

Christmas Hangover

D. Dancer

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Curious Cabbit Press

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All characters engaged in, witnessing, considering, or thinking about sexual acts are eighteen (18) years or older.

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The train whistle exasperated Robert's hangover. He sat down on the cracked bench with a groan. Across the way, a coworker named Telford chuckled.

"Still hung over from last night's party?"

Robert nodded, not really seeing anything. In his head, he replayed a blowjob he enjoyed in the coat room. Wet and slurping. Lips against his balls and the tip in the back of someone's throat. He just couldn't remember who gave him the time of his life.

He looked up. "Say, Tel? Who was I with last night?"

"Don't remember?"

"No," another groan, "but I want to."

"Well, you and I talked for hours."

"No, no, someone else. I remember this... never-mind, I'll figure it out."

Telford chuckled again.

At work, Robert looked at the women of the office in a new light. He focused on their lips and hair, trying to remember anything of that elusive blowjob.

The front desk receptionist had perfect lips which twisted into a frown when he chatted her up. He moved on to Bethany, a fellow programmer, but the smell of cigarette smoke turned him away. He created an uncomfortable silence with Betsy when he touched her hand but Priscilla snatched hers away when he repeated the action.

He got caught sniffing the perfume in Linda's purse.

Alice threaten his balls if he stepped any closer.

He didn't want to think about what Melody said.

By lunch, the women of the office avoided him. Robert felt embarrassed, but he couldn't stop looking for that perfect blowjob.

Finally, Robert gave up looking. Leaning against the back of a crowded elevator, he tried not to think about the brutal meeting with Stacy, head of Human Resources. One more offense and he would lose his job. All because of his obsession in finding that perfect blowjob. He slumped against the wall and tried to cling to the fading memories. The elevator dinged and the doors slid open. The mass of workers filed out and Robert followed, head down.

"Any luck?"

Robert looked up at Telford. After a day of obsession, his eyes focused on the younger man's lips before he realized Telford couldn't possibly be it. "No, not really."

"Pity. I heard Jane from Accounting slapped you."

Robert blushed and held his hand to his cheek.

Telford laughed and slapped Robert on the shoulder.

"Well, I hope you find that blowjob. I heard it was fantastic."

"Yeah," murmured Robert.

"Well, got to run."

Robert waved, lost in thoughts. He stood in the crowds of the office building, not really seeing them. Then, his head snapped up, looking at Telford as he walked down the street.

"I-I didn't tell him it was a blowjob."

Memories came rushing. Of them talking about movies, drifting into raunchier topics until finally... an argument about pathetic movie blowjobs. Robert gaped, struggling with the memory of Telford pulling him into the room. The man's wet tightness around his...

But with a guy?

One who gave a perfect blowjob...

He ran after Telford.

About the Author

D. Sadie is a non-binary erotic writer who enjoys writing a wide variety of genres and settings. They love loving stories, filled with consensual people enjoying themselves, and with just a little spice with the occasional adventure.

Their writing can be found on their website, dsadie.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

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About the Publisher

Curious Cabbit Press is a small erotic press located in the heart of the United States. They can be found at curiouscabbit.com or possibly at your favorite retailer.