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**Diary of a Sex Addict**  
*(excerpted chapter)*

LITTLE PILL  
BOOKS



The inevitable finally came. My mobile phone alarmed at 0600, treating us to U2's *The Streets Have No Name*. A palpable wave of disappointment crashed over me like the incoming tides from the Sea of Cortez. Though not my usual habit, I hit snooze to give us ten more minutes to enjoy spooning each other as the bright light penetrated the floor-to-ceiling windows of my thirty-fourth floor apartment.

After what seemed liked seconds, my mobile alarmed again. She, barely conscious, uttered an unintelligible moan.

With a hint of sour breath, the first words from her mouth were a moan-infused, if not outright pouting, "I am so tired, I really don't want to go to work today."

"Then don't," I replied.

Sure, it was a trite response. But, it was perfect for a girl like her. She needed only someone to give her permission. And I had just done that.

I don't mean permission in the sense of authorizing her absence like a manager or a parent with a sick note. I mean permission as giving mere approval regarding her decision, and allowing her to exhale, jettisoning the shame and guilt that otherwise would have attached if she decided to blow the day off.

Those feelings of shame and guilt were readily discernible on her anxiety-riddled face.

I had known her barely twelve hours. It was, however, plain to me that, absent my endorsement, she would have felt powerful shame—that is, an existentially desperate feeling that her very being was bad for—as far as her manager knew—inexplicably and belatedly informing him of her choice to remain absent from the office that day.

So, too, would she have felt a sense of guilt. Guilt, in this instance, was the feeling associated with the knowledge that she would be doing something wrong if she did not, in fact, show up for work today.

Nevertheless, despite the specter of having to deal with these alarmingly sharp feelings, she responded in an excited, if not surprised inflection, “Really?!”

I said, more emphatically and with an air of responsibility, “Really!”

And I meant it. The idea of being in bed and likely fuck-ing her all day had some appeal. My calendar was clear. “So, why not,” I mused.

That said, I didn’t think she would take the entire day to restore herself and spend additional time with me. Based on that supposition, I cajoled her to rise from the bed, and dutifully collected her things while she got her wits about her. In my disproportionately large hands, I collected her jewelry from the night-side table. I also offered her a shower and an unused toothbrush. For the moment, at least, she declined both, though I am not all together sure that she heard me. She was still pretty out of it.

She announced that she couldn’t find her panties. And I volunteered that, “I haven’t seen them, but I’m sure they’ll turn up in a minute. And even if we can’t find them right now, they’ll

turn up and I'll get them to you." Thinking the issue resolved, I figured the place to start was helping her wiggle into her satiny slick, pink and black bra. I thought then, as I do still today, "pink and black are fucking hot."

Once hooked, and after she made the nearly ubiquitous adjustments of shrugging her shoulders to change the tension of the thin, overly tight shoulder straps, and a quick lift and tuck for cup comfort, I grabbed the sexy, black cocktail dress that had turned me on so much just hours before. I then flipped it to her feet, as if she were about to skip jump-rope.

I motioned for her to step inside through its low-cut back. Without speaking, she took two tiny and timid steps into the dress.

I tugged the dress over her legs, and pulled it over her full, and beautifully proportioned hips and waist. She then reached for and wiggled her arms and shoulders through the lightly-padded shoulder openings.

She shimmied, tucked, and pulled—mostly at the finely woven, black, Italian material that some overpaid designer had the good sense to use while fabricating this lovely, light dress. I was a little surprised she wore such a dress. It being so fancy. Perhaps she was eager to impress and wanted to captivate my attention given my "more mature" age.

Regardless of her motive, the dress fit well, but still looked as though it came right off the rack, not even having been tailored.

Then came the most oft repeated question in human history, "Honey, would you zip me up please?"

"I can't reach it," she punctuated her request.

"Honey, huh? Not quite sure what I think about that just yet," I queried myself.

Fortunately, I said, and without cognitive pause, “Of course. Give me just a second.”

I reached for the tiny zipper that was poised for activation just below the crack of her hot ass, which was delightfully visible because her panties were still M.I.A.

I tugged, and it immediately started fusing with me. My first attempt ended with quick, dismal failure.

I pinched the tiny pull with my right thumb and index finger. I tasked my left hand to clamp down on the material, causing the zipper tracks to close and providing some traction in the opposite direction of my intended path.

No sooner had I pinched and attempted to draw the zipper upward, my two fingers slipped and accomplished nothing.

I tried again, but still nothing. “Fuck,” I muttered.

“Okay, new plan,” I thought to myself in a frustrated and derisive voice.

“Here, let me,” she insisted. I relented, feeling as though she would next ask that I surrender my man card. Much to my delight, however, her efforts met with the same fate.

I had been completely naked for this project. So, when I had the bright idea of wiping my fingers to remove traces of any natural oil and perspiration, I had to reach for the sheets on the bed, rather than use a shirt or pants.

After trying my fingers, I whirled back again to address what was now a mildly irritating nuisance.

“Ah, finally, success,” I joyfully chirped out loud. The zipper raced up the two tracks of teeth, clenching and closing the dress as it passed upward, hugging the generous contours of her sexy body. As I continued to pull upward, the teeth interlocked, making that unique, brisk, snapping, whisking zip sound.

I will say again, I thought her very hot. I relished any chance to enjoy her with all my senses. And this little problem with the zipper was no exception.

I thought Kelli gorgeous, as evidenced by my still rock hard cock that—as was often the case—got in the way because it was so large. It very often found itself in the wrong place at the wrong time.

The zipper pull accelerated as it made its way through the small of her back, but met stiff resistance at her midriff and eventually stalled around her bra line.

She was mortified, unfortunately, I could tell. This was unfortunate as it was completely unnecessary. The dress was not too tight. It fit well, and displayed her form tastefully well. She just had an ornery zipper.

Undaunted, and wanting to impress upon her that I would not shy away from a challenge, I resorted to my go-to solution for just such situations. It was as reliable as it was predictable—more force was all that was required. My problem had been that I was pussy-ing around with this fucking zipper. My new approach was to grip both sides of the zipper with—not just determined dexterity—an alarmed, furious resolve.

One of two things was going to happen. The dress would be zipped and closed or the zipper would be torqued off the threads. Luckily, the zipper surrendered and the dress closed. All that remained was hooking the delicate, little hoop on the little clasp, which would prevent the zipper from taking an unauthorized adventure down her back.

She expressed her enormous gratitude by turning at the waist, finding my lips, and giving me a kiss, followed by a genuinely appreciative, “Thanks, Babe. This zipper has always been a

problem ever since I bought it.”

“Geez,” I said to myself while I quietly ruminated: “There she goes again calling me, ‘Babe.’”

The morning haze began to lift, and she moved to the other items on her departure checklist. “Are you sure you don’t know where my panties are?” she asked.

Before answering, I thought for a moment. “Is this bitch really implying that I might know the location of her panties, though just minutes ago I told her that ‘I did not?’”

“Was she thinking that I surreptitiously hid them so I could keep them as some sort of trophy or treasure to be enjoyed later?”

My ire was now raised. And I am not sure which was a greater contributing factor: the damn zipper or her panty comment. I turned to her and said in a stone cold tone, “I said, ‘no,’ I do not know where your panties are. I just told you that.”

She was pretty much together in minutes. She sat down, crossed her legs, and put a serious look on her face. “Should I really take a personal day? I haven’t taken one in so long. I am so tired. I just want to go back to sleep.”

Flatly I said, “Yes, I think you should.”

To show greater enthusiasm, I added, “I think we would have a lot of fun.”

She drew her Blackberry like a gunslinger and furiously pecked a lengthy electronic missive. The bottom line was that she informed her boss that she was suffering from a terrible migraine and would be working from home, if that suited him. Apparently, she had a long, complicated history of chronic, debilitating migraine headaches.

As she finished fabricating and communicating her cover story, I made a cup of coffee. In about ten minutes’ time, she

cheerfully announced that she was taking the day.

She looked quite delighted, and not just because she had the prospect of sleep in her immediate future. In short, I was quite delighted too. I was a little disheartened at the notion that our second date—though remarkable—was coming to a close.

I proposed that we “jump back in bed and take nap for a couple hours.”

She responded with an enthusiastic, “yes,” and we turned toward the bedroom, the one from where we had emerged just minutes before.

I held her hand and led her through the door frame. The next, most obvious task was to disrobe her. And, so I did.

I gently guided her to a sitting position. I knelt before her. I motioned for her to extend her right leg. She understood, and before long I had a size nine, black, patent leather shoe in my face. I removed it with a wiggle of side-to-side tugs, and set it aside, careful not to place it in a location where one of us—and by that I mean me—might trip over it.

I firmly squeezed, then rubbed the posterior side of her calf. It just seemed like a nice, almost sensual thing to do. Cynically-minded folk might postulate that I was merely trying to get into her pants. I repeated the same general process for her left. I stood up, and lifted her from the bed as I locked my legs into position. We stood erect, chest-to-chest; neither of us wearing shoes. She peered upward, straining her neck to achieve the necessary obtuse angle to look me in the eyes.

“You are a really tall man. I like that. How tall are you?”

I responded in the typical manner, “I am six-three and change.”

Playing along, I asked her, “How tall are you?”

She paused, thought about it, and answered, “five-five . . . five-six.” She then gleefully added that, “I’ll be able to wear heels with you. So glad about that.”

With what I am sure looked like my best dance move, I placed my hands firmly on her hips and turned her around so that I could tangle with that zipper again. As if we had done this a million times before, and without her saying a word, she lifted her pretty, blonde hair and flexed her neck forward, revealing the clasp and zipper that we had struggled with just minutes before.

It was still a little combative, but in short order I had it down to the shelf of her magnificent ass. The curvature and crevasse of her plump ass so resembled the cleave in a peach top that I even today occasionally refer to her ass as her “Georgia peach.” I methodically, if not delicately pulled her dress down to her ankles. She assisted with a little shimmy when the material tightly clung to her body. She graciously stepped out of it, and I hung it on the same door.

I happily turned my attention to her bra. Her tits sprung from her bra once I unhooked the clasp.

“Mmmmmmm,” I thought to myself.

She really did look fucking hot. And I said as much: “You know you are a really beautiful woman; hot really. Wow!”

I quickly disrobed. My semi-erect cock hung low and slapped against my mid-thigh, drawing her attention. She was silent, but did have a rather “in awe” look on her face. Like two competing gymnasts, we both vaulted into the eagerly awaiting cool sheets.

I’m sure we looked like attracting magnets. When we settled under the covers, our bodies snapped into place like LEGO blocks with a magnetic bond.

With the intensity of high school loves reunited after a long absence, we furiously made out. I hoisted my right leg over hers. And I wrapped her in my thirty-six inch long arms. While I tongued the deep recesses of her mouth and throat, I gently scratched her exposed back with my nails, and glided my fingers across the landscape of her ass, malingering when they touched the crevasse of her ripe peach.

The sheets soon warmed, and our breathing became heavy and full. “Christ this one really turns me on,” I said to myself. My cock was rock hard, courtesy of a reflexogenic erection caused by my cock being pressed against her supple pubic bone and her pleasantly erotic, spongy tummy.

Our heightened state of euphoria was difficult to maintain for a prolonged period. We both slept little the night before. And even if we had been well rested, the relentless barrage of euphoria-inducing neurotransmitters was exhausting. So, before we knew it, we were deep asleep.

