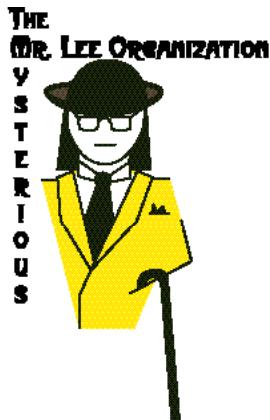


## To Loathe and Abhor



I pulled four-day old samosas from my 'fridge and microwaved them until the door steamed over. I took them out and poured all of the hot sauce I had left over them, dipped one in yogurt. I took a big bite out of it, taking almost a third into my mouth at once. Not the wisest thing to do, since the potatoes were so hot. I spat it back on to the plate and ran to the sink, filling my mouth with cold water. I do this all of the time—eat the samosas before they're cool. I don't even curse them any more. I just accept the burn as part of the ritual.

The phone rang. It was Kim. She was out in Pasadena and had run out of money, so she couldn't get back to West Hollywood, where she lived most of the time. Could I pick her up, she wanted to know. Okay, I know that I promised not to deal with her shit any more. I promised that Kim was out of my life for good, no going back. But she was stuck in Pasadena, which is way too far to get to West Hollywood in any sane fashion, so I was in my car again, heading out towards the hills.

I hadn't been home long when she called. I was tired after working for fifteen hours and then driving the long commute across the Valley home. I was working so late because Steve, the new draftsman, was out sick again. I was forced to cover for him. I'm beginning to think Steve has a drinking or drug problem because he misses so much work. Covering for him has taken all of the joy out of my work. I usually work fifty or sixty hours a week, which keeps me relatively wealthy for someone without a college degree and keeps me from thinking about Kim. However, the extra three or four hours I work when Steve's out push me over the line. I can't handle it. I get tired and make mistakes I would never make if I were rested, and then have to stay even later to correct them.

After midnight on a Wednesday night and the freeways are still jammed. I love this town. To be fair, I was in an all right mood. I had a Johnny Cash tape on, the one where he's singing "Rings of Fire," turned up nice and loud. My samosas had cooled to point where I could eat them while I drove without scorching my mouth. I did spill a bunch of yogurt on my lap changing lanes close to Pasadena, but I was OK. The moon was full and there weren't any clouds, so the sky was pretty and bright.

OK, maybe the thought of seeing Kim again was getting me excited. I didn't want to admit it; I didn't want to allow myself to get caught up in her again, but I was licking the yogurt from my fingers, imagining it was her honey I was licking. I thought about the time we went down to Cabo San Lucas for a holiday. We got a room with a view of the beach and never went outside. She had a white one-piece that she bought for the trip, special just for me. While I got the luggage she took a shower and came out wearing the suit, all wet. The water running down her hair ran down over her breasts, flowing around her nipples, which were dark against the translucent wet fabric. I could see her pubic hair under the fabric too. It was too much to wait for. She span around, her hair spraying water all over the room. The suit was cut high and showed most of her ass, including the tan lines from her old suit. Her skin was starting to react to the cold and get all bumpy, which made me even hotter.

She came over to me and pulled her body against me, cold from the water, hot from her skin. She kissed me hard, her tongue thrusting into my mouth, almost urgent, demanding. I kissed her back, but she pulled away. She pushed me hard, setting me off balance so I fell on to the bed. She untied my shoes and pulled them off, kissing my foot. I wanted to touch her, too, and started to sit up and reach for her, but she ran her hand up my leg and over my balls and cock then pushed me back down. She held her hand just above my cock, letting me know that she would hurt me if I sat up again. She didn't say anything.

She kissed her way up my legs, running her hands up the backside. When she got to my shorts, she started rubbing my dick with her hands, while licking my inner thighs. Then she slid a hand under my

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shorts and boxers and grabbed my cock. She squeezed hard and it hurt. I started getting angry, because she wasn't getting me off, wasn't turning me on. I started to say something, "Kim...," but she grabbed my balls. I was confused. I wanted to hit her and I wanted to fuck her, fuck and make it hurt, but I was noticing that maybe I was kind of turned on. I could see her cleavage and the edges of her areolae, the "V" made as her body slimmed from her breasts to her waist.

She unbuttoned and unzipped my shorts, pulling them open, but not down. She licked the circle on my boxers where pre-come had soaked through. She gently stroked my cock.

"Do you want to see my tits?" she asked. As I started to say yes, she bit my cock. Then she pulled one of the straps aside, so her nipple was exposed, her breast pushed up. I leaned forward, wanted to take it into my mouth. I wanted her to start coming and lose control. I wanted to take control myself, but she just teased me, rubbing her nipple on the head of my cock.

She took my cock into her mouth, just the head. I was close to coming, but she knew that and didn't stroke the shaft. She just licked the head. She slowly slid my dick into her mouth. Her mouth was so warm and moist, I couldn't help but start moving my hips up and down, trying to come. Biting down slightly and scraping my cock with her teeth, she pulled her head away. I could see a bead of come on the tip of my cock. It was red and swollen, with darker red tracks from her teeth.

Kneeling over me, she let her swimsuit-covered cunt touch my dick ever so lightly. Then she pulled the swimsuit down to her waist, her breasts, tan and gorgeous, spilling out. She put a hand on my chest and lifted off me, touching me only with the sides of her legs and her hand, her tits just above me. She started rubbing her nipple, squeezing it between her fingers.

"You want to touch it, don't you?"

I just nodded.

She lifted her breast with her hand, her fingers pushing into her flesh. I knew that feeling of supple weight and my cock jerked with desire. She was breathing faster now, her hair drying, but her body still wet, sweat and water. Sliding down, she placed my cock between her breasts, holding them together. She moved up and down, her sweat and my pre-come lubricating my cock in her cleavage. I was building towards an enormous orgasm, on the verge of coming when she stopped and let my erect dick slap against my stomach. There was a thin line of come between her breasts. Her nipples were enormous. I leaned my head up, flicking my tongue out, wanting to taste her. She moved over my head and held her tits just out of reach.

Straightening out over my crotch, she held her cunt just an inch or so from my cock. She started playing with her nipple again, and reached her other hand into her swimsuit to play with her cunt. I could see everything though the tight, wet fabric. Her finger on her clit, her finger sliding between her lips, into her cunt. She started rubbing faster, moaning, "Oh, God, Oh, God, Oh! God! OHGOD!" both hands in her swimsuit, rubbing, sliding, probing.

Then she reached behind her and pulled a pink dildo out from behind her back. I guess she had tucked the dildo in there earlier, but I never saw it. She started rubbing the dildo against her swimsuit, pushing the nylon in so I could see her lips wrap around the dildo; so I could watch the plastic cock fuck her. As she started to stroke the dildo in and out of her faster, she pushed the swimsuit to the side, the fabric bunching up and exposing her glistening cunt. She probed the dildo in and must have hit her g-spot, because she squirted on my cock, my trembling cock.

She took the dildo out and held it up to my face. I could smell her on the fake cock. I saw her honey on the dildo and on her fingers. She put it at my lips and I licked it. Pushing the phallus into my mouth, she fucked my face. I was gagging. She pulled the dildo out and put it back into her cunt. She fucked herself. Her hand hit my cock every time she pulled it out. She was screaming when I came, shooting come all over my stomach and her thighs.

She never let me fuck her that weekend, and I hated her for denying me. Every time we got together after that, it was the same, sometimes even worse. Twice she picked up guys when we were at bars and had them fuck her while I lay clothed next to them. I hated her for it. But there I was, driving to pick her up with a

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monster hard-on. I still hated her for tormenting me like that, but I desperately wanted to fuck her. Maybe that's why I kept coming back, hoping that I would finally get to put my cock into her, fuck her the way I wanted to fuck. I'd never been with someone who didn't allow me to control things, so I think I couldn't stand it. I knew what I'd do, I make her come so hard with my cock, make her want me so bad that she'd beg me for it any time she saw me. But that hadn't happened. I was driving alone to Pasadena to do her a favor.

I arrived at the gas station she told me she would be at. She wasn't there. Not out by the phone booths, not by the pumps. I went inside, since it was one of those gas/snack shops, but she wasn't there, either. The clerk told me nobody had borrowed the bathroom key in hours. I went outside and stood beside my car. I thought about leaving, going home, but then I thought maybe she just ran across the street to the doughnut place or something. Thought she'd call me again in two hours and yell at me for not meeting her. Thought about her breasts in the wet white swimsuit. That's why I stayed. Her wet breasts, her erect nipples, her dark areolae showing through the fabric.

Looking at my watch, I saw it was after one. I pulled out a cigarette from the pack I was hoping to make my last and lit up. It was hot out, a little humid. The air smelled nice, floral, natural. I was pretty far out in Pasadena. I guess the smog doesn't reach that far.

I finished the cigarette and started another, throwing the empty pack on the ground. A couple walked by, obviously drunk, obviously on their way back to an apartment or house or maybe hotel room to fuck each other's brains out. She was slender with long, straight black hair and slight breasts, maybe Asian. Couldn't tell very well. He was nondescript in a business way. Could be a ceo, could be a data processor.

A blue Corvette pulled into the gas station. A big guy in sweatpants and no shirt got out and pumped gas. He walked into the station, came out with a giant-size soda. Drove away slowly. Big engine, light foot. Unusual combination.

I snuffed out the cigarette and went into the station. They had eight brands, but not the one I usually smoke. I decided to get unfiltereds for variety. Hoped that they would be so hard on my lungs that I wouldn't smoke two, but knew it was a lie.

Suddenly, it occurred to me that Steve was nearby, drinking at a bar. I thought I could catch him and have some evidence that he was lying about being sick all of the time. If I did find some evidence, I could get someone to replace him. I closed my eyes, took a big hit, and tried to let my mind locate him. Sometimes I believe I have supernatural powers, that I can know things that my education says can't be known. I knew he was East of me. I could picture him clearly, in a dark bar, drinking tequila shooters, on the verge of passing out. Kim was in that bar, too. I knew that I would recognize it as soon as I got to it.

I snuffed the cigarette, threw the package on the shelf of one of the phonebooths, and got in my car. I drove east. At first, I was driving through a residential section with bungalows of all colors. Then I reached a strip of fast food joints, a gas station and two bars. The bar on the right side of the road was where I had to go. I parked on the street and walked in.

Steve was passed out at the bar. He had a crooked line of shot glasses in front of him, two twenties crumbled between them. I kicked the stool out from under him. He fell to the floor, but didn't wake. I wrote "You're fired!" on a bar napkin and stuck it in his pocket. I stole his wallet. I don't know why. I guess because I could. Because Kim would like it.

I looked around. I knew Kim was here, but I didn't see her. I hated her. She was someplace at the bar, but I couldn't see her. I left.

Kim was in my car. My locked car. She saw me and held up my car keys, smiling. I tried to open the door, but she had it locked. I walked to the other side and tried the door. It was locked. She unlocked the other door.

I walked over and got in. "Do you hate me?"

"Yes." She looked my right in the eyes when she answered, didn't look away, didn't flinch. "Yes."

"Why." I didn't ask it as a question.

"You're weak."

I took the keys from her and started the car. "Don't call me again."

"I will."

I drove west. I didn't ask where she wanted to go. She didn't ask where I was driving. I didn't know.

Skipping the freeway entrance, I just kept driving west. There wasn't much traffic. She looked beautiful, the moonlight struck her perfectly. I could smell her arousal. I wanted to vomit.

We passed into Los Angeles. She took out a cigarette. "Are you trying to quit?"

"Yes."

She lit it and took long, seductive draws from it. She didn't blow the smoke in my face, but sent it in my direction. I wanted a cigarette. I wanted a drink. I wanted to kill her.

"I want to fuck you."

"I know."

The road ended in a "T".

"Left." She looked at me like she knew this was where we were going all along.

I turned left.

"I want to kill you."

"I know."

We passed through five empty intersections. Moderate duplex with small lawn after moderate duplex with small lawn. No one on the street, no cars on the road. A sleepy neighborhood.

"Turn right."

I turned right. She put out the cigarette. There was a liquor store on the corner. The first store in ten minutes.

"Pull over there."

I stopped the car in the little parking lot. Left the car running.

"I'm going to buy alcohol. Give me Steve's wallet."

I gave it to her and she went in the store. She came back with a small bag with two fifths in it. She took out a pair of condoms from Steve's wallet.

"He was going to fuck me tonight."

I put the car in drive and headed out on to the street, heading west again. We were going to the beach.

"You're going to kill me tonight."

"No."

"Yes."

She rolled down her window. The hot air overpowered the air conditioning. I started to sweat. She took off her blouse. She wasn't wearing a bra. I put a hand on her leg, just below her shorts. She leaned back in the seat and touched her nipple.

The road was empty. I took her hand and licked her fingers. I took her fingers and rubbed her nipple. I took her fingers and pinched her nipple.

I put the cruise control on. I felt her breast with her hand, squeezing it, kneading it. She moaned slightly. I knew I was going to fuck her. I unbuttoned her shorts and grabbed her other hand. I held her thumb and forefinger on the waistband and pulled her shorts down forcefully. Her panties were forced halfway off, so that the curls of her pubic hair lay exposed. I took her thumb and rubbed her clit. Her moaning grew louder. I forced her fingers up and down her slit. She was wet. I leaned over and watched her finger curl under the pressure of my finger and disappear into her cunt.

I turned back to the road while I fucked her with her own fingers. I saw her head and shoulders tighten from the corner of my eye as she climaxed for the first time.

"Fuck yourself." I pressed her fingers together and pushed four of them inside of her, pulling her forward.

She began fingering herself slowly, and then more quickly. Her hands shone in the moonlight, wet with her honey.

"Put the chair back."

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She put it back and put her leg out the window, giving me an unobstructed view of her sopping cunt. I took her hand off her breast and put her fingers on her clit. She started coming again.

“Suck my cock.”

She rolled on to her side, her breasts falling towards the seat. She took her wet hand and unzipped my trousers. She stroked my cock slowly. It felt good, her slick hand on my shaft.

“Suck it.”

She crawled into my lap and licked it from base to head, and then took the head into her mouth. She slowly drew in more of the shaft and started pumping it with her slick hands. I felt something powerful rise up from inside of me. She drew in more of my cock, until I was completely inside of her. I closed my eyes as her head bobbed up and down on my dick. She began moving her head faster and faster, stroking my hard cock with her hands until I came. I came like I never came before, an intense, almost religious high.

She looked up at me, a line of come on her chin, and said, “I was right.”

I looked up and saw a truck surging towards me and knew she was.

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