

**Abraham Lincoln Eats Pie
at the Kali Cafe**

an Action Figure Erotic novella

Lady Ristretto

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Dedication

For my incredibly generous patrons: Ronnie and Tina.

And, as always, for Lord Ristretto.

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INTRODUCTION

Action Figure Erotica Manifesto

There's no need for continuity or historical accuracy. In fact, the less the better. Action Figure Erotica is about breaking from tradition and the ties that bind conventional narratives.

Traditional narrative is the structure of BDSM. The characters and author and audience are chained together and given only bits of pleasure at a time, caught up in the ritual of time.

There is a need for sex. Lots of it. And everything legal goes. The stranger the sex, the better. The more surreal, magical, mythic, impossible the sex the better. This isn't just about getting off or enjoying a romance. It's about stretching your mind and imagination and being wowed while you're orgasming.

Think Robot Chicken. Or what we all probably did as kids with our dolls. This is play. It's funny. It's irony. Why shouldn't we laugh as we come? Why can't we have fun while we're being aroused? Does everything have to be so serious?

Yet, there is seriousness. Lincoln has deep conflict over the civil war and has issues with finding comfort and pleasure. Life is not just a farce. It's not just tragedy and it's not just an encyclopedia of facts. It is all those things and many more.

To experience more Action Figure erotica, I have a free novel in progress available on Tablo: Medusa Gets Her Hair Done. Medusa and the goddess Kali (who also appears in this novel), travel across America to find a beautician to remove her snakes. Appearances so far include Victor Frankenstein, Quasimodo and Cthulhu.

ONE

It was a dry day in the desert when Abraham Lincoln went into the Kali Cafe. It was a glob of grease on I40, somewhere in California near the Arizona border. It was deep in the middle of nowhere, empty in a way few people have ever experienced, and so hot you'd swear the place was trying to sear you alive.

Like a true gentleman, Lincoln pulled off his dusty stove pipe hat and hit it against his leg as he entered. Some dust went up in a cloud, like a tiny nuclear explosion, but all the effort managed to do was knock it out of shape. Lincoln swore under his breath and took a seat at the counter, working to pop his hat back into shape. He was in a button up white shirt, trousers, and suspenders. His shirt was dirty and gray with sweat stains beneath his armpits. Around his collar was a band of thicker, oilier dirt.

A waitress put a menu on the counter in front of him and a cup next to it. She poured coffee in it. As she did that, another set of hands put down cream and sugar and got out an order pad. Lincoln didn't look up. He wanted to more than anything, but he couldn't bear to torment himself. He didn't look at the menu either. He'd been here often enough. He said, "Slab of ham. Beans. Hunk of bread. Honey."

"Honey? You in a good mood or something? You never treat yourself to something sweet," the waitress said, and Lincoln could feel the thickness of her lips as they formed the words.

"Just feel like it," he said mechanically, trying to seem unmoved.

As two of Kali's hands tore the paper off her pad and hooked it onto the spinner for the cook, other two hands removed the chopstick holding up her hair. She twisted it, before sticking the single chop stick back in. When she turned back to Lincoln, two hands were on her hips and the other two were pushing straggling hairs back into place.

From the kitchen, a woman's voice called out, "Afternoon, Mr. Lincoln."

"Afternoon, Lunchlady Lois," he returned, rubbing his temples.

Kali asked, "Anything else you feel like, Abe?"

"Keep the coffee coming," he said, sipping it. It was very hot and very bitter. "I want a river of it."

"A river, coming up."

Lincoln pulled out his cellphone and went through the news. It was all terrible. It would be and it was all his fault. The war was going badly and he felt he should be there, that his presence would somehow cause events to go more smoothly. He knew that wasn't true. His generals were running the war. All he had been doing was losing his mind while others watched with hung open mouths. It was humiliating. He would rant and throw books and break lamps and threaten people's lives. It was no wonder no one came looking for him. They didn't want him back. They did better without him.

Suddenly there was a slice of cherry pie sitting on the counter in front of him. It was only then that he raised his eyes and looked at Kali. She was stunning: enormous breasts and hips, and a waist so tiny he swore one of his hands could grip it. Her skin was the color of cream in coffee. Her eyes were excessively wide, lusciously oval, and it looked like she had painted curls and Indian inspired designs along the edges of her face. But he knew she hadn't painted anything. That was simply Kali. A work of art so incredibly constructed she could only be a god. Lincoln could hardly breathe around her,--- and when he could take a breath, it was full of her perfume and the fleshy flavors of her skin.

"You haven't eaten my pie, yet," she said, her voice like a thick syrup pouring over steaming pancakes.

"No, I haven't." Lincoln knew if he took one bite, it would be sign of commitment. He wasn't sure he was ready to do this, and yet wanted it so badly, he knew he'd kill anyone who tried to take the plate away from him.

"You did say you were in the mood for something sweet today," she said, her eyes holding him like another set of arms. Kali was the definition of engulfment. Lincoln's pants became uncomfortably tight.

"That I did, Miss Kali."

"I keep telling you, Abe. You don't need to be so formal with me."

They weren't talking about forms of address.

"You haven't tried her pie?" A voice said from a booth behind him. It was arrogant and aristocratically southern, rich and practiced and used to addressing those inferior. Lincoln didn't have to turn around; he knew who it was. "Her pie is the sweetest and richest I've ever had on my tongue."

Lincoln picked up the fork from the plate and gripped it in his hand until his knuckles turned white.

"You hush now, Mr. Booth, and mind your own business," Kali reprimanded him calmly. He wasn't worth her anger.

Lincoln sliced off a bite, gently slid it onto his fork, and put it in his mouth. It was like an explosion in his mouth, and he gasped, letting out a surprised moan. Kali beamed at him and Booth laughed.

"I'll bet you never even had pie before, Lincoln," Booth said.

Strengthened by the pleasure from Kali's pie, Lincoln straightened and turned to face Booth, staring him in the eyes. Booth seemed jarred by the aggressively direct confrontation. He straightened his shoulders, sliding out of his booth. He was in a three piece suit, tailored to fit his muscular, small figure. He was very handsome, with hair that curled slightly and formed locks. His mustache was thick and singular: it would have looked ridiculous on another man, but on John Wilkes Booth it looked dashing and deliciously masculine. Booth was undeniably charismatic, in a magical way. Even Lincoln felt the pull. But that was his *It* factor. It's why he was the most sought after actor in the south.

Lincoln towered over him, but Booth wouldn't break eye contact. Lincoln said, "I could eat pie day and night."

Kali stepped between them, putting three hands up to each of them. "Sit down. Don't make this a thing."

Lincoln nodded respectfully at her and slid back onto his stool and faced his pie. Booth got back into his booth and said nothing. Lincoln had another few bites of pie and thought he might cry. The pleasure from it, the sweetness from the cherry and the buttery flakiness of the crust were sublime.

"I got her cherry," Booth suddenly said. "Cherry pie, I mean. It wasn't as good as you'd think. It was too dry and tart. Guess she's just a pretty face on a very sexy body."

"Maybe you just don't know how to eat a lady's pie," Kali said. "You keep your mouth shut, now, before I come over there and shut it for you."

There was an easy comeback, but Booth heeded her threatening tone and stayed silent.

"An Abe with honey," Lunchlady Lois called from the kitchen, placing a steaming plate of food on the counter. Mechanically Kali took the plate and set it on the counter in front of Lincoln. She then grabbed a place setting from under the counter and set it next to the plate. As Lincoln dug into the beans, Kali refilled his now empty coffee cup, then sauntered across the cafe to Booth and refilled his cup. Lincoln could hear them talking, but couldn't make out any words. But he understood the tone. Kali was reprimanding him. Booth was trying to wiggle his way back into her good graces by being charming and flattering her. She would have none of it.

Rather, Kali walked away from him mid sentence and worked her way through the tables, clearing and wiping them down. By the time she was back behind the counter, Lincoln's coffee needed another refill and she poured the steaming coffee in gracefully.

"What time you get off?" Lincoln asked, his hands shaking. The food had given him energy, the coffee made him buzzed, and Booth had pissed him off. It was about time he did something pleasurable, rather than punishing himself for every little thing. No matter how guilty he was for leaving the war and going west, he didn't have to feel terrible all the time.

"In another hour," she said sweetly, setting the pot on the counter, all six of her arms crossing themselves over her very ample chest. "Why?"

"Thought you might know where we could find something stronger than coffee to drink."

Kali smiled. "That I do."

TWO

The only bar in town was CyClops. It was a bar and a Pony brothel, and no one seemed to have a problem with this. For one, there was never any trouble at CyClops. And, two, CyClops was run by a eight foot cyclops named Poly who had a singular puffy red eye. He was bald and wore gold hoop earrings in his enormous ears. He always wore worn, dirty jeans and a white stained wife beater. If there were ever the hint of trouble, Poly would take the questionable people outside for a chat and nothing more would be heard of them. Anyone who roughed up a Pony, Poly would make sure that whatever he did to correct the behavior problem would be known to everyone.

The brothel catered to a very specific clientele: those who were into Ponies. John Wilkes Booth was a frequenter and there were rumors that he and Poly had gotten into it once or twice, but Booth was charming enough that he wasn't ever banned from the place. Nobody spent more money there than him, and he never harmed the Ponies. In fact, the Ponies liked him.

CyClops had the best whiskey within two hundred miles, and it attracted tourists on their way to Las Vegas. It was a good first stop on a Vegas vacation weekend, where people could get drunk on good whiskey, listen to good bands, play darts or pool, and enjoy the company of local woman such as Kali and Medusa, and the flirting attentions of Ponies looking for people who wanted to go for a ride.

Lincoln held the door open for Kali and she beamed a smile designed to make his cock throb, which it did. He followed her in, staring at the sultry swing of her hips, the way all six of her arms held themselves, her hands caressing the air, waving to people she knew, occasionally patting back her hair as if it was on the verge of bursting its clips.

They sat at a small table near the bar and Lincoln asked what she wanted. Whiskey. He went to the bar and ordered two whiskeys, paying with a five dollar bill. As he stood there waiting, Medusa came up to him and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Evening, Mr. President," she said with a slight hiss in her S.

Lincoln didn't look at her as he replied, "Evening, Medusa."

"It's okay, honey, I'm covered tonight."

Lincoln looked her in the face: she was wearing very dark contacts and her eyes were black. Her snake hair was tied back at the base of her neck, held by a net. The snakes looked asleep, or at least passive. No way she could turn anyone to stone.

"I hear the war is going well," she said. "Let me buy you a drink and we'll toast the dying confederacy."

"I got one already," he said, picking up the tumblers of whiskey Poly set on the bar. With a nod he indicated Kali sitting at their table.

Medusa sighed. "Goddesses get all the good ones."

Lincoln flushed and said, "If I see the confederacy I'll send them your regards."

He carried the drinks back to their table.

They took a drink of whiskey and were quiet. The bar was already getting loud as it did when it got darker. One of the Ponies appeared. She was very, very pretty, with silky pink hair and a creamy yellow coat. Her eyes were enormous, dark, and with lashes that looked as delicate as butterfly wings. She had tattoos on her haunches of butterflies, along with eternity signs, birds and tribal designs that looked meaningful but really aren't. In a voice that was breathy and sweet and uncomfortably young, she asked if they would appreciate some company.

Lincoln was about to tell her that they were having a private conversation, but before he could say a word, Kali asked her to join them. The Pony stared her in the eyes. She seemed lost in a trance for a moment, and then looked away shyly, "Oh, I'm so sorry, Ma'am, I didn't mean to interrupt. You two have a lovely evening."

"No, please, join us," Kali said, indicating an empty chair.

"If I do that, ma'am, you'll have to buy me a drink. And it has to be an expensive drink. Like a bottle of champagne."

"I don't mind," Kali smiled, and Lincoln felt a little resentment. He had thought he was going to be alone with Kali. But he said nothing. Kali loved people, human or not.

Kali asked, "What's your name?"

"Butterfly."

Kali ordered a bottle of champagne, but Butterfly declined to have any. "It's not good for me. On account of once I start drinking I don't stop until it's all gone. Like all gone in the bar."

They talked for a while, Kali and Butterfly, and Lincoln began getting the idea that perhaps Kali actually wanted to hire Butterfly for the night. Yet their conversation wasn't at all sexual. If anything, Butterfly and Kali were discussing the innocent topics of art, colors, movies, and books. It was a very comforting, casual conversation, and Butterfly opened up. She was pleasant and intelligent and funny. Kali didn't ask her why she was working in a whorehouse and Lincoln knew it was out of respect.

When Butterfly put her hoof on Kali's hand, and complimented her on how voluptuous and sensual her body was, Lincoln began to think they were going to end up in a room together upstairs.

Kali smiled at Lincoln and realized this would happen. His pants became uncomfortably tight.

But it didn't end up happening.

Lincoln heard him before he saw him. John Wilkes Booth was in an argument outside. Poly had to go out and settle whatever was going on. Butterfly excused herself and hurried out the door to see what was happening. There was a lot of yelling, then muffled talking, and then John Wilkes Booth was making promises of good behavior. It was obvious he was drunk and Lincoln groaned. How could Poly be so stupid to let him in.

"Let's dance," Kali said, and Lincoln didn't need to look at her to know she had turned her gaze completely on him. Lincoln stood, afraid to look at her, and offered his hand. She placed hers in his and rose. Her flesh was warm, her skin so silky smooth she didn't feel human. But then she wasn't human at all. She was a goddess who, for some strange reason, ran a cafe in the middle of the California desert and thought that he, Abe Lincoln, was interesting enough and handsome enough to want to dance with him. He didn't have the heart to tell her she was wrong.

There was a small patch of dance floor between the tables, and an old, slow love song played. It was a rich, woman's voice that dripped with desire but in that subtle way of the forties and fifties when being

explicit wasn't condoned. Kali was like that, too: she could express herself any way she wished, but she did it silently.

On the dance floor, Kali reached up and put two hands on his shoulders, one on each arm, two on his waist. One was on his hip and the last held his hand. Lincoln put a hand on the small of her back, and held her hand. Touching her made him sweat, and his cock twitched as he felt her press against him. He knew he'd be hard very quickly. The room disappeared around them, and all that he could experience was her unbelievably soft skin and her thick aroma that made his knees weak. Her enormous, warm breasts pressed against his chest and he could feel her heart beat. He rested his chin on the crown of her head as his cock strained in his trousers.

"We don't have to stay here," she said, her voice suddenly deep. The words sounded difficult for her to say. "We can go back to my place. I have some pie."

Lincoln licked his lips and was about to say something. Kali looked up, her lips parted just enough to show the edges of her white teeth.

Then Lincoln felt a heavy hand slap his shoulder. It caught him off guard and caused him to pull back and nearly stumble against a table.

There stood John Wilkes Booth, grinning. "Don't monopolize the woman's attention all night, Abe.

Butterfly stood at Booth's side and her leg caressed his leg. "Come on, Johnny, buy me a drink. Leave these nice people alone."

Imitating her breathy, young voice, Booth said, "I don't want to leave these nice people alone." He took Kali by the arm. "Let the rest of us dance with her, too, Abe."

Kali promptly jerked her arm away from him and slapped him with her left, then her right, then her other left and other right.

Booth was more shaken and frightened by Kali's rebuff than anything. But she had that kind of charm: it could turn on a person and punish them like a switch on bare skin.

But he shook himself and regained his composure, realizing he was on the verge of embarrassing himself. He turned to Lincoln. He laughed, staring up at the very tall, very gaunt president. He

grabbed his hand and put his arm awkwardly around his waist and spun him around in a mocking dance. It was as hideous as it was childish. It was more than embarrassment. This brutish spectacle of drunkenness and desperation was painful to watch.

"Dance with me, Abe!"

"Take your hands off me."

"Oh, come on, Abe! How do you expect to form a union with the South if you won't even dance with its finest actor?"

"We don't do your kind of despicable, immoral southern dancing." Abraham Lincoln pushed John Wilkes Booth away and he tumbled back onto a table, spilling a half dozen drinks. "I'll make sure the North does worse to the South than spill a few drinks. I'll see you on the battlefield. And, by the way, you suck as an actor."

Lincoln went to Kali, took three of her outstretched hands, and led her outside.

"He'll kill you for that," Kali said, with an anger Abe hadn't heard before.

"Let him try."

THREE

Lincoln led Kali outside to the parking lot, to his beat up, fifteen year old truck that had a dangling muffler and a busted headlight. Lincoln pushed Kali against the dent in the passenger door and looked down into her eyes. He fell into her eyes as his large hands encircled her waist. Her skin was so soft, so pliable, he imagined for a moment he could push his fingers inside her and twist long strands of flesh around his fingers.

Two of her arms went around his waist, and her other arms held him, her hands on his chest and face, holding and petting him as only a goddess could. Kali pulled his face down to hers, and in the seconds of its descent, Lincoln attempted to protest, his voice soft and shy like a young girl's. But once his lips touched Kali's, he saw colors and felt them and he could not stop himself as he sunk into her.

Kali took him to her cafe. It was a quarter of a mile down the road and it would be private. And they could have pie after, she thought smiling.

She unlocked the door and Lincoln held it open for her, locking it behind them. She stood at the counter, facing the register, waiting. He came up behind her and slid his arms around her, his mouth burying itself in her neck. His hands went all over her body---over her ample hips, up around her full breasts. It was so long in coming. He was so hungry. The smell of her flesh---spicy and sweet---seemed unreal. He couldn't possibly be experiencing anything so pleasurable. The war was going badly. He had abandoned it. He didn't deserve to feel anything. But here was this rich, savory woman stretching her body out for him.

Kali turned to face him and unbuttoned her dress, letting it fall and crumple at her feet. She was stunning and Lincoln whimpered, kneeling at her feet and wrapping his arms around her hips. His mouth and nose pressed into the cleft between her legs and he inhaled deeply, letting out his breath with a groan.

Then Lincoln stood and gripped the counter on either side of Kali, pressing his pelvis against hers so she could feel what she was doing to him. What he was feeling and what he wanted from her.

Kali's hands undid the buttons on his shirt and pushed the suspenders off his shoulders as her third set

undid his trousers.

"I...I am married," he said feebly, a fearful gesture of honesty. He expected her to push him away.

"You are a great man who has forgotten how great he is. You've been alone out here for so long. I don't know what you thought you were looking for when you left the war to live in the desert," she said. "But I think you were looking for me. And feeling part of something good again."

Kali kissed him and the bright colors exploded against Lincoln's eyelids. Something surged in him and he groaned and lifting Kali onto the counter, pulling on her full bottom lip with his teeth. She smiled and opened her legs, wrapping them around his ribs and pulling him in. Though their movements were fast, grabbing and grinding on one another impatiently, everything moved in slow motion. Lincoln's forefinger went down between Kali's thighs and ran over her thick, smooth lips. She was so wet, her sex felt glossy and inviting. Sliding his finger inside, he parted the lips with one slow downward motion. She shuddered and giggled. Lincoln felt her pussy move against his finger, reaching for it. He dipped in further and found the tight opening. Circling the edge, Kali gasped and her pussy unfurled like a flower. She was a goddess after all, and one of her dominions was orgasmic ecstasy. Her pussy opened and sucked on Lincoln's finger like another mouth. It drew him in, moving like waves through his hand and body. Lincoln opened Kali's legs as wide as they could go and sat at the counter before her. Her pussy was right in front of him, wet and aching. Kali whimpered as four of her hands reached for him. He stared at her, with raw longing and disbelief that this was happening.

Then Kali breathed, "Please," and he felt ashamed for waiting so long, for making her wait. He bent his head to her and his tongue licked generously through the folds of her sex, winding its way around her clit.

He slowed his tongue and Kali's hips pulsed against his mouth, eager for more. Now it was good to tease her. She wanted to be teased and her face spread in a wide smile as she gasped and bit her bottom lip. Gripping her ass, Lincoln pulled her pussy flush with his mouth and his nose pressed against her wet skin. All he could breath was her salty sweetness. He felt he had never quite breathed before.

Sliding two fingers inside her, Lincoln moved his tongue faster. His fingers thrust and Kali met and matched his moves. Her pussy sucked and gripped his fingers. Of course she was a pro at this. She probably fucking invented it. It didn't take her long and it was a shock to Lincoln as she came, with a scream that was more like a song, sweet and intense and filling the air like a cloud shooting out of her mouth. His hand became soaked and dripping with her come and her pussy released its grip.

Lincoln stood slowly, smiling. He was so rock hard that he hurt, but having helped Kali come like that was more pleasure than he had experienced in years. He had forgotten what pleasure had felt like, and profoundly realized its absence. It wasn't sexual pleasure he had missed: it was the union with another person that had been absent.

Abe tucked in his shirt where it had come out during his efforts and blushed. He wasn't sure what to say or do at this point. Kali was laying back on the counter, her legs still spread and shimmering like glitter in the harsh neon light of the cafe. She panted, her head thrown back, two arms bracing herself, two hugging her breasts, and two pressed over her mouth. Her breasts looked twice as big and the large nipples were hard and pink, a sharp contrast to her dark golden skin. Was her body changing as her pleasure heightened?

Laughing uneasily and at his own awkwardness, Lincoln shuffled his feet, kicking at a bit of dust on the floor. "I'm glad you enjoyed it." He hated himself for sounding so lame.

"I'm *enjoying* you," she said looking at him. Kali sat up and her eyes were like another pair of hands pulling him toward her: he felt compelled to walk back to her.

When he was once again sitting between her legs, she slid forward off the counter and onto his lap. She kissed him, her multiple hands working at his clothes. When she had done all she could, Lincoln did the rest. Lincoln gently pushed Kali onto her knees and released his cock. It was exceptionally long, a little on the skinny side but well shaped and attractive.

One of her exquisitely soft hands wrapped itself around his cock. Brushing her lips across the tip, Kali moved her hand up and down slowly. It was even slower than that actually: it was patient and luxuriated in the motion. She took her time because she knew that every inch deserved attention. It was the most mind boggling thing Lincoln had ever experienced. Each time her hand rounded the foreskin over his head and then started back down the shaft, he shuddered powerfully. Then harder and harder. He couldn't help but groan and loudly. When he knew he was close, he mumbled it and Kali stopped. He was disappointed and confused by the cessation of her movements: he had gotten her off and she didn't need to do more for him than let him come in her hand.

Her six hands found places to stimulate between his legs, his thighs, stomach and balls. Lincoln closed his eyes and threw his head back. He wasn't sure what she was doing, but all of it was amazing.

Kali's tongue licked his cock from the base of the shaft to the head. Then she proved herself a goddess: her tongue twisted around his cock like a snake, slithering up and down, squeezing in pulses. She extended her tongue further (it seemed endless in its length) and caressed his balls.

"What in the name of God are you doing down there?" Lincoln asked and laughed. It was so intense he had no other way to react. His brain couldn't comprehend this level of pleasure, so what it provided was pleasant laughter.

Her tongue didn't contract, yet she said, "Enjoying myself."

She continued with her oral machinations for almost a minute more when Lincoln put his hand on her silky soft hair and warned her he was about to come.

"Go ahead."

Her tongue hadn't ceased moving.

When it began, the orgasm came from his gut and bent him forward. He clutched Kali's head for support and felt like it was being dragged from him, slowly and patiently. He felt no explosions that came and went quickly. This went on and on and on. His eyes were wet, his lashes covered with tears. When the feelings finally subsided, he covered his face with his hands. The neon light felt too bright.

Kali withdrew her tongue and stood. She stroked his hair and stared at him with patience and respect. Lincoln panted like a animal, and almost seemed overwhelmed emotionally, as well as physically.

Lincoln hadn't felt like he ejaculated. There wasn't any come. "I don't think I..."

"You didn't. I don't need your sperm. You can save it for someone who does." Kali took him by the hand. "Come. There's one more thing I want to do."

Kali led him through the diner and through a door marked "Employees Only". After that she went through another door at the hard right, then two more on the left into what could be a private apartment. It was only a room with a sofa bed opened, with colorful draperies and pillows and lamps, and smelled of fresh cut flowers. The room reinvigorated Lincoln.

Kali led him to the bed and pushed him back onto it. He had abandoned his pants back in the cafe and his shirt was unbuttoned though it still clung to his shoulders.

Despite having just climaxed, his cock was rock hard. If anything, it was harder than before.

Kali crawled on top of him, all six of her hands pressed to the bed around him, supporting herself above him. Her enormous globular breasts swung over his throat. Lincoln now saw that the edges of her nipples were ringed with jewels of blue, red, yellows and greens, the pattern spreading out over her breast. Without thinking, in a movement like a bird swooping upon food, Lincoln took one of her nipples in his mouth. He moaned as he flicked the tip, and Kali's body rippled as she cried out. As he sucked the one nipple, his right hand found the other. His fingertips traced the pattern of jewels, as she reacted as profoundly as if they were nipples themselves. That's when he realized it: the jewels were her body.

His tongue circled itself over the jewels, while his right hand teased her other breast. Kali could barely stay on the bed. Her body moved like waves. Her hands lifted from around him and suddenly her entire body was off the bed and hovering above Lincoln.

He didn't stop what he was doing. He was afraid of what might happen to her if he did.

Smiling down at Lincoln, Kali positioned her hips over his cock. She lowered herself enough for the lips of her sex to brush and caress the tip. Kali always had complete control. Slowly she lowered her pussy onto his cock. The feeling of her was extraordinary: she was tight and wet and hot. The deeper his cock buried itself inside her, the higher his body lifted itself off the bed. Kali pulled him into the air, wrapping her legs around him.

For the first time in a long time, Lincoln wrapped his arms around a woman and tightly held her. He thrust up against her, as if he could go deeper within her. Kali moved against him, rolling her hips with a firm downward thrust as she moved. It was unreal. Lincoln could feel Kali's pussy twist and grip his cock.

When Lincoln came, Kali came at the same time. He could feel it building in her, the tightening of her muscles, the involuntary shaking, the way all six of her hands dug their nails in his flesh. Knowing she was coming was too much for him. Lincoln groaned loudly and whimpered as everything went black for him. Time seemed to open and what streamed from his body was a new universe.

When it was over, and he had calmed, he was back in the bed. Kali was snuggling next to him, smiling.

FOUR

It didn't take long to pack his truck. Lincoln threw out half of his clothes and put on the black suit that had become his presidential uniform. He drove over to the Kali Cafe. When he walked in, he removed his hat.

Kali was taking an order from customers in a booth. When she saw him she smiled brightly and held up a couple hands asking him to wait. He stood by the counter, turning his hat in his hands.

When Kali was finished, she breezed back around the counter and dropped off the order Lunchlady Lois. She picked up a large to go cup and set it on the counter before Lincoln. She filled it to the brim with thick black coffee. It was made from so many coffee grounds, it was like sludge. Just the way he liked it.

"How far are you planning to drive tonight?"

"New Mexico. I'll make Virginia by Friday."

"Do they know you're on your way?"

Abraham nodded. "I texted my staff."

There was a moment. Neither was sure how to handle it. Kali figured it out first.

"I really loved the time I had with you. I wish I could have more."

Lincoln started, "Maybe after the war..."

But they both knew that after the war, Lincoln would be sucked deeply into whatever the outcome turned out to be. If the South won, he could end up in prison. Or executed.

Kali said, "The South won't win. Watch your back, okay?"

Lincoln nodded, picked up his coffee and left. He was filled with regrets over everything he should have said to her, but he knew that nothing he could have said would have been enough.

Coming soon...

Marie Curie and a Flying Alien Save the Titanic (and then Bang)
an action figure erotic novel

EXCERPT

There comes a time when we are called upon to kill monsters and save the world. Most of the time we fail and the monsters eat our family. But there are times when we succeed. And we succeed because we know that our victory will result in getting laid. ---Homer.

It was a gloomy afternoon in Southampton, England when the Titanic was scheduled to set sail. Marie Curie sat on a bench in the park across from the harbor where the monstrously enormous ship was in dock. There was an ample crowd of excited passengers and their trunks and suitcases waiting to cross the gangplank and board. Marie wanted to wait until there was less of a crowd. She disliked crowds and found her presence, her aura, caused agitation in large groups of people.

She drew her compact out of her purse and looked at herself in the tiny mirror. Her skin was the palest of green and didn't seem to glow at all, but she powdered her cheeks nonetheless. By the evening, as soon as the sun dipped below the horizon, she'd be a dim neon glow. She couldn't help it, and people forgave her because she was Marie Curie after all. It had resulted in her winning Noble prizes and other honors. But she was horribly self conscious of it.

It was time to call her husband, even though she dreaded it. He would be worrying and panicking about sailing rather than flying. Then he would talk at least five minutes about his research, how it was going, the mistakes he felt he was making, how he believed his colleagues at the University of Paris thought him incompetent. She would hear portions of conversations he had had and help him decode what their real meaning was. Marie always ended up saying the same thing: "I think you're just reading into what he said."

He would never ask about her work, being made full professor at the University of Paris, her discoveries, her Nobel prizes, how she had made the cover of Time as one of the top women scientists of the century. How she'd been in US doing an interview for *Scientific American* about radiation. If there was anything Marie Curie was an expert in, it was radiation.

Her husband didn't answer the phone, so she left a sweet, loving, encouraging voicemail for him, saying she would see him soon and would call again that evening after she set sail. A few minutes after she left the message, she got a text from him: "Sorry I missed your call. In a meeting. I luv you and miss you."

It made her cry: she felt so guilty when she felt irritated by him. She felt like the worst wife in the world.

Marie Curie stood, brushed the tears from her eyes with frustration, and decided to eat her feelings away. Levitating her heavy suitcase, she turned and went into a coffee house behind her. Nothing could make her feel better than a British scone.

The shop was crowded with people who were obviously about to board the Titanic. She pushed her suitcase across the room to a tiny round table in the corner by the window. It was startling to those around her, and she smiled and apologized as was necessary in England. She discovered quite quickly that apologizing for everything made the British quite pleasant and accommodating.

Marie ordered a short Americano and a plain scone with clotted cream and jam. She attracted quite a lot of attention as she very happily globbed the cream on half the scone, then topped it with a thick dollop of bright red strawberry jam. Marie used every bit on the scone and when she finally bit into it, she took half the scone in her mouth, smearing the white cream over her lips.

She was chewing with some difficulty, because of the mass in her mouth, when a napkin appeared on her table. Looking up sheepishly, Marie took it, pressed it to her mouth and said a garbled "Thank you."

Before her stood an extremely tall, exceptionally well build, and staggeringly pretty young man. His hair was black, his eyes so blue they glowed, and his skin was flawless and an amazing shade of ivory. His blue suit was tailored so carefully, it looked like part of his skin. He looked like an android; no human being could have been born so perfectly.

"You looked like you needed saving," he said, with a voice that was deep and comforting; if he had just dragged her from a burning building, that voice would calm her and assure her that everything would be perfect.

His voice was also American. Marie nodded, wiping her face quickly, and thanked him properly.

She noticed that a shorter, less perfect looking man stood behind him. Less perfect, yet still an extraordinary specimen.

The taller, gorgeous one said, "Are you sailing on the Titanic?"

She nodded and introduced herself.

"Kent Calhoun. Call me Cal," he said, offering his hand. "And my colleague Brewster Wainright the third. Everyone just calls him Wayne."

"I'm sorry, I would shake, but my hands cause adverse effects on some people."

"Do your worst, Dr. Curie," Mr. Kent said.

For the first time in a very long time, Marie Curie felt a tingle of excitement. Her hand shook a little as she took Cal's hand and gripped it firmly. Surprisingly, Cal laughed, yet kept hold of her hand.

"You have the most interesting handshake I've ever encountered. You're quite stimulating." The napkin clutched in her left hand began to smoke as her skin grew hotter. Cal said, "Would you dine with us this evening?"

"Thank you, yes, that would be lovely." Marie surprised herself accepting the invitation. She wasn't one to dine with strangers. She was much more comfortable eating alone, solitude more preferable than feeling the pressure to be interesting and entertaining. Marie thought herself the most uninteresting person on the planet.

But this gorgeous man was irresistible. Even if his dinner conversation was boring, she would appreciate the opportunity to stare at him.

They exchanged a few more pleasantries, assured each other they would see one another again on board, and the gentlemen departed.

Marie sat down with a little wobble, her face flushed an uncommon vibrant, glowing pink.

Isabelle Arden
Mistress of MMF and Gay Erotica

find her on [Twitter](#) and [Amazon](#)

Laid to Ruin: A Gay Arthurian Romance

DESCRIPTION

Standing alone in the ruins of his own lost empire, the great King Claudas watches as Camelot's greatest knight, Lancelot du Lac, comes to claim his birthright. But what starts as a mere contest over land, to be won by blood and steel in single combat, becomes much more the moment Lancelot steps inside Claudas' castle.

But in the battle for dominance that follows and with the fate of a realm on the line, will Claudas find that he's only managed to lay a trap for himself?

For Sir Lancelot du Lac, claiming the castle of Trebe begins as a simple task to reclaim the heritage his father had lost. But it soon becomes clear that Claudas de la Deserte is no ordinary man – and as much as Lancelot may try to hide, Claudas can see into his heart in a way that no other man ever has.

Desperate to give in to desires he has never had the courage to name, but equally desperate to remain loyal to his beloved King Arthur, Lancelot soon finds himself drawn into a complex game that tests everything he has ever believed to be true.

“This is an ambitious, grand sexual adventure set in Arthurian times. Ambitious because Arden takes on myth and has managed humbly to make them human. She doesn't sell out her characters in favor of spending valuable time describing or focusing on the universe, nor does she ignore it completely. I was astounded by Arden's fluency in historical detail, not to mention the authenticity of the gay male sex acts. She proves that any sex scene can be arousing to anyone regardless of orientation: the passion, hunger, and starved desire of any person makes something sexy and arousing.”

Raised from the Ruins: A Gay Arthurian Romance

DESCRIPTION

Five long years have passed since Lancelot du Lac watched Claudas – his lover and his enemy – ride away into the snow.

He had never imagined that they would meet again – until King Arthur assigns him a task that takes him far from the familiarity of Camelot to the dangerous streets of Rome following the contentious papal elections.

Amidst the vicious political infighting of the Roman Senate, Lancelot finds himself thrown back into the company of the man he had sworn to give up. With his fate once more entwined with Claudas', Lancelot finds his loyalties to his king and to his heart once again tested – and when Morgan le Fay returns to take back her son, Lancelot is forced to choose between the oaths he has taken and what he knows is right.

In the chaos that follows, Lancelot must ask whether he can once again bring himself to walk away from the man he loves.

"I read Laid to Ruin and enjoyed it. I read Raised from the Ruins, its sequel, and ADORED it. It was absorbing, fascinating, and crazy sexy. Arden has a wonderful flair for historical characters and settings (and in this case, she blends Arthurian England with Ancient Rome beautifully), and I found myself envious of her skill in constructing authentically period dialogue. The characters are even more complex and conflicted in this book, and I was completely drawn into the world she so wonderfully creates. Though this is labeled (by necessity) as a "gay" romance, I found it to be a Romance which happened to be about two men. She transcends genre and creates a love story which will cause any idealistic heart to swoon."

Bound by the Barbarians: an MMF bisexual threesome

DESCRIPTION

Young Lady Alys de Maris is on her way to her beloved brother's funeral when her caravan is attacked by the barbarian horde, and she herself is taken as a prize, to be educated in the ways of pleasing men.

Raised in a convent since her childhood, Alys has very little idea of the world outside its walls – and she certainly never wanted to end up servicing the needs of muscular barbarian men. But when confronted with Ulrik, the burly barbarian leader who has claimed her, and his handsome servant, William, she realizes that perhaps she is more willing to learn than she first thought....

Alys doesn't want her first time to be with these two wild barbarian men... or *does* she?

"Set in a generalized country and time period, which would be best described as between the 1500s-1700s, Arden has created an interesting Barbarian tribe which doesn't try to be more than it is. In other words, Arden has no other interests than in writing a sexy, interesting, fun nostalgic romp. She combines enough history to establish the setting, and doesn't bog down the prose with unneeded details."

The story plays with the interesting, bleeding relationship of master/slave, pain/pleasure, that they become inextricably mixed, in terrible situations and what happens, what a character feels, is accepted without judgment. She deals with the reality of the situation, and doesn't attempt to squeeze sexually "non traditional" relationships in organized, black and white categories."

Pride and Prejudice and Pegging

DESCRIPTION

Everyone had congratulated Hugh Rawdon on his marriage to the sweet and beautiful Miss Mary Carstairs. The whole town agrees that they make the perfect couple - he with his dark, brooding looks, she with her kind and charming disposition.

But little do the townsfolk - nor indeed the new Mrs Rawdon - realise the perverse lusts that beat in Hugh's heart: the desire to be taken rough and hard by his wife, and in the most unnatural of places....

"But Arden's characters always find comfort, security and sexual satisfaction in one another. And, most importantly, understanding. Arden isn't interested in the suffering that comes with alienation, the punishment and abuse that an ultra conservative society can inflict upon her characters. Arden wants celebration; celebration which does come with struggle, but the struggle occurs only as a means for the characters to earn the refuge they find in one another. And the stories are better for this."