

*Provocative and sinfully delicious - Dark Angel Review*

*Jude Mason*

*Come, explore with me...if you dare!*



*Jude is pleased to present*

*~ A Sticky Situation ~*

© 2006 Jenna Byrnes

*The bar wasn't too crowded for a Friday evening. Billie Logan stood in the doorway and glanced around the room. She sighed at her grim prospects for a date. A trucker, a couple bikers and a rowdy group of college boys were all she could see.*

*She double checked her appearance in a tiny hand-held mirror before going in. Her shoulder-length black hair was heavily moussed, styled full and wild. Skillfully applied make-up and the sensual beauty mark on her left cheek usually caused people to stop and look twice at her. If that didn't do it, Billie made sure her clothing drew notice.*

*She smoothed her short, black leather mini-skirt and tugged at her red tube top. Her nipples were covered, but just barely. She knew how her large, full breasts looked in the skin-tight top she wore. They were bursting to break free. If she stretched just right, they probably would. Billie smiled.*

*Inhaling, she strolled past the table of college kids and continued to smile as they wolf-whistled and called to her. Billie made eye contact with the boy seated at the end of the booth. She cupped her breast suggestively, winked, and kept walking. He looked like he might come in his pants.*

*Reaching the bar, she chose a stool and sat.*

*"What can I get for you, gorgeous?" The burly bartender was probably in his fifties.*

*Billie looked him up and down slowly, offering a sultry smile before answering. "Seeing as how you're working, I suppose I'll have to settle for vodka."*

*He grinned, shook his head, and turned away to get her drink. She spun her stool around and glanced back at the table of boys. They really weren't that much younger than her, she decided. But in terms of experience, she was sure they were light-years apart. Billie liked men, lots of men in all different ages, shapes and sizes.*

*Her drink arrived and she nursed it as she watched the college boys. Men, she corrected her thought. They were definitely men. Five of them, to be exact. A tingle ran down her spine. Five was her lucky number, always had been. And being with five men had been a fantasy of hers for quite awhile now. Five men meant no waiting, which was perfect, because she wasn't a patient person.*

*Ordering another drink, Billie gulped it and closed her eyes.*

*She felt a tap on her shoulder and opened them, looking up. The college kid from the end of the table smiled at her. "Care to dance?"*

*"Sure," Billie shrugged, and tossed back the fresh drink in front of her. She took his hand and they wandered on to the empty dance floor. The jukebox played a fast song, so Billie and the man danced separately.*

*"I'm Sam," he said over the music.*

*"Billie," she replied.*

*He smiled and danced closer. "Pleased to meet you, Billie."*

*With a slight nod, she continued to dance until the song changed and the music slowed.*

*Sam held out his arms and she slid into them, so they could continue dancing. At first he held her lightly but as the song progressed, she felt his erection press into her belly. It felt good, and Billie rubbed against the bulge.*

*With a slight groan, Sam kissed her neck hungrily. That felt good, too, and Billie bent her head so he had better access. The music ended, but at that point she didn't care. Sam walked her backwards until her ass hit the table where his friends sat. "Maybe we should go somewhere," Sam whispered huskily.*

*Billie glanced around and saw the bar was now empty, except for their table and the bartender. "Maybe someone should talk to the bartender and find out if we have to. It looks pretty dead in here."*

*Sam's eyes lit up. "Right here?"*

*"Sure," she replied, a tingle running through her. At that moment, she wanted nothing more than to get naked and spread her legs on their table. What they did to her after that was up to them.*

*"Holy shit!" he muttered, and whispered something to one of his friends. That guy hurried off to speak with the bartender, and the other men cleared the glasses from their table. Sam turned back to Billie and kissed her deeply.*

*She felt his hands unzip her skirt and she willingly kicked it off. When he tugged at her black thong, she kicked it away, too. With one yank Sam had her tube top around her waist, and Billie flicked it out of her way. He breathed heavily as he examined her naked body.*

*Plopping her ass onto the edge of the table, Billie scooted towards the middle and leaned back on her elbows. "You just going to stand there looking?"*

*"Uh, no!" Sam ran his hands over her legs lightly before moving in on her shaved pussy. "Jesus," he whispered.*

*Billie squeezed her tits together and glanced at the other men. "Do I have to do all the work myself? Make yourselves useful, boys."*

*"Oh, shit!" someone else mumbled, and moved forward to cup her breasts.*

*The bartender stepped forward. "She shouldn't be able to do any of the work herself. Try these." He tossed a pair of metal handcuffs to one of the men.*

*"Is it okay?" The man with the cuffs asked, his breath labored.*

*"Oh yeah." She leaned back and extended her hands over her head. Someone snapped the cuffs around her wrists and attached them to something she couldn't see on the wall. "That's good."*

*The man closest to her felt her breasts timidly, and Sam continued to rub her thighs with little pressure. Billie wanted more, and wanted the others involved. She commanded, "Hold my legs, someone."*

*Two men stepped up on either side of her and grasped her calves. "That's it." She kicked at the men, forcing them to grasp her tighter. She looked at Sam and said, "You waiting for an invitation?"*

*He chuckled and buried his face in her pussy.*

*"Oh, yeah!" She writhed with pleasure. "Now he knows how to use his tongue." She looked at the two men nearest her. "What about you two?"*

*It was all the invitation they needed to sink their mouths into her breasts. One of them sucked forcefully and the other nipped at her erect nipple with his teeth. This is it, Billie sighed to herself. This is fabulous!*

*It didn't take long for the first orgasm to overtake her, sending her spiraling in delightful waves of sensation. Billie cried out as she came, forgetting everything but the feeling of ten hands upon her.*

*The men who chewed and sucked her tits weren't gentle. She could tell her breasts were already raw and swollen when the guys changed places. Someone else's tongue darted in and out of her pussy as Sam stood beside her and shoved his cock down her throat. Billie groaned and slurped at it greedily. She loved the salty taste, and the feeling of gagging as he fucked her mouth.*

*Someone couldn't wait and jacked himself off, squirting hot spunk over her bruised tits and nipples. The warm liquid coating her, coupled with the tongue flicking rapidly on her clit, sent Billie into another delicious orgasm. She shuddered and shivered at the fabulous sensations, as the greedy men continued to assault her. The mouth between her legs disappeared and a cock sank into her quivering pussy, filling her deep. "Oh yes!" she cried with delight, as she was thrust into repeatedly.*

*Someone else fingered her anus and Billie groaned with pleasure. There wasn't room on the table for him to stick his cock in her ass, so she settled for fingers prying into her channel. The man on top continued to fuck her ruthlessly.*

*He finally heaved a groan and adding his spunk to the pool that trailed from her dripping cunt.*

*She came again as he climaxed and withdrew, allowing someone else to take his place. The new cock was larger and harder, and Billie gasped as her string of orgasms melded into one another. "Oh yeah, fuck me!" she screamed. Without speaking, he forcefully obliged.*

*After several earth-shattering orgasms, Billie lost track of who fucked her. She felt like she was in heaven, with cocks trading in and out of her mouth and pussy. The fingers in her ass were thicker now, and they reamed her deliciously. Hands continued to knead her breasts, occasionally replaced by mouths that licked, sucked and bit her nipples.*

*One by one the guys grew tired and dropped to the benches beside the table. Billie was content as the last, very well-endowed man fucked her senseless. He had her knees pressed to her chest and he stood over her, fingering her flaring asshole as he pummeled her cunt deeply.*

*She glanced over and saw the bartender stroking his cock a few feet away. "Bring that over here," she told him, and he stepped closer.*

*Billie turned her head and sucked the older man's rod into her mouth. He wasn't as firm as the younger men, but she liked his looks and wanted to let him in on the action.*

*"Sweet Jesus," the bartender gasped and closed his eyes, gripping the table for purchase.*

*"Mmm," Billie sucked his cock and stroked his ego. "You taste great."*

*The man on top of her finished and pulled his slick cock out with a groan. She glanced at the bartender and asked softly, "Do you want to fuck me?"*

*He shook his head. "I couldn't."*

*"Sure you could." She let his cock slip from her mouth. "Uncuff me, though, will you? I want to touch you."*

*He pulled the keys from his pocket and released her hands. Billie rubbed her wrists and smiled at him. "What's your name, sugar?"*

*"Ray."*

*She held out her arms to him and he slid up close to her. "Come're Ray."*

*Make love to me." She spread her legs wide, ignoring the puddles of come that already trailed down her thighs.*

*He didn't seem to mind, as he sunk deeply into her pussy with one swift motion. Ray groaned loudly and some of the other guys chuckled.*

*Billie wrapped her legs around his ass and her arms around his neck. "That's it, baby," she whispered in his ear. "Fuck me, now. Fuck me hard. I want you bad." She thrust her hips against his and he groaned again. "I'm not gonna last long," he whispered back.*

*"That's okay, I'm close." Billie gripped him firmly and their bodies slapped together noisily as they mated. The men around them had stopped chuckling and at least one of them was stroking himself. She could tell by the noises he made. "Yes," she cried out, and Ray grunted.*

*"I'm coming!" He collapsed onto her and she felt his hot stream shoot into her cunt. Her climax gripped her in pulsing waves, and Ray shuddered with her. When she could open her eyes, she saw a couple of the other men had climaxed with them, shooting their wads on her and Ray's bodies.*

*She reached for his face and gave him a deep kiss. "That was fantastic, baby. You're the best."*

*"No, I'd say you are the best." Ray pulled his cock out and leaned back, offering her a hand to stand up.*

*The college men mumbled their agreement as they reached for their clothing.*

*Billie felt exhilarated as they handed over her clothes and touched her gently. It was the gang-bang of her fantasies, and she'd loved it. She actually hated for it to end. Swabbing at the spunk on her body, she massaged it into her breasts. She couldn't believe she still felt horny. Looking at Ray, she smiled. "That was the best fuck I've ever had."*

*He started to buckle his belt and stopped. "Would you like another?"*

*She looked into his eyes to see if he was serious. "What?" Billie asked, surprised. She closed her eyes, and opened them slowly.*

*The bartender leaned against the bar and wiped his hands on a dishtowel. "Your drink. I said, would you like another?"*

*She glanced at him, fully clothed behind the bar. She was seated on the stool in front of him, her second vodka nearly gone. Billie spun around and saw the table full of college men was still there. They'd been joined by a group of women, and all were involved in lively conversation.*

*She blinked a couple times, gathering her bearings. No wonder she was still horny...nothing had happened. The stickiness on her thigh was the juice from her desperate pussy, all revved up with no place to go.*

*"So what's it going to be, beautiful?" The bartender asked again. "Another drink or not?" She looked into his kind eyes and glanced quickly at his left hand—no ring. "Depends," she said softly. "What time do you get off work?"*

\* \* \* \*

## *About Jenna Byrnes*

*Jenna Byrnes could use more cabinet space and more hours in a day. She'd fill the kitchen with gadgets her husband purchases off TV and let him cook for her to his heart's content. She'd breeze through the days adding hours of sleep, and more time for writing the hot, erotic romance she loves to read.*

*Jenna thinks everyone deserves a happy ending, and loves to provide as many of those as possible to her gay, lesbian and hetero characters. Her favorite quote, from a pro-gay billboard, is "Be careful who you hate. It may be someone you love."*

*For the latest news, visit Jenna's blog at <http://jennabyrnes.blogspot.com/> and her website at <http://www.jennabyrnes.com/>*

- - -

*\*Jude Mason – Readers needed: Come, explore with me...if you dare\*  
Website: <http://www.my-haven2001.com/>  
Newsletter on yahoo group: [http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Jude\\_Masons\\_Newsletter/](http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Jude_Masons_Newsletter/)  
Custom Erotica Fantasies; <http://customeroticafantasies.blogspot.com/>  
To sign up for my mailing list, email me: [jude.mason@yahoo.ca](mailto:jude.mason@yahoo.ca)*