

Starr Search



You captured my lust, and I
caught his: each & every
drop of it! ♥♥♥♥ Starr

scribbled by afafe24get

Author's Introduction:

I began Starr Search while roaming about a website called Second Life, and met a young woman who befriended me and chatted with me, offering me intimate moments and smiles. She raised my spirits and hopes, and I created these with her in my mind and heart.

Hopefully, that you'll feel what I felt for her erotically, passionately, and warmly, giving and taking all we could in that moment.

And hopefully, you'll want to see where else the novel goes when it is *finally* completed.

Thank you for your time.

Blessings,

afare24get

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Dedicated to the real Starr, who
did so much for me when
I needed her.

Miss you.

♥ You.



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Starr Search – Prologue

My Dearest Starr,

I cannot wait for you to visit the West Coast for your erotic adventure. I am dying to be your chaperon and guide you through all the naughtiness we can find and make movies with you as the star. Or, at least actively participating. You have made my journey through the internet an amazing series of erotic adventures and I hope to do the same with the people of California when you arrive this weekend.

I had a dream about you last night, which is why I am writing you this letter. I dreamt that I was reclining on a couch, like the ones' you see in a psychiatrist office, and I was thinner than I am today. At six-two and two-hundred sixty pounds, I am no bone but I am not a marshmallow either. I was shirtless, wearing jeans and barefoot. The room looked like a hotel suite, spacious, a huge bed behind us with four posters, and flowery patterns on the walls the décor. The bed looked rumpled, as if someone had slept in it, or ruffled the sheets, and I was sipping coffee, with some odd wind blowing in the background. I looked at a pair of French doors leading to the balcony, and saw you. Your curly hair was somewhat straight, dangling down over your seductive eyes and you wove a strand around your finger, licking the nail softly while staring at me like a jungle cat. You had one knee bend, leaning against the doorframe, watching me, smiling and licking your lips.

The outfit you wore stood out: an athletic bra that for some reason had little or no support so your breast swelled up, a dimple of cleavage under your collarbone. Your C-cups jiggled and moved, and your perfectly flat belly had a small ring in it, contrasting the dusky color of your natural shade. The skin seemed to have a look like cinnamon, and your eyes gleamed, green shimmering lights above your tiny nose and the elongated smile. Your perfect teeth looked as if they would rend me without hesitation, and your pink lips lifted your cheeks making you smile, irresistible and soul shaking at the same time. You seemed to be wearing a thong, again in white, again contrasting your natural skin tone, making me shake, and seeing your incredible curves and long legs.

I saw you come closer, stepping slowly towards me, prowling, making me your prey.

All I could do was wait for the inevitable.

I saw your hands reaching out, touching my face, caressing my cheek, and making me want you more than I have in all we have done together. I ached for you, longed to caress you, making you a reality ... *my* reality. Your hair swung like a flag in the breeze, your eyes fluttering at me, showing me the gorgeous face I have been dreaming about for some time now.

Then ... you kissed me.

Puckered lips touching my own, mouth to mouth, seducing me, keeping me, making me your puppet. I shook, seeing myself from outside the dream, watching it all unfold. Your fingers stroked me, touching me, closing the gap, our tongue swirling around one another. Our eyes closed slowly, enduring the pleasure we wanted for so very long.

God help me you felt *amazing* in my arms in my dream. You came along within me, kissing me, holding me, caressing me, and then ... stripping me. Your fingers undid the button and zipper of my jeans and I could see I was free of the denim, and completely naked underneath. My hard-on ballooned outward, the cock firm and stiff in your grip, and you stroked me with loving assuring grips of your manicured fingers. I could see my hands caressing you, touching the figure of your amazing body, filling my hands with your incredible breast, massaging the full C-cup in my palm. Seeing my hands helping you out of your bra, my mouth dipped down to lick your nipples one by one, moving from side to side as you continued jacking me off slowly with your hand.

Then I saw my hands going to the sides of your hips, caressing the smoothly, rounded flesh and dragging down the thong strings off the back of your asscheeks, lowering it, undressing you as my mouth continued moving from hard nipple to hard nipple, slurping the hard, wet bud with my tongue. Your head hung back in bliss, and I could see one of your hands leaving my cock, keeping me on your cleavage and tits by holding the back of my head between them.

Somewhere along the dream we wound up naked, and I couldn't help but to finger your sweet pussy, making you shiver and

need me just a little more. Your hips rolled and delighted in their churning, dying for more of my touch, and the sweet pink cunt seemed to glisten with the desire you show me whenever we chat or cam through our computers.

I know this is going to be a fevered dream, lust building to the point of us boiling over, brimming with the delight of two new lovers aching to destroy the furniture in their abandon. I ache to touch you now, jacking off every time I look at your picture, imagining you sucking my cock clean of my cum, emptying my balls on or in you. And knowing that your flight is only a few hours away, I can hardly wait to see what *will* happen this weekend.

I hope all our dreams come true.

Always,

Julian

The Arrival

He waited in the in the cell phone parking spot, sipping his coffee, shivering in anticipation, hoping for the phone to ring soon. His eyes were alert to the shifting traffic, the variables of arriving and departing planes, and counting the minutes until her arrival. Dark brown eyes scanned the other cars, his arms restless in the blue blazer and knit shirt, watching patiently, even picking up the phone to see if it still had a signal. The backlight of the screen showed him her smile, and immediately reaching him when she called. She was oval on the caller ID, long black hair in a wavy flourish of wild locks, curls cascading all over, her eyes big and bright, the smile surrounded with shimmering glossy lipstick.

Beep-Bleep.

The phone went off, and he answered quickly, not wanting to miss this moment. “Hello?”

“You know,” the voice purred, “I am waiting for a car to get me from my arrival gate.”

“Hi Starr. Two minutes. Bye.”

Hurrying through the lots, Julian found himself pulling up, watching people coming out of the building, luggage in hand, peering deeply for her. And with a parting of a crowd, there she was: statuesque, slender, but with the curves of a woman, young in her smile and the light of her eyes, but dying inside to escape the east and live the adventures of a yearning hedonist going west should learn. Nothing was or could be taboo to this gorgeous woman in her tight miniskirt, her short, high-heeled boots, and the snug t-shirt that showed her marvelous C-cup breast arching up at the moonlight of the California night air. Several men moved about her, young, in the service, grotesquely fit physically, but instead she came 1700 miles from the Bible belt to Sodom itself in search of her friend, her cyber-lover, her 42-year old pervert.

A wave of recognition came from her hand and she shouted as his car pulled up at the curb: “Julian!”

Gears shifted, and he parked idling, jumping from the seat, snapping the power locks, calling out to her: “Starr! Over here babe! Toss everything in the back seat.”

Within a second, she sat in the back seat, smiling softly, her luggage on the seat next to her. She leaned over the center of the front seats, kissing his cheek as he resumed his position, locking the doors as they enclosed themselves. His car quickly pulled out, slipping into the stream of cars exiting the airport and heading into the center of Los Angeles. Starr relaxed, her arms on the backrest, laying her head back, watching Julian as he eyed the traffic before moving from lane to lane, then smiling into the rear-view mirror at her potential lover and on-line friend.

They had been on the road for ten minutes when she began to shift like a cricket in the grass, watching her driver watching her in the mirror. Her knee came up and she smiled again, looking into his eyes, saying, “Julian? Do you know I flew across the country without panties?”

Julian gulped, glancing back, watching both knees rise, and Starr gracefully reaching down, touching the smooth darkness, her fingers disappearing under the folds of her skirt, moaning gently. “When I switched planes at Little Rock, I saw the nice agent from the TSA watching me, complimenting me on the smooth material of my skirt.”

Starr moaned, and Julian began to feel a bead of sweat on his upper lip, his eyes moving quickly between the show in the back seat and the road ahead, watching the cars moving, wondering if anyone could see her masturbating.

Or was she teasing him?

“The TSA agent told me with a smile he may have to have me screened. I told him he could do a strip search if he was a good boy. And, only if he brought his cuffs with him into the room.”

“Wow,” Julian exhaled. “So, did you get him inside you?”

“No, but the possibility was there so I smiled, teased him, and made sure to swing my ass as I walked away. I know that he, and maybe a few others were staring.”

A gasp and Julian noticed her hands were below the sight of the seat, her head lolling back on the armrest. Suddenly, he spotted a

toe pointing up at him. And in the confined space, the musky smell of woman's juices could easily be inhaled. Starr shivered and moaned, her driver unable to see what she was doing as she moaned, soft purring escaping as the elbows moved with the unseen machinations of a masturbating woman. He could hear the reactions she made, touching her clitty, perhaps fingering herself, moaning aloud now, shaking her leg, watching his eyes frantically moving between traffic and her exhibitionism.

"Are you sure you can watch me Julian? I told you I want to do so much this weekend."

Clenching his teeth, Julian smiled, and then breathed out his answer: "Yes Starr. I may not participate often but I will watch intently."

A smile crossed her lips and she groaned louder, moving her arms faster, Julian assuming she was rubbing her clitty as fast as possible with one hand and fingering herself with two or three fingers of the other. She closed her eyes, the lights above them making her cinnamon skin pale then dark between passes on the road. Julian kept hoping that they wouldn't be pulled over or be seen in a traffic stop camera, or by someone in a truck who may follow them as Starr reached her zenith.

A loud gasp, and Starr cried out, "OOooohhh damnit!! OOOOOoohhh SHIT!!"

The orgasm slammed against the windows, making the panes move, or so Julian thought as she reached a powerful, body shaking orgasm in is backseat while in a public lane of traffic. As she calmed herself, Julian kept eyeing the speed, the surrounding cars, and moved deeper into the night. Starr reached back, sitting (possibly) in a puddle of her own juices. She leaned forward, kissing Julian on the ear and whispered, "Open wide for a treat."

He did so, and found his mouth filled with two of her fingers, salty and delicious with her sweet sexual honey, wet from her orgasm. Julian swabbed, licked and slurped every drop of girl-cum off them, making her nails dry as the fingers left his lips.

The Room

Julian pulled the sedan into the hotel, watching her asscheeks shift slowly under the tight skirt, moving like a metronome. She could feel the eyes of the valet, the bellman, and the concierge, all staring at the miniskirt, long legs, and perfectly nestled 36-C breast nestled in the tight t-shirt, the top tied under her breast to show off the amazing stomach. Starr knew she could make every man forget, and loved the attention. Julian walked beside, never taking her hand, knowing inside she possessed him, not the other way around. They turned, and the valet, doormen, concierge, bellmen, a few tourists with their wives, and the half-blind janitor all turned, watching Starr and Julian make their way to the elevator and inside it.

Opening the door, Julian tossed the bags on the floor, watching Starr walk into the room, laying back on the couch, flipping on the big-screen television. She was moving through the channels sliding her heels to the floor until she found some music. Her body wiggled to the beat, slowly sliding the blouse off her body, then slipping the skirt down her asscheeks and off her long, perfect legs.

His mouth hit the floor: Starr travelled across the country without panties, waxed her pussy hairs into a small landing strip and left her bra behind somewhere. Her blazer was on the floor. This was how she kept her hardened nipples from being a beacon to every man in every terminal she entered; along and across her travels through the United States.

Sitting naked, playing with her nipples, she stared at the chaperon, watching his eyes drink in every inch of her café au lait skin, honey-kissed by the sun and a shade darker than his own Latino heritage. She could smile, knowing he was going to be her guardian angel in her depraved travels through Los Angeles.

“Julian,” she whispered, eyes closing as she pinched one of her nipples slowly, twisting it in manicured nails, “are you sure you can keep me safe? Are you sure you don’t want to spend the weekend here just making love to me?”

A beat of quiet and he smiled.

“Or fucking you, Starr?”

He blushed, unsure of using this word with his cyber-lover and friend. A glance, and he knew she wasn't teasing him, just asking, and unharmed by his phrase; she, in turn was just being honest and seeking the same.

She smiled, happily knowing they were on the same wavelength: “Or fucking me, in bed, on the floor, in the bathroom ... wherever your hard-ons' wish.”

She lay back, curling her legs against her breast, showing him the heels of her feet pointing outward, smiling, letting her arms wrap around her knees. His eyes glanced down seeing the tender slip of her pussy lips, pink and glossy with the desire of lust, wanting to touch him or to be touched. Julian looked further, seeing her puckered bung, the anus winking at him. Starr noticed his eyes staring at her anus, and restated aloud, “Any where your hard-on wishes.”

Slowly, Julian moved closer to her, sitting down, taking her feet in his hands, massaging the soles, stroking them from toes to heel, making her moan. Starr relaxed, knowing she ached for an erotic journey, and yet, just having a man appreciate her for more than sex was something she longed for also in this moment.

“Honey,” Julian said softly. “You can do anything you want, be anything you want, and I'll always be in the shadows keeping you safe. I promised you that when we chatted, had cyber-sex, avatar-sex, phone sex, and cam-sex. And I still promise to keep you safe no matter what you want to do here in LA. Okay?”

Lightly, but with just the right amount of pressure, Julian slid his finger along the length of her foot, pressing inward, making her moan softly. Starr relaxed, naked in her youth and beauty, as this man twice her age and sweet on-line was the real deal, hoping to give her a weekend she'd never forget.

She could feel his fingers kneading her muscles, caressing and stroking the calves, moving the length of her skin slowly, softly and tenderly. She felt her eyes closing, relaxed in the luxurious room, breathing faster, her breast rising and falling slowly, feeling the hands moving to the front of her legs, caressing the knees and muscles gently.

But something was different.

Julian slid his body from beneath her legs, his hands lifting her delicate feet over his shoulders, sliding them back and down along the spine. His fingers continued caressing and touching her all over, making her whimper and moan eagerly, gasping, her eyes quickly closing. She could feel her fingers sliding into his hair as she felt his kisses starting inside her thighs, licking the skin, moving slowly into her crotch. A small stream of air slid out of his mouth, touching her clit and traveling along the slick folds of her pussy lips. Julian kissed, and then circled the clit with his tongue, lapping at it gently. She moaned, digging her nails deeper into his scalp, feeling his tongue slide inside her pussy, his nose nestled on the hairs, kissing the clitty again and again, sucking softly on the shaved labia. The tongue worked magically inside her body, making her shudder with delight.

“Mmmm. Such a tasty pussy babe,” he whispered. “I’m glad you played with it making it juicy for me.”

Starr moaned at the cunninglingus performed by a master twat eater, like Bach on the violin in the hands of a symphony maestro. She groaned, feeling a finger slipping into her hot, wet pussy, keeping Julian where he wanted to be: on her knees eating her out.

The finger, then fingers, began pumping rapidly, making a slap-slap sound inside her. Starr could feel the juices of her girly-sex leaking pussy juices like mad, gasping aloud, her body an electrical fence, losing her mind as he continued eating and licking and fingering her sweet, smooth twat as fast as possible. Her nipples became harder without contact, gasping, losing her breath to the shaking her body was doing responding to his touch.

“Oh fuck Julian. You are a fantastic pussy licker!”

He replied, “This is one thing I love doing: pleasing you.”

As his sentence ended, he continued licking the hot, wet sex box, fingering it deeper, swirling the clitty hard against his spinning tongue, sucking all the juices her could draw out down his throat and into his mouth. Starr started tugging his hair, keeping him in place, making his scalp hurt, and still keeping him against her hot, wet cunt, the sex-honey slipping out a little faster each time the pace increased, his mouth working harder to drink every drop.

“OOOooohhh FUCK! FUCK FUCK FUCKK!!”

Starr moaned, groaning, grinding her teeth, gasping and trying to hold her breath as her orgasm tore through her body, Julian's fingers planted deep inside the hot wet snatch. She groaned louder, crying out, screaming in absolute delight and pleasure.

"Goddamn! OOooooooooooooooooohhhhhh!"

The waves of pleasure finally subsided, and Julian could feel her body collapsing, deflating on the couch. Her legs were limp and she glowed, sheen of fresh perspiration on her forehead and cheeks. She looked down at her adoring lover, and took his face in her hands. Julian came up with the touch, bringing his body between her legs, kissing her mouth deep and full, and letting her taste herself on his tongue, making her whimper and moan. Her mouth roamed all over his face, licking every drop, sucking his tongue, wanting every drop her body produced between both their mouths.

She smiled, whispering, "We're gonna be so bad aren't we?"

"Yes we are," he replied. "Yes we are."

Togetherness

She smiled, hugging her breast closer to her body. Starr stared at Julian, her eyes agog with the delights of a woman coming down from an obscene physical and emotional high. Her body was covered in goose bumps, the scent of musk hanging in the room. Julian's face was slightly glazed, his smiled from ear to ear, licking his lips and slobbering over all the pussy juices Starr gushed out when she came all three times. She sat up, looking down at her lover kneeling on the floor, and gently, slowly stroked his face.

"Follow me hon." she whispered tenderly. "I want to make you smile too."

Afraid to speak, to break the spell, Julian stood quietly as his naked lover slid her delicate feet onto the floor, walking and taking his hand in hers', leading them to the bathroom. Starr turned, tiptoed and kissed him once more on the lips, tasting the remnants of her sweet snatch sauce, smiling as he caressed her hips, feeling the wonderful shape of the woman in his presence.

Entering, the gorgeous young woman sat down on the covered toilet seat, her ass nestling into the plush cover. Her tiny hands dove into the buckle, undoing the belt, moving it from his waist and off his body. Her fingers undid the snaps of his jeans, and slowly, gazing deep into his eyes, she opened his shirt, button by button, seeing that he never took his eyes from her light-cocoa colored skin, the wonderfully round sloping breast, the amazing sweet figure of her body already naked before his own in the spacious bathroom of the luxury hotel.

Kneeling, the gorgeous woman slid down his jeans, over his ankle, and undid his shoes, kissing his thighs and stomach along the way to being before him on her knees. Julian could feel the anticipation of touching her again, her hair stroking his stomach and her breast, his knees and her face, his body and her fingers.

He was under her spell, and loved it.

Julian gulped, and found that as his eyes opened, he realized he was nude. Somehow, Starr had him step out of his clothing, and he

watched her bending over, ass out, adjusting the shower, letting the water pours down into the tub. A graceful little hop and she was under the cascading water, feeling her own skin, moaning suggestively as the droplets came over her little by little in the shower.

All he could do was stare at her sexy silhouette. Stare and feel his hard-on moving like an anaconda in the trees, with a mind and life of its own. She was soaping her breast, caressing them, feeling her own pussy with a long, dedicated finger, touching the clit and making a soft noise from behind the transparent shower curtain.

“MMmmmm,” she moaned over the hissing steam of the hot shower. “Julian, even with the water I feel so sensitive. You ate my pussy so damn well, I may not need to find another woman.”

Through the curtain, Julian could see she was now fingering the pussy deeper, her hand moving back and forth.

“Oh babe,” she gasped, moaning like a banshee preparing to swoop down on its’ victim, “you’ve gotta get in here, or I may cum again.”

A step, and Julian slid into the tub, closing the shower curtain, watching her masturbate, penetrating her own smooth cunt with her fingers again and again. The finger fucking was rhythmic, a pumping beat as her fingers slid in and out, again and again, the shower water hitting Julian in the back. He watched her eyes close, knowing her voyeur and guardian was going to take in every action he could imagine with her all weekend long.

Starr loved being watched, knowing he was enjoying all she had to give him, and wanting to see more with each turn of her body. She moved, spinning away, ass out, back bent, fingering her pussy deeper, moaning louder, gasping and groaning in total delight. He watched the arch of her spine bend back, showing the moons of her delectable ass-cheeks, the slippery anus wet and coated with water beading down between her legs and past the back of her thigh and down to her ankles.

Julian came up behind her, placing the tip of his cock into the folds of her pink lips, slipping slowly inside her wet snatch, fucking her with one stroke. Starr gasped, a loud moan escaping her mouth as she grasped the shower bar, holding it tight, feeling Julian’s’ hands on her hips.

“Ohhhhhhhhh baby ... yessss,” Starr hissed, responding to his touch, his cock slowly, deliberately entering her needy slick pussy. “Don’t stop!”

Julian slipped his cock half-way inside, enjoying the enveloping feeling as she pushed back, fucking him in response to his fingers on her hips, his cock in her buttery cunt, his moans filling the shower stall.

Strong, tight fingers gripped her skin, sinking into the soft flesh of her hips, making her moan in delight, feeling the heated beads of water dribbling down her skin, dropping from her lover behind her and onto her spine. Starr gasped, feeling the cockhead slowly touching then entering her body again; his cock rode the smooth, wet pussy, fucking its’ way further inside her body. Julian could feel the purchase his thick man-meat made inside her, the wet velvet of her tight cunt gripping his prick, making him shiver in delight, gasping, before plunging harder, faster inside the sweet tight cunt.

“OH Goddamn Starr! FUCK!” Julian moaned aloud in absolute pleasure, groaning, sinking himself deeper inside her amazing hot body, his hairy balls nestled against the hot bald snatch lips. The steam of the shower made him shake his eyes; his most vivid hallucinations and fantasies had become real, and he was fucking the young, sexy woman in the hotel shower. He smiled happily, pumping his cock faster, deeper inside the smooth wet cunt, fucking her with all he could muster.

Starr replied, “Hmmmm, baby. Ohhhh you’re so fucking BIG!”

“JEEZUS BABE! FUCK!” Julian couldn’t contain the wicked utterances streaming from his mouth, his appreciation for her desire and allowing him to fuck her, and her need to do it immediately. Starr kept gripping the shower bar, holding on, feeling her perverted older lover fucking his way deeper inside her young body with every ounce of strength he had. His legs moved, the cock riding deeper into her body, his feet clenching the floor, holding on with his hands and the flexing muscles, for dear life. “Fuck! Fuck Fuck FUCKKK!”

She wiggled back, taking him deeper than before, fucking faster, rolling her sweet ass on his stomach, feeling his balls slapping

her clitty. She moved her fingers, stroking the active, sensitive clitty, feeling his shaved testicles against her fingernails, moaning in delight, water cascading over them like rolling rapids. But this was a much more exciting ride for the young woman from the East Coast. Starr could feel Julian opening her asscheeks, watching with fascination, or just to grip her steadily, her asshole opened, accepting water pouring down and entering her rectum. She gasped, her tits bouncing like mad, eyes fluttering in absolute pleasure.

Starr couldn't believe the man behind her, fucking her in absolute abandon, was the man she'd met on a social network on-line. She was amazed he was so very sane, patient, and aching to make her smile more than to satisfy his own craven lust. Her mind knew she'd find her adventures in Los Angeles, as that was her deepest wish; but when Julian offered to be her chaperon, her guardian angel through the levels of Hell she'd ascent to that week, she flew out immediately. She shivered, her voice barely audible over the steaming power of the running water, eyes rolling in delight as she felt her fingers tighten on the shower bar, moaning, crying out in total delight.

Then she felt it.

Her fingers strumming the sensitive clitty, the cock banging deeper inside her sweet body, and the older, wicked man enjoying her body without hesitation. An orgasm of unimaginable proportions was coursing through her veins, her body jumping like mad, her skin flecked with goose bumps as Julian fucked his penetrating-self deeper with each stroke, water shooting in all directions against the bath walls and shower door.

Suddenly, his cock evacuated the sweet, snug pussy. Grasping her shoulder, Julian turned Starr, whispering over the rushing water, "Kneel, my sweet fuck."

Obediently, Starr went to her knees, watching his magnificent cock bouncing like a tree branch in a storm. She whimpered, watching the head bobbing before her eyes. A hand grasped her head, and she found herself nose-to-tip with the hard-on bouncing obscenely. Instinctively, her mouth opened, and Starr inhaled Julian's fuckstick, swallowing him to the root. Her nose rested on the cropped crotch hairs, inhaling the fresh scent of her just-fucked cunt on the pubes.

A gagging motion and she swallowed the prick as far down her throat as possible. Julian was thrilled she had little to no gag reflex, and was consuming him like this was the last cock she'd ever suck. Her head bobbed up and down the length, her lips a perfect 'O' closing around the whole girth. She was watching his cock moving, the pubic hairs tickling her nose, making her whimper and slobber in delight.

"Goddamn Starr," he moaned. "You're such a sweet cocksucker! Ohhhh fuck you're so damned good!"

A buck of his hips and Julian could feel the exodus of cum slipping from the tip and jetting out over her face, making the gorgeous woman sticky. Starr was greedily gobbling the stream of hot jism floating in mid-air, the droplets catching on her cheeks and lips, touching her in all directions, making her shiver in delight. Her tongue ran over her teeth, bringing in, slurping down all the thick ropey cum that her hungry mouth could catch.

Julian stroked, grasped and pummeled his cockstick as hard as possible, fucking his own fist, wringing every drop out of himself and leaving nothing inside the vein of his body. He could feel the sensitivity like needles on his head, the bits of stickiness lingering, drip-drip-dripping down his shaft and onto her eager tongue. Starr was lapping him up like a woman dying of sexual thirst. She had every drop he could offer needing to be sated as quickly as possible.

Taking her skull in his hand, Julian pushed on the back of her head, bringing her down onto the cum-covered fist and fuckstick. His breath was short and fast as she closed the gap, licking and slurping all the man-juices she could gather down her mouth and over her palette. He was amazingly pleased at how adept she was to sucking cock and drinking cum.

"Oooooooh FUCK Starr! That was goddamned incredible!"

She looked up, her nose planted on the root of his cock, her eyes wide and smiling, her mouth a perfect circle on his dick, licking him inside her wet, lingering mouth.

Eyes fluttering, Starr knew he was her thrall, and vice-versa. She never spoke, just continued licking the sensitive head and drinking everything he could give her, pumping her face deeper onto

the shaft, swallowing his saltiness and slurping the last of his cum, even before he could move her head back and forth in his hands.

Another Ride

Starr smiled, her hair soft from the hot water in their mutual shower. She loved how Julian had eaten her out so elegantly, licking her to a mind-blowing series of orgasms. Her body was still in turmoil from the lust he'd shown her when he climbed into the shower to bend her over, banging her mercilessly from behind, pounding his cock into her repeatedly. And, she loved how he'd cum feeding her hunger, spraying his jism over her tits and face, acting like a porn star, wanton and obscene with his desires and her face.

Nevertheless, she also knew her sense of adventure was dying to rush out and into the night air. Toweling off and rubbing each other dry with fast motions, thick towels and embraces, kisses and emotional warmth, Julian and Starr primped and dressed to go out. He wore tight slacks, polished shoes and a sweater that followed the tapered cut of his narrow waist and broad chest, a t-shirt poking out from the v-neck. Starr slid into a skimpy dress, the elastic material snug on her figure, showing her coke-bottle shape with long legs and high heels. Since she was dying to be bad, she skipped the thong panties and bra, opting to head out wearing a short leather jacket, her hair a banner in the night. Julian kept her ID and lipstick in his suede blazer pockets, along with his cell phone, wallet and money.

They rode the elevator down, Julian occasionally reaching down to kiss her head, squeeze her next to him, or just to stare into the shiny doors, whispering, "Geezus but we're a fucking sexy couple aren't we?"

"Yes we are," she relied. The doors opened, and she took his hand, leading him past the concierge, beyond the doors of the hotel, and into the circular driveway of the hotel. Julian waved his hand hailing a cab, the yellow vehicle stopping next to them. They slid into the seat, Starr snuggling up against the older man, letting her head fall atop his shoulder, kissing his chin, then looking at the driver.

"Where you'se two wanna go?" His voice was gruff but professional. His head was balding, and he was thick necked and had arms like a seaman, built for heavy weights and hard work.

“Take us to Pico Street,” Julian said, his arm around Starr, stroking her chin, touching her neck, bringing her young, giggling body against his own. She smiled, laughed, then moved closer, snuggling and squeezing her friend and lover.

The driver shook his head, then said, “Okay’z, but it’s a bit of a diztense.”

“We’re good for it,” Starr replied. “You’ll get yours’.”

The cab began moving, taking them from the lights of the hotel and into the dimmed streetlights of Los Angeles. Starr turned, arms around his neck, kissing Julian from moment to moment, licking his lips, peppering his face with a series of affectionate, soft, endearing kisses, feeling his hands on her body, holding her close. His lips returned every kiss, his hands responded to every touch, and his reflexes were sharp and loving to the young woman he promised a hedonistic weekend. Both could feel their eyes closing, their embrace deepening, their mutual admiration and lust a connection even deeper than they could have hoped or considered before. Now they were deeper into the connection so many cyber-nights and orgasm filling phone calls had started.

And they weren’t sure if it would stop after that weekend.

Slowly, the cab rolled to a stop at a light. Starr slid out of the back seat, kissing Julian quickly, then moved slowly into the passenger seat. She saw the driver watching her knee, seeing the slice of her long, toned leg moving into the space, and sat down next to the driver.

“What’cha want mizz?”

Starr didn’t say anything, but instead moved her hands down along his potbelly, stroking the roundness, and reaching under it to undo the belt buckle holding the pants in place. Wordlessly, she smiled, her teeth shining in the streetlights, her long hair moving like a distant flag. The driver glanced back at Julian, who leaned into the seat in the back, and braced his hands behind his head, saying softly, “Drive. It’s still a long way to Pico Street.”

He chuckled deep, relaxing, accelerating, the cab gliding into the night, moving like a yellow panther along the narrow streets. Her fingers deftly slid down the zipper, opening and revealing the thick, hairy, uncircumcised cock. Starr looked at the narrowing tip covering

the head of the cock, feeling its natural girth, wondering if it would fit in her tiny, manicured hand. She smiled, thinking about Julian in the back seat listening to her touching the man, fucking his cock with her fist, massaging the balls, making him cum in her hands.

“Do you mind me jacking you off mister?” She purred with the delicacy of a kitten toying with a mouse, making her prey sweat, wondering what’s going to happen next. “Does it turn you on such a young cunt like me makes you shake down to your teeth? Making you harder than the bumper in my hands?”

“Sheeiit baby,” he slurred, the excitement of her touch already making him happier than usual. “You’s e can do anyt’ing, jes’ don’t stop.”

The cabbie could feel how soft her hands were, wrapped up, squeezing him, making him moan as she stroked the length, the dickmeat inflating in her fingers as she rhythmically pumped and fucked the cock with her hands. She blew in his hairy ear, touching off his nerves, making him shake, smile and groan, the dick easily in sight of a larger passing vehicle. A gentle thumb caressed the head, slathering the precum like lube, moving him quicker as they continued through the streets of Los Angeles.

Starr opened her fingers, releasing the cockhead, lifting the thumb, and slipping the digit into her mouth, sucking it like a small girl, eyes aflutter with innocence as she licked the precum off her print and smiled, keeping her eyes on the cabbie. He smiled back, watching her suck her own thumb, then kept his eyes on the road, feeling her long hair moving over his body, her hot, moist breath hovering over the cockhead, her slick, fast tongue slurping down, tasting him, wrapping around his length, drawing him inside her mouth. Starr swallowed the length, inhaling him, pumping her mouth fast and deep on the thick, fat cock, driving down, mouthing him deeper inside her throat. She didn’t gag, having had Julian earlier, and knowing this cock was smaller but thicker, and fucking her own face with his length and stretching her lips with his girth. The cabbie kept an eye out, watching for the cops, and for the lights, knowing at some traffic stops there were video camera units taking photos of speeders.

Starr kept licking and sucking him; somehow his pants went lower, closer to his knees, and she was able to fondle and stroke his

testicles, moving them in her able fingers, feeling him shaking in his seat. With a turn of her head, Starr looked up, mouth filled with cock, and smiled at the driver. She could see his distress from the intense pleasure, and lifted her mouth, replacing it with her hand, jacking him off again and faster. She snarled, the cock snaked into her fingers and palm, making it dance to her tune, teasing and pleasing, feeling his body shaking in delight.

Suddenly, violently, the cock spat upward, an arc of white jism flying onto the steering wheel. The driver groaned a long, satisfied exhalation of delight, his chubby body shaking in the seat. Starr watched him shake, almost nervously, then regain his composure as they slowed to a stop at a cross section under the street lights. A nervous glance, and Starr slyly moved her mouth over the steering wheel, licking the cum from the machine, off his knuckles, and squeezing the length of cock from the balls to the head, helping the vein empty the last of the man-juices out and into her waiting palm. She lapped the puddle of stickiness like a cat with a sprinkling of milk, smiling at the driver, then kissing his cheek.

The cab pulled closer to the curb, and breathlessly, the driver said, "Pico Street. Shit but that was fuckin' good little goil."

Starr made sure she left her lipstick and his cum on the unshaven cheek, and opened her door, rushing out into the street at night. Julian leaned over, dropping a few twenty dollar bills and said, "Keep the change. And thank you; you've made her trip here an exciting one."

The Club

The stop told them they'd arrived. Starr saw a small, non-descript red brick building with a concrete doorway, a line of people waiting at the door, and a trio of muscular bouncers. One was checking a list, and the other two were flexing their muscles, preventing people from trying to buy or scam their way inside with all the pretty people of the celebrity and modeling world. Starr's mouth hung open. She was amazed such a group of people was waiting for entrance to such a small place.

A few of the people openly chuckled or stared at Starr and Julian; they were an odd-couple, their ages double and half, and yet, they looked like they'd been created to fit one another like pieces of a puzzle.

“Jules!”

“Ike! What's happening man?”

Starr took the hand, walking behind her lover, seeing him greet the doorman warmly, shaking hands. “Good seeing you Jules. I got your table already.”

He was blonde, with a trimmed goatee fashionably clinging to his chin, the smile perfect connecting to his tan. Stylish in his dark suit and t-shirt, he made those actually welcome very at ease with the private club.

“Cool. Ike, this is my babe from the east, Starr. Honey, this is Ike, and *he* runs the show here.”

Ike and Starr smiled and shook hands amid the wailing of the people denied entrance.

Several people openly protested the preferential treatment Julian and Starr received (but they didn't) walking in to the club from the front door. There was no line for them, no waiting, no bribery or cajoling, just right to the front of the club and inside for Julian and Starr. Ike ignored the others' moans, went back to checking his list, and moved, having the bouncers keep the uncool, unhip, unhappy people outside the nightclub.

Starr followed Julian in, and saw the entrance was to a spacious, old factory. There were several levels of dance, a few scattered bars, and waitresses in skimpy attire strolling about in all directions. Light spun and shone, cutting into the darkness, illuminating celebrities and fashionable people everywhere. Some were drinking, some dancing and some just having conversations over the loud music. Towards the center of the club was a velvet-rope entrance, the VIP section. Julian took Starr by the hand, leading her past the crowd of super-hot people, and the bouncer in the section opened the rope, allowing him to bring her to their private table. She was amazed, her cute ass sitting down, watching the moving throng of people following the hip-hop lyrics of the young, new singer. He had the crowd swaying, moving with the beat of the song, the motions almost all gyrations and grindings from the various women, either models or porn starlets.

Actors, movie producers, and other celebrities watched the wiggling, the wanton women showing off. An award nominated actress was on a small stage, her long legs wrapped around a pole, showing off her ability to emulate the strippers she studied for her role a few years ago. Cougars fell into line with the voyeurs, watching the younger people dancing madly, following their frenzied passions, kissing or dry humping on the dance floor.

“Dionysus would love this wouldn’t he, Julian?”

Julian smiled at her classical reference, pouring them both a little of the expensive champagne that waited at their table. “I think this is more a moment for Bacchus, god of wines.”

He continued, passing Starr the first flute. “But, maybe we need Priam. He was a decadent god with a penchant for enormous, continuous hard-on’s. Think of John Holmes but a cock standing like a wooden beam so hard you could do chin-up’s with it.”

Starr giggled, swallowing her champagne, smiling, then gently kissed Julian. A small sign of appreciation was twinkling in her eyes, and she couldn’t do anything but savor the moment, the pleasure, allowing herself to fall deeper into the dream of drowning in lust. Julian was her lifeguard, and she’d never felt freer, even with him always watching her every move.

He smiled back, sipping his bubbly, watching her eyes through the veil of the darkness, the lights touching them gently, moving with his rapidly shifting eyes, catching all the people moving in and around the club. A blonde, leggy model who'd just been on a controversial magazine cover walked by, head high, then whipped her long blonde hair back, spying Julian sitting with Starr.

"Julian, honey," she said elongating her vowels, stretching the words with her French accent. "Baby, where have you been?"

The model reached across his chest, her chin over his shoulders, soft kisses landing on each cheek, the same affection returned by Starr's chaperon. Starr was amazed; last week this gorgeous woman had been on the news for her magazine layout, and this week she was kissing her lover and friend, not less than a foot from her own lips. All she could do was stare silently, mouth agape, wondering what would happen next tonight.

Moreover, looking at the beauty, Starr knew she wanted to kiss this woman as much as Julian did.

"Painting. Your face is going on a life-size portrait for a sheik in Abu Dai. His son loves you so I'm doing your gorgeous face and figure for his bedroom."

"I hope he doesn't do anything nasty with the picture," she replied.

"I doubt any worse than any young man any time your face and figure land in a magazine."

He stopped, and then said, "Ivette, this is my angel, Starr. Starr, this is Ivette: the hottest model either side of the Atlantic."

Ivette blushed, and then gazed into Starr's eyes. "Julian's told me a little about you."

"He's barely told me anything about his friends, but I *love* what I'm seeing."

Both women smiled, and Julian offered Ivette some champagne. Ivette took his glass, sipped it, and then reached past his chest, kissing Starr softly on the lips. Starr could taste the champagne and the designer lipstick, a little of Ivette's tongue in her mouth. She smiled, sighing, thrilled an international model was making a blatant pass at her, and her chaperon was doing nothing more than letting her enjoy herself.

“Starr, why don’t you and Ivette go dance? There’s a small floor overlooking the club here in the VIP section. You can see everyone and everyone can see but not approach you.”

Ivette took Starr by the hand; a soft wicked song playing with an additional beat mixed in, making it more dance than erotic seduction. Both women closed the distance, grinding, moving flat belly to flat belly, Starr wrapping her hand around Ivette’s neck. Ivette reached in, moving her body and holding Starr as close as possible, kissing her lips, touching her skin, the contrast of cinnamon brown to alabaster white making them look like polar opposites and delightful in their stunning beauty. Both women could feel his eyes on them, his own mind wondering if he could wrangle them BOTH into a small lustful moment of abandon. Neither beautiful woman cared to share Julian or each other at that moment, and in their soft kisses, they both knew a threesome was out of the question.

Nevertheless, a Sapphic encounter wasn’t, and it would be for *their* pleasure alone.

Ivette kissed Starr gently, nibbling her lips and sucking her tongue, reveling in the response, her body crushing closer and her nipples hard against the skimpy white dress she wore. She rubbed her knee softly into Ivette’s leg, touching, spreading her apart on the floor, grinding gently and reaching down caressing the models’ spine and hip, cupping her perfect ass in her manicured nails.

‘Thank God I left my panties behind,’ Starr thought, kissing Ivette on the neck, stroking her hips and cupping her asscheeks tenderly in a pair of manicured hands. The model returned the favor, stroking Starr’s inner thigh, kissing her chin, and then meeting tongue-to-tongue, lapping with a soft smile of passion-driven lovers. Both women continued swaying to the sensuous beat of the erotic music, the lyrics a mirror of lust and desire that they planned on sharing shortly, either on the dance floor or elsewhere.

Starr blinked, and found herself walking back to the private table with Ivette towing her slowly, their fingers interlaced. Starr found herself seated, and saw Ivette’s hands planted on either side of the chair, more blonde hair and kisses touching her face, a wet, soft tongue dancing on Starr’s neck, ear and cleavage. Ivette began swaying with the next slow song, feeling the reverberations of erotic

energy from being on display with a new lover seated, watching, taking in this infamous woman giving a tawdry lapdance for the sake of lust. She closed her eyes, lifting her hair, her hips undulating with the smooth beats of the song, stroking her own neck, then slowly swiveling and churning before Starr's bouncing eyes. The champagne made the transition from casual acquaintance to prospective lover easier, her eyes fixated on the model turned amateur stripper for her eyes alone.

From the corner of her eye, Starr noticed Julian lifting his camera phone, watching both women kissing softly, her eyes glazing over with Ivette's touch and desire stroking the electricity inside her body, making her stomach move of its' own accord. Was he making a video or taking pictures? Would her parents ever see them? Would they be on the internet forever, the dark skinned club-girl making out and getting a lapdance from a supermodel? Starr saw Julian's eyes, watching the small screen, then leaning back, sipping from his own flute, sucking down the fine champagne.

Starr felt Ivette kissing her nape, licking her smooth skin, caressing her ribs and touching the sides of her breast, a gentle seduction of the dusky woman, her long hair moving with her face, a swaying lust of pleasures in her fluttering eyes. She couldn't help enjoying all the super-model was doing to her at that moment, their moment, alone and private and yes, so very public too.

Little kisses moved gently along her cleavage, and the hemline moved upward, under her chin, over her lips and into the mouth, sucking her tongue. Starr moaned softly, groaning gently, enjoying Ivette's seductive licks and nibbles, having the delighted supermodel devouring her bites and lust orally. A second later, the dusky skinned woman found her hemline lifted, exposing her smooth bald cunt, the juices collecting on her inner lips, the clit jumping with the smooth stream of air from Ivette's puckered lips.

Starr softly whimpered, "Oh God Ivette ... *baby* ..."

And she moaned again, pressing her nails into the models' hair, teasing and curling the fingers within her long blonde hair, feeling the gasp rising in her throat before allowing it to move and leave her lips in the tiniest whimper audible. She couldn't believe the cloud of ecstasy she rode, losing herself in the absolute lust of a

gorgeous woman eating her pussy in public. Starr could feel the secretions beginning, lingering on her tongue, feeding Ivette all she could consume, all she could drink from her sexual chalice. A communion of delight and perversion, exhibited and given to the old gods of hedonism; this was Starr's journey with Julian and her delighted search.

Suddenly, her eyes shot open, exposing her to the multi-colored lights and the display moving around the club, Ivette's head saddled between her thighs, the hidden tongue and fingers delighting Starr in ways she could never have imagined. The gorgeous woman sucked and licked her beyond mentioning, making her drop her mouth, a silent scream formed on her lips. She lost any inhibitions there, feeling the orgasms shooting through every nerve in her body, touching and electrifying each limb, making her lose control, flooding Ivette with her juices. And even though she couldn't see it, Starr could feel the mouth leeching everything from her, like a starved lamprey, drinking all it can from the seated woman, her knees up, toes pointed touching the floor, heels up and body going limp and alive at the same time.

Starr's head thrashed, and for a moment, she wondered if anyone else was taking pictures besides Julian of a super model eating her pussy out in public. A second later, she didn't care, not after the string of three orgasms left her breathless and blacking out for a moment, her eyes refocusing on Ivette as she licked her fingers of Starr's juices with a huge smile.

Starr Search – Chapter 06

More Entertainment

Julian found her panting like mad, gasping, groaning, licking her own mouth and fluttering her eyes. The orgasm that Ivette induced made many previous experiences pale in comparison.

To Be Continued ...

**Hopefully soon it will be a
collected e-book or novel, through
an on-line or major publisher.**

**And I hope you enjoyed
this little sample.**



Arise in the Morning

Julian awoke in the soft sheets, his long legs stretched out on the hotel bed, relaxed and happy. He was elated that he'd spent part of the night with his lover, and looked down, seeing her skin contrasting the sheets, snoring softly, her body in a fetal position, relaxed, her hair a mess in the pillow.

To Be Continued ...