

“My Valentine Present”

By Jane Colt

Having just broken up with my boyfriend of three years, I was in agony all evening. My plan had been to hide out in my office, emerging only for emergencies. As manager, however, I had to handle the concierge desk when my regular called in sick.

The hotel was offering a variety of Valentine’s Day specials. Our five-star restaurant featured a sumptuous menu—featuring every food even rumored to be an aphrodisiac. Everyone staying overnight received a bottle of champagne and chocolate dipped strawberries. The pièce de résistance was a suite filled with candles and equipped with a hot tub. The evening would start with a couple’s massage, followed by dinner, followed by—

I struggled to act like a professional and smile as the endless stream of happy, loving couples kissed and hugged their way across the lobby to the restaurant. Harder to handle were the naughty giggles from the girls in their short, tight dresses and fuck-me stilettos waiting impatiently for the elevator to carry them to their suite of earthly delights. I could barely keep my composure. My heart felt like it was being filleted. That was supposed to be me.

I’d actually come up with the massage/dinner/candles/hot tub package because I was certain Evan was going to propose on Valentine’s Day. We were happy, had great sex, and openly talked about the future. When he started acting uncharacteristically secretive and evasive, it had to mean he was going to pop the question. I reserved a suite, bought a new dress and shoes, and made hair, mani,

pedi, waxing appointments. I even promised my assistant manager an extra week's vacation to cover for me on such a busy night. Everything was perfect—right up until when Evan said, “I love you, Brooke, but I'm not ‘in love’ with you in the way someone as special as you deserves. This isn't fair to you. I'm bound to disappoint you. You're worthy of so much more than I can give you.” He was so earnest, I almost believed him. But when he stuttered, looked at the ceiling, and continued—“And, uh, I've met someone”—my heart was shattered.

As I finished with a guest at the concierge desk, I thought I saw someone familiar out of the corner of my eye. A tall, dark-haired man had just checked in and was heading towards the elevator. *Is that?*

I walked to the check-in desk. “What's the name of the gentleman who just registered?” I asked Marie casually.

A few clicks brought up the answer. “Allen Windsor. He's some sort of professor. He's here for that conference we're hosting. Do you know him?”

“No,” I lied, hoping Marie didn't detect the excitement in my voice. “He just looks like someone I knew.” *Wow! Of all the gin joints in the world ...* “I'll be in my office going over today's numbers.” I needed to think about what I wanted to do.

As I closed my office door and plunked down in my chair, I was assaulted by lust. I felt warm all over as a swarm of butterflies took up residence in my stomach. Impossibly powerful yearning flooded my body. My head spun. My heart pounded. My sensitive breasts pushed against the lace of my bra and pleaded for attention. My pussy felt swollen, wet, and painfully empty. I blushed like a virgin. I'd been transported five years into the past to when I had the world's worst crush on my

psych prof—the drop-dead gorgeous hunk I’d just spotted. I moaned out loud. *If anything could save this Valentine’s Day. That would be it!*

My ‘thing’ for Professor Windsor started because he was young, fit, handsome, single, and hot! As a freshly minted Ph.D., he was only a few years older than me. I’d always been attracted to older guys, so he was the perfect age. Unlike the ‘boys’ I dated, he was mature, confident, and sophisticated. Yum! And he was sexy, sexy, sexy! One winter day, I saw him running on campus. The tights he wore caressed his sculpted behind. It was the most beautiful ass I’d ever seen. And the generous bulge hugged by the black fabric in the front made it impossible for me to think about anything else for the rest of the day.

But my nuclear-powered crush came from how kind he’d been when my grandfather died suddenly. I got the call from my parents right before I was supposed to take his midterm. I went to his office ready to beg and plead to be allowed to take it some other time. But as soon as I started to explain, I burst into tears. He closed the door, put his arms around me, and let me sob it out. When I finished, I was mortified and apologized profusely. He handed me a box of tissues, and told me we’d figure something out about the test when I got back and felt ready. Of course, since he was being so nice, I burst into tears again. When I finally stopped, he handed me a cup of herbal tea. “I need to go to class. Stay here as long as you want. I’m very sorry for your loss.” I started to apologize again, but he stopped me, and said with the warmest smile, “You never need to apologize, Brooke. You’re perfect the way you are. Don’t forget that.” Of course, as soon he walked out the door, I sobbed again. It the nicest thing anyone ever said to me. Since I was already smitten, I couldn’t control myself. My heart and—if only he’d ask!—my horny body belonged to him. From that point on, he was the man of my dirty dreams. I got the

biggest lifelike dildo I could find, named it 'Allen,' and imagined him fucking me a hundred ways to Sunday.

But there was a special way this wasn't a typical crush. I was raised by rigid parents who believed that anything about sex—even thinking about it—would put me on the express train to Hell. However, I could never convince my body that something that felt to heavenly could be bad, so I enjoyed plenty of midnight masturbating. The problem was that I also got served a steaming helping of guilt as soon as I got off. Once I got to college, I was determined to find a way to ditch the guilt and shame. Allen's "You're perfect the way you are" turned out to be the key.

Because Allen was a psychologist, I started my fantasies pretending he was my sex therapist. He would ask me what I wanted to work on. When I blushed and hesitated, he'd say, "Remember, Brooke. You're perfect the way you are. *Perfect*. I'm a psychologist. You can believe me with I say there's nothing wrong with you. And there's nothing wrong with sex. It's healthy to explore your sexuality and to free yourself from guilt and shame. I'm here to help you do that—and," he'd add with a naughty wink, "to please you however I can." When I still balked at describing my naughty wish, he'd nod sympathetically. "I understand. It's difficult. So let's start this way." He'd give me a passionate kiss and whisper into my ear, "You're the sexiest woman I've ever met. Please tell me what sexy thing you want to do." At that point, I was putty in his hands and told him my dirtiest desires.

This may sound silly, but it worked. First, I got myself to the point where I felt comfortable being shameless with 'Sex Therapist Allen.' "Allen, I want to suck your cock." "Allen, I want to tittie fuck you and then for you to come all over my breasts." "Allen, please spank my creamy white bottom until it's ruby red." "Allen, I want you

to eat my pussy.” “Allen, I want you to tie me up.” “Allen, I want you to fill my cunt with your big dick.” “Baby, Fuck me like there’s no tomorrow!”

But because I really needed to be able to say those things in real life, I had ‘Sex Therapist Allen’ give me ultimatums. “Brooke. You’re making lots of progress. But you and I can’t fuck again until you start saying these things in your bedroom. Your first assignment is to your boyfriend, “Lie down, cowboy, so I can ride your beautiful cock until it makes me explode.” I struggled but obeyed. Of course, when I did this in real life, my boyfriend was overjoyed at discovering I was such a tart.

When I fell in love for real, my crush evaporated. I was forever grateful for having had it, because it let me do in real life *almost* everything I fantasized about. I say *almost*, because I could never bring myself to have sex with other people watching. I did, however, have the best fantasy about that.

As I sat in my office, marinating in unrequired lust, I couldn’t help but reply it.

“And what shall we work on next?” ‘Sex Therapist Allen’ asked. I looked down at my hands. “I want other people to watch me having sex.” “Your bravery is to be admired,” he said. “We’ll do it at the Graduation Ball.”

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As I arrived, my shimmering, ubersexy, strapless red dress caught Allen’s eye. He strode my way and led me to the dance floor. Between the desperate desire flooding his face and my own painful hunger, there was no question what was about to happen. As we pressed our bodies into each other, they made no secret of what they wanted. His stiff cock massaged my thigh, and my diamond-hard nipples felt like they were going to slice through my satin bodice. He looked deep into my eyes.

“Time’s a funny thing.” He flashed a naughty smile as he played with my dress’s zipper. He inched it down and slid his large, warm hand against my naked back. “If I did this before today’s ceremony, we’d be in big trouble. But a few hours later, you’re no longer my student. Now there’s nothing to stop us.”

He kissed me hard as he pulled my dress down and released my swollen breasts from their bondage. Lifting me up, he kissed and sucked them as though he was dying of thirst

Furious pulling, tugging, and ripping left us naked in seconds. With the pile of torn clothes as our cushion, we went at it with abandon—right in the middle of the danced floor. The crowd stepped back to give us room as we writhed, groaned, and moaned passionately. No one could take their eyes off us. Some were shocked, but most were envious. Their gaze only heightened my pleasure.

After giving me one orgasm by feasting on my pussy, he speared me repeatedly with that hard shaft I’d craved, claiming me as his alone. I gave myself to this man completely. My body shook as I exploded in ecstasy like never before.

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I stood outside his door—a bundle of nerves and desire. *Remember, Brooke. We can’t fuck again until you—* I took a deep breath. [Knock. Knock] “Room service.”

“Brooke! What a nice surprise. I thought that was you downstairs. I was about to come look for you.” His smile made me melt. The rest of him made me warm all over.

“We had some extra champagne.” I handed him a chilled bottle. “I thought we could catch up.”

“Wonderful idea. Let me get some glasses.”

I obeyed the instructions I received from ‘Therapist Allen.’ I walked over to the drapes and pulled them back—as far as they’d go. “You have one of our most scenic rooms. Floor to ceiling windows and a spectacular view. Come here and let me point out the sights.”

He walked over and stood behind me. “Time’s a funny thing.” His voice was pure lust. He pulled down the zipper on the back of my dress, slid his warm hands under the cloth and cupped my aching breasts. “If I did this—”