



# **DIRTY GIRL**

**Leo F. White**

## Chapter One

*Where had this guy learned his magic? His tongue was inside her and it was hitting all the right spots. It probed her inner membranes as though it was a snake and everything it touched was turning her to Jell-O. God, she was ready to explode in gleeful satisfaction. Never before had she climaxed in such a way. How many times had it been? Three? Four? Five? But, then again, who was counting?*

*She had no idea who this guy was and whether he was black or white, short or tall, fat or thin. What she did know, as she cradled his skull and pressed it flush against the erotic zone between her spread legs, was his physical being mattered not at all. What did matter was the fulfillment she was experiencing at this very moment. The fiery tuft of brown hair which protected her sweet spot was saturated with the nectar of the forbidden lust. What they were culminating was definitely sinful. She was Dirty Girl and she loved every minute of it.*

*She had been raised to be a wholesome and innocent Christian woman, and for the most part she had adhered to those values which had been bestowed upon her as a young girl. Her parents had strong Catholic principles and she respected their ideals. But she was no longer a young girl who did as her parents demanded because they knew best. She was now a married woman --- had been for ten years --- and as she approached the dark side of her thirties she wanted more out of life than she seemed to be getting. It was time to do something about it before it was too late.*

*In retrospect it seemed as though she had been raised to disdain sex and was only to participate in it because it was a part of the marriage pact which resulted in procreation. That was nonsense. She liked sex, always had! Craved it at times. She was not a malcontent who simply laid on her back and allowed her husband to have his way with her. She was an active participant. She enjoyed going down on her man as much as she enjoyed having her man go down on her. If there was a part to the oral sex regime she disliked it was in the act of swallowing. It wasn't because she found it disgusting. It had more to do with the fact that she felt as though she were doing her male counterpart a favor by ingesting his discharge while he, in turn, enjoyed the role of belittling her. How many times had she heard the words "suck, bitch, suck" used by her frenzied sexual partner in a fit of sensuous and unbridled fury. Petty games the sexes played with one another. But, because of her upbringing, she felt compelled to mask those urges within her which demanded satisfaction.*

*Now, because of the state she was in, she felt free of those restrictive inhibitions placed on her so early in life by caring but maybe too fervent parents. She now had the right to do as she pleased. Now she could admit what in the light of day might be deemed lewd and sexual misbehavior on her part. She was, after all, Dirty Girl and she reveled in the role.*

*Once again she came. Ohhh, this guy was good. And the best part was she was in control. What more could any sex crazed female want?*

*Now she could feel his warm hands underneath her buttocks. He was turning her over. What was he going to do now? Perhaps anal sex? She had often claimed she would never take it up the ass. But, the truth be told, she wanted to try it. And now she could because she was Dirty Girl. Yes, go you beast of a man. Defile me as best you can. Make the pleasure translate into pain. Dirty Girl wanted everything he had to offer.*

*Then she felt the probe of her anus. It wasn't a stiff and long projectile. This was not a penis entering her backside. Instead it was warm, wet and pliant. It was also serving to bring her to another climax. What was she up to now, her seventh?*

*It moved along slowly, extending on every third thrust. The tongue which had penetrated her vagina was now doing the same up her rectum. She reveled in the moment for everything she might call decadent and despicable in the light of day was fair game in this dreamy world of lust. And why was that? Because this was her game and she was Dirty Girl and Dirty Girl was calling the shots.*

*Then, without warning, her arm felt restricted. She could no longer move it. She seemed paralyzed. Panic found its way into her being. She was losing control. She was slipping away. Quickly, fear engulfed her. If she lost it now she might never find it again. Her mystery lover was melting into the darkness. She had, indeed, lost control. If she could just move her arm it might all return. But it was not to be. She was fading. Dirty Girl was returning to that dark space from which she had emerged.*

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“Mommy, move over. I can't get in.”

Holly opened her eyes. Her heart was pounding and her body was saturated with perspiration. The dream she was having was disrupted by her three year old son, Caleb, who was straddling her, sitting on her left side as she lay in the bed just as his older brother and sister had done when they were toddlers. Caleb was now a regular nightly visitor to the bed of his mother and father.

“Oh, Caleb, you must go back...” she started to say in a frustrated manner when she realized it was useless to even start with him. Ten years of marriage, three children, and nearly eight years of at least one of them finding their way to the bed Holly shared with her husband, Justin. Reluctantly, she shifted her hands and placed the child between her and his father, who had his back to them, and had not lost a wink of sleep by his son's intrusion into their marriage bed.

“Mommy, you're all wet. Are you sick?” Caleb asked.

Holly looked down at the oversized white T-shirt she was wearing. It was early December yet the sweat-drenched shirt stuck to her as though it were a sultry night during the Dog Days of Summer. Her panties were wet as well. That dream had been something else.

“Mommy’s fine,” she told her young son as she bent over and kissed him on the forehead before tucking him under the heavy blanket on the bed. “You go to sleep now. Mommy had a dream she was in a hot jungle. I’m going to the bathroom and I’ll be back in a few minutes. Okay?”

“All right,” Caleb replied, oblivious to what had actually occurred with his mother.

Holly peered over at her husband who was still sleeping soundly. The magic they had known through their years of dating and for most of their marriage was gone. They were stagnating. She couldn’t remember the last time her husband had brought her to an orgasm. But she had remained faithful to him and, as far as she knew, he to her. Holly had felt the frustration settling in but she had never seriously thought of being with another man. She had her little fantasies but what woman didn’t. Yet she had never allowed her subconscious to run amok the way it had tonight.

In the bathroom she stared in the mirror. She still considered herself a good-looking woman with the long flowing brown hair and the soft and wrinkle-free skin. But she felt herself running short on time. The day was not that far away when it would be more proper for her to have a shorter hairstyle; more conducive to a matronly way of life. When that not so distant day did arrive makeup was going to be more mandatory to cover up the facial flaws impending age brought with it.

Then she made herself sick with the thought of sagging breasts. At least she had never been a big bosom woman so maybe that part of the aging ordeal would be less traumatic. That thought, however, was of little solace when stacked up against the rest of the female aging process.

Holly was pissed. It wasn’t fair. A man seemed to age gracefully while a woman went overnight. But Holly’s anger was short-lived. An impish smile found its way to her face. It was that devilish vixen living inside her. She had an unusual urge to get back to sleep.

## Chapter Two

“...and she was sweatin’ and stuff and making funny noises too,” Caleb was explaining to his two older siblings; nine year old Colin and six year old Chloe. The older Mauer children didn’t seem interested in what their baby brother had to say about their mother as he tried to explain her odd behavior as he crawled over her to get into his parents’ bed earlier that morning. But their father, who was standing at the kitchen stove preparing his children a breakfast of French toast, was taking it all in. He had slept through whatever Caleb was talking about and he was wondering if his wife was feeling ill. It sure sounded that way.

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Justin Mauer was a hard working man of thirty-eight who was devoted to his family. His relationship with his wife went back thirty years, to grammar school, and he believed they were as happy now as they were when they first started dating. Everything Justin did in life he did for the betterment of his family. He considered himself to be an old- fashioned type of guy when it came to family values.

He and Holly managed to purchase the house they called home just prior to the birth of their daughter. It was a modest Cape style home located on Thurlow Hill in the seashore city of Paine, Massachusetts. From their back door they had a charming view to the east and the Atlantic Ocean; a picturesque view that could be breath-taking when watching the heavy surf as it crashed to shore along Paine Beach. It wasn’t an ostentatious place and it suited the Mauers just fine. They weren’t pretentious people. It was a simple game plan they lived by and Justin believed he and his family had all they could desire out of life. He felt blessed. He had what he considered an ideal situation --- an attractive wife, three beautiful children and their own home. Justin Mauer was a simple man and it didn’t take much to make a simple man happy. It also didn’t take much to make a simple man content.

As working parents Justin and Holly made a point of it to see that their children were not deprived of any parental guidance or family time. Justin --- who had not furthered his education beyond high school --- was employed by the city’s public works department. He had climbed his way up the ranks and was now in a position to see that his work schedule was as flexible as possible so Holly could work three nights a week as a waitress at a restaurant near the beach called Sorrento’s. As parents they were willing to make the sacrifices necessary to see that their children were not wanting in worldly materials or affection.

It seemed like a well thought out plan and Justin took pride in the fact that he, as the working man and head of the household, was the one responsible for making it work. But so much for the canonization of Justin Mauer for he was not all that squeaky clean.

Outside of his home; especially on the job, Justin enjoyed being one of the guys: not adverse to telling raunchy jokes, grading his wife’s sexual performance against those of the wives of his fellow workers or telling erotic and sordid bedroom stories about him and Holly that

were far from the truth and quite creative. He even dabbled in narrow-minded games such as suggesting to swap wives with several of his co-workers but never meaning for it to go beyond the *yukking* it up stage with the guys. After all he had seen the film *Indecent Proposal* many years ago.

*Hey, Mauer, what's it going to take for me to boff that wife of yours? How about five big ones* was not uncommon language to be heard around the city yard. Also not uncommon was Justin's response: *If you're talking thousands then tack on another zero and we're talking the fuck of your life.* It was a male ritual of sorts which kept the guys at the city yard in a loose and macho kind of mood. Holly was their fantasy girl.

The ribald comportment of the city workers did wonders for Justin's mindset. Their infatuation with Holly served as an ego booster. Justin reveled in the fact his fellow workers coveted his wife. Holly was his trophy. She kept him young and virile --- a wife who still graced the earth with the body of a schoolgirl while his coworkers had mates now traveling through cellulite country. Holly was a wife who gave him no worries because he truly believed she was thrilled to be Mrs. Justin Mauer who bore and raised his young. But Holly was also a wife he was beginning to take for granted and she was a woman who was not going to tolerate being treated in such a manner for much longer.

On the homefront the only vices Justin displayed were drinking a couple of beers to unwind at the end of the day and on one weekend a month organized a poker game. He wasn't much of a sports buff except for major events such as the World Series or Super Bowl. He did enjoy boxing and if there was a pay-per-view bout on TV he would usher Holly and the kids out of the house and put together a male bash which included some card playing and some heavy drinking with his buddies. Justin Mauer was not so different from many other males nearing middle age. He was somewhat perverted and daring outside the home but in the presence of the family a more reserved and reticent individual.

However, the over indulgence of alcohol and how it changed people physically, especially as they aged, had become a major concern for Justin. He now found himself battling a weight problem. He had always been a thin man at 135 pounds on a five-foot-seven frame. In the past he liked the way Holly described him as not being skinny but wiry. But in the last two years, as he grew older, the metabolism had slowed down and he had tacked on an additional thirty-five pounds. His once so called lean build was now on the flabby side and his stomach had a pronounced paunch.

Now, as he waged the battle of the bulge, he worried about Holly and her drinking. She enjoyed a couple of cocktails at the restaurant following her shift and although her late night imbibing had yet to have any affect, physically, it worried Justin that he might wake up some morning to a portly wife with a weathered face and that was unacceptable to him. She also had a little problem as to when to draw the line and stop. If Holly had been feeling ill the night before and prudent rationale called for her to come home rather than stay and have a few late night belts

then the rationale was going to lose out. It was such decisions which displeased Justin. Holly couldn't come around to realizing that she wasn't getting any younger. He loved her dearly so if she wasn't going to address the issue then perhaps he should. Maybe it was time to stop allowing her the luxury of sleeping later on the mornings after she worked. Justin would have the kids up, fed, and settled by the time she arose to get Colin and Chloe ready for school. It was just thirty minutes but on some days it could be thirty minutes of pure hell as the children fought and argued with one another. If Holly realized that she had to deal with her children's early morning shenanigans she might be reluctant to do so with a big head.

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"Hi, babe. Are you feeling okay?" Justin asked as Holly stood at the entrance to the kitchen.

Dressed in a ratty old red bathrobe and wearing a pair of shabby old red slippers; her brown hair a giant rat's nest, the sleep not yet removed from her eyes, Holly did give the impression of someone who was ailing. But she wasn't. "What are you talking about?" she snapped. Holly never was one for much conversation upon arising in the morning.

"Thought you might be feeling sick this morning," her husband answered. "Caleb was just telling us how you were sweating and groaning in your sleep last night. Hon, if you're not feeling well, I wish you wouldn't stay after work drinking. You're only doing yourself harm."

"I'm fine," she lashed back before locking her glare on their youngest child. She was suddenly engulfed in guilt and shame. What else had she said or done in her sleep that only little Caleb had witnessed?

"Mommy, you were," Caleb attested as he noticed the strange look on his mother's face.

Holly realized she couldn't be blaming her youngest son if he somehow picked up on her sordid dream. "Mommy's fine," she assured Caleb. "Now what's for breakfast?" she asked, intending to cancel out whatever else might be said about the previous night and her role as Dirty Girl.

"What's on the agenda for today?" her husband inquired as he poured his wife a cup of coffee.

"I'm going to the gym for a workout. You'll have to watch the kids for a few hours." Holly decided she needed to talk to someone about her strange dream and at the athletic club she'd find that person.

### Chapter Three

“Did you eat anything strange or different before going to bed?” was the question.

“You mean like food?” Holly had to ask. She wasn’t quite sure if she understood the question. Holly had explained to her good friend, Hannah Crane, the strange dream she had experienced the previous night.

“Of course I meant food. What did you think I was talking about?” Hannah asked, a grin flashing across her face. “Did you think I was talking about...?” She finished the thought by mimicking an act of oral sex, using her right hand as if it were firmly wrapped around an erect penis while pretending to thrust it into her mouth.

“I wish it was as simple as that,” Holly replied as she picked up her pace on the treadmill. “But this is serious stuff, Hannah. That dream had me as horny as I’ve ever been.”

Holly and Hannah were part of a sparse gathering at the Cimino Athletic Club they frequented three times a week. Coworkers, Holly and Hannah had become fast friends in the short time they had known each other. Hannah was seven years Holly’s senior but the two of them had much in common. It was Hannah who had convinced Holly to join the athletic club with her. Hannah worked out because she was in a constant state of fear regarding her weight which had seen her pack on a few extra pounds to her five-foot-five body in the past year. Holly was there for the exercise. Holly didn’t have a weight problem.

“I understand, Holly. But sometimes when you eat something before retiring for the night you end up having weird dreams. It’s like those people who wear patches to stop smoking. I hear they have some beauties when it comes to dreams.”

“Well, I had nothing to eat and I don’t smoke. Any other ideas?” Holly trusted Hannah’s judgment and she was hoping her friend would come up with the explanation as to why she had experienced such a strange dream.

“All I can say is that we all have some pretty strange fantasies and sometimes we act them out in dreams. I’ve been happily married for twenty years but every now and then I wonder what it might be like to be with another man. Don’t get so shook up over it.”

“Did you ever have a dream like the one I had?” Holly asked.

“No, not to the extreme you mentioned. But that doesn’t mean I’m undersexed or you’re oversexed. We’re all different. We all have a dark piece of us that wants to break out and do something perverted. Your subconscious just took it a little farther than usual. Don’t worry about it. You’ll get over it.”

“I hope you’re right. But the dream was...Hannah I seemed to love every minute of it.”

“Who wouldn’t,” Hannah replied as she finished her walk on the treadmill. Hannah began doing some stretching exercises when she said, “So you enjoyed it. Believe me, there is nothing wrong with that.”

Now it was Holly getting off the treadmill and preparing to do her stretching exercises when she said, “I know that, Hannah. But I’m a married woman. I’ve always been content with what I have in Justin. Now I think my inner self wants me to branch out. Do something to jazz up my life. Do you know what I’m saying?”

“I do,” Hannah answered as she began to stretch out her left hamstring. “But let’s don’t go overboard. Let me ask you this, Holly. How’s your sex life? And don’t tell me it’s the best it’s ever been. Nobody who has been married for ten years has a sex life which doesn’t need some fine tuning.”

A sad and pitiful frown came to the face of Holly. She always led people to believe --- or so she had thought --- that her sex life with Justin was second to none. But it was a lie. A big fat lie.

“Maybe you could say it’s become a little bland,” she admitted.

“Then you need to liven it up,” Hannah told her.

“Such as?”

“I don’t know. You need to spice it up. Add something to your repertoire.”

“You mean something kinky?”

“If that’s what it takes.”

Holly had to pause and think about Hannah’s suggestion. She wasn’t a prude but she wasn’t a pervert either. “Hannah, when you say kinky, what do you mean?”

Hannah hesitated for a moment to make sure no one was within earshot of them before continuing. “Well, let’s see. We know you’ve had sex on at least three separate occasions.”

“Very funny,” Holly rebuked her friend, not finding Hannah’s humor amusing.

“Hey, let’s don’t get testy there, girl. I’m only trying to help. Now, how about going down on him? Believe it or not there are girls out there who absolutely detest performing oral sex on their man. Are you one of them?”

“No,” Holly stated, emphatically.

“Then let me ask you this. Are you any good at it?”

“Yes, I’m good at it.” Holly seemed to be getting miffed at Hannah’s inference.

“Don’t get so uptight.”

“Sorry.”

“How about up the ass? I bet Justin would just love to poke you up the old poop chute but you don’t want any part of it.”

Holly began to blush. Hannah was reading her like a book. How did she know this stuff?  
“Hannah, you surprise me with this talk.”

“I do? Look it, Holly, allow me to be blunt. My husband’s dick has been in every part of me imaginable. I didn’t like the thought of taking it up the ass but I eventually relented because Dick wanted to try it. I’m still not wild about it but I tolerate it because he enjoys it. I think this experimentation has helped our marriage from becoming...shall I say...boring.”

“Really?”

“Yes. And let me tell you this. I wasn’t crazy about sucking him off in the beginning. But I learned to enjoy it. Let’s face it. If he can go down on me then I should have no problem going down on him.”

“So, Hannah, you’re saying because my sex life with Justin is becoming stifled my subconscious is trying to tell me what to do with it, showing me the way because in a conscious state I’d be embarrassed or reluctant to admit it.”

“Exactly.”

“I don’t know.”

“Holly, listen to me. In the dream you cannot see the man’s face. That’s because you want to put the face to your magnificent lover of the nocturnal world. Chances are you want that lover to be Justin. He just hasn’t been measuring up of late, probably because of you. You’ve put the poor bastard on hold because of your unwillingness to do certain things. When you two are together tonight I suggest you allow him to make love to you like he’s never made love to you before. Go down on him and stay down on him until he’s dry as a bone. If he wants, let him shove it up your ass. In other words convince him that you are allowing him to try and *fuck* you to death.”

“So you’re suggesting I become a slut for the night to correct a problem I’m not sure exists. Justin hasn’t said a word to me about being sexually stymied.”

“Holly, what does Justin do when you’re working?”

Holly was afraid she was going to get around to this question. After all she was the one who told her about it. “He...he takes care of the kids.”

“Go on.”

“So, after they’re in bed he watches that porno station we’ve been getting illegally of late,” she said, dourly. Then in her next breath she picked up her pace. “But that doesn’t mean he’s sexually frustrated. Any heterosexual male worth his testosterone would be watching that smut if given the chance.”

“True. But he’s not practicing what he sees on you. Does he?”

*Damn*, Hannah had her. “All right. I’ll give you that one. But, Hannah, what you’re suggesting I do is just not me. I can become a whore for one night, but not for the rest of my life. What do I do for the nights to come? I can’t start living a lie.”

“But you can in your dreams. If that’s the case then all I can say to you is: dream on, girl, dream on.”

“Hannah, we’ve made too much of this.”

“Maybe. But remember one thing. In the dream you described to me all that took place was oral sex. And it was all performed by your mystery lover. You were strictly the recipient. That tells me that there is a little part of you which is totally and unabashedly immoral. Then, on the other hand, there is an even greater part of you which refuses to buckle and become a goddamn whore. It is that part of you which is good and wholesome. It is that part of you which refused to allow you to become a performer in your dream. It is trying to tell you that the flame of love you carry within yourself still burns brightly for Justin. Take the message it’s delivering and do something with it.”

Holly smiled. What Hannah had to say was starting to make sense to her. She was going to give it a try and make this night one Justin wouldn’t soon forget.

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That night, Holly’s attempt at aberrant sexual behavior proved to be a disaster and left her angry. Her attempt to seduce her own husband had failed.

Well aware of what it was going to take for her to exhibit such outlandish conduct for her night of debauchery, Holly decided a few drinks after work should loosen her up sufficiently to perform the immoral acts Hannah had suggested. However, by the time she returned home Justin was fast asleep. Holly tried to arouse him but all she received for her effort was a half dazed husband who wanted nothing to do with sex. When she whispered into his ear to tell him what she wanted to do to him she was met with a shocking reply which she considered an insult: "All I had was a small load so I did it by hand," she was told, as if he were talking about doing the laundry. Justin was more satisfied watching his porno shows, and then masturbating, than making love to his wife.

## Chapter Four

*She moved effortlessly along a corridor of smoke and glass. She was dressed in a long white satin dress and her long brown hair flowed seductively in the warm breeze which kissed her face. She was feeling good for she was back in a place where her passions took hold, uninhibited by the trumped up morals of her everyday society. But this place also scared her. Although she was committed to fighting off whatever fruits of the forbidden were to be placed before her she wondered if she had the inner strength to meet such a commitment. Perhaps her resolve was to do just the opposite.*

*The smoke which moved alongside her was like clouds from the heavens and behind the thin veiled haze she could see the glass of an endless mirror. Its reflection made her smile for she saw herself in beauty, a kind of glamour that no man could resist. She became enraptured with herself and quickly came to the conclusion that it was she who was the forbidden fruit, capable of toppling any man who dared to desire her.*

*But she came in search of one and only one. She had to sever her fantasy connection to her Dream Lover. She had succumbed to him once but that was all she was to give. She had survived that tumultuous encounter and any further involvement would only drag her deeper into the bowels of sin. Her unfaithful deportment could not be tolerated. She was going to use this chance to reaffirm her fidelity to the one she loved and not again fall prey to the devilish charm of the demon who was taking up residence inside her.*

*She glided along one corridor and down another, moving at a brisk pace, her feet never touching the ground, but moving nevertheless. It was then she saw the light at the far end of the hallway. She could feel her strength gaining as she approached the warm radiance.*

*Its form soon came into view. It started as a bright speck on the horizon and became larger as she approached. It began to take shape. It was a flame atop a candle on a cake shaped as a heart. Its symbolism was obvious to her. The flame represented her undying love for her betrothed and it was anchored in her heart. Before her was something she would taste and enjoy.*

*She stopped before the candle and wrapped her right hand around it. Her fingers became entrenched in its warm mass. She looked down upon the flame and felt its heat and she raised her head so she could feel its warmth as it rose between her fawning breasts.*

*Soon she became surrounded by the warmth and she could feel its flame within her soul. Then, without warning, she began to feel her inability to fight. She was failing. She was again succumbing to the weakness of her spirit. The flesh was winning out. Her alter ego of Dirty Girl was once again taking shape. Even now as Dirty Girl's grip took a firm hold of her soul she tried to fight the corrupt nature it brought with it. But the presence was too strong. She was on Dirty Girl's turf so she had to play by Dirty Girl's rules.*

*With Dirty Girl in control the opposite took effect. The grip she held on the candle tightened and it developed a pulse of its own --- a rapid pulse! Her Dream Lover was back in business.*

*As her clench on the candle became more firm the candle transfigured itself. Her hot breath matched the intensity of the flame and quickly the candlestick surrendered to Dirty Girl's desires. It had taken on the form of a penis.*

*Dirty Girl leaned forward and allowed the flame to lick her lips. Her tongue came forth and touched the hot flame and it gave way to a hearty head. The hot wax which flowed freely down its side, and stuck to her fingers, became that of semen. And the cake in the shape of a heart, at the base of the penis, was now a scrotum. Dirty Girl's eyes rolled with delight.*

*She leaned forward so she could rub the hot phallus between her breasts and as she did so her nipples rose as if in salute. Her white satin dress was now yellow as the hot waxy residue of ejaculation continued to drip on her with the cadence of a leaky faucet. This was a waste which Dirty Girl would not tolerate.*

*She lowered her head onto the top of the penis and took it into her mouth. She bobbed at a slow, methodical pace and the ejaculation continued. She allowed her tongue to lick the substantial amount of love wax building on the head of the penis.*

*Then, without warning, it began to pull away. Dirty Girl was confused. She was enjoying what she was performing on her Dream Lover so why was he fighting her? This was her dream, not his.*

*She held onto the penis as tightly as possible but as she moved her head forward it continued to pull away from her. She was becoming angry. She had every intention of winning this battle. She was going to put Dream Lover's penis in a place from where it could not escape.*

*She willed herself naked and with a firm grip on the penis she pulled it between her legs. The fleshy projectile continued to struggle for its freedom. Dream Lover's erection was beginning to make Dirty Girl feel unattractive and undesirable. She had had just about enough.*

*With every ounce of strength she had Dirty Girl yanked the penis until it was in position so she could lower herself on it; trying to bury it deep inside her. But as she did so she was met by a great force that knocked her backwards and into darkness. She had lost her grip on Dream Lover's magic wand.*

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“Jesus!” Holly screamed out as her head hit the floor at the foot of their bed. “Why the hell did you kick me, asshole?” she wanted to know as she raised herself into a sitting position. “And why am I on the floor?” she went on.

“Because, you crazy bastard, you had Caleb’s foot in your mouth. Then you tried...you tried to stuff it up your snatch,” Justin informed her, trying to phrase it delicately and in a term his young son wouldn’t understand but his wife would.

Holly’s attention quickly shifted to their youngest child who was clinging to his father with his feet rolled up and tucked under his tiny body. There was fear in his eyes and Holly knew it was a fear of her. Then she recalled the dream and her guilt became more transparent.

“Oh, sweetheart,” she said as she raised herself onto the bed and attempted to crawl toward him. “Mommy’s sorry. She didn’t mean to scare you.”

Caleb, however, wasn’t buying into her apology. He had never seen his mother act in such a manner before and it scared the bejeebers out of him. He placed an even firmer grip on his father and tried to hide behind him as his mother moved closer. In the darkness her movement reminded him of those big game cats he had seen stalking prey on the Animal Planet channel and he began to scream, frantically, that his mother intended to do him harm

“No, sweetie,” Holly implored as Justin’s right foot came up to impede her forward motion. “Get that smelly fuckin’ thing out of my face,” she insisted, her tone turning to anger as she now focused on her husband. She was angry but at whom she wasn’t sure.

“Go sleep on the sofa,” Justin told her. “Can’t you see you scared him? I don’t know what the hell is going on, Holly, but we’re going to talk about it. Please, just go. I want to assure him you meant him no harm so I can get him back to sleep.”

“But, Justin, I didn’t ---”

“HOLLY! PLEASE! Just go into the living room and get some sleep. Everything is going to be fine. But for the time being just leave us alone. We’ll straighten this thing out later.”

Sheepishly, Holly backed away. She knew her husband was right. Her mischievous and evil side was now working against her. She took a blanket from the closet and, in the darkness, headed off in the direction of the living room.

## Chapter Five

Justin took it upon himself to see that the children were fed, dressed, and in the case of Colin and Chloe sent off to school while Caleb was in his room playing with toys and watching children's programming on a PBS station. Justin had also called work to tell them he was going to be late this morning --- had some personal matters that needed attending. No lying there.

While her children ate breakfast Holly remained in the living room, ravaged by the foul act she had perpetrated on her youngest baby. Colin and Chloe had been told their mother wasn't feeling well. Nothing had been said to Caleb. And Caleb said nothing at the breakfast table, still traumatized by his mother's actions. Justin was going to have to figure out how to deal with his youngest son and the emotional turmoil he was obviously experiencing. But first he had to deal with his wife.

Holly remained seated on the living room sofa, her mind locked on the experience of a few hours earlier. She hadn't been able to sleep. She was trying to affix the blame on someone or something. She couldn't imagine herself being such a horrible person and doing such a horrific act to her little Caleb. Her eyes were red and swollen from her crying and her heart was breaking. If there was any consolation to be found in what had happened then it was, in all likelihood, that she had driven Dirty Girl out of the recesses of her mind. If her constitution was anything then she would never again allow such lewd or lascivious thoughts to dwell within her.

Justin entered the living room; a cup of steaming coffee in his hands. It was for Holly. He wasn't quite sure as to what had happened but he was determined to find out. He placed the hot brew atop a coaster on the coffee table.

The sofa was situated in front of the bay window in the living room and from this vantage point Holly had a clear view of the stairs leading to the bedrooms. She was wishing her little toddler would come charging down those stairs and throw himself into her arms and she would hold him and assure her baby boy that nothing so dreadful was ever going to happen to him again. Holly was looking to rescue herself and Caleb from the disgusting behavior she had exhibited. But before there was to be any reconciliation with her baby she was going to have to survive Justin and his inquisition. Her husband liked to dabble in amateur psychiatry and what had occurred last night was something he could thrive on and feel as though he had a certain control over her.

"Okay, Holly," he began as he took a seat in the easy chair opposite the sofa. "What was going on last night? Were you dreaming that you wanted to harm Caleb?"

"Please, Justin, let's just drop it," Holly answered. "It was a bad experience. A very bad experience. The less said the better."

"Well, I don't agree. Holly, you were trying to gnaw off our son's foot. Then you tried to stuff it...you tried to stuff it into your...your *cunt!*"

Holly cringed at Justin's use of the crude word to describe a woman's vagina. She had been known to use it herself but only in the most frustrating of situations. This certainly could be described as a frustrating situation, she thought, and his use of the "C" word only made this predicament more intolerable.

"Justin, I don't want to talk about it. Let's just drop it and move on. I assure you nothing like it will ever occur again."

"No, we can't just drop it. You've got Caleb thinking his mother is some kind of monster. Who knows what kind of emotional damage has been inflicted upon him. There's a chance we'll have to seek professional help to get him through it. If that's the case then I want to know what we're talking about."

"Professional help! Justin, he's three years of age, for God's sake. He doesn't need some psycho babble. He needs his mother to reassure him that what happened last night was a mistake, never to be repeated again."

"And you think you're the person to do that. Holly, the kid thinks you were trying to eat his foot. You're going to have to regain his trust before you do any reassuring for him."

Holly began to do a fast burn on the inside. She was well aware of the despicable act she had performed on her youngest child. She didn't need her husband's badmouthing of her to drive home the point.

"All right, Justin, let's do it your way. I'll tell you what happened. It was a bad dream and nothing more. I don't want to explain the rest of it. I just want to forget it."

"A bad dream. What kind of a bad dream?" Holly could see he was getting set to badger her until he received an answer which satisfied him.

"I don't want to relive it. Let's just leave it at that," she insisted.

"We can't. Holly, you're not a bad person. But there might be something going on inside of you that needs to come out. I think I know what it is."

"Oh, you do," she countered, cynically. *Here we go*, was her thought. *Some neurotic theory that was sure to get them nowhere.*

"Yes, I do. Holly, over the course of the past several years we've had one child or another climbing into our bed night after night. I think it's been weighing on your mind --- subconsciously. Last night it finally came to the forefront and you rebelled. We've lectured them and lectured them on sleeping in their own beds but it's always fallen on deaf ears. Last night, with the help of a dream, you decided to do something about it."

*What an idiot!* she thought. “So, let me get this straight. You think I’ve been harboring this deep-rooted resentment towards our children because they sleep in our bed and last night I exploded with a fury and tried to take it out on Caleb.”

“Yeah, something like that.”

“Then how do you explain me trying to stuff his foot up my...cunt, as you so delicately put it?”

An irritating smile came to Justin’s face. “I know the answer to that question as well. The subconscious can do things the conscious state deems outlandish. Holly, by trying to stick Caleb’s foot in... your thing... you were trying to put him back in the womb. Back where he was safe and his well being was more manageable by you.”

“You’re out of your fuckin’ mind, do you realize that?” Holly was dumbfounded and appalled by his off the wall theory.

“Am I?” Justin responded. “I think, as I sit here, and watch your response, that I am right on target.”

Holly was becoming more incensed by the second. She was not going to sit here and allow him to depict her as being troubled because of their children. She decided to tell him about the dream no matter how embarrassing it became.

“I had a dream I was performing oral sex. I guess in my dream world I became excited and grabbed something that would fit into my mouth. That something turned out to be Caleb’s foot.”

Justin’s brown eyes became as large as cue balls. He wasn’t even in the ballpark with his theorizing. At the same time he plunged into a dangerous state for any man to find himself in. The thought of his wife possibly dreaming about performing fellatio on another man had him bristling with rage.

“You dreamt you were performing oral sex. Who were you blowing? It better have been me.”

“Justin, it was a dream. It doesn’t matter.”

Justin didn’t agree. “Well, it matters to me. Now, again, who were you dreaming about sucking off?”

“I don’t know. It was a dream.”

It was now Justin's turn to become incensed. "Holly, why can't you have a fantasy like a normal housewife --- like getting gangbanged by a team of Hell's Angels on a deserted beach. Something outrageous! Something stupid! Not something like you laying some head on a mystery man who could move you to a fit of physical passion in your sleep. Why would you be dreaming about such a thing? Were you enjoying it? Did you feel as though you swallowed his cum?"

Holly's mind flashed back to the candle and the spent wax which turned to semen. It was while she was ingesting the imaginary love juice that this horror story began to unfold. Oh, she had enjoyed it all right. So much so that she was unwilling to let go of the dream phallus that turned out to be Caleb's foot. Justin had belabored the subconscious point earlier but maybe he was right. Was it possible her subconscious was telling her what an inferior lover her husband had become? If that were the case then he was the one responsible for the unspeakable act she had rendered unto Caleb. Here he was doing a tap dance on her psyche when he was the one who should have been under the microscope of self-examination. Holly was beginning to feel a little better about herself and the sin she had perpetrated on her baby.

"Justin, let's forget about it. It was a filthy dream that somehow got out of hand."

"No, we're not just going to forget about it. You're having dreams about sucking some guy's cock and you want me to merely dismiss it. I can't do it. I want to know who you're dreaming about. Some customer at work, perhaps? You know, married waitresses are notorious for fooling around. Is that what's happening to you?"

"Now you're being ridiculous," Holly answered. She was ready to dish it back at him. "But let's take a closer look at our personal life. Ever since you installed that illegal box to the cable system and managed to pull in that porno station your interest in lovemaking has dropped off the radar screen, at least with me. You don't think I know what you're watching at night when I'm at work? You fool, all I have to do is hit the previous channel button on the remote box and it goes right back to whatever the hell you were watching the previous night. It's not exactly *Touched By An Angel* that I'm seeing whenever I do so. Tell me, Justin, do you watch these cuties perform their unique talents for an hour or so, get yourself a nice little hard-on, and then run to the bathroom to make a deposit before I get home? Maybe we should get one of those police forensic teams in here to check the toilet bowl and see if any of your DNA is there. God knows, they'll probably find more in there than in me."

Justin's face became flushed and Holly thought she might have gone too far. He wanted to look at her inner most thoughts and he was getting them. Her rankling was doing a number on him.

"Think you're funny, don't you. Well, let me tell you something, Holly. You don't turn me on the way you used to. Lady, you're getting old."

There. How was that for back in your face rhetoric? But Holly didn't get upset as he had hoped.

"Well, *super* stud, I guess you're satisfied to lie here night after night and watch the parade of naked bimbos you can never have. Meanwhile, I can suck off my Dream Lover. Oh, by the way, he's much longer than you are. You see, he's in my dream so I can make him as big as I want him to be."

*Oops.* That shot was definitely uncalled for and Holly knew it.

"Is that right," Justin answered as he stood up and began unbuckling his pants before approaching her.

"Justin, what are you doing?"

"What am I doing, you ask. I'll tell you what I'm doing. Suddenly you've decided to become little Miss Cocksucker. Well, if that's the case, then you can start by sucking on me." He thrust his semi-hard penis in front of her. "GO ON, SUCK ON IT, YOU BITCH!" he screamed.

"Justin, please stop it!" She noticed his erection becoming more firm as he got into his act of defiance.

"What's wrong?" he asked as he placed his right hand behind the back of her head and tried to thrust her skull forward. "Afraid my load might be too much to handle?"

At that moment Holly noticed something. She had to stop this before it got totally out of control. She raised her hands and with all her might pushed on her husband's stomach, forcing him back towards an armchair.

"You son of a..." he stopped in mid sentence when he became aware that his wife was looking at something behind him. Justin turned and looked over his left shoulder. Caleb was standing at the top of the stairs, a small Teddy Bear in his hand. He had overheard his parents arguing and had walked in on their bitter discourse as his father was trying to shove his private part --- as Caleb knew it to be --- in his mother's mouth. The boy turned and ran back to the safety of his room.