanging on the handle of the refrigerator. Ellie noticed it was the same dish towel she'd offered Scott's father to clean the spot on his pants. Then she heard a soft "crunch" and, looking over the edge of the table, she felt a sick wave of anger wash over her as she saw Scott's boot resting in the middle of her painting.

"Whoops, sorry about that." He moved off and his look was one of genuine regret for a moment. He leaned down to pick it up. It was a dark, ghastly image, a child's cloth doll shoved into the broken bottleneck of a beer, her stuffing bleeding out at the seams. Now she was really broken, beyond repair. Ellie knew exactly how she felt.

"I like the other one better, anyway." He pointed toward the easel as he put the ruined painting on the table next to her. "You should paint more of that kind of stuff. This one is just twisted."

She still didn't move, a lump growing in her throat, as she heard him zipping himself up.

Scott cleared his throat and said, "I'll let you know when we're taking up the carpets."

Ellie nodded, still bent over the table, not moving. She stood and made her way carefully to the shower only after she heard the door click shut behind her.

\* \* \* \*

Ellie grabbed a glass of wine on her way back from the bathroom, hoping it might calm her nerves. There were a lot more people here tonight than she'd ever expected. They were all milling around the paintings, murmuring. It was funny—she loved being an artist, but she hated art galleries.

Her fellow students' work was on display as well, and most of them were here hoping to find a patron, or at least make a small sale. They were mingling and making small talk. Ellie just stood near her little exhibit, sipping and watching.

"I'm telling you, this artist is beyond belief!" Ellie turned toward the voice and saw a woman with short blonde hair talking into a cell phone. "There are three I'm buying today for sure." The blonde laughed. "Well, you don't have to know, darling, you just have to listen to me gush. Isn't that what I have you for?"

Ellie's cheeks flushed with two rosy spots as she turned and looked at her own paintings, feigning great interest. A fellow classmate was going to have a great night. Her chest burned with jealousy.

"Excuse me, are you Eleanor Knight?" The blonde flipped her phone closed behind her.

Ellie turned, still sipping her wine. "Yes?"

"I just want to tell you," the blonde rushed on, clutching Ellie's arm and nearly making her wine tip right out of the glass. "I'm so impressed with your work! I've never seen anything like this!"

"Th-thank you." Ellie stumbled over her words, taking a step back.

"I was just telling my husband," the blonde continued, reaching out to touch the edge of the canvas.

"I'm buying three of them today. This one, and those two over there."

"This one isn't for sale," Ellie said, her eyes tracing the colors—purples, oranges, yellows. She'd been forced to enter this one at the last minute after she finally admitted the other really was beyond repair.

"I'll give you a thousand each."

Ellie choked on her wine, her eyes starting to water. "A ... thousand—?"

"You know," the blonde went on, still studying the painting. "This one is particularly fantastic. Do you have any more like these?"

"I—" Ellie frowned, not wanting to share her secret. The woman glanced at her and smiled, her eyes warm. "Actually, yes. I have quite a few."

"You do?" The blonde's eyes lit up. "Oh, honey, we have to talk! I'd like to bring you to New York. I own a gallery there. I'd love to show your work."

Ellie blinked. "Oh." Her heart was beating so fast she couldn't keep up with it.

"Here, let me write you a check." The blonde took a slim leather checkbook out of her purse and began writing. She ripped it off and handed it to Ellie with a smile. "Don't look so surprised, dear. You really are very good."

Ellie felt her eyes burning with tears. She looked at the check in her hand through prisms. Three thousand dollars.

Three. Thousand. Dollars.

"Thank you." Ellie was too stunned to say anything else. She was about put the check into her purse when she glanced at the name at the top. Suzanne Valenti. It was clearly a joint account, because another name appeared above it: Thomas Valenti.

Ellie folded the check in half. "Suzanne Valenti?"

"That's me!" Suzanne beamed at her. "Silly me, I forgot to introduce myself—I was so excited about your paintings!"

"Do you know a ... a Tom Valenti?" Ellie's heart beat even faster now.

Suzanne cocked her head, her smile fading a little. "Yes, actually. He's my husband."

Ellie nodded. "Do you have a son named Scott?"

"Why ... yes!" Suzanne looked a little frightened now.

Ellie put her wine glass on a table. "I think I rent my little apartment from you."

"Oh!" Suzanne smiled in relief. "Goodness, what a small world, isn't it?"

"Yeah, it sure is."

"You live in Detroit, then?" Suzanne asked.

"Yeah, on 29th street," Ellie confirmed.

Suzanne smiled in recognition. "Tom used to collect rents out there for me all the time. I think I gave that one to Scottie to run, didn't I?"

Ellie nodded, pursing her lips.

"Gotta keep the business in the family." Suzanne winked. "It's just a sideline, really. Something to keep Tommy busy. My daddy's money was in oil."

Ellie made a decision then, reaching her hand out and touching Suzanne's arm. "I think you're right—we do need to talk. Do you want to go for coffee?"

"And leave the exhibit?"

Ellie shrugged and looked at the check in her hand. "I don't think it matters, now."

They got their coats to walk across the street to the coffee shop, Suzanne talking all the while about exhibits and shows and galleries—the stuff of Ellie's dreams. As they walked out the door, Ellie glanced back at her paintings, her three thousand dollar check still in her purse. No matter what happened, she was going to sit down and tell this woman the truth. They both deserved that much.

The End

#### ABOUT SELENA KITT

This sassy, outrageous author lives with her husband and children in the rural Midwest, all of whom she thinks are the cat's meow. Her writing embodies everything from the spicy to the scandalous, but watch out—this kitty also has sharp claws and her stories often include intriguing edges and twists that take readers to new, thought-provoking depths.

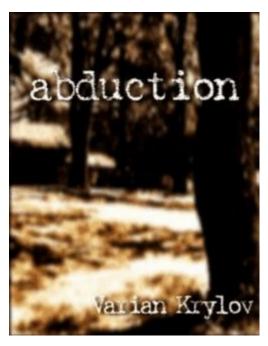
When she isn't pawing away at her keyboard, she loves spending her time belly dancing, attending drum circles, gathering in women's groups, and taking beautiful pictures of everything in her world.

Her e-publishing credits include: Rosie's Promise published by Samhain and Torrid Teasers #49 published by Whiskey Creek Press featuring two short stories, French Lessons and I'll Be Your Superman. Her stories and poems are in the following anthologies: Coming Together: For The Cure, Coming Together: Under Fire and Coming Together Volume 1 and Volume 3. Two stories, Sacred Spots and Happy Accident, will soon be published by Phaze Publishing, as well as her novels Christmas Stalking, Blind Date, The Surrender of Persephone and The Song of Orpheus. She has also been published online in UThe Shadow Sacrament: a journal of sex and spirituality, UThe Erotic Woman, and her story, Connections, was one of the runners-up for the U2006 Rauxa PrizeU, given annually to an erotic short story of "exceptional literary quality," out of over 1,000 nominees, where awards are judged by a select jury and all entries are read "blind" (without author's name available.)

She can be reached on her website at www.selenakitt.com or email selena@selenakitt.com

If you enjoyed STARVING ARTIST, you might also enjoy:

\* \* \* \*



### ABDUCTION

For years, college student Devan Astor has penned erotic stories based on her dark fantasies, but when she's abducted, she is faced with the real terror of being at the mercy of a cruel stranger. She flees, but in the remote cabin where she takes refuge, will she encounter a danger even more frightening than the kidnapper who is still hunting her? At the end of her ordeal, will she be left scarred by the experiences that so closely match her own fantasies, or will she discover fulfillment she never imagined?

*Warning: This title contains elements of non-consensual sex, anal sex and m/m sex.* 

#### **Excerpt From ABDUCTION:**

He knew she would let him do anything, have anything. Anything. It was that thought—that he could do what he wanted—that made him so hard, so hot, rather than any particular thing he could think of actually doing. That this strange, quiet girl would let him touch her, take her, look at her any way he liked, and yield to any thing he might do with nothing but breaths and sighs and that look of hers.

Somehow her pigtails seemed perverse. He wanted her hair loose. Quietly, calmly, like a child with a doll who will neither judge not protest, he took one pigtail in the loose circle of his fingers and worked her wet hair free of the elastic band. Then he did the other. He put the bands around his wrist and, with both hands, combed his fingers through her wet hair until it hung heavy and wet in thick strands over her shoulders and down her back. But he missed the nape of her neck, pale and whisped with baby-fine hairs in two Vs, so he twisted her hair up in one hand and drew it up, bending her head forward, elongating the back of her delicate neck, making the pale skin go taut over the smooth rounded curves of her spine.

Christ, he hadn't even really touched her yet, and he was rock hard. What was it with this girl?

He leaned into her, let his face brush against her neck, heard her suck in her breath, felt her quiver as his chest pressed against her back. Breathing in the smell of her skin, feeling the heat of their bodies warming the wet cloth between them, seeing the tiny hairs of the soft blond down of her ears he was momentarily aware of how on, how tuned into every sensation his body was in that moment, as if he could taste and see and hear molecules of air, of rain, of her and he felt oddly happy.

It was exciting to touch, to run fingers along the bare wet gooseflesh of arms, to peel the wet, sticking sleeves back to reveal her upper arm and the first hint of her shoulder, to brush his lips against her there without kissing, to think of licking and biting her tender flesh, to feel the excitement of anticipation, the little twinge of denial.

The t-shirt she had on was soaked and clung to her like gray skin, and he took in the shape of her tits, her dark areolae, her hard nipples, the vague ripple of ribs, the slight hollow of her belly. He came to her, his body pressing to hers, his thigh parting hers, getting a little sigh from her as his thigh pressed against her cunt. After that little noise she turned her face away and closed her eyes, and he smiled, a little amused by her shyness. He leaned into her, her body soft and trembling, mouthed her ear, felt her panting breath with his chest, and whispered,

"What do you want, Devan?"

One of her wrists he let go, let his hand come down into her hair, feel its heavy thickness between his fingers. Her other wrist he brought down, down, and pressed her hand to his hard, aching cock.

"Is this what you want?"

She only answered with a breathy sigh, her eyes closed, her lips parted.

Still holding her hand to his swollen cock, barely moving it over him, he mouthed her ear again, gently bit her jaw just beneath it, kissed her neck, breathing in the smell of her hair and her skin as he tasted her flesh. He heard his own excited breathing, panting against her face, her neck, her jaw, tasted his own saliva as his mouth moved back to the places it had been already, tasted the salt of her skin—salty chin, jaw, neck cheek. Strangely so, when her ear hadn't been, or the smooth neck beneath, under the canopy of her wet hair. Not thinking, just feeling, feeling his way around her, he tasted the rain dripping from her chin, trickling down her smooth cheek, wetting her lashes. But the rain on her lashes was all salt...

#### BUY THIS AND MORE TITLES AT

www.eXcessica.com



\* \* \* \*

And look for these other titles from Selena Kitt:

\* \* \* \*



SAM—The Christmas Fairy

Sam has an unusual interest in humans—well, considering she's a fairy of fate whose profession it is to determine their futures, it's no wonder! But it isn't just Karma she's curious about ... Sam has what her fairy-pal Alex thinks is an inordinate and rather wanton interest in certain biological aspects of human behavior—most notably, s-e-x.

When Sam's job leads her into the path of a handsome man who rocks her world, Sam's interest becomes obsession. Alex reminds her that fairies get one Christmas wish—will Sam consider using hers to become human to experience one night of bliss?

When things become even more complicated—Sam discovers that Drew, the sexy stranger she's been fantasizing about, can actually see her—Sam finds herself immersed in a complex and tangled web of human experience. She has to make a choice that will teach her a twisted lesson in fate, ultimately change the course of human existence and even reveal the origin of Santa Claus!

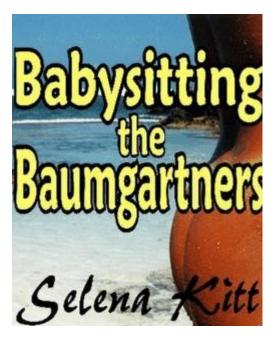
Warning: This title contains graphic language and sex.



#### NAUGHTY BITS

David has been brightening up his gray Surrey, England days with the porn collection hidden in his parents' shed, but when he find that his older sister, Dawn has discovered his magazine collection, things really begin to heat up. Their parents insist that their just-graduated son look for a job, but their daughter has the week off and is determined to work on her tan. Distracted David finds himself increasingly tempted by his seductive older sister, who makes it very clear what she wants. Her teasing ways slowly break down the taboo barrier between brother and sister until they both give in to their lust ... but what are they going to do about the feelings that have developed between them in the meantime...?

Warning: This title contains incest and anal sex.

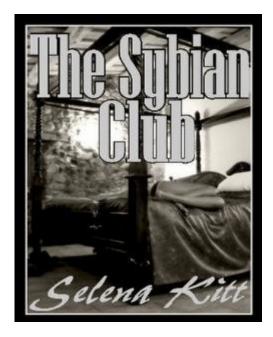


\*\*\*

#### BABYSITTING THE BAUMGARTNERS

Ronnie—or as Mrs. Baumgartner insists on calling her, Veronica—has been babysitting for the Baumgartners since she was fifteen years old and has practically become another member of the family. Now a college freshman, Ronnie jumps at the chance to work on her tan in the Florida Keys with "Doc" and "Mrs. B" under the pretense of babysitting the kids. Ronnie isn't the only one with ulterior motives, though, and she discovers that the Baumgartners have wayward plans for their young babysitter. This wicked hot sun and sand coming of age story will seduce you as quickly as the Baumgartners seduce innocent Ronnie and leave everyone yearning for more!

Warning: This title contains MFF threesome, lesbian, and anal sex.



#### THE SYBIAN CLUB

Tasha convinces her husband, Max, to buy her a Sybian, but he only agrees if she can come up with a business plan to pay for it. Determined to keep her promise, she creates The Sybian Club and begins bringing women to the basement room set up just for her new toy. It becomes so popular, she has to enlist the help of new friend, Ashley, to keep up with the demand, and the women enjoy an exciting ride as the business thrives. But Tasha has developed feelings for Ashley, and doesn't know how to tell her husband that she wants to add more to their sex life than just a new toy...

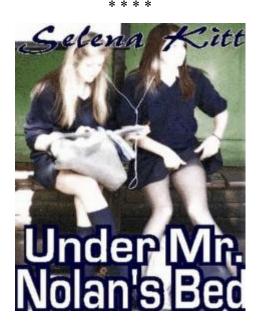
Warning: This title contains a MFF threesome, lesbian and anal sex and some BDSM.



#### **BLUEBEARD'S WIFE**

Tara's husband has never shared a fantasy with her, or even masturbated—that she knows of. However, this curious wife discovers a phone bill full of phone calls to sex lines and realizes her husband has been living a double life! Instead of getting mad, Tara's curiosity leads her to begin listening in on John's steamy conversations in hopes of finding out what he really wants in the bedroom. After several failed attempts at bringing fantasy to reality, however, a frustrated Tara turns to her much more adventurous best friend, Kelly, for help. A quick psychology 101 diagnosis from Dr. Kelly marks John as having a classic "madonna/whore" complex, and she quickly sets about making plans to rectify this situation. Tara goes along for the ride, hoping that Kelly may have the answer to bridging the seemingly ever-growing gap in her marriage...

Warning: This title contains a MFF threesome, a daddy/daughter role play between consenting adults, strong language, minor drug use and lesbian and anal sex.



#### UNDER MR. NOLAN'S BED

\* \* \* \*

Leah and Erica have been best friends and have gone to the same Catholic school since just about forever. Leah spends so much time with the Nolan's—just Erica and her handsome father, now, since Erica's mother died—that she's practically part of the family. When the girls find something naughty under Mr. Nolan's bed, their strict, repressive upbringing makes it all the more exciting as they begin their sexual experimentation. Leah's exploration presses deeper, and eventually she finds herself torn between her best friend and her best friend's father—but even she couldn't have predicted the shocking and bittersweet outcome of their affair.

Warning: This title contains a threesome, lesbian sex and incest.

Visit www.excessica.com for information on additional titles by this and other authors.