Leah Lays London

Assorted Sordid Tales

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The Author asserts the moral right to be identified as the author of this work.
ASSORTED SORDID TALES

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Dramatis Personæ

- **Amadeo**: a regular dominant.
  Busy weekend — Amadeo — Half a dozen snapshots — The hawk — A journey into subspace — In the shower, we get dirty — Asking for it — Leah rides again — The week so far (3/3) — A night at Amadeo’s — Volition — Breathing exercises — The chain-link fence — Hard play — Three lovers — Play in one act — Cunt & ass — The fountain — Things that were in my cunt yesterday — The phone booth — My summer vacation — Short takes — Flogged and fucked — I scent the morning air — Names I have been called — The first hour — Farewell, lover — For auld lang syne — Piss service — Ending at the beginning

- **The boyfriend**: a relationship now ended.
  Day one — Day two — Day three — Day four — Day five — The world is too much sometimes — A candle in my cunt — The silence — Summer 2009, Boston — Four stories about the ex-boyfriend

- **Claire**: a woman learning about D/s who sadly lives too far away.
  Day five — A visit with Claire

- **Daniel**: a flautist.
  The week so far (1/3) — Unspectacular sex — Final audition

- **David**: the main guy in Boston now.
  Back to Blighty — Simon says — About David — Ending at the beginning

- **Frank**: fuck buddy during summer 2010 and occasional partner since.
  Kafka on the shore — Fellating Frank — Into the night — Defiling the apartment — Doing porn — The world is too much sometimes — A seduction in SMS — The luminous flash — A farewell to Frank — Reunion — Once more — Twice more — So much sex — Three lovers — Short takes — A spontaneous date — Cunnilingus — La feuille de rose — Farewell, lover — Connect the dots — Friday, Saturday, Sunday — Waking up to one last fuck

- **Gavin**: he picked me up; we had sex twice; he freaked out about the open relationship; I ditched him.
  It never hurts to ask — Two in one day

- **Gi**: a horn player.
  Playing an instrument — Orgasm and after — Official date — Movie night — My summer vacation — Fingered to orgasm

- **Marshall**: the newest guy.
  Not cricket — The Marshall plan — Closing up — Last Thursday’s date — Marshall one more time

- **Dr. Williams**: an occasional dominant; too clingy and pesky persistent for my liking.
  A London derrière — The world is too much sometimes — Office hours
*I do not think to touch the sky with my two arms.*

– Fragment 37, Sappho of Lesbos

H. T. Wharton, tr.
Leah Lays London
Leah Lays London began in June 2010 and ended in February 2012. I started the journal in order to share my sex life with my then boyfriend, with whom I was in a committed but non-exclusive relationship. The blog gave me the discipline to write non-academic prose on a regular basis. I enjoyed how strangers from around the world would visit at all hours to have a glimpse at my private self. I am an exhibitionist this way.

My writing gave a few the inducement to essay blogs of their own. Some have read my sentences aloud to their partners and (they tell me) enlivened their discourse in bed thereby. I have received e-mails that say that my words have been of value to readers: to women exploring the dynamic of domination and submission for the first time, to people connecting to their sexualities in the absence of sex, to those finding the courage to end a relationship gone stagnant or to make peace with the past and exit their chrysalis as something new. I find these personal testimonies the most gratifying of all. In a small way, I have made a difference by being here. This justifies the enterprise of blogging. I have also established friendships. When I started this project, that this could happen did not occur to me as a possibility.

With two exceptions, the episodes in these pages have appeared on the internet.‡ Despite the temptation of perfectionism — a persistent itch — I have not edited or otherwise revised my initial efforts. Nevertheless, there could be minor differences between the blog and its pdf incarnation. To preserve anonymity, I have deployed pseudonyms. To further mask the identities of my partners and also my own, I have taken small liberties with facts and events.

As the blog is predominantly about sex, my outside passions, activities, and interests enter only as a glow from under the bedroom door. If I had it to do over again, it would be very different. This is in part to paint a self-portrait with my features in better balance — more Rembrandt and less Picasso. I am also confident that I could write it better now. I see weaknesses in the prose on every page. But I am peacock proud of certain passages.

I dedicate this memoir of my months in London to those who, like me, embrace an unconventional and uninhibited sexuality through free and informed choice.

Boston
June 2012

‡ A few tales, denoted by an asterisk, were published off blog.
CHAPTER 1  HELLO, WORLD!

I am a graduate student from the US who is in London until the end of summer 2011. I am here to do research for my Ph.D. My boyfriend is in Boston, Massachusetts. We have an open sex life: we are each fine with the other sleeping around. I am 24. (Born August 15, 1985 in New York City.) I like to be submissive in bed. I play with women on occasion, but vastly prefer men. I make no apologies for being kinky and promiscuous. This blog recounts my sexual adventures in London.

June 27, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/06/27/hello-world/
Friday

A new city on Tuesday. Wednesday settling in to a new apartment (fortunately it is furnished). Thursday is spent under covers (naked), fighting off jet lag, allergies, and exhaustion. Friday, around noontime, I took the laptop to bed. The boyfriend and I had Skype sex. I brought myself to orgasm with a glass dildo. In the afternoon, after lunch, I watched porn. By evening, I was so goddamned horny, I was determined to bust my London cherry.

I wore the shortest, tightest skirt in my closet. Abercrombie or Fitch (one of the two) had artfully placed a hole that flashed the inner part of my left thigh. I purposely let the top of the black thong show over the waistband in front; it rode up between my cheeks in back. To complete the outfit, I went braless in a low neck, too tight vintage t-shirt that bared the lower midriff.

Dressing like a skank doesn’t make it any easier to hook up. But I wanted to feel like a slut when I did.

At the clubs, I drank pricy cocktails I didn’t pay for. I also drank much watery beer. I danced. Around 1 am, I left with the first boy I found who would do. In his apartment, we had a gin and tonic. In his bedroom, once we had stripped ourselves bare, there was perfunctory sucking of cock and licking of twat. Mostly we got down to the business. It wasn’t the greatest sex I have had. But the cock did its job. I came, feet clutching the air for purchase.

We messed around a little afterwards and shared the bed. I disappointed him by not fucking again. The boy snored, and I slept fitfully. I left his place around 6 am and made my way home.

Saturday

It was the same basic plan: find a cute walking dildo and use it for sex. Last night, I wore a beige skirt that wasn’t meant for bending over and a light, white shirt with a couple of buttons fastened that would have gone completely transparent in the heat of the clubs had it not been for the darkness inside. To start, I also had on a gray mesh bra that emphasized my chest. Somehow, this morning when I dressed, I couldn’t find the bra with the rest of my clothes. The T-back G-string was still there, however! (Of the two, I would rather have lost the knickers.)

I danced awhile at the club, rubbing my body up against boys and girls — mostly boys. My ears rang with the beat. My soul didn’t. Dancing upright wasn’t my intent. I didn’t feel like going through the motions before going through the motions.
In a new city, where I am perfectly anonymous, I felt aggressive about my sexuality. I went up to two guys, who were standing next to each other at the bar. I offered to go home with the one who could kiss better. The guy I picked was brave enough to slide his hand down my back and cop a feel of my ass through the tight skirt.

I had chosen the right one. This man knew how to fuck. Each time he came at me from above, my legs opened wider for him. The muscles in his forearms stood in relief as he thrust himself into me. I raised myself from the mattress to meet him halfway. We shifted positions whenever he teetered on the edge of his orgasm. Usually, that was whenever my pussy quaked around him. The first time he came, he did so pulling my head backward by the hair while his cock convulsed in my cunt.

The second time we fucked, it was slower paced and less intense. I rode him from above, spinning my pelvis and gyrating my ass around the penis inside me. His hands on my hips guided my movements. After he filled another condom with his seed, my pussy held him as his erection diminished. I buried my face in his chest and pressed my lips over the smooth skin, licking perspiration from the hard plates of his muscles.

In the morning, we fucked a final time. Gods and men enjoy when their names are shouted in ecstasy.

June 27, 2010

I posted this ad to the casual encounters board this morning.

**New to London – w4m**

*I moved to London from the States last week. I have had a couple of hookups in the few days I have been in town, but I am looking for more, more, more.*

*During the past month in the US, I have:*

* Had an affair with one of my Mom’s male friends.*
* Got spanked with a shoe as a prelude to a fisting.*
* Been tied up by an undergraduate in his dorm room.*
* Drank coffee flavored with semen.*
* Called a man Daddy while he fucked me though we look nothing alike and he was only a decade older.*
* Had loving sex with my boyfriend, who is aware of my activities and who I miss very much.*

*I like to be submissive in the bedroom. I have limits, but I enjoy new experiences. Condoms are non-negotiable in sex.*

Age, race, and nationality are not relevant considerations. I have to be attracted to you though, so please include a picture in your reply. I don’t need to see your endowment.

**What else? Don’t do drugs or have a venereal disease. Look healthy. Have a sense of humor. Be confident. Know how to have fun!**

*I am expecting a lot of responses. One liners won’t get you into my pants. Good, or at least grammatical, writing is sexy. Fascinate me. Tell me enough that’s interesting about you to make me want to continue the conversation and then meet. Chances are, if we get together and get on adequately — i.e., you aren’t a troglodyte — the clothes will come off. I don’t need to be courted for what is probably a one night stand. The meeting up will be very casual.*

I am curious to discover who will show up in my inbox.

June 28, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/06/28/craigslist/
Craigslist used to be a great way to get laid. I’d post an ad in the early afternoon, come back a few hours later, skim through the two hundred or so responses, send out a couple of conversational feelers, and agree to meet a guy for drinks in the evening. A bit of social interaction lubricated by alcohol led 90% of the time to sexual interaction lubricated by bodily secretions. Of course, the sex wasn’t always exceptional or memorable, but even bad sex can be pretty good. It fills a hole anyway. I have been happy with my experiences. I have found more than my share of casual kink this way.

I was hoping to continue the fine tradition of Craigslust on this side of the Atlantic. London has been a disappointment, however. I posted my ad four times yesterday. Each time it was flagged and removed in less than half an hour. The propositions I received were short and generally uninformative. I don’t blame the guys. They were fighting the clock. I wrote the 23 who managed to get a message to me and asked them to try again, direct to the Gmail inbox. I have initiated a handful of conversations this morning. Well, it’d be a handful if I were a three-toed sloth. With a bit of luck, tonight, tomorrow night, maybe even on Thursday night, I will be sharing a bed with a stranger. I will be wrapping my lips around his shaft. I will suck on the heavy balls and prize his ass cheeks apart and slide my tongue between them. I will work for the reward of the man’s come shooting down my throat. If I am good, he will let me beg. I will position myself on hands and knees and plead for him to place his cock in my needy, greedy cunt and fuck me until I am in a space beyond words. I hope each man leaves marks on my body for the next one to discover. I want this. I want to show my lovers how obedient I am, how I worship cock, how well I fuck.

I expect to write about these encounters. Pseudonyms will be deployed as necessary to preserve anonymity.

June 29, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/06/29/state-of-the-list/
Once I am naked, he cuffs my hands behind my back and pushes me onto the sofa. He undresses to his socks and stands before me. His shaft is thick, the head engorged with blood, but he isn’t fully erect yet. The kissing before hadn’t made him so. His cock points downward, the head hanging to one side a little lower than his balls.

I crane forward from where I am seated, bowing my head, stretching my jaws, bringing my lips around the glans. Making a seal around the front part of the shaft, I fill my mouth with spit and swish it around the head. My tongue moves slowly from side to the side, along the bottom surface. The consistency of the flesh changes once it has been inside the warmth and wetness of my mouth for a minute. The shaft elongates. The cock straightens, and it rises.

I go to the floor. My thighs nudge his legs apart, and, balancing on my toes, I wedge myself in the space this creates. Pursing my lips, I take more of the shaft inside. My head nods over him. He keeps his pubis trimmed, I notice from up close. The weather has been warm. The scent between his legs is musky and fragrant, though not an overpowering sensation. It smells masculine. I like it.

I look him in the eyes as I suck him, rotating my face around the shaft as I take the cock fractionally deeper inside. My hair caresses my cheeks as I move. I make slurping noises. I pool the spit on my tongue and layer it over him. There are bubbles of air in the saliva that coats the top side of the cock. My spit drips from the bottom of the shaft in viscous cords that rain on my thigh.

I test whether he likes a gentle use of teeth. The tension in the muscles of his groin and thigh suggest to me that he doesn’t. I change tactics. Pouting my lips, I focus my attention on the head. My tongue presses the knob against the roof of my mouth. His glans makes my cheek bulge. I taste precome now and make appreciative moaning noises while I suck. My eyes are big and wide and constantly looking up at him. It is difficult to keep my balance without the use of hands.

When an especially long rope of saliva dangles from his shaft, I use my mouth to catch it and then spread the wetness over his balls. My tongue flattens. I drag it over the wrinkly skin. Then I slide my mouth along the side of the shaft, as though I am playing a harmonica. Lips apply unequal pressure as I blow over the skin. I use my tongue to feel out the veins that pump the blood through his penis. Capturing his head again, I alternate between sucking his cock and lipping his balls.

The man has been completely impassive throughout most of the blowjob. I would have appreciated a verbal response, feedback, encouragement, hands in my hair, a grip on my breasts, fingers stroking my back, his touch reaching for my cunt. Instead, he is content to stand there without making contact. His eyes are for the most part lidded shut, so my upward glances have little effect. But they are there if he wants them. I suck
him as a duty.

Abruptly, he crosses over behind me and seats himself, then reconsiders and reclines backward on the sofa. One foot is on the floor; his other leg extends out. Does he want me to keep fellating him or climb on top? He doesn’t say. I reposition myself to the side and continue with the blowjob. I pay attention to the scrotum first, sucking each hemisphere, latching on with lips, curling my tongue, pressing its bottom against the skin, which has now tightened up. I bat the point against the testicle, flicking upward, and investigate its shape and how it moves inside the sac.

His cock swerves slightly to the left. I discover that this new angle is better for sucking. I can take him deeper now more comfortably. The head sinks into my throat. I am certain I can deepthroat his length, but because he has been so silent, I decide not to make the effort. I roll my head with his shaft embedded partway down instead. Spit runs freely now. The saliva trails along the shaft and falls over his groin. The whiteness of it reminds me of semen, of course. I let it collect at the base and suck it up and wash his glans with it.

He has a hitch in his throat. His breathing has become sharper, deeper, more expressive. I rotate my head faster in response. I fuck his cock in and out of my mouth, always keeping the front third inside while I bob over the middle. Because I want him to come, I suck hard. I make my tongue soft and level it up against the underside as a tactile counterpoint to the force my lips apply on the shaft. My breasts press against his thigh. There is a strain in my shoulders. I am glad we are nearing the end.

He tells me he is coming a moment before he does. My lips tighten at once around the circumcision scar, and I lap at the glans where it indents. The orgasm bursts out in a single liquid spurt. There are aftershocks, but these add only a little more semen to the initial jet. He tastes of salt and bleach. I hold the come in my mouth and spit it back onto the shaft. Then I press my face in it and take it up again. My tongue licks carefully at the edges and over his groin to ensure that I have recaptured all that he has given me. I swallow and crawl onto his body. He doesn’t kiss me.

In truth, this wasn’t among my hundred best blowjobs. But neither was this man sufficiently collaborative in sex. When we fuck later, I confirm my first impression. I don’t spend the night.

June 30, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/06/30/first-london-date/
American girl ISO casual kink – w4m

I am an American, recently arrived in London. I am here as a student.

A reasonably attractive woman in her mid-twenties can find sexual partners without the assistance of the casual encounters board. It’s a bit more difficult to find casual kink when you are not a scene person, which I am not. I am very submissive sexually and am looking for adventures with creative male dominants. I am not looking for couples or group sex. Chances are, if we play, it will be a one time thing. Condoms and safewords are required. We can discuss limits over e-mail.

I would love to hear your obscene propositions. Please do not send me pictures of your cock when you answer.

Finally, I have noticed that w4m posts here get flagged very quickly. A short placeholder response is ok. If you flag to reduce your competition once you have answered an ad, please don’t. It’s counterproductive. I won’t keep fishing here if my options are so limited.

I look forward to your replies.

We will see how this one goes.

Update: 56 responses + 2 others, who posted about my ad after it had been flagged. I am gathering propositions and hoping to see some novel scenarios to play out. I am also heading out for CL date #2 based on Monday’s ad in a bit. I hope tonight’s partner gets me into bed and is more engaged than the guy from last night.

June 30, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/06/30/another-ad/
“The room is ten meters from the lift. I want you to crawl.”

“I think your nipples are as sensitive as mine.”

“Finish taking your clothes off and give them to me. I will return them in the morning.”

“I belong on my knees, don’t I? That’s where a good girl should be.”

“I don’t care if you cry. Choke on it, bitch.”

“Come on my face. I want to wear your come.”

“Go and brush your teeth with my spunk.”

“Do you like that? Do you like it when a dirty little girl puts her tongue in your asshole?”

“I am going to spank your breasts with this.”

“I’ll do anything you say.”

“You taste unbelievable.”

“May I come please?”

“I am going to be the first man in London to fuck your ass.”

“Go slow — but keep going.”

“Turn around. I want to get on top.”

“Pull my hair.”

“Just like that. God. Again. Squeeze your muscles for me.”

“Come in my pussy. Come in my tight little pussy. Give me your sperm, Daddy. Please. I want you to.”

“You would go to sleep curled at my feet.”

“Let me suck your cock and make you come one more time.”
He wanted to make me come in public.

I met him at a wine bar in north London. The place was full, but after one glass standing up, we managed to claim a candlelit booth against the wall on the far side. Drink flowed generously as the conversation advanced. Mostly, we talked about the mundane — how I was settling in to life in the UK, what I liked and what I didn’t. It felt good to rant about how British engineering hasn’t yet figured out how to combine hot and cold water into a single faucet in the sink. For the date, I had worn a light cotton sundress that ended about mid-thigh, blue with abstract white patterns, the usual sundries underneath, and a strappy pair of shoes that I kicked off. Barefoot, I snuck my toes under the bottoms of his trousers and pressed the pads of my feet against the muscles of his leg. I liked the soft cushion of hair that tickled my feet. Once I had initiated contact, he kicked off his own shoes. Sock covered feet stepped along the insides of my calves and my shins, sometimes turning at the knees to touch the shadows of my thigh.

The conversation took a sexual turn. He asked me for stories about what I had done in public spaces. I told him about having once given my boyfriend head under the table at a Thai restaurant. I told him about using the toilet at the Neue Galerie for a quickie. (What can I say? Gustav Klimt and Egon Schiele turn me the fuck on.) I told him about the sex clubs I visited when I was trying out the scene. I told him about the porn cinema and a drive-in movie theater in New Hampshire. I told him about fucking in offices and classrooms at the university, the tunnels under campus, various parks, under the stars and in the rain. I told him about bars and dance clubs, swimming pools, the back of a pickup truck on the side of a country road, and blowjobs delivered in cars speeding along highways. I told him about my mile high fantasy. I shared fond memories of a seedy alleyway or four. The risk of discovery, of getting caught in flagrante, of being found out fucking excites me. Danger is a drug — but the thrill of getting away with it intoxicates me even more.

The man I was with was only in his late thirties. He had explained in his e-mails before we met that he could no longer get an erection. But he wanted a sexual escapade: an experience with a woman who was willing, a girl he found attractive, someone who didn’t demand payment.

I wanted to oblige him. At this point in a normal date, I would have happily moved on to bed. I can’t imagine a life without sex. I admired how he didn’t dwell on his physical flaws, how upbeat he was when he spoke of sexuality.

My stories had made me moist between the legs. I excused myself to the ladies room. When I returned, I set my purse on the table and reached for his hand. I had come back with my underwear wadded in my fist. I let go. We sat there, holding hands, my small ones atop his larger ones, our right hands cupping a scrap of cloth, slight and black, which minutes before had covered my pussy from view. Exposed from below, she breathed...
easy now. Leaning across the table, I kissed him lightly on the lips. The candle radiated heat below me.

“Why don’t you sit next to me,” I suggested, scrunching toward the wall, making room.

I pressed my thigh against his when he settled himself, and I huddled close, burrowing myself into the crook of his shoulder when he draped his arm around my back. The fabric of the skirt had ridden up when I sat. I brought my legs open in invitation. The skirt lifted more as I straightened my posture. I tugged the hem up my thigh so that the cloth bowed and draped over my pussy, hiding it just.

His right hand sat over the joining of my legs. Fingers on top of the skirt touched my pubis below. They gently tapped at the skin and descended the short distance to my cunt. Fingertips traced the outline of my lips through the thin fabric.

There was a buzz of conversation all around us. Our movements didn’t go unnoticed in this. There were other couples present, but we were the only ones making out. There was as well the obvious age difference between us. The people in the bar saw us hunched together, whispering conspiratorially. They saw tongues flicking at earlobes, kisses that trailed down the run of the neck, across the collar, down the shoulder. I didn’t care that we were witnessed, and neither did he. He licked the sweat that had beaded over my breasts. His big hand pawed at my tits while we kissed. Eyes closed, our faces turned and repositioned as we prolonged the contact of lips. His tongue spilled into my mouth. My teeth nipped at its tip. I fluttered my tongue against his. He applied pressure to the back of my neck and combed his fingers through my hair. We breathed together.

The lights were dim but the table was glass. Looking down, I saw his hand working me by candlelight. The back of it made a visible bulge under the cloth. He gripped my lips. Fingers softly stroked the slit. The wetness inside me was flowing. It made his hand slick. He smeared the viscous fluids over my pubis, which I keep waxed and bare, like a little girl. The kisses deepened as he insinuated two fingers — the index and middle — into my cunt. I tightened the muscles at the entrance. My thighs gripped his forearm between them. He wiggled his fingers, scissored them inside. He also rotated them within my folds. Gently, he fucked me. The touch pistoned in and out, so, so, so slowly. After a moment, he brought his hand out to examine in the light, then wiped the wetness that coated his skin over my thigh.

I sipped my wine. We laughed together. Then we played. This time, his hand toyed outside me. He undressed my clit. The nails of his fingers brought the hood down. The face of his thumb drew taut circles around the bundle of nerves. I squirmed in my seat. My pussy dripped its heat. After swimming in my arousal awhile, he extracted the fingers from my skirt and raised them to his nose to sniff. He complimented me on my taste, and poked my nose with the tip of his wet finger.

Smelling myself in his touch, my hand latched on to his wrist at once. I kissed the heel of his palm. I licked the creases on the surface and jabbed my tongue at the webs of skin where the digits joined. I held the two long fingers that had been in my cunt to my lips and sucked them clean. Closing my eyes, I pictured those fingers as a cock. My tongue slid along the length, spiraling round and round, teasing the edge. I forced saliva between the fingers and bathed them in the warmth and the silkiness of the spittle. Holding the back of his hand, I turned it in my mouth. My tongue curled around the bottoms of his fingers. I used my grip on the wrist and inched the fingers forward and backward. I spun my face. It was my blowjob technique I applied. He let me suck him for what seemed an eternity, but was probably not one minute. Dipping the fingers in the wine, he let me suck them once more.

Before long, his touch reached up my skirt again. Because I wanted to see, I pulled the cloth up and held it
bunched at my waist. His body shielded my nudity from voyeurs. The fingers stretched inside me. He had placed them facing up, so that the heel of the hand protruded against my pubis when they were in all the way. Bracing myself on the table, I brought my weight forward and angled my cunt at him. Looking down through the glass, I saw his thumb in movement. He flattened it over my clit and circled as he pushed down. The sensation in the nerves was immense. I swiveled my torso to face him. My tongue flickered between his lips, and I spoke into his mouth. “Fuck me,” I whispered. “Fuck me and make me come.”

The fingers responded. They stabbed in and out repeatedly. The rhythm was steady, fast, and unforgiving. I heard the sounds my pussy made, the suction noises, the wet slide. The way the digits pressed against my inner walls set my clit to thrumming.

My brow furrowed in concentration and pleasure. I kept my eyes screwed tightly shut. Oxygen came to my lungs in huge and heavy gasps. I bit my bottom lip and willed myself to come silently. My thighs clamped about his hand. I gripped the edge of the table. My eyes flashed open, the pupils rolling back. My toes curled. Stars in the universe exploded. My spine stiffened. I threw my head back and stifled a scream. The muscles in my cunt contracted and released about his fingers. The waters sluiced over his hand.

When I sat back and sunk into the cushions on the bench, the smell of sex overpowered my senses. A few eyes caught mine and turned away. We were noticed. I smiled. I laughed. I gulped down the rest of the wine to rehydrate myself. We poured ourselves new glasses and toasted our encounter.

July 4, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/07/04/wine-on-a-saturday-night/
I had intended to spend the day at the library. Instead, I have barely left my bed. I didn’t dress so that I was presentable till the late afternoon, and I expect the clothes are off again before long.

Last night, at a pub near the university, I picked up a young man, who I brought home with me. It was the first sex I have had in my own bed since moving to London.

I was impressed that the boy was sitting on the terrace with Kafka and a tall pint glass of beer, so I struck up a conversation. He is a faculty brat like me and an undergraduate at Magdalen College. To my ears, the name sounds maudlin, but it seems a cheery enough place. I know one of the senior fellows of his college by reputation. We compared educational experiences in the US and the UK. Mine are in Chicago and Boston, American cities that are dirty and modern and alive, while his university is somnolent, steeped in traditions that stretch back centuries. His college was founded before Europeans had landed on my continent. He knows pubs where the victory at Agincourt was once the latest news from across the water. Colleges, however, and college students in particular are the same everywhere, and given to the pursuits of education, libation, and fornication. We entertained each other with stories over drink and pub food before I invited him home.

I took advantage of the energy and enthusiasm of someone even younger than me and exceedingly fit. (The muscles are from rowing, he said.) I lost count of the number of times we fucked. Exhausted from the labor of sex, we finally fell asleep around five in the morning. My poor flatmate, who leaves for work at eight, must have been awake almost the whole night listening to us. I couldn’t help but be loud, orgasming as I did. The two of us woke around ten, and immediately proceeded to fuck. After that, after he had visited the toilet and emptied his morning bladder, he started gathering his clothes from the floor. I wanted to nap and cuddle myself against the warmth of his gloriously male, wondrously naked body, so I persuaded him to stay. We fucked again before eating lunch, raided the fridge for leftover takeaway, and then, since the apartment was empty, had more sex on the sofa.

Chopsticks have their utility in fellatio and cunnilingus. Because he was a dexterous hand, I asked him to use them on me. I especially liked when he tugged on my pussy lips and squeezed them with the hard plastic and licked me over the labial folds. My clitoris was sensitive to being touched and held after so much fucking, but I asked him to do it anyway. I wanted the pain and the pleasure. I wanted him to bring the pearl to prominence. I told him to bite down on the clit hard, because it hurt, because when his fingers were inside just so, pressing against the nerves from behind, and when his teeth sunk in the flesh outside, the burst of stimulation, both tender and savage, made me come explosively. He only did it the one time. Sweet boy, he was squeamish at my pain, though I wanted it and begged for it.

For my part, I had him lie on his back with his legs in the air. I ran the chopsticks down and up the shaft and
pointed the cock while I sucked. I lifted the foreskin with the pincers and manipulated the balls and stooped
to kiss and lick them with the broad flat of my tongue. He didn’t come in my mouth, so I have no idea how
his ejaculate tastes.

We dozed the afternoon away in a confusion of limbs, reviving sporadically to fuck some more. The sex
was all vaginal. I rode and was ridden. I was taken front and back and side to side and knelt over his cock
while he sat on the bed supported by fluffy pillows. At this point, he has but thimblefuls of semen to give,
but his cock continues to pound away at me unceasingly. He left for a few hours to get a change of clothes
and promised to return with Indian food and booze. A one night stand is going to turn into a two night stand.
That’s ok: my supply of condoms will last and sex beats sleep.

July 6, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/07/06/kafka-on-the-shore/
A reader asks me to elaborate on my open sex life. This is my response.

I can only tell you about my personal history. My relationship with the boyfriend developed in an organic way. I moved to Boston almost three years ago, and just like London, it was a new city, and I slept around. There was one guy I slept with quite a lot. Our bodies fit. I respected his intelligence. We have personalities that mesh well. He is dominant in the bedroom while I enjoy being submissive sexually. Like me, he also slept around. As we were casual to start, this was not problem. We turned each other on with stories about our experiences. (The blog is a way of continuing this conversation.) Eventually, the two of us started dating and shacked up. But we continued to fuck other people as well.

Since we only had the one bedroom, unless one of us was traveling or explicit about spending the night elsewhere, we didn’t bring partners home after six. The trysts in the apartment were typically daytime encounters scheduled while the other person was at work. So that we wouldn’t accidentally intrude, we called each other before coming home during the day. The sheets were constantly in the wash. We decided that condoms were mandatory for messing around and got tested regularly. The majority of the sex I had was with the boyfriend.

After all, we shared a bed most nights. The others were fun extras on the side.

I came to care about my regular partners. It may have started differently, but the sex became an extension of friendship and affection. The feelings I had for my other lovers were never as deep or personal or intimate as with the boyfriend. I don’t label myself polyamorous. I am a slut who fucks her friends and gets off with strangers and is mad about one guy in particular.

We are human. At times, there is jealousy and envy and insecurity and confusion. We deal with these emotions as forthrightly as we can. We agree that different people can scratch different itches and occupy different spaces in a life. Some aspects of sex that work fabulously with one partner won’t work as well, or at all, with another. Sometimes I want an anonymous fuck or a bit of casual kink with a stranger. Diversity of experience serves two functions: it keeps us interested in each other and fulfills — or just plain fills — us sexually.

The boyfriend and I Skype every day. I will go back to the US — it is home — and the boyfriend will visit me in London. A year plus is a long time to be separated by five time zones, especially when we are, in many ways, still beginning. Though we are both young, we pretend at maturity. Our relationship may not last. He might meet someone special, or I might. We could grow apart with distance. The world is large and full of possibilities. We know this. But we are content with where we are at this moment, with the patterns of our nights and days. The future will take care of itself.
July 7, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/07/07/open/
1. After drinks and flirtatious conversation at his local pub, he persuades me back to his place. It doesn’t take much effort to convince me: I am an easy lay. On the way to his building, he stops to kiss me against the facade of HSBC bank. It is a warm night, but the stone is cool to the touch. I lift a leg to improve his access below while his tongue becomes familiar in my mouth. He turns me, arms wrapping my waist and hands climbing. He lifts my top and manhandles my breasts through the bra. He murmurs filthy words in my ear. I am wet. I slant my ass at the erection in his pants.

2. Once the apartment door closes, he leads me to his bedroom and directs me to undress and kneel. He sheds his clothes briskly and makes a circuit of me, inspecting my body from all sides, considering the possibilities that are available to him. I keep my hands on my thighs, palms facing down, and straighten my back so that my chest juts out. My head is canted floorward. I sit on my heels and point my gaze submissively at the patterned rug. The man brings my arms above my head and tells me to steeple the fingers together. I lift them in prayer, in supplication, in grace. He wraps his belt around my forearms. Extracting a slender blue vibrator from a box at his bedside, he sets it to buzzing in my cunt and has me fellate him. The man is a foot taller when I stand on my toes. He simply towers over me now. With his penis in my lips, he scratches my head as though I am a dog. I moan around the cock at the praise I am given. I make my eyes wide, take a long blink, and cast my glance up at him while I work. Fingers clutch his shaft, creating friction at the base as I wash the crown with my tongue. The vibrator falls out as I bob my head over him. Though I would have happily continued awhile, he doesn’t let me suck him long.

3. He has me lie on the bed with my legs in the air and tells me to masturbate myself with a rubber dildo. The toy is an unrealistic black color with a thick scrotum at the base. I work it into my cunt and stab it in and out by the balls. He sits on the bed and observes, first to my side and then from below. He drags me upright by the hair and tells me to squat myself over the dildo and bounce. I fuck the false cock with the muscles in my legs. The man places his head between my wide open thighs and tells me that he likes the way my pussy looks with the lips stretched around the dildo.

4. He removes the belt from my arms and threads it around my throat. He has me suck him again. This time, he wants my head dangling from the bed. The blood rushes to my face. His hands maul my tits while I stick out my lower lip and take the glans inside. He rocks his hips and gives me more of the cock. His grip on the sides of my face tilts my chin in the direction he prefers. He thrusts his pelvis at me and forces himself deeper. The crown muscles into my throat. He holds position and presses down harder, angling my head up so he can get himself embedded fully. His balls press against my lips and nose. The breath comes to me in heavy gasps when he withdraws the shaft partway. He hammers me with the penis, using my throat for a cunt. Saliva sheets over my face. Most of his cock is in my mouth the whole time he skull fucks me. The
glans jabs in and out of my throat. My lips are heavy and swollen when he ceases.

5. He watches me pee.

6. I sit on the bathroom sink and wrap a condom over his penis. He stands between my legs and penetrates me. Anchoring one leg to the floor, I push off the counter with the other. I fuck him in the near darkness of the room. The toiletries on the shelf behind me clatter to the floor. He kisses me while he fucks me. He stops himself before he comes and eats me to an orgasm. His tongue licks spirals around my clit. He whisks his goatee over my pubis. The bristles are coarse on the smooth skin. He presses his chin down on my labia and uses his facial hair as a brush on my cunt. It’s prickly. I like the circular movements he makes when he digs down. He clamps down on the clit and sucks. I lick my juices from his face afterwards.

7. In the bedroom, he asks me to do something dirty for him — my choice, anything at all. I urge him onto the bed supine and clamber on top, knees straddling his waist. I lift his left arm up and tongue the armpit. The odor is strong. It fills my nose. I shrug it off and deposit kisses along his underarm. I lap where the muscles bend. I repeat on the other side, nosing into the hair, licking wetly. He tells me no one has done such a thing for him before, not his ex-wife or any other woman. I smile.

8. Pulling me by the lead, he drags me from the bed, makes me stand in the center of his bedroom, and instructs me to brace my neck with my hands and stretch my shoulders apart. Again he opens the toy box, this time extracting a leather cat-o’-nine-tails. Pulling the belt around so that it falls down my back and hangs between my buttocks like a tail, he proceeds to whip my breasts. The first blow takes me by surprise. The impact of the leather smarts upon my skin. I cry out involuntarily. Successive blows are timed about two seconds apart. I count them silently as I flinch. My breasts wobble in response to the whip. By the twentieth hit, I am whimpering in pain. By the fortieth, I am conscious of my tears. He swings the whip harder and harder at the end, stopping at seventy-six. I look down at myself once he has finished. My skin is flushed red. There are stripes above and below my tits, where the falls of the whip have fallen. The nerve endings sing. My body aches.

9. He fucks me after that. This is simple missionary sex. He is on top pounding away while I am beneath him, writhing. My hands clutch at his shoulders. I moan. I wail. My head rocks from side to side. There is no finesse here, but neither of us need it. We are animals rutting. Fingers clutch at my throat, their grip tightening on my windpipe when he comes. I orgasm twice. The first time is explosive. It has me shrieking. The second time is softer. It radiates from my cunt in waves and resonates deep in my bones. Coupled with how he shudders inside me, the sex leaves me euphoric.

10. After he extracts himself from my pussy, he pulls the condom off and turns it inside out. He smears the semen over his palm and offers it to me. I bring my head down obediently and lick it up. The condom may have been lubricated on the inside. The semen has an unpleasant taste. I swallow quickly. I know he won’t come for me again. The man is in his late forties. He told me earlier that he can generally orgasm only once in a night. This is why he has been careful till the end. The underground, I know, is still running. I reach for my clothes. The man helps me dress. I go down on my knees and thank him for the evening with my lips encasing his penis. I stroke his balls. Hauling myself to my feet, I leave kisses on his chest and collar. He embraces me. The grip of his fingers is strong in my hair during our last kisses. It is time for me to go.

July 10, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/07/10/how-the-night-unfolds/
CHAPTER 12

ANATOMY OF A HOOKUP

I am on my period, and therefore not thinking sexy thoughts at all. I figured I would write a few words about how I choose my partners, just to keep up the discipline of blogging.

First of all, there needs to be attraction. Market forces operate on Craigslist. It’s unfair, but the women have most of the choice. Conventional beauty helps, but often, I am attracted to the unconventional as well. There’s no formula. I am tempted by all kinds. Rugged masculinity and an intellectual look tend to appeal to me more than metrosexual or cute. I have done my bit for race relations in bed.

I don’t demand a huge cock — enclosed pictures of erections or testimony about the colossal dimensions of a penis are negatives. Creativity and imagination more than compensate for any smallness in size or lack of stamina. Sex is more than what our genitalia do.

Once we start writing, the correspondence needs to be engaging. Because posts get flagged swiftly, I make a quick first cull, then send e-mails to the rest asking for ideas for how the guy envisions play. I look for replies that are responsive to the ad and supply details. It’s an unusual letter that conveys the information I seek. I want to see evidence of a brain at work in the response. I want to be seduced by suspect thoughts — especially if it would be something novel for me. A sense of humor rarely goes amiss, while arrogance is severely off-putting. It’s unlikely that the sex will be a personal epiphany for me. I am looking for a good time, not a revelation or a revolution.

I have a taste for kink. I am in control of most aspects of my life, but I like to let go and have someone else be in command of my body when it comes to sex. If I am going to submit, I need to trust my partner implicitly. I need to believe that my limits will be respected and that I will be safe.

When I arrange a meeting, it is in a public space. I expect my date will be on time and well groomed. Ten minutes of waiting, and I am out. I am happy to pay my share, but if the date insists on pulling out the wallet, I can deal with that. I am looking for a man who is pleasant company and charming and who can talk about topics other than sexuality and the weather. I want good conversation, banter, and wit. Having a thrilling life that is full of adventure is a plus, but making the mundane compelling is just as good. There needs to be chemistry in addition to biology in order to proceed.

When we discuss sex, I want to know about the prospective partner’s experience with the kind of scenario that we have talked about in the e-mails. I want direct answers, without obfuscation or evasion. I don’t require letters of reference or to know who previous lovers were, but I want to hear in specific terms the background with rope, for example, if the intent is to tie me up. I need to believe deep in my bones that I will be unharmed and that the guy knows what he is doing. Visits to subspace can be emotionally draining and leave me feeling small and vulnerable. My partner needs, in my judgment, to be able to cope with that.
Experience isn’t strictly compulsory. We all have to start somewhere, and I can be someone’s first. I want to see earnestness, playfulness, and sincerity when experience is lacking. The ideal dominant is open, honest, and without guile. His answers are expansive. He recognizes that my submissiveness is a temporary state, that his dominance is a trust, that props and paraphernalia are a means and not an end, that sex ought to challenge the mind and the body and most of all be fun. After a great many dates, my intuition is finely honed. If there are any warning signs at all, I bail. Most of the time, however, if I agree to meet the guy, sex ends up happening. Much of the filtering has already occurred in the e-mails.

Before proceeding to play, I take a picture of my partner and send it to a friend along with a text saying where I will be. I check in with the friend a few hours later.

There have been experiences I do not care to repeat, but I have never felt sex or submission deriving from Craigslist has led me to activities that weren’t entirely consensual or that put me in a place where I felt threatened. Knock on wood that continues.

July 15, 2010

For our date, he asked me to wear a skirt that could be brought up over my ass easily. He wanted to spank me barehand over the knee, you see.

He is a lecturer — roughly, an assistant professor, but tenured — at a university in London. In our e-mail conversation before meeting, I asked him whether his students had ever turned him on, whether he had ever acted on his attraction, whether a girl had ever sucked him off in his office for a better grade. He told me that in his discipline, there are more women than men, at least among the students. He explained that when he was at the front of the lecture theater facing a room full of undergraduates on the rare warm weather day, he would confront a sea of legs under the long rows of desks. Crossed legs, bare and gleaming in the light, were a distraction to his thoughts, and carelessly uncrossed legs so much more so. No one else could see the color of the girl’s underwear but him. In most cases, he believed he wasn’t being flashed intentionally. He has geeky good looks and flustered easily, stumbling over his words when the conversation turned to sex. I don’t expect what he said is entirely true. I have flashed a few profs in class in my time, mostly for the amusement of the game and the private satisfaction of a successful tease. Occasionally, I have done it commando.

The lecturer told me that of course he fantasized about fucking some of the girls in his classes, his advisees, even a graduate student or two. He was attracted to my ad in part because of my age, the dozen years he has on me, that I am a student, a proxy for the ones he can’t touch, or won’t. He claimed that he would never act on his impulses because it was unethical and possibly even a firing offense. At the universities I have been, it happens, not frequently, but enough that there are rumors and hearsay. Most girls I know have had crushes on a teacher or two. Some are desperate for a grade and will pay any price and bear any burden. Not all professors have scruples.

I wore a loose fitting summery skirt with a tank top and made it a point to keep my legs uncrossed and open. The tops of my thighs showed, but I didn’t flash him. Over drinks in the mid-afternoon, he related his latest conquest in Madrid. He had managed to take a señorita back to his hotel room after Spain’s victory in the semifinals of the World Cup. His voice was higher pitched than usual, faster, and he spoke in a whisper as he recounted the tale. I almost expected him to blush. In my turn, I told him about the outcome of my various ads, the older men that I have been fucking in London. I explained that I was a bad girl who deserved a spanking. We got along.

In his apartment, he opened a bottle of wine for us, pulled up some tangos on iTunes, closed the curtains, and dimmed the lights. I pressed my body against his on the sofa. We made out. The kisses were fierce and sloppy, but what he lacked in technique, he made up for in enthusiasm and hair pulling. I stroked the erection in his shorts while he squeezed my tits through the top.
Bringing me over his lap, he flipped my skirt above the waist and yanked my turquoise underwear down to my knees. Having squeezed skin lotion onto my ass, his hands smoothed over the backs of my thighs and my buttocks. He worked the muscles with his strong fingers, giving them a deep massage. His touch was generous and forceful and pleasurable. It caused my skin to feel warm and tingly.

*Clap!*

His hand made a loud sound that echoed through the room over the mood music. This unexpected beginning startled me and made me jump in his lap. I touched my hands to the floor and closed my eyes and took a deep breath that I exhaled very slowly. I focused on the sensation in my ass, how the charge rippled through the skin. The friction and the heat of the hands in movement over my skin delighted me. The nerve endings were suddenly alive. Sighing contentment, I kissed the side of his leg above the knee. My weight pressed against his thighs as I settled myself for the spanking he would deliver.

It proceeded slowly. Several times a minute, he brought his right hand down over me. In between, his fingers and his palm rubbed over the curves of the buttocks and thighs. He started the spanking at the fleshy part in the middle of each cheek and alternated between them. Gradually, he worked around to include the downslope of the rump, and the sides, where the ass merges with the hip and the top of the leg, and continued on down to include the back faces of the thighs below. My right side, which was positioned away from his body, received more attention than my left. After the first blow, the subsequent ones did not arrive unforeseen. When the circling motion of the hand was suspended, there was a fractional pause, and I knew that a spank would land in the next instant. I didn’t know exactly where he would strike, but I tilted my ass up in anticipation. I felt goosebumps everywhere as I waited.

This dance continued for the space of several songs. I knew my skin was reddening, but the blows themselves felt like light swats. They stung, rather than hurt. He was pulling his punches.

I needed the spanking to hurt. I wanted to feel it later, deep in my musculature. I was chasing the pleasure that derives from pain. I asked — no, *I begged* — him to spank me harder.

He obliged.

I closed my eyes and grunted at the blows he delivered. I clenched my teeth and clutched my fist around the leg of his shorts. His hard-on poked against my hip. He stopped when I began to sob, but I told him it was ok, that I was fine, and he kept going. On and on it went.

At one point, I brought my head up and glanced over my shoulder to see how he worked me over. The movement began in his shoulder. His biceps were deceptively powerful, with lines etched in relief. The hand had collapsed into a fist at the top and opened as his arm descended. It reminded me of a pitcher’s windup. He kept throwing his strikes all over the plate. With no obvious pattern to predict, each hit was a surprise. The impact of the hand flat on my buttocks jolted over my skin. It made the flesh shake. The pain was sharp and piercing at the instant of collision, then, as the slap reverberated, it became a diffuse ache that spread through the muscles and nerves. By then the next blow had arrived, and the process repeated. He met my eyes with a feral smile.

I can’t say how long he spanked me. My body shuddered at the punishment he inflicted. By the time he finished, I was lost in an endorphin, adrenalin haze. He held me while I rested on the floor afterwards, leaning back against the sofa, one hand clutched tightly around each of his calves. Except for pinpricks of throbbing, the ass on which I sat was numb. He stroked my hair and made me giggle as he brought the glass...
of wine to my lips to sip. I stroked my pussy lips and discovered just how sopping wet I was. Turning my head, I noticed the front of his shorts were stained dark, either with my juices, or his own ejaculate. Though I hadn’t realized that I had creamed like that, the former was my suspicion.

We shed our clothes. I wobbled on forearms and knees as he took me from behind. His hands clutched my breasts, and he used them to impale my body onto his prick, which had a substantial girth.

I reveled in the pleasure and encouraged his fantasies along.

“Did you see my panties the other day during lecture? I wore them especially for you. Do you like what was inside them? I like having you inside me.”

“Fuck me, Dr. Williams. Fuck my tight little cunt. I will trade you — my exam grade for your orgasm. What do you say? Isn’t that fair? Isn’t this pussy first class?”

“Spank me while you fuck me. I want you to.”

Before long, my words were incoherent, drowned out by keening. He came moments after I did. After we recovered, he fucked me a second time, again doggy fashion. This time, with lots of lubrication, his cock went into my much abused ass. His fingers played my pussy lips and clit while he thrust inside me, pounding the length in and out of my bowels. Strangely, this fuck was briefer than the first. When he came, he pulled the condom off and shot his whiteness over my buttocks. His hands rubbed the semen into my skin.

I am writing this before bed. I have been home six hours. My ass is red and tender. When I inspected myself in the mirror an hour ago, I noticed a bruise forming on the right cheek. It is about the size of a large coin. I am wearing a pair of light running shorts with nothing underneath and sitting on a package of frozen peas. I squirm in my chair, but there is a broad grin on my face.

July 18, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/07/18/a-london-derriere/
I should give him a name since he is becoming a regular. Kafka dude — a.k.a. Frank — and I hung out last night. We had dinner with the roommate and her fiancé. They went to a party after the restaurant; Frank and I returned to the apartment.

We snuggled on the sofa and talked for hours about nothing in particular. We drank beers and made out. His hands shifted up my sides and back, the fingers eventually settling inside my shorts, splayed open and palming my ass, over and under the graph paper patterned panties I had worn. Eyes closed and in the darkness blind, we maneuvered by feel and touch, our heads twisting to stretch those kisses out. I sucked on his tongue and tasted the spicy flavors of the meal we had eaten and the earthy beer.

Eventually, I suggested we migrate to my bedroom. When he undressed me, he noticed the bruises on the right side of my ass. They were small, but required an explanation. I told him about my play date on Saturday afternoon and suggested that he could spank me sometime, too.

“Hmmm,” he said, pulling off his jeans. He seemed undisturbed by the admission that I had other lovers. As he commenced nursing at my breasts, suckling on one nipple, then moving to the other, I wondered if there were other women for him as well and what his parents thought of his nights away. He pushed me flat onto the bed. I figured it wasn’t my business to know and shrugged the thoughts aside. Reaching for his erection, my fingers made a ring around the shaft and descended. I licked my palm to wet the hand and stroked him till he was hard and ready.

He straddled my upper body, his ass hovering above my tits, and fed me his cock. It sunk past my lips and descended to the edge of my throat. Lifting my head from the pillow, I sucked him. Taking three-quarters of his length within, my fingers squeezed the remainder at the bottom. I feathered my touch over his balls and hummed tunelessly around the shaft. The consistency and quality of the erection changed in my mouth.

After a time, we reversed position. He lay down while I hunched over him from the side. I nibbled at the foreskin and peeled it from the head. Rolling my tongue around the curves, I gave his exposed and sensitive crown wet kisses. It was our third night together, and I still hadn’t tasted his semen. The translucent precome was sharp and tangy.

I took the penis within. My jaws stretched to admit it. The crown cascaded against the roof of my mouth. Swallowing back the gag reflex, I submerged it in my throat and swam down deeper until my lips pressed into his groin. I held him there. The scent of him filled my nose and lungs. I let go of the cock when I surfaced for air, and then, with hands on his belly and thigh for balance, moved easily over him again. His fingers gathered my hair, tucking stray bits behind an ear, and held it out of the way so that he could look down on me and watch. I made my lips taut and rotated my face and lifted back until only the crown remained between
my lips. Closing my eyes, I gave long, slow, luxurious sucks, taking his shaft the whole way down. As my head was constantly in movement and he was never inside me completely for more than a second or two, it wasn’t difficult to deepthroat. The sounds of gratification he emitted, the soft sighs, the steady, deep breaths, the way his hands wrapped my hair, how his cock seemed to elongate in my lips, and, of course, the words he spoke, a verbal confirmation that this was good: it encouraged me to perform. I scratched his thigh as I took him in. I made my tongue soft and rasped it along the underside. I played with the springy skin of the sac.

His words brought me short.

“If you keep that up, I am going to jizz,” he said, breaking my blowjob reverie.

“You don’t say?” I replied. I slapped the wet shaft against my cheek and rubbed my face into his balls.

“You mean it hasn’t occurred to me that if I suck your cock, you’ll come?” I spoke into his legs, biting the skin playfully.

“I thought you Oxford boys were supposed to be bright.” My tongue stretched into the space behind his scrotum, which I had raised up against the base of his penis.

“I want you to come.” I brought my lips over one of his balls, tugging it down.

“I want to drink your semen, ok.” I gently lipped the other testicle and washed it with my tongue.

“That’s the whole point of a blowjob.” The bottom of my tongue swiped around the crown.

“You.” I deposited a wet kiss on top of the head.

“Coming.” I left another, softer kiss on the front face.

“In my mouth.” The tongue flicked against the aperture.

I looked up at him with a grin that flashed teeth.

He smiled back at me in acquiescence and spread his arms apart.

“Can I please go back to sucking you now?” I asked.

His legs budged open. “Please do,” he said.

So I did.

He wasn’t wrong. It wasn’t long before I sensed the changes that told me his eruption was imminent. The signals were apparent. His breathing became ragged. He clutched his hair tighter, tugging at the roots. The muscles in his thighs corded up. His face tensed into an intense grimace. I could have kept the tease going — I can generally take a man to the brink, leave him there, and bring him back by varying stimulation and pace. But I wanted to taste, so I picked the tempo up, making the rhythm harder and tighter. He thrust his hips at me and drove the penis into my face and grunted. Then he collapsed on the bed and moaned as the levees burst. The orgasm exploded into my mouth, his semen spraying in thick jets. I clamped my lips halfway down and steadied the erection at the bottom. The skin was hot to the touch, and the shaft jumped in my fingers. I milked the cock and worked to swallow, but couldn’t drink his come fast enough. Some of it spilled past my lips and coated my fingers and dribbled down his shaft and groin.

It was a heady concoction, a strong and salty taste with undercurrents of sweetness beneath. I lapped up the
spunk that covered my hand and cleaned it from the sides of the shaft. I kissed what had fallen over the pubis from his skin. Making my tongue pointy, I swept through the hairs, to ensure that none of his come went to waste drying over him.

I sprawled myself on his chest. Lying side by side, we traded protracted kisses. Frank’s hands found their way between my legs. He stroked the pussy lips and decided that it was my turn to come orally. His cock took the opportunity to recover. Having shot once, he fucked me afterwards for the longest time. As before, we kept going, though this time, the roommate had company to warm her bed also.

Frank invited me to a concert on Friday. We will do it again.

July 19, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/07/19/fellating-frank/
I posted the following ad thrice this week.

**NSA fun – w4m**

*You are an interesting guy. You live an interesting life. You have interesting friends. You crave interesting sex.*

*I am an interesting girl. I live an interesting life. I have interesting friends. I crave interesting sex.*

*We should totally get together!*

*I am looking for a one night stand only. You and I are both drug and disease free. We use condoms. Kink is negotiable. I am not a prostitute.*

*Race, age, nationality are not factors in my decision. Good looks are important to me — so send a pic. A good brain is even more important — show me that you have one. Make an intriguing proposition. I might say yes. Do not send me a picture of your cock. I don’t need to see it before we’re naked together. I prefer if you can host in Zones 1 or 2.*

Admittedly, it is not the greatest ad in the world, but still serviceable. It has led to a couple of conversations, but didn’t garner nearly as many responses as I would like. The w4m ads on the casual encounters board in London are flagged almost instantly. Do any readers know alternatives to Craigslist in the UK? If so, please send word.

Thanks!

July 21, 2010

A reader asks whether sex is purely physical for me.

**Sex:** Procreation is not (today) one of my reasons for wanting to fuck. Sex is a physical act. Though not strictly necessary like oxygen or water or food, the fact of fucking is a humanizing influence, as essential to my soul as exercise or conversation or curling up with a good book. Bodies are playgrounds for creativity. Sex is the collaborative dance.

The pleasure is undeniable, of course. One of the few epiphanies in my life is that first great, searing orgasm I received from a lover. Every masturbatory climax, all the previous incipient fumblings and stumblings with a partner — anything and everything that came before — was as a faded photograph compared to its reality.

I like having a cock inside me. I like slobbering over it. I like squeezing it with the muscles in my pussy. I like how it penetrates my ass. The male penis fills and completes me. I thrill at fucking and being fucked. I also adore when a man devours my cunt. The acts of mating, from the first kisses to getting it on rough, make me feel alive as nothing else does. Sex is my one drug. I have lots of partners. The multidudes allow me to explore the varieties and the vagaries of the sexual experience. I don’t fall into patterns this way. The sex is different each time. This diversity is important to me. I have plenty of fantasies still to live.

**Submissiveness:** In my day-to-day existence, I am an alpha woman in nearly every respect. But when I am with a man in the sexual context, I prefer to be dominated. I want to be overwhelmed by his presence, his power, his penis. I want to surrender myself to him. I want to be, at last, a woman out of control. Inasmuch as I am capable of the undertaking, I aim to service my partner with my body. I worship his cock. I submit to his desires. I rejoice in being an obedient fuck-toy, a compliant plaything, his willing slut. I want to be the girl he thinks about when he masturbates years later. I say I will do anything, but there are limits. I have used as a few word twice in my life. Few acts I have been asked to perform are too dirty for me, however. I push the old boundaries away and strive to be my lover’s pleasure.

It doesn’t always work like this. Occasionally, I will take a lover for the satisfaction of having excellent sex — Frank looks to be one of these — or I will have a sequence of meaningless one night stands, uncomplicated by power games. With a woman, the dynamic is altogether altered — I prefer to switch.

Giving up control is a trust. Yielding myself to authority is an act of volition. I vet the men to see whether I think they are responsive and responsible, whether we are compatible together even for the space of a single night. I can’t submit to an idiot. I won’t. I need to respect a man’s intelligence to play with him this way. Even so, just because I have given him power and he is an a position of dominance over me and I do as he instructs, it doesn’t mean I submit to him mentally. The psychological and emotional submission is the best part. It rarely happens. He needs to be worthy of it, in my opinion. He needs to draw it out of me. I need to
be compelled to give him my all.

**Subspace:** Getting there is a high. Staying these is a dream. It leaves me weak and emotionally vulnerable. Often I cry — sometimes inconsolably. It is a much needed release.

Most recently, after the man I called Daddy fucked me, I turned into an emotional wreck. The loneliness of being here in London without the boyfriend hit me at that precise moment. It fell on me like a thousand of bricks. Of all the men I have ever known, carnally or otherwise, the boyfriend is the one I most want to submit to. But he lives an ocean away. I felt guilty at having my pleasure here, without him. I felt irredeemably sad. My lover responded by holding me, by stroking my shoulders and back while I sobbed. It may have been minutes. It may have been an hour. I went to sleep, curling myself at his feet on the king sized bed in that hotel room. This is something my boyfriend has me do at home sometimes after sex, as an extension of it. I look up at his body from below. I lap at his toes. I feel like a faithful dog. I am safe and reassured.

**Intimacy:** I like sharing a bed. I want a man to warm me under the covers with his body heat. I want to snuggle myself next to him, avoiding the great wet spot we have left in the center of the sheets. I want post-coital conversation while I run my fingers through his chest hair, nails raking lightly over his naked skin. I want to lie in his embrace, in the crook of his arm, with my head propped upon his shoulder. I want soft kisses at bedtime. I want the odor of sex lingering in the air, blanketing us as slumber falls.

July 21, 2010

[Link](http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/07/21/about-sex/)
A reader asks: do you ever have a bad night out?

Yeah. I do. Last night’s date is an example. The guy looked about five years older than his picture and thirty pounds heavier. I should have left then, but decided to give him the benefit of the doubt. The conversation turned, without preface, to sex. In place of charm, he asserted his dominance and proceeded to tell me how he wanted to tie me up and use all my holes. He insisted that I call him Master Dave, which sounds pretty damn absurd to these ears. I have never liked calling anyone Sir or Master. I find it ridiculous. I make no oaths of fealty. I am no one’s slave. I submit because I want to. The lovers who make my legs go weak don’t need these trappings. When we play, their authority is organic and therefore authentic.

This guy was way cooler in e-mail than in person. Needless to say, nothing happened. I went home, hung out with the roommate, read a book.

More so than in the US, I have had a bunch of meet-ups here that haven’t led to the casual encounter. (For the statistically minded, of nine dates off of CL, stuff happened in five of them.) This is frustrating because I go on a date expecting to have sex at the end of it. Even when we do get into bed, not everyone is so hot in the sack. But there’s usually something positive to tell about the experience.

So far, I have been with eight guys in London, sleeping with seven and being masturbated in public by the eighth. I am pleased with six of these encounters, which isn’t a bad ratio at all. Like pussies, these things come in waves. I have had a run of luck. And at some point it’s bound to end.

I am seeing Frank tonight and have meetings set up for Saturday and Sunday afternoons.

July 23, 2010

After a Proms concert and dinner, Frank and I retreated to his brother’s place, which is a very nice pad in Islington. Frank is housesitting for the week while the brother, who does something financial in the City, is on vacation. Four data points are enough to establish a trend. We had another outstanding hookup. The sex can only improve as familiarity establishes a greater adeptness at exciting each other’s bodies. We have the rest of the summer for play.

The best was when we fucked outside the window. It is a sixth floor apartment. The window in the guest bedroom opens onto a three foot ledge that is ringed by a wall that rises to my breasts.

Around two-thirty in the morning, after we had been messing around for several hours already, we hoisted ourselves into the open for a breath of air. We stood there talking, naked and swigging bottles of beer. When I opened his, I took the neck and rubbed it against my pussy lips before handing it to him to improve the taste. I pressed the glass of my own bottle, wet with condensation, into my cleavage. I toyed with the nipples in the cool air, pulling and pinching, making them hard as pebbles. Frank watched me touch myself. He pushed me against the wall at intervals, and we kissed. He stuck his finger in my pussy and sucked my juices from it. My clit yearned for contact — she wanted to be petted, too. I snaked a hand between my thighs and rubbed vigorously outside. Frank squatted in front and watched me play with myself up close. His hands spidered up my smooth skin, and he added kisses of his own to the insides of my thighs. Inevitably, the desire to fuck hit us both. Frank went back inside and retrieved a condom. Bending at the waist, I sucked him to hardness and slipped the rubber over his shaft. Face to face, we traded deep kisses. Frank rolled my breasts with his hand while I stroked his cock. I liked the taste of lager on the lips and tongue.

I clutched his forearm and brought his grip up from the tits to my throat. Frank kissed the side of my face, the cheeks and below the ear, while I twisted my head in the clutch of his hand, hoping that the strong fingers would tighten their hold. “Turn around. I want to fuck you,” he whispered, nipping my earlobe. His tongue jostled the earring. Though I wished for more, I liked that he was asserting himself with me.

Legs opened in a wide stance, I used my arms to push my weight off the wall, hunched my back, and thrust my ass out to him. Frank placed his hands on my buttocks and sunk his cock into my cunt. The lips parted and the muscles stretched to accommodate his entry. I moaned at the friction at the walls of my vagina as the cock rasped its way inside. The deliberately slow act of penetration caused me to whimper. After all, it must have been a full forty minutes since I last had Frank’s cock in me.

Resisting the temptation to bring my body back, I resolved to let my lover control the cadence of this fuck. I merely straightened my legs and groaned each time the cock slid deliciously into me and whined whenever he withdrew his gift, however momentarily. Glancing over the wall, I looked at the parade of buildings across
the street and noticed how sparse the lights in the windows were at this late hour. In this neighborhood, few cars populated the roads. From the distance, there was the sound of voices, a siren song, laughter. The coolness of the air made me shudder while he fucked me with calculated care and slowness.

He couldn’t go slowly forever. Frank’s movements ramped up in their velocity. Instead of dragging the cock past the pussy lips, he pounded himself into me. Lifting a thigh up and flat against the wall to improve the angle of his entry, I held on to the bricks at the top of the parapet. He tugged on my hair and hauled my body backward onto him. My feet shuffled on the landing. I gasped loudly into the night and clenched my muscles. “Oh, shit!” I said. “Oh, fuck.” My fingers blurred on my clit. My breasts bounced as his penis slammed me. I was conscious of the necklace swinging and slapping below my collar. He made me sweat, and the perspiration cooled my skin and set the muscles in my shoulders to shivering. It was all heat and wetness inside though. When he hit a particularly sensitive spot, it brought me to swearing again. “Fuck me,” I implored, drawing the last syllable out.

Frank came first. His erection didn’t subside, so he continued after his orgasm. I panted heavily and closed my eyes and diddled my clit as the shaft sawed steadily in and out. More than the cock, the fingers made me come. I exploded shrieking my ecstasy to the clouds above. Frank insisted on tonguing my pussy clean.

July 24, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/07/24/into-the-night/
CHAPTER 19

A DATE AND A NON-DATE

Saturday

He invited me to join him in the park. He knew a place where the grass was long and uncut (just like his cock, he said). First, we enjoyed a little picnic — he brought a blanket, sandwiches and fruit, salad, a bottle of wine, two glasses. We basked in the weather and spoke of the plays we had seen, museum exhibitions, the daily aggravations of the underground. Yards away, people kicked around a soccer ball, walked dogs and babies, and laid out on the grass, like us. We saw and heard them.

I had worn a loose fitting skirt that fell to the knees with no panties below. I loosened his belt, unbuttoned and unzipped, and tugged the shorts and briefs down his remarkably hairy thighs. The cock was hard, an average size, and uncut; his pubis could have used grooming, the nest of hair was so thick. I retracted the skin and licked at the head. Lips taut about the shaft, my mouth took him in. While I worked the penis with lips and tongue, he reached up the skirt and fingered my pussy. He ran over my slit, rubbing the moisture from the cunt over the bare pubis. The grass concealed us effectively, but the sounds of the blowjob were loud in my ears. With a penis in my mouth, my eyes scanned the surroundings for voyeurs. It didn’t appear that we were observed. I sucked him five minutes, ten at the most, before he came.

He jerked at the orgasm, and the penis slipped from my lips. The come landed on the ground and also on his shorts and legs. Though we wiped it with paper napkins, it left a wet spot on the fabric. Since it was there, once he had pulled his shorts up, I pressed my mouth over it and sucked, tasting his brine. The saliva made the wet spot bigger. The penis stirred below me.

When it was my turn, I laid on the blanket on my side, my head level with his waist, and hitched up the skirt. I showed him my pussy, pressed a grape inside, ate another. He extracted the grape, popped it in his mouth, and swallowed, then proceeded to eat my sex. His technique was to rub my pussy lips, sending his middle finger inside, tapping the walls with it, perhaps reaching for the G-spot, while he licked and sucked on the clitoris. It lacked variety, but it did the job. The summer air hit me from below as he lapped. I had the scent of dirt and grass. Looking down, I liked the contrast between his skin and mine. Aroused by the blowjob already, I quivered and had a small orgasm. Since I was busy being licked, I didn’t pay attention to what was happening around us. The noises of the park hit me after: the sounds of children playing, the babble of indistinct conversation, a foot striking the ball. There was no applause or laughter when we finished, no police, no amused or disapproving looks. We must have gotten away with it, in the tall grass, on a lazy afternoon, surrounded by hundreds, out in the open, right in the heart of London.
Sunday

My lunch date didn’t show. That’s *shibari* I won’t be having.
A reader asks: can you give stats?

No. Unless you’re a mathematician or an economist, numbers are uninteresting. I am sure a sketch of my proportions will appear in bits and pieces over time. Keep reading!

July 27, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/07/27/stats/
I picked him up, or he picked me up, I am not sure which. He is an American, Rich from San Diego, fresh out of high school, all of 18, looking forward to college, backpacking his way through Europe first. The two of us spent the evening talking about bad movies and drinking, which is legal for him in this country. As he made his bed in an upper bunk at a youth hostel, we stumbled to my apartment when the pub closed up.

He sprawled on my bed and brought me over him. Pushing the penis down flat so that the head pointed to his belly, I rubbed my pussy along the long and slender shaft. One pair of lips kissed his throat and shoulders while the other kissed his cock. I enjoyed the contact at both places. My slit leaked onto him. Sticky fluids escaped my cunt, wetting his underside, spilling onto his balls. He held my breasts, one in each hand. Sitting up partway, he nursed and tongued the nipples. My fingers combed his hair. I clasped his head to my chest and let him suck.

Biting the wrapper open, I extracted a condom and drew it over the cock, then reached between my legs and placed him inside. The penis filled me. My jaw dropped open. My head rolled back. I closed my eyes and groaned.

Straightening, I lowered my cunt to the lip of his scrotum, stretched my legs apart, and squeezed his cock, which was snug within me. And then we were moving. He thrust up, buttocks launching from the mattress, and I pumped him with my thighs, using gravity to spear myself on the way down. My pelvis did a grind when his whole length was implanted. We were most of the way drunk and not much in sync with each other: the cock kept slipping out and needing to be replaced. But it was good.

He came, hissing his pleasure. His arms wrapped my back and folded me over his torso as he released. I constricted my muscles about his twitching. My kisses left hickeys on his collar.

July 28, 2010

A comment on “The joy of sucking cock” by Pieces of Jade.

I, too, am unabashed about the joy of sucking cock. I like the first contact of lips to the head, the wet kisses I place over the glans, the little licks as I trace out its rounded shape. I like how the cock steals past my lips and slips easily into my mouth, the presence of it over my tongue, its weight. I like how the sides of the shaft push back when I collapse my cheeks, the thrust of it against the roof of my mouth, how the heft changes between my lips. I like the look of a cock, wet with my spittle, thick ropes of saliva hanging down, making his thighs sticky, and also myself. I like rubbing my face over the shaft, getting my mouth on the sac, tasting the distinct male flavor of this man I am fellating. I like suppressing the gag reflex by swallowing and taking it deep into my throat so that my neck bulges and my lips touch the lip of his scrotum. I like hands in my hair, looking up with big eyes to see his pupils narrowed, the brow scrunched in deep concentration. I like when he takes over and fucks my face until he can’t help coming, the hitches in his breathing as the end approaches, the ragged movements, how, at last, the shaft twitches and jerks and spews. And, yes, I like the taste and texture of semen, how it sits on my tongue and coats the inside of my mouth. Most of all, I like pleasing a lover this way.

Sorry. Inspired by your story, I sort of got carried away.

I intended simply to say this. Thanks for capturing the essence of the experience of cocksucking in your post. I am enjoying the blog. More than once, my fingers have drifted to the seam of my jeans.

July 28, 2010

Defiling the apartment

Frank called in the evening just as I was contemplating dinner and asked if he could come over. I didn’t feel like cooking for two. I told him to bring takeaway.

We spread ourselves on the floor, eating Indian. When I stood up to retrieve another glass of water, his hand clasped my leg above the knee. “Stay where you are. I like the view,” he said.

Lying on the floor, he saw up my jean skirt, which was tight across the thighs. I opened my legs as far as the denim allowed and stood over him. “How’s that?”

“How nice.”

Hands smoothed up and down the columns of my legs. I lowered so that the cave of the skirt opened directly above his head. Frank’s grip struggled to flip the skirt around. Instead, he lifted the fabric up to the waist and shifted the sparkly purple underwear to one side. He pulled me down, his tongue stretching to my slit. I straddled my knees on either side of his shoulders, hunkered my weight on top of his face, and let his mouth feast.

His hands were in constant movement, stroking the inner part of my thighs and buttocks. The tongue was everywhere at once, circling the clitoris, threading between the lips of my pussy, licking at the sides. He sucked on the labia, tugging and turning the lips. He bit. His finger took the wetness from my cunt and rubbed it over my asshole. Lips nipped at the clit. In a move that he likes, Frank forced his spit inside me. What he couldn’t do to the skirt, he did to me. My pussy turned inside out while I rode his face. My pubis rubbed against his chin. His jaws worked me hard. The orgasms rolled one after another.

He fucked my ass afterwards at my invitation. He took me rutting on the floor. I have rug burns on the knees to show for it.

The roommate was with her fiancé, so we had the place to ourselves for the night. We made use of the opportunity. I have now had sex with Frank in every room save the roommate’s bedroom. We fucked on the kitchen counter. He made me come sitting in the sink with the water flowing over my cunt. We played with hot and cold. The sheets on my bed were dirty — I didn’t find the time to switch them during the day and forgot after he called. We made them dirtier. He is good about changing positions whenever his orgasm nears, so the fucks kept on going (and I kept on coming). In the morning, I gave him a blowjob in the shower. As we soaped each other off, his hands lingered on my breasts. When I washed his backside, I also kissed his ass. We discovered just how much he enjoyed having my tongue between his cheeks.
July 29, 2010

Yesterday evening, after a productive day, I went for drinks with Arjun, a graduate student in the department with whom I have been chatting. He is a serious guy, so there’s not much flirtation per se, but we are friendly, and he has helped me navigate my way through several logistical issues during my first month here. He is significantly more voluble once he has had a few beers, so it was a fun night out. We had dinner at a small Lebanese restaurant, then went for several more drinks, and finally wound up at his place, where we watched a superhero movie with a couple of his roommates.

Afterwards, predictably, we went to bed. It was around 3 am when our clothes came off. The sex isn’t anything to blog about. He warned me beforehand that he doesn’t have much experience. “Shhh,” I told him. “It’s ok. Kiss me.” His body was tense. I ran my hands over his chest and stroked his cock to relax him. We fucked twice, missionary each time. He came. I didn’t.

I come from being fucked vaginally and anally. I come from being eaten and fingered. I can come from enough breast play. I have come from being spanked. But I don’t always come. I didn’t here or here, for example. Usually, I can force myself to orgasm in less than ten minutes by fucking a dildo or playing a vibrator against my clit. Sometimes I do this when I Skype with the boyfriend. Sometimes I do it while I watch porn on the laptop. Sometimes I just diddle myself in the shower under the water stream. In the middle of my cycle, when the heat burns me, I climax in around ten minutes under a steady, deep penetration by a cock. At other times of the month, it may take slightly longer. Typically, I will need direct clitoral or vaginal stimulation to climb the peak. Often, cunnilingus is the quickest, surest way. Sometimes the first orgasm is huge. Sometimes it is small. It depends on my level of arousal and the circumstances, whether I hold it back or let myself go. After getting past the initial barrier, subsequent orgasms flow more smoothly from my cunt. Partners say I hit double digits easily. In a prolonged session, I will run out of fingers and toes. I have never counted how high I can go. I have fountained, but this happens infrequently, during periods of extreme day-to-day stress, when the sex is a much needed release, or when my gratification is deferred — with, say, orgasm denial during D/s play.

An orgasm isn’t necessary for me to have a good time, but, of course, it’s always nice to achieve. I enjoyed being with Arjun. I am glad I could give him his orgasms. I was happy when we spooned after sex. I fell asleep with my breasts pressed against his back and my arm draped over him. We are friends. Sex may or may not repeat, and I was honest with him about that in the morning. I do like him, so I hope this doesn’t become awkward.
July 31, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/07/31/arjun/
A reader who is considering opening up his relationship with his girlfriend asks about sexual equivalency and whether he is making a one sided bargain.

These remarks are intended to elaborate on my thoughts in an earlier post. I think a casual heterosexual hookup is easier for a woman to find than it is for a man. This goes double or triple when the girl is attractive, as the reader’s partner appears to be. If I wasn’t after kink as well as sex, I wouldn’t use Craigslist or its counterparts.

The way the equivalency issue worked for us is that while I had more sexual partners in total, the boyfriend had more frequent sex with his regular partners. When I left the US, in addition to the boyfriend, I had a dominant regular, a sometimes kinky but much of the time vanilla regular, and one night stands and short lived flings with friends and CL types. I liked the variety. The boyfriend had two, or rarely three, regular lovers on the side. He saw them on a schedule. He and I would mess around sexually most nights in bed, though we didn’t always go full on. When we were naked together, it was difficult for either of us to keep our hands off. His cock is my favorite pacifier. I liked having it in my mouth, if only for a few minutes before sleep. About half of our sex, or slightly more, was with each other and the rest with extras. I met my regulars every couple of weeks, sometimes only once a month. I consider them good friends. We don’t need to be with each other all the time. Though I am very close to one of his lovers — I sort of introduced them, in fact — threesomes with the boyfriend were infrequent occurrences. He had his relationships, and I had mine. The numbers balanced out roughly. We were scrupulous about keeping the sex safe.

Without the other as a fulcrum, we are both sleeping around with frequency now. He is actively looking for new partners to add to the two that he has. When he visits me in a few weeks, I wonder whether we will return effortlessly to our old patterns. It hasn’t been that long, but things are, undeniably, changed.

Because with time and familiarity sex improves, I want regular partners in London as well. Frank fills the vanilla role for the summer, but this is a temporary situation in which I got spectacularly lucky as I picked him up essentially at random based on looks and the book he was reading. The criteria for being a regular are sexual compatibility and friendship. It’s a lot like dating, which is never easy, particularly when there is also a filter for kink. On personality grounds, the only people here who might have proceeded to a second date are an older American businessman passing through and a man with an unfortunate medical condition. I want to emphasize that what suits me will not work for everyone even if we are after the same thing in the end. The boyfriend and I started out having multiple partners and simply didn’t shut these activities down when we got serious with each other. We are also both highly non-jealous people — but even so an element of this creeps up from time to time. We love each other and I miss him terribly, but neither of us is busily
plotting a life together. If we are still dating several years down the line, then we can discuss marriage and kids and where to put the dungeon. Other folks will be at different places and consequently will need to find their own equilibrium.

I encourage people having a conversation about openness to first of all keep the lines of communication open and to discuss fears, misgivings, hopes, aspirations, and desires with honesty and candor. Finding another couple to swap partners with or visiting a sex club together may be a way to begin in which the issue of sexual equivalency is minimized. Sex can be a grand experiment. Love has a way of enduring. Good luck to us all!

August 1, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/08/01/more-on-openness/
CHAPTER

26

THE ARTIST

She isn’t my type physically. But she has a smile and a charm, an easy way of speaking, and, oh, there’s that laugh. I haven’t been with a woman since February. I go home with her.

***

We have been chatting because she liked my ad on Collarme, an alternative to Craigslist that I have been exploring. Like me, she switches with women. Like me, she prefers a submissive role to men. Like me, she is in a long distance relationship. While her partner is away, she amuses herself with the girls that she finds.

***

Her art covers her walls. I don’t find the canvases appealing. At their best, it’s Modi on a very bad day, though, I suppose, the bulk of Modi’s days weren’t good. The erotic drawings are better. They’re scenes of orgies. A woman masturbates two men at once while she sucks off a third man. Girls are doubled and tripled up. Ariadne mounts the Minotaur. Her cunt is a labyrinth. There is a small self-portrait among her pictures. She is on her knees licking semen from a girl’s cunt. A man has her on a leash. Another man, the one who has come, stands over the two females on the ground. His cock is dripping.

***

In the bedroom, we strip each other and kiss. My tongue is lazy in tracing her body’s curves. I nurse at her large breasts. My lips dawdle over her belly, floating slowly down. She keeps a soft thatch of hair on top of her pussy. I swipe my fingers through, following with my mouth. Unhurriedly, I descend to her glistening cunt. I kiss the lips below as I have kissed the lips above. My fingers delve into the secret spaces, front and back. She hands me a vibrator. Slender, pink, the writing on it is worn from use. I set it to buzzing against her clitoris while I lick at the passage. Her scents are overpowering. She tastes of musk and spice and sweetness. I make her come four times in half an hour.

***

She has a two sided dildo that is a foot and a half long and a translucent blue. She puts one end in her cunt and has me sit astride the other. The dildo is bendy. It is a challenge to find an angle that works for both
of us. We abandon the sex toy and rub our pussies together directly. Tribadism, it is called. Her legs wrap mine. I press my hard clit at her entrance like it is a tiny cock. We come this way, flooding over pubises and legs.

***

There are restraints affixed to the corners of the bed. I slip into them. She buckles the leather belts over my wrists and ankles. Out comes a riding crop. She uses it to slap my breasts and thighs. She asks my age and spanks my pussy once for each year I have lived. The pain sears the nerves. I scream as the world burns in agony. She kisses my tears when she finishes and offers herself for my revenge.

***

I fist her. The lube covers my hand like grease. It is slow going. Fingers thrust together, I make my hand narrow and muscle a way through. The back of the hand, where the knuckles jut out, is a difficult squeeze, but she is wet and my hand is small. We manage. When I am inside to the wrist, I roll the hand in her cunt and swim in viscous fluids. The pads of my fingers poke at the walls of the vagina and add a twist. I reach in as far as I am able and clench my fingers into a fist. The water issues from her pores. I see it cascading over the folds. I lap at her piquant juices.

***

The mouth is everywhere on me, everywhere esurient, everywhere edacious — lipping the skin, nipping and nibbling, gnawing and knowing. The point of her tongue spins, the contact a tittle, titillation. The flat of the tongue is painting in broad brushstrokes on a canvas of strained, stained flesh. I am singing. The notes are soprano. It is an aria of indecent whispers, obscene imprecations, slanderous, scabrous, scurrilous, and without shame.

August 2, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/08/02/the-artist/
A reader (one of the same ones as before) sends in many questions. I don’t have the patience to answer them all. Here are selected replies.

1. **How old were you when you lost your virginity?**

Virginity is, in my opinion, an outdated concept. It is not a possession to be hoarded. There’s no value to keeping it. Ideally, we start having sex when we are ready.

My first oral happened when I was 14. My first intercourse happened when I was 15. My first time with a girl happened when I was 17.

The oral sex took place at a friend’s birthday party. We were unsupervised by adults. It started off as a game of truth or dare and degenerated from there. In an upstairs bedroom, I masturbated a boy I had a crush on through his pants. He fished out his cock and asked me to touch it. I had seen porn. The handjob turned into a blowjob. Putting the cock in my mouth was entirely my decision. Despite seeing and reading about it and practicing on bananas, I had no idea what I was doing. I just held the penis over my tongue and bobbed my head slightly. It didn’t take much for him to come. The orgasm took me by surprise. I gagged. But I also managed to swallow most of the semen. We were incredibly shy around each other for months afterwards. When we were both in college, we hooked up again. The second time was much better.

The first intercourse took place on a weekday afternoon. The boy was my age and also hadn’t gone all the way. He and I had his house to ourselves during spring break. We ended up naked on his bed. The sex lasted two or three minutes at the most. He was on top and grunted and humped over me and finally convulsed. There was no blood — a dildo had taken care of my hymen long before. Stupidly, we didn’t use a condom. I was terrified for a long week until my period arrived on schedule.

I dated a girl for a few months in high school. I am not sure my family knew we were having sex, but coming out as bisexual to them was easy. I am lucky.

2. **How many partners have you had?**

I lost track in the high teens during my freshman year of college. I have been keeping statistics here in London. Extrapolating these numbers, the total must be well over a hundred. What can I say? I am a slut.

5. **What is your favourite position?**

The one with a cock inside me.

7. **How did you get to be good at sex?**
Practice. How else? Between my sophomore and junior years of high school, I had a sort of boyfriend, who was two years older. We messed around pretty much every weekday during the summer. We taught each other. He was particular about oral sex. I owe my skills as a fellatrix to him. He was also the first guy I had in my ass. My first non-masturbatory orgasms were with him as well. We hooked up again the following two summers but have since lost touch. I wonder how he is sometimes.

In college, a girlfriend and I visited sex clubs. I then played privately with a number of older dominant men. This was my initiation to kink.

9. When did you discover you were submissive?

Same partner as in #7: I always liked that he overpowered me physically during sex. I suppose this was my first submissive experience, though I didn’t call it that. From the beginning, I enjoyed giving pleasure with my body as much as I enjoyed taking it. Submissiveness is an extension of that. I realized as an undergraduate that I liked having new sexual experiences thrust upon me and that I got off on stuff that might be termed kinky. I liked being the obedient girl who surrenders herself sexually to a man. I liked having the endorphin rush of a hard spanking. I liked not having control during sex. The mental response to being suddenly submerged in subspace, the enhancement of the senses, the heightening of my awareness was overwhelming the first time it happened. I have been chasing these sensations ever since.

It took me most of college to justify myself to me. There is no contradiction between feminism and wanting the D/s interaction within sex. Being promiscuous isn’t immoral. Pleasure isn’t wrong. I am no less independent or intelligent for choosing to play as I do. In deciding who my partners are, I look for people who demonstrate respect for me as person rather than regarding me as a convenient set of holes. I may like to submit sexually, but I am not an inferior class of human. This isn’t a lifestyle for me.

14. What is the kinkiest thing you have ever done?

Kink is in the eye of the beholder. For me, I would say it was an incident that happened about a year ago. A regular lover with whom I have been playing for months and had established rapport and trust had me fellate a gun. I had never before touched a firearm. He bade me go on my knees. He placed a condom over the barrel and held it to me at head height. He had me suck it the way I sucked his cock. I touched my lips to it from below. I let my tongue run over the shaft. I licked his fingers. Eventually, I had the gun in my mouth to the trigger. Later, he fucked me with the gun and masturbated me to orgasm.

16. What is the most memorable sex you have had?

It might be in the current boyfriend’s parents’ back yard last summer. He staked me to the ground spread-eagle. My arms and legs were stretched apart. He smeared the sunblock over my skin, and I stayed that way for hours in the hot afternoon sun wearing only a pair of sunglasses. To cool me down, he used the garden hose. He thrust the nozzle against my cunt. He stuffed my underwear in my mouth, taping it shut so that I couldn’t scream when he whipped me. He stuck various things into my pussy: vibrators, dildos, ice cubes, his cock, of course. Clothespins ringed my breasts. He had me piss myself.

Whenever he had to take a leak, he went on my body. He urinated on my legs. Starting at my feet, he brought the stream up the calves and thighs. He tinkled on each of my arms separately. He irrigated my breasts. The pee puddled over my body, pooling at the sternum and the clavicle and where the navel indents. It evaporated from my skin. I smelled it in the air around me. Holding the pussy lips open, he sent the flow of his urine into my cunt. He pissed over my face. I had it in my eyes and hair. Later, he peeled off the tape around my
head, brought the cock to my lips, and had me drink direct from the faucet. It went into my parched throat. I
gulped it down. The boyfriend marked me as his territory with urine as animals do. The idea turned me on
then, as it was happening. The memory of it lingers. It still turns me on.

August 3, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/08/03/questions-and-answers/
He gets off on acts he finds humiliating to his partner. We discussed this in detail before we met.

In addition to sucking his cock, he had me suck his big toe. He pressed the bottom of his right foot against the shaft. I spread my jaws wide and took the head and the toe in together. While I stroked my hand over the shaft, I drooled over what I held between my lips. The bottom surface of the foot had thick, coarse skin. My tongue swept over it. The man used his toe to hook my mouth open like a fish and forced the shaft deeper within until the head crashed into the roof of my mouth. I fluttered my tongue and lapped at the cock and the toe and swished my saliva between them. I held the foot in my two hands and sucked the big toe alone, running my lips up and down as though this was his cock. I sucked the other toes as well, one by one, the tongue squeezing in the spaces in between. I held his sole against my breasts. I touched it to my pussy. He lifted his legs in the air and rocked on his back while I ate his anus. Pulling the cheeks apart, I buried my face between them. The warmth of his body heat surrounded me. I licked around the corrugated ring of muscle before poking my tongue past the sphincter. I kissed him with an open mouth. My jaws worked his asshole. The nerves were sensitive to the press of lips and tongue. My hand jerked his shaft while I pleased him. For my part, I don’t find the act of asslicking to be degrading. After all, he was the one whimpering incoherently.

After fellatio, he took a thick marker and wrote words on my chest. **SLUT**, he named me, in big red letters below my breasts. **CUNT**, he wrote on my belly, with an arrow pointing down. **SKET**, a word new to me, and **SLAG** marked my thighs. He scrawled **BITCH** on my back.

He fucked me from behind. I balanced on hands and knees on the cushioned divan while he pounded me from a standing position. He slapped my ass as he thrust. The girth of the shaft stretched my muscles. I clenched my pussy about it. My fingers rubbed my clit. Gathering my arms in his, he wrapped me in his grip and bit the nape of my neck and mauled my breasts. His hands squeezed my throat, front and back, and he told me to stick my tongue out. After playing his tongue over mine and biting my lips, he jabbed his thumb into my mouth. I washed my tongue over it. When he withdrew his hand, he wiped it in my hair, then turned my face in his direction and spit. The expectorate ran down my cheek.

“Oh, you cunt, look at you,” he said.

We changed position soon after that. Lying on the divan, feet rooted to the ground on either side, he had me mount his penis, facing away. As he fucked me, both of his hands played over my pubis, manipulating the clit until I came. My vagina wrung his cock within. Before orgasm, during, and after, I begged him to take me harder. My pussy was the nexus of all my sensation, the core of my ability to feel. I wanted his cock to possess my cunt. I wanted to earn the appellation of slut that he had given me by virtue of hard use.
“Be rough with me,” I told him. “Don’t be gentle.”

He obliged.

He discovered my blog and e-mailed me about two weeks ago. We arranged to meet near his place on Friday afternoon. I came from home, wearing a tank top, a hoodie, and loose drawstring pants. He came from his office in a business suit. We were an incongruous couple. The conversation in the café before we went to the apartment was social, but unrevealing. He works as a lawyer. He goes to the opera. He is in the middle of a divorce. In negotiating the parameters of play, he asked to take pictures, and I refused. He was attractive and a forceful personality, but there was little warmth or humor in him. He should have placed his hand over mine on the table. He didn’t. He wanted regular meetings. I wanted to fuck like savages once. Already, I knew we weren’t compatible for more. The primary reason I agreed to have sex at all was because he seemed genuinely interested about my schoolwork. We talked about that more than anything.

The encounter was physically satisfying. But there was little emotional response on my part. I wasn’t sent spiraling into subspace as I did the things he asked. I felt dirty and obedient, but emotively disengaged, dissociated. My mind was analytical when I wasn’t being fucked. Having his cock in my pussy elicited a primitive, carnal reaction. My body absorbed the ferocity of his cock and wanted him to hammer me still more violently.

He came three times during our two and a half hours together. The first explosion was in my mouth. The last was in my cunt. The middle was the most memorable. He threw me off his penis and sent me tumbling to the floor. Pulling the condom from his cock, he shot over the hardwood, leaving a foot long streak and a puddle at his feet. He told me to lick it up.

I dropped my body low on the ground and stuck my ass high in the air. My breasts brushed along the floor as I obeyed his instruction. I licked up the come, tongue dragging over the dense wood, tasting dust along with semen. I slurped his ejaculate, rolled it in my mouth, mixing it with saliva, then spat it back onto the floor, and vacuumed it up again. I pressed my face to the wood and left sloppy kisses as I drank. My lips and the flat of my tongue were intimate where we had stepped. My chin and my cheeks and my nose became sticky with the fluids. I had the semen in my hair. It took me long minutes to wash away his spendings. The wood was stained with a large wet spot when I finished.

I am reconsidering the wisdom of meeting the readers of my blog for sex. This could be one-off in more ways than one.

August 7, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/08/07/the-lawyer/
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August 7, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/08/07/your-poetry/
CHAPTER
30

I GO CLUBBING

Several showers, a long run, and a workout later, the words from the day before remained visible on my skin. Instead of my normal clubbing attire, I chose a tight pair of jeans and a chest hugging tank top. The collar rose nearly to my neck in the back, but the tops of my tits spilled out the front. The outfit left little enough to the imagination, but it crucially managed to hide the graffiti that marked me as bitch and slut and cunt. It was a girls’ night out with the friends I have made at the university. The stated goal of three of the five of us was to pull.

The club we went to was jammed on a Saturday night. The lights pulsed with the heavy, throbbing beat. Raising my arms in the air, I insinuated myself into the teeming mass. I started the evening with my friends. We danced and had drinks together, and then I returned to the floor alone. I danced dirty, doing a grind with my hips and ass, rubbing up for half an hour against a dozen men until I found one who fit. We moved together, this guy and I.

Three, four, five songs later, my back was to the man. His arms wrapped my body. They caged me before him. The top of my head elevated to his chin.

The hands followed my curves, the touch hovering over the fabric of my clothes, never making contact, holding me though, holding me tight, holding me close. The hands passed over the thighs and the pelvis. The hands lifted above the abdomen. The hands floated over the chest where it swelled and dipped. The hands rose with my shoulders and fell with my arms. The hairs on my forearms bowed and stood as his touch went past. The only point of contact between us was my ass, when I bumped him in time to the pounding bass.

I turned in his arms, and he touched me. Pushing firmly between the shoulder blades and at the small of my back, he brought my body against him. My fingers looped into his belt to pull him nearer. I stuck my hands in his back pockets and spun my hips, pressing my pelvis at his. We smiled at each other. I let go, then he let go, and we danced. Perspiration ringed the border of the tank top and made the gray go dark.

In the half beat between one song and the next, his head dipped fractionally down. I stood on my toes and took advantage. He covered my mouth in response. My lips parted for his tongue, and I made room for him in my mouth. I dragged my teeth over his tongue as he pulled away from the kiss. He sucked on my lips and bit them. His leg threaded into the space between mine. I lowered my weight onto his thigh.

We danced some more, going through the motions of simulated sex in the throng of people. My breasts brushed against his chest through our shirts. I rubbed my pelvis at him, and his erection pressed back at me through the denim. He groped my tits. His hands smoothed over my ass. He tugged at the back of the thong, which peeked above the low-rise jeans, and twisted his fingers into the string. The pull at my cunt made me
moan.

He moved like a picture book in the strobing light.

Would he do?

He looked at me like a predator, the hunting cat’s gleam in his eyes. My touch ascertained the exact dimensions of his cock.

Yes, he would.

“You wanna go?” I shouted at him. I didn’t know his name then, but I didn’t need to know.

Outside, we introduced ourselves and determined that his place was closer than mine. We took a cab, making out indecently in the back seat during the twenty minute drive. I liked his accent. I liked how he touched me on the stairs, the kisses we shared up against the wall. He had roommates, who were drinking and eating in the common area of the flat. We said hi and disappeared into his bedroom.

Once the clothes were off, he asked about the graffiti on my chest. I sat on the bed and covered myself with my arms self-consciously. I told him that another lover liked it. He shook his head at me. I reached for his cock to change the subject. My fingers ran along the shaft and raised it to a full erection. He thrust it at my face. “Chuparme la polla,” he said. His hands threaded through my hair, and he brought my head down over him. I gagged as he unsuccessfully attempted to force his way into my throat without any preparation at all. The saliva spilled down the sides and drained onto the sheets. “Slow down,” I suggested, clutching his thighs. I twisted my face and pouted my lips as he slid three-quarters of his length into me. My fingers ran over my slit. They dripped with the wetness between my legs.

“Condom?” I asked, during a short respite from sucking.

He found one.

The cock stretched me open. I brought my knees back and splayed my thighs to take him in. Pushing my weight off his chest with my arms, I rode him. Gradually, the equilibrium between us shifted. It flowed from me to him. I played with my clit as he fucked me from beneath. His strong hands clutched my tits. He came before I could. I masturbated myself to an orgasm after his balls had emptied.

The second time he fucked me, it was from behind. He noticed the word scrawled on my back and called me la perra. He held my wrists behind my back and hauled me over the cock. I angled my ass up at him as he entered and wiggled my hips for more. I felt so full inside. His cock made me whole. I whimpered when he withdrew and gasped when he drove the length back in. His balls slapped my buttocks as he pounded me. My hands twisted free from his grip, and I clutched the sheets and barked like the bitch dog that I am. This was a hair pulling, shoulder biting, nipple twisting, howling at the moon sort of a fuck. I came almost as we started and kept on coming until he completed.

I slept an hour or so, and woke to him maneuvering himself on top of me. He kissed me roughly as my legs opened automatically for him. We paused long enough to pull one more condom over his erection. And then he was in me. He is a tall man and powerfully built. I felt it when his cock bottomed out and his chest landed on me. My breasts flattened at the impact. I kissed his throat and sunk my teeth into his shoulders. Fingernails raked his back. I squeezed his ass with both hands and squeezed his cock with my cunt. I swore at him and pleaded for him to fuck me harder. He pulled my legs over his shoulders and took me faster and deeper. I was a rag doll for him. The alarm clock blinked 4:22 when we started. It read 4:39 when
he sprawled next to me, exhausted from his exertion. It was seventeen exquisite minutes of sex that left me panting and sweaty and sated.

I slipped out of bed about three hours later without waking him. A used condom showed under the blanket. As I dressed, I noticed the bite marks and scratches that covered my body in the mirror. Thankfully, the clothes concealed most of it. The bus and tube rides of shame weren’t bad at all. The bath in the morning in my own apartment was absolute bliss.

August 9, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/08/09/i-go-clubbing/
Yesterday, Frank and I watched porn. We were on my bed, naked, from late afternoon to early evening. He stretched out on the mattress with his legs open, and I leaned against him with my back cushioned against his broad chest. He enjoyed my breasts. Cupping them in his large palms, he tweaked the nipples with the fingertips, pinching till they were peaked. My hands were casually in motion between my legs, the digits teasing the pussy lips apart. The index finger crooked into a bend and stroked the sensitive layers of flesh. I used my nails to peel the hood from my clit and made compact circles around the rigid bundle of nerves. I liked when Frank’s hands joined mine at the juncture of my legs. The four hands worked together, spreading the viscous wetness over the smooth pubis. One of us fucked my cunt with the glass dildo while I brought my weight against Frank’s shoulders. He craned his head forward, and we kissed. The heat of his erection lifted from between my cheeks and climbed to the small of my back.

The laptop sat at the foot of the bed. Out of deference to Frank’s preferences, the sex was vanilla: no girls on leashes, no one being tied up, no canings with a birch rod, no piss flowing into an open mouth. Boy/girl pornography operates on a time worn formula. There is perfunctory foreplay, a five or ten minute blowjob, then fucking in the various ways, usually with extended closeups of the cock entering the pussy or the anus. The girl moans her ecstasy — maybe she comes, maybe she fakes it — and the transitions from one position to another are mediated by more cocksucking. The scene ends with her face splashed with semen and a wave goodbye.

This kind of porn doesn’t get me off. I like having extended foreplay, lots of kissing and touching between the legs, the girl being eaten for more than thirty seconds, the principals sharing eye contact with each other and not the camera. I don’t need images of genitalia filling the screen: I know what’s happening below: it has happened to me. I’d rather look at the faces during sex, the masks of pleasure the two lovers wear, the way they kiss, how the lips and tongues are a much desired presence everywhere. I want unalloyed happiness at the thrill of fucking. I want heavy perspiration, the sweat shaking off the bodies as they move. I want the music gone. I want off-camera voices to shut the hell up. I don’t need the goddamned interview segment to start. I want to listen to dirty talk during. I want long passages of verbal silence punctuated by the offhand comment, private whispers, a joke. I want to hear the squeak of the bedsprings filling the spaces between words, the slap of flesh, the noises of surprise and delight when that precise spot is touched in exactly that way, just for an instant. I want unfeigned affection, the intensity of being in the moment, a sense of welcome and belonging, the quality of palpable joy. I want laughter. I want her to scream in exultation when she creams for real. I want a come shot inside to close, the semen filling the girl’s mouth and her swallowing, the muscles of the throat visibly active as she milks the cock she holds between her lips. I want the sperm injected into her body, the penis all the way within, moving inside her afterwards as it softens, the whiteness spilling out over
her thighs when he vacates her at last. I want to bask in the ardor of afterglow, the contentment following the sex, bodies snuggled close, the heaviness of limbs vined together, languorous movements, post-coital conversation.

As it happens, the porn I have, at its best, satisfies only a few of these idiosyncrasies of mine.

After we viewed a scene, Frank and I acted it out. The condom was an unfortunate sop to reality. We laughed watching the porn and laughed again trying to reproduce it. We improvised dialogue while we fucked. (Ours was better anyway.) As the scenes typically ended in a facial, despite my preferences, Frank gave me one. His come splattered my forehead and my cheeks. It pasted my eyes shut and ran down the sides of my nose and dribbled from my chin. It got into my hair. Resisting the urge to lick the semen from my lips, I brushed only what covered my eyes away. Looking up at him with a big grin, I moisturized myself with his come, smoothing it over my throat and my arms. I took his shaft in hand and used the hot, thick head to spread the warm, sticky jizz over my face. I touched the glans to a tit and squeezed the last drops over me. His foreskin brushed across the nipple. The smell of him was on me, sinking into the pores. It filled my lungs. I left kisses on his thighs in thanks and rubbed my semen coated face over his legs. I sucked his cock and his scrotum. Fortunately, Frank has no hangups about his own come. He tilted my face up and kissed me after the come shot, which is another scene you don’t see often enough in porn.

August 10, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/08/10/doing-porn/
Thank you, Fleshbot!

Judging by the peaks in the page views, I am sure I owe most of my readership to having been republished on Fleshbot on several occasions in August and sexy company. I want to offer a word of thanks.

Sex echoes. Writing about the experience is thrilling. You live it in the moment as cock collides with cunt and the bodies move, and then you live it again a second time as the fingers somehow find a way to give expression to the action. It renders the ephemeral enduring. I hope my readers are able to live it, too.

Thank you for visiting. Please comment or e-mail if the compulsion strikes.

Finally, eight hours after making the initial post, let me revise by adding a few housekeeping remarks in the light of morning. I am on my period and won’t be having sex until the weekend. The boyfriend is visiting from the 14th to the 22nd. I expect to have lots of filthy sex over these nine days. I am not sure I will be putting fingers to the keyboard on the day after every time as I have been doing, however. I’d rather spend the time with him than with my laptop. But please do check in. I am sure I will write about the sexperiences eventually.

August 11, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/08/11/thank-you-fleshbot/
One of the reasons I am looking forward to the boyfriend’s visit is that I miss bareback sex.

My boyfriend and I are both sexually active with multiple partners — me more so than him. I’m more likely to indulge in a one night stand. He prefers a regular coterie of lovers and typically has a couple of other women that he plays with. Under the circumstances, we use protection outside the relationship for everything except oral sex, which we regard as an acceptable risk. We also get tested for STDs twice a year. Before we moved in together, we even used condoms with each other. After we started sharing the same living space, we have eschewed protection in our own bedroom.

Because I owe it to myself and my partners, I use condoms out of necessity. I am not fond of them. I don’t like the consistency of latex. I don’t like how an erection looks when it is covered. I don’t like how it tastes or smells. If it made a noise, I’d disparage that, too. A condom clad penis never feels as natural as a naked cock boring into me. The waters from my pussy surround it, sluicing along the sides as he interrogates the void. I prefer flesh on flesh, his heat against mine with no barrier between us, the tension at the point of entry, how I stretch around an erection, the touch of skin upon muscle, the way I squeeze him and experience the subtle responses his cock makes. I like how much more sensitive the sex is. When he thrusts into my cunt, his shaft becomes coated in thick and viscous fluids. That image alone arrests me. In the endgame, the movements of his pelvis accelerate and the stem stiffens and the glans enlarges and he grunts in satisfaction and hammers me harder and harder until his body shudders, the legs trembling, and his balls contract and the shaft pulses and recoils and the semen geyser out in thick jets that bathe my womb, and I feel it — yes, I do.

After a glorious fuck, I will often cup my hand over my cunt to keep the boyfriend’s semen within. I play with it once it leaks out, using my fingers to smear it over the lips and clit. I will push the come back in again and use it as lubrication for the next go. That always feels extraordinary: to have him in me a second time, his cock in motion through what he has previously spilled. I like the slippery, sticky wetness at the beginning, how the amalgam of his semen and my cream cover the sides of his cock and trickle down his balls. I love sucking him clean once we have both orgasmed. The contrasts are vivid. His flavor heightens my own. When the come seeps out of me, as eventually it must, I like the liquid sensation between my legs when I sit or walk. I like how it slowly drips down my thighs and dries over my skin. I won’t wash it away. I like that the stains mark me as his lover. I like wearing this secret on me during the day. I like how it smells. I am sad when it flakes off.

August 11, 2010

He arrives at my door in the morning. As soon as he is inside, he has me against the wall. The kisses have a ferocity born of hunger and yearning. When there is a moment to breathe, I slide down the wall and fall to my knees. I press my lips to his cock, breathing on the head through the pores in the denim. The flesh stirs against my open mouth. I feel it becoming rigid. If it were up to me, the clothes would come off now. He would mount me from behind. We would fuck on the hard kitchen floor, heedless of the roommate who is still asleep in her bedroom. I would scream my orgasms into the early hour and shake the foundations of the building down.

It is not up to me. He hauls me to my feet.

We spend the day touching and talking. We are tourists at the museum, holding hands. We share an umbrella as we stroll through Regent’s Park. We sit at the café and catch up. My legs are propped over his while we talk of friends and work and home. His hand smooths over my thigh under the table at the pub. Over dessert, he tells me about his new lover. She is inexperienced. He is only the third man who has been inside her cunt. My foot brushes his as he speaks.

At night, the roommate crashes with her fiancé to give us a measure of space and privacy. There are no obvious tie points in my bedroom. The boyfriend improvises. The ropes slip under the mattress. They wrap my legs and my breasts. He binds me tight and takes me as he pleases. His tongue is intimate between my legs for a full hour before he undresses. He bites my clit. The vibrator presses into me as I am eaten. I beg him for his penis. He fucks my face so that I taste him in my throat. He fucks my cunt, which aches for his cock. Semen spills into me and spills out again. The orgasms on my side belong to him already. He takes that which is his.

We are staying in my apartment. We are sleeping in his bed.

August 16, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/08/16/one/
A birthday spanking is traditional. I am now more than a quarter of a century old.

He decides he will spank me fourteen times on this trip, once for each lover I have taken in the city. Each spanking will be composed of twenty-five hard hits, which are defined as the ones that he feels, and as many small hits as pleases him. I must ask fourteen times for my spankings.

I begin at once.

He has me undress. I am naked while he remains clothed. He sits me on his lap. His feet hook around mine and force my legs apart. He wets his hand in the waters of my cunt and spansks my clit and pussy. I screw my eyes closed and wince at the initial blows. After that, he takes his time. He plays with my lips and transfers the arousal to my breasts. I ease into the touch of his fingers and rub myself against the hand. When they arrive, the slaps take me by surprise. They are an overpowering loudness in the room. Tears sting my eyes before we reach the halfway point. I hear the soft hum of the refrigerator and concentrate on that sound. I count to thirty-six, but his tolling is the one that matters. His fingers pull and pinch and twist the swollen lips of my pussy. He masturbates me to orgasm after the spanking and has me lick up what I have sprayed.

At night, I ask him for two more spankings. He takes the switch to the bottoms of my feet. He pulls me over his thighs and reddens my ass with his bare hand. I kiss the heel of his hand and his fingers when he finishes. I run my tongue over his palm. Anal sex after a spanking is my favorite.

August 16, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/08/16/two/
We shower together in the morning. I drink the water that falls from his prick.

August 16, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/08/16/three/
We are in the kitchen cooking together. The boyfriend can’t make anything more complicated than a salad. He is cutting vegetables for me. He is my sous-chef.

The roles are reversed momentarily, or so I believe, until he hands me a cucumber and tells me to pull down my jeans. He goes to his knees and deftly slices away the front panel of my underwear. Taking the cucumber from me, he rubs it over my pussy lips and tells me to fuck myself with it. I take it in hand and squeeze the tip past the entrance. I bend at the knees and push more of it inside. I turn the vegetable in my grip and lower my weight until it is halfway in, then extract and repeat on the other side.

He washes the carrots in the sink, peels off their skin, and passes them to me one after another. I press each into my pussy. The vegetables are longer than his cock and more slender. My juices coat the surfaces. Once they are out, he shaves and cuts and slices them for the salad.

I waddle around the kitchen, pants pooled at my feet, stirring the soup on the stove and readying the meal. I hand him a baguette and ask him to spank me with it. He thwacks me with the bread, once on the ass, swinging it like a baseball bat, then uses the wooden spatula, twenty five times on the insides of my thighs. It reddens the skin, leaving it warm and stinging.

Later, he places the handle of the knife in my cunt, so that the blade points up. The erection I wear is obscene. He steadies the blade from below and cuts cherry tomatoes in half on the knife’s edge. It takes him several minutes. I am pouring wetness. It drips onto the floor. He notices and smears the tomatoes over my lips. Extracting the knife, he touches the point to my clit. I clench the counter and close my eyes. I trust him. But the point is sharp. The metal is cold. My hands are clammy. There is the rush of fear. I cannot look away. He meets my eyes looking down and pulls the knife back. His fingers touch into my pussy. He has me clean them. His tongue flicks against mine as I lick between his fingers.

There is balsamic dressing on the salad when we eat, but I taste hints of myself as well. I asked him to come in the leaves of the lettuce, but he declined, preferring to save his semen for later.

I tell him about my fantasy. I think about us hosting a party. Our guests eat a salad like this, flavored with pussy juice and spunk. The whole meal is spiced in a similar manner. Our friends comment on the novel tastes of the food we serve. They have second helpings. They enjoy our sex. The very thought of it makes me squirm.

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/08/24/day-four/
We hastily dress when the intercom buzzes. By the time she walks up the stairs, I have put on the boyfriend’s button-down shirt. It just covers my ass. I am naked below. He has pulled on his jeans and a t-shirt and is combing his hair in the mirror. I met her through Collarme. She is 20, from the south, new to her submissive identity, and still in the process of exploring the possibilities of that role. The girl — she wants me to call her Claire — has never been in a threesome before. We have been writing back and forth for about two weeks. She talked to me first on Tuesday (day four) and then to the boyfriend over the phone. I told her about my blog. She read through it and called us back. She is eager and enthusiastic to play. I want to give my boyfriend a threesome. We arranged a date. We educated her about safewords and promised her that we would go as slowly as she needed.

The photos do her no justice at all. She knocks on the door softly and stands shyly when we open. The hair falls on her face, and she blushes. She is wearing a black sequined skirt and a blue and silver top. Her legs are athletic. The muscles of her thighs have such perfect definition. I remember that she said she plays footie and runs. I want to lick my tongue along the lines and the shadows of her legs.

We get her a drink. She and I sit on the couch while the boyfriend sits in the chair opposite. We talk awhile — two of us adoring her accent — and then I ask if I can touch her body. I lower the top slightly and brush my fingers over the curves of her breasts. My hand runs along the inside of her thigh while we kiss. I undress her. I pull the tie on the halter in back and remove the top and the bra. As I help her with her skirt and panties, I notice the boyfriend rubbing his erection through his jeans. I point this out to Claire and suggest that we blow him together.

He pulls off his pants and shows us the erection. Claire goes to her knees at once. I kiss the boyfriend on the mouth and follow. My fingers raise her hand up his thigh to the snarl of the pubis. The two of us are on either side of him. We kiss around the shaft. Her tongue touches mine as we press our lips together. One of us moves up the left side as the other moves down the right. I hold her hair out of the way while she sucks my boyfriend’s cock full on. I lick his ass while she takes him into her throat. There are wet sounds front and back. The boyfriend makes noises like he is drowning.

He didn’t come at all the day before. He has semen to give. I ask Claire if she wants him to deposit in her mouth. She says yes.

I know the boyfriend has been holding back. The double blowjob might be his favorite act, at least visually. I lower my head between his thighs and use my lips to tug on his balls while Claire sucks him. When I sense the orgasm approaching, I squeeze my index finger past the sphincter, which I have made wet, and press it against the prostate. My grip tightens around the base of his cock and steadies the shaft. He spews into her
mouth, convulsing between lips that have clamped down upon him. I fall on top of Claire and chase the come with my tongue. We roll on the floor, kissing as we trade the semen back and forth. I lick the white spots at the corners of her lips. I take my fair share from her mouth, show my lovers the spunk that coats my tongue, and swallow ostentatiously. After that, the three of us retire to the bedroom.

We play in many ways over a mostly sleepless night. The condom frustrates us. He can’t fuck us both, one after another. I lower myself below Claire and lick her clitoris while he slams her from behind. My legs are open. Claire contorts herself to moan into my pussy while her cunt is filled. When the boyfriend fucks me, I am on top of the shaft. She is seated beside me on the bed. She kisses my breasts and diddles my clit while I bounce my body over the familiar penis. Adding and removing condoms helps make the sex last. He chooses to come inside her instead of me. I like that he can enjoy a new girl this way.

Between his orgasms, the boyfriend ties Claire’s body to mine. We sixty-nine for his pleasure and ours. Her waters have the taste and consistency of syrup. The wetness flattens her bush. My cunt, by contrast, is waxed and polished. I suggest to the boyfriend that we shave her bare. We use his shaving cream and razor to accomplish the task. I am careful not to cut her. Soon she is smooth like me. I like licking the bare skin. I like the taste of her sweat mingled with the secretions of her pussy.

The boyfriend concludes I owe him another spanking as Claire is one more lover on my list. He has her do it with the hairbrush on my ass. Claire doesn’t go easy on me. She doesn’t go slowly. She doesn’t soothe and caress the skin between the blows she delivers. I am red and hurting when she finishes. At the end of it, she volunteers to take the same punishment from me. Claire doesn’t know what she is asking. I demur until the boyfriend demands it of me. I give a more careful spanking than what she has offered me. But I don’t pull my punches either. It hurts less to be spanked than to spank. I make a face and flinch each time she does. I am sympathetic to her pain. Fingers on her pussy help her endure it.

The boyfriend pulls a condom on and tells me to prepare Claire’s ass. He wants to come in her body in all the ways. There’s a look of trepidation in her eyes. She confesses to us that she has only ever put a vibrator in there. I reassure her with kisses and murmurs. I lick her anus so that the spit coats the entry and squeeze lube inside her asshole and smear it on the walls with my finger. Suppressing my reaction to the taste of latex, I suck the cock to hardness and run lube over that as well. Prying her cheeks apart, I place the head against Claire’s opening. She winces at the entry. The boyfriend shifts his hips and presses forward an inch at a time. When he is embedded halfway, he drags his length out and sinks it back in again. Over the span of minutes, he muscles his way deeper, until he has penetrated to the balls. It hurts her, but there is pleasure also. I hold Claire by the shoulders and kiss her while she is fucked. I support her weight and tell her to play with her pussy and her clit. Soon discomfort and pain are the lesser sensations. I am toying with her nipples when she creams. It is her second orgasm that sets my boyfriend off. He roars his semen into her and passes out on the bed soon after.

We giggle at him. The night continues for us. Claire and I huddle in the bathroom and perform our ablutions. We snuggle together on the sofa and drink and mess around some more. I show her my toy collection and have her try out assorted implements. We tongue each other to new orgasms. Eventually, the boyfriend wakes and joins us for one more go. Again, we swap the condoms on and off. He comes in my cunt this time, without protection. Claire smothers me with her pussy at the end. My nose is crushed. I breathe through my mouth while I tongue her lips. I feel her weight on top of my face. There isn’t as much semen as before, but what the boyfriend leaves leaks out. Claire licks me clean of his spendings and my own juices. She sucks my cunt
and clit until I come again. I can’t get enough of her taste, so when she finishes, I start on her immediately.

September 3, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/09/03/day-five/
A reader asks: are you there?

Yep.

Life has a way of generating complication. I had one set of deadlines at the end of August. A second set in the middle of September looms. While I was dealing with school, I didn’t have the ten hours a week to spare for blogging. I realized this as I was writing day five, which I never got around to proofreading until today. In any case, during a string of all-nighters, there isn’t much time for sex.

Here are some stories from the past weeks that I am not going to tell you about in any detail.

**Day six:** The boyfriend finds the spot deep in my pussy that makes me fountain. He presses his lips against my clit while I orgasm. Afterwards, he fists me. The memory of his hand inside and how it turns leaves me wet for days.

**Day seven:** The boyfriend has too much to drink. Deciding that putting his clothes on and walking to the shared bathroom is too great an effort, he uses me as a toilet. Twice he wakes me. He pisses slowly so that I can swallow his beery urine. In the morning, I wake him with a blowjob. He chases the semen with his full bladder, moaning his pleasure while I drink.

**Day eight:** The last spanking is a caning. It leaves red stripes on my ass. The skin eventually turns a deep purple.

**Day nine:** Sneaking into the men’s bathroom to fuck, we share a quickie at the airport. While his plane is in the air, I am at home. I smear the residues of semen over my clit and masturbate.

Three times since the boyfriend left and most recently yesterday, Frank spent the night. As always, the sex was inspired, but also conventional. I prefer more complexity. Claire and I are thinking of ambushing Frank together to see how he reacts.

Last Friday, Dr. Williams e-mailed me. I hadn’t planned to see him again, but he caught me when I was feeling particularly horny. I went to his office. I spent an hour under his desk, sucking his cock and licking his feet while he conferenced on the computer with his colleagues in Canada. It was fun to bring him close to orgasm and ease him away while he had to conceal the sensations and talk shop. I felt powerful at his feet. I pressed his heel against my pussy and used the friction to masturbate myself. We fucked. I pretended to be his student. We started on the easy chair and ended on his desk, which is piled high with papers. My legs were up in the air. He covered my mouth with his hand to stifle my screams. The neighboring offices probably heard me anyway.

So that’s the sex life. Now, it’s back to work for Leah. I will see you when I see you.
September 3, 2010

I went to a party last night and went home with the minute man. We were naked and making out. I put a condom on his cock, and he entered my cunt from above. Almost as soon as he was in me, his balls had emptied. He rolled over and fell asleep after that.

Generally, it takes me at least ten minutes to come from a steady, deep fucking. Some guys don’t last that long before they spew. That’s ok. Not everyone has got tremendous stamina. Inventiveness, humor, playfulness, pussy licking skills, human warmth — these all make up for the lack of endurance, or for that matter, endowment. But when there’s nothing positive to counterbalance the negatives, it makes for one hell of a miserable experience. Masturbation is more satisfying than an irredeemable fuck. So is doing the laundry.

The tube had stopped running, and I didn’t know the bus routes, so I spent the night at the guy’s place. Wouldn’t you know? He also snored.

September 5, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/09/05/i-chose-poorly/
Over lunch on Monday, my friend Jeremy told a group of us (mixed company) about his stupendously bad luck with the London dating scene. Not only are the women he finds uninteresting, they don’t put out. He complained about having blue balls every time he goes out with a girl. The remedy at home went unstated. After we ate, I sent him an e-mail from my office.

*If you want a no strings attached one night stand, I am willing. I expect you will be discreet about anything that happens.*

-L.

Late in the afternoon, Jeremy stopped by my office to ask if I was serious. My officemates had already left to get home before the tube strike started. I answered him by locking the door and going to my knees. Fishing his cock from his jeans, I stroked his length. I licked my palms to lubricate the motion of hands. Once he had hardened, the handjob became a blowjob. I rolled my tongue around the head. Making a ring with my fingers and tugging the skin taut at the base, I swished saliva over the glans. The precome tasted light and tangy. I smiled up at him and took his penis halfway down. My head bobbed over him. Spit on the shaft smoothed the movements. The penis was thick at the bottom, but it wasn’t particularly long. Without much effort, I had him in my throat. Lips pressed against his groin, I breathed carefully through my nose, tightened the seal, and rotated my face while flattening the tufts of pubis down. I made my eyes big and fixed them on his.

His hands were on the back of my head. He pulled my hair and then slackened his grasp. His pelvis rocked slightly, forward and backward, and then he stood still. He nudged my head down, then stopped applying pressure. I got the impression that he was holding back. I moved his hands to the top of my head and stretched my tongue to touch his scrotum while his cock was in my throat, pushed my lips down hard, then surfaced for air. “Fuck my face,” I told him. “Fuck it like it’s my cunt.” I spread my jaws wide and waited.

Jeremy skull fucked me. He grabbed my hair and pounded my throat with intent. Swallowing big gulps of air to ease his entry inside, I clutched his thighs and gave myself over to him. The saliva dropped from my mouth and fell over my top. It went on for about five minutes. His grip tightened on my scalp. He smashed my face against his pelvis. I splayed one hand against his abdomen to brace myself and caressed his balls with the other. I milked the head with my muscles. He erupted directly into my throat. I felt the viscous fluids barrel down my esophagus.

The blowjob convinced him that I was serious. I went home with him and happily put out. Whereas the sex in the office was rough, the sex in his apartment was gentle. We spent time exploring each other’s bodies. The fingers in my cunt and the lips on my clit sent me to orgasm.
Jeremy couldn’t kiss: too much tongue, too little tease. There was tension in the lips and a stiffness in how he moved. He also slobbered. I mentioned it to him as tactfully as I could, and we worked on that. I hope his newly discovered proficiency in swapping spit changes his luck with the girls.

September 8, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/09/08/jeremy/
A reader asks: is your blog a Fiction-cum-Story or Partial Fiction/Partial Truth or Fully True?

I am not writing as a journalist or a historian or a scientist. My obligation isn’t to the truth. My intention is to tell a sexy story based on stuff that happened. I tend to write about the positive aspects of an encounter rather than the negative ones. It’s more fun to remember the bits that worked. There are omissions. Occasionally, I will reorder incidents where it serves a narrative purpose. I may also alter certain details to shade the identities of my lovers and to preserve my own anonymity. Memory is notoriously fallible. I am not taking notes while I am having sex. I am not thinking about how I will blog about it later. I am in the moment, feeling it. I am collaborating in the acquisition and the expression of pleasure. I don’t always know whether I licked my partner’s balls before or after I throated his cock. The perception of time has a tendency to misshape during periods of intense sensation. Did he fuck me from behind for five minutes or ten minutes before we changed positions? How many orgasms did I have while she tongued my pussy? I didn’t count; I was too busy writhing. I only have guesses. The account I give is a reconstruction of events.

It’s not strictly the truth. But I can’t make it more true while still remaining faithful to the stories I want to tell and the sex I want to have.

While I am bleeding below, I will entertain other questions. Add a comment or send an e-mail.

September 9, 2010

A reader asks: do you like that people jack off to what you write?

Honestly, I haven’t pondered this at all. Books and blogs arouse me, but I rarely masturbate while reading the printed word. (Erotic prose read aloud by a lover is quite another matter.)

There’s little enough unalloyed pleasure in this world. If I contribute in some small way to the happiness of a nameless stranger whose eyes happen upon these pages, I am delighted at that prospect.

September 10, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/09/10/have-a-blast/
A reader comments on the urine fetish I have mentioned previously here, here, and here.

I detest the euphemisms “golden showers” and “watersports.” I find urine appealing for several reasons.

- It’s a dirty thing to do. We are trained from a young age that we should pee in private. The act is not the subject of conversation, even in the company of close friends. To sexualize urine produces a visceral thrill.

- It’s an intimate act. It demonstrates how I accept what my partner gives, how there aren’t any secrets between us. Even without drinking it, holding someone’s cock while he pees or pissing into the cup of someone’s hand excites me. I like it when a lover watches me on the can or has me squat and pee. I like doing it on the wooden floor and cleaning up the mess I have made afterwards.

- I like having his piss on my body. I like how the urine wets my hair and cascades down my face. I like it running between my breasts, down my abdomen, to my pussy. I like it coursing over my shoulders and back and buttocks. I like the feel of it as it flows into my cunt and anus and pours out again. I like how, when he has finished, it beads on the skin and seeps into my pores. I enjoy wallowing in a pool of my lover’s warm piss in the cold bathtub. I am wearing his smell.

- The taste is a rush. The first touch on the tongue is hot and acrid. Then the flavor turns sharp and bitter. The warmth of the urine fills my mouth. Often, I let the piss pool up and allow it to spill back out, over my chin and neck. I also swallow. I like gulping it down my throat, guzzling the stream that is sprayed between my lips, taking the heat into my belly.

- In the context of D/s, it’s a way of staking a claim the way animals mark territory. One time in Boston, about three blocks from home, the boyfriend pulled us into an alley. We had been out drinking. He needed to take a piss and couldn’t hold it until we reached the apartment. He made me kneel on the pavement and peed on me. He stood with his legs apart, penis in hand, and released. The urine shot from his cock with force, made a great parabola in the air between us, and splashed between my open shirt, onto my breasts. The warm, pungent piss fell over my chest and into my cleavage. He waved his cock from side to side, soaking my dressy white shirt, turning it yellow and see through. The scent of ammonia clouded around me as the flow diminished to a trickle, then stopped. He blotted the tip against my cheek once he had finished and helped me to my feet. I noticed that my nipples were peaked and showed through the bra. My pussy was drenched in arousal. As we walked home, he clutched my hand fiercely. I sensed that I was his. I stood straighter, letting my tits protrude with the sticky fabric clinging to me. I felt so beautiful.

Many of the same arguments I have made for urolagnia can be applied to coprophilia as well. Scat has no appeal for me whatsoever. It is one of my few hard limits. I love rimming though. Perhaps we are, all of us,
an odd amalgam of sexual contradictions.
I like it when you squeeze my tits through my shirt while I suck on your tongue like it’s a miniature cock.

I like it when you rub the joining of my legs and make me cream my panties and soak my jeans.

I like it when you say thank you after I come. You’re the only one who ever does.

I like it when you force your spit and my juices back into my pussy and let them drip out again into your open mouth.

I like it when you giggle with pleasure when I tongue your nipples and kiss my way down your chest to your groin.

I like it when you fill my mouth to overflowing, first with your cock and then with your semen.

I like it when you fuck me from behind with the mirror from the wardrobe beneath me so that I can see your cock stretching me open.

(I hope there’s a hard-on in your pants.)

I like it when you ask me to lick your arse in that Oxford lilt of yours.

I like it when you push against the tension at my asshole. The sphincter bows and the muscles embrace you despite the searing ache.

I like it when you bury your cock deep inside me and stay rigid with your weight on top while the walls of my vagina collapse around you.

I like it when you type the dirtiest things.

I like it when you convulse: your spine stiffens and your breathing goes ragged and your eyes roll back and you release an ardent moan.

I want your thick cock sliding in me slowly, penetrating deep. Come fuck me, lover. You know I will beg.

I want to fuck you. I need to fuck, fuck, fuck you. I am your willing slut: Leah, the fuck-toy. Tonight. My flat. Please. Come for me.

He came. He came again and again. So did I.

September 14, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/09/14/a-seduction-in-sms/
I have been fucking of course, but ever since the boyfriend’s visit the kink quota has been low. I miss it. I want sadistic sex.

I posted a new ad on Craigslist this weekend (below). It disappeared almost at once, so I posted it again and again with variations. None of the responses so far have impressed me.

**Be rough with me – w4m**

I want you to do me hard.

Throw me to the ground and rip my clothes off. Grab my head. Push your fingers into my scalp. Stick your cock in my face. Pound my throat. Set the vicious tempo that you want. Fuck my mouth like you own it. Make my lips swell at the collision when you bottom out. Twist your fingers in my hair and yank. Use the reins to control my movements. I want you to. I want my nose smashed up against your pubis and your balls pressed up against my chin. I want thick cords of saliva dangling from your shaft as I struggle to keep up with how fast and how rough you are. I want you to compel my face to your balls and ass and have me lick and suck.

Pull me over your lap and spank me. Leave your handprints on my buttocks. Turn my ass and thighs red and purple. Be brutal. I can take it. Spank my clit. Wrench my pussy lips and my nipples. Slap my breasts. Make it hurt. Make me remember you.

F*ck me in all positions. Don’t be gentle.

Drive into me from above so that I feel your weight on top, crushing me. Wrap your hand about my throat and choke me. Spit in my face. Cuff my cheeks hard — left side and right side — with stiff and unyielding fingers and also the back of your hand.

Clutch my breasts and maul them while you thrust into me from below. See how my pussy stretches to accommodate your thick penis? Feel the wetness skating down the sides of your shaft and coating your balls? Lift me by the hips and launch yourself at me. Let me squeeze your cock with the muscles of my cunt. Pinch my clitoris.

Take me from behind. Pull my hair as hard as you can. Tug it by the roots. Set your teeth into my neck. Leave bite marks over my back and shoulders. Grab my bouncing tits and haul me backward. Use your strength to impale my pussy onto your prick. Slam your cock into me. Now do it harder. I want to hear the balls smacking against my buttocks. Rub my clit diligently and aggressively. Keep going. F*ck me through my many orgasms.

Sodomize me. Take my ass. Hammer your erection into my bowels. Stick your fingers in my cunt and feel
yourself moving inside my anus. Pull me back by the hips and thighs. Batter me with that cock. Split me in half with your long, thick penis. Let me know how strong and powerful you are. I want to be small and submissive under you.

Come in my mouth. Come on my body. Come in my cunt and my anus. I am three holes for your pleasure. Use me. Be strict with me. Call me the vilest names. Leave bruises behind.

I want a man with phenomenal stamina for a one night stand, a dominant lover who knows how to take charge of an uninhibited, dirty slut like me. You should be muscular and fit. Kinky is good. Intelligence is a definite plus. Condoms are mandatory for vaginal and anal penetration. Be prepared to come several times while we fuck the night away. You will host in Zones 1 or 2.

Please send a picture of your face and your body in your reply. I don’t need to see your hardware.

September 15, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/09/15/be-rough-with-me/
As I wandered the Southbank area yesterday afternoon, I stopped at the booksellers in front of the National Theatre. I wore denim shorts with black hose underneath, a purple top, and a jean jacket. It was nothing sexy: I had dressed for the weather. A man in his early thirties came up to me as I leafed through prints of birds from old books and maps. “Can I hit on you?” he asked. The candor was refreshing. I laughed.

He had the geek chic going for him. I liked his glasses. “Please do,” I answered.

We sat on the riverfront, drank beer, people watched, and talked. Forty minutes later, we were on the Northern line heading to his place. As we stood on the crowded tube, my back slanted against his chest. Leaning into his arms, I placed his hand over the fly of my shorts. In his bedroom, I undressed him and he undressed me. He carefully tugged my nylons off, kissing the exposed skin inch by inch as he did. He sniffed my panties after he had removed them. Once we were both naked, he sent me flat on my back and ate pussy like a champ, licking and nibbling and fingering till I came. He waved his cock at me after that and had me straddle him. I pushed off his chest with my arms and rode the penis, then spun around so that I could ride him the other way, with hands gripping his thighs as I rose and fell. He held my hips while I gyrated my ass atop his groin. When his orgasm approached, he pulled out of me and shifted my weight off. Sending me sprawling, he stood on the bed, tore the condom away, and ejaculated over my breasts. The side of a finger swiped his semen from my tits. His come tasted salty and brackish.

He recovered his erection during an interlude of sixty-nine. I mouthed his balls and let the cock elongate against my face. I liked the heat of it against my nose and cheeks. The smell was a potent, masculine musk. The second time, he was on top of me. He stuck his index and middle fingers in my mouth. I sucked them, squeezing my tongue in the spaces in between while he thrust into me. Primed by the pussy licking, I came with his penis moving within. It is lovely to clench myself around a new cock.

He made pizza for dinner. We ate sitting on blue wooden chairs, him in a pair of boxers, me wearing bra and panties. I bundled the silky pink fabric to one side and swept my fingers over my slit.

I had work to do. I couldn’t afford to spend the entire night on sex. Going to my knees, I sucked his cock to hardness, replaced the condom, and bent over the table, where the plates and the glasses of wine had been. He moved into position behind me and entered my cunt. He grasped my hips and hauled me backward, driving his pelvis forward as he did. My breasts dragged along the wood of the table, which was cool to the touch and resolutely solid. I shivered. He stuck his thumb in my asshole as he worked my pussy. Fingers strummed my clit as I moaned. It only took him a few minutes to achieve orgasm.

We exchanged numbers. He is a guitarist in a band who does odd jobs to pay the bills. He suggested a weekly hookup. I don’t know whether I will see him again. But as Frank leaves for university in a week, I do need a
new fuck buddy in the city.

September 20, 2010

In the alley just outside the entrance to the club, my friend Jonathan made me lift my skirt for him. He grasped the sides of the underwear and whisked them down my legs. They disappeared into a pocket. “You look better this way,” he commented. He planted a kiss on my mons. His lips tugged the soft hair on my pubis. Once inside, we threaded our way up the stairs and into a private room. The music from the speakers on the ceiling was some kind of chant. The rhythm was oddly sexual. On the couch against the wall, a woman sat spread-legged. A man was on the floor before her. His face searched her cunt. They were beautiful together. The perspiration on his bald head reflected the dim light. His back was sinewy, all muscle and strength. Their skin tones contrasted. The woman squeezed her breasts. There were voyeurs as well: men clustered around, watching, hoping to participate, perhaps dreaming that the women in the room were for them.

Jonathan extracted a green garbage bag from his pocket. He held it open and instructed me to strip. I removed my skirt and my shirt and bra and tossed them into the bag. I kicked off my shoes and threw them in as well. Then I knelt before Jonathan with my head bent floorward, naked save for my earrings. From the inner pocket of his suit coat, he produced a black leather collar with a silver clasp. He affixed it to my neck and fastened a slender chain that he wrapped around me and let fall over my shoulder. The steel links were cold against my skin, but my cheeks heated in a red blush. I remained on my knees while Jonathan undressed. I looked up at him, hoping that he would let me give suck. I wanted the heft of his cock between my lips and the taste of his semen on my tongue.

By the time Jonathan recovered the leash, the woman and the man had exchanged positions. He sat; she knelt. Though the woman fellated the man, both pairs of eyes directed their scrutiny on us. Jonathan walked over to the couch. I had no choice but to crawl behind him. The man said hello and opened his legs. The woman shifted to one side. I joined her in worship and supplication.

At the time, I was twenty-one and still discovering the dimensions of my submissiveness. Jonathan was in his mid-forties and one of several men who guided me through this process. A commanding presence, he cautioned the others in the room: “Look at the slut all you like, but give us space and *do* *not* *touch*.” The men formed a wide ring around us to watch.

The woman and I flicked our tongues along the edge of the cock, licked its sides, and circled the glans. Her perfume smelled of roses. I ran my fingers through her short hair and pulled her close for a kiss. We beat our tongues at each other, lips pressed tightly on either side of the head of the penis that we both held. Her breasts huddled close to mine. They were slick with sweat. While she sucked, I licked the man’s balls, and then we traded. I had to work to stretch my jaws around the shaft. With effort, I managed to take him into my throat.
Jonathan positioned my ass in the air and entered me from behind. The penis slipped out as my head bobbed over the cock, but my lover forced it back into my pussy and speared me by pulling on the chain and compelling my head and body backward. I compressed my muscles around the sudden fullness within my cunt. The other woman took her partner’s cock from me and straddled his lap. They moaned into each other’s mouths as she lowered her body onto the erection. As she fucked him, I gripped the stranger’s thighs. I stroked his balls. The woman’s screams, the groans of the two men, my own moans all echoed against the walls. From high above, the melodic liturgy offered us benediction.

After the sex and after-sex, during which the woman and I each cleaned the other’s partner’s cock of semen and pussy, the four of us squeezed together on the sofa. We talked and polished off a bottle of champagne. Our new friends were named Jennifer and Paul. They were both in their late twenties. We flirted and played some more at the club. I had Paul in my ass and Jonathan in my mouth while Jennifer licked my clit from below. I pressed my pussy into Jennifer’s face while she had Jonathan in her ass and Paul in her cunt. We swapped partners when we left. In a hotel room that night, Paul lowered the chain that was around my neck into my cunt and fucked me with the steel trailing out. Deepthroat turned into a deep rimming. We continued until he had no more come left to give.

September 20, 2010

http://truestorysex.com/view/Group/411

48–2
I tutor a French Algerian boy once a week. We met through a strictly Platonic ad that he had placed on Craigslist. His family are recent immigrants to the UK. We get together for coffee, and he practices his English on me while occasionally I make a hash of my high school French with him. The boy has a curiosity and a je ne sais quoi recklessness that keeps our conversations engaging despite the differences in our age and experience.

At our most recent meeting, I wore a pleated black skirt that ended mid-thigh and a low-cut white shirt that showed the tops and the sides of my breasts. I had a date later in the evening with a prospective partner who answered this highly non-Platonic Craigslist ad. That date never went anywhere fun: my instincts told me not to trust the man, so I made my excuses and left after the second beer. Anyway, Frank and I had enjoyed a quickie the day before. He visited for half an hour. We fucked through two of his orgasms and cleaned up together in the shower, and then, energized by the sexual interlude, I went back to work. My cunt wasn’t pressing to get laid. I would wait for the right man instead of submitting to the wrong one.

At the café, my skirt rode under me when my weight sunk into the plush easy chair and I perched one knee atop the other. Across the coffee table, Ismail’s eyes followed the bend of my right leg and trailed along the outside of my thigh nearly to the very top. He gazed into the shadow of the skirt, looked down at the ground, then looked up again. His eyes fixed on mine briefly. A few sentences later, they had dropped to my cleavage. They didn’t settle there. No, they descended again. He was evidently a leg man. Ismail stared at my thighs, at the flap of fabric that covered the meeting of my legs, at my calves when I scratched them, glancing away when I caught him looking, stealing back when he thought I didn’t notice. I hid my smile as he spoke into his coffee mug, eyes darting downward.

For an hour, his eyes drunk in my freshly moisturized legs, the smooth shaved skin, the tease of the short skirt. Every so often, for the space of half a minute, he studiously avoided regarding my body altogether, as though conscious of doing something wrong, before returning to check me out once more, compelled to do that thing anyway. He ogled, but he didn’t leer. The look was admiring and wishful. I was amused. I didn’t mind. Resisting the urge to cross my legs the other way, I kept my legs tightly closed and angled my body in the chair to provide him a better view of the upper thigh while I made conversation.

Ismail’s pants had tented. He adjusted the way he sat.

I wondered what he wanted to do. Did he want me lying supine on the wooden coffee table between us? Would he pull my legs apart by the ankles and position himself between them? Would his hands caress the contours of my thighs, reaching up to touch what he couldn’t see? Would he then lift up my skirt to expose the sheer black panties I had worn, the smooth pubis and the cunt below? I am almost certain he has never
had sex. Would he know what to do after that? Does he go down to his knees and tongue my lips and clit through the see through mesh of the front panel? Does he tear off my knickers instead and pull down his jeans and extricate his cock and clamber on top and fuck me? Does he want my legs wrapping his, the soles of my bare feet pressing at the backs of his calves while he cups my breast in his palm and fills my mouth with his tongue? How long would it take for him to come once he is inside my pussy hammering away? Will he go home and masturbate imagining the possibilities: my mouth on his cock, my cunt from behind, my ass?

As I tipped my cappuccino mug upside down to collect the dregs and considered what was bouncing around in Ismail’s cranium, I realized that I had become moist between the legs. The notion of taking a boy’s virginity, turning him into a man, then training him into a dominant flitted through my skull. Ismail was legal, but far too young. It was a naughty, impossible fantasy.

The air was chill. Goosebumps mustered on my arms. The clock on my phone said that it was time to go. I uncrossed my legs. Pushing off the armrests of the chair, my knees parted an instant as I lifted to my feet. It happened in a flash. It was cute seeing him look while seeming not to.

September 21, 2010

A reader asks: would it be fair to say that your life revolves around sex?

No.

It would be fair to say that my blog revolves around sex. This is what I choose to write about. You are viewing me through a misshaped lens. To use a dubious analogy, think of a Picasso painting where the genitals are magnified and distorted. Can you call this a representational portrait?

I don’t tell about my studies, my research, or my work. This is why I am in London, however. It occupies most of my time. It is an intellectual challenge and a thrill. I am lucky to have this pleasure in my life. I don’t tell about the oddities of academia. I don’t tell about playing the non-skin flute in a pickup orchestra. I don’t tell about hanging out with friends, exploring the bookshops, going to the museums, seeing plays, or experiencing the vibrant music scene I have discovered in this city. I don’t tell about wandering the streets on weekends or trying new cuisine. I don’t tell about evenings in pubs drinking in the company of friends and colleagues. I don’t tell about shopping with my girlfriends. I don’t tell about home, or how I miss it.

I tell about fucking. This is undeniably a significant part of who and what I am. But there’s more to a person than the sex that is had. Even in what I write, I don’t enter the emotional or confessional mode often. A prism bends the light and separates the colors. You’re seeing but one hue.

Sex is anyway not essential the way food is, so my life doesn’t require it. I have had celibate stretches in my past. But I enjoy fucking and don’t see the need to deprive myself anymore than I see a need to live my life without music.

Is triple penetrated oral, anal, vaginal?

Yes. It has been asked several times now, so I might as well say a few words.

When I was an undergraduate discovering my sexual persona, I tried out the local D/s scene — i.e., sex clubs and sex parties. I met a couple of decent, trustworthy, playful doms who guided me through a sequence of sexual discoveries. The scene was an exuberance for someone still new to sex and kink. I prefer one on one now. My last time in a club was three years ago — it was a dungeon theme. I left after half an hour. The excitement had vanished.

At twenty, I participated in gang bangs. I have had double digit cocks in me in a single night. I had seen double and triple penetration in porn and wanted to try it out.

Being multiply penetrated is an exercise in geometry. It is not easy to get three or four people moving in tempo. Sucking a cock while being fucked from below or behind is the easiest. Having a cock in the pussy
and anus at the same time is more tricky. Invariably a penis slips out, and we need to pause to reposition ourselves. The fullness both ways is amazing. It hurts somewhat to begin. But usually, there is so much going on that the adrenaline overpowers the discomfort. I feel replete when plugged front and back. The third cock in my mouth to make me watertight completes the tableau.

I envision doing this again. But it is not a priority. For threesomes, I prefer female-female-male to female-male-male.

I’m interested where the pleasure comes from.

I am an alpha personality. I am fastidious and in control over most facets of my life. Sex is where I let go. Pleasure derives from offering my body and allowing it to become a projection of my partner’s will. The decision to be submissive is a conscious choice. But here, as on the blog, I reserve the last word. I retain a veto. This isn’t theoretical: I have used it. I also have ideas of my own. Sometimes I am guilty of topping from the bottom. A dominant needs a formidable personality to tame me. Physical submission is not the same as mental submission. The latter yields the better high.

The pleasure comes from novelty. The pleasure comes from doing things differently. The pleasure comes from challenging my body. The pleasure comes from pain. The pleasure comes from giving my partner pleasure. The pleasure comes, very rarely, from the vastness of a subspace. (I was there most recently on days six and eight of my boyfriend’s visit.)

There isn’t one answer. I have more to say about all this here.

September 25, 2010

Another of the things I haven’t written about is my friendship with Frank. I believe in the *buddy* part of *fuck buddy*. I wouldn’t have bedded with him throughout the summer if our personalities had clashed. We usually have dinner on the days we play. We watch a movie on the laptop. We kiss and cuddle on the sofa, drinking beer, telling stories. He stops by my office sometimes, and we disappear for a coffee. We can talk for hours, before sex and after.

Frank leaves for Oxford this weekend. We said our goodbyes on Thursday. The university is two hours and eleven pounds away, so it’s not as though I won’t ever see him again — but I won’t see him as often, and I will miss him.

We went to bed after midnight. My body rested on top of his, pinioning him to the mattress. Eyes closed, tongues touching, lips nipping, our faces rotated endlessly. He reached up my shirt, slipped a hand under the bra, and held my breast. Legs scissored against his, I pressed my pussy at the swelling at his groin. Later, I sat straddling him, running my hands over his bare torso, fingers tracing the lines of the muscles in his arms and chest. I kissed and licked, memorizing with my lips the patterns of the plates, the way he tasted and smelled.

When I pulled off his jeans and underwear, the cock stood before me like an obelisk. I pressed it flat against the pubis and belly and kissed his balls. My tongue rasped over the light scattering of hair that covered the scrotum. The testicles were well defined in the sac. I saw them in the dim light and sucked each one. I masturbated his shaft while I swished saliva around the bulbous head.

Frank sat up. Once he had pulled my shirt off, I fed him my breasts. He unbuckled my belt and dragged my jeans down to my knees. The panties followed. He rolled a condom on his penis and fucked me from behind. His hands toyed with my nipples and my clit. I moaned in pleasure, at the tightness of my movements, constrained as I was by the denim. We didn’t cycle through a panoply of positions as we usually do to prolong the sex. He thrust into my cunt the ten or so minutes it took for my pussy to cream, rode the orgasm out, and detonated soon after. I removed the condom, finished undressing, and sucked him to hardness again, fingerling my clit as I did. Another condom dressed over the erection, and I was a sky walker as he brought his weight on top of my chest.

In the end, I had him lie on his stomach. I sat on his buttocks and rubbed my hands over the muscles of his back. The kisses started at his ear and dropped to the neck. The tongue followed the line of the shoulder. I lifted his arms and sniffed his armpits and kissed along the flank, down on the left side, crossing over at the bottom, and reversing direction on the right. My nose drew zig-zag sketches on his broad shoulders as my lips pressed wetly over the soft skin. The tongue followed the ridges of the shoulder blades that stood in
prominent relief on either side and swept down the valley of the spine to his buttocks. I bit his ass cheeks and soothed the teeth marks with kisses and tongue.

Positioning him on elbows and knees, legs apart, I nosed into the divide of his rump. The hair tickled my chin. The cheeks spread on either side of me and warmed my face as I made love to his anus. The tongue washed around the winking pucker, relaxing the muscle so that I could push the tip past the sphincter. My hands reached under his balls and stroked the cock while I kissed his ass. Though he wriggled beneath me, I took my time in licking and sucking him. I made sure that the climax was slow in arriving because this was something I had introduced him to and also his new favorite.

September 25, 2010

Last Friday I went to dinner with a group of students, some of whom invited their friends to join. Almost twenty of us crowded around rectangular tables pressed together in the basement of an Italian restaurant. I hit it off over the meal with Joseph, who sat diagonally from me. He fences and possesses an encyclopedic knowledge of knives and swords. After the meal, half of us went to the pub next door. People began to head out a little before midnight. Discreetly, I invited Joseph home with me.

He was fabulous at kissing. His lips applied just the right amount of pressure. He gently sucked on my lips. The hands knew where to touch and how. Fingers combed my hair. He caressed my back and ass, stroked my thighs, fondled my breasts. Once we had dispatched our clothes, he pinched the pussy lips together and tugged at the labia. A finger hooked inside my cunt and brushed behind the clitoris. All the while, his tongue danced with me.

Given how good he was at kissing, I was eager to have him eat my pussy.

I had been holding his erection during our kisses. Deciding that it was time to end the foreplay, I broke contact with his mouth, bent at the waist, and took the glans past my lips.

Joseph pulled away from me. “I can’t do this,” he sputtered.

A look of bafflement flashed over my face.

“I have a girlfriend,” he explained.

“Then go.”

He hastily dressed, mumbled a cursory goodbye, and left. His footfalls pounded down the stairs.

Once he had escaped, I retreated to the bedroom, shrugged off the bathrobe I had donned, brought the purple aluminum dildo out of the toy drawer, and masturbated. Joseph’s cock was in my mouth briefly, so we technically had sex.

September 28, 2010

A reader asks: after all this physical interfacing and intercourse, where do you get your emotional connection from? Is sex only desire filling?

There isn’t an emotional connection in a one night stand. In many respects, sex is cleanest this way. Both partners know precisely what the encounter is about, and there are no expectations for what comes after. We have our fun and go our separate ways. I like the arrangement.

Sex with a regular partner entails an emotional bond. There are other examples, but Frank’s is the most recent case. He earned subsequent invitations to my bed by being engaging conversation and a phenomenal fuck on the first go. It helped that this was a serendipitous meeting rather than a Craigslist liaison. With time a connection developed. We hung out together on many occasions that didn’t involve sex. As I noted in my farewell post, by the end of the summer we had become tight, and the sex was an extension of that friendship. As a bonus, with familiarity the play had improved because we knew what made each other happy and cared in a personal way.

Ours was not the closest bond in my life, and Frank knew that. The relationship never approximated boyfriend and girlfriend. Days would go by when we didn’t communicate even by text. There were subjects we never discussed. For all I know, he had other lovers over the course of the summer. I mentioned my occasional entanglements in passing. I talked to him about my boyfriend. Frank spoke about prior relationships but never about current ones. I didn’t press the issue.

The situation with D/s regulars is similar, except that kinky sex is involved. Part of the selection process for these fuck buddies is whether they can bring me into subspace and manage how emotional I get when I am there. Thus far, this submersion has happened in London only on three occasions, two of which were with the boyfriend. A man I called Daddy handled the third beautifully.

I get my emotional fix from the boyfriend when we are together. When apart, we still communicate every day. We talk several times a week, for hours sometimes. There is as well the occasional Skype sex, which I haven’t written about in any detail. Long distance is not ideal for a relationship that is still young and whose future remains uncertain. We manage the stress as best we can.

I am close to my family. I make friendships easily. I rely on these bonds, here and in the States, to keep me grounded and sane.

Finally, I should add that I am more comfortable writing in public about my sex life than I am about my emotional core. This inevitably tilts the focus of the blog toward the physical sensations rather than the psychological ones.
September 30, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/09/30/emotional-connection/
I had a mandatory and completely useless orientation today. I sat in the back row of the auditorium with the laptop dangerously perched on the foldout desk. It was too distracting to read a paper or write with someone talking at me from the front of the room. Starting from the highlights at Fleshbot, I surfed the sex blogs to amuse myself.

A spray of semen against the asshole of a multiorgasmic woman made me wish that sex without condoms happened more frequently in my life. I longed to be fucked in the shower by more fingers than there are on one hand or seduced in the office by a professor, which is a recurring fantasy of mine. The touch of fingers strayed to the seam of my jeans. Reassured that being a slut is ok, I read about Emily’s sexy family. My fingers rubbed harder now.

The row of seats immediately in front had four people grouped before me. My row had six or seven in total. I was quiet about masturbating. From my position at the end of the row and in the corner of the room, only the guy three seats away could see the hand moving between my legs as I scrolled down the web page. Jaw hanging open, he stared at me in disbelief. Meeting his look, I shrugged my shoulders and went on with the business.

An hour and a half into the session, the girl sitting in front passed me the attendance sheet. I signed beside my printed name and handed it along. I noticed the guy scrutinizing the paper, trying to figure out who I was before he signed himself present and sent it over to the next man.

We adjourned for coffee soon after. During the break, I felt his eyes on me from behind. Having signed the sheet, I had no intention of staying for the second half of the morning session.

I am an opportunist. I am shameless. I walked over to him. “I am horny. I could use a fuck. Do you want to get out of here?”

He answered in accented English. The voice had a singsong quality.

His name is Oscar. He is from Stockholm. He fucked me in the basement under the stairs meters below the side exit to the building, which we heard open and close. I slipped off my shoes and out of one of my pant legs. He stood with his jeans pooled at his feet and his boxers about his ankles. Flattening myself against the wall, I raised my thigh against his body, and he held it against his hip. The panties were shifted to one side so that his penis could enter me. He hunched his knees and angled his cock at me from below. The penetration brought me to my toes. The painted brick was unforgiving on my back. I felt its solidity across my shoulders and ass when he speared my vagina. I lifted my arms high above my head. He twirled what I was after and clasped them by the wrists with the hand that wasn’t supporting my leg. I liked the sensation of being taken.
by someone I had just met, of having my cunt pounded by a man who didn’t know my name, of doing it in the open with the risk of discovery heightening my arousal. Hungry kisses stifled my moans.

Sadly, the last paragraph is a fancy. It could have happened had the man been slightly braver, been named Oscar, and come from Sweden. Instead, I found a toilet and frigged myself. The climax is an anticlimax.
A reader asks: how do you stop D/s in the bedroom from spilling over into real life?

I responded as follows: the short answer is that you recognize the context and behave accordingly. You don’t let the fact that you had her on a leash begging to suck your cock color how you view her thoughts in a conversation about politics. You don’t expect deference outside of play just because you pissed on her in the shower in the morning. You compartmentalize.

Let me elaborate on my thoughts.

I like the submissive role sexually. I expect autonomy otherwise.

In selecting partners, the e-mail exchange and the initial meet-up are generally sufficient to determine who exhibits respect for me as a person. I won’t play with someone whose intelligence I don’t regard consequentially. Part of this intelligence is smarts and conversational aptitude. I also look for the ability to interact normally, as equals in a non-sexual setting without the trappings of power games. We need to be able to talk before we can play. Just because someone declares himself a sexual dominant, it does not mean that I, as a sexual submissive, will agree with him in a discussion about music. I have my opinions, and I will express them. I will be better at some things than he is. His ego needs to handle that. A dominant ought to be secure in his identity, honest, and guileless. Braggadocio is off-putting. Superior airs before the clothes come off are disqualifying. After the play, ideally we transition back to being equals. The ones who can’t, the ones with whom the tone of the interaction has been altered by the sex won’t get a repeat invitation.

I am not a slave. This isn’t a lifestyle for me. I set boundaries and stick to them. These are mostly internalized, so I don’t give them a conscious thought. Some are blindingly obvious. I am not going to hand over my bank account or credit cards. I decide how to fill out the ballot in an election. The passwords to my e-mail accounts are mine.

With most play partners, there isn’t a fuzzy middle ground. It’s clear when we are being sexual, and it’s equally clear when we are not. The regulars understand this well. We are friends who enjoy the power exchange sexually. We are able to switch the D/s relationship on and off depending on the situation.

Dominance is a trust. The rest flows from this recognition.

With the boyfriend, there is an intermediate gray space that we have to negotiate. But he is my boyfriend because we generally agree on where the borders lie. The two of us started out as fuck buddies. We had a D/s dynamic from early days, and as the relationship developed, incorporated this into our everyday lives.

Sharing an apartment, we found a division of labor and resources that suits us. He doesn’t enjoy cooking
and can’t do it well. So he gets the groceries, I prepare the meals, and he does the dishes. I hate vacuuming
and dusting. He doesn’t mind, so that’s his job. I am more demanding about the necessity of having a clean
bathroom, so he obliges me by taking his turn at scrubbing the tub and the toilet more frequently than he
would were he to live alone. These are the usual domestic compromises. They have nothing to do with my
being submissive in the bedroom.

We are opinionated. We have our disagreements and each make our share of mistakes. Occasionally we
argue. These differences don’t spill over into the sexual life. Indeed, make up sex is usually less kinky and
more loving than the normal routine. He doesn’t need an excuse to spank me. Often, he manufactures one.
We admit the pretense and laugh about it. He doesn’t actually beat me because I think his taste in cinema is
philistine. (It is though.)

We each have outside lovers. We avoid influencing who the other plays with and how. Jealousy is an issue
that we must navigate. We address this by being open and scrupulously honest about what we do. Different
people fill different roles. Sex is not a competition. It’s a manner of expression. I get wet when I hear him
relate his exploits. The things he tells me make me a better lover. The boyfriend reads my blog. We talk
about our experiences on Skype.

The boundaries can be tricky where the sexual and the quotidian intersect. If he asks me to wear a buttplug
to work or go without panties or flash a stranger my breasts at a bar, these fall under a sexual banner, so I
typically comply with such requests. But if he started picking out my clothes on a daily basis, I would balk.
It’s an issue of respect. I don’t like micromanagement. Fortunately, this isn’t a problem I face.

What happens when he wants to play, and I am busy, or vice versa? I am typing at the computer, and he
slips a lead around my neck and starts fondling my tits. But I need to work. He is painting, and I want to be
submissive and bound. I kiss his shoe and run my hands over his thighs and groin. Sometimes we proceed
to sex. Sometimes we don’t. The person making the proposition accepts the other person’s verbal response.
We acknowledge that we each have lives separate from the other and responsibilities.

Living together, we shift easily between the ordinary and the sexual modes. We are chatting, and then I am
on my knees, and then we are chatting again. I am submissive in one sphere, but not the other. We identify
where we are and act appropriately. I don’t feel I am a lesser human being for drinking his piss. He doesn’t
treat me as one even while his bladder is emptying into my throat. This is how we play. I find being called
names sexy. I find embarrassment to be sexy. I find being powerless sexy. These acts excite me within their
reference frame. We compartmentalize our behavior.

The equilibrium works for us.

October 2, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/10/02/living-with-ds/
I have been in the UK a little over three months and didn’t manage to leave London until last Saturday. My friend Claire, who I have played with previously, lives to the south of the city. She attends a university nearby and makes her home with her parents. Their absence this weekend provided the perfect opportunity for a second meeting. I took the train down from Waterloo. Though I have mused lately about sex on the railroad, the journey was uneventful.

Flats in London, especially at my price point, tend toward the small. The apartment in Boston feels spacious compared to my present accommodation. I enjoyed visiting a proper house with a yard in back. Though it would have been nice to rub pussies in the grass and the mud, the cold rain and the view of the neighbors dissuaded us from having a romp outside. We played dirty indoors instead.

I arrived in time for lunch. After we ate, we secreted ourselves in the bedroom. The clothes came off. I beat Claire’s delightful little pussy with the backside of a wooden spoon. I opened her cunt with it and spit inside her vagina. She fucked my asshole with a dildo while she licked my clitoris. An hour or so into play, we descended the stairs to the kitchen to retrieve drinks.

When we had hydrated our parched throats with glasses of wine, I had Claire sit on the countertop between the sink and the stove. My kisses began at her mouth and fell over her breasts and belly. The tongue in her navel was a tease and a promise. She placed her feet on the counter. The legs spread apart like wings, I kissed the secret, sacred spaces between them. The lips of her pussy are thick and meaty. My teeth nipped the sensitive folds. I squeezed my tongue into the fissure. Squatting on the floor, my arms stretched up so that I could run my hands over her arms and massage her tits while my mouth worked her cunt. Claire rocked her hips and thighs at me while I finger fucked her pussy and diddled the clit. I rubbed her with the fingers of both hands. The membrane inside was slick with arousal and need. The muscles gripped my two fingers while I covered her open mouth with my lips. I loved how she moaned her pleasure, especially when I bent to have another taste of the piquant fluids that had escaped her vagina.

After she came, Claire giggled and said she needed to pee.

She had read my blog. I told her to piss in my face.

She squatted on the counter, heels and buttocks and the arms at back supporting her weight. My hands ran over the inner faces of her thighs. The pussy gaped at me. I kissed her ass where it flared below.

The urine fountained out in a trickle. Claire tilted the pussy up by flattening the skin at the pubis and angling her groin. Holding her feet for purchase, I positioned my face under the stream and let the rain fall over me. I closed my eyes and allowed the water to douse my head. It fell over my nose and my cheeks. I twisted my
body as I do in the shower. The incipient trickle had become a rush. It wet my hair and drenched my skin. I spread my jaws wide and inched myself forward so that hot piss would fill my mouth. I spit it out when my lips were full. I swallowed. The piss spilled over my chin and onto my breasts. I fluttered my tongue over the pussy lips while the waters were still bursting out. The flood of urine soaked me through and through. I was drowning in the waterfall. My lips tugged hers as the flow diminished at last to a leak and a drip. As I splashed my feet in the enormous puddle on the floor, Claire kissed me, tasting her pee on my lips and tongue. Afterwards, I pressed my breasts against the folds of the labia and pinched the wet lips about my peaked nipples.

Of course, I had a turn as well, pissing into her face. I stood on the floor while Claire knelt. It was her baptism. When the urine began to flow, she slipped her body under my legs so that the stream fell over her breasts and on the joining of her legs. Claire rubbed her hands over her chest and shoulders as she bathed herself in my urine. She kissed me, mouthing the pussy while I peed. When it ended, she looked beautiful, dripping wet, her skin beaded with my pee. I liked that she pulled me to the ground and ate my cunt to an orgasm once my bladder had emptied. The piss on the floor was still warm on my back and my buttocks. I came flapping my arms over the wet floor.

We mopped up the mess in the kitchen and showered together so that we were once again clean for a few minutes. The plush towels swaddled us.
The fourth story window opens to the street. My head is outside. The chill hits my face and breasts. It vivifies me.

I am aware of the details of my surroundings, conscious of my situation and my nakedness. Cars line the curb. Wind rustles the leaves on the tall trees in the small garden across the court. The crescent shaped cut of road itself lacks human activity. But I hear voices and the growl of automobiles on the nearby thoroughfare. The sound of laughter carries through the air. I glance up at my wrist, at the watch my parents gave me. It reads 4:30, more or less. The paint on the lintel is worn.

He views me from behind, surveying my body from every angle. His touch smooths over my back and shoulders. A finger trails along the run of the spine. He palms my ass, one cheek gripped by each hand. A shoe kicks lightly at my foot. It coaxes the legs apart. He squats and stares up at my cunt from below. His fingers graze the moist lips.

Coltrane plays on the stereo. I sway to the rhythm until a police siren breaks my reverie. I catch his eye over my shoulder and smile shyly.

He lifts to his feet. The worn leather scrapes against the denim of his jeans as he slashes the belt free. The buckle makes a jingling noise.

I stand with knees locked and legs spread. My ass juts out where I bend.

He positions himself to the side. The belt is folded in half. He brings it over his hand, catches and releases. The leather makes a soft slap. The gesture repeats.

“Ask me for it,” he says conversationally.

“Whip me,” I tell him, after a moment’s hesitation. I feel the heat in my cheeks, a sudden redness. My palms sweat. Sometimes it embarrasses me to have to ask.

I screw my eyes shut and wait to feel the movement of the air in back and hear the woosh of the belt an instant before I experience the blow in my skin and muscles and nerves. My grip tightens on the wood at the side of the window. I wonder if anyone is watching.

The anticipation and nervousness are the first pleasures of the afternoon. Though I scream through the window, the pain and the endorphins and the tears are the next, followed closely by the orgasm that his fingers draw from my eager cunt when he has finished. The cock entering my pussy while he grasps the sore and stinging buttocks and I clasp the window frame for support is the fourth. This time I scream for a different reason entirely. The last and greatest thrill is the emptying of his balls.
I like that I have given this man pleasure with my body. From my knees, I kiss the inside of his wrist. I place other kisses on the heel of his hand, on his open palm and the fingers to thank him.

October 9, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/10/09/a-sudden-redness/
I prop myself on my elbow in bed. My hands squeeze my breasts while the boyfriend relates the adventures of the last week. *She was on her knees and bent. Her back arched like an extended bow. He had the arrow poised. Her jeans were still fastened, but they were halfway down her thighs along with her panties. She hunched over the backrest of the passenger seat while he fingered her tight little hole. His middle finger insinuated itself to the knuckle, and he slapped her ass. They pushed the chair flat. The car shook in the parking garage while they fucked.*

Another day. Another pussy. *He led her around the apartment on a leash, made her fetch and sit up and roll over. He had her rehydrate herself after sex with a bowl of water set on the floor. Arms made fast behind her back, her tits were whipped. His bitch gave him a blowjob without hands while he pinched her sore nipples. My boyfriend took his lover to our bed. He teased her for an hour with a vibrator buzzing against the clit and his tongue and fingers toying with her pussy. He brought her to the brink of orgasm many times before finally giving her permission to come. She thanked him with her body.* This girl is my friend: I introduced her to the boyfriend nearly two years ago. I know how she tastes. My finger runs along my slit. I smear the wetness over the sentinel standing watch above the valley beneath.

The dildo is to my side. The boyfriend asks me to plug my pussy with it. The knob is the thickest part. I press it against my lips and add a twist. The toy is ten inches long perhaps, ridged on the sides, with a red patterned swirl frozen into glass. The shaft sinks in, an inch, half an inch, a bit more each time, until I swallow two-thirds of its length. The knob doesn’t vacate the petaling of the pussy as I raise my hips from the bed. The glass is cool against the muscles to start, but the temperature equalizes with its surroundings. The wetness in my cunt, the pleasure of being penetrated, the words spoken in Boston encourage my arousal. My knees are peaked on either side and well separated. My fingers diddle the clitoris as I fuck myself harder and faster. The muscles clench and release about the transparent dildo. I wish it was a cock — one cock in particular.

The webcam points to my face. The boyfriend sees my head rolling from side to side. He hears my moans, the imprecations: *Oh, shit! Oh, yes! Oh, fuck!*

“Your cunt belongs to me,” he intones, and I believe him deep in my synapses.

After I have creamed, I take a good look at myself. My thighs are sticky. The pubis is slick. There is a wet spot on the quilt below my cunt. He instructs me to clean the dildo with my mouth. I look into the webcam and suck the false penis like it’s his cock. My tongue swirls around the knob. I lick my juices from the sides of the shaft. The surface of the glass is thick with my spendings. I hold the dildo vertical, lift my head, and accept it into my throat. My cunt tastes salty and sweet.
I take a deep breath. Finally, I sit up. Legs crossed, thighs resting atop the balls of my feet, with a sad sigh, I tell the boyfriend I should go, that I will take a shower and then do some reading. He asks for another half hour of my time. He wants me to fill up the tub and bathe instead. He will join me, he informs.

I position the laptop on the lid of the toilet and incline the screen at the tub. The curtain to the bath is open. I bring a waterproof vibrator and a red candle with me. I have the faucet running, so he can’t hear me from across the ocean. But he can see. I squat over the edge of the tub. With my legs planted far apart, I push the candle into my pussy until only the top two inches stick out. When I stand upright, it looks as though I have a small, erect penis.

I leave the lamp above the sink on, turn the ceiling light off, and slip into the tub. He can’t see what I am doing, so I tell him. I fuck my pussy with the candle. The circumference is thick as a cock. It reaches about six inches inside me.

I light the wick.

My feet are perched on either side of the taps. The pussy tilts up, supporting the candle. I rotate it inside a little further. The water splashes my body. Movement extinguishes the flame, so I relight it. The fire hovers an inch above my pubis. I feel its soaring heat in my nerve endings. The wax spills over the edge and dribbles down the sides. It catches the sensitive labia. The wax is hot, but not painful on the flesh. I press the vibrator against my clit and watch the fire dance.

The boyfriend tells me he is masturbating, too. The room is dark. The gradient of the screen is such that he looks ghostly. I lean across the railing and blow him a kiss.

My fingers have a careful hold on the tip of the candle. I jostle it horizontally. The shadows on my thighs and belly are fantastic.

He asks me to drip the wax onto my breasts, and I oblige. I attempt to paint a cock over my chest. Eventually, I abandon the candle and spin the knob on the vibrator to its maximum setting. I piston it in and out while I direct the hot water stream from the showerhead at my clit. The orgasm is glorious when it arrives. My boyfriend’s voice completes the experience.

October 12, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/10/12/a-candle-in-my-cunt/
I sat on the floor across from his open door, legs upright. He was in his office with undergraduates, answering their questions about his lecture. It took him a few minutes to notice me. Behind his desk, he smiled. Positioned as I was, he saw into my bouncy black skirt. I had removed my tights in the toilet when I arrived and balled them into my backpack along with my sweater. The panties were bright white, silky, shiny, and nearly inconsequential; they showed as much of the lips as they covered. My chest pressed forward, brushing against my thighs, as I read an article and waited.

In ten minutes, he had ushered the students away and invited me inside.

“"I was in the neighborhood," I told him, as I deposited the backpack by the bookshelf. In fact, this was an impromptu visit.

He shut the door and locked it.

I went to my knees. He pulled the cock from his pants and stuffed it into my mouth. Almost at once, the thickness and the quality of the flesh transformed. Once the prick was erect, I rubbed its length across my upturned face. I kissed his balls. He didn’t want a prolonged and sensual experience, however. His penis stabbed past my lips. Hands fist ed in my hair and controlled the movements of my head. The crown muscled into my throat. It caused my neck to bulge. He pounded his cock at me, smashing my nose, rendering my lips swollen and puffy. The hard floor bit into my knees and the top of my shins.

The telephone rang. Saliva spilled over my chin when he withdrew the penis from my lips.

“It’s my publisher," he whispered, covering the mouthpiece of the phone. “I absolutely have to take this call.”

Hastily, he buttoned his trousers and fastened the zipper.

The last time I had visited his office, I sat under his desk and sucked his cock and masturbated myself with his feet while he Skyped with colleagues abroad. It is easy to vary the stimulation to keep a man on the brink of an orgasm. I had taken him to the edge repeatedly, but wouldn’t let him complete. This time I decided he would erupt while on the telephone. As before, it was his job to command his reactions during my blowjob.

He dug papers out of his briefcase and sat in the rolling chair at his desk. I placed myself between his legs, unfastened his pants, and continued.

Sitting parallel to the desk, he mostly listened on the telephone, answering the woman on the opposite end of the connection only in monosyllables. Because his hands were tapping away on the keyboard, I was bereft of his guidance. He was distracted by the conversation anyway. The hardness of the erection diminished perceptibly. I did not wish to lose his tumescence. I abandoned the gentle tease of the tongue around the
head and along the underside and forced the glans back inside my throat. Swallowing around the gag reflex, 
my lips made a tight seal about the shaft, and I bobbed up and down as hard and as fast as I could. His pelvis 
magnified and receded as my head descended and retreated. The shift in the field of vision made me dizzy. 
I shut my eyes while I worked him. Fingertips batted at the sac.

Whatever else he may have been thinking about, the stiffness returned to his cock. His grip tightened on 
my shoulder to steady himself. Eyes closed in extreme concentration, he wheeled the chair forward and 
backward minutely as the head pressed at the back of my throat.

I allowed the cock to slip out momentarily. It made a satisfying pop as I pulled it free of my lips. I looked 
him directly in the eyes. “I want you to come for me,” I whispered. “Come in my mouth. Come for Leah.”

At hearing these words, he jerked the phone away from his face and gave an expressive groan.

Once more, I face fucked the shaft rapidly. The glans burst into my throat within half a minute.

Semen leaked from the corners of my lips. It dripped onto the floor and splattered the side of his shoe. 
I swished the come in my mouth and spread my jaws to show him the briny whiteness that had coated my 
tongue. I gargled and blew bubbles with the come before swallowing. Bending low to the ground, I vacuumed 
the seed from the floor. The side of a finger swept the leather sole of the shoe. My tongue ran along the edge. 
I didn’t want his spendings to go to waste.

Harsh breathing had resonated above me during my oral ministrations, but he had remained otherwise silent, 
successfully schooling his responses and concealing the fact of fellatio from his publisher. After cleaning his 
penis with kisses and long, catlike swipes of my tongue, I stroked the shaft back to nearly maximal hardness 
and placed a condom at the edge of his desk.

“I will wait here,” I said, assuming the seat opposite the table. I brought a foot onto the cushion of the chair 
and hitched my skirt up. Drawing the panties to one side, I fingered my pussy. His stare bored into me while 
the index finger spun tight circles around the clitoris. The blowjob had me galvanized already. The state 
of being on display for this man, exposing myself to him, showing him how I liked to masturbate myself 
multiplied my arousal ten thousand fold. My fingers swam in my cunt. I could have creamed at any instant, 
but deliberately chose not to let go. The wet, squelching sounds, which were perfectly audible over the voices 
on the telephone, and my soft and desperate moans filled the office. He stroked his penis while he talked to 
his publisher.

Once he hung up, he was instantly over me. He dragged me from the seat and threw me over the desk. Piles 
of papers crashed to the floor and scattered. Pausing only long enough to roll the rubber on, he filled my 
pussy. An ecstatic groan escaped my lips on entry. It felt so good to have his cock inside me at last.

“You be quiet,” he insisted, and cuffed my cheek with flattened fingers.

I placed his hand on top of my throat. “Fuck me,” I demanded. The penholder on the desk clattered to the 
floor.

He placed one leg against his shoulder. The other hooked around his back. My buttocks was at the edge of 
the desk. I gripped the side of the table while my lover rammed into me. As he pummeled me with his cock, 
his hand constricted my neck.

Because I had not allowed myself to orgasm while I masturbated, a swift climax seized me straightaway. The 
muscles in my pussy collapsed around the shaft, wringing it. Since he had spermed only half an hour before,
while his thighs tensed, he managed to forestall the incipient explosion. His movements became frenzied though. The desk shook. I liked its solidity, how the wood was rigid and unforgiving beneath my back. He clutched the ankle of my black leather boot and pulled the right leg down against him as he penetrated my pussy. Heedless of the admonition from before, I squeezed my tits through my shirt and moaned loudly. The scent of sex was heavy in the air. It blanketed our exertions.

“No, you slut!” he named me.

“I am your slut,” I agreed. “Use me. Take me. I want your big and powerful cock to own my cunt.”

He grunted.

I clenched the front of his shirt and compelled his body down. “Harder. Fuck me harder,” I begged.

He responded by speeding up his movements. Then he deliberately slowed down. “I am going to come, Leah.”


He ceased holding back. He hammered me with the cock. The surface of the table rocked below me.

He shuddered when he bottomed out. His balls slapped against my buttocks as they emptied. The explosion electrified the lines of my body. I felt it in my cunt and in my spine. I shivered under the force of paroxysm in a near orgasm of my own. My legs lowered so that they dangled from the table, and I pushed off the top of the desk with my hands. My arms wrapped his back. With my chest pressing against his, I held him through the last of his spurts.

Once we disentangled, I unwrapped the penis and cleaned the package up. I sucked the semen from the sides of the shaft and rubbed the soft glans over my cheeks and forehead. My hair was disheveled. I was a complete mess. I straightened up as well as I could and made my exit. The next time, whenever that might be, I promised to let him spank me again.
I woke up this morning in Gavin’s bed. After my afternoon interlude with Dr. Williams, the horniness remained unabated. I masturbated myself while replaying the encounter mentally.

Lately I have been ignoring Gavin’s texts, but last night I accepted his offer to hook up a second time. We shared a bottle of wine at his place. The clothes came off. The best was when he had me stand on two chairs, legs positioned wide apart. He placed himself between them, and I lowered my pubis onto his face. His tongue stretched inside my cunt, and his jaws chomped. My pussy gushed.
Friday
I am at a house party on Friday night. The liquor flows in torrents: beer and wine and substantially stronger spirits. I have more than my share. I converse in giggles. The laughter is unceasing.

Many of my friends are paired up. Jeremy holds my buttocks while we dance. His fingers shuck my skirt up my thighs. He tries to cup my cunt. I displace his hand. I know that he hopes to go home with me. I disappoint him. He sees me making out with some boy I don’t know in the shadows.

Sometime after two, Sol and I sneak into the upstairs bathroom together. I press him against the wall and make an attempt to eat his face. He matches the grip on his neck with powerful fingers that claw at my ass. Loosening his belt, I bring down his pants and tug at the cock. Once I have him erect, I fall to my knees long enough to place a condom. My arms hook around his shoulders as he lifts me onto the vanity. The two of us are lip locked. The khaki skirt bunches at my waist. I push my weight off the sink as he fucks me. My heels kick at the backs of his thighs. He grips my hip and braces my back and thrusts his pelvis out. He moans desperately. His mouth hangs open when orgasm strikes. His face is painted even more deeply with surprise and pleasure when I invert the condom and lap his come.

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Saturday
My pickup band has its monthly concert on Saturday night. The music is Mozart’s and Haydn’s. An after-party follows the performance. Of course there is plenty to drink. Of course I get plastered.

I depart with another wind player.

To play an articulated passage on the clarinet, the tongue lifts off the reed and back onto it while the fingers remain motionless. The fingers move during the silences, which are enforced by the tongue sustaining pressure on the reed to halt its vibration.

To play legato, so that there is no space between notes, the tonguing is absent. A single breath as the fingers move, and the notes are slurred.

He plies his technique upon my sex.
Sunday

“Get on your knees,” he tells me on Sunday afternoon. The time of caresses has passed. This is his voice of authority.

His cock hangs in front of the scrotum. Though I want to reach for it and make him hard, I keep my palms flat on my thighs. The knees wing apart to expose my cunt. I straighten my back in order that my tits protrude.

He takes his wallet from the table, extracts a five pound note, and flings it to the ground. “Are you my whore?” he asks.

The symbolism of the gesture turns me on. I pick up the scrap of paper. “I am your whore,” I concede.

He grabs both of my wrists and brings them over my head and crosses them. My hair falls across my face in a thick curtain. I keep my head pointed submissively floorward as he knots a blindfold around my eyes. The sudden blindness enhances my other senses. I hear the bare feet padding on the carpet around me. I smell his maleness when he positions me, legs together, back hunched into an arch, the spine flaring out. My forearms are on either side of my head. The wrists are still crossed.

He tilts my ass up. Fingers squeeze into my cunt. The entry is tight as my knees are touching. He spins his wrist and thrusts the fingers swiftly in and out. My cunt makes loud sucking noises. I tighten the muscles inside, offering him friction and drag.

“You’re so wet,” he informs needlessly. I know I am dripping. I have been ever since he kissed me at the tube station.

I roll my shoulders, relax and wait. Hands jostle my thighs apart at their apex. The latex of the condom rubs against the bulging labia. I fall forward, breasts flattening over the carpet, when his cock plows into me.

October 17, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/10/17/busy-weekend/
I met up with Amadeo, the man from Sunday, a second time last night. He has style.

- His apartment is located on the third floor and is reached via winding stairs from the level below. He followed me up. Because he had mentioned that he liked women wearing high heels, I had worn them, which I don’t normally do. The steps exaggerated the sway of my ass. Halfway up the flight, Amadeo reached his hand between my legs. Fingertips extended to the pubis, his palm cupped the curve of the perineum, while the heel and the wrist rested on the upward swerve of the buttocks. I stopped with the feet on different steps and clutched the railing while he looked up at me from below and stroked my pussy through the tight fitting black denim jeans. When he tugged the waistband of the panties up from behind, the covering over my cunt jammed into the slit. I liked the press of his fingers against the fabric, how the cloth indented and folded and bowed and disclosed to his touch the shape of my furrow. I liked the press of his lips to my ass, how he shook his head from side to side and rubbed his nose at me.

- Amadeo took me on a whisky tour of Islay. **Ardbeg**, **Bunnahabhain**, **Caol Ila**, **Lagavulin**, **Laphroaig**: the sounds are as exotic and dark on my tongue as the tastes. Each time, he took a sip from his glass and explained to me what he experienced on his palate. Then he had me drink. Beneath the overpowering smoke and the smell of peat, I recognized the delicate undercurrents of spices and berries and woods and fruits and the scent of flowers and the sea. A drop of water in the dram exposed still more layers of flavor beneath. In the end, Amadeo took an immense swallow of the seventeen year Ardbeg, which was distilled when I was no more than eight and playing made up games with girls whose last names I no longer remember and running from boys who tried to catch me on the playground instead of hurling myself headlong toward them as I would do in the seasons that followed. He tilted my head and kissed me, spilling the whisky from his mouth into mine — along with his tongue, of course. I reclined into the cushions of the sofa, sinking to my side and then lowering myself horizontal so that his massive frame fell atop me. The kisses continued without pause. He gripped me by the throat, the strong fingers depressing the skin and muscle, the clutch of the hand constricting my breathing while his lips muffled my voice.

- When he had finished undressing me, he wadded my thong into a ball and stuffed it into my cunt. He let it remain there, leaving me full inside, while he sprawled on the floor and licked my lips and diddled my clit. I was ready to shatter after a few short minutes of the softly insistent tongue, the silky saliva, the pads of the fingers holding the pubis taut, and the pincers of his nails and his pointed teeth, but, as he refused me permission to let go, I closed my eyes and fought the orgasm back. Hands balled into fists, I beat at the carpet as I restrained the force that yearned to burst. It was a long ten minutes before he gave me his consent. He counted the ticks off one by one, all the while working me with his lips and fingers, until, at last, he acceded to the increasingly urgent pleas, the moans, and the tears. It’s what I deserve for telling him that there are
times when orgasm denial causes me to fountain, and though this time it didn’t, the orgasm nevertheless shredded through my insides and ripped me apart. Afterwards, he stole his forefinger and thumb into the ruins of the cunt and ripped the cloth from my pussy with a sharp tug. The movement set me off again. The waters of orgasm had drenched the fabric, turning the vivid scarlet a dark and deep burgundy. He had me hold my mouth wide open and stick out my tongue while he wrung the drops of wetness from the cloth for me to drink.

• He sat on the sofa and stroked my breasts and face with his feet. I tasted the thick skin of the dusky soles, and sucked his toes five at a time.

• Amadeo painted my ass crimson with his bare hand while I stretched myself over his lap and squirmed and sobbed. After the spanking, he bit my buttocks. He ran his tongue over the marks of his teeth and kissed the raw flesh to soothe the anguished nerves. My red eyes and runny nose were artifacts of the past as the lips migrated from the rump to the shadowed valley between the hills. He had me hanging from the sofa, head pointed to the ground, my face reddening with the rush of blood, while his hands stretched my asshole open. Lips teased the creased halo of muscle. Cords of spit lowered into the winking anus. My sphincter gripped his tongue.

All this pleasure he gave me, and I have not once, until now, mentioned that magnificent cock!

October 21, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/10/21/amadeo/
A reader asks: do you ever fuck black guys?

I deliberately avoid documenting the race and ethnicity of my sexual partners. When I allude to these points — most often, I hope, in an *if you’re not reading carefully, you won’t notice* sort of way — it is because the contrast between my partner and myself was momentarily striking and the mental image of the difference registered later as I set fingers to keyboard to capture the experience.

As I state in several of my CL ads, I don’t use race, ethnicity, or age as filters in selecting partners. Literacy and intelligence and attitude and imagination and good conversation and having an intriguing life and a sense of humor and a curiosity about kink are sufficiently many character traits to localize in one person without demanding more. With zero exception, however, I need to be attracted physically to proceed to bed. Conventional good looks help, but there are enough deviations in my taste that I can’t point to a physical type. While I sometimes want a huge cock and unending stamina, these are not necessary criteria either. Competence in bed and the ability to dominate a willful personality sexually exist separately from the attributes of the genitalia. Race and ethnicity neither contribute to nor subtract from the balance.

I make no claim to being free of unconscious biases in the choices I make. Who we find attractive is shaped by our social influences and also the kinds of people with whom we interact regularly and form friendships. I like to believe I run with a diverse crowd and that skin color and nationality don’t inform who I date.

To answer the question directly, yes: I have fucked black guys. I prefer to formulate this differently, however. I have fucked guys who I found interesting whose skin tone happens to be a darker shade than mine. I have assumed the submissive role with them. It has happened in London. I won’t say who. I am not going to catalog my lovers this way or indulge in stereotypes.

October 24, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/10/24/the-content-of-their-character/
The first time he came was at the club where we met. I danced aggressively with several of the men there. He sidled up behind me and wrapped his arm around my waist. Before I ever got a good look at him, the gyrations of my ass had raised his erection. It rode against the small of my back when I spun my hips. Closing my eyes, I lifted my arms and wrapped them around the back of his head behind me. He kissed the nape of my neck where it met the shoulder and clasped his hands around my midriff. I turned when the music did and decided that I liked his look. I shimmied my body down to a crouch on the ground rubbing against his chest and legs as I descended. I bobbed my head over the space in front of his crotch and used handholds on his body to bring myself up to my full height again. He held my hips and slapped his hand possessively over my buttocks. The hands slipped under my shirt and tightened on the sides of my ribcage. We fucked through our clothes for the duration of several songs (snogs).

The club was only a big room with flashing lights, a DJ, a bar, and a mob of people. We procured drinks and found a dark spot by the wall where we continued kissing. My hand snaked into his fly as we exchanged saliva flavored with lager. The hard-on made the briefs bulge out. My hand rubbed along his length. He told me after a minute that if I kept this up, he would come in his trousers, so naturally, I kept it up, sucking on his collar as I did. I doubted he was twenty. I figured that his balls were full of sperm. The shaft twitched under my fingers. I pressed my palm against the pulsing head. Thick come soaked his underwear and made my hand sticky. When I licked my palm, the scent of bleach filled my nose.

My place was nearer than his, so we proceeded there. His cock had a hair trigger. He couldn’t fuck or eat pussy worth a damn. He came two more times and wanted to keep going through the night, but as I wasn’t deriving any pleasure from the sex, I said I was tired and needed to get up early in the morning.

Thankfully, he didn’t spend the night.

October 25, 2010

My friend Susana started blogging recently. I look forward to reading about her adventures. I encourage you to visit Be rough with me.

**Note added:** Sadly, this site has disappeared. Fleshbot reposted one of Susana’s stories, “All it takes is a summer dress.”

October 28, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/10/28/susana/
My friend Sara told me about a Hallowe’en party on Friday night at a club she knows in the southeast. Deciding to save my better costume for a second party on All Hallows Eve, I choose the old standby, going as a schoolgirl.

I confess: the Lolita look is not the refuge of art, but the solace of women a decade older than their youths who ought to know better. The white lace bra shows through the gap left by the unbuttoned upper buttons of the crisp white shirt. The breasts overflow their restraints and spill over top. Only the middle button of the shirt is secured. I knot the remainder below the breasts to exhibit the narrowing of my waist, the flare of my hips, and the tightness at my abdomen. The shirt is one size too small and close fitting against the back and shoulders. The sleeves are rolled up to the elbows. In addition to the clasps, I fasten the skirt, which wraps around, with a decorative safety pin over the flap. The hem stops an exact two inches below the buttocks and bounces behind me when I walk. The shortness of the skirt, the way it hangs loosely, and how, by design, it doesn’t quite close conspire to bare most of my left thigh. I have no right to the gray and blue tartan patterning on the cloth. White socks rise above my knees. Black Mary Janes with shiny silver buckles latch over the instep and complete the outfit. I am a cliché.

Sara dresses as a nurse in white vinyl. The upper bar of the red cross zips over her tits. We shiver in the line outside, but are admitted paying one cover for the both of us.

I dance. The skirt jumps as I move. My hair is knotted in pigtails. I wave it at the men in invitation. A few grab hold of the braids and wave them back at me as we rock together to the heavy beat. Perspiration makes the shirt go damp.

As the night advances, I amrutted againsand pawed. Hands assess the swerve of my spine and the small of my back, the swells of my breasts and the slope of my belly. Fingers climb the shelf of hip and step up the ladder of ribs. One man slides his hand under the shirt and into the bra. He holds the nipples between his fingers. Multiple others squeeze the hemispheres of my buttocks, testing the flesh like fruit, some with the layer of fabric between us, some without, their grip skimming over the rump from below. The boldest slip a hand under the skirt where it splits. As long as they are fit, I make no attempt to stop them. I bend at the knees and elevate. I shake my rear and flow with the rhythm of the music.

A scrap of cream colored cloth covers my pussy. The ties to the side are thin as twine. The connecting string in back disappears into the crevice of the buttocks. The lips of my freshly waxed cunt notch the cotton. I feel the press of fingers over me. Wetness collects on the pubis.

I don’t know how many men I kiss or whose tongues I swallow.
Early in the night, I lose track of Sara in the surging crowd. I hope she has hooked up. I can’t imagine that she wouldn’t.

The man I select has me lower my weight onto his thigh. The skirt covers me while I ride. The friction is exquisite. I wear his fedora while we dance. He is dressed as a Chicago gangster and carries a water pistol in the pocket of his pinstriped suit. In the club, he squirts into my cleavage. Before the sun rises, I fellate his gun. He squirts into my cunt.

October 30, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/10/30/halloween/
I dress as a Greek goddess for the night. The costume is a white dress with a short pleated skirt whose fabric flows and bounces with each step. The top is form fitting, with its neckline dipping low to display considerable cleavage. (I went braless, as Greek goddesses do.) Braided gold rope encircled my waist. The material of the skirt is flimsy and translucent to light. The hem leaves two-thirds of my thigh exposed and covers my ass — just! — and only when I stand motionless. I affix gold ribbon to the sandals and vine it around my calves. A wreath of laurel leaves on my head completes the outfit.

This costume is indecent without hot pants underneath. Otherwise, I can’t help but exhibit my ass when I move. Only tiny see through panties cover my girl parts though. It is Hallowe’en. The purpose of this night is to get debauched.

***

A violinist in the orchestra is one of the show runners. She has convinced much of the band to come to the masquerade, and there are other groups present as well. The organizers of the festivities have rented a warehouse in the north of London. The cover for entry is steep, but the booze inside is cheap. I resolve to drink less than on Friday.

When I arrive, I don’t feel like dancing at once. I get drinks at the bar and find friends at one of the tables that ring the walls of the room. We nurse cocktails and talk about our days. I get ribbing for my choice of costume.

Musicians — even the amateurs like us — are incorrigible gossips. I am asked about my tryst with the clarinetist following the concert two weeks ago. I offer my imprimatur to my friend, and despite entreaties decline to produce any details of the encounter. We all giggle when he walks past and waves.

***

I am surprised to see Mike. He is a cellist. When I first moved to London, he introduced me to the theaters and the museums. Though he is perhaps thirty years older, he might be my closest male friend in the city. Marriage never suited him, though he has attempted the enterprise twice. He has no children and enjoys the bachelor life. I have told him about my promiscuity. This amuses him.

Mike invites me to dinner once or twice a month for no reason at all, or knowing that I can’t afford good seats, asks me to the opera and the theater. He flatters me by saying that he enjoys the company of clever and
beautiful women. Though Mike knows that I am unlikely to refuse any proposition he makes, he has never tried. He informed me kindly that he prefers women closer to his age. The kisses at the end of a date land chastely on my cheek.

He dresses extravagantly as Frans Banning Cocq.

***

A fireman comes on to me. The conversation is banal. I am not attracted. I am grateful to Eliza, who rescues me. Displacing the arm from my shoulder, I make my excuses and visit the toilet.

***

When I dance, it is with the Grim Reaper. I do not know who is behind this mask. But, goddamn!, does he ever know how to move.

The music delivers a driving, persistent beat. The rhythm pulses. I feel the bass notes resounding in my bones.

I grind my hips. The sway of the swinging skirt shows my cheeks.

***

I lean myself into him, embracing Death.

Fingers trace the line of the spine. He applies a gentle pressure at the depression at my back just above the tailbone. When I place my arms upon his shoulders to encourage his further explorations, he shifts his attention to the front. His hands grip my sides, and he rolls his index fingers below my breasts. I twist toward him, letting the hands cover my tits. He knows that I’m not wearing a bra. He stares down into the gap between my breasts. I pull the fabric aside to quickly flash him a tit, then cover myself again. He cups my breasts. He kneads them through the skeletal gloves he wears.

My hands stroke the front of his pants. I raise his erection.

***

We go outside, the Grim Reaper and I. It has rained earlier in the day. The pavement is wet. I arch my toes and lower my knees to the ground anyway. We are positioned between two cars and out of sight.

I tell him to leave his mask on. I don’t know who he is. I don’t want to know. He holds his black robe bunched above his waist. His jeans are zipped open and lowered to the knees along with red, white, and blue striped boxers. His cock is lean, but it has length. I place wet kisses on the glans and let my lips cover the tip. The penis stiffens in my palm.

To begin, I slide my fingers along the bottom half of the shaft and suck only the head. My tongue slides under the helmet, poking at the frenulum, while I splash saliva over the top. Death leans against the car. I
look up at him and scratch his thigh. My tongue curls around the knob. I give the underside a series of quick licks, then bounce the glans softly off my lower lip. Concentrating on the front of the penis only, I make a ring with my fingers and drag them up and down rapidly over the remainder of the shaft.

The woolen gloves are gone. I like that he works his hand over a breast and tweaks the nipple while I suck. The blowjob becomes wetter.

Death responds with heavy moans when I lip the crown above the circumcision ring. I repeat the movement for half a minute, then give his balls the same attention. Turning my head sideways, I lick at the seam at the center of the scrotum. When, I suck the cock again, I take him in deeper.

He pulls the laurel ring from my head. Holding the robe up over his stomach with one hand, he brushes the other through my hair.

I hear the voices of people having a smoke. The parking lot is dark. But his head is visible at least as a shadow. The risk of being discovered giving head excites me.

My knees scratch over the asphalt as I suck him harder. I drive my face at him, sinking lower and lower, breathing carefully through my nose, swallowing with my mouth to suppress the gag reflex when the glans presses up against my throat. Except for the hold of two fingers making the skin at the base of the cock taut, I have him fully embedded. The glans never leaves my mouth as my head bobs over him.

I look up and wonder at what he sees. A woman dressed up as the huntress Artemis is sucking the Grim Reaper’s cock. The mythologies are confused. The hood is drawn down. He throws his head back. Even in the near darkness outside, the veins in his neck stand visibly in relief. The grip in my hair tightens. The mask still covers his face, and I wonder if this is a man I know in a different context.

The pressure of the hand on the back of my head makes me look down again. I bob my head faster now. Lubricated with saliva, the cock sinks easily into my throat. The fingers now have a hold on his balls. I tug them. The tip of my nose smashes into his groin. The hair is matted down. I smell the maleness there. His movements acquire a charge. The robe is wedged against the car. He cups the sides of my head, and he holds me down when I have him in my throat.

Because I don’t want him to come just yet, I pull the cock from my lips and lay kisses on his thigh. I bring the sac forward with the press of fingers in back and drag my tongue over each hemisphere. I push the testes against the skin and suck on them. The tip of my tongue combs through his pubis. I use the point to lick over his groin. I poke at the eye. The precome has a viscous texture. Death tastes of salt and brine.

I make my tongue flat and drag it along the underside of the shaft. I mouth the sides. I hold the cock in my two hands and drop kisses over the top. I coo to the erection. Death looks down at me, and he moans.

Gripping my hand around the shaft, clenching the fingers tightly, I fellate him again. My thumb rubs along the bottom of the shaft. My tongue depresses in the middle, the front raising against the heavy knob. I bring my bottom lip up and tighten the seal. Filling my mouth full of saliva, I wash it against the mushroom knob. My head moves from side to side. I rotate my mouth slightly. I go up, and I go down. It goes on.

My hand tightens on his thigh. I suck him with no hands, starting with my lips on the glans, sinking down nearly to the bottom. My head twists as I take him down my throat. I descend until the lips rest against his balls and flick my tonguetip at the lip of the scrotum. I do this several times just to satisfy myself that I can swallow all of his length. Mostly, I work the upper two-thirds of the shaft. With the penis implanted in my
throat, my lips nibble on the skin before reversing direction.

I go faster. He drives his pelvis at me while I suck him with obvious intention. One hand pushes off his hip. The other is splayed against his belly to balance myself. My cheeks hollow with the suction they deliver. Glancing up, I observe that his eyes are shut. His fingers shove at the back of my head. When he tells me he is going to come, I fight his grip and pull back from his cock. Tilting my face up, spreading my jaws, I extend my tongue to cushion the glans and jerk his shaft to completion.

Death dies the little death. He grunts and spews. The shaft trembles in my fingers. His come doesn’t shoot out with any velocity: it merely dribbles from the aperture. I push the thick glans against the roof of my mouth to collect the spendings. My tongue swirls round and round. The erection diminishes in my fingers.

I swish the semen in my mouth and swallow. I clean up the mess of saliva I have left on his cock. My knees are painted with dirt when I lift to my feet.

***

The man with whom I depart is not the man I blew. I hope the Grim Reaper remains a stranger to me.

***

Inside, I dance mostly with my female friends. We laugh and we drink and then dance some more. When I take a break around half past one, I sit with the clown. He is our pianist. I find his long fingers enchanting.

The conversation is flirtatious. He likes my costume. I have been horny ever since the blowjob outside sometime before midnight. We are having drinks in a dark corner. I take his hand and place it over my skirt. I spread my legs and push the hand against my pussy. I belatedly notice the ring on his finger when I do.

“You don’t have to,” I assure him. “I will apologize, and this won’t happen.”

He wants to.

***

He retrieves a change of clothes from his car and washes off the clown makeup in the bathroom. I clean up as well and say my goodbyes. Mike gives me an enormous hug and a knowing wink and admonishes me to have fun. The pianist — his name is Vikram, and he is a physician — takes us to a hotel.

Vikram is in his late thirties and looks as he should: fifteen years older than me and naturally tanned. I am bundled up in a trenchcoat that reaches to the knees and look perfectly decent. But the desk attendant knows why we want a room sometime after two in the morning. She develops an attitude. I wrap my arms around Vikram and lace my fingers over his waist. I place a kiss over his jacket where it falls at the shoulder. “I wish she’d hurry up. I can’t wait to get you into bed,” I stage whisper.

Let the bitch stew.

***

67–4
In the hotel room, we undress with alacrity.

He has no condoms in his pants or in his wallet. I look inside my clutch. “We can fuck twice,” I count.

***

He has me lie on the bed. His kisses start at my belly and descend to my cunt. His mouth covers the opening of my pussy. The tongue slides over the slit. The breath from his nose strikes my bare pubis. My hand presses lightly on top of his head. I twist the graying hair while his face slides from side to side. He extends the tongue over me and licks the labia. The nub of the nose rubs across my skin. I run my hands over his forearms. I comb his hair. My knees are upright on the bed. My feet arch from the mattress. My pelvis raises as I seek to improve the angle. Vikram sucks my cunt. He holds my hip and squeezes my breasts. The point of contact acquires a torque as he rotates his face. The tongue focuses on my slit. It pokes in and out. The touch on the clitoris remains incidental for the moment.

I have been wet for hours. My panties were moist when I removed them. The dexterity of his tongue amazes me. It presses the right spots, between the lips, just inside the opening. He attacks the clit at last with his lips. My head rolls on the pillow. I clutch at the sheets. His hand presses over my belly while I squeak with pleasure. I wriggle my shoulders and bring my hips up. My back arches like a rainbow. The grip of fingers tightens in his hair. My thighs squeeze the sides of his head. The orgasm bursts over his tongue.

I take heavy breaths as I recover. I giggle.

***

I want to suck him, but he tells me that his cock is hard already, that he can’t wait. He slips the condom on.

Vikram is on his knees when he enters me. His hands grab the backs of my thighs. I bend the knees and tilt my buttocks off the mattress, raising my pussy to him.

The moment of penetration is exquisite. I am wet from the cunnilingus. The nerves inside vibrate with potentiality. The latency is made real when the cock muscles through. The flesh parts and collapses back against the shaft. The cunt is tight inside. The muscles are slick. I feel the friction on the walls of my vagina acutely. I compress him. We moan in counterpoint. It is a fugal harmony.

When the cock slips out, he slaps the head over my cunt and slips it back inside momentarily. Bringing it out again, he pokes my clitoris with the knob. The head slides across the tender nerve endings. The contact makes me come a second time. This orgasm is small, but no less satisfying for that.

When I place the cock inside me again, Vikram pulls me backward by the thighs. The length of the penis sinks into me. As he bounces himself on the mattress from his kneeling position, I flail my hips at him. Feet anchored to the bed, I grind the pelvis down. My head swivels with the pleasure of the sex. I hold his thigh and squeal.

The sex is etched in memory. The surrounding details are vivid. I notice the nearly inaudible buzz of the heater, the clean smell of the sheets, the soft lights, and the plush mattress. Clothed in sweat, I find the air bracing on my skin. He smells like lust.
We switch positions. He lays down horizontally, and I straddle the cock. The fullness inside feels different now. I control the angle of penetration and clench about the shaft. He holds me by the hips. In time, he takes over. I spread my hands and prop my weight on his chest as his thighs pump up at me. I hear the distinctive slap of skin striking skin. My pelvis gyrates as I bounce over his groin. My pussy impales herself over his cock. Vikram moans an occasional bass note. The sounds I make are higher pitched and feverish.

An especially vigorous movement means that his cock slips out of my cunt. I tease my pussy lips over the side of the shaft. Vikram sits up. We exchange gentle kisses. I hold his chin while my lips revel in his taste. The breath we share is sweet.

Vikram fucks me doggy style. His hands hold my hips as he rocks his body into me. I list back and forth on hands and knees. I like the steady deep penetration from behind. Hand between my legs, I touch my clit. I rub his balls.

Vikram moans eloquently. And then his cock convulses. He laughs when he completes, and I join in the chuckling.

***

We sleep, saving the last condom for morning. I rest in the cradle of his arms when slumber claims me.

***

Around eight, he wakes me with his kisses. I raise one leg over his side, and he threads his between mine. His fingers touch my pussy from below. The penis is warm against my thigh. Reaching between our bodies, I stroke his cock to hardness.

I lie on top of him while he fucks me. His hands hold me below the breasts. He kneads my buttocks. The kisses are unending.

I want to feel his weight on top, so we roll over in the bed. I press my thighs against his hips. My feet wave in the air. He fucks me hard. The cream from my pussy turns the condom white. I claw at his buttocks, the nails leaving my mark on his skin. My tongue stabs into his mouth when he comes inside me.

***

When he drives me home, I have my dress in a plastic bag. I am naked under the trenchcoat. I haven’t sucked Vikram’s cock, so I ask him to park the car and let me. His third orgasm offers little semen. He fingers my cunt during the blowjob. The thumb flicks at the clit.

The night finishes at nine-thirty in the morning.

November 2, 2010
We sat next to each other on the bus ride to his place, me at the window, him on the aisle. The pads of the fingers of Stephen’s right hand dragged lightly over my leg, from just above the knee to the midpoint of the thigh. The tickling sensation made me smile. I was happy that I hadn’t replaced the stockings after my shower: I enjoyed his touch on the bare skin. I stretched my knees apart as far as the narrow seat and the denim skirt would allow and was pleased when his pinky extended into the shadow.

I had seen him around campus. We are often at the gym at the same time. We have made eyes and flirted before. I watched him work out on Wednesday and noticed him noticing me staring. I liked how his gray shirt dampened with perspiration on the treadmill and how the muscles in his arms and back rippled on the rowing machine. I admired the solidity of his thighs. I caught him outside and asked him for a coffee. After that, I inquired whether he wanted to go somewhere to hang out, maybe mess around a little. Sweating from a workout makes me all wet inside.

The two of us displaced the cat from its place of repose and huddled on the loveseat in his living room. His arm draped over the cushion behind me. Pillowing my neck against the forearm, I stretched my legs over his lap. Angled up as my thighs were, he could have easily glanced into the skirt, but I appreciated that his eyes remained fixed on mine.

We kissed. My fingers gripped his collar. The touch of his lips at first was light. As our noses rubbed and the faces spun and realigned, tongues stole past lips. He held my ass and pulled my body close. I slanted my breasts into his chest. My fingernails combed the short fuzz of hair on his head. Never breaking our lip lock, never opening my eyes, I unbuttoned his shirt.

He brought my legs up, one at a time, and pulled the sensible flat shoes from my feet. While he did this, I brought the black sweatshirt over my head. There was only a pink bra underneath.

Setting my bare feet on the carpet, I elevated the ragged hem of the skirt up to the tops of my thighs. This enabled me to spread my legs for him and show him the matching bikini panties.

Stephen kissed below my ear as his hand became friendly with my pubis. I pressed my weight into the cushions while the fingers shuffled the front of the panties aside to improve his contact with my pussy. One of the fingers pressed between the lips and rubbed from side to side. It lifted from the petaling of the labia up to the clitoris. The kisses continued, on my throat and neck, on my shoulder above the bra strap, on my cheek. He lipped at the earlobe. The tongue swiped over the shell of the ear, a gesture that somehow opened a secret passage to the tips of my toes. My grip tightened on the arm reaching between my legs. The hand covering my cunt and the tickling kisses made me squirm.
A firm pressure between my shoulder blades encouraged me forward. Fingers made deft work of the clasp in back. The cups slid off my breasts. I shrugged off the brassiere and threw it on top of my hoodie. My skirt and panties were next, and then, except for a slender silver necklace, two rings, and the small metal loops in my ears, I was naked.

Because I didn't have clothes on, and he did, I lifted the unbuttoned shirt from his shoulders. His arms wriggled free. Straddling his lap, I extricated the t-shirt from where it had been tucked into his jeans and slid my hand beneath the thin cotton to trace the muscular plates of his chest. The skin was smooth and hairless. We kissed again, mouth to mouth, our lips making soft sucking noises. I liked the way his tongue darted past my teeth, rabbit quick. I liked the curl of his bottom lip and tugged it with mine. I liked his breath rising and receding in time with my own and the taste of his warm spit mixing with my saliva.

He lifted his arms above his head for me, and I pulled off the shirt. The kisses deepened as my hands smoothed over the now exposed chest. He was built like an athlete or a god. The nerves in my fingers rejoiced at the construction of the muscles. His teeth scraped over my tongue.

Breaking contact with his mouth, I pressed my lips to his pectorals. I tasted the soft skin above the hard muscle, a touch of salt on the palate, the masculine undertow of strength and sinew beneath. My mouth settled over a nipple. I nipped the sensitive ring and swirled my tongue around the peak. My hands trailed over his flank. The lips found their way to the hollow in the middle of his chest. I kissed and licked. My tongue lapped at the projections of the muscles in his abdomen. His hands gathered my hair behind me. I felt the glancing touch of his powerful fingers at my neck. I stuck my tongue in his navel and kissed wetly, the way he had kissed my ear.

I wanted to go to my knees for his cock, but Stephen brought me back to the sofa, sitting me by his side. The leg nearer to him hooked automatically over his. Knee pointing up, the calf kicking against his denim clad thigh, I opened my legs wide and stretched my body across his. As we kissed audibly and wetly, his fingers worked the outside of my cunt, rubbing the lips and the clit. My hand anchored itself to the back of his neck, and I used that hold as a fulcrum with which I undulated my hips. Slanted diagonally on the couch and over him, my body undulated as I sought to feel his fingers move against me differently, with a harder touch, a broader stroke, a better angle.

His free arm wrapped me, the fingertips extending to press at the side of my breast. His thumb squeezed past the labia. Twisting in the loveseat, I straddled his lap once more to face him and clasped the back of his head while our lips renewed their acquaintance. The short buzz of hair was like sand against my skin.

When his fingers pulled at my ass cheeks, the lips of my pussy dragged over the coarse denim of his jeans. I deposited kisses on the side of his neck and over his throat. I fed him my breasts and let him feast on the nipples. His erection prodded me from below.

My arms wrapped around his back and I gripped his neck with my upper arms. One of his hands pushed between my shoulder blades. The fingers trailed up and down my spine. My tongue spilled into his open mouth. When Stephen stood, he lifted me with him. The immense arms cradled my back and buttocks and carried my weight easily. I vined my legs around him and pressed my chest against his. Still the kisses continued.

Eventually, he set me down, and the jeans came off. We abandoned the clothes and went to the bedroom.

I tightened and loosened my hand over his scrotum as we kissed some more in bed. When I started lipping...
the head of his penis, the shaft still had a plastic quality. I loved how the penis stiffened between my lips. As I sucked him to his full hardness, he cupped the back of my head. I fingered the base and the balls and flickered my tongue against the knob. I brought my face over him vigorously, taking the shaft deep inside, sinking almost to the lip of the scrotum. I was in a half-sitting position with my legs spread. Stephen fingered my pussy.

When I beat the helmet against my tongue, he took his cock from me. He stroked the shaft while I nursed again at its tip. His hand applied pressure at the back of my neck to keep me down over him. While he moaned, I caressed the balls and dribbled my spit down the sides. My fingers jerked the stem while I bobbed over the front part of the erection.

We did the bit with the condom, and then Stephen positioned me on hands and knees. I licked my fingers and pressed them to my cunt to prepare his entry. He coaxed my knees apart and pushed into me from behind. The shaft eased past the lips, and then he swiveled his hips and fell in the whole way. I began moaning immediately as he held my hips and thrust the shaft in and out. My head and shoulders lowered to the mattress. I luxuriated in the fullness in my cunt, celebrating the presence of this new cock. The wetness lubricated the motion inside. Stephen clutched my buttocks and slipped the flesh experimentally. When he did this, I bit my lip and groaned. My ass thrust back at him as I tried to allow the cock to push down deeper.

He leaned over my shoulder, and he kissed me. I liked how he maintained the contact of lips while he fucked me. My muscles squeezed him.

In the course of the kisses, he pulled me against his body. He leaned backward on his arms, and I brought myself to a partly upright position. Calves flanking his, I propped my weight on my arms and bounced myself over the penis. Keeping the shaft embedded halfway, I was able to rub the head against the G-spot. Reaching between my legs, I scissored two fingers around my clitoris. The friction inside and out made my cunt wetter and looser.

He told me how he enjoyed seeing my ass shake, so I spun my hips to exaggerate the movements in back. He slapped my buttocks, alternating between the cheeks.

I wanted the spanking to be heavier. I entreated him for more. I asked him to pull my hair. He thrust with his pelvis and fucked me forcefully.

We shifted positions. I rolled onto my back and held my legs spread in the air. While my hand rubbed energetically over the clit, Stephen entered me again. He was on his knees. Hands on either side of me braced his body above mine. He kissed me. His tongue licked my chin. His hips initiated the propulsive movement of the cock. I begged him to go faster and harder. His cock made me come. My consciousness shifted to my cunt. The sudden, powerful release, the seizure of the muscles inside, the responsiveness of the nerve endings — all these sensations drugged me up. I was floating in an orgasmic haze.

After my climax, he sat on the bed on his knees, legs spread open, and pounded the cock into me. My head dangled from the bed. I clutched his knees and held on to the bright white sheets on the mattress. The walls of my pussy collapsed around him. The muscles tightened and compressed. I came a second time, harder than the first. Somehow, he rode the cataclysm out without sperming by a visible exertion of will.

The cock had stiffened within me, and he brought his body over mine, blanketing me with his weight at last. I felt small under his powerful frame. He held me by the shoulders. His touch smoothed over my arms. He kissed me tenderly while I recovered my breath. The cock rocked inside my pussy softly as our tonguetips
flickered together.

I wanted him to come. I needed to pay my orgasms back. I told him to fuck me until he spilled, to be as rough with me as he liked.

He positioned me on the edge of the bed and brought my legs vertical. He gripped each foot below the ankle. One knee on the mattress, the other leg mooring him to the floor, he fucked my pussy hard. He embedded himself fully and withdrew only the last inches of the cock before he pistoned in again. I made my pussy tight as he brought my legs together high above my chest. I encouraged him with dirty words. I beseeched him to use my cunt for his pleasure.

My thighs pressed against my breasts, folded up as I was. My arms stretched to either side of my body. I clutched the sheets while he fucked me. I screwed my eyes shut and restrained the compulsion to come so that he would have his climax first.

Compressing the muscles about his shaft, I moaned so very loudly. Stephen responded by baring his teeth. The pace of the fucking altered perceptibly. The movements became more frantic, more desperate, more fierce.


He came with a booming bellow. The bed shook. I felt the shaft quivering against my walls. The head twitched deep inside me. I let go and followed with my own convulsions.

I was meeting my roommate and her fiancé for dinner, so I couldn’t stay. He retrieved our clothes where they had been shed in the other room. When he returned the condom was drooping from his cock. I peeled it off. After that, I couldn’t help but suck his penis one more time.

The blowjob started out with me lying on my belly on the bed. But once I had him hard as obsidian, I flipped over onto my back. His thighs straddled my head, which was at the very edge of the mattress. While I shucked my fingers over the bottom part of the shaft, he lowered the front part into me. I liked seeing his hairy legs rising on either side of my head, the thicket of hair at his groin, the bristly ass beneath my hand. I sucked in a rhythm as he brought the crown past my lips.

“Don’t hold back,” I cautioned. “I don’t have much time.”

As I requested, Stephen didn’t restrain himself. He fucked my face violently after that. The movement began in his thighs. The cock encroached into my throat. A few minutes of this, and he grunted and came explosively. My mouth couldn’t contain his semen. It flowed down my cheek and trailed behind an ear. It made my throat sticky. I had it in my hair.

I cleaned up and got dressed. I gave him my digits before I left. I am sure I will run into him again at the gym, but considering it has been two days, and he hasn’t called, I may not be inclined to repeat the experience.

November 5, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/11/05/stephen/
I notice that some of you have discovered the ask me something sexy link on the sidebar. Feel free to send quickie questions there. I don’t promise to answer, but it’s likely that I will.

Fewer than 0.1% of page views result in responses. I am grateful for feedback on the blog as comments or through e-mail. Criticism of the writing is welcome.

I’d love to hear your sexy stories as well.

November 5, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/11/05/type-dirty-to-me/
This previously appeared as a comment on “Envy” by Susana.

I remember the first night in the apartment that summer in Brooklyn. It took a while to get accustomed to the sound of the darkness. The police sirens wailed on the street outside. The refrigerator eight meters away at the opposite end of the studio made a sound like waves beating on the shore.

At first the noise carrying through the still, damp air resembled the beating of an artery in my head. Thump, thump, thump, went its metronome pulse. To this sound was added a second, discordant note: the rising pitch of a girl’s voice. Baritone grunts answered her prayer.

I hadn’t realized the walls of the new place were so thin. I shouldn’t have pressed my ear against the wall to listen. It was impolite. Yet I reached below and bore witness to sacred oaths.

November 10, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/11/10/eavesdropping/
Addendum: This previously appeared as a comment on “Speil, speil” by Nattbris. I reproduce it on my blog as a comment to “Eavesdropping,” just so I have my own copy.

This is one of my favorite ways to masturbate. I look down and see fingers teasing my folds. I smear the juices over the clit and use my nails to tug the hood down, exposing sensitive nerves to air. Bringing myself low, I kiss the other girl with my lips and do a twist with my hips. The glass is cool to the touch. The wetness glistens. My skin flushes red as I fuck myself with vigor. Breasts wobble pendulously. I feel them below me, all heavy, and see their weightless reflection. Splaying two fingers and rubbing the clit strenuously, I describe what I see to my boyfriend so that we may share.

November 12, 2010
Addendum:  *This is a three minute fiction inspired by Nattbris.*

I like the three minute quickie. I leverage my weight against the sink and spread myself open for him.

His cock spears me to the wall. I hold on to the back of his shirt. The fingers have a tenuous grip on reality.

“Bitch,” he names me. “Slutcuntwhore.” The words merge together.

I stop his mouth with my kisses. “Please,” I whisper. “Give me more.”

He gives me his semen.

I don’t wash up. I let it spill down my thighs while I hunt the room looking for the next man.

January 22, 2011
1. Amadeo stopped me on the winding staircase again. He squeezed my buttocks and placed his hand between my legs. I liked the contact of the fingers on my pussy. The friction through the layers of cloth made me wet. This is apparently a standard move of his as he had done it before. I enjoyed the attention from below and behind. I whispered that I wished he had touched me this way on the escalator at the underground. At the top of the stairs, he wrapped his arm around my waist and pressed himself against me. He told me to suck in my breath, and when I did, his hand slipped under the waistband of my jeans and into my panties. The back of the hand made a visible bulge as he tugged at my lips. Amadeo asked me how long it would take me to come from masturbation. When I answered that it would take ten or fifteen minutes, he glanced at his watch and chose the first number and instructed me to come. He rolled his digits over my clit. Three other apartments opened onto the staircase. I leaned my weight backward into his body and bit my lips to keep myself silent while my pussy sucked greedily at his finger. Ten minutes later, when he removed his hand from my jeans, I had not achieved orgasm. I was disappointed with myself. I felt I had let him down. Once we had entered his apartment, I apologized. He said I deserved a punishment, and I agreed. He cuffed me on each side of the face. Afterwards, I brought his fingertips to my lips and kissed them.

2. In the bedroom, he bade me to strip. As he lowered the lights, I offered to put on a show for him. He declined. Once he had dispatched his clothes, he threw me on the bed and thrust into me from above. My pussy hadn’t been fucked in a week. It was a snug fit for the cock. This was not gentle loving he offered. I had reminded him over dinner that I enjoyed breath play, so his hand squeezed my throat. Instinctually, my arms flailed at him. I clawed at his forearm ineffectually, swatting at the muscles corded in relief. While I squirmed and writhed under him, the cock slammed into me. His spittle landed on my face as he called me names. The sex didn’t last long. He pounded me brutally for about five minutes before coming. Once again, I didn’t. But the constriction of my throat left me panting for breath. My pussy was drenched.

3. Amadeo chained me to the radiator. My hands were cuffed to the sides. He found a rattan cane in his closet and angled my ass up in the air. His hands ran over the flesh of the buttocks and heated them with a deep massage. When he was satisfied at my preparation, he told me that he would administer five strokes and directed me to count them aloud. The hits came hard, light, medium along the backs of the thighs, HARD, and MASSIVELY HARD on top. I yelped at the blows. The flesh stung fiendishly when he finished. He released me and had me look at myself in the mirror. Red stripes ran along my ass, perpendicular to the crease. Though he smeared ointment on my skin, the next day, the welts remained. I felt echoes of the final two strikes when I sat.

4. We had whisky in his kitchen, both of us naked. I touched my fingers to the drink in my glass and anointed it over his cock. Bending at the waist, I sucked, tasting the Talisker from his skin.
5. In his bedroom, he cuffed me to the radiator again. He prised apart the cheeks, which were recalcitrant and raw from the caning. I recoiled at his touch, but he gripped me tighter and licked at my asshole. Once it shone with his saliva, he squeezed lube inside and layered it over the condom as well. He held the buttocks open and touched the knob against my sphincter. Amadeo ordered me to place his cock inside my anus. I shifted on my knees and clenched my teeth as I brought my asshole back against the glans. It felt as though I was being ripped apart on the entry. My grip tight on the restraints, I took a deep breath and forced myself to take the cock in partway. He held himself steady, but otherwise let me do the work. Swallowing back the pain of penetration, I seesawed like a rocking horse, sodomizing myself until I had the penis embedded to the balls. His praise was my reward. He used my hair for reins, and he fucked me. This time I also came. The wetness from my cunt splashed his carpet. I had rug burns on my knees.

6. In the end, we spooned on his big bed. I raked my nails through the hair on his chest and pressed his hand against my tits. The wet and sloppy kisses sustained me. He raised his shin against my pussy and asked me to masturbate myself by humping his leg. I obeyed. I peeled the lips flat and rubbed my clit from the knee to the bony midpoint of the lower leg. It took me a while, but I had my second orgasm of the night. After that, we went to sleep, me on my belly, with my sore ass pointed in the air, covered by silk sheets and a woolen blanket, but warmed by the man beside me.

November 11, 2010

Chapter 72

The cutoff shirt is gauzy beachwear. The sleeves are short, and it leaves my belly bare. There’s no binding bra underneath, but, as a concession to the weather, I have a leather jacket draped over the back of the chair. The pink G-string leaves the outline of my pussy lips visible. Squeezing into black leather pants that conform to every curve, I tighten the laces over the crotch and tie a loopy knot. I look for my socks and follow with the low heeled ankle boots.

I consider myself in the mirror once I have dressed. My hair is in disarray. Twirling it into a bun and sloping the headband over top, I make the best of it as quickly as I can. So that I look less like a panda, I clean the makeup ringing my eyes in the bathroom sink. I rinse my mouth with Listerine.

On the tube in the morning, people look at me and know. The scent of sex oozes from my pores. My nipples are stiff. I cross my legs, right knee over left, and also my arms.

The man is already faceless and anonymous. He plied me with cocktails and persuaded me with laughter. He had taken my measure over drinks well enough to name me properly.

“Do you like that, slut?” he inquired. Without waiting for a reply, he spun the tip of his tongue around my clitoris again.

He took the penis from my mouth and pointed it vertical, lifting his scrotum up. “Lick them like a dog,” he said, once I spread my jaws and took both balls past my lips. When he brought his cock down, I squinted along the shaft and saw the streak of saliva, dazzling for its whiteness in the dark pubic hair.

“Oh, you dirty slag,” he exclaimed, when I sucked the spit from his cock and poured it into his open mouth. He held the back of my head to steady me while we kissed, and he jacked his shaft as our two tongues tasted each other.

“Pussy,” he exhaled, as his cock dragged into me. My lower legs gripped his sides. An arm wrapped his shoulder. I held on and moaned wordlessly.

“Yes, yes, yes,” I gasped, as the cock muscled into the tight space behind. “Anal bitch,” he dubbed me after sliding the erection the whole way in. I squeaked and grunted nasally and cupped my fingers over my clit. My elbows buckled at the force of the pounding I received.

“Come bucket,” he said, when I rubbed his semen into my tits. He made a movie of it on his cell phone.

November 14, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/11/14/tube-ride/
A reader asks why I have so many casual hookups.

Sex is fun. I enjoy the process of discovering a partner. I find a new cock thrilling even when it’s only for a night.

He continues: do you fear commitment? Isn’t sex a big deal? What’s wrong with monogamy?

I don’t shun commitment. I have a boyfriend. Long distance sucks, but we are still together. My boyfriend’s attitude toward sex and kink mirrors my own. Neither of us feel that at this point in our lives we benefit from absolute exclusivity.

In a way, sex is always the big deal. We are naked and exposed with our insecurities visible, and we find an embrace anyway. We share our bodies and desires and accept what the other person offers in return. Sex is the collaborative dance, its steps invented anew each time. It’s a conversation, with the secrets laid bare. In another way, sex is no big deal at all. It’s that natural thing people do to acquire the pleasure it brings. It can’t be done alone. We need a partner to have the give and take, so we choose someone we like. Though it’s a conversation instead of a monologue, the patterns are familiar ones, and we know what happens. Sex is a moment in time that leaves the rest of the world in abeyance, so it is deeply, intensely personal for that. But this moment passes, life resumes, and most often we are not changed. So it is also nothing special.

I have no argument with anyone who prefers a monogamous arrangement. It happens not to be my choice right now. It might never be.

I think of it this way. Wouldn’t it be absurd if you were told that you could only laugh with one other person? Replace laugh with orgasm. They are both expressions of pleasure. What’s the difference?

November 15, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/11/15/promiscuity-explained/
Amadeo uses spit to keep me aware of my submissive state.

From the edge of the cushion of the couch, my fingers unbuttoned the fly of his jeans. He sent me to my knees: the place where a slut belongs, he said. The bare chested torso cast its shadow over me. Before he would let me suck his penis, he had me tilt my face up, stick my tongue out, and spread my jaws wide. I looked up at him expectantly, like a baby bird. The cord of expectorate he lowered onto my face missed. It landed on my chin and dribbled down my throat and accumulated at the hollow of my collar. The second and third time he spit, the saliva rained on my tongue just as he intended. He had me swish it around and swallow.

Later, in his bed, I sucked the cock again, this time to completion. Amadeo and I both knelt, me in panties and bra, feet crossed at the ankles, him on his shins with the thighs apart. My head bobbed slowly over him while he reached around me to curve his hand atop my rump. The grip of fingers tight on the lower part of the shaft, my lips nursed at the crown, and my tongue lapped the apron of foreskin where it wrinkled and layered below the glans. When Amadeo flattened onto his back, I twisted sideways and ran my tongue across the hairy balls and swabbed over the perineum. Pressing the side of my face into the mattress, I closed my eyes and flicked my tongue over his anus, echoing the movements of our earlier kisses. I gently mouthed the sac and then returned my attention to his asshole, leaving wet smacks over the rough textured skin. When I sucked his cock again, his hands swiped the hair out of my face so that he could watch. The pressure of his palm on my forehead tipped my mandible up. He raised himself to a crouch and spit in my face. The saliva landed on the bridge of my nose and fell along the upper lip. It was his silken caress. His come collected in a pale, milk pool on his thigh when the blowjob finished. I lapped cat-like at the cloudy waters until there was no more semen.

Amadeo had me wash his hand clean of my juices after he had licked and fingered me to a string of orgasms. When I could taste myself on his skin no longer, he cupped his hand to his mouth and filled the depression of the broad palm with his spit. He lowered his hand to me, stretched it flat, and bade me drink.

By then he had recovered his erection, and we proceeded to fuck. We shifted positions until we ended with me face down and flat on the mattress while he ejaculated in my cunt. After his penultimate orgasm, we cuddled in bed. My pussy was sated by this man. My limbs were heavy and slow moving. I pillowed my head on his chest and luxuriated in the fold of his arms, blanketed by the cozy afterglow of sex. Long minutes passed while Amadeo held my breasts and toyed with my nipples and feathered his index finger over my furrow. When he propped himself upright, he pushed my body to a sitting position as well. His hand tightened on my chin. Cheek resting against my forehead, he released a stream of expectorate to course along my nose. It
rolled around my lips. He caught the saliva with his fingers and directed it into my mouth. While I sucked his fingers, his lips pecked the top of my head paternally through the hair. He called me “his good girl,” and I melted into him.

We fucked one more time in the morning before showering together and preparing for our workdays. This time, after the orgasm, he simply covered my mouth with his and filled the yawning space with his spittle. It dropped onto the roof of my mouth and caromed into my throat. The seal of our lips was tight; the saliva all went in; there was no trail of slobber anywhere outside. I tasted him on my palate all through the morning.

November 19, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/11/19/the-hawk/
Frank was in London for the day. He invited me to dinner at an Italian restaurant near Covent Garden, after which, buzzed from the bottle of Tuscan wine, we returned to my apartment. The roommate and her fiancé are in Paris, so we had the place to ourselves.

As soon as the front door had closed, Frank had me tight against the wall. The kisses were hungry as we struggled out of our winter jackets. Before, over risotto and bistecca, as two friends who had missed each other’s company catching up, we had the conversational intercourse of minds. Now, as lovers who had longed for a reunion, we required the conversational intercourse of bodies in places where words are superfluous. Fingers touching everywhere, lips kissing, his hardness insistent against my belly, we reacquainted ourselves. Frank reached behind me and shucked the gray sweater dress over my ass. His strong fingers gripped my cheek through the nylon hose. Yearning for his tastes and textures, I sucked on his tongue and ran my fingers through his hair. When I raised a leg up and brought the inside face to a right angle against his hip, Frank caught the bottom of my thigh and pressed his weight into me, pushing my back flat against the wooden partition behind me. He went for my breasts. His head sunk into the cleavage in the front, and he shifted the soft wool aside to kiss and suck at the hillock of skin that the bra left exposed on top. As he did this, his arm reached between my legs. The fingers stretched up along the division of my ass, and the forearm slid against my cunt to create an exquisite friction on my pubis from below.

I knelt and extracted his penis from his trousers. After I had run my tongue through the springy curl of pubic hair to acquire his taste, I sucked him. The shaft, already thick with his arousal, assumed greater heft and elongated over my tongue as the blood rushed in to fill the vessels there. Frank hooked his hand around the back of my neck and rocked his hips at me as I collapsed my cheeks and dipped my head down and dragged my lips backward and taut over the hot flesh. Fingers twisted around the pedestal at the base of the column. No sooner had the first warm drops of precome, mixed up with the soft grain of the glans, touched upon my palate than a shudder ran through me, and I stopped, intent on the extraordinary sensation. The flavor invoked the memory of all those other times that I had sucked him off, and how I so missed having the girth and the balance and the weightiness and the substantial presence of his cock atop my tongue. I took a deep sniff of the masculine scents around me. I swiped the hair aside and placed a kiss on his groin. Moaning my contentment to him, I closed my eyes and took the glans into my mouth again, this time allowing it to sink deeper within. A steady progression into my throat yielded Frank’s own exhalations of undiluted pleasure as a second reward.

He wouldn’t let me stay on my knees forever. He pulled me upright and kissed me, his tongue flicking along the points of my teeth, chasing his taste. On the sofa, I pulled the dress over my shoulders and released the breasts from their confinement. Before I could remove the tights and finish stripping, Frank was on top of me.
He pushed my torso flat on the cushions and raised my ass into the air. His fingers pressed and rubbed at the
two openings through the nylon and the lacy fabric of my underwear, which dampened under this attention.
Wedge the rise of the fabric between the buttocks and nudging it aside, his tongue lapped at my asshole
through the stockings. While he nipped and licked, the hands massaged the curves and cambers of the flesh.

Teeth bit into the nylon and tore a hole. Frank pushed his fingers through the seams. The tights ripped apart
with a loud crackle.

The sudden aggression that Frank exhibited was out of character for him, and it turned me on beyond measure.
I raised my ass and wiggled it in his direction. Shifting the underwear out of his way, he licked my anus
through the great rent that he had left in the hose. I spread my cheeks apart so that his tongue would follow
the length of the crease. He swabbed from top to bottom. The fingers worked my pussy, petaling the lips flat,
penetrating inside, pressing at the walls within, poking at my G-spot. The spendings from my stretched out
cunt layered, thick and viscous, onto his fingers. He slathered it over my hairless pussy. The thumb pressed
down on the clit and vibrated as though holding and extending and modulating a note on some stringed
instrument. He played me. I cried out my exaltation.

When he asked me to turn myself around, I reclined on the sofa with one leg extended to my side and the
other folded up and vertical on the pillow beside me. Frank went to the floor and stooped his head over my
cunt. He varied the stimulation, cycling among the tongue, the lips, the teeth, the nose rubbing, the fingers
outside, the fingers inside, the digits thrusting, spinning, pinching, stroking, teasing, prodding, and he kept
going until I came. Evidently, he had missed my taste as well.

In the bedroom, we fucked through the tatters of black nylon. Frank entered me from behind to start.

I have bedded with this man more frequently than I have with any other in London. He knows my body, and
I know his. The walls of my cunt hugged him with an embrace of welcome. They went all supple around
the shaft and made room for his tenancy within. I gasped as he dragged the erection in and out. Though
they tried to grip his head, the muscles collapsed behind him when he pulled his penis away from me. He
held my thigh in one hand, pressed the other flat against my shoulder and backed out almost the whole way
before reversing course. The motion was slow paced and deliberate. The underwear added a tightness to the
movements. The hitch in my breathing was the loudest sound to my ears.

After a time, Frank picked up the pace. When he came close to releasing, he pulled back and brought himself
supine on the bed. I stroked the penis. Straddling his body, I positioned the shaft upright and steadied the
tip against my entrance. Lowering myself on top, I reveled in the sensation of fullness. I liked having his tall
cock pointing up into me. Frank held me by the hips and thrust with his pelvis, rocketing the penis skyward
with an intense and forceful tempo and letting gravity bring him down again. Because I wanted him to come,
I tightened my muscles and compressed my vagina about the erection. Always the gentleman, he held off his
orgasm until I had one of my own. His finger strummed at my clitoris. After I had squeaked my delight, he
turned us over and pounded me from above. My feet were in the air and I held myself open for him, clutching
his muscular biceps as he powered into me. An electric jolt hit me each time he bottomed out. The cock
plowed me hard, and then he grunted a sequence of low, guttural sounds. His jaw dangled down. The shaft
pulsed against the enclosure of my pussy as the balls expelled his semen. When his body crumpled on top
of me, I kissed his collar as he panted for air. I liked being pinned by his mass.

We fucked once more in the night and again this morning. The first time was my favorite.
November 21, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/11/21/reunion/
Family from the US visited over the Thanksgiving holiday. The university had December deadlines that I rushed to meet. Busy days and busier nights left no time for sex or even for masturbation.

I needed to make up for this void in my life. Once Amadeo and I had exchanged kisses at his door, I excused myself to the toilet and returned clad only in woolen socks and leather boots that zipped up to my knees. Suppressing the shiver of coldness against my bare skin, I lowered to the ground with my spine ramrod straight and bent my head submissively downward. Tipping my chin up, Amadeo dipped his fingers in whisky and brought them to my lips. From the floor, I saw the arousal tenting his loins.

His hands loosened his belt and opened the fly. He shifted the underpants down and freed the penis from the constraining fabric. We chatted for an hour this way, talking about our days, the plays and the concert I had seen, the museums and art I had experienced. He told me about buildings in the city. On the carpet, from between his legs, I gave his penis and scrotum suck while we conversed.

His eyes informed me just how much he liked the oral ministrations I provided in the gaps of our speech.

Lips forming a seal halfway down the tumescent shaft, humming to myself, lightheaded and giddy from the taste of precome, my eyes told him that I knew.

When Amadeo suggested we go to the bedroom, I apprised him of the fact that I needed a hard spanking first. So he brought me over his lap, and I stretched myself across his thighs and elevated my ass.

He started with a bite into the flesh. The plane of his hand then leveled along the rump. Friction heated up the surface. He played the two halves of my ass rhythmically, the hands pounding on the skin like bongo drums. The sound of the slaps calmed me. It was a comforting, deep massage. I closed my eyes and purred. When he caught me looking over my shoulder, he determined to strike harder. Bending my arms behind me at the elbows, Amadeo cuffed my wrists together in his grip and instructed me to count aloud to thirty. Alternating between the cheeks, he put power into the motion of his right arm, and consequently, I winced at each of his blows. The nerve endings soon shrieked at the burning in the flesh. I whimpered and barked out the count. After twenty, stinging tears clouded my vision.

Near the end, I lost track and misstated the number. He pulled my head up by the roots of my hair and insisted that we start again from zero.

The blows rained down on me more slowly this time, and they seemed still harder and more contained. I felt them in my ass and in my cunt. Hands balled into fists, I clutched his trouser legs, grunted, and chewed on my bottom lip to keep from screaming. Sobs punctuated the syllables of the numbers. I concentrated on the pain — that searing, blissful agony — my lifeline in the endorphin haze. The world compressed into the
circumference of my aching nerves.

At thirty, I looked over my shoulder, rolling my weight into him. Pinched up welts rose like islands from the sea of flesh. The skin had the color of a Mediterranean sunset. The bruises are present still, purple splotches now, reminders when I sit.

I hesitated at the boundary of a submissive place. Deciding to make the leap, I made my request. “Fuck me now,” I said, squeaking out the word “please” when I remembered myself in the silence.

Once Amadeo had stripped bare, he rolled a condom over his penis and had me sit on top of him. My unused pussy stretched to admit the shaft. As I brought my back against his chest, he wrapped his arm around me and tightened a hand over a breast while he shook the clitoris hard. He left it to me to take care of the fucking. I spun my pelvis at him and kept his cock embedded inside. It didn’t take me five minutes to cream around the rigid shaft at the fulcrum of my planet.

My mind went blank when I came. It was all emotion and sensation inside. Tears streamed down my face in rivers. Amadeo clasped my body to him while I vibrated from top to bottom. His movement had spiked the cock into me. I became aware of how small I was seated upon his throne of prick. A man’s strength and will had made me flood. This realization and the euphoria of submission warmed me in the snowy London night.

As my body racked itself in a catharsis of sobs, Amadeo held me. His hands soothed over my arms. He kissed the tears from my face. He lifted his tumbler of whisky to my mouth to sip. I don’t know how long we remained this way, me in his protective, sheltering embrace, his voice whispering reassurance in my ear. I do know that his penis had softened in my pussy when he lifted me off.

Once I had regained my composure, I asked him to fuck me again, for his pleasure this time. He had me sit in the easy chair next to the window, winged my thighs over the armrest on each side, and improvised a ball gag by stuffing a clementine in my mouth. Arms twisted painfully up, Amadeo pinned my hands above my head. I gripped the tall seat back as he imposed himself into me. He slapped my breasts, and I bit into the rind of the fruit. The clementine slipped from my mouth and rolled onto the floor. Amadeo squeezed his hand about my throat. My eyes bugged wide. He spit in my face repeatedly. The spread open hand obscured my vision as he slathered the expectorate into my skin. I mewled at this act of possession. He fingered my clit while his cock plowed into me. I made myself very tight for him.

Perspiration plastered the locks of hair to Amadeo’s forehead. “Use my cunt. Use me for a fuck-toy.” I bit his shoulder and buried my face in his armpit. “Come for me. Come for your slut.”

He came. The muscles in Amadeo’s back went stiff first and then his thighs followed. With the penis lodged deep inside me, he shuddered, his whole body trembling. As the come pulsed out, I dropped kisses on his biceps. “Thank you, thank you, thank you,” I repeated. He panted heavily as I kissed his chest. Then I was crying again and babbling. Eventually, he shut me up by giving me his cock to suck.

December 2, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/12/02/a-journey-into-subspace/
I had on a sports bra and spandex gym shorts. The swoosh over my chest told me to just do it.

I followed the man across the room when he left, stopped him in the hallway, and asked whether he would let me suck his cock.

In the handicapped toilet, I went to my knees. Once we had tugged his shorts down, I rubbed my palms over the erection in his briefs, two hands spanning the bulge, stroking the length, one after another. I cupped his balls, clutched and released, and mouthed the penis through the cloth covering. The fabric blackened under the press of lips. Teeth nipped cock and cotton before the underwear fell to his feet.

My tongue swiped through the sweaty tangle of pubis. I kissed the groin, suction vacuuming up the moistness beaded there. The scent of his unwashed maleness made my nostrils flare. Tasting salt upon my lips and tongue, I licked perspiration from his balls. The porcupine hair of his scrotum glistened with saliva. Only after I had washed him this way did I address the cock from below. My tongue followed the vein along the underside of the erection. Making the lips plush and soft, I kissed the glans.

He leaned his weight against the sink while I worked down the shaft. At top, I beat the tongue against the head like a wing. My grip tight on the thick columns of his thighs, the tonguetip scooped along the lip of the sac when I bottomed out. My nose traced lazy figure-eights in his pubic hair with the crown ensconced.

A dampness under the neckline darkened the red of his muscle shirt.

I had him turn around. Arms extended on the countertop, he spread his legs apart and thrust his ass to me. Prising the cheeks apart, I licked a stripe through the cleft, which was hairy and dank. First my fingernails, then my tongue followed the lines of the muscles behind. My jaws clamped on his asshole. I took enormous gulps.

The man hissed pleasure. Sweat sluiced along his skin. I had it from the small of his back onto my forehead. He bent his cock backward and tucked it between his legs like a tail. Lips sinking from the anus, I sucked him again.

He propped a foot on the toilet. I stooped beneath him. Face pointed at the ceiling, I spread my mouth wide and let the knob cascade into my throat. His eyes lidded to a sliver.

The hand secreted in my shorts rubbed my wet pussy. The tiled floor bit into my knees while I raised and lowered myself over the midpoint of his groin.

He gave a moment’s warning, then grunted.
Palm tightening under his balls, five fingers made a backward “C” below where my lips had clamped down. The head hopped in my mouth with each burst of semen. I couldn’t contain it all, couldn’t swallow fast enough to keep pace with the explosion. Come, white and viscid, overran the corners of my lips and coated my fingers. More of it escaped into the dense crop of pubis when I lifted my mouth from him.

I lapped the come from my hand. I kissed it from the matted groin. He brushed my hair behind an ear while I cleaned his softening penis.

December 7, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/12/07/exercise-makes-me-horny/
He laid in the tub, legs extended, with his back propped up against the side. I sat over his thighs, my pussy hovering over his flaccid penis. Two fingers splayed on either side of the lips of the cunt, I pulled the skin taut, and tilted the pussy upward. The stream of urine released over his cock. It doused the shaft and ran down his balls and disappeared under his legs in the direction of the drain. I made sure to soak his skin with my pee. The fluid wetted the insides of my thighs as well. Because I had been drinking and hadn’t used the toilet for several hours, the piss stream went on for at least a minute. I was conscious of the elongation of time, the hiss of the spray, his breathing and my own in the otherwise still room.

When I had finished urinating, I backed myself down to his feet and lifted the cock from where the elephant trunk had folded over, all drowsy and droopy. I nosed him awake. Fingers curving around the shaft, I brought the foreskin down and wiped my tongue over the glans. Open lips dragged along the sides of the cock. I lapped my acidic urine from his flesh. I kissed the groin and sucked hard, vacuuming up the piss that clung to the hairs of his pubis and beaded over his skin in tiny droplets. As I brought my mouth over the penis, it stiffened agreeably between my lips. I wanted to suck him, to chase the pee with semen, but he wanted to piss over me first.

We swapped positions. I was recumbent in the tub with my head flat against the bottom surface and my legs stretched out over the edge. Amadeo stood, one foot precariously balanced on each side of the tub. The cock pointed down at my face. I opened my mouth, jaws spread wide, stuck out my tongue to provide him a target, closed my eyes, and waited. The water fell over me from high above. The warmth of the drops that sprinkled my body made me squirm and shiver in the cold tub.

As my mouth filled with urine, I gargled his piss and swallowed most of it down. It tasted bitter and tart. As he continued, my mouth closed and the tongue forced the piss out so that it waterfalled over my cheeks and chin and neck. I did this repeatedly. Rolling my head from side to side, I made sure that the stream would land everywhere over my face. I took it from my sternum and brought it down over my breasts as though I was using his urine for washing.

“Drink, mia cara,” he told me. So I opened my mouth again and let it fill up with piss and made a seal with my lips. My cheeks ballooned, and I took a massive gulp and knew his heat as the urine went barreling down my throat.
I held on to his calves and ran my fingers over his feet as the water stream diminished at last to a trickle and then stopped. Opening my eyes, I had a vision of the man from below, towering above me like a god on Olympus. Amadeo shook his cock, and the last of the drops splashed below my breasts. The locks of my hair had become drenched in urine as the dregs spiraled down the drain.

When Amadeo pulled me up, before he would let me take his cock into my mouth, he piled my hair on top of the shaft and used the ends to wipe himself off. I held the scrotum in my two hands as my head bobbed over him. While I sucked him, he pulled the showerhead down and blasted the flow, first at my face, and then at my tits and cunt.

An exploratory finger screwed past his sphincter. Its face rubbed vigorously against the prostate when he came.

During the shower that followed, the two of us filled our mouths with hot water and spit onto each other’s faces. I used the sponge to soap every inch of his body and followed with my lips as the water washed the suds away. I placed kisses on his feet and towed them with my hair. I brought myself astride each of his legs and swept my pussy down. I enjoyed cleaning his penis in particular. I liked stacking the soap on top and blowing it away. I liked the fresh and unblemished taste when I mopped my tongue over the tightskin. I liked how Amadeo stooped to slap my buttocks and pinch my tits and thread his fingertips between my pussy lips while I had his cock seated in my throat.

Amadeo lowered himself down and toppled me over him. Because we hadn’t brought a condom with us to the bathroom, we couldn’t fuck. Straddling his waist, I brought the penis vertical and pressed it flat against the groin. Holding my lips open, I rubbed myself up and down the bottom of his shaft and over the face of his balls. The clit peeked out from under her hood as the cunt dragged over him. Hot water beat down on my back and shoulders. The friction wasn’t enough to make me come, but I liked the contact of skin sliding against skin. He didn’t come either, preferring to feed the semen to my pussy later.

In my turn, Amadeo’s hands soaped over me, the touch lingering over breasts and back and ass. He primed the pussy by kneeling and jaying against the cunt. He forced two of his fingers into me, fucking them in and out rapidly until I came. My legs pressed tightly together, the muscles of the vagina crushed his fingers within. The moans echoed in the narrow space. After the orgasm, he dragged his cheek over my lips. The stubble on his face felt prickly against my smooth skin.

In the morning, before we turned the water on to shower together again, I went to my knees in the tub. Once I had the head exposed to the air, I mouthed the knob and darted the tip of my tongue at the aperture on top. Holding my mouth open, I looked up at him expectantly with wide open eyes and touched the penis to the bottom lip. I awaited his 7 am piss.
He sighed. The pressure of the bladder sent a powerful stream at me first thing in the morning. It blasted into my throat when it came. As I closed my lips to guzzle it down, the piss fell over my neck and my breasts. Much of it, I drank. But I also rolled my face in the jet and directed the flow of urine against my forehead and across the bridge of my nose. When I clamped my lips about the shaft, I felt the movement of the piss beneath his skin. The urine tasted harsher in the early light of day, more sour than it did at night. The color was yellow instead of clear. I made noises of satisfaction as I swallowed the urine down.

Once Amadeo had emptied, I brushed the head of his penis over my face and brought my lips over the tip. My tongue swabbed him clean while I held him in my mouth. I rejoiced in the incipient hardness of the penis as my lips sunk down his length. Fingering my clit, I sucked Amadeo’s cock with his urine still wet on my skin. As part of the blowjob, I spent the longest time just mouthing and tonguing the sperm laden balls. Ropes of spit and semen dangled from my chin when he completed. This was the fourth orgasm that he gave me.

December 10, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/12/10/in-the-shower-we-get-dirty/
I have a story to tell. I had sex last night. But before I share, as I am asked about these topics frequently, I thought I would write a post about _jealousy_ and _envy_.

I want to distinguish the two emotions. I experience _jealousy_ when I covet what another person has and feel resentful of this success or achievement. I experience _envy_ when I wish that I had the same good fortune as someone else and resent its absence. They both arise out of longing and yearning, but I think the two feelings are subtly different. Personally, I struggle more with the latter than with the former. I am not so much jealous of my boyfriend or his lovers as I am envious, especially now when the Atlantic separates us.

I have discussed aspects of my open relationship before. The boyfriend has a pair of regular lovers, who he sees (separately) a couple of times a week, and the very occasional random hookup as a bonus with any other women he may find. In London, I see Frank when I can, Amadeo about once a week, and have frequent casual liaisons.

Whereas we may be envious of what happens in a one night stand and jealous of the frequency, this is fundamentally non-threatening by virtue of being a transient encounter. The lover is disposable. The sex is unimportant. The cock I find serves its function as an autonomous dildo. He uses a woman as three convenient holes for his penis. This applies even when the date incorporates elements of kink.

When a relationship exists — what I have written about with Frank or Amadeo, for example — or what the boyfriend has with his lovers at home — jealousy, envy, and even rage arise _sub rosa_. They stab at the left side of my chest. The pangs are momentary. They go away. The feelings dissolve when I intellectualize the set up. I want a diversity of experiences _and_ a stable foundation. My boyfriend wants the same. We are each other’s bedrock. Our others enable sexual variety. One person can’t provide everything. This is a way to scratch the different itches.

In principle, we have discussed a veto over each other’s regulars. In the end, we decided that trust alone suffices.

There are emotional bonds with our steady extras. I want to please my regular lovers in bed more so than I do a one night stand. I am fond of them as people. We are friendly. Our personalities mesh well. I enjoy their company. We do more than have sex. And the sex is more than just fucking. The foreplay and the afterglow and the conversation are integral parts of the whole. This is as it should be. A reason to have a regular is that friendship and familiarity improve the sexual experience.

The boyfriend and I are open at communicating what happens — not all the details all the time, but enough. Personally, I like to know as much as possible. When the boyfriend speaks explicitly about his adventures,
I often masturbate. I started the blog so that he would acquire a sense of my London. Our experiences pop up in conversation all the time. Sexuality is so much a part of our personas that it seems normal when they do. The arrangement is weird only in that one of his lovers is also one of my friends. I introduced her to the boyfriend as a fellow kinkster. Though we have messed around as a threesome, most of my interactions with the girl are social and professional. It can be a little freaky knowing, while we are chatting about a perfectly ordinary topic, that on the previous afternoon, she had begged my boyfriend to have her clit spanked while cuffed naked to my bed and had been rewarded for her tears with permission to suck his cock and swallow his semen. I like her, so it’s ok.

Sex isn’t a competition. (People can suck at it though.) I don’t mind that the boyfriend also gets his orgasms from other women, sometimes in the D/s context. There are things that we do only with each other, for example, going bareback. There is a part of him that is reserved only for me, and also the reverse. We are closer with each other than with anyone else. I can live with that.

The line in the sand is love. Both of us fall well short with our others. I am far from monogamous sexually, but I focus like a laser where it concerns the intensity of my affections. If one of us were to fall in love with someone else, then, at that point, he or I would need to make an irrevocable choice between the options. I am not at all comfortable with divided loyalties. I’d rather lose the boyfriend than share him this way. For my part, I am constitutionally incapable of having two boyfriends at once. Polyamory isn’t an option from any direction. Indeed, I worry that Amadeo may be growing too attached to me. We will sort this out in time.

The arrangement I have is unorthodox and irregular and complex. But it works. The human mind is plastic and adaptable. It gets used to the unusual. We have fun.

December 11, 2010

Sara and I met at my place for dinner and pre-drinks drinks before heading out for the clubs on Friday night. On the way to the tube station, we passed by a hotel two blocks from my apartment building. Inside, unusually, the lobby was swarming with people. I had worn a dressy casual outfit — a dark green sweater top over a tank top, which was a still darker shade of green, a black knee length skirt, stockings that reached to mid-thigh, heeled shoes. Sara looked sharp as well. As we appeared to fit in, we decided to crash.

It was the holiday party of a big multinational.

We knew no one, but we nodded and smiled and pretended and lost ourselves in the throng and made conversation about nothing in particular, trading gossip about our imaginary colleagues. Sara hooked up before eleven with a man in a stylish suit. She said goodbye to me before departing the party to continue her evening in a hotel room several floors above. I boozed up on martinis at the bar, trading drinks off charm.

My phone said it was eleven thirty when I resolved to make a move. I had been there almost two hours, and I knew that Sara must have gotten laid in the time she had been gone. I wanted sex as well — after all, that was the point of our going out.

Returning from the toilet, I meandered through the large room — less crowded than before, but still busy — looking for possible assignations. A man who I had conversed with earlier had said he was a programmer on the web design team. I remembered him for his caustic wit and his superior knowledge of American sports. We chatted some more, and I suggested that we wander a bit.

In a bathroom downstairs, a room with a lock, the two of us half-stripped. Skirt and panties puddled by the sink, my high heels sat on the countertop, and I padded around in black stockings. He lost the jacket of his blue suit and his trousers. I pulled him to me by his unknotted tie; the kisses saved us from drowning.

My back and arms were braced against the wall with my thighs tight against his chest and the calves dangling from his biceps and shoulders. He threw me backward, his body slamming me into the unyielding brick. The force of impact when the cock bottomed out and dragged me up jolted the muscles in my back each time. As he fucked me, gradually, my weight shifted down: my arms wrapped his neck and his head while my legs hooked around his waist and crossed at the ankles. He came with my body pinned by his cock, the cunt compressing about him and milking the orgasm out. I didn’t come, but that was ok: he had made me sweat.

We dressed and parted, and I think he left the party soon after that.

My night also ended in a hotel room, with a balding, slightly overweight, and bespectacled middle manager. I accepted his invitation because I liked the baritone voice and the booming laugh and the wry sense of observation. Naked, he stretched out on the bed, and I fellated him from my knees from between his feet,
which were rooted to the floor. Afterwards, he positioned me on the mattress on all fours and licked my pussy, squeezing his tongue and fingers into the tight spaces. While he fucked me doggy style, he pressed his fingers to my lips for me to lick and suck. As well, he fucked me from behind, lifting one leg in the air, the grip of his hand tight below my knees, as I laid on my side and twisted my arm off the bed to thrust back at him. I came from how his cock pounded me, and he exploded into the condom just after the aftershocks of my last spasm.

On the second round, he had me straddling him, my hands pushing off the woolly thighs behind me while he held me by the waist and bounced me up and down over his erection. He had me in missionary position, with my nails clawing his back and my cunt constricting about the shaft in orgasm. Then he had me on top again, facing his feet this time, and the backs of my thighs ricocheted hard off the fronts of his, and the flesh of my ass shook at the collision with his groin. He pulled off the condom and fucked my tits, his rigid shaft sliding against the sternum while I pressed the breasts together and narrowed the cleavage to squinch up the passage. The semen exploded over my face, leaving streaks of white in my hair. After I had cleaned up in the bathroom, I said my farewells and went home to slumber under the blankets of my own bed.

December 13, 2010
http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/12/13/the-xmas-party/
I wasn’t desperate to get laid, but I wouldn’t have said no to an appealing proposition.

I spent the afternoon at a café near the university, laptop and books on the table, reading and working. I was by myself, busy, but amenable to company. No one thought to bother me.

I spent the evening at my local. I went alone. After a few minutes of conversation, I judged every man who hit on me supremely uninteresting. Every man I considered cute enough to hit on myself, I also thought tedious to talk to.

The dildo will have to do me at bedtime. I plan on cock tomorrow. I will wear a buttplug to ensure I spend the hours before squirming in anticipation.

December 14, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/12/14/striking-out/
My arms were made fast behind my back with a white woolen scarf tightened about the elbows.

The leather cat-o’-nine-tails sat on the mattress beside me. He had asked me to grip his left hand while the right lowered the whip over my shoulders and back. I winced and whimpered at the blows, but I neither cried out nor cried. As the leather kissed me, a vibrator buzzed inside my cunt.

Turning me around, he whipped my breasts. I screwed my eyes tightly closed as the skin sang an anthem of agony.

Amadeo secured my ankles to the bedposts and offered me respite by fingerling my pussy and licking the lips. Then he stood on the floor, surveying me on the bed, spread out before him like a continent to be plundered.

Eyeing the brown leather riding crop, I indicated speech through the ball gag. He loosened the tie and first of all tilted a water bottle at my lips. Having slaked thirst I hadn’t realized I had, I said my piece and then waited.

*I want you to hurt me.*

The plea bounced around my skull and reverberated until, at last, the tip of the riding crop struck my clitoris.

December 16, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/12/16/asking-for-it/
My roommate’s little brother is visiting from France. He slept on the fold-out bed in my living room. I came home last night with a girl I picked up at a bar. We had sex and weren’t remotely quiet about it. This morning, the roommate asked with a smirk whether I’d had a good night. I stuck my tongue out at her. Though he is twenty, the boy blushes like an adolescent.

At the moment, the two of them are off exploring London in the snow. They invited me along, but I had to say no. I have a long checklist of things to take care of before I depart for the US and a flute to practice before the evening’s concert.

As I sat down to work around noon, I noticed Jean’s boxer shorts balled up underneath the sofa. There is an enormous come stain over the crotch.

I am wearing the boxers now. I have pressed Jean’s dried up semen over the lips of my cunt. I have slid the flannel past my opening. I have touched my clit with it. The caked up come is abrasive against my skin. I fucked my pussy with my fingertips pressing through the cloth. My flood has soaked the fabric.

I intend to masturbate again, fucking my dildo — the one with a suction cup base — through the gap in front. I will wear Jean’s boxers awhile, then dry them on the radiator, and replace the underwear as I found it.

December 18, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/12/18/slut-wear/
I went out Friday night wearing a little black dress. I felt like enjoying another woman, so I visited a gay bar that a friend in the orchestra had recommended. I picked up Imogen there. She was two or three years younger and looked cute in a frilly red top and tight blue jeans. She was short, 5’1” or 5’2” in her flats, with a tiny chest. Tresses of blonde hair fell to the middle of her back in plaits. She worked in the technical side of theater. We couldn’t go back to her place, so despite the company sleeping on my sofa, we returned to mine. Jean noticed us when we arrived. Through the closed door of the bedroom and the flimsy walls, this is what he heard.

Kissing: I couldn’t get enough of Imogen’s lips. They were soft to touch and delicious to taste. I traced the line of her shoulders and combed my fingers through the shiny, silky hair. Her tongue flicked at mine just inside my mouth. I caught it with my teeth and gently nipped. Pushing her flat on her back, I straddled her hips. Hands slipping under my dress, she squeezed my buttocks during the infinity of kisses which followed. I splayed my fingers on the sides of her face. I cupped her head and drank deep, thirsty draughts from those red, red lips.

Mouth covering her throat, tongue licking stripes over the blood vessels etched in relief under skin and muscle, I squeezed her small tits. Imogen had unzipped the back of my dress during the evolution of our kisses. Breaking contact just long enough to lift the dress from my shoulders, I threw it to the ground and fell on top of her clad only in a black bra and thong panties.

Undressing: Imogen sat up. At once my fingers shucked the shirt up over the tits. She hadn’t worn a bra. She didn’t need to. The nipples were tiny pebbles. I kissed each of them, sucked hard against the nubs, thick and swollen with the rush of blood. With my tongue spinning around the areolae and teeth scraping over the sensitive nerve endings, she held my head to her chest. The grip demanded a stronger touch, and I complied. She nursed at my breasts as well. Wetting the nipples through the fabric of the bra, her lips tightened and released over one breast while her hand did the same over the other. She made deft work of the clasp in back. Deceptively powerful hands compressed and kneaded the flesh. She was a woman. She knew how rough she could be with a pair of tits. I loved that she mauled them, pinching and twisting the nipples. She bit down on me while she made eye contact. I adored the depths of those brilliant blue eyes.

When I had her top off, she leaned her back against my shoulder. I pulled the scrunchie from her head and loosened the plaits so that her hair fell free, the color of the gold the miller’s daughter had spun. The scent of flowers hit me and the softness of the memory of long summer afternoons running barefoot in the dewy grass.
Leah Danby
Leah Lays London

Pulling away from me, Imogen broke this reverie. She stood on the mattress and peeled off her jeans. Her panties were next and mine followed.

“Stay just where you are,” I said. “Don’t move.”

I sprinted the two meters to the dresser and withdrew a slender vibrator from the toy drawer.

**Fucking:** Kneeling on the bed between her legs, I proceeded to feast. My hands smoothed over her thighs.

I sucked on the plastic vibrator to lubricate it and set it to purring against the pussy lips, which were also tiny. From her standing position, Imogen bent her right leg at the knee and kicked her foot off the wall. I squeezed the vibrator inside and fucked it in and out. Imogen was an uninhibited screamer. She made noises of ecstasy. I pounded her pussy with the toy and attacked the clitoris with my lips.

Her cunt had flavor. It tasted like sushi, like sangria, like fruit one day past the point of maximal ripeness. It had the salt scent of the ocean, sand castles on the beach, a sunset over water.

Squatting on my knees, I faced the far wall just as she did, and I tilted my head up. We clasped hands. Holding the rounded base of the vibrator in my mouth, I fucked her this way, using my face to stab the false cock into her cunt. Then I abandoned the toy altogether and pressed my mouth directly to her pussy.

She lifted her leg by the ankle to wing herself open for me and sloped her body against the wall. I stretched my arms up to cup and caress her tits.

My tongue slipped between the folds and became wedged there. I brought it up hard against her clit and repeated the movement. She moaned, grunted, and shrieked and pushed her weight down, smothering my face with her wet pussy. I kept licking, becoming frustrated when she wouldn’t come.

“How do you orgasm?” I asked.

“I don’t know. I’ve never had one,” Imogen stated.

I pulled her down to the bed and kissed her to forget my sorrow.

**Foreplay (continued):** Imogen laid on top of me. She mouthed my breasts. Her lips pecked at the curves. She kissed my belly. The way her tongue licked at my navel presaged what followed. The tip spiraled around the edge and stretched gingerly into the depression. Taking me by surprise, she sucked hard as she grasped the tits above. I gathered her hair in my hands while her lips covered my nipples. She looked at me while she sucked. I took her into my embrace to kiss her some more. My tongue followed the patterns of her tattoos.

Rolling on the bed, we felt each other’s pussies out. I liked the sensation of being inside a new cunt. I enjoyed the warmth within, how fluid her membranes were. I delighted in how the muscles gripped me, and the squishy wet noises I made as I drove the fingers in and out.

Whereas I explored her interior, Imogen played with my cunt without penetrating. First, she used her pointy fingernails to separate the pussy lips. The heel of her hand then rubbed against my pubis. She tugged and pulled and torqued the lips beneath. The pad of a finger brushed repeatedly over the slit. The sticky wetness poured from me in a thick syrup. It covered her hand, and she brought it to her lips to smell and taste. I slipped my tongue past the bars of the fingers and had the flavor of myself from the side of her mouth.

Eventually, my legs separated. The press of hands sent her down.

**Being eaten:** She tongued over my newly waxed pubis. Positioning my legs vertically in the air, she stooped
to conquer. Her tongue flicked at the folds. She spit over the meaty and thick labia. Using her fingers for paintbrushes, she smeared her saliva over me, mixing new colors with the wetness that had seeped from the pores and spilled from my cunt.

Imogen blew over my clit and used her nails to tease the hood down. The tip of the digit slathered the wetness over the rigid bundle of nerves. Her index finger blurred as she licked. It was exquisite, how she lapped and touched. I panted expressively. Moaning, groaning, whispering obscenities to the girl, beseeching her for more, I pushed myself in the direction of orgasm.

My hand twisted through her long hair. I wound it around my palm and seized the reins to pull her to me. She licked diligently. Five minutes passed, or possibly ten. The nerves she activated rejoiced in the contact of lips and fingers. I constricted about the two digits that probed me and squirmed at how she took the clitoris between her teeth and tapped on its roof with a dexterous tongue. I clutched the purple sheets on my bed. She forced the orgasm from my folds.

**Fingering:** Once I had come, I felt a profound sense of debt. I buried the sensation of pity at her inability to orgasm with the impetus to pay her back with what pleasure I could. This was the only currency I possessed, the only exchange of any value.

I positioned her on all fours and rubbed my hand over labia, perineum, and asshole. The heels of my fingers dragged over the folds. I used the wetness from my own cunt to layer moisture over her pussy. My touch rolled over her in circles. The middle finger cleaved past her lips. I dipped it inside, curling up against the G-spot, pressing at the nerves there. I spun the tip as though I wanted to leave my prints over her walls. My mouth lapped at the sensitive expanse of skin between her two openings. I nosed at the anus, biting the flesh of the buttocks to either side. I needed to excite her in every way I knew.

Two fingers squeezed into the cunt. I fucked them in and out, twisting at the wrist. With my free hand, I rubbed the outside of my pussy, just as she had done before. With a finger on either side of my clitoris, I used the friction and pressure to excite myself. Both of us were moaning, she more so than me.

Imogen peered at me from between her legs and blew me a kiss. Bringing herself upright, she rocked on her hands and knees and pushed back at me while I fucked her. She groaned and hissed. Her pussy made wet suction noises.

My hand moved harder. I kept a constant tempo but penetrated deeper inside her cunt. I spanked her buttocks and kissed the red imprint my palm had left on her skin. Teeth sunk into the flesh of the ass. I caught the foot Imogen curled at me and bent to swipe my tongue over the sole. Working my way up the back of her leg, I determined to eat her again.

**Eating:** I started from behind, insinuating my face into the gap of her thighs. Lips covered the slit and kissed. I also lapped Imogen’s asshole — over, around, and through the taut ring of muscle — while my thumb worked the gate of the vagina.

Imogen fell over on her side and lifted one leg up in the air. A trimmed thatch of dark hair covered the pubis. The patch provided a soft cushion for my nose. It had as well absorbed her smells. I took deep sniffs of her musky scent.

She held the sides of my head while I tongued and smooched at the opening. With lips clamped upon her labia, I twisted my face. My tongue fluttered against the entrance. I rolled it into a cylinder and poked it
within. I fastened my mouth to Imogen’s pussy and jawed at her with the lower mandible. My head turned to keep the points of contact in movement as I sucked the juices from her cunt. Lifting a hand to reach for a tit, I flattened her chest.

The sounds of her gasps filled the room. Her hand brushed through my hair. She gripped the scalp to keep my face permanently affixed to her cunt. She needn’t have bothered. I was not going anywhere. It simply wasn’t an option. I loved her taste. I loved having my face buried at the joining of her legs. The fifteen minutes I spent devouring her this way, even if the cunt stubbornly refused to come, was the climax of my evening.

69: Imogen had me sit on her face. Her arms wrapped my thighs. The hands held the buttocks. I rubbed my pussy over the bony chin and shifted it backward to her mouth. I smothered her in my heat.

Tipping myself over, I lowered between her legs. My head hung down. I used my fingers to pull at the two sides of her cunt and make the skin taut. My tongue licked at the folds. Little globules of spit trailed down the sides of her slit. It was a mental struggle to concentrate on licking pussy because the pleasure she provided to me was so overwhelming. The tension in my loins left me without speech. The musculature corded up in my back and in my thighs. I shook my feet to keep them from cramping and drifted forward and backward on elbows and knees like a rocking horse. I fucked her face.

The vise-like grip she had on my thighs tightened. Somehow, Imogen managed not to suffocate under the weight on top of her head. Her tonguetip dashed against my clit. Lifting my chest up from her belly, I spun my hips over her head. I used three fingers to fuck her pussy while her tongue threaded the lips of my cunt. I liked how sticky she was inside. The thickness of the waters that layered the walls of the vagina lubricated the rapid movements.

Both of us gasped incoherently. Imogen’s moans were muffled by pussy.

Whisky: After my multiple orgasms, which I felt guilty about because she had none of her own, we sat on the bed and kissed. Our fingers worked each other’s pussies, and we brought them to our lover’s lips to taste. Departing the bed just long enough to grab the nearly empty bottle of Dalwhinnie from the shelf, I took a swig and passed it over to her. The touch of whisky contrasted on the palate with the richer flavors of cunt.

I tipped the bottle to the side and poured whisky on her breasts. The alcohol was cool on the skin; it made her giggle. The flow of liquid left a path along her sternum and down the abdomen. I splashed drops over her nipples and also her pussy. My tongue followed the stream from source to delta. The admixture of whisky and sweat and pussy juice tasted like the ambrosial nectar of the gods.

Imogen tilted the dregs of the bottle over my mouth. She licked the Dalwhinnie where it had fallen, around my lips and down my throat. I had it from her tongue, the breath of a dragon.

We rubbed each other’s cunts and kissed endlessly.

Tribbing: The kisses ended with Imogen flat on the bed, except for her legs, which peaked as mountains. I sat between them, as though on a saddle, and scissored one of my legs to either side of one of hers. Lips kissing, the pussies pressed together. I rolled my hips and danced my cunt above while my fingers seized her nipples and pulled. Imogen raised her lower body from the mattress to drive her pubis against mine. We continued like this until I came. The juices flooded from my vagina into hers.

Afterwards, we laid on the bed, one of our heads at either end. I had a foot on top of her left breast and
hugged her right calf to my cleavage. Each of us extended the free leg fully, stretching along the flank of the other’s body. With this geometry, we rubbed pussies, rutting at each other through the moans, desperate to touch everywhere, to improve the contact, the drag, the thrust, the movement, and the pressure, to feel it just a bit differently, from a slightly better angle.

After one more orgasm, I laid kisses on her shin while I recovered.

We sat up and kissed and toppled over again and kissed some more. The last I remember of the night is huddling my body next to hers under the quilt. Her arms reached around me and grasped my breasts.

I was woken in the morning by languorous kisses. She nursed at my nipples and reached a hand between my legs. We rutted, one on top of the other for a final time.

I have Imogen’s number. I gave her mine. I hope to look her up when I return to London in January.

December 19, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/12/19/what-jean-heard/
Weather permitting, I return to the US this evening. I fly back to the UK on January 14th. Over the next weeks, I’ll visit family in New York, then go home to Boston. During the Massachusetts period at least, I expect to fuck around, with the boyfriend for sure and probably with others as well. I don’t intend to relate the various exploits, whatever they may be. The title of my blog, after all, is *Leah Lays London*. More to the point, I need a break. I need the hours away from a computer. I need to decompress and recharge.

I hope my readers stay safe during the holidays. I hope the winter nights have their compensations: a bed bespeaking home, warm blankets, someone to share them with, and a massive wet spot in the center of the sheets. I hope 2011 is an excellent year for us all.

Take care of yourselves.

Be brave.

Make love.

See you in the New Year!

December 19, 2010

I lowered the curtain on the blog too early. Thanks to the snow and the ineptitude of British Airways and the airport authority, I’m stuck in London. With luck, I fly on Friday morning.

Laying London continues. Amadeo made it back to Italy before the winter madness hit. But Frank is in town. We had dinner, and he spent the night. We fucked, but mostly we cuddled.

He and I shared the shower in the morning and returned to the bedroom wrapped in our towels. As I put on my bra, I noticed Frank, still naked, bending in the mirror, drying the backs of his legs and his feet. The cock swung from side to side. I needed to have him one more time, so I went to my knees. He hardened between my lips.

He sat on the bed and spread his legs for me while I sucked him from the floor.

I pointed the penis vertical and licked the underside of the shaft with zig-zag swipes. Frank reached into my bra and rubbed his fingers across a nipple. Today, his glans was especially sensitive, so I focused my attention there. I filled my mouth with saliva and swished it around the crown. I darted my tongue at the foreskin and circled the glans. My hands tugged at his balls. Nose nudging at the sac, the lips described the shape of his testicles.

When he laid back and positioned himself lengthwise on the mattress, I joined him on the bed. He propped his back up with pillows and pushed stray locks of hair behind an ear. He watched and sighed as I continued a slow and methodical exploration of his cock and his balls and the insides of his thighs. The lips pecked softly at the pubis, which he keeps trimmed. I squinted one eye, then the other down the length of the erection. The crown and scepter filled my vision. I signed my name with the point of my tongue.

Frank unfastened the bra to touch my breasts. While I sucked him, he reached between my legs and stroked my lips, and having coaxed the waters from my cunt, brought his hand out to pinch my nipples with pussy wet fingers.

Fingernails scraped over his muscular thighs. I took him into my throat.

I don’t know how long I fellated him. Whenever the tone of his breathing changed, I slowed the tempo or shifted my attention someplace else. He had his legs swaying in the air while I rimmed his anus. I took his toes in my mouth and rubbed my pussy against the soles of his feet. I used the moistness that escaped me to lubricate the twisting movements of my fingers along the shaft. I gripped him hard, like I do the rail on the tube when I can’t find a seat. I squeezed the shaft between my breasts.

In the end, I let the come blast onto his belly, below the navel, where the scattering of hair is more dense.
Tongue swiping through, I placed kisses over his abdomen and lapped the semen from his skin.

Frank curved his hand around the shaft and stroked it. Taking it from him, I deposited tiny kisses along the bottom surface. Nose following the shaft to the pubis, I breathed over the erection. I cooed to the cock and spoke to it, thanking the penis for the semen that it had given me.

There was a bit of the whiteness to the side of my mouth, on the left half of my chin. I smeared it over my cheek and my lips, used it for moisturizer and lip balm. As I write, I wash my tongue over the upper lip and taste him still, the smallest touch of salt on the skin.

December 21, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/12/21/once-more/
Frank came over around eleven last night. He brought a bottle of Portuguese wine, some munchies, a DVD, and a fresh box of condoms to replace the one we had finished on Monday.

He laid on the couch in sweatshirt and jeans, while I snuggled with my back to him, wearing pajama bottoms and a ratty t-shirt with my undergraduate university’s name blazoned on the front. Inevitably, as we watched the film, his touch crept under my clothes. Draping my hair over the shoulder, he exposed the nape of my neck to his lips and pecked laterally to the clavicle. Fingers tweaked my nipples, causing them to harden. He covered his hand over my pussy like a lid. Wriggling my ass at him, I felt the rise of his erection.

I fell asleep with my head pillowed on Frank’s shoulder and his arm wrapping me. The blankets were a heap at the foot of the bed. Perspiring from the effort of sex, the skin was drenched. Hair stuck to my forehead in wet tendrils.

In the morning, when the alarm function on his iPhone woke us, my body had curled into a fetal position facing the wall. Frank rolled himself onto his side, lowered a sleep heavy arm over my flank, and hugged me from behind. Grumbling incoherently at the early hour, my right leg lifted automatically so that he could fit his knee between my thighs.

The tips of his fingers rubbed my pussy lips. A finger stretched inside. It touched the walls and spun and was joined by a second. I twisted my body so that my back lay flat on the bed and tightened the grip of my legs on his.

The fingers drove in and out. They made moist sounds inside. The cunt gave suction and squeeze. I released a moan more eloquent than the attempt at speech from before.

Frank fingered me to climax. My back arched out like a stone bridge. My jaw lowered, and my head rolled on the pillow. Frank webbed the hand that wasn’t in my pussy over my face and dipped his finger in my mouth for me to suck and lick and bite down on. The grip on my head obscured my vision. The walls of the vagina buckled. The nerves jolted inside. The muscles in my thighs wrenched. Toes curled. The orgasm sluiced between his fingers.

That woke me up. Another day had begun, and soon one more fuck.

December 23, 2010

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2010/12/23/twice/
I had sex every day from New Year’s Eve until I returned to London. In the UK, until yesterday night, I had no sex at all. The brief flirtation with celibacy ended with an evening in Amadeo’s company. I had missed his presence in my life as a dominant and kinky lover.

• I liked sitting on his lap and having him reach up my dress to stroke my pussy through the mesh panties. The teasing fingers over the lips made me wet inside and out. I lifted his shirt and ran my hands over his chest. The fluffy curls of hair tickled my palms.

• Amadeo shucked my dress up over my breasts and had me lean against the wall with my ass jutting out. As he spanked my buttocks, turning the skin a warm shade of red, he gathered my hair in his fist and wrapped it around his hand. Using the grip like reins, he compelled my head backward to expose my throat, which he covered with hungry and wet kisses. The points of incisors and canines bit into my neck.

• On his bed, first he fingered my cunt while stopping my mouth with his kisses. Amadeo let me taste myself on his skin. Then he tightened the pussy slick hands over my throat and sunk his tongue deep in my mouth while he controlled my breathing. The blood rushed to my face, and the shortness of air left me feeling lightheaded.

• He brought my legs in the air and shifted them apart just far enough to spank my pussy. The slap of the fingers over my clit made me scream. Though the nerves throbbed and the vulnerable flesh sang with pain, I secretly thrilled at the intensity of the sensation. I wanted to hurt: he knew and made it happen.

• Amadeo placed a collar around my throat. He squeezed his grip under the leather and dragged me across the floor. Attaching a leather cuff to one of my wrists, he affixed a chain and wrapped it around the radiator in the bedroom. I lay on the floor while he toyed with my tits and slapped them in between a succession of kisses.

• The tip of Amadeo’s tongue flicked at my tears.

• I loved when he finally undressed and let me suck him, shackled and naked as I was. Fingers shifting through my hair, he gripped the back of my head. The pelvis thrust at me. The front of the shaft sliding along the cushion of my bottom lip, he fucked my face with shallow strokes.

• Amadeo threw me onto the chair in the corner of the room. Neck bent, my head rested against the bottom of the cushion. Gripping the backs of my calves, he held my legs in the air. The cock stretched me open.

• A finger hooking through the metal ring on the collar, he tugged me up as the penis stabbed itself deep into my cunt. He cuffed the sides of my face. He struck my breasts. I panted and gasped as I held on to his thigh.
to balance myself while he fucked me.

- Amadeo turned me around and held my head down by the back of the neck over the wooden railing of the chair. Hands clawing at the buttocks, he fucked me from behind. His nails scratched down the expanse of my back. He pulled my hair, and he bit.

- Amadeo folded over his leather belt and swung it at my shoulders. The doubled over strap fell on the rise of my breast. My ass rocked backward against his groin. I wailed in the buildup to orgasm.

- We traded positions: he sat in the chair, and I straddled him. Holding me by the shoulder and the hip, he forced me to hunch down over his cock. I grabbed the edge of the bookshelf above me and impaled my body onto the spike. Biting my lip and moaning, I bounced myself over pelvis and groin.

- He squeezed a much abused breast, held the nipple with his teeth, and dashed his tongue over the top as the walls of my vagina imploded about his shaft.

- We moved to the bed after that, where he fucked me from a perpendicular position beneath me. His fingers tugged at the collar around my neck. I came explosively, and this time there was no respite: Amadeo continued until his own explosion took him. Peeling the condom from his cock, kissing the semen where it trailed over his drooping length and his balls, I sucked him clean.

- After that, he brought out his Christmas present for me: a heavy steel dildo with a sensuous curve. He dragged it slowly past my pussy lips. We played with it. We played with it a lot: the pressure sent me to squirting orgasms while he licked at my clitoris.

January 20, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/01/20/leah-rides-again/
Slut for cock – w4m

I’m a submissive woman in search of no strings attached casual kink. I want a sexual adventure. Most likely, this will be a one night stand, but depending on how things go, a fuck buddy arrangement could be possible. I am uninhibited in bed. I enjoy rough sex and get off on pain. You should try to break me. You should use my body. Treat me like a rag doll. Play with your new fuck-toy. Put me through my paces. Exert your power and dominance over me. Claim each of my three holes for yourself. They exist for your pleasure. Make me work for my orgasms. In the process, have me believe that I am every inch your slut. I want to be taken. I want to be shaped. I want to be fucked.

Please send a scenario for a play date. If you have a fantasy you want to accomplish, tell it to me. Be specific. Be literate. Bad writing is a turn-off. If your indecent proposal resonates, I will be in touch.

I am looking for a partner who is intelligent, witty, and creative. To get into my pants, first you must get into my head. Impress me with your mind. It helps if you also make me laugh. Age, race, and national origin are not relevant considerations. Physical attraction matters. Include face and body pictures in your reply. You should be clothed. While I may want to see your genitals in my inbox, I don’t need to see them there right now. I will assume the plumbing works as it should.

I posted the ad with minor variations to the casual encounters board several times. Each attempt ghosted. Craigslist said the ad had posted and gave me the url, but it never appeared in the listing. I changed my dummy e-mail address and login and tried again. This time the ad appeared and stayed up for nearly two hours. I received fifteen replies in this time.

My post provided a template for a response. A third of the guys didn’t follow directions and either attached no photo at all or a penis picture. Two of these asked if I was for real. Another five were too brief to convey intent. Two more were form letters that I had seen before. One recognized me from the blog and offered good luck. The two semi-legitimate replies didn’t interest. I considered them briefly only because the other options were so much worse. I could have reposted, but instead I abandoned the effort.

An ad yielding no dates would have been unthinkable one year ago in Boston. Craigslist has been on a precipitous decline for many months. I am not imagining this. Liz Doherty, Amber Alert, and Bareback Grrl have also documented the sorry state of the list.

I suspect that some of the flagging is due to men attempting to kill a post in order to stave off competition after they have responded. It’s a counterproductive strategy, but at least there is a rationale. I think this is an effect at the margins, however. Possibly readers might mistake my ad for a professional service and report it.
But I don’t expect this to be the case as the tone of an escort ad is quite different. By far the largest problem seems to be men who flag ads to prevent w4m classifieds from appearing at all. I don’t know whether this is some disgruntled guy who isn’t getting any and acts to prevent others from enjoying success. I don’t know if it is some moralist. London is certainly awash in m4m ads. Maybe the men looking for this are also the ones flagging w4m posts. I have heard anecdotally that the better written m4w ads suffer the same fate. This could be an instance of Gresham’s Law in action.

The fact is that I am being driven out. Other women are as well. And so too are the partners who we seek.

I am an opportunist. I can find casual sex without much difficulty. I employ Craigslist to acquire kink. This tactic is no longer effective. I need to try something else. But there isn’t an alternative that occupies the same niche. So I am at a loss. Advice is appreciated.

January 22, 2011

The Anti-Cougar has written me a lust letter. We have never met, but I think she and I would have a grand time over drinks and then a long and sleepless night.

I am not to speak, she instructs. But there is a loophole in the lady’s command. I can still type.

Yes, Anti-Cougar, I want your pussy so very much. I want to press my tongue in your cunt and slake my thirst in the waters. I want to close my eyes and take deep sniffs of your feline scent while I suck upon your clit. I want to touch you with infinitely knowing fingers and reach inside for that deep spot that makes you gush like a fountain. I want the flavors of your orgasm on my palate. I want the soprano notes you make as your hands clench the bedsheets that we have dirtied together. I want to lift my arms up to cup your breasts and pinch those pebbly nipples. I want to screw the dildo inside and fuck you the way your young lover does with a hard, thick cock. I want to deepthroat the false glass penis once you have climaxed and then come myself in the very same manner as you. I want to fall to slumber beside you with orgasm heavy limbs. I want this.

Thank you for the gift of your supple words and the lovely images. I shall dream of you tonight.

As well, I simply must add a yo-yo to the toy collection.

January 23, 2011

I went to Daniel’s to pick up some music. He is a molecular biologist. He also plays the flute. We have had flirtatious conversations at a couple of parties.

When I arrived, he gave me the sheet music and mentioned some points the orchestra had gone over in the rehearsal that I had missed. We chatted afterwards, and he offered a beer. While we sat drinking, he made the typical guy move of stretching his arm along the back of the sofa. We spoke of our days. Before long the bottle in my hand was empty. I went to the kitchen to retrieve another pair of beers, and on my return, I positioned myself closer to him so that our thighs were flush. The arm draped behind me again.

A few drinks later, after learning that he had recently broken up with his girlfriend, I initiated contact. Pulling the sleeve of his t-shirt up, I planted a soft kiss atop his right bicep. He knew what to do after that: his arm lowered slightly and the hand pressed against my shoulder. I twisted into his body, and we kissed. I tasted the hops on his lips.

Daniel brought his weight forward, which sent me toppling. My legs separated automatically, and he occupied the space they had left. We made out from a horizontal position. Hands ran along his back and extracted the t-shirt from the waistband of his shorts. Daniel has hair longer than my own. As I combed my fingers through the locks, the incipient hardness in his pants poked at me. My pelvis elevated to encourage the erection along. I liked slipping my tongue between his lips.

When my eyes flashed open in a gap between kisses, I noticed my backpack lying on the floor. My purse wasn’t inside. I had left it in the handbag at home. I only carried my wallet.

“Do you have condoms?” I asked.

“I don’t think so.”

“Too bad. We will have to save the fucking for another time.” I kissed him again.

My fingers plucked at his belt. I had the shorts off, and his briefs followed. As Daniel pulled the t-shirt up over his head, I kicked off my shoes and undressed from the waist down, tossing the clothes onto the chair opposite. His living room could have used considerably more heat. I told him I was cold. Once I removed the bra, I put the sweater top back on.

We sat on the couch and sipped our drinks. He pulled the top down far enough to expose my nipples, to which he latched on. He left them peaked and wet. His lips traveled from my mouth to the side: across the cheek, down the neck to the collar and up again to the ear. He nibbled on the lobe and on the flexible cartilage at
top. His tongue snaked over the ridges and licked behind. As he teased the tongue over my teeth, I reached for his penis, which was slender and long. A hand spanned the shaft: from below the head to most of the way down. I straddled his lap. Two hands tugged, as though I was pulling on rope. My pussy was moist. I touched the glans to my belly and edged his foreskin down.

Bringing the cock upright, I knelt on the sofa cushion and took him inside my mouth. Daniel began gasping at once. His hand covered the nape of my neck and steadied my head as I sucked him. Lips applied consistent pressure as I bobbed over him. Releasing the shaft momentarily, I flickered my tongue over the balls. When I touched my tongue to the bead of precome at the tip and pulled back, it extended as a silken strand, then bowed under its weight and broke. He had a slight tang. I held the sac while I fellated, batting the balls around with my fingers.

Daniel pointed his penis vertical, and I accepted the cock deeper into my throat. Holding tightly to the base, I sucked faster. Saliva full of bubbles descended along the sides of the shaft. It made my fingers sticky and saturated the mat of pubis. He verbalized his pleasure.

Daniel liked touching me. Using the fingernails like forceps, he tweaked my nipples through the sweater. His hand caressed the top of my thigh and stroked the rump where it protruded. He manipulated my pussy. The fingertips slid along the slit. They didn’t sink inside. The fingers merely padded up and down, from below the clitoris to where the cunt lips pinch off at bottom and to the perineum slightly underneath. Reaching between my legs, he cupped me from behind. While he stroked the labia, I was conscious of the moistness of my pussy, how it oozed with arousal and the need that the conscious part of my brain would not permit me to sate. I wanted to be fucked by the cock in my mouth. I wanted to ride Daniel to an exquisite orgasm.

Instead, I kept sucking. My grip twisting along the base of the shaft, I rolled my fingers and pulled the skin taut. Lips running along the bottom surface of the erection, I mouthed the underside of the penis. I applied the lightest touch of teeth across the crown, holding the head that way for an instant before enveloping him again with the warmth and the wetness of my mouth. Sensing the approach of orgasm, I shifted to the floor. My fingers ringed around the beam. I sucked only the glans. Face pointed at the ceiling, I angled my head up and ensured eye contact. “Come in my mouth,” I told him.

I continued masturbating Daniel with my fingers with the knob balanced on my bottom lip. The first splash of semen landed on my chin. The rest of it fell on my tongue. It didn’t shoot out with any force. He was a dribbler. I jerked him until the ejaculation completed and my tongue was coated. Looking up at him, I thrust the whiteness of the semen between my lips so that it nearly spilled over, so that he could see. And then I gulped all of it down. I made sure to collect the come on my jaw and lick that from my fingers as well. He smelled of bleach and had a sharp and slightly unpleasant aftertaste. I didn’t care. I felt sexy on my knees.

It was my turn next. Daniel ate pussy like one who was ravenous. I intend to fuck him after the next concert.

January 27, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/01/27/the-week-so-far-13/
— Tuesday —

Tim is my best friend in graduate school. He is one year ahead of me, five years older, and acted as something of a big brother when I started. We have slept together a couple of times, but decided that we were better as friends than as friends with benefits. He turned thirty yesterday. I phoned to wish him a happy birthday.

I called a few hours before he went out to celebrate the occasion with his friends. On my end, it was just before bedtime. Toward the end of the conversation, once we had finished catching up about life and work, Tim asked if I was horny and wanted to play a little on the phone. I immediately agreed. Shedding my pajamas, I spread out on the bed and caressed the hemispheres of my breasts. One hand held each, weighing them momentarily. As Tim described the hardness of his cock in Boston, I mashed my tits flat, squeezing the flesh, compressing, rougher with my body than most lovers are with me.

Tim said he was stroking himself thinking of me naked and available for him.

I told him I would go to my knees and lick the insides of his thighs and lap at the joining of his legs. I would suck his balls, one of them at a time, lips discovering their shape. The rounded bulges they make against the skin of the scrotum exist for kisses. I wanted to nose along the length of his shaft. I would steeple my hands about the cock and suck wetly at the head, lapping the precome that saturated the crown. I promised to swirl my tongue round and round the glans. I wanted to look up at him with big eyes while I took his cock into my mouth fractionally deeper until I contained him in my throat and the head made a lump in my neck that he could see and touch. I would breathe carefully through my nose, spin my lips at the base, press my fingers against the back face of his sac, and swallow to massage the glans with the muscles of my throat.

Across the Atlantic, I heard him jerking his cock.

Remembering blowjobs past, I wanted him to bundle my hair in his grip, catching the stray locks that fell over my eyes. I recalled how he fondled my tits and ran his hands over back and shoulders while I sucked his cock and scratched at his thighs and clawed at his buttocks. I would lick the sweat from his balls and his groin.

I touched my pussy as I chronicled the act of fellatio.

Tim took up the narrative thread and explained how he would start at my breasts and work his down to my cunt, kissing each square inch of skin as he progressed to his ultimate goal. Once there, he would lick all around before addressing the pussy itself.

Fingernails peeled apart my lips. They carefully brought down the hood to expose my clitoris. A pair of
fingers slipped halfway inside. They extracted the wetness at the entrance, smeared it across the roof of the clt. I diddled myself as I listened to Tim detail his oral ministrations.

I wanted to fuck him.

This was a fantasy. There was no need to think about horrid condoms. In my mind’s eye, I saw his bare cock enter me, Tim’s maleness driving into my vagina, the soft skin cloaking the hardness underneath, a rigid penis in contact with pliant muscle. My snug cunt embraced him. Cream from my pussy lubricated the motion. His erection would stretch my walls, dragging along them as he plunged headlong into me. The goatee would tickle during the kisses that we would share.

My feet were flat on the mattress. The kneecaps lifted like mountain peaks. I pressed the glass dildo against the opening. The bulbous knob on top poked past the labial flaps. I spun the glass in a way a cock cannot.

Theme and plot were dispensed with in our story. The sentences became emphatic rather than descriptive. I implored him to take my cunt as I hammered my pussy with the dildo.

“Oh, yes. Oh, fuck!”

“Oh, shit!”

“I am on top, fucking you.”

“Fuck me hard. Have me as your bitch. Come for me.”

Harsh breathing answered my heavy moans. I tried to time my climax to coincide with his. I did not succeed. Tim announced his orgasm and came with an explosive sigh. I imagined his semen leaking out of me. I pictured how I would lick the cock clean of his come and my juices. Dildo abandoned to these thoughts, I rubbed my clit vigorously until I also shuddered. It took me a few extra minutes.

Afterwards, we chatted in a pleasant shade of afterglow. Fingers soothed over my still wet pussy.

January 27, 2011

Amadeo has a large hand. Lubrication dripped from it and soaked the bedspread. Three fingers were in me, fucking in and out of the slit. A fourth, the pinky, easily joined the others. He poured more of the oil into the trough of his fingers and folded the thumb between them.

I didn’t have a clear view of what was happening. The constant stream of commentary allayed any trepidation I felt. Amadeo wanted to fist me. As I said, his hand is large.

Four fingers had slipped in to the bottom knuckle. The palm flared out just beyond.

The air entered and exited my lungs in shallow convulsions, the intake of breath in time with a thrust inside, a sharp gasp released, and an exhale as he pulled the hand fractionally out and twisted.

“I am going to push now,” he informed.

I nodded consent. I took a deep breath and held it. My ass tilted up from the mattress.

He pushed. I bore down with my muscles, chomped my teeth together, and grunted. The pussy stretched to admit his hand.

I looked down again at the space between my legs when the movement had finished.

“Almost there,” he said. The hand rotated but its forward motion diminished.

The thumb had almost disappeared. Amadeo’s hand had inched inside to the very bottom where the heel and the base of the palm jutted out.

He poured out more of the lubricant. My cunt ached.

He kissed the top of my pussy. His tongue swept over the clitoris. “Ready?” he asked.

I looked him in the eyes and rolled my head back and closed my own. My thighs parted. I swallowed another deep breath. He pushed again, adding a sideways twist to his movement. The breaths came hard and heavy. So also the groans. He pressed down, and I struggled to relax my muscles and allow the walls of the vagina to go slack. When he stopped forcing his hand at me, he was inside to the wrist. Always, when I am fisted, it looks amazing.

We had fucked first. He had employed the metal dildo that he had given me. We had inserted a thick cucumber wearing a condom. It had taken us fifteen more minutes to secrete his hand inside. He wiggled his fingers then. I felt them move.
I looked down at him and smiled. The smile became a chuckle and then a deep throated laugh. The intensity of the experience was overwhelming. This was a moment of nervous relief. A sense of satisfaction and accomplishment covered me like a warm blanket.

Amadeo pivoted his hand and settled the wrist. The entrance to the vagina made a tight band around him. He stretched his fingers experimentally, pushing against the deep spot in the back that I had told him about. I winced at the contact with the cervix and purred when he found the swollen bundle of nerves inside.

It took another ten minutes for him to collapse his hand into a fist. The walls of the cunt were elastic. They made room. But their plasticity came with strain and effort. I swam in my perspiration. The hair plastered to my forehead. My breasts reflected the bright bedroom light. Sweat stung my eyes. I blinked the prickling away.

He spun the fist inside me. He jostled the hand at the wrist, moving forward and backward an infinite inch, punching into the vacant space.

He tongued around my pussy, lapping at the distended, engorged clitoris. He touched a vibrator to the agonized bundle of nerves and rolled his right hand within me. His left hand, splayed over the curve of my belly, held me to the bed. The fingers clenched and unclenched inside. The knuckles pressed at the G-spot. The face of the finger rubbed against the anterior fornix.

I clutched his forearm in a death grip and came. This connection — the whiteness in my knuckles — was my anchor to the world.

Once the orgasms started, they would not stop. A dam had burst. The levees had broken. The waters escaped the walls of the vagina. They cascaded out the pores in front. The clitoris twitched constantly. My moisture sluiced between his fingers. At the end of it, once Amadeo had extracted his sodden hand from my pussy aided by muscles pushing, he brought his head down to snap up the labia with his lips. His head shook from side to side like a dog’s, and he rasped his tongue over my clit. I squirted square into his face.

January 28, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/01/28/the-week-so-far-33/
I am behind on a couple of projects. I telephoned Amadeo in the afternoon and explained my situation. I suggested that we share a quick dinner, then spend the evening in each other’s company, but working, and proceed to sex nearer to bedtime. He said he had deadlines as well and a trip to Germany next week for which to prepare. So he agreed.

It was a domestic scene. Amadeo sat at one end of the sofa with his laptop perched on his knees, while I curled myself on the cushions, propped my head on a pillow, and read. He idly stroked my foot through the black stockings. Just before midnight, he closed his laptop and set it on the table in front of us. He poured the dregs of the wine bottle into his glass and drained it. An enormous paw lowered over my breast. We kissed as lovers do.

He stood me up and undressed me, tongue and lips painting over the skin as he removed my clothes. Once naked, he sent me to my knees, lifted to his feet, and undressed in his turn. He looped his belt about my throat and led me crawling to the bedroom behind him, a girl on a leash. Amadeo sat on the edge of the bed with his legs spread open. I knelt on the floor, hands holding his calves and feet, and I sucked his cock the way a submissive slut should.

Amadeo controlled the tempo of the blowjob. My head fit easily into his palm. He gripped my scalp. Fingers twisted in my hair. A thick stream of saliva spilled from my mouth and streamed down his shaft in alluvial flows. The saliva left streaks in his pubis. The expectorate dangled from his balls and swayed like rope. My eyes rolled backward in my head as the cock imposed itself into my throat, withdrew partway, and stabbed in again. Using my ears as handles, he fucked my skull. Fingers forced my jaws to open wider. The heel of his hand pushed at my forehead and angled my head up to enforce eye contact. A wad of his spit landed on my nose. He slapped the bulge his cock made in my cheeks. The back of his hand clipped across my face. He manhandled my breasts. Though I gagged over his cock, though tears welled up in my eyes, he pounded my throat, fast and remorseless with his penis. It was Amadeo’s prerogative to mistake my mouth for a cunt. I was left to my own devices, to accommodate the erection as best I could while he used me for his pleasure.

At the close, he wrapped the belt around his hand and tugged so that the leather tightened about my throat and constricted. He held me down against his groin and came explosively in my throat. The semen bypassed my tongue completely; I didn’t taste any of it.

When he let go of my head, I surfaced for air. I gasped for breath. My lips were bruised and swollen.

Amadeo wrapped the belt about my wrists, which he held behind my back, and blindfolded my eyes with a scarf. While I hunched over on the bed on shoulders and knees, he spanked my defenseless pussy from below. Retrieving another belt from the bedroom closet, he whipped across my shoulders and back. The belt
slashed at my buttocks. I couldn’t see any of it, but a shift in his weight on the mattress and a hitch in his breathing allowed me to anticipate the blows.

I cried into my blindfold. My nose became runny. Still, I begged him for more. I begged him to fuck me. Bound though they were, my hands stroked his erection.

Amadeo refused my entreaty. His hand cupped under my pussy. He insisted on having my orgasm before he would place his cock inside me.

For a quarter hour, while he whipped me sporadically and spanked me with his right hand, I rutted myself against his left. The friction of clit and labia sliding on his fingers sent me to delirious convulsions.

Amadeo loosened the blindfold then. I rolled onto my back and separated my legs as wide as I could. Pausing briefly to cover himself with a condom, Amadeo threw himself on top of me. Still secured behind me, my hands dug into my back. My shoulders protested at the weight on top. It didn’t signify. It was the desire in my cunt that mattered. I used the muscles in my thighs to launch myself from the bed.

His tongue fucked my mouth. Amadeo bit my shoulders and neck. He squeezed my tits. He had come once already, so he could go on and on. He took me in different positions, having me as he willed the sex. My pussy shuddered around his shaft throughout.

He came finally, wrenching my shoulders from behind as he pulled on the belt wrapping my wrists, and collapsed on top of my back. We kissed gently.

Sometime after one in the morning, I laid in the crook of his shoulder. I held his arms over my torso and stroked them. He caressed my breasts. His fingers combing through my hair — this is my last memory of evening.

February 3, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/02/03/a-night-at-amadeos/
Friday night, my roommate persuaded me to a party. Tipsy with drink, I left with a guy around one in the morning. In his early thirties, he wasn’t particularly cute, but he told entertaining stories about Kenya, where he works for an NGO. At his place, I sucked, he licked, and we fucked. I no longer remember the sequence of events. I no longer remember whether I came that night. The cock was functional. The sex was serviceable. The hours we spent naked together were insignificant. It was like a meal that filled the belly, but failed to excite the palate and wasn’t memorable for the company. Going through the motions yielded only a diffuse pleasure. We sweated. We grunted. We slept. Details of the assignation were forgotten by morning.

After the concert on Saturday, several of us went for drinks at a pub. Following a couple of rounds, I went home with Daniel. I had brought condoms this time, and so had he. Foreplay was brief: kisses, his hand in my pants, lips mouthing his erection through the dressy black trousers, a hasty undressing. In the bedroom, he was on top of me the first time. For the second fuck, I rode Daniel from above. In the morning: an interlude of doggy and then cocksucking. My hand twisted on the main part of the stem as he came. Semen dripped on my lips and tongue. Again, sex existed as a utilitarian exercise that satisfied a body’s needs.

Amadeo is in Bonn this week. The usual mid-week date on a Wednesday night is deferred. I must amuse myself otherwise.

February 8, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/02/08/unspectacular-sex/
I came home from the gym to an empty apartment. The roommate had taken the train down to Paris in the morning, so I knew I had the place to myself. Not having enjoyed the usual midweek ration of sex, I felt particularly horny. Masturbation at bedtime the night before wasn’t enough.

I stripped to panties and bra, went to the bedroom for a blanket, and threw it over the dilapidated chair in the living room. One foot planted to the floor, my calf lowered over the cushion of the seat. Straddling the armrest, I pressed my chest against the back of the chair. Through the layer of cotton covering my crotch, through the thick woolen blanket, through the leaf patterned upholstery, I felt the unyielding hardness of wood. Sliding my cunt down, raising and lowering my pelvis, adding torque with my hips, I dragged my pussy against the arm.

A hand covered each tit. I held the swells of my breasts. I squeezed the flesh. The pressure of hands deformed their rounded curves. I compressed and flattened the tits against the harder muscle beneath.

I bit my bottom lip. Friction peeled apart the lips of my cunt. The moistness between my legs had darkened the gray fabric. The wet spot spread as I moved. I felt the incipient stickiness over my pubis.

Arms wrapping the chair, I pushed my body mass against its rising back. My pelvis gyrated.

I unclasped the bra. The straps fell over my shoulders. I cupped my breasts and pushed them together, narrowing the cleavage. The areolae had assumed a deep blush and were several shades of pink darker than the surrounding skin. I used my nails as pincers: pinching, gripping, pulling, twisting. The sharpness of the painted fingernails excited the nerve endings. Blood vessels inside the spongy nipples filled up. The nubs thickened, the integument pebbling over, acquiring the texture of leather. I tightened my grip. I plucked at the hardened protuberances. Hands rolled in circles over my tits.

Closing my eyes, I pumped my hips. Hunching down, rotating the pelvis, adjusting the touch of pussy, I improved the angle of contact. The panties had bunched. Looking down at the imprint of the labia in the cotton, I saw the shadow of the cunt as well. Reaching in, I pressed a finger in the space between the swollen lips.

I licked the nascent arousal from my index finger and spun my hips down faster. I ran my hands over my thighs. I gave my buttocks a loud spank. My breath became shorter as I moved.

Five minutes in, I paused long enough to whisk my panties off. My fervor had soaked the fabric, leaving the cotton drenched. My sexuality had a sharp odor. It filled my lungs and widened my eyes.

Naked now, I reverted to the previous positioning. My hand rubbed across my pussy. Fingers undressed the
clit. The pads of the fingers held a long note there. I shrieked out a desperate moan.

I folded my arms and lowered my elbows against the back of the chair. My breasts dragged against the coarse wool, as did my cunt. My back made an acute angle. Pelvis pressing against the rounded edge of the wing of the chair, I drove the cunt against the face of the arm where it flattened, the clit climbing on top of the rest and sliding down again. The rise of the chair nestled into the pit of my arm. My hand lowered along the upholstery in back as far down as I could reach. Holding my chest to the chair in a rough embrace, I swiveled my hips forward, halted abruptly, reversed direction, and then pivoted forward again. I fucked the shabby, rickety chair as though it were a long sought lover.

To masturbate, I could have touched my pussy, fingering the cunt, fingering the clitoris. I could have produced a vibrator or a dildo. I could have affixed clothespins to my lips and my nipples. I could have wadded the underwear in a ball and stuffed it into my vagina. I could have brought ice from the kitchen and let it melt over my flushed skin. I have done all of these things. But not today.

Today, I humped the chair like a bitch dog in heat. I rutted my cunt over the arm.

Eyes squinched shut, jaw hanging down, my forehead creased with the ascending pleasure. I wheezed for breath like a long distance runner at the end of a race. My pussy drove against the scratchy wool.

The clock on the wall tolled the minutes: two, three, five, seven, eleven, thirteen.


The breath returned to me after the orgasm in heavy gasps. I held my head in my hands. My body shook in convulsions of laughter.

Hauling myself to my feet, I dried my thighs with paper towels. I retrieved a fresh pair of panties from the dresser in the bedroom and selected a t-shirt that fell to my hips. Padding into the kitchen in my bare feet, I boiled water for tea. Opening the small refrigerator there, I contemplated dinner.

February 11, 2011

Daniel and I exchanged flirtatious e-mails in the morning. He invited me to his place for afternoon tea. We have had sex twice before. The expectation was that this would be our third time. I am looking for another fuck buddy to supplement time spent with Amadeo. This suited me.

I showed up at his place around three in the afternoon and stayed till five. Tea foregone, we proceeded to the bedroom immediately upon my arrival.

In bed, we spent time kissing. I liked how his hands explored my body as the kisses deepened. He applied a light touch to my shoulders, then followed the line of my spine. The fingers smoothed along the curve of my buttocks and the extension of the thigh. He cupped my breasts softly. He spread his fingers over my cheeks, just grazing an ear, while his tongue fluttered in the space beyond my lips.

My fingers made deft work of the buttons on his shirt and continued to his trousers. Once I had him naked, my fingers wrapped his shaft. Lips and tongue mapped the precise borders of the muscles of his chest and abdomen. My fingers traversed each of his ribs as I descended the ladder.

Swiping the hair on the pubis aside, I accepted the shaft into my mouth. My head was positioned at a sideways angle. My lower lip dragged along the side of the erection. I lifted the tongue against the cock. My mouth filled up with saliva as I gave him suck. Sliding along the roof of my mouth, the glans fell easily into my throat. I breathed carefully through my nose and swallowed with the muscles in the back. Suction on his balls made him groan.

He gathered the curtain of hair that shadowed my face and held it out of the way so that he could enjoy the visual experience of the blowjob. Through my black t-shirt, Daniel unhooked the clasp on the bra. He reached down and rubbed his hand between my shoulder blades.

When I surfaced from fellatio, I kissed him again. He brought my arms up. I crossed them and tugged off the shirt. I slipped off the bra and hung it from his cock, which made us laugh.

He pulled me against him. I laid on my side with his arms wrapping me.

Daniel ran his fingers over the apex of my legs. His hand gripped my cunt through the blue jeans. I felt the moisture that escaped my pussy collecting against the cloth.

He reached inside my pants. The back of his hand made the denim bulge as he stretched his fingers and rubbed them against the grain of the cunt.

I loosened the belt and pulled my jeans off. The tips of Daniel’s fingers padded lightly over the gusset of the thong underwear. He discerned the silhouette the lips made in the fabric and pressed his thumb down hard.
into the indentation in between and rotated it. I twisted my hips and gyrated my pelvis against his hand.

Before long, my knickers were off. My hand curled around his erection. The fingers stroked up and down. I bent to taste the precome that had beaded at the cyclops eye.

We cycled through a series of sexual poses. He held his cock upright for me. I sucked on the crown while my thighs straddled his head. His tongue reached into my cunt. I squatted over his face while he licked my pussy. I sat on top of his cock after that. The penetration transpired inch by inch. I kept my hands behind me and held his thighs for balance as I bounced my cunt over him. Then I leaned over so my breasts would drag across his chest. He sat me on the edge of his desk and took me from a standing position. After this, he squatted on the carpet and towed me to the ground. I brought my hands up over my shoulders and pushed my weight off the floor, arching my back to him. Daniel supported my thighs over his. The penetration of his cock was maximal this way. In the next iteration, I kicked my feet off of his shoulders while he fucked me from above. He lifted me from the carpet and propped me up by the back and the ass while his cock hammered into me. I laid on my belly while he fucked me from behind. I orgasmed as he pounded me on all fours. He came shortly thereafter. I licked the semen from his penis and tipped the condom over so that I could drink that, too.

Daniel’s second eruption arrived unexpectedly during a footjob. After having been eaten to a sequence of starburst orgasms, I teased his cock. I kissed the semen where it pooled on his thighs and groin. I licked the spot of come that had landed on my foot and sucked it from the sheets as well.

I enjoyed the encounter with Daniel. In the end, the foreplay and the oral sex were better than the fucking. We also didn’t talk enough. He may continue as an occasional lay, but he won’t be promoted to full fuck buddy status. I still seek a regular.

February 14, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/02/14/final-audition/
“exert your power and dominance over me” ← yes, please!
do me rough
choke me with your cock
fuck my mouth slap my face spit on me
fuck me rough and pull my hair
“spank my pussy”
spank slap smack pussy cunt clit whip crop
be rough with me
i opened my legs for his cock 2010 ← not just in 2010
leahlayslondon guy at the gym ← Stephen or this guy?
“my panties” came “into me” “my clit” orgasm “under the table”
“blowjob without hands” ← not my best effort
xmas sex
“on her knees” “licking his feet”
“marked me” cock
my vulva on his thigh
“my stretched out cunt”
“i masturbated” “my skirt”
“i straddled him”
i pushed a lit candle in my cunt
candle wax on my clit ← HOT
spank my breast stories
“i worship cock” ← I so do!
leahlayslondon pics ← there aren’t any
her pee down my throat was drowning me ← it tasted lovely
“fill my pussy with urine”
how to deal with promiscuous women ← you fuck us
he would reach forward with one hand, cupping my crotch
he pushed his finger inside my butt
he placed a dental gag and face fucked me ← this hasn’t happened yet
he plunged his cock into me
he asked me to open my mouth and he spit down my throat during sex
he thrust his penis in my anus and i loved it ← always!

“minute man” shitty sex wordpress
kafka on the shore foreskin ← I miss Frank

i like sperm in my cunt

boyfriend takes his girlfriend from behind and pounds her in the kitchen
my boyfriend wants a double blowjob ← which guy doesn’t?
my boyfriend licks me clean ← I wish

london kinky and willing slut
pornographic scenes of sexual ecstasy

he gave me his powerful cock and made me his

February 15, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/02/15/search-terms-summarized/
I had intended to go into work early. Often I reach a peak efficiency in the hour before my officemates arrive and disrupt my rhythm. I woke before Amadeo, showered, and dressed.

Before departing, I leaned over my lover’s naked, slumbering body and kissed him on the cheek.

“Stay,” he said sleepily, tugging at my arm.

I sat on the edge of the mattress. Reaching a hand under the sheets, I cupped his balls, and, ignoring the taste of morning breath, kissed him on the lips. His tongue slipped easily into my mouth.

A sigh escaped me when I broke the kiss. “I should go,” I stated. My fingers held his penis. As usual, because of a full bladder, he was mostly erect at daybreak.

He fondled my breast. He sucked on my bottom lip.

I directed a look at the clock on the nightstand and sighed again.

“I want your clothes off,” he whispered. The voice had steel.

“I want you to fuck me,” I responded. “But I need to go.” I kissed him once on the chest, above his heart.

He brought me horizontal and straddled me. “Safeword or strip,” he challenged. The penis rode against my belly.

I like it when a man asserts his will over me.

I looked up at him. He released my wrists from the pillow where he had pinned them.

I turned to glance at the clock and met his eyes once more.

The choice was mine.

My fingers stumbled over the buttons of my shirt. We had sex by Amadeo’s demand, but by my volition.

February 17, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/02/17/volition/
Chapter 100

So much sex

Frank was in town briefly during the weekend. He called and suggested that we meet up. We had a four hour quickie in the afternoon, paused for dinner, watched a movie, then fucked some more. We shared a long bubble bath afterwards. He left only twenty minutes ago.

I am still clad in my bathrobe and naked underneath. My body is sore. My legs are unsteady. I am sated by the spectacular sex.

I will sleep beautifully tonight — just as soon as I masturbate and come one more time.

February 19, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/02/19/so-much-sex/
 CHAPTER

101

MORNING QUICKIE

Though I spent much of yesterday fucking Frank, I woke up horny and wanting. Breaking with my usual modus operandi, I answered an m4w casual encounters ad at 8:44 in the morning. After a flurry of e-mails, I met the man who had posted the ad at a café across the street from his place for a once over. It was 10:30 when I arrived; forty minutes were spent on travel. He was thirty-two and — a rarity — really as fit as his photo had indicated. The conversation was clumsy and inelegant, but I decided that as he was earnest and genuine, he would do for a one-off liaison. We agreed upon condoms and a safeword (lemonade).

In his living room, he had me strip and kneel on the small coffee table in front of the couch. Reaching over me, he carefully undid the plait of my hair, and then, reaching under me, he purposefully slapped my tits. He wrenched and contorted the nipples until my breathing became labored and I shrieked at the intensity of the pain. A thwack over my buttocks with the flat of his hand served to focus my attention below. Two fingers muscled their way into my pussy. He rotated them at the knuckles and fucked them in and out. I swayed on hands and knees. The incessant supply of degrading chatter lubricated my vagina. I agreed that I was a dirty slag for letting a stranger touch me this way after barely a quarter hour of acquaintance.

“Do you want me to slide it in?” he teased, showing his erection following the great reveal.

I looked at the cock, the solidity of it, the size, and I moaned over my shoulder in anticipation and desire.

“Tell me,” he insisted, the cock sliding between the cheeks of my ass.

I enunciated the words carefully: “I want you to fuck me with your rigid, thick penis.”

He entered from behind and slammed his length into me in an easy and fluid movement. His hand twisted in my hair, and the sharp tug of the reins arched my spine from the small of the back up to my throat. He gripped my shoulder and threw me around the room like a rag doll. My body weight was insignificant in comparison to his strength. I laid on the sofa with my head dangling off the edge while he splayed my legs apart with his powerful arms and stabbed downward. He compelled my knees about my ears until I was an upturned fuckpot for his penis. He half-crouched above me and used my cunt for his pleasure. I had told him that I wanted to be taken with force; he obliged, and I adored him for it.

“This is why you are here, is it not?” he stated, in awkwardly precise diction. “You came to be fucked.” His grip mangled my breasts.

“Harder, harder, harder,” I pleaded, and he made a herculean effort to comply.

He fucked me only the one time: the encounter lasted about as long as the tube ride — but, crucially, I was in a submissive place when he finished. Once we had dressed, I bent to tie the laces on his shoes, and he
walked me to the elevator and buzzed me out of the building.

The man and I shook hands upon meeting. We never kissed or hugged during our time together. We didn’t have oral sex. He didn’t invite me into his bedroom. There were no endearments exchanged. We fucked on the table and the sofa, and then he let me use his bathroom to splash water from the sink over my face and pee. Though I didn’t come, I am nevertheless wearing a silly smile of satisfaction at this very instant.

February 20, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/02/20/morning-quickie/
I met Amadeo through Craigslist. He answered a submissive for dominant ad with a fantasy about breath play. He wanted to hold my head under the water in the bathtub while he pummeled my cunt from behind. We haven’t done this; we may never — the scenario is so far out of my comfort zone that it orbits a distant star.

Controlling my breathing during sex is, nevertheless, a favorite game of his. I enjoy it, too, because of how it makes me feel: I surrender myself to my lover. The oxygen that fills my lungs enters the bronchi through his agency and consent. Amadeo clutches my throat as he fucks me with his cock. The pressure his fingers apply to my windpipe leaves me wide-eyed and aroused. He covers my mouth and nose with his hand and smothers me with an iron grip. He gags me with my underwear and has me wear the discarded black stockings over my head. He tugs at the frayed ends and tightens the winter scarf around my neck while I scream at him to pound me harder.

Often, the impulse to panic elicits an automatic response. My arms flail. Fingers clutch at his forearm while I struggle beneath his mass. I gasp. I pant. He has me drowning for air.

I feel light in my head.

I feel vertiginous.

I am floating above myself.

I am euphoric.

Last night, Amadeo wrapped my bra around my neck. The cups folded about my throat, and the elastic wound around. He slipped my hands through the arm holes and had me pull at the bra straps, constricting the passage of air through my trachea. I choked myself while he squatted on the bed. He grasped my feet, pulled my legs over his thighs, and dragged my cunt down the length of his prick.

Heuffed my cheek playfully. He kissed me amorously. His tongue took possession of my mouth. He ate my pussy and fucked me some more. My cunt detonated all around him.

February 24, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/02/24/breathing-exercises/
We masturbated in bed, racing to see which of us would come last. I laid on my back, thighs spread open, feet close together, and dragged my fingers through my lips. Fingertips pressing into the pubic bone, I made circles in the flesh. I pinched my nipples. I pulled at the clitoris. He watched me, and I watched him watching me. He hovered, flashing his cock with my pink underwear, and collected the semen in the cup of his hand when he finished. I lapped up his ejaculate, licking the palm until it was clean. The taste got me off.

February 26, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/02/26/bedroom-games/
A comment on “Mile high masturbation” by Amor Gratia Amoris.

One of my long standing fantasies is to have mile high sex. In its absence, I have masturbated before on flights imagining. I think of a hasty fuck up against the sink in the locked bathroom. I think of straddling a man as he sits on the toilet. We move within tight, enclosed spaces: the lavatory, my pussy. Better still, I could suck the semen from my seatmate’s cock while we cruise at altitude, a slow blowjob conducted in the presence of a hundred others. If it’s an undersubscribed redeye, my lover and I might pull up the handrests and spoon on a row of seats in the back of the plane and manage a surreptitious encounter beneath the cover of blankets. The engines drown out the sounds of our gasps. Picturing the scenario, it’s a struggle to keep silent, to relax the muscles in my face, to maintain my equanimity while I am in the throes of a self-induced pleasure. I rub and rut against a hand (mine) when it’s a cock that’s needed (his). I suspect that the people around me smell my arousal, but no one says anything to break the spell or disrupt my movements.

Thanks for letting me relive the experience vicariously through you. It’s a hell of a ride. It’s a hell of a post — possibly my favorite so far.

March 3, 2011

http://amorgratiaamoris.wordpress.com/2011/03/02/mile-high-masturbation/#comment-53
About a month ago, I suggested to Amadeo that when the weather warms slightly, the two of us should play in public. Even a brief session outside, with the risk of being caught *in flagrante delicto* appeals to me. There’s a sordid danger to the act. There’s the fear of discovery. I don’t want to be seen. But I get off on the possibility. It's an illicit thrill — to get away with being dirty in places where one ought to behave with propriety. Given the ubiquity of closed circuit television cameras in London, a quickie encounter has an added peril.

I received an e-mail from Amadeo two evenings ago in which he outlined a scenario for us. Though he allowed a winter coat in acknowledgement of the weather, he wanted me to wear a dress short enough to ensure easy access to my pussy. He specified no stockings. I took care to shave my legs in the morning and brought the outfit to the office. After my workout in the gym, I showered and changed.

The winter jacket reached to my knees. The leopard print minidress I had worn stopped halfway up my thigh. I liked the bracing rush of air that spiraled between my legs as I descended into the arteries of the London underground.

Amadeo and I ate at an excellent Italian restaurant. (He is finicky about the cuisine of the country of his birth.) The waiter stood behind me when we ordered. Following the scoop of my dress, his eyes nestled in my cleavage. Amadeo’s amusement at how conspicuous he was found a mirror in my smile. We lingered over wine until 10 pm. Then it was time to go.

We drove north of High Barnet, beyond the terminus of the Northern line, and wended through narrow streets. Standalone houses replaced the apartment buildings of the interior of the city. After several minutes of seemingly aimless driving, Amadeo circled around a block and then doubled back. He parked the car and told me to bring the bag in the back seat. The side street we had stopped on was deserted: there were a handful of cars parked on the side of the road and no pedestrians at all. The streetlamps offered only a dim illumination to the setting. The buildings around us were dark. They looked to be abandoned. A hundred meter metal fence marked the boundaries of an asphalt lot. I surveyed the length of the street and didn’t see cameras.

Amadeo took the bag from me.

I removed my coat.

“You will be cold,” he said.

I shrugged and threw it over the trunk of his car.
“I am going to cuff you to the fence.”

He sent me to my knees, brought my arms up above my head, and secured the wrists with handcuffs to the chain-link fence. He pressed his fingers to my lips and had me open my mouth. The fingertips skated along the row of teeth. He stretched them over the tongue. He scissored them apart to widen the maw. The fingers spun inside. I forced saliva between them. I bobbed my head as though I were sucking his cock.

Amadeo brought the penis out of his pants. He hadn’t worn underwear and was most of the way erect. The eye of the glans peeked through the foreskin. The fingers made a circle around the thickening shaft and exposed the head.

I glanced all around me. Amadeo and I were still alone. I was aware of the goose pimples on my thighs and exposed forearms. I could see my breath.

The metal was cold against my back. Suppressing the impulse to shiver, I focused my attention on his prick. I licked my lips and waited. A jolt of electricity raced up my spine as I contemplated what we were about to do.

When he gave me the cock, I took it down halfway without a second’s hesitation. My head moved back against the fence, then forward, in the direction of his pelvis. The saliva dripped over the front part of the penis. I made slobbering noises as I sucked him.

The pressure of his hand tilted my head up and made my neck arch. The fence gave behind me as he pressed inward, the metal biting at the back of my head.

He jabbed the cock deeper into my mouth. My fingers looped through the links of the fence. I tightened my grip as I strained to accommodate the front part of the erection into my throat. I made gagging sounds.

He swore at me and bade me to throat the cock fully. I followed his instruction. The gag reflex was more pronounced than usual last night. It took an effort to comply. But I did. My lips came to a halt where the seam of the scrotum begins. My nose was buried in his pubis. I had his scent deep inside my lungs. I glanced up at Amadeo and conceded my submission with a needful look. He fucked my face for a minute or so. After that, he let me continue the blowjob at a more equal tempo. I interrupted the sucking to tongue the sides of his shaft. I accepted the knob of his penis into my throat repeatedly, surfacing for a swallow of air each time.

Amadeo took his penis from me. He used it to slap my cheek. He pressed down on my forehead and ran the shaft, which was sticky with saliva, over my cheeks and nose and then placed it between my lips. I sucked. Without my hands to help guide the movements, there was no finesse to this blowjob. He didn’t care. He had me swallow the spit that corded in thick strands on the lower part of the head. As the cock was now lubricated, I could take it deep more easily. I shook my head from side to side with the penis seated atop my tongue. The cheeks puffed up. They expanded and contracted like bellows.

He boxed the side of my face. He reached for my tits and tweaked them through the stretchy cotton fabric of the dress. He combed his fingers through my hair. The fingers dug into my scalp. All the while, he surveyed the area to make certain there was no one else present. I was constantly aware of the backdrop of the sex. It excited me to be sucking cock, chained outside, like a dog, like a bitch, like a slut. I was a mouth he had claimed for his use. I was a woman.

He pulled his cock away definitively and fished for the key in his trouser pocket. “I don’t want to come this way. I want to cream in your pussy.”
Amadeo uncuffed me and brought me to my feet. My hair caught in the fence and snagged, causing me to wince. Amadeo went to the ground. He wet the corner of a handkerchief with spit and wiped it across my knees and just below, where they had become scuffed with the dirt on the pavement. When he was satisfied, he pushed me against the fence and kissed me as though he had just returned from the wars.

I stretched my arms to the side and made a large V. He cuffed my wrists to the fence again. The dress was too short, but it was also too tight over the legs. He contended to pull it up my hips. When the dress had lifted enough to show my underwear, he shifted the panties — also leopard print — to the side and considered my cunt. The fingers slipped inside. Their presence made me groan. Amadeo wiggled them. The blowjob had left a puddle in my knickers. Now I longed to be filled with cock.

He rolled a condom on. He entered me.

I was conscious of my surroundings: the stillness of the street, the brick facade of the building across the way, Amadeo’s car parked in front of us, the long shadows on the pavement, the wintry arctic air, how the metal of the cuffs dug into my wrists, the movement of the fence at my back. I brought my knee forward and kicked my foot off the wiry mesh, drawing my thigh flush against Amadeo’s leg. The movement enhanced the angle of penetration. Amadeo yanked on my hair to jerk my head up. His hand gripped my jaw from below. He lowered his spit into my mouth. He bit my lower lip. He grunted fiercely. The fence buckled as his cock slammed into me. He came within two minutes.

I hadn’t orgasmed, but this didn’t matter. My cunt was raw. The sex had satisfied.

He inverted the condom, placed it over his index and middle fingers, and brought it to my lips. I sucked his sperm from the latex. Once he released me from my bondage, I went to my knees and mouthed his drooping penis. Before rising to my feet, I picked up the discarded Durex wrapper. “We shouldn’t pollute,” I told him, and he laughed.

The reserves of adrenaline exhausted, I shivered uncontrollably. I wrapped myself in my winter coat and, teetering on pointed heels, spun myself in a circle, taking in the neighborhood around us. Though we had been outside for barely ten minutes, the heat in the car felt heavenly.

I masturbated during the drive to Amadeo’s, leaving a pool of moisture on the seat. Whenever he could manage it, his left hand migrated from the stick shift to the space between my legs. As soon as the apartment door had shut, he sent me toppling to the floor and threw himself on top of me. The sex continued for hours.

March 3, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/03/03/the-chain-link-fence/
A reader recently inquired about my reasons for declining sex after meeting a potential partner off of Craigslist. Here is the story of an unsuitable date.

I answered a CL ad over the weekend looking for D/s play. He wanted to meet me at once. I told him I was on my period and suggested that we talk first over e-mail and then get together later in the week.

His writing isn’t spectacular, but clear ideas for play shined through despite the imperfections in grammar and syntax. I gave him the benefit of the doubt. He claimed to have proficiency with Japanese rope bondage. The aesthetic of shibari fascinates me. I asked him to elaborate. He sent photographs and wanted to know which images I found appealing. I liked the arms knotted behind the back. I liked circles of bright fibers wrapping the breasts and bringing them into prominence. I liked the rope bisecting the cunt, making it look like some strange flower. I liked the patterns the weave made over the nude female form. I wanted to be tied this way.

Yesterday.

I decline to proceed immediately to his place, so we settle upon a nearby pub. Though he lives less than a block away, he arrives ten minutes late, just as I am preparing to ditch, in fact. But he is there at the wire, and he buys the round, so I stay.

He speaks about himself and his experiences with domination. He speaks about himself and his experiences with women. He speaks about himself and his experiences with bondage. He speaks about himself and his experiences with the world. (He is widely traveled and urbane, you see.) He speaks about himself and his experiences with the financial markets. He speaks about himself and his thirty-nine years of miscellaneous other experiences. He is infatuated by the cadence of his speech. I am an audience paralyzed by his presence. I present an opportunity for him to listen to himself.

While it’s clear that he is less experienced than he believes, the sexual parts ring true, and he is attractive. We agree upon condoms and a safeword (newspaper). This man — let’s call him Angus, since he is Scottish — then tells me to take off my panties. I am wearing jeans. He doesn’t hand over a remote controlled vibrator to secrete in my pussy. The request makes little sense to me. Letting libido override the klaxons blaring in my head, I nevertheless excuse myself to the toilet and humor this whimsy.

For the next hour, we converse about more of his experiences. I am garrulous when I have drink in front of me. But I can’t get a sentence in edgewise before he is speaking about himself again. Sometime during the third round, he informs me with absolute sincerity that his ideal for submission finds its expression in the Gor novels of John Norman. He asks me if I know the proper slave positions. Angus recites them to me. He
promises to teach me my place in sex.

Ever since he had asked me to open my purse to show the panties I am no longer wearing, I have the awareness that I would not sleep with him. Despite this knowledge, while Angus supplies the pints from the bar, I keep on drinking them. I should have abandoned the date earlier. I have spent enough of my evening on this tedious, dour man. It is time now to bail.

I leave the dregs in the glass and rise from the table. He stands as well. As I collect the coat from the back of my chair, Angus directs me to henceforth call him Sir, to keep my head lowered, and to walk an exact two paces behind him as he leads me to his dwelling.

I ask after his order of knighthood, which he hadn’t thought to mention during his many soliloquies, but he looks at me quizzically.

I offer that I don’t think we are compatible and wish him luck at finding a woman who is.

I ignore that he names me a fucking cow as I walk in the direction of the tube with my head held high.

May this evening’s date be less of a disappointment!

March 4, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/03/04/not-an-atypical-date-unfortunately/
An older man, he has a smallish prick, but he knows how to use it. He has me suck him for half an hour while he watches me and he watches porn and compares my technique to that of the girl on screen. He slouches on the sofa afterwards and has me ride his penis. I lower my breast to his lips.

He turns me around when his orgasm approaches. I hold on to the sofa back while he grips my hips and drags me over his groin. When we pause the sex again, I lick the juices from my cunt from the condom on his penis. He calls me his baby girl.

He doesn’t kiss me like I’m his baby girl. I run my fingers along his cock while I suck on his tongue.

I want him to take all three of my holes. I get on the sofa and crouch on elbows and knees, raise my ass, and present to him. He prises the buttocks open and spits. Saliva drips down the winking anus.

“I want you to—” I start.

He interrupts. “It doesn’t matter what you want. I will fuck your asshole because I want it.”

So he does.
The boyfriend surprised me by appearing at my door two Saturdays ago. He flew in for the weekend because he thought it necessary to talk in person about the status of our relationship.

I wish I could say that the discussions that followed were a total shock to me.

The truth is that long distance has been challenging for us. The interlude in the States this winter rekindled the fires in part, but over the last several weeks — that is to say, since my return to the UK — the e-mails we have traded and our conversations over Skype have been lazy and inadequate. One of us misses an appointment because stuff happens, and the other, after rearranging the schedule and juggling plans, winds up solo and disappointed and annoyed. The internet goes down over here or over there. There is a five hour time shift with which to contend. We discover that we cannot connect when we absolutely need to talk with the one person who, at this particular instant in time, knows us most comprehensively. We find ourselves increasingly frustrated and vexed. We don’t bother to rearrange plans anymore. We talk less than we should, less than we did, far less than we must. Because of geography, the two of us drift apart: slowly: inevitably: like the continents.

We had the difficult conversations throughout the weekend. Power games set to the side, we had fond and unhurried sex. I sought to commit his scents and tastes to memory, the flavor of his semen, how he touched me and the way I touched him back, those kisses, that tongue flickering inside my pussy and my anus like a flame. I compressed the muscles of my vagina about his shaft, raised the pelvic floor, and listened to the inflection in his voice as he wavered on the edge. I allowed the rictus of his face to consume my vision. His enormous brown eyes swallowed me up. When the paroxysm seized my body, I blinked away tears. He enveloped me in his arms and cradled me in the aftermath of the orgasms. He held me through the catharsis of sobs which followed. The side of a finger scooped up the semen that had leaked from my pussy. He pushed it back inside again. I giggled, and then he did, too.

We have suspended the relationship.

The love persists. Sodoestthefriendshipandtheaffection. He and I still share an apartment in Boston. When I return to the US at the end of the summer, we can reassess and maybe revise our standing based on where we find ourselves then.

In the meanwhile, life proceeds. We have agreed that the two of us may not only fuck others, we can actively date. Falling in love is a risk we take. I am not looking for a partner for the long term. It could happen though.

Spring is a new season.
I feel liberated in this city. I feel so terribly alone.

~

Amadeo cooked dinner last night. We ate by candlelight. The brooding Sagrantino di Montefalco left me tipsy. Listening to Bartoli, we made out, but did not fuck. I went home so that I could sleep in my own bed, alone, with not even a sex toy for company.

I haven’t bedded with anyone since the ex-boyfriend. The physical urge is there, an omnipresent shadow. Frame of mind, mood, and disposition: these are lacking.

This remains a sex blog. I have no intention of altering that. The stories will resume once the laying does. This will happen — probably soon. Until then, I will go into a state of hibernation.

March 17, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/03/17/the-silence/
Two comments on “Good girl” by Feminist Sub.

- Within a sexual context, I like the diminutive “good girl” as well. Older lovers more often give me this appellation, this praise. It elates me. It doesn’t feel to me that my submission arises from “wanting the things I don’t want.” Rather, I truly want it. I enjoy pleasing a partner with my body. I am offering myself, and this gesture excites me. He takes, and I get off on this. I like the powerlessness of the experience. I explore new sensations and revel in their novelty. Sometimes it embarrasses me to ask for a thing, but I do so out of desire — because I want. Though I am not the one in control, I nevertheless consider myself an equal partner, fully complicit in the sex. We do it together. I want it this way.

- Neither domination nor submission exists in vacuum. One requires the other. So there is a partnership. My usage of “equal” is in a colloquial sense. As well, submission, for me, transpires by choice. I am there because I want to be there. In how I play, I have a safeword and reserve an ultimate veto. I can enunciate a refusal of each act. When I fail to do so, I am complicit. I have delegated authority rather than abdicated it and concur in its exercise. I am not in control. But I could be by asserting my right. While the experience of powerlessness may be a fantasy, it is nonetheless an effective one.

March 30, 2011

http://afeministsub.wordpress.com/2011/03/30/good-girl/#comment-5
http://afeministsub.wordpress.com/2011/03/30/good-girl/#comment-9
CHAPTER 110

END OF THE DROUGHT

My friend Rachael’s birthday was on Thursday. We celebrated last night with dinner in Chinatown followed by clubbing in Soho. The weather in London had warmed this week, so I dared a summery top that showed cleavage and bared midriff and a tight skirt whose uneven and ragged hem dropped to the midpoint of my thighs.

Pelvis grinding to the electronic beat, I rutted on the floor against men unknown to me. The music was so loud that I could not think: I could only move. Straddling a man’s thigh, I lowered my body onto his legs and, on the rise, brushed my breasts along his sloping chest. When he responded by gripping my waist and pulling me to him, I turned and bumped my ass up against the groin. My buttocks spun in circles and awakened his loins.

Another man: this one’s fingers ascended the ladders of my ribs. Hands cupped my tits. I left them there and leaned backward on my heels and let him buttress my weight from the rear. The unsightly scruff on the side of his neck meant that I did not linger.

Fingers reaching to the back, looping into his belt, I snagged the man dancing at my aft and gyrated my ass at him. This man’s touch strayed to the waistband of the skirt and scaled upward. I liked the hands on my bare belly, fingers splayed wide over my tummy, spanning the expanse of skin.

While we danced, a man spanked my ass in the shifting, colorful light. When I elevated from a squat, another man’s hand followed the line of the thigh up into the skirt. The men who kissed did so raunchily and with hunger.

Bedroom moves simulated upright rendered my panties moist. I had my choice, so at 1 am, I chose.

The man I left with was an inch shorter than me in my boots, but I had experienced the stiffness in his pants and appraised approvingly his stocky and muscular build. Despite how burly he was, he expressed himself nimbly and confidently on his feet. We had a drink at the bar. Learning that he had an apartment to himself, I said farewells to my friends and met him outside.

After the electronic beat in the nightclub, the silence on the street set my ears to ringing. I asked him to repeat his words as we made conversation about Libya. His brother is in the Air Force; he hasn’t talked to him in a month. While we waited in the queue for our turn at a taxi, he took off his black leather jacket and draped it over my shoulders when he noticed me shivering in the nighttime air. The chivalry led me to believe that I had chosen well.

The cab took us south of the river, below Elephant & Castle. I huddled against him, a hand running at the denim on the inner surface of his thigh. One arm slung behind me, he clutched my shoulder and turned my
body toward him. Thumb rolling over the nipples, the unencumbered hand smoothed over my tits. Starting at the top of his collar, I snailed my tongue to his ear. Through the mirror, the cabbie watched us kiss.

In the bedroom, I laid on my side. He turned my skirt inside out so that it flipped over my ass. Fingers padded lightly and traced the curves of my rump. The flat of my hand followed the musculature in his broad chest and shoulders. We flicked our tongues at each other.

The man tugged my top down to expose a bra cup and shifted the black fabric aside. The nipple peaked for his tongue, which made a circuit around the areola and mounted the east face of the summit.

Pressing my leg between his, I lifted his shirt up and scampered my fingers across the bare chest. After more kisses, he pushed me flat on the bed and brought my thighs open. His fingers touched over the yellow panties. He verbalized his liking of the indentation that the lips of the pussy made in the filmy fabric. He rubbed the cunt lips in tight circles through the veil of soft lace. The fingers must have noticed the wetness they encountered at the apex of my legs.

When he lifted his shirt off, I raised my arm to run a hand over the hard plates of the abdominal muscles. My nails sketched the patterns of the tattoo on the side opposite. The erection had tented his jeans.

I sat on the edge of the bed, naked above, while he shed his clothes. The penis was a mirror of the man: though not especially long, it was thick and formidable. Taking the glans between my lips, I threaded the tip of my tongue into the foreskin. Fingers tugged firmly downward to expose the helmet. The man gathered my hair in a bundle and held it out of the way while I sucked him. Webbing my fingers over his balls, my lips stretched to accommodate his girth. I took him down the whole way, but mostly I lingered at the head, applying suction and tongue, because his response rose in pitch and crescendoed there.

The skirt came off and the panties followed. I had waxed mid-week, so the pubis was particularly smooth for the exploration of his fingers. He splashed the wetness on the lips over the surrounding folds and crooked his index finger inside me. The pads pressed against the roof of the clitoris. After so much masturbation, I enjoyed the touch of another human being and moaned my pleasure through the seal I had made on the penis in my mouth.

He disappointed me by licking my cunt only briefly. The tongue slashed between the lips and lapped at the clit above. It felt amazingly, toe-curlingly good, however concise in duration it was. Once he had rolled a condom on, I backed up to the edge of the bed and, holding my thighs in the air, spread myself open. He stood on the floor and eased his way into my cunt.

I had pressed dildos and vibrators inside during the past weeks. But there’s nothing like a cock.

The muscles inside stretched to oblige the circumference of his erection, then collapsed themselves against it. It was a snug fit, and I compressed the vagina to make myself even tighter inside. Fingers spidered over his pectorals. The tops of my boots flush with his flank, I held him by the hip. He pushed the cock in until the balls slapped below my cunt and withdrew until just the glans was seated between the lips. The motion was slow and deliberate. I felt the inch by inch slide. I felt the lubrication spilling over from the walls to facilitate the movements within. He fondled my tits while he fucked me. I concentrated on the ticking of the clock in the room, the noises of the birds outside, the exquisite reach of the penis, how thick it was, the fullness within. A cock completed my pussy. He didn’t last long, that first time, in the narrowness of my cunt. A horizontal dance marked the end of the dry season. The semen fell like rain.
Subsequent to this orgasm, I returned from the toilet and finally undressed fully, removing my boots and socks. Hands twisting on the shaft revived his erection. He reclined on the bed, and I mounted the penis. Steadied by the hands on my buttocks, I did a grind and impaled myself over the thick spear. After that, he took me from behind and made me come, a small shudder, but a satisfying one.

We slept together, with limbs vining, his hand positioned possessively over my breasts, and my head pillowed in the shadow of his arm. In the morning he woke me with breakfast in bed. I sandwiched his cock between two pieces of toast and lapped jam and honey from its sides. He tipped the orange juice into my pussy, and licked it up as it escaped. He did eat me then, all the way to a cunt inverting orgasm. As I squirmed on the bed and clawed at the bedsheets, the garbage trucks clattered outside on the street and exhaled hydraulic sighs. We had one last, messy fuck, the anonymous man and I, with him on top, smothering my body with his.

April 2, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/04/02/end-of-the-drought/
I am by no means over the ex-boyfriend, but it’s time for me to move on. I am satisfied that the drought ended last night. He wasn’t the unicorn of myth, but the sex left me sated. I feel more human, more happy, more feminine, more a woman for having indulged in a one night stand. My muscles have the agreeable soreness of a recent fuck. It is almost better that the man is nearly anonymous to me. I close my eyes and picture his face easily now: the buzz cut, the set of his jaw, the big bones of his cheeks, those thin red lips. Soon this memory will recede. He is just one more man I have screwed. His cock was as thick as my wrist.

I posted the following casual encounters ad twice and received 79 replies before the inevitable flagging. One of the men recognized my voice from the blog and offered his good wishes.

Rebound – w4m

I am an American woman in London who is 25 years old. I got out of a long distance relationship recently. My pussy hasn’t had a cock in what, for me, is an unusually long time. I will be exceptionally tight for my next guy. The others will have fun, too. I am looking for casual sex and lots of it. As I am submissive in bed, I am in search of attractive, intelligent, highly sexual, dominant men.

To start, I wonder if there is a fantasy that has been bouncing around inside your cranium for years. It’s something you deeply desire, but you have never found the right partner or the right moment. Tell me about it. Be specific! I am chasing the odd and the perverse; kink is good.

In your reply, please include a clear pic of face and body. No photos of erections please! I have seen them and know how they look. If both you and the scenario appeal, I will be in touch. Ideally, we would meet up this weekend or during the week ahead. I prefer if you can host in Zone 1.

I am consistently astonished by how many men can’t or won’t follow simple instructions. As well, a dearth of imagination that harmonizes with my own kinks vexes and perplexes me. Still, a couple of candidates have emerged. I hope for amazing sex in the days ahead.

April 2, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/04/02/rebound/
His fantasy was to have sex on the stairs of his apartment building. As I get off on fucking in public, the idea intrigued me. We met for a drink at his local, which was conveniently located across from the tube station, and then, once I had determined that his looks and his personality passed muster, we walked parallel to the main road until we reached his place three and a half blocks away. I followed him into the lobby of the post-war building, and we stepped into the elevator. He told me that he lived on the seventh floor. I hit the number five, and we got off there instead. The stairway was accessed through a sturdy wooden fire door to the left side of the elevator. On entering, I scanned the ceilings and the walls for CCTV cameras and did not see any.

He unfastened his belt and brought his trousers down. I went to my knees on the concrete floor and brushed my lips against the cock until it attained a state of adamantine hardness. Holding the base of the shaft, I bobbed my head over him. The man’s fingers twisted in my hair while I sucked. Leaning his weight against the wall at his rear, he pressed his hand commandingly at the back of my head and forced me to take his glans into my throat. Once I had accomplished this feat, he responded by jabbing the cock at me with a movement of the pelvis that kept three-quarters of the shaft contained in my mouth. The penis glistened with spit and my chin was sticky when he brought me to air again. I smiled up at him and mouthed his heavy scrotum.

While I stripped from the waist, he sat in the middle of the flight of stairs and stroked his phallus. Extracting a condom from the pocket of my jeans, I threw it to him, and he rolled it onto the shaft. Clutching the cylindrical steel railings along the side of the stairway for support, I straddled his body, which had inclined backward against the unforgiving stone. The pussy lips stretched about the shaft and made a taut ring at the base when I had completed my slow descent. The walls of the vagina remained tight inside. As I bounced myself over the man, he launched himself up to meet me halfway. The thighs made violent slapping noises when our bodies collided.

Because of the angle, the penis kept falling out and having to be replaced. So we switched positions. Feet planted two stairs apart, I gripped the banister. Grabbing hold of my breasts through my loose fitting shirt, he took my cunt from behind. The groin slammed against my buttocks when his cock bottomed out, and the balls followed with a softer clap. The sounds of sex, the moans and grunts, my demands to be fucked harder, and how he named me cunt — these all echoed in the stairwell.

On the landing, where the stairs turned ninety degrees, I went to hands and knees. He positioned my shins far apart and knelt in the space between them. Gripping me by the waist, he fucked my pussy with punishing severity. The cock entered and thrust with velocity. Pistoning in and out, he used the shaft as a hammer inside my cunt.
My hands rested crosswise under my head. The curtain of hair swung wildly as he fucked. He gripped the bottom of my shirt and dragged my body backward against his prick. We must have continued this way for ten minutes, silent except for fuck and pleasure. We kept going until I let out a loud wail and shattered expressively in that empty stairwell.

After that, he lay on the landing, and I mounted the penis again. My hands pushed off the floor, and, compressing most of his shaft within, I raised and lowered my pussy over the bottom part of the cock, adding twist and torque with a movement of my hips and buttocks. Bracing one hand against the wall, I ramped up in turn the intensity and the tempo of the sex and fucked the penis in my pussy harder and faster. I sucked on his fingers while I wrung myself about the cock and persisted in this ferocious grind. I wanted his orgasm, and he gave it to me, his arms wrapping my back and hunching my body over his as the rocket cock blasted off at last. We shared our first and only kisses as he was coming in my cunt.

April 3, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/04/03/stairway-to-heaven/
In his second e-mail, he sent a photograph of a buttplug that ended in a ten inch dog’s tail. He wanted me to be his dog girl. The scenario amused me far more than it turned me on, but I agreed to meet him for a cocktail Sunday evening and conversation. He was a charming man, a business professional, who was fully candid and disarming about his kink. We strolled through a park, both of us on our two feet. In a small copse of trees, he pressed his hands to my cheeks and kissed me. The touch of his lips over mine was tender and gentle. We negotiated play without the silicone tail.

Inside the apartment, he changed into a terrycloth bathrobe, and I stripped to my thigh high black stockings. He fastened a collar around my neck and attached a metal chain, and then I padded behind him on hands and knees while he took me for a walk through the apartment. While he sat in the arm chair, I crawled back to the bedroom to fetch his slippers and curled myself at his feet. He stroked my back. His fingers ruffled my hair and worked thoroughly over my scalp. He scratched behind the ears and then had me play fetch with a red chew toy. I nosed at his feet, kissed the tendons on top, tongued the ankle.

Drawing apart the bathrobe, I stuck out my tongue and pretended to salivate at the prospect of placing his stiff penis in my mouth. He had me lick his balls first, as dogs are wont to do, and then he pressed the glans to my lips. I was on my knees, with my hands resting on his thighs, while I fellated him. The soft tug of the lead told me when he wanted me to go faster and when he wanted me to slow down. His moans showed me what he liked. The blowjob lasted fifteen or twenty minutes, and I touched myself while I pleasured him. His semen tasted salty and pure.

As it was dark, he turned off the lights in the apartment and took me onto the balcony, naked, where he poured water for me in a dog bowl, and looped the lead around the railing at the edge. He set out food as well, but as this wasn’t my kink, I laughed and shook my head, no; he didn’t press.

Once he had regained his erection, we went indoors and fucked. He took me doggy style, of course. His hand wrapped the chain, and he tugged on the lead fiercely, as though controlling an unruly canine. The chain went around my shoulder, so that the jerk on my neck wasn’t too pronounced — evidently, he had given this fantasy some thought, or had previous experience. He had me bark and woof, which I did amid the guffaws. The man was almost as amused by the absurdity of the situation as I was, which was the only reason that any of this worked.

Elbows buckling to the ground, I moaned on his living room carpet while the erection sliced through the waters of my cunt. In it went the whole way, and back out again nearly to the tip. He slapped my ass cheeks and made me sweat. I scratched at the carpet and, on my own, howled while he fucked me. He lasted about ten minutes in my pussy before he came.
As I was cleaning up in the bathroom, an idea occurred to me suddenly. I summoned the man to join me and crawled into the tub, where I raised one leg and peed. He stood transfixed. Clearly, he wasn’t expecting this. The erection grew to prominence before my face.

He raised a bath and insisted on washing me up. I peeled the stockings off and returned to the tub, where he took a soapy sponge and wiped every square inch of my body. His attention concentrated on the most sensitive bits. After that, I had a boner to gnaw on.

April 5, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/04/05/dog-girl/
I don’t have a blogroll, though I should. It’s one of the many things I haven’t gotten around to doing. In place of a list on the side, I will periodically write about my favorite sex bloggers.

One site I discovered recently belongs to Margot la Ravaudeuse. The prose is sexy and revealing. She has a knack for remembering details and incorporating them into her stories. The details build on top of each other. Her latest post includes the following.

- **He always drove with a hand on my thigh, and I normally [had] mine folded on top of his.**

- **His hand crept up my thigh to the edge of my panties as I told him that I always wanted to fuck outside in broad daylight, and that I had never done it and was sad that I probably never would. As he traced the crease between my vulva and my inner thigh, I moved my hand over to his lap to discover a growing hardness.**

- **Simon pinched my thigh, and ran his hand under my wet panties. I rubbed his cock through his jeans. “Why don’t we stop here?” I pulled my panties down and off my ankles and over my sandal-covered feet.**

The sex develops organically, with the conversation, with the ideas, with the closely observed, faithfully repeated particulars of the touches. The fucking itself is hot, on the metal hood of the green sedan. At the end of it, she tells: 

> I was quickly panting and crying out, with my pussy squeezing him harder and leaking all over our hips. Simon stepped back and pulled out of me, and promptly came in ropes from my pubis to my sternum. He leaned over me for an instant; panting, sweating, and glowing. This isn’t really the end though. For that, you will have to visit the wildlife preserve.

Reading Margot, I can’t help but recollect my first timeoutside, by a small lake in an obscure state park, on a Tuesday afternoon when a friend and I played hooky from school. Travel back with me in time and memory. See a girl unclothed in the untamed grass. See a boy — see a man — equally nude and on his knees behind her.

The sun beats down, leaving my naked skin swimming in perspiration. The dirt paints my forearms and legs a deep chestnut brown. I have the smell of grass in my nostrils. I like the weight of the man on my back, how he clutches my breasts and uses them for purchase as he rides. I am the mare that he mounts. My hair whips laterally as the trot becomes a canter. He grabs hold of my shoulder. The cock reaches farther within. My back arches up. My head is thrown back, my throat exposed. I whinny at the pleasure of it. He fucks me faster. The canter becomes a gallop. I feel it in my thighs. Sweat plasters the locks to my forehead. I gnash my teeth. I bolt forward, barely restrained by the reins that he commands. He smacks my ass, causing me to neigh. He asks for more, and I give it. Blue sky whirling above, we are alone and racing hard to orgasm.
April 5, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/04/05/margot-la-ravaudeuse-and-a-reminiscence/
I sent him a text before I left the apartment: *I want you to be harsh with me.*

Five minutes after he buzzed me up, Amadeo had me naked over his lap. His hand worked methodically over the back of my thighs and my buttocks. Though the skin turned red and raw, he kept going. His hand stung with the effort, so he bit, then switched to a paddle. I lost myself for twenty minutes in the blurry endorphin haze of sexual pain. Afterwards, he placed a sack of frozen vegetables atop my ass. Lying on the sofa, I sucked his cock to thank him for spanking me. He directed his come over my rear and smeared the semen into the inflamed, sensitive to touch, and throbbing skin. Two days later, red and purple splotches still decorate my ass. When I concentrate my attention, the nerve endings smart so delightfully.

Amadeo isn’t the deftest hand in the world with rope. It took him several attempts before he tied my wrists and ankles to the four corners of the small bed in the guest room. Once he had me spread-eagled thus, he sat on the edge of the mattress and read to me from the memoirs of Casanova. He recounted in his bright baritone the story of a Venetian woman abducted from her husband by eight masked men. Amadeo’s was a newer translation, but I looked up the passage on the internet on returning home.

*Comforted by that promise, and as gentle as a lamb, she follows us to the “Two Swords.”* We ordered a good fire in a private room, and, everything we wanted to eat and to drink having been brought in, we send the waiter away, and remain alone. We take off our masks, and the sight of eight young, healthy faces seems to please the beauty we had so unceremoniously carried off. We soon manage to reconcile her to her fate by the gallantry of our proceedings; encouraged by a good supper and by the stimulus of wine, prepared by our compliments and by a few kisses, she realizes what is in store for her, and does not seem to have any unconquerable objection. Our chief, as a matter of right, claims the privilege of opening the ball; and by dint of sweet words he overcomes the very natural repugnance she feels at consummating the sacrifice in so numerous company. She, doubtless, thinks the offering agreeable, for, when I present myself as the priest appointed to sacrifice a second time to the god of love, she receives me almost with gratitude, and she cannot conceal her joy when she finds out that she is destined to make us all happy. My brother Francois alone exempted himself from paying the tribute, saying that he was ill, the only excuse which could render his refusal valid, for we had established as a law that every member of our society was bound to do whatever was done by the others.

I embellished on what happened to her, and this entertained Amadeo greatly.

He kissed me, his tongue intimate in my mouth. He toyed with my tits, licking the curves of my breasts, nursing at the nipples.

He asked me if I liked Jackson Pollock. The question was incongruous. I am not overly excited by abstract
expressionism and indicated as much.

“Too bad. I like him.”

Amadeo produced candles: blue, white, red, and yellow. He lit them and used my chest as a canvas painting the wax in streaks over the hummocks of my breasts and the depression of my belly. He collected the wax in mounds atop the areolae. The candle wax dripped onto my body from a height. The contact on the skin made me gasp, but it did not hurt. He continued the lines lower to my pubis. I asked him to inscribe his initials there, and we agreed that I looked colorful and pretty.

After this artistic interlude, Amadeo attached large black binder clips to each of my nipples, another to my cunt lips, and a pair of smaller ones under each of my arms. He squeezed the pincers, tugged and twisted. Amadeo slapped my breasts.

When I winced and squinched my eyes shut and turned my head away, he yanked hard on my hair. A gob of expectorate landed on my forehead.

“Eyes open, slut. Look at me,” he insisted. The back of his hand cuffed the side of my face. He mangled the nipples by tightening his grip on the binder clips and rotating.

I screamed. My shoulders heaved. The tears spilled over my eyes.

He removed the clip from my cunt. “Count,” he said.

His face hovered over mine. I tasted the whisky on his breath.

He spanked my pubis.

“One,” I announced, eyes meeting his.

The fingertips tightened on the lips and screwed them left and right. He slapped again, and my whole body flinched.

“Two.”

Though my eyes swam out of focus, I kept them open and directed at my lover’s face.

I counted the slaps to twenty. At the end, I shrieked the numbers out. He took huge swings and followed through on the movement of his arms. Between the blows, he fingered the pussy and tweaked the six clips, contorting especially the big ones on my tits. When he removed the binder clips after the spanking, my underarms felt like they had been stung by bees. Blood filled the pinched nipples. His teeth snapped one up, and he licked the roof with his tongue. The nerves sang.

I laughed uncontrollably. Sweat and tears had made my makeup run. My nose was watery. My throat was parched. I asked for a drink to rehydrate myself. Amadeo straddled my head and lowered his penis to my lips. The urine whispered out in the dim light. He controlled the release of his bladder so that I could swallow it down. The scent of the ammonia made my nostrils flare. The piss was hot in my mouth, acutely salty, but otherwise without taste.

“I will spank you again if you spill,” he warned.

Listening to the hiss, I raised my head and gulped to keep pace with the flow.

“Good girl,” he said. “You’re a good girl.” He chased his pee with his tongue.
He let me suck his cock to hardness and then pressed the underside of the shaft against the entrance of my pussy. The glans lifted nearly to my belly.

“Condom,” I warned.

He sheathed himself, and then he fucked me. The movements of his pelvis made my blistered ass sink into the sheets of the bed and ride up. It was all pain, and then it was all pleasure. My hands and my feet contended with the bonds, which tightened the knots and reduced the give of the rope. The impact of his chest against my body flattened my breasts. I bit his shoulder.

Toyed with as I had been for over an hour, I was close to orgasm, and he knew it. “Ask for permission to come,” Amadeo demanded.

I asked, and he refused. I begged, and he said no. I spit in his face, and he bit my lip, laughed, and said no again. The penis jabbed into me harder. I crushed the vaginal muscles about the shaft when it filled me and held myself at bay.

“I am going to slap your face three times. You can come after that,” he said. His hand squeezed a bruised breast.

Left.

Right.

Left.

The flat fingers struck in rapid sequence turning my head. The penis stabbed inside to the balls.

I lost control, gushing around his shaft. The ejaculate flooded from me and drenched the sheets. The walls of the vagina went into spasms. The orgasm seemed to begin deep inside my belly and radiated to my extremities. I wrenched at the ropes that tied me to the four corners of the bed. The solid oak posts vibrated. The bed rocked slightly to the side. The wetness that emanated from my cunt left our thighs sticky. The scents of sex, sweat and pussy, enveloped our bodies like a thick fog. Through this veil, all I could see was him. My cheeks burned.

Amadeo held himself within, rigid and unmoving through the orgasm. When I finished, he recommenced the pumping movement of his hips, pushing off with his arms on the bed and thrusting down. My cunt went into new convulsions, the tremors now fluid, one orgasm trembling into the next. Amadeo could not hold out for long. His back arched. His cock twitched inside. His body crumpled on top of me.

When his breathing had equilibrated to merely ragged, he extracted his soft-hard penis, and he sat next to me, and he fingered my cunt, and he kissed me. Eventually, he undid the bonds. While I cleaned myself up in the bathroom, flaking the wax from my skin, he returned from the kitchen with tall glasses of juice. I stripped the sheets, and then we proceeded to the big bedroom, where Amadeo read to me some more. He ate my pussy to orgasm, and after that we slept.

April 8, 2011

London basks in the unexpected warmth of the sun in April. The bruises on my rump made me decide Thursday on a loose fitting dress that reached to my ankles. I spent most of the day on my feet. As I didn’t wear panties, I was aware of the air circulating between my legs when I walked. I ate lunch outside in the company of colleagues, graduate students and faculty, and was conscious also of the weight on my buttocks when I sat cross legged on the grass. Because I squirmed so much, I eventually stretched out on my side.

At night, a pulse of sustained horniness throbbed through my cunt.

I called Frank. He was in Oxford and would return to the city on the weekend following this one. We arranged a dinner date.

I cycled through the names and e-mails of previous lovers and wondered which of them would understand an ad hoc booty call with another man’s markings from the night before still visible over my body. I thought of the clarinetist, who I have been meaning to hook up with a second time. I thought of Daniel, the flautist, who I have been with thrice. I rejected both of them as being uncertain prospects. After our meetings, Dr. Williams sends me e-mails urging a new assignation. He writes nearly every week. A dom who pleads and begs attracts me not at all. I liked the dog man quite a bit, but none of the recent hookups from Craigslist appealed enough to inspire an instant sequel.

The roommate was with her fiancé, so I knew I had the apartment to myself for the evening. I went to a pub half a mile away, conveniently located next to a youth hostel. I picked up a boy from Atlanta, who was in London on spring break, and brought him back to my flat. We sat on the sofa, half emptied bottles of beer on the coffee table, and made out. He reached a hand up my dress, where he discovered my naked wet pussy. I told him to take off his clothes and dispatched my own.

“I keep busy,” I said, when he noticed the discoloration on my tits and the bite mark on the lower surface of my right breast.

He nodded.

“We will fuck once, and then you will go.” I didn’t want post-coital company.

His fingers touched over my chest. “Do you have any lingerie?” he asked.

It was an unexpected suggestion, but one to which I acceded. I returned from my bedroom in a black slip that was transparent over my breasts and ended three inches below my cunt in pleated tulle.

I nestled beside him on the sofa and hooked the leg nearer to him between his two. He fucked my pussy with two fingers and rubbed my clit in great circles while I swallowed his tongue and his saliva. My hand stroked
the length of the erection, which had a tendency to lift vertically against his groin.

I took a condom from my bag and rolled it over the penis. Bringing my legs to either side of his, I pointed the glans to the opening of my cunt and stretched myself over him.

“Fuck me,” I directed.

While he held me by the waist and raised and lowered his hips, I ran my fingers through the fuzz of hair on his chest. Sinking my head down, I latched my lips to one of his nipples and sucked. The boy clenched his hands over the faces of my thighs, and he shoved off them with his arms and performed a pelvic thrust that rocked his penis inside me. I clamped down. Reaching behind my body, I gripped his balls and massaged them.

The boy’s arms wrapped my back and pulled me against him. He tugged the strap of the slip down one shoulder and lipped across to my neck. His fingers brushed through my hair. I pressed my mouth over his.

The boy laid me horizontal on the sofa. I rotated so that my body slumped into the cushions, and I lifted my legs so they rested against his arms and invited him to occupy the space in between them. The cock bulldozed into my pussy. I braced my feet against his shoulders for a moment, but most of the time, they hung in the air and kicked at the ceiling.

He didn’t last long, that Georgia boy in my cunt. After he had finished spurting into the condom, I laid back against the throw pillow and masturbated myself to an orgasm.

Once we finished our beers, he dressed and left me.

April 8, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/04/08/georgia-boy/
They lie in the grass, spooned together. They are younger than I am, in their late teens, and a study in contrasts. Of the two, he is the slim and willowy one, a body constructed with a dancer’s build. His hair is ribboned in dreadlocks. He wears a colorful chapeau, an oversized t-shirt, and denim shorts. Her hair is straight, a long and Nordic blonde. She wears a bit of flesh on top of muscle, but it suits her constitution amiably. Her skirt extends to the calves, but it is split and not fully buttoned on the side. The size of her breasts makes her top swell.

We are in the Jardin du Luxembourg, Paris in the mid-afternoon, on a blanket beneath the shade of a tree. We have baguettes and fruit, chips, hummus, plastic cups, a seven Euro bottle of wine to share.

His foot kisses her shin. His lips kiss her shoulder and her neck. He gathers her top and shucks it up the tummy to just below the rise of her chest. He pours lovemaking into her ear, and she flushes a heated pink.

The girl nestles herself deeper into the bend of the boy’s chest and legs. Her hand reaches over the jut of his hip, and she slips it between his wallet and the inside of his pocket. His hand disappears into her top.

My friends laugh, but I am not paying attention to the conversation. I am watching the two of them, a few meters away, in a spot of sun. The back of his finger wiggles between her cleavage.

Somewhere behind us, a mother scolds her child in French. I focus on the chatter of my friends and join in accented American.

When my look returns to them, her skirt is bunched up. His hand has shifted to the outside of her thigh, where the contact is less blatant than before. The fingers tickle up and down between the line of the muscles. She covers his dusky palm with hers and scratches. His grasp on the smooth, pale skin is passive instead of possessive, though sexual all the same. She curls her bare foot against his and stretches her arm behind her to clasp the back of his head.

I imagine a partial erection stirring in his shorts. It encroaches between the hemispheres of her well shaped buttocks. I picture a threesome on the grass. I want to kiss her and kiss him and tongue them both after they have come.

It is time for us to go, however. Someone passes me the corkscrew I bought at Monoprix. We pack away our belongings.

I glance at the pair of young Parisians as I hoist my bag full of shopping. He whispers breathily, and she giggles. Silently, I wish them the very best of luck.
April 10, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/04/10/lovers-observed/
The movement started in his legs, which were rooted to the floor, and conveyed through his hips and his arms. His hands grasped my left thigh and my right side, just beneath the breast, and he used his strength to bring my body against him. The cock penetrated me slowly. It cleaved me in two parts. Sitting in the ocean of my spendings, I moaned on a pair of frequencies. I sulked when the cock vacated my pussy and rejoiced at its return. I was alternately whimpering and exultant.

My fingers pulled the apex of my lips taut and circled the clitoris. I worked my fingers over the bundle of nerves for an instant before he removed my hand.

“Mine,” he stated.

He held me by the waist as the steady, metronomic progression continued. I heard his balls clap against my ass when the cock bottomed out. My head rolled back. The air entered my lungs in gasps. My hand looked so small on the sinewy forearm to which I clung. As he fucked me, powerful fingers manipulated my clit.

The juices from my cunt coated his cock, turning it a yogurt white. Sweat slicked my back. I felt it drip down my arms and my breasts. It left rivers along my sides. My legs swam in it.

My lover perspired heavily as well. Droplets of sweat beaded his forehead. His bare chest and muscular arms reflected the light above.

My body inclined against the mirror behind me and my ass hung off the edge of the sink. One leg dangled from his shoulder.

“I am going to come,” I told him minutes later through clenched teeth.

“Then come.”

His arms wrapped my knee, and he pulled against the leg like a lever.

I creamed. The effort of coming left me delirious with pleasure.

The bathroom had a low table in one corner. After my explosion, he carried me there.

I kept my legs together, knees touching, to make my pussy tight. My thighs rested against my calves. I pushed off the counter with the balls of my toes and gripped the bottom edge of the table while he fucked me from behind. When he came, he cinched my shoulders and dragged me backward against his pelvis. The cock stabbed deep within my cunt each time he spurted.

The come dripped from my pussy and puddled over the black formica while I sucked his cock post-orgasm. I remember going to the floor and licking his semen from the surface of that table. As I recall, he fucked me
in the ass next.

April 13, 2011

http://truesexstories.org/showthread.php?t=3355
Wednesday evening: We proceeded to bed almost as soon as I arrived. After we had expended the initial impetus to screw, we prepared our dinner in the nude. I coated the vegetables in my not-so-secret pussy sauce. He spanked my breasts with a wooden spoon and probed the entrance of my cunt with its rounded edge. My asshole: this he stoppered with the cork from the chianti. Amadeo and I took turns on the table. We ate pasta from each other’s bodies and had a messy and splendid time of it. Amadeo took sadistic glee in poking me in sensitive places with the tines of his fork. He applied the serrated edge of the knife over my abdomen. He spilled hot sauce over my pubis. I layered the food over his groin and used fingers and teeth. I nibbled at his foreskin and sucked at the shaft. The wine stained his chest red. For dessert, I had semen in my gelato. He licked ice cream from my pelvis. He did it slowly. Fingertips sweeping over the G-spot, the tongue flicked carefully atop the clit. Tease and misdirection and a knowing touch conspired to leave me soaked, breathless, and precariously positioned on the precipice of orgasm, waiting for a push and the perpendicular descent.

Before coffee in the morning, Amadeo fucked me over the kitchen table. I laid on my back while he stood on his toes and thrust his penis into my cunt. He propped my left foot on his shoulder and licked the sole. His fingers combed through my hair. He gave me his thumb to suck, then smothered my mouth and nose with his palm. The resolute grip of his fingers constricted my throat. I anchored myself with a handhold on his hip while the spillage from my vagina smeared into the nest of his pubis and slicked between our thighs. Amadeo kicked off the wooden chair, and he fucked me harder. Rough paws mauled my tits. I raised an arm above my head and seized the side of the table. I liked having the solidity of oak beneath me, the way the wood vibrated under my weight when Amadeo rammed himself forward and bottomed out and reversed direction. My moans gave accompaniment to the liquid sounds of fuck. He hauled me from the table, up by the buttocks, when he came. The cock spasmed in the throes of his little death. I bore down with my muscles to wrench the semen out of him. Later, I lapped my secretions from the polished wood.

Friday night: I wore an emerald cocktail dress, with a deep V neck that showed cleavage and a halter tie that bared my back. The hem of the skirt landed conservatively two inches above the knee. The mostly rayon fabric hugged tightly to my curves and stretched about my legs when I stepped. It had a lustrous sheen. The occasion was a fundraising soirée for a charity for which a friend from the orchestra works. The conversation bent toward art and music. It was my kind of crowd.
A man in a purple shirt, a sport jacket, and dark blue slacks chatted me up. After the party, we unwound at a champagne bar. Hours after midnight, we checked into a hotel in central London where we had drunken sex. I cannot reconstruct the narrative with any clarity. Scattered images remain. I remember the checker patterned ceiling swimming into and out of focus behind him as he fucked me from above. I remember his head between my thighs and how I compressed the sides of his face in their vice. I remember tracing the tip of my tongue along the veins in his cock before looping a condom over the head. I remember dragging my nails down his arms as he slammed into me from a height. I remember sloppy kisses. I don’t recollect whether he made me come.

— 3 —

Saturday night & most of Sunday: Frank and I had dinner early in the evening at a Lebanese restaurant. From about 9 pm until 2 pm, we spent our waking and sleeping hours installed in my bed. When we commenced, I had an almost fresh box of condoms sitting on the nightstand. Now, the two last condoms in the whole apartment are buried at the bottom of my book bag. One day later, the scent of sex still saturates my pillows and sheets.

Frank took me in every pose. He had me on top. He had me underneath. He had me on my hands and knees. He took my ass from above with my legs suspended in the air. He took it hunched over me from behind. He had my buttocks with my back flush against his chest. When he needed a break to forestall an incipient climax, he paused the fucking to lap at my cunt. In my turn, I sucked him on my knees. I sucked him sitting cross legged on my bed. I sucked him with my head dangling from the side of the mattress. I sucked him pulling the cock backward between his legs after thoroughly devouring his winking anus. It didn’t signify in the least that he ran out of semen long before we had finished. The cock maintained its steel. The balls would shudder and the shaft would twitch. We kept going until it did, and then we repeated.

One of the qualities that makes Frank a gifted lover is his sense of the ebb and flow of sex, the innate knowledge of how to transition and when. He has me rutting on all fours, with his prick prodding my cunt from behind. His fingers stroke each of my flanks, brushing them from the hips to the rise of the breasts. When he penetrates and the cock fills me inside, the hands shift minutely. The heels of his palms press against the undersurface of the breasts. The pads of his thumb and index finger make tiny pincers. He squeezes the nipples and gently draws them out. The face of the thumb feathers over the sensitive nerve endings. The forefinger steadies this movement. The hands then cup the breasts and flatten them against muscle and bone, and he uses this improved leverage to slam my body backward against his groin. Then he raises me upright by wrapping his arms about my shoulders and lifting. At the same time, he sinks down on the mattress into a sitting position, and he lowers me over his penis so that I am squatting on my knees between his legs. After a time, he kisses my neck where it joins with the collar, and he presses his fingers between the shoulder blades to coax me prone on the bed. He extends my legs and blankets me with his body. The cock fucks without interruption. The tempo of sex hasn’t altered though we have cycled through a spectrum of positions. All of them feel different. All of them feel new. No matter how many times we have done this before, the sensation is unique to the moment.

It’s like music. There is a theme in the violins, and then the celli pick up the exact melody one register down, and they pass it on to the winds, who carry it. My lips are at the embouchure. My fingers are floating over the middle keys, and I am listening, and I am watching his baton and timing the entrance, and the harmony
stretches itself into me deep down, and I experience it in a way I don’t know how to describe. There aren’t words for this. The music envelops me while I am shaping the notes. It creates me just as I create it. I am somewhere in its core. And I am not alone. I hardly know how I got to this place or where it is I am going next. I remember to breathe and keep on playing.

April 18, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/04/18/three-lovers/
Elsie writes. Oh, yes, she does.

The blog is called *So Wrong (the twisted imagination of Elsie)*. The fiction spans the range of pornography. And it’s good smut.

Let’s take a story at random. As the name suggests, “Dad Quest” is about a woman who fucks her father. The narrator, like others of Elsie’s, makes a point of being self-consciously deviant. With humor, she declares this as her accomplishment.

_I sighed involuntarily as he penetrated me. His cock entered my body slowly, steadily, inexorably. It had been rather a long time since I’d had an honest fucking, and no matter what they say, it feels totally different when the guy isn’t wearing a condom. I could feel every texture of his cock as it moved inside me. My own father was fucking me and I was so turned on it ached. I could now officially register myself as a pervert._

She fucks him for a reason that I will leave you to discover. In the progression of the sex, Elsie has an ear for dialogue that’s natural and flowing.

“*Do you want to fuck me up the ass?*”

“You mean anal sex?” he asked.

“That’s right,” I said, wiggling my butt seductively.

“I’ve never done that before...”

“I think you should do it to me now” I told him.

“I’ll be gentle” he said.

“Just fuck my ass” I said.

This is a conversation I have had before. It went more or less as Elsie records. The dropped commas, if they aren’t accidental, speak to the urgency of the demand.

The sex is sexy. Elsie’s skill in constructing images for fucking comprises one of her strengths. It’s what drew me to her in the first place.

_He started fucking me, excruciatingly slowly, like a steam engine chugging up to speed. His eyes were narrow slits focused on mine. His thrusts were powerful, they made the bed shake, they made my tits bounce up and down. My cunt was humping back against his cock, meeting his every thrust. I could feel his balls slapping against my ass. His breathing was hard and ragged, and so was mine._
The authorial voice has a cleanness to it. The images channel its power. There are moments of grace as well.

My dad’s come was dry on my face and chest, sticking to my shirt and flaking off. The clouds were low and grey and heavy, and it started to rain. The cold drops mixed in with the warm salty tears that ran down my cheeks.

Without effort, I could have chosen any story at all to illustrate these points. The prose isn’t perfect — none of ours is. But the language satisfies as much as it arouses, which is the best that can be said of any of us, we purveyors of prurience.

The stories often contain sex I wouldn’t choose to have in real life. I am equally certain that Elsie wouldn’t choose to have it either. Imagination ought to be more twisted than the moments of our maximal bravery. Elsie writes, and when she does, it’s with an authentic voice.

April 19, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/04/19/elsie-writes
It began with slobbering kisses, thirty seconds of foreplay while we undressed, thirty seconds of cunnilingus, and uninspired bedroom conversation that featured particularly inept dirty talk.

He reached between my legs and fingered my pussy while twisting a clothespin on my nipple.

He fucked me from behind. He tugged my arms behind my back and pulled me against his groin. The technique wasn’t lousy. He just didn’t last long.

He expressed disappointment at my lack of an orgasm. I bit back the inclination to apologize. I takes me more than three minutes of fucking to come.

He wanted me to masturbate myself. I used the handle of my hairbrush to accomplish this task. He had me sit over his chest as I did, a position of ascendancy that negated any submissive feeling that had been generated from being told to perform. It took ten minutes of penetration, the slide against the G-spot, and direct clitoral stimulation. The climax was small and inconsequential.

Declining another fuck, I made my excuses, dressed, and left after that.

The man sent an e-mail asking for a second meeting. I said no. He sent another. It went into the trash can.

April 20, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/04/20/bad-sex/
He sprawls on the beanbag, fingers a blur on the controls of his Xbox. From the corner of my eye, I spy his jeans on the floor. My shoulders ache. He has cuffed my hands behind my back. Spit dribbles around the shaft and pools at his groin. I stretch my tongue to lick his balls. Circles of sweat darken my top. My pussy drips.

When the door opens, my face is buried in his buttocks. We turn our heads. I say hello to his roommate. A powerful grip forces me down. He compels my attention back to his anus.

April 21, 2011

http://truesexstories.org/showthread.php?t=3383
While I kneel at the foot of the bed, a man, my dominant lover, towers over me. He knots a blindfold over my eyes.

AMADEO: Can you see?

LEAH: No.

AMADEO: Good. You don’t speak unless you are spoken to, Leah. Do you understand me?

LEAH: Yes.


LEAH: Ahhhh.

The spit lands on target and cascades into my gullet. I make an ostentatious noise as I swallow.

AMADEO: Suck me, pet.

He feeds me his erection with purpose. It goes in too swiftly for my comfort. I fight against his grip and choke up spit around the shaft. My resistance is an exercise in futility. The head caroms off the roof and muscles a way through. The pressure at the back of my head forces his glans into my throat absent any preparation. I battle for air and cough.

AMADEO: Choke on it. Good girl. I want to hear you gag.

He fucks my face. My lips pout beneath the shaft. His big hands gather huge clumps of hair. I am aware of the tension in the roots as the fists pull at the scalp. A rope of saliva dances from my chin. It coats my throat. I make drowning noises. From above, a gob of his spittle lands deliberately over the bridge of my nose.

AMADEO: That’s it, fuck face. Keep going.

I struggle to take him deeper. My knees slide under his legs.

AMADEO: Oh, that’s it. Do you like it when I am in your mouth?

He points my face up and slaps my cheek.

AMADEO: Answer me.

LEAH: Yeah. I do.

My words come out in gasps. I pant, taking in deep draughts of oxygen.

AMADEO: Say it in a sentence.
His voice maintains an equilibrium that does not waver. It is uncompromising. He is the voice of authority in his bedroom. His words have an air of command, a ring of control, the aspect of power.

LEAH: I love sucking your great, big cock.

My hands span the shaft. I grip the base tightly and, in my blindness, find his balls and mouth them. The heel of his hand dashes my forehead. A hard shove sends me toppling. My hands land behind me to cushion my fall.

AMADEO: Not without permission.

I return to my knees and lower my head to him.

LEAH: May I please lick your heavy, hairy balls?

He slaps the opposite cheek. He captures a nipple and twists.

AMADEO: You speak only when spoken to. Filthy fucking bitch.

He has named me “bitch" before, and I don’t mind. This time, he spits it out with unexpected venom. The words hit me like a slap. They stun me into silence.

AMADEO: Kiss my feet.

I do. My tongue drags from the outer arch to his toes on one foot. I repeat on the other, and after that, crouch on the floor and wait.

AMADEO: What are you?

LEAH: A filthy fucking bitch.

The words come out softly. I squirm internally at the phrasing. My eyes well up. A small part of me wonders what it is that I am doing here. But the larger part accedes. I inhabit my role. A door opens to a submissive place.

LEAH: I am a filthy fucking bitch.

The silence stretches out.

AMADEO: What is it that you want to be?

LEAH: A scrotum licking twat.

I suppress a smile at the location.

AMADEO: Hmmm. Say sorry.

LEAH: I am sorry.

AMADEO: What are you sorry about?

LEAH: I am sorry for speaking without permission.

He hauls me up by the hair, to my knees, and squats on the floor before me. His fingers play idly along the curves of my breasts.

AMADEO: You are not going to suck my balls. Instead, I am going to use your mouth for my cunt. How do you like that?
LEAH: I want you to.

He slaps my right breast, then he stands. His fingers press against my lips. I kiss them.

AMADEO: Ask me.

LEAH: Please, Amadeo. I want you to fuck my face with your cock.

AMADEO: Do you want me to throat fuck you?

LEAH: I want you to use my throat for a cunt.

AMADEO: And why should I do that?

He strokes my hair paternally.

LEAH: Because it pleases you.

AMADEO: Will it please you as well?

LEAH: It always pleases me to give you pleasure.

AMADEO: But you want it, too? For yourself.

LEAH: Yes. I want it. I am wet for it. My cunt is dripping.

AMADEO: You’re a dirty little whore. Say it.

LEAH: I’m a dirty little whore.

AMADEO: No, you’re not. Whores get paid. You do it for free. So what does that make you?

LEAH: It makes me a slut.

AMADEO: And just whose slut are you?

LEAH: I’m your slut, Amadeo.

AMADEO: You’re the thing I use to get off. You’re my possession. You belong to me.

The hush in the room extends uncomfortably. I wait for him to speak or act.


LEAH: I belong to you.

The words flip a switch. I am crying under the silk. My vagina accomplishes a somersault. I heave for breath.

AMADEO: Open your mouth for me, cunt.

He sends his cock into my throat again. My gag reflex is less pronounced now than before. He gives me hard use. I gurgle around the thick shaft. As he fucks my face, my lips become swollen. My index finger circles my clitoris while the glans sounds my throat. He notices and plucks my hand away. A claw tightens over the transgressing forearm.

AMADEO: Did I tell you you could do that?

LEAH: No.

AMADEO: Then don’t do it.
He holds my wrists over my head the next time, and when he releases his grip on them to bring his hands around my throat to constrict the passage of air, I brace myself against his thighs. Pussy slick fingers bat at his balls.

**AMADEO:** I feel my cock moving under your neck.

He squeezes my head, flares his pelvis out, forces his cock the whole way in, and he holds position there. His balls dangle from my chin. My jaws are spread so wide that it hurts. I fight back incipient tears. To distract my thoughts I stretch my tonguetip to the lip of his scrotum. When the glans withdraws from my throat, I bend over and wheeze. He compels me up by the hair. He seats his cock between my lips and thrusts hard and fast. I take it.

Every so often, he brings his hand down to cup my breasts, to tweak a nipple, to screw it around. Every so often, he cuffs the side of my face. Every so often, he punctuates his dominance by maintaining himself deep within my throat. Every so often. And then he returns to fucking me with his demanding rhythm. I emit a hollow glugging sound.

**AMADEO:** I am getting close. Lay down. I am going to sperm your body. You’re going to be my come dumpster.

I am on the carpet. I lie supine and look up at him from under the blindfold. He plants his feet, one on each side of my torso. I run my hands over them. My grip tightens over the ankle and relaxes as I follow the arch down to his toes. The veil of darkness heightens my other senses. I have his scent in my nose. I taste the spit in my mouth. It coats my neck. I feel it on tits and thighs. I am perspiring heavily from the effort of sucking his penis. Sweat mats the hair to my forehead. I hear his hand shucking over the shaft. His breathing intensifies. I remember that I should not speak. I remember that I should not touch myself. I break his rules willfully.

**LEAH:** Come for me. Give me your sperm. I am your filthy fucking bitch. I want your come over me. I want to wallow in it. Please. Give it to me. I need you to.

He continues to jerk. My saliva lubricates the movements of the hand on his shaft. It gives it an audible liquid slide. I know my words are arousing to him. His expectorate dirties my face. My fingers rub over my moist pussy. I transfer this wetness from my cunt to his feet.

**LEAH:** I am a dirty little girl. I am a cocksucking bitch. I’m a slut. I’m your slut. I am a willing zero pound whore. In your bedroom, I belong to you. Give me your come. Mark me with it. Show me that you own me. I’m yours.

**AMADEO:** Oh. I am coming, Leah. I am coming.

The semen rains onto my breasts and my shoulder. It streaks my face, and it gets into my hair. I release a contented moan. When he finishes, I smile out of accomplishment.

**LEAH:** Thank you.

I smear the come over my chest into the skin. I use the side of my finger to gather it from my cheek and lick it up. He sits on the ground next to me, also collecting the semen from my body. He gives me his fingers to suck clean.

**AMADEO:** Look at you.
LEAH: Take off the blindfold and bring me a mirror, and I will.

AMADEO: I am the dom here.

*He loosens the blindfold anyway. I flash teeth, beaming him a blinding grin, then plant my lips atop the jut of his shoulder. My teeth gnaw playfully at the skin. I raise his arm and lick underneath. The athletic smells smother me.*

AMADEO: Goddamn. Are you beautiful!

*He kisses me, the thick tongue chasing his own spendings. His lips latch on to my tits, and he laps at the skin over which I have slathered his come. Before long, his mouth occupies the space between my legs. I clutch the hair, which he keeps short, and elevate my hips to amplify the contact with his lips. He bites on the clit causing me to wince, then licks and fingers both pussy and anus. It is my turn now for oral. It is my turn now to come. In his bedroom, I belong to him. My dominant lover takes care of his fuck-toy.*

May 5, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/05/05/play-in-one-act/
A comment on “Voyeur” by Margot la Ravaudeuse.

I like to masturbate in front of a mirror for the same reason as you. Usually, I do this in the bathtub. When I lie flat, my breasts are volcanic islands in the water. But I lean my weight backward against the wall of the tub and prop my legs on either side of the faucets. The mirror stands vertically. I hold it upright with my knees. I am hypnotized as I play with my pussy above the water. The variation in the cunt is like the sky at sunset over the sea. The colors change and also the consistency of the flesh. The arousal leaks from me. If I delay the finish, reaching the edge many times and hauling myself by force back to safety, when I let go at last, in free fall, my ejaculate will sometimes spray onto the glass of the mirror. When that happens, I lick up the waters and taste myself from my own tongue.

May 7, 2011

http://laravaudeuse.blogspot.com/2011/05/voyeur.html
Friday, friends and I went barhopping in Covent Garden. I ended the night in the apartment of a mid-twentieth South American guy who studies at the London School of Economics.

We didn’t make it to his bedroom before getting started. He reached into my short puffy skirt while we made out. His fingers stroked the lips of my cunt through the underwear. He was naked first, and he had me straddle his lap. It took him several tries to release the clasp on my bra, but once he did, he fed on my breasts. I rode his erection through sheer black bikini panties.

He was reluctant to wear a condom, but I insisted. We fucked in several positions. I laid on my back, knees in the air, shins horizontal. The impact of the thighs and cock transferred his momentum to me and made my body inch upward. The leather of the sofa stuck to my skin. Knees on either side of his hips, I leapfrogged on top of his erection. My fingers played at the clit with my muscles taut about the shaft within. I knelt clutching the high sofa back as he pummeled me from behind. First he held me by the thighs to open me up, then he held me by the breasts to bring me back. Both of us came this way.

Luis didn’t like to be sucked and wasn’t one for eating pussy either. In the bedroom, it was more of the same: competent fucking and nothing else.

After orchestra rehearsal, I went to a party that one of the violinists was having. I hit it off with a friend of the host and departed the festivities around midnight.

We took the bus back to my apartment and secreted ourselves in the bedroom. My roommate fucked her fiancé in the next room. We heard them. They heard us. The bed banged rhythmically against the wall.

Between our two rounds of fucking, I masturbated myself with an empty beer bottle. I wet the rim and pressed it against the lips of my pussy. The neck of the bottle dropped in almost at once. I held the thick cylinder below the neck and spun the bottle within myself. (I have often remarked what a pity it is that the human penis doesn’t rotate.)

Tony sunk to his knees on one side of the bed and watched me up close. His fingers touched over the clitoris and the lips where they flared around the glass.

Using both hands to clutch the bottom of the bottle, I wielded the vessel like a dildo and fucked myself with...
it hard. I harbor the private suspicion that beer bottles are designed with alternate usage in mind. They are resilient objects.

Unfortunately, Leffe Brune was my lone orgasm of the night.

May 9, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/05/09/two-one-night-stands/
I part the lips of my cunt with the splayed fingers of one hand so that the entrance gapes at him. Amadeo extends his tongue into the maw. He reaches inside as far as he can manage and then replaces the tongue with fingers while his lips snatch up my clit. I grip the leg of the table that I am lying on and spread my legs wider if that is even possible. Amadeo is not content with fucking only my pussy with his fingers: the thumb sinks into my asshole and he rubs it against his other fingers through the intervening muscles. He looks up at me from his knees as he snaps up the labia and shakes his head vigorously from side to side. It is the tongue lashing about the clitoris that gets me though. My thighs are a guillotine on his neck when the little death strikes me down.

He takes my buttocks after that.

His hands pry the cheeks apart and the fingers tug on either side of the opening. The head batters past the sphincter. Amadeo inches backward and presses forward again claiming more territory each time. Lubricant trickles down the backs of my thighs. It feels as though I am being ripped apart from the interior. First, I squeal at the intrusion into my rectum. Next, I squeeze my eyes tightly closed and gnash my teeth. Lastly, resigning myself to the incipient fact of the sodomy, I remember that I want this, breathe deeply, and force myself to relax the muscles in order to let it happen. There is the familiar searing burn in my bowels as I am skewered by his cock.

The pressure on my back forces my shoulders to the surface of the table and raises my buttocks; he improves the angle of penetration this way. Head hanging low, hair swinging wildly, the blood rushes to my face. From beneath, I observe that one of his muscular legs roots him to the ground while the other kicks his weight from the table. The cock stabs into me without respite. The movement of his hips withdraws the penis until the sphincter is a tight ribbon about the thick glans. He spikes himself in again. The muscles of the anus are like bellows — they expand to accommodate the shaft as he impales my ass and contract in the vacuum that he leaves behind when he pulls away. The fucking hurts, but the fullness of the cock inside, the pleasure I take and the knowledge of the pleasure I give subsume the pain in my ass.

The balls slap against my buttocks, and he augments this sound with vicious spanks that set my flesh to rippling. Amadeo jams his fingers in my cunt and relays that he feels his cock moving on the other side of the thin membrane. Reaching behind, I grip his thigh and encourage his movements with thunderous moans. I want his orgasm. I am his ass bitch. So I beg for it.

After he has come, his penis droops inside latex. I peel the condom off, invert it, and smear the semen that fills the tip over his shaft. I slurp the come from his skin. I lick it from where it tangles in the hairs of his pubis, catches the light, and shines.
I play flute in an amateur orchestra. We perform in public ten times a year. We are not a large ensemble, nor musicians of stature or importance. Many of the people who come to hear us play are our friends. The concerts are followed by an after party, featuring drinking and merriment. These are often the prelude to sex. Musicians have a reputation for sleeping around. It can be a fun exercise to see who pairs with whom at the end of the night. When the head rush, elation, and kinetic energy of a performance fills up the arteries and veins, the tension often demands a sexual release.

Gi, who plays French horn, extricated me from a tedious conversation with a violist’s friends. The pub we had chosen for the night’s festivities opens to a street from which various side alleys deviate. I wanted air, and as it was a lovely night, we took our bottles outside. Gi needed to piss, so he found a shadowy place and irrigated a stone wall. When he finished, before he could cover up, I went to my knees and took his cock into my mouth. He protested, though his penis stiffened almost at once. The coating of urine over the eye added a tinge of sharpness to the taste of his perspiration.

Working the trousers open, I lowered Gi’s pants. He passively let me. But he was alert to our location. Fretfulness and worry weighted his carriage. His eyes had a nervous lateral movement. Anxious about our surroundings, he looked as though he would flee at any moment. My fingers reached up into his shirt and smoothed softly down to dissipate the tenseness in his muscles. Gi kept his pubis and balls shaved. I lapped the sensitive skin on either side of his cock.

With the cloth pooled around his ankles, I turned my hand about the shaft and bobbed over the front third of his penis. Elevating my tongue against the underside, I washed the glans with mouthfuls of saliva. Gi exhaled an expressive sigh.

Briefly withdrawing the erection from my lips, I licked wet stripes parallel to the veins along the bottom surface of the shaft, lapped especially at the frenulum, and returned to sucking him. My cheeks bowed inward. My tongue circled the crown and tasted precome there. Lips exerting pressure all around, I rotated my face to a 4/4 beat.

No longer nonplussed, he reached a hand into my bra and cupped my tits. His fingers also played with my ponytail.

He liked it when I held the cock vertical and sucked the balls beneath. Because the contact of my tongue with the perineum elicited such powerful moans, I concentrated my attention there, sweeping the flat tongue from side to side over that responsive patch of skin. The front of the tongue lifting to make a cup, I applied the point to the crease between the groin and the leg.
Gi collected stray tendrils of hair behind my ears. When he lowered the cock and held it out to me, I rubbed my nose along the pubis, planted a kiss over the groin, and returned to sucking the shaft with a simple up and down motion. My arms wrapped his legs, and I raised my eyes to him. Spit leaked from the circumference of my lips. The cobble in the mews bit into my kneecaps, but I cared not at all. Hands twisting over the base of the cock and on his balls, I straightened my posture and continued.

As I sucked him, I mused about how much I loved this act. I procure pleasure from having a lover’s shaft resident inside my lips. It is intrinsically a submissive gesture for me to be on my knees this way. Head lowered, I do my obeisance.

I hummed to a distant unheard music. It was a fugue in D minor. I stepped through the variations, modulating the tempo, accelerating, decelerating, employing more tongue, employing less, tightening the seal of the lips, sucking louder, sucking softer, sucking harder, sucking wetter. My movements became slurred. My movements were discrete and precise. My fingers played counterpoint over his balls. I pushed two fingers up against the perineum and rocked my hand from the wrist to apply a generous vibrato there. Letting his earnest sighs give me accompaniment, I gently raked teeth over the helmet. I scratched the insides of his thighs and performed a glide, eliding the notes as I did.

The penis slipped out of my lips with a plop. I swirled my tongue around the crown and placed little kisses over the lobes before swallowing him again. While I could throat Gi’s cock easily, I didn’t, dedicating myself only to the front part of the shaft and to the engorged head.

He came without warning me. The precipitate lurch of the flesh meant that the penis escaped my mouth. A volley of semen landed on my cheek. Quickly, I snatched the stem and snapped up the glans to capture the remainder of his come. The shaft pumped and extruded the semen, which layered over my tongue as a warm, salty, and welcome presence. I spread my jaws to exhibit it to him. Closing up again, I tongued the knob and sucked on it hard to extract the last drops from the aperture. My head swayed fractionally from left to right.

I swallowed and stuck out my tongue to show him that the semen had vanished into my esophagus. He helped me to my feet and pulled up his trousers. I took a swig of the beer. Because I like the texture, I smeared the semen that had striped my face into the skin. We rejoined our friends inside.

I had Gi’s scent in my nose through the night. I washed it away only in the shower the next morning.

May 16, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/05/16/playing-an-instrument/
It was my freshman year in college. Though the study area of the library stayed open all night, the main stacks closed at 10 pm. It was a Thursday, the beginning of the weekend parties. Jack and I went into a less traveled section of the stacks around 9:30. I had removed my panties beforehand in the toilet. I remember the loose fitting brown corduroy skirt I wore. He unfastened his belt, then lowered his shorts and boxers. The cock sprang free. He placed a condom over it. His hand followed my thigh into the skirt. He discovered the river delta at the top of my legs. I propped one foot atop the next shelf to show and spread myself. He fucked me against the books, spine up against spine. The stacks rocked behind me as Jack thrust his penis into my heat.

The chance of being found out, of someone walking by in search of an obscure text on Mayan poetry, of librarians stumbling upon us, of a referral to the university administration, or worse to the police, of the simple and unfortunate possibility of coitus interruptus: these all heightened my senses and the responses in my pussy. I moaned and heard the echoes. The sounds of fucking, the liquid slide of cock in cunt, the clap of our bodies, the balls rebounding off my thighs, the noises of sex, the grunts and guttural exhortations: these filled me with fear. The scents of arousal accompanied the dusty smell of old books. My arms wrapped Jack’s back. I felt his heart beating madly against mine. I don’t imagine that we were at it for more than ten minutes before he spurted. He pulled off the condom and hurriedly covered up. I hadn’t come from intercourse. He went to his knees and licked me out. At some point during cunnilingus, the speakers above announced the imminent closure of the stacks, the need to check out all material at the circulation desk several floors below, the warning to vacate the area within minutes. Hastened by necessity, I came in his face with my skirt draped over his head.

I was a library vixen once.

On other occasions during my education, I have fucked in the toilet and in the study rooms of the library. Once I gave an under the table blowjob in the special collection. But the stacks were the first and the best.

Library Vixen in capital letters and bold font requires no long introduction. She is among the signal lights of contemporary erotica. I adore her prose and find much to learn from it in improving the quality of my own writing.

Let me use an example to illustrate what I like.

Library Vixen employs second person and makes it work. You are a part of the story, the subject of her considerable talents.

She writes: But I opt for a slow fill, allowing [my] pussy to spread and take you in, like she too, is trying
to put to memory every inch and girth of your cock. Looking at you as [you] fill me, I feel my eyes begin to slit, and my head fall to the pleasure your cock is giving me. I always want to start slow and do, but then something happens to me and I am fucking you, trying to get you inside of me as deep as I can. Wanting your cock to fill me so much it hurts, I want to feel it.

She ensures that the reader has a complete knowledge of what she experiences and how. There is also the well observed detail: how the eyes begin to slit. As is a recurring theme in her writing, Library Vixen accords special importance to the act of memory, how she recalls every inch and girth — which, incidentally, I consider a remarkable juxtaposition of nouns. She chooses her phrases well.

It is an art to tell so much with so few words. In this case the dialogue and the tags suffice.

“Bone me daddy.” yeah I say daddy...

“[You’re] gonna make me cum, if you keep doing that.”

“Do you want to cum daddy?”

Yes. He does.

There are also the evocative images she marries to her words. Despite minor technical imperfections, each post appears as a small masterpiece.

I am deeply and resolutely smitten.

May 18, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/05/18/tales-from-between-the-stacks/
I have been in Cardiff since Friday. Tuesday night isn’t the best for picking up a guy, but I managed to snag a Frenchman at the pub. Oral sex made up for the deficiencies in the fucking.

“I like how your beard is dripping with my juices,” I explained. The gray whiskers prickled against my sensitive bits while he feasted.

“Donnes moi ton sperme. Mettes dans la bouche d’une salope. Je veux ton orgasme,” I told him, hunched between his legs. I looked him in the eyes, rolled my tongue around the knob, and took the penis into my throat.

May 25, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/05/25/cardiff-in-a-hundred-words/
He has tie points installed into the headboard and the footboard of his bedframe. He looped rope through them and had me spread-eagled over the mattress. Using first a wooden spatula from the kitchen and then a riding crop, he spanked my cunt. He struck the pussy lips past the point of pain and into a state of numbness. The blows landed exactly and accurately over the distended and exposed clitoris. I had asked him to do this to me.

Afterwards, Amadeo spread himself in the space between my stretched apart legs and worked his mouth over pubis and pussy. His tongue threaded into the folds of the flesh and teased the wetness out of me. He licked the engorged lips. His fingers reached inside and pushed against the G-spot. The pressure there made the clit stand out. I felt my spine elongate and extend while he lapped at the clitoris. My arms lengthened as I tugged at the bonds around my wrists.

Attendant to my arousal, the blood throbbed in the flesh. The clit trilled under his ministrations.

Amadeo would not let me come. He brought me to the escarpment and deliberately backed me off. He simply wouldn’t touch me, neither with his fingers, nor with his tongue while I hovered at the edge.

He turned his attention to my breasts instead. He licked around the areolae. He sucked on the nipples, bit down on the nubs, and chomped. The nerve endings screamed their pain. Lips gave voice to their agony.

Amadeo kissed me intimately. He looked down on me and stuck his tongue out as far as he could.

“Suck it like it’s my cock,” he said.

Lifting my head from the pillow, I brought my mouth over the point of tongue. I compacted my lips and kissed wetly there. Applying a loud and persistent suction that pulled the tonguetip inside past the rows of teeth, I closed my eyes and spun my face by degrees.

His fingers touched over my much abused pussy lips. He smeared the wetness that had escaped my cunt over them. Two fingers pressed in. He fucked them in and out.

“You’re not allowed to come without permission,” he stated.

Amadeo returned to sucking my nipples, far more gently this time. A pair of his fingers stretched all the way inside my vagina and pivoted within. The knuckles of the other fingers brushed over my pubis. Five minutes of this and I felt loose and wet inside. My muscles tightened about his hand. My ankles strained at the rope. My knees bent, and my thighs lifted up. Amadeo pushed my center flat against the mattress and continued fingering me while he nursed.

After a time, Amadeo compressed my breasts together and slid his cock between them. After a time, he
straddled my head and gave me the front half of his penis to suck. After a time, he lowered his balls into my mouth and turned himself around so that I could rim his ass.

I craned my neck up and buried my face in the crevice of his buttocks. Nose riding into the crease, my tongue lapped at the exiguous ridges that surrounded the anus. He spread his cheeks so that I could lap more easily at the pucker. Gingerly, the tip of my tongue poked past his sphincter. He let me lick for a while, then returned his penis to my lips. From this position, he spread his body over mine so his weight was on top and initiated sixty-nine. His tongue circled my clitoris. He kissed into my cunt. The two fingers dug in again. He scissored them apart and slipped his tongue between the digits, which he fucked in and out while he tongued over slit and clt.

I moaned around the cock in my mouth and sucked harder. This caused him to redouble the exertions of his tongue. My saliva streamed down the sides of his shaft and made my face sticky.

“Tell me when you get close,” he said. While he applied suction to the clit, he also jabbed his penis against the roof of my mouth.

I didn’t have to tell him. He knew how to read my body and backed off on his own. He turned himself, crawled between my legs, and dedicated his endeavors to bringing me repeatedly to the precipice of a soaring orgasm. He brought me there, and he held me back.

I begged him to let me come.

He steadfastly ignored my entreaties. The look on my face, the desperate want, my needy pleas — these amused him. He brought a vibrator out and pressed it against the clit while he licked my opening. He extended the index and middle fingers inside as far as he could manage and rotated his hand at the wrist. He finger fucked the digits in and out swiftly and then returned to a slow turn while he lapped at the folds.

I stared down at him while he brought me to the ragged edge. I held tightly to the rope. My legs struggled with their bonds while I squirmed in my torment.

I wanted to come. I told him this again and again. I verbalized my desire, explaining to him how much I wanted my parole. I tried persuasion. I asked nicely. I requested him to shove me over the edge of this cliff to which he had led me. I implored. I pleaded. I beseeched. It was in vain, for he wouldn’t allow it. After some minutes, I stopped importuning him for consent. Rather, I screeched epithets.

“Not till I say so,” he insisted. He laughed at the names that I invented for him.

In addition to a change of clothes, toiletries, and a couple of articles of lingerie that he likes, I keep a steel dildo in Amadeo’s apartment. He placed it inside and fucked me with it. Initially, the metal was cold to the touch, but my body heat warmed it up. It felt extremely heavy — far more so than any cock. It filled me up. My muscles stretched to accommodate the unbending steel, especially when Amadeo angled it against the sides of my cunt. It was long enough that the massive rounded knob prodded at sensitive places deep within. To the reconnaissance of pussy, he supplied torque to twirl the metal inside me, which he knew I enjoyed. Mostly he fucked me with the dildo, using the strength in his powerful upper arm to control the depth and the velocity of the movements.

I panted hard. He diddled my clt. Looking down at my stretched out body, I focused my attention on my toes, how I wiggled them, on the grain of the footboard of the bed and the color of the oak, on how my legs stretched apart, bound as they were by rope. My eyes scrunched shut with the effort of concentration. Sweat
beaded on my forehead and streamed down the sides of my face.

Under ordinary circumstances, I would have creamed hard repeatedly by the time we had arrived at this point in the evening. I could not come without permission, however. I inhabited a submissive place. I determined to play this game to its conclusion. My imperative was to obey his instruction. I would come only when he assented to my orgasm. I rationalized that it would be his gift to me.

Amadeo didn’t offer me his permission. But neither did he torture me for long. He extracted the dildo and laid it over the mattress of the bed. Cupping my tits with his large hands, he kissed me gently and for the longest time. His saliva lowered into my throat. His tongue explored the inner surfaces of my mouth and made my cheeks bulge. He sucked and nipped and nibbled and chewed upon my bottom lip. He touched the pussy lips with a profound softness and with infinite care. Not for the first time, Amadeo made love to me.

This interlude of gentleness was followed by partial fisting. Amadeo squeezed four fingers inside me and folded them on top of each other and located the thumb parallel and facing down in the valley of the digits. He turned the hand at the wrist and screwed the fingers in to their bottom bend. The knuckles pressed at me from below the cunt. My juices coated his hand in a thick grease.

I could have come at any instant. He needed only to give the word. But he didn’t. So I contained my orgasm. I was a bitch held at bay not by the ropes that restrained me, but by dint of willpower.

The bastard wouldn’t produce the order to let go. Instead, he rolled a condom over himself and provisioned me with his penis. He laid on top of me with the cock ensconced to the balls. He fucked my cunt with short rabbit thrusts. But mostly, he remained motionless over my body with his shaft embedded fully within. His massive frame crushed my breasts flat. He reached above my head and tugged the rope about my wrists. He gnawed at the cartilage at the top of my ear and spun his tongue around my earring. His cock lunged in and out in concise and punctuated bursts.

I gritted my teeth. I shook my head from side to side. I thought of mundane aspects of life to distract myself. He didn’t complete. “I don’t come, you don’t come,” he said, and pinned me to the mattress with his cock.

He left the fuck unfinished, departed the bedroom, and returned from the kitchen with fruit that he fed me and water to rehydrate my parched throat. He sat on the mattress and read to me from Sade.

I needed to pee. He loosened the bonds and followed me into the bathroom. While I urinated from a sitting position, Amadeo had me spread my legs wide apart. He directed the flow of his piss at my pussy. The two streams joined. His urine and mine fell with a splash and tinkled together in the toilet. He pointed his penis higher and stepped closer to me. The urine fell over my belly and sheeted down my pubis. At the end of it, when our bladders had emptied, he gave me his glans to suck. I closed my eyes and took the crown into my mouth. My tongue blotted the tip of the residues of piss.

I went to my knees before the toilet and sucked Amadeo with a wet mouth and the consistent application of pressure. Droplets of pee dripped onto the floor from the lips of my pussy. After his thick and milky semen had barreled into my stomach, he ran his big toe along my slit, then helped me to my feet.

It was late. Amadeo said that he was spent. Rather than letting me masturbate myself, he promised to fuck me to orgasm in the morning. My disappointment was evident, but I acquiesced with as good grace as I could muster. We curled up naked beneath the covers and spoke in whispers. I fell asleep with his chest spooned against my back and one of his hands covering my breasts.
I woke at four in the morning. The latex sheathed penis fumbled at the gates of my cunt. My arms encircled Amadeo’s back. I raised my legs into the air and pulled him down by the shoulders. The instant he was in me, I was wide awake. The sex was uncomplicated. Amadeo pounded me from above. The shaft pistoned in and out with speed and metronomic precision.

“You can come,” he had stated when we started. He gathered my wrists in one his hands and lifted my arms high above my head. He kissed me.

The denial of orgasm in the hours previous left my nerves confused. I wasn’t on the edge any longer, and it took me long minutes to work up to a state of frenzy. When I was there, my pussy fountained.

The orgasm began deep in the walls of my vagina. It rippled from the interior out to the periphery. Every one of my nerve endings thrilled. First it was in my cunt exclusively. Then it was everywhere. I blinkered my eyes shut and saw the stars of the galaxy in supernova. Watery ejaculate gushed explosively from my pussy. It made an arc and sprayed onto his belly and rained back over my thighs and onto the clean, white bed linen. The penis slipped out of my cunt. Amadeo maneuvered it back in at once. He fucked me through the flood now. The liquid issued forth in waves and left the bedsheets sodden.

The inundation stilled momentarily. Then the paroxysms commenced again. My pussy spilled. Under such stimulation, Amadeo could not suppress his instinct to spew. The shaft convulsed, which set the walls of my vagina to quaking. The orgasm poured out of me one more time to match his eruption.

May 28, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/05/28/the-fountain/
Saturday after rehearsal, most of my friends from the orchestra congregated at a pub to watch the football match. Instead of joining the crowd, I went home with Gi.

He fucked me twice — the first time in a sequence of positions ending with me rocking on hands and knees with his cock slicing through the wetness in my cunt, the second time in a sequence of positions ending with me riding him sidesaddle. When I sensed his orgasm approach, I lifted off the penis and scooted to my knees. Shucking the condom off, I pointed the cock to the ceiling and tongued his heavy balls. I took them into my mouth and kissed wetly. I applied a hard suction while my hand fisted rapidly down the shaft. My lips made loud slurping noises. I had his perspiration on my palate.

Gi panted heavily. The groans originated deep in his chest. His fingers clenched my shoulder in an iron grip. Unlike the first time I sucked him, Gi warned me about his eruption.

I clutched the stem tightly and flickered my tongue atop the crown of his penis. The shaft foreshortened as I closed one eye and squinted along the axis. He twitched in my grasp. The come burst through the urethra and sloshed over the back of my hand, just above the row of knuckles and along the tips of my fingers and over my nails. During his orgasm, I jerked my hand up and down the stanchion. After he had finished shuddering, I lapped the semen dribbling down the side of the glans. Holding the cock vertical, my fingers traced the underside of the column — lightly, from the capital to the pedestal. I knew he was sensitive after coming.

Gi took in deep breaths as he recovered. The lids of his eyes were weighted down. His lips were drawn up in a languorous smile. His legs spread for me while I touched him.

I placed a soft kiss just beneath the circumcision scar.

Gi raised to his elbows to observe me. His hand brushed through my hair, and he caressed one cheek.

I stroked him first with one hand and then with the other. My hands daubed the semen over the shaft. Then I licked the white streaks that I had left in my wake. I lowered spit on the glans and sucked it from the sides. My lips kissed hungrily and carelessly over the flesh. Mouthing the head more carefully, I washed the knob. I let my lips open and close, stretching my jaws to allow the slender tendrils of whiteness to thin out and break.

He moaned.

Kissing down to the milky pool of come on his smooth groin, first, I ran the tip of my tongue through. Then I licked around its circumference. Last of all, I pressed my lips to skin. The kiss broke the sudden silence in the room. I vacuumed the semen up. The flat of my tongue swiped at the wet stain on his pubis. A drop of
spunk adhered below my bottom lip, on top of my chin. I felt it.

I slapped his cock against my cheek and followed by swallowing him to the balls. I wanted to ensure that his penis was clean of semen. Though the flesh had lost its utmost state of hardness, it retained an erect condition.

Once I had lapped the come layered over the back of my hand, I laid myself between Gi’s legs and looked up at him. My nails scratched down his hairy thighs, to the knees, and shadowed the line of muscle to his feet. I grazed fingernails softly over his scrotum, the skin of which was now floppy instead of thick and tight and compressed. The backs of my fingers tickled the perineum. Angling the sac up, I smooched each lobe.

Gi gave low growls of contentment.

The penis was flaccid now. It drooped to the left. Playfully, I flipped it over to the other side. It dragged back.

Gi laughed, and I giggled.

He pulled me up and brought me over his body. We snuggled and whispered. My head was pillowed by his fuzzy chest. He cupped my buttocks.

May 30, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/05/30/orgasm-and-after/
How to Dom Me More Than Once

I am intelligent. I am industrious. I am competitive. I am ambitious. I am opinionated. I am feminist. I am feminine.

I am also submissive.

I like a man to take control during sex. I like that he uses me as his fuck-toy. I like being overpowered physically. I like the way he insists on having sex as he engineers it. I like the names he calls me. I like when he is rough with my body. I like pain and have a reasonable tolerance for it. I like how he applies his creativity and intellect to render me an instrument for his pleasure.

These are aspects of one persona (mine).

Most of the sex I have these days transpires in the context of no strings encounters, often with men I meet on the internet. It is easy for a woman in her mid-twenties to find sex in an urban and cosmopolitan environment, and I have one night stands as a consequence of various chance meetings, but the fact is that I seek kink in order to sate the emotional and inner yearnings at my core. While I indulge my appetites with frequency, very few of my partners end up achieving fuck buddy status. This is not by design.

I like having regular play partners for the simple reason that by virtue of friendship and familiarity with each other’s bodies and desires, the experience of sex becomes heightened for both of us. Rarely, however, do I spend more than one night with a man. It is difficult for me to find people I like well enough and with whom I have sufficient chemistry that a friends with benefits arrangement becomes conceivable. The added constraint of having a similar philosophy regarding domination and submission complicates matters.

I have a checklist for what I look for in a regular. I need to have fun in his company. I need him to treat me as an equal in the non-sexual context. I need him to fuck well, paying attention to my orgasms in addition to his own. I need him to be mindful of my limits as he pushes me. I need him to treat me as an equal participant in the kink. I need him to make me feel safe while I am challenged physically and submerged in submissive mental spaces. I need him to conduct a seamless transition from camaraderie to carnality. I need him to respect me — before, during, and after the play.

It is the rare man who can do all of these things for me. I might have a nice date with a guy, go to bed with him, play hard, and then discover an unevenness in how we interact afterwards. The laughter isn’t as free. The second date has a tension to it. Having treated me once as his slut and his bitch, he no longer regards me as an independent personality. He attempts to assert his dominance within a quotidian context, where power games are inapposite. A boundary has been crossed. Much of this may not happen in any overt manner. But it’s the vibe I get. It’s a subcutaneous sensation intuited from how we communicate. He fails to appreciate
that my submission arises from my volition rather than his will. I no longer trust him sufficiently to place myself in his power. Under the circumstances, we won’t have sex again. A relationship can’t develop.

Possibly, I am misinterpreting his intentions. Possibly, I am being unfair in my judgments. It isn’t about fairness though. I can only rely on my instincts. And my instincts tell me that we have exhausted our potential the first time and that I should look for someone new.

The dominant men who successfully get me into bed a second time and ultimately become regular play partners have the ability to compartmentalize. They recognize that submission and kink exist only within a particular context. Both when we are having sex and when we are not, they exhibit respect for me as a person. The friendship extends to both places. I am tied up, he pours hot wax over my breasts, and next spans my cunt until I cry. When we have a glass of wine after sex, he laughs at the joke I make at his expense. He uses the flow of his urine to wash his semen from my face, and then, following the shower, he towels me off with infinite tenderness and care. We go to a concert together, and I buy dinner because it’s my turn.

He is dominant. I am submissive. But I never feel that he is my better or that I am his inferior.

June 1, 2011

http://www.metanotherfrog.com/2011/05/15/how-to-dom-me/
http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/06/01/how-to-dom-me-more-than-once/
Ben Wa balls: I slipped them into my pussy after lunch. They shifted and teased me throughout the day. During spare moments, I compressed my muscles to give the pelvic floor a workout. I stood on the Jubilee line to Amadeo’s place. The spheres jostled as the train accelerated and decelerated. Amadeo discovered the Ben Wa balls and extracted them from my cunt when he stripped me down after dinner.

A pestle: Since he had cooked, I did the dishes after the meal. Once naked, I wore his belt around my neck. Amadeo had me sit on the counter, drew my legs apart, and spun into my cunt the ceramic pestle I had washed. He had earlier used it to crush spices. The texture was grainy and rough. I liked its coarseness against my labial folds.

Ice: Amadeo placed two ice cubes into my pussy. My body squirmed and my legs wriggled. He forcibly held my thighs open as he diddled my clit. The heat inside melted the water, which he drank from me as he licked.

His tongue and his spit: Obviously.

Two clothespins: In the bedroom, Amadeo arranged clothespins in spirals about my areolae. The way they stuck out reminded me of the quills of a porcupine. Stronger metal clips with teeth attached to each of the nipples. He secured the clothespins that were left over from his set of two dozen to my underarms and my navel. One peg of the clothespin on each side of the pussy entered my cunt. He used the pincers to tug my lips apart and licked the fissure in between.

Three fingers: When he fingered me, he shoved the three central fingers of his right hand into my cunt. He stabbed them in and out with ferocity until I came. After the orgasm, I lapped my juices from his hand. It was only when I had done this to his satisfaction that he removed the clamps from my nipples. They were sensitive and raw to the touch of fingers and lips. The rush of blood inside made the nerve endings throb.

A steel dildo: It is our favorite toy. I enjoyed having its heft inside, the way it compelled my pussy to stretch, how Amadeo curled it. He nudged it against the G-spot and the anterior fornix deeper inside.

The metal buckle of his belt: Just because.

The middle of the belt: Amadeo folded the leather over in half. He wet it in my pussy and used it to lash my buttocks. I gripped the headboard while he whipped me.

A vibrating egg: While I sucked his cock, the egg buzzed inside my vagina. It had a remote control. Amadeo made me moan around his penis each time he ramped the setting higher. At full power, the constant whirr made my muscles thrum. The egg remained in my pussy while Amadeo’s lubed up cock occupied my anus.
At the end of this round, I laid on my belly, pubis rutting against a pillow. The vibrator purred over the G-spot while Amadeo prised my cheeks apart and pounded my asshole. The belt looped about my wrists. Arms bound behind my back, he hauled my body onto his prick.

**Urine:** Actually, this took place in the morning. Before we showered, Amadeo had me lie down in the bottom of the tub. He stood on the sides, his spread open legs directly over my head so that I could look up at the split of his muscular ass and the balls swinging above. He pissed, directing the flow at the cunt lips, which I peeled open for him. A quarter hour later, he came over my face. My index finger applied pressure to his prostate to enhance the sensations he experienced.

**Amadeo’s cock:** Of course.

June 2, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/06/02/things-that-were-in-my-cunt-yesterday/
Gi and I went on an official date last night. In my experience having previously slept together makes a date go smoother. There is no question of how the night will end. The pressure to perform is off, and we can enjoy each other’s company.

We started in a wine bar and then went to dinner. After we had eaten dessert and lingered over coffee, we meandered the streets of the city to his place, where I spent the night.

Gi was less talkative than I remembered. Often, I had to carry the conversation. Politically and socially, our worldviews differ, so we engaged on these topics. He seems remarkably incurious about subjects he doesn’t already know well.

We messed around for a couple of hours, fell asleep, and fucked some more in the morning. If memory serves, the night went something like the following: lots of pussy eating and fingering, sixty-nine (me on top), missionary position, riding cock facing Gi, his orgasm, cocksucking to revive the erection, doggy style on the bed, which creaked under our combined weight, orgasm, orgasm, orgasm, orgasm (mine, mine, mine, his). In the morning, Gi spooned against my back and fucked me from behind. He sat on the edge of the mattress. Facing away, I settled his penis into my cunt, and feet kicking off his thighs, bounced myself over him. He stood behind me. I had one knee dug into the mattress and spread myself open by planting the other foot far apart. He held my hips and pounded into me. When we finished, he rolled on top. He fisted my hair as we kissed, sloppy and deep.

June 4, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/06/04/official-date/
My then boyfriend and I stopped at a bar we know in Boston. I had on a strapless tiny dress, the hem of which covered my ass (just). Besides strappy heeled pumps, a necklace, and earrings, I wore nothing else. It was a weekend, after a Red Sox game, and though this was a ritzy joint, the place was totally packed. We stood at the bar with our beers.

Naturally enough, my boyfriend’s touch strayed to my legs. The back of his hand brushed over the back of a thigh. His fingers tickled along the exposed leg, up from the knee to where the fabric fell, then lowering again. I liked it when he touched me. It was casual, innocuous contact. I didn’t think anything of it.

After a drink or two, he escalated. The hand spun over my leg to the inside part of the thigh. His fingers bunched the skirt in the front as they climbed up and up and up. Almost, he touched the pussy, but not quite. Regardless, my cunt began to drip.

When he lifted up, I decided to hunch my knees and lower my body, thereby making contact between the side of his hand and my humid heat. Once he realized what I was doing, my boyfriend grinned. He wiped my moisture over my skin and extended one digit into my pussy. And then there were two. He fingered me in a bar, with over a hundred people in the room with us. His taller frame and the density of the crowd, which restricted sightlines and movement, shielded us from view.

The guy standing behind us saw it all though. His eye riveted to the hand, which disappeared under my little dress. The black rayon fabric fanned over the hand as two fingers reached inside and the thumb played on my clit.

The boyfriend noticed him before I did. He extricated himself from my pussy and shook the stranger’s hand. “You’re welcome to touch,” he said.

The man shifted behind me. I was sandwiched between the two of them.

The stranger spread his hands over my ass. He palmed each cheek. His finger slid into the space between my legs and replaced my boyfriend’s there. The boyfriend cupped my breasts. We exchanged tongues and saliva. As we kissed, this new man fingered my cunt. I backed against him and felt a nascent erection ride into the small of my back. I spun my ass at it.

The two men fingered me by turns. One of my hands lifted the half full beer mug from the bar. I tried to look nonchalant and carry on a conversation above the din. The other hand gripped my boyfriend’s forearm. Nails dug into the skin. I bit my lower lip to keep from screaming. My boyfriend gave me a pussy drenched finger to suck.
The second man wrapped his arms about me and toyed with me from the front also. Leaning my weight backward into his solid chest, I craned my neck up to kiss him. His hair was twisted and short. I tugged at the roots while his tongue slashed between my lips.

As the men worked me with vanguard movements, I screwed my eyes tightly shut and did a grind with my pelvis, losing myself to the deep, euphoric sensations inside. I have no clue as to which of the two men made me come. I know, however, that I squirted in a room full of people, the orgasm drowned out by the noise around me.

June 5, 2011

http://truesexstories.org/showthread.php?t=3563
My running partner is lesbian. Following a run, when we are both sweaty and in possession of an elated ache, I have often remarked that I want to gobble her up. After eight miles this weekend, at a café, Alice called me on my bluster. I had an appointment, so we couldn’t play then, but, after emphasizing that this would be a one night stand only, I agreed to meet her in the evening at her place.

She is femme. When I arrived, she wore a white tank top and a denim skirt each of which left precious little to the imagination. I had on a summer dress, but was wildly overdressed for the occasion. It was awkward to start. We had glasses of wine and made uncertain conversation. It took me an effort to stare at her eyes instead of her legs. That she kept them apart simplified the task in no way.

Outside, it began to rain. The typical British drizzle transformed into a sudden squall. We stood on the balcony and watched the sky spill.

Alice pushed off the railing and kicked her feet off the ground. Her calves and her thighs had been sculpted with an artist’s care. The skin was smooth and unblemished. The muscles stood out in relief. I noticed the florescent green of her underwear.

I went to my knees behind her. I caught her right ankle as she lowered her other foot. Slipping off the flip-flops, I licked along the Achilles tendon. I kissed to the back of her knee and set her foot down again. My hands smoothed over the backs of her legs. I reached up into her skirt and felt the soft flesh of her buttocks and the powerful muscles underneath. The thong, thankfully, left her cheeks exposed. Tiny goosebumps appeared like archipelagos on her thighs. I kneaded her. I needed her.

I stood and she turned and we kissed. Her tongue played softly against mine. Eyes closed, our noses bumped. She took her glasses off and set them on a small table.

Raindrops splashed off the railing and the balustrade. I felt them on my bare arms.

I turned and sunk to the ground so that I squatted against the wall, which supported my back. Alice clutched the railing and leaned her body over me. She flipped up the minuscule skirt, and I peeled the panties from her legs. She kept her pussy trimmed. I had seen it in the shower at the gym before. But I had never looked at it as closely as I did now. Her lips were small. The pudenda were twin hills that folded over the tiny labia between them. The clit hid at top. Alice was visibly moist. I smiled in the knowledge that I had made her so. I brought my nose to her pubis and inhaled the intoxicating aroma of a woman. She smelled of cut flowers. I hoped that I smelled so clean.

My hands went to the tops of her thighs and coaxed her legs apart while I rubbed my nose from side to side through her tuft of hair. Extending my tongue, I licked along the slit. She tasted a bit salty, a bit sweet, and
so very savory.

I took time licking over the little hillocks of pubis. The tiny hairs rasped against my tongue. I breathed in deep draughts of her smells. My lips made a seal on either side of hers, and I sucked in air through my nose and exhaled through my mouth. I warbled my lips and flapped my tongue at the gate. The knocks announced my intent.

Fingers prised open her labia. The dark pink of the flesh shined with her arousal. I lapped at the inside of her folds, but didn’t stretch my tongue into the opening. I studiously avoided the clitoris.

My hands held her buttocks and tilted her groin toward me. Alice lowered her pelvis to my mouth. I responded with a tease, turning my head to the side, maneuvering away to lick at her thigh in place of the cunt. She nudged her pussy at my cheek, and when I didn’t react as she hoped, she pouted. I took my time anyway. My hands soothed up and down the fronts of her thighs. Her skin was so smooth.

I tongued the raindrops that beaded on the skin.

My arm stretched up. I squeezed her tits through the thin top. Then I lowered the arms and used my hand to rub the outside of her cunt. The surrounding flesh shook. The skin was darker than before. The odors were stronger. She was wetter. She tasted more robust — ferric, I would say.

I crooked two fingers up and pressed their backs against the folds of Alice’s cunt. Her moans were soft and high-pitched. She sounded like she was sniffling.

“Place me inside,” I said. I offered my hand.

She took my wrist and brought the fingers to her opening. Legs bowing at the knees, she lowered herself onto my hand. Once within, I straightened the fingers and scissored them apart. I rotated the base of the hand and felt the slickness of her muscles. Her pussy squelched around me. I rubbed my own cunt through the layers of cloth.

My fingers fucked in and out rapidly. The knuckles of the hand became drenched in the waters that escaped her pussy. In the intervals between vigorous, rapid thrusts, I lapped her clitoris.

I have little conception of how long this continued. I was content to lean my head against the wall and lick forever. The rain stopped, and still I mouthed the pussy. My effort ended in Alice’s orgasm. Her body went entirely stiff. Her thighs squeezed my face. She rutted against my chin and let out an expressive moan. The muscles in her thighs went rigid. The muscles in her vagina contracted about my fingers. The wetness sluiced in the narrow gap between them as the walls caved in.

She tasted exquisite. There was a lightness to her come, an aftertaste almost like fruit. I licked it from my fingers. She collapsed to the ground and tasted herself from my lips. After this, it was my turn to receive. Alice raised my dress. She was a cannibal on my cunt. Her eyes glinted as she ate. I wasn’t as quiet as she was. Legs spread apart on the floor of her balcony, I wailed and screamed.

June 9, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/06/09/a-taste-of-girl/
His arm extended behind me along the sofa back. I huddled into the crook of his shoulder, and we snuggled during the movie. Afterwards, with my head pillowed on his lap, he stroked my throat and neck and collar, as though petting a favorite cat. I tilted my chin up and rolled my head to the side. I purred.

“What do you want to do?”

Gi shifted his hand lower. He held a breast. The answering hum was noncommittal.

“Do you want to be in my pussy? I haven’t fucked anyone in a week. It will be a tight squeeze.” I slid the plane of my palm over his penis. My lips deposited a peck through his pants. “Would you like me to go down on my knees and take your cock in my mouth? I will suck you for an hour. I will suck you until you come.” The erection grew under my touch. “Do you want to try my asshole? You haven’t.” I squeezed the cock, released, and repeated. “Tell me what you want.”

Gi stood and loosened his belt. He hopped around on one foot ridiculously while he extricated the pant leg from where it tangled with his other foot.

“I want you to suck my cock,” he decided. He sunk into the sofa, pulled off his shirt, and spread his legs open for me. I smiled and occupied the space that he had made.

Gi still hasn’t been in my anus, but he fucked me good.

June 10, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/06/10/movie-night/
After a particularly intense workout at the gym, I had changed into a black and white striped sweater top that bared my shoulders and a khaki skirt that lifted indecently from my rear whenever I bent forward at the waist. I met Amadeo at a pub in Holborn. He discovered I had come commando when I flashed him at the bar. I had not worn a bra either. The weather was chilly enough in mid-June that my nipples peaked.

At the restaurant, I sat slightly further from the table than strictly necessary, with knees separated and feet planted apart. The fabric bowed, the dip of the cloth draping over the middle and covering me (just). During the meal — sushi — I kept my legs together and behaved. The napkin, which extended over my thighs, enhanced my modesty by a factor of two.

Amadeo told me about his recent visits to Germany. I told him about what I have been working on at the university, my plans for the rest of the summer, and how the thesis clock would tick relentlessly once I returned to Boston in September.

After dinner, Amadeo ordered an espresso. I had a caffè latte. As there wasn’t a need for the napkin anymore, it sat in a crumple upon the table. Pushing myself back half a foot, I hiked the skirt up my thigh and showed my stuff underneath.

Amadeo smiled appreciatively at the view. The tip of his tongue slowly traversed from one corner of the lip to the other and made the amble in reverse. I licked a bit of cream lasciviously from my finger.

He held me by the waist, one step in front of him, as we descended the escalator into the belly of the tube. The tug on the fabric pulled the top down the left shoulder. The drape of the cloth accentuated my cleavage.

Amadeo deposited small kisses on the trapezius muscle. I was moist below.

On the train, he sat on the ledge near the door at the end of the car. His arms wrapped me from behind and he laced his fingers over my pelvis. I reached behind me to grip his hip. My knees bent a fraction as I pushed my weight against him. My feet held my backpack in place.

Amadeo took his cell phone from his pocket and took a snapshot of us, together. The flash from the second photograph went under the ledge the bottom of my skirt made across the tops of my thighs. I laughed when he took this picture and felt myself getting wetter.

We took the long way to his apartment. Amadeo shouldered my backpack. We clasped hands. His enormous paw covered my small fingers.

In a dark shadow under the trees, I spied a man peeing. I nudged Amadeo with an elbow to the ribs and nodded my head at the unknown man.
Amadeo stopped, and he considered. “Not today,” he decided, which was a pity.

We walked south. Victorian houses lined the street on either side. Their facades stretched a city block. About half the windows were lit. Silence sheltered the road. A few streets away, cars rumbled on the still busy main thoroughfare.

I raised to the points of my toes and placed a kiss on Amadeo’s cheek. He cupped my face in his hands and kissed me on the lips. As the kiss deepened, I brought his hand up to a breast. His fingers tightened. He extended their reach. Lured by his taste, my tongue followed his into his mouth. The kiss broke because one of us moved our head in an unanticipated direction. We laughed and re-engaged. I sucked on his tongue, latching on to the tip with teeth to forestall him taking it away. Amadeo palmed my buttocks, one cheek in each of his big hands.

“I’m going to fuck you,” he stated. His voice had a growl. He rubbed me between the legs.

I spotted a red phone booth on the corner of the street. “In there,” I pointed.

The box was a tight squeeze. We stood back to front with the phone on our left. I told Amadeo that I had condoms in the side packet of my backpack. He unzipped and covered his cock. I pushed my hands off the paneled glass and thrust my ass at him. Amadeo prised my legs further apart and entered me from behind. I was so wet that his penis slid all the way in at once.

He fucked me in that constricted space. The cock was like the piston of a steam engine, a single cylinder moving in a two stroke cycle. In and out, in and out, it went. My cunt, greased by arousal, provided the lubrication for the shaft. He accelerated to a pace that worked. After that, the speed didn’t change. Instead of going faster, he went harder. Amadeo held my hips and slammed his cock home. The balls clapped against my buttocks. Their impact echoed in the booth.

I saw my reflection in the glass. My face scrunched up in lines with the effort of fucking. My moans had volume. He matched them with his grunts.

Amadeo pulled the sweater down my shoulder to expose one of my breasts. Shoving me against the wall of the phone booth, he flattened the tit against glass. The surface felt cold to my bare skin. It made me shiver.

A sharp tug of the hair forced my head backward. He bit my bottom lip. My nails broke the skin on his forearm. The end of his belt slapped against my thigh.

His fingers gathered the wetness from my pussy. He pressed them into my mouth.

There were lights in the building. I wondered if anyone saw us. I hoped so.

“Fuck me. Fuck me. Fuck me.” The words were my mantra.

My hand reached behind me. The grip on his ass encouraged his movements. Amadeo was deliberate to allow me to come first. My wetness splashed onto the backpack situated on the floor of the booth. He stopped moving while my vagina contracted about the shaft. He grunted at the achievement of holding his orgasm back as my muscles constricted. Head thrown back, I laughed like a madwoman.

He started moving again when I told him to fuck me.

I started chanting, this time punctuating the premise that he should fuck me with the demand that he must do it harder.
Not a minute after my orgasm, his arms wrapped my waist, and he lifted me up. My feet were suspended in midair. His shaft plugged me impossibly deep. Shrieking, I clamped myself about the penis as it convulsed inside me.

His jolts went on and on in a sequence of hard pulses. His hand gripped the tit that was still partially exposed. My legs kicked in the air as he tightened his hold on me. “Slut,” he intoned.

Yes, I am.

When he set me down, I sagged against the side of the phone booth. The air stunk of sex. My makeup and hair were disasters. I needed to pee.

I heard the zip of his belt and the metallic ring of his belt buckle. I smoothed the skirt to cover myself. Turning, I spread my arms to embrace him. We kissed, and while my arms circled his neck, he lifted me up once more.

We were three blocks from his apartment. I walked there on unsteady legs.

June 18, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/06/18/the-phone-booth/
Since my last post, I have spent a night at Gi’s and a night at Amadeo’s. I didn’t blog because the work cycle has been heavy; quite simply, with deadlines looming, I haven’t had the time.

This evening, I am flying somewhere warmer and less wet than London for a conference. I will be there for a week. After that, I will bum around Europe for two and a half weeks. My sister is joining for part of this adventure. Internet access may be dubious. I expect that I will not expend the effort to stay connected during my holiday.

Till I get back: Be good. Be bad. Have fun! I know I will.

June 26, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/06/26/my-summer-vacation/
A Brazilian boy: After an impromptu makeout session, I sucked him off on the roof of the youth hostel late at night. Because we didn’t have any condoms, that’s as far as it went.

The construction worker: He was an Irishman on holiday with his mates. I met him at a dance club, to which I had worn a cocktail dress that was barely decent. The top of my head didn’t reach his chin. His chest was pure muscle. Though his hands were calloused, his touch on my arms and my waist and my ass was gentle. He exhibited no such gentleness when he fucked me. He took me the way an alpha takes his bitch. He made me sweat. I enjoyed the challenge of trying to fit his cock into my throat but never quite managed the trick.

Boy on the beach: My bikini had blue and white stripes and a shining silver border. I had pulled it into the crease of my ass and lay on my stomach, tanning myself. When I rolled over, I discovered a boy staring at me from behind.

“J’ai été en admirant la vue,” he said.

I followed his eyes to the horizon, which consisted of high rise beachfront property, and grinned. He plumped himself down on the sand beside my beach towel. We communicated in my pidgin French and his equally limited English. As the conversation progressed he rested his hand on the inside part of my thigh. Since it was there already, I asked him to rub sunscreen into my skin. I doubted his complexion could tan, but he slathered some over his chest as well. I invited him back to my hotel in the late afternoon. Boldness must have its reward.

Le club échangiste: In Paris, I was a woman alone at a swingers’ club. I must have fucked six different guys during the three hours that I was there. I left in the company of a newlywed couple. They had an apartment in the 11th near Bastille. It was a studio, far tinier than my place in London. The sofa folded out to a bed. The two of them ate my pussy and ass simultaneously.

Sequential one night stands: First: the bartender in a hole in the wall pub who plied me with free cocktails throughout the night. We finished at his place. I went by bus across town to my hostel in the morning. My pussy was swollen from the 6 am fuck, the 8 am fuck, and the 9 am fuck. I had the ache of sex in my muscles. Face flushed red, I reeked of copulation. I wondered who around me knew. Second: the slightly overweight local who picked me up at the same bar the next evening. He sighed when my tongue swiped through his hairy chest and whimpered when I nosed into his hairy ass. When his cock was not in my pussy, his fingers took up residence there. I enjoyed open mouthed, wet kisses with this gray headed man more than twice my age. I liked licking the semen, sweat, and vaginal secretions from his tangled pubis. The penis returned to its maximum extension as he watched me do this. He couldn’t get enough of my tits.
July 20, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/07/20/who-i-did-on-my-summer-vacation/
Catching up on work and life takes priority over blogging. Therefore, I have no long post to give. Here are short takes on catching up with my stable of lovers in London.

- Amadeo brought me over his thighs and tugged my jeans and panties down to my knees. I had to keep track of the number of times each buttocks was hit and say the number aloud. He confused me by striking the cheeks at random.

- After he came in my mouth, I spit Amadeo’s semen onto my breasts. It left a sticky trail in its wake as it ran through my cleavage.

- Face lowered to the mattress, I was on knees and shoulders as he wrenched my arms behind me and hauled me backward by the wrists. Pussy yielded to cock. One of his knees dug into the mattress. He planted his other foot to my face. I kissed Amadeo’s big toe.

- Frank stood behind me, cock to one side. He held my hair in a ponytail as I sucked him. While I deepthroated the cock, my fingers splayed on the outside of my cunt. The digits diddled my clit. He came over my face. The stuff got into my hair. Frank isn’t shy about his semen. We shared messy kisses afterwards.

- I clutched the yellow pillow and the side of the mattress. Frank clutched each foot just above the ankle. I stared up at the ceiling and took in measured breaths as his thick glans penetrated my anus.

- Fingers laced with his, I gripped his hand long after my knuckles turned color. Frank ate my cunt with ravenous intent. I came over his face, too.

July 22, 2011

We had been lovers for quite some time, but had only been officially dating for four months when I took him home to meet the parents for Thanksgiving. It was a full house. In addition to my brother, my sister, and my sister’s boyfriend, we had one set of grandparents, two pairs of aunts and uncles with an assortment of cousins from early teens to college age, and my Dad’s graduate students. In the mid-afternoon, as final touches were being made on dinner, I went to my bedroom upstairs. The boyfriend intercepted me on the way down.

Pressing my body against the wall, he kissed me with a hunger. Instinctively, I kissed him back the same way. He extracted his penis from his pants and had me lift up my dress for him. Nudging the panties to the side, he entered me. The straps of my dress snagged against the brick. It skinned my shoulders. I struggled to keep silent. Violent kisses stopped my gasps. The fear of being discovered by anyone at all filled me with absolute dread. This was a quickie fuck. The sex couldn’t have lasted more than five minutes. During the meal, my boyfriend’s come leaked from my cunt and soaked through my underwear.

I had on a black ankle length dress and a white top. In a playful mood, I teased my boyfriend throughout Sunday’s football games. Going to my knees before him, I lipped his penis through the jeans. The press of a thigh over his groin raised the erection. I sat atop his lap and did a grind against his cock while I whispered seduction into his ear. This went on until he lost patience.

He threw me to the floor. A Swiss army knife stabbed through the fabric of the dress and slit from top to bottom. He cut until the dress was only rags on my body. The blade then sliced through the tank top. He snipped the red bra with greater care, and the cups fell from my breasts. After rolling the sharp and cold blade over the lips of cunt, he poked a hole through the front panel of my panties, then ripped. The rent he made was large enough for his cock. I was so immensely turned on. I was his rag doll. He pounded me while I was clothed in tatters.

He tied me to a tree in the woods in Maine when we went camping during Fourth of July weekend. Stout rope bound my arms high above my head. It wrapped my chest and waist. When he penetrated my pussy, one of
my thighs rose to the jut of his hip. My leg vined down behind him. My shoulders and back experienced the
course textures of the bark of the tree trunk. The sound of sex echoed in the humid air. We sweated profusely
under the heat of an unforgiving sun. Perspiration stung my eyes. When he released me, he cut a shoot from
a much smaller tree, stripped it bare of leaves and branches, and crafted a switch, which he applied to my ass
and thighs. No one was there to hear me howl in the woods in undistilled hurt. No one was there to hear me
scream in all encompassing pleasure on the previous autumn’s leaves while I was thoroughly fucked once
more.

He and I skinny dipped in the lake to wash away the dirt and the grime. The frigid water refreshed and revived
me in the heat. We dressed, cooked a meal at a nearby campsite, packed, and shouldering heavy backpacks,
resumed our traipse through the woods.

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Because of the open relationship, I sometimes saw evidence of sex in our bedroom. There were blindfolds
stained with another girl’s mascara, dirty sheets wadded up in the laundry basket, toys drying in the dish-
washer, used prophylactics in the trash can by the bed. The niche in the shower contained bottles that weren’t
mine and weren’t his. When I kissed him on returning home, I might have tasted his lover on his tongue.
Of course, none of this bothered me. I had the reverse of the coin as well. Other men dominated me in our
bedroom. I submitted my body to them.

At night, we shared our stories. Hearing him tell me how he had spanked, then fisted, then fucked another girl
while I held his penis in my mouth left my pussy sodden. When I told him about my adventures, invariably,
he would slap my pubis. Who owns this cunt? he would ask. You do, I would answer. When his erection
reclaimed my pussy, which was also his pussy, the force of orgasm was intense. We used condoms with our
others. Only he came inside me. He came only inside me. For the final act, I lapped the semen that had
spilled from me, onto the sheets. It made the wet spot on the bed even bigger. I liked falling asleep on top of
it.

July 26, 2011

A reader e-mailed me to ask what it feels like to mix pain with sex. I thought I might use my latest meeting with Amadeo to elaborate on the experience.

The two of us were naked in his bedroom. After eating me out until my juices dripped from his chin, Amadeo used cords of hemp rope to affix my left wrist to my left ankle and my right wrist to my right ankle. With my knees propped up, I laid diagonally on the mattress with my back flat. A pillow supported my head. The blindfold negated my vision. My nipples were swollen from the clamps he had employed half an hour before. He trailed the end of his belt softly along the inner surfaces of my thighs. The touch of leather over the pubis was feather light, gentle, very nearly inconsequential. It floated over the pussy lips, barely making any contact with them. It almost tickled. Then he brought the end slashing down.

A searing pain began in the labia. Circles of hurt radiated outward as the nerves responded. I winced at the blow. My knee pulled up and my body twisted over to one side. The abrupt and angry activation of the nerve endings set me to shaking. Chest heaving, I swallowed gulps of air.

He gave me a few seconds to gather my composure. I let my weight sink into the mattress and spread my thighs open for him in acquiescence. I remembered that he had turned my ass purple the last time we had played.

This time the belt landed directly over my clitoris. After the cunnilingus, the area was excruciatingly sensitive. The hood may have been down. It would have offered feeble defense even if it were not. I screamed. There weren’t words to the bellow. It was a loud confession of pain and rage. My pubis burned with a fiery ache. I squirmed on the mattress. Deep, tearless sobs wracked my body. By exertion of will, I forced myself to take large, steady breaths. I stretched open again and waited for the next sharp blow.

Anticipation stretched out in the silence of the room. My muscles were tense. There was a tightness in my respiration. When the blow came, he struck my clit again.

I called him a motherfucker and a bastard. I wriggled against my bonds and curled one of my thighs protectively over my cunt.

Amadeo very gently eased me to lie flat on the mattress again. A slight, but insistent pressure against my knees extended the chasm between them.

He hit my thighs at the crease where they met the pubis and continued over the legs, leaving my cunt alone. This hurt, but far less than before. When he mixed in the occasional blow to my pussy, I could tolerate this pain. The sensation was not as intense as what had transpired previously.
Amadeo spit on my cunt twice and rubbed the saliva over the lips with the knuckles of his hand. I knew that the next blows would hurt. I gripped the bonds between my hands and my feet, steadied myself, and waited. Indeed, he struck the labia as I had known he would. He missed slightly, so it was a glancing blow rather than a direct hit. He corrected for the mistake, compelling my knees open, flashing the leather down from immediately above. This one really scorched. I sobbed under the blindfold without actually crying and shrieked my fury at him. He folded the belt over and strapped me again. Quite deliberately, the sting landed in exactly the same place as the one before. I spit at him — it was the only thing I could do — but as I was blind, missed badly in my attempt. The globule of expectorate arced onto my breasts. He hawked in my face to show me how it should be done and slapped each of my cheeks.

He traded the belt for the cat-o’-nine-tails. He swung this instrument more freely and fiercely, with less precision than before. The multiple falls meant that several places would hurt at once. But the ache induced was also more diffuse. Additionally, I had gotten used to the whipping; the nerve endings became partially sensitized to the pain. He applied the tails to the thighs more than to the cunt. He lashed my arms, my belly, and then my breasts. I squealed impotently as the cat thudded against my tits. I heard the wooshing sound, the brief movement of air, the momentary breeze on my perspiring skin. Then came the hard landing and the needles shooting pain into the dermis.

At the last, he used the riding crop. “Bastinado,” he said, and he beat the balls of my feet. “Boobs,” he said, and slapped the breasts from the sides. “Ten over the cunt,” he said and made me count. In order to alter the direction of impact, I heard him change sides every few numbers. His hand soothed along the inside of my thigh and coaxed my legs apart. He whispered reassuring words. The gentleness stopped at speech, however. He didn’t moderate his strength.

Whipping is an exercise and an assertion of his power over me. That is the heart of its appeal. I am tied up. He can do what he wants. I surrender my body to his violence. I do this of my own accord. By refusing the security of the safeword, I volunteer to accept the next hard blow. I embrace the pain because a man to whose dominant character I have acceded gives it to me in his generosity. I wear his marks willingly over my skin. I feel so alive as the hurt is administered to me. This is my submission.

The tears started at three. My nose went runny at five. There aren’t words to describe the agony and torment I experienced at seven, eight, and nine. Ten impacted me as a blissful release. The suffering was finally over. Amid the bawling and the howling and the sniveling beneath the blindfold, I also laughed aloud at the completion of the whipping. An overriding sense of accomplishment accompanied the conclusion of the act. I had endured. The pain had excited the nerves. It made me feel awake to the moment. It echoed still. The flesh thrummed in tempo with my pulse. I hurt in places I could not name. This aroused me.

Amadeo kissed me and filled my open mouth with wine. This aroused me, too. He unknotted the rope that bound me. When both hands were free, I plucked the blindfold from my face and threw myself at him. I bit his lower lip and gave him my tongue, taking his. Large paws cupped my tits as we made out. The outside of my cunt throbbed. The muscles in my legs were suffused by ache. My shoulders smarted from being tied for so long. My ankles and wrists were raw from straining against the rope. Small, parallel welts crisscrossed the insides of my thighs. (Evidently, he had applied the cat with greater vigor than I had supposed.) My pussy lips were battered and bruised, deformed and sore. These were minor discomforts now.

“I want you to fuck me,” I told him. I stroked his cock, which was mostly hard.

He fumbled for a moment with the packaging of the condom, then gave up and bit the wrapper open. Once
he was sheathed, he leaned his weight against my chest. Opening my lips for his, I fell backward. My legs spread, and his body occupied the room that I had made. I grabbed hold of the shaft and placed it at the entrance of my pussy. Gravity took care of the rest. Amadeo penetrated me, sinking all the way in all at once. I sighed in relief and happiness at the sudden fullness of my cunt. The presence of cock gratified me. It was the axis of my globe. Raising the pelvic floor, I collapsed the muscles of the vagina around the shaft. My ankles hooked about his buttocks, and my arms wrapped his back to compel him closer to me. He fucked me with energetic movements of the hips and pelvis. His lips told me with kisses and words how beautiful I was. His fingers combed through my hair, which was soaking wet. He had not come yet. I had barely touched his penis during foreplay. He did not last long inside my much abused pussy. He lasted long enough to have me convulsing about his erection in the half minute before his own climax.

July 30, 2011

CHAPTER 144

FINGERED TO ORGASM

I had on white denim shorts and a bright blue tank top. Thin beige bra straps left lines on my shoulders. Gi wore the t-shirt of a band he likes, an incongruously loud pair of shorts, and red socks. Neon Bible played at low volume on the speakers.

We nestled together on the sofa. I lifted his shirt and deposited kisses on his chest. I mouthed the nipples, sucked and licked until they were hard pebbles. My tongue followed the line between the ribs, up from the belly to the midpoint of the torso and back down again. The kisses were audible.

Gi had me raise my arms and removed my top. He struggled with the hook on my bra but succeeded in freeing my breasts, which he then proceeded to suck. Lips on top of the areola applied pressure while the tongue flicked over the nipple at high velocity.

I gasped at the attention.

My hand reached for the tent in his shorts. Having outlined the extension of the shaft through the cotton, I pressed the heel of my palm against the cylindrical bulge and rolled over it.

Gi continued on my breasts. I pulled his head up for a kiss. I inclined my body backward, and Gi lowered on top of me. I liked his body heat as our bare chests made contact. Our tongues fought a boundary skirmish between lips. Occasionally, one of us made incursions through the gap between teeth, only to be chased out.

I loosened the shorts and reached into the boxersto extract his cock. The head stuck out the top. I bent at the waist to lower my lips onto the swollen crown.

Gi smoothed his hand over my shoulders and back. A hand slipped through the dip at the small of my back into my jean shorts. Gi feathered his middle finger into the cleft of my ass. He cupped the buttocks possessively.

He didn’t let me suck him long. He pulled me up for a kiss. His tongue lapped at the saliva on my chin.

I undid my belt buckle and tugged the buttons of my fly open. The yellow panties I wore had a mesh panel in the front. My arousal had seeped into the fabric. Gi placed his hand on top. The fingers made a curve as he followed the depression in the center. I bent my right leg at the knee and pressed it flush against the cushioned sofa back. Hooking my left leg between his, I separated my thighs as far as the denim allowed.

The tips of the fingers tweaked my pussy lips, which were thick and swollen and still sensitive after the workout that Amadeo had administered two days before. Gi rubbed the digits along the slit. The mesh abraded lightly along the flesh. It made me squirm.

I had one arm behind his back. My hand tilted his face down to meet my lips. He gave me his tongue to suck.
The hand slipped under the elastic waistband of the panties. He extended a digit to hold a long note on my slit. The flesh of my pubis sloshed from side to side like a liquid as he shook his fingers laterally.

I moaned with the pleasure of it through open mouthed kisses.

As he stroked my cunt, I reached for his cock so that I could hold some part of him. My fingers tightened over Gi’s scrotum and massaged it through his shorts. I gripped the short hairs on the back of his head as the already intense kisses became still more so.

At moments, a finger dipped past the lips into the entrance of my vagina. Mostly, he stroked the labia and circled the clit. The movements were slow and steady, but they were firm. My leg twitched.

As my need became more urgent, I stopped kissing him. My eyes screwed shut, and my cheeks winched up. Knowing that I would come, I grimaced at the acuteness of the sensations below. My buttocks pressed against Gi’s thigh as my body shifted nearer to him. The wetness leaked from me. My pussy made soft sucking sounds.

My eyes flashed open, and I saw Gi looking down, staring intently at my face. A loud sigh escaped my lips as he touched a sensitive nerve exactly that way.

He rubbed me harder. He took hold of a tit and covered the nipple with his mouth. I squeaked and giggled with the pleasure of it. My body wriggled from my waist down to my toes.

I squeezed my breasts and compacted my legs about his hand. The clit shuddered. The pussy imploded and turned inside out. The orgasm exuded out of me. It wet my thighs and left my panties moist. His hand was slick in my spendings.

Gi kissed me once I had finished writhing. He went to the floor and removed the shorts and the panties and feasted on my cunt. Before long, his tongue and lips had me coming again. My fluids drenched the cushions of his couch.

July 30, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/07/30/fingered-to-orgasm/
I just bought plane tickets. I am leaving London on Saturday, September 10. For the most part, the blog ends then. There may be a few more stories when I return to the UK in the winter. I plan to catch up with friends, and that may lead to sex, which I will report. But that’s it. I won’t be laying London anymore.

I don’t know about a new blog. If it happens, it probably wouldn’t start before 2012. The next semester looks to be quite rough; I don’t want the distraction. I expect also that a future effort will have a different shape than *Leah Lays London*. I don’t intend to document every instance I have sex the next time I do this. I may write more about sexuality and my views on D/s and less about fucking. There are a number of essays regarding these themes that I had planned to commit to pixels on a screen but never got around to doing. I will advertise any new blog here so that you, dear reader, can find me.

There is still a month and a bit of adventures to be had. Thank you for reading. I am grateful for the audience.

August 5, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/08/05/the-future/
Because of work commitments, I only had sex once this week, with Amadeo. It was another hard session. This is how it went.

- Amadeo tied my panties about my ankles and had me kneel on the sofa. I bent over the couch with my arms stretched horizontally along the back while he flayed my buttocks with his belt. I screamed through the ball gag.

- While I squirmed over his lap, he held my wrists firmly in one of his hands, forced my legs apart with his thighs, and spanked my pussy. As I haven’t waxed since before my vacation, I have a soft cushion of hair on my pubis. Amadeo used this as an excuse to spank me ten extra times.

- We employed restraints that passed over the door to bind my arms above my head. Amadeo attached nipple clamps to my breasts and whipped my tits as they had so far been left out.

- Finally, he slipped his fly open to expose his cock. I sat on the edge of the coffee table and sucked him off. I was conscious of the ache in my chest and how my ass smarted while I fellated him. Holding the sides of my face, he used my throat for a cunt. The saliva ran in rivers over his cock. The fluvial excess left puddles on the carpet.

- Amadeo didn’t come in my mouth. He peeled off his clothes and fucked me in the ass. I was on the floor, on knees and the balls of my toes with breasts flattened against the cushions of the sofa. He had me hold my cheeks apart for him as he battered his way into me. My buttocks were an angry red. He slapped them again with his bare hand as he fucked me. He told me that he liked to see the flesh ripple.

- A few fingers of whisky, and we were ready to go again. I slouched on my back with my head propped up against the back of the sofa. My feet hooked around his waist. Amadeo squeezed my tits as he probed my cunt with his cock. He jabbed his fingers into my mouth. I brought his hand to my throat. He clutched my windpipe and slipped his tongue past my lips. I enjoyed the kisses as much as I enjoyed his cock.

- He flipped the condom inside out and tipped the semen into the cup of his hand. I lapped the come from his palm. I played with it, stretching long strands between my fingers and breaking them as the triumphant runner tears the tape at the end of a race.

- After all this, Amadeo rested. He reclined on the sofa with his head cushioned by throw pillows against the side. My naked architect leafed through the correspondence of Vincent and Theo Van Gogh. He read aloud to me while I sucked softly on his scrotum and penis. We set the alarm on his iPhone. He wanted me to continue in this way for an hour. As he had come twice, a shifting touch of fingers and lips allowed him to last so long. My jaws were sore. I looked up at him as he finished himself off by masturbating.
• He shot his sperm into my panties. He took the semen wet cloth and rubbed it over my face. He anointed my forehead with his come. It moisturized the pores on my cheeks. To consume the leavings, I sucked hard on the fabric and twisted it until I could taste no more of Amadeo. I decided I would wear the same panties in the morning.

• He ordered me to masturbate in bed. I did so using the steel dildo that I keep in his apartment. He rubbed ice cubes over my breasts. He licked the melted water from my nipples. After the orgasm, he had me do it again because I had climaxed without seeking and acquiring his permission. He kept me going without coming for minutes after I asked, until I begged. Taking the dildo from my pussy, he slipped the ice cubes into my cunt and lapped the slit. When he told me to come, I did so on command. He bit my clitoris. The sharpness of his teeth fused pleasure with pain and augmented the intensity of the orgasm and the volume of my screams.

• In the bathtub in the morning, he blasted the shower at maximum heat and full pressure at my clitoris. I diddled myself until I climaxed, remembering to receive his consent first. Afterwards, we fucked in the hot stream. I went to my knees and drank the contents of his bladder. He hosed me down with it, my face and breasts. I spread my thighs so he could aim the flow at my cunt. I washed it in my hair as though it was shampoo.

• He drove me to the university and sent me to work wearing a buttplug in my anus. It remained in my ass until after lunch.

August 5, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/08/05/hard-and-pleasant-use/
There is rioting in the streets of London. The part of town in which I live is, fortunately, unaffected by the chaos. Nevertheless, there is a tenseness in the air. I am wary as I cross the city by bus or tube. Friends are anxious. The day is pleasantly cool. I don’t want to be alone.

Amadeo is traveling this week. Frank, meanwhile, is in Oxford, where he has been for most of the summer. He tells me he will return home this weekend.

I haven’t had a new cock since my vacation. To rectify this oversight, I could pick some guy up at one of my familiar haunts. I could place an ad on Craigslist for a casual encounter or answer one and negotiate a play date with a man who is a stranger to me. Or if I prefer to keep my own company in bed — as I do — I could watch pornography on the laptop while I press a vibrator to my clit. I could call up a friend and, with fingers in my pussy, spin a phone sex fantasy.

The truth is I don’t feel like doing any of these things. Because I have nothing sexy to say, I have been avoiding the blog as well.

Instead of going in to the university, I stay at home during the day and work. I read and write. I meet my friend Mike for an early dinner. He walks me home afterwards, depositing an innocent kiss on my cheek when we arrive at my apartment building. Late at night, I sit with the roommate, drink wine, and talk about small things and big dreams until I go to sleep and dream some more. I do not remember the dreams that visit me in bed. I think none of them are hot.

In the shower, I wash soap suds from my cunt. I prop one foot on the side of the tub. My fingers push against the lips and turn a circle in the flesh. I begin to masturbate, then change my mind, shut off the water stream, and reach for my towel. In my bathrobe, I listen to Radio 3 over breakfast and, after that, am inspired to practice my flute for one hour.

When I sit at the rickety desk in my bedroom, the day spreads out before me as a blank sheet of paper does. Today, as yesterday, I will fill it from top to bottom with crabbed lines and write sideways, illegibly, along the margins to squeeze in a few extra sentences when I run out of space. My hand is crowded. The ink stains my fingers. On occasion a word shines through, but after I have written them, the scribbles are mostly impenetrable even to me and a complete cipher to anyone else. Once I turn the leaf over, I shan’t look back.
The summer I lived in Brooklyn, I was twenty years old and between my sophomore and junior years of college. I dated a man there for about two months. We met at a bar, shared a few laughs; when asked to his place for the night, I happily went. A first generation American who worked as an electrician, he was in his late thirties and lived in a Brownstone in Crown Heights. His car wasn’t in front of the house when I arrived, so I let myself in, pulled a cold beer from the fridge, and settled on the sofa to wait. I remember how horny I was. My hands strayed below my waist. Noticing the porn DVDs on the shelf underneath the TV, I thought about masturbating. He had caught me doing this before, and it led to fantastic sex. But I decided to be a good girl and read my book instead.

An hour or so later, my lover returned home from work. When he kissed me, it was on top of the head, but he used the opportunity to look over my shoulder at my novel and copped a feel of my tits, which set me to giggling. I padded after him into the kitchen, where I dropped to the floor, propped each of his feet on one knee, and helped him out of his shoes and socks. Wetting a dish towel, I washed the heels and the arches and the ticklish bottoms of his feet, scrubbed between the toes, then kissed the tendons on top and licked the soles. Setting the feet on the ground again, I stooped low and nosed at his ankles like a cat. As I rubbed the side of my face against his shins and calves, the hem of the dress swayed behind me. I felt it move against the tops of my thighs and the curve of my buttocks.

He circumnavigated my body once and went around halfway again. Kicking my dress up, he stooped to have a better look at me. I felt as though I was being examined. I blushed under his appraising scrutiny. He hooked his fingers into my panties and tugged. The tension on the tail of the thong squeezed the fabric between the lips of my cunt. When he finished his circuit around me, he stood still as a statue. I glanced up at him. My lover towered above me.

I massaged his shins, up to the knee, and over it. Hands reached into the leg holes of his shorts; nails scratched over the hairy skin. I slanted my head against the inside of his leg and raised myself to my knees. He stood tall. I was in his shadow. I mewed. Looking up at him expectantly, I saw the bulge under the denim and had the heat of the incipient erection under my cheek. I turned my head and planted tiny kisses atop the diagonal protrusion in his shorts. A fingernail followed the length of the zipper. My palm smoothed over his balls through the blue jean fabric. I gripped them in my fingers.

His hands went to his belt as I hoped they would. The shorts fell to the floor, and the boxers followed. He gave me his cock to suck. As I sniffed along the sides of the shaft, masculine scents flooded my lungs. I batted a dangling lock of hair out of my eyes, pointed the cock upright, and licked the underside, from the scrotum to the glans. After lipping at the dense bundle of nerves in the frenulum, my mouth clamped about
the ancient circumcision scar. My tongue generated a quantity of spit, then swirled round and round the
crown, occasionally flicking at the cyclopean eye. Before long, I had the stem halfway in my mouth and
swallowed him deeper and deeper each time I descended. Saliva coated the shaft and dangled from my chin
in long cords. It messed up the scoop of my dress. My hand twisted on the part of the stem that was not
contained by my lips on the upstroke and flattened against the balls on the downstroke. I worked his erection
at a steady pace, allowing the glans into my throat when I could. For a while, clasping fingers with my lover,
I sucked him glacially slowly, without hands. Inevitably, the power shifted from me to him. He fist ed my hair
and fucked my face with the authority of my submission and his strength. I gurgled as I struggled to keep up.
The impact against his pubis caused my nose to flatten. My fingers dug into his muscular buttocks for
support. Squinching my eyes shut, I struggled to swallow the gag reflex and keep my throat loose for him.

He terminated the blowjob well before his eruption. He hauled me to my feet and tore off the scandalously
short sundress patterned with flowers that I had worn. The buttons in the front flew everywhere as he couldn’t
be bothered with them. He lifted me from the ground and turned me sideways in his grip and ripped the
panties from my body. His appearance and manner were deceptive. He was a powerful man who delighted
in rough sex. As always, his aggression made my heart pitter and my breathing go shallow. I wanted him to
dominate my cunt. I wanted to be a young college girl slut for a man nearly twice my age who never attended
a university. I wanted to achieve the intense and abundant joy that eventuates only from my total surrender.
I dealt with the bra while he dispatched his t-shirt.

He took me bent over the kitchen counter. My legs rooted me to the ground while my breasts dragged against
the durable, coffee stained formica. He yanked me backward by the hair and impaled my body over his groin.
The expression on my face was a perpetual grimace of pleasure and pain. I shrieked as the cock battered my
pussy from behind. This was his need. He fucked me so hard it hurt inside. My body was a shell for his
use. My pleasure was an incidental byproduct of his own. Arousal and also the force of the fuck made the
flesh swell. A big wooden holder of kitchen utensils clattered to the floor. The wall receded and advanced at
speed. One of my hands was in the sink with the dishes. I clutched the faucet. My vagina compressed about
his penis, wringing it. The suddenness and comprehensiveness of the orgasm shattered me. The secretions
from my cunt spilled down my thighs.

When he came, he heaved my body up by the breasts so that my back was flush against his chest. His shaft
spear ed my cunt. He spiked it in as far as it would go. The penis seemingly cleaved me in two as his thighs
shuddered. He grunted each time he ejaculated. He tugged against my waist and stabbed the cock minutely
deeper. I felt the liquid pulses of his semen targeting my womb. The muscles squeezed, milking all of the
come from his balls.

He lifted one of my thighs. The gape my pussy made when he withdrew meant that his semen plopped to
the floor. I lapped it up without ever being told. My tongue dragged through the milky pool of come on the
unwashed wood. I tasted his footprints and slurped loudly. My fingers pushed what had escaped onto my
thighs back into my cunt. When I cleaned his penis with my mouth, I had the flavor of vagina on the surface
of the shaft and on his balls. An abiding ache took up residence in my thighs and a soreness dwelt in my
pussy. He lifted me onto the kitchen table and ate out the cunt in which he had just creamed. Activated as
the nerve endings were, the lips on my clit had me flailing. Before long, the cock plugged me again.

We kept going until we couldn’t any longer, slept, and picked up again where we had left off. I had bruises
and welts over my thighs and ass by the time we finished. He left bite marks over my tits. That evening was
only the second time in my life that I took a man's fist inside my vagina. The hickeys on my collar and neck remained visible for a week.

August 13, 2011

http://www.experienceproject.com/stories/Love-Rough-Sex/1720013
I have plugged Liz Doherty’s blog as the best resource on the web for learning the mechanics of the casual encounters board on Craigslist. It additionally features high quality erotic writing. I admire the honesty and frankness with which Liz recounts her experiences. She writes about a few of the more memorable ones.

Some stand out: the guy who brought me to screaming, squirting orgasms with his hands alone. The one who made me come just by pinching my nipples. The one who first fisted me, bringing me to a kind of climax I’d never experienced before. The one who fucked me all night long, until I was a limp rag doll, splayed on the bed, exhausted and spent. The one who brought a ruler with him so I could measure his cock, because he said he’d never done so. The one short he needed a stool to climb up on his bed. The one who pulled and pushed me into positions I didn’t know my body could reach, and then fucked me until I thought I’d explode. The one who demanded I kneel before him and “pray” to his huge cock. The one who pounded me into the floor until I had rug burns on my nose and forehead. The one who wanted only to paint my toenails. The one who wouldn’t touch me at all, just forced his cock into my mouth, exploded and left. The one who wore a cock ring and fucked me all the way across the bed and onto the floor. The one I sucked before an open window while the people across the street watched. The one who showered first and flooded my bathroom. The one who took me on a motorcycle ride and fucked me on the hill at Twin Peaks.

I am envious of her adventures and long for the good old days of Craigslist when such things happened with frequency.

I like the evocative particulars in Liz’s stories. The steaminess of the foreplay fogs up my computer screen. “May I kiss you?” I finally asked.

“That would be good.” I straddled his lap, and took my time getting to know his sweet and tender mouth, slowly exploring it with my own, licking and sucking his lips, nibbling the end of his tongue, feeling the moisture in my mouth increase as I threaded my fingers through his tight curls. Deeply drawing in the smell of his neck, I stretched his t-shirt out to smell his chest before lifting it off him, raising his arms so I could bury my nose in first one then the other of his armpits, taking in his mildly musky scent as I felt myself growing wet. Dropping lower, my nose found his belly button and I buried it there, drawing deeply. He moaned quietly as I opened his jeans and his cock found my mouth. I knelt before him there in front of the couch, my mouth wet and ready, and took him all the way in one movement, holding him deeply there, against the back of my throat. I was filled. I slowly pulled my mouth back up his shaft, then down again and again, relishing each time he met the back of my throat, offering no resistance. We took his jeans all the way off, and he lay further back on my couch so I could take his balls in my mouth, rolling each separately then together in my mouth, enjoying the scent, texture and flavor of this part of him.
I hardly ever masturbate while I am reading blogs. But images sometimes insinuate their way into my skull and become imprinted there. Sentences linger. Late at night, I might picture the scene while lying in bed, inventing the details I do not remember or that were not originally present. A girl pulls a tight fitting t-shirt taut. The nipples leave tiny bumps in the fabric. Their darkness is visible through the thin, white cotton. It’s not any girl who does this — it’s me. I nuzzle into hairy, masculine armpits. Lips peck over the solid torso. My tongue demarcates the shapes of muscles. I leave his hard and hairless chest shining in the dim bedroom light. I have the taste of his skin in my mouth. The progression continues, constantly lower: raspberry kisses on the navel, a tongue there, then on the cock, then on the close-set and substantial balls. The sac is soft as leather and full of semen for me. I want to kiss it.

I suck the cock, and then I fuck it. I see it happen through slitted eyes. The images are redolent. I smell this man. My hand is inside my maroon sweat shorts. Fingers press atop the pubis. I pinch the pussy lips shut and shake them energetically from side to side. My cunt transudes. At this point, the initial fantasy is forgotten. My fingers move only to magnify the sensation I experience. I kick the drawstring shorts from my feet. I fuck myself with a purple cock made of aluminum. I hear as well as feel my wetness. My head rolls on the pillow. I thrash and moan and stab the dildo faster and harder. In pursuit of a little death, I am killing myself. I am not quiet about the pleasure I take. I don’t mind that I am overheard. I want my orgasm, and I don’t care who knows it.

I am a sexual scavenger. I use the exploits of others, whether erotica or porn, as a jumping off point in my private play. Liz Doherty’s dirty words arouse me.

August 13, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/08/13/dirty-words/
I desired a cock last night. I sent Frank a text: “Wanna fuck?” There wasn’t a response. I gave him a call, got voice mail, and hung up without leaving a message. I thought about Gi, who I saw a few weeks ago, but concluded that the two of us have reached the end of the line. The sex satisfies, but we don’t talk enough. His casual chauvinism is off putting. I don’t like his lack of inquisitiveness. He also lives in a part of town that is inconvenient for me to visit.

I received several calls from the States yesterday, but I figured that everyone who would telephone had already done so. I decided upon a visit to my local in order to seduce a random guy for the night. Buying myself a pint, I insinuated myself into a group of Germans who were standing near the bar. Two of the men in particular chatted me up, but neither interested me much. Another pint, and I latched on to a conversation on American politics. The guy from California who flirted with me wore a gold wedding band. He did not move away when I touched my hand to his arm. The two of us went up to the bar to replenish drinks for the table. Though the pub was sparsely populated on a Monday, we waited for the bartender to take our round of orders. I stood close to him, and while we chatted, my ass brushed his thigh. When I returned from a visit to the toilet, I noticed his friends (a couple) whispering to him conspiratorially. The colloquy subsided to an abrupt silence as I approached. Once my half pint glass of lager was empty, I made a move to the door. The California guy sat there. I hoped he would follow, but he didn’t.

Oh, well, I thought. Good for his wife.

I checked my phone. Frank hadn’t responded. He is spending most of the summer in Oxford. I didn’t see him this weekend when I knew he was in town because I had to entertain a friend from graduate school who was passing through London on her way to Lahore. It was a shot in the dark.

On the way home, I stuck my head into the bar by the youth hostel. No one in there attracted me enough to stay. I decided to call it a night, masturbate, and go to bed. My shoes clopped on the pavement as I mused over whether to do it in the bathtub with the waterproof vibrator or in bed with the dildo while viewing porn.

I checked my phone again. An SMS from Frank: “Tonight you mean?”

Two fingers instantly tapped out a reply. “Yeah.”

“Give me 1 hour.”

“Ok.”

The roommate is out of town this week, so the flat was mine. Once I returned to the apartment, I undressed, took a quick shower, and slipped into lingerie: a fishnet black slip that hid nothing and left the cheeks of my
ass hanging out. I poured a glass of wine and waited for Frank in the living room.

I sent another message to emphasize my desire. "Where are you? You need to be in my pussy."

“You need to drink my cum.” He never could spell that last word as I preferred.

The door buzzed five minutes later. The preliminaries were brief. He followed me into the bedroom and stripped.

Lips nibbled the foreskin. The head peered out tortoise-like. I coaxed him out of his shell, not that he needed much persuasion.

“It’s my birthday,” I announced. “I need to blow out a candle.”

I sucked him. I stretched out on the mattress on my belly and, slurping loudly, inhaled cock. Before long, I had the crown in my throat. I breathed around the shaft and through my nose while I extended the point of the tongue to touch his balls. Fingernails scratched through his thick nest of pubic hair. Hands gripped Frank’s tree trunk thighs. At the start of this blowjob, Frank steepled his fingers together and rested them atop my head in a blessing. Once his penis shined with saliva, he reached between my legs and manipulated my pussy from underneath my buttocks. His fingers splashed my interior wetness over the labia. I was conscious of how pervasive my scents were.

Frank held the cock vertical, and I pressed my mouth against the heavy balls. While my lips fastened on the testicles and tugged, my fingers replaced his on the shaft. My palm applied a bit of force to the underside. It rolled against the tumescent flesh while I licked the sensitive frenulum and nipped the apron of foreskin first with lips, then with teeth. Fisting the shaft, I stroked from bottom to top extremely slowly. Lowering spit over the head to lubricate the movements of my hand, I decelerated the rise and fall even more and added a slight twist. Though the tempo slackened, my grip did not. I jerked him off this way, fascinated by the changes in the patterns of his breathing, the minuscule shifts in the density of the flesh, and the palpable tow of desire in his hisses.

His speech was barely intelligible. He enunciated the desire that I should go faster. Ignoring him, I maintained the so slow rhythm. My left hand smoothed over the face of his sac. The balls contracted under my touch. Tightening my closed hand about the stem, I felt the surge of semen below the soft velvet skin and the pulsations of the nerves within. Shucking my right hand to the bottom, two fingers from the left pressed hard against the base of the shaft. A ribbon of whiteness flashed before my eyes and striped my cheek. Quickly, I captured the head in my lips and sucked forcefully.

The penis shuddered in my fingers and hopped against my lip. The ejaculate came out in rapid fire bursts. I drank his come. My tongue washed around the crown when he finished.

Frank’s index finger swept over my cheek and collected the first explosion of his semen. I lapped it from his hand.

We kissed for a bit, and then Frank was ready to go again. I extracted a condom from its wrapper and rolled it over the penis. He laid down on the bed. I gripped the shaft in the middle, placed the head at the entrance of my cunt, and lowered my weight on top. As always, the slide of cock felt exquisite. My vagina tightened about the erection.

Frank let me bounce over him while he squeezed my breasts through the fishnet. I hunched forward and fed him one of my tits. He pressed the mesh taut against the breast, slipped the nipple through, and snapped it
up with his lips. He nursed wetly. The slurps he made were loud. We kissed mouth to mouth. Frank gripped my buttocks and took over the pace and the direction of the fuck.

He flipped me onto my back, stood on the floor, and clasped my legs where the knees folded. I slid downward across the silky sheets onto his erection. Pussy was impaled by penis. The thick cock pummeled me after that. My fingers rubbed energetically over the clit.

He wanted to switch positions again. I could tell from the concentration in his brow that his orgasm was imminent. I gripped his arm. “No. Keep fucking me,” I said. I wouldn’t come before him this time, but that was fine; I could wait. He panted during his final moments and grunted each time that his cock spurted.

Frank and I huddled in bed. He ran his fingers through my hair and feathered his hand down my shoulders. I nestled myself in the crook of the arm which wrapped around me. He fingered my tits idly. While we chatted about nothing in particular sometimes his fingers would stray to my pussy. I invited Frank to go with me to Paris the first weekend in September as my date to the roommate’s wedding. He said he wasn’t certain about the date — he would consult his diary and get back to me. We kissed for long minutes.

Technically speaking, it was no longer August 15th. Frank sang “Happy Birthday” to my cunt anyway, then went down on me. My fingers interlaced with his while his lips and tongue worked my clitoris over. I like that he always makes certain that I orgasm, too.

My limbs were heavy after coming. Sleep claimed me.

We didn’t fuck again till morning. It was sex in the missionary position, a quickie because I had no time for more. We are hosting a conference at the university. I had seminars to attend and could not linger in bed. As it was still early, Frank decided to have a lie in and let himself out after I had departed.

I have been around the sun twenty-six times now. The twenty-seventh circuit has started well.

August 16, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/08/16/a-spontaneous-date/
The first thought that forms in the light of morning is the compulsion to suck. I like how the constitution of penile flesh alters within my lips, going from an inchoate, bendy, pliable state, to a finished product, inflexible and rigid and unyielding. The springiness of the skin belies the strength beneath.

Amadeo moans sleepily as consciousness returns to him. I smile when his eyes flash open and work to seat the glans within my throat. Though his hands tangle in my hair, he lets me fellate him at my own pace. Interrupting the pure sucking movements to tongue the sides of the shaft, leave small kisses over the underside, and nose his pubic hair and the meeting of his legs and groin, I start slowly but steadily ramp up the velocity. At first, I concentrate on the front half of the penis, but pay homage to it all before long. Cocksucking is an act of worship. I exalt the man when I adore his penis.

As I work him, my hand reaches between my legs. Fingers press on the smoothly waxed pubis and rub in taut circles.

His hips pitch up from the mattress. I tighten the seal of my lips, furnish saliva, and swallow fluently as the cock sinks deeper. Finding my rhythm, I fuck his cock with my face. At the base, my cheeks collapse, my throat swallows, and I add a clockwise twist of my head. At top, my lips have a loose hold on the helmet, I take in a draught of air, and then I am headed downward again. The spit sheets down his balls. With scrotum sucking divertissements, we continue in this manner.

The ragged quality of his breathing communicates his nearness to completion some minutes later. How long, I can’t say. I am in a trance. I haven’t been paying attention to the time.

“Where do you want to come?” I ask him. My nose nuzzles down his length.

After a moment’s contemplation, he answers. “In your pussy.”

I roll a condom over the shaft and position it at the opening and lower my body. The tension at the entrance and in the walls as he penetrates feels numinous to me. I feel my muscles stretch to accommodate the thickness of his cock. Once the penis is ensconced, Amadeo clutches my breasts and lets me do the work of fucking him. I use the runner’s muscles in my thighs to control lift and drop. I remember my kegels and tighten about the shaft.

Playfully, I balance myself on top of the glans and hold position, hovering. The muscles just inside the entrance clench tightly then relax.

Amadeo growls. His hands cinch upon my hips, the fingertips making the flesh indent, and bring me down. The powerful muscles of his arms lift my weight up his erection. He hauls me earthward again while his
pelvis rockets up from the mattress. I rebound off his pelvic bones.

We change positions so that I lie on my side, one hand pushing off the bed, the other from his thigh. From behind, one of his enormous hands clutches my shoulder and covers a breast. Fingers digging into my hip, the other hand holds me by the waist to improve his leverage. His cock is the complete toolbox: it hammers, it screws, it saws into my cunt. He fucks me with innate authority, strength, and speed. The movements are effortless, rhythmic, natural, fluid, and easy. The hand on my hip angles my body backward in the direction of his groin as the cock evacuates. I list forward as the cock sinks into me again. When he bottoms out inside, I feel the impact in my thighs and buttocks.

Amadeo calls me a good little slut and corrects himself. I am his good little slut.

I groan at his name for me and respond with wordless speech. The pistoning motion of the shaft against the walls of my vagina feels damn good first thing in the morning. Ten minutes of fucking, and I am nearly there.

We don’t manage to synchronize our orgasms, however.

As it happens, Amadeo doesn’t come in my pussy. He pulls out, snatches the condom from his penis, rolls onto his back, and lifts me on top of him. Cock between my legs, he finishes by jerking himself off. The semen lands between my belly button and the arch of my pubis. It puddles there in thick and viscous lakes. When he has finished trembling, my hand replaces his over the shaft. While he clutches my knees and wings my legs open, my fingers curve, and I rock my palm along his length in order to shake the last dregs of semen out.

The ejaculate is sticky on my body. My fingers gather the opaque fluids, and I suck them clean of his spendings. The wet spot on my skin feels cool in this air. He smells like the Mediterranean before sunrise.

“Bitch didn’t come?” The inflection of the sentence indicates this is a question though Amadeo and I both know the answer. His hands clap, one upon each of the buttocks.

“No.”

“Do you want to?”

“Yeah. I do.”

“Turn around and masturbate for me. Come on me like I came on you.”

Straddling his waist, I sit on top of him. My fingers trace the slit up to the clitoris, and I diddle my fingers on top. The glans brushes my ass, which is pink, but unblemished.

Amadeo presses the pillows under his back and props himself up on his elbows to observe. I take the wetness from inside my cunt and smear it over the clit. The tips of my index and middle fingers grab hold of the little bundle of nerves and give it a vigorous shake. Amadeo lowers so he is horizontal and drags me up on top of his chest so he can see me from up close when I come. I finally rotate the clitoris between the thumb and index finger while I rut my pussy against the hard plates of his chest. I feel loose inside.

“Can I?”

“Are you a dirty fucking cunt?”

“Yes.”

“Are you my submissive bitch?”
“Yes.”

“What else are you? Tell me.”

“I am a fuck-toy.”

“More precisely, you are my fuck-toy. Isn’t that right?”

“Yes.”

“Keep playing with yourself then, fuck-toy.”

“Please. I need to come.”

“Are you a good girl?”

“Uh-huh.”

“Then you can come.” His finger flicks a nipple as though activating a switch.

Orgasm seizes me. The muscles in my legs go stiff and my toes curl up. My head is thrown back. Oxygen comes to me in shallow gasps. The perspiration plasters my hair to my forehead. High pitched sounds sail to the heavens. The window is open. The air is cool. It’s a psalm of thanksgiving I sing. The muscles of my vagina collapse.

There is some wetness on his chest when I get off of him and pillow my head atop his sinewy arm. I lap the juice from his chest and share it with him through languid kisses.

August 19, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/08/19/i-scent-the-morning-air/
Over a month has elapsed since I enjoyed a new cock. This weekend, I had three.

~

Friday

I went clubbing with various friends from the orchestra. My halter dress dipped into cleavage and ended mid-thigh. I danced dirty with the guys, some of whom I knew and some of whom I met during the night in Soho. Around two, I left with a cute English boy, who invited me to watch him play cricket the next day. A tiny hovel of a basement apartment in Canary Wharf served as our destination. We had sex: half a blowjob, a bit of pussy eating, then his cock inside me. Inebriated as I was, I have little recollection of the particulars. I doubt that I came.

Spending a full day on a game whose logic I don’t comprehend while cheering for a guy I met while most of the way sloshed didn’t appeal to me. I tiptoed out of his room and, dressed wholly inappropriately for the bus and tube, made it back to my place early in the morning to sleep off the hangover in my own bed.

~

Saturday

Deciding to blow off work and other vexations this weekend, I replied to an m4w casual encounters ad from a dom looking for a sub. After a few e-mail exchanges plus the usual picture swap, we met at a wine bar in Covent Garden close to his hotel. As he didn’t look or act like a troll, I made a safety call and followed him to his room. Once he hung up the “Do Not Disturb” sign and closed the door, the first thing he had me do was strip naked. I placed my neatly folded clothes on top of the dresser. Then he had me crawl to the bathroom behind him.

The incipient erection made his trousers bulge. After I had unfastened the belt and loosened the top button, I tugged the zipper down with my teeth. The boxers and the pants descended to below his knees. He lifted up his polo shirt to show his penis, which sprung to wakefulness. I looked up at him, and without comment began to suck. I deepthoated easily. Though the girth of the erection didn’t increase, its rigidity and extension did. With fingers wrapping about the shaft at the bottom, the base of my hand pushed up against his groin and scrotum. The lips made a seal, and I bobbed over two-thirds of the penis. My head pitched to the right on the way down and straightened as I retreated. Tongue rasping along the underside of the cock, I filled my mouth up with spit.
His hand cupped the side of my head, above one ear. As I swallowed back the gag reflex and opened my throat to his knobby glans, the grip of fingers in my hair toughened. Saliva escaped my mouth and fell to the floor in a rope. He took his shirt off. The tiles of the bathroom floor bit my knees. This new lover groaned his satisfaction as I pushed one hand off each of his thighs and fucked my face over his penis.

“Look at me,” he directed.

The view from the floor was this.

From my vantage point below, his body was foreshortened. A wooly fleece covered his torso, the sparse white hairs contrasting with darker whorls, and thickened over his belly. He had a slight paunch. He looked down at me. Spectacles at the tip of his prominent nose distorted the features of his eyes. Both hands had an iron grip on the back of my head. They compelled me down to his root, then held me there. I struggled backward, spit the cock out, and took draughts of air.

He steadied my head, his perspiring palm against my left cheek, and slapped the right. He waved his cock at me, and I sucked him again. My jaws spread wide open while his pelvis did a twist. The cock rooted around halfway down my throat. My spit ran onto his balls. I made gulping sounds.

After this, he hauled me from the floor and propped me on the sink. Pausing for the condom on which I insisted, he entered my pussy. One foot dangling from his shoulder, he wrapped both of his arms around the thigh and used the leverage to pump himself into me hard. It felt good, but the orgasm came too swiftly.

What followed was tame. His idea of kinky was to blindfold me in bed. I did not orgasm there either. Neither did I spend the night.

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Sunday

Since mid-May, I have been flirting with this buff, athletic guy who works at a café near campus. He gives me the occasional free drink and has lent me some of his music. Last week, when I mentioned that I was leaving London soon, he asked me on a date. We had uncommonly gorgeous weather and spent the afternoon at the Southbank. We found a tapas restaurant in Vauxhall for dinner. Rioja lubricated the conversation. It was light; it was convivial; my legs brushed his under the table. I thought his quick wit negated the myth about the Dutch humor gene, but it turns out that, while he did spend most of his life in Holland, he emigrated there from Suriname. By the end of the meal, the two of us sat on the same side of the small booth with his arm extending behind my back and shoulder. His head dipped to kiss me. I invited him back to the flat to mess around.

I had worn tight fitting denim shorts, a white tank top, and the usual sundries underneath. He had worn khaki trousers and a blue and white checked dress shirt whose cuffs he had rolled up to the elbows. Kind of Blue played on the stereo. A bottle of Lagavulin and two tumblers sat on the small coffee table. I hooked my leg about him and straddled his thighs. His hand caressed over my ass and stroked my leg from the shorts down to my knee. We kissed unceasingly.

He knew just how to do it. Our heads were in constant slow motion. Lips applied a perfectly judged amount of pressure. His tongue followed the line of my smile and, with its curling tip, teased out anticipation. My deep breaths took in but a little air. When I touched my tonguetip to his, we circled in a slow dance. A
loud smack, and we moved apart a millimeter, then made contact again. He sucked on my pouty lower lip. Suddenly his tongue darted between the rows of my teeth. My forearms framed his head. Compressing the sides of his face, jaws nibbling, I sucked on his tongue and offered him more of my mouth to explore. As the kisses deepened, his fingers trailed along my spine.

With my eyes closed, I unbuttoned his shirt during the kisses that followed and sat on his lap froglike, thighs on the outside of his and flush with them, two hands at his waist, untucking the fabric from his pants. Then, fingers spanning the broad muscles of his chest, lips descended his throat. Down the line of the sternum they went, shifting laterally to his masculine tits. This excursion was fleeting. I could not long resist the allure of his eyes and mouth or the taste of whisky on his tongue. My lips fastened to his. His hand slid under the small of my back, snuck into my panties, and palmed my buttocks. The kisses continued unabated.

I crossed my arms and lifted the shirt from my shoulders. The bra was next. His hands touched softly over my bare breasts. I lowered my body onto him, and then I turned and sat on his lap. My back slanted against his solid chest. He kissed the hollow of my throat while his fingers traversed the expanse of my torso and reconnoitered my cambers and bends. The pads of his fingers skimmed the breasts where they rounded and slalomed through the valley between them. Their lightest touch sketched designs over the abdomen, where it indented. He skated along the depression of the navel, circling the border, hooked two fingers into the empty belt loops, and tugged my shorts up. When I sucked in a deep breath to collapse my stomach, his hand slipped under the waistband and wriggled between the denim and the satin panties. The other hand was a presence everywhere. He weighed the breasts. He tickled my flank, the side of his finger floating downward from the underarm to the waist and proceeding to the meeting of my thighs on the outside of the shorts. He fingered the slit through blue jeans. My cunt dripped.

I got off his lap and alerted him that he was overdressed. He did not take care of this problem at once. Instead he kissed me. He cupped my cheeks in his palms and pointed my face to his. The angle shifted constantly while we osculated. My nose hopped over his, and the kisses oscillated back the other way, slowly. His tonguetteip sliced from side to side against mine, did a sudden twist below, then somersaulted back to the top, vaulting my tongue in the maneuver. I puckered my mouth and sucked.

I shoved his chest lightly to push him backward, stood, and squeezed my ass out of the shorts. Once I had kicked the panties from my feet, I bent at the knees, splayed my pussy lips open, and displayed my cunt. The clit stood at attention. My fingernails pinched the flesh and teased the hood down. I asked if he wanted to be inside me.

He regarded me rapt and groaned assent. Once he had wriggled free of his shirt, I snailed my tongue from the
armpit to the nipple, then back up again, grinning as the low baritone moans informed me that this provided a direct linkup to his loins. Going to my knees, I undid the belt. He lifted his ass from the sofa and pulled his pants down. My fingers spidered down his abdomen. Taking the cock in hand, I placed a wet kiss over the glans. There was a slight tang of precome. I made a pathetic joke about the Netherlands. Deciding that the bed would be more comfortable than the sofa, we proceeded there. We sixty-nined. Because I wanted to fuck, I didn’t care to prolong this phase. But I was delighted to learn that his skills at kissing translated to amazingly proficient cunnilingus.

His cock pinned me to the bed as though I was an insect in a museum display. My legs started in the air, feet waving like tiny wings, but I lowered them around his buttocks and kicked my heels over his thighs. His arms on either side of me supported his weight. My arms wrapped his shoulders and compelled his body onto me. His mass flattened my chest. I barked each time that his cock bottomed out. This fuck sent me careening from one orgasm to another. On our second effort, I swayed on hands and knees while he pounded my pussy from behind. The pendant on my necklace swung pendulously and ricocheted from my chin. With his cock in me, I could not stop coming.

When we weren’t rutting, we were kissing, or I was slobbering over his penis to make it hard for my cunt. We punctuated the few hours of sleep with fucking. He said he had never been with anyone who orgasmed so much. I asked him to make me come some more.

I ran out of condoms. In the morning, we went out for breakfast, replenished my supply of prophylactics at Boots, and adjourned to the flat for one last round. He didn’t leave until noon, making me late for work. Though I am short on weeks in London, I want to hang out with Marshall again before I go.

August 23, 2011

Bitch, bitch dog, bitch whore, ass bitch, bondage bitch, dirty bitch, filthy bitch, fucking bitch, little bitch, mongrel bitch, submissive bitch, well-trained bitch, blowjob bitch, cocksucking bitch, cocksucker, cock slave, mouth, cunt, fucking cunt, greedy cunt, little cunt, owned cunt, silly cunt, stupid cunt, pussy, used pussy, twat, scrotum licking twat, fuck puppet, fuck-toy, sex toy, favorite toy, plaything, glove for his fist, slit, slut, anal slut, ass slut, beautiful slut, goddamned filthy slut, good little slut, horny slut, kinky slut, Miss Slut, piss slut, pain slut, come slut, submissive slut, superslut, willing slut, urinal, whipping post, sub, whore, whore mouth, dirty whore, purchased whore, piss drinking whore, shameless whore, slutty whore, willing zero pound whore, ass, arse, asshole, dirty asslicker, little girl, naughty girl, bad girl, good girl, idiot girl, sub girl, three holes, come catcher, come receptacle, place where he comes, territory, marked property, possession, his body to use, his, all his.

These are some of the terms he uses for me — the descriptions in English anyway. The names are endearments. Amadeo may have unloaded half his arsenal of expletives on me last night.

He wrapped scarves about my wrists and ankles, looped a noose of yellow rope about the red silk on each limb, and tied me to the four corners of his bed. Once I was spread-eagled this way, he whipped my breasts and toyed with my pussy, using fingers, a vibrator, kitchen implements, and his tongue. The ball gag muffled my screams. The fisting was exquisite agony. The tension in my arms and legs when he smothered me with his body and fucked my long tormented and cock deprived cunt was unendurable ecstasy. I soaked his sheets.

August 25, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/08/25/names-i-have-been-called/
Marshall and I went out on Thursday night and got thoroughly wasted. The pub we were at closed at midnight. The two of us decided to walk to his place since it was nearby. He also had a stash of booze.

We fucked, drank, then fucked again. Around 2 am, when he could no longer raise an erection despite the ministrations of my lips and tongue, Marshall contented himself with rubbing his half hard penis over my sensitive areas. We kissed and cuddled until slumber enfolded us.

I awoke in the morning with his face between my thighs. Orgasm countervailed the modest hangover. After the initial gush of my pussy, he kept right on going. I came a second time and then a third.

I coaxed the erection from his penis and lowered a condom over it. He fucked me in the missionary position. The cock stretched me open. The tension in the shaft established vibrations in the walls of my vagina. Legs spread wide, they made a W over his thighs. His arms cradled my body and wrapped my shoulders and back. I screamed my fullness in his ear. His Dutch accented obscenities turned me on. The perspiration that coated our bodies added a glide to the movements. At times his lips crushed mine. At times the contact was barely there. Every kiss was an instant of perfection.

I died and revived in the jolt of the climax.

Between my legs, my cream had turned the condom white. Loosened up by orgasm, I clawed at his biceps and spread my legs ever wider for him. I begged Marshall to come in my pussy. He fucked me harder. Only his hips moved. He knifed the cock into me with the propulsive strength of his thighs. Balls full of sperm slapped below my pussy. One wave of orgasms rolled into the next.

Marshall’s endurance had limits. His cock twitched and jerked against my vaginal walls. The orgasm set me off again. I imploded around his explosion.

I took the tube to the university, wearing a dress shirt that I had stolen from his wardrobe knotted about my midriff along with a t-shirt many sizes too large and the ratty jeans from the day before. The train was crowded. We squeezed into one corner of a car. My hands clasped about his waist for balance, I perched on the ledge by the door. As the train accelerated and decelerated below the city streets, my legs bounced against the backs of his. His delectable tight ass rode against my pubis. I kissed the nape of his neck and the center of his back.

We plan on another date next week.
August 26, 2011

Frank and I spent Sunday afternoon wandering the Notting Hill Carnival. I had been invited to a party in the evening to which Frank would certainly have been welcome, but I wanted to spend time with him alone. I know I will see him again before I leave, but he can’t make it to Paris next weekend, and my hours with him are so limited. I wanted to make them last. We made it back to my place before dark.

Frank pushed me into a chair when we arrived. My leg hooked about his trunk, the ankle kicking off the small of his back as he lowered. I clawed his t-shirt from his shoulders as we kissed. To keep his mouth pressed up against mine, my fingers darted through his hair and clutched the back of his head. Desperate for further contact, my hands flitted from his broad and powerful back to the valley of the spine to the rock solid shelf of his hip. Squirreling into his jeans, they gripped his muscular buttocks, dug into the flesh, and clenched.

Frank winged one leg over the armrest of the chair. His fingers stumbled over the belt and the buttons and dragged my jeans off. The panties I wore were a thin white mesh. My cunt showed through. As the kisses continued, his hand lowered to the delta of my legs and fingered my lips. My wetness seeped through the fabric. We stopped kissing just long enough to remove my top. I undid the hook of the bra and gave him my breasts to suck. Arms wrapping my back, his mouth followed the line of my throat from the chin to the shoulder. Strong hands kneaded my breasts. As he sucked hard on a nipple, his hand smoothed over the inner surface of my thigh. Finally it slipped under the leg hole of the panties. He kissed me aggressively while rubbing my pussy and clit. I breathed heavily and moaned into his open mouth.

Frank tugged the panties from my legs and placed me slouching in the chair with one thigh draped across each of the armrests. He went to ground and burrowed into my cunt.

Frank’s tongue lapped over the opening of the pussy. The moisture that escaped wet his chin and his cheeks. I had both hands in his hair, tightening on the scalp to immobilize his head between my thighs. His mouth was in constant movement, traversing the small distance from vagina to clitoris. His lips sucked hard on the swollen clump of nerve endings. The bony chin rode against the labia as he did so.

Frank looked up at me. I smiled down and tilted my head backward into the cushion of the chair. Face tightened in a grimace of pleasure, I squealed my ecstasy aloud, with volume. My hand fumbled around at my waist until it latched on to his. I tightened around his fingers and brought them to my tits. I was a river inside. The pussy was all mush. The nerve endings were so sensitive. Whenever the angle of contact adjusted or he shifted the center of his attack, new synapses activated. I screwed my eyes shut and focused on feeling. I felt lightheaded.

Frank fed on my wetness. My thighs attempted first to guillotine and then to strangle him. The pressure of
his hands forced my legs apart to give him room to maneuver. His lips snapped up the labia. He tugged
and twisted his face. Flattening the lips, the tongue poked inside and circumscribed the interior wall. The
membranes of the vagina were slick with arousal. Salacious words encouraged him to keep licking me, to
suck harder, to use teeth. “Don’t stop” became my rallying cry. This needn’t have been a worry. He wouldn’t.

Frank squeezed two fingers into the cunt and fucked them in and out while we kissed. I tasted of the Caribbean
spices from lunch. It was the fingers rubbing insistently at my clit that supplied my first orgasm. I broke the
kiss and shrieked exultation.

Frank dropped to the floor and licked like a dog, using the flat of his tongue after I had come. The press of
fingers on the pubis stretched out the skin surrounding the pussy. His nose gave my clitoris eskimo kisses.
He lifted a leg over his shoulder and kept tonguing me. Within minutes, I creamed again. His face dug into
my cunt as I wrapped my legs about his back in a state of frenzied excitement. My head rolled from side to
side. My heel kicked off his shoulder. I let myself go. After the incipient orgasm had shattered the dams of
restraint, it was so easy. He licked. I came. Orgasm splashed on his face.

Frank barely used his fingers. It was all his mouth. He nibbled. He sucked. He lipped. He lapped. He bit.
He spit. He feathered. He nosed. He tongued. As I don’t know how many more times we will hook up in
this lifetime, I exerted myself to commit every touch to memory.

Frank, after all this, ate me harder, if that’s even possible. He dragged me from the chair onto the carpet. With
my legs hitched over his back, he sunk to a low crouch on the floor. The iron grip of my fingers compelled his
head between my legs. I must have left indentations in his skull. I wriggled on the ground, in death throes.
My back arched up off the floor. The blood vessels in my neck stood in relief. My screams echoed in the
room. I balled my hands into fists and beat at the floor. When I came, I seized his fingers and hauled myself
partway off the ground. My knuckles turned white. I clung to him in order to remain anchored to this globe.

Frank had a smug smile on his face when I sat upright. I tugged his arm and pulled him to me. He toppled
over my body. He tried to tickle me, and we wrestled for leverage. He is bigger and stronger, so he won,
pinning me down. My legs scooted open, and he occupied the space they had made. As we kissed, he
squeezed my breasts. His hard cock prodded my belly through his black jeans. I would do something about
that next.

August 29, 2011

After my pussy had been devoured, Frank and I fucked. We dressed, went out for takeaway, came home, ate, drank, undressed, and, in bed naked, watched a DVD. The laptop was positioned on the edge of the table next to the bed. I snuggled myself into the crook of his shoulder. His arm draped over my chest. Frank played with my breasts on occasion, lifting them and lightly pinching the nipples. Sometimes, he reached down to brush over the pubis and finger the lips of my cunt. Most of the time, he simply held me. I scratched his arms and his thighs. We each had bottles of beer that we drank.

His penis stood at half mast, standing at attention on occasion and softening partway again. I touched his penis, but was in no hurry to fuck. I like the films the Coen brothers make.

Frank had other ideas, however. He jogged my elbow and pointed to his erection.

I giggled.

My lips clamped over the glans. The point of tongue slipped into the tortoise shell and flicked across the aperture at top. A steady tug on his shaft eased his foreskin down. I closed my eyes. The lips applied pressure and gave suck.

Frank gathered the hair that fell down the sides of my face and lifted it away. He exerted no force at all to the back of my head.

Filling my mouth full of saliva, I sucked him softly. My head lowered halfway down the scepter, then ascended again to kiss the crown wetly. Each up and down movement took long seconds. Rotating my head, I kept changing the angle of fellatio. I stuck my bottom lip out and dragged it over the glans. I made a tight seal around the shaft and took him deeper by degrees. I felt the gentle tug upon my hair while I inhaled.

Frank groaned his approval.

Speeding up a little, I swallowed the shaft deeper. The head imposed itself at the entrance of my throat. Pushing my hands off the mattress, I continued at this faster pace. Three-quarters of the shaft fit easily inside. Breathing through my nose, I kept the suction constant and lifted to the bulbous knob each time. For a moment, I took him inside all the way. My bottom lip pressed against the lip of his scrotum. The hair on his groin tickled my upper lip. Fingers pushing on the sac from below, Frank held the erection upright for me.

I replaced his fingers with mine and zig-zagged my tongue down the underside of the shaft. Kisses followed the movement of the tongue. I returned to sucking him. The blowjob continued this way for close to ten minutes. He had come once, so I knew he wouldn’t explode immediately. Frank kept the hair out of my way
and sipped his beer while I obliged his cock with my mouth. Minor variations in the rhythm of the suction coupled with small deviations in the mechanics of fellatio ensured the longevity of this erection. Holding on to the base of the shaft with my hand, I mostly played my mouth over the top half of the shaft. For long stretches, I did nothing more than mouth and tongue the head.

I loved how he laughed at the pleasure of the things I was doing. It made me grin and redouble my efforts to please him further.

He had distinctive scents. My wetness from before had been absorbed into his pores. I had the smells of sex in my nose. Mostly, I tasted my own spit on his cock. But at the top, the foreskin had Frank’s own flavors. The eye wept tears of salty precome.

I deepthroated awhile, and when my jaws tired, I pointed the cock to the ceiling and stroked my fingers on either side of the shaft. The hands took their turns at making passes from the base to the tip, one on top, the other at the bottom, the cock sandwiched in between.

When Frank flattened the penis against the groin and the belly, I took my cue and commenced on his balls. Forearms on either side of his thighs braced my body. I lowered my head and lapped the wrinkled skin of the sac. The tongue rasped over the flabby folds. The testicles moved underneath. Capturing one in my lips, I pressed my tongue against the rounded bulge and felt it displace under the skin. My lips tugged the testicle softly as they administered suction. I nipped and nibbled and dragged my tongue over its twin. Nose and tonguetip followed the seam of the scrotum. Spit layered on his perineum. I smeared the wetness over that sensitive patch of skin. Fingers descended deliberately to the asshole and feathered over the corrugated muscle. Fine hairs fringed the crease like tassels.

As my tongue swept from the ring of muscle up to the balls and down again, Frank moaned expressively. The note of pleasure in his voice sounded like pain.

I lapped at the anus. These weren’t ginger and delicate touches. The tongue licked vigorously. My jaws controlled the movements.

I licked outside only. Instead of spiraling around in circles as I sometimes do, I wiped over the opening from bottom to top. Frank spread his thighs wide for me, folded his legs back at the knees, and obligingly lifted his feet into the air. The ass tilted up to my face. One of his hands fisted my hair, but again, he didn’t apply downward force.

With heels of hands pressed at the joining of the thighs and buttocks, I feasted on ass flesh. I nosed the perineum. He tasted of sweat.

Pushing my lips against the taut muscle, I kissed his anus. My tongue licked the sphincter. Prising the buttocks open, I dipped the tonguetip inside. Mostly, I focused on stimulating the halo of nerves surrounding the aperture. My tongue mopped over the responsive band of flesh. When I pressed my face down hard, the heat of his buttocks surrounded me. The tongue was relentless. Without pause it swiped for long minutes.

Licking the tip of a finger, I ran it over the anus. When I was convinced that it had loosened the opening, I kissed my tongue deep into the maw.

I grasped the erection as I pushed off his thigh. I had a steely rod in one hand and a wall of muscle beneath the other. The cheeks of his ass warmed the cheeks of my face as I vibrated my lips over his bung. I felt the ridges and the notches of the exiguous skin surrounding the orifice.
I remember the first time that a lover placed his mouth over my anus. It was preparatory to an ass fucking, so the purpose was different. At the same time, the slippery wet slide of that flexible, spry, infinitely knowing, infinitely nimble tongue drove me mad with sensation and desire. And it remains ever thus. Though Frank is clean, I know what comes out of any asshole. I get off on how dirty this is. It is a pleasure for me and for him. My fingers lowered to my pussy, pressed down, and wriggled the distended flesh from side to side.

My nose advanced into the the hard knot below the balls and flattened. The tongue curled and compressed to fit, then extended past the sphincter. The spit lowered into his ass. I made slurping noises as I sucked the saliva out again and washed it over the squinting eye.

For his part, Frank kept his thighs apart. He held the cock upright. The fingers of his hand closed a third of the way down the shaft, smoothed up to the glans, and pinched off the tip. His head craned up from the pillow, and he tried to watch me. Eventually, he brought his legs against his chest and rocked on his back. This tilted his ass in the air for me. My jaws worked hard over the aperture.

To pause a moment and take in air, I crooked my head sideways and smooched the rising curve of the rump. My fingers replaced his on the shaft, and I gave him a brief suck. I licked vertical stripes along the stem, down to the base, down over the compact balls, down along the perineum, down to where I had been before. My teeth bit gently on the skin, then my lips went soft and made a seal on the pucker, and my tongue resumed its placement in his anus. I made an effort for this man with whom I have shared so much. I strained to please him. I made love to Frank without restraint or modesty or shame.

I lost track of time. I enjoyed doing this for Frank. I liked how his body bucked from the bed while I licked and kissed. I liked that he spoke incoherently while I rocked my head from side to side and vibrated my lips. I liked that I was the first woman to have shown him this pleasure. Whatever happens, wheresoever he and I may go, whoever we end up with, I will always have this distinction.

When I surfaced, Frank’s hand jerked hard over the erection. I took over. Making my throat loose, I swallowed the length of the cock in a single movement and hummed when I hit bottom. The ending credits of the movie came and went before Frank ever did.

August 29, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/08/29/la-feuille-de-rose/
CHAPTER 157

Closing up

Work has been extraordinarily busy as I finish up in London. Back in Boston, the winter semester starts this week. I return a few days late. I am in Paris from Friday to Monday. I desperately want to finish a project before I go, so I work long hours. As my stay winds down, there are logistical annoyances to confront. Though I packed lightly, bringing only two suitcases of clothes and a duffel bag full of shoes with me, in the past months I have accumulated stuff that I want to take back to the US. Packing up, hanging out with friends and saying goodbye, having sex (and writing about it) also occupy my ever diminishing time.

Last week, I spent many hours at the café where Marshall works. I happily typed away amid the noise and the bustle. During his breaks, he would bring me an iced coffee and sit with me. He asked me out on another date last weekend, but sadly I had to turn him down because of prior social commitments. I agreed to see him on Thursday, however.

Yesterday, a friend wasn’t feeling well and bailed on a dinner engagement. I had already accomplished more during the day than I had any right to expect, and I knew that Marshall had the last shift, so I stopped by the café, where I worked some more and answered e-mails. An hour before the place closed, I sent Marshall a pair of texts. He caught my eye. I smiled.

Only one other employee worked there in the evening, and I am reasonably certain Marshall convinced his colleague to leave early. He did the final cleaning and locked up for the night.

With the door shut and the room darkened, he and I had sex in the empty café. I loosened the tie on his apron to show the front of his jeans and descended to my knees. The chairs in the café are wooden, painted white, with vertical slats in the back. He turned one in reverse and sat straddling the back of the seat. His cock squeezed between two of the slats. I gripped the top of the chair, met his eyes, and sucked his penis wetly and without hands.

Marshall’s cock is long and thick. I have only been able to deepthroat him with my head dangling from the edge of the mattress. When I do so, his balls press up against my nose. I revel in the heady, male musk.

In the café, I easily quaffed the quantity of the cock that extended through the chair. I gripped the bars at the far sides. I loved the moans, which originated deep within his chest when I rotated my face. Going down, my nose poked through the gap in the wood. The butt of my hand had shuffled to the top of his thigh. Arms wrapping the chair, he stroked my hair and sloped my head so that I had to look up at him. Marshall groaned when I made my lips soft, flooded my mouth with spit, and washed my tongue over the knob. My hands nudged into the rectangular spaces on either side of the hole into which he had inserted his cock. I locked fingers over the shaft and angled the penis into my mouth. The groin receded and advanced while I sucked. The vision of his sac on the other side of the wooden bars made me salivate. The balls sat on the chair,
tantalizingly beyond my reach. When he pulled the cock free from my lips, it made a delicious pop.

He didn’t want to come from oral sex. We fucked on a wooden table in the middle of the café. The lights were off, but we should have been visible through plate glass windows as silhouettes moving in the dark with unmistakable purpose. I was on my back with my denim skirt inverted. He dragged me to the edge of the table and butterflied my thighs open and crammed himself into my pussy. He fucked me hard. I came after we changed positions. I was on my side, a foot planted on the floor, a knee on the table. He gripped my ass and prodded my cunt from the rear, passing through my orgasm into his own.

He wiped the table and disappeared into the kitchen to finish in there. We left after half an hour. Marshall spent the night at my flat. We intend to meet up on Thursday as well. Today, I have Amadeo at night and much to do before then.

August 31, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/08/31/closing-up/
Unfortunately, I don’t have time to compose a full report. These are highlights of the first hour or so on Wednesday night. I will write up Thursday later.

- Amadeo’s apartment has a large bathroom. He made me go to the floor there and strip. I took off my top and my bra and wriggled out of the curve hugging, little black skirt I had worn. The polka dotted cotton panties followed. Amadeo had been holding his bladder in check for quite a while. He told me he needed to go when we entered the tube and already shifted his weight on each foot. He did the same now, except this time his fly was open. He held his cock in his hand. When I was naked aside from thigh high black stockings, he kicked my legs apart and pissed onto my cunt.

- He straddled my body with knees bent. The arm I had behind me supported my weight. My right hand stroked his thigh. I sucked cock. To start, my tongue circled the foreskin, which had the sharp and pungent taste of urine. Within a few minutes, I had the crown embedded. I squeezed with the muscles of my throat just how he liked. The floor was now slippery, so I slid as I fellated. The still warm liquid wet my thighs and buttocks.

- Amadeo sat on the edge of the bathtub. I stood, turned away from him, and, bending at the waist, grasped my shins and asked him to fuck me with his foot. He manipulated the labial folds. The pads of his toes skated along the slit. He squeezed his big toe past the entrance of my pussy. I gripped my ankles, which lowered my center of gravity. He fucked me harder. Eventually, I laid recumbent on the floor, with my hair in his cold piss. His toes masturbated me to orgasm.

- He fucked my cunt in four positions: (1) up against the door, my foot on the floor, his arm hooking under the other knee and holding me against the wood by the throat with his cock buried to the hilt; (2) on top facing away while he laid in the puddle of his own urine and fingered my clit; (3) on hands and knees as he plugged me from behind until my elbows buckled, after which he took me on shoulders and knees; (4) on my back, on the cold and clammy floor, my thigh up against his chest as he slammed me while lying on his side below my body.

- He stood straddling my chest and jerked himself off. From my perspective, the columns of his legs lifted like skyscrapers. I smoothed my hands over the shins and calves. Some part of the semen landed on my face as he had intended. Some of it also fell to the floor. The last drops, which he shook free of the cock, rained on my tits. He held my neck to ground while I dragged my tongue over the floor and sucked the ejaculate from the tiles. He tilted my head to the ceiling with a violent tug on the hair and kissed me after I had swallowed.
September 2, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/09/02/the-first-hour/
We were in front of his bed, kissing. Our hands roamed over each other’s bodies. Mine traversed his broad shoulders and his muscular back and torso. His were in my hair. He tilted my face to improve the angle of lip lock. He also gripped my ass and hooked his hand under my leg to lift my thigh against his hip. I stood on tiptoes to bring my pubis into contact with his groin. As he kissed the side of my face and my throat, both of my hands worked under his short sleeved white shirt and smoothed over the hot skin. Once I had unbuttoned, my lips progressed intimately down his bare chest. Fingers stroked the tent in his trousers.

I went to my knees, unzipped the fly, and pulled the briefs down to his knees. I commenced fellatio. Marshall bundled my hair in one hand and held it out of my way while I gave suck. Rotating my face, I swallowed two-thirds of the shaft. My hand applied pressure to the balls. Fingers clutched the base of the penis and spun. Tightening on his ass and hip, I made an effort to inhale more of the cock. To my disappointment, I was able to ingest only three-quarters of his length. The glans stretched my throat. I appreciated the weight and the heaviness of the shaft over my tongue. My lips strained on the girth. Because I discovered that Marshall was especially sensitive even to the lightest touch of teeth, I made an effort to avoid any contact. My hands reached far above my head to cup his male tits. Pulling the cock from my mouth, I held it in front of me and addressed it from the side. My lips and tongue floated on a cushion of silky saliva down and back up the rounded edge. I kissed his hairy groin.

Marshall placed both of his hands on the back of my head. His pelvis thrust out, just as it had while we were dancing earlier, and he fucked his cock through my lips.

I held the penis vertical and sunk my head to his hanging balls. I sucked them individually and dragged my tongue back up the underside of the shaft and took the head into my lips again. With fingers in my hair or a hand on each shoulder, Marshall was content to let me suck him for long minutes. I took as much as I could, and whenever I needed air, I mouthed the penis from the side. The tongue concentrated especially on the parts at the bottom that I could not fit into my mouth. Stroking his erection, I covered his lower abdomen with a carpet of soft kisses.

He sat on the edge of the bed and let me undress him fully. On my knees hunched over a thigh, I held his balls and concentrated my attention to sucking just the head of the cock.

Marshall lifted my top off and unhooked the bra. Bringing me to my feet, he also stood and sucked each of my breasts. His mouth covered the areolae. His tongue flicked rapidly over my nipples. As he nursed, his hand tightened on the lower part of the breasts. I held on to his cock.

I wore a pleated black skirt — short — with a silver thong underneath and black leather boots that reached to the knees. Marshall unfastened the buttons at the side and hauled the skirt down my legs. I sat on the bed
and shimmied out of my panties. I aimed the thong at him like a slingshot. When I let go, it tumbled in the air, struck his chest, and bounced to the floor. He pushed me flat over the mattress and unzipped the boots. Latching on to the darker cap of my thick gray socks, he tugged them free of my feet. Save for earrings and a necklace, I was naked.

He lowered his weight onto me. I wrapped my arms about his shoulders and gripped his body tight as we kissed audibly. His hand grasped one of my breasts. I held his thigh and scratched lightly with my nails. The cock prodded me from below. Marshall tongued each tit thoroughly. His lips descended slowly to where my legs met. The tongue lapped the navel in promise of what would follow. He teased me. His lips and tongue traced designs upon my thighs and over my smooth pubis. He cupped my breasts. He didn’t touch the pussy for long minutes.

Marshall lapped my cunt until I came. He licked the slit. Tongue squeezing past the labia, he dashed it wetly just inside the opening. His lips sucked hard over the clitoris. His teeth nipped gently at the swollen pussy lips. His nose mined into my pubis.

I spread my legs wide to encourage his explorations. My hands gripped the sheets tightly. I squeaked moans of pleasure into the night.

The pressure of his hand behind my knee lifted one of my legs. His mouth lowered to lap at the perineum. I felt the spit flow down to my anus. Grabbing hold of the lips again, his head shook from side to side. He was a dog chewing. And then he was a jungle cat patiently licking. My thighs compressed about the sides of his head. I gripped his hair to hold him to me. My orgasm exploded on his face. Blanketing my body with his, Marshall kissed me softly. I tasted my cream on his chin and his lips.

It was his turn. I urged Marshall onto his back and draped myself over his body. As I kissed him, my fingers renewed their acquaintance with his cock, which had remained hard. Just as he had done, my lips smooched his chest as I lowered. I noted the reflective sheen of sweat over the beautifully delineated pectoral and abdominal muscles. The skin had a touch of salt to it. Marshall’s hand stroked my back.

I kissed his glans. The tip of my tongue traced the veins on the bottom surface of the penis. I sucked on each hemisphere of the scrotum and felt the testicles moving under the skin, moving under my tongue, moving under the suction. My hand shucked over the shaft.

I asked Marshall to lift his legs into the air. My fingers prised the ass cheeks open. I lapped at his perineum and anus. Alternating between mouthing the balls, during which time my fingers layered spit over his asshole, and rimming those sensitive surrounding folds extravagantly, I listened to the sound of his groans. His sphincter embraced the tip of my tongue. The muscles had a velvet grip. I fell into the hole. My face buried itself in his ass.


His body bucked from the bed when he came. The penis cocked and discharged. The recoil caused my lips to slip upward, but I clamped down below the glans. As he spewed, my index finger wriggled past the sphincter and applied pressure to the prostate. His muscles contracted around the finger. Semen flooded my mouth. This was a heavy orgasm. I tried to swallow it all, but some of his come escaped the corners of my lips. He tasted clean. The scent of the ocean filled my nostrils.
Since he had just come, it would be several minutes before he could fuck. But I knew he would last in my pussy once he was inside. I had him turn onto his belly and overlaid my body atop his and kissed the nape of his neck and the joining of his shoulder and throat. My hands massaged the muscles of his back. My tongue followed the ridges of the shoulder blades. I lifted his arms up and kissed his flanks. My mouth made a transit over the middle region. I dragged my cunt lips along the valley of his spine. They left a trail of moisture and settled at the small of his back.

Marshall edged me off his body. I knelt to his side and stooped to kiss him once more. At once, his hand stole between my legs. He fingered my pussy from below. The junction remained sticky from before. Droplets of arousal coated the labia. It was time for us to fuck. I extracted a condom from the box on the floor next to the bed, placed it over the top of the glans with my lips and rolled it down his erection.

He took me doggy style to begin. He commented that his thick cock had compelled my opening to stretch wide. I was tight inside. I was so wet for him. He held me by the buttocks as he stood on the floor, knees bent, and muscled his way into me. I moaned and told him how much I loved having him fuck me this way. Looking backward, I smiled and laughed with the pleasure of having him within.

We turned around. I was on the bed with arms up in the air, thighs splitting on either side of his hip, calves folded over his legs. His hands reached below my body and lifted me up toward him while his pelvis made a spin and a thrust. His cock was in me nearly completely. He withdrew only a small part of the shaft. I rolled my head on the pillow and raised my buttocks each time he fully lowered. The movement of his hips was a pulse that propelled through my skin. It made my breasts wobble. He sucked on my tits. I closed my eyes. Letting my weight sink into the mattress, I verbalized my approval of the things he was doing to me. He perspired heavily. I experienced the slide of Marshall’s body, slick with sweat, on top of me.

To make my pussy even tighter for his cock, he pressed my legs together. Holding them at the knees, he brought the legs up so that they were vertical and fucked me with metronomic precision. He groaned each time he thrust. I answered with a softer moan.

As he fucked me, I heard the ticking of the clock in the bedroom, his heartbeat, and my own. I placed my small hand atop his larger one. Marshall’s cock left me replete.

I came when he fucked me again in doggy fashion. This time he knelt behind me on the bed. The balls slapped against my pussy. The impact of his thighs upon mine set my ass to rippling. I knew because he told me. The muscles of my cunt wrung his cock. I bit my lower lip to forestall screaming. He kept driving the penis into me, which extended the orgasm.

Afterwards, he turned me around and fingered my post-orgasmic sodden pussy while kissing first my breasts and then my lips. Bracing his body mass with his arms, he sat on the edge of the bed. I mounted the penis. My forearms pushed off his shoulders, and I rocked myself over his cock. The muscles of my thighs directed the fuck. The sound of cock in pussy was liquid.

We ended with him on his back and me on top. I hunched myself over him. He held me by the ass and launched his cock deep into me at a frantic pace. Marshall had me coming constantly. He groaned throughout while I shrieked at the feeling of fullness in my pussy and the glorious sensation of getting fucked so very hard. He made an unintelligible utterance. It had the sound of speech at volume and a rising pitch. It was not English or Dutch or any other language. It was the raw expression of joy, an ancient pronouncement, ageless, ingenuous, candid, potent, sincere. He came in my cunt. The cock popped out during his intense
convulsions. He shoved it back in where it belonged, and I tightened about it. After orgasm, he continued
to thrust, softly now. He lifted me off his body after a while. I rubbed my slick pussy over the latex on his
penis, then rolled my weight off him. With a pair of fingers inside me, his lips latched on to mine. He gave
me his tongue.

September 6, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/09/06/last-thursdays-date/
CHAPTER 160

MARSHALL ONE MORE TIME

I sat on my shins, straddling his thighs, and during the kisses, I sucked his bottom lip softly and also his tongue. Between us, the only article of clothing we had on was Marshall’s necktie, which I wore in a loose knot; the end reached past the delta and dangled between my legs. His hands smoothed over my back and shoulders, and mine spidered over his chest. Occasionally, I gripped his cock, but most of the time I was content to touch only above the waist. We may have remained nearly naked on the sofa making out for close to half an hour — I was in no hurry to stop.

In bed, he laid on his back, and legs stretching in the bay between his, I laid prone over his chest. While my labia dragged over his abdomen and my hand on his cheek angled his head to one side and his hand on my leg opened up my thighs and fingered my pussy, the kisses continued without pause. Before I took his cock into my mouth, the flat of my tongue swabbed the underside and his balls; the point followed the lines of his groin to where they met his thighs.

I lowered onto the penis, on hands and knees, and he fucked me from below. From above, my body must have looked so small on top of his, a tiny girl clinging to a big man, clenching his shoulders with her hands, his cock with her cunt, constantly moaning. I pushed off the bed with both hands and thrust my pussy up and down the length of his shaft. His arms wrapped my back, and he held me down with his penis embedded deep inside. The tip of his index finger found its way into my asshole and wiggled in to the knuckle; I liked being full front and back.

Later, he took me with my feet in the air. His body slammed onto mine from a height, and he used the sinews in his arms to lift his weight off me as he withdrew.

Still later, he fucked me in doggy fashion. My calves extended beneath the arch of his thighs. He gripped my hips and powered the penis into my vagina, the glans prodding muscles and membranes far in the interior as the balls connected with my body with a loud clap.

I laid on my side in a bend, and Marshall fucked me from behind, so slowly, so softly. The penetration was less deep than before, but my cunt felt more stretched out as the shaft slid against the walls in a molto adagio tempo.

Facing away, facing his feet, I watched us in the mirror on the wall. Like Norman Foster’s gherkin on the city skyline, his penis had a long silhouette and a rounded edge. I balanced myself on top, and as I made an unhurried descent, the muscles of my vagina compressed about the shaft. Marshall had me by the hips, and he raised and lowered my body over his.

The first time I came, I stood on the floor, bowing at the waist. My hand gripped the side of the bed. Marshall
had one hand in my hair, and he hauled me backward by the thigh against his pelvis, which drove the other way, improbably fast, impossibly hard.

Somewhere in between — I no longer remember precisely when — Marshall folded my legs open and sucked my pussy. The cream from my cunt had left his condom white. Holding a hand and a breast, he lapped the same wetness from my folds.

The next fucks had a similar shape: we constantly changed position, each seeking to experience our partner in every conceivable manner, desperate to enjoy the totality of the experience, to make it last. I met Marshall so late: this was all we had.

September 7, 2011

Words are a power. They are one of the powers of the earth, in fact. I might be submissive in the bedroom, but in front of my keyboard, I have all the dominance. I sculpt the experiences as I relate the assorted sordid tales. Much abides, but much is taken. The stories are filtered through the prism of my perceptions. They are shaped by my memory. I edit the events in the telling. I don’t remember all the details. After all, the best encounters exist for me only in the moments of supreme bliss. I don’t record all that I remember either. There isn’t time to tell everything. Some of it is unimportant. This is how I write. It is fascinating to see how someone else, who shares many of my kinks, presents her experiences.

**SapioSlut** has a blog. Her adventures appear in a book. As well, there is a sequel.

As an undergraduate in Chicago, I learned about submission in sex clubs. I was taught by two dominant men in particular, one in his late twenties, another in his middle thirties. SapioSlut’s D/s awakening arose via the agency of SapioSir, who, she relates, *changed sex from being something nice and fun to something that reaches right through me, turns me inside out and upside down, and whose limits we have yet to reach*. I hope those limits are always on a distant horizon. The journey to the edge of the world has its rewards.

SapioSlut ejaculates in orgasm. I do, too, but only rarely. For her this happens with desirable frequency. She says: *I can’t come on command yet, but I can certainly squirt on command.* She does so in creative ways: *When he invited me to hump his leg it meant that in a few seconds I was squirting all over him and the bed. Towel time! And a good thing too, because the towel was soaked after a few more squirts.*

SapioSlut also has more orgasms in shorter periods of time than anyone I have ever heard of. She once had 124 in one hour. I wrote to her to ask about the physiology of these hundred orgasms, the shapes they take. She answered me: *I think there is a core set of muscles that spasmed with most if not all the orgasms (in my abs and minor glutes — these were the ones that were extremely sore for a few days) as well as the pure struggle of processing the sensation. You are correct, there [are] definitely different types of orgasms through that lot — some comparatively superficial (for me those are the clitoral only) through to deep cervical ones that happen for me with high intensity directly on my cervix which also tend to deploy an intense emotional response as well.* I remember musing about whether this ability can be trained. I still wonder that. I should practice.

There are a wealth of other experiences that SapioSlut has that extend far beyond my knowledge. The force of her narrative wants me to try these things out. When SapioSlut said that SapioSir turned her upside down, she meant this quite literally. Under inverted suspension, *a small amount of squirt dribbled down my tummy with the first orgasm, but the large rivulets that came gushing down with the second and third were new indeed. Normally my squirt goes straight into a towel, but this time gravity was pulling it down my body* and
right through my hair. I have only given a blowjob upside down. I wonder about electroplay. I may not try it out. But I admit to curiosity.

What is refreshing about SapioSlut and SapioSir is that they are obviously in love, and the dominance and the submission and the kinky sex happen within a context. Reading the book and reading the blog, we see glimpses of the depths. Some of the short passages are the most expressive. She writes on January 14: Riding in the car this morning I thought about the bruise on my shoulder. Thinking about how it got there gave me an almost instantaneous moment of arousal. His presence, his touch, his growl, his teeth were all there in my mind again. I wanted more. I was instantly lustful. Deliciously so.

In the long run, I want what SapioSlut has. I hesitate to term my feelings envy because I am not at all begrudging. Rather, I am happy to read what she shares about her life with SapioSir. I find myself moved by the pervasive and palpable joy. The way she plays — adventurous, bold, and oh! so sexy — arises organically, nourished as it is by love. I am still picking my way through the frontier, whereas she has built a homestead there. I hope I can thank her someday for providing a peek at the years ahead. For now, I thank her for sharing a bdsm love story with voyeurs like me.

September 11, 2011

Belated Blogroll

In addition to the ones I have highlighted, I wish I had the time to explain why I like these blogs so much.

- A Feminist Sub
- Bareback Grrl
- Dark Gracie
- Diary of a Kinky Librarian
- Dirty Little Mind
- Easily Aroused
- Pieces of Jade
- Quickies in New York
- Random Rim Jobs
- Remittance Girl
- Sadie’s Open Marriage
- The Naughty Secretary
- The Sex Experiment
- 25 Things About My Sexuality
- Wild Ride
- Your Filthy Sex Secrets

Maybe you will have the time to explore on your own.
Tumblr

There is a page.

I thought about adding pictures to accompany the writeups of the various adventures that I have had. Posting photographs of myself and thereby committing them to the internet forever is not something I am comfortable doing. Finding a photo that works with a story is also not easy. I have tried looking a few times. Even if I were to succeed in finding a picture, I am concerned about copyright. Calling this fair use strikes me as a dubious proposition. So this is a project that never went anywhere. Perhaps one day, having made my fortune, I will commission the 122 illustrations that I need.

∼

Formspring

I am no longer updating. The e-mail address still works. You can send questions there. I expect I will answer eventually.

September 11, 2011

I am back in the United States. I have two more stories to tell about London. I had my final Wednesday date with Amadeo. Frank came to visit on Friday and saw me off to Heathrow on Saturday. Both these goodbyes were tinged with sadness. I am friendly with Marshall, the man I have seen several times during the last weeks. Though we have out of this world sex, we aren't especially tight. I am not broken up about leaving him. With Amadeo and Frank, the situation is different. I miss them terribly.

On the seventh day of the month of September in the year two thousand and eleven, Amadeo brought me to subspace one last time.

He took me in every orifice. Using my ears as handles, he throat fucked me. The saliva spilled from my mouth, falling in thick ropes that left a puddle on the floor. The tug of wrists wrenching both of my arms from their sockets, he impaled my anus onto his cock and battered my ass from behind. He pinned my wrists high above my head with one of his enormous paws, and while his cock pounded my cunt, I sucked and bit on the fingers in my mouth. After I came, he licked my puffy and swollen pussy with an abundance of gentleness. I brought his hands to my breasts while he ate me out. He deposited kisses over the water smooth pubis and swirled his tongue round and round the orgasm engorged clit. The pussy licking was the prelude to a fisting. It took him twenty minutes to squeeze inside. I couldn't see it happen — not fully — flat as I was on my back, breathing hard, and clenching the sheets. I concentrated on his speech, and he talked me through the process of fitting his hand into my cunt until the muscles at the entrance stretched like a rubber band about his wrist. I was a mitten. I was a glove. My hair was swimming in sweat. I resided in a hazy and contented place with his fist inside.

Amadeo’s aftercare was exquisite. He held me protectively.

He took me over his lap and spanked me. The barehand blows landed over my buttocks in *fortissimo* thunderclaps that set my ass to rippling. The heat seared into the flesh. The skin turned an angry red. The muscles ached. Wriggling his hand between my thighs, Amadeo discovered a sopping cunt. In the intervals, he fingered my pussy lips and clitoris. He left no bruises but nevertheless walloped me until I was beyond screaming. Tears bespoke pain. But I was also aware that this could be the end. I will miss our nights together. Orgasm came to me in an adrenaline and endorphin fueled rush.

I brought a blubbery face to his penis and sucked him softly, savoring his scents and flavors, the heft of his cock between my lips, and the taste of precome on my tongue. When he was perfectly rigid and yearning, I placed a condom over the erection. Amadeo took me slowly from above. The cock imposed itself to the balls, then retreated completely. My hands tightened on his arms and shoulders, and I kissed him. He kept removing the penis from my cunt and slapping the shaft over my pubis. He painted the moisture from inside
over the skin.

I went to sleep with the meter long chain that attached to my collar looped around the headboard of the bed. Amadeo’s recumbent body radiated its heat next to me. He had begun on his side, spooning me, with an arm folded over my breasts. We were both horizontal now, stretched out and supine. He took in deep breaths of air in his sleep. I fingered the cold metal links of the chain and shut my eyes. My pussy was sore from fucking.

In the shower in the morning, I took pleasure in washing his body. I rinsed soap from his underarms and followed with kisses. I used foam to pattern white arcs over his backside. I tasted the skin that I had cleaned. I sponged his cock and sucked him under the water stream. After the orgasm, which produced only the smallest spoonful of ejaculate, I extended Amadeo’s left leg and kissed my way down to his ankle. Taking his foot in hand, I licked along the arch. Fingernails scratched the sole and tickled. I sucked his big toe just as I had minutes before sucked his glans. My tongue flickered into the crevice between the big toe and the longer one next to it. I lapped at the top of the foot and along its sides. My lips left kisses over the pads of his toes. I pressed the sole against my cheek, and I nosed at the heel.

Once we had reversed positions, Amadeo held the showerhead and pointed it over my body. I closed my eyes and stood on my toes, wrapped my arms around his neck, and enjoyed the unhurried kisses while he soaped my tits and back. Bringing my arms in the air, he washed my armpits and flank. He rubbed in circles over my belly, skirted the pussy, and continued on to my legs. I propped a foot on his knee as soapy hands slid along the leg. He scrubbed between the toes. After he had rinsed my cunt lips, he pressed his face down hard and licked me. Turning me against the wall, he gnawed the flesh of my buttocks and the hollow of the neck where it meets the shoulder. He shampooed my hair with exceptional care. I went to my knees again and let the back of my head brush against his penis.

On the drive to the university, whenever he could spare it from the stick shift, he placed his hand on the inner part of my thigh. Rising to tiptoes, I wrapped his shoulder and back and hugged him next to the car when we arrived. We kissed, once, twice, and held each other. I waited for him to dissolve the hug. I clasped his right hand in my left and his left in my right. We drifted apart.

“Farewell, lover,” I whispered. Then louder: “See you around.” The smile reached his eyes.

I don’t know what I can say about Frank. The fucking was likely the purest sex I have had in London. It wasn’t the all night orgy some of our previous encounters were. We did it once in the evening and again in the morning. We did it in my flat, on my bed, over sheets I abandoned, with my packed luggage by the side of the door. It was funny. It was comfortable. We had intensely personal conversations and companionable silences. It wasn’t the least bit romantic. The sex affirmed a friendship, one that, I hope, will endure through the distance and the decades.

It will be ages — well, months — before my next rendezvous with either of these men. It will happen though. And possibly we will renew our acquaintance in bed. I would like that very much.

I will write another post soon.

September 12, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/09/12/farewell-lover/
I wrote the letters vertically in green marker down the underside of his shaft. Snapping up the swinging sac with my lips, I sucked each of his testicles. The tonguetip poked at them. My lips made a seal and tugged. I compacted the grip of my fingers on the scrotum, brought the balls together, swiped my tongue across, and sketched a smiley face underneath. Saliva smeared the ink.

I handed the pen to Frank. “You do me,” I said.

A scattering of small brown birthmarks populate my right shoulder. Frank played connect the dots with the magic marker. He kissed the blemishes and layered star shaped ornaments over the skin. He sketched a ladder between the hollows of my ribs. The stubby felt tip of the pen set me to giggling. Ink smudged. He drew a long line from my nipple, down the bottom of the breast, down the torso and the abdomen, down still farther over the pubis, finally terminating at the clit. He repeated on the opposite side, straighter on his second effort. Lips and tongue followed the lines to their convergence. He pinched the hood down and licked.

Juices dripped from my pussy in viscous, silver strands. His tongue collected my wetness. Palm facing up, he snuck two fingers into me, and spun his wrist while he nursed at each of my nipples. Frank alternated between them so that the one wouldn’t feel left out by the other.

When it was my turn to play, I flicked my thumb across Frank’s spongy glans. The mouth made faces at me as the heel brushed over it. Precome beaded in the eye. I spread it over the head. I stroked his shaft with my left hand and allowed the right to feather along the furrow of his ass. The minute hairs tickled the pads of my fingers. I verbalized a promise to rim his asshole later. I loved how he groaned when I said this.

He tilted his face and looked up at me. I covered his mouth with mine. A purple dildo clattered to the floor. I compressed my tits together, and Frank wedged his cock between them. The shaft slid through the cleavage. Penis flat against the breastbone, the glans looked like a locomotive powering through a tunnel. Craning my head from the pillow, I extended my tongue to lick the choo-choo at the apex of its ascent.

I had him sit on top of me and petaled the labia open. The shaft pressed against the inner lips of cunt. It dragged, forward and backward, along the slick folds and became damp in the seepage from my pussy. The contact the stem made against the clitoris felt glorious. The nerves below ached in their want. I painted his
balls with cunt wet fingers.

We sat on the bed. His thumb rubbed lightly across my slit.

“When were you last tested?” I nuzzled against his shoulder.

His lips pursed together as he considered. “February,” Frank said.

With superior strength, he flipped me horizontal and pinned my arms to the bed. I brought my legs around his and spun them over his calves. He pecked my lips. I clamped down on Frank’s tongue and held it between my teeth. It skated over the points as he extracted it from me. After a moment, his tongue darted back into my open mouth, as I knew it would. My hands lowered on either side of his spine. I gripped his buttocks and shook the cheeks. My tongue briefly slipped into his mouth. Frank dropped a series of soft little kisses over my upper lip. I licked the line of his smile, which persuaded his tongue back out to dance.

I broke the kiss and released a heartfelt sigh. “April,” I said, reaching behind me. My hand stumbled blindly over the nightstand for a condom.

September 15, 2011

A conversation with myself

“You gonna go?”

“Yeah.”

“Really?”

“Yes.”

“For good?”


“How come?”

“This semester is busy. My thesis clock is ticking. I need to think about jobs. I have been away for more than a year. I want a boyfriend. Not immediately. But soon. I’m gonna give this sex blog thing a rest for a while.”

“Was it fun?”

“Oh, yes.”

“Then why don’t you keep doing it?”

“I don’t have the hours a week to spare. For sex, yes. For writing about sex, not really.”

“You don’t have to write about every single time, silly.”

“I’m not planning to do that ever again.”

“Do you have more to say?”


“You have an audience.”

“I know. Isn’t it amazing?”

“You’re going to miss this.”

“Probably. But there’s a lot of other stuff I want to do as well. Life’s short, ya know?”

“Seriously. You’re going to miss it. London, too. Fucking crazy sinks, crowded tubes, British cuisine, the
infestation of tourists in summer, pints at the pub after work with your friends, the museums, the theater, the parks, all those orchestras including your own. Everything. You will miss it all.”

“I am going back at the end of December or in early January. I’ll see Amadeo. I’ll see Frank. I will be in the UK for a couple of weeks. I will write up whatever happens. It fits the theme of the place. Leah lays London. It will be like old times. This isn’t goodbye. I am coming back.”

“And then? Is it goodbye after that?”

“I don’t know. That’s an honest answer. I simply do not know. I have been pondering another blog. Something exciting and different. Fresh adventures. New friends. I have an itch to write. But I make no promises. Right now, I need a break.”

“The curtain goes down.”

“But the show goes on.”

“It always does.”

September 15, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/09/15/the-end-for-now/
“Do you mind if I sleep with your kid brother?” I whispered the words to my friend after dinner.

The bride, who was resplendent in white, giggled. “No. If he wants to, go ahead.”

Mike was immediately amenable to my suggestion that I share his bed. We stole a bottle of champagne from the wedding reception and disappeared just as soon as the newlyweds had driven away. We stopped at my floor to pick up a change of clothes for the morning and my supply of toiletries. His was a significantly nicer room. The enormous bathtub had a jacuzzi. We undressed and sprawled in the warm water. I positioned my body between his legs. My back reclined against his hairy chest. His arms wrapped my waist, and he leaned over to nuzzle my tits. He fondled and licked. I swigged champagne directly from the bottle. He drank it from my breasts. My first orgasm transpired through the combination of his fingers on my pussy and the powerful jets of water from the sides of the tub.

His hard erection prodded against my thigh. The glans poked above the waterline. I sucked him. The cock was slender and easy for me to deepthrot. I pressed my lips against his pubis, breathed carefully through my nose, and twisted my face at the root. The lower lip spun against his balls. I tugged at the scrotum from behind and milked. While I fucked my face at his cock, his hand stroked my shoulders and back. He reached between my legs and rubbed the pads of his fingers over the labia. Sticky juices leaked from my cunt. I sensed his climax approach.

I popped the cock from my lips. “Do you want to come in my mouth or do you want to fuck?” I kissed the glans wetly. My tongue ran along the circumcision scar. The shaft trembled.

“I want to fuck you,” he decided.

I stood. He propped my leg on the side of the tub and entered my cunt from behind. I didn’t have time to suggest a condom, and after he was inside, I didn’t care. He held me by the waist and slammed his pelvis into me. My buttocks shook from the impulse imparted by his thighs. Fingers on my clit enhanced the sensations of the fuck. I came before he did. After my orgasm, he lowered back into the water. I sat on the penis and gyrated myself over the shaft. He clutched my breasts and bounced me over his thighs. He couldn’t hold out for long. The come erupted from the erection and geysered up against my womb.

In bed, we fucked in different poses. I had him on top of my body in missionary position. I rode him facing forward and backward. I was on hands and knees, and he fucked me from behind. I sat on top and kicked my feet off his thighs. I laid on my flank, and he spooned in back with his cock inside. I stretched out on my belly, and he blanket ed my body with his and pile-drove the shaft into my pussy. I lifted a leg in the air while he pounded my cunt from his side. His semen flooded me repeatedly. I positively gushed.
In the morning, we sixty-nined. My cunt hunched over his face. After my orgasm, I asked him if there was any last thing he wanted to do. I had no expectation of seeing him again.

Predictably, he wanted to take my ass. I went to elbows and knees and presented for him. He slid the cock into my pussy and used that wetness to lubricate the penetration. As he fucked me, he pulled my right arm back by the wrist to drag my anus onto his shaft. I bore down with the muscles to make myself tight for him. His scrotum slapped against my cunt. He was ensconced to the balls when he spermed.

Come bubbled out of my anus when he withdrew. I gathered it in my fingers and licked. Mike had a better idea, however. He collected it in the cup of his hand and pressed it into my cunt.

In the bathroom, we showered together and performed our morning ablutions. Before I dressed, he took the pen by the telephone in the bedroom and wrote the words **MIKE WAS HERE** over my pubis. An arrow pointed down to my pussy, which was puffy and swollen. I didn’t bother with panties, only the sundress and the bra. We went to the restaurant downstairs to join the family for breakfast.

“Did you have fun?” the bride inquired.

Mike gripped my hand and answered for us both. “Yeah. We did.”

December 17, 2011

http://truestorysex.com/view/General/162398
I am in the UK again from December 31st to January 17th. I will be crashing with my former roommate and her husband. They are renting a one bedroom flat near Hampstead Heath. I get the plush new sofa in the living room. I expect I won’t be at their place every night. After all, I have friends to see and be done by.

Amadeo has proven to be a generally poor correspondent. We Skype now and again. Frank writes a long e-mail every couple of weeks. These arrive unexpectedly. The letters are warm and funny and inevitably make me wish I had considered doing an undergraduate degree at Oxford or Cambridge. His missives and my replies are interspersed with frequent text messages. The salacious SMS exchanges happen when one of us endures an incomprehensible seminar. I like to think of Frank growing hard in his seat in public and hiding the erection in his pants with A4 paper. In the back of the auditorium, I squirm in my chair from arousal. My panties become moist. I miss these men.

For the past six weeks in Boston, I have been seeing someone. In his early thirties, David is a newly minted assistant professor. I like him very much so far. We are still in the process of discovering each other, sexually and otherwise. I have no expectations for how long the relationship will last. We aren’t exclusive. My colorful sexual life isn’t a secret to him either. He has seen the marks that other men have left on my body. He disapproves only on aesthetic grounds. He is especially proficient at applying pain without leaving bruises. David and I met through OkCupid. Like my own profile, his indicates an interest in casual sex. Naturally, in the bedroom, he gets off on his dominance and my submission. He is adept with rope. I am his bondage whore. He has made my body contort in positions I didn’t know were possible for me and taken me hard while I was tied. Sometimes he wants a brutally fast orgasm from a skull fucking. At other times he has me between his legs worshiping his phallus for most of a lazy Saturday afternoon. The Venn diagram of our kinks overlaps considerably, but there are also significant exclusions.

Because we have common friends, the ex-boyfriend and I run into each other socially. We haven’t fallen into bed. I have only been back to the old apartment once, to pick up my stuff. It’s over. I think of him less and less. But sometimes, when I am meandering through an art gallery, for example, I play the conversations we could have had in my mind. The abundance of memories I have makes me smile. He is happy. I am also, in my own way, content with the rhythms of my days and nights.

I hooked up with both of my regulars from before shortly after returning to the US. Though we do not play often, the most exciting sex I have had was a gang bang with five men organized by one of these fuck buddies. One by one, I sat on the men’s laps, naked. Wearing business suits, they kissed and touched me. The men toyed with my breasts and fingered my pussy. They affixed clothespins to my body. I brushed my ass over the erections that tented their trousers. We shared bottles of wine. Because I wanted to walk comfortably
the next day, we decided that only three of them would fuck my ass. The men conducted a lottery for the privilege. I was doubled up, back and front. Once, briefly, I was tripled. My openings were made watertight. I held a penis in each hand and stroked the shafts. The men tied me to the sort of bench that is typically found in the locker room at a gym. The rope knotted my wrists beneath the plane of the thick wooden plank. It wrapped over my back to hold me in place. My ass extended over the edge. They took my anus and pussy. My chest rode hard against the oak. Frequently, I fellated a man who straddled the bench and fed me his cock while another fucked me. The sex was continuous. It went on for two and a half hours. My friend had me first and last.

A few other encounters may be worth mentioning. I had bareback sex on a single occasion. At a bar, I picked up an eighteen year old, who looked like he was in his early twenties. I didn’t know he was a virgin until he confessed his virtue in my bedroom after we were already naked. Probably, I should have guessed his inexperience from the way he kissed. He departed my apartment having come in a woman. To start, I gave him a blowjob to take the edge off. He erupted almost at once, filling my mouth with the consummation of all of his adolescent daydreams and night tremors. Despite obvious inexpertness, I liked that I was his first taste of cunt. When we fucked, I squealed aloud in ecstasy before he expelled his seed. While I thought of introducing him to my toy box, I ultimately decided against it. I have long fantasized about training up the ideal dom starting from a tabula rasa. He isn’t the one. I haven’t seen him again.

At the other end of the age spectrum, I indulged my Electra complex over Thanksgiving. On Black Friday, I posted an ad on Craigslist and hooked up with a man in his mid-fifties. He is over twice my age and, in fact, said he had a son a year older than me. We met for coffee and then proceeded to a no tell motel at the outskirts of town. The clerk gave us a knowing look when he handed over the key. The man palmed my ass possessively. I never learned his name. I insisted that Daddy place his great, big cock in his little girl’s tight, wet cunt. Fucking and sustained cunnilingus drowned the bed sheets in my flood. I asked Daddy to sperm on me to close because I wanted to wear his semen. He straddled my chest and, punctuated by small licks over the glans, masturbated himself. He blasted over my tits to make them grow.

Lastly, I went to a conference in Pennsylvania at the beginning of October. I took a rental car and drove from Massachusetts. Around two thirty in the morning, I needed a pit stop, coffee, and a bite to eat. I stopped at a diner along the highway. A man seated alone invited me to join him at a small table. Rather than eating by myself, I accepted. He was a trucker and got to talking about life on the road. Intrigued, I asked for a tour of the truck. The living quarters of the eighteen wheeler were claustrophobic. A bunk bed occupied much of the space. Neatly stacked plastic storage containers lined the top bunk. The bed below was immaculately made. He didn’t wear a wedding band, I noticed. I took a chance and kissed him. His tongue dipped into my open mouth. He leaned his weight toward me; my back bowed backward. My fingers worked his belt buckle apart. I shed my jacket and divested myself of clothes. The cab was chilly. He turned the heat up for me. I sat on the edge of the mattress and sucked his penis to hardness. When I was satisfied with how it shined, I tossed the condom I unearthed from my purse at him. He nursed at my teats and lowered his weight atop my body. My arms wrapped his broad shoulders. I spread my legs in the air. The bed springs gave a metallic creak. The floor seemed to shift slightly, but I may have imagined this. I sprawled in his arms after sex. We had breakfast in the same diner in the morning. I bought a fresh box of condoms from the convenience store at the gas station nearby, and we had a quickie for the road.

These episodes are exceptional. The majority of the sex during the past three months has been pedestrian. Craigslist is less effective than I remember. It has gotten me laid, yes, but the men I have met in Boston
through the agency of the casual encounters board have exhibited little promise. Random hookups still happen, but the frequency has diminished since London. Ideally, I want more than another one night stand. The unrepeated fucks are temporary expediens and stopgap measures. Save for David, sex constitutes only a physical release. It lacks an intellectual or emotional connection. The dildo is sometimes more satisfying than a man. I haven’t been on the hunt as regularly as before. This is just as well. Research and grading papers have kept me busy this semester. Marking exams is a bitch. I expect to defend my thesis in May. The dissertation needs much work this spring.

I still play flute when I can with a chamber group. We don’t perform. We rehearse challenging music for fun. Nearly every morning, I spend an hour at the gym. On Friday nights, I go dancing — usually at gay clubs. Liz and Sophie, two close friends, like making out with girls. We have done a fair amount of kissing and fondling bodies through club wear. It hasn’t ended with tongue circling clit and my mouth imbibing cunt or thighs clamping a head in a viselike grip with fingers pulling the roots of hair and making indentations in the scalp as my pussy fountains against the touch of lips. We haven’t tribbed. Perhaps one day we shall.

I will most likely be in a new city next fall. Where? I don’t know. The job applications are out. I enjoy what I can of Boston while I am living here. I keep busy.

December 19, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/12/19/back-to-blighty/
I spent a week at home during the winter break. I took the train from Boston to New York City. I met up with my sister, and we drove upstate to the parents. We see extended family during Thanksgiving while Xmas is cozy and comfortable. It’s usually only the parents and my siblings. Because my brother went to visit his girlfriend’s mother’s family in California this November, we had missed him last month. To make up for the lost time, we hung out lots.

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The day after the day after Xmas, I met up with a former lover, who is seventeen years older than me. He taught my sister the piano, worked with my Mom, and is a family friend of long standing. I have known him almost my whole life. In May of 2010, we had a week long fling, which I initiated. At the time, he was in the final stages of a divorce. His wife had left him. We kept in touch afterwards. Last year, when I was home for the holidays, he was dating a woman, nearer to my age than his. This winter, he is single again and in the middle of a protracted dry spell.

I texted him over the kitchen table before lunch while my mother and sister were pottering around the oven. I slipped my right hand into my jeans and sent him a picture of the bulge it made in my pants. I sent a photo of my tongue flicking at the tip of a finger moistened by the secretions of cunt.

During the next half hour, I typed a series of SMS sexts.

Do you have a cock for me to play with, mister?

I want you inside me, lover. Your penis is a hot, thick presence that makes me flood.

I want to be under you.

Fuck my pussy hard. Please. Will you?

I could be persuaded to suck as well. Do you want my red lips wrapped about your shaft?

We agreed to meet at three o’clock in the afternoon.

I borrowed my Dad’s car and drove over to his place for our assignation. We sat in his living room and caught up over glasses of wine. He joined me on the small loveseat. We made out. The classical music station on the radio gave rhythm to our movements. He masturbated my pussy through the tight denim. I spread my legs wide. I touched knees and tightened my thighs around his hand. My chest thrust into a grasping palm.

Upstairs, in his bedroom, we continued. I sat on the edge of the bed, legs open, and he knelt on the floor and
devoured my pussy. He stood and cupped my head at back where it joins the neck while I ingested his cock. My fingers grasped the balls and the last inch of the shaft, which I could not enclose within my mouth. The head nudged its way into my throat. Breathing carefully through the nose, I swallowed away the gag reflex and constricted the epiglottis. Lips pursed over the springy skin. My jaws were stretched enough that the sides of my face hurt. The tongue swiped across the underside of the shaft.

He took me doggy style to start. His hands pressed down at my back and buttocks while the cock drove deep into my cunt. The heavy balls slapped the backs of my thighs. I craned my head back to find his lips. The cock penetrated me slowly. I moaned as it tunneled into me. The walls felt full inside. Cream from my pussy trailed along the circumference of his cock. It deposited a ring of foam at the base of the shaft. When he warned me of his impending orgasm, by an exertion of will I freed myself of his erection, turned, and kissed his chest. I licked the sweat from his skin. The nipples were deliciously sensitive to the touch of lips and teeth.

I straddled his legs and pushed off his torso while I rode hard the hard penis. Hands clasped my leg at the knee and traversed the line of my thigh. He followed the curve of the flank up to my tits, which he squeezed. The up and down motion of my body had a metronomic precision. I slid down the stem and landed atop the root and tensed the muscles there as my knees folded out. The vagina compacted about the shaft, and I lifted while the walls were so tight inside. When my lips kissed the glans, I relaxed the muscles and lowered my body weight down again. He placed his fingers in my mouth, and I sucked them. He informed me that he was once again close, and I dismounted.

I was so close as well. He lashed his tongue around my clitoris. He growled into my gaping pussy. His nose flattened against my pubis. The dam inside me burst. My legs elongated. My feet curled. My toes clenched like a monkey’s paws. I shut my eyes to focus on the sensation, to revel in it. My ass bucked from the bed. My cunt seemed to invert. I laughed through my orgasm. When my eyes flashed open and focused downward, I noticed that my fingers gripped his so tightly that the knuckles had whitened. I laughed again at the exquisite and joyful pleasure of release. He crawled on top of my body and kissed me. I tasted my piquant juices on his lips and tongue.

My fingers combed his hair as the kisses deepened. The rigid cock prodded at my belly. Reaching between my legs, I placed him inside. “Fuck me. Fuck me till you come.”

He did exactly that. When his body slammed down, the momentum flowed from him to me in a wave that rippled through my trunk and radiated into my extremities. My spine did a sideways dance. My fingertips tingled. I felt the force of fucking in my eyelids. My arms wrapped his back, and I gripped his bony shoulder blades. My feet kicked off his calves. My legs interlaced with his and tangled them up in a knot. My face burrowed into his throat and collar. The shaft, which was so wondrously long and thick and hot, stretched my pussy out. I compressed muscles around his cock, making the entrance snug for him. I held on to the sides of the mattress as he took me harder.

My lover’s movements became erratic. He pulled the cock out of my pussy, peeled the condom off, and shucked his hand along the erection. The semen streamed out in bright, flashing ribbons. The come splattered me. It splashed the bottoms of my breasts and painted the cleavage between them. The viscous fluid rained onto my abdomen, collected in the hollow of my navel, and overflowed the belly button. The shaft jerked against my curling fingers as I pointed the penis. I giggled at how much come there was. Jellied puddles of his semen dotted my torso when he finished spasming. It was an alien landscape of opaque lakes.
sheen of perspiration, thick, viscid, sticky pools of come, pale and white, glistened on my skin like the first winter snow.

“Thank you,” I said, and rubbed his come over my body until it was a transparent gloss.

We fucked again, first in bed, then in the shower while we cleaned each other up. I drank his second orgasm, nearly as voluminous as the first. Semen overflowed my lips and dripped down my chin and throat. He tasted of spice and salt. The third explosion, smaller than the previous two, arrived as I rimmed his asshole. My head ducked between his legs. The semen plastered wet hair to my face. A fog of steam surrounded us.

The family friend was not the only man I had on Tuesday.

The second is a friend from high school. Yoshio and I were in the class of 2003. I have known him since the fifth grade. Our first time was the summer after our freshman year of college. We have subsequently hooked up maybe a dozen times. I would date him in a second if he had an affinity for dominance and lived in the same city. Instead, he lives across the country, where he is working on a Ph.D. in aeronautical engineering.

We met for dinner and then went to a bar for drinks. We ended up at his house in the evening, where we played Scrabble with his little sister. I texted Dad near midnight, confessed that I was tipsy, and informed him that I would be home in the morning after crashing at Yoshio’s for the night. He texted me back: Ok. Be careful.

Ours are liberal families. My parents don’t know the details of my sex life, but they have no illusions about its existence. Yoshio’s parents retired early for the night. His sister’s bedroom is upstairs. We made up the couch in the living room with bedding but went to Yoshio’s room in the basement. When I left at nine, his parents were up and about and the sofa hadn’t been slept in.

I stripped to my panties and sat on his bed cross legged. Yoshio spread himself on the mattress. His fingers started at my shin and climbed to my knickers. The front panel of the thong underwear was a fine black mesh. He teased my cunt lips through the cloth. My moisture created bubbles in the filmy web of the fabric.

Fingers loosened his belt and the top button of his jeans. Taking the blue flap of denim in my teeth, a swift lateral movement of the head unbuttoned the fly. I nuzzled the swelling in his striped boxers. The erection left a dark shadow in the white cloth. I breathed upon the cock and pressed my lips over it until the cotton darkened with my moist breath. He smelled deliciously male. I tasted the musky skin. The heel of my palm flattened his balls. He brought the boxers down to his knees. The tumescent cock made a glorious contrast to the wiry black hair that covered his groin. I sniffed his length. Making my lips soft, I addressed his glans from below. Precome had already beaded at the slit. I kissed away the tears of the cyclops. Yoshio was content to have me suck him for a while. I sat up when his hand started to pull at my shirt.

He removed my blue sweater top and the light yellow tank top and the transparent black bra, which matched my sheer panties. I had his long sleeved shirt off and kissed his chest as I lifted the t-shirt away. We knelt and kissed on the bed. I chased his tongue from my mouth to his. Fingers traced the length of his spine, the pads pressing down where the back indented. Yoshio brought me over his lap and tugged on my ankles until the legs extended over him. His fingers feathered over the slit. Wetness seeped out. He sucked on his fingers. His head squeezing under me, he pulled the thong to the side and applied his tongue to the flow at the
delta. I hunched my body over him, lowering my pussy across his open mouth, rubbing against his mandible, reaching for his cock in the process. Yoshio’s tongue threaded between my lips. I licked upward from the balls along the central vein on the bottom surface of the shaft.

He lapped my pussy for long minutes.

“Fuck me,” I said when he paused a moment to catch his breath. “I need your cock inside.” I peeled away the black thong panties in an instant.

He extracted a condom from his wallet and did what I asked. Supporting myself on forearms and knees, I arched over his torso. Left hand on my upper back, right hand on the rising curve of my rump, he steadied me while I pressed my cunt over the penis, which angled up from his pubis. On the initial foray, I tightened my pussy and balanced myself halfway. I hovered over the erection and resisted the downward compulsion of gravity and gratification. He laughed at the deliberate postponement of the fuck I had wanted and pulled me down by the waist. With the cock contained totally within, I spun my hips in a taut circle. My labia dragged against his groin.

He didn’t last long within me. His body tensed. The penis cocked and convulsed. He gripped me tight. I clutched the back of his neck and cooed to him while the condom filled with his spendings.

In the aftermath, we stretched out. Yoshiowas on his back. I was on my side. My fingers wafted through the hair on his chest. We kissed. He stroked my breasts idly. As I fingered his cock, I admitted that I had been with another man a few hours before. I told him the two of them are so different, that I like them both very much. The penis stiffened against my palm.

He turned to his side and pushed me flat on the mattress. I hooked a leg across his flank. He paused to slip a condom on and used my thigh to lever his movement as the cock plunged in. He fucked me from below, thrusting with pelvis and hips while my fingers rubbed in circles over the clit. The flesh was fluid under my touch. I raised my leg to enhance the penetration. Slowly, my body turned around until I was on my belly and he was between my legs fucking me from behind. Our thighs were flush. Yoshio fucked my pussy with short jabs. We kissed.

I rose to hands and knees so that he could fuck me doggy style, but eventually, my body twisted around again. He fucked me from the side. His lips nuzzled along the line of my shoulder to my throat. When the cock slipped out of my cunt, he occupied the space between my legs and entered me from above. In the missionary position, we kissed endlessly with his cock inside me. As I had been stimulated so extensively, my pussy had a hair trigger. I came explosively. Yoshio kept his penis embedded and unmoving within. His palm cupped one of my breasts.

His eyes shut and his brow furrowed with the effort of concentration. He didn’t intend to come, but he couldn’t contain his eruption when my vagina wrung about his shaft. I gripped his forearm and kissed his throat.

I removed the condom and slurped the semen from his cock. The shaft hardened as I took him easily into my throat.

My fingers made my cunt yawn at him. “Do you mind that this little pussy hopped from another man’s bed to yours?” Experience has taught me that Yoshio liked to hear me speak about other lovers.

Yoshio gave a noncommittal grunt. He rotated so that he faced my cunt. His cock was stiffening before my eyes. His fingers reached for my pussy. He spread the wetness on the labia over my clit.
“Someone else bored into me this afternoon. He did me first. He made me cream. I used his semen for
body lotion. I washed my face in it and swallowed his come.” Fingertips brushed along the furrow of his ass
to his balls. They grazed across the back face of the scrotum. I plucked at the prickly hairs and batted the
sac, which set the balls to a pendulous wobble. My tongue swirled around the head. I deepthroteed him in a
fluent and practiced motion. The points of painted nails dug into his buttocks. The cock ballooned, making
my cheeks puff out.

“You’re spending the night with me, aren’t you?” The crown made a liquid plop as it evacuated my lips.
Yoshio rolled another condom onto his shaft.
I saw David before I left for the Xmas holiday, and I saw him again before heading out to the UK. He and I played *Simon Says* last night. The penalty for each transgression of the rules was one drop of candle wax on a sensitive place. From experimentation, we knew that it would hurt like hell but would not leave marks on the skin. I would be bound while he administered the penalty.

It started easily enough: “Simon says strip.” I did.

David stood and undressed and sat naked on the easy chair in his living room. “On your knees,” he instructed, and I properly ignored the command. He smiled and repeated it with the appropriate preface. I complied.

His cock was hard. He stroked it. I began crawling to him.

“Simon didn’t say come here, bitch,” remarked David.

“I am sorry.”

“Simon didn’t say you could talk either.”

I froze and waited. David was a bastard sometimes. His students must hate that he was a stickler for rules.

“Come here.”

I didn’t so much as blink.

“Simon says wash my feet.”

I walked to the kitchen, soaped up the sponge in the sink, and went to him. On my knees, I scrubbed his feet clean and dried them with the dish towel. Clearly, this wasn’t what he expected, but the rules had been followed. My aspect was smug in consequence.

David thrust the sole of his foot at my closed lips. “Lick,” he said. I turned my face to the side. The foot swatted at my cheek.

He pointed his penis upright. “Cunt,” he said. (It was wet.) “Simon says lick my balls.”

This I happily did. My lips applied suction to the hemispheres of the scrotum. I tongued the sac as I held each testicle between my lips. I spread my jaws and took both of the balls inside together. The tongue lapped at the coarsely textured skin. He kept me at it for long minutes. Thick saliva coated the balls. Because it pleased him, he fingered my nipples. He pinched them tight and dug his nails in. I winced at the abrupt jolt of pain, but I continued my oral ministrations on the scrotum without interruption.

“Suck my cock.”
I looked up at him. My lips steadfastly munched on his balls.

“Good girl. Simon says deepthroat.”

This was patently unfair. I yawned immensely and lowered my mouth on the shaft as far as I could manage in the absence of preparation. Suppressing the gag reflex, I filled my mouth with spit and made a concerted effort to reach his balls. I had three-quarters of his length inside.

“That isn’t deepthroat,” he said. His hand pressed on the back of my head and compelled me down. By instinct, I resisted, pulled away, and coughed.

“That counts as three and four.”

I took the crown into my lips again. I made my throat loose and forced myself to take the cock in to its root. By sheer effort, I accomplished the feat. My eyes were watering when I had the knob seated in my throat. My lips kissed the lip of his sac. The hand on top of my head held me down longer than was comfortable. Tears escaped the corners of my eyes when David let me surface for air.

“Now suck,” he said. I did. I realized that this was my fifth infraction a microsecond after I had commenced the act of fellatio. David noted it, too. He slapped the side of a tit.

He glanced at his watch. “Simon says make me come. Simon says you have exactly five minutes.”

David has stamina. I pulled out all the stops in the time allotted. I tried but failed. Even the index finger pushed up against the prostate didn’t do the trick.

“Six,” he intoned.

I nodded.

“Well, keep sucking.”

I didn’t.

“Simon says suck me slow.”

I kissed the crown, tongued around the glans, took the head inside, and glacially slid my lips down the shaft. I took the penis in by degrees. To begin, I had the top half of it contained in my mouth on the downstroke, then two-thirds, then three-quarters. He sighed expressively and let me suck him slowly, softly, and with intent. I rotated my face and collapsed my cheeks and lifted my tongue against the underside of the rigid cock. The spit leaked from my lips and trailed to his balls. I scratched the insides of his thighs. His eyes were shut in contentment. Though I kept mine downcast for the most part, once a minute or twice, I tilted my head up, which lifted his penis, and glanced upon his countenance with enormous eyes that blinked slowly closed. My face lowered and twisted on his shaft. The constitution of the cock flesh altered minutely between my lips. It went on. I don’t know how long I sucked him this way. I felt the solidity of the hardwood floor in my knees and the balls of my toes. The discomfort enhanced in me the sense and the quality of my submission.

Suddenly, David’s hands grabbed the sides of my head. He fucked my mouth as though it was my cunt. The pelvis flared out, and he lifted from his seat to penetrate deeper and harder. He was suspended in air when his musculature tensed. An iron grip obliged me to keep the glans inside my throat.

“Swallow,” he said when he had finished his spasms. The shape of the orgasm and the geography of our bodies left me no choice. It was done already. His semen barreled directly into my esophagus.
He cast me back and chuckled softly.

“Salmon says clean me off.”

I licked the sides of the shaft and curled my tongue at the pearl of come lodged within the aperture.

“I said Salmon says, not Simon says,” David observed, pointedly.

I hadn’t noted the first word. He may have slurred it. This was surely cheating. I laughed at his audacity. To avenge myself, I took the skin of the right half of the scrotum between my teeth, bit down, and tugged. I persisted in washing the cock.

“Game over. Simon says game over,” David announced, after I had finished. “Let’s call it nine.” His fingers swept over my slit and brushed against the clit.

Cocksucking had aroused me. I wondered how long it would be before David fucked my pussy. I wanted him to dominate me. I wanted to rut on hands and knees. I wanted to compress the walls of my cunt about his shaft. I wanted to come for him repeatedly, at his word, and be the agency of his pleasure. I nosed at the balls and kissed wetly where I had a moment ago nipped. The penis folded over the scrotum. It reminded me of an elephant’s trunk. The head hung below the testicles. I sunk low and mouthed the glans. Kisses led to his feet. I licked above the toes.

“Leah says ten.”

December 30, 2011

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2011/12/30/simon-says/
The first kisses were chaste — the roommate on both cheeks in the French style, her husband in the same manner. In the first minute of January first, I swapped spit with an anonymous stranger by the Thames and then with several others.

Saying goodbye to my friends, I wandered the crowded streets of the city. Under a vault leading to cobbled mews, I bartered a quaff of champagne from a soldier for a snog. He kissed fabulously. His leg threaded between mine. Back bent into an arch, I kicked off one foot. His arm supported my waist, and his tongue made itself a home inside my mouth. As I straightened, he took a generous feel of my ass. Standing on the tips of my toes, I kissed him again.

Probably, I should have stuck with him for the night. Masterful kisses supply a superlative recommendation for cunnilingus at least.

Instead, I slipped into a cocktail lounge at a hotel and one hour later took an elevator up to the fourteenth floor in the company of a Canadian man. The first fuck of 2012 was a drunken shag of absolutely no consequence or merit. So, too, was the second. I beat a retreat in the morning before he woke.

There is better sex yet to come. Amadeo has claimed me for Wednesdays as usual. I will see Frank on the weekend. I have been in touch with Marshall also.

January 2, 2012

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2012/01/02/how-the-new-year-begins/
A reader asked about David. This is how we met.

David contacted me on OkCupid, where both of us list casual sex among our interests. We traded a couple of messages on the site, then moved to e-mail. In the course of the conversation, I explained that I was a bedroom submissive in search of kink. I was seeking a relationship in the best case scenario, but would be happy to have a regular play partner. He preferred the latter arrangement. Like me, he had learned the ropes of bdsm on the scene, but indulged exclusive in private play these days.

On our first date — drinks and dinner — David and I hardly spoke of sex at all. As such meetings often are, it was a tad awkward to start, but we warmed to each other in time and lingered over dessert. I appreciated his intelligence and lightning wit. We took a walk along the river, and he saw me to the T and gave me a kiss on the cheek at our parting.

He called me on a Sunday night that weekend, and we had a two hour conversation about D/s. His views are compatible with mine. It’s a fun way to play but isn’t a lifestyle. It arouses me beyond measure to submit to a strong man. I’m a pain slut, who enjoys the powerlessness of bondage. The psychology of submission appeals far more than the paraphernalia. Safeword and condoms are mandatory impedimenta. He and I ended up having phone sex.

When we met up a second time, David and I negotiated boundaries over coffee and cake and proceeded to his bedroom. He undressed me and tied me up. My forearms were bound to my lower legs just above the ankles. My head dangled off the edge of the mattress. He had me arch my back off the bed and separate my knees as far as I could manage. David slapped my breasts and spanked my pubis. He beat me with a wooden spoon and with a riding crop. He stood on the mattress straddling me and dripped candle wax down from a height. With his weight on top of my body, he tit fucked me. With a vibrator inserted in my cunt, he ate my pussy to orgasm. I screamed pleasure through the panties that were stuffed in my mouth and the bondage tape over my lips.

David ripped the tape from my mouth, extracted the panties, and replaced them with his cock. As he throat fucked me, his hands mauled my tits. I was upside down, and the blood rushed to my head. I took his come shot over my face. He spanked my pussy again with the riding crop and made amends for the pain by fucking me to a state of euphoric senselessness. I came repeatedly and begged David to deliver his orgasm to me.

We have been quasi-dating ever since. When I am tied to his bed, he kisses me softly and whispers a promise to hurt me, and I whimper at the thought, but by the end of the session, inevitably, I am the one asking him for more pain because the accompanying pleasure is so much greater that way. Our friendship is not exclusively based upon bdsm. We go to old movies together. He is a professor — different subject, different university
— and was helpful and encouraging during the job application process.

I met his other lover once. She’s a social worker, in her thirties. They were at a cocktail lounge. David saw me at the bar and waved me to their table to join them for a drink. She and I didn’t compare notes about our common dom, but I saw the rope burns on her wrists.

January 3, 2012

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2012/01/03/about-david/
Amadeo cooked. It was a five course meal: antipasto, primo, secondo, contorno, dolce, with a bottle of Chianti Riserva. We caught up over the meal. I had missed talking to him. I asked whether he has a new girl. He laughed and said no, but he is back on Craigslist looking to see if he can get lucky a second time. I offered to write him a reference. He hasn’t been entirely celibate since I left London, but then neither have I. With me, David focuses on bondage and, to a lesser extent, pain. I have missed the other faces of dominance.

After the meal, we went to the bedroom. Amadeo sat on the edge of the mattress and rolled up his sleeves. I stripped out of my top and my jeans in as sexy a manner as I could. I sat on his lap and used my ass to coax his penis to hardness. Amadeo shifted the hair to the side to expose my neck. His tongue licked the nape and descended to the shoulders. His hands cupped my breasts through the white bra. He undid the clasp and slipped his palms under the cups. His teeth nipped the side of my throat. The back of the thong covered hardly anything at all. The string bisected my ass. He pulled me backward by the elastic ringing my hips and kissed me possessively. The tongue in my mouth was confident and knowledgeable.

When he stripped, he wanted to whip me with his belt, but I asked him for a barehand spanking instead. I wanted the touch of skin against skin. I had missed sixteen Wednesdays with him. Moreover, I had missed his birthday, which was at the end of September. He made up for the lost time. I was over his lap for an hour. I squirmed. I shrieked out in hurt. I cried. His hand made the skin burn. The blows were sudden. He put the strength of his upper body into them. The solidity of cock under me aroused my pussy even as the powerful slaps to the buttocks caused pain. To moderate the stimulation a little, he rubbed his fingers over the lips of my dripping cunt. A wet hand seems to hurt me more than a dry one: there may have been an ulterior motive. I called him a motherfucker after one particularly hard strike. The next ones were harder. He kept hitting the same places repeatedly, to augment the intensity of the experience. Every so often, he raised my ass and stooped to lick and kiss over the spaces where his hand had landed. On occasion, these kisses morphed into bites. The skin was already tender. I felt the points of the canines and incisors. The endorphin rush was immense whenever Amadeo would recommence after a pause. He stopped only because his hand hurt too much to continue. I kissed his palm and the tips of his fingers. I sucked the digits one by one, slowly, as though each were his cock. I thanked him. I liked that his vigor had marked my skin.

In the morning, in the shower, with bruises still evident, Amadeo would fuck my ass. His foot would press my face against the tub while hot water beat upon my back from above and spiraled down the drain under my head. For the moment, he sent me to my knees.

My buttocks, which continued to blaze — in some places with a diffuse ache, in others with a throbbing hurt — hovered above my heels. Before I started sucking him, he filled the cup of my hands with his expectorate
to lubricate their touch on his cock. I supplemented this by smearing the wetness leaking from my cunt onto his balls. Foreplay was brief. I hadn’t tasted his cock in so long. I was greedy for it. The flat tongue trailed along the sides of the shaft. I licked the underside from the pedestal to the crown. The pinch of fingers eased the foreskin down, and I softly kissed the glans. The salt of his precome instilled in me a condition of absolute longing. I wrapped my lips about the bulbous knob and lowered. My face rotated as it sunk. It wasn’t long until I had the penis installed deep in my throat. Pushing off from his thighs, I swallowed him repeatedly from the tip to the root. My spit waterfalled down his balls. Amadeo’s hands tweaked my nipples. He reached down between my legs for my cunt, which was sopping.

Amadeo found a use for the belt. He folded it in half and extended the leather against the back of my head and pulled with his arms to keep his erection ensconced in my throat. I fellated the cock until he came, and I showed the semen in my mouth before I swallowed.

If it had been nearly four months since I had tasted him, it was also almost four months since he had tasted me. Amadeo feasted between my legs, but he told me I wasn’t allowed to orgasm until his cock occupied my cunt. I gripped the sheets and held on. His tongue squeezed between the labial folds. He tugged them with his lips. He scratched the evening shadow on his cheeks over my sensitive, waxed pubis. I loved how his fingers pressed against the G-spot to bring the clit into prominence. He lapped at the distended nerves. The hood peeled off. His lips sucked hard over the nub. It was the points of his teeth that did it. When he bit, I shrieked. My ass bucked up from the mattress. The pleasure of cunnilingus had made me forget about how sore my buttocks were, but the friction reminded me as my ass slid laterally over the bed. My body tensed. I groaned and came despite my will.

Amadeo found a second use for his belt. He brought it over my pussy ten times in succession to punish me for coming too quickly and without his consent. Each time, once I had finished flailing, I caught my breath, thanked him, and in my best Oliver Twist voice asked for more. This made him chuckle.

Afterwards, Amadeo was beyond hard. He rolled a condom onto his shaft and entered me from above. A much missed cock attached to a much missed man plugged my pussy. I wrapped my arms about his back, and I hugged him to me. The sense of completion, the sense of fullness, the sense of belonging overwhelmed me. I wept. More so than the spanking or the blowjob or the cunt licking or the pussy whipping, this brought me to a submissive place. Through the veil of my tears, I beseeched him to fuck me. I spread a little more and enfolded my legs about his thighs.

Amadeo admonished me in his strict voice to ask him for permission to come this time.

He knew what he was doing with his cock. He had come once already, so on the second pass he could hold out on his orgasm. When I asked him for permission, he denied me. The first time he slowed a little to help ease me away from the edge. The second time, he showed no such mercy. “Not till I say yes,” he said, and he fucked me harder and faster. His hand covered my throat and squeezed.

Under his weight, I groaned and wailed. I balled my hands into fists and beat them against his back. I gritted my teeth and absorbed the force of his thrusts. The tears did not stop. After one minute or two, I asked him again and was rebuffed a third time. His tongue entered my mouth. My back arched up. My nails dug into his shoulders. I restrained myself from climaxing.

“You can come,” he said soon after, though I didn’t make a fourth request. Another couple strokes of the piston inside me was all it took. I squirted with his cock inside. The ferocity of the orgasm, a convulsing of
the vaginal muscles and the release from deep inside expelled his penis from my pussy. The jet of ejaculate launched out of me like an arc of fireworks. After the initial spume, the waters escaped me like a river spilling its banks. The flood left his bedsheets drenched.

Amadeo laughed, and then so did I. He replaced his erection in my cunt and proceeded to fuck me again. My orgasms came continually after that. The little ones were frequent. These were small tremors in the vaginal walls and near the lip of the pussy. The middle ones were the G-spot orgasms produced by the friction of his cock in its slippery, sliding movement inside. The large ones came as sprays. The liquid coursed around the obstruction of his penis and squeezed through the circumference at the opening. Though less explosive than the first gush, these overloaded my nerves. It was an excess of pure physical sensation, but it was also an emotional release. I let go.

Time lost meaning. Amadeo may have fucked me for another half hour or it may have only been a few more minutes. His body tensed. His arms extended and locked and kept the weight of his upper body above my chest. I saw the rugged sinews in relief. He closed his eyes tightly, and his forehead scrunched in concentration. His thighs drove the pelvis down. His pelvis kissed mine as the cock imposed itself to the root. The shuddering of the penis set the walls of my vagina to quaking. I tensed and had one more orgasm of my own. He kissed me gently in its aftermath. The hair on his groin tickled my pussy.

January 6, 2012

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2012/01/06/for-auld-lang-syne/
Because it doesn’t fit in the last post, I separately relate one further episode regarding my Thursday morning. I haven’t performed a piss service since I left London. Urine isn’t one of David’s kinks. My other erstwhile regulars are now so irregular that there hasn’t been an opportunity for me to play this way.

This is how it went.

We were awakened at six by the alarm. After two snooze cycles, Amadeo and I got out of bed. We had made certain to schedule time for morning sex, but as Amadeo needed to go to the office, it was past time to ready ourselves for the day.

I used the toilet first. I had my legs separated as I sat on the throne. Amadeo knelt in front of me. His palm cupped my pussy. I released in short bursts that covered his hand. He wiped the fingers over my tits and replaced them to collect more of my pee. He slapped my cheek with urine wet fingers when I had finished and made me lick the skin clean.

Then, while I knelt in the bathtub, he stood on the sides and waved his penis at me. I looked up at Amadeo with mouth open wide, expectant, a baby chick waiting to be fed.

He hosed me down. The urine landed on my forehead. I closed my eyes and let the piss cascade down my cheeks. The heat fell along the sides of my nose as Amadeo pointed the flow at my mouth. I gargled his pee. I took a swallow, but let most of the urine overflow my lips. It ran down my throat and landed on my breasts.

Amadeo kicked my shoulder with his left foot. I leaned my body backward against the side of the tub and spread my legs for him. The stream of piss landed on my pubis. I peeled the pussy lips open so that my cunt gaped up at him. He urinated into it. After that, he shook the last drops free. They landed on my thigh.

When he had finished, I held the piss inside as long as I could. My body tilted forward as I sat. While the urine sloshed out of my cunt, I ran my fingers over the labia. I licked my hand to taste him again. Then I fellated the cock. Amadeo left the bathroom briefly to retrieve condoms and lube, which he poured onto my ass and smeared on the sphincter. The tip of a finger penetrated me and coated the ring of muscle with lubricant. Suppressing a heaving reaction to the horrid taste of latex, I sucked him again.

He sodomized me. At some point, he turned on the shower. Like the sex, the water was scalding hot.

January 6, 2012

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2012/01/06/piss-service/
Because neither Frank nor I have a place of our own in London, we booked a hotel room near Trafalgar Square. We were together from dinner on Friday through lunch on Sunday. We wandered the National Gallery on Saturday, went to the theater in the evening, and shared five meals. We also exhausted a box of condoms at the hotel. As there is too much sex to tell, I will relate one highlight of Friday, Saturday, and Sunday among many.

**Friday**

I had worn a dress that was too light for the season and left me shivering outdoors despite a thick winter coat that fell to my knees. As I sat straddling his lap in bed, Frank’s hands slid the skirt up my body until my rump showed below the hem. While I held his head by the ears and spelunked my tongue into his open mouth, his fingers secreted themselves under the red lace panties and fondled my buttocks. The hands massaged the cheeks and feathered along the cleft. Fingertips drummed a persistent beat over the muscle at the anus.

First we undressed each other, normally a simple process obstructed by progressions of kisses. It was his mouth I wanted to breathe through, his tongue I wanted to taste, his air I wanted to drink. When his cock was out in the open, the object of my lust shifted a couple of feet downward. Several swift passes lubricated the erection, and then I had him in my throat. Frank kept interrupting my blowjob to pull me up to kiss. He threw me over the mattress. We had a small tickling war that he won by virtue of superior strength. With his weight on top, Frank pinned my wrists to the bed and squeezed my legs with his. Rolling off me, he dragged me back by the legs and heaved one of my ankles over each of his shoulders and plunged his face between my thighs. I held on to the short hairs at the back of his head as he licked and fingered me. My first orgasm of the night arrived this way, through the intercession of that tongue and those incredible lips and that middle finger, which pushed against the clitoris through the wall of the vagina.

Frank confirmed my suspicions when he asked if he could fuck my ass. I was delighted by the prospect. When the cock slid into my pussy to lubricate itself, I moaned and contracted the muscles of my cunt about the shaft. The penetration behind happened slowly. I lowered on forearms and knees, head sideways on the pillow, and raised my buttocks to him. Initially, the glans elbowed through the sphincter, and after that, he lowered his shaft into me little by little. He rocked his pelvis backward so that only the head remained within, the ring of muscle tight about it like an elastic band, and he pushed forward to claim an extra half inch when next he thrust with his hips. Once the length of the penis stroked into me, I raised myself, grabbed on to the headboard of the bed, and gyrated my ass back at his cock. He held me by the waist and then by the breasts as he stabbed into me.

In the end, we tried a new position. My head was on the floor, and I used my hands to prop my back and
buttocks vertical. He stood, knees bent, straddling me, and his fingers slanted the penis downward. High above me, I saw the rise of his back, the tufts of fur between his shoulders, the valley of his spine, and the bedraggled hair at the top of his head. Light gleamed from the sheen of sweat and gave him an otherworldly gloss. He penetrated my anus as he squatted and lifted. His thighs bounced off my buttocks when the cock sunk in, and his balls slapped against my perineum and pussy half a moment later. I reached my hand up to stroke his thigh when he spurted.

Saturday

Before we went out to see the play, Frank and I took a bubble bath together. The tip of his cock peered above the surface like the periscope on a submarine. My tongue lifted against one of the lobes of the head and curled to fit the curve of his glans. I sucked only the knob, where I knew the nerves were most densely concentrated. My lips nipped lightly at the apron of foreskin at the bottom. Underwater, the heels of my fingers batted at the base of the shaft and at the round projection of his scrotum. I felt the flow of liquid between my fingers and under my palm.

Frank brought his legs out of the water and extended them on either side of me so that they stretched to the other end of the bathtub. His torso lifted perpendicularly and his back reclined against the far wall. One of his hands pressed down against the back of my head to ensure that my mouth would retain its hold on his penis. I clasped the middle of the shaft and sucked hard against the head, pouting my lips to add pressure and friction. My tongue licked lightly along the ridge of foreskin. As he vocalized his pleasure, the water dashed the walls of the tub and made loud splashing noises. He asked that I don’t make him come. I acceded to this request, but I drew out the blowjob as long as possible by humming, buzzing, sucking, swishing saliva over the crown, flicking the tonguetip at the aperture, raking my top row of teeth gently over the helmet, and, in general, varying the stimulation as ever I could. Up close, I liked how the water beaded over the shaft and hung in enormous droplets in his thick pubic hair.

Later, I washed my pussy and rinsed the soap from the labial folds with the showerhead, which I held in my hand and pointed at my pubis. Frank replaced my fingers with his and rubbed from side to side over the swollen, but still yearning flesh. Before long, his tongue lined up and down the slit. He told me that I tasted clean. His nose flattened against the pubic bone as the tongue insinuated itself through the doorway. The fingers pinched the hood of the clit and eased the cowl off to show the distended nerves. I directed the water stream at the juncture of my legs. Eyes closed, he sucked deeper, and he sucked harder, and he sucked so much slower. His hands cupped my buttocks and pulled me to him as the length of his tongue crammed into my vagina. His upper lip brushed against the clitoris, and the air from his flared nostrils wheezed over it. I leaned my weight against the side wall and thrust my pelvis onto his face. The water from the shower pulsed against my bare pubis, dashed around his proboscis, and rolled down in waves over the entrance of my pussy where his jaws now worked. Unlike him, I had no compunction about coming: I could do it forever.

When he fucked me, I sunk into the water with my head propped against the shallow end of the bathtub. One of my legs hooked over the edge and the other lifted in an angle against the wall. His thighs inhabited the space between mine, and his knees settled against the bottom of the tub. The tops of his feet balanced on the taps and faucet at the far end. With my weight displacing the water and also his, the waterline rose until it hovered a mere two inches below the lip. The soap suds left a sea of foam that clung to our bodies.

His cock lodged all the way into my cunt, and he fucked me with shallow strokes. My arms held his waist and steadied his movements, the fingers clenching over the hips whenever he thrust. I groaned my approbation
and kissed him. The notes of my ecstasy bounced off the walls and echoed back in counterpoint to the next expressive sounds that escaped my lips.

I challenged him to fuck me harder. The cock vacated my cunt almost totally and sliced through the water in the tub and sluiced back in to the warmth and the wetness of my pussy. The water splashed over the rim leaving puddles on the floor. I folded my arms under my head and pushed off the bottom surface of the tub. My cunt tilted up at him. My breasts floated in the opaque water like volcanic islands. Frank pushed his weight off the sides of the bathtub and fucked me faster. The fluid between us moderated the strength of his movements, but its spray up my pubis to my belly felt exquisite.

I tightened my muscles around the cock as he penetrated me. My eyes squinched shut, and my cheekbones lifted, and I breathed hard through my nose, and my body tensed up, and my arms wrapped his back, and I gripped his shoulders, and I thrust my pelvis up, hard and out, and my chest heaved, and my toes curled against the drain, and my buttocks launched into the air, and it fell again in a great splashdown just as I came.

Frank grunted through my orgasm, and then his resolve gave out. His cock convulsed inside me, which made the walls of my vagina bow inward and buckle. My orgasm intensified one more notch, and I bit his shoulder and beat my forearm against his back. When we sank into the water again, the tub was only half full. Despite the towels on the floor, water seeped between my toes as I stood in front of the mirror and completed my preparations for a thrilling evening out.

**Sunday**

In the morning, after we had finished breakfast in the restaurant downstairs, we returned to our room to pack. We stole kisses as we could. While his hands rubbed my cunt through my black trousers, I unzipped Frank’s jeans and wormed my hand into the fly. Descending to my knees, I sucked him before the window. The curtains were drawn apart, and the light sloped in through the glass. Another, taller hotel across the street gazed down at us. I hoped that we would be observed by a guest in one of their rooms, but I doubt that anyone saw, and perhaps the glass was anyway too reflective from the outside for us to be noticed. Regardless of whether we had an audience, I added a bit of theater to the fellatio. My hands made circles under his shirt while my head bobbed over the shaft, and when my tongue caught his semen, I spit it back over the shaft and vacuumed it up again. Droplets of semen shimmered brightly in his dark pubic hair like thick raindrops.

These were memorable days. I hope to see Frank one more time before flying home.

January 10, 2012

[http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2012/01/10/friday-saturday-sunday/](http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2012/01/10/friday-saturday-sunday/)
He texted me at four in the afternoon: *When you see me tonight, wear clothes you don’t mind getting ruined.*

A few minutes later, one more text arrived: *Bring a change of clothes for tomorrow.* Evidently, he had a plan.

I wore sweatpants and a ratty sweatshirt from college that I sleep in sometimes. The tube brought me to Amadeo’s around 8:30. He buzzed me into the building. As I climbed the stairs to the apartment, I removed my woolen winter coat, which I did mind getting ruined.

Once he had let me in and I had set my coat and backpack down, he had me pressed up against the wall. He gripped my jaws and squeezed. The kisses were bites. He brought his hand under my sweatshirt and flattened the tits, which a sports bra held in place. His hand slapped the side of my face.

He dragged me into the kitchen and pushed my head down against the countertop. I saw the espresso machine from a sideways slant. He had my wrists pinned in back of me at a painful angle. His feet kicked apart my legs. A hand reached between my thighs and rubbed over my pussy, not at all gently. He spanked it.

Amadeo breathed heavily. He bit at my neck and shoulder.

“Do not move,” he stated in a harsh whisper.

He fumbled in the drawer and produced a knife whose serrated edge he flashed me. I froze in place as he bunched up the cloth where my legs joined and poked into it with the point of the blade. He made a rent in the sweatpants and then sawed through the panties so they flapped away from my pussy. The fabric at the pubis was held in place by the sweats.

His fingers sunk into my cunt, and he spun his wrist and fucked them in and out. They made wet noises.

“Turn around,” he said, and he released me so that I could. The blade went under my sweatshirt, and he sliced through. He knew what he was doing. He pointed the cutting edge of the knife away from me. The cloth tore audibly. When the tip of the knife peered past the collar, the sweatshirt split into halves. After that, he sliced open the sports bra.

“Down on the floor,” he said, fumbling with his trousers.

I had my hands on my knees, legs open, palms facing up, and I waited.

“Kiss it,” he said.

He meant the knife. My face reflected in the shiny stainless steel. I kissed the cold metal. His fingers threaded through my hair. He yanked the roots hard, and he pulled my head up. His fingers forced my mouth open. He aimed the blade past my lips so that the knife rested against my tongue. The blade dragged along the bottom
row of teeth. Amadeo held the knife extremely still. I shut my eyes, and I closed my lips over it. I trusted
this man implicitly. Very carefully, Amadeo eased the knife free of my mouth and set it on the counter.

My head leaned against the wooden cabinet. Amadeo pushed off the countertop with his hand and throat
fucked me with his cock. I made glugging noises. The saliva overflowed my lips and dribbled down my
chin. My fingers were in front of me. I rubbed my clit through the hole in my sweats. This was an automatic
gesture. My brain concentrated on breathing.

My eyes were directed at the ceiling when he came. The curve of his hand shucked along the underside of
the penis. Semen slashed my cheek like a liquid whip.

January 12, 2012

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2012/01/12/edge-play/
I went out on Friday night with friends from my old band. Sara introduced me to a cellist, who had joined the orchestra since I had left. She figured we would hit it off and vouched for his performance. She wasn’t wrong.

On my knees, on his bed, I sucked his cock. His balls were a bit too sensitive for me to mouth and handle, so I concentrated my efforts on the stem and the glans. He enjoyed a wet blowjob. He was also particularly turned on by the visual: he held my hair out of the way so that he could watch me work his penis with my lips and tongue. I gave him plenty of eye contact.

When it was time to reciprocate, he ate my cunt from behind. I thrust my ass up into the air, and he lowered his head into the space between my thighs and licked the perineum and the lips of the pussy. He surprised me by pulling out a dildo from the drawer in the nightstand. As he lapped my cunt, he penetrated me with the false cock. It had a suction cup bottom that we attached to a dinner plate that we set over the mattress. I lowered myself onto the ersatz erection and bounced myself over it. He nursed at my breasts and fingered my clitoris.

We fucked twice last night, and each time, I came with his cock inside me. The first time, I was on top, straddling his hard-on, just as I had the dildo. The pliancy of flesh makes a penis the best sex toy ever. His hands smoothed over my back, and he held me by the hips. After the initial orgasm, I let the control of the tempo shift from me to him. His cock made a sequence of long, smooth strokes, then suddenly he would stab it all the way in and hold position when it bottomed out. The deep penetration made me moan. I compressed my muscles about the shaft. He specialized in sticky, sloppy kisses.

The second time, I had my legs in the air, knees touching, the insides of thighs flush. He stood on the floor, straddling the corner of the mattress. His cock thrust into me in long, even strokes in 4/4 time. His thighs slapped against my skin. My breasts rippled under the force of the entry. The seismic jolt, when his cock shuddered to a halt and the momentum carried the balls forward against the sensitive patch of skin below the pussy, rendered the nerves insensate. They overloaded with pleasure. I shrieked. One of my arms wrapped my legs above the knees to make the fit even tighter.

I moved to the center of the bed, and he joined me on the mattress. His hands on my knees winged my thighs apart. He rested on his shins and lowered his erection into my cunt. His pelvis did a twist, and while dug down deep inside me, the cock spun at the cunt, which flowered tightly about the root. He remained on his knees, and I arched myself. My hands, on either side of my shoulders, together with my feet pushed my weight up from the bed. The blood rushed to my upside down head. His grip supported my buttocks. The powerful arms held me upright while I flailed and came.
He sweated so much; his skin was saturated in perspiration. The cock pounded my pussy in short strokes, and I diddled my clit at the top. His paw covered one of my breasts. His breath shortened, and his movements became erratic. Words had abandoned him. He said something, but his speech was unintelligible. After orgasm, we kissed softly.

I went to the kitchen for a glass of water, and he was fast asleep by the time I returned. I liked him enough that I pulled up the corner of the duvet and slipped into the bed beside him. He was a snorer and hogged most of the sheets. We had a quickie in the morning to finish.

January 14, 2012

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2012/01/14/sonata-for-flute-and-cello/
The flight from Boston to London is half empty. I am in the back of the cabin in a window seat. A man in his early twenties who wears a Patriots sweatshirt sits on the aisle. His long legs claim an extra inch of room this way. We make small talk over airplane food. He was in Vermont over the holidays to visit his dad’s side of the family. He lives in Essex. He asks me why I am traveling to London. I tell him this trip is to see my much missed lovers. After this pronouncement, the two of us flirt outrageously.

When the lights go off, the gallant man offers the unused middle seat between us to me. Seatbelt still fastened, I twist my body and try for sleep.

Slumber doesn’t come to me.

I hardly ever fall asleep on airplanes.

Raising the armrest, I decide to amuse myself.

A blanket covers the man’s legs. My hand reaches beneath. I stroke his thigh. He looks down at me, bemused. I flash him a brilliant smile. My hand shifts up and to the center. I find his cock. The pressure and grasp of fingers brings him to hardness.

The woman across the aisle from us sleeps. The crew are in the galley in front.

“Let me make you come,” I whisper.

He lifts and unfastens his seatbelt. He pulls down his fly. Unfortunately, he is wearing briefs. I cannot suck him dry.

I can only give a handjob. Fingers stroke the shaft through tight cotton, rising from the middle of the erection to the crown. Thumb opposite the other fingers, I perform a twist at the head.

To anyone who notices, we are a couple. My head rests against his thigh and uses it as a pillow. His eyes are closed. His body sinks into the chair, which leans back. The cabin is dark. That my hand vanishes into the blanket is difficult to detect in this dim light.

I add pressure. My fingers slide the underwear against the sides of the shaft as they lift up to the glans. The thumb pushes down over the frenulum. After this, I narrow my grip on the head, shift down again, and repeat.

The circumcised helmet, whose lobes I feel by touch, hops against the maw of the collapsed fingers after a twist at the crest. Fabric checks the movement. Semen surges through the cotton and coats my hand. I look up at a man whose name I do not know. Eyes laser down at me. I meet his gaze coolly and bring my hand to my mouth, and slowly, I part my lips and scrape my fingertips along the bottom row of teeth to deposit his...
come onto my tongue. As a hundred people around us sit, I gulp his whiteness down. My tongue laps until I can no longer taste him on my skin.

Having had a draught of a man’s milk, now I can sleep.

∼

This is the purest fantasy, of course. Who ever heard of the economy cabin being half empty on a trans-Atlantic flight these days? I squished into a center seat and suffered the airplane food and endured screaming babies and slept for about an hour.

I expect the flight home today will be full as well.

I owe stories of the weekend — Frank on Saturday, Amadeo on Sunday.

January 17, 2012

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2012/01/17/five-miles-high/
Frank and I hooked up on Saturday. We wandered the Wallace Collection in the late afternoon and then shared an early dinner at a Greek restaurant, after which we happily retreated to a hotel room, where we messed around until two thirty in the morning, at which point we fell asleep out of sheer exhaustion from too much fucking.

I had spent the previous night with the cellist. The sex had been phenomenal for a one night stand, but Frank knew my body in a way that a new man could not. As we couldn’t guess when or if we would meet up again, he and I applied ourselves to sex. The night generated a monumental catalog of sexual positions.

Surprisingly, Frank awoke earlier than I did on Sunday. My first memory of morning was a pair of hands lightly scratching my shoulders. My vision unblurred. Sleepy eyes focused to see my lover’s face looming over me. The heavy lids drooped shut. I moaned contentedly and turned onto my side. His mouth fastened over mine. The lips applied soft pressure. The tip of his tongue coaxed mine out to play. My hand reached up and grabbed the back of his head. His fingers trailed over my breasts and belly.

I rolled onto my back and spread my legs open for him. He fingered my cunt. The tips of fingers feathered over the labia. The pussy lips petaled apart under the gentle pressure. The kisses were interrupted by smiles and laughter.

Frank untangled the blanket from my feet. Pillows at my shoulders, I propped myself to a sitting position. He tongued my pussy. My left hand clutched at the hair on the back of his head. Then my right hand did the same. They alternated. Hand turned up, he slipped the index and middle fingers into the cunt. He thrust them in and hooked them out and tapped at the walls inside. The tongue circled my clit. His nose rubbed my bare pubis. He worked the pussy steadily and patiently. Neither of us were in any hurry. I wanted these moments to last. The bedsheets were wadded in my hands when the orgasm finally claimed me.

To reciprocate the oral attention, I sucked his cock. As it was morning, the erection was thick. I maintained a loose grip over the bottom of the shaft. My little finger curled around the front of the scrotum. Lips made a tight seal about the glans, and I sucked wetly and slowly. He caressed my buttocks as I fellated the penis. His fingers grazed over the crease of the ass and manipulated my pussy from behind.

Frank cupped the side of my face in his hands, pulled me off his penis, and brought me up for a long and deep kiss. He had a condom at the ready. His fingers stumbled over the wrapper, so he bit it open with his teeth.

He knelt on the mattress. My right calf draped over his left thigh. The inside of my other leg was flush with his hip. The cock slipped into me easily. He swallowed a breast in his hand while the shaft dragged slowly
in. My feet elevated from the bed. Hands on his back above the ass, I cajoled his body onto me. I wanted to kiss. He supported his weight on his forearms while he fucked me. When the cock slipped out, both of our hands went at once to the shaft to return it to my pussy, where it needed to be.

My ankles crossed over the small of his back. Hands clutched at his muscular arms. I compelled his mass on top of me so that the breasts squashed flat. The penis stabbed into me with short, powerful jabs. I came undone.

After orgasm, we switched positions. I went to hands and knees with my ass tilted in the air. Frank stood next to the bed and entered my cunt from behind. He palmed one hemisphere of the ass while he fucked me. My right hand pushed off the bed, and I twisted my head laterally to catch Frank’s eyes. I wanted it to feel tremendous for him. I made it a point to remember my kegel exercises. My vagina tightened around the shaft. The pace of the fuck was exceedingly slow. I did a grind with my hips and spun my pussy as Frank’s penis reached into me. The extension of my rump kissed his groin. Soft feminine grunts echoed the louder baritone sounds that escaped his throat.

Frank sighed, and his endurance gave way. The cock pulsed within my cunt. I clamped my muscles over the shaft at once. My fingers strummed at my clitoris. As I wasn’t expecting him to come so suddenly, I couldn’t time a coincident orgasm. This did not matter. I let my elbows buckle so that the front part of my body sunk against the mattress, raised my ass to him, and reversed to take the penis deeper within me. When the convulsions had finished, I remained motionless on the bed. I wanted to keep Frank ensconced for as long as possible.

January 24, 2012

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2012/01/24/waking-up-to-one-last-fuck/
The e-mail I sent him

Dear Amadeo,

I don’t know when, after tonight, we will see each other again. Unless you visit me in the States, it could be quite some time. You know that monogamy isn’t for me. It never was. I told you this before we met. But life so often surprises. I can’t make any promises for what will happen if we do meet up, whether we will fuck. Today, however, I can state with absolute conviction that *I* *am* *yours*. I belong to you. This may never happen again. It behooves us to make circumstance our bitch.

I want your company — in bed and out of it. More than this, I crave your dominance. I desire to be a girl possessed. I require your strength. You can punish me for topping from below — please do! — but I insist upon it. I need you to be rough with me. I want to be totally fucked by you. Use my mouth. Use my cunt. Use my ass. Use them just as you please. I am three holes for your pleasure. I am a slut for one cock only. It’s yours, Amadeo. You own the penis, so you own the woman. I am a plaything, a fuck-toy, the clay that you mold. I am your willing and submissive zero pound whore. I am to be taken hard and challenged. Be harsh with me. Do this. I want you to.

Leave your mark on my body. Beat my buttocks and my breasts. Pull my hair. Place bruises on my skin, bite marks, welts, hickeys. Sign your name on me with indelible ink after each of my orgasms. I want the evidence of the night to linger for days. I want to remember you as I sit uncomfortably in the airplane. I want other lovers to see what you have done.

Slap my pussy. Be brutal to my clitoris. Hold me down by the windpipe and tighten your grip on my throat while you claim my mouth with your tongue and my vagina with your penis. Fuck me with your feet. I will lick the soles and suck your toes afterwards. I will lap the hollows of your arms. Place your fist inside my cunt, twist it within me slowly, unball your fingers under my womb, stretch them out. Make your hand big inside. I am, after all, your fuck puppet. Have me rim your asshole. I will kiss your anus, layering the opening with spit to begin, lowering my tongue beyond the sphincter, slurping at your bung in the exact manner that you devour my pussy. If it is your wish, I will do this for hours. I want to please you so very much.

My vagina throbs when I think about compressing its muscles about your shaft. I am wet inside my panties. I touch myself and ramp the arousal to stratospheric heights.

Tie me down. Chain me up. Masturbate my cunt. I want to be on my knees for you. I want your penis in my mouth.

Piss on me. Come over me. I will wear your bodily fluids proudly. I will drink them down and thank you for
the privilege.

I want your presence. I want to have your weight over my body. I want to be blanketed by your warmth. I feel small beside you and protected. I want to bestow on you what pleasure I can. This is my main purpose tonight, my sole concern. More so than the orgasms that render me speechless, more so than a ticket to subspace, more so than the memories that will linger for years, this shall be my joy.

I am an obedient girl. I will do what you say.

I know you will make me laugh. I expect you will make me cry. I will come so many times, with permission and without. We will say farewell, but we won’t say goodbye. And who knows what may follow?

See you in one hour, lover.

Your dutiful slut,

Leah

~

The last date

What I wrote happened, more or less. It was a third consecutive night of sex. But such weekends are the reason I spend an hour at the gym every day.

We met up in the early afternoon for lunch, and then Amadeo gave me a tour of his office, which I had been asking to see. Unfortunately, even though it was a Sunday, there were people around. We kissed and touched a little, but our clothes stayed on. I enjoyed learning about his current projects. As I had errands to run, I left Amadeo, did the things I needed to do, dropped stuff off at the apartment in which I was staying, sent the e-mail I quoted above, and proceeded out again after I had eaten a quick dinner.

I traveled to Amadeo’s apartment wearing sensible shoes, thigh high black nylon stockings, a winter coat, and nothing else. It was a curious feeling to be on the tube almost naked. On the escalator out of the bowels of the underground, the man behind me may have noticed what I wasn’t wearing. He followed me up the stairs at the end, being sure to remain several steps behind me. The chill outside made my nipples peak. The cold air swirled between my legs. The shivers were worth it. Amadeo approved when the coat came off.

In the bedroom, he had me read my letter aloud. Fully nude and prostrate on the floor, I kissed his feet. As in the past, he tied me to the bed and whipped my pussy with a leather belt. He fisted me also. He fucked me to release, but stopped before he came. I have related incidents of a similar character before; I won’t repeat myself.

The new ingredient was the caning. He has a rattan cane among the toys he keeps in the bedroom closet, but we haven’t played with this much in the past. Amadeo had me bend over and clutch my ankles. He stood behind me. Through my legs, I saw his erection wave at me. He tested the cane. It wooshed through the air. His hands stroked the insides of my thighs and spread the moisture from my pussy over an expanse of skin. When he felt that anticipation had assumed a sufficient pitch, he hit me. He struck the backs of my thighs. The cane landed heavily on the fleshy part of the buttocks. It thudded on my back. The pain at the point of impact was sharp and stinging. It made me yelp. Often, he repeated several times over the same spot. The skin burned after the fact. The nerve endings seared. Following a particularly fierce impact, I
involuntarily straightened. The cane cut sharply across the side of my thigh. The pressure on the small of my back compelled me down. His steely voice negated dissent.

I cried. The sobs racked my body. My breathing became heavy. I thought it hurt too much to continue. But I bit my lower lip and summoned the will to keep going. He asked me to ask him to hit me harder, and I did this in sentences that broke through a cloud of tears. In the end, he went to his knees. His tongue followed the lines of welts that marred my skin.

He turned me around and looked up at me from his knees. His tongue licked along the slit. Amadeo positioned me over the bed. I was on my back. The nerves beneath me throbbed. He forced my legs open and raised my arms above my head. He didn’t tie me down, but instructed me nevertheless not to move. I knew what would follow. My hands gripped the sheets. I spread the legs wider for him. The cane slashed over my tits. He struck a dozen times, then worked the tops of my thighs. I screamed. He stuffed his boxer shorts in my mouth to muffle the sounds. Muscles in his upper arms and torso rippled. Though he tempered his strength on my breasts, no such quarter was given to my legs. It hurt immeasurably. But I wanted it. I could absorb this punishment. I wanted to be his good girl. Amadeo spoke in a soft voice that encouraged me even as the cane wounded. I concentrated on the regular, deep rhythms of his breathing. I closed my eyes and drew within my mind and entered a warm and submissive place. In the end, he dropped the wood and buried his face in my cunt and licked me gently. He sucked on the clit until I came. In the aftermath of the orgasm, which I kissed from his cheeks and chin, he fingered my bruised nipples. We chatted as he massaged my back and rubbed salve over my buttocks and thighs.

Amadeo and I started our friendship with an e-mail. He answered an ad on Craigslist. The fantasy he had proposed was too extreme for me, especially on a first date. The intelligence and humor in his message intrigued me, however. I replied, and we got to talking. His appeal grew. Amadeo’s demeanor and attitude engendered confidence when we met. Early on, I had the sense that he could become a regular dom. I am so happy that he did.

Amadeo asked me again about his initial fantasy. I am still not ready for it. So we negotiated a compromise. As he made the preparations, I spent forty-five minutes curled over the rug on the floor. He had me chained to the radiator, which heated me nicely. (He prefers a cooler temperature than I like.) At the lowest setting, a vibrator buzzed agreeably in my cunt. I wasn’t allowed to touch my pussy. I wasn’t allowed to come. I flipped through the pictures in an art book while I waited. It distracted my attention from the still singing nerve endings. Amadeo walked over, called me bitch, and ruffled my hair affectionately. The tip of a finger stroked between my cleavage and trailed on a downward trajectory to my clitoris, which he pointedly did not touch. He sucked my nipples and dangled ropes of saliva into my open mouth. He took a dram of Laphroaig and let it spill from his lips into mine and then did the same with fizzy sparkling water. I stretched. My pussy and pubis were pleasantly sore. I was more aware of the stiffness in my thighs and back.

When he had finished cleaning, he showed me water in the depression of his hand, and then he tipped the hand to his lips and swallowed it. After that, he led me by the chain, which looped my throat and was secured by a luggage lock. I padded after him into the bathroom. He unfastened the lock. The chain tinkled to ground. The side of my face squashed up against the bottom of the toilet cover. He directed the stream of piss against my face. I closed my eyes and felt the warmth of it pass over my eyelid and along the nose and cheek. The color was a pale yellow. When he had finished, I blotted the urine on the glans with my tongue and sucked the penis to hardness. He slipped a condom over the erection. I turned. My hands gripped the porcelain rim.
of the toilet, and I braced myself. The cock entered my pussy from behind.

I trusted Amadeo.

With my head in the bowl, which was full of urine and toilet water, he fucked me. My face touched the surface of the liquid. My hair became wet. His hand pushed hard against the back of my head to keep me in place. He flushed the toilet. The sudden suction of the water below took me by surprise. The jets of water splashed my face as the toilet filled up. His cock pounded my cunt at a furious pace. My face was in and out of the water repeatedly. I took rapid breaths through my mouth. He didn’t hold my head underwater for long periods of time; I could, in fact, take in air easily.

Under the circumstances, Amadeo didn’t last long within my cunt. He gave a massive groan and came in my pussy. It took fewer than five minutes from start to finish.

I removed the condom and inverted it and slurped the semen inside. I licked and sucked his shaft. Then, I dunked my head back into the toilet, closed my eyes, and washed my face with another flush.

My mouth filled with water, and I sputtered it back out. I dipped my hand in and collected more water, which I wiped over his chest and groin and thighs. Amadeo laughed. He kissed me. His tongue licked my cheeks. He bit the tip of my nose. The water sprayed from me as I shook my head like a dog. I lapped the drops that had splashed the rim. He moaned when he saw this. The erection resurrected itself. He reached for me.

Philosophical remarks

Sex is dirty. Sex is vulgar. Sex is rough.

As I had requested, the last meeting with Amadeo was exceptionally intense. It deviated in an unexpected direction. I was a willing participant throughout. I enjoyed myself. Though the bruises remained for a week, I have no regrets.

Water bondage is a fantasy that Amadeo has nursed for years. The symbolism mattered to him greatly. With my head bent over the toilet waiting for him to place his cock inside me, I thought how terrible could this possibly be when he had spent most of an hour cleaning until the white porcelain was fit to eat from and demonstrated this to me by drinking the water first? It absolutely would not hurt the way the caning had. After it was done, I was happy that I had been able to offer him something new.

I tend not to rationalize sex and submission along the axes of humiliation and degradation. Amadeo and I can play as hard as we do because I know that he respects me. The discussions we have, despite a sixteen year gap in age and experience, are the social interactions of equals. We happen to have complementary sexual tastes. We enjoy kink and the D/s dynamic in the bedroom. Crucially, all of this is only play. I am not a second class human being for surrendering control over the patterns of sex. He does not make me feel inferior to him. How could he when he licks the water from the toilet off my face?

When Amadeo and I started seeing each other, I had a boyfriend in Boston. My great worry during our time together was the possibility that he was getting too attached. To preempt this and to maintain a modicum of distance, I chose to restrict our encounters to one day a week. I also made sure he knew there were others in my sexual life. Still, our relationship flourished, and the friendship deepened. To me, he is one of the touchstones of the city, like the National Gallery or the Southbank Centre. I can’t think of London without
remembering the nights we shared. I miss him. For sexual fulfillment, for safe journeys to subspace and back, for sex as provocation and challenge and adventure, for kink as a lifeline, I am in his debt.

∼

The next meeting

I have asked Amadeo to visit me in Boston. He said he would try to come in May. He also promised to be a better correspondent. I hope we pick up again where we left off.

In the meanwhile, I have David. We have met up twice since I have been back. He introduced me to electrostimulation. The sensations are novel. Over the weekend, he and I fucked until we could no longer remain awake, slept for a few hours, woke up renewed, and proceeded to fuck some more. My friend Ab, an irregular regular who teaches biology at a middle school, plans to take me to a swingers’ club on St. Valentine’s night. There’s always something. I keep discovering new dimensions to sex.

I’m a lucky girl.

January 27, 2012

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2012/01/27/ending-at-the-beginning/
Once upon a time (or two years ago) there was a young woman — let’s call her Leah, though this is not her name — who spent happy hours in pursuit of obscure bits of knowledge. Having acquired the notion that this would become her life’s work, Leah found it necessary to take leave of her family and her friends and the places that she knew. She traversed a wide ocean to live for some months in the bosom of a largish city on a small and perpetually wet island in a northern sea. This girl, it so happened, loved a boy, deeply and truly and madly. Though she kept faith with him in her heart, Leah wasn’t the type of girl who conceived of pleasure as an exclusive gift. She reasoned it thus. To lighten the spirit, in our daily social intercourse, do we not seek laughter wheresoever we may justly find it? What is an orgasm except an immense and multilayered explosion of laughter that arises from the depths, bubbles out and excites the nerves, extends to the extremities, and racks and convulses the whole body with a surfeit of pleasure, thereby exalting and elating and elevating the self while also compressing it within a timeless moment of utter and unalloyed ecstasy? Shouldn’t such exemplary delights be shared, for does not the joy that manifests in this manner magnify by means of finding its expression in the company of friends? Therefore, she concluded, having established we’re friends, let’s get naked and fuck, why don’t we?

As people do, she had contradictions, this girl who was not named Leah, and heterogeneous tastes, which included testing the limits of her experience. She thought it would be good to share the adventures she had in the place called London with the boy who remained at home with the key to her very being. Leah wrote these assorted sordid tales for him so that her London would become their city through common understanding despite the fact of a very great distance. While Leah was often lonely, she met special people, who made her new and temporary abode come to life for her, and she, in her turn, gave to them what she could spare of herself.

Just as she missed him terribly, the boy also missed Leah. He had adventures of his own as well. For a time, while she returned across the ocean, they were together and deliriously happy. Too soon, Leah flew away again for another sojourn of months on the faraway continent on the other side of the sea. Inevitably, it transpired that the three thousand two hundred seventy-five miles that separated them were three thousand two hundred seventy-five too many. They said a tearful farewell, and the lives of the boy and the girl diverged as the threads in a tapestry do. Despite good intentions and the best of wills, such things happen in this imperfectible world. It is no one’s fault.

Without the boy she had once loved as the principal intended audience for her writing, Leah persisted in committing to the pixelated page the exploits that she dared in London, which had become familiar to her as a place called home. In part, she did this to see the project she had started through. But she also enjoyed telling her stories and reliving her deeds in this way. Additionally, Leah felt she had things to say which were
worth saying. On reflection, considering the readers she had accumulated, she could have exhibited a greater measure of boldness in her writing. Too late, for example, Leah essays the third person. There are as well things that remain unsaid, through neglect and indifference, or from indolence and a lack of application, or because of Leah’s inability to give expression to inchoate thoughts. She figured that there would always be adequate time to set things right.

Long ago and far away, on lazy summer afternoons when school was out, it seemed that time stretched far, and the hours in a day, though still finite in their number and their extent, were enough to read and gambol and play. It was then, in fact, that Leah acquired her first taste for setting her own words to a printed page and placing them to neatly fit. In the years that followed, she developed other interests, and the chief among these were boys and her scholastic passions. A decade and a half after those barefoot afternoons from a half remembered August, the time allotted to things on this earth, and more importantly, to its people seems unbearably meager.

Leah has loosed many words upon the world — one hundred thirty thousand of them, give or take, not including the various comments. Focused as they are on one thing only, these words sketch a monstrously distorted self-portrait. The proportions are askew. Yet it is an autobiography just the same.

And now it is time to stop.

The story continues, unwebbed. The middle chapters are still to be lived and savored. The final chapters remain even to be dreamed. With a sufficient quantity of good luck, the once upon a time with which this page commenced might pair with a happily ever after as its ideal bookend. It may be so. Who can tell?

These are the tales of many nights. After night comes the day.

We fade to brightness here.

February 5, 2012

http://leahlayslondon.wordpress.com/2012/02/05/the-end-for-real/
Addendum: For months, I toyed with how to end the blog. One night, over too many glasses of wine, I wrote this sonnet. (As you can see, I was never a poet.) I posted it as a comment on the blog, and five minutes later I deleted it. Consider this an outtake.

**Constantly rutting along**

A cock slips easily within a cunt,  
And masculine hands seize upon the waist.  
The room reverberates with gasp and grunt:  
Pussy will spill once the penis makes haste.  
Lovers in my bed are intimate friends,  
While the extras arrive by purest chance.  
Anonymous orgasms are savage ends:  
Always and all ways this well practiced dance.  
I’m insatiable slut and shameless whore.  
Spankings have I taken and bruises worn.  
“Harder,” I entreat. “Deeper, give me more.”  
Three holes I submit. From me are sobs torn.  
Fuck is a ritual, the rite supreme:  
Days are young, nights are long, and love’s a dream.

That’s all I have. I shan’t say goodbye.  
I will say thank you. Take care of yourselves.  
The pleasure was always mine.

February 5, 2012
It was St. Valentine’s night. A fuck buddy had invited me to a swingers’ party. I thought we were going to a club, but in fact we drove to a house in the Boston suburbs. Before we headed out, we fucked at his place. I wanted him to be first of the night. I desired the thrill of D/s from a familiar hand. My lover hauled me back by the hair and fucked me doggy style on the loveseat. I wore a ball gag and nipple clamps. I came. He did not. He spit on my face and slapped my tits. He had me rim his hairy bung while he masturbated himself. When I endeavored to suck, he kept pulling his erection from my grasp. I needed to beg. Desperate for a mouthful of penis, I lowered my head in supplication. My hands smoothed over his shins, and I whined until he relented. Fingers diddled my clit as I fellated the cock. I thought I could make him spurt, but my sometime dom denied me this pleasure. He extracted his glans from my lips and ordered me to stand. Hunching me over the leather sofa, he pounded my pussy some more. He thrust relentlessly. His balls clapped against my thighs. My interior walls spasmed continually. Of their own volition, my legs spread wider. Leading with my ass, I forced a faster tempo. The scents of my arousal made my nostrils flare. Incoherent in speech, I chewed on my bottom lip and wailed through the tremors of orgasm. Once my pussy had stopped its quaking, once my breathing and heartbeat had equilibrated, once I had somehow regained a semblance of self-possession, I gripped his shaft with my muscles, lifted the pelvic floor, and wrung myself about the shaft. When he declared that he had reached the upper limit of his stamina, I entreated him to release in my mouth. He spun me around. I dropped to ground as he dispatched the condom. Lips made a seal halfway down the shaft. I collapsed my cheeks, filled my mouth with saliva, applied pressure with my tongue, and sucked hard. Fingers feathered over his scrotum. I knew it was coming. Nevertheless, the force of the eruption and the quantity of semen took me by surprise. The orgasm was immense. I struggled to swallow the torrent of his come.

When we arrived at the party, the festivities were in full swing. The fuck buddy saw a girl he knew and wrapped her in an enormous hug. After he introduced us, she took him by the hand and led him upstairs. As everyone was nude, I undressed and went to the kitchen. A woman was sitting on top of the island counter with her legs spread wide. A guy bent at the waist; his face was buried in her cunt. I grabbed a bottle of Sam Adams from the fridge and left them to it. Noting the well-known sounds drifting up from the basement, I proceeded downstairs.

A couple of guys, as naked as I was, instantly zeroed in and chatted me up. Ten minutes later, I was on my knees, alternating between the pair. I sucked the one and stroked the other. The silver haired guy had me

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‡ Ok. So maybe that wasn’t the end after all. I wrote this adventure up as a gift for a friend. Rather than letting it keep in my mailbox and his, I figured I would share.
lean over an exercise bike. As he fucked my cunt from behind, the tall, bald man, who was probably a decade younger than his friend, watched, waited, and wanked. He took me on the ground when it was his turn. My thighs were damp and hot. My pussy was just the same. I clawed his back. About half the mattresses on the floor were in use.

There may have been twenty couples at this party. Most of the sex I indulged in happened in pairs. But there was some group action, too. I mouthed a man’s big balls while a woman was on her knees getting fucked by him. A girl and I bounced over two men’s laps. I listed my body in her direction, and while each of us had our pussies excavated by foreign cocks, we kissed intimately. I tweaked the nipples on her tiny breasts. A man fingered me and another girl simultaneously. We had our first taste of each other’s cunts from his crossed arms and sucked his penis together. Later in the evening, while an athlete plugged my anus, an older man walked over and asked if he could join. His hand stroked the curve of my back. I reached for his shaft. The two men eventually doubled me up.

On a few occasions, I caught sight of my fuck buddy. He flashed a megawatt smile as he plowed his penis into a petite woman’s anus. She was probably in her late forties. I rubbed my clit. I like seeing my lovers with other women. A new man plopped himself on the floor next to me and offered wine that he had brought. I sipped from his palm. He lapped from my belly button, painted my pubis red, and licked it clean again. It wasn’t long before I lowered my cunt on top of him. He squeezed a finger into my anus while we fucked.

The party wasn’t all penetration. I received the foot massage of my life from a short, overweight man with an intense fetish. Many (though not all) of the girls were bi. When a pair of women and I abandoned ourselves to sapphic play, a crowd clustered around to watch and shouted their suggestions. I sucked candy hearts out of one pussy. I tasted faint residues of semen in the other. Much later in the night, I had my first draught of breast milk in twenty-five years.

The guests at the party constituted a wide cross section of Massachusetts. Some were in their mid-twenties like me; others were in their mid-fifties. Some were professionals; others were decidedly blue collar. Republicans were amorous with Democrats. It was a mixture of ethnicities and body types: a great melting pot: America.

Everyone was friendly and polite. My partners didn’t grumble about my insistence on condoms for fucking. People asked for permission before they touched. I made out with strangers. The tips of fingers teased my slit while we kissed. I gave and took pleasure in this company. As the new girl, I was popular.

I liked seeing the intimacy. The unguarded noises which lovers produce in their ecstasy aroused me exceedingly, more so than a vista of mostly anonymous bodies rutting. The percusive beat of bodies in collision, the liquid notes of fusion and separation, gasps and groans in counterpoint, the exquisitely dirty duets of the more vocal men and women, the coming in surround sound — all of this turned me on. The image of a pair of bisexual men together left a strong impression as well. One of the men did pushups. His erection descended past his lover’s lips. I need a hulk of a man to do that to me someday.

Equally, I liked to be watched. It turned me on to see others angling for a better view of me with mostly anonymous lovers.

The conversation captivated me as much as the sex. A cop was quite the raconteur — he told amusing stories. I squeezed next to him on the small sofa and sucked his half hard cock to rigidity. His legs parted to make room, and he leaned back into the cushions and stroked my hair while I fellated him, his tale continuing.
without interruption. A redheaded woman deposited herself on the ground next to us. She fondled my thigh. Since I made no objection, her fingers pulsed over my cunt. Before long, her lips joined in. The tongue slipped between the folds of my labia. The three of us continued this way for fifteen minutes, me swallowing the man while I was eaten by the woman. Her nose rubbed against my pubis as she licked. His hand cupped my buttocks. During a brief pause, I imparted to the cop my desire to drink his sperm and went back to slurping the swagger stick. After he had spewed, the woman kissed me. She also lapped from the policeman’s shaft the thin, white streak of semen that had somehow escaped my lips.

Four hands on the piano, the party’s host and I played the Beatles. (We sang out of tune.) He lowered me horizontally onto the bench and lapped my swollen cunt with exquisite gentleness and care. Then he fucked me. His come hosed my face at the end; I smoothed the semen into my pores. Legs stretched out on the floor, I leaned against the wall in the dozy afterglow. The sex had left me lightheaded and sleepy. He draped an arm about my shoulders. Fingers combed through my hair. His chest pillowed my weary head. I hugged his trunk and nestled close. A palm leveled over the plates of muscles in my back and massaged until the knots there unraveled. I nosed into his armpit and tongued the dark moles. When he gasped, I returned a zonked out smile. This man had thirty years on me. I straddled his thighs. We kissed softly. His revived erection rode against my pussy. I gave him my tongue. Halting briefly to set a condom between us, we fucked a second time. The movements were unhurried and loving.

At a quarter past two in the morning, I stood in line with two other women, one of whom I had sixty-nined with earlier. A man who may have been her partner had pounded me with his cock, peeled off his condom, and splashed his semen over my breasts and tummy. She licked it up and progressed in a downward direction to my well fucked cunt. Eventually, she turned and lowered her pussy onto my face. We engaged in small talk while waiting to use the shower. Downstairs, with a towel wrapping my hair, it took me the longest time to discover where my clothes had gone.

February 29, 2012
I have fucked less in Boston than I did in London. While finishing my dissertation, I didn’t have the time. After submitting to my committee — I mean this in a non-sexual way! — I let go.

I am still seeing David. Last time, he fucked my pussy while a vibrator whirred in my anus. He fucked my ass with the bullet lodged deep inside my cunt. I wore a collar. The chain that attached threaded the valley of my tits and bisected my lips. David held the clip at the end to the mattress. I raised myself from the bed and masturbated my pussy against shining steel links. He wanted his erection slowly and softly sucked first thing in the morning. Fingers linked behind his head, he sunk into the fluffy pillow. I drew it out, teasing his smooth textured shaft and his scrotum, which had the feel and the look of leather, for nearly a full hour. In the end, this was his blowjob, not mine. An implacable grip on my scalp exerted his dominance and control. My hair served as marionette strings. I became his suck puppet. Palms squeezed my temples. Fingers dug in. David skull fucked me. As he bobbed me over him, spit spilled along my chin. I loosened my throat and made glugging noises. He liked that I slurped his viscous semen from my fingers when he finished. Also, bamboo hurts more than birch.

Last month, my brother’s best friend from high school was in town. We’re friends on Facebook. He suggested that we get together for drinks. After sushi, I went back to his hotel room for a nightcap. He is three years older. As we made out, the clothes came off: his first, one article at a time. In a denim skirt an inch or several too short for modesty, I straddled his thighs. His hand reached into the blue jean cave and touched my cunt through a blue green gusset of thong. It took us a while to migrate to the bed. We kissed standing. I stroked his heavy shaft. He has this move where he sinks his cock deep inside and shifts his body up. Once his knees have tightened their grip against the outside of my legs, his pelvis shimmies down. His back arches up. The cock pulls out. Then he repeats. We fucked mostly in the missionary position. His thick penis and stamina left my pussy content. In a dreamy, lazy, hazy post-coital state, I sprawled diagonally on the mattress. Propping his head against his fist, he confessed that he used to jerk off thinking about me. I had crushed on him then, too. I told him how I daydreamed about lapping the sweat that had left his t-shirt and shorts visibly damp when he and my brother returned to our house after a midsummer morning run. Around 7:30 am, he tiptoed out of bed to work out in the gym in the basement of the hotel. I gave him a tongue bath when he returned to me unshowered.

I played with a dom I met off CL recently. I wore tight fitting denim shorts and a semi-transparent short sleeved white shirt that buttoned. It was night. As he drove us to his place, he had me take off my shorts and panties. I sat with my back against the window and fingered myself. He succeeded at keeping his eyes on the road most of the time. I walked from the parking garage to the second floor apartment naked from the waist down. On his sofa, he kissed me aggressively and lowered me horizontal. He ripped my shirt open, sending
the buttons flying. In the bedroom, his cock repeatedly made me his. He took each orifice in sequence. He fucked my cunt and anus raw and left my lips bruised. He spanked me barehand until my cheeks burned. He left dark bruises on my thighs and mangled my nipples with his teeth and bit my clitoris at orgasm. His fingers constricted about my throat. He cuffed the side of my face each time I came. He made me cry. My pussy dragged over his back. I tongued his asshole and sucked his toes individually. In silence, I knelt facing the corner of the room while he performed his bedtime ablutions and went to sleep positioned tête-bêche, my arm hugging his leg, my head at his feet. In the morning, he left my hair dripping with urine. I had my knee propped atop the bathroom counter, and we watched ourselves in the mirror as we fucked. He yanked my hair so hard that my vision blurred. This was particularly intense for an unrepeatable one off encounter.

I have been practicing Beethoven’s op. 87 trio. After a session, my two friends and I went out for drinks. The guy with a girlfriend went home; the guy without a girlfriend and I had pizza. We traipsed to my place a little before midnight. During the blowjob, he loosened my hair. I tied the cornflower blue ribbon from my ponytail about the base of his cock. I sucked on his fingers while he fucked me. We giggled at the farting noises my pussy made. He was uncircumcised. After orgasm, his glans hid beneath a wrinkly apron of foreskin. I liked how soft and sensitive the shaft became. It curled like a leaf in the rain. I blew along the flaccid stem, cooed to the penis, and nuzzled it to life. He entered me again, but the erection did not keep.

In March, my friend Thomas had a plumbing catastrophe in his apartment. A couple of days later, I saw him in the cafeteria and sent a text about hoses and their explosions. In reply he mentioned hard tubing and laying thick, rigid pipe. We flirted over SMS throughout the afternoon. Finally, I suggested a bit of casual nookie. He said yes. Around eight the next morning (a Saturday), I woke to the unmistakable sound of a girl sucking cock. His roommate was getting head in the next bedroom. Automatically, I reached for my cunt. I diddled the clit. My jaws clamped shut in an attempt to keep silent. The continuo filtering through the drywall gave my movements their harmonic structure. Thomas, meanwhile, remained resolutely asleep. I nudged him awake when they started to fuck. As we eavesdropped on his roommate, my fingers made a maw over his glans and became sticky with precome. Thomas found a condom and rolled his body on top of me. I placed him inside. The other girl moaned. Her lover replied to her ejaculations with low grunts. Our bedsprings squeaked. Thomas sighed. My lips nipped his ear. I whispered that he should fuck me harder. I squealed when orgasm came and squeezed the muscles in my vagina to make his balls spill. The four of us ate breakfast together. As the men huddled over the stove, Hannah and I made girl talk. She sported a pair of brown sweats and a gauzy white tee that showed her peaked nipples. I hadn’t brought a change of clothes, so I had borrowed a light checkered shirt and a pair of boxers. Hannah and I both wore freshly fucked flushes on our faces. We hit it off.

Two Fridays ago, an econ major chatted me up at a café late in the afternoon. He was rubbish in bed. I mention him only because I went clubbing that evening, picked up a muscular guy, and got myself properly laid. For the occasion, I wore a short, tight skirt, purple and shiny, that covered my ass (just). The top was improvised: a scarf crossed my chest in an X, circled my neck, and tied at the center of my back. We were all over each other, first while dancing, then at my apartment. The man lifted me from the floor as though I weighed nothing at all. Heavily calloused hands gripped my thighs. Arms wrapped his shoulders. I held on tight. My pubis rebounded from his. My body was smushed up against the bedroom wall when he came. I kept the silk scarf handy. He tugged on the ends during the cocksucking interlude that followed and, at my request, bound my wrists behind my back and took my anus with his weight on top. We have hooked up several times since. My jaws stretch wide to accept his girth. I cannot deepthroat the cock. I use the suction
of lips to vacuum the saliva which pools white at the base of the erection and over his pubis and groin. His penis makes me flood. I drink up the wetness that splashes his thighs and drenches the bedsheets. This man feasts on cunt until the effort of coming defeats me. He fucks like Zeus but possesses no personality whatsoever. I will ditch him once I have sated myself on sex.

For Valentine’s, a friend took me to a swingers’ party. I attended a second orgy by invitation of the host. I wore a blindfold for much of the evening. I don’t know who fucked me. I don’t know how many cocks I enjoyed. One after another, anonymous lovers scrawled their names over my body once they had spermed. My pussy was sore for days afterwards and too sensitive even for a touch of fingers outside. The next debauch is this coming weekend.

Amadeo visits at month’s end. I have promised to be his whore and his woman.

There’s sex. Some of it is amazing.

June 10, 2012
This is a partial compilation of my comments on the blog. I have paraphrased the comments of others as necessary to provide context to my words. Oftentimes, these are self-serving, but occasionally, they explicate the posts or answer queries. Reproducing them here is an indulgence. I hope you can forgive this extra vanity.

I continue to appreciate feedback. Please send e-mail.

7.1. September 14, 2010
He has a daughter two years older than me. Daddy says he will be in London in November. I want to bed with him again.

[I never did.]

8.1. July 6, 2010
Re-reading my post, I noticed I forgot all about sex in the gym. It’s phenomenal to sweat sexually after a normal workout. I like how the showers echo.

9.1. July 7, 2010
Update: This morning, after a day and two nights of sex, I am sore and elated. The boy and I exchanged phone numbers. He may make a return appearance. But not today and not tonight. I need to work.

11.1. July 12, 2010
A reader asks about my choice of partners, wondering what if he’s a freak?
I trust my intuition in selecting partners. I vet first in e-mail and then in meeting prior to play. For example, this weekend, I had two dates. Saturday’s date and I met for a coffee and a stroll through the park. Despite bits of random banter in the e-mails, we had zero chemistry in person. So nothing happened. Sunday’s date and I had beers in the evening. He wanted to dom me, but was evasive in how he answered questions about his experience and his intentions. Again, I didn’t proceed.
Before the date, the man in the post had told me enough about his experience with bdsm that I felt he understood limits and knew what he was doing. The whipping hurt, but didn’t leave real marks, just as he had promised. I endured and enjoyed. I kept the safeword in reserve and trusted that he would respect it had I chosen to make use of it.

15.1. July 22, 2010
A reader asks about my aversion to drug use.
I am no moralist. Immoralist is more like. By “drug free” I mean a system that’s clean of the harder drugs. You correctly guess that this is a health precaution. If you have a joint on occasion, I am cool with that. (I won’t be joining you for one though.)

15.2. July 23, 2010
On reflection, I should get rid of the “drug free” bit in future ads. I don’t imagine the admonition deters heroin and coke users from contacting me. Unless it happens in front of me or the guy cops to it, there’s no way for me to know.

A reader argues that the motive of sex from the heterosexual male side is dominating the girl.
When I say that I want a partner worthy of my mental submission, it’s a statement that I seek someone with whom I am compatible, someone I trust enough to be able to let go of my inhibitions and my neuroses, someone I respect and who respects me back regardless of how we play, someone whose philosophy about D/s mirrors my own, a friend whose company I enjoy and with whom I can have fun. It is easy to let someone spank me or tie me up or otherwise use my body. The responses are purely physiological, and there’s pleasure there. I get off on being physically dominated. I enjoy being willfully submissive. I want to be the agency of a man’s sexual contentment. Subspace is, for me, an emotional and psychological state. It’s much harder for me to feel safe on this perilous ground. A partner who takes me there must first inspire confidence in me. It emerges by degrees. The physical responses are heightened when I am in a submissive place. But I get there only infrequently, even with lovers I know well.

At a fundamental level, you and I disagree. Sex, even D/s sex, isn’t about competition. It’s about collaboration. Though our roles are different, ideally, my partner and I both win. I also think hate is the wrong lens through which to view the sexual interaction. We are people conspiring to have pleasure together. What’s to hate about that?

17.1. July 26, 2010
A reader notes that I don’t make a big deal about skin color or ethnicity.
It’s not a big deal, so I try not to draw attention to it.

21.1. September 14, 2010
A reader asks if I require foreplay before penetration?
There are times when foreplay is abbreviated because the need for sex is immediate. Clothes are ripped off or merely pulled up, and I am folded over the sofa with a cock pounding into me from behind. I am up against the wall of the shower in the gym begging to be slammed harder by the supreme specimen of masculinity I made eyes with during my workout. There are times when a dominant partner I trust chooses to dispense with messing around altogether and gets straight to it. An ass fuck with no preparation at all while he stuffs his fingers into my cunt and stretches me open front and back makes for an intense experience. As a general rule, however, foreplay is good, and more foreplay is better. This applies to D/s also. Kiss me before you beat me.

24.1. September 14, 2010
A reader asks, incredibly, why I didn’t sleep with Arjun’s roommates.
Are you kidding me? Orgasms rock, but I don’t need one to have a good time. Having come to Arjun’s flat as his guest, having become his lover, being his friend, I am not going to abandon him for his roommates, who are people I barely know. How is it that you think leaving Arjun’s bedroom to visit the next one is a realistic scenario? Seriously. What?

24.2. October 9, 2010

A reader asks if things were awkward with Arjun.

No. I am pleased to say we remain friendly.

Jeremy has suggested that the two of us might hook up again. I have demurred.

27.1. September 9, 2010

A reader questions my usage of the word slut.

It’s not a bad word. I embrace it. I am a slut.

27.2. September 18, 2010

A reader asks about my first experiences with anal sex.

We went slowly that first time. To start, he licked my anus and poked his tongue at the ring of muscle. Then, experimentally, he slipped a finger inside. The sphincter was springy, but it gave. After a second finger and testing the entry with a small vibrator, we lubed up his cock and determined to give it a go. Despite the KY both on his penis and at the border of the opening, the initial penetration of the head hurt like a motherfucker. It was a different pain but just as horrible as he pressed inward.

My partner was good at communicating what was happening behind me. He talked to me as he pushed his hips forward. He reassured me and soothed his hands over my back and sides. Though I felt like I was being ripped apart from the inside, I found his commentating as the erection slid in inch by inch helpful. The pain seemed overwhelming at the time. I sobbed tearlessly and seized the sheets. I bit back my screams. When he was embedded to the balls, I clenched my muscles at him. The movement of his cock in me eased the ache. It still hurt, but I knew I could endure it now. Eventually, my ass got accustomed to having the cock inside. Playing with the pussy and the clit distracted me from the pain in my butt. Deep breathing, in time with the thrusts, also assisted. Not immediately, but soon, the pleasure from being fucked submerged the pain. I wailed like a banshee and flooded like a river.

After this, anal was a part of the repertoire. The initial penetration still hurts, but I have since learned how to embrace the pain.

28.1. August 9, 2010

A reader asks what sket means.

You’d figure we’d know all the dirty four letter words by now, eh?

Apparently, sket means slut, only more so. Here’s a definition.

40.1. September 6, 2010

A reader comments that foreplay is the best part of sex.

You may be surprised by how some people interpret foreplay especially in the context of D/s. Saying Knee, bitch! isn’t it.
40.2. November 10, 2010
A reader comments that disappointment between the sheets sucks.

I have enough casual sex that there are bound to be nights of disaster thrown into the mix. Actually, I think I have been fairly lucky with the choice of partners these past months.

43.1. September 10, 2010
A reader asks where I find the time and money to lead such a debauched life.

I am in London on a fellowship supplemented by savings and possibly debt. I have the smaller bedroom in a shared apartment. For the neighborhood, the rent is surprisingly cheap (though still dear). I live frugally and manage my time if not well, then well enough. I work hard and play hardcore. There are enough hours (just!) for studying, living, and debauching.

44.1. February 17, 2011
A reader wonders about bacteria in urine.

Urine is sterile. The taste may be strong and it stings the eyes, but I don’t worry about getting sick when I swallow it down.

47.1. September 20, 2010
Public service announcement: While it never hurts to ask once, please take no for an answer and move on.

47.2. September 23, 2010
In response to a query about the fellow I bedded: The guy in the post and I have traded a few texts and talked on the phone once since the incident described. I still don’t know if I want a sequel. It was a nice time, but the sex didn’t reconfigure my universe.

[His name is Gavin. As it happens, we did hook up again.]

In response to a query about the mechanics of threesomes: I have been doubly and triply penetrated, though Frank was never a participant. These things happen at sex clubs and parties.

47.3. September 23, 2010
An exchange with a reader follows. His words are in italics.

By your own count you have slept with seventeen men and two women in the past three months.

Yep.

You have sex with someone less than an hour after meeting them on the street.

Including the tube ride, it was more than an hour before the tube ride. Still, the point stands.

Aren’t you ashamed?

Not a bit.

What would your parents think?

My parents are sex positive. Pity yours weren’t.

Thanks for the concern.
47.4. October 16, 2010

In response to a query asking how Gavin picked me up so quickly: We mainly chatted about music. His directness in attempting a pickup impressed me. I wasn’t looking for scintillating conversation or to be blown away by his brain. I wanted to assure myself of his normalcy. The first time we had sex, it had been two weeks since I had fucked anyone besides Frank. Two nights ago, I was just plain horny. I don’t intend to play with Gavin with any frequency. The sex is good, but it isn’t amazing. He had a convenient cock when I wanted one.

47.5. October 18, 2010

In response to another query asking about Gavin’s skills and endowment: Gavin is good at eating pussy.

I don’t have a size fixation. I enjoy big, but other sizes do the trick also. Many of the most fun experiences I have had in D/s were with a lover who didn’t have particularly large endowment nor tremendous stamina. He made up for it in loads of other ways.

49.1. September 21, 2010

A reader asks me to continue my fantasy about training a dom.

I haven’t continued the fantasy in my own head. The concept of starting from a tabula rasa and creating the perfect dominant has an inherent appeal despite not knowing the details of how this would proceed. It’s the Pygmalion story inverted. Or maybe it’s Frankenstein.

49.2. April 1, 2012

A reader asks if Ismail speaks Arabic and if he tempted me.

He speaks Arabic, but we communicated in French and English.

I was never tempted. When he is older and more experienced, I might be.

50.1. September 25, 2010

A reader asks: Double digit cocks? Seriously?

Several were blowjobs, but yeah.

50.2. September 27, 2010

A reader muses about whether a lack of sexual intelligence contributes to a moral aversion to open relationships.

I don’t think it’s intelligence so much as it is imagination, playfulness, and the desire to explore and consequently discover new places. Some people have a moral aversion to anything different.

51.1. September 26, 2010

In response to a guy who works for the railroad: Out of curiosity, do you have any experience with train sex? I have done a car and a boat and fantasize about the airplane, but have never given the train a thought. The pistoning of a locomotive has a familiar rhythm. So too does the thunk, thunk of the train tracks. Additionally, a train looks phallic as it enters a tunnel. I imagine it’s easier to sneak into the lavatory when on solid ground.

51.2. September 27, 2010

On finding new fuck buddies: If I find suitable partners, they will become regulars. I don’t go in search of them. Sex does improve with familiarity, so I hope to get lucky more than once.
52.1. October 4, 2010
_A reader asks why Joseph pulled away._

Presumably Joseph pulled away because he didn’t want to cheat on his girlfriend. From my perspective that bridge was crossed when we started making out.

Had I known about the girlfriend, I would likely not have invited him home. I have had sex with people in non-open relationships. When I am aware of such circumstances, I may flirt but try to ensure that the other person initiates.

53.1. October 1, 2010
_A reader asks about how to keep D/s in the bedroom from spilling over into real life._

The short answer is that you recognize the context and behave accordingly. You don’t let the fact that you had her on a leash begging to suck your cock color how you view her thoughts in a conversation about politics. You don’t expect deference outside of play just because you pissed on her in the shower in the morning. You compartmentalize.

The long answer is _here._

54.1. October 2, 2010
_A reader asks if I asked Oscar._

I asked.

55.1. October 3, 2010
The conversation about the submissive state continues.

_Comment:_ So it seems that if you want to make someone your sexual sub, but still keep a healthy relationship, you need to make sure she’s able to stand up for herself in real life and is not doing it because she’s REALLY a sub!

_Reply:_ You don’t make someone a sub. She chooses to do it. You acknowledge this decision for what it is. You grasp its context and where it applies and where it doesn’t. These understandings keep the relationship healthy and stable.

_Comment:_ I guess you have to be quite strong to be a good sub. Conversely I can imagine a lot of weak people being doms (though I guess you would say a bad dom). Funny...

_Reply:_ Yes! Submission may involve powerlessness, but it isn’t fundamentally about weakness. She is as strong as you are and an equal participant in what you do.

Many who style themselves as dominant have no idea what this means. Fortunately, it isn’t so difficult to filter the pseudodoms out. Anyone who has “Sir” or “Master” or “Lord” or “Dom” in his e-mail address generally gets ignored. In correspondence, we discuss how the prospective partner envisages an encounter. When we meet, I ask him to relate a few of his experiences. As the details spill out, the motives and the other person’s understanding of D/s crystallize. I can judge whether he meets my expectations and decide accordingly about play.

_Comment:_ It’s a little different from how I’d imagined it. So would you say it’s kind of like giving control over to someone else, _e.g._, a doctor, because they will get you what you need out of the situation?

_Reply:_ That’s closer to how I think about it. I am offering my body to him temporarily for sexual play. I like having him in charge of me and what we do. I want to please him. I seek that quality of
elation that arises out of surrender. I enjoy being a girl out of control. But while he is the dominant partner, I am still complicit, a co-conspirator in what happens. Dominance doesn’t exist in a vacuum. We collaborate on the experience. The final authority over my body is still me. I play with a safeword even with my boyfriend. (I haven’t used the veto with him; I do trust him.)

If you ask another submissive, you may well receive a radically different take on the situation. As with everything else sexual, you and you partner will need to explore and discover your own philosophy.

If you are thinking about altering the approach to sex within an existing relationship, you should talk to her about it. In my experience D/s only works with extensive communication before, during, and after the sex.

55.2. October 5, 2010
A reader asks whether I am writing the blog for catharsis or ego.

Id. Also ego. But mostly id.

55.3. October 7, 2010
A reader asks if I am looking for Mr. Right.

I’m in a long term relationship. The boyfriend is an excellent match. We have not planned a future, however. We feel it’s too early for us to be thinking about marriage, kids, etc. when our identities haven’t finished emerging.

[Alas. That long term relationship did not last.]

57.1. October 9, 2010
This is how we met. I posted an ad to Craigslist last week.

**Pussy needs pounding – w4m**

_You’re a kinky, dominant man looking for no strings attached sex. I am a kinky, submissive woman offering a one night stand._

_Tell me a sexy, hardcore fantasy. If it interests me, we will do it!_

_In addition to your indecent proposal, please include a picture of your face and body. I don’t care how old or what race you are, but I need to be attracted. Good writing is sexy. Please do not include a picture of your cock. I will see that when it’s time._

He is in his late thirties and sent a witty and erudite reply. We traded a handful of long e-mails, then arranged to meet for a coffee date on Wednesday afternoon. He was shorter than I expected. Never underestimate the persuasiveness of a sense of humor though. He had me laughing. We chatted for about an hour, or possibly an hour and a half, before I agreed to go back to his place for sex.

After the whipping, he tied me to a chair and had me sit on top of a thick dildo. The rubber stretched my pussy open. He attached clothespins to my breasts, a dozen on each, grabbed a fistful of hair, and dragged my head over his cock. Some of the clothespins fell to the floor while he fucked my face. He ripped the rest off in bunches, throwing clumps of them to the ground. My tits howled in pain. He untied me and pounded my pussy after that.

It was pleasurable and exciting and the first submissive experience I have had in over a month. But I doubt there will be a sequel. My partner was too pragmatic during sex. There was no playfulness in him once I was naked, none of the humor from before in what he did.
A reader asks about the statistics of responses to posts on the casual encounters board.

A few years ago, when Craigslist was decent, on a slow day an ad like mine might generate 200+ replies over several hours in a big city in the US. Of these, a handful were promising prospects. Craigslist has deteriorated, however. This June in the US, I was getting about 70 responses to an ad. But that’s still enough to find a decent match for an evening. In London, the situation is significantly worse. Multiple posts of the ad I quoted garnered 26 responses — w4m ads tend to be quickly flagged here. Most of the men who answered were instantly culled for not following directions. Of the remainder, only one seemed worth pursuing. I am disillusioned with Craigslist, but there doesn’t appear to be an alternative that serves the same function.

Guys have it much harder than women on Craigslist. I am not surprised by your lack of success.

Useful suggestions for how to get laid using the Casual Encounters board are on Liz Doherty’s blog. Another resource is ClueChick, though she hasn’t updated in a while.

A reader asks if I fear for my safety.

Yes, I am concerned. I take precautions. I discuss the mechanics here. I may not always be satisfied with how an encounter develops, but I have never felt that I was in imminent danger.

I don’t think of my experiences as being extravagant or colorful. Where opportunities exist, I take advantage.

A reader asks whether I have had sex with family. I ignored the question. Another reader is amused by the comments and observes that they outclass the blog. I replied thus.

“Hey, I am classy,” she insisted, while she debated whether to wear panties to the evening’s date.

“Keep them coming!” the commenter said.

I try.

A reader observes: Five pounds is $7.50? A night with you would easily go for a hundred times that. Especially if you promised to write about it.

I didn’t keep the money in the end, nominal though it was.

I met Amadeo off Craigslist based on the following ad.

Submissive for dominant – w4m

We are both dirty minded and super kinky. We can talk and laugh. We get along. So let’s get naked and fuck already!

I enjoy inhabiting the submissive role. I want my partner to bring me to a deep subspace and submerge me there. I want to be the instrument of a man’s pleasure.
Are you interested in playing? In your reply, please tell me what you want your willing slut to do for you. Be specific! Ideally, this is a fantasy that you haven’t tried. Include a clear picture of your face and body. (No photos of erections please!) I need to be attracted.

I prefer if you can host in Zones 1 or 2. I am looking to meet near your place for a drink. Impress me, and you could be dominating my pussy after that.

A word of advice: Please follow directions if you expect a response. It is not that difficult. It helps if you demonstrate a modicum of intelligence. I am not looking to submit to an idiot.

I posted the ad a number of times last week. Amadeo’s was the best of the fifty or so responses I collected. He is an architect in his early forties who seems to live in the art studio and the gym. He sent me a fantasy about breath play in the bathtub, which would be as new to him as it is to me. I told him this wasn’t an adventure for a first date. But Sunday’s meeting went well enough that we had Wednesday’s. I expect a third hookup before long. With luck, he will become a regular dom, and as trust develops, we may eventually arrive at the point where we can try out his fantasy.

62.2. October 21, 2010
A reader asks for an explanation of breath play.

He wants to control my breath by dunking my head in the tub while he fucks me. He calls it water bondage and referred me to a web site of that name. I like being choked during sex. While I admit to curiosity, I don’t trust Amadeo enough to play out his scenario. He appreciates that it may not happen.

62.3. October 22, 2010
On fantasies: In the unlikely event that I am ever at zero-g, fucking weightless is on the agenda.

I’m undecided about water bondage. It may happen or it may not. If it happens, it won’t be for a while. Amadeo wants to introduce me to a couple he knows next time.

[Sadly, I never met Amadeo’s kinky friends.]

63.1. October 25, 2010
The original question, posted as a comment to this post, is reproduced below.

Do you ever fuck black guys?

I mean this as a serious question and don’t intend any offense. You have stated several times that your skin turned red from a spanking. From this I conclude that you are white. I know you have had sex with Asians. Have you tried black? Beyond sex, would you date a black man? Would you let yourself be dominated by one?

I enjoy reading the blog. Again, I don’t mean to offend.

The reader follows up by writing:

OP here. Thanks for this post. I like your blog better knowing that you don’t discriminate.

If I can ask one more question: when you submit do you think about the historical reversal of roles? I mean, there you are, a member of the dominant social group kissing somebody’s feet or being pissed on or getting skewered by a dick up your ass. Suddenly becoming the white slave girl has got to have a mental effect, right?

Thanks again for the response.
• I found the original question distasteful. This one borders on loathsome.

The congress of two (or perhaps more than two) people, each giving pleasure as they can, does not constitute a significant historical moment. I do not choose partners with the intent of correcting past wrongs. My private sexuality does not — it cannot — expiate a nation’s sins. The D/s isn’t a social morality play. It’s about sexual pleasure.

I do my best to interact with people as people. I don’t represent a social group. Neither does my partner. I don’t think about what I do in such sweeping terms. His skin is a different hue. So what? He is from another country. Big deal.

Having control wrested from me in sex appeals by virtue of being physically and emotionally satisfying. Kissing my partner’s feet or being pissed on or getting skewered anally occur in the context of a dynamic I find thrilling. I look for partners whose personalities I like, who I find attractive, and who I can trust. I avoid using race and ethnicity in making the selection because, frankly, it is an irrelevant consideration.

I am not a white slave girl in service of some foreign other. I am Leah Danby submitting to a man who, in that moment, interests me. It has a mental effect for sure, but not for the reasons you imagine.

• Also, I deny being anyone’s slave girl. I get off sexually by exploring my submissive persona, yes, undoubtedly, but this is an expression of my own free will. I do it by choice. There isn’t a role reversal at all. There is a temporary power exchange to which I fully consent.

63.2. October 26, 2010

A private message to Renee: Excepting acts of violence (rape, knowingly infecting a partner with an STD, etc.) or abuse (pedophilia, coercion from a position of authority, etc.), it’s not for me to judge the choices others make regarding the expression of their sexuality. Everyone has the right to exercise control over who shares the bed and the parameters of the sex that transpires there.

That said, as I indicated above, in my experience people are the same across a broad spectrum of humanity. I think you will find that the others you are uncertain about are no different from the people you already know and that you will be grateful for developing new friendships. I am glad that you have decided to confront your prejudices. I hope you continue to do so.

Good luck!

64.1. October 25, 2010

Whereas many women can be passive, I tend to be assertive about my sexuality. A single guy will rarely turn down an invitation to a date. If it’s an invitation to hook up, my odds of success improve even more. That said, I do get my share of rejections, but I don’t blog about the misses.

The bloke was young. I hope his technique improves with experience.

64.2. October 26, 2010

A reader comments on confidence.

A confident vibe is very sexy. Fortunately, this is one of the easier character traits to develop. Stop worrying so much about what other people think and take some chances. Strike up a conversation with a stranger whose look appeals to you. Maybe nothing happens, but you are no worse off for trying. (No, is a perfectly valid response to any proposition. Don’t make a nuisance of yourself by being persistent where the attention is unwanted. Hit on someone else instead.)
66.1. October 30, 2010

The schoolgirl look is an archetype. The outfit isn’t original. Others dressed the same.

The nightclub scene is an easy way to hook up (cf. #1, #2, #14, and #24). The sex can be good, but I haven’t found a guy who interests me enough to warrant a second helping.

66.2. October 30, 2010

The relationship at home is open. Neither the boyfriend nor I are monogamous. I discuss the dynamics in greater detail here, here, and here. It works for us.

I do want a child, or possibly more than one. Marriage may or may not happen. I haven’t mapped out a future. I content myself with today. If I had to guess, I’d have less sex outside of my primary relationship once there’s a bit more permanence to my life. The extras on the side would tilt to regular liaisons rather than frequent one night stands. I don’t foresee becoming a one cock girl.

66.3. October 31, 2010

Sara also pulled on Friday night. She said she saw me necking at the bar with a guy dressed as a priest. He had slid his hand into the waistband of the skirt where my back dips. As she didn’t want to interrupt my impromptu make out session, she decided not to come and say goodbye before she left with a man dressed as a 70s disco dude. The thing is I don’t remember the priest at all.

67.1. November 2, 2010

Hallowe’en has been good to me over the years: first candy, then sex.

I am a slut in general, but being a costumed slut amplifies the experience and enables a bit more daring than usual.

67.2. November 3, 2010

A reader loses track of my orgasms.

Sometimes I can’t count on fingers and toes. Those are the best nights.

67.3. November 4, 2010

A reader questions the morality of my bedding with a married man.

Vikram’s long and nimble fingers attracted me to him. Somehow I failed to notice the ring. I may flirt, but I generally don’t make an overt proposition when I know that the other person is married or otherwise attached. If he makes the first move, however, my knowledge of his relationship status usually doesn’t enter into the calculus of my decision making. (I write usually only because I don’t sleep with the partner of a friend without permission.)

In this case, I gave Vikram the opportunity to think twice and back out. He made the choice to proceed. We practiced safe sex. As is my habit, I have obscured certain details in the write up to protect his identity. My partner answers to his conscience as I do to mine. I committed no infidelity.

67.4. November 4, 2010

Another reader asks to hear more about my experiences with the infidelities of a partner.

I have had two short term flings (repeated encounters within a week) with married men. There haven’t been any protracted affairs. While I don’t believe the mistress role is necessarily morally reprehensible,
a lengthy liaison under the circumstances does not appeal to me, in large part for purely pragmatic considerations.

I don’t expect to share a bed with Vikram again. There have been a few similar one night stands in my sexual history. I have as well played with partners whose marital status I do not know. With a Craigslist encounter, for example, the topic often does not arise in the initial e-mail conversations or at the meet up.

I don’t feel it’s my responsibility to police the sexual behavior of other competent adults.

67.5. November 4, 2010
It may be a forlorn hope, but there are fights worth losing. I use slut as a non-pejorative term for a sexually adventurous and promiscuous woman. I think there isn’t a better alternative that is as descriptive or as evocative.

68.1. November 7, 2010
There’s no going forward. He didn’t call. The end.

This is a bit disappointing. A repeat performance could have been fun. Stephen was good at foreplay and had latent dominant tendencies that I wanted to tap.

A word of advice, guys: when a girl gives you her phone number after having sex with you, that’s a huge signal that she wants to fuck you again. Call the day after.

68.2. November 8, 2010
Sex endures in memory. For me it’s not so much selecting the right words as finding the right images. It’s a sequence of snapshots rather than a film.

71.1. November 13, 2010
A reader doesn’t like Amadeo. He comments that caning and chaining are weird British things. He also considers experiments with whisky and wonders about my oral technique.

I am just as American, and I find it exciting. I wouldn’t like a caning every day. I am sore for a long while afterwards. But the endorphin rush and the pain and the activation of all those nerves during — that’s a sensory experience better than sex. So I indulge from time to time.

I have always found prolonged oral more intimate than vaginal or anal. I like to believe that by now I qualify as an expert fellatrix.

I don’t know if the taste of come would work with the taste of whisky. I’d love to find out. It is an incontrovertible fact that semen improves a breakfast. I like men who aren’t afraid of their own come.

71.2. November 13, 2010
A reader wants to know what I have for breakfast (besides semen).

It’s usually cereal, juice, coffee, a banana, and a bagel. Trade eggs and toast for the bagel if I am hungry or have the extra time.

All I am saying is that a spray of come in the coffee or semen spread over the toast enhances the taste.

72.1. November 14, 2010
A reader asks how is it knowing that everyone knows I have had sex. He also asks about the orgasms that transpired.
It’s called the *walk of shame* for a reason — not that I am particularly ashamed: this is who I am.

He came twice, once in my pussy and once over my chest.

I came from having my cunt licked and my ass fucked.

### 73.1. November 16, 2010

I won’t claim enlightenment. Twenty years from now I could look back at the slut phase of my life with profound embarrassment.

There are plenty of kinky and promiscuous women. I know I am not unique. Many people choose serial monogamy because that is our culture. Indeed, getting to know one person really well can be the adventure of a lifetime. My parents have been together for more than three decades. They are happy. I don’t insist my choices are better. The risks of promiscuity entail dipping into the reservoir of luck, which may run dry one day.

The point of the post is explanation, not advocacy. People should make decisions about how they live consistent with their situations, their ideals, and their aspirations.

### 74.1. November 19, 2010

*A reader muses that spit is sexy because it is wrong.*

It’s not **wrong**. People exchange bodily fluids during sex. I enjoy wet kisses. This just happens to be a more forceful exchange of saliva. Being spit on establishes the hierarchy between dominant and submissive. Amadeo did it in an intimate way. I found it sexy.

### 74.2. November 20, 2010

*A reader asks whether Amadeo has other lovers. The conversation about spit continues.*

I found it clever. Other lovers have spit in my face during a blowjob or while fucking me. One man I know likes to pull my hair and hawk into my open mouth. The boyfriend sometimes masturbates into his hand and has me lick his semen up. It didn’t occur to either of us to do the same with spit, and when I told him, he was envious that a casual dominant had come up with the idea first. I had him hard though. I enjoyed hearing about the constriction of his jeans. The image of an erection straining against cloth makes me wet, so he stood for the camera to show me. It’s a pity I couldn’t go to my knees and press my fingers and lips over him.

I believe Amadeo when he says that he has no other partners aside from our weekly meetup. He has made the suggestion that he would show me clean test results and then bareback with me, taking his chances with my other lovers. I have declined. He has also suggested a foursome with a sub/dom couple that he knows. That’s a possibility for the future.

### 75.1. November 21, 2010

*A reader asks if I come from anilingus.*

I don’t come from anilingus alone. Coupled with fingering, it has happened a couple of times.

I have made plenty of men orgasm from licking ass, however. As long as the area is clean, I enjoy administering a rimjob. I like hearing the whimpers of pleasure while I circle over the nerve endings and prise apart the cheeks and press past the tight sphincter.
75.2. November 21, 2010
A reader asks if my boyfriend gets jealous. He wonders if I love Frank.

Jealousy is an issue that we deal with. I have alluded to it before, but I may say more about the topic in a full post as the question seems to come up constantly in various guises.

Frank is a friend. I don’t love him. I don’t regard myself as polyamorous.

75.3. November 21, 2010
A reader muses on whether Frank is secretly dominant.

Frank is a wonderful lover, on the very short list of the best I have ever had. He is also a thoughtful soul. We are pals. I am exceptionally lucky to have made this friendship essentially at random. I don’t perceive him as a dominant lover, however, and he wouldn’t identify himself as such either. When we are naked, I typically direct the proceedings as much as he does.

I agree that the accoutrements of bdsm are inessential to the experience. I don’t want to play this way all the time. But they can and do enhance the sex for me, both physically and mentally. Getting tied up and fucked when I have no control of the situation, except for a safeword and my trust, is liberating. I find freedom in bondage. I as well enjoy pain. I have asked Frank to spank me, to fist me, to bite my clit. I want him to be rough with me. He isn’t. He is too gallant to strike a woman even when she asks. He is not what I consider kinky either. He would never tell me to lick his semen from the floor or piss on me. When I brush up against him to raise an erection at the museum, he doesn’t respond by reaching into my skirt and toying with my pussy because it pleases him. For all his strength and masculinity and intelligence and intuitive grasp of sex, I don’t believe Frank possesses the capacity to push me into free fall and send me spinning into subspace. Admittedly, such events are rare — possibly half a dozen times this year, most of them with the boyfriend — but this is when I feel most deeply connected with my sexuality.

Just as different foods make for a healthy and tasty diet, I think different lovers play different roles. I am delighted to have Frank in my life, but I wouldn’t be content with him as my primary partner.

76.1. December 3, 2010
A reader comments that a journey into subspace comes from another world.

Indeed, it comes from another world. How a universe opens out through a gateway of pain and the intensity of the sensations on the other side — not only pleasure — are reasons that I submit.

76.2. December 3, 2010
A reader asks how frequently I get to subspace.

My passport to subspace has too few stamps. I have fingers left over when I count my visits in a year. Most of these journeys happen in the company of my boyfriend. After all, he knows me best. Since I have been chronicling my sex life, the fourth trip was under Amadeo’s hand. I briefly traveled there when I was feeling particularly lonely and vulnerable and stayed for a longer sojourn during days six and eight of the boyfriend’s visit. In retrospect, I wish I had written about those earlier episodes in greater specificity. The details slip my mind now.

77.1. December 7, 2010
A reader wonders why him?
For a while now, I have been wanting to do something spontaneous, sexy, and stupid.

Physical attraction selected him from the crowd. He was sweaty and built. I never learned his name.

78.1. December 11, 2010
A reader asks why piss and not shit?
I have explained my interest in urine previously and won’t bother repeating myself. I pointed out that many of the same arguments I have made for piss could have been made for shit. Defecation repulses me. I expect this response arises as a consequence of scat play being dangerous whereas drinking from the tap is relatively safe.

78.2. December 11, 2010
On the flavors of urine and semen: Asparagus, brussels sprouts, garlic, and onions don’t do wonders for the taste.

78.3. February 26, 2011
A reader asks about other piss scenes with Amadeo.
A couple of weeks ago, Amadeo spermed on my face in the shower and then blasted the semen off with his piss. The urine ran down my chin in sheets and fell over my breasts and thighs. He finished the libation by directing the stream to my pussy. I diddled myself in the tub, fingers smearing his piss over my clit.

I thought about writing about this, but I can’t narrate everything that happens in an evening.

79.1. December 12, 2010
The person who posed the question that formed the basis of the post wonders about the virtues of intimacy in his semi-open relationship.

It’s hard initially, but it gets easier, especially when you know that both of you are snuggling and afterglowing with your respective others. In fact, as I wrote, when the liaison is a one night stand and therefore exclusively about sex, it becomes straightforward to compartmentalize as just another hookup that yields a few hours of naked pleasure. You miss out this way on the intimacy that can be achieved with a regular play partner, but from your point of view this may be a good thing.

79.2. December 12, 2010
For my part, I consider the relationships with regular partners as friendships with a sexual element. I like the guy. I enjoy hanging out. We talk and laugh together. The sex makes me happy. I may expose my submissive self to the man. We might see each other frequently. Emotions are implicated. I care about him. But as a friend. We are not dating. He isn’t the man I absolutely need to talk to and turn to for comfort and reassurance when I have a really lousy day. This isn’t the man I share my dreams and hopes with. We can go a week without speaking or e-mailing or texting, and that’s cool; there isn’t a void in my life. I am not in love.

The mental challenge is to realize that the boyfriend’s relationships with his lovers have the same essential quality. This is where my envy and my jealousy need to be tempered by hard logic and trust.

79.3. December 13, 2010
A reader expresses respect for the success of my open relationship.
I think we are able to do this because we started out as casual partners, knowing that we each had sex with others, and when the boyfriend/girlfriend coupling took place, we managed to become close while still sleeping around on the side. It does take some mental adjustment to know that the boyfriend is busy playing with someone else and not dwell on it while it happens. Thinking makes it tractable. And the other side of the coin: that’s nice, too.

I have been lucky in my sex life and choice of partners. Knock on wood.

81.1. December 15, 2010

_A reader asks if there are many girls as forward as I am._

I tend to be more forward than most. As long as one isn’t needlessly crude or grabby and takes a lack of interest at face value, it doesn’t hurt to say hello, make conversation, and see what develops. With luck, fun stuff happens. At worst, one goes home alone, which is totally fine.

I have found that many guys don’t know how to respond when a girl takes initiative and makes the opening moves. Such men typically aren’t the ones I am most interested in knowing.

81.2. December 15, 2010

_A reader asks about the buttplug._

I placed the buttplug inside before lunch.

81.3. December 16, 2010

_A reader asks: How, exactly, does one proposition a lady?_

There isn’t a formula. If there is chemistry, then you ask. Many times the answer will be _no_, in which case you shouldn’t keep pressing. Sometimes the answer will be _yes_.

If you’re having difficulty saying hello, work on that first. Talk to strangers in a friendly way and see if you can spark a conversation. Proceed from there.

82.1. December 16, 2010

_A reader asks about Amadeo’s age._

Amadeo is 41. He confided that the summer I was born was when he lost his virginity.

82.2. December 29, 2010

_A reader wonders what attracts me to a 41 year old man._

What attracts me to a 41 year old man is the same as what attracts me to a man. The age isn’t particularly important. The body, the personality, the mind, the humor, the dominance — these matter. How many times he has been around the block or been around the sun — these don’t.

82.3. December 16, 2010

Amadeo’s cock was in my mouth, cunt, and asshole last night.

My shoulders are slightly sore from being tied, but otherwise I feel fine. The whippings hurt, but they were by no means extreme. There’s some minor bruising on either buttocks, but otherwise the skin is unblemished.

82.4. December 17, 2010

Sadly, one thing I have never ever been able to do is spank myself. I have tried so many times, but the effect is not even approximately the same.
83.1. December 19, 2010
*I commented that I feel like I should apologize. A reader asks why.*

I don’t mean I should apologize for having sex. Playing with a guest’s underwear does breach his privacy. One really shouldn’t without an invitation.

84.1. December 19, 2010
*On Imogen and lovers who can’t orgasm:* I hope to see Imogen again, but I doubt this will become a regular occurrence. I much prefer having a cock to a pussy.

Some of my friends can’t achieve orgasm either. This seems a not rare condition, at least among women in their early twenties.

[I never saw Imogen again. I rang her a couple of times when I returned from the States and left voicemail. She didn’t call.]

84.2. January 22, 2011
This post is mentioned on Fleshbot.

I also like having a lover read me erotica, especially when I am in the tub bathing. Car sex is nice, too. When I am driving, I like when a lover runs his hand along the inside of my thigh, the touch of fingers teasing over my leg, reaching up and up and up. If I have on a short skirt, perhaps he will shift the panties aside and finger my pussy. When I am riding shotgun, I like to reach across and raise his erection. Possibly, I will open his fly and extract his cock and give it a generous suck. As he concentrates on the road and focuses on keeping us alive, I maintain his hardness and keep the blowjob going. He comes when we arrive.

87.1. December 23, 2011
*A reader wonders if I am falling for Frank. He also wants to know the then boyfriend’s name.*

The last meetings have been comfortable and warm. I *like* Frank. I *fuck* Frank. These are the operative four letter verbs. Ultimately, this is a friendship and not a romance. The boyfriend doesn’t feel threatened, and he shouldn’t. You might want to read this recent post.

I haven’t hit upon a pseudonym for my boyfriend which fits. Until I do, he doesn’t have a name for blogging purposes.

88.1. January 21, 2011
*A reader suggests tears mixed with semen next time.*

It’s not up to me. I am the submissive.

89.1. January 23, 2011
*A reader suggests that the flagging on Craigslist is software driven.*

I suspect you’re correct: the flagging is software driven. At least part of this software must be Craigslist’s own. I can’t otherwise explain how ads ghost. The reporting of ads as spam or prohibited may additionally stem from the sniper programs you mention.

Regarding the blogs I highlighted: I enjoy reading them. We have different attitudes and are not clones. This is as it should be. The atlas of sex blogs is large nowadays and the topography is varied. Readers should find the places they like to visit.
In order to avoid hijacking the comment thread on Liz’s blog, I will respond here to your suggestion that I look at m4w ads. For my part, I’d rather post an ad and choose a suitable partner from the replies than do the reverse. In the former instance, I feel I have a better perspective on who the possible play dates are and waste less time on the effort of selection. The dynamics of the casual encounters marketplace mean that there are always more men looking than women. When I respond to an ad, nearly always the guy will want to have sex and say what he thinks I want to hear in order to make this happen. The filtering process for a good match becomes more difficult. Moreover, guys I communicate with and find unsuitable won’t leave me alone. Still, if I keep using CL, what you propose might be the best tactic left.

89.2. March 23, 2011
Though I don’t like profile sites, I do have an account on OkCupid, where I have listed casual sex among my interests. I have been on a couple of dates, but there was never any chemistry. I haven’t logged on in a while. Being single may inspire me to have another look.
[I found David in Boston off OkCupid.]

91.1. January 28, 2011
Regarding fisting: go slow, use lots of lube, be verbal, talk to her as it happens, stop when she says. You may not be able to fist her completely the first night you try. Don’t force the issue. Take your time. Stretch out the attempt over multiple sessions if necessary. Good luck!

91.2. January 31, 2011
Most of the men I have been with in the UK have not been circumcised. I don’t have a preference as long as it’s clean.

92.1. January 30, 2011
I don’t have phone sex frequently: the boyfriend and I Skype. There is an added charge when the visual component of the interaction is subtracted. It’s different from being blindfolded as I can still see what is happening on my end. I don’t want to do phone sex regularly, but it is an enticing treat.

93.1. January 30, 2011
A reader asks about the rest of my week.
Thursday — While I wrote up three posts for the blog, I petted my pussy, stroking not quite to orgasm. Sleep took me after I squeezed a pillow between my thighs and rutted against it on my side.
Friday — The ersatz period began. I went drinking with friends and had an inebriated conversation with the boyfriend that involved me attaching clothespins to my nipples and playing with myself over Skype.
Saturday — I read erotica: a few sex blogs, excerpts from Sade, Les Onze Mille Verges, and have a pleasant erotic buzz.
My weekly date with Amadeo is on Wednesday. I expect I won’t be having sex before then.

93.2. January 30, 2011
I know plenty of women who have never had even one orgasm. SapioSlut hits triple digits in an hour. I am lucky to be multi-orgasmic. But there are always new experiences to come. (Shameless pun intended.)
94.1. February 3, 2011
The blog post is better for my having concluded it where I did. But of course, the two of us woke early enough to fuck again, and I can’t resist an addendum.
At 7:30 this morning, Amadeo tightened one of his belts about each of my shoulders and, Roman that he is, applied them like the reins on a chariot as he rode me from behind. First he fucked my cunt and then he fucked my ass this way. I whinneyed through my orgasms. At the end of it, I felt like a mare who was broken.

95.1. February 9, 2011
A reader comments that mediocre sex can be more fun to write than good sex.
Though the latter may yield the better story, I prefer no sex at all to bad sex. Mediocre sex serves as a stopgap measure, the good enough in contrast to the good. I don’t derive any special pleasure in writing about the so-so encounter, however. I find it an uninspiring subject.
The first time with a partner always presents a surprise. One doesn’t know what to expect. Having had a nice initial encounter with Daniel I encountered disappointment at the unremarkable quality of Saturday’s sex. I expected better. When one is promiscuous, there are bound to be extra ordinary nights along with the extraordinary ones. The hope of experiencing the extraordinary keeps me going.

95.2. February 13, 2011
A reader asks if Daniel is a good flautist.
He isn’t good enough to make a career out of it, but he is very good — better than me anyway. We have been e-mailing this morning, and I may be heading over to his place in the afternoon to mess around.

97.1. February 14, 2011
A reader asks about the genesis of the footjob.
Daniel had been stroking himself while he ate me out. After the cunnilingus, I ran the soles of my feet against the face of his balls. I rubbed one foot against the shaft. I held the cock between my feet and licked over the head. Daniel was obvious about how he enjoyed the situation, but the orgasm took both of us by surprise. He came when I pulled my mouth away from the erection. It’s a first for me as well.

98.1. February 17, 2011
A reader likes the word gallimaufry.
It was hard to choose between gallimaufry and salmagundi. I like both words and don’t find enough excuses to use either.

98.2. February 17, 2011
I am constantly amused by the searches. I think many of them are legitimate. Most are searches for the blog by name. The post uses some of the more creative ones over a seven day period and attempts a poem. I cheated slightly by correcting misspellings, but otherwise I have left punctuation, word choice, and capitalization as I found it. I don’t see how something as generic as xmas sex lands on my blog and couldn’t reproduce the result. Others I haven’t tried. WordPress reports they all work.

99.1. March 1, 2011
There’s a mental barrier to contemplating the sexuality of parents. I hope they have fun though. While I am pretty sure Mom and Dad aren’t kinky, I secretly wish that I was conceived during a D/s scene.
101.1. March 1, 2011
Though there is more fun to be had in other settings, I like the absence of complication accompanying an anonymous fuck.

102.1. February 24, 2011
A reader asks about Amadeo’s professional life.
I haven’t seen his architectural work. I am curious.

102.2. February 24, 2011
On trust: Trust is crucial to D/s play. By now, Amadeo and I have known each other long enough that there is a reservoir from which to draw.

102.3. February 24, 2011
A reader asks how choking is different from water bondage.
Having my head dunked underwater is beyond my comfort zone. Having a hand on my throat during sex excites me. I think the eye contact makes a difference.

102.4. March 1, 2011
A reader asks whether water bondage might ever be within my sphere of comfort.
I have had sex in a swimming pool. It’s not the water itself that frightens me. The scenario of being dunked and fucked has the Guantamamo vibe to it. I enjoy the pain/sex fusion. But the punishment/sex, coercion/sex, torture/sex boundaries are clear, and I am inflexible about them. The lack of eye contact depersonalizes this kind of submission. The fact that it makes my palms and the soles of my feet sweat means that the fantasy has an impact. It doesn’t shut down my libido. It is a possibility one day. But I am not ready for it now.

102.5. March 3, 2011
On safeword usage: I have used a safeword twice that I can remember during play: once during a spanking/paddling scene when the guy I was playing with simply didn’t have any clue whatsoever and once during a rather intense session involving fire play and wax that was burning my skin. I have often said “I need to slow down,” or “could we stop,” or “let’s talk about this,” or just said “safeword” to various partners including my boyfriend and Amadeo. In such instances, though I didn’t technically use the safeword, the effect was the same. One of the things I do in vetting potential partners is to go over safety and boundary issues. If it’s a first scene, I generally know what’s coming as we have discussed it beforehand. I will write about this more someday.

103.1. February 26, 2011
A reader requested one hundred words from me for a project on masturbation. Why not? The incident I describe is with a lover from Chicago. It took place five years ago.

105.1. March 28, 2011
A reader asks why Amadeo didn’t fuck me through the fence.
The only way to get to the other side would have been to jump the fence. I will bank the other option for the future.
106.1. March 10, 2011
I have found that I walk away a fair bit — more so in the UK than in the US. Almost always, I approach a date willing to put out. It’s up to the guy to close the deal, but often he doesn’t.

107.1. March 10, 2011
A reader asks how I met the older man who sodomized me.
I answered his CL ad. It was m4w, dominant man seeking a younger submissive. We met for a glass of wine, then went to his place where we messed around for a time.

107.2. March 10, 2011
A reader likes the penultimate line. (So do I!)

There is a type of arrogance that leaves me weak in the knees. When I am naked, I want the assertiveness and the self-confidence. The sex happens the way he wills it.

108.1. March 17, 2011
The ex-boyfriend and I parted on good terms.

The might-have-beens will linger for quite some time, but it was a wonderful run, and I am better for knowing him.

It would be easier if I could demonize the ex. But there’s no cause. At times, circumstances conspire against the plans we make. He hasn’t acted in bad faith. We have been talking a lot lately as friends.

I am feeling better about where I am day by day. But it still hurts.

108.3. March 24, 2011
I have been masturbating a lot this week. Even if it’s simplest, there’s only so much pleasure that self-pleasure can bring. I expect that the dry spell won’t be of a lengthy duration. I am not ready yet though. I need a bit more time to process the new realities.

108.4. July 25, 2011
I’m ok. I wouldn’t say I’m completely over him. But the relationship had run its course when it ended. Our paths have diverged. I recognize that it is close on the hour for me to finally and definitively move on. I am grateful for the time that we had together and better as a person for it. He and I remain on friendly terms.

I expect I will wade back into the dating pool when I return to Boston. I am not necessarily looking for a boyfriend straight away, but I do want something more than a casual fuck buddy. A relationship such as this won’t develop with former regulars. It will have to be with someone new.

As for stories about sex with the ex, I can only say *maybe*. He knows about the blog, of course. In order to commence a new chapter in life, I do not choose to revisit emotionally searing experiences or expose personal intimacies. Nor will I disclose what is private to him. There are stories I can tell, and possibly, I will.

110.1. April 8, 2011
Being groped in public by a stranger is definitely not cool. When dancing, I enjoy contact so long as it is playful and the man acquiesces if I move his hand away.
A night out dancing nearly always results in a hookup when I am in the mood for it. But often, I will go out with no intentions beyond the dancing itself.

111.1. April 3, 2011
Men and women seem to confront different problems with Craigslist. Whereas you have the spammers, we have the flaggers.
I think the Craigslist model is ideal for acquiring casual sex, and I have had decent luck with it in the past. Unfortunately, the execution leaves much to be desired these days.

111.2. April 4, 2011
There is success on Craigslist, but the pool is limited. Out of 79 replies, exactly four enticed me to follow up. I met with three and fucked two. Tonight’s encounter has me chuckling. Expect a post in the next days.

111.3. April 3, 2011
A reader complains about sex, submission, and kink in Cambridge, MA.
I know first hand how conservative people in New England can be, and how they project this traditionalism as a mandate onto others. Hang in there. Keep an eye out for adventure. Though we are outnumbered, you and I, people like us are out there.

112.1. April 4, 2011
The guy assured me that the risk was negligible even if we were loud. Peering down the staircase to the bottom, I experienced moments of terror — not for my safety, but about being walked in on by some kid, say. But he was right. My responses heightened, and the sex had an edge.

113.1. April 6, 2011
A reader asks whether I ended up wearing the tail shaped buttplug.
I didn’t. The end that inserted was over two inches wide. It could have fit, but I wasn’t enthused by the prospect. Wearing a tail doesn’t do anything for me.

116.1. April 8, 2011
A reader asks about the boy’s reaction to watching me masturbate.
He was a captivated observer. The boy had brought me close to the peak from fucking, but he didn’t quite put me over the top. It took several more minutes of fingering the cunt and circling the clit to achieve my orgasm. He perched on the edge of the coffee table and watched raptly. While I moaned, he encouraged me with his words. The climax wasn’t as staggering as the previous night. I wasn’t driven to insensibility by the overload of sensation. But coming is always immense.

116.2. April 8, 2011
A reader asks how the boy watched but didn’t proceed to devour me.
Believe it or not, just as some women don’t swallow, some guys don’t eat pussy. These men don’t get asked for a return engagement.

117.1. April 13, 2011
I had a semester abroad in Paris as an undergraduate. Somehow, until this past weekend, I never
managed to take the train down. My roommate, who is French and has family there, insisted that we go. I should see more of Europe while I am here. I have barely left London.

119.1. April 19, 2011
*A reader asks whether Frank knows about the blog or my escapades.*
Frank knows that I have sex with others. He doesn’t know about the blog. I figure I will tell him when I leave. Having testimonials may recommend him to future lovers.
[I never told.]

119.2. April 19, 2011
*A reader asks if I enjoy playing with different partners.*
I like sex. I look for it actively and have my share of adventures. So, yes: I enjoy playing with different partners like that.

119.3. May 4, 2011
*A reader asks if Frank is bi.*
If Frank likes men, he hasn’t mentioned it to me. I was hoping to see him on Monday, but he had returned to Oxford.

121.1. April 25, 2011
I play flute and piccolo. I took piano lessons as a kid, but was never any good.

123.1. May 5, 2011
I decided to try something different in recounting this most recent adventure. I began the post with the intent to write banter with Amadeo, conversation during a blowjob. Of course, I forgot that my mouth is mostly occupied by cocksucking. The exposition (in italics) acquired a life of its own. Though it is somewhat bizarre for me to re-read, it was fun to write.

123.2. May 8, 2011
*A reader comments how certain phrases that are otherwise awkward, tawdry, insulting, or cliché become hot during sex.*
Certain phrases only work during sex. I compartmentalize the way I act with a lover and the things I say to him while we play sexually separately from our other interactions. The lovers who last, especially in the context of D/s play, do the same.

125.1. May 9, 2011
*In response to a question in French, I wrote the following.*
J’aime le sexe oral — donner et recevoir. Il est dommage que les autres ne sont pas d’accord.
La bouteille a été fini et pas particulièrement froid.

125.2. May 12, 2011
*A reader asks if I have pleasured Paris.*
I took French in high school and college and spent a semester in Paris as an undergraduate. I am nowhere close to being fluent. I was less promiscuous in Paris than I am now in London. But there were adventures. I don’t speak other languages.
126.1. May 15, 2011
A reader comments that she can’t get past the initial searing pain of anal penetration.

Knowing that I have done it many times before helps me get through the pain. Orgasms are a pay off as well.

126.2. May 16, 2011
A reader asks about my choice of lubricant.

I use water based lubricants. Liquid Silk is the current choice.

126.3. May 16, 2011
A reader asks about when I write the blog.

I relate the adventures a few days after, usually in spare moments, and then edit before posting. It’s not like I am taking notes during sex, but I have a decent recollection of what happened.

127.1. May 17, 2011
A reader comments that horn players ought to eat pussy well. He also notes that he doesn’t like Amadeo.

Maybe there will be a sequel someday. I now have some credit with the bank of Gi. Or rather, he has left a deposit with me.

I genuinely like Amadeo. That a discerning reader doesn’t tells me that I may not be doing justice to him as a person in what I write on the blog. Possibly that’s because I focus on the particular type of intense sex that we have. This is an extended fling — the classic fuck buddy arrangement. He and I wouldn’t be compatible for the long term. Not only are we in different places in life, his idiosyncrasies would drive me crazy if we had to live together. I enjoy his company once a week and the concomitant sex for the pleasure it brings me and also for the excursions in kink. He has sent me into subspace, which few people can manage, and brought me out safely. I don’t harbor romantic sentiments for him; I expect the relationship will end when I leave London.

127.2. May 17, 2011
I think I have failed to emphasize that not only are we lovers, but Amadeo and I are also friends. The sex is completely consensual. Also, it is not as though I am lacking in orgasms. He brings me off consistently — often continuously — during play.

127.3. May 17, 2011
A reader worries about my safety in Amadeo’s company.

These thoughts are morbid. I would not play with Amadeo repeatedly if I didn’t feel absolutely safe in his company. We are friends. We respect each other and interact as equals when we are not having D/s sex. I wouldn’t have it any other way. With kink, I always reserve a safeword for myself. I have never needed to use it with Amadeo. When I have felt the impulse to slow down, my stating this in a serious tone was enough. After I had a momentary respite from the pace of the spanking, say, we continued. The posts don’t always include these details because the logistics of bdsm are frankly not as sexy as the consequences.

As for breath play, the most extreme thing I am willing to do is to have him place his hand on my throat or wear a collar or a scarf around my neck. He doesn’t choke me hard. The effect is psychological
as much as it is physical. It triggers a panic reflex that I find sexy because it underscores his dominance. We discussed safety extensively before we ever played. His bathtub fantasy is inspired by porn (http://www.waterbondage.com/). It remains a fantasy. I am not going there.

I met Amadeo via Craigslist. As with all Craigslist encounters, I made a safety call during the first several meetings. Amadeo is pseudonymous for blogging purposes only.

128.1. May 20, 2011
Finding the sexy in a library can be a greater pleasure than finding sex there. Words are written for the ages and will endure long after the memories of old lovers have been obscured by time.

128.2. May 24, 2011
A reader wonders why I didn’t write for a few days.

While I appreciate the zeal with which people want to read about my adventures, these comments vex me. I need to first have sex before I write about having sex. Last week, Amadeo was out of the country and missed our date. After that, I had my ersatz period. Work is keeping me busy. I was in Cardiff for a meeting this past weekend. Though I am promiscuous, it can’t be a surprise that sex doesn’t happen all the time. I will post when I have something to say.

131.1. May 30, 2011
The reader from 127.1 guessed correctly. Gi is damn good at eating pussy.

131.2. June 1, 2011
Gi is an expat. He came to the UK for his undergraduate and has stayed ever since. The name is pronounced Gee, with a hard “G” — but, of course, this is a pseudonym.

136.1. June 9, 2011
A reader wonders whether running with Alice will be the same again.

I haven’t seen her since the morning after. I will find out.

[Running together wasn’t the least bit awkward. We giggled constantly and shared private jokes.]

136.2. June 10, 2011
A reader asks why sex with Alice won’t become a regular thing.

Women are an occasional treat for me. I prefer men by a long measure.

140.1. July 22, 2011
A reader asks if my intention was to have as much sex as I could. He wonders if I will tell Amadeo about my adventures.

If the intention was to fuck as many guys as I could, I would have had a lot more sex than I did. Amadeo knows I have other lovers. He and I aren’t an item. I don’t share the details of my other encounters with him.

141.1. July 22, 2011
I might as well add two more short takes regarding what I remember from before my vacation.
I didn’t describe sucking Amadeo’s cock while blindfolded. He fingered my pussy while I nursed at the crown. His thick, white come escaped the corners of my lips and trailed down my chin and throat. He used the blindfold to blot the semen from his cock.

Gi took up the offer to fuck my butt. The cock kept slipping out while I was on hands and knees. In the end, I laid on top of him with my back over his chest. My legs were in the air as he jabbed my ass with jackrabbit thrusts.

This post is inspired by a suggestion [comment 108.4] that I relate some stories about my time with the ex-boyfriend along with a few days of untoward, unexpected melancholy in obstinate opposition to perfect summer weather.

A reader asks if I have squirted.
Yes. It doesn’t happen often. When it does, it’s often due to orgasm denial.

The earliest meetings with Amadeo weren’t this intense. He answered an ad on Craigslist. Over a week, we had an extensive e-mail correspondence and met a couple of times — for drinks one evening and for lunch the next day — before initiating play. I was ready to fuck straight away, but he insisted that I go away to think things through. The first date in which we had sex went extremely well, so there was a second in which we escalated a bit. We have met a few times a month ever since. It took us time to develop this level of rapport and trust.

I always have a safeword at the ready, am prepared to use it, and believe that whatever is happening will immediately stop if I exercise this option. Amadeo inspires confidence. We are friends as well as lovers. I feel safe in his company.

We still haven’t done many of the things we have discussed. We may never. As far as I am concerned, that’s fine. I am comfortable where we are.

My regulars know that I am not exclusive. The ones who remain my partners accept this fact.

I have an account, but I haven’t been there much. I may poke around a bit when I am back in Boston.
[I have poked around. The lack of a proper search renders FetLife impossible to use.]

It was no secret that I was only here short term. I think Amadeo and Frank will be sad to see me go. I will miss them also. But, hey, it’s only a six and a half hour flight. I expect to see my friends again.
A reader encourages me to write essays on sex.

I appreciate the vote of confidence. The essays are challenging and fun to compose, but I get less feedback about them than about the various sexperiences.

A reader asks whether I will turn my nights with Amadeo into a book.

I do not intend to publish my sexploits as a book. If I find the time, I may convert the blog and some other sexual scribbles of mine on the internet to pdf and make it available here for free.

[And so I have.]

A reader comments that my cadences are reminiscent of The Love Song of J. Alfred Pufrock.

I hadn’t been thinking of Pufrock consciously, but, yeah, I see what you mean, especially in the last paragraph. Unlike J. Alfred, I have dared to eat a peach.

I think in a future blog, I’d be writing more stuff like this and fewer posts about the ins and outs of fucking. It almost seems like I am repeating myself constantly in the more explicit posts.

A reader expresses disappointment that I chase after married men.

I am not compelling anyone to sleep with me. If a married man does, that’s a matter between him and his spouse and him and his conscience.

It is interesting how sex with Amadeo Thursday morning possessed a similar shape to my date with Frank four nights ago. Wednesday night involved the usual measure of kink. Amadeo had somehow frozen a thick cylinder of ice inside a condom and fucked me with it. It melted to water, and I teased him about using some other liquid next time. We tested out a new paddle he had bought and decided that serving utensils from the kitchen were more fun. He chained me to the radiator and fucked my anus.

The morning sex, by comparison, was uncomplicated. I took the initiative. But there was never any doubt in my mind about who was in charge. Amadeo was content to allow me to suck him as I pleased, but I knew and he knew that if he had wished, the contours of sex would have been sculpted differently. He has a commanding presence about him. When we play, I am the clay that he molds. When I remember to ask, I come at his word. I want to please him with my body.

Though he is a physical specimen, I don’t experience this sense of power with Frank. They are very different men and very different lovers. It has been my good fortune to know them both.

I like being “the place where he comes.”
154.1. August 28, 2011
There’s no hint of kink with Marshall. It must be a rule that you always meet someone who you like just before you leave a place.

155.1. August 31, 2011
A reader asks if Frank loves me.
He doesn’t. We are close friends who have awesomely good sex.

157.1. September 1, 2011
I am kicking myself for not making the first move on Marshall months earlier.

158.1. September 6, 2011
A reader disapproves of Amadeo and suggests that I am allowing myself to be treated like a piece of shit.
My take on the situation is different.

159.1. September 7, 2011
A reader asks about Marshall’s race.

162.1. June 29, 2012
Tumblr tells me: Your account has been suspended. I have no idea why.
I notice as well that some of the links in the belated blogroll are broken. Alas.

163.1. September 14, 2011
A reader asks me to expand on what “purest sex” means.
It was perfectly paced fucking. He knew when to be forceful and when to be gentle. We kept switching positions moments before his climax. There were interludes of oral sex mixed in. It went on and on. I was in a state of perpetual orgasm. The second time was ordinary missionary sex in the morning. He clambered on top of me. We fumbled around with the condom, and then he was inside. We kissed throughout and in the end came together.

165.1. December 10, 2011
Sometimes I miss the habit of blogging. At other times, I wouldn’t know how to get through the week with that many fewer hours. I plan to be in the UK in a few weeks. The blog should come out of hibernation then, at least briefly.

167.1. December 20, 2011
A reader asks about Hallowe’en 2011.
Sadly, Hallowe’en this year was nothing special. I didn’t manage to crash any Xmas parties either.
Supremely unoriginal, I went to a party the Saturday before Hallowe’en wearing a too tight brown leather catsuit. The zipper of the jacket top was pulled down to show cleavage. The pants looked molded to my legs and ass. I only knew a couple of people there, but I had fun dancing with the guys and also several of the girls.
I went home that night with a ninja. The man danced and touched and kissed seductively. I rubbed my chest against his torso. His fingers brushed my pussy through the leather. His lips tasted sweet. Unfortunately, I suspect he knew how to use the wooden martial arts staff that he carried better than he knew how to use his cock.

On Hallowe’en itself, I went trick or treating with a friend and her three year old daughter, who was dressed as a pirate. I had a blast.

167.2. March 17, 2012
A reader asks about how going bareback felt.

It felt safe. He was a virgin, after all. To maximize the sensations of his first time, I offered him the opportunity to bareback. I liked the burst of semen within me and how some of it leaked from my pussy when he pulled his cock out. I felt the come sloshing inside for hours afterwards. The stickiness and warmth left me lightheaded and content.

169.1. December 31, 2011
A reader observes that I enjoy protocol. He comments that such rituals distract from the visceral nature of sex.

Rituals develop in any relationship. It might just be cuddling after sex. I don’t think it diminishes the spontaneity of the act, or its visceral nature. The rituals arise from comfort and familiarity. We know what makes a lover happy. I don’t view Simon Says as being about the protocol. It’s a children’s game. We have adapted it to a D/s context so that it’s now an adult game. But it remains fundamentally a game. If it wasn’t fun, I wouldn’t play. The rules aren’t serious. The various infractions supplied an excuse for the wax play that followed, but we would have done that anyway.

I view protocol in D/s more as the Sir/Master, capitalize his pronoun, wear his collar, genuflect at all times and obey thing. This isn’t me. I don’t take sex or myself that seriously.

169.2. January 2, 2012
The different lovers are unique. They have distinct kinks. I am more omnivorous than most. In part, the submissive mindset I bring to sex involves accommodating the desires of my partner and amplifying his responses. I enjoy the sexual variety I experience from proceeding in this way.

169.3. December 31, 2011
A reader asks about how to find a David.

Check OkCupid.

169.4. January 4, 2012
A reader likes the playfulness inherent to D/s.

My feeling is that if you aren’t laughing during sex, you’re doing it all wrong.

I have more than my rightful share of awesomeness in bed, so I shan’t complain.

171.1. January 5, 2012
A reader wonders if professors shouldn’t be more discreet on OkCupid.
His profile doesn’t say that he is a professor or mention kink. I found that out later in conversation when I volunteered that I was a graduate student and said that I was open to various possibilities. Perhaps it is a bit indiscreet to list casual sex along with a picture. But single university professors also date, and at least these days, there isn’t a stigma associated to sites like OkCupid in the US. In any case, given his field, I think it’s less likely to be a problem.

172.1. January 8, 2012
_A reader asks if I cry easily._

In everyday life, no. In bdsm that challenges me, it happens — not all the time, but often enough. Sex can be an emotional experience.

173.1. January 8, 2012
I am pleasantly surprised that the discipline of writing up my sexperiences so rarely flagged during the months in England and that it has been so easy to pick up the blog again. For the next project, I may channel this discipline into something new.

173.2. January 8, 2012
Urine generally has a salty taste. It’s stronger in the mornings and some foods affect the smell and to a lesser extent the flavor. It can be bitter and sharp, but in my experience, the taste hasn’t been horrid. It’s sterile. As long as the partner is healthy, I don’t see that it’s a problem to incorporate urine into sex play. Condoms are a necessary evil. I will never like them.

_A reader asks about condom usage._

We used a condom. I didn’t mention it in the post, but it was there (sadly).

175.1. January 12, 2012
I caught up with Marshall the other day. He said he is dating someone. We won’t be hooking up.

177.1. January 22, 2012
_A reader asks if I have joined the mile high club._

It’s a fantasy. I’d do it, either with someone I knew or with a random seatmate under the right circumstances. The circumstances have never been right.

177.2. January 29, 2012
_A reader asks for another fantasy._

I meet his lover for the first time when he brings her home for dinner. He has me spread-eagled over the floor. Rope wraps my wrists and ankles. I am naked, of course.

They sit cross legged on the carpet on either side of my body. Their evening meal consists of sushi, and I serve as their table. To begin, they pour warm sake over my chest and drink it from the skin. He tips soy sauce into the depression at my navel, and they dip the food there. The green wasabi paste is smeared over my pubis, where it burns. Pussy pink slices of ginger are cool against the lower contours of my breasts. Chopsticks pull at my nipples and the labial lips. She kisses me, and after a while so does he. Fingers probe my cunt and extract moisture which they use to flavor their food.
After dinner, he stands straddling me, and I watch the woman suck his penis. Involuntarily, I compare her technique to my own. The come leaves viscid white streaks over my body. She licks it from my tits and abdomen. I will her to share the semen with me, but she does not. I ask for permission to eat her pussy; he disappoints us both.

When they migrate to the bedroom, they leave the door open for me to listen. On the bed that I sleep in, he takes the girl over his lap for a spanking. I wince sympathetically with her ejaculations of pain. Because I remain bound, I cannot masturbate to their expressions of orgasm.

177.3. January 29, 2012

The first half of the last fantasy has happened; the second half has not. In reality, it turned into a threesome after the meal. It was also not the first time that the three of us played.

Many of my fantasies are about following the roads not taken. None of my fantasies involve condoms, but nearly all of the sex I have includes latex.

There’s also plenty I haven’t done. I imagine, for example, how it would feel to fuck while I am gravid and my belly is round and heavy. I have no idea whether the visions in my head approximate the real thing. After clubbing on Friday nights, I sometimes masturbate in bed thinking about my friend Jaime, who is the best dancer I know, has a noticeably huge cock, and is also gay. I dream about fucking on stage. The spotlight shines down on me as I writhe under the proscenium arch and an audience watches. (The blog accomplishes this, but only in a virtual way.) Inspired by porn, I have recently daydreamed about suspension bondage. I think about swapping: I am a fuck-toy for a dominant man, and in the same room my partner puts his woman through her paces. The men strive to out do each other. We women suffer, submit, and orgasm repeatedly. I fantasize about a pair of well dressed men, who play a civilized game of chess at a gentleman’s club for the privilege of fucking me. I daydream about a night with identical twins, who are handsome and insatiable. I want to fuck in a graveyard at night. I wonder about the mechanics of sex in zero gravity. I would like to try the glory hole scenario someday.

If I ever run out of fantasies to realize, it will be time to give up on sex and life.


A reader asks whether I prefer Amadeo or David.

This isn’t a question I want to answer. David and I live in the same city. Amadeo is across the Atlantic. Amadeo knows me better. I wish he were closer. You can draw any inferences you like.

180.1. February 5, 2012

The e-mail address still works. I will also check comments from time to time. If there is a future recreational writing project — and there may well be — I will link to it on the blog. For the foreseeable future, I won’t have the energy or the time for such an effort.

180.2. April 21, 2012

A woman has a one night stand and is being bombarded by requests for more sex. She seeks advice.

Some guys are exceptionally persistent. Block his e-mail and phone number. Responding encourages continued communication. If he doesn’t get the hint, tell him that if there’s any further contact, the police will be informed. If he gets back to you after that, call the cops. Regardless of past history, no one deserves to be harassed for sex.
These are questions asked and answered on my Formspring page.

1. **Question:** Can we see some pictures of you (anonymous or otherwise) at some point please?
   
   **Answer:** No. I don’t want to be recognized. Moreover, I don’t want compromising pictures of me on the internet forever. [November 2, 2010]

2. **Question:** Am I right that you have had sex with 27 people in London? Don’t you worry about getting a disease?
   
   **Answer:** There have indeed been twenty-seven partners (plus the boyfriend) in the UK as of today. I use condoms for penetrative sex with all but the boyfriend, who, likewise, uses protection. I get tested for STDs every six months. I realize there is danger inherent to promiscuity. I am comfortable with the level of risk I assume. [November 2, 2010]

3. **Question:** Have you fucked anybody famous?
   
   **Answer:** There hasn’t been anyone super famous, but it’s remotely possible that you may have heard of a couple of my lovers if you are in certain circles. I won’t say whom. Privacy is a trust. [November 2, 2010]

4. **Question:** Who is the youngest you have fucked? How about the oldest?
   
   **Answer:** Youngest: 15. I was the same age at the time. Oldest: late fifties or early sixties, I guess — older than Dad for sure. [November 2, 2010]

5. **Question:** Does your boyfriend know/read your blog?
   
   **Answer:** He knows about the blog and reads sometimes. I usually tell him about my adventures over Skype anyway. He tells me his stories, too. It turns us on to hear about our lover’s other lovers. [November 2, 2010]

6. **Question:** Do you do cyber or phone? I’d love to play anonymously.
   
   **Answer:** I have Skype sex with the boyfriend regularly. If by cyber, you mean typing into a chat window with a stranger, that doesn’t appeal. If by cyber, instead you mean web cam play, this isn’t anonymous enough for my comfort. I have had phone sex with various people. I enjoy having a man tell me what a slut I am and how he would dominate me. I like hearing him masturbate and masturbating for him and spinning a sexy, kinky fantasy. Right now, there aren’t phone sex partners. There could be. [November 3, 2010]
7. **Question:** From which sense (sight, hearing, touch, smell, taste) do you get most aroused?

   **Answer:** I find all of them arousing. If I had to choose only one, it would be touch. I have orgasmed blindfolded. I can imagine orgasming when I can’t hear or smell or taste. But in the absence of any physical contact, I don’t think I can orgasm spontaneously. [November 3, 2010]

8. **Question:** Biggest fantasy right this instant?

   **Answer:** I have been watching gang bang porn lately. Double or triple penetration isn’t my favorite, and it does hurt, so that’s not the chief component of the fantasy. Rather, it arouses me to think of being fucked to exhaustion by a group of dominant men, one right after another, each one using me as he wills, all my holes available to them. Possibly, I am bound up as it happens. The men are hugely built, with hefty erections, massive balls, and substantial stamina. I think of the come flooding my pussy and anus, thick streams of it flowing down my legs and pooling on the sheets. They take me in turns until there’s no more semen for me to receive. I kneel on the ground and lap their feet in gratitude once they have finished with me.

   Unfortunately, some daydreams remain ever thus. [November 3, 2010]

9. **Question:** What birth control do you use?

   **Answer:** This is not a sexy question. But as I have been asked this before, I will answer.

   I use the pill. I don’t tricycle the prescription, so I have a withdrawal bleed once a month during the placebo week. I generally avoid sex during the “period.” I use condoms principally to prevent the transmission of STDs rather than as birth control. [November 4, 2010]

10. **Question:** Don’t you get tired of all the casual, no commitment sex?

    **Answer:** No, I don’t. There’s much to be said for sex within a relationship. Familiarity enhances the experience for sure. If I wanted to be exclusive and monogamous, my choices are either to be celibate or to break up with the boyfriend and have sex in the process of dating. Neither option appeals. The boyfriend and I have sex together when we can and separately when we can’t. We find other partners enticing in diverse ways.

    Most of the time, even for casual sex, I make an effort to choose lovers who I like as people. Though it might only be a one night stand, I want to be able to talk to my partner before, during, and after, especially when kink transpires. Affection is part of the deal in the fuck buddy context. But I don’t need to be close friends with a man to enjoy his cock.

    I admit the initial chat over e-mail to figure out who the partner is can get old, especially in the CL casual encounters D/s setting. Even with interesting people, the conversation often acquires a sense of déjà vu. Fortunately, I am the queen of the cut and paste. [November 4, 2010]

11. **Question:** Does penis size matter?

    **Answer:** I enjoy a large cock. I like the challenge of deepthroat. I like the sensation of having my cunt forced open. I like looking down between my legs and seeing my pussy lips stretched around a thick shaft. Though it is a searing ache, I like the pain of anal penetration, when my ass is compelled to accommodate a big penis. I like to feel it in my bowels when I am anally fucked. I like heavy balls slapping against me.
As a rule, I prefer girth over length. As another rule, size doesn’t matter as much as sexual stamina. The ability to hit the right spots is still better. Even in the absence of these things, personality, playfulness, and pussy eating skills do the job just fine. One of my regular play partners in Chicago had a below average size and performance issues. His inventiveness in kink more than made amends for any physical limitations.

I have never measured the thickness or the length of an erection. Guys obsess about their endowment too much. There’s more to sex than penis size. I won’t lie. It matters. But much else matters more.

[November 4, 2010]

12. **Question:** Is sex ever scary?

**Answer:** What an interesting question.

Knife play and fire play make me anxious. But I trust my partners not to hurt me. The last time I was flat out scared was last May in a dorm room in Boston. The dom, an undergraduate, tied me to his bed. He let his roommate’s pet tarantula scurry over my breasts. First I saw it, and then he blindfolded me. I was terrified of being bitten. The guy was super. I may look him up when I visit Boston again.

[November 5, 2010]

13. **Question:** What are you wearing right now?

**Answer:** White button down shirt, sleeves reaching to just below the elbows, black bra underneath (silhouette visible), black bikini panties hidden by dressy black pants, knee high stockings, also black, and sensible blue black shoes. [November 5, 2010]

14. **Question:** Dumb question but you’ve been with a lot of men. What hygiene issues can you tell us about?

**Answer:** Just the basics: Shower at least daily. Shower before a date. Use soap and shampoo. Brush your teeth. Don’t taste of mouthwash. Dress well in freshly laundered clothes. Ensure your feet don’t smell. Don’t chew on your fingernails. Have a presentable place. Change your sheets after having sex. Make sure the bathroom is clean. Have extra towels. Have a spare toothbrush if you plan on entertaining overnight guests. When possible, blot your penis with toilet paper after peeing. Trim the pubis. (The last two will improve your fellatio experience and your partner’s.) Keep condoms and lube available. [November 5, 2010]

15. **Question:** Do you do long distance submission? I mean does your boyfriend give you tasks to do?

**Answer:** There’s D/s interaction when we Skype. But we don’t play long distance otherwise. Having my life micromanaged doesn’t appeal to me. [November 6, 2010]

16. **Question:** Have you ever left a long term relationship because you have met someone casually rather than breaking up the relationship because of problems inherent in it? Is this risk both you and your boyfriend accept?

**Answer:** In the past, when I have played with lovers outside a relationship, it was in the context of visiting sex clubs or having group sex. We did the casual, out of relationship sex together rather than separately. These relationships were medium term rather than long term (months instead of years). They ended for typical reasons, but not because I had met someone new casually. During most of the period from the end of high school to the second year of graduate school, I have been happily single.
The current boyfriend is my first open long term relationship, so it is as well a learning experience. We have our disagreements, but I think we get along. Long distance is not the ideal state. One of us falling for someone new is a possibility. It’s a risk we accept. If he is happier with someone else, I ought to let him go. [November 6, 2010]

17. **Question:** Is it possible to fuck on the London Eye?

**Answer:** The Story of the London Eye might be an impressive read. I have no idea about its plausibility. I think the Eye is too expensive for what it is; I have never been on. [November 6, 2010]

18. **Question:** Scenario: bananas peeled and placed inside your pussy (whole). Proceed to getting fucked so that the cock becomes the masher and the banana becomes pulped inside. Fingers inserted to scoop out the wet come infused pulp and fed to each other. Food fuck fan?

**Answer:** The scenario you describe is a turn off rather than a turn on. It sounds like an invitation to a yeast infection.

I will use a cucumber as a dildo. I like it when a partner applies honey or alcohol or whipped cream and chocolate syrup on my breasts. I will press grapes and olives and strawberries against my pussy lips. Once, a partner memorably tied me down and used my body as a table for a meal of sushi with one of his other lovers. I play with food. But not as you describe. [November 6, 2010]

19. **Question:** Have you ever been sexually abused or raped?

**Answer:** How is this a sexy question? The answer is no! [November 6, 2010]

20. **Question:** Which is your favorite? Oral, anal, or vaginal?

**Answer:** They’re not directly comparable. If I had to choose, the cock would be in my cunt. Ideally, however, the decision of how to fuck is my partner’s. [November 6, 2010]

21. **Question:** Tell us the story about the guy older than your dad.

**Answer:** I am 25. My Dad is 53. I have fucked a number of men in their fifties. The guy I wrote about here is also older than my father.

The oldest was someone I met four years ago when I visited my sister in Florence. Late one night, Jess and I had dinner at a restaurant in one of the piazzas over which an old church cast its shadow. Inside were frescoes from the early years of the Renaissance. A couple of guys at the next table were visiting Tuscany as well. They spoke English colored by a Greek accent. We chatted mostly about the museums in the city. My sister knows them all. After dinner, the four of us went for gelato. The guys were staying at a hotel across the Arno from Jess’s apartment. We went to a bar nearby and kept drinking. Jess had to wake early in the morning, so she left after a single glass of wine. I had nowhere to be. I stayed.

Eventually, we procured a second bottle of chianti and went back to their hotel. I sat in the center of the bed with my wineglass. The men tried their best to charm me. The younger was in his late forties or early fifties. The other was probably a decade older. I liked him better, so I laid my head on his lap. He stroked my hair while we talked. Eventually, once the bottle was empty, the younger man clued in and excused himself to his own room. I undressed for the older of the men, and he shed his clothes. His erection was stubby and hard.
There isn’t much to say about the sex. I sucked his penis briefly, and then we fucked. He came only
the one time. I remember stumbling home across the Ponte Vecchio around four in the morning.
[November 6, 2010]

22. **Question:** Two questions: Have you ever considered writing general fiction, short stories, or a novel?
Clearly you enjoy the medium and are talented. Also, are there any general stereotypes you can apply
to bedroom habits of men from different nationalities?

**Answer:** 1. I have considered it. I don’t have the time at present to do justice to such a project. Most
of writing for me is rewriting. My posts on the blog get some editing and revision, but you basically
read a second draft. When I write professionally, the fifth or tenth draft may say what I want. In each
post, there are a few sentences of which I am proud. In the rest, I only see the flaws. The landscape
of sex blogs has plenty of Hemingways but no Borges. Perhaps one day, in recounting one adventure,
I will manage to channel the latter. If I do this to my satisfaction, *Leah Lays London* will have been a
success.

2. My experience isn’t extensive enough for me to generalize with confidence about men of different
nationalities. Anyway, I prefer not to stereotype. [November 6, 2010]

23. **Question:** It’s the weekend. You’re here answering questions. Why aren’t you out laying London?

**Answer:** My period. I plan to meet with Amadeo next week, so I will have kink and you will have a
story before long. [November 6, 2010]

24. **Question:** Have you ever fooled around with a T-Girl? Is that something you would consider doing?

**Answer:** I haven’t. If I meet the right one in the right context, sure, why not? Mostly I am looking for
dominant men, however, and failing that men in general. Women are an occasional treat. [November
6, 2010]

25. **Question:** After some internet research, I conclude it is not possible to fuck on the London Eye
(http://video.google.com/videoplay?docid=3314814307692220478#). Besides, you are right
about price. What is the most exciting semi-public place you have fucked in London?

**Answer:** Click on the public tag on the sidebar for a list of my adventures. I think the most exciting
may have been being masturbated at the wine bar. I also fucked Frank on the roof of his brother’s
apartment once. [November 7, 2010]

26. **Question:** What’s your opinion of D. H. Lawrence?

**Answer:** I have read *Lady Chatterley’s Lover* and *Women in Love*. The novels aren’t favorites. The
short stories are better. [November 7, 2010]

27. **Question:** How do you avoid drama (clingyness, hurt feelings, etc.) resulting from one night stands
and/or friends with benefits relationships?

**Answer:** The short answer is: by being honest and forthright from the beginning.

A one night stand is just that. I am up front about not being amenable to more. Often, these are with
people I don’t expect to see afterwards.

A friends with benefits/fuck buddy situation is slightly more tricky. I let my partner know that I am
not going to be exclusive and that I sleep around and also that I have a boyfriend. The ones that can
deal with this do. The ones that can’t get dumped. The D/s crowd on Craigslist is conditioned not to
expect commitment. Again, in the case of repeat encounters, I am candid about my attitude toward
kink, sex, and relationships. Right now, this is academic as there isn’t a regular play partner.

Sleeping with friends can also be tricky. I tell my partners that just because we have sex once, it doesn’t
mean this will become a habit. Usually, it works out. I have lost one or two friendships when the guy
wanted more. But that’s the exception. Knock on wood: there haven’t been many issues. [November
7, 2010]

28. **Question:** Have you had weekend of sex? Fucking non-stop from Friday afternoon to Monday morning.

   **Answer:** Yes. But not for years. There’s too much work to do on the weekends that it’s not likely to
transpire even if I were to find a suitable partner or partners. The boyfriend and I have a weekend away
sometimes, in New York City, or up in Maine, but it isn’t non-stop sex.

   It happened most recently the summer before I moved to Boston and started graduate school. Desmond,
one of my regulars, and I were invited to spend the weekend with a dominant/submissive couple who
lived in the suburbs of Chicago. The host was a deft hand with rope. At the time, I was willing to
bareback when shown clean test results. Both of the men came inside me. I licked my lover’s semen
from the other girl’s cunt. By Sunday night, I could hardly walk for having been fucked and toyed with
so thoroughly. [November 8, 2010]

29. **Question:** Would you have sex with a dog?

   **Answer:** I have. Oh. You mean a canine? No. I am biased for my own species. [November 8, 2010]

30. **Question:** Regrets?

   **Answer:** No. Things I’d do differently the next time? Yes. [November 8, 2010]

31. **Question:** When you masturbate, what goes through your head? Previous lovers? Future lovers? Or
something else?

   **Answer:** Not necessarily previous lovers, but images of previous encounters flash by: that time I was
hogtied, legs and arms made fast, a bundle of sticks over me, or being pressed up against a wall, the
rough brick snagging my dress and leaving scratches on my shoulder, or looking along the barrel of
a gun while I lick the bottom edge. If I am watching porn, I think of being that woman writhing flat
on the mattress with a cock pounding her cunt. Or I receive aural cues from my boyfriend across the
Atlantic who tells me all the designs he has on my body when we are closer, and I hope his schemes
come to pass.

   With fingers in my cunt, or the vibrator pressed up against my clit, or the dildo sliding through the
wetness, creating agonizing, excruciating friction, I come before long. Maybe I will come again.
[November 9, 2010]

32. **Question:** Do you do bukkake?

   **Answer:** I haven’t. It simply doesn’t appeal. [November 9, 2010]

33. **Question:** Have you ever had an A-spot orgasm? I mean A-spot = “anterior fornix.”

   **Answer:** If you are referring to the spot inside where the vagina flares out and the texture of the walls...
becomes less pliant and less soft, then yes. Orgasms this way are infrequent compared to a G-spot or clitoral orgasm. Generally, I need steady, deep fingering to achieve this, a rubbing, rotating, lifting movement of the tips. It is a De Profundis orgasm. It arises out of the depths. A cock or a dildo doesn’t do it. A longish vibrator sometimes does. [November 9, 2010]

34. **Question:** How did you start with the golden showers?

   **Answer:** First of all, I don’t like the term “golden shower.” The euphemism is unnecessary. I am into urine. I like piss.

   I have always known that a penis is dual purpose. In the back of my head it registers when I suck cock that this is also how he pisses. Sometimes, I taste the urine on the head when I first lick the glans. (Dried up urine isn’t a favorite taste, by the way. I’d prefer it if men blotted their penis with tissue after pissing. I realize that urinals make it difficult. But still: do a girl a favor.)

   In the bathroom once, I helped the boyfriend pee, holding his cock and directing the stream into the toilet. He got hard from the press of my breasts on his back and the touch of the fingers along his shaft. He sent me to his knees afterwards and had me suck him. I tasted the remnants of urine when I flicked my tongue at the aperture. Later that day, he pissed into the cup of his hand in the shower and smeared it over me as we bathed. After that, it became a part of our sexual repertoire. In the next days, he pissed over my body in the bathtub. I was worried I would throw up the first time he had me drink. I didn’t. I liked the intimacy of the act. I enjoyed being a piss slut for him. [November 9, 2010]

35. **Question:** I’m a bloke and according to some other girls I slept with I have multiple orgasms. Is this possible? Ever experienced a bloke who can?

   **Answer:** If by multiply orgasmic, you mean a guy who comes several times in a night, that’s the norm, at least for healthy men under fifty. If instead (and more likely) you mean a guy who doesn’t get soft between consecutive orgasms that involve ejaculation, that must be a rare phenomenon. I have never experienced it. In fact, I had to Google to figure out what you were asking. [November 10, 2010]

36. **Question:** Yeah, that’s it. I don’t go soft in between orgasms. Is it really that rare?

   **Answer:** Insofar as I have noticed, every guy I have been with does lose some of the hardness after he ejaculates. He doesn’t necessarily take long to recover, but there is a perceptible change in the cock after orgasm. [November 10, 2010]

37. **Question:** Will you be at the Southbank outdoor bookshop tomorrow for an anonymous meet?

   **Answer:** No. [November 11, 2010]

38. **Question:** Do you write on commission?

   **Answer:** I haven’t thought about it until now. I might be willing to do this depending on what you want and what my time constraints are. Any commission would be sent to a third party of my choice. I would retain copyright. E-mail me with more details and maybe we can work something out. [November 12, 2010]

39. **Question:** What music do you listen to? Do you listen to music during sex?

   **Answer:** I don’t listen to much recorded music. I prefer the live experience, but, of course, that’s expensive in London. The iTunes library on the computer is mostly 40s, 50s, 60s era jazz, musicals,
and dance music of various types. Typically, when I listen to pop, I am at a club. I have no idea who wrote what. When I listen to classical, I am at a concert or I am playing.

If there’s music on while I am fucking, it doesn’t bother me, but I am usually too busy to pay attention. I don’t try to time the orgasms to the climaxes in the music. I find music more helpful during oral sex. I enjoy constructing the movements against the sonic background. [November 12, 2010]

40. **Question:** Have you used sex to get things: for example, a better apartment or better marks at the university or a new dress?

**Answer:** Of course not. I do not barter sex for favors or gifts. I am not a prostitute. As for my grades, they have always been fine. Rather than progressing through life by virtue of possessing a vagina and being good in the sack, I want to earn what I achieve on my actual merits, especially within the professional context. [November 13, 2010]

41. **Question:** What’s the significance of your pseudonym?

**Answer:** Leah was a pet rabbit I had when I was younger. Danby is part of an address. In other words, it’s a porn star name. [November 14, 2010]

42. **Question:** Why don’t the links at the top of the post work? Also who uses the word *buggery*?

**Answer:** Because Wordpress classifies my blog as mature, the posts aren’t propagated generally via tags. The posts you find on [http://en.wordpress.com/tag/anilingus](http://en.wordpress.com/tag/anilingus), for example, are from blogs that somehow squeaked through the filtering process, whatever that might be. This is very inconvenient as I would like to find posts on other adult blogs with a single mouse move. Click on the category cloud to the side to see the posts on my blog that carry a certain tag.

_Buggery_ is a fun word. I like saying it. [November 14, 2010]

43. **Question:** Are there celebrities you fantasize about?

**Answer:** Not that I can think of. I find it difficult to fantasize about people I don’t know. When I am watching porn, I find the action and the situation arousing rather than the actual people having sex. The same happens when I read erotic prose. The scenarios of Le Marquis de Sade and Pauline Réage in particular have fueled many a masturbation session. [November 14, 2010]

44. **Question:** If you had a penis, would you be dominant or submissive?

**Answer:** Ok. You stumped me. I have absolutely no idea. [November 14, 2010]

45. **Question:** Curious kitties are curious as to why you advertise on “vanilla” sites like CL rather than swinger or kink sites?

**Answer:** CL is the place I started looking for casual D/s, so it’s a path of least resistance. Also, I like posting an ad instead of a profile: it’s not one thing I am after. I have found that filtering on kink sites has complications that are unique to the setting. There are lots of self-avowed dominant men that turn me off and piss me off. There are too many people who don’t seem to have a clue, insisting for example on being called “Sir” and “Master” on first acquaintance. Granted, they are easy to dismiss, but it is an aggravation to me. I am also not as comfortable with the more formal scene as I am with playing in private. [November 16, 2010]
46. **Question:** The age of consent in the United Kingdom is 16. How young would you go?

**Answer:** I think the largest age difference down I have had is six years. I can’t say that I am attracted to very many sixteen year olds anymore. I prefer partners with a measure of maturity and experience. But there are occasional Pygmalion fantasies of starting with an innocent and training the ideal dominant. [November 16, 2010]

47. **Question:** You said you “do not barter sex for favors or gifts.” Do you have a moral issue with prostitution?

**Answer:** I have no problem with what people decide to do with their own bodies so long as the choices are made freely and with conscious volition. Personally, I don’t want to set a price on sex or accept money, favors, or gifts for what I do in bed.

Sure, I will take up an offer for drinks or dinner or a play. I don’t feel I ever owe anyone sex for a date though. What may transpire afterwards results purely from my opinion of the guy and my sense of how well we mesh and of course my mood.

I find the concept of whoring hot, and have role-played the part, most recently a few weeks ago. I didn’t keep the nominal sum. [November 16, 2010]

48. **Question:** Have you ever been man-gripped? With fingers two, three, and four in the vagina, five on the anus, and the thumb on the clit, the biceps, triceps, and shoulder muscles vibrate the hand as fast and hard as possible. Sixty seconds to orgasm, guaranteed.

**Answer:** I didn’t realize that had a name. It has happened, but not for sixty seconds continuously. I have my doubts that an orgasm will be that quick. But thanks for the tip. I will have a partner try it. [November 17, 2010]

49. **Question:** Can I dom you when you’re in Boston? asks a reader with considerably less literacy and aplomb.

**Answer:** This isn’t the first proposition I have received from my readers. They usually arrive via e-mail rather than through Formspring. I have reposted the message to remove the poster’s hotmail address. The unflattering typos are his.

In August, I went on a date with the lawyer, who found me through the blog. More than three months later, I remain uncomfortable with the corresponding loss of anonymity. I expect that he continues to read what I write. I sometimes think one of the regular commenters is him. I wonder if he will out me. I think of contingencies. I feel wary. Interestingly, I don’t have the same trepidation about having shared with Claire, possibly because she is a woman coming to terms with her sexual submissiveness.

Despite my curiosity about some of my correspondents, I have declined subsequent offers to meet, whether it is for a drink or an assignation. For heads pace reasons, I prefer to keep the real life and the blog life separate right now.

The offer from Boston is an obvious non-starter. To tie in with an earlier question, it’s also typical of what I see on the kinky dating sites.

You should feel free to make more literate and more persuasive propositions. I won’t categorically exclude the possibility of a meet-up. But know that I am unlikely to accept an invitation, even with someone who, in other circumstances, would intrigue me. [November 17, 2010]
50. **Question:** Do you have rape fantasies?

   **Answer:** No. I know enough people who have been raped that it is not something I fantasize about.

   I like rough sex. I like being taken. I like force. I like being compelled. I like submission to a dominant man. I like surrendering control of my body, the setting, and the situation to him. I like danger. I like pain. I like it dirty. I like confronting one set of boundaries and crossing over to the next.

   I’m a slut, a slit, three holes, two breasts, and an inventive mind for a man’s pleasure. But what I do is consensual. I elect to play this way. I pick who gets to fuck me. I don’t want these choices taken from me. [November 17, 2010]

51. **Question:** Maybe it’s obvious, but the man-grip needs lots of lube. And the guy needs a manicure and really good arms.

   **Answer:** Thanks for the advice. I will see if Amadeo wants to do this, and if not I will ask someone else. [November 17, 2010]

52. **Question:** Have you had your asshole fisted?

   **Answer:** Nope. [November 17, 2010]

53. **Question:** Do you have tattoos or piercings?

   **Answer:** No tats. My ears are pierced. I have been thinking about doing a nipple as well. [November 17, 2010]

54. **Question:** Would you record one of your sexy stories and post the audio?

   **Answer:** Hmm. Possibly. Let me think about this. [November 17, 2010]

55. **Question:** I would love to hear your voice.

   **Answer:** Noted. Thanks for the vote. I may try this at some point over Xmas and see how I sound reading my posts. [November 18, 2010]

56. **Question:** Do you have any sense of how common women like you are? There are just enough braggart blogs around to make me wonder about twenty-something women.

   **Answer:** I am not trying to brag. I started blogging because I wanted to share my sex life with my boyfriend while we are apart. I have since discovered that I enjoy writing about my experiences quite independent of anyone else.

   It’s hard for me to answer your question. I can make some anecdotal remarks. In a roomful of, say, twenty random women in my age group and from my social background, probably a third have been with another woman at least once. Between a third and a half have messed around with something a bit unconventional. Maybe they have been tied up or blindfolded or had sex on the rooftop that one time with an ex. I expect that I will have had a more varied sex life than anyone in the room. I would also guess that I’m not the one who has slept with the most men.

   This is, of course, speculation informed by observation and from speaking to my friends. There’s an obvious selection bias in generalizing from the people I hang out with. [November 18, 2010]

57. **Question:** Do you find that keeping a blog about your sexual endeavors influences very much your in the moment sexual going-ons?
**Answer:** Fun question. Thank you.

This was a fear. Just after I started the blog, once the clothes were off, I wondered how I would write about what was happening. I took mental notes about my partner and the situation. I was most aware of this during my first date in London. The guy wasn’t into it the way I wanted, so I had plenty of mental space for thinking. In the subsequent encounter, I was too absorbed in submission to worry about how I would tell the story. That I managed to do so gave me confidence in my writing.

Now, it doesn’t enter into my head as a consideration. I have always been observant. I know I can put down words to describe the experience. Certain details are extrapolated to fill in the gaps between memories. There’s no way I can remember a blowjob with the specificity I wrote about on Hallowe’en. Everything I said happened happened, but the ordering of events is suspect.

Possibly because of the blog, I have a new boldness in attempting to make sexual daydreams come true. I have placed ads on CL lately that I hope will turn into good stories to tell. [November 20, 2010]

58. **Question:** Biggest fantasy right this instant?
   **Answer:** This morning I woke up thinking about DP (and more) with twins. It’s not the first time for this fantasy. I advertised for sibling men on CL recently. So far, there have been no takers. The ad is still up. [November 20, 2010]

59. **Question:** A reader makes another half literate come on.
   **Answer:** As I answered several questions previously, I am not looking to meet up with readers of my blog. Moreover, even supposing I am looking to meet up, a few scant and poorly punctuated sentences and the pronouncement that you are well endowed don’t constitute sufficient temptation for me to e-mail you. I don’t mind an attempt at seduction. I get annoyed by woefully inadequate efforts.

Why would I fancy meeting you? I have no way of knowing whether you are good looking, tall, or athletic. Often the latter two qualities don’t matter, and I can be attracted to quite ordinary looking men as well. Unless you are being ironic and witty and are genuinely funny about it, I don’t want to hear about your penis size as your first utterance; I will think that’s the larger of your two heads. The 255 character limit for questions imposed by Formspring doesn’t facilitate the opening foray to a conversation. I question the intelligence of anyone who thinks to ask for a fuck this way. Take it to e-mail, where, at least, the only character limit is my patience.

Start by being friendly, and if there’s a vibe, then you can ask. As I have little difficulty in getting laid, when you formulate your request, you ought to let me know why I should choose you. I will still likely say no for reasons elaborated upon in my response to the proposition from before.

Out of good will, just like the last time, I have redacted name and e-mail address in reposting the question and have been gentle in my mockery. Fair warning to others: I don’t promise to do the same for future hookup proposals sent via Formspring. Ask in a more appropriate manner. [November 21, 2010]

60. **Question:** What’s your middle name?
   **Answer:** I hope you realize that “Leah Danby” is a pen name. Let’s go with Leah X. Danby, where the X., like Truman’s middle initial, stands for nothing in particular. I’d hate to be confused with one of the real Leah Danbys of the world. [November 21, 2010]
61. **Question:** And what might today’s fantasy be?

   **Answer:** I am daydreaming about a spanking. I want to lie on a man’s lap, have him pull my pants and panties down and redden my ass, first with his bare hand and then with a hairbrush. I want to free my mind of everything but sensation: the pain, my screams, how wet it makes my pussy. I want to straddle his lap and make out with him afterwards while his hands fondle my breasts and soothe over my back and my ass. [November 22, 2010]

62. **Question:** Were you ever a cheerleader?

   **Answer:** No. Never. [November 22, 2010]

63. **Question:** I understand being cool with your boyfriend fucking other women (and vice versa), but the snuggling part, the stuff you talk about doing with Amadeo or Frank post-sex.... Is there an emotional line that could be crossed by either of you? Has it happened?

   **Answer:** Sex isn’t just fucking. The foreplay and the afterglow and the conversation are part of the experience. I want to like the people that I sleep with repeatedly quite apart from what we do together in bed. I have turned down sequels when the first encounter lacked the mental component that supplements physical bonding.

   While I go for the one night stand with frequency, nearly all of the boyfriend’s sex outside our relationship is with regulars. It would be simpler to process if he made more disposable selections. I know that he is close to his partners, that there is an emotional tie, that these are in fact relationships. Jealousy and envy stab into the left side of the chest sometimes. It’s often easier to justify openness intellectually than to experience. The pangs are momentary, however. They go away.

   Both of us fall well short of love with our others. That’s my line. I am not monogamous sexually, but I focus like a laser where it concerns the intensity of my affections. If one of us were to fall in love with someone else, then, at that point, he or I would need to make an irrevocable choice between the options. I am not comfortable with divided loyalties. I’d rather lose the boyfriend than share him this way. For my part, I am constitutionally incapable of having two boyfriends at once.

   So far we haven’t made it to the line. If it happens, I suspect it will be this year when we are an ocean apart.

   [I have elaborated further on the blog.] [November 23, 2010]

64. **Question:** What is your bra size?

   **Answer:** This is not a sexy question. See here. [November 25, 2010]

65. **Question:** Do you do an enema before anal sex?

   **Answer:** No. [November 26, 2010]

66. **Question:** Height? Weight?

   **Answer:** I refuse to answer questions about my height, weight, bust, hips, waist, dress size, bra size, hair length, hair color, eye color, visual acuity, GPA, purity test score, etc. A recitation of statistics does not interest me. Please stop asking. [November 27, 2010]

67. **Question:** Have you ever (intentionally) lived out a literary fantasy — *i.e.*, one from fiction or history? Or found yourself unintentionally living out such a fantasy? *I.e.*, a slightly thick farmhand à la D. H.
Lawrence, who just happened to be on the eco-farm tour?

Answer: I have lived out a few of the tamer scenes from Justine. I have lived out the library episode in Atonement. The latter was more by accident than design. [November 28, 2010]

68. Question: Can you recommend any other good sex bloggers you like? Perhaps an Asian female or three?

Answer: I will defer answering for now. One of the projects over the winter holidays is to make a blogroll. I don’t classify bloggers by ethnicity, so I can’t promise Asian females. [November 28, 2010]

69. Question: Do you want to watch me masturbate?

Answer: If you had asked by e-mail, your odds of a positive reply may have improved from zero to a number that’s still negligibly small. [November 28, 2010]

70. Question: Do you use a condom during anal sex? And if not do you let people come inside your ass?

Answer: Unless he is my boyfriend, the guy uses a condom for penetrative sex in the vagina or the anus. A couple of times, partners I have found off CL have stuck their cocks into me without protection. This violates our terms of play and freaks me out. I get very nervous when it happens until I get a clean test result. This is very much the exception, however, and has not occurred recently. Nearly every guy adheres to safe sex practices when asked. [December 1, 2010]

71. Question: If I knew where to send it, I would buy this for you. Would you wear it?

Answer: Maybe not on a first date. [December 1, 2010]

72. Question: French knickers, panties, or thong?

Answer: The latter two based on mood and situation. Today: bikini panties. [December 2, 2010]


Answer: I do like the Daddy/daughter scenario, not because I have unrequited longing for my father, but because there is a clear power relation. I also like teacher/student for the same reason. I have role-played both, the latter most recently with Dr. Williams as I write about on the blog. The other scenarios don’t appeal to me. [December 2, 2010]

74. Question: Have you done a glory hole?

Answer: No. I could be interested in trying this out as I adore giving head. [December 2, 2010]

75. Question: Are you ever interested in vanilla sex with the boyfriend? If so, how do you make it clear that that’s what you’re looking for at that time?

Answer: We do have vanilla sex as well. Most make up sex after an argument falls into this category. As well, when either of us need this as opposed to something more kinky or with D/s trappings in evidence, we ask for it. Talking openly and freely about sex is the usual, simple recipe to getting what one wants. [December 2, 2010]

76. Question: What did you dream about last night?
Answer: I am afraid I don’t remember my dreams. [December 3, 2010]

77. Question: What are some not-typically-erotic things/experiences that you found suddenly erotic? And what were the outcomes?

Answer: I find that certain voices strike me as erotic in non-erotic contexts. Skyscrapers arouse me. Airplanes also. I find the spray of juice at the first bite of fruit unbelievably sexy. I like rain tapping at the window. I focus on the shapes of hands.

A private smile and an internal warmth constitute the outcomes. [December 3, 2010]

78. Question: Do you own/use sex toys?

Answer: Yes. I own several dildos, vibrators, and buttplugs and various restraints and spanking implements. The dildos get heavy use, the others less. [December 3, 2010]

79. Question: What “ordinary” (i.e., “non-kinky”) sex acts don’t you get enough of? Are there any which you do but don’t really like?

Answer: I never feel so feminine as when I am on my knees with a penis between my lips. The cock is a paradox. I think no part of a woman is so soft as its head or so hard as its shaft. I would have a daily ration of semen if I could.

Sixty-nine, especially with a man, is not a favorite act, however. I prefer to focus my attention exclusively on cocksucking or on being eaten. [December 3, 2010]

80. Question: Be submissive for me today. Wear a miniskirt without anything underneath.

Answer: Um, no. Hell no. You don’t get to make those requests of me. I enjoy submissive sexual play with partners I choose. I am not submissive to the nameless, anonymous you. Nor do I seek control outside of sex. I don’t want my life managed even by people with whom a relationship exists at a more substantial level than words on my laptop screen. Besides, the temperature hovers this afternoon just above freezing. I am on my period. A short skirt without panties and tights isn’t happening today for anyone. [December 4, 2010]

81. Question: Have you ever had sex underwater?

Answer: I have had swimming pool sex on a few occasions. The first time it happened, when I was in high school, it was a crowded public pool. The then quasi-boyfriend dragged the bottom of my bikini aside and entered me in the water. I had my legs wrapped around him near the edge of the pool. We splashed around a little, but got away with it. I was sixteen.

Underwater blowjobs are more memorable. I like seeing the cloud of semen like a puff of smoke at the end. [December 5, 2010]

82. Question: Where is the strangest/most memorable place you’ve had sex outside?

Answer: A lover and I once fucked on the deck of a boat in the middle of Lake Michigan with the hot sun beating upon us. I liked how the buoyancy of the boat in the water contributed to the movements of the sex. [December 5, 2010]

83. Question: Is there anything that annoys you about sex?

Answer: I get aggravated when my partner doesn’t kiss during sex. [December 5, 2010]
84. **Question:** Would you ever consider posting pictures or videos of yourself masturbating?

**Answer:** I have considered it. I won’t post pictures or video. [December 5, 2010]

85. **Question:** You mentioned being filmed while giving head. Do you find it a turn on, and is this something that occurs regularly, or do you find it a worry given that these could be posted online, etc.?

**Answer:** He filmed me with his mobile phone. It happened so quickly that I didn’t process it at the time. Afterwards, I asked to see the movie, and he showed it to me. The resolution was crappy, the picture was unsteady, and he only grabbed the phone when I started to smear his semen into my tits. I politely requested that he delete it, and he very kindly obliged. I omitted this in telling the story, because, frankly, it’s less sexy this way.

I am not filmed regularly. I do worry about hidden cameras and the like when I go home with someone I find from, say, CL. [December 6, 2010]

86. **Question:** Have you ever been caught having sex? What would be the most embarrassing sexual experience you’re comfortable revealing?

**Answer:** I have been observed having sex by non-participants at parties and in a porn cinema. I have given blowjobs in a convertible on the highway and been seen by passing truckers. I have been discovered exiting toilets with guys at clubs and bars. I have fucked on balconies and in front of open windows when I wanted or hoped to be spied upon. I have been overheard countless times. But I have been caught *in flagrante* up close only once. It’s a story worth telling, and I will save it for a rainy day or the inevitable dry spell.

Most embarrassingly, in my teens and again when I was in college, I was interrupted by my Mom when I was taking care of the business thinking that I would be alone in the house. [December 6, 2010]

87. **Question:** Cut or uncut?

**Answer:** Hygienic, functional, and attached to a nice brain suits me fine. [December 6, 2010]

88. **Question:** You have said race isn’t a concern, but is social class something you look for in selecting partners?

**Answer:** If it’s a one night stand that I meet at a club, I am not particularly selective. If it’s a CL date, or if the point of the encounter is to have kink, I need to be able to have a conversation with the guy. Good conversation is often a proxy for social class. But I don’t particularly care whether it’s a college dropout or a Ph.D./M.D. that I am sleeping with. [December 6, 2010]

89. **Question:** What are your politics? Are you democrat or rethuglican?

**Answer:** This is not a sexy question. I will let you read between the lines of the blog to infer my politics inasmuch as any of it matters. [December 6, 2010]

90. **Question:** Have you ever been offered money for sex?

**Answer:** Yes. I have never accepted money for sex except in role-play. I have never kept the nominal sums exchanged. [December 7, 2010]

91. **Question:** Do you intend to continue this blog once you return to the States?
Answer: The original plan was to end the blog when I leave London. Now, I am not so sure. [December 7, 2010]

92. Question: Are your fingernails painted? Toes? Do you wear makeup?
Answer: No. No. Yes. [December 7, 2010]

93. Question: How many guys this year?
Answer: There have been about thirty play partners in London over almost six months. (See the Chronology for the exact number.) In the US, where I wasn’t keeping track, there may have been twenty more. A new partner a week seems a reasonable guess. [December 7, 2010]

94. Question: Have you slept with a friend’s father or brother?
Answer: No. My life isn’t a porn movie. [December 7, 2010]

95. Question: What subject do you study? Also what are you looking at for your Ph.D.?
Answer: Thanks for the interest, but I choose not to answer these questions. A Ph.D. involves significant specialization. I have given seminars on the topic of my research. I am too easily Googled if I elaborate. [December 7, 2010]

96. Question: As a response to the last question you answered, I’m completely petrified of public speaking. When speaking in seminars and the like at university I speak too fast, go red in the face, and break out into sweat. How do you cope with public speaking?
Answer: Know your stuff. Practice the seminar several times. I don’t know of any deep secret. I get nervous when I have a musical solo, but knowing that it’s just like practice gets me through. [December 8, 2010]

97. Question: Were you in a sorority in college?
Answer: No. [December 8, 2010]

98. Question: Is your boyfriend bisexual, too?
Answer: No. So far as I’m aware, all his sex has been with women. He is comfortable being nude in company and doesn’t object to incidental contact with another man in a threesome, say. I find man to man oral sex hot. On the theory that a mouth’s a mouth maybe he will give it a try and let me watch. [December 9, 2010]

99. Question: Do you wear glasses?
Answer: No. My eyes are good, which means I must not be masturbating enough. [December 9, 2010]

100. Question: You spell it come. Why not cum? Cum seems to be the trendy word for naughty description. You have a problem with cum?
Answer: Come looks and tastes better. [December 9, 2010]

101. Question: Is there a profession you want to fuck?
Answer: The teacher/student fantasy is among my oldest. I have slept with university professors and school teachers, but never in a context where a prior or ongoing professional relationship exists.
The profession I most want to fuck is an orchestra conductor. Several of the ones I know — the ones I have played under — impress me for their innate dominance, especially as they shape the music and the willful personalities of a roomful of opinionated musicians to their design. In addition, they do know how to wave a baton. [December 10, 2010]

102. **Question:** Where are you ticklish?

   **Answer:** Under the arms, the sides of the rib cage, the soles of the feet, the backs of my knees (more with a tongue than with fingers). [December 12, 2010]

103. **Question:** Have you tried needle play?

   **Answer:** No. Needles scare me. [December 13, 2010]

104. **Question:** Do you intend to stay in London for the Christmas period or are you intending to return Stateside?

   **Answer:** I fly back to the US on the 19th [of December] and stay for a little more than three weeks. I am splitting my time between Boston and the parents. [December 13, 2010]

105. **Question:** Do you enjoy being titty-fucked?

   **Answer:** It’s nicely diverting from time to time, but not a favorite. I’d rather have the cock inside me. [December 13, 2010]

106. **Question:** Do you have a cell phone that can photograph the cocks that fuck you? (With permission to publish; totally anonymously, of course.) They would make an interesting addition to your adventure blogs.

   **Answer:** Posting a catalog of cocks has less than zero appeal. It’s not happening. [December 14, 2010]

107. **Question:** Can you set up a rating click at the end of each blog? (0) It was a turn-off (1) It raised my blood pressure a little (2) I got a little swelling (3) I got totally hard (4) I had to jack off. (Personally, for me, your blogs are mostly 4s.)

   **Answer:** I am glad to hear it’s (4), but I don’t particularly feel like being graded. [December 15, 2010]

108. **Question:** Have you ever done electrostimulation? It’s perfect for bdsm. At low voltage it feels very good, but you can turn it gradually up to “intense” — *i.e.*, truly painful. It is perfectly safe if you use a well engineered power box, and follow the rules.

   **Answer:** I haven’t. I’d like to try, but none of my regular partners have a kit, and I haven’t invested in the equipment myself. [December 15, 2010]

109. **Question:** What would you do if you found out you were pregnant?

   **Answer:** This is by far not a sexy question. I take safeguards to prevent precisely this eventuality. If it happens despite the precautions, then I will take the necessary steps. I don’t feel I am ready to have kids right now and neither is the only guy in my life with whom this could be an option someday. [December 15, 2010]

110. **Question:** You say about thirty in London in six months, and twenty more in America. So you have not been into promiscuity that long. Or is it just better hunting in Britain?
Also, when did you first ask, “May I suck your cock?” to a stranger? Was it easy after that?

**Answer:** I was asked how many this year. I suspect the numbers are similar for previous years. In total, I guess 200+ partners. At this point, who cares what the exact number is? Not me.

I asked that question to a stranger for the first time in my first year as an undergraduate. Saying the words to someone still makes the heart beat faster. [December 16, 2010]

111. **Question:** College boys being what they are, promiscuous classmates inevitably become rather famous. How did you handle this?

**Answer:** After my first year at the university, most of my sex wasn’t with college classmates. I was exploring the D/s scene where the crowd tended to be older. [December 16, 2010]

112. **Question:** You blog about nearly every sex act known to humans, including some that are news to me. The lone exception is throat fucking. Is it hard for you? It’s so bds, with all the choking and gagging. Why doesn’t Amadeo demand it?

**Answer:** I often deepthroat without being asked. I have mentioned being face fucked on several occasions: How the night unfolds, Day one, Jeremy, A sudden redness, Office hours. Amadeo has done it as well, but he is a creative lover, so there is usually something more interesting and memorble to describe. One of these days, I will write a post about throat fucking, ok? [December 16, 2010]

113. **Question:** Do you use Twitter?

**Answer:** No. [December 17, 2010]

114. **Question:** If somebody (Amadeo, maybe) were able to organize a gang bang party, with maybe a dozen non-repulsive men in attendance, would you like to be the pièce de résistance? Have you ever?

**Answer:** I have been a featured attraction at gang bangs. These happened at sex parties when I lived in the Chicago area. I was in my early twenties and discovering the wider world of sex. I haven’t done a gang bang in several years. It is a frequent fantasy, however. I like the thought of being injected, no holes barred, with the semen of men I don’t know. I think of the different guys fucking me through each other’s come. The bareback part of this will stay restricted to my masturbatory daydreams.

A gang bang with Amadeo isn’t as appealing a prospect as one the boyfriend arranges. Though he claims the first and last fucks, this man I love lends me to his friends to use. To please him, I strive to please these others with my body.

I know of a New Year’s Eve party that a swinger couple hosts annually. I don’t know if we have plans. I will see what the boyfriend thinks. [December 18, 2010]

115. **Question:** I’m curious about gang bang etiquette. Do you arrive last? How do you dress? Do you chat them up beforehand? Who chooses the order? Double/triple penetration? Suck your clit or just shove it in? Do they come around to thank you before they leave?

**Answer:** My experience is in the context of parties at sex clubs. I have only been ganged up on a few times. I was naked having checked my clothes in at the coat check when I arrived. In a partitioned area, the men, who were also naked, gathered around me in a circle. A dominant friend directed the proceedings. He selected who got to fuck me and where. Most often, as soon as one man had finished, the next one took his place. No man fucked me for too long. I was doubly and triply penetrated this
way. Cunnilingus didn’t happen at all. There wasn’t the opportunity for conversation during the act. But afterwards, a few of the men came by to say hello and thank you. Some of them were pleasant enough company that we played more in private.

On other occasions, it wasn’t so much a gang bang as a number of cocks taken serially. I chose the men — several were acquaintances from the scene, friends and casual lovers — and asked how I could please them. [December 18, 2010]

116. **Question:** Do you find it a turn on reading/answering these or do you find some are too intrusive?

**Answer:** I do find some questions intrusive; they get a minimal reply. Many questions necessitate only a one word or one sentence response. Others are thought provoking or the consequence of genuine curiosity. I answer these as best as I can without committing too much time to the exercise. I am rarely turned on when writing here. I often am in penning the blog. In sum, Formspring provides a quick way of interacting with readers, and I consider this useful. [December 23, 2010]

117. **Question:** Do you have an Amazon wishlist? I’d love to buy you a Christmas present.

**Answer:** I do have an Amazon wishlist. I won’t be sharing. Presents aren’t necessary. Thanks for the generous impulse. [December 27, 2010]

118. **Question:** Which historical figures would you like to fuck?

**Answer:** The thought of getting laid by Julius Caesar or Napoleon or Abraham Lincoln just doesn’t do it for me. I would fuck a great many painters and composers, however. [December 27, 2010]

119. **Question:** Do you want to be in porn?

**Answer:** No. [December 27, 2010]

120. **Question:** Phone sex: [number redacted] Please?

**Answer:** Not with you. [December 27, 2010]

121. **Question:** Where is the art on your blog from?

**Answer:** The artist is Egon Schiele, the German expressionist and exponent of art nouveau. The picture on the sidebar is *Semi-nude girl reclining* (1911), gouache, watercolor, and pencil with white heightening on paper, 45.9 × 31.1 cm, Graphische Sammlung Albertina, Vienna. The icon on Formspring is also by Schiele: *Nude with green stockings* (1918), gouache and black crayon on paper, 29.2 × 45.8 cm, in a private collection. I have never seen the original of either. Klimt and Schiele rank high in my personal pantheon. [December 28, 2010]

122. **Question:** Body hair: turn on or turn off? Have you ever ventured into poo play or is peeing the red line?

**Answer:** It’s fun to play my fingers through a hairy chest after sex. It’s fun to place kisses over smooth skin. I am happy with either option. I prefer a trimmed pubis to a bushy or shaved one. I like hairy legs because of their contrast with mine.

I will rim a clean asshole. I have zero interest in scat play. Shit is a hard limit. [December 29, 2010]

123. **Question:** Have you had sex with anyone you absolutely hated?
Answer: I have had sex with people I was angry with. Grudge sex is a good way to fuck out one’s frustrations. I don’t have sex with people I utterly despise. What’s the point? [January 1, 2011]

124. Question: Do you sweat when you’re having sex?
Answer: If my partner knows what he is doing, certainly! [January 1, 2011]

125. Question: Who fucked you last?
Answer: The boyfriend. [January 1, 2011]

126. Question: Have you pissed on yourself?
Answer: You mean with my legs in the air and the urine waterfalling down my body? Why, yes. Just this morning. [January 1, 2011]

127. Question: Do you consider yourself a feminist? If so, how can you be submissive?
Answer: Short answer: I don’t see a contradiction between feminism and being submissive in bed. Long answer: I have been meaning to write a post on this topic. Stay tuned. [January 1, 2011]

128. Question: Have you been fucked in a suspension swing?
Answer: When I frequented sex clubs, yes. I have also given blowjobs hanging upside down. [January 1, 2011]

129. Question: Have you ever fucked or sodomized a woman with a strapon? How about a man?
Answer: Yes to the former. No to the latter. I don’t think I could feel properly submissive as I sodomize a man. [January 1, 2011]

130. Question: Do you play with bi guys?
Answer: Sure. I haven’t played with two guys who had sex with each other while I was with them. [January 1, 2011]

131. Question: New Year’s resolutions?
Answer: To be a better person. Same as every year. [January 1, 2011]

132. Question: If you could change one thing about your body, what would it be?
Answer: I’d give myself better teeth. [January 1, 2011]

133. Question: Do you have a preferred brand of condoms? They all feel the same to me, but I’ve just been recommended Crown “skinless skin” as being something special.
Answer: I hate them all. I generally buy Durex, but I am not brand loyal. [January 1, 2011]

134. Question: What happened on New Year’s Eve?
Answer: The boyfriend and I went to a restaurant in Boston with a group of our friends. After the meal, a hand under the tablecloth found the joining of my legs. The boyfriend tugged the zipper down and pressed against the pussy through the black panties. Before dessert, I excused myself to the toilet and returned without underwear so that he could play with me more easily. Moving carefully to pass unnoticed, he extracted the ice from his water glass and scrubbed it over my pubis and let it melt. I clutched his arm as he stretched his finger to diddle my clit. The touch was nicely diverting.
We saw 2011 in with drinks at a pub.

An hour so after midnight, we were naked in our bed. He licked champagne from my breasts, and I poured it over his cock. I buried my face in his buttocks and tongued the anus for fifteen minutes. Almost, the pressure of my lips below and the tease of fingers over the balls and the base of his shaft proved too much — but I backed away just in time. After that, the boyfriend dragged me onto his cock and pounded my cunt from below. Compacting the legs together, I bounced myself over him. In the end, with the cream from my orgasm a froth on his penis, he had the self-control and the presence of mind to tighten his claw over a tit. In a conversational tone that I knew belied his need, he told me to ask nicely for his sperm. I collapsed my walls about the shaft. Punctuated by kisses and the swipes of my tongue over his lips, I begged him to come in my wet little pussy. The cock shattered inside me. I felt the explosion against my womb. Bearing down with the vaginal muscles subsequent to the climax, I let his seed spill from me onto his abdomen. I enjoyed licking the milk white semen from his skin.

This was the first sex of the New Year. [January 1, 2011]

135. Question: What are you wearing right now?
   Answer: Flannel pajamas, off white, with blue and yellow stripes. Earlier today, I had on a white tank top, a black skirt with the hem falling mid-thigh, and black socks that rose to just above the knees leaving several inches of leg exposed. The usual sundries were underneath. [January 1, 2011]

136. Question: When your orgasm is just peaking out, do you enjoy a little love bite on the clit? Do you like just a quick fleeting jolt, or a bite that lasts longer (short of drawing blood, let’s say)? Does it kick you up a notch, or does it kill the orgasm?
   Answer: I enjoy a bite on the clit. The chomp of teeth there makes me come explosively. If I am already in the throes of orgasm, a bite usually kills it by deflecting the sensation. [January 5, 2011]

137. Question: Do you prefer to come first, or do you prefer your partner to come first?
   Answer: I come multiple times — the privilege of being a woman. A male partner has a much more limited supply of climaxes. So that we may both get off lots, I prefer to come first. [January 5, 2011]

138. Question: Is there some incredible childhood trauma that explains why you do what you do? This isn’t normal. Do you have a head shrink? YOU SHOULD GET THERAPY.
   Answer: Thanks for the advice. I will ignore it. My childhood was happy. [January 5, 2011]

139. Question: I’m a 19 year old female college student, and I unabashedly love your blog! I remember you asking your female readers to reach out, but I’m curious to hear your estimate of the proportion of female readers you have and what they like about your writing.
   Answer: I have no idea what the proportion of male to female readers are. Most of my correspondence and the comments on the blog are from men. It may be that women are more reluctant to write. I’m equally curious to know what female readers think. Please get in touch by e-mail and tell me what you like! [January 5, 2011]

140. Question: Will you and the boyfriend web cam for us?
   Answer: Neither of us is interested in cam play. [January 5, 2011]
141. **Question:** I am in London, 23, male, still a virgin. Is there any way I could tempt you to be my first?

**Answer:** I have been the first for more than one man. For the moment, however, I am not meeting people who find me through my blog. I hope you have a great first experience. [January 6, 2011]

142. **Question:** What’s your wildest spring break story?

**Answer:** Surprisingly, I don’t have any wild spring break stories to tell. As an undergraduate, I never had a week of debauchery on a distant beach. Mostly, I went home to the parents and slept. [January 6, 2011]

143. **Question:** Does it feel weird knowing that lots of people read what you write and get off? Just how is it that I can meet an intelligent, articulate, uninhibited slut like you?

**Answer:** It doesn’t feel weird at all. If anything, I am pleased. A few men have written to tell me that as they played sexually, they read my words aloud to their partner. That knowledge turns me on and leaves me warm inside.

I don’t believe for a second that my qualities are unique. Plenty of intelligent, articulate, uninhibited sluts live all around you. You must be enterprising enough to find them. [January 6, 2011]

144. **Question:** I am sure you lick your fingers after you masturbate. How do you taste?

**Answer:** The flavor varies based on time of month and diet. At my best, I like to think that I taste of pepper and piquant and exotic spices, a sweetness like fruit and honey beneath that first touch of salt upon the palate. [January 6, 2011]

145. **Question:** What’s the naughtiest place you have had sex?

**Answer:** When I first met the boyfriend, I also had another regular dominant. He taught at a private middle school north of Boston. Early in the morning, well before the schoolday began, he tied me to a table in the back of his classroom. He paddled me over his desk in the front. He made me write lines on the board while I was naked. Pressing my breasts against the window, he fucked me from behind, ass and cunt. In the distance, I noticed the P.E. teacher setting up archery targets on the soccer field. Sitting in the student desks, I sucked his cock and ate his hairy bung. He said my scents lingered around him for hours. [January 6, 2011]

146. **Question:** How old is your boyfriend?

**Answer:** 26. His birthday is in April and should coincide with my next trip Stateside. [January 9, 2011]

147. **Question:** I found you through Bareback Grrl’s blog. How come you don’t bareback even with your fuck buddies?

**Answer:** I hate condoms. But I have enough casual sex that I don’t feel comfortable with vaginal and anal penetration in the absence of protection. The boyfriend and I have discussed going bareback with our regulars, but as they have other sex as well, we have decided to stick with the status quo — condoms always, except with each other. [January 9, 2011]

148. **Question:** Do you tell your partners your real name, or do you go by Leah?

**Answer:** People I know socially and regular partners know my full name. I usually give out the real
first name to people I meet at a club, say. Many of the CL hookups I have written about know me as Leah, with no last name, and I communicate with them using a different e-mail address from the one on the blog. For improved anonymity, I now also use a different fake name to arrange CL dates. [January 9, 2011]

149. **Question**: Any new Craigslist adventures back in the good ol’ USA?

**Answer**: Deciding to indulge my Electra complex, which I haven’t in a while, I went on a CL date on Friday with a man in his early fifties who had a mop of white Updike hair. We had dinner at an expensive seafood restaurant on the waterfront. As we spoke about travel and sex, desire flowed from my cunt like wine. After the meal, we ambled to a hotel. As he undressed me, I kissed him as a lover does. He had me suck my thumb while he pounded my cunt. He got off when I pitched my voice high, called him Daddy, naming myself whore, and begged him to flood my pussy with the semen that had made me. He ate his little girl to an orgasm soon after. During sex, the man referred to me as Melanie (not my name), which was a bit weird. I wonder if I look like her.

I rang the boyfriend from the hotel for a safety check while my date registered at the front desk. At the time, his date had his cock in her mouth. While we chatted on the cell, I listened to the noises she made. He held the phone down for me to talk to her as she fellated him. I told my boyfriend’s lover to drink his come. Late Saturday morning, when I sucked him off in my turn, his cock ejaculated barely a thimbleful of semen. She had drained his balls. That was ok. We found other ways to amuse ourselves. My cunt fits my boyfriend’s hand like a velvet glove. I liked having his fist unballing and twisting within me while he slurped at my clit. [January 9, 2011]

150. **Question**: How’s Boston?

**Answer**: Great! I have missed the patterns of the life from before. I have missed my friends. I have missed my books. I have missed the apartment and the neighborhood. I have missed the boyfriend. I enjoy living with him again, the casual touches when we pass, the scents and sounds and familiar rhythms of home, how we transition from D/s play to talking about school and life and work, the laughter and the intimacy and the proximity. I revel in daily sex and domesticity. [January 9, 2011]

151. **Question**: Have you had sex in a dressing room? A bookstore? The library? A movie theater? A café?


152. **Question**: Why not post pics of body parts, but not enough to be recognized?

**Answer**: I am not sharing photos even if they are cropped and not self-identifying. I don’t know how much clearer I can be about this. No pictures. Not now. Not ever. All of you, please stop asking. [January 13, 2011]

153. **Question**: Say we’re at a party. I press you up against a wall, grinding into you, kissing you hard. I lift up your skirt, rubbing your panties. I tear them off, tease your pussy. My cock is so hard. I kneel,
licking your delicious cunt. What do you do next?

**Answer:** Assuming it’s the kind of party where such stuff happens, I’d lean my weight against the wall, slide my back fractionally down, and angle my legs open for you to feast. I want the tongue snaking between my lips and dragging along the clit while I comb fingers through your hair. I hope you look up at me while you eat my pussy. I hope that even on your knees, you will let me know that you have total control of my cunt. I’m a slit for taking. [January 13, 2011]

154. **Question:** Have you tried figging?

**Answer:** I have not tried. I am willing. [January 13, 2011]

155. **Question:** Do you do ass to mouth?

**Answer:** If there’s a condom, I clean up after an orgasm no matter where the cock has been. I enjoy rimming a hygienic ass. But if the penis enters my anus unsheathed, it doesn’t return to my mouth or pussy without a thorough washing beforehand. [January 13, 2011]

156. **Question:** What will you miss about the US when you go back?

**Answer:** Having family nearby. Friends. Living with the boyfriend. Sex without condoms. (My pussy leaked semen throughout the morning.) Sinks with a sensible design. The clothes drier in the laundry room downstairs. Light switches in the bathroom that are actually switches. IPAs. Various coffee houses. Most of my library, which is still in Boston or in storage. [January 13, 2011]

157. **Question:** Why London?

**Answer:** Ph.D. research. Without being specific, there’s stuff in London I need. Also, there are people I am better for talking to and knowing. [January 13, 2011]

158. **Question:** Do you ever worry that you’ll have a job interview someday only to confront a casual lover or someone you have had a threesome with? How often do you unintentionally encounter ex-partners, and how many have made for awkward situations/good stories?

**Answer:** Such incidents aren’t common. Ever since high school, I have had the good fortune to live in big cities; if the sex is with someone outside my social circles, I often won’t see him again. I might occasionally run into a casual hookup at a club or a bar or a café if I frequent the establishment, but it’s not that big a deal. I smile and move on. I have nodded hello to Stephen at the gym a couple of times.

My senior year of college, I hooked up with a guy and then was introduced to him at an alumni function at my department a few days later. It was awkward to exchange small talk in front of professors when several nights previous I had screamed four letter words into his ear.

I have slept with fellow graduate students, who are also friends. We could be in each other’s professional orbit for decades. It’s therefore conceivable that a lover might interview me for a job or review my work someday. I don’t think the fact of our having had sex ought to matter, but to be safe I should be more circumspect in choosing future bedmates. [January 13, 2011]

159. **Question:** Have you had as much sex in the US as you do in England?

**Answer:** While at the parents’ house, I only masturbated. In Boston, I had sex every day, or close to it — kinky and otherwise, the majority of it with the boyfriend. He sent me careening into subspace

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three times. I met up with two of my regulars from before. I had a Daddy/daughter role-play. The boyfriend and I went to a techno club one night and left with another couple, also in their mid-twenties. At various points, the boys doubled up the girls. I had cocks in my ass and cunt and muff muffling my mouth. On Monday, I loitered in the cocktail bar in a fancy hotel and ended up going upstairs with a man and a pair of men over the course of the night. The guy yesterday was a foot taller than me, huge, and built. His erection more than spanned my two hands. His bulk and his cock pinned me to the mattress. I liked having his weight on top. So, yeah, lots of sex. I am back in London tomorrow. [January 13, 2011]

160. Question: I asked the question regarding job interviews. Perhaps some kind of pro forma or questionnaire posted to your bed with a pencil on a string may be appropriate?

   Answer: I give blowjobs, not jobs. [January 14, 2011]

161. Question: How do you groom/trim/shave/pluck your pubic hair? What color is it? Have you ever had a Brazilian?

   Answer: I get waxed bare about every four weeks. I prefer the bald look. [January 14, 2011]

162. Question: What does IPA stand for?

   Answer: India Pale Ale. They taste different in the US than bitters do in the UK. [January 14, 2011]

163. Question: You are hanging out in a hotel bar. How did you hook up?

   Answer: Guys approach and talk to a girl sitting alone at a bar. They also offer drinks. Politeness demands that I talk to them for the duration of a cocktail when they buy. If there’s interest, we speak for longer. If I find him engaging and attractive, my touch may stray to his arm. The conversation will take a suggestive turn. In the case of the single guy, he asked me up to his room for a nightcap. I was buzzed. I said yes. We messed around for about an hour. Afterwards, I washed up and went downstairs again. I decided to get another drink before wending my way home. While I had my whisky chaser for the blowjob, a pair of guys who were in Boston for a convention chatted me up. They made me laugh. Still horny, I took the initiative, saying that if one of them had a room, the three of us could play. They were squeamish about being in contact with each other, so the most I did was suck one while the other fucked me doggy style. They took turns in the missionary position. The shorter of the two was a good lay; he brought me off. The other didn’t. [January 14, 2011]

164. Question: How did you dress for the hotel bar adventure?

   Answer: The outfit wasn’t revealing. It was cold on Monday. I wore a pair of jeans and a top that accentuated my breasts while still covering me up. I brought a winter jacket, but obviously I wasn’t wearing it indoors. [January 14, 2011]

165. Question: Which bitters do you drink?

   Answer: London Pride and Ruddles are on tap at my local. Neither are favorites. I’d love to hear recommendations for better draught bitters. [January 17, 2011]

166. Question: Do you do kegels?

   Answer: I do, but I am not fastidious about it. I usually use an exerciser for a few minutes before masturbating with a vibrator or a dildo. [January 17, 2011]
167. **Question:** Now that CL has erased its erotica postings site, how do you trigger your CL combing?

**Answer:** The casual encounters board on CL remains in existence. I posted there this weekend. [January 17, 2011]

168. **Question:** Are you back in London? When does the blog continue?

**Answer:** I am back in London. I haven’t had sex since my return. The blog continues when I think have something interesting to write. [January 17, 2011]

169. **Question:** What celebrity would you say you look like?

**Answer:** I can’t think of a doppelgänger. Sorry. [January 20, 2011]

170. **Question:** I Googled “CL London casual.” I thought your ad would stand out for its elegance. But no luck. There was too much to get through it all. I’d love to read it.

**Answer:** The ads are flagged quickly. I didn’t save a copy of the latest one. [January 20, 2011]

171. **Question:** Do you use any kind of pussy perfume?

**Answer:** Perfume? No. I make it a point to be very thorough about washing there before a date. I lather moisturizing lotion with a mild, soft fragrance on my legs. I put baby powder on a towel and dab it over my pussy. [January 22, 2011]

172. **Question:** I know you like to be dominated. I also know you occasionally enjoy women, but prefer cock. Have you mixed the two and been enjoyably dominated by another woman?

**Answer:** I have tried. I don’t get off on being dominated by a woman, or for that matter, dominating one. If anything, I will switch with women, but most often the sex with a girl doesn’t have a kinky dimension at all unless both of us are submissive to a man or men. [January 22, 2011]

173. **Question:** Re: alternatives to Craigslist: have you tried backpage.com.

**Answer:** There don’t seem to be sections for the UK. In the US and Canada, at least some of the no strings sections are offline (listed as under review). [January 24, 2011]

174. **Question:** How long do your orgasms usually last? I find that when solo, I can peak for what feels like ten minutes but is probably about one before I have to release, but when I’m with a guy, I am lucky if I get a few seconds.

**Answer:** It depends on the orgasm. They come in varied shapes. An orgasm from intercourse is usually a convulsion of the muscles of the vagina. I cream when this happens. The orgasm itself lasts ten or twenty seconds, half a minute at the most. I can prolong them by holding myself back just as I am peaking. A clitoral orgasm tends toward the shorter end of the spectrum and is more concentrated in the nerves outside, whereas a G-spot orgasm may last longer and is interior. The second kind is more fierce and satisfying, but the former is the quickest way for me to come. These most often happen from cunnilingus and light fingering or masturbation with toys rather than straight fucking. Superficial clitoral orgasms have transpired from extended breast play or a spanking when my pussy rides across a lap. A more intense type of orgasm makes my cunt feel like it’s being turned inside out. Strangely, this will occur when I come through anal sex. An A-spot orgasm requires deep fingering though a long vibrator will sometimes do the trick. Squirtling orgasms seem to happen everywhere at once. These
are rare and normally arise through the D/s exercise of orgasm denial. When I come, I can’t help but do it strongly.

A first orgasm may take ten or fifteen minutes to achieve and almost always requires direct clitoral or vaginal stimulation. Subsequent orgasms come easier. In a prolonged play session, I can hit double digits. The muscles go into spasms, and there is a pause, and then I start shuddering again. Though each orgasm itself is a discrete event, a sequence of four or five may string together. A full night of sex with an attentive lover can mean that I run out of fingers and toes. It’s good to be a girl. [January 25, 2011]

175. Question: I am disappointed that you’re writing so infrequently. A sentence here about swapping and group sex isn’t a substitute for one of your long, sexy posts. More stories please!

Answer: Look. My days are busy. Leah Lays London is a recreation on the side. The blog isn’t central to my existence. A post, whatever its sexiness quotient or length, takes time and effort to compose. I have work (and sometimes people) to do. I have friends. I have interests. I may not feel like writing. I could be in the mood to lie at home on the sofa and read a book or cook or take a walk or go to the gym or visit a museum or attend a play or perhaps do nothing at all. Life takes precedence over blogging. You will get the stories when I can find the time and the energy to write them. Thanks for the interest. [January 26, 2011]

176. Question: One of the sexiest things about you is that you have a life outside your blog. Your “disappointed” reader can fuck off.

Answer: Thanks for understanding. I expect that most of my readers are cool about this. [January 27, 2011]

177. Question: I’ve heard of deep A-spot orgasms but they seem very elusive. I’d like to know how to give one. Do you have to fist a woman to do it, or can it be less intrusive? Are they worth it?

Answer: You have incredible timing. Funnily enough, I have a story about this from just last night. The orgasm and the subsequent squirting both followed fist play. Fisting is not mandatory for an A-spot orgasm, however. A continuous deep fingering or a slender vibrator buzzing and applying pressure can be enough. It is a very different sensation and definitely worth exploring. It takes patience to find the right spots, and of course each woman’s body is unique. [January 27, 2011]

178. Question: You wrote once about mainly posting positive aspects of your encounters, and in most of them they hit on you. Have there been times when you pursued someone, but that person wasn’t interested?

Answer: Sure. I have pursued people, and they either failed to take notice or weren’t interested. There isn’t a story to tell in these instances. When I write about an adventure, I do try to focus on aspects of the encounter that worked. Why remember the less than good bits? [January 27, 2011]

179. Question: Pain brain regions also active during female orgasm.

Answer: Thanks for the link. [January 29, 2011]

180. Question: Have you ever gone dogging? Would you want to?

Answer: I haven’t been dogging. When the weather warms up and if I can find a suitable partner, I might give it a try. [January 30, 2011]
181. **Question:** Do you like facials?

**Answer:** I enjoy the aftermath of a facial more than the fact itself: it’s a submissive act, to wear someone’s come on my face. My preference for the end of a blow job is to have the cock squirt into my mouth so that I can drink the semen. But then, as with many other facets of the sexual experience, I like to cede control and have my partner determine what happens. [January 30, 2011]

182. **Question:** Would you consider living in London permanently?

**Answer:** I am here for a specific purpose with a known end date. I could, of course, return to London at some point in the future. I like the city. [February 2, 2011]

183. **Question:** Have you ever encountered a guy who had no desire to be fellated?

**Answer:** A few times. I’ve met many more guys who won’t give oral. Even in the context of D/s, a failure to reciprocate oral sex isn’t acceptable to me. [February 2, 2011]

184. **Question:** What sex blogs do you recommend?

**Answer:** The ones I link to. I should compile a blogroll one of these days. Stay tuned. [February 2, 2011]

185. **Question:** What’s your absolute favorite thing about a penis?

**Answer:** How it is a study in contrasts. [February 3, 2011]

186. **Question:** Do you want kids later on?

**Answer:** Eventually, yes: at least one. [February 3, 2011]

187. **Question:** Do you think your musicality has any affect on the way you make love?

**Answer:** Generally not. If there’s music on while I am delivering a blow job, I might time the pace of the cock sucking to its structure and development. Sex and the perception of music seem to engage different parts of my mind and body, however, and consequently separate aspects of my personality as well.

Musicality has an effect on my writing. Much of it isn’t conscious, but it’s there. [February 4, 2011]

188. **Question:** Have you had sex on a beach?

**Answer:** Yes. It sounds sexier than it is. The sand is annoying. [February 7, 2011]

189. **Question:** What happened to Claire?

**Answer:** She found a boyfriend. She still reads the blog, and I get an e-mail from time to time. [February 7, 2011]

190. **Question:** What’s the latest book you have read?

**Answer:** Discounting various academic tomes, Ishiguro: *Never Let Me Go*. [February 7, 2011]

191. **Question:** Do black or Asian dicks taste different when compared to white ones?

**Answer:** Every cock tastes unique. Every cock tastes just the same. [February 7, 2011]
192. **Question:** Is there a partner in London whom you wish was more of a constant in your life?
   **Answer:** I wish I saw more of Frank, but he is at Oxford now. [February 8, 2011]

193. **Question:** Have you ever had an STD?
   **Answer:** No. [February 8, 2011]

194. **Question:** Do you smoke?
   **Answer:** No. As well, I prefer partners who don’t. [February 9, 2011]

195. **Question:** Do you masturbate at work?
   **Answer:** Sometimes. Not often. [February 9, 2011]

196. **Question:** Has there been a guy in London who has approached you and been turned down?
   **Answer:** I may be promiscuous, but I am not easy. I decline most advances, whether they are requests for my number, invitations to a date, or enticements to bed. I write about the times when I have sex. But there are plenty of other occasions when I don’t. [February 9, 2011]

197. **Question:** Do your parents know what a slut you are? Would they approve?
   **Answer:** My parents and I don’t discuss my sex life in any detail. They want me to make responsible decisions about sex. They want me to be safe and happy. My choices may not be the ones they would make, but I know I have their love and support. The rest is irrelevant. [February 13, 2011]

198. **Question:** Did you have a sexy weekend?
   **Answer:** Friday: I had a movie night with girlfriends. Saturday: a few of us went to Soho at night. The weather had warmed enough that I dared a tiny dress. I danced and drank. I made out with a couple of guys. I wasn’t feeling it, so I returned home alone. I Skyped the boyfriend hello, masturbated, and went to bed. Sunday: the morning began with a long bath and flirtation over e-mail. Sex in the afternoon is likely. [February 13, 2011]

199. **Question:** Have you ever experienced extended periods when your libido drops off? And if so, how do you combat (or suggest combating) the dip?
   **Answer:** I have. If there’s a drought, that’s just how it is. I don’t force myself to have sex or masturbate when the desire is absent. Fortunately, the sexless spells, when they happen, typically don’t last more than a few months. [February 13, 2011]

200. **Question:** What’s your favorite mode of dirty talk during sex? (A recent one that turned my crank wasn’t even dirty: a lover murmuring upon first entering me, “There it is,” like a dying man stumbling upon water.)
   **Answer:** What your lover said strikes me as incredibly hot. I enjoy conversation during sex. I like dirty talk. I like name calling. I like it when a lover tells me what he wants to do to me and then does it. I like being spoken to during a spanking, cunnilingus, a fisting. I like being placed in a submissive place through the agency of my dominant’s words. I like sexual eloquence. I get off on it.

   One of the things that disappointed me about my recent encounters with Daniel is that he didn’t talk during sex. [February 14, 2011]
201. **Question:** Are you a skirt and dress girl, or do you usually wear pants?

   **Answer:** I wear both. I feel more feminine when I am in a skirt. I like the air currents between my legs. I like being exposed from below and the potential for an easy quickie. [February 14, 2011]

202. **Question:** How do you like to be hit?


203. **Question:** How could I get back at a girl? She turned me on really badly and has teased me about it since. How could I either do the same to her? Could you suggest anything else?

   **Answer:** Revenge is a dish best not served. Let it go. [February 17, 2011]

204. **Question:** Do you think Amadeo ever wants more from your relationship?

   **Answer:** He does. We have discussed it. I see him at most once a week because I feel the distance is needed — for him, not for me. [February 17, 2011]

205. **Question:** You have less anonymous or nearly anonymous sex this year. I see only Amadeo, Daniel, and Mr. Unspectacular Sex as men with whom you have played. Why so few?

   **Answer:** This is in part a consequence of the demise of Craigslist. It has become more difficult to find partners for casual kink. As well, this is in part due to opportunity and mood. I have been partying and clubbing less this year. The departure from London is a fixed date on the horizon, and I have work to finish and places to explore before I leave. Finally, sex has its cycles. There are stretches of time that are more fertile than others.

   By the way, I have had other experiences this year in addition to the ones you have mentioned. Several questions above, I explain how I spent my winter vacation. By my count, there have been a dozen men and one woman so far in 2011. My slut credentials are in order. [February 18, 2011]

206. **Question:** What did you do for Valentine’s Day?

   **Answer:** I stayed home. I read. I worked. It’s kind of like today in fact. (Exciting Friday night in London, I know.) Valentine’s Day isn’t an event I celebrate. [February 18, 2011]

207. **Question:** Has a man ever gone soft on you?

   **Answer:** Yeah. It happens. As long as imagination compensates, it’s not a disaster. [February 18, 2011]

208. **Question:** How fast have you made a guy come?

   **Answer:** I don’t carry a stopwatch. Less than a minute, I imagine. [February 18, 2011]

209. **Question:** Do you like footrubs?

   **Answer:** I guess. My feet aren’t hugely sensitive to massage. They are ticklish though. [February 19, 2011]

210. **Question:** When did you start to masturbate?

   **Answer:** In the bathtub, I discovered that running the shower stream directly against my pussy felt
incredibly good. I was ten at the time. Within a couple of years, my preferred methods to masturbate were either to squeeze a pillow between my legs and scissor them together or to hump the pillow directly while lying on top. My first orgasm happened when I was twelve. For my thirteenth birthday, my sister gave me a dildo. [February 19, 2011]

211. **Question:** Do you remember your first kiss?

   **Answer:** Of course. It was on the playground in the fourth grade during a game of tag. [February 19, 2011]

212. **Question:** How did you discover porn?

   **Answer:** I found one of my brother’s bookmarks on the kids’ computer at home. It was to a site called Persian Kitty that collected links to porn. Most of it was softcore. Some of it wasn’t. This must have been 1996 or 1997. I was in the sixth grade. [February 19, 2011]

213. **Question:** Is your sister a slut, too?

   **Answer:** Other than to say that she is happy, I am not discussing my sister’s sex life. [February 19, 2011]

214. **Question:** Are you religious?

   **Answer:** No. [February 19, 2011]

215. **Question:** Is sex always about intimacy for you?

   **Answer:** No. Most of casual sex/casual kink isn’t about intimacy at all. Rather, it’s about sensation. Intimacy is a bonus. It’s compulsory for the regulars though. [February 20, 2011]

216. **Question:** How many brothers and sisters do you have?

   **Answer:** One of each. My sister is five years older. My brother is three years older. [February 20, 2011]

217. **Question:** Are you a big fan of utilizing sex toys during play with a partner?

   **Answer:** Yes. I learned at a young age the importance of sharing toys. The boyfriend and I keep a collection at home. Amadeo gave me a steel dildo for Christmas that we have used on a number of occasions. Improvised toys are often as fun as those we can buy. [February 21, 2011]

218. **Question:** I’m an 18 year old female reader of your blog, and I LOVE it. I’m staunchly feminist and also submissive. While it makes sense to me, others sometimes feel that the two are mutually exclusive. I’d really appreciate a post on this, if you haven’t already!

   **Answer:** I have been meaning to write a short essay about this. In fact, I have tried twice before and abandoned the effort each time. I know what I want to say, but I haven’t found the right words to express myself. It took me a while to reconcile feminism with sexual submission and develop a coherent set of thoughts that I can justify to myself. When I can find the time, I will make another attempt to explain my view. Thanks for the question. [February 21, 2011]

219. **Question:** A woman wonders about having sex during her period during the early days in a relationship and asks for suggestions for how to avoid a sticky situation.

   **Answer:** I don’t like sex during my period either. Why not wait a few days? [February 21, 2011]
220. **Question**: Do you ever get homesick?

**Answer**: Constantly. [February 24, 2011]

221. **Question**: What was your favorite subject in high school?

**Answer**: Hard to say. English class maybe. At least we read and talked about good books. [February 25, 2011]

222. **Question**: When playing with a partner for the first time, what sorts of pleasantries are usually exchanged before engaging in sexual activity?

**Answer**: If it’s a first date or a hookup that happens organically after an accidental meeting, we talk about the usual stuff. If it’s a Craigslist meeting, my intent typically is to proceed to kink. I want to know about my potential partner’s experience with D/s and discuss what he has in mind for play. We will establish boundaries and talk about safe sex, which means condoms and a safeword. By e-mail, I would have vetted him a bit already, but I will also try to get him to talk about himself. I want to get a feel for the person to whom I will be submissive for a time. I want to know that he is intelligent and that he has a life beyond trolling the casual encounters boards. I want to see that he has a sense of humor about sex and life. I want evidence that he respects women in general and me in particular. If I am not feeling the right vibe, I won’t proceed. A fair number of CL dates are failures. We won’t have sex. Most of the time, I don’t blog about the flops.

For more, see the post about the anatomy of a hookup. [February 25, 2011]

223. **Question**: Have you heard any good pickup lines lately?

**Answer**: On the 6th of January, while I was at dinner with friends, the boyfriend sent me a text: “Would you mind if we stayed in bed tomorrow and I kept you full of sperm?” It’s not exactly a pickup, nor is it a line, but it sure did work. [February 25, 2011]

224. **Question**: How long is your hair?

**Answer**: Long enough that it admits a variety of hairstyles. Long enough that it gets in the way sometimes. Long enough to fist during a blowjob. Long enough to pull me up from the floor. Long enough to be yanked on hard while my cunt is taken from behind. Why confuse the salient points with numbers? [February 25, 2011]

225. **Question**: If you and your boyfriend ever broke up, would you consider being with Amadeo?

**Answer**: No. We play well together, but he isn’t the kind of man I want for a serious relationship. [February 26, 2011]

226. **Question**: Do you get on with your siblings? Do they know about your sex life? Is your brother protective? I don’t know what I would do if I heard that my little sister did some of the things you do. Double standard. These are my fantasies, too. But wow. I’d flip.

**Answer**: We get along great. The siblings know about the broad sweep of my sex life. They are both aware of my open relationship, for example, but I keep many of the details to myself. While I am close to them both, my sister knows quite a bit more than my brother because she and I often talk about sexuality whereas he and I don’t.
Your submissive lover is somebody’s daughter for sure and could be somebody’s sister as well. I expect adults to respect the informed decisions other adults make regarding how they have sex. If your sister chooses to experiment with kink and submission, that’s her business and not yours. [February 26, 2011]

227. **Question:** Can you bend over from a standing position and lay your hands over your feet?
   **Answer:** Yes. [February 26, 2011]

228. **Question:** When did you first begin to realize that you had submissive tendencies and desires?
   **Answer:** I liked being overpowered by a boyfriend during my high school years. I learned about what domination and submission were when I was in college. An early blog post elaborates. [February 28, 2011]

229. **Question:** Have you ever “accidentally” exposed yourself in public?
   **Answer:** Yes. The flashing episodes principally happened when I was younger and my sexuality was a nascent thing. I have also less “accidentally” flashed strangers in various D/s games. [February 28, 2011]

230. **Question:** Do you ever find yourself in situations with a partner where you are unable to orgasm?
   **Answer:** The first explosion can take fifteen minutes of continuous stimulation depending on the time of month, stress level, and my mood. Subsequent orgasms come easier. I will generally come if we have sex a long time, but sometimes, I won’t have an orgasm. I have written about such encounters on the blog. An orgasm isn’t mandatory for me to have a good time. But it most definitely helps. [March 1, 2011]

231. **Question:** I absolutely loved one of your blog posts that mention porn and what we don’t see enough of: tenderness, laughter, real lust, true desire. Do you have any porn recommendations that fit the bill, even partially?
   **Answer:** I don’t keep much porn on the computer (a few gigs only). It’s stuff I download, so I have no clue about its provenance. Recommendations for tenderness, laughter, real lust, true desire, and kink are especially appreciated. This is the kind of porn for which I may even pay! [March 1, 2011]

232. **Question:** Is the safeword always lemonade?
   **Answer:** Not always. I pick one with each partner. I had a lemonade at the café where we met; it was a memorable word unlikely to arise in sexual conversation. [March 1, 2011]

233. **Question:** Have you ever dabbled in consensual non-consent?
   **Answer:** Do you mean rape play? The answer is no. I only ever do kink with a safeword. [March 1, 2011]

234. **Question:** You mentioned that often times, you’ll meet a man from Craigslist in person and choose not to have a sexual encounter with him. What are usually the reasons?
   **Answer:** The reasons vary. I generally use CL to obtain casual kink. I ask about my partner’s prior experiences with D/s and how he envisions our encounter. If I don’t think his attitude and his background matches what I am after, then I will pass. This kind of play is intense and leaves me vulnerable.
I need to trust the man and be certain that I feel safe in his presence. We need to be able to talk to each other. Finally, I need to be attracted. A sense of humor, a personality, and evidence of intellect all help in getting me into bed. [March 1, 2011]

235. **Question:** Have you ever cried during play?
   **Answer:** Yes. It happens during spankings. It happens when my breasts and pussy are exercised in painful ways. It happens when I enter subspace. I have written about all these things at various points. [March 1, 2011]

236. **Question:** Do you do product reviews?
   **Answer:** No. I have been asked to test drive sex toys. I don’t have the time. In any case, I suspect I wouldn’t contribute significantly to the conversation if I did. [March 2, 2011]

237. **Question:** Has anyone ever lied to you about being disease free?
   **Answer:** I don’t know. In the past, I have gone bareback with people who showed recent (within the month) negative test results. Now, I use condoms with nearly everyone. My own test results have been clean. It hasn’t been an issue. [March 3, 2011]

238. **Question:** Do you like sensory deprivation?
   **Answer:** A blindfold? Certainly. I have never had my other senses deprived. [March 3, 2011]

239. **Question:** Are you a fan of drunken sex?
   **Answer:** It happens. It’s not my favorite experience, however. [March 3, 2011]

240. **Question:** Have you ever had a sex partner with whom you connected on a more emotionally intimate level than you had expected to?
   **Answer:** Sure. The boyfriend and I began as fuck buddies. [March 3, 2011]

241. **Question:** Why do you sometimes refer to Amadeo’s and your body parts as “the penis” and “the clit?” Why not use his and mine?
   **Answer:** I prefer to mix up the word choice. [March 4, 2011]

242. **Question:** Would you prefer to be fitted with collar and chain, tied naked to a tree in the evening, and when guys pass by to beg them to fill your asshole with sperm OR do you prefer to be tied under the table at a dinner party and masturbate the guests during the meal?
   **Answer:** Neither fantasy appeals. Fortunately, these are never my only options. [March 4, 2011]

243. **Question:** Considering you will never show yourself, how would you describe your physical attributes?
   **Answer:** I have written enough on the blog that you should have a general idea about my physical attributes. I am not going to elaborate beyond that. [March 4, 2011]

244. **Question:** Is humiliation a big turn on for you?
   **Answer:** It depends on context. Sometimes doing the dirty things turns me on enormously. Sometimes it’s off-putting. It depends quite a lot on the attitude of my partner. I tend not to rationalize sex along this axis. [March 5, 2011]
245. **Question:** What color is your hair?

**Answer:** It’s a natural color.

I tire of all these questions about my physical attributes. Will you stop reading the blog if I turn out to be a brunette instead of a blonde? What difference does it make? [March 5, 2011]

246. **Question:** Are you into voyeurism?

**Answer:** Watching a lover have sex with another woman turns me on. Watching strangers: not so much. [March 5, 2011]

247. **Question:** Do you prefer older over younger men?

**Answer:** Of my current lovers, the boyfriend and I are nearly the same age. Amadeo is sixteen years older. Frank is a few years younger. The two doms I play with in Boston are in their mid-thirties. The man I was with last night recently turned fifty. I have no strong preferences when it comes to sex. Resourceful, thoughtful, expressive, and fun people in and out of the bedroom are who I want. For a relationship, I prefer someone within a few years of me. [March 5, 2011]

248. **Question:** I am one of your lady readers. Spurred by your insistence that men hit on a woman at a bar alone, I’m hoping to pick up a play partner or two at a hotel bar rumored to mix a great cocktail. Any tips?

**Answer:** Flirt. But don’t force the issue if there’s no chemistry. Play safe. Have fun. Send an e-mail to let me know how it goes. [March 5, 2011]

249. **Question:** Do you tell your boyfriend about each time you have sex in London?

**Answer:** I have had this question in my inbox for over a week and have delayed responding because my situation has recently changed.

The impetus for the blog was to share my sexual life in London with my boyfriend in Boston during our time apart. He was always aware of quite a bit more than what I have written. Not only does he know me, we also e-mailed and talked over Skype. He and I broke up on March 6th. The two of us have spoken quite a bit since. We are two friends with a shared history now searching for a new equilibrium.

Going forward, I don’t plan to tell him more about my sex life than what he, like you, can read on the blog. That’s most of an answer. [March 17, 2011]

250. **Question:** Why did you start the blog?

**Answer:** I wanted to share my sexuality with my then boyfriend while we were apart. I have since found that I enjoy writing about my sexual experiences and will continue. [March 17, 2011]

251. **Question:** Have you tried Collarme for some casual one time only play?

**Answer:** None of the men I have corresponded with on Collarme have interested me enough to proceed to a meeting. I had a one night stand with a woman I met on the site. [March 17, 2011]

252. **Question:** You wrote: “I tire of all these questions about my physical attributes.” We would all like to fantasize about you as concretely as possible. But ok, I think you look just like a 25-maybe girl I saw in a bookstore, and didn’t have the guts to hit on. Next time....

184–35
253. **Question:** If you and the boyfriend ever married, do you think your outside relationships would stop? Or would it make them better?

**Answer:** This question is moot now. If I were married, I would likely transition to having one or two regular lovers on the side instead of having so many anonymous one night stands. I think my husband and I would probably have more threesomes or foursomes with people we like who are also in a similar place. I feel there are good reasons not to be monogamous. [March 17, 2011]

254. **Question:** Did you tell Amadeo about the split?

**Answer:** Yes. [March 18, 2011]

255. **Question:** I am rooting for you, Leah! Are you still able to focus on your research with full concentration?

**Answer:** Thanks! I am able to focus, though maybe not fully. Work provides a distraction. [March 18, 2011]

256. **Question:** Have you got Tumblr?

**Answer:** Yes: [http://leahlayslondon.tumblr.com](http://leahlayslondon.tumblr.com). I thought of finding illustrations to supplement the various adventures, but never got around to doing this. I keep it up to date, but there isn’t anything to see that’s not on the main blog. [March 18, 2011]

257. **Question:** Would you fuck wearing a pair of Bose quiet earphones for hearing deprivation?

**Answer:** Sure. That might be fun to try someday. [March 18, 2011]

258. **Question:** Where do you like to shop for clothes?

**Answer:** Right now, I am at home on a Saturday night. I have on a red t-shirt from American Eagle and black Levi’s jeans. I hit Primark on Oxford Street a few days ago for a couple of tops. I also shop online and enjoy browsing for vintage clothes. I adore a bargain. [March 19, 2011]

259. **Question:** What do you look for in a relationship?

**Answer:** Friendship, conversation, laughter, honesty, responsibility, intelligence, decency, kindness, physical attractiveness, accomplishment, proficiency in bed, absurdity. Excepting the kink, where I want a dominant and forceful personality, it is the usual laundry list of desirable attributes. [March 19, 2011]

260. **Question:** How big of a factor is physical attraction? Do you have a type to whom you are physically attracted? Is anything always a turn-on? Is anything a dealbreaker?

**Answer:** I have a preference for men who are athletic and strong and easily capable of physically dominating me. That said, people attract me for many reasons. I have written about specimens of masculinity. I have written about men who aren’t conventionally attractive. For a random hookup, being handsome helps more than it hurts. No physical attribute is always a turn-on. While I don’t tend to go for people who look unhealthy, the dealbreakers have more to do with personality than with appearance. [March 19, 2011]
261. **Question:** Do you plan to continue the blog after leaving London for good?

   **Answer:** The present blog will end. After all, I won’t be laying London anymore. Another one may begin. [March 19, 2011]

262. **Question:** When you meet a potential lover for the first time, do you dress up or dress casually? Or does it depend just on what you feel like wearing at the time?

   **Answer:** It depends. If it’s a first date with someone I discover through CL, I will wear something casual. Ideally, I’ll be naked not long after the initial meeting. If it’s a date in some other context or a meeting with a regular, I am more likely to dress up for the occasion. [March 19, 2011]

263. **Question:** How many people read your blog?

   **Answer:** I don’t know the number of unique readers. I am often surprised there are any at all. All I see in my writing are the deficiencies. [March 20, 2011]

264. **Question:** Is incest a fantasy of yours?

   **Answer:** No. Daddy/daughter role-play is a scenario in which a power relation is explicit. Being with an older man, who is presumptively in charge, appeals to me. This does not mean I want to sleep with my Dad. I don’t. Nor am I interested in having sex with my Mom, my sister, my brother, or any of my other relatives. [March 20, 2011]

265. **Question:** Do you sleep in the nude?

   **Answer:** Sometimes. If I had sex or masturbated before bedtime, I won’t bother putting nightclothes on. If not, I wear pajamas or a t-shirt and light shorts. The nice lingerie is for special occasions. [March 20, 2011]

266. **Question:** Have you ever masturbated with your cell phone on vibrate?

   **Answer:** No. [March 20, 2011]

267. **Question:** Worst date story?

   **Answer:** There is one, and it’s remarkably gross. [March 20, 2011]

268. **Question:** You have mentioned that one of your ex-boyfriend’s submissive play partners is a friend of yours. Have you spoken to her recently?

   **Answer:** I haven’t. If she and the former boyfriend continue to see each other, that’s up to them. [March 24, 2011]

269. **Question:** I dare you to masturbate while you are at work today!

   **Answer:** No, thanks. I don’t accommodate the challenges of strangers on Formspring. [March 24, 2011]

270. **Question:** Why not 24/7 bdsm?

   **Answer:** I am sexually submissive. Extending the power relation beyond sex has no appeal for me. [March 24, 2011]

271. **Question:** Which of you dumped the other?

   **Answer:** It was a mutual decision to end the relationship. [March 24, 2011]
272. **Question:** Has your ex-boyfriend been with anyone since breaking up with you?

**Answer:** I know the answer, but it’s no longer my place to share. Our stories have diverged. He can do what he wants. [March 24, 2011]

273. **Question:** Are the Wednesday Amadeo nights on hold for a while?

**Answer:** They’re on hold. Amadeo is traveling quite a bit anyway.

Oxford is between terms right now. I have had coffee with Frank, but we haven’t had sex either. My universe is confused. I am giving myself time. [March 24, 2011]

274. **Question:** If someone could have taped sexual milestones (examples: losing your virginity, first time anal, first time pissed on, etc.), would you want that?

**Answer:** No. I am quite happy that there aren’t videos of my sexual milestones. Memory suffices. [March 26, 2011]

275. **Question:** What’s it like to take a man’s virginity?

**Answer:** To my knowledge, I have done this thrice, the first time as I was losing my own virginity. Sex with a novice is not the most satisfying experience. I much prefer my partner to know what he is doing. On the occasions where I was the experienced lover introducing a man to sex, I made an effort to go slowly and be patient. I wanted his first time to be a memorable event. I haven’t gotten off from fucking a virgin, though the accompanying cunnilingus and fingering might have done the trick. [March 26, 2011]

276. **Question:** Tampons or pads?

**Answer:** It says ask me something sexy. [March 26, 2011]

277. **Question:** Do you like fishnets?

**Answer:** Yes. I find them visually appealing. I tend not to wear them frequently, however. [March 27, 2011]

278. **Question:** Do you think that Amadeo might try to ramp things up a notch now that he knows you’re single?

**Answer:** I enjoy the time I spend with Amadeo even when we aren’t being sexual. We are good friends. I am content with how things are and have no desire to pursue a more serious relationship with him. Amadeo is aware of this. He also knows the breakup hasn’t changed my view. [March 27, 2011]

279. **Question:** Do you ever wonder about your previous lovers? You have had lots. How many do you still think about?

**Answer:** I am in sporadic contact with several of my old lovers. I wonder about others. I remember my regulars — nearly all of them fondly. When I sleep with friends, regardless of how good or bad the sex is, the friendship usually survives. The bulk of the people I have fucked are a background noise to these privileged interactions. I may recall the events and use them for masturbation fodder, but the men involved don’t hold any particular significance for me.Privately, I think of them as a set of largely interchangeable human dildos. [March 27, 2011]
280. **Question:** Do you like arrogance in a partner?

**Answer:** Yes, but it's a fine line. I like having the awareness of his superiority during sexual play. His power over me is physical, mental, and psychological. He asserts his will. He has command over the situation and stamps the events with his personality. He uses me. My role is to submit. I adore when he compels me to do the things that he wants and to do them his way. I want to surrender control of my body and my self to him. I want it to be orgasmic. I want to be taken to a submissive place, broken and tamed, and brought back whole.

He can be as arrogant as he wants while we are having sex, as imperious. I expect it. I will obey. Arrogance outside of sex has little appeal. A misapplication of dominance in an inappropriate context constitutes a dealbreaker because it negates trust. Instead of arrogance, I look for someone who projects confidence, self-awareness, intelligence, and kindness. [March 27, 2011]

281. **Question:** Would you submit to an online dom? I have some ideas for some sexy things you might do. I won't ask for pictures.

**Answer:** You should have e-mailed instead of posting here. While I don’t dismiss the idea out of hand, it’s unlikely that I would do a task and then report back. That’s not my style. [March 27, 2011]

282. **Question:** What have you been doing to keep busy without sex?

**Answer:** I have been a workout fiend these past weeks. Plus work keeps me busy. [March 28, 2011]

283. **Question:** What music have you been playing?

**Answer:** Friends and I have been practicing the trio sonata from *The Musical Offering*. We don’t do justice to the very difficult music, but it’s nevertheless a pure pleasure to play. [March 28, 2011]

284. **Question:** What are you wearing?

**Answer:** This has been in the inbox for a while now. I figured I would answer tonight as I am wearing something nice. I had a dinner date with my friend Mike and dressed up more so than usual. I have on a midnight blue dress, high collar, bare arms, straight skirt, hemline falling above the knee, with black stockings, flat shoes, and the usual sundries underneath. The top hugs and flatters my form. I know also that the shadow of the lower thighs shows through the dress when the light shines just so. [March 29, 2011]

285. **Question:** When do you expect to have sex next? Do you have anyone in mind (Amadeo or Frank)?

**Answer:** I don’t know when. I don’t know who. When I am ready. It will be soon, I expect. I posted an ad to CL this morning. There were forty-eight responses before the inevitable flagging. Some might merit a reply. I will read through tomorrow and decide. Amadeo and Frank are both possibilities, too. So is someone random I just happen to meet. [March 29, 2011]

286. **Question:** Do you swap come?

**Answer:** A man who doesn’t kiss after fellatio won’t get a repeat invitation. I am greedy for semen, so I don’t generally give it back to the man who gave it to me. I like to snowball in the context of threesomes and moresomes. This winter, the then boyfriend and I hooked up with another couple. The other woman’s partner blasted his come over her belly and on the outside of her pussy. I licked up the mess, and we swapped the semen back and forth. After my boyfriend finished in my cunt, I
held my lips open and let his come drip into her open mouth, onto her tongue. We kissed afterwards. I tasted him this way and also myself. [March 29, 2011]

287. **Question:** What is your favorite meal to prepare?
   **Answer:** Roasted butternut squash risotto. [March 30, 2011]

288. **Question:** Don’t you admit that all semen tastes basically the same?
   **Answer:** No. There’s dependence on diet. For instance, asparagus makes pee smell and semen taste funny. Vegetarians taste noticeably different. I have met lovers whose taste I don’t enjoy. [March 30, 2011]

289. **Question:** Get Frank to come in a tall champagne flute; then bring out a beautiful tray of sashimi and use his come as a dipping sauce. See if he joins you after a bit. Maybe this will relight your fire.
   **Answer:** Thanks for the suggestion. Mixing sex with food can be fun. [March 30, 2011]

290. **Question:** Now we all want to know your worst date story!
   **Answer:** I warn you: it’s gross!

The summer I lived in Brooklyn, a friend of a friend, who I had met at a party, asked me out on a date. On a muggy evening, in a cloud of oppressive, humid, ponderous air, we made our way up Long Island in a rickety red mid-1990s Hyundai without working air conditioning to a Mongolian place he knew. The dinner, like the conversation, was merely ok.

The weather had turned while we were inside. We set off in a heavy rain. The windows were rolled up for the ride home.

Dinner was disagreeable to my date. He quite literally shat in his pants. The stink of it, the liquid squelch beneath him, the clarion trumpet fart were unmistakable. He didn’t try to hide it. “I’m sorry,” he said, sheepishly. A second accident on 495 slowed the traffic to a crawl. He couldn’t go to a gas station to clean up. I clenched my teeth. Huddling against the door on the passenger’s side, I opened the window partway. I was desperate for air. It was excruciating, that long drive back to the city. I very nearly threw up myself. When he parked the car at the curb in front of my apartment block, I fled. I never heard from the man again.

Even now, while I see the humor in the situation, the memory of that malodorous smell in the enclosed space and the motionless air within the car for upward of an hour leaves me nauseated and grimacing. It may not have been his fault, but it is the worst date I have endured. [March 30, 2011]

291. **Question:** Have you ever fantasized about a friend’s dad? Would you do a father/son tag team?
   **Answer:** I have fantasized about the fathers of friends. A tag team does not appeal. I don’t think the sex lives of parents and children should intersect so directly. I would fuck brothers, however. [March 30, 2011]

292. **Question:** What is your favorite role-play scenario?
   **Answer:** I role-play Daddy/daughter with some frequency. Teacher/student can also be hot. In both cases, an inherent power relationship acquires a sexual dimension. Other scenarios of this type seem too far fetched for me lose myself in and properly inhabit. [March 31, 2011]
293. **Question:** Do you like tattoos? Do you have any yourself?

   **Answer:** I like artistic ones. I dislike garish ones. Most leave me unmoved or indifferent. I don’t have any of my own. [March 31, 2011]

294. **Question:** Do you hope to try again with the boyfriend when you return to Boston?

   **Answer:** Conversations subsequent to the breakup lead me to believe that it’s over. One of us (probably me) will move out of the apartment in Boston. There’s only a single bedroom, so being roommates isn’t feasible. Things are friendly, but we have reached the end of the line. [March 31, 2011]

295. **Question:** Is it common now for London student flats to have a refrigerator, a telephone, and hot water? I had these (for me) normal amenities in a flat in Cambridge in the 60s, and gradually realized that none of the English student flats had them.

   **Answer:** My flat has the first and the third. The fridge is half or third size by American standards. The plumbing is odd as the hot water and the cold water in the bathroom sink come out of separate faucets spaced about ten inches apart. [April 2, 2011]

296. **Question:** Lights on, off, or dimmed?

   **Answer:** In a bedroom, I prefer dimmed. [April 2, 2011]

297. **Question:** Have you used OkCupid?

   **Answer:** While I don’t like profile sites, I have used OkCupid in the past. I went on a couple of dates that never went anywhere. I haven’t logged on since the fall. I should peruse my matches. [April 4, 2011]

298. **Question:** Does the former boyfriend know you are having sex? Did you talk to him about the latest? What was his reaction?

   **Answer:** He knows. What can he say? We are friends. We want each other to be happy. That sentiment is genuine. [April 4, 2011]

299. **Question:** Now that you’re single, do simple lays mean more? Do you choose partners differently? Do you look at them through the lens of possible boyfriend material? After a fuck, do you wonder if you would be compatible with the guy in a deeper relationship?

   **Answer:** It’s way too early for me to be thinking about this. I am also leaving the country in a few months and don’t want to do long distance again. Right now, I am slutting around. Boyfriend material isn’t a consideration. [April 4, 2011]

300. **Question:** Not really a question, but a statement: yours is one of my favorite sex blogs. It has gotten me off several times. Please keep writing!

   **Answer:** Thank you for the kind words. I’m glad the reading has been stimulating. [April 4, 2011]

301. **Question:** Do you consider yourself a masochist? Do you like sadists?

   **Answer:** I don’t regard myself as a masochist. I do enjoy modest doses of pain because it yields an endorphin rush, concentrates the senses, heightens my perception of pleasure, provides aesthetic satisfaction, and produces a feeling of accomplishment when it’s over. It’s the same high I get from a hard workout, except that it’s profoundly sexual in character. I don’t look for partners who get off on
torturing women, though I have been with some. I prefer that power and the application of pain exist as means rather than ends. [April 4, 2011]

302. **Question:** Do you ever sleep with a guy and then have him annoy you with tons of calls or texts afterwards, even though it was just a one night stand?

   **Answer:** Yes. There are e-mails, too, since I meet many of my partners that way. [April 6, 2011]

303. **Question:** With the breakup of your relationship, would you go to London again if you could go back in time, knowing the outcome?

   **Answer:** I’d still go. [April 7, 2011]

304. **Question:** Do you fantasize about being kidnapped by a woman who ties you up to a man? The two of you knotted together then attempt an escape.

   **Answer:** This is not a fantasy that has ever occurred to me. I don’t find it stimulating, sexually or otherwise. [April 8, 2011]

305. **Question:** What’s your favourite American television show?

   **Answer:** Who has time for TV? I don’t. [April 10, 2011]

306. **Question:** Do you miss sex with the ex-boyfriend?

   **Answer:** There are a number of things I miss; sex is among them. [April 12, 2011]

307. **Question:** Do you ever wish you could stay in London for good?

   **Answer:** Yes. But sometimes I wish I were somewhere else. [April 12, 2011]

308. **Question:** For those of us young women that read your blog, can you offer us some tips (or perhaps detailed instructions!) on how to give excellent fellatio?

   **Answer:** Thanks for the question. I am flattered that you think I have lessons to transmit. The primary tip I have is that you should be enthusiastic about the cock you are sucking, the person to whom this penis attaches, and the situation. Pay attention to the responses and react accordingly. Try for a bit more. Try to do it differently. Have it be messy. Talk to your partner about what you are doing.

I commented on Pieces of Jade’s excellent blog about what I like about fellatio. Read her thoughts on the subject, too. Maybe I will write a comprehensive tutorial someday, but personally I have never found how to manuals useful. Sex is like playing an instrument: one needs to practice. You can click on the fellatio tag to see examples of my technique and the elements of cocksucking that stick in my mind a few days after the experience. [April 12, 2011]

309. **Question:** What makes a man dominant over you?

   **Answer:** My willingness to submit. [April 12, 2011]

310. **Question:** What specific actions your partner performs trigger the most intense of submissive places within you?

   **Answer:** I find myself submerged in subspace due to circumstance and the frame of mind I inhabit. A specific action doesn’t place me there. Rather it is the totality of the experience — and this extends
beyond sex. I need to be willing to embrace my emotional vulnerabilities. Often, I encounter mental locks that leave me outside. I haven’t visited subspace since Boston this January. [April 16, 2011]

311. **Question:** I realize that you, being submissive, may rarely be in a position to speak in sexual situations (tongue firmly planted in cheek: which cheek is left for you to decide). However, I wonder: how close to your writing voice is your speaking voice?

**Answer:** It’s not the same. I am more organized and coherent in the written word than with the spoken one. Moreover, I am not as careful with my vocabulary when I speak. [April 16, 2011]

312. **Question:** How does your sex life intersect with your professional life? Does it lead to uncomfortable situations (*i.e.*, the new post-doc on campus is the guy you had a less-than-charming encounter with last week)?

**Answer:** It hasn’t been a major issue so far. I avoid situations where there is a hierarchy of power. I wouldn’t sleep with a post-doc or a professor in my field or in a related one. I have bedded with other graduate students, either my friends or, a couple of times, people I met at a conference. These things happen, especially when we spend many hours of the day together in confined quarters.

I try to be clear about boundaries. A one night stand is just that. Sex with people I know professionally will not incorporate a D/s dynamic. With one exception — a woman in a similar situation — people from work aren’t aware of my kinky lifestyle.

In most instances, it is not uncomfortable for me to socialize with a former lover. I don’t mind that he has seen me naked or that in messing around, he has plugged me with his cock. There are rare whispers, but I don’t pay them any heed. I am confident in my work and my abilities. There are situations where friends and I have become less close following a bedroom encounter. Most recently this is because I have declined a sequel.

I realize that I will be on the job market soon and intend to play other fields than my own. I don’t feel any particular shame about the way I live. But I am aware that attitudes to sexuality can be misunderstood and promiscuity impresses people negatively. I don’t want my sexuality to affect my professional life, where I hope to succeed on the merits. [April 17, 2011]

313. **Question:** Do you have anything special planned to celebrate the Royal Wedding? Maybe a rooftop fuck in full view of the security helicopters? No, that’s not your style. Streak the Royal coach as it passes? No, no. Somebody think of something....

**Answer:** I don’t even know when the wedding is. [April 20, 2011]

314. **Question:** What are you wearing right now?

**Answer:** Jeans, white tank top, denim shirt (unbuttoned), thong panties, bra, socks. [April 20, 2011]

315. **Question:** Have you had sex at work?

**Answer:** Yes, of course. I have enjoyed sex in my office and inside empty classrooms. My lover has taken me on the big table in the seminar room. I laid on my back on top of hard wood and under it. He wrote obscenities on me with the marker pens from the white board.

There are incidents at a partner’s workplace as well. A guy I used to date when I was an undergraduate worked the night shift at a hotel. Often, I’d go there to study and most of the time, we would take a
fuck break. I have knelt under the front desk with his cock in my mouth while he dealt with guests in a condition of partial undress.

All of this happened in the US. In the UK, I have given Jeremy a blowjob in my office and sucked and fucked Dr. Williams in his. [April 21, 2011]

316. **Question:** When will you post again?
   **Answer:** When I have something to say and the time to say it. Life gets busy sometimes. [April 30, 2011]

317. **Question:** This may not be a sexy question, but as a female reader I’m curious to know how you maintain your (lack of) hair down there. You’ve alluded to shaving it all, so any tips for ensuring a pleasant, non-itchy experience?
   **Answer:** I get waxed. I go to a salon and get it done every five weeks or so. [May 2, 2011]

318. **Question:** Do you do any special preparation before anal sex?
   **Answer:** I make sure I have lube. [May 2, 2011]

319. **Question:** Are you going to party out when the wedding ceremony is over? Which guy or which guys would you like to pick for your evening?
   **Answer:** Except for dinner with friends, I spent all of Friday at home in front of the computer next to a pile of books and papers. [May 2, 2011]

320. **Question:** How much kissing do you do on a one night stand? And how about affection the next morning, when you know you have no plans to see him again?
   **Answer:** I enjoy kissing, both as a prelude to sex and during the act itself. I endeavor to do as much of it as possible: even if it is a one night stand, it’s *de rigueur* in my book. In the morning there does tend to be less affection than at night. But I have been known to shower and breakfast with men I won’t see again. [May 2, 2011]

321. **Question:** I hope that the reason for not having posted over the last few days is that you have been laying London. Is that true?
   **Answer:** Unfortunately, that’s not the case. I have been indoors and industrious. This is a pity as these past two weeks, the weather here has been gorgeous. [May 2, 2011]

322. **Question:** Do you sleep well?
   **Answer:** The night is for screwing, silly. [May 9, 2011]

323. **Question:** Do you think Amadeo has become attached to you and will have trouble saying goodbye when you return to the US?
   **Answer:** We are friends. I hope we will remain so for many years. A relationship, especially a long distance relationship, isn’t in the cards. Both of us know this. [May 9, 2011]

324. **Question:** These are all genuine people? You’ve “had” 43 people since you arrived in London? How many people in London know how promiscuous you are? Has anyone turned nasty after you refused to sleep with them again?
Answer: Yes, these are genuine people. On average, I have sex twice a week. On average, I add one new partner a week to the tally. Many of the hookups are either one night stands with people I meet at a party or a club or meet-ups arranged via the Craigslist casual encounters board. There isn’t the expectation to repeat. There are a number of people who may want a sequel; in many cases, when asked, I say no. No one has turned particularly nasty about it. A few people are, to their detriment, peskily insistent: appearing desperate has never helped anyone. My roommate and a few of my closer friends are aware of the promiscuity. It’s less unusual than you may think. Women like sex, too. [May 9, 2011]

325. Question: Have you let a one night stand come inside you?

Answer: I have in the past. Now, condoms are mandatory for all but whomever I am dating seriously. Much as I hate condoms, I don’t feel comfortable having sex without protection in place. [May 9, 2011]

326. Question: Is ethnicity a factor when you choose which cock to fuck?

Answer: No. I am attracted to many ethnicities. [May 15, 2011]

327. Question: Do you ever desire an actual relationship again?

Answer: Yes, of course. I am sure I will find one again someday. [May 15, 2011]

328. Question: When you look for a one night stand, do you usually focus more on looks rather than personality? Physically, what type of men do you usually go for?

Answer: In the context of selecting a one night stand looks may provide an introduction, but personality seals the deal. Witty conversation and the ability to make me laugh provide a significant boost. I need to be attracted to go to bed. Conventional good looks help, but they aren’t necessary. I am attracted to all kinds. I suppose my type, inasmuch as I have one, tends to highly intelligent, athletic men in the ball park of my age up to a couple of decades older. [May 15, 2011]

329. Question: There was a query about why I spent a night with Luis that seems to have disappeared. I will answer as best as I can recall the question.

Answer: I met Luis at a bar in Covent Garden after midnight. Friends and I had planned a girls’ night out that Friday. We had been drinking at various places, and one us had paired up and left by then. I went to the bar as it was my round to buy. Luis chatted me up as I waited for the drinks. I found him attractive.

After the round, as we were heading to the next place, I noticed Luis with a few of his friends near the door. I told my friends I would catch up and said hi. We talked some more. His friends edged away to give us a bit of space. It was noisy, so talking required shouting into each other’s ears. We went outside, dodging the smokers. We are both students. Each of us had been in London for about a year now. He had some genuinely funny stories. I made the first move, kissing him on the lips while we waited for the light to change. His place was nearer, so we went there. The seduction took about half an hour. He asked for my number in the morning, but I didn’t give it to him. [May 15, 2011]

330. Question: Is Amadeo single or is he in an open relationship (like you were before the breakup)? Does he still want you two to be more than friends?
Answer: Amadeo is single. He knows I have sex with others. While he has the prerogative to sleep with anyone he likes, he doesn’t exercise this right very often. He tells me that he has had two one night stands since we have been seeing each other.

I think Amadeo accepts that this is what we have. [May 15, 2011]

331. Question: What are you wearing right now?
   Answer: Honestly? A bathrobe. And a towel around my head. [May 15, 2011]

332. Question: What scares you the most about sex?
   Answer: (1) A guy who doesn’t respect safewords. (2) Getting a disease. [May 15, 2011]

333. Question: How did you meet Amadeo?
   Answer: Craigslist. He answered one of my ads. [May 16, 2011]

334. Question: How do you balance your work and sex? Going out and restarting the seduction process every week is time-consuming — how do you make time for sleep?
   Answer: I work hard. But the work isn’t all consuming. I am in a foreign city. I make time to have a life. I have the mechanics of a Craigslist encounter down. I can answer the e-mails during down times and eventually arrange a meeting when the schedule allows. When I am out, I am sometimes willing to be seduced (indeed, looking for it) and at other times, that’s not my focus at all (when I attend a concert, say). Sometimes, even when I am looking, I go out with friends and come home alone and curl up with a book rather than a guy. That’s fine.

In graduate school, I have found that I often have to choose two of out these three: work, a life, and sleep. Sleep gets shortchanged. I take naps though. [May 16, 2011]

335. Question: Have you ever been in a relationship when one partner or another’s sex drive has fizzled? What to do to relight the spark?
   Answer: This hasn’t happened to me in the context of a romantic relationship. It has happened that a regular partner didn’t have the time or the energy for sex because of the stresses of life and work. Such fuck buddy relationships fizzled out.

I know life can be busy, but I think you need to make time for truly important things. For me, sex counts. [May 16, 2011]

336. Question: Are you aware that taking someone’s cock in your mouth without permission, like you did here despite his protests, can be disturbing or traumatic? Not everyone likes unsolicited or unprovoked sexual advances like that.
   Answer: There is a backstory. Gi and I discussed hooking up beforehand. We haven’t slept together yet, but I wouldn’t be surprised if we fell into bed someday. I like him and find him attractive. [May 23, 2011]

337. Question: Have you ever gone through public with come on or in you?
   Answer: Many times. [May 23, 2011]
338. Question: Pardon me for sounding ignorant, but I attempted to give a blowjob for the first time last weekend. However, in the process of going down on him, I smelled a weird musky odor from his precome. The smell just made me want to gag. Is this normal?

Answer: There is a smell and a taste, especially when there has been strenuous activity beforehand. Hygiene is important, particularly with foreskin. I don’t know exactly what you are experiencing. Perhaps he needs to swab the tip of his penis after urinating or otherwise wash his penis thoroughly. Diet may make the fluids taste funky. You might want to point out these issues out to your partner as tactfully as you can. Maybe you could give him head in the shower next time. I suppose come can be an acquired taste like coffee or beer. It may take some getting used to. [May 23, 2011]

339. Question: Can you provide us with a means of verifying the truthfulness of your blog posts, such as a picture or two? Or at least a means of confirming your attractiveness like a picture of just you?

Answer: As stated numerous times before, I am not posting pictures of myself. [May 23, 2011]

340. Question: What’s your method of getting over a relationship?

Answer: I wish I had a method. It’s hard. [May 23, 2011]

341. Question: Does sex lose emotion for you the more you have it?

Answer: The emotional response in sex spans a continuum. With a one night stand, sex is mostly about acquiring physical pleasure. With regulars, because I care about them and they care about me, the experience goes deeper. With someone I am dating, sex is nearly always very emotional. [May 29, 2011]

342. Question: When you return home after the adventures in London are over, do you expect a decrease in sexual encounters?

Answer: I have no idea. I expect I will pick up again with the regular partners I had in Boston. I can’t guess whether I will have more one night stands or less. I won’t be dating anyone when I return. I may be seeking a relationship. It’s difficult to discuss in the abstract. [May 29, 2011]

343. Question: Would you ever date a guy who wanted you both to be sexually exclusive?

Answer: It’s possible. But I don’t think it’s likely that I would be exclusive in the immediate future. [May 29, 2011]

344. Question: Do any of your partners know of your blog?

Answer: The ex-boyfriend does. Claire does.

I met the lawyer through the blog. After my encounter with him, I decided not to sleep with my readers in the future. [May 29, 2011]

345. Question: What would you think if you found out your parents were reading your blog?

Answer: On the whole, I’d rather not think about my parents’ sexual life. [May 29, 2011]

346. Question: If you meet someone from Craigslist in person and aren’t attracted to them, how do you brush them off in a nice way?

Answer: I look them in the eye and say thanks, but I don’t think you’re who I am looking for, or thanks,
but I don’t think we are compatible. I wish them luck. I am polite, but firm. If they e-mail me again, I
don’t respond. [May 30, 2011]

347. **Question:** What’s your favorite sexual act to write about?
   **Answer:** I seem to write fellatio quite a lot. It’s an aspect of sex in which I generally exercise control
over what is happening. I can be creative and playful. There is often a reward at the end. [May 30,
2011]

348. **Question:** What’s an underappreciated pleasure? (Sexual, I mean.)
   **Answer:** Hmm. I like being on my knees, clutching a man’s thighs with the heat and the weight of an
erection on my face, parallel to my nose, the head resting on my forehead while I lip at the scrotum.
[May 30, 2011]

349. **Question:** What’s the oddest way you have masturbated?
   **Answer:** When I was in college, a lover liked when I rubbed my pussy against his bald head. [June 4,
2011]

350. **Question:** Have you ever been fingered on the dance floor?
   **Answer:** It has happened. I dance dirty when I go clubbing and enjoy the contact. This isn’t license to
reach into my skirt and cup my vagina. Hold my arm or my back or my hip as we move. If I don’t pull
away — rather, if I lean my weight into the touch — then you can escalate by degrees. If I respond by
seeking more contact or an improved angle, that’s permission for the hands to roam. I may cut off the
exploration at a point. You need to respect that. Unwanted groping is a sexual assault. Being fingered
on the dance floor can be sexy. More than once, a stranger has made me come this way. [June 4, 2011]

351. **Question:** What’s the longest period of time you’ve gone without any sort of sexual pleasure?
   **Answer:** I haven’t kept track. I have had several month long dry spells, but usually I masturbated.
[June 4, 2011]

352. **Question:** What’s the best thing anyone can do to make oral sex better for you?
   **Answer:** Touch my pussy. I like having a man’s hands between my legs while his cock is in my mouth.
I want his fingers to work my clit. [June 5, 2011]

353. **Question:** What’s the best thing anyone can do to make anal sex better for you?
   **Answer:** Touch my pussy. I like having a man’s hands between my legs while his cock is in my anus.
I want his fingers to work my clit. [June 5, 2011]

354. **Question:** Has it been an advantage to say that you’re an American girl in London to get guys interested
   in you?
   **Answer:** There are enough Americans here that being from the US isn’t particularly exotic. Several
guys have said that they like the accent. [June 6, 2011]

355. **Question:** Do you write in a context other than this blog? The ease and style with which you write
   makes me suspect that you might. Keep up the good work, Leah. I very much enjoy your writing in
   addition to your sexy stories.
Answer: Thanks!

Academia is a publish or perish business so I am constantly writing. I have toyed with a non-sex blog, but mostly gave it up. [June 6, 2011]

356. Question: I see that you describe yourself as an überslut. Have there been times you’ve felt hurt because someone (or some guy) called you a slut or is it a personality you totally embrace?

Answer: Slut is a perfectly fine word. It does have a negative connotation, and I am trying to give it a positive spin. As with all words, the context matters.

I am not generally hurt by being called a bad name. But I value the opinions of my friends and people I respect. I am much more circumspect about my sex life in person than I am on the internet. Close friends, of course, know that I sleep around. They are close friends precisely because they aren’t judgmental about my activities. [June 6, 2011]

357. Question: Do you foresee a day when your promiscuity and sexual preferences (the kink aspect/multiple partners) might change and give way to a monogamous relationship? If so, would it be essential that this partner be dominant in your sexual relationship?

Answer: The future is full of possibilities. Speculating about it is inevitably naive. I think in a marriage, my equilibrium needs to change as the current MO is unsustainable. This may mean having long term lovers on the side instead of the frequent one night stand. This may mean becoming active in a local kink scene. I don’t expect I will be fully monogamous.

Right now, I find that kink and D/s are central to my sex life. I am looking for this in any serious relationship. [June 6, 2011]

358. Question: Would you like to have children some day? If so, how many?

Answer: Most of the time, I think so. I usually imagine two kids (a boy and a girl). But really, to be totally honest, I know I am not ready. I have yet to meet the guy who I want to father my children. [June 7, 2011]

359. Question: Would you like to get married any time in the future? Are your partner’s finances a major component of what you would look for in a husband? Would you like him to be in the same field as you?

Answer: Yes. No. No. [June 7, 2011]

360. Question: Do names of the guys you’re with ever play a part in turning you on?

Answer: For the most part, no. I don’t do the “Sir”/“Master” thing with doms. Speaking their names aloud during sex often turns me on because it turns them on. [June 8, 2011]

361. Question: I just read the entry about your running partner, but you have also mentioned going to the gym. What activities do you do to stay in shape?

Answer: I used to do aerobics and yoga, but stopped being able to fit regular classes into my schedule. When I go to the gym, depending on what’s available, I may use the treadmill, the exercise bike, the elliptical cross trainer, or the rowing machine. I lift weights. Sometimes I swim. I have been running outside since the weather warmed up. [June 10, 2011]
362. **Question:** You said that you don’t think you’ll ever be fully monogamous even after marriage. Why do you believe that monogamy after marriage is not for you? Do you think that eventually you’d get bored of the same partner over and over again?

**Answer:** I form monogamous emotional attachments. But I like sexual variety. It may be that the slut phase is just that — a phase — and eventually I will settle down. It doesn’t seem likely that this will happen any time soon. [June 10, 2011]

363. **Question:** Are you someone who gets jealous fairly easily when it comes to boyfriends?

**Answer:** It doesn’t bother me if a lover has others as well. I say more here. [June 10, 2011]

364. **Question:** Are there pictures of you around on the internet? If so, link?

**Answer:** I am on Facebook. Of course there are pictures of me on the internet. I am not linking them to the blog, however. [June 10, 2011]

365. **Question:** When you were with your ex, did his sex stories with other girls turn you on?

**Answer:** Yes, they did. Often, his cock was being stroked or sucked while he was telling me his stories. [June 10, 2011]

366. **Question:** Why are you not concerned about getting an oral disease?

**Answer:** I know that herpes, syphilis, and gonorrhea are easily transmitted orally. HIV poses a small risk compared to transmission via penetration. I don’t think a blowjob with a condom in place or cunnilingus with a dental dam is much fun for either of us. I take my chances. I am comfortable with the level of risk I assume. [June 10, 2011]

367. **Question:** How did you decide on your pen name? I like that it’s just, well, a name — no hook, no pun.

**Answer:** I wanted a name that started with “L” for the alliteration. I chose a porn name (name of a pet as first name combined with the name of a place as last name). [June 10, 2011]

368. **Question:** Does Amadeo know about Gi?

**Answer:** No. Amadeo knows I have other lovers, but he doesn’t know about Gi in particular. I didn’t see Amadeo this week only because he was traveling. The thing with Gi isn’t serious. I am not looking for a relationship in the few months I have remaining in London. I have no interest in doing long distance again. [June 11, 2011]

369. **Question:** Assignment: Flash someone your tits today.

**Answer:** No. [June 13, 2011]

370. **Question:** Do you exchange dirty emails or texts with anyone?

**Answer:** In choosing a CL date, there is sexual banter. Usually, I ask what he intends for sex. To proceed to a meeting, he must write a few paragraphs that interest me. Depending on mood and interest, I may write a few paragraphs back. The ex-boyfriend and I used to write stories to each other. Frank and I sext regularly. I look forward to his return. [June 13, 2011]

371. **Question:** Does Amadeo work in the same field as you or is he a student/researcher like yourself?
372. **Question:** Why not become a porn star and get paid to do what you enjoy?

**Answer:** I don’t want to be a porn star. I already enjoy the work I do. [June 18, 2011]

373. **Question:** How often do guys turn down advances from you? It seems like you can get any guy you want.

**Answer:** I only write about the advances that work. After all, these are the ones that make for a story. I am turned down quite a bit. [June 18, 2011]

374. **Question:** How did you and your boyfriend meet? From your references to him, you seem to be kindred spirits.

**Answer:** The ex-boyfriend and I were introduced at a party through a mutual acquaintance, who knew that we were both kinky. Though we didn’t spend that night together, we hit it off immediately. We saw each other casually for about six months before we started dating. [June 18, 2011]

375. **Question:** Are Amadeo and Gi older than you or younger than you? Do you usually prefer older lovers or younger ones?

**Answer:** Amadeo is sixteen years older. Gi is five years older. Frank, who you didn’t ask about, is younger. D/s is generally a bit easier when my partner is older, but I don’t have a strong preference one way or another. [June 18, 2011]

376. **Question:** Are you going to look for an older daddy type for Father’s Day?

**Answer:** No. The plan is to get some non-blog related writing done today. [June 19, 2011]

377. **Question:** I wanted to say that I find your blog rather interesting and I enjoy your writing, and yet something about it makes me sad. I don’t believe it’s a matter of being judgmental about the contents, either.

**Answer:** It saddens me that you find the writing sad. Maybe you can elaborate on the how and the why.

How much do you like nipples?

**Answer:** I adore nipples. Mine are delightfully sensitive, especially when teased or tortured. I love suckling man tits as well. On the rare occasions when I play with women, I like being rough with my partner’s breasts. [July 19, 2011]

378. **Question:** Do you have phone sex?

**Answer:** Yes.

On a couple of occasions, I have phoned the then boyfriend while having sex with another man. He has also called me while fucking one of his regulars. It’s hot to overhear a lover in ecstasy. [July 19, 2011]

379. **Question:** Have you ever been in the dominant role in a relationship? Or have you and a dominant lover ever reversed roles?

**Answer:** I have never been the domme in a relationship. As a sub, I am sometimes guilty of topping
from below: I suggest what the dominant man should do to me while I am submissive to him. Good dominants know to firmly ignore these essays and deter future attempts. At sex clubs, I have dominated submissive men and women. I don’t imagine these efforts were particularly successful. With women, if there is kink, I prefer to switch. [July 19, 2011]

380. **Question:** How does your dance card look back in Boston? Is there anyone you’re planning to see? Is there a potential new boyfriend?
   
   **Answer:** There are several people I am looking forward to seeing. When I left Boston, I had a pair of regulars there. We will catch up and maybe (probably) hook up. There isn’t a boyfriend in waiting. I expect I will wade into the dating pool once I get back. [July 19, 2011]

381. **Question:** Can you tell us which of your lovers are white, black, Asian, etc.?
   
   **Answer:** I could, but I am not going to. Certain details are omitted deliberately. [July 19, 2011]

382. **Question:** Do you think about other lovers when you’re having sex with a guy?
   
   **Answer:** Only if the man I am with doesn’t know what he is doing. [July 19, 2011]

383. **Question:** On a scale of 0 to 100, how hot are you?
   
   **Answer:** 98.6 Fahrenheit, 37 Celsius. [July 19, 2011]

384. **Question:** How often do you make love instead of having sex?
   
   **Answer:** I assume that by “making love” you mean having a deep personal intimacy as well as sexual release. To an extent, this happens with my regulars, especially Frank and Amadeo. I love being with them in bed and out and am grateful for their friendship and company. I don’t love them in a romantic way. The last person I made love with in this sense was the ex-boyfriend. [July 25, 2011]

385. **Question:** Give us a dirty daydream or two. You must have some.
   
   **Answer:** Here is a dirty one.

   There is ancient building — a monastery perhaps. The row of niches that line the stone wall extend from the floor to about four feet in height. There is a channel cut into the floor. These are urinals. I squat in one. The others are occupied as well. I am naked. The room is suddenly crowded with men and women. People of both sexes line up in front of the urinals. When it’s their turn, they open their robes and piss standing. Some aim for breasts and cunt, others for my face. A few release directly into my open mouth. I drink. After urinating, several of the men place a penis between my lips; they fuck my throat brutally. My face is smothered by pussies that I tongue. I lick asses.

   I have never seen porn like this, but would love to. [July 31, 2011]

386. **Question:** Leah, I’m fascinated. I’ve never explored submissiveness, and have only had a handful of partners, but your sex — it seems messy, full, embodied, wild — it’s what I want. Was it always thus for you? Is it because it’s D/s? What set you so free?
   
   **Answer:** You might want to check this for a bit of autobiographical insight.

   I am willing to experiment. I look for partners who want the same. I seek a creative mind, someone intelligent and inventive. I want someone who won’t take D/s too seriously and brings humor and wit
to sex. With such a partner, I can be my best self, and we can push each other to new discoveries. [July 31, 2011]

387. **Question:** Your writing about your sexual experiences are very point by point. You describe things very clinically and it’s much like reading the added instructions in a script. Do you really experience the sex that way? Is it devoid of any emotion or inner thoughts?

**Answer:** I don’t remember sex like a movie. A sequence of snapshots snare in my memory. I construct a post out of the images that survive: the way his finger strokes along the length of my spine just so and makes me shiver with anticipation; the foreshortening of the penis when I stare along its axis; the wet anus winking at me; how the ache from a spanking ripples through the flesh, finding nerve endings I had forgotten existed since the last time this happened. Honestly, I don’t know whether I nibbled the foreskin before or after I tongued the side of his groin. It doesn’t matter. I extrapolate and tell a story. The sex is re-invented based upon a faulty recollection of events experienced in the raw moment.

During sex, I think about the pleasure I experience, the decision of what I do next and how a lover responds, and the simple, sublime euphoria that accompanies a fuck. I usually am emotionally detached from my one night stands. It is the physicality that involves me. With my regulars, there is intimacy as well as sex. The engagement is deeper. I enjoy their company. We are friends, so I make a greater effort in bed.

The writing is not my normal speaking voice. To begin, it’s too fluent. On the blog, I tend to be more neutral and objective and dispassionate about depicting sex than I would be in person. I prefer to leave my feelings implicit. The blog taps my analytical side more so than it does my emotional one, which is more private. I blog exclusively about sex and sexuality, so the writing provides only a distorted perspective on my life. You are seeing me through a fun house mirror. [July 31, 2011]

388. **Question:** Have you been affected by the riots?

**Answer:** No. Fortunately, I live in a part of town that has been peaceful. [August 10, 2011]

389. **Question:** Do you suggest virginity taken by oneself and a vibrator/dildo, or by a physical partner?

**Answer:** I broke my hymen on my own. I make no suggestion for what anyone else should do.

I will add two opinions, however. One is still a virgin if all the sex is masturbation. Virginity is overvalued. [August 10, 2011]

390. **Question:** Do you ever feel lonely and empty after a one night stand?

**Answer:** I am not looking for anything other than physical pleasure from a one night stand. [August 10, 2011]

391. **Question:** Do you have any attraction to transsexual individuals? Would you or have you had sex with a transsexual?

**Answer:** I don’t have any particular attraction to transsexuals. I would have sex with a transsexual if I was attracted and we clicked. I haven’t done this before. [August 10, 2011]

392. **Question:** Your blog is exceptionally written and dare I say it, revolutionary. I have untold things that I want to do to you. (No, not a question.)

**Answer:** Thanks for the compliment. I am grateful. [August 10, 2011]
393. **Question:** What’s the most ridiculous thing you’ve done sexually?

**Answer:** If you mean ridiculous in the sense of comical, once I was messing around with a lover at his place. We had music on in the background. I grasped his cock and used it like a microphone and sang along to the radio. This turned him on immensely. We had further naked karaoke nights.

If you mean ridiculous in the sense of crazy, for my 21st birthday, two of my friends arranged a private orgy for me. Another girl was there as well. Five men fucked the pair of us just as they pleased.

If you mean ridiculous in the sense of stupid, I have taken my chances with unprotected sex in circumstances that were sketchy at best. [August 10, 2011]

394. **Question:** I just realized another reason why I like your blog so much. Your writing reminds me of that in Richard Rhodes’s memoir *Making Love: An Erotic Odyssey*. Do you know it?

**Answer:** I don’t know it. Thanks for the pointer. [August 19, 2011]

395. **Question:** Do you prefer men who make a lot of noise during sex?

**Answer:** Yes. The feedback is nice. A lot of men are very quiet though. [August 19, 2011]

396. **Question:** During my own time in graduate school, I’ve found that anthropologists, English students, and post-structuralists (writ large) make the best lovers. Any thoughts?

**Answer:** I hadn’t given it much thought. Creative types tend to make good lovers. Whether this creativity is channeled in other contexts into music or science or carpentry doesn’t really matter. [August 19, 2011]

397. **Question:** I would love to know what your experiences with female ejaculation has been (after seeing a few references to it on your blog). Is it something that comes naturally to you or did you practice?

**Answer:** It is not something that I practice per se. The ejaculation incidents happen most often when there has been a period of orgasm denial first. I consciously hold my climax back, usually because a dominant partner tells me to in the context of kinky play. I refrain from coming by diverting my attention to the other aspects of sex, by memorizing the details of the room that I am in, by counting to very high numbers. It feels as though there is a tremendous pressure on the interior walls, especially at the front part of vagina. When I let go, the orgasm gushes out of me. [August 22, 2011]

398. **Question:** When was the most embarrassing time you’ve been caught having sex?

**Answer:** I suppose I was most embarrassed during my first walk of shame in college. Clearly, the way I was dressed in the middle of the day made it evident to anyone who saw me that I had spent the night with someone. It wasn’t only strangers who knew. I recognized enough people on the way home. This added to the self-consciousness I felt. [August 22, 2011]

399. **Question:** Have you ever been to an adult video store and sucked guys through a glory hole?

**Answer:** No. I have been tempted by the prospect of serving as a glory hole, but I would want a more controlled setting where I could be certain of my safety. [September 8, 2011]

400. **Question:** Do you like enemas? Giving or receiving?

**Answer:** Enemas aren’t one of my kinks. [September 8, 2011]
401. **Question:** What is your dream job?
    **Answer:** A professor at a top R1 university in a big city in the US. Boston is the impossible dream. [September 8, 2011]

402. **Question:** Have you ever fucked someone to get at somebody else? Like a friend’s boyfriend or ex-boyfriend after a fight with her? Or one guy to make another guy jealous?
    **Answer:** No. [September 8, 2011]

403. **Question:** Do you ever start playing with your pussy at random and then get horny and masturbate?
    **Answer:** It has been known to happen. [September 8, 2011]

404. **Question:** Are you going to see your ex-boyfriend when you are back in the US?
    **Answer:** I will see him socially of course. We have common friends. We may hang out again — though only as friends. For now, I want to keep sex and kink off the table. We may return to fuck buddy status someday. Now is not the moment. [September 8, 2011]

405. **Question:** When do you leave London?
    **Answer:** Saturday. Two days from now. [September 8, 2011]

406. **Question:** Any advice for a girl who wants to try anal for the first time?
    **Answer:** Use lube. Try to relax the muscles. Have some fingerplay before cock. Go slowly with the penetration. It will probably hurt to start. But it should feel good in the end. I relate my first anal experience here. [September 8, 2011]

407. **Question:** Why did you start shaving your pussy?
    **Answer:** A lover asked me to. In fact, he shaved me bald. I liked the feel of a smooth pubis, so I kept it that way. A few years ago, I started waxing because the bare look kept longer without maintenance. [September 11, 2011]

408. **Question:** Have you had sex in the same room as other people with them not knowing?
    **Answer:** In the dorm at college, my lover’s roommate was asleep, and we had sex spooning under the covers. It was a struggle to be quiet about it. I have had sex in a crowded public swimming pool as well. [September 11, 2011]

409. **Question:** Are you going to use CL when you return to Boston?
    **Answer:** Probably. I will also reconnect with friends from before. And I may give OkCupid and Fetlife a whirl. I am vaguely on the market for a new kinky boyfriend. [September 11, 2011]

410. **Question:** How many times have you been in love?
    **Answer:** Seriously in love? Twice.

    Number one was a summer fling while I was in college. He was an electrician who picked me up in a bar. Once, I sucked his cock outside in the parking lot in the pouring rain. The two of us fucked in the front seat of a U-Haul; I steered, he controlled the pedals, and I felt every imperfection in the road as a pulse in my cunt. Another time, he wrested a sequence of powerful orgasms from me with
tongue and fingers while I spoke on the cell phone with Mom. When I went as his date to his twenty year high school reunion, he fastened a studded dog collar around my thigh like a garter, wrapped the leather leash around my waist, and tucked the lead into my panties for his later use. He called me “his college girl slut,” and I was. Six years on, we are only Facebook friends.

Number two was the most recent ex-boyfriend. [September 11, 2011]

411. Question: Could you tell us about your first threesome?

Answer: My friend Selene asked me for a favor once. Her boyfriend was cute, and I liked the two of them, so I agreed.

We had six packs of beer in their dorm room. Soft music played in the background. Nestled together on the top bunk, Selene and I had our hands spanning one of Mark’s thighs. Rubbing between his legs, we teased the obvious hard-on in his pants. I whispered in his ear and lipped his earlobe. My breath was deliberately moist against his skin. I showed him cleavage. Selene and I leaned across his body and necked. Despite the limited touching rule that had been negotiated beforehand, when I kissed Mark, his hand fondled my tits. I sloped my chest into the cup of his palm and gave him tongue. I loved that I kissed him so intimately while his girlfriend watched us up close.

We undressed him slowly, kissing his body as we did. For his birthday, Mark would be the recipient of a double blowjob. My clothes wouldn’t come off. I wouldn’t fuck him. Those were the rules.

It was my freshman year in college. I was 18. I had been promiscuous and experimental in the sex I had living away from home for the first time, but this was before I went to sex clubs and explored kink and submission in a serious way. I hadn’t been with two others at the same time before. Pretending that I knew what I was doing, I bluffeed my way through the experience.

Mark had enormous balls. Selene and I each mouthed one. I licked a heavy testicle, batted it about with my tongue, and felt it somersault inside the sac. Saliva trailed over the hairy scrotum. I tugged the testicle with my lips. We pulled in him in opposite directions. I enjoyed seeing Selene working next to me. Her red lips sucked him hard. Mark glanced down at the two of us. He groaned in agony and delight. This was completely new for me. I had fun with it.

Raising the cock upright, I offered it to Selene. Collapsing her cheeks, she took him halfway. Her lips clamped on the stem, and she rotated her face. As her head bobbed over him in fluid and practiced motions, I continued tonguing the balls. Then we switched off, me sucking her boyfriend while she licked him below. We played with his cock together, our tongues dashing along the length on either side. A large globule of spit mixed up with precome dripped down the underside. Both of us went for it and ended up kissing around his erection. Selene and I mirrored each other’s movements on either side of the shaft and giggled inarticulately around the penis that we shared. He had a hand on top of each of our heads.

I had the cock to myself for a while, as Selene decided to strip and sit on Mark’s face. The gyration of her pelvis and hips began in her shoulder. Mark breathed through her pussy. I breathed through my nose as I tried to see how long I could keep the mushroom shaped knob contained in my throat. When Selene turned herself around to sixty-nine, I lifted the balls and lapped at the sensitive patches of skin underneath. The perineum led to his ass.

We alternated in the end. I was sucking Mark’s balls when he erupted over Selene’s tongue. She spit
the come back onto his cock and allowed me to lap it up. We snowballed the semen. I remember taking
a chance and pressing my hand against her wet pussy while we kissed.

I didn’t taste Selene’s cunt that night (that happened later) or fuck Mark (that never happened). As
agreed, my clothes didn’t come off. I kissed Mark once at the end. I fingered his shaft. Selene gave
me a long hug. I pocketed a beer into my jacket and showed myself out. I went home and masturbated.
Their night continued without me. [September 11, 2011]

412. **Question:** Have you flashed your pussy to get someone’s attention?

**Answer:** Yeah. It was a game that a friend and I used to play in a big lecture class my freshman year.
We would sit in the front row wearing short skirts — first with tiny panties and then with none at all
— and flash the cute young prof. It was a way to stay awake during an otherwise boring lecture. I
deservedly aced the exams and earned my “A” grade honestly.

I suppose flashing was an early realization of the female sexual power. On a subway in New York
City one summer, a boy about my age [I was then 13] was sitting across from me. I had a newspaper
on my lap. He was quite obviously trying to peek up my sundress. The stop before mine, I pulled
the newspaper up and “accidentally” flipped up the dress in the process. My legs were open; he got
a glance at my underwear. The panties weren’t at all revealing. His eyes nevertheless bugged out. I
fidgeted and straightened. When the train reached my stop, I stepped over my bag, turned, and bent at
the waist when I picked it up. The hem rode up. He had a second eyeful from behind. I saw his shorts
tented as I walked away. I wonder if that boy jerked off to the image of me later. [September 11, 2011]

413. **Question:** Is there a type of sex that you miss?

**Answer:** I miss bareback sex. I miss having a lover’s cock thicken inside me, the tension in the shaft as
it stretches my vagina out, the sliding contact of flesh moving against softer and more malleable flesh,
the friction and the heat of a penis, that kinetic jolt against my walls when he ejaculates, the semen
spurting inside, filling me up, filling my womb, the warm and viscous flow of liquid as some of it spills
out again, how the semen dries on my pubis and thighs, the trust I have to be able to do this without
fear of pregnancy or disease, fucking a man I love with nothing between us. [September 11, 2011]

414. **Question:** Do you ever worry that your, uhm, experience (yeah, that’s the word) will scare potential
boyfriends away?

**Answer:** Yes. It has already happened. I don’t know what I can do about it. My history is what it is,
and I am who I am because of it. I hope there are enough people who won’t care about my experience
that I’ll be ok in the long run. [September 11, 2011]

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- **Repeated hookups**
  Fellating Frank — Into the night — Defiling the apartment — Doing porn — The world is too much sometimes — A seduction in SMS — The luminous flash — A farewell to Frank — A visit with Claire — Office hours — Two in one day — Amadeo — Half a dozen snapshots — The hawk — Reunion — A journey into subspace — In the shower, we get dirty — Asking for it — Once more — Twice more — Leah rides again — The week so far (3/3) — A night at Amadeo’s — Unspectacular sex — Final audition — Volition — So much sex — Breathing exercises — The chain-link fence — Hard play — Three lovers — Play in one act — Cunt & ass — The fountain — Orgasm and after — Things that were in my cunt yesterday — Official date — Movie night — The phone booth — My summer vacation — Short takes — Flogged and fucked — Fingered to orgasm — Hard and pleasant use — A spontaneous date — I scent the morning air — Names I have been called — The Marshall plan — Cunnilinctus — La feuille de rose — Closing up — The first hour — Last Thursday’s date

xx
— Marshall one more time — Farewell, lover — Connect the dots — Back to Blighty — Home for Xmas — Simon says — About David — For auld lang syne — Piss service — Friday, Saturday, Sunday — Edge play — Waking up to one last fuck — Ending at the beginning

• **Retrospective**

• **Sapphic**
  The artist — Day five — A visit with Claire — What Jean heard — A taste of girl — Who I did on my summer vacation

• **Spanking**
  How the night unfolds — A London derrière — The artist — Day two — Day four — Day five — The world is too much sometimes — A visit with Claire — A sudden redness — Amadeo — Half a dozen snapshots — A journey into subspace — Asking for it — Leah rides again — A night at Amadeo’s — Hard play — Three lovers — The fountain — Things that were in my cunt yesterday — Short takes — Flogged and fucked — Hard and pleasant use — Names I have been called — Farewell, lover — About David — For auld lang syne — Ending at the beginning

• **Switching**
  The artist

• **Urine**
  Day three — The world is too much sometimes — Urine — A visit with Claire — In the shower, we get dirty — Dog girl — Hard play — The fountain — Things that were in my cunt yesterday — Hard and pleasant use — The first hour — Piss service — Ending at the beginning

• **Voyeurism**
  Eavesdropping — Lovers observed
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