

## CHAPTER ONE

There's an old Baptist saying, "*Temptation is the devil looking through the keyhole. Yielding is opening the door and inviting him in.*" Well tonight I'm opening that door, but I'm not letting the devil inside... I'm breaking out of my personal prison; a jailhouse I built myself... year-by-year... brick by brick.

I'd wasted years desperately trying to please the wrong man. Stupidly believing I had to earn his love... the one thing in life that should be given freely. I gave, and he took until I had nothing left. I'll never get back those wasted years. But tonight everything changes. Now I am the object of desire. I'm the one who must be satisfied.

So here I am, lying on a four-poster bed, wrapped in a tiny silk robe. Mark, a near stranger is stroking my leg, easing his hand up to the hem of my robe... a thin piece of silk representing the final barrier. I can still walk away and nobody would think less of me. But the closer I get to the edge, the more I want to jump.

His hand slides underneath the silk, crossing that final threshold, and it feels so right. I lie back, enjoying the sweet sensation as he caresses my thigh. I let the robe fall open unveiling my breasts to the public for the first time... and when I say public I'm not kidding.

At least twenty people are crowded around us, admiring our bodies. But none of them would dare join in unless I invited them. It's so empowering, knowing I can make their fantasies come true with just a wave of my finger. But for tonight they'll have to settle for some tasty voyeurism. They won't feel disappointed because members of the *Keyhole Club* love to watch as well as participate. I shouldn't even be saying the club's name. Even though the sex at *The Keyhole* is public, the club itself is a well guarded secret.

Mark sees my open robe as an invitation. He leans forward, his tongue encircling my rock hard nipple. I stroke his hair, encouraging him to suck my tits.

There's still a little voice in my head saying this is wrong. Some forgotten nun at catholic school preaching about the shameful pleasures of the flesh. But she's faded to a dim memory that holds no power over me. All the past guilt washes away as my body comes alive finally accepting that the pleasures of the flesh are also pleasures of the spirit.

To be blunt... my heart's racing and my pussy's sopping wet.

I glance down at the bulge under Mark's towel. The terrycloth can barely contain his erection. I take the plunge, sliding my hand underneath, the feel of his hard cock erasing any last bit of anxiety. He takes a deep breath as I caress his manhood.

In the crowd I can see Mark's wife Sue watching me play with his cock, but here's no jealousy in her eyes. She loves seeing Mark fuck other women. They call it *compersion*- the polar opposite of jealousy. Sue's hand slips under her own robe rubbing her pussy, sharing our experience.

My best friend Katie is also in the crowd, making sure nobody takes advantage of an innocent newbie like me. But even in the dim light I can tell she's enjoying my little show. I have her to thank for all this, she's the one who brought me to this very private club. Encouraging me to throw aside guilt and explore my desires.

There are men in the crowd stroking their cocks in plain view and it makes me smile. Feast your eyes and work those cocks boys, and maybe, if you're good, I'll let you join me... but not tonight.

Mark slips off the robe revealing my naked body to the admiring crowd. He begins kissing my belly, moving lower each time, enjoying every inch, as he gets closer to my pussy. I can't remember the last time a kiss made me cum but my body's already shaking with the night's first orgasm. I know it won't be the last.

So here I am, stripped naked, surrounded by admirers, about to be fucked by a stranger. But you may ask, how did I get here? Well, like that old song goes... *what a long strange trip it's been*.

## CHAPTER TWO

Four years ago I was a freelance commercial artist working in advertising. Did you ever see those ads with an angry looking cartoon battery wearing boxing gloves? I drew them. The money was okay, but creatively something was missing. Part of that came from doing the artwork on a computer. I understand that's the how the modern world does it, but to me it always felt soulless.

In my off hours I went back to the basics, working in watercolors. It gave me satisfaction even if the paint splattered apartment guaranteed never seeing my security deposit again. I'd done some paintings of cute animals for my niece Emily's sixth birthday. She was enthralled with a little puppy that she nicknamed... well I can't give the puppy's name because you'd recognize it instantly.

I decided to create more stories around the curious pup. It took me a day or so to realize I knew nothing about children's books. All my ideas kept getting weird and philosophical. Let me add that I had experienced a bad break up ten months earlier and still hadn't recovered. I probably needed a therapist but lacking the two hundred an hour they charge I'd started reading a lot philosophy. I needed an emotional outlet and this book project sort of filled the gap. I came up with the idea of an *Inner Child's Book*, something adults could enjoy and learn from but still share with their kids. Nobody had really done one before, probably because it was a terrible idea and there wasn't a market for it. For some strange reason that inspired me.

I dusted off my calligraphy pens and wrote the stories onto the paintings. I know that sounds primitive but I'm old fashioned. I kept going, working feverishly through the Christmas holiday. By New Years Day I'd created a

stack of watercolors that vaguely resembled an illustrated book full of philosophical quotes with a humorous spin.

I took my hard work and stuffed it in a dusty portfolio thereby assuring nobody would ever see it. Does that sound stupid? Well you have to understand that I spent most of my early career with a gun pointed directly at my own foot. Call it low self esteem, fear of rejection or self sabotage. Whatever it was, it made me hide my original ideas while still being a good little worker bee for people who didn't really care. The book would have stayed hidden forever if my best friend Katie hadn't dropped by on January second with a bottle of my favorite cheap red wine.

Katie's the best friend everyone woman needs, someone to challenge their boundaries and make life exciting. She's tall, about five foot eleven with a healthy physique that borders on plus size. But it's the *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit version of plus size. She once confessed that in college she made extra money wrestling women at a bar. But when she got her law degree she retired from Lingerie wrestling... undefeated. Her looks and energy made her a magnet for men and even some petite women that she lovingly calls "teacup lesbians".

After the wine was open I told her about my holiday project, while casually dismissing it as silly.

By our third glass Katie got curious. "You spent your whole holiday break cooped up in this apartment and now you won't even show me what you did? That's crazy."

Katie's a corporate lawyer and once her heels are dug in she doesn't back down. So I pulled out the portfolio and let her take a look.

I prefaced the unveiling with, "I'm just going to give it to my niece because she loves the puppy."

I barely breathed as Katie flipped through the pages silently. But when she laughed out loud my heart finally started beating again.

"These are fantastic. Cute but not schmaltzy, like the puppy is everybody's inner child. Debbie, you've got to show these to a publisher."

I hadn't even considered publishing, probably because artistic talent and low self-esteem run hand in hand in my family. "Books are a specialized market Katie, I don't even know anybody that does that."

Katie sat back smiling. I'd seen that grin before, usually before she dragged me to some resort in Cancun, or hypnotized me into buying shoes way out of my financial comfort zone.

"One of my clients is a publisher that's big in the self help market and my friend Michael is one of their editors. I'm sure he'd give it a look as a favor to me."

"There must be hundreds of people bringing him stuff, why would he bother with a nobody like me?"

Katie downed the last bit of wine in her glass and looked into my eyes. "Because you're a gifted artist, that's scared shitless of being in the spotlight. That's why your drawing batteries instead of creating your own stuff. It's time to take a chance."

"I don't know Katie, it's just..."

"It's either show these to Michael or I'll drag you to a shoe store and berate you into crippling debt. So which will it be?"

Like I said, there's no point in arguing with the pit bull.

True to her word, three days later I had an appointment at Michael's publishing company. The offices were beautiful with an incredible downtown view, but after years in advertising flashy offices didn't intimidate me. It was all the framed book covers lining the walls that gave me the shakes. This company published the biggest selling writers in the market whereas I'm just Little Miss Nobody who draws tires and batteries.

The receptionist eyed me suspiciously until she found my name in the appointment calendar. "Michael is on a call, so have a seat in the conference room and he'll be right with you,"

She went straight back to her work without wasting a smile on some unknown author.

I stood in the sleek conference room, fighting the urge to pack my portfolio and run. But when Michael entered those thoughts flew out the window. He was tall, undeniably good looking, with a disarming smile. But it was those piercing green eyes that got me.

"You must be Debra, Katie spoke very highly of you."

"She's a good friend. If it wasn't for her I wouldn't have even shown my book to anyone." I knew I shouldn't be apologizing for my hard work. Little miss low self-esteem.

Michael laughed, "It's tough to say no to Katie, that's why she handles all our legal negotiations. So, let's see take a look at what you've got."

I opened my portfolio, fidgeting nervously as Michael studied each page. Well, at least he's interested, or good at pretending to be interested. He continued scrutinizing my work silently for what felt like an hour. Finally he looked at me and smiled... damn those eyes were green!

"Remarkable work, exactly what the market needs, a fresh approach to self help books."

Play it cool I thought, sound professional. "Well, I wanted to create something traditional, but still keep the ideas contemporary."

Jesus, I thought... traditional meets contemporary? Five minutes in and I'm babbling like one of those advertising executives I always joke about.

"Well, you've done it." For the next ten minutes Michael pointed out every detail of the book with incisive comments, showing a keen understanding of the relationship between the art and the words.

As he went through the pages our hands touched and there was a moment of electricity I hadn't felt in a long time.

Romance wise I'd been going through a bit of a dry spell. Well, maybe ten months was more like the Sahara Desert. It's not that I wasn't interested, but the men I met in advertising were kind of... assholes. They treated dating like it was closing a deal- all egos and no emotion. Fortunately drawing magazine ads for a battery company got me an endless supply of free AA's, so my pink pocket rocket stayed charged up and ready to go.

I sensed Michael felt something between us. But like a professional he stayed focused on the business at hand. Minutes later he ushered in a group of senior editors. The older men went over my work in a more clinical fashion. I couldn't read their faces, but there was a lot of pointing and muttering going on.

Eventually the top dog turned to Michael and nodded silently. Then the room cleared leaving Michael and I alone again.

"I've never seen them so excited," Michael said, those green eyes shining like diamonds.

"Really? I couldn't tell if they loved or hated it."

"Trust me, we're making a deal. I'll get legal to draft something up."

"That's amazing."

"Debra, I have to be honest. Don't quit your day job quite yet. Non-fiction books are a crowded market where only a few take off. But I can tell the company will get behind this one. I'll get something on paper to you in the next few days. All I ask is that you not take the book to anyone else until we've discussed it. Is that okay?"

"Absolutely, I can't wait to talk again," I said, sounding like a teenager.

Michael took my hand, holding it a beat longer than a business handshake needed. "I can't wait either, I think we're going to do something great."

He walked me to reception before heading back to his office. I was still reeling from the whole meeting. Was my life about to change?

The receptionist looked up and actually smiled. "So nice to have met you Debra." Winning over the gatekeeper seemed proof that something good was on the horizon.

The next four months were a whirlwind. I went through the motions in advertising, dutifully drawing steel belted radials and whatever else came across my desk, wondering what would happen when my book hit the market.

And there was Michael. In terms of dating I was still in my Sahara Desert phase but we always found excuses to chat on the phone, or get together for coffee. When we got together we tried to focus on business but always wound in deep personal conversations. I left those meetings excited, hoping for more.