

**Jacqueline and a Sexy Year**

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# FOREWORD

I suppose I spend more time than is quite healthy thinking about sex. All sorts of sex - romantic, adventurous, straight gay, plain perverted, you name it and it's on the menu somewhere. After I have thought, naturally I write about it.

Why write about sex? Because it is tremendous fun, of course. Over the past year I have sat at my computer and written a pile of columns and posts on a whole variety of subjects, as well as my 'proper' work of writing stories.

Just recently, I was looking through the junk in my various files and found some interesting things I had forgotten about. I have collected a few of them together and made a collection you can dip into.

I hope you have as much fun as I did writing it...

*Jacqueline  
Cooktown, Queensland*

# PORN, MEN, ...AND ME?

Everyone can recognise porn when we see it. Porn is sex portrayed in a light so repulsive that we are turned off rather than on. Erotica, which is perfectly acceptable nowadays, does exactly the opposite and erotica is what I read - and write.

Simple, isn't it? I should be a legislator somewhere.

Except, of course, nothing is that simple. After all, one girl's piece of red hot, anal sex might cause her mother to lose her lunch. (Unless, of course, mother has been enjoying just that for years. Now, there's a thought.) So whether a book, film, painting is erotica or porn might depend more on whose panties you are sitting in, as what the work in question actually contains.



Men don't seem to have this problem. They don't agonise over categories; they simply want to know whether it gets them hard or not. I can understand that. Both types set out to get you horny, and the more effectively they do it, the better they are. Trouble is, men get turned on by such terrible *crap*. Go and visit [literotica.com](http://literotica.com). Without being rude to the minority of writers trying new things there, most of the stories are completely terrible. Unrealistic, unimaginative, unsympathetic and, worst of all, badly written. In spite of all that, they are very popular.

Let's face it, if no-one is watching, men would happily pork almost anything. They see nothing wrong with the phrase "home, family, and casual sex with anonymous strangers". Listen - *men think differently*. So you would expect them to like different magazines, different DVDs, and spend too much time surfing around the pornucopia that is the modern internet.

Does that mean men are completely without taste when it comes to sexy reading? I don't think so. They might get turned on by a simple piece of porn, but they also recognise a great erotic novel when they find one.

The real issue here, the piece of grit in the oyster, is how women feel about men and their porn. Many women treat *Penthouse* in much the same way that a Jew might treat a Nazi party manual. They feel threatened. My man is looking at pictures of that slut instead of giving all his attention to me. And she looks terrible. Those stockings are ridiculous. No real woman would ever sit with a leg draped over each arm of her chair. No-one wants to see so *much*.

Except men. Men want to see that much. They think the girls are being very generous, laying out their charms that way. Men love all the pink frilly bits and dream of the opportunity to investigate them in real life. It does not matter that in real life the model might have an unpleasant character or constantly chews gum to keep her few brain cells ticking over, her picture has all of a man's attention. Don't kid yourself that the real thing would not focus his mind even more acutely.

So what should women think of men and their porn? You could join in, I suppose, if you could find something that turned both you and your man on. That works, but it needs a lot of input from the woman and generally we like exciting things to spring out of the blue, not be carefully planned by us.

You could just let him get on with it. After all, it's much better for him to be sitting in his den drooling over unbelievable internet porn stars than chasing around after the dolly birds at the office. It's not as if you lose anything by his hobby; he will still have enough energy for you, if you ever find the time.

Let me tell what the smart woman does about male porn. She learns. If porn is what her man yearns for (and he does, I guarantee), she joins him surfing now and again, picks up some ideas, and then offers him the real thing. Much better than second hand pictures in a magazine or on a computer screen. You know what men respond to, so why are you hanging back? You've heard that porn is addictive, well, now you can be his drug of choice.

Now, before you get all snooty about males and their primitive urges, let me share a few recent erotic romance book covers with you. This is truly fantasyland because, let me assure you, not one in a million cowboys really looks like this! So who are we kidding?



# JACQUELINE IN HEELS



I am sitting at the dining table and waiting. The room is softly lit from the kitchen, and by the toy disco light ball. I bought it today, as he had ordered, and now it is revolving silently on top of the television, whirling spots of coloured light across the walls and ceiling.

As background music, he wanted his old Getz/Gilberto album and I have set it on repeat because I am early. He said he would be back at six-thirty and when he gives a time, he always sticks to it. I am not like that, so obsessed with keeping appointments to the minute, but then, I was not brought up in Germany. Given the choice, I would simply let things happen when they happen, but today I do not have a choice. I have been ready with my nails varnished and my make-up on for about half an hour now.

I am glad I have turned the heating up, because he did not want me to wear any clothes. Only heels, he said. I thought about adding my old fashioned stockings and suspenders. He likes me to wear those, and sometimes I can keep him excited all evening. I decided against them. Just shoes, because I don't want to upset him.

I wonder what he is bringing for me. It must be something special, because he had such a detailed plan. Not simply nice sexy clothes, or jewellery. Or even a new sex toy. He brings me things like that all the time, and today is special. It won't be a porno DVD either, because we do not watch porn so much nowadays. We are too busy doing things to bother watching other people do them.

I wonder... and a shiver runs through me. I wonder if he will be alone. One evening we were curled up on the sofa watching a Spanish porno. Not bad, a little repetitive, but with beautiful historical costumes. It was set in an old country house, and the scene that stayed with me was shot outside, on a vast flagged patio. The aristocratic lady of the house was lying back on a lounge, naked in the sun. Actually, she was lying back on a burly servant who was lying on the lounge, and she was enjoying his cock inserted deep into her bum.

The camera pulled right back, until the two of them were distant figures. In the foreground, another man had arrived and was rapidly stripping off his clothes. The camera followed him as he slowly walked up to the woman and, without saying anything, sank himself into her open pussy.

It made me very excited. I was cuddled up with him and he had two fingers inside me, moving regularly round and round. The porno and his fingers had made me very, very wet. He whispered in my ear "Every woman wonders what that would feel like", and he knew. I would have welcomed another cock right then.

Or he might bring a woman. I have never tried a woman, and only think about it when he gets me hot and tells me stories. Once we were lying together, and he had his fingers in me again. I had already come but he was gently leading me on, slowly, until I was ready to do it again and again. He said, "I want to see you with another girl. I want to see you doing this, diddling her, until you make her come."

"But why?" I asked. "That does nothing for you."

"I want you to know what it is like. I want you to know exactly how I feel when I give you an orgasm."

His car pulls up outside and I rush to answer the door, naked except for the heels he made me buy that afternoon.