



FLOWER
BY
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STORY.**

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It was that feminine musky scent, the smell of womanhood, that Adam noticed the first time he went down on a woman as a nineteen year old college freshman. Her name was Regina, and she had red hair with blue eyes and a chubby body, but that was OK. He liked chubby women, and skinny women, he was not a womanizer or a man who searched for sex with random women, he just thought all women were beautiful.

But that night with Regina he discovered he had a hunger. She had worn only a pink terry cloth bathrobe, she was freshly showered and smelled of lilac. He sat on the edge of the bed still clothed while she sat on a lounge chair with long arms and left her robe open then draped a leg over the arm of the chair.

“Watch,” she said softly.

He did, her finger caressed a tiny mound of pubic hair before tracing a plump lip with her index finger. Adam felt his jeans become tight when he noticed the pink bud peeking out, his breath caught in his throat as she parted her lips and sucked in a breath as she began to rub that pink lump. Then she stopped and he wanted to die, but then she said to him:

“Now you,” she said.

And much like a dog allowed to get into a bed he unknowingly got on all fours and crawled to her. When the scent hit his nostril he felt his mouth water and his heart start to race. Her lips were pink and plump and glistened with a strange juice, he felt a moan escape his throat as his face came closer.

“Oh, my.” Regina said, startled but excited by the wide eyed delight on this underclassman.

With a pair of gentle fingers he spread her lips to reveal her flower. Adam had had sex a few times by this point, but he had never looked at a vagina so close before. He saw it as a mouth and kissed it with a lover’s passion. He sealed his lips around hers and caressed her walls with the tip of his tongue, the tanginess made him moan.

Regina let out a cry as Adam boldly but softly pushed his narrow tongue into her as if in a French kiss. He gave her another kiss and her hand found his chin and lifted it so he could see her face.

“I want you to...”

She had a finger just above her clitoris, and she was going to tell him what to do but he said:

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“I know, I’ve seen...uh p-puh-porns, before.” he was breathing fast and his hands shook with adrenaline.

“Well then, don’t let me stop you.”

She didn’t, and Adam discovered a hunger. He felt lightheaded like he was drunk, but a good kind of drunk. Like he had had too much wine. He plunged his tongue just under her pink bud and felt drunk on her juices. It was like the nectar of an over ripe sour fruit, truly the nectar of the gods his erotically charged mouth declared to her while he fed.

She laughed, but it wasn’t a mean laugh. It was a laugh of delight, she laughed again as her hands rubbed Adam’s head while he feasted on her. The sex that followed was hard and angry and they would take breaks in between to feed on each other. The sun was up for an hour before they were finally spent.

In the years that followed, Adam had rarely gotten to indulge in such a feeding frenzy. He might meet the occasional woman but they normally never seemed to want it. His ex wife certainly didn’t like it, not that that was the reason for their divorce.

He laughed as he sat watching TV in his house near the town of Porter. No, though she did find the act disgusting and had yelled at him one night as he tried to perform the act on her. She said it was nasty and called him dirty. No, that wasn’t the reason but Adam didn’t think it helped.

They’d spent seven years married, they both worked. Adam worked construction while Betty would sometimes jump from job to job, sometimes staying on for a few months but always seeming to find a reason to quit. She had also been careless with their finances and he had been too trusting.

They had been saving up money in hopes of buying land and building a house, they had lived in a two bedroom trailer, which had bad flooring, bad plumbing, electrical issues, for the whole marriage. But that money was always being spent by Betty for some reason or another, like the day he had come home from work and found Betty and her nieces watching a pair of men, their boyfriends, bringing a large couch into their home.

“Oh, well they needed the money and I wanted the furniture so bad.” she said later that night when they were alone.

“We needed it more, god dammit.” he said, getting a glare from Betty.

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“They just bought a house and they’re young yet, don’t be selfish.” she said looking disgusted as if he had asked to have sex with one of her nieces.

“We’re in our forties and we’re still stuck in a fucking trailer, it’s our money you can’t just spend it...”

“Don’t you scream at me!” she said picking up a glass filled with soda and throwing it at him but it fortunately bounced off his head and broke on the floor.

That was one thousand and fifty dollars, a little more than half of what had been saved since the last COVID check. Then three nights after they got the used furniture, they both found themselves covered in bites. After only a moment or so of looking Adam discovered much to his horror the couch was infested with bed bugs. The rest of the money went towards ending the infestation.

Three months later, his truck was due for inspection, Betty asked him to remind her about it when it was due that April since she was in charge of the household bills. He did, they had the money and she would schedule the appointment then cancel at the last minute. He reminded her again and again, she’d schedule the appointment then cancel.

One late June day, Adam reminded her again about the inspection. Telling her that they had the money and he couldn’t generate income without his truck.”

“Oh we’ll be fine, you sound like an old lady.”

“If we lose the truck...”

“Shut up, you’re getting on my nerves.”

“What?I’m getting on your nerves?” he said incredulously.

“Yeah.”

“If the cops take my truck, I can’t wor...”

He was loud but didn’t scream, he had been exacerbated that she had been annoyed. Before he could finish speaking, she slapped him across the face. He threw up his hands in defeat, if he even so much as pushed her away to stop her from hitting him she would fall down holding an arm or wrist, screaming
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rape at the top of her lungs. He was used to it but she had really caught him off guard and the sudden hit made him wobble a little.

“Don’t you EVER fuckin scream at me!”

She followed it up another slap, this one on the back of his head and he fell into the wall but not down.

“Oh knock it off you fuckin drama queen.” she snarled at him.

She had apologized later, sort of, then the next night she took out his truck while he was at his friend Dylan’s and she was pulled over by a Pennsylvania State Trooper because the truck was still not inspected. It was during the fight about the truck he’d found out from Betty that she had been having an affair with a man that owned his own home and two cars.

A year later here Adam was, divorced, lonely but happy to be free of Betty, in an old farmhouse gifted to him by a deceased relative. It needed some repairs and he enjoyed doing them on land in a house he owned. Today he stood in front of a wall that divided the powder room from the hallway.

He was thinking about feeding again, the hunger would come on sometimes like a fast fever. His hands would shake and he would feel dizzy, and although he was long over his ex wife, he could hear her voice telling him he was dirty.

The dizziness then became a nausea and his head fell forward on the rotted wall. He missed the scent of a woman. He just wanted to feed, not on a random woman, a woman he loved, a woman that loved him and would indulge his hunger. But maybe he was wrong for such desires.

His ex wife hadn’t been the only one opposed to that carnal delight. Adam realized all three of the real serious relationships he’d had, all of them had found the act revolting and had never even let him try. The realization struck him suddenly and with a snarl his hand became a fist and went through the rotted wall with a dramatic smash.

Adam growled as he pulled his fist which was red and scratched at the knuckles. Before he could look at the wound, the front door opened and in came Adam’s brother Ross. He wore a suit and a tie for his line of work, accounting. Though Ross was older by about five years, the baldness gene in their family seemed to forget Ross completely.

“You OK?” he asked, seeing the rawness of his little brother’s hand.

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“Yeah,” he said.

“You’re not getting angry about Betty again are you?”

“No, no. Just...something else, it’s not about her I promise you that. OK?”

Ross was the only person that knew Betty had beat up on him, slept around and everything else that had gone wrong in the marriage.

“Well what?”

“Nothing, I don’t know. Sometimes I just want to be angry.”

“For no reason?” Ross asked.

“Yes, for no reason. Christ, it’s not Betty OK, I mean not directly. I just hate being the sucker, ya know.”

“Hey now, you’re not a sucker. You followed your vows, while she did not. Correct?”

“Yeah.”

“Then you’re not a sucker, and she is a liar and you’re a man that got hurt. It happens, now come on, I’m taking us to lunch.”

“I wish I could find a nice woman like you did.”

“You may yet someday. You’re in your forties not your eighties.”

They drove into Porter, a Norman Rockwell type town with about forty thousand people spread out across the former logging capital of eastern Pennsylvania. They’d grown up in Porter, and graduated from Porter High School, home of the Broncos, a school with one of the best baseball teams in the state. Adam had ran track and still had some of his medals back home waiting to get unpacked. They drove past by a neighborhood known as Capitol Row and Adam cringed internally.

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They turned off a side street and were on Main street which was lined with random shops and banks and apartment complexes. They drove down Main until they came to a large street called Independence Avenue where a strip mall lay. The strip mall sat in a cul-de-sac with a large Dollar General in the middle, and a dozen more big box stores sitting on both sides of it.

At the far end of the mall was a Nathan's Famous Restaurant that Ross pulled up to. It was a week day, late in the afternoon but the place wasn't very busy. They sat at a booth by the window as they waited for their burger and fries. The waitress who took their order was an attractive woman with a nice body, when she walked away Ross noticed Adam looking at her, but he looked sad.

"Do you date at all?" asked Ross.

Adam had appeared lost for a moment then looked at his brother as if forgetting he was there. He even made a quiet, hmm sound when he looked over at him.

"Are you dating?" Ross asked him again.

"Christ, no." he said, looking revolted.

Ross gave a slight nod before speaking again.

"You're not going to end up like cousin Freddy are you."

"What, no Ross my God. I don't hate women."

Freddy was a relative who at the age of twenty was head over heels about a woman named Marisa, who had dumped him unexpectedly one day which rocked young Freddy to his core. A few months later he started getting into politics and watching garbage like One American News Network, and Newsmax, getting really into crazy theories about the fluoride in water turning people into pedophiles and the deep state being an agent of darkness as Freddy would call it sounding almost reverent when discussing these so called enemies.

Then it all came to a head on January 6th 2021, he and a few friends he'd met online took a Greyhound to DC and wound up storming the Capital and getting arrested. He got probation and lost his job and any chance of ever getting back with Marisa, if there ever had been a chance that is, he couldn't even use a computer or a smart phone for the next two years.

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"Look, Ross, I'm not Freddy OK." he said plaintively.

“OK. You’re my little brother and I worry. Why do you look so sad today? Is it the thought of dating that’s upset you?”

“No.”

Adam thought for a moment about the problem, how if he couldn’t have his hunger sated then what would he do? He had always sacrificed, not just for Betty but for the other woman he dared to share his heart with. That pain weighed him down, he felt it on his face and realized he might very well be a disgusting pig. Why did he have to have this hunger?

“Hey look, it’s Carla.” said Ross who was waving.

Adam looked out the window and saw Dylan’s sister, who looked more like a college student than a thirty two year old writer. Her face was the color of peach and her hair was a mix of light brown and dark blond. Her hazel eyes were filled with cheer as she saw Ross and Adam.

She wore a t-shirt of Johnny Depp as Jack Sparrow and sweat pants with a backpack over her shoulder. She came in the restaurant and they both got up to give her a hug.

“Hey you headed to the yoga place next to the Hobby Lobby.” asked Ross.

“Yeah, but I’m thinking about quitting. It’s really expensive.”

“You know you can just use YouTube if you want free yoga lessons.” said Adam.

“Really?”

“Oh, yeah. I went over to the place you’re going now but I thought it was too expensive so I just went on YouTube to find some lessons. Hell you can learn almost anything by using YouTube, last month I learned how to repair some of the pipes at the farm house and it came out perfect.”

“Are you living in Porter for good now?” she asked Adam.

“Yeah, I’m gonna repair the place and just hang my hat there I suppose. It needs some work on the inside but there’s no more water getting in from the outside or the pipes anymore so the hardest part is over.”

“Oh, hey ya know” Carla said wide eyed. “I’ve had the hardest time deciding if I should stick to carpet or go with hardwood floors at my place.”

“Do you like wearing slippers?” Adam asked.

“Yeah,” she said with a chuckle.

“Then go with hardwood, you’ll get cold feet without slippers but sweeping is easier than vacuuming.”

“OK, hardwood it is then. Thanks for the advice.” she said as the food arrived.

“Oh boy, I’m starving. You wanna join in?” said Adam.

“My treat.” said Ross.

“No, I’m already late for yoga plus I’m trying to lose a few pounds.”

“Aw, you’re perfect. If you change your mind just follow the scent of burning meat.” said Adam.

Adam smiled as she left, when Carla was gone, the sad morose look returned to his face. Ross tried to prod at his brother but got nowhere and they ate lunch with just small talk. When Adam got home his stomach burned and grumbled with indigestion. He went to bed early but laid awake until midnight, chewing Roloids and watching bad horror movies that were more like softcore porn.

He went to sleep with a sweaty brow and a jittery stomach. The void from his lack of feeding fueled his sleeping mind. He dreamed of being on fire, and being hungry, so very hungry. There was a woman there, but she is far, far away from him, her face and body just a shadow of a real person. The flames are in his face but he sees her in the distance.

Her voice cries out to him, it is seductive and it loves him and only him. She can sense that heat as she stands in a field of flowers that are pink and dewy. He runs into the field of unfurled sweetness, he can

smell their scent, it is feminine, musky, and as pure as snow. He dives head first into the field of luscious rouge flora.

Adam awoke just then as the clock on the night stand turned to ten after five in the morning, a thin film of sweat covered him and made his arms glisten. He felt the heat radiating off him and barked out an angry growl that was nearly a sob. Why was his hunger growing? It had been something like ten years since he had tasted the ambrosial goodness of womanhood and yet at this moment he felt hungrier now than that night almost two decades earlier with Regina.

He could feel the heat coming off himself and heard the voice of his ex wife calling him disgusting. He took a cold shower thinking his thoughts when his mind had wandered over to Carla for some reason and he smiled a little. He wished he could be with her and laughed as he turned off the shower and dried himself.

“Yes, that’s what a gorgeous young woman wants, a balding, forty three year old divorced man who got beat up by his ex-wife and also craves eating pussy like a crackhead.” he said feeling empty again.

Carla was already awake as well that morning and she, like Adam, was a seize the day type of person. She owned her own place and was anxious to begin reflooring, it was a big project but she was fairly certain she could do it on her own, and there was always Adam if she needed help. Then again he’d mentioned how you can learn anything by just using YouTube. Friendly advice or was Adam trying to give her a hint, thinking she was asking for him to do the job?

She didn’t think Adam was trying to give her a hint. Though Adam was her brother’s friend, she knew him pretty well and felt confident that Adam was trying to be helpful. She remembered Adam was always the nicest of her brother’s friends and had the most handsome smile. When she was at the strip mall yesterday and saw Adam through that window, she felt her heart stutter.

Adam looked so sad, like he’d just lost his best friend. Which she guessed divorce kind of was, losing a lover but a friend as well. She was standing there for a minute or two seeing the pain in Adam’s eyes before Ross noticed her standing there. She had come inside the restaurant remembering the smile she’d see on his face when he and her brother were joking around back in the day, a smile that had an inner glow.

She saw that smile when they hugged and she felt her own sadness abate. She wondered all of a sudden what he was like in bed as she went to the kitchen, surprised by that question just popping in her head. Much like the slice of bread she was toasting just did while she looked at her phone searching for deals on hardwood flooring on Facebook marketplace.

She didn't really notice Adam in that kind of way before, well once or twice and it was always a passing thought. He wasn't on Facebook but they'd see each other whenever he'd hang out with Dylan. Although some people tend to let themselves go when married, Carla always found herself impressed how Adam's chest always stuck out farther than his stomach. He was balding but Carla thought some guys looked good despite that.

She thought back to that time when she started college and thought James Gandolfini was the sexiest man on Earth. Carla wondered what had caused Adam's marriage to end as she gave up on Facebook marketplace and got dressed to visit Lowe's. She wondered if it had something to do with the bedroom.

Carla had been around Betty and though she was pretty, there was always this pinched look on her face like she bit into a lemon. She thought back to that time when she acted a little pushy towards Adam when they'd come over to Dylan's for a New Year's Eve party. Betty had spent most of the party looking peeved and didn't even kiss Adam when the clock struck midnight.

"Maybe she was frigid." Carla said to her car's rear view and laughed.

Betty certainly seemed the type, not that Carla knew for certain.

"No, not me." she said with a shrug and a laugh.

By the time Carla had started college, she had already had sex once and was anxious to explore what this act really was. She didn't want to go from guy to guy, she was cautious and wanted sex to be like a glass of wine. Not guzzled like a beer by an alcoholic slob.

There were just a few times she'd allow herself the random indulgence, usually after a long relationship had ended and she wanted jump into a new part of her life. But despite the idea, an idea she'd always believed, that if you wanted a man to do something in the bedroom to you, they'd jump into bed with their pants down and their member at stiff attention eager to please.

It was early on when she found getting head to be one of the most intense, excruciating, other worldly, pleasures that sometimes bordered on torture. She had met a man named Elias, in her poly-sci class, he was tall with long dark hair and wore retro heavy metal tees. Carla and Elias had hit it off right away, the following weekend they were in his dorm room making out when he asked her if she wanted to try something.

"OK," she replied nervously.

Elias had laid her on his bed and she was naked below the waist before she realized it, the coolness of the blanket under her bare thighs felt exhilarating. Then Elias had his tongue inside her, she had moaned and tried to ask what he was doing but a short huh was all that she could say. Then she felt his tongue quickly slide up her lips and flick the top of her bud.

He had done it only three more times before her hips began to buck and her head swam like her brain was drowning in noise. The sex afterwards was average, though she came once, she was still horny and had to make herself come again after he had fallen asleep. They fooled around once or twice more, then he'd transferred to another school and they never saw each other again.

She wasn't upset though, guys noticed her but she took her time finding one she might want to do more than screw. She'd found a nice guy her senior year, a photojournalist named Walter. He was tall and had a great body, his arms and legs were toned and he had a nice little six pack. He had wavy brown hair and his lips were smooth, almost like a woman's lips, she thought he was a wonderful kisser.

The sex was mundane though. Carla considered him a meat and potatoes guy, unless she got on top of him or gave him a blow job, he'd just lay there breathing heavily saying something like 'oh, yeah' or 'oh, baby'. The only position he seemed to know was the missionary and that was what she referred to as robo-fucking. Carla could count the times Elias made her come with one hand.

"More like one finger." Carla said to her rear view as she pulled into early morning traffic.

They were together for two years and when it ended, Carla remembered feeling almost euphoric. And really horny. She and some friends went to a bar, she met a cute guy with blond hair and blue eyes that she took home. He had a farmer's body with big slabs of muscles, and though he had a nice sized penis, he came quickly and that was the extent of that rendezvous.

It was almost a year later before she took another random guy home. He was a short intense looking Italian man that held himself tall, and he certainly talked a big game. They had been fumbling at each other's clothes on the couch at her place, she could feel a fire building inside of her. His hands were on her hips when she blurted out in a lusty voice.

"Eat my pussy,"

"Whu..." the man said, looking lost.

"Go down on me," Carla said, panting.

“Oh, I uh, I’m not really into that.” he said, swallowing in big gulp.

“Oh,” Carla said, feeling her fire cool down a little.

“Is that OK...”

“Yeah,” she said, with a quick nod though inside she felt deflated.

He was a little better at sex than Walter but she didn’t feel fulfilled. The next real relationship she’d had, Greg from Pottsville, lasted almost as long as Adam’s marriage to Betty, Carla realized as she made her way through the foggy parking lot of Lowe’s. Everything was coated in fog giving everything a mysterious look, Carla for some reason thought of weather like this as a good reason to just stay in bed and hump all day. She let out a girlish laugh and shook her head in disbelief about the perverted turn her mind took this early morning.

Greg, she remembered, was fun sometimes but very inhibited and self conscious. He was tall and thin, though he had a cute pot belly she liked to rub. He could sometimes be very passionate in bed but it was rare and when she suggested giving her head, he gave a kind of revolted look and shook his head.

“I can’t, I just think that kind of thing is nasty.”

She didn’t let that bother her, at least she was pretty sure she didn’t. She couldn’t resent him for that alone, she certainly wouldn’t let a guy stick himself in her dairy air so she understood though she longed for cunnilingus all the same. They broke up because everything about the relationship became stale.

She had picked up one guy since then about nine months ago. He was tall, dark and handsome and was in pre-law at Penn, he wore nice slacks and a dress shirt, underneath which was the chest of someone familiar with weight lifting. They had gone to her place and the moment they were alone she thought she was going to scream from how horny she had gotten on the ride home, glancing over at his chest and wondering what it would feel like to rub his pecs. They leaned against the wall as they kissed and she could feel his member growing through his slacks.

“Eat my pussy,” she said after another kiss.

“Uh, ew no.” he said, then realized what he’d said to her.

“Ew?” Carla said feeling the fires of her lust get doused in water.

She stepped back, opened her door and crossed her arms over her chest.

“Aw, come on..” he said like a petulant child.

“Get out, or I’m gonna make you eat me.”

His face became red and he lowered his head before leaving. She had an urge to kick him in the ass on the way out but didn’t.

“It’s like guys don’t eat pussy anymore. I am a perv today aren’t?” said Carla as she walked down the flooring aisle in the nearly deserted store.

She thought of Adam again and wondered what his thoughts on the subject would have been. Carla saw him as such a nice and gentlemanly person that he would probably be aghast at such an act. She felt sad about that and frowned a little.

Adam started the day in his inherited home replacing the water damaged walls on the first floor. His arms were coated in plaster dust, a once black t-shirt, now gray with filth, hung off him soaked in sweat. The heat that he had woken up with was still as thick on his body as the plaster dust, he sneered as he turned off the sander cutting off its hellacious roar.

He put it down and took off his shirt but still he felt like he was on fire. He felt real aversion to masturbating, at his age it was more of a mundane act of maintenance than pleasure. He wasn’t even hard, he couldn’t even recall the last erection he had. He remembered the dream about running through a field of pink flowers though and shuddered.

“I gotta to get out of here.”

He put on a paint splattered but clean t-shirt and drove his light duty green pick up into town. The weather was still a little cold and damp so he kept the windows up and loudly played some classic rock courtesy of WMMR.

“Means More Rock.” he said remembering the slogan the rock station used back in the day.

His body felt cooler and he felt calmer though the band Filter was reminding him one was the loneliest number as he pulled into Lowe's to find a few random supplies. He had no clear idea of what he really needed, he knew he needed to get out and move around someplace that wasn't his house.

He cruised down the front of the store between the registers and the many lines of aisles. He was passing the flooring section when he saw Carla pushing a blue shopping cart with stacks of ¾ inch brown oak wood slats in her cart. Though she didn't have the cart filled even halfway she was straining to push the heavy load, she was so distracted she didn't even notice Adam at first.

"Hey, you need a hand?" said Adam.

Carla's face still had traces of puffiness from sleep but her eyes were sparkling as usual and her face became brighter still when she saw him.

"No, I'll be OK. I just didn't think about how heavy these things were."

"Carla, let me help you. The kids that load the carts here don't come in this early. Trust me, I come here often enough to know that." he said with an eye roll that made her laugh.

"OK, thank you. So what are you doing here this early?"

"Oh, hey you know me I've always seized the day. Remember when Dylan ran track with me our junior year and I was getting him up at five am everyday to train."

"Oh, yeah he was so miserable that year. But hey he made the team, thanks to you."

Adam shrugged his shoulders but didn't say anything. He pushed the cart for Carla and helped the cashier scan the items and rolled the cart out to the parking lot while she paid. He stood for a moment in the fog, liking the way the cool air caressed his skin. Carla came and saw him standing in the fog, looking a little like a shadowy ghost in the rolling white clouds.

Though she saw just his silhouette, his presence was unmistakable. She watched the fog push away from his body as if he were too hot to touch. She wondered for the briefest moment if she touched his arm, would she get burned. Her heart fluttered and figured it was just the suddenness of seeing Adam looking beautiful in the gloom.

He quickly got all of the slats in the rear of her hatchback. Carla did try to help him but he good naturedly shooed her away from doing so.

“My advice when you get home is to back up as close as you can to your front door for a shorter trip lugging that stuff inside.”

“Thanks, Adam.” she said getting into her Subaru.

“Yeah, sure. And if you need help don’t be afraid to ask, sometimes hands on is better than YouTube.” he said with a wave heading back to Lowe’s.

She smiled, wondering if he realized what he said. But no, she knew he didn’t and liked him so much the better for it. He didn’t take helping her as a means to get into her pants or to even get her number. He had genuinely wanted to assist her and that alone made her smile even bigger.

Adam walked from out of Lowe’s a half hour later without a purchase. He was still red faced with embarrassment from his ‘sometimes hand’s on is better statement.’ He had walked about five steps away from her car when he realized how that phrase might be misconstrued as sexual. He wanted to turn around and apologize but he was too horrified so he just went into the store.

“Sometimes hand’s on is better.” he said bitterly to the inside of his truck.

He got home pulled into the driveway then laid his forehead on the steering wheel for ten minutes. He was on fire, his body was like a blow torch yet he felt as limp as a noodle. He went into his house, and went into the somewhat furnished living room that had a recliner, a wall mounted flat screen and a computer on a desk in the far corner. He decided to surf for a while, watching YouTube home repair videos.

He wasn’t one for social media, though he was an avid fan of Reddit. He followed a few of their communities, such as r/woodworking, r/PhiladelphiaEagles, r/AskReddit. He was scrolling past an Ask Reddit post which was titled ‘What’s your fetish?’ and Adam stopped scrolling.

“What’s my fetish?” he asked himself.

When he thought of the word fetish, he imagined guys getting whipped with chains by women in red and black latex gimp suits or women tying up men to flog their balls or something odd like that. He

looked at some of the comments and realized fetish was just a word to describe any type of specific sexual hunger.

“I guess I do have a fetish.” he said with a shrug.

He felt a little sad that he came across this post but relieved in a way too. There were others with a particular hunger that they couldn't have fulfilled either. It sucked for him, but it sucked for others too so he didn't feel so alone at that moment.

He felt an odd comradeship with these people that he'd never meet in real life, but that just meant it would be easier to share that pain. With a small smile on his face, Adam pulled up his keyboard to post a comment.

'I love eating pussy, I yearn to feed. My mouth waters when I think about doing it, I absolutely love the taste of it. I burn with hunger for the enchanting scent of a woman's flower, petals of fuchsia glistening with juice like morning dew. I want to feel her over ripe fruit drip on my tongue as I push it between her lips. I love the tangy, musky scent of a vagina. The feeling of those plump tender lips when she is aroused is like kissing an actual mouth. I can't help burying my tongue inside of her, I need to feel the walls of her with my tongue or I'll lose my mind. My body feel like it's on fire sometimes when I get hungry, I get scared sometimes when the urge to feed comes over me, I feel like I have a fever.

'I need the nectar of womanhood to cool me, to feed me. I need to have a woman orgasm while I am down there, I need that charge. I love when I feel a woman's come on my lips and chin, I love to make a woman's clit suffer in erotic agony, to draw out the feeding with my tongue. The feeling of the vagina clenching my tongue is an experience I didn't know would make my cock feel like it had been forged in iron. Some days I feel like I'll die if I can't feed, I so crave that secret honey...I think there's something wrong with me, lol.'

He hadn't posted much before on Reddit, just the occasional 'hey, awesome job' on the r/woodworking community or 'Cowboys suck' on the Eagles community, but that was all. He wondered if maybe such a personal and graphic comment might not come back and bite him in the ass at some later date. The Reddit post said NSFW, meaning Not Safe For Work, but it's not like he was talking about hurting people or being mean. Hell it was the complete opposite of that if you wanted to be honest.

Plus his Reddit handle was theindustrialbada\$\$, which was a name he came up with on the fly. And the only thing his profile said was that 'he had left his hammer somewhere' and 'Happy Birthday to TV's Frank.' Adam was pretty sure no one would figure out who he was from any of that.

He felt a little better after and the heat of his body seemed to lessen, though the accidental innuendo he'd said to Carla still made him feel restless but he used that energy to knock down a few more rotted
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