

# THE MAN WITH VIRGIN EYES

By

Oz Carter

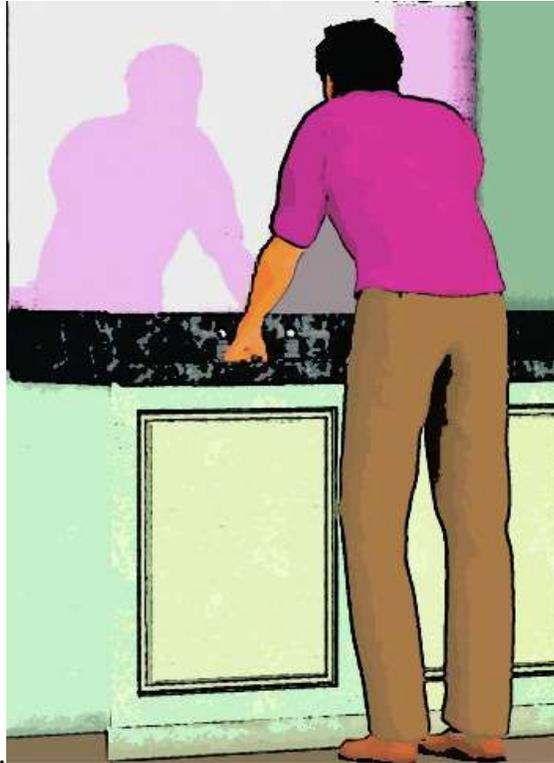
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Clark carefully inspected his face in the men's room mirror. No pimples on his nose or missed hairs from his morning shave. No dry skin on his lips. No grunge in the corners of his eyes. He combed his hair. No flakes on his shoulders. He inspected his teeth. No food particles. He sprayed a shot of breath freshener into his mouth



Now he was ready to talk to Polly, the new designer. All the other young, single women in the company, for one reason or another, had pegged him as a loser. They liked him okay; he was a nice guy and he was smart. They didn't even mind if he noticed one of them lifting a skirt to scratch a thigh or if he got an eyeful if one of them leaned over a little too far while wearing a top with a low-cut neckline. But none of them would go out with him, not even for lunch. And they made fun of the way he became google-eyed at the sight of a pretty girl.

Maybe he could get to Polly before she was influenced by the prejudices of the other women. She was just out of college and only a few days on the job. She was petit and pretty, with a ponytail and a delightful smile. She was friendly but hadn't had a chance to meet people in New York, which was to his advantage.

Today was the perfect day to ask Polly out because it was Friday and they didn't have to work the next day. They could stay out as late as they wanted and get to know each other. This time he was determined not to become tongue-tied and flustered like he'd done since high school whenever he tried to become acquainted with a girl.

He gave himself one last inspection, then left the men's room and confidently sauntered downstairs to the Design Department. But Polly wasn't at her workstation. His game plan was thrown off. What should he do? Wait or come back later? He'd really look like a dork, hanging around Polly's empty workstation.



“Uh—you know when Polly’s coming back?” He asked Liza, the curvy girl who sat behind Polly.

“She went to the archives room to look at some old concepts,” Liza replied. “She should be back soon.” With a bemused smirk, she added, “You gonna ask her out?”

Janet, the leggy girl at the workstation in front of Polly’s, was also smirking. She and Liza knew that Clark, who worked in Accounts Payable, had no work-related reason to talk to Polly. Each of them had also been asked out by him.

He blushed with embarrassment and avoided their direct gazes.

“Good luck,” Liza offered as Clark was leaving.

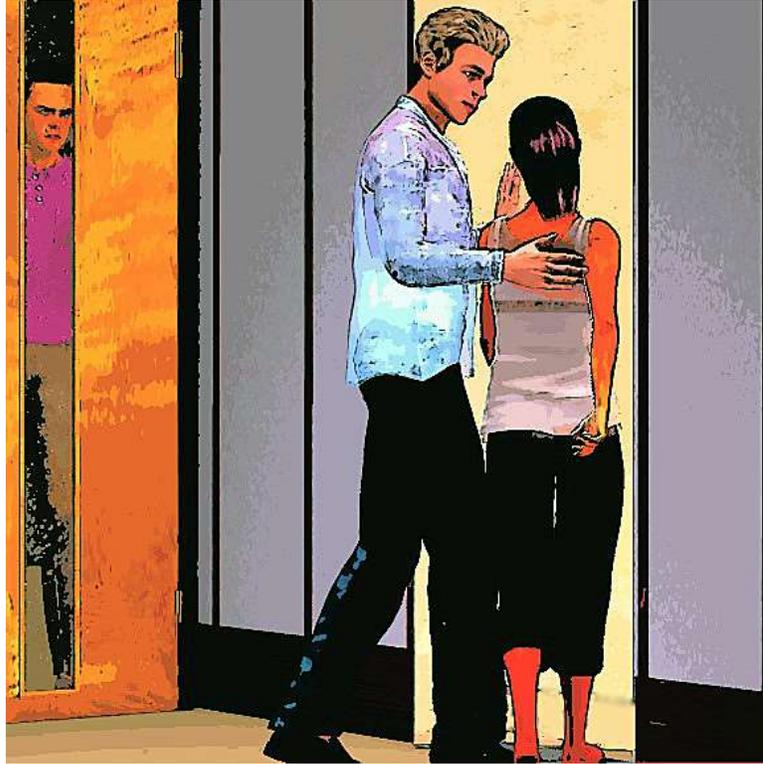
“Maybe you’ll float her boat,” Janet commented.

He could hear the two of them giggling until he was out of earshot.

The archives room was on the floor below. It was where the company stored information that predated computerized databases. Hardly anyone ever went down there. It was the perfect place to have a private conversation with Polly.

Clark hurried down the stairwell. He stopped on the landing when he saw Polly through the glass in the access door. She was standing outside the archives room as if waiting for someone. As he collected himself after the momentary setback, Neil, the tall, handsome media buyer stepped off the elevator. Neil was everything Clark was not. He was a real alpha male, a self-assured, dominant, take-charge guy. Every unmarried woman and gay man in the company swooned over him.

Neil used his card key to unlock the door to the archives room and ushered Polly inside. The sight knocked the wind out of Clark. He had to sit down on the staircase. All the fun he’d envisioned having while introducing Polly to New York was now just a shattered daydream. He wouldn’t be eating at ethnic restaurants in the Village with her. He wouldn’t be visiting SoHo art galleries with her. He wouldn’t be seeing off-Broadway plays with her.

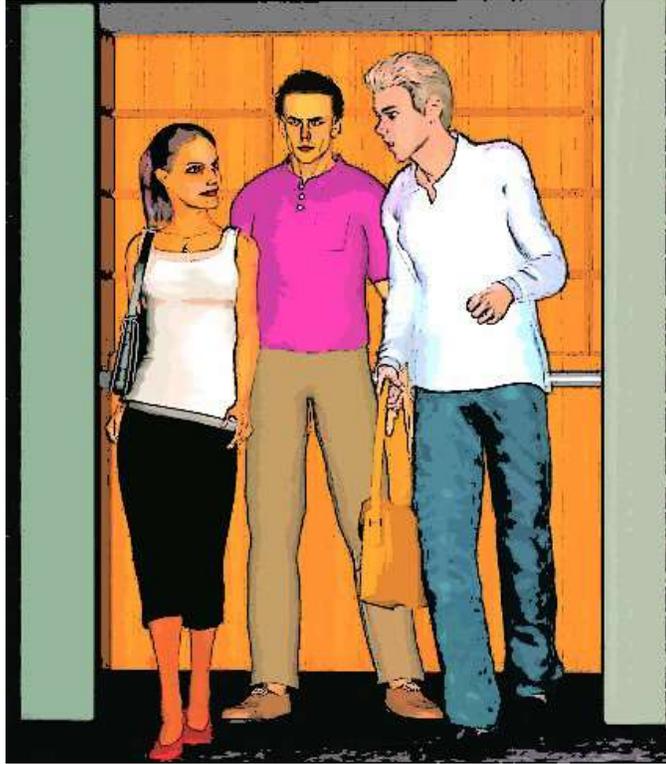


He'd been so certain this time. But he'd been certain all the other times. Like in high school, when his prom date left with another guy; in college, when the sorority girl he thought was romantically interested in him turned out to be doing her mandatory "good deed" by helping someone who was socially inept; in graduate school, when a girl would let him buy her dinners but insisted he bring her home by 10:00 pm—so she could go out to singles' bars to look for Mr. Right; and the girl he'd met through a dating website in New York, who directed all the resentment for the mistreatment she'd received from other guys at him. Thus, Clark was still a virgin at twenty seven.

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As if Fate were adding insult to injury, Polly and Neil rode down in the elevator with Clark at the end of the day. They pretended to be just coworkers, secure in their mistaken belief that no one knew about their tryst in the archives room. Clark wanted to tell them that he knew their dirty little secret, but what was the point? He certainly wasn't going to win Polly over by embarrassing her. Besides, Neil had already staked his claim.

Being stuck in an elevator with them was bad enough, but they were also going the same way down Madison Avenue, no doubt to a bar in the East Village—a walk Clark had expected to take with Polly. He decided to cross over to Fifth, so he wouldn't have to see them.



As he walked past Bergdorf's, the doorman opened the door and a goddess emerged. She was tall and bosomy, with a short blond bob and an angelic face. Other men leered and gawked and stared, but Clark was entranced. He had never imagined that such beauty could exist.

She was about to step into a cab summoned by the doorman, when she noticed Clark.



She looked at him with eyes so blue they made his knees weak. He blushed and started to slink away.

“Wait,” the woman said.

“Me?” Clark asked in disbelief.

“Yes, you,” the woman replied. She had a faint foreign accent, German or maybe Dutch. To the doorman holding the cab door open, she said, “May I borrow your pen?”

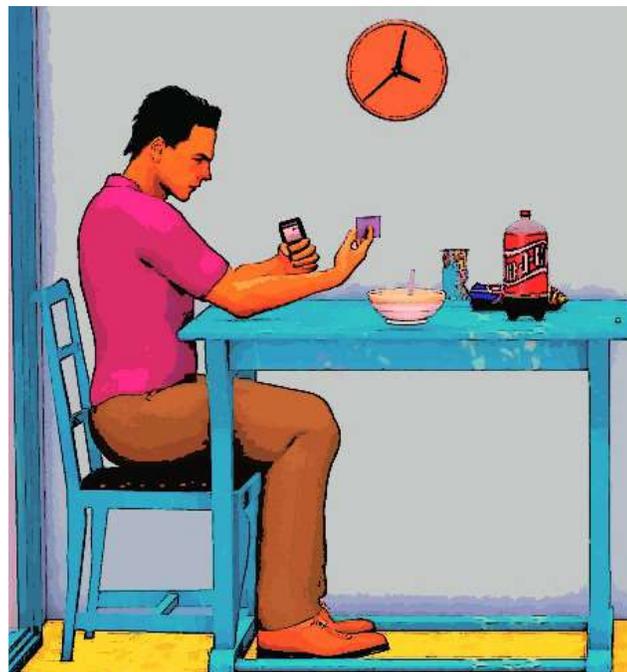
“Yes, Ma’am,” the doorman replied and handed her a pen from his jacket pocket.

She tore a small piece from her paper shopping bag, wrote something, and handed it to Clark. He didn’t move. “Take it,” she insisted.

He obeyed. She got into the cab and the car pulled away. When he recovered enough to look at what she’d written, he saw that it was a phone number. And the men who’d been staring at the woman were now staring at him.

Clark was so unsettled by the incident that he headed directly home instead of going to the bar he usually visited after work on Fridays. By the time he got to his cramped, one-room apartment in the West Village, he had concluded that the goddess was a high-priced prostitute, the kind that costs thousands of dollars an hour and ruins political careers. Why else would she have given him her phone number? In his more desperate moments, he’d thought about going to a prostitute, but having to pay for pussy while he was still young and single would’ve cemented his status as a loser.

But he couldn’t bring himself to throw the phone number away. He sat at the table on the kitchenette side of his apartment for a long time, staring at it. Finally, he took the cellphone out of his pocket and called the number.



“Yes?” the woman answered.

The sound of her voice set his heart racing. “It’s me,” he said.

“Who?”

“The guy at Bergdorf Goodman”

“I was hoping you would call.”

“Really?”

“Yes. That’s why I gave you my number.”

*Of course she wanted you to call. She’s a hooker.* “Well, I—uh.”

“Do you want to come visit me?”

“Uh—yeah.”

She gave him the address of her apartment on The Upper East Side.

Clark’s heart was still racing when he disconnected the call. He had to make a good impression even if he was going to visit a hooker. She was high class and likely had a clientele to match. She might turn him away if his appearance wasn’t appropriate. He showered and shaved, brushed his teeth, and splashed on cologne. He put on his job interview suit, but no tie.

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On the way to the rendezvous, he stopped at an ATM and withdrew all of the eight-hundred dollars in his checking account. Maybe that would be enough for fifteen minutes or so. He stopped at a drug store and bought condoms for the first time in his life. He felt conspicuous carrying a box of condoms in the little see-through plastic bag, so he discarded the bag and stuffed the condoms into a jacket pocket.

He felt a deepening anxiety as he approached the luxury building on East 75th Street. He was certain he’d be turned away, but the guard at the reception desk, who could see him through the glass entrance door, buzzed him into the lobby and politely asked him which apartment he was visiting. He told the guard where he was going, and after signing the guest register, he was allowed to proceed.

He emerged from the elevator on the top floor. He could feel his heart thumping as he went from door to door, searching for the right apartment. Finding it, he hesitated. It wasn’t too late to turn back. He’d still be a virgin, but he could say he hadn’t paid for pussy. On the other hand, what he paid for was his. Neil couldn’t step in and snatch it away. He rang the doorbell. A moment later the door opened and she was there, a stunning vision in a little floral-print dress.

She smiled and said, “Come in.”

Trembling, he followed her into a sparsely but expensively furnished living room that was bigger than his whole apartment. The room had a glistening hardwood floor and a panoramic window.

At the couch in the center of the room, she said, “Please sit.”

He sat stiffly on one end of the couch. She relaxed on the other end. “My name is Maritza,” she said.

“I’m Clark,” he replied.

“I’m pleased to meet you, Clark. I’m glad you could come over. I wasn’t sure whether I would stay in or go out for the evening.”

“I’ve got eight-hundred dollars. How much—uh—time will that buy?”

She smiled softly. “I’m not a prostitute.”

He blushed with embarrassment. “Oh my god! I’m so sorry!”

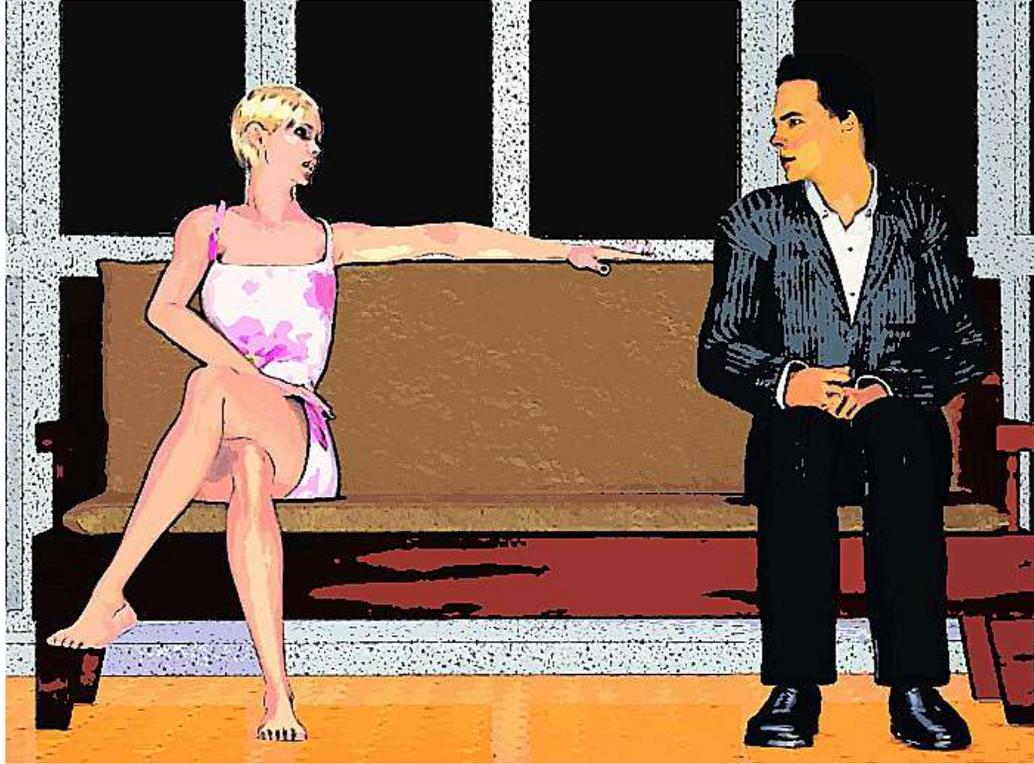
“Don’t worry about it. It was an honest mistake.”

“So you invited me here to . . .?”

“To fuck.”

“But you said you’re not a—.”

“Women who are not whores also fuck.”



“But you don’t even know me.”

“I know enough.”

“What do you mean?”

“I know you’re a virgin.”

Taken aback, Clark declared unconvincingly, “I’m not a virgin.”

“Yes you are. I could tell by the way you looked at me.”

“Other guys were looking at you, too.”

“They were imagining what it would be like to fuck me. You couldn’t imagine that because you’ve never fucked anybody. Women are a mystery to you.”

Even though what she was saying was all true, it made him feel belittled. “So you invited me here to make fun of me?” he snapped angrily.

“No,” she replied calmly. “I invited you here to fuck. I like being the first woman a man has ever had, before he learns to be dishonest.”

“So you’ve done this before? With a complete stranger, I mean?”

“Yes, but it’s been a while since I’ve met someone suitable.”

“By suitable, you mean—”

“A virgin.”

“I’ve always heard that women prefer guys who know that they’re doing, who know how to make them feel good.”

“You mean give them orgasms. And you’re right. Most women do prefer experienced men. But I’m very sensitive down there. I have orgasms easily. A man’s inexperience isn’t a problem for me.”

“There’s some kind of catch, though, right?”

“I’ll be using you for my own pleasure. You’ll stay only as long as I want you, and when I’m done with you, I won’t see you again. Some men don’t like being used that way. I’ve been turned down more than once.”

He was still in disbelief. “I get to have sex with you, and no strings?”

“On either of us. You can decide to leave at any time, but once you’re out the door, there’s no coming back. You can think it over while we have dinner.”

“Dinner? You made dinner?”

“I assumed you hadn’t eaten when you called. You had too much on your mind to think about food.”

He was amazed at how well she could read him after just one brief encounter on the street.

She stood up and said, “Let’s go to the dining room.” He got up to follow her. She added, “You look nice. I appreciate the effort.”

The small, circular dining room table was set for two. Between the settings was an expensive-looking bottle of wine.

“Do you mind pouring the wine?” Maritza asked. Without waiting for answer, she continued on into the kitchen.

Clark uncorked the wine with the corkscrew that lay on the table beside the bottle. He wasn’t a wine drinker and didn’t know how much to pour. In every picture of a glass of wine he’d ever seen, the glass was half full, so he filled each glass half way.

Maritza returned from the kitchen carrying a bowl of pasta primavera. “Sit down,” she said to Clark, and he complied, sitting stiffly.



As Maritza spooned pasta primavera onto his plate, he remarked, “That looks delicious.” “I enjoy cooking,” she replied. “More so when I can do it for someone.”

She was sublimely beautiful, she'd made dinner for him, and she was going to let him fuck her. All because he was a virgin. This was insane. Maybe she was insane. Thoughts of torture and murder ran through his mind. He'd seen news reports about such things.

As she started putting food on her own plate, he asked, "You—you're not planning to kill me, are you?"

"What?" She was more amused than offended.

"Things that seem too good to be true usually are."

"*Usually* are. There are exceptions to that rule." She took her seat at the table.

"Women don't give away pussy to strangers."

"I'm not giving pussy. I'm getting dick. That means we fuck when *I* want to and only when *I* want to."

Clark had no problem with that. "Okay."

They ate quietly for a while, but Clark wanted to know more about Maritza. He asked, "What do you do? For a living, I mean?"

"I have an inheritance," she replied. "It allows me to enjoy life."

"What did you do before you started—enjoying life?"

"I was a university student."

"So you started doing what you do after you graduated?"

"Another tell-tale sign of a virgin."

"What is?"

"You feel you should know something about me if we're going to fuck."

He thought he'd made another misstep. "I didn't mean to pry."

"Don't be sorry. It's good that you feel that way about the first woman you fuck. It's sad you won't feel that way about the second."

"Yes I will."

"Maybe in your head, but not in your heart."

Clark didn't question her anymore. Maritza was smart but she didn't know everything. He was certain he would respect every woman he had sex with.

Maritza was first to finish eating, and she waited for Clark to finish. When he was done, she asked, "What have you decided?"

"It's really up to me?"

"Yes." She sat impassively waiting for his decision, as if she didn't care if he stayed or not.

Clark had so many unasked questions that he hadn't given any thought to the decision. Was finally losing his virginity worth allowing himself to be used a woman's plaything? Even one as exquisitely beautiful as Maritza? Some guys might've been prideful enough to say no, but Clark wasn't one of them, not when it meant he would finally become a real man.

"I'd like to make love to you," he said meekly.

"You're not going to make love to me," Maritza corrected. "You're a virgin. You don't know how to make love. You're going to fuck me." She got up from the table. "This way."

Maritza led him along the hallway to her bedroom. At the center of the room was a large round bed with a single oversized pillow. There was no other furniture in the room, and there were no electronic devices, not even a clock.

"I've never seen a round bed before," Clark remarked.

"I like to sprawl when I sleep," Maritza replied.

She unzipped her dress and let it slide off her body to the hardwood floor. Naked, she was even more sensually overwhelming than when he encountered her at Bergdorf's. Her pale skin was like porcelain. She was visual poetry.

"You can take your clothes off now," she said, bringing him out of his trance.

He remembered the condoms in his jacket pocket and took them out. "I've got protection."

"No," Maritza declined. "I want your flesh to touch mine, the way nature intends."

"You don't practice safe sex?"

"The advantage of fucking only virgins is I know they're clean, and I stay clean. And I have a contraceptive implant to prevent other problems."

"Uh—okay." He put the condoms back into his pocket.

Maritza got onto the bed and lay on her back with her knees up and her thighs apart. Her head rested on the pillow. Her labia were slightly parted, revealing a pink slit. Clark's dick swelled painfully in his briefs.

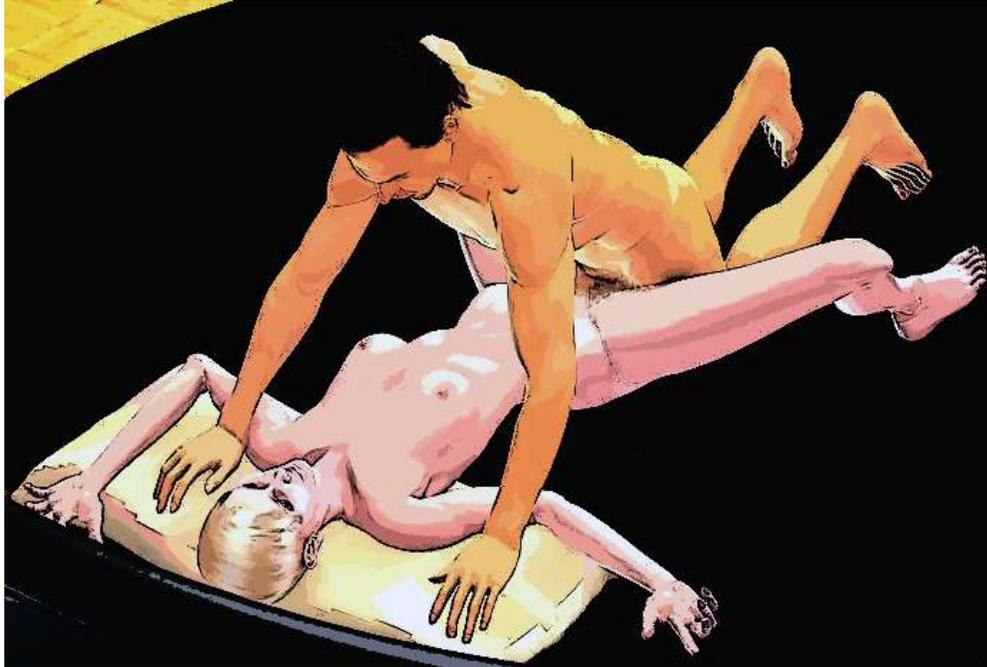
He was so nervous that he had trouble getting out of his clothes. Maritza watched him with amusement. If she'd had any doubts about his virginity, his clumsiness surely expelled them. But no matter. He was getting naked for a reason other than taking a shower, and his dick would finally have a playmate other than his right hand.

Clark got between Maritza's thighs on his knees. Surprisingly, she didn't offer any assistance or give him any instructions like he'd heard an experienced woman would do with an inexperienced guy. He'd have to figure things out on his own.

He tried holding her up by the waist. That would've worked if he'd been stronger or if she'd been petite like Polly, but she was too heavy for him.



He decided that it was more practical to bring his groin down to hers. He needed three tries before finding her vagina and pushing his dick into its warm wetness. The snug fit made Maritza wince.



“I’m inside a woman!” he blurted.

“Yes you are,” she replied.

“Is it okay? It doesn’t hurt or anything, does it?”

“It’s fine.”

In his excitement, he started babbling. “My dick is pretty big. In my high school gym class mine was the biggest. We all showered together—just the guys, not the girls. That’s how I know. Not that I was checking out the other guys’ dicks.”

“Clark,” Maritza interrupted, “we can lie here and talk, or we can take advantage of this situation.”

He knew he was supposed to thrust. But what did she like? Fast or slow? Deep or shallow? Again, she didn’t offer any guidance.

He started slowly. She moaned softly. He speeded up a little, and then a little more. She closed her eyes and said, “*Ah, yes.*”

Did that mean she wanted him to stay at this speed, or go faster? Fucking was more complicated than he expected. He decided to stay at the same speed. Bliss spread across Maritza’s face. He settled into a rhythm. He was fucking! Actually fucking!

Maritza’s eyes suddenly opened. She gritted her. Her legs clamped around Clark’s waist and she gripped his shoulders. Her chest heaved with her heavy breathing. Her entire body quivered. He stopped thrusting, and she relaxed beneath him.

“Was that an orgasm?” he asked.

She nodded with a pleased grin.

“Wow!” He beamed with pride until he realized he didn’t know what he was supposed to do next. “Are we finished?”

“Did you come?”

“Uh—no.” His dick was still hard inside her pussy.

She looked at him with raised eyebrows. After a perplexed moment, he realized he should continue fucking.

She quickly had another orgasm. He stopped again but was uncomfortable this time because his dick had gotten so big and hard inside her that it felt as if it had become petrified.

When she had her third orgasm, he couldn't stop. He had to relieve the unbearable pressure in his dick and balls and loins. She pulled him down and clamped her arms around him. Her staccato grunts in his ear made him thrust harder and faster. Her back arched, lifting him, and she shuddered violently beneath him.

His release was like a shockwave. He reared up, and his body locked as his bulging dick discharged into Maritza's pussy, not once, not twice, but three times. As Maritza settled back to the bed, his softened dick, sticky with a coating of their combined juices, slipped out of her pussy. He crumpled beside her.

Sweaty and breathless, he muttered, "That was. . . That was. . ."

"There's nothing like the feeling of that first *real* orgasm," she said, implying that she knew he'd been masturbating in lieu of fucking.

Once he'd caught his breath, he asked, "Should I leave now?"

"Do you want to leave now?" she replied.

"No."

"Then let's give your dick some time to recover."

"We're gonna do it again?"

"I assume you'd like to make up for all that lost time."

"Yeah, I guess I would." He hadn't considered the possibility that she'd want him to fuck her more than once.

She turned on her side to face him. He turned on his side to face her.

"I know there's a lot on your mind right now," she said. "So let's talk."

"You're so beautiful!" he replied.

"Thank you."

"But you already know that."

"I've been told that on occasion."

Her physical beauty was so distracting that conversing with her instead of fixating on her looks required his full concentration. "I didn't think my first time would be like this."

"How did you think it would be?"

"I'd meet a girl in a bar who'd had too much to drink, and we'd do it in a bathroom."

"Is that what you would've liked, a quickie in a toilet with an inebriated girl?"

"Guys like me don't have much of a choice. We don't float women's boats."

"You floated mine."

"You said you wanted to have sex with me because I'm—because I was a virgin."

"The way you looked at me—your eyes—made me wet."

"My eyes?"

"Your virgin eyes."

He didn't know what she meant, but if that's what got him into her good graces, he was grateful for it. "I looked at you that way because you're perfect." He let his eyes roam over her body, noticing every detail, from the luster of her hair to the shade of the polish on her toenails. "You're perfect."

She didn't interrupt his reverie.

After a respite, Clark's dick became hard again. Maritza turned on her back, drew her feet up, and spread her thighs as wide as she could. Clark accepted the invitation. With a better understanding of where a woman's vaginal opening was located and realizing he should use his

hand to insert his dick instead of trying to position his groin in just the right place, he had an easier entry on this second round. Maritza threw her arms back across the pillow and let him do his work.

They also had a third round, after which Clark asked questions and Maritza gave him straight answers: She was born in Holland, but she considered herself an international person because she had residences in a dozen countries, and she lived wherever her mood took her. Currently, she was in a New York mood. She'd lost her own virginity at age fourteen, when she seduced the husband of the headmistress of the boarding school she attended. She'd had a series of "experienced" lovers before she discovered the emotional fulfillment of being the first woman a man had ever fucked. And she didn't know if there were any other women out there like her.

By the fourth round, Clark's plumbing was strained. He had to resort to deep, pounding thrusts to get his dick to pop. The heavy action set off an orgasmic seizure in Maritza that lingered after Clark had squirted what little semen he could muster. When she was able to talk, she said with satisfaction, "I think we're done."

Expecting to go home, Clark pulled his still-enlarged and stinging dick out of her pussy and struggled off the bed.

Maritza continued, "You can sleep in the guest room across the hall. You'll find toiletries in the guest bathroom."

"You want me to stay?"

"Do you want to leave?"

"No."

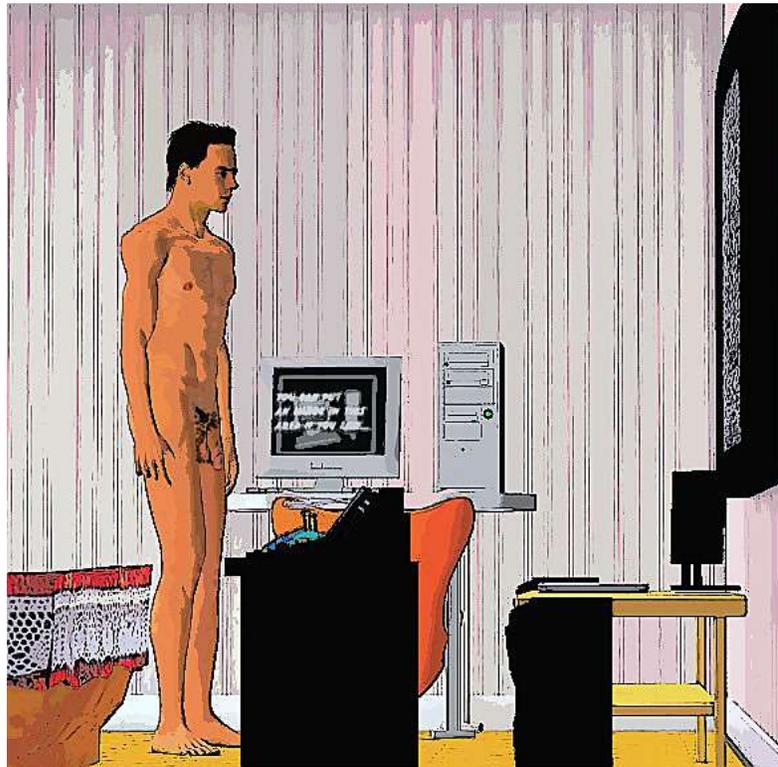
"When you wake up in the morning, come and find me. I like morning sex." She exhaled and curled into a fetal position with her hands on her pussy. "Turn out the light, please."

Grateful for being allowed to spend the night but disappointed at not being allowed to share Maritza's bed, he gathered up his clothes and shoes from the floor. Letting him share her bed would've been an indication that she cared about him, but she'd said up front that she was using him for her own pleasure—and he'd agreed to that.



He had to gaze on her one more time before turning out the light. He thought about how his friends in high school had lost their virginity in their cars and how his college buddies made out in their dorm rooms. He'd just fucked a woman more beautiful than he'd dared to dream, in her house, in her bed. His friends had crawled on the ground; he had soared through the stratosphere.

He switched off the light and crossed the hall to the guest room. The room had a regular king-size bed. Mounted on the wall in front of the bed was a hundred-inch plasma screen TV. There were also a music system, a video game console, and a desktop computer on a stand.



“A man cave!” he muttered. His disappointment at not being allowed to sleep with Maritza was soothed.

In the adjoining guest bathroom, with marble tiles and counter tops and replete with an assortment of high-end men’s toiletries, he pissed and washed the crust off his dick at the sink. After brushing his teeth, he returned the bedroom and flopped down on the cushy bed.

He was too worked-up to sleep. His mind tried to reconcile his mundane life with the fairy tale he was experiencing. A guy who had been striking out since junior high school, who couldn’t even get lucky with the uninhibited girls at college spring break, had won the favors of a breathtakingly beautiful woman with just the look in his eyes. He is The Ugly Duckling, The Frog Prince, and Cinderella all rolled into one. Maritza had made it clear that his fairy tale wouldn’t last long, but each minute with her was worth a year with someone else.

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When Clark opened his eyes the next morning to see that he wasn’t in his own apartment, he realized what had happened the night before hadn’t been a dream. Maritza was real and everything he’d done with her had been real.

He bounded off the bed and relieved himself in the guest bathroom. He wiped dick and gave his ass a thorough cleaning. Then, as instructed, he went looking for Maritza, his dick stiffening in anticipation.

He found her in the kitchen, illuminated by the morning light coming in through the floor-to-ceiling window. She was chopping fruit on a cutting board on the kitchen counter and placing the pieces onto two crepes. She was naked and as captivating as ever. He had to stand and just admire this unworldly vision.



When she noticed him and his hard dick, she said “Good morning. I see you’re well rested.”

“Is there anything I can help with?” he asked.

“There’s a pitcher of orange juice in the refrigerator,” she replied.

Clark took the juice to the table, where Maritza had placed eating utensils and drinking glasses. Still trying to make a good impression, he filled the glasses without being told. But he couldn’t keep his eyes off Maritza, and he stood watching her as she spooned whipped cream onto the crepes and folded them.

“Sit down,” she said to Clark, as she brought the crepes to the table.

When he sat down, his hard dick stood straight up. Maritza put the crepes on the table.

Instead of sitting in the other chair, she straddled Clark and slowly lowered herself onto his dick. He could feel the head of his dick rubbing against the wall of her vagina. She exhaled when his dick was firmly in place.

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