

Kimberly McArthur in her room again

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By : GlobeTwo

Kimberly McArthur, born September 16, 1962 in Fort Worth, Texas, was Playboy magazine's Playmate of the Month for its January 1982 issue. Her petite 5'3" frame displayed a curvaceous 37-22-34 figure that drove men and women wild with desire.



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"Pfui!" The curvaceous girl exclaimed and she resisted the urge to toss the instruction manual across the room. Miss January was in her room studying; she had a shoot the next day and she had to figure out those darn inversion boots. Somehow dangling upside down was now a fitness craze and somebody at the Magazine got the idea that shooting a nude model using the contraption was a good idea for a feature on home gym equipment. All Kimberly could imagine was the blood rushing to her head as she hung from her ankles; she sure her boobs would tickle under her chin too.

All the other playmates were downstairs doing what playmates were expected to do at the Mansion, entertaining the guests but she was stuck with these crazy boots. She looked at the metal and fabric devices and not for the first time she was reminded of instruments of torture. The whole thing seemed so strange and she wasn't sure she was going to enjoy being photographed while dangling upside down. She sighed and tried to concentrate on the instruction sheet. The instructions were in tiny print and the illustrations looked liked something from the Spanish Inquisition. She picked up a piece of toast from her breakfast tray and slathered honey on it (she loved the Mansion perks like unlimited room service.) She nibbled but some other noise seemed to conflict with the crunching sound she liked so much. She cocked her pretty head and listened.

Kimberly could hear the squeals and shrieks of the other playmates and she tried to put it all out of her mind but she heard another sound too, the steady thud of boots on the stairs. She recognized that loping gait. A few more heavy thuds on the carpet and he was in front of her door. Something stirred inside her: either fear or longing, maybe both. She watched silently, holding her breath as the knob turned. It was almost a relief to see the door swing open and find him standing there grinning.

Time emptied out, like a goblet of wine spilling over. Kimberly eyed him, her head cocked, her golden hair dangling over one shoulder in fragile ringlets. She had the urgent attitude of a poor frightened deer that stands gazing wildly, determining which way to fly. Reggie, in his cocky stillness, was fierce and powerful; she had no hiding place.

She tried to look placid and calm, dressed in a long thin robe that traced her curves from her neckline all the way down to her ankles, but all she managed was to look alluringly fragile and available.

Probing like a laser, his eyes ran over her body. Shaking his head as if in disbelief that a girl could be so beautiful and sexy, he gave her curves a final inspection with black eyes that once, decades ago, had seemed as innocent as a week-old kitten's. But when he looked now it was obvious all innocence had either died or moved away. They look like black dry ice, Kimberly thought, and if he moves them fast enough, I'll get to hear them click. Below the bleak eyes and the broken nose was his wide mouth that, in the past, was always showing its ends up, as if at some cosmic joke. Now the joke was over and the mouth was clamped into a thin line that he pried open just wide enough to say, "Okay, baby, now you get the real bad stuff."

The buxom playmate trembled. She knew. When she was sure Reggie was through talking, Kimberly stared up at him with winter-rain eyes, soft and crystalline; if she had burst into tears these eyes would have been far too large for the delicate chin, full mouth, and not quite perfect hair, which was a bit darker than honey and shimmered around her angelic face in gentle streams.

His lust whirred to life. A palpable foreboding bloomed into being inside her, accompanied by a sharp electric thrill as his eyes warmed to her beauty. A moment later, a shimmering, monotone glow appeared in the gap

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between them, like the shimmer on a desert promising beauty and destruction. Reggie couldn't disguise the smile that appeared on his lips when he thought about how much he wanted to do this girl.

Even with her robe on she felt nude and exposed. It was only a matter of time she knew. She gulped and wished he would take a step towards her.

His smile radiated an evil heat. "Yeah, I remember balling you. That's right, how could I forget? You were one sweet lay." His grin widened as the shy girl blushed. "What's your name again?" His grin is wide and white, like the Joker's, and when he laughed, really he was braying.

"Kimberly," she whispered meekly, her soft shyness contrasting with his brazen cocksureness.

"Kimberly," he repeated.

Like he was tasting it.

She turned her head and stared at him. Her nostrils were flared, as if trying to catch more of his animal scent. Her brows were arched in curiosity. Her skin twitched.

He moved his mouth as if she were a delicate morsel he was already devouring. "I bet you really want me to ball you again—right now; fuck you nice and hard, right?"

Kimberly paused only for a second to register both her surprise at the question and her general satisfaction that such a question could be asked of a sweet girl like her. Kimberly had a gift for immediate intimacy. Her desire for his masculine power rushed over her abruptly; suddenly she was available to any and all of his animal lust. She wanted to be ravaged.

The mildest eyes could be commanding and with her soft gaze she was pleading, demanding to be taken.

Her face was definitely red, but she smiled at him, her head half turned away, looking at him sideways.

It was like watching a cat play with prey. She was vulnerable and luscious, ripe for the ravishment that seemed to rise up like an implacable tide. But she was alluring and seductive in her fragility, her innocent sensuality swirling over him like strands of a web. In their stillness they struggled epically, the lust-filled man and the willing playmate; who was predator and who was prey?

For a moment nothing happened. Then his face closed. It was over. She wasn't prey anymore.

"You can do anything you want with me," she said. She spoke softly, and her expression didn't change.

"That's right." His voice flat and cold. The redness left her face and she felt something in his voice and in his eyes. It scared her.

"I'm scared." She spoke with sweet sincerity, hoping to calm the demons flashing in the depths of his cold stare.

He was quiet. There was no color to his face. Nothing but lust, black and cold. She didn't fight him. She seemed unaware of everything, as if her focus on surrendering was so enveloping that nothing else was real. Her face was flushed, her breathing had slowed. He could hear the breath go in and out of her, and he heard her swallow. "Come here," he commanded quietly.

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He could hear the soft rustle of her negligee, even hear the gentle friction of her smooth white thighs rubbing softly as she walked closer; he could smell the perfume and clean female scent of her as she stood close.

She put both arms around his waist. She looked up at him, and her eyes looked sort of dazed, as if she wasn't focusing too well. The playmate's voice, when it came, was soft, sensual, slightly hesitant, and he was sure she knew the state he was in, expecting it. She lifted her face and he could feel the heat of her cheek radiating against his.

â Do you think Iâ m pretty?â

â Yes.â

He sounded hoarse. He felt as if his throat had closed a little. She tightened her arms around his waist and pressed herself against him, arching her back a little to look up at him. The movement made her pelvis press against him, and caused him some excitement.

â Yes,â he said.

â I want you to have me.â

She slid her hands up his back and behind his neck and pulled herself up on tiptoes and bent his head down toward her a little and he kissed her hard and her mouth opened. She smelled good and she kissed him back. Then, tiny as she was, she forced herself away from him, at least she tried but his grip was hard and cruel.

â Iâ m scared,â she breathed, her eyes smoldering.

â Iâ m still going to fuck you.â

The fear came alive and suddenly she was trying to pull away. â Let me go,â she said. Her voice was soft and lovely.

â Iâ m going to fuck you.â He held her close, toying with the edge of the negligee; he pulled the fabric away from her skin so he could see her delicious breasts bare and quivering with excitement.

â You bastard,â she said in her lilting Texan twang. â You sonova bitch.â The words came out soft, almost hissing with rage and excitement. Her face was perfectly white and willing. There were tears in her eyes, though she wasn't crying yet.

He pulled her closer and locked his arm around her waist. His other hand took her breast and squeezed possessively. â Iâ m going to fuck you.â

â You prick,â she whispered, but her hips thrust against him. He was mauling her brutally now and her skin glowed with electric ecstasy. â You fucking prick.â She kissed him hard enough to draw blood. With that she pulled away and skittered across the room; she sat in a chair and crossed her arms in a defensive pose but her eyes were bright with anticipation.

He sat down in a leather chair and narrowed his eyes at Kimberly, emitted a hoarse, grating chuckle and said offensively, â Iâ m gonna enjoy balling you, babe.â

She left her chair and crossed to him, put four fingertips carefully and precisely at the top of his forehead and ran them back over and down his bald head as if combing hair that wasn't there.

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“Baby you take it breath by breath, ya know?” he said, “And baby, do I need air.”

“We’ll share it,” she told him and covered his cruel mouth with her soft lips. When Miss January kissed she kissed with her entire body, her plump ass wriggling over his lap, her lush breasts jiggling sweetly, her tiny hands caressing over him. After three minutes of fast and hot tongue work they had pretty much settled the question of whether or not he was going to ball her. He was most definitely going to ball her.

She broke the kiss, pulling her head back and giving him a satisfied look, a smoldering look; a sultry smoldering look from Miss January was always sexy as hell but always so much more. Even at her sexiest she had a charm and a sweetness, a gentle eagerness to please and a curiosity and willingness to do almost anything to please a man. She always fell in love with her carnal partners; even in the most wild and rapacious fucking she was making love.

She touched his cheek lightly and said softly, “You can be mighty sweet when you want to be.”

He snorted in derision and she pouted, wriggling out of his arms and off his lap. She crossed the room but she felt a tug on her negligee. She turned slowly and saw him holding in his hand the end of the silk belt; he grinned lewdly. The belt was tight between them, almost humming with electricity. Images flashed: a virgin about to be sacrificed to a volcano, a cowboy lassoing a sleek furious mare, the Rape of the Sabine Women; she was his prisoner and his captor all at once.

He tugged the belt, just a light nudge, the delicate knot holding the negligee closed resisted his force, a futile resistance.

He pulled the strand now with his other hand. The fabric twanged like a guitar. It pulled tight, and Kimberly gasped, used both hands to pull back and keep herself covered. “Don’t.” She meant to shout it, but it came out plaintive. She couldn’t find breath, couldn’t raise her voice. A cold, paralyzing chill ran through her. “Don’t,” she said again, and she could only stare at him, feebly holding on to the negligee. She pictured him raping her and she smiled shyly. He moved close, grabbed the cord in his free hand, and yanked it. His other hand balled into a fist. A scream rose up but caught in Kimberly’s throat. She only made a sick, strangled bleating sound. She felt like lead, sank back against the wall. Reggie crowded her, breathed his stink on her neck. “So I think you’re ready to tussle with me now, right?” Reggie touched her hip and she jumped. “Yeah, you’re ready. I want to have some real fun.”

Kimberly’s mouth fell open, and she sucked for air. She closed her eyes tight and shook her head. She couldn’t breathe. The leaden feeling on her chest worsened, knees turning to cold jelly.

“Baby, I’m gonna love nailing you.” Reggie slapped her on the hip, not hard, but enough to make a loud smack. That snapped her out of it. A hoarse scream. Eyes wide. Startled, even amid the terror, at the sudden slap. She pushed past Reggie, started to run for the door. He grabbed her hair, yanked her back. She yelled again, high-pitched and panicked. Reggie grabbed her by the upper arm, fingers sinking in soft flesh. He let his balled up fist relax, fingers flat, used the hand to slap her face. Hard. Tears in her eyes. She kicked, twisted, pulled away. Two more slaps. Each blow shook her body like an orgasm pulsing through her with white lava. Bells in her ears, flashes of light drowning her vision. Kimberly shook her head, and her sight came back.

She backed against the wall, her chest heaving, her nipples like hard gems caressed under the flimsy fabric and seemed to quiver with electricity. Still rocking with erotic exhilaration she struggled to catch her breath, to calm herself. She lifted a soft palm to her rosy red cheek, then softly sucked her thumb. “Play nice,” she soothed, “I’ll bet you can be real nice. We can go all night if you’re only nice.” She rocked on her feet as she spoke and her soft breasts rocked gently.

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“ Sure, baby, sure,” he chuckled wolfishly. He picked up the end of the string on the negligee.

She smiled back, taking up his challenge and took a small step backwards. The knot of the belt loosened; with another step the knot unfurled. He tugged on the belt and the negligee opened and her magnificent breasts were uncovered like a rare work of art; she jutted her chest forward, not in vanity but justifiably proud of the effect the sight of her body had on him. With her arms at her side and palms facing him in a pose of submission she displayed her smooth soft belly and the moist golden curls of her pussy.

Her smile sly and alluring and knowing, she took another step back; the belt tugged one last time on the negligee and pulled it off her shoulders; the silky fabric tumbled down her nude body and gathered at her feet. Tugging the belt he reeled it in like a helpless fish; the whole time he kept his eyes on Kimberly’s luscious body as she stood innocent and proud like Venus rising from the sea foam.

He rose and crossed towards her; like a nervous wild creature she took a few hesitant steps back, just enough to whet his appetite. His arms slipped around her narrow waist and he hoisted her up for a kiss, a deep impaling kiss with the poor girl writhing like a fish on a hook, her pale naked skin glistening against his dark clothes.

He pressed her against a wall; she struggled to keep herself up by standing on her toes, her hands, palms out, rose against the wall in a gesture of surrender. With one hand he mauled her fabulous breasts as he fucked her mouth with his tongue; her tongue gave back the lustful twisting and twirling with amazing acrobatics of her own inside his mouth.

His other hand gruffly spread her thighs and without any warning he began to finger fuck her vigorously; she moaned and submitted to the sharp bolts of bliss blasting through her. Her hand were on either side of her head as if she was chained to the wall.

Still straining on tiptoe she raised one leg and wrapped it over his hip. Her spine was beginning snap and buck against the wall as his fingerfucking got more and more intense. She snapped her head back, banging against the wall then nuzzled her face into his neck, seeking mercy for the brutal arousal coursing from his fingers into her body. Her soft mouth kissed his shoulder; her warm lips parted; her perfect teeth clamped down on his skin as bliss slammed into her skull, a freight train crashing from her clit up her spine and through her brain.

The love bite was sharp and swift, a small token of revenge for the monstrous ecstasy he was administering to her helpless body, but it was enough to make him wince. He suddenly pulled out his and whipped the nude girl around, slapping her face to the wall.

“ Little girl wants to play rough, huh? OK, let’s play rough.” His cruel hands squeezed her ass and she knew immediately what he intended.

“ No,” she shouted and pushed herself off the wall; her sweat slippery body wriggled out of his grasp and she ran to the other side of the room. She stood there; her great fiery eyes were gazing at him defiantly in a way that was almost terrifying. Then they darkened with dread, a glimpse of a tear glistening, her rosy eyelids lowered, she yielded her hands, submissively turning them palms up.

He chuckled, certain that the battle was not over yet. “ Yeah, I’m going to enjoy boning your ass,” he taunted lewdly, his voice almost engulfing her like moist breath.

“ You bastard,” she snarled, her hair fetchingly disheveled as she shook her head in fury.

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“Come on,” he grinned, palms up as if in peace offering. “You know you want it.”

“Never,” she shrieked. She looked luscious in her vehemence.

“I’m telling you; that ass was made for fucking and I’m going to do it.”

She sputtered wordless invectives, frustrated in her attempt to express her rage. Her hands waved in the air, searching for a weapon and she found a picture in a frame and pitched it. He ducked and laughed. The shattering glass of the frame punctuated the evil of his snarl.

Kimberly twitched like a hunted animal, starting left, then right, desperate for escape but fiercely defensive. She looked around for another weapon and picked up the heaviest thing she could find. She hurled one of the inversion boots at him but he merely caught it with one hand, snatching it out of the air like Superman might snatch a bullet. He looked at the strange device for a moment then noticed the instructions on her desk. He looked back at Kimberly, seething in her fury, her magnificent breasts giggling with every breath, her fingers arched like claws.

He grinned and gestured to her with the boot. Her eyes showed that she understood perfectly what he had in mind.

“No,” she whispered but he was already moving toward her, holding the boot out. “No,” she gasped and backed against the wall. He moved slowly and she slid away, gliding over the wall until she was cornered. She trembled as his arm went around her waist. He hoisted her onto his hip and lugged her toward the bed. “We’ll get to your ass later; Papa has a new toy to try,” he chuckled. She sputtered and snarled, her hair tossing and her fingers arched in claws; her feet beat helplessly in the air.

Reggie was positively jovial as he hauled his struggling captive to the bed. He plopped her unceremoniously onto the sheets and pressed a heavy forearm over her bare belly, pinning her down. He grabbed a leg and she began to kick and scratch and fight but Reggie held tight to her ankle. He needed two hands to work the thing over her foot and secure the fastenings so he moved his elbow into her belly and methodically worked the boot over her ankle and clamped it on. The steel closures snapped shut with a satisfying metallic finality. Her naked flesh, covered in sweat, wriggled under his arm as she struggled; her frantic squeals, filled with fury, tickled his ears. Careful to avoid the boot on her still kicking leg he casually reached over and retrieved the other one. In a few seconds she was ready.

He hoisted her up; she continued to struggle, bucking and scratching and now biting. He strolled gleefully to the rack-like structure in one corner of the room. Now the challenge was to get the furiously fighting girl’s ankles hooked to the bar and she had no intention of cooperating. With great effort he managed to get his arm around her waist again and after more struggle he was able to twist her body enough to get one boot hooked onto the bar. The clank of metal on metal set her off into a spasm of howling fury but it was all for nothing now; the other boot attached with a final clang. Gravity took over and her pretty head tumbled down, her blonde hair sweeping the floor as her body fell in a graceful arc. He stepped away and admired his captive as she writhed and wriggled helplessly.

He sat at the desk, enjoying the sight of the dangling playmate. Her breasts, always gravity defying in their glory, pointed straight out at him; her belly was flat and smooth as she held her breath trying to control the blood rushing to her head; her pussy looked like a dessert served up for his pleasure.

He took up her breakfast tray and made a show of devouring what remained. Then he spotted the honey. Kimberly saw it too.

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“No, no,” she gasped breathlessly as he carried the jar toward her. She held the bars of the inversion frame but could only raise her head a little. He held one leg and she felt the honey glide down her thigh toward her pussy.

The crystalline sweetness oozed into her snatch and it felt so good dripping into her; she began to sob. Then his tongue began licking, first her thigh, then along the soft honey gooey lips of her snatch, then licking her clit and fucking deep into her. She rocked with pleasure, letting the honey ooze into her, letting his tongue fuck into her, letting the blood pulsing down into her head hypnotize her into a trance.

The honey sweet and gooey mingled with her own nectar, creating an erotic cocktail; the sweetness of her own ambrosia rivaled the honey’s pleasures but the crystallization of her lusciousness on his tongue was like the fizz of champagne. She was delicious and she was irresistible.

The golden nectar dripped down into the soft curls of her pussy and formed sweet rivulets flowing to her cute little belly button. Wherever the honey dripped his tongue, hot and rough, followed, slurping over her deliciousness and arousing every one of her nerve endings. But always he returned to feast in the glorious delicacy between the soft pedals of her sex. Her body undulated, twisting and writhing in her ecstasy so that some of her honeyed nectar dripped onto the floor.

Without thinking she let her hands undo his pants, let her head strain up, let her lips part, let her mouth receive his cock. Some of the honey dripped onto the head and she tasted its sweetness as she licked. The thrill of his shaft pulsing up into her throat while the honey and his tongue gurgled down inside her was overwhelming and she came quickly, in a frenzy of thrashing and writhing and her throat tightened around his cock until he shot a load into her, a load that smashed up white hot against the red blood flooding down her veins.

She was docile enough hanging from the bar. And while she made a delicious dessert, her sweet nectar mingled with the sticky honey, and while her mouth was miraculous, her lips and teeth and tongue slurping and sucking eagerly, he really really wanted to nail her ass; the more he came, blasting load after load up into her, the more he wanted to feel his cock buried deep in her tight and juicy rear.

She finally released his shaft when she could suck nothing more out of it; he gave her thighs a kiss and she murmured sweetly as he undid the boots, holding her inverted body around the waist with one arm, pressing her close to him, while with one hand he unbuckled the boots and released her ankles. She wrapped her slender arms around his legs, hugging him tenderly. She was docile enough until he swung her upright. Her golden hair swirled in an arch as her body swiveled in his arms and she let out a Texan whoop of delight. As soon as her toes touched the floor she burst into a fighting rage and tried to break away. Her eyes fiery and her hair flying she punched and scratched at her captor. “You bastard! Let me go!” But her sweetly snarling voice was tinged with playful teasing.

Keeping her pressed close with one arm he used his free hand to find the silk cord of the negligee where it laid on the floor. Like a cowboy in a rodeo he made short work of tying her wrists and ankles together. “Hey, no,” she squealed, but too late. He hoisted her up and headed to the bed. She shrieked and Kimberly could shriek to shatter glass; a few strips from the negligee made a fine silk gag. She screamed muffled screams and fought as well as she could with her limbs tied. The walk to the bed was a pleasant jaunt for him and soon he was arranging her luscious body on the sheets.

Her face pressed into the silk covers but she continued to scream her muted protest. He tucked her elbows and her knees under her torso and her plump ass was up in the air, ready for his pleasure. Even through her screams she could hear his pants coming off. She felt him kneeling on the bed and she struggled as best she could, expecting the worst as he gripped her hips. Bang! His cock roared into her pussy.

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She screamed an inhuman scream, something huge and elaborate, a female roar out of a tower of amplifiers at a rock concert from hell. She screamed and her body glowed with glory.

His brutal masculinity filling her sweet tightness sent pulsating thrills through her body. Gulping for air, she thrust back on her knees and he roared forward again, drilling deep into her hot wet flower.

She moaned into the gag and he leaned in, pushing deep into her as his body covered hers. With one hand he undid the gag and she gasped out, "Oh god, it's so big." He chuckled and shoved his hips hard against her.

Her face, crushed into the sheets, was wet with tears and she let out little lamb-like bleats with each frenzied lunge into her depths.

The honey poured into her earlier mingled with her own sweet nectar to make a deliciously viscous coating over his cock. He gripped her hips tightly and began some serious drilling, pulling his cock all the way out then plunging it in again all the way to the hilt. Over and over he slammed into her juicy body, over and over the sweet tightness of her pussy caressed over the brutal steel of his shaft. Her body shivered and glowed with erotic energy. "I love you," she managed to gasp just as her ecstasy was about to burst. But at that moment he rammed down hard, deep into the tight tiny rose of her sweet derriere.

Holy fuck!

He wasn't the first in her ass but it sure felt like it. She didn't know the exact length inside her but it was definitely too much-- which made it perfect. Beautiful. Her ass, tiny, plump, tight, her nineteen years of lively living, exercising, dancing, pretending to be a ballerina, shaping her tight little body with cheerleader acrobatics, turning out her legs from her hips so that her ass was corkscrew tight. His cock, her ass-- heavenly. As he entered her she let go, inch by inch welcoming the lunging beast, her bottom pulling, tightening, gripping. She was addicted to giving him pleasure, even when it meant extreme physical endurance, a marathon of uncoiling intensity.

She released her muscles, her tendons, her flesh, her anger, her ego, her rules, her resistance; at the same time she drew him inward. Opening out and sucking in, one beautiful brutal thing. Bliss, she learned from being sodomized by this savage, was an experience in an eternity of moments of real time. Sodomy was the ultimate fuck-- she could really get hurt-- if she resisted. But pushing past the fear, by passing through it, literally, it was joyous. Would be if she could have found the peace past the pain. He rammed into her. Hard.

She howled and her head thrashed around over the sheets even as she arched herself slightly to take more of him in, trying to lift herself on her bound together hands. She bucked and writhed, screaming wordless protest but urging him on with each snap of her excited body.

His cock plunged deep, ramming in over and over, each nerve savoring the coiling uncoiling of her tightness. "Fuck," he growled almost reverently. One of his hands held her hip, his fingers digging into her soft flesh; his other hand caressed over the smoothness of her back as she blushed with shameful desire. Her throbbing body urged him on. "Fuck yeah," he rumbled and his cock rushed back into her.

"Oh fuck," she shrieked and the words sounded delightfully filthy coming from her pretty little mouth, her face tight with anguish as she bucked and twisted, trying to draw him in deep. "Fuck I love you," she whispered. Then she howled a wordless curse, a long high pitched rebel yell as his cock rammed with an even crueler velocity. And he kept fucking her ass for a long time, even as she used every part of her being to wrangle and thrash and shriek. Kimberly was a perfect fuck as her curvaceous body, naked and soft and

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bound, surrendered to his brutal fucking.

But even the greatest battles have to end; she would have let him fuck her forever but her body was throbbing with agony and even the cruel and heartless Reggie knew he had to show some mercy.

One stroke of his finger on her pussy and she exploded in a fury of ecstasy that sent them spiraling backwards. He gushed into her and his white fire rushed up her spine and into her skull, crashing into her already shattering bliss and forming a supernova of ecstasy.

She screamed until she passed out.

The next day she was in the studio smiling bravely as she dangled in the inversion boots. She looked luscious and willing dangling upside down and her breasts did a remarkably gravity defying dance.

She smelled the publisher's pipe before she heard his approach. He crouched down low so he could be close to her face. In his hand was a jar of honey. "I've re-arranged the rest of your shoot," he said but the lecherous smile said a lot more.

Kimberly gulped and she looked mighty cute gulping while dangling helpless and naked and upside down. The camera snapped another glorious picture.

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