

Chapter 10

Promises Kept

Silver left the highway and pulled into the parking lot of a Ramada just off the exit. Not luxury, but better than a Motel 6. He was feeling a bit apprehensive. Gwendolyn had set a high bar.

“Listen, Dan, honey,” she leaned towards him after the car had come to a stop. “Don’t worry about a fucking thing.” She kissed him on the mouth, a tattooed hand pressing each side of his face. “Really.” Then she lit what remained of the roach. “Breathe fucking deep and think happy thoughts.”

He stepped out of the Prius, wobbling a bit. “Jesus, I’m high.”

Gwendolyn took his arm and they headed for the lobby.

The desk clerk stared at the pair, or maybe at Gwendolyn’s tattoos. He was a young man, but his oiled black hair and narrow tie suggested a certain premature seediness.

“You got a problem?” she asked.

He was, at first, a bit flustered, but then regained his composure. “No problem, ma’am, but no rooms either unless you got a reservation.” He leaned forward as if imparting confidential information. “Everybody’s on the road. We been full every night.”

Gwendolyn turned to Silver. “Give me your wallet, honey.” Not thinking twice, he handed it to her. She pulled out a twenty and laid it on the counter.

“What’s that?” the clerk asked.

“Our reservation.” The man considered for a moment and put the bill in his pocket.

“Credit card, drivers license.”

Gwendolyn took these from the wallet and handed them to the clerk.

“Nonsmoking,” said Silver.

“They’re all nonsmoking unless people smoke in ‘em.”

Silver nodded. In his current state, the observation made a good deal of sense. The clerk pushed a registration form across the counter.

Gwendolyn put a pen in Silver’s hand and pointed to where initials and a signature were needed.

“217,” said the man, handing over a small folder with key cards. “Elevator down the hall.” He pointed. “Enjoy.”

Gwendolyn blew the man a kiss as she and Silver headed down a carpeted hallway towards the elevator. “Weird guy,” she said as the door noisily slid open.

The ride up one floor took forever, or at least it seemed that way to Silver. He couldn’t take his eyes off Gwendolyn. She smiled. “We’re going to have fun, honey. Trust me.”

Strangely, he did trust her.

“Almost there,” she told him as they exited the elevator. Looking down at the carpet Silver wasn’t quite sure what was stains and what was carpet. Gwendolyn held a key card near the doorknob. There was an electronic click, and they were in. Silver set down his bags and fell backward onto the bed. Gwendolyn shed her heels and joined him.

“Tonight’s going to be a good night,” she sang, rather convincingly.

She knelt, straddling his body, and continued singing, “Tonight’s going to be a good good night.”

Gwendolyn leaned over Silver and planted a deep kiss on his mouth. He felt the row of pearls spiked to her tongue slide between his lips. Hard little spheres pressed insistently against wet flesh. That unfamiliar touch was electric, transmitting waves of dizzying heat through a thousand conduits to faraway regions of Silver’s body.

Silver allowed himself sink into this realm of pure sensation, releasing his grip on thought and surrendering to instinct.

A moment later, Gwendolyn was standing next to the bed. The halter top fell to the floor, the shorts, and then the panties. Gwendolyn posed for him, front and back.

Silver was mesmerized. Her body was a carnival of jungle creatures, tropical flowers, and native ladies.

“Rousseau!” said Silver, recognizing the work.

“You bet.” Her lips formed a warm smile. “Always been a fan.”

“Me too, really.” He looked up at her from where he lay on the bed. “They’re beautiful.” The words fell short of what he wanted to express. “Really, astonishingly beautiful.” He paused. “And you’re beautiful.”

He was surprised by his own words. They’d come from a well of honesty deep within him. He’d said exactly what he felt in the moment. It was a bit unlike him.

She offered a teasing smile. “I’m happy you like.”

Silver’s attention was drawn to the snakes. They emerged from a large green jewel embedded in her navel and crawled downward to circle the opening of her vagina. The creatures slithered across her thighs and abdomen, waiting their turn to enter the lair. All bore faces suggesting a human spirit. Two snakes had already made it inside, with only their tails visible against Gwendolyn’s shaved flesh.

Silver reached out to touch the creatures. What he felt was her moist skin.

“It’s all a matter of dedication,” she told him as she pulled up on his polo to remove it. “Tattoos, abs, art. We’re born without boundaries. We make our own limitations or we can choose to live without them. It just takes commitment.”

Silver supposed that was true, but he thought that commitment had

its dangers.

Gwendolyn unbuckled Silver's belt, unzipped the fly, and pulled his jeans down to his sneakers. The Calvins were next. It didn't seem to Silver that she needed his help, and he didn't really feel like moving.

"What's his name?" she asked.

"Lance."

"That's good! I like it."

Lance was at full attention. Gwendolyn leaned in to kiss the stiff soldier. She pummeled Lance's soft helmet with the pearls of her tongue. She let the hard shaft slip deeper into her mouth, in and out, her moist lips enveloping the thin skin. And, when finally Lance bumped against the back of Gwendolyn's mouth, her throat opened to welcome him. Without thinking, Silver reached up a hand and entwined his fingers in the purple strands of her hair, pulling her head down towards him.

Silver would have been content to remain forever, luxuriating one moment in the sweet sensation of Gwendolyn's throat around Lance's head, and the next, feeling her lips running smoothly up and down the length of Lance's stiffness. Pulses of pleasure radiated throughout Silver's body. This was the very distillate of sensation, the essence of eros. Each wave took Silver further from the earth and closer to the moon. After some time, Gwendolyn lifted her head, smiled at him, and slid herself forward.

"You know what I think," she whispered, her nose nearly up against Silver's. "I think it's time we hop in the shower. What do you think, big boy?"

Silver wrapped an arm around the back of Gwendolyn's neck and drew her mouth towards his lips. He was feeling it. He was definitely feeling it. Gwendolyn did not seem at all a stranger. They were fellow travelers, humans sharing a chance intimacy, congregants bonding over life's paramount sacrament. The

difference in their ages could not have been further from Silver's mind.

"Shower sounds good," he said when their lips parted, but when he attempted to move, he found himself immobilized by inertia.

She laughed and tugged on his arm. In a moment, Silver was sitting upright on the edge of the bed. She pulled off his sneakers and socks, then the Calvins and the jeans that had fallen around his ankles. Silver basked in the languid pleasure of having his clothing taken from him. As she leaned down, he had a view of the tattoos on her back. The inhabitants of the jungle were both colorful and primitive. Two tigers played under his gaze. Silver had the thought that he and Gwendolyn belonged in the scene. They, too, were animals, and certainly she was as colorful as any of the creatures.

She guided the now naked Silver towards the bathroom. "Tonight's going to be a good night."

Silver sang too, but a little off-key, "Tonight's going to be a good good night."

There was no bathtub, but the shower was plenty roomy for two. Gwendolyn pulled the wrapper from a bar of hotel soap that lay at the edge of the sink. She turned on the shower, tested the water against the back of her hand, then pulled Silver into the warm rain. Only when he was fully drenched did she turned off the water and begin to lather him.

Silver leaned back against the wall of the stall as Gwendolyn reached a soapy hand between his legs. "Can't forget the Ball Brothers, can we?"

Silver had been about to say something in reply, but when her hand closed on the brothers, it was as if she'd stolen his voice.

Gwendolyn soaped Lance with one hand and the brothers with the other. "Got to get the boys clean," she said. Silver savored the touch of her slippery fingers.

After a while Silver took the soap from her. He lathered his own

hands and plunged one into the snake pit. “Oh, shit,” she said, not too quietly, clutching Silver against her wildly tattooed body. “Oh fucking shit.”

Silver explored the fleshy folds and felt her shudder against his touch, spasms that stoked his own desire. He pressed her against the hard wet shower wall with the weight of his body. Soon her fingers covered his, pushing them exactly where she wanted them to be, where she needed them to be. “Oh, that’s so good baby, right there.”

Two sets of squirming fingers played in the soapy pit as warm water rained over the pair. Time was someplace else.

“Okay, honey,” she said after a while, speaking quietly in Silver’s ear, water dripping down both their faces. “Hate to break the mood, but we missed a spot.” She turned him around to face the tiled wall. “Don’t want any dirty assholes, do we baby? So just bend over for mama.”

Silver didn’t need a second invitation. He felt a slender, soapy finger push inside. “Nice and clean,” she said as she gently massaged his prostate. A second finger joined the first. “You like that, honey. I know you like that.”

She gave just a little extra push. He wasn’t quite sure if what he felt was pain.

“You know why I want it clean, honey?”

Silver was on another planet. Gwendolyn answered her own question.

“Because Mama knows exactly what you like.”

A moment later Silver felt Gwendolyn’s warm tongue plunge deep inside his anus, pearls pushing out against the firm walls. The sensation was exquisitely unbearable and growing more intense as her tongue probed.

“See,” she said after the tongue retreated, “Mama knows.”

Silver didn't disagree.

"We ready?"

Silver was beyond ready.

The two stepped out of the shower and she dried him with one of the hotel towels.

"Told you it was going to be a good night, honey. A good good night."

She pushed Silver onto the bed. He lay there and watched as she took a condom from her handbag, unwrapped it, and let it disappear into her mouth. Her lips then fell on Lance, and when her face reappeared, Lance was wrapped in latex. "Magic," she said, smiling.

Gwendolyn knelt, a knee on either side of the naked Silver. With her hand, she moved Lance's latex covered head around the rim of the snake pit. "You like that honey?" she asked, looking into his eyes for an answer. "You like that?"

Silver's eyes said yes.

"And this?" her pelvis rocked forward, and plunging Lance headlong into the moist pit. She pressed her hands against the tightly wound gray curls of Silver's bare chest and arched her back. "Don't you come, baby, not your time. You just hang in. But I'm fucking coming— I'm going to come— coming— coming— right— now."

Gwendolyn's body tensed. "Awwww..... baby... ohhhh.... shit.... yeeeeee..." Silver felt her erupt, but it was Lance, deep in the snake pit, who felt every pulse and spasm of the woman's orgasm.

Not that it was Silver's first rodeo, of course, but there was something about Gwendolyn that made the ride feel entirely original. Silver didn't want to think it made any difference, but he liked the woman; liked her purple hair, liked the tats, liked the abs. He preferred to think that it didn't matter who he was fucking, but

he couldn't deny the reality when someone like Gwendolyn came along. Feeling the woman come was like holding a beating heart in his hands.

"Hold me, honey," she said. She was no longer kneeling over Silver, but lying next to him. "Hold me tight, baby, I want to be held."

Silver drew Gwendolyn into the concavity of his body, his thick chest against her tattooed back. His hands naturally falling on her breasts, his fingers playing with an erect nipple. The turgid Lance slipped easily into its wet home between her legs.

"Oh, that's good, honey, just like that."

Silver ran a hand over the front of her gym-rat body. "Fucking amazing."

"Mmmm..."

Lance moved gently in and out. Silver basked in the dizzying fever of his arousal.

"Feels good, honey," she said. "Now, don't move."

Silver felt the woman's vaginal walls tighten. Neither one of them moved. It was if the Rousseau snakes had wrapped themselves around Lance, urging him gently towards orgasm.

"I'm going to come," said Silver.

"No, baby, not yet". She put a hand on top of Silver's hand, the one that covered her breast. "I want you on top, honey. I want a real fuck."

'A real fuck,' thought Silver. Gwendolyn made it sound elemental, like potatoes dug from the ground or water springing from the earth.

Silver knelt, his knees sinking a little into the mattress. Gwendolyn rolled onto her back and hoisted her legs until they rested on his shoulders.

She looked up at him, displaying a sly smile. "Can do it, old man?"

“Do it, or die trying.” He laughed. Every cell was vibrating. Silver leaned his weight against Gwendolyn’s raised legs, trapping her body against the bed. Lance plunged forward.

“Oh, fuck,” she said. “Oh fucking fuck.”

He began to move. He felt the rhythm. It was like some far-away freight train. There was no telling when it would arrive, but there was certainly no stopping it.

“This feel like a real fuck?” he asked her.

“Yeah, baby, feels like a real fuck. And you know what, honey? We’re going to come together. This is happening, so just don’t get a fucking heart attack.”

He could feel himself getting closer.

“Come on, baby, fuck me now. I want that real fuck. Give me that real hard fuck. Hurt me, baby. I want it.”

The two were moving together now. The freight was barreling down the line.

Silver was at the edge.

“Kiss me baby,” she said. “I want you to kiss me.” Silver leaned forward to meet her lips and, as his tongue slipped into her mouth, he felt it. He was over the edge. It was happening, now, and they both knew it.

Her eyes were wide as their lips parted. “Now!” she said. “Fuck me! Fuck me hard!”

He was suspended weightless within the orgasm. Time had absolutely stopped. Silver held tight to the zoological garden of Gwendolyn’s midsection as their bodies rocked in rhythm.

“Oh shit! Oh fucking God!” Profanities entwined. Dopamine raced through his veins and fed his brain like a shot of heroin. The orgasm went on and on, until Silver was spent as an empty tube of toothpaste.

She felt his heavy breathing against her back. “You okay?”
He was asleep.