

Alyssa's Needs

Volume One

EXCERPT

Chapter One

Unsatisfied Needs

Brad and Alyssa had been married for about a year and a half when she told him, one evening after a quiet candlelit dinner at home, that she had needs which he could not satisfy.

"W-What do mean?" he asked, shocked.

Alyssa licked her lips consideringly. "I've come to realize," she said, quietly but with deliberation, "that by yourself you can't give me what I need sexually."

He could only stare back at her in disbelief, his jaw hanging open. He tried to speak, but no words came. Almost of its own accord, his head began to shake back and forth in the negative, scarcely noticed.

"It's taken me a long time to realize this, Brad," she continued without rancour, "and—who knows?—maybe my needs have changed as I've gotten a little older and really come to know myself." She gave a slight shrug with her expressive dark eyebrows. "But it's clear to me now that regardless of how you try to satisfy me sexually, I'm going to need more than you can give."

"B-But, honey!" he sputtered. "I-I-I—" Brad swallowed, then started again. "Baby, if you want more, then of course I'll do anything you want, any time you want! Gosh," he added incredulously, "I could make love to you two, maybe three times a day if you'd let me, Alyssa!"

"Not good enough," she said flatly.

Her voice was like a granite block sliding immovably shut on the last passageway into some mysterious pyramid, and its utter finality made him blanch.

"Look, if you need more than that," he attempted, "well..." He bit his lip. "Why, baby, you know I'd do anything—anything! I'd eat you, rub you, dildo you—or whatever!—anytime you like."

Alyssa blinked silently back at him, heartbreakingly lovely. He almost thought he saw one corner of those beautiful, suddenly cruel lips twitch in the ghost of a smirk—and then it was gone.

"In fact," Brad whispered softly, trying to bring her back to him, "it'd just turn me on so much, too—to know you needed it that bad, and to know I could do everything I ever wanted..."

Suddenly his poor cock was rigid within his trousers beneath the table as he imagined being required—allowed!—to pleasure his sweet black-haired queen two, three, perhaps four times a day.

Oh, how reciprocally satisfying that would be for him, too—the feel of her supple flesh beneath his worshipful hands and mouth, the intimate warm smell of her excitement, the tangy taste of the over-lubricated nest of hairy pink between her splayed thighs.

The girl was so responsive, so easily excitable.

Sometimes it thrilled him to reach right into her moistening vulva and finger her relentlessly to orgasm, until finally the drowsy, grateful girl begged for the simple comfort of her wild-eyed husband's penetration of a receptive female body that still glowed with pleasure. Sometimes, however, it pleased him instead just to open her up with his thumbs without a moment's notice and nuzzle the blunt head of his cock at the very outside of her vagina, and though she might be excruciatingly tight at first, by the time he had pushed himself balls-deep he would find her shamelessly juiced up, all wet and ready for him. How flattering that always was to his male pride!

And yet later, even after he had fucked her to his satisfaction and his poor flesh was tired with overexertion, still the smirking thing loved to accept his caresses. Naughtily flattered by his restless attentions, she would revel in his unquenchable desire as he whispered into her blood-warmed ear, nibbled teasingly along her pale neck and shoulder and throat, scratched teasingly at dark crinkled nipples that would not yet go flat. How pleasant it was just to play with that kittenish young body, to make her need him still more.

Indeed, many were the times that, while the shrunken little organ jiggling beneath his belly ached with fatigue, he had reached smilingly into the bedside drawer to pull out an absolutely enormous dildo, thick and swelling and nubby. Then, as Alyssa's dark eyes lit up gratefully in her silent expectation, he would slither down between those sweaty thighs and open her up again, hairy and pink and spongy, slippery and salty-sweet. He might gaze down longingly for a timeless moment into that paradise of used flesh, his nostrils filled with the heavenly, intimate aroma of the very essence of her womanhood. Finally, smiling serenely in his selfless adoration, he would plunge the great rubbery intruder splashingly deep into the gasping girl to take her breath away, and to master her bubbling, sperm-filled depths once more...

Yes, he would do it all, gladly—any way that she liked, any time that she liked, just as much as she liked. How he would thrill to the sight of her dear face contorting with orgasm after orgasm which he willingly granted her... "It would excite me so much to be able to please you like that," he repeated softly. "*So much...*"

This time Alyssa did smile—a slow-growing curl of her lips that seemed to reveal a glimpse into strange, dark depths within her such as he had never even imagined before. "Oh, I'll bet it would," she said at last, crookedly. "And yet the point is not exciting your little appetites but fulfilling mine..."

Brad blinked back at her in confusion. "Alyssa, baby," he attempted, "I worship you—"

"Well, that's a start," she said with a trace of slightly ironic satisfaction.

"I-I-I—" He gulped. "I would do anything for you!"

This time her fathomless dark eyes stared so intently into him that he suddenly quailed before her unreadable mood. "Anything...?" she wondered softly, arching one smoky eyebrow.

Brad swallowed, suddenly uncertain. Her tone was so enigmatic, like nothing he had ever heard from her before, and her eyes gleamed liquid and somehow secretly expectant. "W-w-well," he stuttered, "I mean..."

"Because if you're truly going to promise *anything*," she interrupted him calmly, "you should think very carefully about exactly what that means." Her dark gaze held him transfixed and somehow vulnerable. "Very carefully."

Brad licked his lips. Just an hour ago he would have promised *anything* without hesitation, and yet now—now her tone made him hesitate, despite his most loving, most selfless intentions. "W-well..."

"And you should understand," Alyssa amplified levelly, "that the desires I now have will take more than just one man to satisfy."

For a moment Brad was not sure he had heard correctly. He blinked. And then suddenly he realized that she truly had said it... All the blood drained from Brad's face. He felt stricken, and his sudden, pounding, hopeful erection deflated with a humiliating rapidity. "You—you want a divorce?" he choked out.

This time she was the one to shake her head, with great calm. "No, sweetie," she assured him solemnly. She reached across the table to take his trembling hand in both of her long, smooth, cool ones. For a moment her face seemed to soften slightly. "I love you, Brad, I really do. I just need...well, *more*."

"What do you mean?" he husked out. His heart stuttered within his cold chest.

"I want to feel...wild and uninhibited," she replied with a calm, unshakable purpose, "and to be completely in charge of my own sexuality. Completely! I want—" Her eyes flashed suddenly in the candlelight. "I don't know, I want *everything*....."