

The
DICK WHISPERER



Sarah's not an ordinary girl...

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Chapter 1

Sarah looked at the gold and diamond watch that encircled her freckled pale wrist. He was late, not the greatest sign for a blind date but then again she'd blown through so many dating agencies by now she was either going to have to significantly lower her standards or move to another city.

Please let this one be different.

She absently stirred the slushed ice in her daiquiri with her straw while taking in her surroundings. The bar at the restaurant was adorned with red leather chairs, black marble benches and shining teak hardwood floors. Quiet conversation buzzed from white cloth covered tables through the doorway to her right, underpinned by the sounds of silverware clinking on porcelain plates.

The location had been his idea, and she gave him points for picking somewhere with class. Not that she had a problem with beer and pretzels, just not on a first date.

A moment of doubt assailed her as she turned and caught her reflection in the glass doors that led to the street. What if he wasn't late... what if he'd seen through the doors and decided she was hideous?

Sarah brushed long auburn curls over her shoulder and took a moment to evaluate herself. Pale green eyes stared back at her above the smattering of freckles on her cheeks and nose, giving voice to her half-Irish ancestry. She nodded approvingly, her make-up was perfect, and even she thought she looked good in the little black dress that was hugging her body and showing off a generous amount of breast, well, generous for what she had. She'd made sure she'd groomed all the appropriate parts and was wearing matching underwear, which meant only one thing...

She was having sex tonight. Well, as long as her date didn't fuck it all up.

Ok, so she wasn't the type to normally put out on the first date—especially a blind date—but a girl had needs, and aside from an assortment of toys held in her bottom drawer, this girl hadn't had those needs met in what felt like an eternity.

Sarah's musings were cut short when a figure approached the doors in a single breasted grey suit and open neck black button up shirt.

The door swung open and Sarah felt herself sit up from her bar stool hopefully as he walked in. She slipped a red purse onto her lap, her signal for who she was, and smiled as she looked at his right chest pocket which had a red cravat tucked into it.

It was him.

Sarah schooled herself as best she could to not look eager, working to adopt a calm composed air.

She suddenly became aware of her body language. Her current stance may as well have screamed 'sad, lonely and potentially on heat.' Quickly she leaned back, attempting to place her butt on the stool and elbows on the bar behind it in a manner that suggested she was totally at ease in this situation...

She felt her left elbow brush against the drink she had been nursing and tried to swiftly adjust so as not to—

'Fuck!'

Sarah flew out of the seat to the sound of chinking glass, her back stiff as a board as the freezing sensation of cold ice soaked through the open backed portion of her dress and siphoned down into the crack between her ass cheeks...

She closed her eyes, mouth ajar in shock, as the red frozen liquid of her strawberry daiquiri soaked through her dress and underwear to hit the floor between her now uncomfortably splayed legs, finally pooling in a disconcerting mess beneath her.

Inwardly, with her ass and snatch now a freezing mess, she wished for death.

'Um, Sarah?'

She did not open her eyes, instead squeezing them further shut and reaching out to the heavens with all the will she could muster...

Death. Death now. Please Lord, that is all I ask...

Sarah waited a moment longer for lightning to strike her. When it was clear no such thing would happen she awkwardly peeled open her eyes.

'I have strawberry daiquiri in my ass...'

The figure before her opened his mouth awkwardly, paused, but remained silent as his eyebrows came together in obvious confusion.

'I mean...' horror swept over her as she realised the words she had just uttered. She searched for something that could undo this moment and came up with nothing. She sighed in resignation before continuing, 'Doug, I'm sorry maybe we should try this again some other—'

Doug's earthy brown eyes suddenly found the pooling liquid at her feet and raised lightning fast to take in the broken glass behind her. His face processed for a moment before his teeth flashed in a pleasantly genuine smile, 'You know, for a second there I thought this was about to be the best first date ever and that that was an invitation as to where you wanted things to go tonight!'

Sarah flailed internally under the wave of embarrassment, too flustered to process or even respond to what he had said. Her hands gestured up and down along her body in an all-encompassing gesture that she hoped explained her exact level of discomfort, 'Doug I'm really sorry but I don't think I can—'

Her date brushed by her gently, leaning over the bar and retrieving a large pile of serviettes before taking one of her flailing hands in his own and placing the pile in her palm. Sarah took them robotically; unable to think beyond the awfulness of what was happening. Doug removed his suit jacket and put it around her shoulders instantly warming her, 'Sarah, I know we don't know each other, but I think you're stunning and I would really like to get to know you.'

While the gesture was sweet, she squirmed uncomfortably. She wasn't exactly starting this evening with her 'A' game and wasn't in a hurry to start a date on the back foot, 'Doug you seem very sweet but there is literally—ice—in my underwear, I can't...'

Doug held up his hand in a bid to stop anything else she might say, 'Sarah, I work a lot and find it difficult to meet people and if the difference between spending an evening getting to know you is a daiquiri down the pants I'll order one right now, unzip a fly and follow suite.'

Sarah felt the corner of her mouth raise slowly of its own accord into a half formed smile and felt some of her 'robot-ness' fade. She stood there with the pile of serviettes in her hand and took a second to quickly run an eye over the length of him in appraisal, ticking off the checklist that her mother had instilled in her since birth. Fit, tall, charming—but not punctual. Thick brown hair on top, almost unkempt, clearly an over-compensation for the fact that it was receding at the temples. Nicely pressed clothes, clean nails and polished black leather shoes, either he didn't work with his hands or knew how to scrub up—either way, all good points.

He leaned forward conspiratorially, speaking low enough that only she would hear, 'I'd offer to help clean you up, but I suspect that I should at least offer to buy you dinner first. As it happens to be, we are in a restaurant... what do you say?'

She felt the other side of her mouth curl up in imitation of the first half.

Confident and charming. Very charming.

'Give me a minute, and you've got yourself a date Doug.'

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Sarah smiled as Doug pushed in her chair for her with a flourish and quickly sidled over to his own.

A gentleman, who knew?

She'd managed a quick wash in the bathroom, while Doug guarded the door, and though she still felt mildly uncomfortable she was definitely better. Perhaps this evening wouldn't be a total loss after all.

The door to the restaurant opened once more and she felt goose-bumps prickle along her skin as a cool breeze blew into the room and under the table to now gently caress the naked skin between her thighs. She gave herself a small secretive smile as she placed her purse across her lap, adjusting the daiquiri soaked panties inside to ensure they wouldn't fall out, before placing her white cloth napkin over the purse and her lap.

Maybe if Doug played his cards right, she'd mention she wasn't wearing any underwear anymore before the dessert course.

'Order anything you like, it's on me,' said her dinner date with another dashing smile.

'Really? You don't have to do that Doug.'

'Really, after the night you've had so far—I insist.'

...And he's paying? Who said chivalry was dead in this town?

They both took a moment to open their menu's but as Sarah turned her eyes to the selection of dishes she could still feel Doug's eyes on her.

Fuck me she's gorgeous.

Sarah looked up suddenly in surprise at her date. His eyes flicked back to the menu in a quick bid to ensure she didn't notice his eyes on her, 'I'm sorry did you say something Doug?'

His eyebrows rose innocently, 'Hmm, me? No. Why?'

Seeing his reaction, Sarah paused for a second to digest this information before understanding dawned on her. She smiled genuinely, she could live with being thought of as gorgeous, 'Sorry, just my crazy brain screwing with me—see anything you might like?'

Doug's face screwed up a little as he looked over the menu, 'Oh I don't know—'

God, yes! You, I think you look fucking delicious!

Sarah's blinked rapidly as she heard two voices filter into her brain at the same time and did her best to separate the two.

'—I've never been here before, a work colleague recommended it. He said he brought friends here...' Doug paused, stumbling in mid-sentence as he struggled to select the right words.

When he planned to fuck someone so hard they left a body shaped imprint in the bed.

'...when he wanted to make an... *impression*,' he finished with a nervous laugh.

Sarah's eyebrows shot up in surprise as she filtered through the conflicting voices in her head and a small flush of heat spread along her neck.

Jesus! Well, I did want some action tonight. Stick to your cards Doug and you could be in luck.

Recovering from the flush she continued, 'And that's what you wanted to do,' she smiled coquettishly at him, 'make an impression on me?'

Doug gave her a cheeky grin, 'Yes Ma'am, I certainly do.'

They took a moment to both share furtive glances before returning their gaze to the menus; Sarah however could again feel Doug's eyes linger on her.

God, please let me eat that pussy tonight. I haven't eaten pussy in so long.

Sarah did her best to keep her face in check. This was ok, this wasn't terrible. She'd heard a lot worse and she could think of far more terrible things than someone who desperately wanted to go down on her. It had been a long time since someone visited her lady places and they *were* currently groomed to perfection...

Mind you... she is kind of a redhead, right?

Sarah's careful mask slipped a fraction.

Hmmm, every redhead I've ever gone down on tasted kind of sour. Like a lemon tree grew where their soul was supposed to be...

Sarah looked up suddenly, her jaw opening slightly of its own accord in shock.

Doug noticed her sudden change and demeanour, his eyebrows turning down, 'Everything ok ...?'

'Sorry,' she half stammered. She tried to adjust her reaction and come up with something on the fly that reasonably explained her reaction, 'they have steak tar tar on the menu, and I hate it.'

Hope that's the only raw meat she has a problem putting in her mouth.

'You can order something else though right?' said Doug mildly confused.

Sarah swallowed the suddenly uncomfortable lump in her throat, 'Yes, of course... no problem.'

Pull it, together, bitch. You've heard this all a thousand times before.

Doug smiled good naturedly, 'You know I have to confess, I have a real sweet tooth and some of these desserts look delicious. Are you a dessert fan?'

'I can say no to most sweets, and though it may sound terribly cliché, I do have a weakness for chocolate.'

'I can get down with chocolate,' he said nodding.

I have a bottle of chocolate syrup at home that I would love to pour all over your snatch and lick off an inch at a time...

Sarah felt her eyebrows try to crawl into her scalp against her will and unconsciously she chewed the inside of her mouth in response to that particular nugget. Clearly this guy had some kind of oral fixation. As far as personality flaws went in men, in her opinion, that was a pretty good one to have. She lifted her glass to her lips and tried to take a mouthful of water to cover her surprise.

...and your asshole. God I would love to bury my tongue in your chocolate starfish—

The restaurant turned towards their table as water exploded from Sarah's mouth in surprise. Simultaneously she began to choke on water that she had just inhaled. Doug rushed out of his chair to assist her.

'Jesus Christ, are you ok?'

She made choking sounds, pointing to herself and the glass as she struggled to speak, 'Water... lungs...'

Doug quickly smacked her on the back several times until Sarah inhaled deeply. Several other patrons and wait staff rushed over to see if they could be of assistance but Sarah did her best to wave them away, 'I'm fine, I'm fine,' she mumbled in embarrassment before putting her hands over her face in an attempt to hide from the attention.

Her date thanked the other people who came to assist before resuming his seat with a laugh, 'Wow, this really isn't your night.'

She kept her head hung and tried to hide behind her hands, 'God, Doug, this is so awful—why the fuck are you still sitting here?'

He blinked rapidly in surprise at that, 'I don't know how you feel about this evening, but this may be the most entertaining date I have had... well, possibly ever.'

She looked up at him and wiped away the small tears that had formed in her eyes from her coughing fit. Her voice was both hopeful and a little pathetic in her ears, 'Yeah?'

Doug leaned forward and as he spoke. Sarah could hear two voices in unison:

'Sarah, I think you're interesting and beautiful.'

Sarah, I think you're lonely and fuckable.

Sarah sighed inwardly as she processed the two voices, 'There's a chance you may be correct.'

If Doug was surprised by her response he didn't show it and continued without pause, 'Look how about we just order and forget anything that came before this. Clean slate, what do you say?' He half stood in his seat and leaned across the table and stretched out a hand, 'Hi, I'm Doug—pleasure to meet you this evening.'

Sarah looked at the hand for a moment before allowing herself a short-sharp-bark of a laugh. Her face split into a grin, 'Ok Doug, hi—I'm your charming but possibly self-destructive date for this evening, Sarah.'

He said back down and adopted a face of faux-surprise, 'Charming AND self-destructive. If I could be charming we'd at least have two things in common then.'

They both laughed at his tiny joke and Sarah felt herself relax as Doug waved over one of the wait staff. Sarah quickly decided she needed to take this evening by the horns if she was going to stop it from being a complete failure. Although she was suffering from a serious case of TMI, on the surface Doug seemed sweet. She could use a little of that right now.

'So Doug what is it you do for a living?'

'I'm in sales,' he said matter-of-factly.

She gave a slow nod, 'That makes... so much sense. You're a pretty slick operator.'

‘Oh is that right,’ Doug raised his chin with another of his ever present smiles. The move seemed confident and challenging at the same time, ‘I represent the entire state for our company, and I work largely on commission. Unfortunately those two facts tend to keep me on the road a lot,’ he opened his hands in a gesture of helplessness, ‘which makes it pretty hard to meet people and form a real connection...’

‘Thus the dating website.’

He nodded sagely, ‘Thus the dating website,’ his eyebrows raised in interest, ‘How about you? Your profile didn’t give too much away.’

She laughed, ‘I like to play my cards pretty close to my chest.’

Doug’s eyes flicked to the large dipping V neckline of her dress, ‘I’d be happy to play a hand or two with you,’ he said flirtatiously.

Her smile broadened and she arched a knowing eyebrow, ‘Is that right?’

‘Yes Ma’am.’

Too bad there’s not that much to play with...

Sarah’s smile dipped for a fraction of a second and she did her best to recover and take it in her stride, ‘I’m in advertising.’

‘Oh shit, you’re kidding?’ Doug adopted a semi-serious bored expression.

‘And what’s that supposed to mean?’

Doug leaned forward conspiratorially, ‘Advertising is like Sales’ overbearing evil big brother. You all think you know how to ‘close’ someone just because you have your fancy degree’s... I can’t take three steps into the building without the marketing division trying to shit in my coffee and tell me the flavour is my fault.’

A laugh burst forth from her lips of its own accord at the image he’d conjured. It was something she’d seen plenty of times before. People in Advertising were door openers. It was their job to get people on the hook, get them interested enough to have a conversation, turn people into a potential lead. Sales teams were closers, it was their job to take a lead and turn it into money. When things went wrong and the bottom line wasn’t happening, conflict between the groups was common, particularly when heat came down from on high in the organisation and the war of the ‘blame game’ began.

‘Well don’t feel too bad. I’m an executive in the Ad-sales division, so I’m closer to your side of the fence than to the marketing division’s side of the fence.’

Doug seemed to perk up at that, ‘Yeah, who with?’

She smiled, ‘*Adhere Enterprises*—’

Doug laughed, clearly recognising the brand and cutting her off to recite company's marketing hook, 'For advertising that sticks, see *ADhere* Enterprises. We make ad's here.'

Her smile broadened, 'That would be the one.'

He gave her an appraising look, 'A bit corny don't you think?'

She shrugged, 'It was fresh in the fifties when they started. There's a long standing argument that our brand is too well known to freshen it up now, any change would result in a loss of market awareness.'

He shrugged non-committally, 'Above my paygrade that debate. I'll leave that discussion to the assholes in marketing.'

As Doug spoke a waitress arrived and leaned towards Doug to try and get his order. Sarah ignored her and continued to focus on her date, 'So there's a bit of bad blood where you work?'

Holy Smoking Jesus. Would you look at the tits on that...

Doug coughed, seemingly suddenly unable to make his words work.

Fuck me. What I wouldn't do to put my face between those.

Sarah's smile dipped, 'Doug?'

Oh god I want to cum all over those things.

His eyes flicked towards Sarah like he was a cornered animal. Despite the look, he was able to stumble out the words, 'Um, yeah—there is,' in reply.

'Would you like to hear the specials today sir?'

Only if your tits are on that menu.

The waitress's voice tinkled out of her mouth like the music of glass chimes. Sarah felt the sudden urge to smash those chimes down her throat.

'Er...' Doug seemed incredibly flustered for a moment before readopting his practiced smile, 'ladies... ladies first,' he said motioning towards Sarah.

God those things are making my dick so hard right now. I can barely think...

Sarah made a face of disgust, unable to mask it any further. The waitress was faced away from her at an angle that meant she couldn't get a clear view of the thing that had suddenly ruined her evening.

Jesus Christ, imagine fucking those things. God I would love to wrap those soft luscious tits around my cock—

Internally she seethed. Really? How special could one woman's breasts be that they would derail her entire evening? The dress Sarah was wearing tonight meant that she basically had pulled her own out for the evening with a sign that said, 'tits this way—enjoy the view.'

The waitress turned toward her to take Sarah's order and leaned forward in the same way she had for Doug.

'Ma'am would you like to hear the specials.'

Sarah felt her eyes grow uncomfortably large in her face. At this angle she could see all the way down her top, straight into the never ending valley of her cleavage.

How does that bitch even walk upright?

Sarah swallowed uncomfortably at the sudden sight of the other woman's breasts. They were mountains, and she was suddenly conscious of the fact that she was displaying a significant amount of what were comparatively molehills. What cup size was she? They had to be bigger than D's... E's maybe? Double E's. A part of her wondered how far the alphabet went in bra sizes, she'd never had the need or desire to find out until now.

Ok, be cool. Even you're impressed. You can't fault a man for his stray thoughts.

—and I could eat her pussy, sixty-nine style while I was fucking those big luscious jugs—

Sarah's face involuntarily scrunched up.

'Ma'am?'

—fuck me, imagine how hard they'd bounce as I pound into them, thrust after thrust. It would be like the world's biggest tit-fuck Richter scale—

Breathe. Stray thoughts. Don't judge.

—God and just as I'm about to cum all over those big luscious tits and I'm licking her snatch, she could stick her tongue into my chocolate starfish.

Sarah eyes screwed shut and she did everything she could to block the images that were being drawn for her.

'Ma'am?' asked the waitress again in confusion.

Doug was so lost in his own fantasy he didn't even notice her odd behaviour.

Sarah did her best to follow her own advice and exhaled deeply.

Don't... judge...

—I wonder if she'd be up for a threesome? That way I won't have to settle for tiny-tits-sour-snatch over here for dessert—

'That's it!' Sarah launched out of her chair like a fired missile, her flaming curls bouncing around her face in fury, 'Look, this isn't going to work for me—'

Doug rushed up out of his seat in response, his eyebrows attempting to fly off his face, 'Wait! What? We just got here...'

'I know,' spat Sarah, 'but your dick is a total asshole!'

'What?' Doug sputtered, his expression stuck in a war of indecision as to whether this was a joke or something he should actually be offended by. The waitress quickly made herself scarce.

Sarah gave an oddly pitched self-deprecating laugh as she realised what she had just said, 'And even though that anatomically doesn't make any sense, it will make things much easier for you when I tell you to go fuck yourself.'

She turned to leave only to realise that her sudden exodus from her seat had caused her purse to fly from her lap to the middle of the restaurant floor, where upon landing it had of course emptied its contents for all to see. The room went silent as all present took keen interest in what was happening at her table.

Feeling her face turn the colour of her hair, she strode forward to retrieve her purse, and the daiquiri soaked black lace G-string, that now lay in plain view.

She sighed trying her best to reign in her temper before collecting the evidence of how this disastrous evening had begun, then turned and flung the underwear towards her date. A gasp emerged from several of the surrounding tables as the panties sailed through the air before landing with a wet splashing sound on Doug's plate. She smiled with false pleasantness, 'Thanks for dinner Doug, but that's the closest you'll ever get to dessert.'

She took three steps towards the door before her anger got the better of her and she turned towards him once more and screamed in outrage, 'And for your information I am a very *large* A cup, like the biggest you can get before a B,' she stomped her feet indignantly like a child throwing a temper tantrum, 'and my pussy tastes and smells like fresh roses thank you! So shut-the-fuck-up, you, you, DICK!'

.....

Sarah paused as she raised a hand to knock on the door to apartment sixteen of a block of units that should long ago have met a bulldozer.

Before she could force herself to knock, her hand dipped and an overwhelming sense of exhaustion assailed her. She felt her body go limp and allowed her forehead to fall against the peeling white wooden door. She hated herself for being here.

Traffic rolled by audibly from the entrance of the building, but it did barely anything to mask the noise of a woman screaming at a man a few doors over. The sounds of cats having sex wailed up from an alley nearby. Sarah related strongly to cats. Male cats had barbs on their cocks, meaning that while sex was a painful affair for the females, if you wanted some action, sometimes you had to suffer through some indignity.

It had been three weeks since she'd last stood at this door. Three weeks since she'd promised herself that she would never return. Yet here she was.

Sarah stumbled as the door opened unexpectedly.

‘Hey Cherry Tits. I knew you’d be back.’

She quickly righted herself before looking at the room’s occupant in confusion, ‘How did you know I was here?’

He smiled broadly and motioned at her forehead, ‘Judging by the peeling paint on your forehead, you made a kind of “knock” sound when your head hit the door... Cherry Tits, why was your face on my door anyway? Most pervs just try to look through the window, but you know I’d always give you a free show Che—.’

‘Tom,’ she ignored his question and his annoying pet-name for her based on the size of her breasts. She quickly brushed the paint peel off her forehead, hating herself even more for being here than she did a moment ago, ‘please shut up.’

Tom opened his mouth to continue, but stopped when she held up her hand with a face that suggested it was best if he follow her instructions. She bristled at his aggravating over-confidence, his cock-sure swagger and quickly ran an eye over him to remind herself of the reason she was here, the only thing that mattered in this moment.

The man was a god, a professional underwear model to be exact. Tom stood in the doorway in exactly the same way he always answered it—naked—with short blonde curls and piercing blue eyes set in a strong face. His body was chiselled in every delicious way that a man should be, but above all he had one magnificent gift...

He was unable to cum in any position where the girl was on top, but remained hard.

He was also the absolute worst kind of complete asshole.

Tom was Sarah’s friends with benefits, minus the friend’s part. He was an egotistical, self-involved, misogynistic, man-whore that she’d met professionally through work. His personality was as unattractive to her as his body was magnificent. Sarah knew with utter certainty that she would never connect with this man, never be vulnerable, which meant he could never hurt her on an emotional level. That was exactly what she needed after tonight.

Despite her dislike of him as a person, her eyes roved over his body, drinking in his tanned skin and smooth defined lines. She would have liked to say that she was above this, that a man’s physicality wasn’t important to her, and in the right man she doubted it would be. But right now, despite her objections to his personality, she could feel herself getting moist just by looking at him.

Another point in his favour, asshole or not, was that Tom—though not the sharpest tool in the shed—was smart enough to know when it was in his best interest to keep his mouth shut.

‘Tom, I have had a terrible night. But, I’m not wearing any panties and I strongly suspect that my vagina tastes like fresh strawberry daiquiris. Those are two once-in-a-lifetime confluences of the universe that *someone* should enjoy tonight, and I’m willing for it to be you if you promise to please, just, shut-the-fuck-up, and not say another word until I cum,’ her eyebrows danced up into her fray of auburn curls, underpinned by a sincerity she couldn’t convey any more clearly, ‘not a word, not a

single word. Please. After that I give you my full blessing, to be, all the asshole you can be. Do we have a deal?’

Tom raised an eyebrow but otherwise said nothing. He smiled a thin, tight-lipped smile and made a motion of turning the key to an invisible lock to his lips, before throwing away said key and stepping back with a motion for Sarah to enter.

Sarah took one step inside and threw her purse on the floor. She didn’t even wait for the door to shut behind her before she grabbed Tom by his cock, he was already half way to hard at her entrance which was fine by her, and used it as a leash to lead him to his bedroom.

She may hate herself in a few hours, but she’d worry about that then.

Right now, a girl still had needs.