

## Excerpt from Josey's Puddy Cat

Erotica by Jonathan Lockett

The deep voice coming from behind me is completely unfamiliar, but the cadence of his tone and the way he speaks those words has me pausing as a tremor runs the length of my spine. I try to turn my head in order to discern shapes, but it is of no use—the hallway at this point is near darkness, save for sparks of light that, like lightening, seem to come from overhead. I feel something on my backside again—a hand that palms my cheeks and traces the g-string downward toward my core. I shift to the side in protest, alarms going off in my head—where is Damon? Who is this man? But then that soothing voice returns—his breath on my cheeks as he presses himself fully into me from behind. He pins me to the wall, the rock of his manhood pressing into the cleft of my ass as he grinds his hips into me and whispers, “Don’t worry, Josey—everything’s cool—it’s time for your birthday gift.”

A part of me wants to scream for Damon. In fact, I feel his name form on the tip of my tongue and lips—but I can’t say whether anything emerges at all. The thumping in my chest is overpowering, excitement drowning out everything else.

I am led into a room off of the hallway. It too is close to darkness, but my eyes seem to be getting used to the light. I spy a red velvet couch by a dark window. I am led to it and made to sit down. I try to glance upward to see my abductor, desperately needing recognition to flood through my insides so that I can feel okay about what I’m experiencing. The intensity is rising in me like mercury, but he gently turns my head away and grasps my hair firmly in his powerful hands.

I am blindfolded with a silk sash and commanded to lie down.

I do so, not knowing what else I can do. I feel my thighs begin to quiver.

With anticipation or fear, I do not know.

At some point I call out for Damon, sensing him near, but the man with the deep voice is by me in a flash instead—his sweet smelling breath on my cheek again.

I feel a pair of hands raise my dress and touch my inner thighs. My legs are gently parted as I feel a second set of hands circle my breasts. I suck in a breath as I feel my nipples tighten and stretch. My g-string is pulled to one side and instantly I sense fingers brush against the lips of my sex. It is sticky with juice and I am breathing heavy as a mouth covers mine. I taste a warm tongue as someone else’s begins to probe my cunt. My back arches as my legs widen. I am in heaven. My mind is racing. Where is Damon? I know this is his doing. I can feel him in the room—don’t ask me how I know, but he is close by. I just know he is.

The tongue deep inside me takes my breath away—it is not Damon, I am certain of that. The way this person is working me down there is unlike the way my man does. Don't get me wrong—Damon is an excellent lover and can send me to heaven and back just with his lovely tongue, but he has a rhythm that is all his own—after sleeping with someone for over nine months you get to know their patterns and M.O. This isn't him...

My breasts are freed from the confines of my dress; both nipples are taken hold of, squeezed, and twisted simultaneously. Then a mouth attacks them, first licking across and under my mounds before they are sucked into a mouth, one delicious nipple at a time.

A pair of fingers finds their way into my drenched slit. Before I can moan with pleasure, a tongue is thrust far inside my mouth, glazing over my teeth and fluttering against my own frenzied tongue that quivers like a flame.

"Does that feel nice, Josey?" the low sexy voice asks me. I try to respond, but I find that I can barely speak. My breasts are being kneaded together, my tits pushed together like twin peaks until my nipples almost touch, and that wonderful tongue—which one—I can't tell you—I am losing track of the numerous tongues and appendages—flick back and forth from one taut nipple to another, glazing my skin and raising gooseflesh. Down below, one of my many unseen lovers has begun to play with my clit—rubbing the engorged piece of flesh between a wet thumb and forefinger before tugging on it in a teasing kind of way. And then just as I spread my legs further and think I'm gonna lose my mind, those quick fingers are replaced down there by an expert mouth—a mouth that slurps me up whole like an oyster and squishes my hot flesh between their teeth and tongue.

That's when I cry out and come.