

# erotiKa

Vol. I

*By Antoine Vargas*

Real people. Real pleasure. Real confessions

15

sensual tales. One truth:

Eroticism lives just one choice beyond fear.

# Enjoy your reading...

*Most of these stories were inspired by real people.*

*By confessions. By whispered memories.*

*By moments lived, sometimes years ago— and sometimes  
just last month.*

*They've been dressed in fiction... but their truth remains.*

*Because desire, like stories, lives among us all.*

*I didn't write to shock.*

*I wrote to stir.*

*To show that this—yes, this— could happen to anyone  
brave enough to say yes.*

*I hope you, dear reader, take as much pleasure in reading  
these tales*

*as I had collecting, imagining, and writing them.*

*Thank you for daring with me.*

*— Antoine Vargas*

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## 3. The Storm – Part 1 (Elena)

—*Antoine Vargas*

Everything felt different that Sunday. Outside, the wind was howling, driving snow and sleet hard against the windows of our small cabin. The sharp tapping of icy crystals on the glass gave the storm a dramatic edge. And, as if we needed more to stir the tension, Vince—a colleague and friend of my husband's—was coming to spend the night. Alex had offered him a bed to avoid the mess of Monday morning traffic after the storm.

They say that when the kids are restless, snow is coming. And that night, in the middle of the blizzard, the tension was palpable. It took ages to get the children to sleep, and the adults were pacing, unsettled, waiting for our guest. We felt snowed in, under siege by the storm raging outside.

I had the distinct sense that Alex was up to something. I might have thought his invitation was generous if it weren't for the spicy conversations that had seeped into our sex life in recent weeks. We'd been fantasizing about me sleeping with another man—and Vince's name had come up more than once. I'd been the one to suggest it. I liked imagining his rough, primal energy. Broad-

shouldered, constantly cracking dirty jokes, Vince had nothing in common with my Alex — tall, lean, refined.

It was thrilling, yes — but deep down, I didn't believe Alex would actually go through with it. I was sure he'd chicken out at the last minute, even if the idea excited me. But I've always believed that acting on fantasies usually leads to disappointment. Besides, I didn't really think my sexual fulfillment hinged on being with another man. Alex is tender, attentive to my body, and makes love to me exactly how I like it. I adore the smell of his skin, his body, his sex.

Vince arrived that night as planned. His bed was already made in the guest room. We watched television together and made small talk about the show — nothing thrilling. I kept shooting suspicious glances at my husband, who responded with the most innocent expression imaginable.

Tired of this wordless game that led nowhere, I went upstairs to get ready for bed. Alex's lack of boldness in front of Vince confirmed what I'd thought all along. In any case, I had no intention of initiating anything that might turn the fantasy into reality. Naked under the covers, I listened to the two of them talking in low voices. What the hell were they whispering about? I felt like they were plotting something that involved me, conspiring to set something in motion. The idea made my heart race and sleep even more elusive.

Alex joined me in bed half an hour later. He curled up beside me tenderly and whispered in my ear that there was no plan, that he'd never discussed anything with Vince. I pretended to be asleep.

But despite his sweet words, I could feel his erection pressed against my thigh. His cock wasn't hiding what his mind was playing out. And yet, to my surprise — and maybe disappointment — nothing

happened. He simply held me and fell asleep. I couldn't close my eyes. The sleet kept hitting the window, and my insomnia grew heavier.

Disappointment crept in. I'd mentally prepared myself for a daring experience, but now my husband was sound asleep, and nothing we'd imagined was coming to pass. I felt hollow. Maybe, deep down, I'd been hoping that Alex and his accomplice would cross the line, rip me from my routine.

I tried to shake the disappointment with vivid erotic images of what could have been—a threesome. I imagined being touched by four hands, licked by two mouths as they worshipped my burning sex, my tight little nipples.

Vince had the body of a strong man. Not obese, but solid, enveloping. More than once, I'd imagined his big hairy hands gripping my breasts while I surrendered in my husband's arms.

I opened my eyes, startled. The hum of the aquarium blended with the howling wind. The children slept. Alex lay motionless, breathing deeply.

Driven by a new impulse, I got up and reached for some black lace lingerie. Unconsciously, I think I needed to put a barrier between me and my desire. Every movement at the dresser felt dangerous. I moved as slowly as possible not to wake Alex. I put on a thick fleece robe and crept down the stairs toward the guest room where Vince slept. My heart was pounding so hard I could barely breathe. The floor creaked under my feet, heightening my nerves, until I reached the door. I could hear his deep, steady breathing. He surely didn't expect me to show up. My chest trembled. I stood frozen in the doorway, unable to cross that symbolic threshold. I knew that if I went in, nothing would ever be the same.

I took a deep breath, opened my robe, and stepped closer.

I knelt beside him, and as I leaned over his chest, his hand slid up my thigh and found my sex. He wasn't asleep.

His rough fingers were already massaging my clit through my soaked panties. I froze—part shame, part pleasure. It felt like a release, a liberation. Pure bliss, pure pleasure. My arms braced on either side of his body, ass raised, unable to move. His other hand found my left breast, uncovered the nipple, and pinched it hard. Almost painfully... and yet, I loved it. A long moan escaped me.

Time stopped. I had no idea where I was in the darkness of the room. It felt like a dream—and in that dream, I savored every touch.

Still on all fours, I felt him slide beneath me. His mouth found one nipple while his hand freed the other. He kissed me hard. Vince kneaded my breasts as he sucked them one after the other, biting them fiercely. His hunger had something calming about it. It dissolved all guilt. I let myself go, surrendering to that wild, primitive desire I hadn't felt in ages.

Vince moved lower, lifted my leg to guide me over him. I was already his. With his hands on my hips, he pulled down my panties quickly. I managed to kick them off and opened my thighs, offering him my ripe fruit. His large hands kneaded my ass like dough... and I loved it. I leaned on my elbows and cried out when his tongue met my burning sex.

He pulled me down onto him. His tongue explored my folds, licking, sucking. He growled as he searched for my clit. I had to bury my face in the pillow to avoid waking the house. My moans were uncontrollable. Every time his tongue circled my swollen cherry, I cried out louder.

I could hardly breathe, overwhelmed by pleasure. But it wasn't over.

Vince, who had been gripping my ass, slid not one but two fingers into my dripping pussy. I was so wet they slipped in without resistance. He moved them inside me as my hips jerked with every wave of ecstasy. His relentless tongue kept working my clit. Then—his fingers found my G-spot. He knew it instantly. My whole body convulsed. I thought I was going to lose control completely... but the pleasure was too strong. My body no longer belonged to me. I surrendered fully, shaken by a violent orgasm. I bit the pillow, hips thrusting, begging for more from my punisher and his merciless tongue.

Vince slid out from under me and covered me with his massive frame. I was still panting when his cock slammed into me. I cried out, sharp and breathless, not caring if the house woke. Vince groaned with me as he buried himself deeper. I couldn't move, pinned face-down, hands trapped beneath his. His thrusts were raw lust, pure fire.

He picked up speed. I lost all control. My body vibrated, tense, starving. I felt another wave coming—stronger, deeper. I gave in, completely, a silent scream stuck in my throat.

Then, a floorboard creaked. Out in the hallway.

I opened my eyes, breathless. A shadow slipped past the half-open door. My heart skipped.

Was it Alex? Was he watching?

The thought made my belly contract. Instead of cooling my desire, it inflamed it. I trembled. I wanted him there. I wanted him to see