

Ravens confession...

By : casinoboss

WARNING from the author: This chapter deals with rape, incest, violence, murder, mutual masturbation and very graphic depictions of orgasms. Raven takes Tommy home for the night, and within minutes both are naked and having crazy sex on her expensive sofa. Then she makes a startling confession.



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Raven.The Goddess of Biloxi -Chapter two

Even though it was dark when Tommy swung the Ferrari down Hickory Hills Circle, he noticed this was not the usual neighborhood for the Ravens of the world. No trailers, no cars sitting on blocks on the front lawns, no chain link fences or barking pit bulls. Certainly no rag tag groups of teenagers hanging around the corners with their pants falling down.

This neighborhood was affluent. Beautiful brick homes with expansive front yards immaculately trimmed and landscaped. Azaleas and bougainvilleas shouted along the front walls of the green shuttered houses.

“Right here baby” Raven pointed at the driveway at 2430. As Tommy pulled in, the garage opened without him activating a remote. He slipped the Ferrari in the garage between a huge work out bag and a 21 speed bike. The door slammed quickly behind him.

“What happened? He asked his young co-pilot.

“Automatic. Everything. It opens to the sound of this engine and this engine only. When the car comes to a stop, it closes instantly. My friend set it up for me, along with the wrought iron gate out front. Keeps the crazies from getting in, IF they were stupid enough to follow me home.” She leaned over and kissed him, “Come on in. Don’t worry. I bite.”

From the garage, they entered through the kitchen. Emerald green, granite counter tops over mahogany cabinets, a nice island with a five burner cook top, and a rack of hanging pots and pans overhead. Stainless steel appliances right down to a trash compactor.

“Wow, this is some kitchen.”

“Nothing says kitchen like eighteen grand, baby. Come on. I’ll show you around.” She grabbed his hand and led him into the sunken living room. It was a flood of colors. Hardwood floors, accent walls in terracotta and teal, and a massive stone fireplace he could probably stand up in.

The walls were covered in original artwork from the bohemian painters in the French Quarter. Even the “Blue Dog” by Gonzalez was hanging dead center over a drum table by the front door. Her taste was eclectic, and had water colors, oils, pen and ink sketches of New Orleans and lots of caricatures of black musicians. Colorful vases from China and Tibet, crystal from Waterford, and Persian rugs graced the floors.

Her furniture consisted of elaborate chairs, screens and tables from the 17th century. The only current piece of furniture was her massive five piece sectional covered in palomino suede. A few colorful pillows and throws made the sofa sing.

Standing with his hands on his hips, he stood silently and thought of this house and this tiny young woman. He felt her arm through his and glanced down at her, “Did you do all this?”

She sat on her sofa and folded her legs, wrapped her arms around her knees. “I did. Surprised?”

He chuckled, “I am, but I shouldn’t be. I told you before you fascinate me.” She reached for his hand and pulled him down to the sofa. “Good. I told you I wanted to fascinate you. I guess you’re wondering about all this?”

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They looked in each other's eyes. The chemistry between them was undeniable. The mood had shifted right in front of their eyes. It was still and quiet, and the sounds of their breathing stirred both of them.

He leaned towards her and caressed her face with his hand, "I want you." She bit her bottom lip before she took his face in her hands and said, "Oh, baby, I want you, too. Her tongue slipped out and wiggled over his lips while she unbuttoned his shirt. She pulled the shirt open and began kissing his nipples as she unbuckled his belt, unsnapped the clasp and unzipped his slacks. He stood with his erection by her mouth which thrilled her. She began kissing it before she took it deep in her warm mouth. Tommy unsnapped her blouse and pushed it off her shoulders as she focused on his cock. She rubbed it over her lips, and across her cheeks. "mmmmm, Oh God, baby, you taste good, and I'm going to treat you right."

Suddenly, she was on her back and he was dragging her shorts off. Before she knew it her right leg was on the back of the sofa and her left leg hung off the edge. He was on his knees between her legs now, and leaning on his hands like he was going to do a push up.

The passionate kissing had her breathing deeply, her tits were moving up and down slowly. He dropped his head to her nipples and sucked then hard. They made a loud pop when he pulled his lips from them. He glanced down at the tiniest shaved pussy he had ever seen. "This might be uncomfortable for you."

She grabbed his face with her hands and pulled his mouth to hers. Her tongue rolled around in his mouth as she guided his cock to her pussy. She stared in his eyes as she said, "Just push it in. I don't care if it hurts." He did as he was told, and eased himself through her pussy lips and pushed lightly against her opening. Raven pulled his face to hers, "You want my pussy...take it." She wiggled as he shoved it in. The grimace on her face told him she was in pain. He paused, and held her face between his hands. "Don't stop, baby. I'm alright. Just take it slow for a minute. I'll adapt." He started rocking slow against her and she rocked with him.

Raven hooked her arms around his neck and kissed him harder and longer than he expected. She was right, and adapted as she rolled her hips under him. She whispered, and gasped, "Don't stop, Don't stop, Don't stop!" Then "ohh, yes, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me. Fuck me hard." as she pumped against him. He picked up the pace, pounding into her hard, as he held her tiny ass cheeks in his hands. They were fucking hard and fast. Her hair was flying as she hung on tight. "Cum in me." She squeezed her legs tight around him and he felt her muscles quiver. "NOW!" Raven gave him teeth gritting, bone jarring sex. He began to pull himself out. "No, baby. Please leave it in for a minute. I love how it feels in me." Raven's lips were quivering. He held himself off her on his elbows and stayed inside her as he pulled her hair from her face. He kissed her sweaty face, and rubbed his thumbs over her plum, wet lips before he kissed them.

The kiss was dreamy and long like, slow motion. She held him tight around the neck as the kiss finally broke free, "Shit, oh shit. What a great fuck! I gotta tell you, I don't remember ever being fucked so hard." He raised up off her, "You asked for hard. You got hard."

She grinned, "Good thing I didn't ask for it up my ass. I'd be in the emergency room by now getting my ass sewed up." He touched her face, "That's never going to happen" and kissed her softly.

"Someone told me to never say never."

"You're right. I'll amend it to shouldn't."

"That's better, but still sounds restrictive. I said I don't have limits, baby, and I don't. Now, no one's been in there before, but if I get the urge, I hope you'll be a good boy and give it to me."

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He grinned, " Sounds like we're just getting warmed up." She pulled herself up next to him and leaned against his shoulder. " We'll see. But, I do appreciate a man with stamina." Her chest was still heaving, " However, your young lover needs a break. How about a glass of wine? We can drink and smoke and share life stories." He reached for his cigarettes on the coffee table. " Fair enough." He lit a cigarette and before he could exhale, she slipped her tongue out and wiggled it as she put it in his mouth and covered his lips with hers. As she exhaled his smoke through her nose, she purred, " mmmmm baby, I love smoke kissing with you. I'll get the wine." " Is this girl sexy or what?"

He leaned back and watched the tiny Raven scamper to the kitchen stark naked. Her long hair reached the crack of her ass. Tommy thought she was the sexiest woman he had ever been with, and we know he's been with a lot.

It was slightly chilly, so he got up and lit a fire in the fireplace. She came out with a bottle of wine under her arm and two glasses in her hands. " Nice fire. Thanks."

He was leaning against the mantle naked with his manhood at half-mast. " You're welcome, but it is a gas fireplace, you know. One flip of the switch." She glanced at his crotch and smiled, " Is that thing ever going to go down, or are we just going to get right back to it?" as she poured the wine, took his cigarette from him, dragged on it; then set the wine down on the hearth and noticed his almost erection was inches from her mouth. With her wet lips, she kissed the head, licked it, pulled his skin back and licked the hidden flesh. All the while smoke poured from her parted lips.

Then she stood up and met his parted lips with hers as she caressed and fondled him. He gently pulled from the kiss, " Not that I mind, but it doesn't usually go down when a beautiful woman plays with it." " I thought you wanted a break" then took the cigarette from her, dragged on it, and tossed it in the fireplace.

She kissed him softly, " You're right. I need a break, and we need to talk," then led him back to the sofa. She grabbed a multi colored throw from the back and laid it across the couch for them to set their naked bodies on. He sipped his red wine, " Ok, what would you like to talk about?"

Raven lit a fresh cigarette, " Sex, of course. You remember your first time?" He took a drag from her cigarette, " Of course. Mrs. Anderson. My neighbor. I was her pool boy. Took me inside when I was fourteen."

" You were just a boy. And you said nothing?"

" No, what fourteen year old boy would? She was gorgeous."

" So, you liked it?"

" I liked it every Saturday until I got drafted. Still pretty fond of it as you can see. How about you? How old were you the first time?" She took a slow drag, " My story is sorta the same, but a little more complicated."

" How's that?"

" I'm not sure when it started, but I remember him touching me when I was really little like 5 or 6 maybe."

" Who?"

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â Uncle Rusty...lived across the street. My mommas baby brother. Nothing radical, he didnâ t try to fuck me or anything, but he did enjoy kissing me. Just a few short kisses on the lips the first couple of years, kinda playful like. But, the kisses kept getting longer and longer, and it went on like that until I was around nine or ten. Then he bought me a tube of red lipstick. Man, that made me so happy, and he was happy too. He told me to it would make me even more beautiful. So, naturally, once I started wearing lipstick, the next thing I knew, he slipped his tongue in my mouth and it felt so good..â

Raven dropped her eyes as she sucked on her cigarette She shook her head apologetically, â I was too young to know what was happening, but I knew I liked it.â Smoke poured from her lips as she continued. â So, needless to say, he introduced me to making out, and man, it was like we invented it. Can you imagine a ten year old girl making out with a grown man, squirming around breathless on his lap?â

â I canâ t imagine.â

â Well, unfortunately it did happen. I felt his hard on against me, but had no idea what it was. I thought it was maybe something from his pocket that slipped over somehow. At least that's what I thought until he yelled. He came in his jeans, and made a real mess. I got off him right away and my panties were all sticky.I was kinda pissed because those were my favorite panties. Had little birds on 'em."

Tommy shook his head in horror as she went on. "I was only twelve when I started smoking, and drinking by thirteen. By fourteen, I was smoking two packs a day, and never seen without bright red lips and a cigarette. Next thing I knew, one afternoon he cornered me in the garage out back and pulled out his dick. I thought it was beautiful. I was mesmerized by it and wanted to touch it, then hold it.

After that, I found myself jacking him off every time we made out. I didnâ t know what I was doing at first, but he showed me what men liked. I did enjoy having his cock in my hand.â She exhaled and snuffed her cigarette out like it suddenly disgusted her. They exchanged looks. What was he seeing? Did he now think she was trash? A slut maybe?

Whatever he was thinking, she knew she had to go on. â I gave my first blow job to him around that time, and by then I was begging him to fuck me and cum in my pussy. I mean, he had no problem shooting his load in my mouth, why not my pussy? I was pissed when he turned me down.

Big mistake. He fucked me every time he saw me after that for years. I was so in love with him though, I couldnâ t wait for his visits. As crazy as it sounds, somehow I became the aggressor. It was me chasing him, not him chasing me. Crazy.â Her head shook in disgust.

Tommy spoke up, â Hey, it wasnâ t your fault. I understand. â Raven looked in his eyes, â Do you? I really hope so â cause I donâ t want you think Iâ m trash.â

â Thatâ s crazy talk. You were a victim.â

â Yeah, but... it gets worse baby. I craved it so much, I would go his work, and let him fuck me in the filthy bathroom. I let him fuck me anytime, or anywhere he wanted. I fucked him in my house, when my daddy was asleep. In the garage on a pile of rags. In his truck, the back of my daddyâ s car, or down by the river, in public or private. It didnâ t matter. Anytime, anyplace. Rain or shine, daytime or darkness ; even my front porch. He liked me to suck him off while he went through the drive thru, you know, McDonalds, Burger Kings, those kind of joints.â

Tommy wrapped her in his arms, â Iâ m so sorry...why are you crying?â

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â I havenâ t gotten to the worst part, yet.â

â Thereâ s more?â

â Yes, oh please baby, donâ t think bad of me. I was just young and stupid.â

â I donâ t think that, so quit apologizing. Go on.â

She lit another cigarette and dragged deeply, â One night I heard noises coming from my daddyâ s room. Now, daddy was at work, so there shouldnâ t have been anyone there. So, I cracked the door slowly, just a little, and saw my mom for the first time in years on her hands and knees with Rusty behind her fucking her...I guess in the ass. Her own brother.

God only knows how many years they had been doing it...probably since they were kids.It sure didnâ t look like the first time. Her hair was flying, her big tits were bouncing, and she raised her head and winked at me.â

â Damn. Thatâ s the worst story Iâ ve ever heard. What did you do?â

â I shut the door, and went across the street where he lived.â Raven paused and sucked on her cigarette,

â Did I tell you he lived across the street?â

â You mentioned it.â

â Right, well, I donâ t know who I was pissed at most, but I was sopissed- I stormed up his wooden steps at three in the morning figuring to fuck his son, Jesse who was about 19 or 20. I knew he had the hotâ s for me â cause every time I walked by him, he reached down and jerked at his crotch...you know how guys do that stupid shit?â

Tommy nodded as he pulled her to him and cuddled her under his arm. He wasnâ t sure what he felt, but he knew she needed to be cuddled.

â Anyway, the peckerhead wasnâ t shall we say, â up for itâ -blamed it on too much liquor, so I pulled off his limp dick and tugged my skirt down and headed for the door where I was met by his momma, a nasty curly headed bitch named Hazel, and thatâ s when the fun started. She weighed two hundred to my seventy five so kicked my ass all over the house...then fucked me herself with the handle of her curling iron. Pretty much a nightmare story, huh?â

â Iâ m only hoping youâ re making it up.â

â Even as fucked up as my mind is...and it's admittedly pretty fucked up, I could never dream this kind of shit up lover. It happened. I scrambled back home, beaten and bloody. To show you what a fuck up I was, when my daddy saw me the next afternoon, I lied to him and told him I got mobbed by a bunch of colored girls. I just couldnâ t tell him about any of it. Rusty, Hazel, his stupid kid, momma, none of it."

Tommy picked up her chin and kissed her warm lips. 'I don't know what to say. I'm sorry seems so little.'

Raven looked up at him and sadly grinned, "That's sweet baby, but hang onto those I'm sorrys. It gets worse."

"NO!"

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"Yes, sweetheart. You have to hear it all."

"Ok...I'm sick at my stomach already. Is it a lot worse?"

"Yes. The next day Rusty tossed me in his pickup and took me to church. Naturally, the church was empty, it being a Tuesday, and he apologized over and over, and told me he loved me and only me, and to please forgive him. So, like an idiot, I laid down behind the altar and let him fuck me. Another mistake. He was so mad, he fucked me until I bled again. Old Hazel fucked me up pretty good with that curling iron.. I cried and cried and he just kept on going. No one was there to stop him or help me, and I remember looking up and seeing Jesus on the stained glass windows. He was looking down at me with big brown eyes, his hands stretched out wide. I figured he was telling me it was ok. He understood. I just quit crying and went limp. I surrendered.â

Tommy rubbed her back, â Iâ m sorryâ then shook his head in disgust.

She drew on her cigarette and nodded, â I waited too long to figure it out. Iâ m pretty smart, but in those days I was just barefoot and stupid. The son of a bitch was a child molester, and practiced incest with his sister, my own mother, so I was just one of many.â

Raven stood and walked to the fireplace, then turned and looked at him. â Have I fucked us up?â

Tommy shook his head, â No, Iâ m so sorry. I had no idea that you suffered anything like that. What happened to him?â

Raven paused, â The right thing happened to him.â He looked puzzled, and Raven was very nervous about continuing her story. â Baby, I do like you, maybe more than I should right now, so maybe I should just hold off on the rest until we see what happens with us.â

He got up and walked to her at the fireplace, and pulled her to his shoulder and kissed her plum lips, â I told you I understand. Nothing you could say is going to change my mind about how I feel about you. So, tell me, what happened to him?â He held her hand and led her back to the sofa. Her soft wet lips cruised his, her dark eyes bore into his anxious for his response.

â Sure you want to know?â she asked nervously and dragged on her cigarette.

He nodded.

â I..I had him killed.â It startled him, â You what?â He picked up her cigarette and dragged on it himself. She leaned over and smoked out of his mouth.

Then exhaled, â Ok, here goes. After high school, I finally told my boyfriend about it. I also told him what bar he hung out in, and that he was always there on Friday nights to cash his paycheck and get drunk. So, the next Friday night, I took him to the bar and we hid in the bushes and peeked through the dirty window. I pointed Uncle Rusty out and waited outside. He walked in and the fight started. I was peeking through the window and watched my boyfriend beat his ass to the floor.

But, Uncle Rusty was pretty slick, and managed to get up thanks to some assholes holding my boyfriend. He hit my boyfriend in the gut, then the mouth. Then ran towards the door. I figured I'd catch him by the time he got to the bottom of the steps, and I did. Uncle Rusty jumped from the porch and started for me. My boyfriend was a few feet behind him with his big knife in his hand. I screamed at him to throw it to me. The instant that knife hit my hand, I knew exactly what I had to do, and I did it without blinking an eye. I ran the blade

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straight into his miserable fucking heart and buried it up to the handle. I'll never forget his face when I spit in it.

I dragged the knife from his heart, and stabbed him again in the nuts. His knees buckled and he went down just like that. I stood over him for a second, pulled my panties to the side and pissed on him. I tossed the knife back to my boyfriend and walked home. When the cops finally got there, Rusty was still on his bent knees, and my boyfriend was sitting on the front porch of the bar with the bloody knife still in his hand.

Tommy wasn't an easy man to shock, but there are some things in life that are just so shocking to ignore. So, you didn't actually have him killed. You did it yourself?

I improvised. I wasn't going to leave that bar until one of us was dead. My life was meaningless, and my reputation was shit anyway, thanks to him, so what did I have to lose? My mom was a cunt, my sister was already whoring in New Orleans, my daddy worked all the time, and my boyfriend was nothing to write home about.

So, what about the law?

Welcome to Mississippi Mr. Castle. The cops were happy to see the piece of shit dead. They knew I was the one behind it, and that my boyfriend just claimed it to protect me, or maybe make himself look tough. Either way, I don't give a fuck. Rusty is just as dead, no matter who stuck him. But, you know what's really funny about it?

I can't imagine.

The autopsy showed twenty seven stab wounds, and his throat had been cut so bad they thought his head was going to fall off. Somebody wanted to make sure the bastard was dead, even though the coroner said he was dead before he hit the ground.

Tommy put it all together now. Everything made sense. I'm guessing that boyfriend was a big biker dude with his arms covered in tattoos?

She grinned and raised her brow, dragged again on her cigarette, Could be. It's old news now baby, but believe me, that's exactly the way it went down. I always planned to kill him myself anyway, so it worked out like it was supposed to. I'm alive and he's dead and the world is a better place on both counts.

I'm sorry.

Well, I'm not. Because of all that shit, I turned my life around. Everyone in town knows the story, knows who I am. I just figured if we were going to try to get something going, I'd rather you get the story from me instead of the street. Hell, the street has it that I killed Hazel, too.

Hazel's dead?

As a doornail last time I saw her.

Where was that?

Sitting in Rusty's pickup.

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â How do you know she was dead?â

Raven lit a fresh cigarette, â Well, Iâ ve never seen anyone get up and walk away when theyâ re on fire.â

â She burned to death in Rustyâ s pickup?â

â Sure did. I just stood and watched. Got rid of her and that fucking front seat of his truck the same night.â

â I wouldnâ t blame you if you did it.â

â Well, baby...I donâ t know who did it, but when I got there, the only one there was daddy, sitting on the hood of his police car.â

â Your daddyâ s a cop?â Raven exhaled, â Yep, Mississippi State Trooper.â

â Damn.â

While she laid against his arm. â You want me to take you back to your car now? Did I ruin it for us?â Tommy paused, â I actually thought the man eater thing was a joke. Guess I was wrong.â

â Looks like. So ? Whatâ s it going to be? I figured you for something special, thatâ s why I was upfront with you. But, if this is all too much, Iâ ll take you back to your car, and we can just end this now. We've had a good time. No regrets.â

â I donâ t see it like that, although one night stands pretty much describes my love life.â

â Does it? Thatâ s sad , baby. Youâ re a terrific guy, and terrific guys need someone special in their lives.â

â Someone like you?â

She dragged on her cigarette and grinned, â You could do worse. Iâ m young, rich, beautiful, and pretty independent. I donâ t need a man to support me, and I donâ t want one I have to support. Iâ ve had a few men in my life, but so far, no keepers. I told you all this because there's nosense letting you fall in love with me, then hearing this kind of shit on the street.â

â So, you think Iâ m going to fall in love with you?â

â Of course.â

â And how do you know that?â

â I can see it in your eyes, baby. The eyes tell the truth.â

â Maybe my eyes are saying something else. Maybe theyâ re full of questions.â

â Iâ m sure they are. Thatâ s part of my plan.â

â So, youâ re a planner.â

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â I am.â

â Howâ s it going so far?â

â Not bad. I know you like me, and you must know I like you, but we have a lot of shit to figure out before we go exchanging vows. I figure we both need to approach this with our eyes open. Questions?â â

Tommy took a sip of wine, ignoring her plan for now. â Ok, so where did the dough come from? Uncle Rusty have a nice fat insurance policy and named you as his beneficiary?â

â Shit, he didnâ t have a pot to piss in. No baby, when my grandfather died three years ago, he left me and my sister a few bucks, so I bought this place at an auction. Picked it up for pennies on the dollar. This house is famous. I bet you didnâ t know that either, huh?â

He tilted his head, â Famous for what? Old Andy Jackson couldnâ t have slept here. Too new.â

Raven replied, â The Carroll murders. He was a local Judge and his wife was running for Mayor. Gunned down right in there. Shot in the head. He was in the den, she was in the bedroom. Happened back in â 86 or â 87. Nice people.â

â You knew them?â

Raven dragged and exhaled quickly, â Yep, knew both of them. He did some work for my daddy. I was just kid, but I remember them both being nice to me. That was unusual because I already had a ...reputation.â He smiled at her. What a woman. â Iâ m still listening. Pennies on the dollar...â

â Right, well, there was talk that it sold so cheap â cause it was haunted, so I gutted the whole fucking place and started over. I donâ t know if you can really kill ghosts, since theyâ re supposed to be already dead, but I never heard a peep since.â This tiny girl gets more fascinating by the minute.

â Got it. So, your granddad passing away gave you the bucks to do all this?â

â Uh huh. And the Ferrari, and my boat, and a couple of rental properties, and a small boutique in the city. And of course, the club.â

â The club?â

â Scandals. I own it.â Scandals was the nightclub where they met first, now a complete lifetime ago.

â Iâ m not sure I can take any more surprises tonight.â

He would find out later the â few bucksâ she referred to amounted to a few million, plus an annuity that pays her over eighty grand a year without getting out of bed. Naturally, she didnâ t reveal any of that to him that night. She had already revealed more than she wanted to.. â A girls got to make a living.â She quipped.

â You have a boat?â

â Sailboat. Thirty six foot Hunter. Itâ s over in the marina where you work.â

â Ok, you win the fascination contest. I give up. Anything else?â

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â Well, I assume you know I used to be a stripper?â

â Wild guess.â

â Would it surprise you to know Iâ m also a college grad?â

â It would.â

â I am. I have a Degrees in English and Math. I also speak Spanish, French, and Italian. Some Creole. I hold teaching credentials in two states, Alabama and Mississippi. I also have a black belt in Karate, and love ballet and opera. Surprised?â

He leaned back against the sofa. He wasnâ t surprised. He was stunned. â Youâ ve been busy and Iâ m missing something.â

â I know exactly what youâ re missing. Why donâ t I have a steady boyfriend?â

â Thatâ s right. Why donâ t you?â

â Look, after the shit with Rusty, I got it together. I swore no man would ever touch me unless I wanted to be touched. So, I took up Karate.â

â Me, too. Any good?â

â Look around.â Tommy raised his head and looked around. The fireplace mantle housed Karate trophies, plus a few shelves of the bookcase.

He replied, â Well, thatâ s impressive. I donâ t remember ever meeting a twenty two year old woman that has a wall full of Karate trophies, that restored a house, drives a Ferrari, and sails her own sailboat.â

She grinned with raised eyebrows., â Donâ t forget loves opera, and is exceptionally bright and dangerously beautiful.â

â Youâ re all that and more. But, you have so much education, I mean beside the club providing an income, what else can you get from the club? Youâ re too bright to be a party girl forever.â

â You sound exactly like Alexis Champion.â

â You know her?â

â Sheâ s my Godmother. Practically raised me. My mom as I explained is pure trash. Left my daddy and ran off with the stereotypical traveling salesman in a big red Cadillac convertible, much like the one you drive. I was two years old then. Alex helped my daddy raise me as best she could, when she could. She was pretty busy with her own career, and a shitty husband of her own to deal with. I pretty much ran wild. But, she did manage to put me through college.â

â I see. Sheâ s never mentioned any of that to me.â

â She wouldnâ t.â

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Tommy leaned forward and raked his hands through his hair. "I'm going to have to think about all this for a few minutes. Alex and I kinda got off on the wrong foot. I'm not sure I'd pick up any points with her for getting involved with you."

Raven sucked on her cigarette, "Wrong foot? I'd say you got off just right. She's nuts about you, and totally confused."

Tommy shook his head, "She didn't seem confused last time I talked to her. She made it pretty clear she doesn't want anything to do with me." Alexis did blow him off originally, but couldn't get him out of her mind. The fact that he lived in her exclusive apartment building didn't help.

Raven dragged again on her cigarette, "Defense mechanism sweetheart. She doesn't date, hasn't been laid in years, and you shook her with a few kisses. She'll calm down eventually. But, since she is competition, I probably shouldn't be telling you to go for it."

"How do you know all this?"

"Her daughter Lexi and I are best friends. We talk all the time. Alexis tells Lexi everything."

"I have no romantic interest in Alexis Champion or anyone else for that matter. My divorce left a bad taste in my mouth, and it's only been final a few months. I plan on being single for a while. A long while."

"No problem, baby. Raven isn't looking for love, either. But, I'm not opposed to having someone special in my life. And whatever we say or do here stays right here." That in itself sounded perfectly rational, but presented a new problem. "But, what if I want to take you out on a date?"

Raven grinned, "Then we go out on a date. I said what we say or do here in my house is between us. I hope you do take me out sometimes. I like dressing up and going to fancy places. You look like the kind of guy that would do that for me. That's why I moved on you... Hang on." She hopped up and ran barefoot to a small secretaries desk in the corner. After rifling through the top drawer, she pulled out a manila envelope and read from it. "Let's see. October 11th, at 10:45 pm. You wore button up Levis, and a nice soft tan shirt; suede jacket, and tan boots with gold toes. And a big ass belt buckle." She closed the folder and smiled.

"All that's in that folder?"

"And much more." She walked over and sat next to him. Her cigarette had burned out in the ashtray. She got a fresh one and he lit it. He replied, "I'd like to hear this."

So, the very young, Raven La Porte began reading his bio to him. It covered everything. From Eagle Scout to Viet Nam, from LAPD to Vegas. From Paula, Celeste, the M&Ms and Lori Dunning, right up to his shitty marriage to Carly Collins. It was very thorough.

He listened intently. He watched her closely, but really didn't hear her. Her lips were moving, and he could see she was reading, but she clearly knew a lot of it by heart because she could take her eyes off of it, glance at him still talking and go right back to it without missing a beat. What kind of woman was this?

When she finished, he noticed she had been wearing small rimless glasses perched on the tip of her nose. She put the envelope on the coffee table, and looked him directly in the eyes. "You've been a busy boy sweetheart. You need some time to heal before you can get serious with anyone. I get it. I'll help you heal baby." She cuddled up next to him and kissed his neck. "Healing is something I know all about. Trust

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me.â He was comfortable with her, yet a little uncomfortable, too. â What was that you were reading from?â

â Itâ s just a Police report. My daddyâ s a retired Mississippi State Trooper remember? He ran it for me. He runs everyone I date. Sorry. A girl canâ t be too careful.â

â Iâ ve seen Police Reports. I assure you Police Reports donâ t concern themselves with the Boy Scouts , military records, or a manâ s marriages. So, where did all that come from?â

â OK, so he did a little investigating. I hope you donâ t mind.â

He lit a cigarette, â I donâ t mind about the Police Report. The investigating? You would probably learned all that from me in time. Do you date a lot?â

â Not much. Iâ m a busy girl.â

â I imagine working at a club, thereâ s plenty of...â

â Assholes mostly, and then you popped up...just like that. Now, ask me again what I have gotten from the club besides income. I got you, didnâ t I?â

â I'm stil here. So, who else do you date? What kind of men do you like?â

â Well, I have a lingerie shop on Canal Street in New Orlanz, so I usually date guys from around there. Mostly guys that have some kind of business. I date a nice Realtor, a couple of Doctors, a lawyer or two. Nothing serious. I donâ t date anyone locally. Oh, I did for a while, but Iâ m not big on fishermen or married service guys. Keesler is full of men, but theyâ re either babies that are away from home for the first time, or married dudes that want some stray pussy. No thanks. I prefer men that have their shit together. Older guys have more to offer.â

â Maybe, maybe not. You know how old I am?â

â Yep, supposed to be 42, but I swear, you donâ t look much over thirty five.â

â Well, I am 42, and as a math major, Iâ m sure you can figure out the age difference.â

â Yep, I figured it out all by myself.â

â And you have no problem dating a guy twenty years older?â

â None at all. Unless you give me one.â

â Iâ m not a problem guy Raven, but twenty years is a stretch. I had been married to my first wife for over two years when you were born. Iâ ve stepped in a lot of shit since then. So, you might want to take a step back and figure this out.â

She sipped her wine, dragged again heavily on her cigarette, â I am an impulsive girl, I admit. I see what I want, and go after it. I run on feelings, not facts. But, donâ t you think a college grad would have done all that figuring before she tracked you down? I know the numbers baby. 88% of first marriages fail. 67% of seconds, but only 18% for thirds. The age difference for successful third marriages? 20 years baby, 20 years. Weâ re perfectly suited for each other using those statistics, and weâ re doing pretty good in the sex

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department, too. I guess weâll figure the rest out as we go.â Another slow drag filled her lungs.
â Iâll need some time to absorb all this.â

Smoke trickled from her nose as she giggled, â Thatâs ok. I figure itâll take me a year or so to wrap this up.â

â Raven, youâre talking marriage, Iâm talking about dating. Like you just said, Iâm not ready for a serious relationship.â

â Neither am I. But, we have to start somewhere. Iâm just pointing out reasons we should explore this. It starts with dating, the last I heard, unless you live in India or China where the parents arrange everything. I figure weâre on to something here. Now, would you like me to be like Alexis and pretend you donât fucking blow my panties off? Or would you rather me be honest with you and say youâre the most interesting,â She kissed his lips, â Excitingâ Kiss. â Handsomeâ Kiss. â Sexiestâ Kiss.
â man Iâve ever known?â

He cradled her in his arms and looked in her big brown eyes. â What am I going to do with you? She ran her lips over his, â Youâll figure it out. Right now, let me go put on something special for you.â

â Itâs only going to come off again.â She slid from his lap, â Yes, but itâs how it comes off that mattersâ then pranced to her bedroom.

He was standing by the fire, and felt uneasy since she was going to have something on, so he grabbed his Calvins and slipped them on..

In a few minutes, she appeared in the doorway in a sheer black teddy and a thin bikini string bottom. She leaned against the door way, with her cigarette hand on her hip, the other against the door way. Her head tilted back as she drew in a long open mouth inhale. The image of her burned into his brain. The brain that was flashing red lights to his revved up cock.He ignored them. She was just too much to ignore. He closed his eyes and imagined a thirteen year old looking like that, dressing like that, smoking like that. How had she done that? He was crazy with anticipation and put the thirteen year old Raven out of his mind. He focused on the busty twenty two year old headed towards him with a cigarette dangling from her glossy lips.

She walked over to him and bent to his tented briefs. Without a word, she filled her tiny lungs with smoke, took him in her hands and wrapped her plum lips around the tip. She, exhaled the warm smoke on it, leaving her lip prints soaked on the soft cotton. Tommy took her hand and led her to the sofa and sat down. She sat in his lap, rested her cigarette with the purple stain on the filter in the crystal ashtray. She kissed his lips softly a few times with her arm casually slung over his shoulder. â What do you want honey?â

He ran his hands down the back of her sheer teddy, â Dance for me.â She pressed her lips tightly against his, then pulled back, â Iâll do it, but not the way I do it at my club.â He smiled, â â Too wild? She tossed her long hair, â Too tame. Sit here, near the arm of the sofa, and lean back.â He scooted to the arm as she stood and went to the massive stereo. â Harlem Nocturneâ was her choice.

He sipped his wine, and dragged on her cigarette, the taste of her plum lipstick started an erection. She pushed her arms straight up over her head and began the slow gyrations. The song was crazy sexy to begin with, but add a sexual dynamo like Raven to the mix, and the results were ready to pop through his Calvinâs. She glanced down, â Iâm getting so wet, and itâs all for you lover.â

She bent to his lips, kissed them and ran her fingers through his hair â Only you. Just hang with me baby. Get yur shorts off. I know you want to touch yourself, and itâs ok, just donât cum yet. I promise, Iâm

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going to give you something nice.â He refused to touch himself, not because he was shy about it, but because he knew if he did, he wouldnâ t be able to stop.

He just laid back and watched her. She wasnâ t making it easy for him as she untied the string around her neck that held the teddy on. Then she opened it with both hands revealing her ample breasts with long nipples. She shimmed out of it and pushed her tits together and licked her nipples while staring at him. She bent down in front of him and held each nipple to his lips. He went from one to the other , then as she squeezed them together he sucked them both at the same time. Her eyes half closed and her breath was quickening. She leaned back until her jet black hair hit the Persian rug below her. She was now leaning all the way back with both hands on the floor making herself into a bridge.

Suddenly, near the end of the song, she reached under her ass and jerked the string bikini bottom off, exposing her perfectly landscaped pussy right in front of his own half closed eyes. If that wasnâ t enough, she began thrusting her hips up and down to the music, still shaped like a bridge.

It was a sight he would never forget.

Then she stood up and stepped to him and threw her leg up on the back of the sofa with her pussy now by his lips. He started kissing her, slowly at first, then slipped his tongue over her lips. She grabbed a handful of his thick hair, and pulled his mouth tight against her pussy. Her other hand was on his face. She began rocking as he slid his tongue inside. She gasped as he flicked her swollen clit. "Here baby...drink me."

Her juices began flowing and she could tell by the movement of his lips that he was taking from her.
â Ohhh God ...â then she felt his tongue go wild inside her. She couldnâ t hold it. â TOMMY!â He pulled his mouth off and stayed close. Raven reached down and spread her pussy lips with her fingers and pulled them back tight. Then took dead aim on his open mouth where she shot a steady streamright in his mouth. With one leg on the back of the sofa, she now was having trouble standing on one leg, especially when it was quivering.

She watched him gulping her down. â Yes, yes, yes my baby,oooooooh...youâ re so fucking good to me.â She dropped her leg from the sofa back and quickly sat on his raging erection. She moved up and down as fast as she could and cried out, â Fill me . Fill me baby. Give it to me. I want it all.â Backlit from the fireplace, she looked spectacular. Bronzed, toned, and sweaty. He held her tiny hips, arched his back and watched her bounce up and down on him with her long hair flying from side to side, he emptied himself inside her. She whispered again, â All of itâ He grunted and she screamed as he held her hips tight and rammed into her one last time.

Completely spent, she fell against his chest sobbing. Her hair was damp as he pulled it from her glistening face. Her plum lips were shiny, her pupils were dark and covered her brown eyes. He kissed her wet lips softly. â You are the most beautiful, gorgeous, stunning woman I have ever seen. I know that hurt like hell.
â

She kissed him, â Only for the first five minutes, but the last thirty seconds was awesome.â

â I thought you werenâ t good at this romance stuff?â

â Iâ m getting better.â

By sun up, they had done it all again. And she was right. Nothing had been off limits. Raven wasnâ t quite Dallas Raines, but she was, even at twenty two a very close second.

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They sat at the kitchen table eating his favorite. French toast and sausage patties. Raven had an English muffin and OJ. Neither of them were coffee drinkers. Tommy hated the taste, and Raven hated the taste of a coffee drinkers ..uhh. stuff?

In the early afternoon, they went to her boat in the marina, aptly named â YOU WISHâ and sat out on the deck watching the tourists going in and out of the casino, the seagulls swarming the docks, and the puffy clouds floating peacefully over their heads.

He lay against the back of the boat with her cradled in his lap. She turned her lips to his and kissed him.
â Thank you baby.â She said when she pulled her lips from his.

He stroked her jet black hair, â For what?â

Her eyes welled up, â This day. I hope we have lots more of these.â Then she cruised her wet lips over his.

â We will.â

â Promise?â

â Promise.â

â Iâ ll hold you to that.â

â What are you doing for Christmas?â

â I was hoping to spend it with you over in New Orleans with my family. Not a huge family, just my daddy , sister, and a few cousins..â

He paused, â Canâ t do that babe. Christmas is for families. Iâ d feel like an intruder.â

â But, I donâ t want you to be alone during Christmas.â

â Do you celebrate Christmas eve or the next morning?â

â Christmas eve is when we exchange gifts. Then we have Christmas dinner the next day around three or so. Itâ s a very big deal to me, and Iâ d really, really like you to be there.â

â Tell you what. Iâ ll come for dinner Christmas day. That way, you and your family can do the present thing without me getting in the way. Howâ s that?â

â Not perfect, but itâ ll do. Now, letâ s go below and celebrate.â He looked at her, â Celebrate what?â

â Our first date, our first full day together, our commitment to spend Christmas dinner together, the first time we made love. Shit like that.â

He asked,â Did we make love?â She replied, â I did. Not sure yet about you. But, itâ s early. Come to bed.â

"Your pussy might need a break. I've lost track. Where are we?"

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"Every act of just intercourse?"

"I'm a mathematician. I count everything."

"Anything left on the list?"

"You haven't jacked off for me."

"I'll get right on it."

"Good, let's go below and I'll join you. Last one to cum buys dinner."

Tommy replied, "Looks like I'm buying."

"Why? You can't get yourself off quickly or at all?"

"I need inspiration. Flesh, other than my own."

"I'll give you a hand."

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