



Lollipop

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Wild

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This story is a work of fiction. Any resemblance between the characters and real persons is entirely coincidental.

Liana watches through the window. The fingers squeezing the little penis belong to a fair girl with quick blue eyes and small breasts. Around her left nipple curves the tattoo of a rose and the words 'kiss me'. She wears nothing but a faded blue baseball cap. Her auburn hair, styled in the closely cropped waif fashion, accentuates an elegant neck and slender body. Her posture presents an excellent rear view of her young buttocks, perfect anus and moist pubes. She looks no older than eighteen.

The woman over whom she crouches might have stepped straight out of a Gaughin. Every curve of her bronze skin exudes sensuality. Her Polynesian eyes are as black as her hair. Its rich tresses swirl about on the sofa while she squirms voluptuously with her knees drawn up and apart.

Between those knees kneels a wiry, red-headed man with a hairy chest and bushy pubis. His is the penis the fair girl squeezes and caresses. Very soon it is neither little nor soft. The body strains and the head quivers in response to the girl's expert touch and also, no doubt, due to its proximity to the bronze woman's vulva.

Liana presses her nose against the glass. Her hand slides under the elastic of

her panties; her fingers delve into the damp hair -

"Australia's turnin' into a fuckin' ghetto."

Liana swings around, but already a big male hand has covered her eyes. His other arm crushes her throat.

"Fred's the name, burglin's the game."

Roughly, he drags her across the room. Within seconds she is restrained in a chair, *the* chair, with her arms and legs securely fastened. Her assailant remains behind her, out of sight.

"Not hurt, please. I just maid. Jewellery upstairs."

"And you're just downstairs wankin'?"

"I not do anything. I just -"

"Any wonder the place looked empty. Every cunt's down here havin' it off."

"I show you. If you not hurt me."

"Seen one snatch, seen 'em all."

"Jewellery. In safe in main bedroom."

"It'll keep. What is this? Toorak Toff's Social Club?"

"Big party. Everyone feel very sexy."

"You're not wrong, feel this." His hand covers her eyes and his crotch presses against her arm. "But look at 'em. Spottin' an Aussie these days is like winnin' Tattslotto."

"I really not know what -"

"They're breedin' like fuckin' rabbits. Every place I hit these days is owned by foreigners."

Liana tries to calm herself. She thinks it best to keep him talking. "You worry about Aussie identity?"

"Fuckin' oath! Footy, not soccer. Beer, not fuckin' cat's piss chard'nay."

"Ethnic pride bad thing. Big cause for war. I happy when everyone mix of all race and -" She cuts herself short; this is hardly the way to humour him.

"Bullshit! What're you, anyway? I never seen no chink with yellow hair before."

"Honey blonde. Father French, mother Vietnamese. They always say few difference, few argument."

"Do they work here, too."

"They dead."

"The war?"

"The kitchen. Mother hate crepes. Father hate noodles. Big fight. Spill oil. Start fire."

The burglar chuckles, then falls silent. Liana thinks he might have left the room. Escape is impossible, but still she strains at the leather cuffs. Each ankle and lower thigh is secured individually but her legs are pressed tightly together. The cuffs restrain her wrists, too, pinning them firmly to the armrests. She can move her head but the headrest blocks the view behind her. At least the chair is comfortable with its padded footrest and

thick cushions upholstered in black kidskin. It is tilted at just the right angle and positioned to let her see everything beyond the observation window.

She hears a movement behind her. "Better go quick. Boss see. Police come. You get caught."

"Everyone's too busy screwin' to give a fuck about me. How do you get in there?"

"Invitation only."

"Well, I'm invitin' meself. I want some of that crumpet."

"Door only open with voice code."

"Like Open-Seza-Me?"

"I not unders-"

"Oh, you understand all right. Give."

"I not know code."

"Course you do. And we're just gonna watch the action 'til you tell me."

The bronze woman, still lying on her back, palms her breasts lovingly. Liana has a vivid view between hers and the wiry man's legs. Except for the woman's black pubic hair Liana might be observing her own body. The fair girl still crouches to the bronze woman's left with her bottom raised invitingly. And now, a second man joins the group.

"Who invited Marlon Brando?"

"That our fruit man. Very nice bloke. Let me go. Pleeease!"

"Not 'til you tell me the code."

"I say alreeeady, I not know!"

Each time the fair girl strokes the belly of the wiry man's penis across the bronze woman's vulva the lips protrude a little farther, clinging and following in a lingering kiss. His eyes dart back and forth from them to her other lips above which hovers the fruit man's penis dipping and swaying and jumping with each flick of her tongue. This fretful dance

continues until her mouth captures the head and draws it slowly in and out.

The bronze woman is older than the fair girl, mid-twenties perhaps, and the penis between her lips is considerably thicker and shorter than the one between her legs. Its owner has similar proportions. Almost bald, with sultry eyes and disdainful lips, the fruit man does indeed resemble the famous actor. Squatting near the bronze woman's right shoulder, he steadies himself with one hand while rolling her nipples with the other.

Those four occupy the backless sofa closest to the observation window. It and the five other floral sofas form a circular 'nest'. Near the other walls, groups of lounge chairs in matching pastels form smaller nests. Expensive prints and sculptures adorn the walls and side tables; erotic works by Lindsay and Fini, and a few pre-cubism Picassos. Adorning the

chairs and sofas and rose pink carpet are about twenty more women and men.

The fornication is in full swing. No-one seems the least bit concerned about Liana or her captor. In fact, her predicament seems to enhance their pleasure.

The observation window is a full wall of glass with the voice code activated door at one end. Louvre panels along the top and bottom allow not only the murmurs and moans of the people inside to be heard but the body sounds, too.

Liana Labeque can smell the naked skin, the perspiration, the cocktail of deodorants and perfumes, the damp hair, the musky scent of exposed genitals, the pasty scent of semen. Despite her helpless situation, that last scent alone is enough to excite her. The more she tries to ignore it the more her senses focus on it. She sniffs the air slowly and deeply.

While Liana sniffs, she watches and listens. She can hear the smack of the bronze woman's lips, passionately fellating, then the slap of thigh on bottom and the catch of the fair girl's breath as she is taken from behind by a boy of about her own age. Liana has noticed him roving from group to group, sampling a vagina here, a mouth there. He has a lean build, glossy black hair, and for him the term 'well endowed' is grossly inadequate.

The fair girl does not look back; she simply raises her head and closes her eyes relishing, first the abrupt ingress, and then the pleasing size, both the length and the girth. For a time she moves forcefully, meeting his thrusts, but when they have settled into a soothing rhythm she returns her attention to the wiry man's penis now lolling soft in her hand.

She tongues it, licking back and forth, all the way up and down until it straightens and firms. When it is fully

roused she stirs its tip around the edge of the bronze woman's vagina.

The wiry man winces and presses forward, but the girl deflects the motion upwards and into her mouth. She closes her lips behind the head and rests her cheek on the bronze woman's pubic hair; then reaching back between her own legs, strokes herself while suckling languidly. The movement of her cheeks matches that of her bottom, undulating in concert with her fingers and the rhythm of the lean boy's pelvis.

It seems he has no further desire to roam. His breathing becomes louder and faster. His expression changes from blissful, to pained, to agonised. Then he cries out as his hips explode in a volley of lust that pummels the girl's buttocks and lifts her knees from the sofa.

Liana sobs. "What you do to me?"

"You'll see."

"Let me go. Pleeease!"

"Look, lady, how long it takes is up to you."

When the boy collapses, sweating and gasping, the fair girl, still gripping the wiry man's penis, straddles the bronze woman's face. The fruit man crouches behind her and peers under to watch the semen dripping into the bronze woman's mouth. The woman swallows, licks her lips, then probes with her tongue, darting it in and out, and to and fro.

Red blotches spread over the fair girl's rump. She groans, then as her body hunches and shudders, she grunts heartily. Trembling, and crouching still, she adopts her former position with her buttocks almost facing Liana. Smiling over her shoulder, she raises her bottom, offering a shining inducement to any available man.

The fruiterer is quick to oblige. He kisses the pubes, sucks at the lips, then kneels upright and plunges his penis in to the hilt just once before withdrawing to

tease himself at the entrance. Meanwhile, the girl resumes pleasuring the bronze woman and the wiry man as before. Whenever the erection wanes she revives it by snaking her tongue around and along while sliding the skin. She sucks the head and presses it under the clitoris then sucks and licks both together. She wipes it across the clitoris and strokes it along the ruffled lips. She seems to enjoy watching the clitoris spring up pertly after each pass of penis or tongue.

The bronze woman reaches down with both hands and pulls her vulva open. The fair girl rolls the entire penis from side to side within the luscious gorge. When the woman throws back her arms and lifts her pelvis, the girl pushes the tip down until it slips inside. She puts her mouth to the connection, and while the wiry man makes shallow strokes, she tongues the meeting of spreading pubes and glistening shaft.

After a short time, the wiry man pulls out completely. He lifts the bronze woman's ankles and pushes them towards her shoulders until his body is suspended over her with only his feet touching the sofa. The fair girl massages his penis firmly then inserts the head so that it is lightly nestled.

Liana stares at it pulsing and lubricating.

The man hesitates, savouring the moment, then again he drives in to the hilt and stays deep this time, grinding.

Liana watches his toes pushing into the sofa, his thigh muscles straining, his scrotum swinging, his buttocks flexing, and then she studies his face. She loves the facial contortions of a person teetering on the brink.

Behind the fair girl the fruit man rocks steadily, eyes closed, enraptured, while the girl swivels her buttocks in a screwing motion.

"Wouldn't you like some of that dick?
Or do you just like watching?"

"What you think!"

"I think it's time you stopped playin'
games."

"Why you not get it over with! Take
me! Then go away!"

"I might. I like bitches like you with a
bit of meat on 'em. More fuckable. Then
again I might save it for some of that
white snatch in there."

The wiry man allows the bronze
woman's body to unbend until her lower
back settles onto the sofa. Still gripping
her ankles, he takes his weight on his
knees. With her legs held straight and
apart, she resembles a gymnast doing the
splits. He makes three hard thrusts. The
fair girl reacts quickly, snatching out his
penis and aiming it at the open vagina
while her slender fingers milk expertly
with long, fast strokes. The last spurt

splashes across her nose as she plunges her mouth onto the head.

The wiry man kneels motionless, his fingers clamped to the bronze woman's ankles. Only his pelvis moves, squirming and jerking in reflexive submission to the fair girl's fingers and lips.

Finally, still grasping the spent penis, she turns her attention to the vulva - ripe, red and slick with semen. Liana tries not to stare at the pearlescent folds curling and yielding before each sweep of the girl's tongue.

"Ever tried jism?"

"Pleeease! I not stand it!"

"My missus isn't too keen about it, neither."

"This! I not stand this!"

"You can close your eyes."

Liana does shut her eyes, but not for long. When she opens them the wiry man is licking the bronze woman's clitoris. After a while his lips close over it, and

there they stay, stretching and releasing until the woman stops writhing. She jolts hard against his mouth, then rolls away from him onto her side. Her knees remain spread but bunched up to her breasts while her fingers strum feverously.

A blonde man with the build of a gladiator saunters towards the group. He has a square jaw, an all-over tan and a perfectly sculptured penis. It stands straight out as if pointing the way. The fair girl, on all fours and thrusting hard against the fruit man, flicks out her tongue and licks it as it goes past. The blonde man kneels behind the bronze woman who is still on her side masturbating. She appears to be unaware of his presence until he lifts her top leg.

Liana's eyes follow the protracted penetration. She almost feels every broad centimetre easing in.

The burglar chuckles. "Can't stand it, but can't keep your eyes off it, neither.

Give me the code and we can both join the party."

"Pleeease, I have to -"

"Wank? Too bad."

"I have to - go toilet."

"Go then."

"What! I not just - like this - You look! People in there look!"

"Well, you'll just have to wait."

"Please! Pleeease!"

"The code?"

"Prick! You know, you very big prick!

"Eight inches on a good day."

Liana presses her thighs even more tightly together and glares straight ahead.

Hugging the bronze woman's leg and kissing her ankle and toes, the blonde gladiator swings his buttocks gracefully, unhurriedly. The light catches the pubes bulging and the smooth column gliding. With each stroke it disappears and re-emerges almost completely. The fruit man, however, hunched over the fair girl's

back and biting her shoulder, thrusts wildly, voraciously. After he comes he rolls onto his back and lies with his head beneath her crotch. He pulls her hips down and licks out his semen.

Liana licks her own lips and swallows.

A young man with pallid skin and brown curly hair comes over to the fair girl. When the fruit man slides out of the way, the curly haired man sits down behind her. He puts his fingers to his mouth, then making a ring of his thumb and forefinger, spreads the saliva over his erection. With a tantalisingly gradual rotation of her derrière the fair girl settles onto it.

Three! Curly boy is her third!

Liana is burning up. The fire raging between her thighs is intensified by the overwhelming need to urinate. Sticky

secretions tickle her perineum and anus. Her nipples ache and her clitoris pulsates madly. But she is not about to admit that to Ted or whatever his name is.

She yawns. "This getting pretty boring."

"Yeah. That's why your tits are drilling holes in your dress. What's this?" He fiddles with some toggle switches at the side of the chair.

"Ned! Not touch!"

"Fred's the name, burglin's the -"

Suddenly, the bottom half of the chair opens like scissors, spreading Liana's legs.

"Hey! Wicked."

Under the dress Liana is wearing black bikini briefs. The sheer nylon clings to her wet skin. The shock of the cooler air on her hot flesh is overwhelming. "Oh, no! Now, look what you do!"

He comes around from behind her. "How about a bit of this to keep you

going? I mean 'til we really get amongst it."

'This' is floating close to her face. The tip brushes along her cheek, leaving a wet trail.

He does not look much like a burglar. His face reminds Liana of British aristocracy: handsome with lazy eyes, and dark hair greying at the temples. He wears a smart black suit, white shirt and rose pink tie. The pink matches the colour beneath his foreskin, which he holds back tightly with his fist.

He stands between Liana's legs and pushes her dress up. The nylon has ridden inside, splitting her vulva. As he moves closer Liana braces, but in the same instant realises, with as much disappointment as amusement, that his erection is subsiding. Unconcerned, he discards it and leaves it dangling heavily from his fly. Strangely, the thought strikes

her that perhaps a tie is a phallic symbol. A limp one perhaps but -

He slips his fingers under the crotch of her panties and with no more effort than were they made of rice paper, rips them off. Exposed totally to his leering gaze, Liana squirms and shivers, but her vulnerability is no longer her main concern.

"Really. I need pee!"

The burglar presses the tiny nylon bundle to his nose and breathes deeply, then turns away. The spreading of her legs has released the last fragile control Liana possesses over her bladder.

"I mean it! I - "

"Stop whinging."

"- I not wait!"

Suddenly, he swings around. There is a small white basin in his hands and a pink hand towel draped over one arm.

The amber fountain arcs half a metre into the air and cascades noisily into the

basin. At a certain point Liana could regain control, but the relief is so wonderful that she finds herself relaxing and sighing blissfully.

He dabs her dry. "You are bad!"

"And you not burglar."

"Master jewel thief as a matter of fact. Gotta look the part when you're workin' posh suburbs like Toorak." He takes his soft penis in one hand and uses it to prod the skin above and to each side of her clitoris. "Are you on heat or what? Your twat's all red and puffy."

Liana releases a helpless whimper. He can do whatever he likes. Anything. He moves to the side of the chair, and as he does so he allows his penis, which has firmed slightly, to swing within a centimetre of her face. Instinctively, her mouth pursues it, but he steps back, holds it near the root between one finger and thumb, and begins sliding all of the skin back and forth, very slowly.

Liana watches the foreskin clinging and peeling away, spreading the sticky secretion over the head. Pulse by pulse, the pink satin sheen becomes a glistening purple, and the body expands, stiffens and raises itself.

He leans forward, pulls aside the dress and begins teasing one breast with the tip. He deliberately ignores the aching nipple. "Feel like talkin' yet?"

Liana shakes her head.

He finds another switch at the side of the chair and discovers with delight that it lifts Liana's legs and bends them at the knees. She is now positioned as if awaiting a gynaecological examination, with one breast exposed and the skirt of her dress bunched at her waist. He fumbles for the zip.

"Dress wrap-around." Liana does not want it ruined, too! He slides the expensive garment out from under her, intact.

"Ed, please I -"

"Yeah?" He is smiling at her.

Liana almost blurts out the word he wants to hear, but instead she tenses and stares straight ahead. He comes around and stands between her legs again. Her body trembles when she feels the extent of his arousal as he presses the full length between her buttocks. It is smooth and hot and rubbery, but it could be hard enough in a heartbeat. He could ram it into her at any moment. She clenches her fists. Her vaginal muscles clench of their own accord.

"Bad! I love it when chicks do that. Do it again."

Deliberately this time, Liana opens and closes her vagina, kissing the skin of his penis.

"Oh, yeah! The missus thinks I'm stupid, but see what it does to me?"

Liana can see, and she can feel. She closes her eyes and holds her breath.

Nothing happens. When she looks again, he has moved out of sight, perhaps out of the room. Her vagina is scalding from the imagined invasion. The skin around her anus itches and tickles from the moisture dribbling down and gathering amidst the fine hairs. The irritation causes the muscles of her groin to twitch and flex, and her pelvis to rock and squirm with a will of its own. Due to the restraints the movement is slight, the relief almost imperceptible.

"Uh-uh. Naughty, naughty."

"What!"

"No wankin'"

"I not! How can I?"

"Come on. I know all the tricks you chink chicks get up to. A mate of mine told me about a show in Bangkok. Picking up razor blades, they were."

"Ed -?"

"Fred."

"I know you not hurt me. So -"

"So?"

"So I want cock now."

"You've wanted it all along."

"I come. You come. You go. Okay?"

"I go after I screw a few of them chicks in there. The code?"

"Cock first."

"Code first, cock second."

"Okay. It ... Fuck! It on tip of tongue."

The burglar eyes her suspiciously. "You really are getting off on this, aren't you?"

Liana's heart pounds. Her breasts and vulva feel tense and heavy. Her vagina feels huge, gaping and drooling like a hungry mouth. Her clitoris aches and burns. In her spread position she can see the ridge standing up amidst the glistening golden hair. It looks like a little nose. Nose? She laughs.

"What's so funny?"

"Nothing."

"Well let's see if you think this's funny? Amazing what you can find around here."

The peacock feather hovers above Liana's navel, then barely touches the skin. She shivers and tugs at the restraints.

"Oh, ah! No! Pleeese - Oh!"

The itch becomes unbearable. The feather traces the curves of her body. It skims over her shoulders and breasts but detours around each nipple. Liana tries to shut out the torment by concentrating on the scene in the pink room.

At the far end a black man sits slouched in a chair. A blonde woman sits astride him backwards with her legs spread over the chair's arms. His big hands knead her breasts. His gleaming penis jabs into her ...

The feather tickles Liana's hips and stomach and the sides of her vulva.

Avoiding her clitoris, it teases over her anus and buttocks and the back of her thighs.

Near the left wall, beneath a Leonor Fini drawing, a man lies on the floor under two women. Both are brunettes. One squats over his mouth, squirming; one squats on his penis, riding ...

The feather reaches Liana's calves and skims towards her ankles.

Near the observation window, the bronze woman is draped across the sofa, her pelvis propped high on cushions, her legs spread, her head and shoulders overhanging the edge. Her hair is pooled on the floor. Pools of semen sparkle on her neck and breasts and at the corners of her mouth. In each hand she grips a penis, one spent, one hard. Between her teeth she grips another, while a fourth, belonging to a man standing behind the sofa, slides back and forth in her vagina ...

The feather tickles the soles of Liana's feet. She is close to hyperventilating. Every muscle writhes and strains. Every nerve itches and crawls. Her vagina aches and clenches. Every bit of erectile tissue is taut and aflame. She cannot speak. She cannot laugh. She cannot cry. She cannot come. She can only pant and groan. Just when she thinks she will go insane the torture stops.

"Talk!"

Liana cannot.

"Now!"

"Wai -" She slows her breathing and forces herself to relax. It is a minute or two before her mouth can produce coherent sounds.

"Wait - No more - Ted - I lie. I not know code."

"Fred! The fuckin' name's Fred. And I know you do."

In his hand he holds a small bottle of aromatic oil. In the other hand he holds

his penis which he brings close to Liana's face and kneads between his fingers until it is fully erect. He pours oil along the top, smoothes it over the entire surface, then rolls the shaft over Liana's neck and shoulders. It feels warm and soothing. The firm flesh rolls over her breasts but avoids her nipples. It massages the oil into her stomach and groin and the sides of her vulva, but avoids the itching inner surfaces and clitoris. The tip torments her anus, around and around. It teases over her buttocks and thighs, then down her calves to her ankles and the soles of her feet. This time the itch feels sweet, the burn white hot, the ache exquisite.

Liana moans and squirms and writhes, trying to create friction between the lips of her vulva. She flexes her vagina, rocks her pelvis, but little movement is possible within the confines of the leather cuffs. Orgasm is near, so very near.

The burglar leaves the room and returns a few minutes later. He stands between her legs. His erection has softened slightly. The head bobs against her inner buttocks. The intensity of Liana's arousal has mellowed, too, but her insides feel cavernous and ravenous. Her vulva feels fluid and flared. Her clitoris hums.

He is holding two glass jars, one in each hand. "Look what else I found."

"What?"

"Honey."

"And other one?"

"Ants."

Liana shrieks.

"The code?"

"I soon remember! I try reeeal hard! Just give me minute."

He unscrews the lid of the honey jar and dips his penis into the thick fluid. With the tip he smears the honey over her breasts, making a circle around each

nipple. He dabs some in the hair just above her clitoris and along each side in the valley of her groin.

"Pleeease! One minute! Just one minute!"

He unscrews the lid of the ant jar.

"No! You would not! No! Oh - NO!"

He shakes the ants onto her stomach. There are about a dozen, and each is at least a centimetre long. They look quite angry as they march off in search of the honey. Most go for her breasts but a few head for her crotch. Liana can feel every one of them. She can even feel their individual footsteps. Her body itches and crawls and shakes all over. She cannot speak. She can barely breathe.

One ant shuns the honey and goes straight for her vagina. Eventually, all but that one have stopped moving. Liana can see most of them lined up and feeding like tiny cattle. The errant ant, however, is driving her crazy. It walks twice around

the rim of her vagina then changes its mind about Liana's own honey and makes excruciatingly slow progress towards the sweeter smear above her clitoris - by the most direct route.

"Lollipop! LOLLIPOP! LOLLIPOP!"

Frederick Jarvis glances at his watch. "Bravo, madam! Didn't you say forty-five minutes was your best time yet?"

"Forty! Get them off! Get them off!"

"Excellent! Then this is definitely a record, forty-nine minutes and twenty-two seconds."

"JENKINS!"

"Jarvis, madam. They don't bite. They're a unique type that are found only in -"

"But what if they -"

"I have been monitoring them very closely, madam."

He coaxes the ants back into the jar.
"There - all present and accounted for."

The code word has released all of the restraints and opened the glass door, but Liana Labeque remains seated, her hands busy between her spread legs. Bliss comes instantly.

"Mm - Jenkins."

"Jarvis, madam."

"Ants?"

"It's my hobby, madam. Purely by chance, on my way here I came across a quaint little pet shop in Carlton and -"

"Never mind. Well done. You should have been an actor."

"I am, madam. In the local repertory group."

"You've got the job. When can you start?"

"It would appear I already have, madam. And thank you. I'm sure you will not be disappointed." He zips himself up and straightens his tie.

"Jenson."

"Jarvis, madam."

"Please announce to my guests that dinner will be served in twenty minutes. There's no need to dress. And afterwards you may join us all in the pink room."

"Thank you, but I must decline."

"Are you worried about your ethnic identity?"

"That was just part of the game, madam. Lust, like love, speaks all languages."

He goes off to make the announcement and returns after a few minutes.

"And, Jenkins."

"Jarvis, madam."

"You may fuck me now."

"Regrettably, madam, once more I must decline."

"Oh?"

"Mrs Jarvis would not approve."

END.