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Erotic Book Club



The
Rival

JD

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The Rival

By JD

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The Rival

By JD

She kisses me passionately, running her hands through my hair and tugging at it as she does. We kiss like there are points, a high score – forceful, sloppy, without regard for each other. We're not kissing to show love, but lust.

She breaks our embrace just long enough to gasp, "I missed you."

"Shut up." I tell her.

She smiles and locks her face back to mine.

She pulls me towards the bedroom. Like animals fucking for their very survival, nothing else matters right now. I didn't tell her about my trip. She didn't tell me about her week. We didn't smile or hold hands or make small talk. We didn't even say hello.

I'm kicking off my shoes, clumsily struggling to push off my coat as she unbuttons my shirt. I throw one arm under her dress and around her bare waist.

She yelps. "Your hands are like ice!"

"Sorry," I say.

"No, it's good," she leans back into my arms.

When we reach her bedroom I push her down on to her bed and toss my shirt into the corner of her room. She laughs. So do I. She smiles mischievously. So do I.

The room is filled with sexual energy. We're both grunting, hearts racing, eyes wide. As each piece of clothing comes undone we come closer to the fruit of both our desires. In our minds, we're already fucking, imagining having each other naked and joined. Thrusting and pumping and screaming together.

It's almost palpable.

I feel as if nothing can distract me from Lauren. Nothing can distract us from our sexual desires, from this conquest of my girlfriend.

But as I lean down to resume our kiss war, something catches my eye.



She kisses me roughly, and for a second I kiss back, until what I saw fully registers in my head. It was a dick... not a big deal right? But wait! It wasn't my dick!

I pause for a moment and pull myself up to look again. Lauren tries to pull me back but I speak before she gets a chance.

"What the hell is that?" I ask.

"What?" she giggles, expecting it to be part of some sexual game. But it's not.

"That..." I motion towards the most unusual sight of a bedside dick. A strange, unnatural, alien-looking penis, standing erect in her bedroom. I motion at the silver vibrator sitting on her headboard. "Whose dick is that?"

"Ohhh," she coos. "That's my new toy."

"A dildo?"

"Vibrator," she corrects. "Mr Big."

I give her a confused look.

"A flexible, swirling and twirling, vibrating rabbit. For when you're not here. Something to keep me satisfied until I can lay my hands on you again."

"I'm flattered," I say sarcastically.

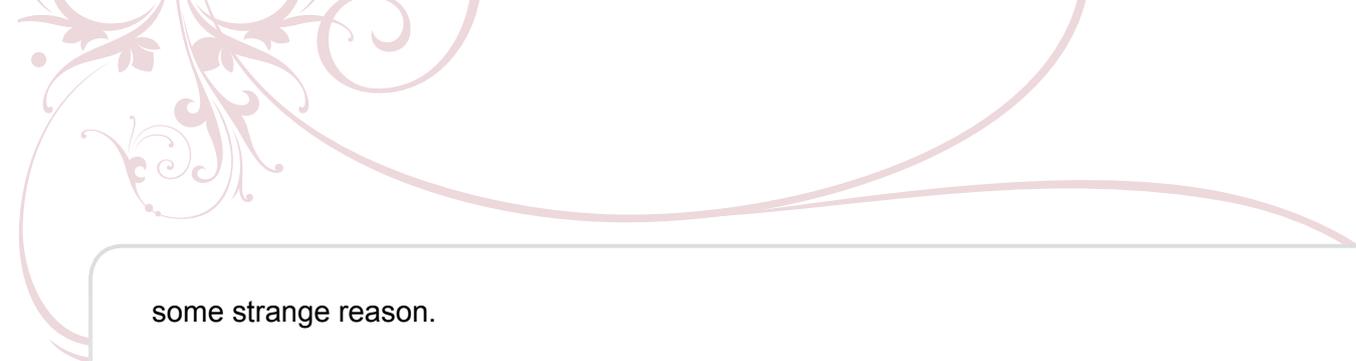
She laughs and pulls me towards her. Our lips meet again and we readily proceed to make out right where we left off. Or at least, she does. I try to kiss her, to feel passionate, to be eagerly in the mood for sex, but there's a strange feeling in the room. I have the sneaking suspicion that I'm being watched...

After our love making session, Lauren is asleep next to me and I'm wide awake. Normally I fall asleep before her, but not tonight. Tonight I lay there, staring up at the ceiling. I'm pretending that I'm not, but I'm still staring at the silver penis out of the corner of my eye.

I sit up in bed and examine it.

It's charcoal-grey and clearly rubber. It's shiny, with transparent sections which show off its grizzly mechanical innards. Protruding from its mid section is a deformed limb, aimed and shaped perfectly to reach a girl's clitoris. Those are called the bunny ears.

I hold it up. It just stands erect. The thought of it never going limp is kind of a blow to my ego for



some strange reason.

Mr Big was designed to fuck her. It was engineered to pleasure her. It has adjustable vibration speeds. Its length and size are scientifically designed. It's angled to reach her g-spot. It even has an extra limb to stimulate her clitoris while it fucks her. And it's operated by someone who knows exactly how to pleasure her... namely, her.

Suddenly my all natural dick seems insufficient.

"I don't like you very much," I tell it.

This is where it all begins.

Jealousy is a funny thing. It's not rational. It's not logical. It doesn't really make sense, even to the person who's jealous.

Ironically, jealousy also tends to fuck you in the end.

Over the next few weeks, everything changes.

It used to be, that when I had sex with Lauren, I'd go through a complex set of mental gymnastics in order to distract myself enough to last as long as possible and satisfy her fully. But all that changes once Mr. Big shows up. Our whole sex life changes.

Her eyes are closed as she smothers me with kisses but my eyes aren't, they're locked on the vibrator sitting on her bed frame. Every motion we make bumps the bed and it wiggles ever so slightly, as if waving at me.

Her nightie flies off and she tosses away my pants. She giggles and pulls me inside her. She starts to rhythmically pump herself on top of me, groaning and moaning, whispering hot nothings in my ear as we fuck.

I close my eyes and try to enjoy the sensation, the euphoric feeling of being inside her as she forces herself on me. But as I do, something slowly creeps into my mind.

With each thrust I hear something; something a little floppy. Like a palm slapping extemporaneously against a wall. Amidst all the panting and pumping and bumping and confusion of sex, I can only hear one thing.

I open my eyes to see her Mr Big dildo lazily slapping itself against the wall as we fuck. With each bounce of the headboard, it bumps the wall and lets out a fleshy spank.

I used to kiss her neck when we made love. I'd be nibbling her ears or running my hands through



her hair. I'd spank her or bite her or whisper dirty things. But not these days. These days my attention is elsewhere.

These days I just stare at the dildo, er... vibrator, and watch it. I'm mesmerized. I've never stared at another penis while I had sex before and I don't think I like it. Yet I can't turn away.

"Fuck me baby!" she yells.

My gaze is locked.

Slap, slap, slap.

Another night, we're fucking like rabbits. She's in her throws of passion and I'm distracted, stare fixed on an artificial penis, as usual. Tonight I feel particularly uneasy however. Instead of my regular disturbing fascination with the vibrator, I imagine it fucking her. I imagine it satisfying her and driving her crazy.

She's moaning and groaning as I ram my dick into her, begging for more. I look down and instead of being turned on by what I see, all I can imagine is Mr Big giving it to her. In front of me, my girlfriend is gasping in bliss as I fuck her brains out, and all I can wonder is whether this is what happens when it fucks her. Then it gets worse... what if it's better than me?

In my dreams, I start to see penises on a regular basis. Robotic dicks and battery-powered fuck organs. People wander around in my sleep with jittering genitals, nonchalantly slapping each other with their schlongs. They hold them like leashes to lead people around.

I've started dreaming about penis' every night I fuck my girlfriend.

These days I have to concentrate on cumming or else I never will.

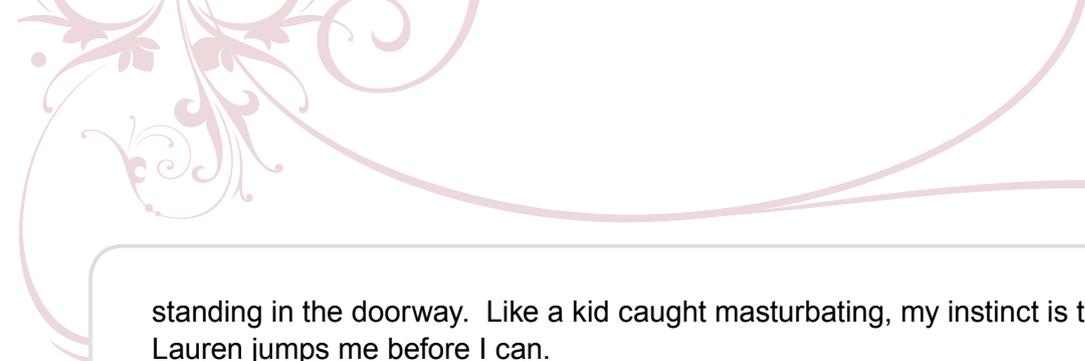
Slap, slap, slap.

I'd like to say that my unhealthy obsession with Mr Big faded over time, but I'd be lying.

After one of our lovemaking sessions, Lauren is showering and getting ready for work. I'm about to get out of bed and get dressed, when the most unusual thing happens. The penis catches my eye and we stare at each other for a while. That's not the unusual part, I do that often. What's unusual is that in this instance, I pick it up and turn it on.

My hand wrapped around it, I just let it vibrate as I feel it. It's such a strange tingling sensation. I can see why girls like this.

I don't know how long I stand there, fixated on this weird silver dick, but when I look up Lauren is



standing in the doorway. Like a kid caught masturbating, my instinct is to hide the cock. But Lauren jumps me before I can.

Lauren smiles.

In my mind, I've just been caught holding someone else's penis. In my mind this is trouble, I'm in trouble. You don't touch other people's penises without permission.

But in Lauren's mind something very different was happening.

She crawls up on the bed and looks at the silver rubber dick I'm holding, then back at me.

"You want to?" she asks suggestively.

"Yes," I reply, without really thinking.

She kisses me softly and runs her hand over mine. I'm about to say something but she shushes me.

"Don't speak," she says in a low voice.

She drops her towel and is now completely naked over me. The sight of her immediately gets me hard.

Our kisses become more and more passionate. She continues to hold my hand, guiding me. She draws my hand down to her groin. I start to spread her lips, preparing to enter her, to stimulate and satisfy her with my engorged cock. She giggles. Then I tune in to the constant buzzing in the background. I remember that the vibrator is still on. Lauren guides my vibrator holding hand towards her spread pussy.

What the fuck is going on! I look up, about to say something but she shhh's me again. "It's okay," she says. "You can be the one to fuck me. I want you to be the one to fuck me."

I'm about to tell her that this isn't what I had in mind, when she pushes our faces together and silences me with a passionate kiss. Mr Big enters her deep as we kiss.

She kisses me harshly as she helps me fuck her with a robo-penis. Caught up in everything that's going on, I don't know how to protest or stop this.

"Yes!" she moans. "Push him faster."

Lauren lays back and tosses her legs on my shoulders, Mr Big buried in her pussy. She grabs my hand and pushes it deep in her hole as its bunny ears massage her clit.



I don't like that it can do things that I can't.

Her head is tossed back and she's panting. She pushes harder. It sounds like an electric toothbrush.

"Push him faster," she commands.

Shockingly, I comply.

"Is this turning you on?" she asks, eyes still closed, vibrator still pleasuring her. I feel like I'm watching someone eat my girlfriend's pussy, and I'm supposed to like it.

"A lot," I lie.

She smiles and pushes it again; she lets out a little moan.

"I'm so close right now," she tells me.

This was the straw that broke the camel's penis. This was my low point.

I hate to say it but as I vigorously pump that vibrator in and out of my girlfriend, I realize that I'm losing her affections to an inanimate object. I'm being replaced by a pound of plastic!

"Oh Goooooooood!" she exclaims.

With my girlfriend's legs propped on my shoulder, pussy aimed directly at me and me vigorously pumping a robotic vibrating dick in and out of her, bringing her to climax, I decide right then and there that this has gone on long enough.

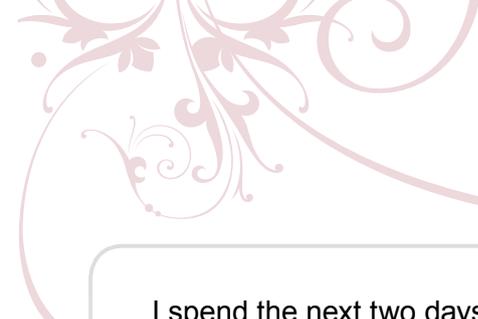
My first act of sexual terrorism is to reverse Mr Big's batteries, his life force, his Chi. I figure he's already stolen mine, so turnabout is fair play.

But a few days later, Lauren mentions swapping his batteries for new ones, after the old ones died suddenly and unexpectedly.

"Perhaps something is wrong with him," I suggest casually.

Reversing the batteries was a long shot plan but luckily it was only the first phase of a much more dastardly plot. The second phase is to replace all of her batteries, in her entire apartment, with dead ones. With the seed planted that perhaps he was defective, I'm free to more openly sabotage Mr. Big, without reprisal.

Unfortunately, it's not quite so easy to simply get hold of a handful of dead batteries.



I spend the next two days living with three non-stop, yapping, back flipping, mechanical puppies that I purchased from a local toy store. They incessantly bark in little high pitched voices. They wander aimlessly around my apartment. They entertain me; or rather startle me, with the occasional back flip.

They also waste double A batteries. Double A batteries like the ones that Lauren's vibrator uses. So despite their annoying nature, the noisy yaps are oddly reassuring.

After a few days, the puppies finally work their magic and wear down about a dozen batteries. The next time Lauren's in the shower, I get to work swapping out all the batteries in her place, with the drained ones.

With drained batteries, I flick on Mr Big and try him out. His usual noticeable buzz is reduced to a low pitched death groan as he struggles to find the strength within him to satisfy pussies. Triumphant in the knowledge that he's now impotent, I fuck Lauren that night more passionately than I have in weeks.

A few days later, Lauren mentions that she thinks Mr Big is, in fact, defective. She mentions his speed settings no longer work, that he's slower and less responsive, and that even swapping out batteries had no effect.

I shrug that I guess it was his time.

But then she confesses something awful to me. She likes it. She likes it more the way it is now!

"Slow and deliberate," she calls it. "I never realized how much that gets me off."

Fuck!

I start to get desperate in my sabotages. I abscond to the bathroom one morning with Mr Big. I turn him on and listen to his dull buzz as I turn the shower on. Once in full flow, I drop him in.

I listen to his buzz, hoping against hope that it will fade as his circuits fry. I watch eagerly, hoping to witness an end to his sexual wizardry. Maybe Lauren will like him even more when he doesn't buzz at all. Maybe not. I have to try.

To my dismay he doesn't die. He doesn't gurgle and fizz out. He doesn't fade into a deep water grave. He flops around in the water like a little seizing penis fish.

"Fuck!" I exclaim. I had a bad feeling he might be splashproof.

The days drag on, and each of my attempts to destroy Mr Big fail, one after the other. I begin to get sloppy and try just tossing him behind the bed. Maybe if Lauren can't find him, she'll forget about

him. Out of sight is out of mind right?

But she finds him. She assumes he just fell.

With each attempt at trumping this little plastic cock failing, I start to realize more and more that Mr Big has got to go. There's only room for one penis in Lauren's life, and well, that's going to be mine!

It's time for drastic measures. It's time to steal my girlfriend's penis.

The night I chose to act is perhaps the least well timed night I could've picked, but I'm desperate and I can't wait much longer to get rid of this shiny silver cock. The night is Lauren's birthday. I chose this night because she wanted to fill her apartment with her friends. I chose that night because everyone will be drinking, everyone will be partying. It will be the easiest time to sneak him out, and once she eventually realizes he's gone, she'll never know which of her friends took him.

That night, as the party wears on, I find myself alone in her bedroom. Mr. Big is sitting on the headboard, as he always does. I pick him up exultant with the knowledge that soon he will be gone forever. Outside, I can hear her friends chatting and talking drunkenly. I smile to myself, secure in the knowledge that she'll never be able to pin this on me over any of the other people here tonight. It's the perfect crime.

However, I soon realize the one fatal flaw in my plan. I turn to put Mr Big in, well, something, and that's when I realize that I have no place to put him. I have no bag, no coat. The pockets on my jeans are clearly inadequate.

"Oh shit..." I mutter.

I turn around, frantically searching for some method to furtively extract him from the apartment but I can't find anything. Would it look too obvious to walk out of the bedroom holding an erect sock?

"Fuck!" I exclaim. "No no no!" I can't fail now! I'm so close. I have him in my hands. I just need to get out of the apartment with him.

Thinking quickly, I lift up my shirt and put the fake dick underneath but as I pull my shirt down, my heart sinks. The shirt is way too tight and it's way too obvious that I'm harbouring a penis.

Unwilling to give up, I look around feverishly, trying my best to come up with any other idea I can.

Then it dawns on me. There is only one way to sneak him out.

I briefly consider abandoning my plan but quickly dismiss the idea. Mr Big has been a penis-shaped thorn in my side for too long.



I look down at my crotch and wonder how painful it will be to double the load down there. I wish there was another way... I really, really wish there was. But there isn't and I can't stay in this bedroom forever without arousing suspicion. So I take a deep breath...

I tell myself it won't be so bad.

I undo my belt...

I tell myself that it's worth it in the end so I have to do this.

I close my eyes...

Keep your friends close and your enemies even closer – it's time to sneak him out.

I emerge from the bedroom looking like I've just finished reading a rack of porno mags. Mr Big is stuffed in my pants and sagging down the side of my leg. My jeans are tight enough that anyone looking at me can see an obvious erection.

As much as I hate Mr. Big, it feels strangely empowering to have two dicks in your pants - like you could fuck two girls at once or one girl really well.

I immediately try and head for the front door. However, on my way, one of Lauren's friends stops me to chat. I try to keep up the guise that I'm not stuffed with a robo-dick at the moment and we chit chat about Lauren's birthday.

After a while, I realize that the longer I stand in idle conversation the more likely I am to be caught. So I decide to try and exit the conversation. I'm about to excuse myself and turn to leave when another of Lauren's friends comes from behind me to join us.

He walks us over to the island countertop in the kitchen and starts engaging us in drunken idle conversation. I press my groin up towards the island to hide my massive rubber penis. Mr Big is starting to hurt. I don't think you're meant to keep large objects in the crotch of tight jeans for very long. I hope I'm not doing permanent damage to my member.

Then another of Lauren's friends joins us. And another. And it's not long before I realize that I've been trapped at the island. People around me are doing shots and talking. On the outside, I nod occasionally and smile at their conversations. On the inside, the cold harsh reality that I now must stand, groin pressed into the counter, for as long as these people are around, lest I risk exposing the massive artificial erection in my pants, hits home. My pants feel like a nostril with a marble stuff inside.

I'd like to tell you that eventually people left me alone and I was able to sneak away, but alas, that didn't happen. Instead the party moves to the kitchen. Soon everyone is drinking and talking and



doing shots while I stand like a horny school kid pressing my dick into the kitchen cabinets, refusing to move.

At least my dick goes numb from the constant pressure of Mr Big on it.

Seconds turn into minutes which turn into hours. Eventually – finally, people start to leave. One by one, people trickle out of the party until it's just Lauren, her friend and me.

An opportunity arises, not to make it to the front doo, but to make it to the bathroom at least. I make a run for it. Well, more of an awkward hobble.

As I make my way to the bathroom, I feel a hand suddenly grab me from behind.

I turn around panicked, and am immediately hit by Lauren's kiss. She hastily pushes me into the bathroom as she forces herself upon me. She closes the door and pushes me up against the wall. She kisses me passionately. She's clearly drunk. She giggles and says something about her birthday present. I'm not really listening. I'm too busy trying to shift myself such that my giant robo-dick doesn't rub against her body. But it's all in vein, er... vain.

She kisses me again and then runs her hand over my crotch. As the sensation of her hand's touch disappears, I realize she's now holding Mr Big.

She pulls back from our kiss with a betrayed look.

We both look down at my pants, at the denim outline of a gigantic dick in my pants.

She looks back up at me. I expect to be yelled at, thrown out or worse. But instead a smile creeps across her face. Then happiness quickly morphs to lust. Like the look of a child viewing an unusually large present sitting under a Christmas tree. Lauren licks her lips, touches the dick again and gasps.

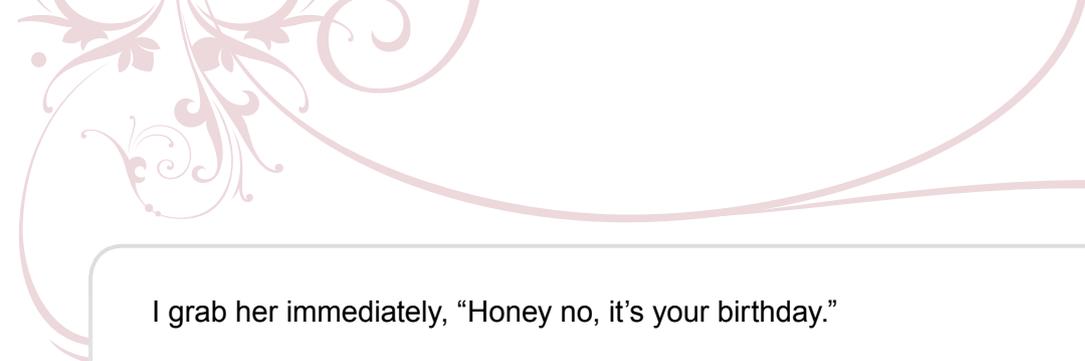
"You're so big tonight," she tells me. Her hand clenches down on it and she kisses my neck. She starts to rub the artificial limb, first slowly, but then quicker and quicker as she continues. She kisses me and pants and rubs a fake dick in my pants harder and harder.

I don't know what to do, so I start pretending to groan as if she's getting me off.

"God you're turning me on so much!" she exclaims.

"Fuck!" I exclaim, in fake ecstasy.

She kisses me harshly then pulls down my pants.



I grab her immediately, “Honey no, it’s your birthday.”

She gives me a quick kiss and then smiles, “I love sucking you off.”

Perhaps the only time in a man’s life when he doesn’t want to hear those words.

She pushes me against the wall and drops to her knees. She closes her eyes and takes hold of the cock to give me a blowjob. She licks the tip of it and giggles a bit. Then she pulls at it to angle it properly, opening her mouth to put it in. Only, the small tug she gives pulls the entire cock out of my pants, and a big silver penis falls on to the floor.

She looks down and opens her eyes. We both stare at the rubber penis lying on the bathroom floor.

I’m busted.

She looks up to me, more confused than angry. She doesn’t know what to say. She just stares at me. Not knowing what to say either. I just shrug.

“Lauren,” I hear her friend yell.

“Yes,” Lauren replies, eyes still staring at me.

“I’m off babe. Happy Birthday again!”

“Thanks,” Lauren replies blankly.

“Behave you two,” her friend giggles and then I hear the front door close. We’re now alone.

Lauren continues to stare at me; I continue to stare at her. The penis on the floor still sits between us.

Finally, she breaks the silence, clears her throat, and asks, “Why do you have my vibrator in your pants?”

“I was kind of... stealing it,” I mumble under my breath.

“What?” she asks.

“I was stealing it,” I admit, hanging my head in shame.

She gets back up to her feet and looks at me sternly.

“Sorry,” I say meekly. I look up to apologize again but Lauren’s look fades to a smile.



“Sorry?” she says.

“Yeah,” I say.

Lauren bursts out laughing. “Okay,” she says between laughs. “Why in the world are you stealing my vibrator?”

“Hey don’t laugh,” I say. “This is really embarrassing for me!”

She’s shaking her head and smiling. “Are you actually mad or are you playing?”

“WHAT?!” I exclaim. “Of course I’m mad.”

She gives me a smirk.

“What?” I ask.

She shakes her head and laughs some more.

Nothing beats being mocked while you’re trying to pick a fight with someone.

“Okay okay,” she says, as if trying to hold back from a funny joke. “Let’s be serious.” She looks at me with a serious face. But that face immediately fades and she cracks up laughing again.

“Okay you want the truth?” I shout.

She nods.

“I hate that damned vibrator!”

“What?! Why?”

“Why?” I exclaim rhetorically, “I don’t like that you get to fuck him. I don’t like that you get to put him in you. That you sleep with him!”

Her smile fades and she looks at me seriously.

“Honey I’m sorry,” she says. “I know what this is about. I’ve been selfish.”

“Yes,” I say. “That’s it! You have!”

She kisses me. “I don’t want you to be mad. How mad does it make you that I fuck it?” She nibbles my ear.



“Really mad!” I say, resisting her feminine wiles.

“Oh yeah?”

“Yeah!” I reply.

“Oh Mr. David... I like that,” she moves to kissing my neck. It tickles.

“Ok don’t do that, I’m still mad here.”

“Tell me,” she whispers. “Tell me how mad you are. How bad I’ve been. How angry you are. How much you want to punish me.”

She pulls her face up to mine and starts kissing me violently.

“Tell me!” she exclaims, “I don’t want you to be jealous.”

We kiss more and more.

“It’s okay,” she says. “I understand. I get it. I know why you’re jealous.”

It’s funny but having it out there, finally, makes me feel better. “It’s ok,” I tell her.

“Don’t be mad,” she says. “I won’t be selfish anymore.”

“It’s just so stupid; I don’t know why I couldn’t just tell you.”

She smiles and tells me that she understands. She locks our lips again. “I want you to trust me again,” she begs. My pants fall to the floor and she starts stroking my dick.

“I will,” I gasp, as I pull her shirt off and force her pants off too. She steps out of them. I toss my shirt away. Both naked, we fall to the floor in each other’s arms. We kiss keenly, while she rubs my head reassuringly.

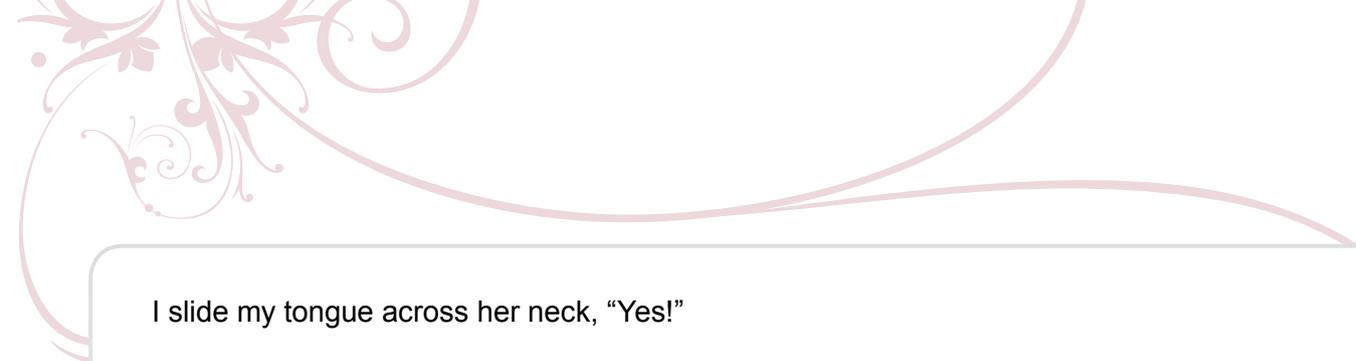
“Trust me,” she says in an ecstatic moan.

“I do.”

“Do you trust me?” she asks. She’s rubbing my dick and scratching my back.

“Yes!” I groan as my lips move to her breasts.

“Do you trust me?” she repeats.



I slide my tongue across her neck, “Yes!”

She purrs and runs her hands along my back.

“Trust me,” she tells me.

I’m about to tell her I do, that I’m sorry, that I’m sorry I’ve been jealous and stupid and crazy over a stupid little vibrator. I’m about to profess my newfound trust for her, when I hear a click. I hear the buzz of Mr Big as she flicks him on and proceeds to push him into her pussy.

“Honey what are you...” I start.

But she puts a finger to my lips to silence me.

“Trust me,” she says slowly.

Then, at that moment, in the middle of our ecstatic love session, my girlfriend pulls me close, kisses me hard, winks and tells me to relax. I relax, take a deep breath, and then let out a shocked gasp as my girlfriend pulls Mr Big out of her pussy and shoves him, fully lubed with her juices, up my ass.

She moans with pleasure and pulls me into her.

I grunt in shock. I’ve never been fucked while fucking before.

The thing about jealousy, is that it usually fucks you. Sometimes more physically than metaphorically.

Mr Big buzzes and bumbles as she pushes him in and out of my ass, while she pushes me in and out of her. She groans and tosses her head back in ecstasy. I just lay there, frozen, like a deer in headlights. Locked there, in the most confusing of sexual moments, unable to protest out of pure shock, I’m being fucked by both my girlfriend and Mr Big on the bathroom floor.

The goddamn vibrator won!

