

Pamela Zinszer

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By : GlobeTwo

Pamela Zinszer, Miss March 1974, at 36-24-36 is perfection as a Playmate



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Table of Contents

Pamela Zinszer Chapter 1

At the Mansion

Pam seeks enlightenment pt 1

Pam seeks enlightenment pt 2

Happy Birthday Mr. Publisher

Pam writes a movie pt 1

Pam writes a movie pt 2

Pamela Zinszer : Chapter 1

When Pamela Zinszer's luscious body was unveiled in March 1974 men saw a young and sexy girl whose pouty expression promised endless sensual pleasure.½ She was barely eighteen when the photos were taken but her beauty and sumptuous curves exuded pure sensuous bliss.½ She seemed young and innocent and devilishly adventurous at the same time. ½

When she was approached by Playboy her family freaked out but now the tests were done and the contract was signed. Just before she posed for her centerfold spread the family decided to send her back home to Kansas to spend Labor Day week celebrating her eighteenth birthday with her relatives and friends.½ Away from the watchful eyes of her mother, Pam began to hang out with a crowd that was ready to teach her how to enjoy her independence.½ Top on the list was Will;½ Pam was excited because he was going to take her for a ride in his car.

Pamela climbed into the car squealing with glee.½ This couldn't be more cool. A sunny day driving around with her older neighbor Will in his excellent convertible. She might have just turned eighteen, but she felt so grown up. Will was almost twenty two. That was older than anyone she knew.

Pam brushed her hair out of her face. She liked the way he looked at her. It made her feel like he wanted her. It was weird to think something like that of somebody she knew since she was a kid , but he was a cute guy, after all; besides they hadn't seen each other for a few years.½ When she left Kansas she was a flat-chested kid with glasses; now she had a voluptuous and ripe body and she was proud of it.

Her hair was pulled back in a ponytail, and the tail blew in the wind. She loved the feel of it on her face. She was wearing one of her cousin's old hockey jerseys with nothing underneath. Her breasts rubbed against the rough fabric, making her nipples tingle.

The car pulled up in front of a bench at the park and Will's friend Richie climbed into the back seat.½ He grinned at Pamela in the rearview mirror as he spoke to Will, "Man, she's a real babe!½ You weren't kidding, Will.½ This is gonna be a blast." He licked his lips as he smiled at Pam.½ "Little girl, you are a real doll. This is gonna be a hell of a party!"

Will chuckled as he glanced at Pam. He knew about the tests for Playboy and he knew that he had to get a piece of her before she jetted off back to California.

Pamela giggled in embarrassment at the attention of the two men.½ She hadn't been out with a lot of boys; since her family had moved to California she and her sisters had pretty much been kept under wraps and she barely knew the facts of life.½ Between the flashy red car and the wolfish interest of the two men she felt very special.

Will drove to the lake and up a hill; he parked in a secluded spot overlooking the water. Far below and a short way up the shore some kids were swimming and a small sailboat drifted slowly on the water. The lake wasn't very big. She could see the houses on the other side.

"So, when do you go home?" Will said.

"Sunday. I got stuff to do with the...you know."½ She didn't want to mention Playboy in front of Richie, but of course Will had told him all about it.½ Right now, Richie glanced at Will in the mirror and the two men

nodded to each other.½ Richie sank down in the seat and let Will do his work.

Will looked back at Pam. "Do you have a boyfriend now?"

"No," Pam said. What was he getting at?

"Did you ever kiss a guy?"

"Yes," she said. She stared directly at Will, all but forgetting about Richie now.

"Did you ever ..." he started to say.

"Ever what?"

"Did you ever see a guy's dick?"

"Yes, I did. I even touched one, too," Pam said. She could not help feeling smug.

Will looked shocked and that pleased her.

"You sucked one? Who?"

"My boyfriend's."½ Pam bit her thumb coyly.½ She was, in fact, lying but she wanted to impress the boys.

"Oh, man," Richie murmured but a sharp glance from Will quieted him.

Will turned to Pam "I thought you said you didn't have a boyfriend?"

"I had one. That was last year."

Will nodded with his jaw set firmly. Pam glanced down at his lap and was shocked. Standing up along his right leg in his jeans was a long, thick ridge.

"Did you ever let him touch you?" Will said.

"Touch me?"

"Yeah. Like this." Will reached across the seat and put one arm around her shoulders to hold her in place; his other hand slithered between her thighs and under her skirt.

Pam gasped. Her juicy thighs parted. Will's hand slipped up her leg to her crotch before she could squeeze them shut. The touch of his hand on the bare inside of her thigh was like an electric current shooting through her body.

His fingers quickly wiggled under her white cotton panties and touched her warm crotch. Pam was frozen to her seat. She never felt a man's hand between her legs. Will pressed his mouth to hers. His tongue forced her soft lips open and pushed into her mouth.

Pam moaned. Her breasts throbbed. She didn't know what to do, so she stayed still with her knees apart and her cousin's hand between her thighs. His fingers probed in places only she had ever touched, and it felt terrific. Should she let him touch her there? If she did anything he would stop, and she didn't want that. So she

met his tongue in her mouth with her tongue.

"You like that?" Will whispered.

He rubbed a spot on her crotch and Pam groaned. She slumped against the door, feeling weak. Her legs were still spread and her mouth was still open, with a drop of saliva on her chin. She never felt anything so good in her life. Her chest was heaving when she looked at him again.

"You liked that, didn't you?" Will said.

Pam nodded.

"You want me to do it again, don't you?"

Pam nodded again. She would give anything if he would touch her like that again.

He looked down at her lap. "Take your panties off." i½

Pam stared at him for a second, panting. She pointed with her eyes to Richie in the back. i½ "Don't worry about him. Just take off the panties."

Pam sighed and then smiled shyly. She pulled her skirt up over her hips and pushed her panties down to her ankles. Her crotch was moist and warm. That only happened when she touched herself, and it always felt good. Will's hand felt so much better.

She sat back and spread her thighs. Will stared at her crotch with a gleam in his eyes. Just being looked at like that made Pam tremble with excitement.

His hand brushed her thigh. Pam gasped. She could hardly stand the anticipation. As his fingers neared the soft mound between her legs she spread them wider, moaning.

Will moved closer to her and she looked up at him. He leaned forward and kissed her. Pam pressed her hands into the seat and raised her pelvis toward his hand. His lips pressed gently on hers and his tongue searched in her mouth. Will's fingers pushed between her delicate lips between her legs. Pam squealed. It was the best sensation she ever felt.

She put one arm around his neck and pulled him down. Her other hand squeezed the door handle. His finger wiggled up inside her so gently. She felt a slight twinge of pain, but the pleasure was so good. She thrust herself toward his hand.

Suddenly he broke away and sat on his end of the bench seat. She stared at him, feeling terribly disappointed. It seemed there had to be something more to what he was doing to her, although she had no idea what.

He was panting as hard as her. She glanced down at his crotch again. His hard penis was still there. She longed to take it out of his pants and touch it and kiss it and feel it in her mouth.

"You need someone to show you more about sex," Will said. His hand rubbed the ridge in his pants.

Pam looked away, pretending to be bashful.

"I'd like it if someone showed me how to do it."

"What about me?" he asked.

In the back seat Richie snorted. Both innocent Pamela and anxious Will ignored him.

She avoided looking at Will too. "You?" she asked meekly.

"I'll show you how."

She looked at him. He was playing with the zipper on his jeans.

"You would?" Her eyes trailed down to his lap. She hoped he would give her permission to take out his penis.

"Sure," he said, and took his hands away from his lap. "Go ahead."

Pam stared at the ridge in his pants for a few seconds, working up the nerve to touch it. She reached across and put her hand lightly on his right knee. Will sucked in a breath. Her fingers moved slowly toward the long ridge that stuck up in his pants. She could feel its shape and hardness through the fabric. She was breathing hard.

"Take it out," Will said. His voice was a choked whisper.

Pam undid his jeans and Will lifted himself off the seat so she could push them down. His penis jumped out at her and she squealed. Will sighed.

It stood up from his lap like a pole. Pam stared, fascinated by it. It had ridges and bumps and fat blue veins that ran just under the skin. Her eyes followed its length to his balls.

She reached out to touch it with her trembling hand. Will groaned deep in his throat. Her fingers closed around it. The skin was burning, and the bone inside was as hard as a rock. She moved her hand up and down slowly. Will groaned again. His head tilted back.

"It's so hot," Pam said in a soft voice. "What should I do?"

"I think you should kiss it."

Pam turned her eyes up to him. She was crouched on her knees over his lap with one hand around his penis and one hand around his balls. He was staring down at her with excited eyes. She leaned forward, squeezed the shaft of his penis tightly, closed her eyes, and pressed her red lips to the round head. The feel of the spongy head on her soft lips sent a shiver through her body.

"Oh yeah," Will said with a groan.

He must have liked that. Pam kissed it again and he groaned again. She liked the way she could have such an effect on him, and she liked the feel of his penis in her hands and against her lips.

"Stick your tongue in that hole on the end. That's where my stuff comes out."

Her brows crossed. Stuff? What stuff? What came out? She stared at the tiny slit at the end. How could anything come out of that? Still trying to figure out what he meant, she poked her tongue out and licked the

slit.

Will sighed. "Oh yeah. Lick it again."

Giggling, Pam licked the slit again, then the whole head. She ran her tongue up the side of the shaft and she stroked it in her small hand.

"Now suck it," Will said in a deep, rough voice. His hand pressed on the back of her neck.

His sudden roughness startled her. He wasn't hurting her, but he held her down firmly and mashed the head of his penis against her lips. She whimpered. He was scaring her.

His hand pushed her head down harder. The head of his penis forced her lips apart. She opened her mouth all the way and Will forced his penis in. It stretched her jaw wide and jammed her tongue to the back of her throat, making her gag. She squirmed under his grip, but somehow she was excited. Her private area felt warm and moist and tingly, like it did when she touched herself in bed.

"Now move your head up and down," Will said, his voice a growl. His strong hand eased its grip to let her head come up, then gripped her firmly again to force her head back down.

She moved her head reluctantly, gagging and choking under Will's grip, and becoming more and more excited. The head of his penis rubbed over her tongue and touched the back of her throat. It was the biggest thing she ever had in her mouth and felt like it would strangle her. She squeezed her lips around it and moved her head up and down as much as she could, although Will tried to force his penis deeper into her mouth than she wanted.

"Do it faster," Will said, his voice a hiss. "You're gonna make me come."

Make him come? What did that mean? He released his hold of her neck and Pam was sucking him all on her own, moving her head and her hands up and down rapidly. She loved the feel of his huge, hard thing filling her mouth, but she was confused by what he had said. Where was she going to make him come from?

"Oh god ... Oh god," Will moaned.

Pam turned her eyes up to his face while she concentrated on sucking him. Will looked like he was in tremendous pain. She should stop and make sure he was okay. She would hate to find out she was hurting him.

Then Will grunted. His butt lifted off the seat. His muscles became very tight. His penis throbbed in her mouth, and suddenly some kind of warm, thick fluid was pouring down her throat. She squealed, but her voice was muffled by the penis. She took it out of her mouth to cough, and while she was looking at the tiny slit at the tip of the head, a huge glob of white stuff shot out of it.

Pam screamed and Will jammed himself back into her wide open mouth. His seed streamed down her throat as she gulped and swallowed, holding the penis in a firm grip.

Pam didn't know what to do. Something hot and sticky was flooding into her, and she didn't even know what it was. He said the hole was where his stuff came out. Was that what he meant by his stuff? And did she make it come out, like he said?

"What is it?" she mumbled, trying to speak with her mouth full.

"It's my come. You made me come."

Pam gulped it down and smiled submissively.

"What's come?" she said.

Will chuckled. Pam felt humiliated.

"It's my sperm. It's what makes a baby."

Pam felt a moment of panic. "Will I have a baby now?"

Will laughed again. Richie struggled to suppress his howls. Pam couldn't understand why they were laughing.

"No, don't be silly. You won't get pregnant unless I come in your pussy." He reached into the glove compartment and took out a bottle of mouthwash. "Here, I want to kiss you again but don't want that stuff in my mouth."

Pam felt confused again and hated not knowing what he was talking about. She gargled and spit and he leaned in and kissed her. "I love your pussy," he murmured, stroking her thick bush.

"My pussy?" she said pushing his arm away in confusion. She couldn't imagine him putting that white stuff on a cat, even if she had one.

"Your pussy," Will said. He reached between her legs and touched her mound again. "Here. This is your pussy. This is where babies come from." With his other hand he held his shaft. "And this makes the sperm that makes babies."

He held it up for her, but she cringed away. She could have a baby. All she had to do was make Will's penis come in her pussy. The only thing was, she didn't understand how a thing as big as Will's penis was supposed to go in her pussy. She looked down between her legs. It looked way too small.

Pam was tempted to ask him to put it in her pussy, but didn't know what words to use. She turned sideways and put her feet up on the seat, leaning back against the door. She smiled at Will and let her knees fall apart.

He looked at her suspiciously. "What are you up to?"

"I want you to lick me now," she said, trembling with excitement as she spoke the words.

His eyebrows arched up. He looked shocked, and for a moment she was afraid he might be angry. Then his face softened into a smile and he leaned toward her.

"You deserve to get licked," he said as he lowered his face close to hers and kissed her. She put her hand around his neck, teasing her fingers in his hair, and kissed him back. His body lay between her legs, pushing her thighs apart, and it was a delightful feeling.

One of Will's hands slipped under the hockey jersey. His fingers touched her nipple. Pam moaned into his mouth. Her knees squeezed against his sides. Will pushed the jersey up. Her large creamy mounds heaved up and down as they came into the light. He covered her breasts in the palms of his hands. Will leaned down and licked her nipple and Pam gasped. An incredible tingling sensation shot through her body from her nipple.

"Oh, Will," Pam moaned as she squirmed under him. She bit her lower lip and squeezed her eyes shut. It felt so good she wanted to burst. The more he licked the weaker she felt until she was limp and whimpering beneath him.

His tongue and lips left her nipple. She felt the cool air on the saliva on her skin. He moved between her legs and she opened her eyes to see what he was doing. He was moving down, lowering his head to her warm, private area. Pam's chest heaved. She felt Will's breath on her bare belly and in the curly fine hairs on her mound.

He kissed her. She whimpered. His tongue came out and licked her. Pam closed her eyes and sighed. Her lower lip quivered. His tongue moved around her pussy and she especially loved it when he pushed the tip of it inside, where his fingers had been. He licked a certain spot down there he had touched with his fingers that thrilled her. When he licked it over and over she felt like she would explode. Pleasure rolled through her body in waves, building and building until she couldn't take it any more, then she was exploding.

Her small body writhed and bucked. She was screaming out loud, but all she noticed was the light of the explosions behind her eyes and the heavy waves of pleasure that crashed through her body.

When it was over she lay still, breathing hard. That was what was missing, when he was rubbing her with his fingers and quit before it was finished. She opened her eyes and looked at Will, smiling. This was what it was all about, she had no doubt. She wanted to feel that again and many times, and if she didn't have Will to do it to her she would find a guy, she decided.

Will was on his hands and knees between her legs. She could see between his legs. His beautiful long penis hung straight down and looked very hard.

"Don't get up yet," Will said. He had his hand on her pussy.

"What are you gonna do?" Pam said, her voice quivering.

He moved up so her spread legs were around his hips. "I'm gonna take your virginity," he said.

Pam gasped. Will took his penis in his hand and suddenly she knew what he was going to do. He was going to put it in her pussy. As he raised his penis and pointed the head at her tiny pussy, she bit her lower lip and whimpered. She was filled with fear and anticipation at the same time. His fingers pushed the lips of her pussy apart and he pushed the head of his thing against them. Pam giggled.

"That feels funny," she said.

He pressed himself forward. She watched the head of his penis disappear inside her pussy and she gasped. It was a strange sensation of being spread open. He pushed it a little deeper. She felt a twinge of pain and gasped again.

"That hurts a little bit," Pam said in a meek whisper. The pain was a concern. She didn't want it to hurt. She wanted it to feel good. He pushed again and she winced. It was hurting more.

"I think it's too big," she said, hoping he would reconsider, but he didn't. He pressed forward until his penis came up against something inside her pussy that stopped it. Will hesitated and Pam sighed with relief that he wasn't going to cause her more pain. She was shaking. The pain of her pussy being stretched eased slightly.

Will shoved his hips forward. Pam felt something tear inside her, followed by a searing pain, and she screamed.

"Ow! Will, stop. It hurts," she cried.

Tears rained from the corners of her eyes. She tried to move her legs or push him off, but he was too big. Will ignored her. She couldn't understand how he could be so mean or why he would want to hurt her so badly.

"Hold on," he said. He shoved more of his penis into her pussy and she screamed in pain again.

She was sobbing and screaming and pushing on his chest and his penis was still sliding into her. His hips pushed her legs farther apart. She was pinned under him and felt helpless to his assault. She was confused and hurt and angry at him for doing this to her.

"Take it out. Take it out, please," she pleaded as she sobbed. Her eyes blurred with tears that streamed down her cheeks.

Finally, Will stopped pushing, but the pain did not ease.

"It's in now," he said, wiping the tears from her cheek.

"Why?" Pam sobbed, her chest heaving. "Why did you do this to me?"

"We're making love," Will said in a soothing voice. His hips moved slowly back and forth. "Don't you want me to make love to you?"

"But ... it hurts," Pam sobbed, and winced in pain when his hips moved forward and pushed his penis a bit deeper into her body.

"It always hurts for a girl the first time."

The sharp pain began to ease, if only slightly, but she was still angry at him for hurting her. She stared up at him with a scowl on her face, sniffing. Her crying had stopped except for the pools of tears in her eyes and her shuddering breath.

Gradually, she began to notice a new sensation, one she felt over the occasional twinge of pain. It was the sensation of Will's thick penis sliding in and out of her pussy. She began to concentrate on that sensation while she stared up into his eyes. It felt strange at first, but then she began to like it. The pain was fading rapidly, replaced by a deep, lusty ache deep in her belly.

He was doing it. They were making love. Pam began to respond. Her breathing became heavier. Her nipples tingled. She started to like the feel of his penis moving in and out of her body.

Will's hips moved faster. His eyes were locked with hers; she could not tear herself away. Pam moaned in shallow, rapid breaths. Her small hands stopped trying to push him off and stroked his sides.

"Oh, Will," Pam whispered. She felt that thing building inside her, just like it did when he was licking her pussy and she was overjoyed. He was going to make it happen for her again.

She was panting and moaning as he went faster and faster, and didn't even notice when he groaned and his

penis started throbbing. She felt a warm fluid filling her insides and she knew he was spilling his white stuff in her belly. Pam's soft lips formed a little O as the sensation of his orgasm made her body tingle.

Will lay on top of her for a minute or two, panting. Pam brushed her fingertips over his sides, squeezing his body between her thighs. He lifted himself off and sat behind the steering wheel. His long cock drooped over his lap and was covered with shiny fluids. ½

Pam remained down on the seat still tingling. She looked up and saw Richie peering over the back of the seat and grinning wolfishly.

"Hey, Will, don't be so greedy."

Pam pouted again but Will looked at her with the same evil glint as Richie. ½ "OK, Reg, are you set?" He was still looking at the trembling Pamela as he spoke. He reached down and started to tug the hockey jersey over her head.

"Hey, that's not nice," she squealed but the jersey flew off causing her hair to fly around her shoulders. ½ Then she felt the skirt being pushed down her legs. In the back she could hear the sound of Richie opening his pants.

Pam squirmed under Will but he held her down with this weight and pinned her arms to the seat. "Listen, Pamela, now that we've opened your little box, we've got to finish it off. You're gonna be in Playboy magazine; don't you want to be a good playmate don't you?" Pam nodded weakly. "OK, then, you just let us take care of you." ½ He bent down and licked her swelling nipples as she swooned from the warm feel of his wet tongue. He sat up and grinned. ½ "You ready, Richie? We gonna do what we talked about?"

Richie chuckled, "Man, am I ready. ½ You know me; I'm a backdoor man."

Will now smiled gently at Pam who looked up with doe eyes. "I'm going to pick you up and pass you back. ½ This'll be like when I was in your pussy. ½ It'll hurt at first but then you'll like it. OK? You ready?" ½ Pam nodded her surrender.

He slid his arms under her torso and raised her tender, trembling body. ½ "Here's where the real party starts." He lifted her over the back of the seat and before she clenched her eyes shut Pam could see Richie's penis out and gleaming as if he had put oil on it. ½ She felt Richie's hands reach out to guide her over and down on top of him.

"Hey," she whined as something hot and hard pressed into her rear. "What are you doing?" Will let go of her and she slowly slid down onto Richie's eager shaft. "Wait. Stop," she moaned helplessly. But now Richie was pawing at her breasts and she instinctively twisted her head around and let him shove his tongue in her mouth.

Will scrambled over the seat and climbed between her legs. Even as Richie's tongue impaled her sweet mouth she could see out of the corner of her eye Will pointing his weapon at her swelling pussy. Her body stiffened into a silent scream as he plunged in and rammed against the cock already in her ass.

They let her quiver and shake for a few moments before they started drilling into her seriously. ½ Four hands were squeezing and pinching her delicious breasts and her tongue was racing back and forth between their mouths. ½ When she was kissing Will he was gobbling up her nipples; when she wasn't kissing Richie he was devouring her neck and ears and shoulders. Pamela's hands floated up and down Will's back and along Richie's thighs.

Pamela Zinszer

The two shafts began to pump into the tender girl; they moved in unison and Pam writhed and squirmed, slowly catching the rhythm of the monsters plunging deep into her body.

Richie came and Pam felt the heat burst into her but he kept plunging up and she continued to undulate over him. The warmth of his seed spread through her releasing showers of bliss up and down her spine. Will shot into her again and she thrust her hips up into him. Now the two men seemed to alternate volleys and each both flooded her body with greater waves of bliss. At first she sobbed with each orgasm but soon she was filling the surrounding hills with her howls. Finally, all three came together and red and gold fireworks filled her skull; as the sparks faded she drifted into a blissful trance.

In a photo studio a week later Pamela was posing for her centerfold and the photographer asked for a sexy look. She pursed her lips into that little O as she recalled Will's shaft filling her beautiful body for the first time.

Chapter 2: At the Mansion

Back in 1974 I worked my way through college by hammering nails. I wasn't very good at it but I had an uncle who was a master carpenter and brought me along as an assistant. I was basically his pack horse, lugging gear and holding planks as he sawed. Every once in awhile he let me do some easy tasks, like hammering two boards together but he considered himself an artist and wanted to do all the real work himself. As a matter of fact, he was an artist and that's why he was called in to build some bookshelves for this big mansion in Holmby Hills.

We were used to big jobs in big mansions so the size didn't impress us and we often met up with movie stars when we showed up at places around town but on this job there weren't a lot of people around, still it was clear that this place was going to be special. A lot of office space was being constructed and already part of the mansion was being used as a photo studio. It was hard to miss the bevy of beautiful girls going in and out all day long.

I could notice the girls all I wanted but I wasn't going to meet any of them; my uncle was a stickler for focusing on the task at hand and for putting in a full day's work. Still it was nice to watch the sweet asses and fine racks jiggle by in the distance. Every once in awhile a pretty girl would glance my way and smile before she'd disappear behind a door. Little did I know at the time that were stripping down and posing nude.

One day, when we were putting the finishing touches on our work somebody who worked in the mansion office came by and gave my uncle a couple of tickets. "It's just a little mixer, a thank you for all the contractors and workers," the older woman explained. "Mr. Hefner will still be in Chicago but we want to test out the projection gear and the girls need some company." My ears perked up when I heard the word 'girls' but then I saw my uncle scowling at the tickets; he was annoyed by the interruption and wanted to get back to work. The woman pressed on though, glancing at me as she spoke. "You actually might get to meet a few playmates," she said with a smile.

Then she was gone and my uncle, with a gruff harrumph, tossed the tickets on table and picked up a rag to smooth out the finish on the shelves; I was expected to do the same so I did. But those two tickets were burning a hole in the back of my head. I finally put together the stream of young girls and the lady's comments about lonely playmates.

Time went by like molasses but at last we were finished and packed up the gear in silence. I knew my uncle well enough to know that I'd better not mention the tickets and I'd better leave them where they sat. And they sat there still as I hoisted our gear onto my shoulders and headed out to our truck.

We loaded the gear in silence and he jumped down off the truck bed, brushed saw dust off his jeans and spoke for the first time all day. "If you want to go to that party you better go get those tickets."

I left a cloud of dust like in a cartoon, in and out of the mansion in seconds. I handed him his ticket but the way he shoved it in his pocket with disdain I knew I'd be going to the party alone.

I spent the afternoon and early evening indulging in fantasies of the Playboy lifestyle but the party was pretty tame, a keg of beer and a bunch of XXX films on giant screen that pulled down out of the ceiling. Turns out the party really was just all the painters and plumbers and carpenters who'd been working on the place. Frankly, I was bored so I stepped outside for some herbal refreshment.

Because the owner wasn't living there full time yet and because most of the staff went home at the end of the day, the grounds of the mansion were dead, so I was surprised when I heard voices in the distance coming

Pamela Zinszer

toward the house. I crept around the corner to investigate from the cover of thick shrubs, only to discover that it was the some of the girls sneaking up from the photo studio side of the mansion.

Dressed very casually in scant shorts, skirts, and tops, they were creeping along the tree line towards the house. What the hell were they up to, anyway?

I was a little curious about what the girls would think when they saw the graphic film play inside, but I decided to just let the situation play itself out. After all, this party needed some excitement.

I finished the joint and slipped back into the house, got another beer, and just stood silently at the back of the room in the dark waiting for the models while the gal on screen rode a foot-long cock.

In a couple of minutes, the girls burst in like gangbusters yelling and screaming with bright flashlights. "You're busted!!! Where are the girls?" The guys froze and said nothing, and the girls' eyes immediately became glued to the screen.

Now, mind you, this was not tasteful, erotic footage. No, this was deep into raunchy, and poorly produced, at that. You know, where the overdubbed audio moaning is out of sync with lip movements, the same clip is repeated over and over, and you can see the camera's reflection in mirrors and windows. I find such films humorous more than anything else.

The girls had apparently never seen pornographic movies before, and they seemed at once shocked and enthralled.

The guys, amused by the girls' shock, made room for them and handed out beers. One girl in particular caught my eye and I pulled her towards the back of the room and sat her down in a folding metal chair beside me and the keg.

Pamela Zinszer was the best-looking gal in this bunch of young cuties, and also, I thought, the biggest tease.

She had dark, thick brown hair, shoulder length and curled up at the ends, big brown eyes over a little pixie nose, a very wide, full-lipped smile with perfect white teeth. Her darkly tanned skin was flawless; this lucky gal had probably never had a single blemish. Her face and hairstyle reminded me of Marilyn. Like in Monroe.

As for her figure, it would be hard to improve on. "Voluptuously athletic" is the best I can come up with. Standing around 5'3" and weighing about 110 lbs., she had I'd say a 36 inch bust, supple arms, and a very narrow waist that flared out to a relatively large, but shapely hips in perfect proportion to her big breasts and round bottom supported by smooth, muscular legs. She was sexy and cuddly and smelled sweet as flowers!!!

The clothes she was wearing that night, what little of them there were, certainly emphasized her figure. Her beautifully smooth and tanned back was interrupted only by the white tie of the halter style top. In front, its v-neck squeezed her brown breasts together in exquisite cleavage.

Below, the humidity and the tightness of her khaki poplin short-shorts combined so that, if you looked very closely, you could actually make out the outline of her outer labia, and when she bent over, you could see a pair of crescent-shaped strips of white bottom flesh peek out beyond the edge of her tan line.

White leather shoes and ankle socks covered her little feet. She looked sweet and fresh, only eighteen or so. Like I said, cute and cuddly!

The fact is, when I had spent the afternoon dreaming of playmates it was her centerfold that I had in mind.

Pamela Zinszer

Not hard to do since it had hanging on my wall for weeks already.

We made some small talk; there was something delightfully ditsy about her, the way she looked at me with those big brown eyes and spoke in a high pitched sing song voice. She was so guileless yet so sensuous. She couldn't help but keep returning to screen to check out the porno but she certainly wanted to be nice to me too. I played it cool and handed her a drink.

As she gulped the cold beer, her eyes were fixated on the screen. The furry, barrel-chested big dick for hire was now pounding the woman doggy-style as her boobs wobbled wildly, while another woman's dubbed voice moaned. Pamela asked question after question about the film:

Pamela--Are they really doing all that?

Me--Yes, but they are just actors. It's no more "real" than any other movie.

Pamela--Looks really real to me.

Me--They are really having sex, but they are probably faking that it's pleasurable.

Pamela--It sure would be pleasurable to me, so why would a person need to fake what feels good?

Me--They're paid to do what the director tells them to. It's just another acting job to them.

(The actress kneeled on the edge of the couch and began to give the standing actor a BJ, then wrapped her boobs around his shaft as she continued to suck the end of his dick.)

Pamela--That's neat. I've never done that before.

Me--You mean a blow-job or a titty-fuck?

(Pamela furrowed her brow and looked cute although she intended to look stern.)

Pamela--Don't be naughty.

Me--OK, oral sex or sex with a woman's breasts.

Pamela--Doing both at the same time.

Me--You really should try it.

Pamela--Have you done that before?

Me--No. My breasts are too small.

Pamela--No, silly! I mean have you had a girl do that to you?

Me--Oh, yes, it feels great.

(This conversation was getting more interesting by the minute.)

Pamela--The girl is pretty and has a great body, but that guy is fat, hairy, and ugly--downright gross! How in

Pamela Zinszer

the world did he ever get a part in this kind of movie?

Me-Because he has a massive prick and can fuck on command. You see, these films are basically made for men to view while masturbating, and they like to imagine themselves with a huge dick fucking the sexy actress and driving her wild. It's a fantasy thing. What kind of man do you find attractive?

Pamela-I don't like that kind of talk.

Me-You don't like talking about sex?

(She shook her luxurious mane of hair and pouted so I repeated my question about what kind of man she'd find attractive.)

Pamela-Well, I like a man who enjoys talking with me, who's funny, and has a nice face with a big, easy smile. Tall, slender, with a tan, and the less body hair, the better. And I prefer them a bit older than me, not too old, though-no granddads!

The girl on the screen let out a howl and Pamela was drawn in, watching the action like a bird watching a cat eat a mouse. I put my hand on her back and slid my bare leg against hers as I refilled my beer. She leaned in towards me-into what psychologists call the "zone of intimacy"-and handed me her glass.

Since I was sitting right next to the keg, I didn't even have to get up to fill it, but as I did so and looked out across the room from there in the back, I could see that the girls were making out with the guys, and all hands seemed to be busy out of my line of sight in the chest and crotch regions.

Distracted, I overfilled the plastic glass, then handed it to Pamela. Pamela squeezed the flimsy container a bit too hard and spilled nearly a third of it right into the "v" of her halter top onto her breasts. Just as this happened, the actor came on the actress' chest.

Pamela and I giggled, and we both looked down at her wet breasts. The cold beer soaking the fabric had not only made what was covered by material visible, but also perked her nipples up. I whipped out my trusty bandana and dabbed at her breasts, accidentally on purpose trapping a nipple, remarkably similar to a grape, between index and middle fingers.

Gazing up at me with open lips, she uttered a barely audible "mmmm" as the next film segment began. I leaned down and French-kissed her, her lips and tongue eagerly reciprocating while I fondled those lovely, "freshly brewed" breasts through the wet top.

The back of the room where we were was the darkest, and, therefore, the most private, part of the room, but still light enough from the screen's reflection to see one's way around. I boldly untied the halter bow on her back; somewhat surprisingly, she immediately untied the neck bow, still kissing me but with eyes wide open watching the porno at the same.

I pulled the wet halter off her chest and kissed my way down her neck to those superb breasts, crossing the dramatic diagonal tan line slashing across them, into the white flesh zone, and nibbled up to Mount Rigid Nipple. Pamela, moaning ever so softly, juttred her chest forward, forcing more of her shapely young breast into my mouth as a signal to suck harder as she ran her fingers vigorously through my hair.

I pivoted out of my chair and straddled across her lap facing her. She pulled my polo shirt off right over my head, and I plunged my tongue into her mouth as she welcomed it with her own moist, swirling tongue. I surmised that Pamela could give great head. I grabbed a mound in each hand and squeezed hard, which she

Pamela Zinszer

obviously liked. I do like a woman whose breasts you can handle more like a sturdy mug of beer than a delicate glass of champagne.

Then, using both hands, she began to rub my already-erect penis through my shorts. While continuing to French-kiss, I kept up my breast play with one hand and used my other to caress her crotch, warm and damp through the thin shorts.

I looked up to see that another couple were standing about 5 feet away staring at us. Apparently, to them, we were more entertaining than the film! Not that they were looking at us in disgust or anything, but I figured it might make Pamela feel uncomfortable and put the kibosh on our ministrations. The rest of the group in front of us had all paired up, and, half undressed by then, were openly kissing and fondling while watching the XXX film, which actually featured a decent-looking guy in this segment.

"Let's go find a private place in this house," I suggested.

"Oh yes, let's hurry!" she eagerly agreed in her high pitched voice.

Pamela and I had a definite plan of action, so we slung our tops over our shoulders, got fresh beers and headed down the dark hallway.

I'd never been in this house at night before did not know my way around it at all. It was pitch black until we stumbled through a swinging door into what seemed, from the little light coming in from the lamp post outside, to be a large room.

Pamela scratched around on the wall until she found a light switch and flipped it on. The light over the mantle came on and revealed that it was a hunting trophy room, full of all kinds of stuffed wild animals-heads mounted on the walls, skins on the floors, and life-size ones sitting and standing on the floor everywhere.

We made our way to the giant polar bear rug in front of the fireplace, shucked the rest of our clothes--my finger in her pussy, and her hand around my cock--sipped our beers, and just stood there gazing about, taking in this wild space.

Centered over the mantle was a white rhino head. "He's the only guy in here hornier than me," I teased.

"I don't know, those big cats look like they could pounce any moment now," she observed, referring to the huge male tiger and lion standing on all fours flanking each side of the hearth.

"Meow," I said, just before picking her up and laying her back onto the woolly bear rug and kissing and nibbling every square inch of her delicious young body.

"Oh, you animal, you!" she giggled.

She had perfect skin and the most dramatic tan lines I'd ever seen. The lines on her breasts cut just above her areolas, dark brown on top and lily white below. Were it not for her succulent grape-size nipples, it would appear at a glance that she was wearing a white bikini top, for her tan was so much darker than her natural skin color, and the line so well defined.

She obviously tanned with her back strap undone, as her beautiful, smooth back arched from hip to shoulder with nary a tan line interruption. Simply delightful.

Pamela was not skinny, but she was far from fat. Very fleshy, with compound curves in all the right

places-big, round, firm breasts that stayed close together even when she lay flat on her back, a thin waistline, a full round plush butt, and you could see every muscle in her arms and legs when she moved, probably from her dancing lesson. As I said before, "voluptuously athletic" describes her best.

Having kissed and nibbled every bit of her body except her pussy, I spread her legs wide, she lying face up with her head propped on the back of the polar bear's. Oh my Lord! What a gorgeous pussy! Like the lips on her face, her labia were full and red and fleshy, her clit sticking out from its hood and actually a bit up, like a little erection, and the whole thing so wet that there was already a damp spot on the bear's fur.

I pulled her labia apart to look inside, releasing a wave of pussy juice that ran down onto her picture-perfect little pucker hole, then she vigorously pulled me up on top of her. "I wanna do all that stuff we saw in the film, but right now, I just need you inside me," she pleaded. My mouth was watering for her pussy, but I obliged.

I very, very slowly entered her. She wanted to look, too, so she propped herself up on her elbows and watched me gradually go in. About half way, I stopped and looked up across her fine, slim tummy, at the little folds of her belly button, then on up at her magnificent breasts. If any pussy felt better than this one, I sure can't remember it!

She tilted her head up and looked straight into my eyes, "Please, put it ALL the way in me, ALL...THE...WAY...IN." In one swift motion, I went in to the hilt, folding her big pussy lips inside, out of sight. Pamela made a sound that's hard to describe, though I'll never forget it. Kind of a whine that went up and down in volume but never ceased entirely. It reminded me of that sound you hear when trying to pick up a distant short-wave radio station, though distinctly a noise of extreme pleasure.

I've never heard such a sound come from a human before or since. I discovered that I could control her sounds quite predictably by varying the speed and angle of penetration. Her frequency would go way up when I cocked myself so that the top of my dick was rubbing against her clit, and I could elicit an ever faster-paced wavering noise the quicker I thrust in and out. Hitting her G-spot just so brought out sort of a looping sound immediately followed by something akin to static hiss.

Then there was her face, a beautiful woman already, as I nailed her she pursed her lips into a sweet little O and widened her eyes, just like that Marilyn look in her centerfold.

"Damn, this is fine," I growled.

"Isn't this fun? Just like the movie!" she responded, laughing.

I do dearly love to watch myself go in and out of a girl's pussy, and she seemed to like it just as much as me, yet every time I would look up into her lovely face, she would look straight into my eyes and keep her gaze there until I looked elsewhere. In fact, her eyes would precisely follow to whatever I was looking at-her left nipple, her right nipple, her cleavage. One time I even gazed over into the eyes of the lion, and, sure enough, Pamela was looking at the big old cat, too!

I had gradually picked up my speed to a medium fast fuck when, judging by her hip movements and the unique sounds, she was tuning in on Endless Orgasm. As we stared into each others' eyes, she grabbed my buns with both hands, sank her sharp nails in painfully deep, and began thrusting me in and out of her at a furiously fast pace. I flipped on my squelch ejaculation switch to keep from coming.

She plucked her fingers from the welts in my buns, grabbed her breasts, one in each hand, and squeezed them extra hard while twisting and pulling those grape-like nipples between thumbs and forefingers with

considerable force. Biting her lower lip, her moans tuned up to such a high pitch-almost beyond the range of human hearing-and stayed at that constant frequency so loud so long, that I would have definitely inserted ear plugs had they been available. Out of the corner of my eye, I thought I saw the baboon on the opposite wall cover its ears, but I think it was just my imagination.

She was coming, and her eyes were trained like two lasers into my pupils. Pamela's pussy was gushing juices and contorting so that it was all I could do to keep my mental lever forcefully on the squelch ejaculation switch. I didn't put a stop-watch on it, but I'd estimate she orgasmed for at least three, perhaps as much as five, minutes.

Well, over the next couple of hours, we did just about everything in that trophy room that we'd seen in the XXX film, many of which Pamela said she was doing for the first time. "Let's try that, what did you call it-flying fuck-that we saw. Oh, this is so much fun!" she would say. SHE was the real trophy in that room!

That polar bear rug made a great platform for fucking doggie, spoons and its variations, and girl-atop-guy, both facing forward and away. No matter what position we were in, her short-wave pleasure radio worked just fine in all of them.

At one point, we were in a 69 on the rug, with me on the bottom. The bear head made an excellent place to rest my own head and was at just the right height and angle to eat her luscious pussy with ease, and I was delighted that she enjoyed having her body devoured.

It was during that 69 that she sucked me for the first time that evening. The girl could suck a dick! I'm not sure if someone taught her, but, since she was learning so much about sex with me even though she was already 18, I'd say she was just a natural. Her big meaty mounds dangling down with their grapey nipples on my stomach just felt great as she noisily sucked and slurped my cock like a popsicle on a hot summer day.

Looking up at her ass and pussy from below and behind in the 69 was truly a sight to behold. The distinct tan lines on the bottom of her buns perfectly followed the creases between bun and leg, and seemed to me like arrows pointing at the best stuff: This way to pussy. And watching her thick lips and concave cheeks suck me by looking between her legs, across her wet pussy, and on between her bobbling breasts draped down was just a view to die for.

In the interest of giving her the maximum amount of pleasure for as long as possible, I had kept my do-not-come switch on so long that I was beginning to wonder whether I could ejaculate at all. I do not know if I can count as high as the number of times she came.

I twisted a fatty and fired it up, which obviously made her nervous. At first she said she did not partake, but halfway through it, I absent-mindedly passed it to her, and she finished it with me.

"I'm so thirsty!" she exclaimed. I was, too, and our glasses were empty, so she grabbed them and ran, completely naked, out the door and down the dark hall to get more beer. She was certainly a sight to behold, her big breasts bouncing up and down as she ran. I do love to see a fine-looking, girl run naked, and she was doubtless one fine looking, girl! She obviously didn't mind the group back in the XXX film room seeing her nude, as some of them were half-naked when we left anyway.

She was gone for several minutes, and I imagined I might be missing a full-fledged orgy going on in the other room. This fantasy quickly became so realistically probable and appealing that I decided to go down there to see just what was up.

But as I pushed open the door, Pamela finally appeared. "Everybody's gone. There's not a soul left here but us.

Pamela Zinszer

The keg's empty, but I was able to coax a little bit of brew out for us," handing me a half a beer with lots of foam on top. "Yeah, when the beer's gone, the party's generally over," I said, a bit disappointed there was no orgy actually in process.

"Well," she said, "Our party's not over. I want do that simultaneous blow-job/titty-fuck thingy they were doing in the film, and, you know, it's high time you come, too!" Pamela squealed cutely; I noticed she had no trouble with the words now.

I looked around and decided that the 15-foot Nile crocodile on the floor would be an excellent perch for this activity. After all, its open mouth had served well as an ashtray for the doob. She laughed when she saw where I was headed.

The croc's head was raised, so I sat on it backwards while she sat down on its flat back facing me, her soft, smooth vagina rubbing on its rough, knobby skin. His dry skin looked like it could use some emollient, and what could be better than Pamela's pussy juice?

I kissed her and worked my way down to her breasts, slobbering in her cleavage. She proceeded to lick and slobber all over my dick, then gobbled it down to its base, with just the right amount of suction, her long tongue swirling expertly as she up and downed my shaft with care.

With her chin on her chest, I was easily able to slide my cock between her firm young breasts and up into and out of her moist mouth as she squeezed her extra-lush breasts tightly together around me. I finally felt my load slowly but surely rising until, at last, I came, spewing spurt after spurt after spurt. Appropriate to the situation, I belted out my best Tarzan yell.

It had been a good while since I'd been with a woman, and my semen supply was at maximum. She tried to swallow it all but it was a lot to take in, so she gulped and swallowed and slurped with gusto. I slapped my cock on her writhing breasts, and rubbed its underside on the big grapes that were her nipples, having an ecstatic and long-lasting orgasm. The zebra on the wall seemed to be nodding approvingly.

The night went on this way; we pretty much covered the manual on creative positions and came up with a few of our own. I woke up around dawn by the pool, alone.

I struggled to clear my eyes, found my car, and went home.

I still keep Pam's centerfold on my wall.

Chapter 3: Pam seeks enlightenment pt 1

Pamela Zinszer had many admirable qualities. She was a nice girl. Actually a really very nice girl. She was terribly considerate and sweet. Nobody that met her failed to like and appreciate her. She just never had an ill word for anyone.

She was also really quite cheerful, buoyant, and friendly. She loved to meet people and make new friends. She was just so down-home, perky, and engaging.

Plus, it probably did help, especially with the guys, that she was really quite attractive. She had sultry eyes and wavy shoulder-length chestnut hair that she often brushed away from her eyes in a rather alluring, flirtatious manner. Her lips were luscious and moist, always a bit parted, showing her two front teeth, like she was just beginning to kiss someone. It made her look so adorable, so innocent. But, her most evident, and attractive, feature, that contrasted so mightily with her precious lips, were her humongous breasts. There was just no other way of describing it: Pamela was stacked. They were so large that one wondered if she might at times tip over, or least her back and shoulders must be tired by the end of the day.

She was not, though, at all self-conscious about them. On the contrary, she would thrust them out as she walked, and enjoyed wearing dresses, blouses, and sweaters that really accentuated their fullness, their bold presence. She would at times display her boobs like they were on parade, and then bask in the pleasure of all the smiles, grins, and expressions of appreciation she would receive from the men around her. What healthy girl wouldn't?

Pamela though would at times make some of the people around her self-conscious for her, even though she was not herself troubled by them. They were like two elephants in the room that nobody would fail to notice, yet would feel rather uncomfortable acknowledging. It just wasn't appropriate to say, "Wow, those really are big!" But, that was certainly the first thing that came to mind. Some girls were at times quite annoyed with her, with how she so audaciously displayed her humongous globes, but that was obviously just jealousy. They would do the same thing if theirs were comparably big, wouldn't they?

Pamela was not self-conscious in part for another reason. She wasn't terribly brilliant, and perhaps even a bit naive. She was certainly overly trusting credulous, and quite guileless.

Folks at back home would at times disapprove of the way she dressed, continually warning her about boys, about how they might take advantage of her, how she should dress more modestly so that she didn't get them excited. Pamela, though, would just say "pish posh." People can at times be really silly, if not downright stupid. They are certainly overprotective.

Pamela felt that she could take pretty good care of herself. In fact, she often had to expend little effort to get what she wanted or needed. She did get reasonably good grades in high school and it helped that most of her teachers were men. Men just always seemed to want to do her favors, to make life easier for her. Was that really her fault? Life just came easy for her. Why work hard if you don't have to?

But, Pamela was now 18 and it was time to move out on her own, to find her own way in the world. It was time to stop fooling around and to take life seriously.

Pamela therefore set out to pursue her life's path.

An immediate problem she faced though, as she walked the streets of Los Angeles, was that she had no idea what career that should be. What would be the optimal career for her to pursue? There were so many

Pamela Zinszer

possibilities: doctor, lawyer, scientist, professor, politician, architect. She just didn't know which to choose. Then there was the nice man from Playboy; he had offered her money just to take her clothes off and pose, something she would have done for free, silly man. She loved to be naked but she couldn't be naked all the time. When she had said she might pose for Playboy she was popped off by her family to a farm in Kansas to think things over; instead the sweet girl had gotten her cherry popped. Life was so confusing. Now she was back in Los Angeles, still thinking about posing for Playboy. She thought about that line from a movie she saw once, "To thy own self be true," but what was her true self the cute girl wondered, scrunching up her pretty face in a girlish approximation of a thoughtful expression.

As she wandered through Los Angeles Pamela wondered if she would ever find her true self, her true calling. Suddenly it appeared to be placed right before, right at her feet. Here she was, seeking her path in life and within an hour of walking the streets she came across a modest storefront above which was a large sign that read: "The Hari Guru Path to Enlightenment." What better place to seek one's path in life, one's true calling!

Pamela was so pleased, and excited. "Wow! There it is right there. It was right here in Los Angeles all the time and I didn't even know it." She strode in feeling bright and confident, her chest thrust out proudly.

The Guru's office was a little less than what she would have expected from the source for enlightenment. It wasn't like she was expecting to walk into the Taj Mahal, but she did expect that it would be at least as extravagant and impressive as the Ambassador Hotel lobby. She had really been impressed when she had stayed there once with her family.

There were lots of pictures of the Hari Guru along the wall, along with other traditional posters of India and Tibet. There was the smell of incense in the air, and a few potted plants. But, the trappings were really quite modest. The paneling was rather aged, and cheap to begin with. The upholstery of the waiting room chairs was worn and frayed. One was even quite stained. The carpeting was old and well-traveled, and it appeared that one of the plants really needed watering.

And, the Hari Guru didn't even appear to be there. Sitting behind what might pass as a receptionist's desk was a rather modest looking, thin, middle-aged man wearing glasses. His head was shaved. He was at least dressed for the occasion, wearing a traditional orange Buddhist monk's robe.

"Yes, yes, my dear, do not fear, please, please, come in." He spoke in a rather high-pitched voice, gesturing cheerfully for her to come forward as he got up from the desk and came around to greet her.

She noticed he was wearing sandals with socks. She guessed that would make sense. It could get awfully cold without socks, but she never wore socks with her sandals. "Yes, hello? I'm Pamela Zinszer." She asked inquisitively, "I'm here for enlightenment?"

"Oh yes, yes, yes, my dear." He spoke with a very strong Indian accent, but he actually didn't look at all Indian. He looked like he was from Ohio; however being from Ohio might in fact appear. "You have come to the right place, yes, please, please. We all seek enlightenment, do we not?"

"Well, golly, I guess so," Pamela replied enthusiastically.

"Yes, yes, excellent, my dear. Would you like to begin now?"

"Now?" Pamela was surprised at that. She figured that she would have to make an appointment, probably for weeks from now. Doctors won't see you for weeks, even months. Spiritual leaders should really be in as much demand, for what could really be more important than true enlightenment? But, it was true that there was actually nobody else there right now. "Well, I don't know. I'm not prepared or anything. Was I supposed to

read something first?"

The guru, if that's what he was, giggled with amusement. "Oh no, no, my child. We don't read to grow, we learn through our selves, our experiences. We listen and study experientially, existentially, phenomenologically."

Pamela had no idea what he meant, but she was glad about one thing. "Oh good! I don't want to be stuck with reading and studying, and all that."

"Oh, that is no problem, my dear. No problem at all. Please, please, take my hand, child, and I will show you the path to growth, to true knowledge."

"Oh my goodness," Pamela exclaimed, her heart all a flutter, realizing that she was in fact going to achieve enlightenment, and apparently right now!

The man led her by the hand to a side door into an adjoining room, explaining as he went that "It was my destiny to know, to help and to guide children like yourself." As he opened the door he turned to her to say, looking into her large sultry blue eyes, "You know, it was no accident that you came here, to me, Pamela."

"It wasn't?" She didn't know that.

"Oh no, no, my dear. We are all on a path, and that path is our destiny, our fate."

"Oh my goodness. I didn't know that." She was becoming enlightened already!

He led her through the door into the adjoining room, which again wasn't anything spectacular, but it was at least much better than the waiting room. The walls of this room were covered with Indian blankets and tapestries, all very colorful. And, when she looked up, she could see that the ceiling was draped as well with large, colorful tapestries. The ceiling light was itself covered with a diaphanous tapestry, providing the room with a bit of mysterious atmosphere. Plus, the carpeted floor was littered with many very large throw pillows and cushions, and the scent of incense was even stronger than in the waiting room. It was also quite strangely warm, perhaps even a bit uncomfortably warm. "Oh my goodness," Pamela exclaimed, duly impressed by her surroundings.

"Yes, yes," the guru responded knowingly. "In this chamber much will be learned, much will be discovered. This is the righteous path for you to follow in your spiritual advancement."

"Golly, I certainly hope so. I've been on a pretty rocky path so far."

"And where is this path taking you?"

"Well, I guess here, I s'pose." She hoped that was the right answer. She always hated it when a teacher asked her a question in class.

"No, no, no, I mean, to what stage of spiritual advancement have you reached?"

"Oh, I don't know. I've never really thought about it that way before." Frankly, she wasn't sure she had thought about it in any way. Well, that wasn't true was it? Of course she had thought about it. She wouldn't be here if she hadn't thought about it.

"Then, we must begin this very day. There are many stages toward spiritual knowledge. Each stage more

Pamela Zinszer

difficult than the one preceding. Many, many choose this path, but so very few complete the journey."

Pamela's eyes widened with concern and wonder. "Goodness, how many stages are there?"

The man clasped his hands before him, as he spoke with deep conviction. "There are none to see, and so many to discover; few to perceive, yet so many to surpass. All of them one step closer to true enlightenment."

"What? I don't get it."

"But, you shall. You will see. You will experience."

"Well, golly, I sure hope so! I really want to be enlightened!"

"Yes, yes, child, but we must also be patient. Complete true enlightenment will not arrive today. Any long journey begins with just the first step."

Pamela was impressed with that statement. It sounded so simple and straightforward, yet also so deep and profound. It could mean many different things, couldn't it? "Well, okay. Let's begin! What's my first step?" She was really anxious to get started.

"Well, yes, Pamela. Your enthusiasm is most admirable, most admirable indeed."

She grinned broadly and again thrust out her chest. She might not be the brightest bulb on the porch but she always did have lots and lots of enthusiasm.

The guru explained further. "A person must first unshackle herself, from the bonds and blinders of the material world, then and only then will you be truly enlightened. It's a very difficult path, but I can see that you want to enter this journey, and I know, in my heart, that you can succeed."

"Do you really think so?"

"Pamela, I have led many disciples down the road to enlightenment, and I have no doubt, that you are among those who will experience the glow, the light, the vision of personal nirvana."

"Gee whiz." She just realized that she didn't know her guru's name. What was she supposed to call him? Master? Leader?

The master began to undo the belt of his robe. "You will first relieve yourself of these material shackles. We shall travel the path of wisdom together. Please, let us shed our bodies of all worldly accouterments."

"Oh, my, are you sure? All of my jewelry and things?" She wasn't so sure about this, but she did remove her earrings, bracelet, and necklace, laying them carefully on one of the pillows on the floor.

"Absolutely, my dear. And even more than just the jewelry. You can not grow, you can not rise beyond yourself if you cling to your past, your social conventions, your bodily, worldly self. Cast them aside and rise above them," he said as he pulled the robe from his body and tossed it aside, standing before her entirely butt naked.

"Oh my goodness!" Pamela exclaimed. 'Well,' she thought. 'This must be why the room is so warm. But goodness, the master is completely stark naked!' "You took off your clothes!"

Pamela Zinszer

The master smiled patiently. "Yes, yes, please. Clothes are but an illusion, a shade drawn across our eyes, blinding us to our true selves. You must remove them to open your eyes."

Pamela though could not take her eyes off of the naked man, and most specifically his penis. She did have experience when it came to members of the opposite sex, especially after going to Kansas and learning how to ball. But, goodness, nobody had just taken their clothes off like this! At least the boys she had been with would first buy her dinner, take her to a movie, or something.

Of course, nakedness with boys had always been sexual. Pamela didn't really mind sex. She in fact liked it; actually, there were many times when she really did truly enjoy it, but she wouldn't admit to that, at least not out loud.

But, well, frankly, the male bodies she had seen previously were much more attractive than this man's. It wasn't that he was repugnant or anything like that. He looked to be in reasonably good shape and he wasn't terribly hairy or anything. But, he was rather skinny, and his penis was so small! But, she then realized that she was probably being very superficial. She admonished herself for focusing on the size of the penis of her master when clearly they were seeking a much more fulfilling and deeper meaning. She seriously doubted that size of penis is related to likelihood of true enlightenment.

The master strolled around behind Pamela to help with her zipper.

"Oh my," Pamela yipped, as she felt him work on her dress. "I just gotta say, um, Mr., um.... Master, I feel kind of funny about this. Are you really sure?"

He pulled the zipper all the way down to her bottom, to her panties, and helped her get her arms out of the sleeves.

"Oh, Pamela, I am very, very sure," he said, as he admired her pure white skin, and the pinkness of her panties peeking out from the opening in her dress. "And, please, you can call me Swami Ramadahamadhavananda Rahuleshwaranandji."

"What?" Pamela instinctively covered her brassiere and panties with her left and right hands, respectively, as she stepped out of her dress. Given that he was standing behind her, there didn't seem to be much purpose in covering herself in front, but she did feel a little less self-conscious by doing what she could to protect her modesty.

The Swami tossed her dress aside, as if it was of little worth or consideration. Pamela wasn't too happy about that. It was a new dress and she had worn it today to boost her confidence and perhaps provide her with good luck. She would have liked to have at least properly folded it.

The guru repeated his name, "Swami Ramadahamadhavananda Rahuleshwaranandji. But, you can just call me Swami, or Master."

"Oh, good!" That was a relief. There was no way she would be able to remember that name, let alone say it. "Oh my!" she exclaimed, as she felt the Master, the Swami, suddenly pull down her panties. He left them cluttered around her ankles.

The Swami smiled licentiously. This girl did have a very pretty bottom. Frankly, he was expecting her to be a bit chubby in the caboose, given how large she was in front. He found that most girls with really large breasts were a bit chunky, but apparently not this girl. She had a very wonderfully perky, petite bottom. It was just like a cute little apple, with a nice smooth, enticing crack down the center.

He considered those round cheeks to meditate on her lusciousness but that might lose at least the appearance of dispassionate objectivity and worldly disinterest. "Here," he said, "step out of your panties, dear."

"Yes sir, Mr. Swami," Pamela replied, her face reddening, her right hand clasped firmly over her exposed pussy. She knew that divestment of worldly apparel was an important first step to enlightenment but she couldn't help but feel it to be a bit awkward. After all, she hardly knew the Swami at all.

"Now," he added, in his high pitch Indian accent, "would you like some help with your brassiere as well?"

"No, no! No, I can do that myself."

The Swami moved around to stand in front of her. There was a much better view from there.

"Oh," Pamela exclaimed as she observed the Swami positioning himself right in front of her, his eyes fixed on her brassiere.

He shook his head in understanding amusement at Pamela's discomfort with exposing herself. Looking into her eyes he asserted, "Pamela, please, not to worry. I have no interest in your body. I have long left behind any such interest in base, primitive, animalistic urges. They are inconsequential to me, a triviality, a flea on the wall of life."

"Really? You don't like sex?" She remained standing with her panties still at her ankles, not yet making an effort at removing her brassiere, her hands still concentrating on trying to protect her modesty.

"Like? No, no, dear, please, it's not liking or disliking. If I didn't like I might like. Disliking is still living within the world, no better than liking," he explained as he helped Pamela step out of her panties. "I live beyond this realm. I see you, your self, your inner self, your inner beauty. Your body is inconsequential to me. I do not notice such things. They mean nothing to me, nothing at all," he affirmed as he briefly considered the lovely scent of Pamela's panties before tossing them in a direction other than her dress.

"Golly," Pamela said. She wasn't too sure that she would really like that, if it was in fact okay not to like something. But, at least right now it was reassuring that he wouldn't look at her, that way. It was kind of like visiting a doctor, when she thought of it. Although, some of her male doctors did seem to do more than doctor. She looked over at her panties and said softly, "Well, I should explain one thing. I mean, warn you about one thing."

The Swami stood back up and leaned forward, his face but inches away from her thrusting and humongous creamy pink globes, that were frankly not that well hidden by the slender arm and hand that was trying to cover them. "Yes, my dear? What is troubling you?"

"Well," her face reddened as she worked to get the courage to say. "It's just that I, well, it's just that I..." She said very softly, "I trimmed myself, down there." She shaved "down there" because she liked to wear bikinis and, well, guys seemed to like it trimmed. She also liked it herself. It made her look and feel cleaner, more wholesome and pure. But, she wasn't so sure that a spiritual man like the Swami would approve.

The Swami just giggled in that exaggerated high-pitched voice. "Yes, yes. Please, of no consequence. I shave entire body once! Please, please. We must proceed."

Pamela couldn't imagine shaving everywhere. With a deep breath that swelled her breasts further, she released her right hand from her pussy and together with the left hand reached back to unclasp her brassiere, causing

her breasts to rise up even further.

It was like two small pink creamy mountains rising up before his eyes, but what really attracted the eyes of the Swami was what the release of Pamela's right hand revealed. She was indeed trim and neat and it was a very fetching sight. Her pussy looked so innocent, so tantalizing sweet and exposed: very much like a fresh peach slit down the middle through which one could suck the girl's tart nectar. He had seen quite a few pussies in his time, but this one was a true delicacy to behold.

Pamela noticed where the Swami's eyes were looking, or perhaps even staring. For someone with no actual interest in her naked body, he did seem awfully interested in her exposed pussy. But, he wasn't developing an erection or anything. No guy standing naked before her as she undressed had managed to remain unaroused for this long. He did indeed appear to be existing on a different plane, or at least in a different world. That did make her feel more comfortable. She was again reminded of visiting a doctor. Imagine if the doctor developed an erection? At least the Swami was making it clear that he was not becoming excited. She unclasped her brassiere, slowly pulled down each strap off her shoulders and down her arms, holding the cups to her breasts, and then, when both straps were off her arms, she slowly pulled the cups away.

The Swami abruptly took the brassiere from her hand and casually tossed it aside.

He at least tossed it close to her panties, Pamela observed.

The Swami pondered Pamela's breasts. Her pussy had been most impressive, but these breasts could almost put her pussy to shame, if that was possible. Pamela's breasts were indeed quite a marvel to behold. They were so incredibly large. These were breasts that might in fact be too large for a Playboy centerfold. Yet, they would be pretty darned good as they held up really very, very well, especially for natural ones. The guys who were honored with this intimate knowledge and experience of their nakedness were invariably surprised to discover that they were in fact real. This is not to say that fake ones were unappealing. On the contrary, they really did have their own very special appeal. But, it was impressive that Pamela's stood up so well despite being natural and, if given the opportunity, one would discover that they are also really very soft and terribly wiggly. Big ones did appear to jiggle more.

But, rather than comment on what truly fantastic tits Pamela was displaying, he maintained his professional composure to say instead, "Very good, very good, Pamela. You have broken free from the world. Does it not feel good? Liberating?"

Pamela pondered the question. She just thought it felt kind of weird, standing there naked in front of a naked older man. Frankly, it would be terribly weird to have your doctor or your minister be naked with you. But, maybe feeling weird was common in the initial stages of personal growth. She tentatively nodded her head.

"Now, let's assume the position," the Swami instructed.

"The position?" Pamela asked. Whenever a guy said that to her it meant on her elbows and knees, bottom up, or on her back, knees pulled back, or perhaps bent over a desk, bottom up, legs spread. Or, actually, it could mean on her knees in front of him, if he wanted her to give him pleasure that way. But, the Swami didn't really mean that, did he? What was his favorite position?

"Yes, yes, dear," the Swami demonstrated, sitting down cross-legged on one of the large cushion pillows, facing her.

It was a rather awkward way to sit, but she had seen a few yogis and such sit this way on television or in the

movies. What was awkward about it is that it meant that her thighs would be spread very open. There was really nothing modest about it.

As she got down on the floor in front of him, her giant jugs wobbling and bobbling, she had to say, "I can't help but say, Mr. Swami, sir, that this is kind of embarrassing, a little." She first just knelt in front of him, her thighs closed, her hands again covering her breasts. All that wobbling as she got down onto her knees made her more aware, more conscious, of their naked exposure.

"Yes, yes. Everyone feels so the first time. But, this is your social self speaking, your self as object in planetary object world. You must live on a much deeper, a much higher plane of existence, one for which the trivial concerns of naked breasts and bottoms mean nothing. Please, do you now see my penis, dear? Do I seem at all troubled by its exposure? I do not live in the physical object world, Pamela, I live in the spiritual world, the spiritual sphere."

Pamela glanced at his penis. It was indeed still soft. However, she did feel a bit awkward looking at it. She wanted to see, to think of, her master as her spiritual leader, not as a guy with a naked penis between his thighs.

"Now, please, please, let us meditate on our true selves, our inner spiritual selves. Please, sit with me in traditional lotus position, sit with me, child; sit as I do."

Pamela reluctantly sat like her master, on her bottom, cross-legged, feet over thighs, thighs spread wide open. It was really quite awkward, on a number of levels, albeit not spiritual ones. It was actually quite difficult to get her feet over her thighs, but she was in pretty good shape and was able to eventually do it. It was though awkward in another way. Not only was her soft moist pussy now wide open for view, but with her thighs spread, her pussy was also spread open a bit as well. Her inner pussy was an aspect of her inner self that she was not entirely comfortable displaying to the Swami.

But, as the Swami said, he had risen beyond such base interests or worldly insecurities. He could care less about her moist inner pussy lips. She scolded herself for being so superficial. She really did have much to learn. She followed his lead and rested her hands, palms up, on her knees, her inner pussy glistening in the subtle light of the room.

"Very good, dear, very good. Now close your eyes and be mindful."

Pamela closed her eyes but she didn't understand what he meant. "Mindful?"

"Yes, yes. Erase everything from your mind. Everything of this world, think of nothing but Krishna. Your mind is now Ksipta: agitated, unable to listen, unable to remain quiet. You must reach Nirodha, free of all thoughts, silent, free."

"What?"

"Pamela, focus your mind on one thing, your breathing, perhaps, a mantra, if you wish."

Pamela tried, but her mind kept coming back to the fact that she was sitting there naked, her thighs spread open, her pussy fully exposed, her breasts just hanging out there. She opened her eyes and looked at the door. "Is that door locked? Nobody else is going to come in here, are they?" She just realized that she hadn't noticed him locking the door after they had entered the room, and virtually anyone could come off the street and simply walk in on them.

Pamela Zinszer

Swami Ramadahamadhavananda Rahuleshwaranandji realized that he did have a particularly difficult pupil. Everyone, of course, does have some difficulty with this, at least initially, but perhaps Pamela needed a bit more help. "Pamela, please, let me help you." He undid himself from the lotus position and knelt before her. "Please, child, close your eyes and allow your mind, free your mind, to focus on just one thing, one thing alone. Cast everything else aside, all the thoughts of your past, of this world, the world beyond that door, the world beyond this temple, the world out there in the street, and you will free yourself from its constraints, its strings, its trappings, its illusions."

"I'm trying but I just keep coming back to the fact that I'm, like, well, you know, all naked and everything."

"Ah yes, I see, I see." He certainly did see, and it was quite nice to see. But, he was not a professional Swami for nothing. "It is a Buddhist principle that when faced with boulder in path, do not try to push it out of the way, embrace it. When faced with adversity, do not fight it, accept it. You conquer through acceptance, not through fighting, not through struggle, but through embracing the obstacles in your path."

"What?"

"Here, let me show you. Let me demonstrate. Close your eyes and this time lace your fingers behind your head, in true yoga fashion."

Pamela did as he instructed. This position though was even more suggestive, because lifting her arms and clasping her hands behind her head provided a greater boost and prominence to what were already very prominently thrusting naked breasts.

The Swami paused to admire their beauty. It is a principle of mindfulness to be aware of the moment, not to dwell on the past or worry about the future, but to instead live with nature as it is currently experienced. And, before him now was a really very wonderful, true gem of nature: two lovely, humongous, white, luscious jugs. Actually, they were much bigger than any jugs he had seen. These were true melons, or even more accurately big luscious white snowy mountains, each capped by a patch of fertile red areola, upon which stood a couple of little look-out towers.

Like any man faced with such a treasure, the Swami was sorely tempted to simply dive in, to grab, hold, fondle, and squeeze them. In fact, these boobs were so big that they would be ideal for fucking: two true mountains of lusciously soft bouncy flesh pillows. It seemed you could in fact actually climb onto them and then fall deep within her cleavage, losing yourself in their warmth, becoming smothered by the enveloping, engulfing flesh. But, Ramadahamadhavananda Rahuleshwaranandji was indeed a Swami and he did live on a higher plane. At the moment, his interests were in the spiritual growth of Pamela, not in the base, pleasurable desires of his testicles.

"Pamela, there are many mystic zones of the human body through which spiritual enlightenment can be obtained, through which a mindful self-awareness can be cultivated and nurtured. Please, let me demonstrate." The Swami reached out and grasped Pamela's nipples between the thumbs and index fingers of each hand.

"Oh my goodness!" Pamela squealed, opening her eyes in shock.

"Please, child, please, close eyes. Eyes must remain closed for true mindful, focused attention."

"Yes sir," Pamela meekly replied, aware now only of the fact that her nipples were being squeezed and pinched by the Swami.

"Pamela, shall I suggest, that right now, you are aware of really only one thing: your nipples?"

"Well, yes, you're right. That's true."

"Yes, yes, see, your mind is focused. You are being mindful. You do not think of the past, you do not worry about the future," he explained, squeezing and pinching her little stiff nubs. "Yes, you are here, in this moment of time, in time, aware of this point, this moment of your existence, nothing else."

"Golly, that's true!" It was indeed quite true, and quite a revelation for Pamela. "I'm being mindful?"

"Oh yes, Pamela, yes you are, very mindful. You just need to discover and develop your mystic zones."

"Yes, yes, I see, Mr. Swami."

"Yes, yes, Pamela, one can see many things with one's eyes closed."

'Wow,' Pamela thought, 'that was so deep and wise. Seeing with your eyes closed!' She had never done that before. Yet, here she was doing precisely that, and it was only just her first session with the Master.

Continued in the next chapter

Chapter 4: Pam seeks enlightenment pt 2

Continued from previous chapter

"The body has many mystic zones, Pamela," the Swami explained as he let go of her nipples, which were now standing up rather stiff and tall. The normal man, the less than spiritual man, might be tempted to suck on them. They were certainly very inviting. But, the Swami was able to resist this superficial bodily temptation. Instead, he shifted his hands to cup each one of Pamela's bulbous boobs in the palms of his hands. They were far from a handful and, as he lifted up each one he was duly impressed by their weight. "And, what is in your mind now, Pamela, what are you mindful of now?"

Pamela almost opened her eyes, but this time she was able to exert better self-control, despite the surprise at feeling the hands of the Master cupping each of her naked breasts. She was aware of her heart racing a bit, but more aware of simply the Swami's hands holding her bosoms. "Well, golly, um, Master, it's your hands, holding my, my,"

"Yes, child, you must trust me. I am your guiding spirit. I have no desire, no interest, in the body. I am only demonstrating to you the power of mindfulness, of spiritual awareness. With but one small gesture on my part, simply through my modest hands your mind is now elsewhere, but yet again focused." He began to squeeze, fondle, and explore those lusciously large soft globular milk pillows. It was truly a lot to explore, a lot of flesh to cover, and he devoted himself religiously to the task.

"Is your mind now focused, child? Have you not forgotten your past, your future, is it not focused now on the present moment, this place and time of your being-in-the-world?"

"Oh yes, Swami, it is," Pamela gasped. He was again very, very correct. He did appear to be a very wise and learned man. All that Pamela was noticing now was the feel of his hands exploring her breasts, squeezing here, fondling there, occasionally returning to her original mystic zone, her nipples, to give them a nurturing squeeze, flicker, or pinch.

Many a man had explored her breasts before, and many more than them had wanted to. But, never before had the fondling, caressing, and feeling, if not grabbing, fumbling, groping, or grappling, been so spiritual, so deeply existential. She could feel the realization of her self, her transcendence, developing and growing within her, and it in fact really felt quite nice, quite wonderful, quite exciting. "Oh Swami," she exclaimed, "I think I'm beginning to transcend."

"Yes, yes, child, I can see, I can feel you are." The Swami had transcended as well, for now his cock was stiff as a steel rod, poking up and out from him like a cobra mesmerized by a snake charmer, but this cobra was rising not because of a hypnotizing Hindu melody, but by the entrancing jugs of Pamela Zinszer. Exploring breasts like Pamela's will have that effect. The Swami was a spiritual leader, but he was also a healthy male. He got up from his knees and stood before her, his erect dick only a few inches from her eyes.

"Child, here, let me show you. Open your eyes and you shall see more, you shall grow further."

Pamela wondered what it was she was about to see. She felt she had seen so much with them closed. And, she was quite terribly shocked when she opened them. "Oh my gracious goodness, Mr. Swami!" The Swami had apparently grown quite a bit himself. "Your penis! It's all stiff and hard!"

The Swami though just giggled at the girl's youth, her inexperience, her child-like naivete. "Yes, Pamela, it is, yes, indeed! Notice I have erected my penis simply through the power of my will, my spirit."

"Oh my, you sure have!"

"Yes, yes, a Swami must train his body to do many things, to respond on command irrespective of where he is, in what context, on what plane he currently exists. This all comes with transcendence, with enlightenment."

Pamela's eyes were transfixed at the sight, which was frankly very difficult to ignore, as the red swollen bulb seemed to be aiming right for her eyes, like the cobra was now ready to spit, and what it would spray would hit her right on her face and into her eyes, just like a real cobra. She instinctively regressed to the bodily world and once again covered her breasts and pussy with her hands, as best she could. The covering of her breasts was though so terribly feeble and ineffective. There was just so much territory to hide. The effort only made her look more provocative, more enticing, as the hands only made it even clearer that what she was ineffectively hiding was quite inappropriately provocative and revealing.

The Swami giggled again. "No, no, child, do not be deceived, do not be ignorant. I have done this without any material desire whatsoever. It is only how I have now, through my transcendent karma, have transformed my bodily state into another form, another mystic plane."

Pamela wondered if perhaps she might ask him to transform it back into its flaccid mystic state, but she really couldn't question a Swami regarding such matters, and certainly not during her very first lesson. But, goodness, it was rather disconcerting. "Well, golly, I don't know. Are you sure about all this?"

"Yes, yes," he responded, smiling patiently at the young, innocent, fresh, and confused neophyte. "It is not me. I am beyond such matters, such desires. A swami can transform his body in many ways. He can sleep on nails, walk on hot coals. None of this means anything to him. Please, please, see for yourself, go ahead and touch it, feel for yourself."

"Feel it?"

"Yes, yes, my child. It will not bite you." He giggled, as if he had just made a joke. "I will not respond. I am past such worldly, base reactions. Come, come, child, place your hands on this mystic zone."

"Well, okay, if you say so." Pamela reluctantly, cautiously, and with considerable skepticism, removed her hand from her pussy and reached out to grasp hold of the Swami's stiff, hard, erect dick and, he was indeed correct. It was as stony as a steel rod. "Wow, that's really amazing, Swami. It really does feel all hard and stiff, and everything, like it really is a, well, um..." She added quietly, "an erection."

"Yes, of course, child. I am have complete control of my body. And, with my training, someday you shall as well."

Pamela tore her eyes away from what seemed to her to be an erection to look into the Swami's face as she continued to feel and fondle the Swami's mystic zone. He did appear to have a point. He was not displaying any visible reaction that she could discern. His face did not change expression. There was no deep sigh of pleasure, no blissful grin on his face. He did not react to her touch like many other guys had previously done. He in fact seemed quite indifferent to it.

She tried stroking it like she was jerking him off, trying to detect some form of reaction in him. She smiled to herself. It was kind of like trying to distract one of those guards at the Buckingham Palace. She wondered how one of them would react to having his erection fondled and stroked like she was doing now. She never had a guy who wouldn't react to her sensuous finger flirtations, but apparently she had indeed met her match. The Swami just smiled with this all-knowing grin.

Still, she said, "It sure does though feel like an erect...um, penis."

"Yes, yes. Life is full of illusions, my dear. The physical world is full of deception, apparitions, and beguilements. This is but one of many you will discover as you walk the path to enlightenment. Use both on hands on, what would you call this? What did you call it?"

"An erect penis?" Pamela asked.

"Yes, yes. What else have you called it?"

"Oh golly," Pamela answered, not wanting to share that with him. She did at times talk dirty with guys. Some of them seemed to like that. But somehow speaking like that didn't seem right with a spiritual leader. "I don't think I can do that, Mr. Swami."

"Pamela, please, they are just words. Words have only the meanings your social world has prescribed for them. They are but waves of sound drifting through space. They have no meaning to me."

Pamela had a sudden epiphany. "You mean like when a tree falls in the forest and nobody can hear it?"

"Yes, yes, Pamela. You are learning. You are becoming wise before your years."

Pamela was so pleased and proud. "Cock! I like to call it a big hard stiff cock," she gleefully offered, now more comfortably and explicitly stroking the shaft up and down its length.

"Yes, yes, more, Pamela. I am indifferent. Sticks and stones, Pamela, sticks and stones."

She knew what that meant. She remembered hearing that as a little girl. "And, dick. I like to call it a stiff hard dick too."

"Yes, but please, please, do use your other hand as well, child. Use both hands. Pretend like you are actually trying to make this stiff hard cock and dick all excited."

"Yes, sir," Pamela replied. She removed her other hand from her breasts and brought it into the action: stroking him with both hands, at times using one hand to tickle, caress, and fondle the smooth swollen purple bulb, at times using another hand to softly cup, hold, and caress his hanging balls, all the while talking about his cock in various ways. "Yes, sometimes I like to talk about it like it's a stiffie or a boner, you know, kind of teasing him, like, 'Golly, gee whiz, Mr. Swami, you have such a big hard boner. I've never seen a boner so big and hard before!'"

"Yes, that's good, child, very good," the Swami replied, his eyes fixed on how Pamela's humongous boobs were bobbling and wiggling so mightily as she worked so frenetically on his cock. She was now stroking it with substantial vigor, as if she was trying to make the Swami come, but knowing full well that there was really no possibility of that actually happening. This was one of the best handjobs the Swami had ever received. Pamela was indeed an excellent student of yoga and meditation.

All the while Pamela continued to say dirty and obscene things. "Oh Swami, your cock is so fucking hard, so big and stiff and swollen. I don't think I've ever seen such a scary cock before." She looked up at him with her innocent, pleading, blue eyes and asked, "Please, Mr. Swami, won't you please shoot your hot sticky stuff all over me?"

But, the Swami stepped back, literally wrenching his stiff cock from her hands. "No, no child."

Pamela felt bad. She realized that she had gotten a little carried away, forgetting where she was, what she was doing, and why she was doing it. Of course he wasn't going to actually do that! She felt bad for suggesting or implying that such a thing might in fact happen. She put a hand to her mouth in embarrassment. "Oh gosh, Master, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry."

"No, no child, do not apologize. You were in fact being very mindful. You were in the moment, forgetting where you were, what you were doing, and why you were doing it. You were being very mindful indeed. You were just being, being-in-the-world."

"Really?" She felt so much better. She had felt like she was just jerking him off onto her face when in fact she was actually being-in-the-world? She really did have a lot to learn.

"Yes, child, yes. Let us now assume a new yoga position."

"Sure!" Pamela was now quite eager to learn more, feeling in fact rather excited and exhilarated.

"Yes, yes, good, child. Please, assume the Bhujangasana position."

"The what?"

"Cobra. It's also called the cobra yoga position."

She knew she probably should have done some reading before this first lesson. She had asked him about that, and didn't really appreciate feeling embarrassed about not knowing the Cobra position. She knew lots of positions, but not the cobra. "Golly, Swami, I know the doggie but not the cobra."

"Pamela. I'm so sorry. Of course, of course. You were making such rapid progress that, for a moment, I forgot this was in fact just your first lesson! You seem so farther along than most."

Pamela felt better again and smiled. "Golly, Swami," she replied, her face reddening at the compliment.

"Bhujangasana, or Cobra, is a hatha yoga position in which you lie prone on the floor, on your tummy and place your hands on the floor beside your pectoral muscles."

"My what?" She really didn't do that well in biology, and besides, that did sound like something only guys had.

"Your breasts, my dear, your breasts."

"Oh yes, I see," she replied.

"Now, place the hands, palms down, under the shoulders on the floor. Inhaling, without lifting your navel from the floor, raise your chest, your breasts, and head, arching your back. Obtain as complete a stretching of the body as possible."

Pamela followed his instruction.

"Now, be sure to press the tops of the feet and thighs and the pubis firmly into the floor."

"The what?"

"Your sweet little pussy, dear," he clarified.

Pamela blushed. It did seem odd for her Master to refer to it that way, but she had to admit it was then easier for her to understand what he was saying. It also seemed like an odd thing to do, but it did feel nice to be finally hiding her "pussy" from view.

"Now, on an inhalation straighten your arms to lift your chest off the floor, going only to the height at which you can maintain a connection through your pussy to your legs. Press the tailbone toward the pussy and lift the pussy toward the navel. Narrow the hip points. Firm, but don't harden the buttocks."

'Goodness,' Pamela thought, 'that was all a bit complicated.' But, the Swami helped to position her as precisely as possible, shifting a thigh here, a buttocks there, all the while his erect cock was poking out from him, often bumping into an arm here, a cheek there, and once even a boob. She was so relieved to know that it didn't have anything to do with sex.

In the end it was a good position for stretching the back. She did have to admit that.

"Yes, see, yes, very good," he observed in his exaggerated Indian accent, "it looks like the raising of the head of the Cobra."

Pamela didn't know about any snake's head, but it did seem to present her boobs in a rather incongruous position, jutting them out but hanging them out as well, easily swinging and swaying before her.

"Now, I will complete this position with my complementary Grass Snake position." The Swami got up on his feet to stand before her.

Pamela wondered what the position for a Grass Snake would be.

"Yes, yes. I will stand here, in front of the cobra. I must get very close to cobra." He moved up closer and closer until the head of his cock was just an inch from Pamela's lips. "Yes, Pamela, very very good. Now open your mouth and we will complete the yoga position."

"Open my mouth?" Her mouth was in fact already a bit open, in surprise and disbelief. It was like when she saw her first erect cock. She had seen quite a few since then, but not one on a spiritual leader, guiding her to transcendent growth. She really hadn't expected the path to self-enlightenment to involve having an erect cock in her mouth. Still, as he said, this was simply an illusion of the body world. This world was such a strange and confusing place. She opened her mouth.

"Yes, very, very good dear. Now close your eyes."

Pamela did so, feeling a bit vulnerable, wondering what he might do.

The Swami smiled down at his protégé, his student, her face dutifully, receptively, submissively raised up to him in the Cobra yoga position, her mouth now open, waiting for him to insert his cock within her mouth. She was so darned pretty, with such wonderfully kissable lips, such rosy red cheeks, such beautifully symmetrical features. She was indeed one of the best apprentices he had seen in years.

The Swami slid his cock inside the young lady's warm wet mouth. "Now, Pamela, close your lips, be silent and be one with the world, with nature, with peace, your true inner self. End all thoughts, all feelings, and just

be with Cobra and Snake in Grass."

Pamela tried, but it sure was difficult. She could swear that the Swami's stiff dick was in her mouth. Which it was, but she tried not to think of it as a cock. But, how do you ignore something like that? Plus, his crotch hair was kind of ticklish, and the more she tried to ignore it the more it seemed to tickle and itch her nose.

The Swami, though, was not inconsiderate. She was after all a novice to yoga. He grasped her head in his hands and helped her to hold it still as he slowly drew his cock in and out of her mouth, humming and uttering phrases that were all unintelligible to Pamela.

"Aum sahanaavavatu, Sahanau bhunaktu" he said as he slid his cock into her mouth, "Saha viiryan karavaavahai" he hummed as he pulled his cock out, "Tejasvi naavadhiitamastu" he said as he pushed it back in, and "Maa vidvishhaavahai" he finished as he pulled it back out. He kept repeating this mantra over and over and over as he very slowly, very gradually, very sensually, pushed his dick in and pulled it out of her mouth, never actually fully removing his cock, always stopping when it was just about to separate from her lips, always pausing there to let her lips rest against the round plum of his cock, as if she was actually kissing it, and then slowly pushing it back in.

Pamela kept her eyes closed, trying her best to be one with the world, one with nature and peace, and with, with, what else did he say? She knew she shouldn't ask him, and really couldn't with this mystic zone in her mouth. She did though feel an urge to at least bring her tongue into this yoga exercise.

The Swami spoke softly, "Now, Pamela, raise up your tongue, like the cobra, and meet my mystic zone with your tongue."

Well, that made her feel better. She had apparently anticipated the next yoga exercise. She did as she was instructed, licking his mystic zone as he slowly, sensually drew it in and out of her mouth.

He did now, though, at least translate his mantra for her. "Yes, child, may both of us be protected together, may both of us be nourished together," as his cock slid in. "May both of us work together with great vigor," as his cock slid out. "May both of us study to be enlightening," as his cock moved in. "May no obstacle arise between the two of us," as his cock slid out. He continued to say this, over and over and over, as he softly, slowly fucked her mouth while she worked on his stiff dick with her tongue, focusing in particular, whenever she had the chance, on the underside of the crown where she knew he would be most sensitive. She knew that guys especially liked it when she did that.

The Swami though appeared to be immune, exempt, invulnerable, to the ministrations of her tongue. She didn't know what to think of that. By now, the boys, the men, she had nibbled on before would have been weak in the knees, begging her to bring them off, to let them explode into her mouth or onto her face, or to at least be able to fuck her up the cunt. But, the Swami was entirely silent, other than the monotone sound of his mantra, which she now understood as their mantra, for their snake lotus coupling.

She concentrated on the Swami's voice, as she did his dick.

The Swami did eventually stop his mantra and he slowly extracted his cock.

Pamela dutifully kept still, her eyes closed, albeit feeling a little self-conscious over the fact that she could feel a bit of spittle hanging from her lip and chin, her breasts now heaving with excitement as they hung before her.

The Swami again admired her features, her prettiness, her allure, which appeared all the more enticing with

Pamela Zinszer

his cock still connected to that lovely mouth by a strand of wet spittle.

The Swami spoke very softly. "Now, Pamela, very slowly, lower yourself fully to the ground."

It wasn't really ground as she was lying across a large throw pillow.

"I will now teach you the next yoga position, the Adho Mukha Svanasana."

She had no idea, of course, what that meant, but she knew he would helpfully explain each step. He instructed, "Set your knees directly below your hips and your hands slightly forward of your shoulders. Spread your palms, index fingers parallel or slightly turned out, and turn your toes under."

It was quite a bit of detail, but apparently that was important.

"Exhale and lift your knees away from the floor. At first keep your knees slightly bent and the heels lifted away from the floor. Yes, yes, very good, Pamela." The Swami changed position to get behind her. It was a better angle to instruct. "Lengthen your tailbone away from the back of your pelvis and press it lightly toward the pussy. Very good, Pamela," he instructed, although helping her a bit as well, placing his hands on her buttocks to direct her. "Against this resistance, lift the sitting bones toward the ceiling, and from your inner ankles draw the inner legs up into the groin."

His instruction remained confusing, but he continued to help her through by pushing her bottom here, shifting her breasts there.

"Then with an exhalation, push your top thighs back and stretch your heels onto or down toward the floor. Straighten your knees now but be sure not to lock them. Firm the outer thighs and roll the upper thighs inward slightly. Narrow the front of the pelvis. Yes, yes, very, very good."

Pamela had never been in this position before. It was very much like a doggie position, for another activity, but she was now on her feet and hands rather than her knees and elbows, which made it a bit more difficult to maintain her balance, nor did it help that her bounding breasts were hanging down in all their bulbous glory, bobbling and wiggling left and right, further challenging her balance. What was consistent with traditional doggy though was what was most important: her bottom was sticking well up in the air.

"Yes, Pamela, very good, very natural, very excellent Adho Mukha Svanasana. This position also called 'Downward facing dog.'"

'Well,' thought Pamela, 'that name now made very good sense.' Apparently yoga positions aren't too terribly different from sexual positions. Well, at least this did feel really darned sexual with her bottom sticking up so high. Frankly, her bottom wasn't even this high in the doggie position!

This alternative perspective on Adho Mukha Svanasana was also not lost on the Swami. He had in particular a rather nice perspective. The position was really providing to the person standing behind her a very open view of the puckered lips of Pamela's anus and the peach slit of her cunt. It was really very, very suggestive, to say the least.

And, it was perhaps even more submissive than the doggie position with the girl's balance now more tentative being on her feet and hands, spread forward and back quite a bit of distance. The Swami tapped Pamela's inner thighs to encourage her to spread her legs out a bit wider, providing her with an improved stance to better hold her position, but also providing him an even more open view of her cunt, as well as giving him some room to get in between her legs.

"Now," the Swami explained, "I will teach you your first lesson in spiritual awareness. You will soar above your bodily senses and fly as a dove among the clouds, far above the earthly world. Would that be to your satisfaction, my dear?"

"Oh yes, Swami, sir, that would be very nice indeed."

"Yes, yes. Now, pupil, concentrate on your feelings, your sensations, focus your mind on what you feel in the here and now. Do not be distracted by your past, by what others have said, by what your parents believe, by what your worldly blinded high school teachers may have taught you. Close your eyes and just feel yourself be."

"Yes sir, Swami, sir," Pamela replied. She just couldn't quite become certain how exactly to refer to her Master, her Swami. She did though obey him implicitly and closed her eyes, trying to clean her mind of everything in the past, everything that was and might be, and just be in the present.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, her eyes opening up as she felt what was in the present, what was presently in a most personal spot. The Swami was apparently exploring her pussy as she was exploring her inner self.

"Mr. Swami?"

"Trust me, Pamela," the Swami instructed. "Close your eyes young child and let yourself be."

Pamela briefly wondered if that was in fact a Beatles song, or was that let it be me, or something like that. 'Oops,' she realized. She was in the past, exploring her past, she must stay in the present, focusing her mind, her attention on the here and now. "Is that another magical zone?" she inquired.

"Mystical zone, dear, yes, yes, child, very special here, very powerful for self-transcendence. Let your most special mystic zones guide you to growth, to awareness."

Pamela tried to do that, but all that she was feeling was an increasing sexual arousal as the Swami continued to slide his fingers up and down her slit, as if he was caressing them, at times even stopping at her clit to softly squeeze it, to even pinch it a bit, to massage it around and around and around, whispering, "very mystic, yes, Pamela, feel the force within you building, your psychic energy growing, and growing, and growing."

"Oh my," Pamela exclaimed, "Swami, I think I can feel it." She wasn't entirely sure what she felt. There was an increasing sense of excitement. Her heart rate was accelerating, her breathing as well, an increasing warmth growing within her loins, moisture developing on her pussy. Her face flushed with embarrassment as she realized that she was in fact getting wetter and wetter. The Swami would most certainly notice it and probably figure she was getting sexually aroused. It did sure feel like that. She wondered if she was doing this wrong.

The Swami noticed her increasing moisture, and he worked her feminine fluids throughout her pussy, using her moisture to lubricate her flesh, her clit, to make his caressing, his massaging, even more sensually pleasurable.

"Oh my goodness, Swami," Pamela gasped.

"Yes, yes, Pamela, I can feel your growing transcendence. Do you not feel aware, Pamela? Do you not feel it growing and building?"

Pamela Zinszer

"Well, golly yes, Mr. Swami. Oh my!" she squealed when she felt him pinching her clitoris. "Are you sure this is the way?"

"Oh yes, Pamela, I am very sure, very, very sure," he responded, slipping a finger up inside her cunt, which wasn't at all difficult given how swollen, wet, and aroused she had become.

"Oh Mr. Swami, please!" Pamela pleaded, but it wasn't clear whether she was pleading for him to stop or to diddle her even harder. She felt so confused, and it was such a rather awkward way for her to be masturbated, on her hands and feet like this, all spread out and poking up, but its obscene exposure was also terribly erotic.

Pamela had seen how the Swami had transcended such feelings, not really responding to her hand, or to even her mouth, remaining so above and beyond it all, so far out there within the mystic plane, yet she seemed to be primarily becoming just lustfully aroused. She even began to slowly twist, turn, and gyrate her hips, grinding her pussy against the Swami's finger as it slowly fucked in and out of her cunt.

The Swami though was very reassuring, which was so helpful to hear. "Yes, very good, Pamela, very good response. You are learning this position very quickly. Wiggle and squirm your buttocks. This is most helpful for enlightened yoga exercise." He worked his finger around and around inside her cunt, twirling it, screwing it, twisting and bending it in all sorts of positions, as Pamela did likewise in a complementary fashion with her bottom.

"Is this right?" Pamela gasped, wanting to be sure that she wasn't just fucking his finger and in a rather grossly obscene manner at that.

"Yes, yes, very good, Pamela, excellent dharma."

It is said that a true Swami can assume many yoga positions. Swami Radhamadhavananda Rahuleshwaranandj was a master with his finger, particularly when it slipped up inside a pupil's cunt, and the Swami's expertise was having a very clear and real affect on Pamela.

And, Pamela was indeed terribly, terribly impressed. She had never been diddled this way before. She wanted more. She wanted lots, lots more. She wanted to squat down onto the Swami's finger, and perhaps, no definitely, on more than just one. She wanted to pump her cunt onto two or three or four of his fingers while perhaps he, or she, massaged her nub. "Oh Swami," she moaned, obscenely thrusting her cunt on and off his finger, the room now filled with the lewd noises of her wet, squirting, slushing cunt.

The Swami, being sensitive to the emergent states of being of his pupils, withdrew his finger. He knew that few could take his fingering for long and, besides, he wanted to take her farther. He wanted to provide her with more than just his finger.

"Oh Mr. Swami!" Pamela gasped as she felt her cunt emptied of the Swamis magically, mystically squirming finger.

"Pamela," the Swami announced, "your past is behind you and your future is now behind you."

Pamela had no idea what he meant by that but, then again, her mind was now just a cloud of confusion and lust. "Yes, Mr. Swami," she gasped, "my future is behind me."

"Pamela, this staff of knowledge is before and behind you. You must absorb it inside you. Are you ready to receive the staff of knowledge, of growth, of wisdom."

"Oh yes, yes, Mr. Swami, please, I am ready. I know I am. I can feel how ready I am deep inside me, inside my true inner self and being."

She did appear to be getting the hang of it. "Excellent, Pamela, very good. I can see that you have already broken from the constraints, the conventions, the foolish and blind trivialities of your worldly past, leaving them behind you and entering the new world as your true self."

"Yes, yes I am, Swami, please give me the staff of knowledge," and she did her best to obscenely arch her back, trying to make her position even more receptive, her willingness and desire clearer.

The Swami took his position in between Pamela's thighs and with one quick, deft motion, slid his hard stiff dick up inside the young lady's smoldering, steaming, hot, dripping cunt.

The Swami explained. "This is the cosmic dance, Pamela, of Adho Mukha Svanasana." He repeated their earlier mantra as he thrust his dick in and out of Pamela's cunt. "Aum sahanaavavatu, Sahanau bhunaktu" he said as he plunged his cock deep into her cunt, "Saha viiryan karavaavahai" he hummed as he pulled his dick out, "Tejasvi naavadhiitamastu" he said as he pushed it back in, and "Maa vidvishhaavahai," as he pulled it back out.

"Oh Swami Master!" Pamela loudly exclaimed, her head feeling faint, her legs feeling weak, her mind so very confused, wondering how she could possibly maintain Adho Mukha Svanasana when the staff of knowledge was thrusting in and out of her cunt, nor did it help that her breasts were now slapping against her face with each inward plunge of the Swami's staff, further upsetting her balance.

The Swami though helped Pamela maintain her balance by grasping her perky bottom cheeks with his hands, but also taking that opportunity to spread them open so he could see better down inside that personal, intimate valley. "Pamela, yes, open yourself up, reveal your inner self," he instructed as he contemplated Pamela's rosebud.

Pamela didn't know what he meant. It was not really an opportune time for her to contemplate much of anything, other than the here and now, her immediate being, but she did feel that she was already pretty darned opened up, through which the Swami was now thrusting, plunging, and driving his cock.

But, not surprisingly, she quickly learned that she could open further, as her Master plunged a finger down into her butt hole, now driving a finger in and out of her butt, as his dick did likewise to her cunt, at times popping his finger out like a cork, briefly leaving her ass hole gaping, thereby indeed opening herself even further, revealing that deep, dark, inner self.

The Swami could feel himself getting very close to exploding his load and he pumped and thrust Pamela's cunt even more fervently, more frenetically.

Pamela's pussy began to quiver. She could feel herself getting there, but she wasn't sure exactly where that was. Was it enlightenment? She returned her master's thrusts with her own, gyrating her hips and grinding her cunt against his cock.

The Swami said, revealing a bit of breathlessness, "Child, I will now reveal for you one final demonstration of mystical enlightenment."

"Oh Swami," Pamela gasped. She wasn't sure that she could handle much more truth than this.

"You must receive the elixir from the vesicles of wisdom."

"Oh, yes," Pamela moaned, feeling her heart racing, her body trembling. She really didn't think she could keep her balance, her wits, much longer. "Yes, yes, please give it to me."

With a loud slushing noise, the Swami wrenched his cock from Pamela's cunt. "Turn and face me, child, and receive the elixir."

Pamela groaned with frustration, bemoaning the loss of the cock within her cunt. She had been so, so close, but apparently that would not be her enlightenment and, of course, it shouldn't be. That would just be an orgasm. She was about to receive much, much more and she gladly shifted her body around to receive her ablation.

But, when she faced the Swami all she saw was his cock, which looked on the verge of erupting. The head looked so brightly purple, so inflamed. She asked with some incredulity, some doubt, "You're going to come on my face?"

"Oh no, no, Pamela, I will not, as you so crassly describe it, 'come on your face,'" he explained, stroking his cock with his hand to keep himself primed and pumped. "This will not be a bodily ejaculation. This will be an anointment, a sanctification, a consecration. I will feel nothing myself. I gain no pleasure from this. The pleasure will be all yours, the enlightenment will all be yours," he instructed, as he aimed his cock at her innocent, concerned eyes. "Here now, receive it," he gasped as his dick ejaculated its load.

Pamela closed her eyes, rested her hands on her knees, and tilted back her head, her face, to more fully receive the anointment of the Swami's potion.

The first wad splatted right on the tip of her nose. If there was one thing the Swami was good at it was bodily control, and aim. In fact, he let go of his cock to simply watch it jerk and twitch as it fired round after round of sticky wet slop all over the girl's face. It was like it had a mind of its own, and one that recognized the importance of providing an even distribution of sperm.

Pamela gasped, "Oh yes, yes, I feel it, Mr. Swami, it's everywhere!"

"It's everything," the Swami gasped through the climax sweeping and coursing through his body. "It's the totality...the wonder...the truth," he ejaculated, after each ejaculation of seed was released onto the girl's face.

"I'm one with the world!" Pamela squealed as she felt her face becoming so thoroughly drenched and swamped with the Swami's elixir. It felt so warm, so inundating, so fulfilling. It seemed terribly close to having a guy come all over her face, but she knew it was much more than just that, and she basked in the delight, the pleasure of feeling her face so thoroughly drenched, doused, and plastered.

The Swami enjoyed it as well. Pamela was such a pretty girl, with her rosy red cheeks, perky little nose, sultry blue eyes, and pursed red lips, all of which was now being splattered with globs and ropes of sperm, which made her appear even more wonderfully enchanting and engaging. She was even smiling blissfully through the rain of seed, clearly so very delighted in being awash with his sloppy, sticky spunk.

When the Swami appeared to be finished Pamela sighed with deep pleasure, and satisfaction. One particularly big glob of potion was right on the tip of her lips, like it was kissing her. She slipped her tongue out and brought it inside. It sure did taste like a guy's sperm. Well then, all the better.

She reached up with a hand to scoop some of it away, particularly the stuff that was covering her left eye.

"Oh no, no, my dear," the Swami intoned. "You mustn't disturb it. For its true benefit you must let it naturally dissipate on its own. It is really very prophylactic and medicinal. You will not be ill for many days."

"Oh, my, well, okay...I guess," Pamela responded, feeling a little funny about that. She imagined that the Swami's elixir might also look quite a bit like a man's sperm and she wasn't so sure about wearing anything like that out in public.

Plus, it was rather difficult getting her clothes back on with the stuff all over her face, at times dripping down onto a boob, then a brassiere, and then her dress. She at least was able to comfortably open her right eye. That did help quite a bit.

The Swami though was not himself particularly helpful. He had resumed his lotus position, resuming his meditation. Pamela found the way he seemed to be staring at her quite disconcerting. It was like she was dressing but he was mentally trying to undress her at the same time, fighting her every move. But, that, of course, was just silly as he had just seen her completely undressed and, besides, he just wasn't interested in things like that.

When she was ready to go she asked, much of his sperm still plastered across her face, "Um, well, is that it? I mean, well, should I, can I, come back for more lessons?"

The Swami smiled reassuringly. "Of course, my dear, but next time please bring donation, twenty-five percent of your salary would be nice, just twenty-five percent."

Twenty-five percent was not very much. That would still leave her with, um, 75%. That was way more than half of it. However, there was a problem. "But, I don't have a job, Mr. Swami."

The Swami looked surprised, and concerned. "No job?! No job?!" He exclaimed in his exaggerated Indian accent. "Oh, my goodness, dear, you must generate an income." He got up from his position, donned his robe, and led her back into the waiting room. "Yes, my dear, spiritual enlightenment isn't a free lunch. Great sacrifices must be made."

"Well, I was going to let Playboy take pictures of my, um, my earthly vessel? Would that be OK?"

"Yes, well, for your enlightenment yes; pose and cash the check and bringâno, better yet: you will bring me to the Mansion and I can share enlightenment with the other bunnies."

"Well, I'll sure try, Mr. Swami," Pamela boldly exclaimed. "Honest I will." When she had left home that morning it had in fact been her intention to find enlightenment, so it wasn't like she was being asked to do something she wasn't already going to do anyway. In fact, she now had an even more important reason to pose. She left the Hari Guru headquarters with renewed confidence and resolve. She was so glad that being a Playmate could be so enlightening.

Chapter 5: Happy Birthday Mr. Publisher

Two stacks of papers covered the publisher's desk; in one pile were contracts and blueprints and photographs documenting the chaos of the renovation of the Mansion he had just bought in Los Angeles and in the other pile were the proofs for a luscious new playmate's centerfold.

Pamela Zinszer gazed up at him and her lips were pursed in a kewpie doll kiss that he could imagine caressing over his cock and her breast, firm and lush, seemed to quiver in anticipation of his eager mouth.

"What do you think?"

"Lovely," he muttered, licking his lips as he admired the eighteen year old Miss March's deliciously curvaceous body.

"You think that plumbing fixtures that don't match are lovely?" Barbie Benton scolded petulantly. She rolled blue prints out so they covered the lovely photos of the succulent playmate. "I think you need to fly out there and talk to the architect and the contractors."

"But I don't like travelling." The publisher sucked on his pipe, wondering what good it was to rule over a vast publishing and media empire when he allowed himself to be henpecked by a young girl. Well, she did give great blow jobs. "And my birthday!" He let his voice trail off.

"It's not a national holiday so you'll just have to deal with it. I want you in LA. Now."

The publisher's disgruntled face disappeared into a cloud of smoke.

Pamela smoothed the sexy black nightie over her hips. She had been so excited when she bought it at a sex shop in downtown LA. The lingerie was sheer black silk with lace over her large, pretty breasts going down into a deep "V" past her belly button. The lace teased her sensitive nipples making them jut out. The hem of the flouncy skirt just barely covered her irresistible rounded ass. She wanted to pull the hem down but it bounced right back up.

Looking at the clock, she knew that Mr. Hefner would be arriving soon. A glance around the room showed the perfect setting for her birthday surprise. The candles were lit, the music was on, the lights were dimmed; with no furniture except a couch the room still looked cozy with massive pillows stacked all around, and best of all the renovation crews were all off for the weekend.

Nervously giddy, she sat on the couch listening to the music and waited for the sound of the publisher's car.

The publisher shoved the pile of blueprints off his lap; the driver had handed them to him at the airport. "Miss Benton want you to have these." Ugh!

He watched LA traffic crawl along; he was glad he had been talked into buying the Mansion and he had plans for making it a Disneyland for sex. But he wanted the whole renovation thing over. He wanted to BE there, not traveling there. He thought back to his beloved Chicago Mansion. He knew that Barbie Benton had to be planning something for his birthday. Every year since they had been together, she had made his birthday special by throwing a surprise party, or arranging a tryst with one or more playmates, one of the few times she didn't get jealous of his pleasure with the beauties gracing the centerfold of his magazine. She had been acting so secretive all week that he knew she was planning something really big. He grew moderately suspicious when she sent him off by himself to check on the renovations at the Playboy Mansion West. He tried to tell

himself he didn't mind either; he'd have the party when he got back.

Today was his birthday, though, and he was determined to enjoy himself. On his way out of the Chicago Mansion he had pulled the correspondence file for a little girl named Debra Peterson; she'd been writing to Playboy for years and begging to be a playmate. Well, today maybe she would get an audition. Whistling, he relaxed as the limo inched slowly through the LA traffic.

He thumbed through Debra's file, deciding to use the car phone to call her. Suddenly things didn't look so good; no phone number in the letters and the return address was a PO box. He tossed away the folder and let smoke from his pipe blot out the LA smog.

Pamela heard the car door slam and the publisher stomping up to the front door. She stood up quickly and struck what she hoped was a sexy pose.

The publisher was annoyed that no architects and contractors were there to meet him. He looked around at the chaos of half-completed renovations and shook his head ruefully. Then he saw the ribbon leading up the stairs.

His smile was lecherous and excited. At last, matters were improving. The ribbon led him up to a bedroom; this was getting promising. He looked into the dimly lit room and drew in a breath when he saw the luscious playmate standing, posed for him. She looked breathtaking! Her long, soft brown hair cascaded in waves around her shoulders, her body outlined by the soft blackness of her silk nightie. She wore a garter and matching stockings with trappy high-heeled shoes. Her eyes sparkled with mischief. The publisher felt his cock spring to life. He shut the door behind him.

"Well, this is certainly a nice welcome," he said. He smiled at his beautiful Miss March. She had the sexy body of a lecherous old man's dream of a cheerleader but with even more voluptuousness to it. Her breasts were round and full and creamy, her tummy flat and smooth and her ass was incredible. Rounded, firm but definitely a handful. He loved a plump ass. He saw the flouncy little skirt of the nightie barely covering her gorgeous ass cheeks. His cock twitched in his pants.

"Yes, sir," she said meekly. Walking to him a little wobbly on the high heels, she reached him and wrapped her arms around him giving him a big hug. "I'm your birthday present and I hope you like it...meâ I mean the presentâ that's me. I'm the presentâ I guess I'm not really the present, becauseâ you knowâ 'cause people can't, um, own people. But still I guess I'm your present 'cause you know, you can do itâ everything and all. You know, do me. For your, um, birthday?" The young girl looked cute as she became flustered over her birthday speech. She suddenly gave up on her hopelessly tangled recitation and squeezed him tighter, asking with girlish optimism, "Do you like your present?" She rubbed her body against him, placing her hand on his hard-on and feeling the rigid length of the shaft. "Mmm, I guess you do."

He looked around the room and saw all the preparations she had made. "You've been busy. "

Snuggling into the publisher's arms, she said, "The crew helped. Everybody wanted to make a nice party for you. But I'm the only one here now?" She frowned, lost in another meandering perambulation of her brain. "I guess they figured you wanted to be alone when you ball me. Except for me. I have to be here so you can do me. Unless you wanted them here? To watch or something. Or maybe you get off watching them ball me? But no matter what, you have to do me. A lot. Like all weekend? If you want to. Miss Benton said you can do anything you want. Do you want a blow job first?" She scrunched up her cute face, "Or do you want the crew back so they can watch?"

Pamela Zinszer

Smiling broadly, the publisher leaned down and gave the nubile young playmate a big kiss. He proceeded to kiss her forehead, eyes, cheeks and finally her mouth while holding her face between his big hands. "Everything is very nice the way it is; you'll make a fine birthday present."

He pushed her up against the wall and pressed his hard cock against her soft, warm body. His tongue began to lash her lips, diving into her mouth, claiming her.

Soft whimpers escaped Pamela as the publisher kissed her. She melted every time his big hands held her face as his mouth devoured her. She slid her leg up his until it was hitched around him and pressed her pussy against him. She was so hot and wet she left a wet spot on his pants where she rubbed against him.

The publisher felt the heat of his little minx playmate and firmly grabbed her ass and pulled her roughly against him, grinding his hard cock within his pants against her heated box. "I think Barbie made an excellent selection for this year," he panted. Humping her, he felt his balls swell and cock get harder. He kissed her hard and pinned her against the wall, his mouth seeking her hardened nipples. Biting them through the lace, he licked and sucked on them.

Pamela moaned feeling his cock, covered by his pants, humping her pussy. She hadn't worn any panties and the downy curls of her bush were soft and warm. The material rubbing so hard on her felt abrasive. She loved it. "Oh yes, Mr. H!" She called out when his teeth bit into her nipples. She arched her back off the wall, offering her breasts to the publisher. "Oh yeah, please sir, bite and suck my nipples!"

The publisher's hand found his playmate's pussy and he caressed the moist dewy curls there before fingering her clit. He kept sucking and fingering until the helpless girl's pussy was dripping and she was sagging against the wall, her legs barely able to hold her up. He loved getting his playmates weak and needy. He bit her nipple again, hearing her moan and buried two fingers into her tight little cunt. He pulled his fingers out slowly and pushed them back in watching Miss March's sexy face. "Miss Benton said anything?" he asked portentously.

Pamela whimpered and said, "Oh yes, sir, I'm yours for the whole weekend, I'll do anything you want. Anything at all. Ooooooh, that feels goood!" She writhed over his hand, seeking her own pleasures. Oooooooh, happy birthday!" She squealed as his fingers stroked her clit again.

The publisher continued to finger his birthday present, pressing her up against the wall, as he thought about her words. His cock leapt in his pants at the thought of pleasuring his beautiful playmate's sexy body.

"Sir," she panted helplessly, "Miss Benton oh Sir! That feels so good ooooooh, Sir Miss Benton she said ooooooh she said to tell you you can be really dirty, Sir, really dirty and wicked."

The publisher leaned over and whispered hotly in her ear, "I'm going to fuck your ass." He wanted to see what her reaction would be to make sure he was going in the right direction with his birthday present.

He could tell his birthday present liked it a little rough, not enough to really hurt her, but she liked him taking control and overpowering her. He felt her pussy drench his hand at his words. He smiled. "I'm going to make you feel real good." His own words were making him tense with lust for his playmate's ass, his cock was jerking, twitching, ready to plunge into his playmate's plump and luscious derriere.

Pamela heard his words and shivered, her body responding to him as he continued to finger her. She spread her legs wider in response, humping his fingers coated with her juices. She loved the way her pussy felt, so soft and warm. His fingers played over her sex, massaging, teasing and then rubbing her clit back and forth just right. She moaned loudly. "Please, sir, I can't stand up anymore!" she exclaimed.

Laughing, the publisher picked his playmate up and carried her to the pillows Chuckling he said, "Did Miss Benton tell you about this?"

"Oh yes sir. She told me all about this." Her face scrunched up again. "She said that she wanted you to come in every orifice of my body. Well she said 'your body' meaning me, you know? Not your body. I guess you can't come in your own orifices? It's hard to say that word. Orifices. It's like a tongue twister." Her luscious breasts jiggled under the nightie as she blathered on, letting the publisher lead her to her fate. "I looked up 'orifice' and it meant like hole or slit and stuff. I mean, I guess it's ok that you come in my, you know, my pussy 'cause that's like a slit and all? And I want you to come in my mouth and guess what?" She looked so innocently sexy as she prattled on, her eyes wide with excitement, her nipples poking through the nightie. "An orifice is a maw too and I looked up that word and a mouth can be a maw! Isn't that great?" she giggled. "But an orifice is a hole too, right, and I guess when you do me in my, you know, my tushy? That's a hole. But do you really have to come in my ears and up my nose and all? Orifice is a hard word."

He laid her back on the pillows and pulled her nightie down so her breasts were exposed. She had nice breasts, with puffy areola around long hard nipples. He wanted to suck on them for hours. Her pussy was slick and shiny with juices but he devoted all his lust to her breasts. He pressed and kneaded them, pinching the nipples and vibrating them back and forth in his fingers. He watched his cute playmate close her eyes and moan, her head moving side-to-side. He bent over and licked each nipple, sucking, nipping at it until they were tight and full.

Pamela moaned. She loved being a birthday present. He knew just what to do but could still surprise her. She gasped as his teeth scraped across her nipple. "Oh sir," she said over and over.

Hearing his birthday present so aroused made the man crazy. One hand stroking his playmate's body, he undressed quickly with the other hand. He lay down beside her and pulled her into an embrace, his cock poking at her leg.

Pamela felt his warm, naked body against her. She felt his hard cock against her leg. Her hands rubbed his back up and down and then gently squeezed his ass. She wanted to please him so much and wanted him so much. She breathed him in, smelling his expensive cologne and even the aroma of his pipe tobacco still lingering. She loved the smell of masculinity; it was an aphrodisiac. She flung a leg over him and moved around until her pussy was resting on his thigh. Moaning, kissing him, she rubbed her slick pussy up and down on his leg, her clit ready to burst.

The publisher let out a shaky moan when he felt his playmate's hot little pussy rubbing his leg. He knew she could come like this and kept up a steady pressure. He kissed her hard and kissed her soft, licking her lips and tonguing her mouth, sucking her earlobes, and fondling her breasts, pinching her nipples. Her gasping getting louder, he knew she was about to explode. "Come for me, Pamela. Come on," he said urgently. He put his hands on her pumping hips, gripping her and guiding her frenzied rubbing.

Pamela felt the publisher's hands on her hips, gripping her, helping her and knew she would orgasm quickly. Trying to hold the feeling a little longer, she finally screamed letting the waves claim her. "Oh yes, sir, god yes! Ughn! Nnnn," she purred as she came.

The publisher's cock felt ready to explode. He loved the sound his birthday present made as she came. Sexy, wanton, sweet, uninhibited. He stroked his sex spent playmate, her body sweaty and hot. "Mm, Pamela that was very very good; you're being a good girl." He felt her dewy bush still rubbing him softly. The smooth lips of her sex sliding on his now drenched thigh. Disentangling himself from his horny playmate, he lay her back in the pillows and spread her legs.

Pamela Zinszer

"What are you doing, sir?" She asked but willingly exposed herself to him.

He took off her shoes and slipped her stockings off. He rubbed his hands up his playmate's smooth legs. "You're going to be a good little girl for me aren't you Pamela?" He bent down and sucked her toes, laving each toe with his tongue.

She purred in response.

Licking his way up her leg, he began kissing and licking all around his playmate's puffy, wet pussy lips. Smelling her scent, he didn't hold back and opened his mouth wide, trying to taste her hot little box all at one time. His tongue found her love button and lashed it.

Pamela cried out and tried to jerk away. She was so tender after an orgasm. But the publisher held her firm and lashed her swollen clit without mercy. She felt another climax welling up; her muscles tightened. Lifting her hips off the floor, pressing her pussy against the publisher's devouring mouth, her body tensed as the orgasm rippled over her belly and down her legs to her toes. "Oh god, sir, that was sooooo good!" she cried.

The publisher felt his playmate's juices drench his face when she came. Her pussy was slick with her nectar. Taking a finger, he got it wet with her juices and rubbed it up and down her slit. Then he slid it lower and teased around her little rosy tender spot. The forbidden fruit. He felt her go still but she didn't protest so he continued.

"You're a good girl Pamela; I'm glad I made you a playmate. You're going to be a good girl now."

"Are you going to come in my orifices now?" she asked tentatively, cutely fumbling over the big word.

He answered with a knowing smile. Keeping his finger well lubed with her juices; he circled the rim of his birthday present's special spot until he felt her relax.

Pamela knew what the publisher wanted to do. When she felt his finger touch her bottom she tried to relax. It was hard to do. She just couldn't believe that anything up her ass could feel good. But even so, she still felt like it was dirty, nasty. Still, she was determined to give this to the publisher for his birthday.

Slowly, deliberately he arranged her soft, trembling body; he took her shapely legs and rested them on his shoulders so he could see her breasts jiggle as she quivered with arousal. He jammed a pillow under her lower back so her bottom was readily available to his probing hands.

Shakily, she let out breath. She tried to think of something else, but couldn't ignore the insistent tingles coming from around her bottom as the publisher fingered her there.

Feeling the luscious girl relax just a little, the publisher pushed one finger just barely inside her. The tight hole seemed so hot around his finger. His cock jerked and began vibrate. "Pamela, get on all fours for me," he demanded of his cute, reluctant playmate. He was all the more excited because Barbie had arranged for this girl to be doing this for him. He helped his birthday present lay on her tummy and put some pillows under her hips so her ass was jutting up, round and sassy right in his face. Now her sweet and scrumptious derriere was right where he could get to it without any trouble. Her swollen, puffy pussy lips were a pretty sight, soft and warm and moist.

He bent over and ran his finger along the outside rim of her tiny little treasure, delicately at first. Then he probed gently into her, testing the tightness gently.

Pamela Zinszer

Pamela gasped as the publisher's finger pushed into her bottom. She trembled at the feeling of the hot, wet muscle forcing its way into her. Surprised, she found that it felt good.

The publisher was getting hotter and more turned on by his adoring playmate reluctantly offering her bottom to him. Hearing his birthday present moaning softly encouraged him. He dipped a finger into her wet pussy and then pressed it into her ass up to the first knuckle. She felt her muscle tighten convulsively around his finger and relax, then he pushed it in some more. He kept licking all around his finger and the puckers of her bottom as he pushed it in further. Her moaning was music to him; his cock was drooling in anticipation.

When his finger was all the way inside her softness, he gently began to work it in and out. Watching his finger disappear into his playmate's treasure made him tremble with desire. "Pamela, can you feel this?" he asked hoarsely. "Do you like this?" He waited breathlessly praying she didn't say no.

Pamela closed her eyes, feeling his thick finger in her bottom, fucking it. She was surprised at how good it felt. Different from anything else. She was moaning softly almost constantly now and had to think to answer the publisher. "Mm, it kind of hurts and tickles all at once, you know?"

"Do you want me to stop?" the publisher asked, pulling his finger out a little and then pushing it back into the forbidden treasure.

Pamela moaned, pushing her ass back towards his invading finger, wanting to feel more. "No please, don't stop!" She said.

Smiling, the publisher said, "You are such a good birthday present!" His finger fucked her a few more times. Then he pulled all the way out. Wetting another finger, he prepared to push two fingers into his playmate's treasure. He watched the tight bud twitching, clenching in front of him and licked it. His warm tongue pushed up inside his playmate again, straining to taste her.

Pamela groaned, feeling the publisher's finger up her inside her most tender spot. It felt so fucking good, she thought. How can he do it though? Then she felt him put his fingers against her asshole, pushing. She knew he was using more than one finger and felt frightened. But as she felt both fingers slip into her treasure but it didn't hurt; it just felt really tight and good. Wiggling her ass, she helped him push them all the way deep inside.

Breathing heavy, the publisher licked dry lips and said; "You like this don't you Pamela. You like my fingers in your ass." He heard her moan and didn't really expect an answer. Gently, he massaged the inside of her tight spot, rubbing the walls and stretching them. He felt her tight sphincter relaxing little by little until he could pump his two thick fingers in and out of her ass without any problem. He kept finger fucking his beautiful playmate's ass and with the other hand, he began to taunt her pussy. Her clit was swollen, ripe as a berry, and he stroked, patted and rubbed it until he heard his playmate's telltale signs of coming.

"Oh yes, sir! God don't stop, do it just like that, it'sâ€¦!" She broke off as an impressive orgasm ripped over her body, her asshole clenched down on his fingers so hard he nearly came too. Once again, her warm pussy juice coated his fingers and trickled down her thighs.

Whimpering softly, his playmate lay spent. He slowly pulled his fingers out of her and licked her pussy. She was so pliant and relaxed now that he knew she was ready. Kneeling behind his luscious playmate, her plump round ass just begging to be fucked, he gripped both her cheeks and spread them apart. He positioned the head of his cock right at the entrance to her tight sweetness.

"Ready Pamela? Will you be good now?" he grunted out.

"Sir? Should I do it now?" she asked meekly.

"Of course Pamela," he said chuckling; he expected her to push back onto his shaft but instead

"Happy birthday to you," she sang breathlessly ala Marilyn Monroe.

The head of his cock pressed against her. "Happy birthday, to you," she sang with the phrases punctuated by the thrust of his cock against her.

He felt her tense up but kept pressing harder until the tip of his glistening cock was inside her. Groaning, the publisher concentrated on this his cockhead invading his birthday present's bottom. He had lubed her up pretty well, but his cock was still dry, and the friction of him forcing his way into that tight orifice was maddening. His seed coated the tip a little and he was able to push inside her tenderness. "Happy birthday, Mr. H!" Watching the tip of his cock disappear into her plump and round bottom was almost as good as doing it.

Pamela felt the publisher's cock ready to fuck her. She concentrated for a moment but didn't feel any pain as he entered her softness. She scrunched her face and concentrated on her mission. "Happy birthday to you." Once again, she was surprised at how good it felt. All of a sudden, she wanted him to fuck her ass hard. She wanted his big cock inside her tight bottom, stretching her, filling her. She felt ready to explode just thinking about it. She had this incredible urge to push her bottom back, impaling herself with the publisher's cock.

"Mr. H! Please fuck me; fuck me hard, I want to be your best birthday present ever. Please. Do it! Just do it!" she screamed out, wanting it so bad it made her beg.

He chuckled, pushing into her a bit more, the head of his cock now embedded in his playmate's bottom. He watched the head disappear and moaned. In a meek and breathy voice she started singing once more, "Happy birthday to you!" This time she sang slowly, grunting and panting and even biting her lip as she winced with pleasure and pain. "Happy birthday to, ooooooo, you!"

With just a little more pushing, he felt the head drive into even tighter depths. Feeling the way clear, he shoved his cock all the way up her, his balls slapping her pussy. The little tight hole stretched wide, taking his whole cock eagerly.

"You're a good girl, so sweet. So tight." The publisher grunted. He wanted so bad to slam fuck his playmate's ass but knew to take it easy for a while. He pulled out slowly until just the tip of his cock was inside her, then slammed home again. The incredible sight of his dick fucking his playmate's asshole had him sweating with tension.

"Happy birthday Mister! Oh fuck! Fuck it hard!" Pamela yelled out. She pushed her ass hard against him, really getting into it. It felt so good, she couldn't even think straight. All she wanted was his cock fucking her juicy derriere, coming inside her. Every time he pushed into her, a wave of pleasure shot through her body.

The publisher finally couldn't wait any longer. He began ramming steadily into his birthday present, the heat surrounding his dick so intense, the muscles so tight on him that he was almost in a conflagration of pleasure. He tried to hold off but it just felt so fucking good he couldn't. Reaching underneath the eager young girl, he pulled her up toward him with the palm of his hand on her clit. He felt her hard, wet little clit sliding on his hand, her tight treasure gripping and sucking at his cock, and everything went red as he let loose a stream of thick, hot seed deep into her. Bellowing like a bull, he pumped two, three, four times then shoved his cock deep, letting himself fill her.

Pamela Zinszer

Pamela felt his cock plunge harder and faster into her tightness; the pleasure was exquisite. When his hand palmed her clit she nearly screamed from senseless ecstasy. The feel of his cock blasting like a fireman's hose did it. She came screaming over and over, the pleasure so intense she could barely remain conscious.

Pamela and the birthday boy both collapsed in a heap. His cock was slowly shrinking inside her. Curling up spoon fashion, he tried to keep his cock in her as long as he could. She bumped her bottom against him, helping. He embraced her, holding her breasts in his hands. Hugging her to him. "Pamela, that was the best birthday present I have ever had," he whispered softly in her ear.

Smiling, Pamela replied, "And it's only Friday night, we have all weekend."

The publisher grinned, feeling his cock getting hard again, still lodged in the nubile and luscious playmate's plump bottom. He then remembered that this playmate had said she would do anything he wanted, all weekend long. Chuckling, he remembered some of his other fantasies.

Once again she started in on her husky rendition of the classic song. "Happy birthday to youâ It never sounded so good.

Chapter 6: Pam writes a movie pt 1

"The duck sat at the table and said to his wife, "I've been paying the bills."

Pam chuckled at the joke. But then she frowned. It didn't look right. She checked the 'How to write a Screenplay' book and slapped her head, a light bulb going off. Of course!

Her pencil scratched out the lines and she wrote:

Interior. Mr and Mrs Duck's dinning room. Mrs is sitting. Enter Mr Duck.

Duck: I've been paying the bills.

Now she laughed out loud at the scene she wrote. But still it didn't look right. Maybe she needed a type writer instead of a pencil. All the examples of scripts in the books looked like type writing. She would have to get a type writer.

She read over her scene again and frowned. This scene needed some sex. She was a playmate and people would expect sex. Could she write about fucking ducks? She scratched out the scene and started over.

She looked around the room; the living room of the Playboy Mansion was empty so she could write quietly but it was starting to rain outside so people would be coming in. She had to hurry her work along.

Exterior. Barn Yard. Two chickens doing chicken stuff.

Enter Mr Rooster.

Miss Chicken: There's a big cock.

She laughed again. It was sexy and funny. But then she frowned. She scratched Miss Chicken and changed it to Ms Chicken. No, that still wasn't right. Wait, she slapped her head again. She couldn't write about chickens. There was no part for her. She ripped the yellow page from the pad and crumbled it into a ball and tossed it near the trash can; like writers do in movies, she told herself.

She straightened her back and wrote a new title. "The Playmate Who Saved the World." No, she didn't want to be in an action movie. "The Playmate Who Inventedâ" She bit on her pencil. This was a problem because if she said she invented something the scientist who really invented it might see the movie and get mad. She scratched out 'invented' and wrote the word 'cured' and she nodded. She could cure something. "The Playmate Who Curedâ" What? Cancer? No that would be too serious. Measles? Those little red dots would be easy to make but maybe kids would want to see the movie and she wanted her movie to be sexy.

"The Playmate Who Cured Something."

She checked back in the book. "Always start in the middle of a scene." Pamela wrote furiously.

Interior. Bedroom. Al Pacino is doing Pamela. She studies her slide rule.

Pamela: I calculate that you will come in exactly three minutes.

Pamela Zinszer

The fledgling writer checked over her work. Wow, this was just like the book said. It establishes her character right from the beginning. Sexy AND smart. But then her brow furrowed earnestly. The scene couldn't work this way. She inserted a carrot (^) above the line that read 'Al Pacino is doing Pamela' and she wrote: He's doing her from behind so her hands are free.

Yes, she nodded; this was good. She was going to be a movie star for certain now. She didn't need to wait for somebody to give her a part. She could write her own. She wondered if Mr. Hefner would show Al Pacino her script. He better! She thought about the way Mr. Hefner like to do her in her bottom; he was always telling her to do stuff: bend down like this, put her mouth there, put her legs up on the stirrups, stroke him this way. He would do it, she decided, he would show her script to Al. She should get used to calling him Al because they would be starring in her movie together.

She looked down at the nearly empty page. Maybe Al needed some lines.

Al Pacino: You are so beautiful and sexy. Pamela. And super smart too.

Pamela: Don't forget I'm Playboy's Playmate of the Month, Miss March, 1974 and I went to Yale and Oxford and a lot of big schools.

That didn't sound right; nobody would believe she went to those schools because she was too young! She scratched the line and added:

Pamela: Don't forget I'm Playboy's Playmate of the Month, Miss March, 1974 and I have a perfect 36-24-36 figure, and my IQ is super high.

She nodded, seeing herself on the big screen saying her lines. The book said to establish the back story quickly. She frowned again. She had better give Al another line.

Al Pacino: Gee you are pretty.

Pamela: Thank you.

Pamela was emboldened, eighteen and brown-skinned, pretty and sexy and in a constant state of arousal. Since joining Playboy, her problem had little to do with knowing where to start, but everything to do with never knowing when to stop. She also found herself, when alone, in a steady stream of sexual daydreaming and not limiting herself to the simple sexual fantasy of making love. Pouting in front of the yellow legal pad she was using for her screenplay, Pamela was thinking about three faceless men, naked and erect and surrounding her, shoving their hard cocks in her face, taunting her with them. Her nipples were hard through a thin and bra-less blouse which was bare at the midriff, and her pussy was soaked inside of shorts that might have been a size too small.

She vibrated with pleasure, and seemed oblivious to it, but from the threshold of her fantasy -- which now had her hands tied in front of her while three throbbing cocks were being poked into her mouth and smacked against her face -- Pamela was aware of staring eyes all around her. The living room was beginning to fill up with more playmates and the men who wanted to have the playmates. She thought she'd better finish in her room. All those eyes staring at her; she wanted to keep her script a secret. She decided to go to the library where she could be alone. But it was fun to notice that her sexy self was being noticed as she worked as a writer. All of this, and walking with tight shorts, was as good as sending small and effective jolts of electricity onto her clitoris, and she wondered if she would orgasm before reaching the library. Her pace quickened with her breath, and one of the faces in the daydream became apparent, it was the face of Al Pacino.

Pamela Zinszer

As Pamela continued to picture her story, Al Pacino's face was clearer in her mind; and like she had always imagined, his erect cock was now going in and out of her mouth. Al Pacino would take it out and grind it all over her face and then stick it back into her into her hungry mouth again. With no more than a few dozen yards to go, Pamela was sure that she was going to come. Her quick strides stiffened and she readied herself for the mental image of the movie star's stiff cock coming all over her face to bring her over the edge, when she was suddenly forced to stop in her tracks.

"Hmm, are you all right?" the gentleman asked, perhaps twenty steps from library door.

"Oh, Iâ I think Iâ I'mâ !." Pamela often got flustered around the publisher.

He blew some smoke and puffed his pipe while regarding her. "Why don't you go to your room and I'll see you shortly."

"Golly," she said, and continued to walk, but slower, her throbbing clit momentarily unable to withstand the aggressive pace she had worked up to. She decided she'd better go to her room as the publisher had instructed.

She smiled, and giggled out loud as she approached her door.

"Fuck," she laughed to herself as she turned the knob.

"I'm too much."

* * * *

He heard the water running. Pamela was in shower.

Towel in hand, shirtless in only pajama bottoms, the publisher waited for the shower and whatever happened next -- he was sure that she would prance around again naked, as she did at every opportunity, as he expected every playmate to prance at the Mansion. He couldn't help but be aroused, his cock started to stiffen at the thought of whatever she was going to do this time to get his attention.

"She is a delightful girl," he mumbled.

She came out of the bathroom in only a towel, wrapped loosely around her brown skin, covering her breasts down to the top of her thighs.

"Oh, hey, I didn't hear you come in," she said. "I better brush my hair."

The publisher used to her quirky habits by now and he waited for her to come out of the bathroom once more.

Pamela emerged and the towel was now around her neck, exposing her naked body in front of him. Lush perky breasts with beautiful reddish-brown nipples, completely erect, tan lines top and bottom, perfect ass and a pussy that made his mouth water. He stood up, still staring at her, and slowly started moving closer.

Pamela's head filled with ideas which she scrawled on the yellow legal pad in her mind. Pamela was completely guileless and couldn't hide her thoughts at all; she may as well have had those thought balloons over her head. On the yellow pad in her mind she was sketching the publisher going down on her. She liked when the publisher pleased her and she could tell he liked her too. Maybe she could ask now about showing Al Pacino her script, but maybe she should suck his dick first. It really looked like it needed to be sucked. She

Pamela Zinszer

liked sucking his dick but she didn't like when Barbie Benton got mad at her because Pamela had sucked the publisher's dick. Using her mental pencil she etched on her mental yellow pad "Barbie Benton can be a bully." She pondered the thought and mentally scratched out 'can be' and wrote "Barbie Benton IS a bully." But then she turned her mind to that dick that looked so ready.

"Sorry I took so long in there, I was horny and stuff and had to get off a few times," Pamela teased and then drank some water.

She looked down at his pajama bottoms and , biting her lip, stared at the outline of his hard cock. "I guess we're going to do it now," she said softly. She knelt and worked his pajama bottoms off.

He stood naked, fully erect, and admired his erect cock in the mirror for a moment, and then suddenly heard a gasp and Pamela, completely naked, was staring, mouth open, at his massive erection. Pamela looked up at him for another ten seconds, staring at his cock, biting her lip again.

"God," she moaned.

He nodded, his cock now visibly throbbing, Pamela staring at it, mouth open wide.

"I *really* should take care of that," Pamela finally said, slowly bringing her lips close to the head of his shaft.

Pamela slurped and sucked greedily, her pussy aching once again. She started her hand down her body, toward her clit, and then stopped.

"Is this a good time to ask about meeting Al Pacino?" she wondered.

For a few moments, the battle raged in her head, the publisher's beautiful, erect, throbbing cock, and then her movie script that she needed to work on. She felt she was being disloyal to Al Pacino. Her clit throbbed anyway, and she also imagined the actor's sexy body in the shower, moving inside her, faster and faster, and she had caused that, and was a part of it. Pamela fought it off, barely and with much difficulty, and then she felt the publisher blasting his load down her throat. Golly!

He patted her head affectionately and slipped into the bathroom himself. She could tell she made him happy and now it was her turn to be happy. She was going to ask him now to introduce her to Al Pacino.

* * * *

Pamela sat on the couch, waiting for the publisher, forming the right words in her mind. He finally emerged, naked except for the towel over his shoulder, and he walked out.

"Mr. H? uh..." Pamela stammered.

He came closer and stopped, facing her, and waited.

"Yes?" he asked.

"Um, what I really want to say is..." Pamela tried to continue, staring at his body.

Even flaccid his cock was beautiful and enormous and she wanted him.

"Is...?" he coaxed.

"Sir, you're naked!" Pamela blurted out.

He looked down at his own body, then feigned shock at his own nakedness.

"Oh, why, yes! You're right! I *am* naked!"

His cock began to get hard, slowly and steadily, and Pamela couldn't stop staring at it. She was getting wet. She continued to watch it become even harder and He stood five feet in front of her and enjoyed every moment. Pamela's breathing increased as his cock kept stiffening, until he was fully erect and throbbing.

"Damn," she said.

"You were trying to tell me something?" He persisted.

Pamela was mesmerized, her eyes unable to leave what was turning her on so much. Her pussy was tingling, her clit on fire.

Her brain was choosing between two sentences. The first sentence was, I want to suck your cock, Mr. H." and she could feel her mouth forming the words and she could practically feel his cock ramming deep down her throat as she gagged. But then her brain went to the second sentence instead.

"I wanted to ask you about meeting Al Pacino," she said meekly.

"Pamela, you know I never talk about business at times like this; it wouldn't be right."

"I'm sorry."

"I'm not sure that *sorry* is going to fix it," he mused, now pacing around her, his stiff cock bouncing with each step.

"God," Pamela moaned, squirming on the couch.

"What do *you* think that we should do about it?" he asked.

"Gee, sir, do you know how much you're turning me on right now?" Pamela asked, ignoring the question, concentrating on his erection with her mouth open, staring.

"Ha! Now you know how it feels, you little cock tease! You like being a bad girl, don't you?"

"Can't you just put me over your knee and spank me?" Pamela asked without thinking, she couldn't think coherently, and she couldn't sit still.

"Now there's an idea. But not over my knee," he said, and then he walked back to the bathroom.

Pamela waited, in only a top, and he came out, still completely and deliciously erect while holding a pair of Pamela's panty hose.

"And this is also part of your punishment," he announced and began ripping them into pieces.

"What? Why?" Pamela asked.

"The top, too," he said ignoring her protest.

Both of them naked, he escorted Pamela to the dressing table, cleared it off, and bent her over it. Pamela, again focusing on his erection, couldn't stop herself from grabbing it on the way down and he slapped her hand away.

"You're going to get extra for that," he told her.

First, he secured the legs of the table to a built-in cabinet; the table wasn't going anywhere. Then, he grabbed one of Pamela's hands and began to tie it to the top of one the table legs.

"What are you doing, I don't need to be tied up," she protested.

"I think you do, Pamela," he said.

Pamela let him tie the first hand without protest, but in the middle of tying the second hand, she began to struggle a bit. He persisted, roughly, and she finally gave in. He began on her feet.

"My feet? Why my feet? Pamela asked, struggling again.

"Pamela, I have made a study of this. You need to trust me."

Once finished, He stood behind her and inches from the back of her thighs and began to massage her ass. He let his swollen cock bounce off of the crack of her ass as Pamela began to moan, feeling his hot cock on her crack and his hands on her skin was making her forget that she was bound.

Smack!

Suddenly and unexpectedly, He let loose and smacked Pamela's ass hard.

"Owww!" Pamela yelled.

He reached for Pamela's cute curly hair and yanked it, bringing her head around to look at his erection.

"See this?! You did this, young lady! You like this? You like making my cock hard?!"

"Oh, fuck yesss..." she moaned.

Smack! Smack!

"Fuck!" she yelled.

He then bounced his erection all over her red ass, and Pamela began to moan again.

Smack!

"Ahhh! Oh, fuck," Pamela whimpered.

"I bet you like this, you little cock tease!"

With that, he touched her ass and slowly brought his hand down to her thighs and then reached under and felt Pamela's pussy. She was dripping, soaking wet, he brushed her swollen clit with his index finger.

"Oh, God, yessss..." Pamela purred.

Smack! Smack! Smack!

"Ahhh!"

His slaps continued to get harder, and so did his cock. This was turning *him* on, too.

Pamela was squirming, hips moving, and he again reached down and felt her pussy, worked part of a finger in, brushed her clit, and let his erect cock slide across her red ass.

"Oh, God, fuck me, baby, fuck me," Pamela pleaded.

"I'll fuck you, all right."

Smack!

Silence.

"Come on sir, is that the best you can give me? I'll bet Mr. Al Pacino would know what to do," Pamela boldly dared.

"Really?! You little vixen!"

Smack!!! Smack!!! Smack!!!

"Aaaaahhhh! Fuck! Oh fuck! Fuck! Owww..."

Small red welts began to form and He began to rub his swollen cock gently over her ass again. He moved his hand down again and rubbed her pussy, touched her clit, then brought his hand back up as Pamela whimpered, and spreading his finger across the top of her ass, he slowly inserted part of his thumb into her asshole.

"Oh!"

He worked his thumb half way in and moved his cock closer to Pamela's wet sex.

"Fuck, sir, please fuck me, pleeease!"

He maneuvered the tip of the swollen head of his cock and touched her labia, then moved in to brush her erect clit. Then back and down again, and repeated this as Pamela moaned and begged.

"Put it in, please put it inside, please, please..."

With his free hand, He smacked her ass again, and let the head of his cock enter her pussy.

"Feel it throb? You feel what you've done?"

"Fuck, yes, God, please, more," she begged.

Smack!!

"Oh fuuuuck!" Pamela yelled, as his cock slid in halfway. She wondered if this should go in her screen play.

They felt each other throbbing, and He couldn't hold back anymore. He reached up and grabbed Pamela's hair and shoved his cock all of the way in.

"Like *this*?!" he yelled, grinding every millimeter in up to the hilt, his hips moving against her red ass-cheeks.

"Oh god fuck me hard, fuck me..."

He smacked her ass two more times as he began to bury his cock inside of her, harder and harder, every thrust as deep as the last one. He felt Pamela's pussy loosening and tightening, and he began to slam her faster and faster, wildly and deeply, and Pamela felt his cock growing even more inside of her with every thrust.

"Fuck, you're gonna make me come, I'm coming, I'm cooooooming, ooohh...!" Her voice as high and musical in its ecstasy.

Pamela screamed and squirmed and fought her restraints. He let go of her hair after her orgasm, she panted and lay like a rag doll for a moment.

Not stopping, only slowing to allow Pamela to catch her breath, He continued to fuck her.

"Feel that? Feel it?" he asked her.

"Ummm."

He slowly pulled his thumb out of Pamela's tight asshole and inserted his ring finger, slowly at first.

"Oh golly," Pamela moaned, and started to squirm again as he kept pushing his finger in until she took it all.

Smack!!!

"Ouch! Fuck you; stop it!" Pamela yelled at the last slap of her ass by him.

"Pamela, I can tell you are enjoying this," he said as he shoved his cock hard into Pamela as deep as it would go.

"Oohhhh, fuck. Fuck you just fuck me, oh, God, fuck me," she moaned.

And he fucked Pamela, fucked her hard, fucked her with a real zeal for the art of it. His cock was so hard he wondered how it wasn't exploding, and it wanted to explode, his fast rhythm and deep thrusts touching every part inside of Pamela, and Pamela was crazy now, screaming.

"Fuck, fuck, yes, God, fuck, oooh, fuck!" Pamela was yelling uncontrollably in rhythm to his thrusts and he knew that his orgasm was coming and than soon he wouldn't be able to hold back anymore. Then Pamela let it all go.

"You're gonna make me come!" she shouted.

Smack!

"Ow! Fuck! I'm gonna come, I'm coming, oh fuck!" Pamela screamed.

"Oh fuck," he moaned, "I'm coming, I'm coming too."

"God, now, aaahhh...!" Pamela squealed.

He pumped her wildly, and Pamela was barely finished with her orgasm when he started to ejaculate and lunged in deep to fill her sweetness all the way.

"Fuck yes!"

His cock pulsed a dozen times, his milky-clear and slick stream pouring out deep into Pamela's writhing body.

"Oh God, oh fuck..."

He pumped in a few more times as if he was filling her with some sort of magic potion. They panted, breathing slowing, then caught their breath. He grabbed a towel and cleaned them both off. She looked back at him. Running mascara, face a mess, even some tears. He wiped her face, and kissed her forehead.

"I'm going to go take a well-deserved nap," he told her.

He started to walk toward his room.

"Untie me first," Pamela demanded.

He continued without stopping.

"Hey, get back here and untie me, sir!" Pamela yelled, looking back at him from on top of the table.

He stopped. He slowly turned and walked toward her, his cock still half hard. He stopped and picked up the pages of her screenplay.

"In a minute, I will. Just you be patient," he teased. Pamela squirmed as he read her script. She was pleased when he chuckled every so often.

Finally, he untied Pamela, admiring the marks on her wrists and ankles left from his handiwork. She stood and massaged her wrists, and they faced each other momentarily.

"Does this mean that you're going to show the script to Mr. Pacino?" Pamela asked, breaking into a smile.

"No, he's mostly in New York." He smiled at her naked body.

Pamela's smile then faded. She put her hands on her hips and became indignant, and then angry.

"Well then, you are a big meany!"

"Pamela, I don't understand," he answered.

Pamela Zinszer

"You're going to tell me that what just happened wasn't..." Pamela searched for the right words.

"Incredible? Hot? Excellent?" he interrupted.

Pamela stood and stared at him, at his cockiness. She said nothing, but her face said everything.

"I don't think I'll be able to show this to Al Pacino," he insisted.

"I'm mad at you!" yelled Pamela.

He then held up the script, and then pointed at her and smiled.

"I may be able to show it to some directors I know," he told her.

Pamela blushed all over. "Would you like to fuck me again sir?" she asked sweetly.

He tossed the script on the table. "Why don't you lie on the bed?" he suggested.

She smiled and hustled her curvaceous body onto the sheets. "Will you really show the script to a director?" she purred but his head was already between her legs and his tongue too busy to reply. "Oooooooooo," she squealed.

Continued in the next chapter

Chapter 7: Pam writes a movie pt 2

Continued from the previous chapter

Pamela stood at the edge of the crowd, nervously pushing her hair back over her ear, her face pretty but anxious. She looked down at herself, checking her clothes one last time as the noise of the crowd, mostly college boys, grew. She stood on her toes, stretching up to see above the sea of heads. A few boys giggled nearby, watching the curve of her shapely bottom against the outline of her skirt. The butterflies in her stomach went berserk as the speaker stepped out of the office building and began to mingle with the crowd of adoring fans.

It wasn't often that a director could be recognized on the street but this director was. He was English but he had made a string of big budget films in the US revolving around drugs and murder but he also making a name for himself banging big stars, starlets, super models, and cheerleaders all across the US.

Dickie Crookbeck swam into the swarm of fans with his trademark grin, chatting away, signing autographs and cracking jokes. She stared hard at his face, a face she'd seen in gossip magazines so many times. Boyish, impish. Rude was the best word she knew to describe it. Pamela stepped forward awkwardly, not sure how to get his attention. Fratboys nudged her out of the way, eager to get to their hero. She stared, mouth half open, hoping if she stood long enough he'd notice her. Suddenly, he looked up and did.

She held her breath as he smiled at her momentarily, not daring to move. He was approaching his car as she stood there goggling. An elbow to her ribs and a stamp on her foot from the frat boy crowd were the kicks she needed to get back to reality. Barging through the sea of college boys she got to his car just as he opened the door.

"Um, Dickie?"

He looked her up and down, smiling slightly, eyebrows raised.

"Could you sign?" she stuttered, blushing uncontrollably.

Dickie took the pen, and paused. He read what was already written on the page and he arched his brow. Pamela stood as tall as her bodaciously petite body allowed, her head back, her pinup model posture directing his eyes to the exposed creamy tan skin above her breast. She smiled at him and waited. He grinned mischievously, leaning forward.

His hand felt warm and strong as it rested on her skin. He leaned close, glancing down her top at her cleavage, breathing over her chest, a hot heavy breath. He rested the pad she handed him against her breasts so he could write. Pamela sighed a little too loudly, as his fingers probed her fleshy skin gently, his breath rolling over the long curve, brushing her nipple inside her bra. He wrote slowly and when done, stood back, smiling at her. She ached with pleasure to be so close to him, her body suddenly cold without his touch. He looked even sexier than she would've imagined, his face small and round, his head shaved. His eyes seemed to twinkle as he looked at her, full of mischief and naughtiness. She could easily picture him as a boy, his features had no doubt little changed. Take away the stubble and the well-defined body and the child would be staring back at you.

"Call me." He winked as he spoke.

Pamela made sense of the words only after he got into his car, a silver Mercedes. She stood back as he

Pamela Zinszer

reversed slowly, beeping his horn, negotiating the crowd of kids still shouting and dancing. She watched them chase after him, running her fingers over her neck and chest forlornly, a sense of loneliness returning. She looked down at herself, struggled to read the words that were upside. She herself had written in her childish but neat scrawl. "I'm the girl Mr H told you about xxxooo." He had replied, "You are well hot! Dickie..." He wrote the number of an office with instructions to call in an hour. Pamela began to laugh then covered her mouth with her hand, remembering she was still standing in a car park, surrounded by kids.

"I just know he'll introduce me to Al Pacino," she said out loud to herself.

Thirty minutes later, after finding a bathroom, re-arranging her clothes, and taking down the number several times, Pamela took a deep breathe, found a phone booth and dialed. She held her breathe as the other end purred and clicked.

"You're early, babe. Guess you're excited to get it going. Alright babe." He was almost brusque in his urgency; he gave her an address. "Meet me at the back of the building, ten minutes, yeah?"

"Ok", she whispered. The line went dead.

She knew exactly what was going to happen. She knew they weren't going to a romantic restaurant at 11:30AM of a Wednesday. She knew the only thing this day might have in common with a brief encounter was the brevity of it, but she went anyway. This was Dickie Crookbeck. Cinema superstar and famed lover, (if you believed the tabloids). Dickie Crookbeck. You didn't just walk away from a "Crookbeck" invitation! And she had serious business with him. She was going to be a cinema super star too: A Pamela Zinzser Production, Written by Pamela Zinzser, and Starring Playboy's Playmate of the Month, Miss March, 1974, (and here the music would get really dramatic) Pamela Zinzser!! Also starring Al Pacino.

His car pulled up with its engines roaring sexily. He had arrived a little late, but she didn't mind. He opened the door, let her get in without a word. She leaned back in the soft leather, relaxing as he pulled back onto the road. Pamela glanced across at him nervously, half expecting something surreal - a giant rabbit or her Aunt Sybil - something to reveal this was just a dream. But it wasn't. Dickie was sitting there, smiling, his eyes moving up over her legs, up over the short skirt she'd purposefully worn. He let his eyes travel over her bust for a while, just occasionally glancing at the road. Pamela pushed her tits out for him a little, enjoying and struggling to believe she was the center of his world. It wasn't that she lacked confidence, she knew she was a playmate after all. She knew loads of guys wanted to shag her; she smiled to herself for using the word 'shag' in her thoughts. The how-to-write-a-script book said to use words to build character and she knew Dickie must use that word. Shag, shag, shag. Sure a lot of guysâ lno, she meant blocksâ lno blokesâ lblokes wanted to shag her. But Dickie Crookbeck?

She grinned helplessly as his eyes finally moved level with her own.

"Where are we going, Dickie?" she asked, adding his name hesitantly.

"You'll see babe, you'll see."

She glanced out of the window at all the familiar streets whizzing by. Old women shopping. Mothers pushing carriages. Teenagers on the corner, smoking. All the things she could forget about once she got her movie made. "Did Mr. H tell you about my script?" she asked coyly.

"Everybody has a script, babe," he chuckled, "At the end of the day we're all stars in our own movie, right?"

Pamela gulped. Wow! How did he know?

Pamela Zinszer

"My movie has a lot of love scenes in it," she said, her voice excited with the prospects of her film being produced.

"I wouldn't have it any other way," the director agreed.

Pamela was about to say more but he was leaping out of the car and tossing the keys to a valet. He rushed to her side and pulled her out like she was a precious prize to be protected or maybe he pulled her out like a ravenous man grabbing a tasty treat from a buffet.

The guy at the hotel desk hardly noticed her, paid her no attention.

"Your usual room Mr. Crookbeck?"

Dickie took the key, and ushered her towards the elevators, his hand placed onto the small of her back. She leaned into him, excitement growing. The doors had hardly closed before his hand had slid down over her ass.

Pamela groaned with delight as his tongue flicked over her neck, his hand kneading her bottom aggressively. "Can I tell you about my movie now," she chirped.

"The movie is life and life is a movie," he growled and impaled her mouth with his tongue. Gee, he's so profound, she thought as she pressed her breasts against him.

The elevator opened and he led her authoritatively by the hand, he located his room, unlocking the door quickly, dragging her inside, slamming the door shut behind.

Pinning her against the door in an instant, he returned to her neck, sucking noisily. His hand travelled up her body, squeezing her pert, fleshy breasts. Her nipples grew hard but her hands felt limp. She wanted this, but she wanted to talk about her script more. Dickie, misreading her hesitation, moved back a little, smiled at her.

"Champagne, darling?"

She nodded. She let him lead her to the bed. He picked up the phone, his eyes on her constantly. She sat down, watched him dial, order champagne. His dirty smile was irresistible, she smiled back helplessly. He came around the bed, lay down behind her.

"Won't be long. Get comfortable babe. Nice room, innit?"

She nodded her agreement, two words tumbling through her mind like clothes in a washing machine made speech difficult. Dickie Crookbeck, Dickie Crookbeck... Should she bring up the script now?

"See, at the end of the day, if you got money you gotta spend it, ain't you?" he philosophized.

"At the end of the day, yeah." she replied, letting her tongue roll over the words, a nice phrase. She would put in the script. She mouthed the words to test them out. "See, at the end of the day, if you have sex appeal, you have to use it. We should fuck right now don't you think, Mr. Pacino. It's the end of the day."

He gave her a look. "Did ya just call me Mr. Pacino?"

"Oh, no sir," she said frantically. Golly! "At the end of the day ifâ 'umâ 'you shouldâ !" She frowned, "But it's not the end of the day," she pondered in confusion. It's not even dinner time."

He pulled her gently by the arm, she laid down next to him, facing him. His fingers ran down over her chest, etching his name above her breast. His fingers trailed down, tickling her sensitive skin between her tits. He tapped a tiny mole affectionately.

"You got a boyfriend then?" he asked, smirking.

"Well, erm..."

"It's ok if you have," he said brightly, "I like that."

His fingers trailed in a circle, crawling under her bra, inches from her nipple. She sighed, and slowly he rolled over, half covering her, his tongue searching out her mouth. She let it slither inside, felt the wetness of his mouth against her own, the heaviness of his body on hers. His hand ran down over her thighs, coming back up under her skirt, squeezing her pure, slender thigh. She pulled at his t-shirt, helping him drag it over his shoulders, he did the same with her top.

His chest was firm and toned, smooth and tanned. Her pussy began to twitch uncontrollably at the sight of it. He pulled her up, kissing her, unlocking her bra with his right hand, his left hand rubbing against her panties, long, slow hard strokes. The bra fell away, and Pamela edged forward, presenting her gorgeous breasts to him, eager for him to take them. He licked and sucked at her nipple greedily, sucking her breast into his mouth, listening to her moans with pleasure.

The knock at the door startled her. He moved back without a word, just that terrible, amazing, charismatic grin. Pamela just had time to cover her breasts with her arm as he opened the door.

"Put it on the table"

The bellboy walked into the room warily, the champagne in one hand, two glasses in the other. He glanced furtively at Pamela as he placed them down on the table next to her. She smiled at him weakly, looking over at Dickie. She could see the enjoyment on his face, pleasure taken from the bellboy's - and her - embarrassment. Had she been older than her eighteen years she might have left then, but she couldn't resist that smile. She'd suspected he was naughty, she now knew he was cruel, and she liked him all the more for it. If she'd been tempted to feel angry, the simple delight on his face smoothed it all away.

The bellboy left, and Dickie ducked the thrown pillow, laughing at his fresh-faced young babe. He opened the champagne slowly, casually. Why rush when he knew he'd have her? He enjoyed these moments best of all. Looking down at them lying there, half undressed, waiting for him. He poured the champagne and handed her a glass, marveling once again over how easy it was. He could never get bored of this, despite what a few of the lads had told him.

Pamela rolled over onto her stomach, champagne in hand, as Dickie straddled her.

"Lets see what's under this little skirt shall we?" he asked, teasing her.

Pamela felt his hands at her side, tugging at her skirt. She wiggled her bottom for him, raised it off the bed a little, helping him take it off. She giggled, looking back over her shoulder as she heard his low groan. He was staring down at her perfectly defined bottom, nothing but flimsy panties hiding it from her hero. Dickie ran his fingers over it, grinning, blissfully happy.

Pushing her long brown hair back over her ear, Pamela knocked back champagne happily. Dickie was leaning down, kissing her cheeks, rubbing his face into her ass, his exaggerated moans sending her giggling once

more. He ran his fingers over her panties, up and down from her ass to her pussy and back again. Pamela put down her glass, rested her head on the pillow, listened to the outlandish compliments the director paid her.

"You're fucking amazing, such a fucking peach of an ass. You got me so fucking rock hard babe."

Dickie smiled between noisy kisses. Other blokes had to go to restaurants, buy presents, he thought. At the very least they had to spend hours eating pussy if they wanted some of the good stuff. He knew for him, this was all it took. All he needed to do to make them feel special, to make them grateful. Dickie Crookbeck is kissing my ass, every bird would think, and once she did, she'd do anything to repay the favor.

Pulling her panties down sharply, he took his first look at her juicy little pussy. Nice and tight he thought to himself, admiring the puffy little lips, it's dampness already glistening.

She knew the moment she felt his kisses climbing up her back what he expected of her. She knew when he lay back on the bed loosening his trousers, when he retrieved the champagne bottle and took a slug. She rolled over to him, let his arm wrap around her, kissed him on the lips and with a smile began to slowly descend his body.

Dickie watched her move down him. This, he thought, is THE fucking life, as long brown hair trailed slowly over his chest, his stomach. She tore off his remaining clothes quickly and knelt between his legs.

"Can I suck your cock Dickie?" she asked, as much for her own pleasure as for his. The director groaned, shifted his body a little and closed his eyes tightly. When he opened them, her face was only half visible, nestled behind his balls.

She went there first, pushed her face deep into his heavy sacks, nuzzled them, tickled them with her tongue, lapped at them gratefully. Pamela made all the noises he wanted to hear, but not for that reason. She made them because she felt them, deeply, passionately. She sucked in his ball with delight, she took hold of his shaft with relish. She knew people might label her a slut if they saw her now, but she didn't care. The truth was she was gaining experience for her movie; the book said to use real life experiences so while she was gleefully pleasuring him orally that yellow legal pad in her brain was busily filling up with notes for her script. She'd never done anything she didn't want to do before and she wasn't going to start now. She was sucking his cock because 1) it was fun, 2) it would be in her movie. She was an artist.

She rose a little, began to kiss and lick the base of his cock, her fingers caring for his balls in the absence of her tongue. She held his shaft in her hand as best she could, hugged it to her cheek. She sat up on her knees, back straight, jerking off her lover, loving the sight of his throbbing dick. She waited to catch his eyes, and when she did, she led them to her other hand slowly travelling down her stomach.

Dickie watched her body rise a little, and raised his head from the pillow. He watched her hand creep down, slither between her legs. Her mouth opened and a soft moan emitted at the same moment. She glared at him almost accusingly, holding his cock in one hand, fucking herself with the other.

Pamela knew he wanted to fuck her right then, but she teased him, leaned forward once more. His head hit the pillow again as her hot breathe covered his shaft. Her tongue played with him, wrapping itself around his head and releasing, like a cat's cruel game with a mouse, attack and release, attack and release.

She licked the tip of his cock tentatively, like she was trying a new kind of ice-cream. Dickie watched her face closely. The moment she tasted him, the split second she pondered the taste, and the hint of a smile as she realized she liked it seemed to spread out over time. He closed his eyes and played the three phases over in his mind as Pamela began to suck. She teased his foreskin down his shaft with her lips. She trailed her teeth

across his head gently, carefully. She pulled back momentarily letting him appreciate the cold air of the room, the next moment she pounced, a single slow movement devouring him whole.

Dickie let his gaze wander across her body, the soft shapely legs bent under her body, the curve of her back, the smoothness of her arms. He felt the heat of her mouth desperately covering his length, smelt the sweetness of her pussy as her fingers, those which had been inside herself, travelled up his chest and over his chin.

Pamela made love to his cock with her mouth, breathless and impatient, longing to have his juices inside her. She ran her fingers over his body in delight, so firm, so perfect, so wonderful it would be to be fucked by this man. When forced to breathe, she let out his shaft for no more than a few seconds, breathing heavily, rolling his cock in her fist, staring with maddened eyes at her lover.

Her long, elegant rolls across his cock were too much. He tried to sit up, he tried vainly to pull her off, but he was too close and she was too strong. Something had changed in her, she knew this was her chance. Like a dog with a bone she refused to let go, sucking him furiously, her moans almost eclipsing his. Dickie looked deep into her eyes, felt the heaviness of her breast on his thigh, the heat that consumed his prick, let his seed rise up from his balls.

Pamela closed her eyes, feeling the warmth of his juice splatter across her face. She held her mouth open wide, and caught some on her tongue, a new taste for her taste buds to judge. She leaned back with pride, one finger on her finely coated chin, her tits soaked in sweat, nipples shiny and hard.

They lay there for a moment, panting, grinning, waiting for the other to make a move.

"I'm going to take a bath, and I think you should join me," she said playfully, swinging her body off the bed.

Dickie lay dumbstruck on the bed, motionless save for the rise and fall of his glimmering sweat-stained chest. His cock lay between his tree-like thighs, shrunken and satisfied, at odds with himself. Pamela turned at the bathroom door, and he groaned at the sight of her wet, still unfucked pussy.

"Oh my God, this is so nice!" she said, losing herself for a moment. She disappeared around the door, her head re-appearing in a flash.

"You know," she began slowly, a grin like Dickie's on her face, "I really like fucking in the shower."

She floated into the bathroom as he worked to wrap his head around exactly what she was saying, and moments the shower gurgled and spluttered, and burst to life.

"Coming?" her sweet voice called.

Dickie could not remember moving so fast, springing from the bed and vaulting into first the bathroom and then the shower. It seemed she was ready for him, too, for he was barely past the shower door when she pulled him to her and pressed her lips to his. The kiss was long and passionate, and when it was through, she sighed and pulled away.

"Wash me, baby," she cooed as she turned, giving him an unparalleled view of the voluptuous profile of her body, a national treasure and one of the dominant images in American male's many and varied fantasies.

He soaped up his hands and reached for her supple flesh, working a copious lather onto her shoulder blades and back, his fingers tender and tough by turns. He switched to the front, sweeping around from the small of her back to the flat of her stomach.

She moaned as his hands roamed over her pliant breasts, cupping and lifting and squeezing, exploring. They were incredible, simply incredible, fantastic to see in a bikini and fan-fucking-tastic to see and touch when bared, warm and delicious. He spent several long and lovely minutes fondling her breasts, not knowing when they would present themselves for him again, kneading them, caressing them, rolling the nipples in his fingers and across the flat of his palms.

"Um, Dickie," she purred like a kitten, "Will you read my script now?"

"Don't want the pages to get wet do we?"

Pamela nodded earnestly. He was so knowledgeable! She let her body surrender entirely to his caresses. Gee, his hands were busy.

His hands dropped suddenly, crawling over the opulent curve of her buttocks. His fingers spread out and dug into the taut flesh, tugging the cheeks apart this way and that, opening to his greedy eyes how profoundly fuckable her bottom could be.

"Bloody glorious," he breathed, and a sudden surge of inspiration came over him.

She sighed as his fingers kneaded the firm cheeks of her bottom, though her sigh slipped into a gasp when he dropped to a squat behind her and those fingers dug roughly into her flesh, pulling her backwards. Her palms flattened against the wall in front of her to keep her steady.

She expected him to nibble her rounded bottom, or perhaps give her a spanking or two, or even maybe taste between her legs, all of which were exciting possibilities in her mind. Not in a million years, however, would she have expected what actually happened.

He spread the cheeks of her ass as far apart as they would go, dove forward, and pressed his hand down upon her asshole, offering her a languorous caress with the tip of his middle finger.

"Nasty boy!" the buxom young woman shrieked as her bottom was teased.

Dickie did not stop, nor even did he pause. His hands held wide the cheeks of her rump as his finger danced around her puckered hole, teasing every crack and crevice, alternating between slow and fast speeds and long and short strokes; he touched her in every conceivable way.

She was not unaccustomed to anal play, and enjoyed it immensely with the right person, but, golly, he was a genius, and the pleasure of the sensations were staggering. Her hips wavered, then bucked back into his hand, drawing him deeper. His hands lost their hold for a moment and he groaned as his finger embedded deep in the cleavage of her bottom, and she screamed as in tandem his hands rediscovered their grip and another figure speared into her tightness, and wiggled around.

"FUCK!" she wailed, loving the nastiness of the whole scene.

He tortured her bottom for a long time; he finger fucked her repeatedly, never getting very far, but far enough to cause her considerable pleasure. Finally, after many minutes, he withdrew his hands from the juicy rear before him.

Grinning, he rose and saw that she was breathing heavily, slumped forward against the wall, but with a fire in her eyes as she looked at him that seemed totally at odds with the weary body that went with it. She was

clearly not through with him yet.

"Fuck me, baby," she ordered, voice like a dagger. "Fuck me right now *as hard as you can!*"

And so Dickie Crookbeck stepped forward and once again spread the cheeks of the bottom of Pamela Zinszer, playmate extraordinaire, only this time to guide the purple head of his swollen manhood up to her luscious pink folds.

And then he pushed himself inside.

"YES!" the young woman moaned as his thickness stretched her pink lips apart.

Dickie let go of her bottom as he bottomed out in her sex, his pelvis pressed into the soft cheeks, and his left hand went to her shoulder as the other snaked around her midsection to clutch at her round right breast.

"FUCK ME!" she demanded, and so he did.

It was animalistic and raw, and there was little tenderness to it; it was also, he realized, exactly what she wanted. He was fucking her, plain and simple, shoving his cock in and out of her pink pussy with reckless abandon and merciless force. His hips slapped up against her ass; lewd little ripples reverberated over her supple flesh.

Pamela whimpered with each powerful thrust, a mixture of pleasure and pain as the pressure of his cock battered her snug depths, but when his hand slipped from her breast and angled down into the groove between her legs, and over the swollen mound of her clitoris, her whimpers escalated to screams.

"OH FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! OH MY GOD! FUCK ME! FUCK ME! FUCK ME!"

The wailing continued as he attacked her pussy vigorously with his fingers in time with the rhythm of his cock. The splash of the water against the tiles of the shower and the flesh of their bodies could barely be heard above his grunts of exertion and her ascendant squeals of pleasure.

"OH MY GOD! OH MY FUCKING GOD! OH MY GOD OH MY GOD FUCK ME FUCK ME FUCK ME HARDER HARDER HARDER FUCK FUCK FFFUUUCCCCCKKKKKKKK!"

And then the wails went silent as Pamela's sex exploded, her mouth frozen open in a soundless scream as the breath left her body, her existence shattered utterly by the work of his fingers on her clitoris, her folds quivering and contracting around the thick, invasive cock at the crest of her climax, and her knees nearly buckled.

Dickie recognized her weakness and held her aright with his hands on her hips even as he continued to pummel her, sinking his unflagging erection deep inside the playmate again and again and again as she climaxed, twitching, quaking, jiggling, and shaking. At last, she slumped forward against the wall, water from the shower head still raining down upon her, and his cock, still hard, slipped from her wrecked pussy.

It was rare for women to truly surprise him, but in the moment following her epic orgasm, Pamela shocked Dickie completely when her hand lashed out and wrapped around his rock-hard penis. She soaped it and lovingly stroked it.

She was exhausted and pleasure-fatigued, that much was clear, her face and limbs and body still trembling, but still there was life in her eyes, fiery life that defied all conceivable possibility.

his cock speared easily into the depths of her bowels.

"UUNNHHH!" she whimpered as waves of pleasure coursed through her body; all of it originated in her ass.

She felt like she was going to explode . . . and she gave in to the feeling. Her legs trembled dangerously and her body quaked as climax once more barreled towards her.

And so Dickie initiated his final assault, reaching under to grab hold of her supple breasts again as he fucked her hard and fast, thrusting all of himself into her, ramming roughly into her succulent ass.

Pamela squealed and whimpered and groaned, shivering violently. She froze suddenly, face once more locked in that torturous, wordless scream, before her limbs contorted and quaked as the climax struck. Spinning in whirlpools of pleasure, sucked down into bliss, she was lost.

It was an unmatched accomplishment, he thought, to have held himself off in the face of such sensations and sights, but the intensity of her orgasm and the way the muscles of her sphincter milked his cock as she shuddered sent him hurtling over the edge, too. He exploded, filling her insides with his seed, hammering her still and rippling the flesh of her rounded backside as every last drop of his orgasm was pumped and deposited into her ass.

"UGH!" Dickie grunted as his balls tightened and forced his load into her convulsing ass.

It was several long moments before they ended, and the air was once more heavy with the sound of ragged breathing and running water. They slumped together, each supporting the other's weight with the wall's help, each gasping for air. Dickie tenderly pulled his cock from the ass of his beautiful playmate and sighed. The water from the nozzle splattered down upon them in an unending stream.

"Wow," she murmured, pressing her wet body to his strong chest. "Hard and fast and good, just like I like it."

Dickie chuckled. "I've learned that," he said as he reached around and grabbed a firm hold of her fleshy breast.

"Wait," she giggled, "Let's fuck in bed."

In seconds they were patted dry and the nubile playmate was leading him to the next scene. She was making careful notes on her mental yellow legal pad.

Pamela took charge and shoved Dickie back to fall in a heap on the bed, sprawled out on his back. She stood over him with her hands on her hips, a fiery dark-haired goddess with beautiful smooth skin and wild sparkling eyes, breasts swaying as she sucked in ragged breaths, the slickness between her legs catching the small bit of light in the dim room to shine invitingly.

She moved over him, but Dickie had different ideas: his hands lashed out and grabbed her, and flipped her over in one quick motion so that she was pinned on her back beneath him, struggling against his embrace.

"Hey!" the gorgeous girl cried, but her cry was muffled by his lips as they set about devouring her.

She responded by enthusiastically trying to baste the inside of his mouth with her tongue and the frenzied session of kissing that resulted nearly took what remained of his breath.

Which ended only when he was able to tear himself away, dropping his head lower to feast upon her breasts, suckling the nipples as his fingers kneaded the swollen flesh. She moaned as he worshipped them, alternating

Pamela Zinszer

between the two, crushing them, sucking them, teasing them, nibbling them.

And then he went lower still, across the flat span of her stomach and over the silken swath of strawberry gold to the saturated pink beneath. His tongue lapped up the juices he found there even as he sank one of his fingers to the second knuckle inside the oven-hot tunnel of her pussy.

Pamela moaned and her back arched sharply, thrusting those wonderful breasts into the air, as his tongue went to work on her, assaulting her sex. The girl was not shy, once rid of her inhibitions; her moans turned to whispers as she begged for him to make her come.

"Right there," she cooed, "oh yes, oh yes, don't stop, oh please, don't stop, right there, make me come, make me come, please oh please oh please ohhhhhh pllllleeeeeeeeeaaaassseeee!"

The best thing about a vocal lover is the knowledge, apart from trembling limbs, that climax has come, and as the low-pitched moans and fierce whispers transformed into a high-volume squeal, Dickie knew beyond the twitching of her slick pink folds and the quaking of her legs that the woman was cresting into wicked orgasm. And then her sweet sex nectar gushed forth and into his mouth and he knew she had ascended the very heights of pleasure.

Of course, he still wanted to give her more.

He kept his lips affixed to her puffy labia and suckled her even as his tongue continued to bathe her folds and clit through the heart of her climax, and his ministrations ensured that instead of coming down from the heights, he sent her quivering body hurtling towards another plane of pleasure, this one even higher than the one before.

And as the tingling that had never fully receded from her first orgasm built again, the sounds Pamela made became less and less coherent. Her shrieks of encouragement lost all semblance to the English language and devolved into manic whimpering and high-pitched squeals.

"Ahhh! Aiiiiiee! Ooohhhh! Ahhhh! Ahhh! Aii! Aiii! Ooaaahhhh! Aiii! Ahhh! Aiiiiiee!"

And when her body was trembling more violently than it had at any previous point, such that the soft hairs above the region he was attacking began to tickle his nose from all the movement, Dickie decided it was time to finish her.

Even as his tongue strummed against her clitoris, his lips wrapped around the swollen nub and suckled feverishly that spot like a babe at its mother's breast, bearing down upon her erogenous zone in a way quite unlike any she had ever experienced before. Her mind was an untenable mess: she could not think enough to speak or move, her body acting and responding purely at its basest instinctual level, a true pleasure-induced hysteria.

And then she came again and the wailing began.

It began in the depths of her, that purest place of the female body where pleasure is first recognized as pleasure and the message is sent to all nerve endings. Only in this instance, instead of a little flurry of gunfire as with normal orgasm, it was like a grenade had been detonated within her. Every nerve and conductor and receptacle sang in unison with the unbridled intensity of inescapable climax and her body, overloaded, almost ceased to function properly.

Pamela screamed and the world heard it.

Dickie, however, did not.

As her pleasure crested and the climax exploded within her, the lovely and supple thighs of the buxom playmate constricted and clamped down like a vice on either side of his head, closing off his ears to much of the sound she began making shortly thereafter. He felt her hands lash out and grip the back of his head as her hips bucked upwards, taking his head, still attached to her between the legs, with them again and again as wave after wave of glorious orgasm crashed over her. It seemed as if she was pouring bucket loads of her juice over his face; he could feel it smearing his cheeks and trickling down his chin.

It took a long while for her to come down from the heights she reached with her second orgasm, during which time Dickie finally raised his head and surveyed his handiwork. Her face was contorted in a grimace which gave the appearance of being in significant pain, although he knew differently. She was whimpering and panting heavily, and her legs were still moving as she curled up somewhat into a fetal position. The pink lips of her pussy were still twitching and contracting, still shooting little bursts of pleasure through her. There were tears on her cheeks.

And then her eyes popped open and turned slowly to meet his own, and Dickie saw more fire and flashing emotion in them than he had even seen in them before; there was a ferocity in her eyes that was startling, and even frightening.

And then Pamela vaulted up to a sitting position and slapped him full across the face.

"You've ruined me," she hissed.

And in an incredible display of strength and athleticism, while Dickie was still wrapping his head around her words, the dark-haired vixen grabbed him and flipped him over onto his back, straddled him as her hands yanked at his erection, and impaled herself to the hilt on his several inches of steel, despite the competing qualities of his thickness and her tightness.

"FFFUUUCCCKKKK YYEEESSSS!" she cried.

Pamela was a woman deranged as she rode him for all she was worth: her blue eyes were wild and flashing; her head was thrashing, her hair whipping around her like she was standing in hundred-mile winds; her exquisite breasts were bouncing and jiggling, her ass slapping down hard against him and rebounding like his legs were a trampoline; and her hands were pounding against his chest, punishing him for the ridiculous pleasure he had given her.

It was a full-on fuck frenzy.

Dickie's head was spinning and his lungs did their best, despite the pounding, to gasp for precious bits of air. But her pussy was creating havoc upon him, the ferocious inner muscles of her sex squeezing and gripping as he slid in and out; his cock was on absolute fire.

And then Pamela began to gyrate her ass without slowing and Dickie knew he would not make it long; the breakneck pace was nearly ending him already.

"FUCK" the beautiful blonde screamed. "FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!"

Pamela rocked and rolled her hips as she fucked hard up and down, burying him again and again within her but from different angles, carving out new ground with his cock on every penetration. It was like she wanted

Pamela Zinszer

to feel his meat against every nook and cranny of her insides and would not be satisfied unless it happened.

Dickie reached around and took hold of the luscious cheeks of her ass and held on for dear life; there would be time to explore her other physical assets later. He was just looking to survive.

And survive he did . . . to Pamela's growing dismay.

She was closing in on her third orgasm as her clit ground down against his thick and invasive cock, while he had not yet found his first. She was unaccustomed to receiving so much pleasure in exchange for so little and fought it desperately, but there was nothing she could do; she was a slave to her body and the cock that was wrecking it.

Her back arched again and orgasm pulverized her, and another incredible scream tore from her throat, and this one Dickie heard. It was one of the most amazingly sexual sounds he had ever been privy to and it finished him completely.

The pressure that had been building steady through his feast at her pussy and the subsequent fuck session erupted in a geyser so powerful that he was worried she would be thrown from him. Pamela's eyes did open wide as she felt the torrential onslaught of his orgasm coating and filling her insides, but her reaction was quite unexpected: for the first time in a long time, she giggled.

And so they came together in that moment, Pamela descending from her third passing Dickie at the crest of his first, and after much in the way of trembling and quivering and quaking and jiggling and grunting, she collapsed upon him, his cock still half-embedded within her, her breasts squished into his chest, her bounty of chestnut brown, honeysuckle-smelling hair just beneath his nose.

And it was in this position that the two newly minted lovers would remain for some time, their bodies slick with sweat and sexual juice, the both of them exhilarated and exhausted by ridiculous orgasm.

"Oh, wow," she groaned slowly recovering her senses. A cartoon light bulb went off in her pretty head and she scampered out of bed. Pamela, naked and still glowing with the flush of sex, looked lovely scampering out of bed. She looked more lovely bending down and rummaging in her bag. She popped up with a mega-watt grin on her face and a stack of yellow legal pad pages in her hand. "My script!"

It was Dickie's turn to groan as she pranced victoriously to the bed and bounced back in.

"My script!" she sang out again, offering it like a gift.

He took it with hesitation and weighed it in his hand. "I have to tell you, luv, at the end of the day, I ain't much of a one for reading. I have some birds in the office do it."

"You have parrots that can read!" she gasped wide-eyed.

He didn't try to explain; his dick was getting hard just being near her. "Well, the thing is, I just don't think I'm gonna read this."

Pamela's eyes brimmed with tears. "You promised."

Dickie couldn't recall making any promises. Suddenly a sliver of the phone chat with the publisher came back to him. "Well, luv, what I told my mate was that I'd see about giving you a leg up in the business."

"But my scriptâ!" she wailed.

"Tell you what, who'd you like to meet? At the end of the day it's all about the names in the rolodex."

"Al Pacino," she said emphatically.

"Well, he's in New York right now. How 'bout the bloke who played his brother?"

"Really, could you?" Pamela was overjoyed. Not knowing what to do she began to stroke his cock.

"Consider it done." His chuckle turned into a groan as her sweet mouth engulfed his shaft.

Her thank yous came out in muffled squeals as she gave him the blow job of a life time.

"Can you introduce me to Al Pacino? I mean he's your brother and all."

"Um, I played his brother in the Godfather."

She nodded. "He's a really good actor." She quickly added, "And you are too. But I wrote the part for him."

"You wrote a script?"

"Didn't Mr. Crookbeck tell you?" She proudly extended her arms, proffering the script as if it were a holy relic.

"The Playmate Who Cured Something." He raised a brow.

"That's just temporary. I'll figure out what I cure later. It's about a playmate. Played by me. And how, even though she's all sexy and stuff, she still has a lot to offer."

"I'm sure."

"I mean, golly, we don't want to just be sex symbols."

"No of course not." He flipped through the pages. "You didn't type it."

"No, not yet. This is like a draft."

He weighed it in the flat of his palm as if considering. "Are there any sex scenes in it?"

"Oh gee, of course," she said proudly. "Why have a playmate in your movie if you're not gonna show her naked."

"I meanâsex. You know. Balling."

She frowned. "Of course, silly. Once Al Pacino takes my clothes off he's going to want to do me and all. I mean, golly, who doesn't want to do Miss March?"

"Tell me about one of those scenes."

Pamela Zinszer

"Well, there's a scene where Pamela, I mean me in the movie, not the real me. I'm the real me. I mean the girl whose me in the movie, I mean me, I play me, but like a made up me for the story?"

"Just tell me about the scene."

"Well, Pamela, meâ lthe me in the storyâ l"

"I get it."

"Pamela, me, I. I get a phone call where I find out I won like a big science prize? And Al Pacino he's so proud of me that he takes off all my clothes and does me."

"On a bed."

"Of course on a bed silly." She paused. "Should I change the location? Make it moreâ l" Her brain reached into its files and conjured up the how-to-write-a-script book. She visualized the page on setting and found the word she was looking for. "More offbeat."

"No, I think the bed's a good location. You say he takes off your clothes?"

"Yeah, you want me to show you the scene?" She reached for her script.

"I have another idea," he said. "We could improvise a bit. See how the scene plays."

"Improvise?"

"Yeah, act out the scenario, try to find the truth in the spontaneity."

"Oh, you mean, you take off my clothes and stuff and ball me and I get ideas for the story."

"Something like that."

"OK." She paused and considered for a moment, her face a picture of concentration. "Will you be playing Al Pacino?"

"How 'bout I play me."

"OK." She hesitated again. "It's OK if you really want to go all the way. I want to be a good writer."

He moved closer and began to unbutton her blouse. Pamela began to sway and gyrate melodramatically; she pressed the back of her hand against her forehead and dropped her entire head back. "Oh, Al Pacino, I can't resist you! You're so big and strong and handsome."

The man stopped. "First of all Pacino is a little guy. OK? I tower over him. And I'm supposed to be me, remember" Call me Jimmy."

"OK, Jimmy." She pulled his hands onto her breasts, sliding them into her half open blouse so he could feel the creamy flesh under the lacy bra. "Mmmm, this feels nice."

Jimmy leaned in to kiss her and her mouth was eager and sweet. Suddenly she pushed him away. "But what's theâ l." The gears of her brain spun again searching her memory of the movie book. "What's our motivating?"

Pamela Zinszer

"Motivation," Jimmy said wearily. "What's the motivation." The motivation was he wanted to bone this cute voluptuous babe but she wouldn't shut up. "How 'bout our motivation is I want to steal you away from Al. I'm putting my dick to you to make you mine."

Pamela frowned yet again. "But I could never leave Al Pacino."

"Yeah, OK." He took her by the shoulders and spun her around. He pulled the shirt down her back, ripping away the few still closed buttons.

"Hey," Pamela protested, trying to turn around. But Jimmy held her with one hand and with his other he was spinning the blouse into an elongated shape.

He lifted her hair and put the rolled up blouse across her mouth.

"So here's the motivation. I gotta ball you to show Al Pacino that I want you real bad 'cause you're sexy and smart."

She pulled the gag away before he could secure it. "You mean like a rape?" she asked gleefully.

"Yeah, like a rape," he agreed. "I need to rape you real bad."

She nodded happily as he finally got the gag tied.

He swept her up and headed for the bed. Pamela squirmed with excitement and couldn't help pulling the gag off her mouth for a minute. "Jimmy, I think you should fuck me real hard, 'cause we want to make Al Pacino really really jealous. OK?"

"Sure, doll, sure," he agreed, trying to work the gag back into her mouth while he hoisted her to the bed.

She pulled the gag out one more time. "Oh and fuck me a lot too, OK? I really want to be a good writer." She popped the gag back in herself.

"Sure thing, doll," he agreed, dropping her onto the bed and pulling off her skirt at the same time. "Anything for art."

Golly, Pamela gushed inside her brain, "I'm really an artist now!" She squealed a muffled squeal of delight as his cock entered her. "I love the movies," she sighed in her overactive mind.

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