

Dangerous Lee Presents

KEEP
YOUR
PANTIES
UP

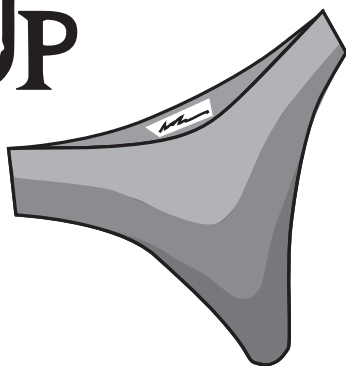


AND
YOUR
SKIRT
DOWN

Six Erotic Tales of Safe Sex



**KEEP
YOUR
PANTIES
UP**



**AND
YOUR
SKIRT
DOWN**

BY DANGEROUS LEE

Keep Your Panties Up And Your Skirt Down

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First Edition

DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to the memory
of my grandmother, Mrs. Mable Langston.

She taught me to *Keep My Panties Up and My Skirt Down*.

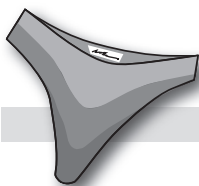
I love and miss you.



Mrs. Mable Langston
July 25, 1929-January 10, 2009

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INTRODUCTION

I didn't write "*Keep Your Panties Up and Your Skirt Down*" to be preachy or to give you the idea that I have never had unprotected sex. Before I became wise in the ways of HIV and other STDs, I participated in unprotected sex and I was infected with an STD. Luckily it was a curable STD, but I felt very dirty. I learned the hard way. I don't want you to learn the way I did.

Revealing my past STD status makes me feel naked and raw, but I think it's very important that I admit this within the pages of this book. I know I am not the only person in my circle of friends or family that has had an STD. Hell, for all I know, some of them are infected now!

I'm also sure that many of you reading this are, or have been, infected with an STD. For that very reason I am not ashamed to reveal my past STD status. I'm just like you! Today I am STD free and I plan to stay that way for the rest of my life. I always practice safe sex. I am anal about it. No pun intended.

"*Keep Your Panties Up and Your Skirt Down*" is a phrase that my grandmother said often to me and my other female cousins when we were growing up. Essentially she was telling us not to have sex. I would roll my eyes in embarrassment because I was so young and sex was the farthest thing from my mind.

It is wonderful advice. Sex is a great thing, a beautiful thing, but if you're not mature enough for the responsibility or properly educated on the bad things that can happen when you have unprotected sex, it can truly be an ugly experience.

I don't really fancy myself a great writer of erotica. Though as a teenager I and a friend used to write erotic stories with Michael Jackson

INTRODUCTION

in the lead; I never thought I would go beyond that and publish a book full of erotic tales.

I enjoy reading erotica like millions of people, especially books written by Zane. When she announced an open call for her anthology, *"Succulent: Chocolate Flava 2"*, I figured what the hell, I'm a pretty good writer so I gave it a shot and my short story titled *"Til' Death Do Us Part"* made the cut. I officially became a published writer of erotica. By the way, *Succulent* is a New York Times Bestseller. Not bad for my first time out the box!

"Keep Your Panties Up and Your Skirt Down" is more than suggestive sex for your pleasure. It has a deeper meaning and is geared to educate you, make you think about your actions, and even shock you a bit.

I am a certified Community Health Advocate and Testing Counselor at Wellness AIDS Services, Inc. in my hometown of Flint, Michigan. This book was conceived before my employment. I've been working at Wellness for close to two years, so this book is past its due date.

"Keep Your Panties Up and Your Skirt Down" includes many of my passions - love for my grandmother, love for black people, love of intimacy, love of writing, and my love of life. Sex is always best with passion. Enjoy!

Directions: Be tested for HIV after reading.



THE SAFE SEX KIT

“If I love Jodi the way I proclaim, I need to man up and talk safe sex with her and also reveal a side of myself that could result with her foot in my ass. I could lose Jodi tonight. The mere thought of that pains me, but she has shown me real love and I want to thank her for that.”

Jodi and I have been seriously dating each other for eight months and having salacious sex for two years. Like most people this century, we were instantly sexually attracted to each other and the deep feelings followed much later.

We gave ourselves the titles of boyfriend and girlfriend after realizing that we never wanted to have sex with anyone else for the rest of our lives. She put it on me like a voodoo curse and I assume I get her off in the same way because we vibe on every level.

I have been monogamous since we titled ourselves and Jodi says she has let go of all her other sex partners, but a recent conference I attended about HIV/AIDS in the black community has a brotha wiggin' out. My past sex life can compete with that of a porn star. I used to have sex no less than twenty times a week and much of it was unprotected with various partners.

I was the king of pull out and cum on face, titties, stomach, ass, ears or anywhere else you'd allow my babies to flow. I have also had sex with a few men. Jodi does not know about this and I consider myself a straight man without a doubt. I love women and I ain't no punk, but every once in a while, or full moon, I'd meet a dude that had a way

THE SAFE SEX KIT

about him that I found appealing and I'd bend him over and treat him just like a bitch. When I had sex with men I always made sure to protect myself as if I was assuming they would infect me with their awesomely tight asses.

I do have some issues with my attraction to men, but Jodi has me caught up. I don't want any other man or woman. I want to seriously talk about safe sex tonight as we partake in hopefully one of kinkiest sexcapades we'll ever experience.

The conference on HIV/AIDS stated, among other things, that dental dams should be used every time I perform oral sex on a woman and flavored condoms should be used when giving head to a man. Jodi and I have never had protected sex and we've never had a reason to start. However, that was before I got a reality check.

If I love Jodi the way I proclaim, I need to man up and talk safe sex with her and also reveal a side of myself that could result with her foot in my ass. I could lose Jodi tonight. The mere thought of that pains me, but she has shown me real love and I want to thank her for that. If she does dip on me, I can move on with a new outlook on life, sex, and relationships.

I want to make this as romantic and as sexy as possible. The lights are dimly lit, Maxwell is playing, Riesling is on ice, and daisy petals are thrown about in the various places I plan to fuck her. Daisies are Jodi's favorite flower. If I had rose petals all over the house she would walk right back out the door before I could share anything with her.

I also cooked dinner. Oh yea, a brotha can cook! Mama taught me well. I am a nervous wreck. Jodi is due home from work any minute now and my dick is hard from nervousness and the simple thought of her walking through the door.

Usually when Jodi gets home from work she immediately kicks off her heels and throws herself on the couch with a huff. I am bathed, freshly shaven (all over), my skin smells of shea butter, and I am stark naked. She's gonna trip when she sees me. I have never done anything

THE SAFE SEX KIT

like this before.

I can hear her key enter the lock and pre-cum is beginning to slide from my tip. My heart is racing. Jodi enters the room and kicks her heels off. She sees me and stops in mid-step.

“What the hell?” is all she can manage to say as a smile spreads across her beautiful, mahogany face.

“Come to me,” I command her. She obeys.

“What’s all this about?” she asks looking around at the erotic scene. “Take off your clothes,” I continue to command her.

“Your wish is my command,” she says throwing her purse to the floor as she starts to remove her business suit.

My dick is diamond hard and at attention like an honorable soldier. Jodi starts to remove her fishnet stockings. I sit in front of her and gently take her hand to help her balance. I stand up and tenderly place her on the couch. I smoothly reposition myself on one knee to help her fully remove her stockings holding her legs open to see her glowing pussy. It’s plump and ready for me.

Jodi used to be so self conscious that she wanted to bathe before every sex session. I told her a man likes to taste a woman’s real flava and a lil’ funk aint never hurt anybody. Here she stands in her after work stressed glory, naked as the day she was born with the smile of a Cheshire cat.

“To what do I owe this exciting new surprise?” she asks.

“I want to play Show and Tell. Sit back and I will explain. You can ask questions as I go along.”

Jodi is giddy with excitement, so unassuming. On the coffee table behind us I have created a safe sex kit. There are dental dams, water based lubricants, flavored latex condoms, her favorite dildo, and other naughty goodies. We love toys. In fact, it dawns on me that she has used a strap on with me in the past. Maybe she won’t have a problem with my interest in men after all.

“Do I see condoms? We never use condoms!” she stated accusingly

THE SAFE SEX KIT

closing her legs and standing up with an attitude. My dick is sinking.

“Sit down baby and just let me tell you what I’ve learned recently.”

She sits down with her arms crossed and has a look on her face that just made my dick completely soft. “Look, I know what you’re thinking, but I’m not cheating and I’m not accusing you of cheating. It’s nothing like that. Trust me,” I plead still on one knee. She eases off the attitude a bit and relaxes her face muscles.

I get up to pour some wine. You have to remember that I am naked because I forgot. Jodi and I are so comfortable with each other that sometimes we walk around the house naked for the entire weekend. I imagine this is what life was like B.C.

Anyway, my boy is hanging at my thigh and my well-shaped ass muscles can’t wait to be slapped. Yes, my ass is well-shaped. I take damn good care of myself. So does Jodi. We met working out. Damn, my dick is getting hard again!

I return with the wine and Jodi has a big smile on her face and her chocolate legs are wide open. My dick is almost at full mast by the sight of her brilliantly white teeth and swollen clit.

“Drink some and loosen up,” I say passing her a flute full of wine.

“Damn, you’re bossy tonight. I like it!” She takes a swig as I down mine in one gulp. I’m keeping a steady eye on her pussy. It’s glistening for my attention.

“OK, it’s time to play Show and Tell, but first I want to let you know just how much you mean to me, how much I love you, and how I want us to be together forever.”

As I’m saying this, I wonder if she thinks I’m gonna propose marriage with all this lovey dovey shit I’m talking. Jodi is taking sips of her wine and is instinctively rubbing her clit with her free hand. I am officially at my full ten inches, but I am starting to get side-tracked.

I grab a strawberry flavored dental dam and some lubricant from the coffee table and continue my speech inching back to her on my

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