

New Taboo Fiction #1

THE PRICE IS NEVER TOO HIGH By Richard E. Geis

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As she sucked she rested on her right side in the antique, four-posted bed. She wore embroidered, red silk pajamas which had been flung open to reveal magnificent, fat-nippled, surgically enhanced breasts.

Her succulent, moving mouth was full of Robert's organ, again driving him crazy with lust and again reminding him of the importance of spewing his juice into her waiting, eager throat.

He stood, trembling, at the bedside as she worked, yet he was not surprised when she stopped momentarily and asked, "How is my appearance?"

He whispered reassuringly to her, "My love, you are as beautiful as ever."

Donna de Lavelle was somewhat reassured. Yet Robert was 51, and had been saying the same words to her for twenty-nine years. How many thousands of times? But, more important, he still had a lot of precious fluid in him each time she drained him, though now it took him a week to accumulate it.

She resumed, in ways she knew he loved. She felt the tell-tale signals as his orgasm surged to unstoppable pleasure. She moaned with her own unique emotional gratification as he shook and hissed in his sweet agony.

Donna swallowed and swallowed and hoped for one more spurt. But he was done, making that wrenching groan which signaled the end of his contribution.

She settled back into the bed, licked her wet, red lips, and said, "You still taste sweet, after all these years."

He said, "I still think it's the pomegranate juice I drink every morning."

She sighed. The same response to her same, habitual comment. She was so bored with him ... and with herself. She watched as Robert adjusted his clothing. She said, "Send in the first one."

Robert nodded and left the ornate bedroom.

Donna posed herself amid the silken, pale green sheets, the flowered blanket, the purple comforter, the long, fringed, purple pillows. She let her red silk pajama top remain wide open. She

waited, and as she waited she gathered the remnant film of Robert's semen in her mouth and swallowed the enriched saliva.

A moment later a tall, blond, skinny young man in jeans and a hooded yellow sweatshirt swaggered into the bedroom. His calculating eyes took in her partial nakedness, and he grinned. "Hey. Understand you wanna give a blow-job."

"Yes. And I don't want to wait." She held out open arms. She spoke the magic American words: "I want to suck you off and swallow."

"Yeah?" He edged forward, looking around the large, 18th Century decorated room. "Where's the camera?"

"There is no camera. It is that I am insatiable. I am a nymphomaniac. I am a compulsive cock sucker. Come to me ... and come."

He snickered, shrugged and came to the bed. "Okay, honey, I'll give it a shot." He unbuckled and pushed down his jeans and blue briefs. His white cock flopped down and out, hardening visibly. "But I don't want you to blow me. I want to fuck your mouth!"

Donna was mildly surprised and grateful. Something a bit different for a change. She said, "Yes. I'd like that."

When he had stripped naked she welcomed him into her bed with gentle, fluttery touches which hardened him to throbbing steel. She sank into her pillows and opened her succulent mouth. She enticingly licked her lips.

He positioned over her, astride her hips. He filled his hands with her soft-firm breasts and squeezed so that her big, pink nipples seemed to pop up at him. He smiled. "Want me to suck your nips?"

"No. I want you to fuck my mouth. I'll give you heaven." She pried his hands away. "Come up here. Feed me that nice, fat cock."

"No foreplay, huh? Most girls --- "

"Do what you said you'd do! I want your juice! Let me deep throat you!"

"Huh! Fucking amazing." He knee-walked higher and unceremoniously shoved himself into her mouth. Then deeper as she began her usual tongue, cheek and mouth techniques. Few men could resist the swift rise of pleasure and the lure of her willing throat where they sensed lay even more thrilling sensations.

She knew immediately this one would be easy and quick. Within a minute he was panting and thrusting all he had into her sweet, soft, wet, hot mouth. His loins pounded her head into her pillows while overhead he growled, "Oh, sweet Jesus! Oh, fuck! Oh,

fuck fuck fuck!”

Donna used her irresistible throat spasm trick and heard him make a weird male scream as he stopped thrusting and remained as if paralyzed, every possible inch of his pulsing organ buried in her flexing mouth and throat.

She received what she wanted so fervently: globs of hot semen.

And then he rolled aside, suddenly dull-eyed, overwhelmed, able only to softly vent the usual curse words.

She swallowed the dregs and said, “That was good. If you want it to happen again, tell Robert when you leave. He’ll tell you when to return.”

The young man could only stare at her. “Fucking amazing.”

“I’m glad you liked it. You can get dressed now. I believe there is at least one other young man waiting.”

“Fucking amazing!”

Three minutes later, Donna watched the young blond man wave as he left. He said, “See you again, honey.”

“I hope so.” Donna didn’t know his name. Names were irrelevant. She was thankful the blond hadn’t been impelled to give his name. Most of the men she sucked insisted on being on a first name basis with her, especially the regulars. But she never gave her true first name.

Sometimes they were puzzled and irritated about her lack of personal interest in them. Some of them became very angry that she would suck them off and yet not want to know them. It was an ego thing, she knew. A self-worth thing. They didn’t want to be just a piece of nameless meat.

Donna laughed.

Sometimes she pretended to be interested in their incredibly dull, ordinary, repetitious lives. What did it matter? It was a waste of time, but she supposed they earned that, if they insisted. Just so they gave her their semen.

And if a true emergency involving one of these cum cows ever developed, there was always good old Robert, her “husband”, waiting in the next room, with his hidden gun.

She very rarely felt like answering their inevitable questions. The same old questions she’d heard thousands of times. This last cock mercifully hadn’t cared enough to ask anything. He had been just another bull she had milked.

She sipped from a glass of bedside wine and glanced at her

watch. It was almost seven. The traffic sounds from Park Avenue far below were softer now, less strident.

Donna thought of the formal party she would attend later --- after this period of necessary “medications” was over. She had four more young Americans to drain.

Robert ushered in a very tall, slender, alert, thirtyish man dressed in brown slacks, a tan sports shirt, a green sweater, brown loafers, and a black-green-white backpack.

She instantly knew he was a man of quality and smiled in anticipation. She moved to allow her open pajama top to reveal fully her lovely breasts. She asked, “What did Robert tell you?”

The man began to undress. “He said to get my penis out, let you give me oral sex, and leave. No kissing, no touching, no romance, no talk unless you talked first.”

Ordinarily she would have nodded or said simply ‘yes’ and let it happen as programmed. But this one had inquisitive blue eyes. He observed and came to conclusions. She liked his voice, his subtle intonations, his body language. He wasn’t afraid of her, and he was sure of himself.

Donna said impulsively, “Sometimes I like to talk a bit. What do you think this is about? What’s your name?”

“Kenny.” He shrugged off his backpack, stepped out of his slacks and draped them carefully over an ornate chair. “I heard what that goof in the yellow sweatshirt had to say as he left. I was waiting in the library and he had to come in and brag. You have interesting reading tastes, by the way.”

When Donna didn’t comment, Kenny continued. “I don’t think you’re crazy or perverted. I think this is somehow a vital ... I’m guessing ... a weird nutritional slash medical situation for you. You have to have I’d guess you have to have a certain amount of sperm every day, or every week. But I’ve never heard of a real medical condition like that.”

Surprised, she said, “You’re very imaginative.” Perhaps, she thought, he was too perceptive. But she hoped he could be recruited as a regular. She had learned long ago that quality ‘regulars’ were preferable to a problematic stream of new males.

Kenny slid down his briefs and looked a question.

She said, “Yes, come to me.”

He nodded. He stepped out of his briefs. He didn’t try to talk. Some men could not shut up. Some cried or moaned or bellowed in climax. Some were too embarrassed to get an erection, no matter

what she did. A few even tried to deny her their 'precious bodily fluid'.

Donna patted the bed and said, "Lie here --- on your back."

He obeyed, propped his head up on a fat pillow, and locked his fingers under his head. He watched her as if a scientist.

She straddled his legs, touched him with feathery fingertips and watched happily as he hardened to at least seven inches. She asked, "When did you last have sex?"

"About two weeks ago. I've got a full tank waiting."

She smiled. "Good. We'll both get what we want." She grasped him gently and licked up and down the underside of his length, especially the extremely sensitive triangular underside of the head.

She heard the tell-tale catch in his breathing and felt the tension in his belly, and she smiled with satisfaction as his organ leaped in reaction to the exquisite tickling of her tongue.

She took her time. The moment came when she simply, finally, engulfed him with her hot, ravenous mouth and gluttonous throat. Her tongue was demonic as it lashed and slithered in a welter of frothy saliva.

At the finish his hands fiercely gripped the bedclothes, his hips leaped frantically to drive his rigid, pulsing organ farther into her greedy, swooping mouth, and his blue eyes goggled with amazement and from overwhelming pleasure.

He cried out, "Oh, my God! Oh my God!" as his semen jetted deep into her flexing, swallowing throat as her head rose and fell ... rose and fell ...

After Kenny had given her what she needed, she was extremely gratified at the volume. She wanted him often!

She held him with soft, white, ruby ringed fingers and licked for the last drop. She smiled and whispered, "That was good. Your tank was very full."

He lay limp, sighing in his afterglow. He said, smiling, "The phrase 'fucking amazing!' comes to mind."

"Will you want to be sucked off again? Another day?"

"Yes, of course. Put me down for once a week for the next fifty years."

"Do you mean that? Kenny, I'd love you to be one of my regulars."

"You mean I have to share you?" He chuckled at her frown.

"Joke." He continued, "I might. Be a regular. You're a beautiful woman and you are superb at what you do."

"Thank you." She continued to cradle his softened organ in

gentle, affectionate hands, signaling she was in no hurry for him to leave.

Kenny understood. He said, "There's a male urban myth I've heard, about a woman who, perhaps like you, needs a constant supply of fresh semen to stay alive. Like a vampire."

Donna was surprised, pleased and amused. She laughed. "Really?"

"I've heard it several times." He studied her face. "I didn't believe it. But maybe I should."

"Kenny, I'm not a vampire."

"Of course not. I don't believe in vampires. The biology is impossible. But you have a faint accent, and all those old books of Mexican and Spanish history in your library, and that wall of biological texts, and those racks of genetics periodicals ... make me think."

She said the usual lie: "All those books belong to Robert." She suddenly felt frightened and thrilled. Kenny was very intelligent. Too intelligent? She asked, "What do you think?"

"I think maybe you do need fresh semen; all those millions of living sperm loaded with life, in order to stay alive. But if that's true there's another question."

Donna's heart trembled her body. She said, "I don't think you'd believe me if I told you it was true."

"I think I might. If you could convince me. And if you told me your real age."

She froze. He had guessed.

She said, "Knowledge can be dangerous. But if you really want to know, I'll tell you. I haven't told anyone for a very long time."

He moved to sit up on the bed beside her. He said, "Sure, tell me. But don't tell me you're an alien."

Her cell tinkled in her pajama pocket, vibrating her breast pleasantly. She answered it and told Robert, "I'll need more time with this one. There's no problem."

To Kenny she said, "I don't believe in aliens." She took a deep breath. "The truth about me is that I was imprisoned in Spain when I was twenty years old, for religious crimes, and I was used by everyone, daily, until I stabbed three men who were gang raping me and reached an agreement with all the others. I would give anyone mouth sex, within reason, but kill or be killed if anyone tried to fuck me."

"They put a beautiful young woman into a male prison?"

"There were a few other women, but they were hags. I wasn't

considered to be a woman. I was a confessed blasphemer, an unbeliever, something not quite human, and any use of me was tolerated punishment.”

“Jesus!”

She smiled wryly. “Not even Jesus could help me.”

“What year was this?”

Donna continued. “The prisoners and the guards and the officials concluded that the arrangement was to their advantage. And so for several hours a day, every day, I kept the bargain. I did that for thirty-two years.”

“Thirty two.” Kenny cocked his head.

“Yes. And in their minds it was humorous punishment and a matter of male pride that I not spit their precious semen onto the filthy stone floor. I had to swallow.”

“And what year was this?”

She refused to answer. “I was released when the governor of the prison died and the new, “progressive” governor took pity on me.”

“And how old are you now?”

“I’ll tell you when I tell you. Do not be impatient. Do not behave as an arrogant, commanding man. I have had to deal with far too many of that type.”

Kenny said, “Just natural curiosity.”

She sighed. “I have many, many bad memories. Yet sometimes I feel compelled to tell of my life, perhaps to keep those memories alive as I continue to live. Even horrible memories have value. They give an exquisite value to my current life.”

Kenny said nothing.

Donna smiled faintly. “Out of prison, without a family --- my family had long since renounced me and moved --- and without respectability, without acceptable work, what was I to do?”

He accepted the cue. “I assume you became a prostitute.”

“I soon became notorious in the elite circles of Barcelona for my ‘demon’ mouth. I soon was making huge sums for satisfying wealthy men who protected me from the inquisitors and prosecutors. I owned homes, an estate, respectable businesses. Ironic. My prison skills --- that bargain --- made me a rich woman. And there was one other benefit.”

Kenny said obediently, “What was that?”

“After I was released from that monstrous prison, from that horrible life of endless degradation ---”

He waited.

“I discovered I still looked young. I still looked like a girl. I was fifty-two and I’d lived in squalor and filth for decades, eating bad food and drinking dirty water and had been shamefully used by thousands of men ... and I hadn’t aged! And more --- I realized I hadn’t been sick in all that time, and I hadn’t acquired a sexual disease, while all around me men died by the dozens every week, of dysentery, chancres, malnutrition, infections of every kind, boils --- I had a charmed life.”

Kenny nodded. “I can see where you’re going.”

“I came to the conclusion that, somehow, the large amounts of semen I swallowed every day protected me from sickness, and kept me from aging.”

He said, “Maybe God decided ---”

“I do not believe in God! I have never believed in God!”

“I know. That was another small, bad joke.”

“I am not in a joking mood!” Donna sat, frowning, amid her silken pillows. She reached to a bedside table, took a hand mirror from a drawer, and studied her face. “Yes, I am still young.”

She turned to Kenny with a twisted smile. “All I have to do is take the semen of at least six young men every day. Every day. Every day.”

He said, “Your daily medicine.”

“Yes. I experimented. I discovered I cannot skip more than a week, or I begin to feel ill. My bones begin to ache, my stomach hurts, my muscles weaken. It is something in the sperm. And I must have at least thirty milliliters of fresh, young semen every day, to maintain my health.” She hesitated and whispered, “My immortality.”

Kenny said, “You must have a mutated immune system. Were you ever sick before you were imprisoned?”

“Yes. I had childhood diseases and colds. It is the sperm.”

“Ever had your blood analyzed? Had your DNA examined?”

“I dare not.”

Kenny nodded. “The reason I believe you is when I was a kid my grandfather told me a story told to him when he was a young man by a friend who was told by a friend who had served as a donor for a beautiful young woman who only wanted his ‘prick juice’. That’s all she did.”

“Yes. I am now an urban legend. And not only in this country.”

“I thought my grandfather was joking.”

“I am two hundred thirty-one years old. I was born in seventeen fifty-three.”

“I really believe you.”

“Every twenty years I have identification documents created which prove I am only a young woman who has inherited a large trust fund from an old fortune. I go from country to country.”

“I won’t tell anyone.”

“No one would believe you. Your friends, or the police, or the government. A few young men in the past have gone to the authorities, but to no avail.”

“Of course.”

Kenny and the immortal woman sat in brief silence amid the pillows on the very expensive bed in the very expensively furnished bedroom of the very expensive New York condominium.

Kenny asked, “Is it worth it?”

“The price I pay for my life?”

“Yes.”

“Always. I fear ending far more than what I must do to stay alive and young.”

Donna’s intercom tinkled. She listened and said, “I know. Kenny is about to leave.” She lowered the intercom and said softly to Kenny, “Do you want to visit me again? I hope you do. I like you. I so rarely feel the compulsion to talk ... and reveal myself.” She added, “I’ll need a replacement for Robert in a few years.”

Kenny frowned and shook his head. He left the bed and swiftly dressed. “No. I’m sorry. About taking Robert’s place. It wouldn’t work for me for very long. I couldn’t spend my life helping supply your endless needs and managing your semen suppliers.”

“It pays very well.”

“I’m sure it does. But I have other plans for my life. I think it’s best if I’m only a once-in-a-while visitor.”

Donna smiled sadly and nodded. “I was afraid that would be your answer. Goodbye, Kenny. I enjoyed talking with you.”

“Goodbye and good luck to you. Live long and prosper.”

She said, “Thank you.”

As Kenny closed the bedroom door behind him, Donna lifted the intercom and said, “Send in the next one.”

END STORY