

The Two Towers

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I'd do the same for you...

"Have you come across the name game where you make up your porn star persona based on your favourite pet's name, and your mother's maiden name? I think it's bollocks personally, if I was in one, I'd be Lick Clitalot, much better and to the point" announced Tom, with the arrogance of someone who actually did lick a lot.

"Come on, play the game, then!" said Jamie, throwing down the challenge. "Mine would be Rex Driver!" He exploded with laughter, as we howled out loud, drawing agitated looks from our near neighbours in the gym. We all imagined simultaneously the cheesy grin, the bushy hair, handle bar moustache and Rex Driver hitting the screen and the pussy.

"Fantastic!" I spluttered, barely catching my breath. "Mine would be Spot Brown, nowhere near as good as yours, my friend, but you do imagine at least one of the three orifices of joy thinking about it!" I concluded, looking across at Jamie, who was still convulsed at the thought of his new name. "What about yours, Lick?" I asked, turning to Tom.

"Pretty dull, compared to my preferred persona of Lick," he replied sheepishly, "but it would be Arthur Bainbridge. Don't know why I suggested the game, actually, I feel like a bit of a dick head," he said sullenly.

"Stick to Lick, mate, or Dick Head, whichever you think fits! I know what I'd prefer, Dick! Anyway, got to go," I said, "Appointment with babe beckons. Jamie, you still ok to cover for me today?"

"So where you off to again?"

Sophie and I were lounging naked on the duvet after a most glorious love-making session. Nothing like some late morning delight, and it had been delicious. A slow, sumptuous sixty-nine, which Sophie concluded by flipping me on to my stomach, squirting baby oil all over my crack and balls, proceeding then to play with my rim, using both fingers and tongue in an intoxicating combination, until I squirmed with delight. It added an extra inch and a half to my boner, as I bent her over and took her from behind, finishing off with a river of bodily fluids running between her breasts as I wanked myself off, Sophie playing with herself till she came, screaming loudly.

"Down to London with Jamie, there's an Aerosmith concert on that he got some last minute tickets for off a mate who can't go," I said as convincingly as I could.

"Why can't I go, you know I love them!" Sophie looked at me, all doe-eyed and beautiful.

"He only got two tickets – why don't you give Gemma a bell and see if she's up for a girlie night out?" I suggested, limply. Jamie was in on my illicit tryst with Chloe, and was actually going to the gig with his mate. He had said Gemma had no plans, so it seemed to be coming together nicely. So far so good, cover story holding up.

"Ok, I might just do that, I've not seen Gemma for ages!" said Sophie, cheering up a bit.

"Great! Look, I need to pack and head to the station, I'll call later." I kissed her, tasting my semen on her lips.

"Be good," she said. I will be, I thought, as I leapt off the bed and headed for the shower.

“You might be a gorgeous looking black man but you’re a terrible liar!”

The blonde in the baseball cap curled up in the seat behind me as the train crawled south to London. At least this should keep me entertained, I thought, as I desperately sought a distraction from the cheese-wire cutting into my testicles. My boxer shorts had morphed into an instrument of torture, as I wriggled ceaselessly to get some relief. A young boy stared at me as he toddled past. You wouldn’t understand, pal, yours won’t have dropped yet, I thought. At least the air conditioning is working, I mused as another faceless station was left in our wake.

“But you can’t keep it in your trousers!” This was getting interesting, as Baseball Blonde then proceeded to convince her ex-boyfriend to let it out again. She was not taking no for an answer. “9 o’clock at the V & A, OK?” Black on Blonde images flooded my mind, having been flooding my Hotmail in-box for the last two weeks. Bill Gates has got a lot to answer for, but what does he care? When you’re checking your e-mails at home, at least you can hit the “Shit, it’s the missus” button to clear your screen. The bigger problem is accessing Hotmail e-mails at work, when all of a sudden an image rich e-mail pops up, portraying a cock that needs the scroll button to see a literally bigheaded bastard being swallowed by an equally well-endowed young thing. There’s no one behind of course, but the threat of a firm hand on the shoulder and cry of “Gotcha” from the imaginary security guard is all too real.

Baseball Blonde was now convinced that she’d scored for the evening, when the vibrator went off in my pocket. A warm, husky whisper hit my ear, and the spot. “I want to take you all the way down my throat, and make you squirm...” Strange things these vibes between the sexes, it’s sort of what I had been imagining, but not quite. “Hi Chloe, where are you?” I replied, adding “I’ll hold you to that!”

An illicit night of passion with Chloe beckoned. The e-mail exchanges between us since our first encounter had started off pretty warm, and got red hot, to the point where my trousers strained at the thought of seeing her again, and I was sure she would be dripping wet, gagging for it. Her literary style was succinct and straight to the point.

“could be down in london next saturday overnight, and have a free evening, how are you fixed? I’d love to see the colour of your nipple tassles again....Nathan.”

“screw me less than four times, and we’re through”

Christ the gauntlet was well and truly thrown down. And Jamie was right! I thought back to my previous Personal Best, which was six times in ten hours. I was relieved at the memory. No problemo.

“au naturelle or wrapped up? I’ll need to bring a few more than my usual overnight stocks”

“au naturelle of course, got some new toys to try out”

This was getting better by the letter, and as I reflected on the exchanges, my mood brightened as I disembarked at Euston. Out of nowhere Guilt crept up and grabbed me, metaphorically speaking, by the nuts. As if I needed that right then.

“So, she hasn’t slept with anyone, so why are you chasing this woman? Think of Sophie, on her own in Manchester, thinking you are missing her, and BEHIND HER BACK, you are shagging another woman. She doesn’t deserve the payback you are claiming. You say you were in love from day one, so how could you do that?” Guilt was worming away, looking for a weak spot.

“Look, mind your own fucking business,” I said to my unwelcome companion, as people looked around wondering who the nutter was talking to himself. “I don’t have to explain myself to you.”

“You’ll regret it. How will you feel in the morning, waking up and looking into another woman’s eyes? Don’t say I didn’t warn you,” as Guilt droned on. I was not for turning.

"Hey, great to see you!" Chloe threw her arms around me and kissed me warmly and passionately. I held her tight, running my hands gently up and down her bare back, criss-crossed with the delicate straps of her azure blue dress, the colour of her eyes. She looked ravishable, and food was the last thing on my mind.

"You look stunning, Chloe, visual Viagra!" I whispered, as we made our way to our table.

"You look hard! Not been on the blue stuff already have we?" she teased, looking back over her shoulder, hips swaying, the sound of her voice dancing towards me.

"How have you been, Chloe?" I asked, looking at the menu.

"Looking forward to seeing you again," she replied, taking a sip of wine, and casting her smile and spell in my direction.

"To us, and a wonderful evening," I suggested, expectantly.

"And a wonderful night," Chloe added, and we looked at each other lingeringly for a few moments, until the waiter disturbed our connection.

Enrique disappeared to the kitchen, reappearing within seconds with still water, glasses and change of cutlery. Impressive.

"Indeed!" I answered. "Tell me, are you in a relationship at the moment?"

"Of sorts, nothing too serious. We see each other every couple of weeks. He's a journalist too, but works in TV and spends a lot of time overseas, but it suits us both at the moment. How about you?" Chloe looked at me, with South-of-France-sky blue eyes, deep pink lips glistening in the candlelight.

"Yes, I'm living with a girl, at the moment. I thought it was something more special than it actually is. We've had a bit of a setback lately." I must have been looking doleful, and paused for a moment.

"Want to talk about it?" offered Chloe.

"No, not tonight," I replied, "tell me about your family."

Chloe reflected on an uneventful, happy childhood that was abruptly shattered by her father's affair when she was seventeen. I held back from confessing that I too was such a man, for fear of ruining the evening.

"My story's similar, except my parents didn't split," I said. "Anyway, what about your favourite films, books, bands? What do you relax to? I like most music; top gigs of all time are Bruce Springsteen twice, Bon Jovi and Bryan Adams. I love live gigs."

"Me too! I like Tracey Chapman, Jools Holland, Eric Clapton, that's who I'm listening to mostly."

"When I've been to see a gig, I'm terrible. I listen to that band constantly for weeks after, until the euphoria wears off!" I admitted, feeling like an anorak.

"So what's the worst gig you've been to?" asked Chloe.

"Lighthouse Family, the sound was awful, pity because I love their stuff."

"I saw Macy Gray a few weeks ago," said Chloe, "She was off her head, one hit wonder, but

she was definitely on something. She disappeared for about twenty minutes at one stage, leaving the band jamming on its own. Then she came back and sang a song that she'd just made up!"

I shook my head as I listened to her, amazed at how some egos can consume to the point where the individual is blinded and out of touch with reality. Thanks to cocaine and alcohol, although I could only assume it, never having tried it.

"The best gig I think was U2 a few years ago at Wembley, I love their stuff," she continued, "and I saw Bryan Adams, but was a bit disappointed because he toured as a threesome, and he was playing bass!"

"I saw that tour too, and I know what you mean. I saw him a couple of years ago on the "*18 till I die*" tour and he was superb. He got some fans out of the audience at one point, one girl sang with him, and then he let four or five take over and play "Summer of 69", and they were pretty good, I've never seen anything like that before at a gig. Talking of 69...shall we go?" I looked at Chloe, her radiance captivating me. We drank our wine, and drank in each other. I settled the bill, and we headed back to Chloe's.

I held her close as we walked from the cab to the entrance to her flat. Her warmth exuded from beneath her dress, as my hand rested on the curve of her waist. I tingled with anticipation. As we entered the lift, Chloe pressed herself close to me, lifted her skirt, grabbed my hand and placed it on her pussy. She was panty-less and bare, her pussy lips already moist. I teased her labia, stroking her, enjoying her wetness once more. She rubbed her hand across my straining trousers, unzipped me, and took my cock in her hand. She knelt down and took my shaft deep inside her mouth, to the back of her throat. She cupped my balls in her hand, pulled back from my cock, which glistened with her saliva, and licked my balls, teasing them with her tongue. The sensation of cool air on my dick after being in Chloe's mouth was breathtaking.

The lift shuddered to a halt. She stood, took hold of my cock, and walked backwards, leading me to her apartment, her eyes locked on mine, hips swaying, nipples forcing through her dress, begging to be caressed. Unlocking her door, she dropped her dress in one smooth swift movement, turned round and bent over.

"Take me now," she moaned softly. I moved towards her, my cock straining. I knelt down and kissed her pussy, my tongue making slow, circular motions. I licked her arse hole, and slipped the tip of my tongue inside. Chloe gasped. "You naughty man" she groaned, as I stood, parted her pussy lips with my thumbs and slid inside her. She was tight and dripping wet. I spread her butt cheeks wide as I drove inside her, gasping.

"Don't come too soon," she begged as my pace quickened. I withdrew, and spun her around. She took my cock in her mouth again, tasting her juices. She slid her hand round to my buttocks. I parted my legs as she teased my rim with her finger, and then slid one inside. I was desperate to come, but managed to hold back. I stroked her hair as she gobbled me. She licked the end of my dick as she wanked me off, looking up at me, smiling. Fucking awesome.

She stood and started to slowly undress me. My clothes fell to the floor. When I was naked, we kissed, our bodies pressing together. She raised one leg; I supported her by gripping her arse. She reached round and guided me inside her. Her heat wrapped around my cock was mind blowing. I thrust deep inside her as we kissed passionately. We staggered backwards and leant against the wall. I lifted her up so she could wrap her legs around me; I gripped her perfect arse as she bounced up and down, her tits rubbing against my chest.

"Let's go to bed." I withdrew and kissed her, as she led me to the bedroom.

Her double bed had black plastic sheets on it. She sprayed some lubricant all over it and slid onto the bed. I joined her, writhing about in oil. It was massively horny. I rolled over onto my back. Chloe straddled me, and took me all the way inside her. She squatted and bounced, turning round after

a few strokes into reverse cow girl.

"Play with my arse while you screw me," she said. I obliged; I licked my finger, and toyed with her rim, pushing inside gently. Chloe moaned and bounced. "Deeper," she said; I pushed my finger in all the way.

"Over there, use the dildo," she said, panting. I reached over and grabbed a glass dildo next to some beads. I rolled it in the oil on the bed, and slid it inside her. It was ribbed, and Chloe loved it.

"Oh, yes!" she cried with pleasure, bouncing harder on my cock as I pushed the dildo further inside her.

"My turn", she said, as she dismounted. She took the dildo and threw it on the bed. "Turn over, and spread your legs."

I rolled over and waited. The next thing I felt was Chloe's tongue flicking around my rim. She kissed and teased my arse hole, gently probing with a finger tip. I then felt something small and round enter me anus, then another.

"Relax, you'll love it," she whispered. After six or so beads had been deftly inserted, she rolled me over, lay on her back, spread her legs and her pussy lips. I climbed on top of her and thrust deep inside her gaping pussy. I could not hold back, and I rammed deep inside.

"Tell me when you are going to come," she said breathily, reaching round and stroking my arse, the bum beads bouncing against my balls.

"I'm coming," I gasped, as Chloe whipped out the bum beads. It was the most amazing orgasm I had ever had, as I shat myself simultaneously and shot my load.

I collapsed on top of her, then started to apologise profusely.

"Don't worry, why do you think I have pvc sheets?" she smiled.

The bright winter sun forced me to squint as I headed for a cab to the station. Chloe and I had made love before I left, a slow, luxurious coming together; naturally we had cleaned the mess up, and had a laugh about it. As I slumped in to the back of a noisy black cab, Guilt popped in for a cosy chat.

"So, close shave there then?" he began.

"It was a very close shave, actually, no stubble at all, freshly done earlier in the evening before she came out I would say," I replied smugly, warm memories flooding my heart and trousers, as I recollected Chloe's sweetness.

"Didn't mean that!" said Guilt, in a high-pitched judgemental tone. "Did you not feel anything for Sophie?"

"Don't start, ok?" I pleaded.

"But you are a changed man, so you keep telling Sophie and trying to convince yourself. But you are nothing of the sort. Even with a woman who loves you more than you know or deserve, you still pay her back this way." Guilt turned away from me, crossing his arms and legs in disgust.

"Butt out and leave me alone!" I growled.

My imaginary companion, so real and alive and annoyingly honest, suddenly deserted me. All I could think of was Chloe. There will never be absolutely nothing to compare with a night of passion

with a new lover; the thrill of getting past the giggle band, the elastic at the top of her knickers. Get past that and you are laughing. That first impatient tug, as you both wrestle with expectancy and underwear. Although Chloe had dispensed with that formality, my first glimpse of her, silhouetted and naked, will endure along with a handful of selected highlights. Sophina, honey-skinned and jet black hair; my first Ice and Fire blowjob, sending tingles from my shaft to my toes and back again; my first shag looking in the mirror, revealing the view reserved for a cameraman; and last but not least, the first time I saw Sophie naked. My Sophie, my inspiration, my soul mate. Why was I risking everything?

Because I was hooked, plain and simple. Can you be in love with two women at the same time? I had become disillusioned about love when my first marriage decayed to the point where my ex-wife and I couldn't stand being in the same room as each other. Then I met Sophie and found a special connection, a warm welcoming place where I felt myself for the first time in a long time, with my soul mate. But with Chloe, a different me is with her, and whilst I love being with Chloe, I'm not the man I truly want to be. But she is a woman who part of me desires. Maybe that's it, desire is stronger than love, and if you can't fight it, suppress it, deal with it, then you take massive risks with your love. Desire is a self destruct button, for sure. If Sophie found out, my desire would not help bail me out. Maybe I'd lose Chloe too, who knows? But for now, I'll play the game, doting partner on the one hand and daring lover of two. The two towers; with Sophie built on love, with Chloe built on desire, and me straddling both, looking down on my two women from a dizzying emotional height. Which would fall first?

Ends:

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