



THE SINGER AND HIS PHILANDERING WAYS

SHADOWS OF
YESTERDAY

WAYNE TURNER

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*The Singer and His
Philandering Ways*

Wayne Turner



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Strategic Book Publishing and Rights Co.
12620 FM 1960, Suite A4-507
Houston, TX 77065
www.sbpra.com

ISBN: 978-1-61897-662-8

Typography and page composition by J. K. Eckert & Company, Inc.

*Nathan, thank you for those magical moments,
from your first steps to riding a two-wheel bike at the
age of three and a half.*

*Then came your passion with a football and the
challenge of ball juggling keep me up, then a golfer's
dream, a birdie, at age ten.*

*Then came a golfer's ultimate dream, a hole in one,
achieved in the same year.*

*These are just some of my cherished memories I have,
my boy, of you, but there are so many more pressed
between the pages of my mind.*

Take care,

Dad

It was three p.m. on a hot August afternoon as Guy Devlin walked through the park on his way to a very important meeting at the Blue Square Gentlemen's Club, where he was to meet and talk with the events organizer about performing at private functions, as he was and always would be a country singer. As he walked, he took in the sight of his beautiful surroundings.

There was beauty all around him, especially the lovely young ladies in their summery dresses. His eyes were here, there, and everywhere, looking at those stunning, beautiful ladies. Some had short skirts on that revealed a lot of their naked thighs; his only thought was to walk past these horny ladies, drop a ten dollar bill on the floor, then turn and walk toward them so he could watch them pick it up.

On this occasion, he was stunned as he ogled swaying hips of the lady in front of him. Wow, she was a stunner. He wondered what her face looked like as he hurried on by, dropped his bill, and turned to walk toward her. She was a middle-aged stunner. Wow, she was beautiful. He walked by her and they smiled at one another; then he turned and watched her swaying hips.

She stopped, and, with straight legs, bent and picked up the bill. Her short skirt revealed the bare cheeks of her bottom smiling at him. On closer inspection, he could see she was wearing a thong. Wow, what a sight.

As she slowly stood, she looked behind her and smiled.

Guy smiled back at her and whispered, "Wow."

The young lady walked toward him. "Is this yours?" she asked.

“No, it’s not mine,” replied Guy. “But if you like, we can use it to buy a coffee.”

“That would be nice,” replied the lady. “My name’s Cindy.”

She turned and walked alongside him. She asked, “What do you do for an occupation, honey?”

“I am a country singer,” replied Guy. “My name’s Guy Devlin, Cindy.” Holding his right hand out, he said, “How do you do?”

Cindy took his hand. Guy bent and tenderly kissed the back of her hand. Cindy smiled. She was with a real gentleman.

They chatted as they walked through the park. As they walked out onto the busy street, they saw a coffee shop across the road, Espresso’s Italian Coffee. They walked to the pedestrian crossing and crossed the road; Cindy took a seat outside as Guy went inside and brought two cappuccinos.

As they sipped their drinks, Guy’s eyes were fixed on Cindy’s long, naked thighs. Oh, how he wanted to see more of her secret hidden charms...but that was only a wish—a wish that would burn on his mind as he continued drinking his drink.

Suddenly, Cindy uncrossed her legs. Guy began choking on his cappuccino, as her hidden charms weren’t so hidden. Her thong was in the wrong place, exposing the lips of her bold pussy. Oh, what a lovely sight that was.

In the words of the Colonel, it looked finger-licking good. Wow, what a sight that was.

“Is there anything wrong,” asked the smiling Cindy.

“No; nothing at all,” replied Guy as he sipped his drink, still trying to peek at the view of Cindy’s bold, naked pussy. He felt like getting down on his knees and worshipping at her sacred haven, but this was much too public a place to fulfill such wishes. Oh, those naughty wishes were driving him crazy; he wanted to explore Cindy’s bold sacred haven.

Suddenly his thoughts were extinguished as he heard a woman’s screams.

“Thief! Stop that man. Thief!”

He turned and saw a man running with a lady’s purse.

Again, the woman cried. “Thief! Stop that man. Thief!”

Guy stood as he watched the young man run by with the lady’s purse in his hand. There was no time to talk; this was a time for action. He blew Cindy a kiss and was off chasing the young man down the road. This young man was fast, but Guy, being a part-time

football player and a very fast runner himself, got closer to the young thief with every stride.

It was like this young man was out of Marvel comics, portraying Spiderman. Over the cars he went, as though he was just jumping over a garden gate. As Guy got closer, the young man ran down an alley, then stopped. Turning around, he stared at the fast-approaching Guy, who was flying through the air. He pinned the young man to the ground.

The young man struggled but couldn't move. Guy was very strong, and with one swift punch, he knocked the young man out. He took the purse from the young man's opened hand, stood, and ran off back down the alley. He ran as though he was a runner in a 1500-yard race, and in no time at all he was back at the coffee shop. Cindy had gone.

He looked down the road and saw a distressed lady flapping her arms in the air, as a policeman tried to calm her down. Guy jogged toward them. In minutes, he was handing over the purse to the distraught lady.

"Oh, thank you, young man," said the smiling, happy lady who was very thankful to get her bag back.

Guy smiled and walked away, his thoughts on the beautiful Cindy; he wondered if he would ever meet her again. His memory pictured the beautiful, bold pussy she had unknowingly showed. Oh, those thong panties were wonderful for displaying a lady's hidden secrets. Guy suddenly looked at the time; he was running late, so he picked up his walking pace.

As he walked into the Blue Square Gentlemen's Club, he was greeted by the smiling face of young Diane. "Good afternoon, sir. How may I help you?" said the smiling Diane.

"Oh, hello," replied Guy. "Sorry; I am a little late. I have a meeting with Mr. David Phillips."

Diane smiled, picked up her phone, and dialed Mr. Phillips' number while Guy's eyes were capturing the voluptuous curves of the young beauty sitting before him. She was a stunner, and he began to mentally undress her.

A voice suddenly filled the air. "Mr. Devlin."

With his thoughts inside Diane's blouse, Guy ignored the voice and carried on staring at Diane's voluptuous breasts.

A gentle tap on the shoulder brought Guy out of his wonderful day-dream; he turned around expecting to see a face, but there was no one there.

"Hey; down here, silly," said the voice.

Guy looked down and smiled. He wondered how a short man could tap him on the shoulder. "Oh, hello," he said. "I'm here to see Mr. David Phillips"

"I'm Mr. Phillips," replied the short man. "Will you please follow me, Mr. Devlin?"

Guy smiled as he watched the short Mr. Phillips walk toward the State Room, where they would discuss the position. As they walked into the State Room, Guy was greeted by the sight of naked ladies pole dancing for the entourage of watching gentlemen. Guy's eyes remained on these naked stunners. "Oh, what a wonderful sight," he murmured.

Suddenly, he felt a stirring in his loins, as up periscope went his sleeping cock, looking for some action. This was not the time but it certainly was the place, with all these dancing naked ladies around.

"Do you want a lap dance?" asked David.

"No, thank you," replied the smiling Guy. "If they're dancing naked in front of me, I would want to be sitting here portraying Master Bates, and, probably, that's not allowed."

"No, it isn't here, but you can get a private room, where there are no reservations," said the smiling David.

"Oh," murmured Guy. "That would be very nice, as I have this raging hard-on that needs some satisfaction."

"Okay," replied David. He then clapped his hands and two young ladies in lingerie walked toward them. They were gorgeous, and Guy's eyes never left their half-naked bodies. He stood and the two young ladies led him by the hand toward a private room; it was Tina who opened the door. As Guy entered the dark room, he kissed her softly on the lips.

Tina and Gina walked in behind him and closed the door. Tina hit the light switch, illuminating the room in starlight. Tina and Gina walked to the pole and began dancing, and while they danced, they caressed each other's bodies. Guy took a seat and began to remove his clothes quickly. Naked, with his big, rigid cock in hand, he began portraying the part of Master Bates while he watched.

While Tina danced, she unclasped Gina's bra and let it fall to the floor. Gina did the same to her dancing partner. This was getting very erotic. Tina began dancing on the pole, hanging upside down; she slowly pulled Gina's thong down, exposing her neatly trimmed pussy, then began to probe Gina's pussy with her flickering tongue.

While Tina gently probed Gina's pussy with her flickering tongue, Gina slowly pulled Tina's panties down, too, and returned the compli-

ment, gently probing Tina's magical button with her flickering tongue. Meanwhile, Master Bates was getting hornier and hornier and wanting to take part in this erotic show; he slowly stood and tiptoed over to the naked ladies.

Standing behind Gina, he dropped to his knees and began tenderly kissing her bottom. On feeling his lips on her bottom, Gina moved her right leg half a pace to the right, thus exposing her pussy for intrusion of any kind. Guy then gently parted the cheeks of her bottom and gently ran his tongue repeatedly over her back door, getting ever nearer to her front crevice.

Guy then sat down and slipped his head between Gina's legs, followed by his arms. With his face staring at Gina's pussy, he began to probe her magical button with his flickering tongue. Suddenly Gina's pussy was alive with wonderful sensations, as was Tina's pussy, with both ladies yearning for a stiff cock to thrust in and out of their quivering honey pots.

It was time for Tina to begin her maneuvers. As she slowly moved up on the pole, Gina looked on, mystified by her girlfriend's actions. She soon knew what was happening when Tina placed her feet on the floor and tenderly kissed Gina's lips; in just seconds, she was gone, walking around behind her and falling to her knees. It was "suck the lollipop" time.

She took hold of Guy's throbbing manhood and wrapped her lips around it. She gently began sucking on its bold head while her right hand caressed his marble bag. Guy began to cough as she gently squeezed his marble bag. He was lost for words when she ran her tongue right the way along the shaft of his big rigid cock; up and down went her tongue, then finally, she tried to deep throat the rigid shaft.

With his cock deep in her mouth, Guy suddenly gasped out loud. "Steady on there, Tiger," he said as he felt her teeth gently bite his throbbing manhood.

Tina began to suck intensely on his throbbing cock. She was now portraying Miss Suckov as she was sure "sucking" on his rock hard cock. After several minutes of intense sucking, she let the rigid cock fall from her mouth, then again ran her tongue down the shaft toward his marble bag.

Guy gulped when he felt her begin sucking on one of his balls. Quietly he was praying she wouldn't bite, as they weren't made of glass or gobstoppers. With his concentration lost on Gina's honey pot,

Gina took the initiative and stepped to the side, turned around and dropped to her knees, and began gently choking Guy's big, rigid cock.

Up and down went her hand on his big, rigid cock. Guy felt the desperate need to change positions, as he was on the verge of coming in the company of these two gorgeous and very erotic young ladies. He gently took hold of Gina's hand, lifted it up to his lips, and softly kissed it. Gina responded by hungrily kissing Guy's lips with her probing tongue.

She was yearning to be fucked by this handsome stranger, but so was her dancing partner, Tina. "That's fantastic," she murmured. "Two honey pots and only one big cock."

The two ladies would have to take it in turns, sharing Guy's big, thrusting cock. Gina bent down and whispered in Tina's ear her whims on who was going first. "Rock, paper, or scissors," laughed Tina.

"Rock, paper, or scissors?" shouted Guy. "What's going on down there, ladies?"

"Oh, nothing," replied Tina. "We were just wondering who was going to feel the full force of your big thrusting cock first."

"Oh, okay," replied Guy, his mind in haze. How was he to choose which honey pot? He wanted to fuck them both, but oh-oh, he only had one big cock. What was he to do? A smile suddenly crossed his face and he asked the two young ladies to get onto their hands and knees next to one another; then it would be eeny meeny miny mo.

The two young ladies quickly assumed the position as requested. Gina shouted, "Yippee," when she heard she was Mo, as she was first to feel the full force of Guy's thrusting cock while her friend and dancing partner wondered what was in store for her. It wasn't long before her thoughts were quickly answered, as she felt Guy slip a finger into her burning honey pot. One finger quickly became two.

With his big cock fully erect, he placed it up against Gina's honey pot and then, with one gentle thrust, plunged in his rigid cock. His two slow thrusting fingers were synchronized to the pace of his thrusting cock. He began his thrusting slowly, at the tempo of the tap that won't stop dripping.

"Oh-ha," murmured both the ladies as they felt the slow penetration of their honey pots.

But this was an act of two halves: two honey pots, one cock, and two thrusting fingers. After several minutes, Guy withdrew his thrusting cock from Gina's honey pot. He then withdrew his two fingers from Tina's honey pot and sucked the juices from them. He then got

into position behind Tina and placed his rigid cock up against her honey pot and asked Gina to get on Tina's right, as he was right-handed.

Gina quickly complied, and suddenly Guy's cock plunged deep into Tina's honey pot. With his rigid cock fully embedded in Tina's honey pot, he began to massage Gina's honey pot; one finger plunged in, and one finger quickly became two. Then it was time for the tandem thrusting to begin; slow, very slow, at the pace of the tap that won't stop dripping.

The young ladies looked at one another and smiled, then Tina's head moved closer and she began to tenderly kiss Gina's lips. Guy looked on in awe at this wonderful, erotic sight. Every man's dream was portrayed in front of his very eyes. Wow, two beautiful and very horny young ladies kissing. God, his cock began to thrust harder as he watched.

He then upped the tempo of his thrusting fingers to the new tempo of the clock that won't stop ticking.

"Oh-ha," murmured Gina as she felt the force of his thrusting fingers, and those wonderful sensations began flooding her honey pot.

Tina, too, was startled as Guy slammed his big, rigid cock hard into her quivering honey pot. Oh, those sensations were driving her crazy.

The ladies were united with their screams of "oh-ha," as they began their journey to Climax City, a city they visited regularly, as they were lovers and they both knew how to bring each other to climax. Every night they experienced that wonderful orgasmic moment, a moment that had their bodies shaking and their minds "All Shook Up."

A knock on the door suddenly extinguished the erotic moment. "Who's that?" whispered Guy.

"I don't know," laughed Tina.

"I don't, either," said the laughing Gina.

"Who is it?" shouted the frustrated Guy.

"It's me," replied a quiet voice.

Guy reluctantly withdrew his big, rigid cock, plus his fingers, too. He stood and quickly walked toward the door. On opening it, he saw no one there.

"Hey, down here, big boy," said a voice.

Guy looked down and smiled. It was Mr. Short-Ass. "What do you want?" asked the annoyed Guy.

"Are you ready for your audition?" replied David Phillips.

“Ready?” replied Guy. “I was born ready, sir. Can you give me five minutes to dress?”

“Okay. See you in five,” replied David.

Guy shut the door, turned around, and was alarmed at what he saw; the two young ladies were in the 69 position, munching on one another’s honey pots, and he felt a sudden stirring in his loins, as up periscope went his drooping cock. What was he to do? He had only five minutes, so wanted to portray Master Bates, but there wasn’t any time to give himself a hand shandy.

He walked to his clothes and began dressing as he watched the erotic show. God, these two beautiful young ladies were driving him crazy. He didn’t want to go; he wanted to stay and fuck them both. Dressed, he quickly walked over to say his goodbyes; he dropped to his knees and lightly smacked Tina on her bottom.

She raised her head and looked at him and smiled.

Guy bent and tenderly kissed her lips. God, how he wanted to stay. He reluctantly muttered his goodbyes, then moved down and kissed her softly on the bottom, then tenderly kissed Gina’s lips. He then stood and reluctantly walked toward the door, never looking back, as to look back would entice him to lose his clothes once more and continue fucking those two beautiful, horny ladies.

He opened the door and walked out, and quietly closed it behind him. As he walked toward the State Room, he noticed there was no music. He was greeted by the sight of a microphone on a stage in front of an awaiting audience. He walked to the small man, David Phillips, and asked what was going on.

“It’s audition time,” replied the smiling David Phillips.

“Audition? Audition?” stuttered Guy.

“Yes; audition,” replied David. “There’s the mike. So give us a song, big boy.”

Guy smiled, then turned and walked toward the stage, wondering what type of song to sing; his audience was the young dancing girls and middle-age gentlemen. He jumped up on the stage and picked the microphone off its stand.

“Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. My name’s Guy Devlin.”

He began singing “Gentle on My Mind.” His voice was of velvet, and the audience was spell bound by his voice. The young ladies stood and walked to the stage to sit and look up at the handsome singing man. Guy knelt down and continued singing, yearning to kiss their sweet, tender lips. Oh, those scantily dressed ladies were driving him crazy, and he leaned forward and tenderly kissed one young

lady's sweet lips. One lady quickly became two, and so on, until he kissed all the voluptuous young ladies, with the song repeatedly interrupted by Guy's kisses on those sweet tender lips.

The frustrated David stood and left the room. He was impressed with Guy Devlin's singing, but not impressed with his flirtation with the young ladies. Who did he think he was, Elvis Presley?

Mr. David Phillips walked toward his office to draft a contract; he would offer Guy three thousand dollars for a week's performance, stating that if he was a hit, the money would increase to five thousand dollars. There would be no negotiations; it would be take it or leave it. With the contract drafted, he left the room and quickly walked back toward the State Room where he heard something really special.

When I was a lad and old Shep was a pup

Over hills and meadows we'd stray

Just a boy and his dog; we were both full of fun

We grew up together that way

I remember the time at the old swimming hole.

"Wow," murmured David. Guy's voice was magnificent; it felt like you were feeling the pain of a little boy who shared a wonderful life with his dog, only to watch him grow old.

David screwed up Guy's contract and threw it in the bin and went quickly and drafted another one. This time, the contract would be half of the gate money, at say fifty dollars a head. It would mean Guy could receive as much as five thousand dollars per performance. He hoped Guy would accept such an amount and start work as soon as possible.

He was keen to get the contract signed this afternoon and start a promotion, enticing gentlemen to bring their wives to the club. While the gentlemen gambled, their wives would be entertained by the singing of Guy Devlin. He quickly drafted the contract and headed back to the State Room. As he entered the room, he found Guy waiting, talking to the two voluptuous ladies, Tina and Gina.

They had pleased each other when Guy had left the room, and were reminiscing on the magical moments they had shared together. Tina had given him her number and told Guy to ring her for a repeat performance, but that time they would do it at her home, which she shared with Gina, knowing full well there would be no interruptions

and there would be pleasure tools she could use on Gina while she got truly fucked by Guy.

David Phillips hurried toward him, waving a contract, eager for Guy Devlin to sign. Seeing her boss fast approaching, Tina leaned over and passionately kissed Guy, and then stood, taking Gina by the hand, they skipped off toward the dancing poles.

“Guy, there you are,” said the panting David Phillips. “You are what I’m looking for. Your singing is superb and you have bags of sex appeal. The ladies will love you. I have drawn up a contract for you to sign.”

David Phillips handed Guy Devlin the contract and sat down to watch Guy read it. Guy’s eyes opened wide when he saw that he was getting 50 percent of the gate money. He looked up and smiled at David Phillips, then, with the words of a satisfied customer, he asked, “Where do you want me to sign?”

Mr. David Phillips smiled, stood, and pointed where he wanted Guy Devlin to sign.

Guy signed next to his name, then asked, “What’s next?”

David Phillips shook his hand and asked what he was drinking.

“A martini, shaken, not stirred, with a small onion, please,” replied the smiling Guy.

David wandered off toward the bar to order the drinks. The bartender looked at him with a peculiar expression when he asked for a small onion in the cocktail. Shaking his head, he picked up a glass and wandered off. He returned in five minutes with five small onions in a glass. Smiling, he began making the martini, shaken, and then placed an onion in a cocktail glass. He poured the martini into the glass and then made David Phillips’ drink, a Sailor Jerry, dark rum and Coke with a slice of lime. With the two drinks made, he clicked his fingers and Felix the waiter walked quickly took the tray, to the laughing Guy Devlin, who was having a joke with the laughing David Phillips.

Felix placed the tray on the table and put a coaster in front of his two customers, then placed the two drinks on the coasters, picked up the tray, and returned to the bar.

With the contract signed and his drink drunk, David Phillips stood and held out his right hand. On seeing this, Guy Devlin stood and shook it firmly. David asked for a phone number.

Guy smiled and scribbled his number down on the contract and handed it to Mr. David Phillips, said his goodbyes, and walked toward reception to flirt with the lovely Diane.

“Did you get the position?” asked the voluptuous, smiling Diane.

“Yes, honey, I did,” replied Guy.

“When do you start?” asked Diane.

“I don’t know,” said Guy. “It’s in Mr. David Phillips hands. Anyhow, can I ask? Are you doing anything later?”

Diane looked at him and pondered. Was this Prince Charming asking her out on a date or did he have ulterior motives, like trying to break the combination of her panties? There would be no resistance on her part, as Mr. Guy Devlin was every lady’s dream man—good looks with an action man figure. All she wanted to do was unwrap him and explore his hidden charms.

Her imagination wouldn’t rest. She wondered how big his cock-a-doodle-do was; if he was a fantastic lover; did he have imagination when it came to sexual foreplay, or was he a dreary, in-and-out man? Was he a no foreplay—get on, get in? Would he be a two-thrust wonder, cum and be on his way? No. Not this man. He was her dream man.

Guy suddenly brought her back to reality when he leaned over and tenderly kissed her lips.

“Wow,” murmured Diane, who was thirsty for more. “I get off at five,” said the smiling Diane. “So if you would like to wait in the bar, I will see you in an hour’s time.

Guy smiled and leaned over and went for a repeat performance, this time with more passion, exploring her mouth with his probing tongue. Diane was yearning for more, but this was neither the time nor the place for more. Their lips suddenly parted; she smiled as she watched her dream man walk back to the bar, with her imagination still wondering how big his ding-a-ling was. She couldn’t wait till five.

She was a horny lady looking for passion with her dream man. With her eyes focused on the clock, her mind lay in disarray. The phone began to ring but Diane was oblivious to the ringing sound. With her mind truly set on her dream man, she suddenly came to her senses and picked up the phone, saying, “Good afternoon; the Blue Square Gentleman’s Club. Diane speaking. How may I help you?”

A woman’s voice asked to speak to Mr. David Phillips.

“One moment, please,” replied Diane. “Just putting you through.”

David Phillips phone began to ring. He quickly picked it up and said, “Hello. David Phillips speaking; how may I help you?”

“Hello,” said a woman’s voice. “My name’s Veronica Price. I was applying for the singing position you have advertised in the Chelsea times.”

“Oh, dear. Sorry; that position was filled this afternoon,” replied the rather happy Mr. David Phillips, excited that he had got a male singer to entice his male members to bring their wives to the club. While their wives were entertained by his star singer, his members would be let loose on the casino. Thus, the club’s profits would expand, enabling the ambitious Mr. Phillips to broaden the club’s reputation as the leading members-only club; a club that had no restrictions to its members; a club that welcomed wives with open arms; a club that entertained these bored, ravishing ladies with the velvety voice of one dashing good looking Guy Devlin.

2

It was five minutes to five as the excited Diane checked her face in her compact mirror. She was happy with what she saw and closed her compact. She was relieved when she saw Paul, the night watchman, approaching the reception desk. She excitedly stood and walked around from behind the desk, kissed Paul lightly on the cheek, then ran off toward the State Room looking for her dream man.

On entering the State Room, her eyes looked everywhere for her dream man. He sat in the corner chatting with two young ladies; her smile became a frown as she quickly walked toward them. What was she to do? She was a receptionist, not a dancing girl, but her mind had other ideas. She suddenly stopped beside a pole and began gyrating her hips as she slowly unbuttoned her blouse.

Guy saw what the luscious Diane was doing and his eyes never left her body. His two young ladies looked over and saw the frigid Diane dancing. She wasn't a dancing girl; the dancing girls all called her "frigid drawers." Her blouse was fully undone, revealing her bouncy, ample charms. The two girls looked on intrigued at what they were watching; they had never seen frigid Diane do anything like this before.

Tina said, "Let's join her, Gina."

The two girls stood and walked toward the dancing Diane, and began gyrating alongside Guy's temptress. Guy was mesmerized by what he was watching. There, where the three young ladies were dancing in front of him, each wanting him as their lover, off came Diane's blouse. She was Miss Plentiful.

All the watching members were mesmerized by Diane's bouncing boobs; each of them waited to see more of her luscious body. It wasn't long before the dancing Diane unbuttoned her skirt and let it fall to the floor, revealing her tiny, thong panties and black stockings. God, she was stunning. Then Tina and Gina removed their bras and encouraged Diane to do the same.

Diane was in the groove, but to remove her bra in public was outside her comfort zone. Then she looked over at her dream man and threw her inhibitions aside. She unclasped her bra, but held the bra over her ample charms and continued dancing. All the men were engrossed at what they were watching, each of them yearning to see more of Miss Plentiful's magnificent breasts.

She was being a tantalizing burlesque dancer, revealing her naughty bits, giving her watching audience just a peek of each breast before she covered them up and continued her erotic dancing. God, she was driving these horny men crazy with her peek-a-boo show. They wanted to see more of her luscious curves. It was Tina who stood behind the luscious Diane and slowly pulled her panties down.

On seeing this, the men began clapping. Diane dropped her bra to the floor, revealing her ample charms, bouncing as she danced. She was very horny from revealing all her naked charms to her dream man. She suddenly stopped her dancing, picked up her clothes, and ran over to her dream man, quickly sitting down at his table, and dressing her naked body.

Guy looked on, still startled by what he had just seen, with just one problem: his rigid cock was throbbing in his pants. He stood and walked around the table, took Diane's hand, and put it in his open pants, and said, "Look what you have done."

On feeling his big, throbbing cock in her hand, Diane smiled and murmured, "God, that's big. Please let me see it."

"No; not here, darling. Get dressed and come with me," said the excited Guy Devlin. He was aching to explore Diane's sexy body. He was an explorer, not a two-thrust wonder; a woman's body was like a temple to him. Oh, how he liked to worship at their sacred havens with his probing, flickering tongue, specially massaging their magical buttons with his playful fingers. And there would be more toys in his own home.

Dressed, Diane stood. She was taken by the hand, and her heart began to beat faster with excitement; she was just minutes away from being ravaged by her dream man. Oh, how she ached to feel his throbbing, big, cock thrusting in and out of her sex-starved honey pot.

They arrived outside the Starlight Room and Guy faced Diane and passionately kissed her, then pushed open the door. They continued kissing as they walked through the door, with Diane's trembling fingers unbuttoning her blouse.

Guy's hand was already inside her tiny panties, gently massaging her magical button; Diane's mind was exploding with sensations, yet she was hungry for more. As their lips parted, she slowly dropped to her knees as she went in search of his big cock. She unfastened his pants and they fell to his knees, revealing a big, throbbing bulge in his underpants. She quickly pulled them down and gasped out loud, "Oh," when she saw Guy's cock; it was huge, at least a foot long. She had never seen a cock this big before and wondered if her honey pot could accommodate such a size. She began to suck on his big cock's bold head and gently began caressing his marble bag.

God, her mouth was wonderful. Guy loved the suction but ached to taste her own delights, he softly tapped her on the shoulder and Diane let the cock fall from her mouth. Guy whispered, "Can we try the 69 position?"

"Oh, yes. Yes," replied the excited Diane.

As she stripped off her clothes with trembling hands, oh how her mind was aching for her honey pot to be explored. Both naked, Guy quickly lay down on the floor and Diane got on top, with her honey pot hovering over his mouth. In seconds, they tasted each other's naughty bits. While Diane sucked on Guy's big cock, Guy probed her honey pot with his flickering tongue.

But there was more in Guy's artillery. As his fingers began massaging her magical button, Diane began murmuring, "M-m-m-mm," as she continued sucking. The humming was sending tingling sensations down Guy's rigid cock. Suddenly he felt his milk balls begin to churn. He shouted out "Change," before disaster struck and he shot his milky fluids into Diane's sucking mouth.

"What was that?" asked the trembling Diane.

"Let's change position," replied Guy.

"Okay," said Diane, eager to be fucked by this big cock.

She quickly lay down on the floor with her legs open, in anticipation of the big cock that was about to penetrate her honey pot. Guy got onto his knees and then took his rigid, big cock in hand and guided it toward Diane's waiting honey pot. Diane's eyes opened wide as she felt his big cock penetrate her honey pot; then with one gentle thrust, he plunged Guy's big cock, slowly going deeper.

At about seven inches deep, he stopped and then began slowly thrusting at the tempo of the tap that won't stop dripping.

"Oh-ha," murmured Diane as his cock slowly went deeper with every thrust. The ecstatic Diane began screaming, "Harder, harder. I want it harder."

Guy increased his thrusting speed to the tempo of the clock that won't stop ticking.

"Oh-ha," screamed Diane. It was like she was making sound effects for a steam train movie, when actually she was on her own journey. Destination Climax City, here she comes. She was on the verge of reaching her destination when suddenly Guy slowed his thrusting speed back to the tempo of the tap that won't stop dripping, and then stopped.

"What's going on?" asked the flabbergasted Diane. She had been only seconds away from that mind blowing, orgasmic moment.

Guy smiled and then tenderly kissed her lips, then began his maneuvers; from her lips to her neck he went with tender kisses on her ear lobes, then downward toward her wonderful, ample charms. God, her breasts were magnificent; her nipples stood erect. Guy began to gently suck on those erect nipples.

The frustrated Diane was not amused by her dream man's actions. What was he doing? He had brought her to the brink of orgasm then stopped. What was he trying to do, drive her crazy or something?

"Fuck me," she screamed. "Fuck me now, Guy Devlin. I want to feel your big cock thrusting in and out of my pussy."

On hearing her ecstatic but frantic words, Guy knelt and rolled Diane over onto her tummy. "Please, will you get up on your hands and knees?" said the eager-to-satisfy Guy Devlin.

Diane eagerly got onto all fours and spread her legs, then held her breath as she waited for that big, rigid cock to penetrate her aching honey pot. Guy took his big, rigid cock in hand and guided it toward Diane's waiting honey pot.

Diane murmured, "Yippee," when she felt his big cock penetrate her honey pot, and then with one gentle thrust, in plunged his rigid cock.

Fully penetrated, Diane murmured, "Oh, yes, that feels so good."

Guy began the slow thrusting at the tempo of that tap that won't stop dripping.

"Oh-ha," murmured Diane with every slow thrust.

While Guy slowly thrust, he reached around and began massaging Diane's magical button.

The sensations had Diane shouting, “Yes-yes-yes,” as her mind began its journey: destination Climax City.

Diane was going crazy from the onslaught of sensations from her honey pot; her dream man was a dream lover, too. She was getting ever closer to her destination. “Oh, yes,” she began screaming. “Yes-yes; I’m coming. Oh, I’m coming; yes-yes oh yes.” She had arrived at her destination and was enjoying that orgasmic moment, oh those sensations, as Guy carried on with his slow, thrusting and massaging fingers.

Never before had Diane experienced such pleasure; this man was amazing. He had taken her on a journey and she had reached her destination. Why was he carrying on thus? She began another journey: destination Climax City. Guy’s hand went on maneuvers, from massaging her magical button, to her hip; then came Diane’s surprise. As he slowly withdrew, he slapped her bottom.

“Ouch-ouch,” shouted Diane as the stinging sensations went through her body to her exploding mind. This dream man was driving her crazy. *What would he do next?*, she wondered. Her thought was quickly answered as his hand slapped her bottom once more.

“Ouch-ouch! That hurts!” cried out Diane. But these were tantalizing cries for more, which she got with every withdrawal. Gosh, her bottom cheeks were getting so pink and getting so sore. She no longer tantalized Guy with her cries of “ouch!” Guy suddenly stopped the slapping and increased his thrusting speed to the new tempo of the clock that won’t stop ticking.

“Oh-ha,” cried out Diane. She was once again rapidly approaching Climax City. “Oh yes-yes,” she screamed. “I’m coming, yes-yes, I’m coming OH-HA-OH-HA.”

With Guy’s thrusting, big cock at piston-like speed, Diane experienced that orgasmic moment. Oh, what a moment that was. Guy continued his piston-like thrusting and she was on keep-a-coming mode; she had never experienced multiple orgasms before.

Her dream man had taken her on a journey, a journey like no other. Multiple orgasms, she had thought, were only a myth. Oh, they were no myth. Oh, wow, what an experience; oh, what sensations. Her dream man Guy Devlin was sexually charged. What was going on? Her normal lovers had cum by now and been on their way, but not her dream lover.

How much longer could her mind stand his big thrusting cock that repeatedly took her to Climax City? How many more wonderful

orgasmic moments could she stand, with her mind “All Shook Up” from the repeated onslaught of sensations.

Guy took her by surprise by slowing his thrusting back to the tempo of that tap that won't stop dripping. Then he stopped; still rigid, he slowly withdrew his big cock, slapped Diane on her candy-colored bottom. It was time for him to explore.

“Please lay on your back, Diane, with your legs apart. It's time for me to explore your sacred haven,” said the smiling Guy Devlin.

Diane quickly lay down on her back with her legs apart. Guy Devlin looked down on her luscious body then got into position; while his probing tongue flickered over her honey pot, his fingers massaged her magical button.

“Oh-ha,” murmured Diane as wonderful sensations flooded her honey pot; she was once again on her way to Climax City.

But this would be a journey like no other she had experienced before; she would experience her first honey pot explosion, an explosion that would send her built-up watery fluids spraying into the air. Guy swapped his massaging fingers for his probing, flickering tongue on her magical button, then slipped a finger into her juicy, wet honey pot; one finger quickly became two as he went in search of her elusive G-spot.

He started his two thrusting fingers slowly, as they gently caressed her G-spot at the tempo of the tap that won't stop dripping.

“Oh-ha,” murmured Diane, as wonderful sensations flooded her honey pot. She was on her way; next stop Climax City. Oh, those sensations were driving her crazy. Never before had she experienced such feelings. God, they were driving her insane.

Her dream man was her dream lover. Oh, his exploration of her honey pot was taking her on a journey, a journey full of wonderful sensations. With her mind “All Shook Up” and her body shaking, she was getting ever closer to her destination. Oh, those sensations were driving her crazy. How much more could she stand? Suddenly her eyes opened wide as Guy increased the speed of his thrusting fingers. With her screaming filling the room and her body shaking, she was getting ever closer. “Yes-yes,” she screamed, “I'm coming- I'm coming.”

Guy's two fingers slipped out of her honey pot, allowing her honey pot to explode, spraying her watery fluids into the air as her screams of, “Oh, my God,” filled the air.

This was a mind blowing, orgasmic moment, a moment she would remember for the rest of her life.

Guy looked at her shaking body and smiled. He then slowly moved up and tenderly kissed her lips.

Diane hungrily kissed him back; she was sexually charged. "Oh my-oh my; that was fantastic." She then whispered, "I love you, honey," and then closed her eyes.

On hearing those immortal words, Guy knew it was time for him to go. Love? He wasn't ready for any kind of relationship. He was a virile, handsome young man, a young man who lived an adventurous life: a private investigator by day, a country singer by night. His life was full of its own complications. He didn't need any more, like a relationship. Oh no; that was the last thing on his mind. It was time for him to go. He stood and rapidly dressed while he looked down on the naked Diane's voluptuous curves.

Dressed, he quietly crept from the room, leaving the voluptuous Diane to ponder on her orgasmic moment. He was on his way back to his office to continue his search for one Buddy Priest. Buddy was being searched for by his client, Miss Olive Green, Buddy's half-sister, in connection with his inheritance from her father's estate. Her father had married Buddy's mother when Olive was only eight years old.

It had been a short marriage, lasting a mere two years, as her philandering father frequently chased other woman with his wandering cock. He was a love-them-and-leave-them kind of man, never staying with a woman long. Buddy's mother had captured him hook, line, and sinker; she was stunningly beautiful and knew how to completely satisfy her man in the bedroom.

The only reason their marriage didn't last was because she was a philanderer, too; always searching for that big cock at health spas, where she always went naked, always teasing the men voyeurs and women, too, by frequently massaging her magical button. On occasion, she had massaged those horny ladies' magical buttons, too, sometimes upsetting those snotty-nose cows, as they didn't do things like that.

But why watch me? she always wondered. On rare occasions, she had bumped into men with huge cocks and led them by the hand to a secluded place where she would give them good head with her Hoover-like mouth. After the suction, they rewarded her with a good shag with their big cocks. Oh, her screams had filled the air as their big cocks thrust in and out. Oh, those were the days.

She had died young, leaving the young Buddy in care. He had grown up knowing many a man as his father. The two years he had

spent in the Green household were treasured memories to him, and he'd loved his adopted sister, Olive. Olive treasured her memories of Buddy and the playful times they had spent together.

Guy had been hired to find the missing link in her life.

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