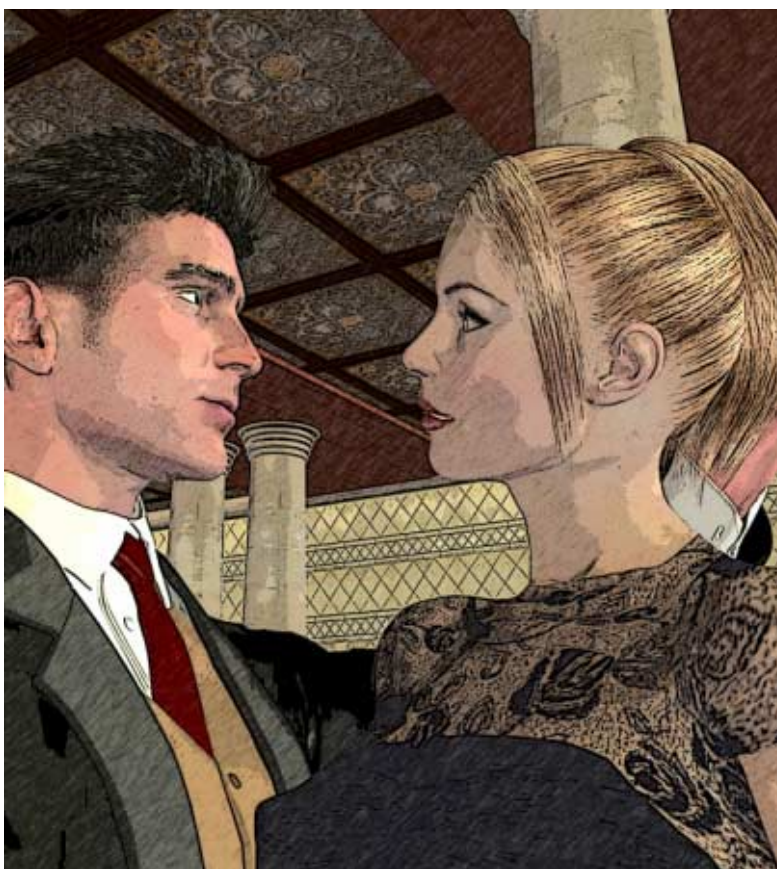




Reluctant Press

An Eye For Hannah

Joni Hyde



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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An Eye for Hannah

by Joni Hyde

Reeve opened the door and set the slim bottle of Galliano on the table. “Here, Rachel; your favorite.”

“Didn’t hear you come in,” she answered. “How was work?”

“The important thing is that it’s over and we have the entire weekend to ourselves.”

She shook her head. “No mints and flowers?” she asked with a note of disdain.

He put his arm around her waist and pulled her against him. “Must you always accuse me of an ulterior motive?”

She spun away from him. “It’s because you always have one, I suppose.”

He could feel the familiar tightness of anger flush his face. “And what, sweet muff, is my motive this evening; since you’re so all-fired intent on picking a fight?”

“Same as always. Bottle of favorite liqueur, hugs and kisses; oral sex.”

He sighed. “So the answer is the same as always, right?”

“Right. I’m not going to do it.”

“Look,” he started with a sigh of exasperation. “It was your idea for us to move in together because we’d save enough money to get you out of that crappy job at the resort.”

She put her hand on her hip and her eyes thinned to angry lines. “So we’re onto that again. OK, I wanted out of that job and, like, I promised to make an honest effort to go down for you. Just that I wasn’t very good at it, right?”

He moved to her again. “You were sure quick to give up the struggle.”

“How was I to know it would be a frequent thing with you?”

He kissed her cheek. “Cheer up, Rachel. I’m trying to make it right, aren’t I?”

“Yes, *very* trying.” She turned on her heel and started to dish up their supper.

As they ate in strained silence, Reeve was considering the dilemma.

“Not working,” he thought. “She was all set to have this living arrangement when it meant she didn’t have to go to the resort and clean rooms anymore. Can’t fault her for that. She surely has more talent than a cleaning lady. Yet, even though it now appears to be a standoff, I’m not ready to give this up. Something in her sensual nature is a fascination. A challenge even.”

“Maybe,” he said to her in a soft tone, “we’re being too uptight about all this. What say we call a truce? I’ll quit trying to invade your mouth, you start coming around to your old self. Just remember the really good fun we had, sexual and otherwise. That sound OK?”

She thought it over. “Perhaps I’m too much on the defensive. What do you suggest?”

He smiled and pressed her hand. “How about going out? Just the two of us, like old times. We’ve been cooped up here, both with odd agendas, making our lives miserable. We can go to a show, dancing, bar-hopping, whatever you say.”

She measured her words. “Good to go,” she answered. “and you promise to keep your pants zippered and to not play with my lips?”

“Oh, that’s tough, but I can try.”

She stood to clear the dinner dishes and stack them in the sink. “What is it with you, anyhow? Do you ever think of anything other than getting sucked?”

He sighed again. “I told you, Rachel. It’s a need, not a luxury or passing fancy. I really need it.”

She giggled. “Oh, yes, you told me. It’s OK by me if you get someone else to do it. Just as long as I don’t have to go back to work.”

“There are other jobs, you know.”

“Few and far off, lover. No, I’ll be your loving, stay-at-home wife. Just don’t hassle the cook.”

He waited for her to slip into her short skirt accented by the bare midriff and seamed stockings. He whistled when she came out to the car. As he held the door open for her, he could see her elegant legs when she settled in.

She laughed at him. “OK, let’s go; I feel better already.”

Reeve was encouraged by Rachel’s change of mood. They took a side table and watched the dancers display their talents as the Boom-Room DJ urged them on.

One girl kept Rachel’s attention.

“Oh, I knew that girl looked familiar. How could I ever...?”

Reeve leaned forward. “Which one?”

“The plaid skirt and green blouse; there, she’s turning toward us. That’s Hannah, don’t you remember?”

Reeve’s eye for beauty flicked over the svelte girl approaching them. “I’ll never forget her,” he said simply.

In a moment Rachel, jumped to her feet, and the girls were embracing each other and squealing with delight.

Rachel, Reeve observed, was her old self as she enthusiastically conversed with Hannah. They were so engrossed in each other that he opted to go to the bar and take his time refilling the drinks.

“Darling,” Hannah gushed as she grasped Rachel’s hand across the table. “How are you getting along, being so settled down and all?”

“Listen! It’s all a big mistake and I can’t see my way clear to get out of it. Also, we are financially linked to each other, just getting by, like that.”

“It distresses me to see you unhappy. Remember the really neat fun we had while I was growing up and you were already mature?”

Rachel laughed. “We grew up together, silly. You were way ahead of me. But, are you here alone?”

Hannah giggled. “I’m with Cherry, the red dress beauty over there.” She pointed at a girl engrossed in conversation with a guy at a table toward the dance floor. “We come here to dance and mess around. Nobody hassles us because we bring in the guys when they look for someone to dance with, try to make out, like that.”

Rachel’s eyes narrowed. “Suspicious me. And, *do* they make out?”

Hannah giggled again. “Remember, when we were in school, how you always had the dates and I took what was left? Well, it never stopped. Not often but once or twice I’ve deceived myself on some jock, but it just never worked out. I’m not as fortunate in that department as you are.”

“So, just like old times, you’re in it for the fun and laughs? You are amazing! And how, please tell, did you learn the art of separating the patrons from their money?”

“Have a super instructor. Her name is Janet Jensen but we all call her Jenn. What a fab gal. Anyhow; she has this all planned. If ever you need that kind of friend, I’d be happy to introduce you. But, it isn’t all sex. I don’t get nearly as much sex as you do.”

They both laughed. “There was a time when Reeve was intense but he seems to have lost interest.”

“Maybe it’s you who has lost interest. Or, perhaps changed interests.”

Rachel grinned and squeezed Hannah’s hand. “Who can say? Reeve is up for a promotion in field supervision and, if he gets that, he’ll travel quite a bit. Then it’s back to being lonely again.”

Hannah held her hand in place. "My offer still stands. Jenn is as mysterious as she is charming and, with a little help, you can join us; Cherry is one neat gal."

"I've made a note of it. Oh, here comes Reeve."

Reeve slid the glasses onto the table and sat down. "Good to see you two together again; just like high school, isn't it?" he asked; a wry smile belied his feelings. When Hannah crossed her legs, Reeve went on alert. But, he considered, even with that great body, Hannah still had that one asset above all others: a sensual mouth. He shrugged off an attack of goose bumps and relaxed back.

The DJ spun a slow, dreamy, tune and Hannah jumped up. "Let's dance. I love this one."

Rachel looked quickly at Reeve. "Do you mind?"

"Not at all. But don't be surprised if some swingin' chick kidnaps me for a night of sex and games."

Hannah slid her hand around Rachel's waist. "We'll take our chances on that but good luck in either event." They knew Reeve did not dance.

He grinned and waved them away.

Hannah, leading the willing girl through some basic steps, finally reached over and pushed Rachel's head onto her shoulder. They drifted with the music. "It's wonderful feeling you close to me," Hannah whispered as she looked down at Rachel.

"Do you and Cherry dance when this number comes up?"

Hannah clicked her tongue against the roof of her mouth. "Umm, how nice. After just a few minutes, you're jealous. Might I be envious of your friend, Reeve?"

"Don't be silly," Rachel answered and snuggled closer in the musical embrace.

Hannah spun and stopped to introduce a new step. The maneuver crushed their breasts together and Rachel gasped. "Don't tease me," she said to Hannah.

"Had enough of the dance, then?"

Rachel sighed. "Yes, I guess so."

In the parking lot, the effect of the drinks daunting him, Reeve struggled with the keys and finally got the door open for Rachel. "Damn locks don't work right," he bemoaned. But, with the map light on when the door opened, he watched Rachel's trim figure as her hem climbed on her legs.

They were silent as the car sped down the familiar road, each entertaining their own thoughts. Then, "Hannah is as lovely as ever, don't you think?" Reeve said trying to hide a surge of emotion.

"Certainly, but she has grown up. Not like the old sport we knew in school."

"When you both hugged, it was like these few years just up and disappeared."

Rachel slid down until she could rest her head on the back of the seat. Reeve whistled at her exposed thighs with appreciation. "I've no doubt she still sees you as just as attractive as ever," he said tentatively.

“She didn’t say that but, then, we only had a few minutes.”

Reeve was quiet as he organized his thoughts. “In highschool it was sort of thought that you and Hannah were lovers. Did that ever happen?”

Shocked, Rachel sat up and looked at him. His jaw was set as if angry but he didn’t sound that way. “Did what ever happen? Lovers? No, we fooled around a lot just like girls do. I don’t know where you heard such crap.”

“Just a rumor,” he said.

“Then just drop it,” she answered firmly.

“Umm,” he thought, “methinks thou dost protest too strongly.”

Reeve harbored his own thoughts and fantasies for a few days. In midweek he stopped at the Boom Room Bar on his way from work. The early barflies were already gathering but he didn’t see Hannah.

“Help you, sir?” the barmaid said as she settled a cocktail napkin in front of him.

He seemed distracted. “Ah. Bar Scotch, up. Thanks.”

She served him the drink and a glass of water. “You looking for someone? You don’t act like you came here to drink.”

“There is a girl we know. Hannah.”

The barmaid smiled and winked at someone over Reeve’s shoulder.

“Hi, Reeve. Buy me a drink?” Hannah said.

They slid into a booth and sipped at their drinks. “What’s going on?” Hannah asked. “You don’t hang out in bars. You and Rachel OK?”

“Umm. Yes, I guess so but I have some questions in my mind. Perhaps later we can talk.” He looked around. “You seem to be well known here.”

She grinned. “We, Cherry and I, work here. We ask the guys to buy us drinks, talk a while, dance, whatever and get a percentage.”

Reeve was unimpressed. “B-drinking. That what it’s called?”

She positioned her chin in an upraised hand and smiled at him. “Everyone seems happy with the arrangement. Now, what is it you wanted to talk about?”

“You and Rachel. Were you lovers?”

Hannah burst out laughing. “Heavens no! Oh, we might have messed around a little, played boyfriend, like that.” Then she looked at him with a grave expression.

“I never went down on her. Is that what you’re asking?”

He squirmed in discomfort. “Yes. I have to know.”

“Well, now you do. So what?”

“Just this,” he hesitated, then began, “when you two were together the other evening, that short dance, well, Rachel came alive. More so than I’ve seen her in a long time. I’d heard in school, locker room rumor mostly, that you didn’t date guys, just girls, like that.”

Hannah took a deep breath. “I do not want to be evasive but I need to make it clear I don’t want to hurt Rachel in any way. If this line is leading to something nasty, then I’m not a part of it.”

“You love her?” The candid moment hung between them.

She looked at him, eye level, serious. Finally, “Yes, I’ve been in love with her since the fifth grade, probably. What about it?”

He looked around the bar, embarrassed. “Now it’s you and Cherry?”

“Reeve, you sure ask a lot of questions. I want to know where this is going.”

He moved slightly away from her and took her hand onto his lap. She did not object to him pushing her hand against his leg. She seemed unaffected. “I think it would be good for Rachel if you and she would get back together. Perhaps go out two or three times a month. Something. It could lead to the bedroom with Rachel.”

Hannah whistled. “You sure are up-front. She’s your chick and here you are, arranging for sex. You were looking down your nose at me just now because I made a few dollars B-drinking. How about you pandering?”

“Ah, the eternal pander, yes. I have something in mind. It’s a need Rachel doesn’t fill. I’m asking if you want her enough to negotiate with me.”

“Wow. This is wild. Pray tell; what need?”

Reeve drained his drink and motioned to the barmaid for two more. He watched with feigned interest as some customers came and went. She waited.

“Well,” she said finally. “Again. What can I do that Rachel can’t or won’t?”

“I want to have sex with you.” His eyes narrowed. He wet his lips “I want your mouth.”

In the moment, Hannah struggled for self-control. She knew she was angry and that flying at him with harsh words would solve nothing. “Just because I’m a lesbian, is that it? You want me for that reason? You are something else, Reeve. I say again, I never went down on Rachel. If I knew then what I know now, well, perhaps.”

“Want to tell me about it or are you too steamed up?”

“I shouldn’t be angry but I am. Let’s close this conversation for now. Catch me in a few days after I’ve had a chance to think it over. But, one thing, the going out to a movie or concert or something once in a while. Would that be part of your deal or is it just the bedroom?”

He felt relieved. “Just the bedroom. You can get back to your friendship with Rachel, do things together and decide for yourself if she is worth the price.”

“You’re a first class prick, Reeve Rayne,” Hannah said standing up. She walked away without looking back.

“Rachel?” Hannah said screeching into the cell phone. “I have two tickets to Elton John’s concert Saturday. Want to go?”

She was stunned. “Oh, yes, sure. But, what about Cherry?”

“She is not interested. Would rather play bar girl.”

“Hannah. I haven’t heard a word from you in, what, three years? and now all of a sudden we’re back on track.”

“If that’s a solid NO, OK, then,” Hannah answered. “But, ask Reeve if it’s OK and call me back.”

“I want to go, Hannah; honest. But…”

“Call me,” Hannah said and signed off.

After the concert, both girls relaxed in Hannah’s sport coupe. “Let’s wait until the traffic clears, OK?” Hannah asked.

Rachel nodded. “It was swell of you to invite me; thanks. I really enjoyed it.”

Hannah let her head rest against the seat and turned to face Rachel. “There is something I want to talk about. Now is as good a time as any, I suppose.”

Rachel raised both hands in mock defense. “Now, if you’re going to preach about me and Reeve, I object to being a captive audience.” They both laughed.

“Nothing like that.” Hannah took a deep breath. “Reeve stopped in to see me at the bar last week. We had a, well, up-front talk. “

“Oh? That’s interesting. He drink much?”

“Just some Scotch. He said it was cool with him for me to date with you; go out once in a while, like we used to do.”

Rachel was deep in thought. Then, “Umm. Yes, makes sense. I think he wants, needs, some freedom from me and this is his way of doing it.”

“You mean he’s looking for someone else?”

“I told him he could go out to get what he needs as long as I don’t have to do it.”

“You won’t go down on him, that it?”

Rachel bit her lip and fought back a tear. “Yes. I only agreed to move in with him, have missionary sex, if I could quit that crummy job at the resort.”

Hannah was quiet then, seeing the parking area clear, started the car and pulled out onto the street. “I know a very intimate bar we can stop at without being attacked. You cool with that?”

“Oh, sure. Why not? Put a top on the evening and all.”

The lounge was dark but Hannah led the way to a spot in a cozy corner. They ordered and sat back. Rachel looked around. “You a regular here?”

“Just once in a while. The gal who owns it is Janet Jensen. I told you about her, remember? She is the mystery gal who taught me what I know about making a living with barflies.”

“I hate it when Reeve drinks too much.”

“He push you around?”

“Tries to get in my mouth if that’s pushing around.”

“Do you get him to perform cunnilingus on you? Do you like that?”

“Yes; a lot but his attitude is to do it to me so I’ll do it for him. Then it’s not fun. Tension, you know?”

“Is what he asks so unreasonable?”

“I don’t like it.”

Hannah sighed, emptied her drink and motioned for another for both of them. She reached to cover Rachel’s hand and pressed with her fingers. “Reeve wants me to give him head,” she began slowly. “In return for doing that he has allowed you and I to see more of each other.”

Rachel was stunned. “What crap. I’m calling a foul. Did anyone think of consulting me in this little tryst?”

“Don’t be angry, Rach,” she said softly. “I’m only telling you what’s going on. It’s something for you to think about seriously. Can you see him forcing you, rape is the word, if you continue to keep him away? Or, will he just dump you and get someone else? After all, he’s successful, up for promotion, and all that. Without him you’d be back at the resort or pushing drinks like me. Think about it.”

Rachel started to cry and buried her face in Hannah’s shoulder. She stroked Rachel’s hair and fondled the smooth skin of her neck. “It’s a good thing we can talk it over,” Hannah said quietly. “What is your feeling?”

“Right now I’m pissed. Why would he, my supposed loving better half, make such a proposal? And, while we’re at it; how do you fit in to all this?”

Hannah let her hand drop to the top of Rachel’s blouse so her thumb could caress the firm breast. “I’m agreeable, darling, if you are. I’m not one to force myself on you or anyone else; not my style.”

“Gosh, Hannah. Are you saying you are a lesbian, that you and Cherry are lovers and you....”

“Something like that. Let’s not talk about it any more. You need to think it all out. We’ll do a girl outing next weekend and see how you feel. That cool?”

Rachel was silent, withdrawn, in the car. Hannah did not involve her in small talk. “I don’t want to go back to that resort. I don’t want to wash dishes or flip burgers. I don’t want to hustle bar drinks,” Rachel blurted out.

“The answer is simple enough. You have to keep Reeve happy, sexually and otherwise.”

“And you, Hannah? Do you find Reeve attractive enough to...to...”

“Yes and no. No, he doesn’t turn me on. Yes, I really like the idea of us two getting to know each other. With Reeve blocking us, we don’t have even that. Simple, isn’t it? In a way, Rach, though you might see yourself as a victim, you are in control.”

“Jeez,” Rachel said and ran her fingers through her hair. “What a night this has been.”

Hannah wheeled the car to a stop in their driveway. Reeve’s car was not there but Rachel lost no time in getting out. She hesitated. “Thanks for an interesting date,” she said, wondering if she should shake hands.

“Just one last thought, honey, “ Hannah said firmly. “When you consider all this, just remember my mouth and what it is willing to do for you.”

“And Reeve, or so I’m told.” She slammed the door and went into the house.

Reeve came through the front door slightly tipsy. “Hello,” he called out.

“Had enough to drink?” Rachel asked, her arms folded.

“Nearly enough,” he answered and weaved into the kitchen for a glass of ice water.

“The ice won’t cool it,” Rachel said firmly.

“So you and Hannah were out on the town,” he said, assuming. “She tell you about our little deal?”

“Yes,” Rachel answered. She tapped her foot impatiently. “You better get yourself off to bed. Not good to be late as well as hung over.”

He waved in good nature as if dismissing a taxi cab. “Right, I’ll dahlin’ “

Alone, Rachel pondered her dilemma. Any amount of dealing with her thoughts and emotions led to the same conclusion. She had to keep Reeve in her life and, sad as it was, she called on her self-discipline to perform for him. “But, Hannah? What a sweet person she is,” Rachel thought to herself. “We had so much fun tonight, the concert and all. And, she couldn’t have been nicer in telling me about Reeve, and warning me. Too, was she testing me when she told me about pleasure with her mouth? How far might we go? If I am forced to a choice, what do I do?” She let out a long sigh, kicked off her shoes, and climbed the stairs to their bedroom.

In the darkness, as she readied for bed, she was still immersed in her thoughts. Then she turned to face him when he spoke, “I think Hannah will go for it.”

“Yes,” she answered simply. “and, what’s more, she said if I wanted to keep our living arrangement, I’d have to be more cooperative.”

“Aha. Now you’re talking sense. But, negotiations are past, babe. The deal is closed.”

Rachel lifted herself on one arm off the pillow. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“I’ve been thinking about you and Hannah. How do you feel about her? I mean, are you ready to make love with her?”

“That what you want? Is Hannah going to take to this bed between us?”

“Couldn’t have said it better myself.”

“I do have some say-so, you know,” she said, suddenly defensive.

“I’ve been looking at the situation from your point of view. You have not a word to say about it. I’ll call the shots. It is a fortunate man, indeed, who can get two beautiful girls to give him head. Sounds great.”

Rachel shuddered. “You may be right; I’ve not decided yet what I’ll do.”

He laughed. “Yes, you have. And you can start right now.”

He moved toward her, lurched slightly, and reached to catch her by the shoulder.

“Uh, I don’t think so,” she said. When he continued to grope for her, she rolled forward and pushed him backwards onto the bed. He collapsed and hit his head on the bed post with a sickening thud. Just that quickly he was unconscious and the threat was removed.

She considered it. “That’s it for now,” she mumbled and knelt to remove his shoes, then loosen his belt. He seemed to be resting peacefully. “But it solves nothing. When he wakes up with a colossal hangover, he’ll be on a roll, for sure.”

She bathed, put on her nightie and decided on a cup of coffee to help think things over. Settled in on the screened porch, watching the moon play patterns on the lake, it seemed to her quite impossible that anything in her narrow world could be so disturbing. Yet the facts were unaltered. And, with Hannah in the picture, Reeve was more excited than ever. “What a perv,” she mumbled and shook her head.

Three in the morning came and she dozed fitfully. Then she heard him step onto the porch. He was immediately behind her as she sat on the sofa. He grabbed both her shoulders before she could react.

In a moment he had both her hands behind her back and was busily taping them together high enough to make her shoulders strain. There was a brief flash of terror when he gathered a chock of hair in his fist and jerked her around.

“Just sit there and behave, slut.” He deftly opened the front of her negligee and unhooked her halter. Then he stood in front of her, cradled her head in his hands and forced her face against his stomach.

She was suddenly unafraid. “Actually,” she considered, “we’ve known each other a long time, too long to expect violence. Then too, that hit on the head just might have taken him to the edge.”

“Reeve, you can let go now. You don’t scare me.”

Saying nothing, he moved one hand forward so he could push his knuckle against her lips. When she primly kept her lips closed, he pressured her even more.

Next, he dropped his boxer trunks to the floor, kicked them away, and was naked in front of her. She couldn't take her eyes off his erect shaft. The bulbous head looked more than lethal, even in the moonlight.

He ran his thumb across her lips. "It's time. I've waited long enough."

"The answer is still no, Reeve. Now, just cool it, will you?" She suppressed a moment of panic when he put his hand behind her neck and pulled until her nose jammed his navel.

"Open up, now," he said harshly.

She shook her head. But she should have known there was a limit to his patience. The damsel in distress, as she saw herself, was in a bad spot indeed. She could only hope.

He slapped her with the flat of his hand across her face. The stinging almost took her breath away. "Reeve, I can't believe you did that, you..."

For an answer he grabbed both of her nipples and squeezed until she screamed for him to stop.

"No more deals, bitch. Do as you're told or you'll be out on your ass with a full tummy of cum and a sore throat. Now, get with it."

She shook her head "no" again. This time she braced herself and his arm swooped full swing coming down hard on her breast. Then he pushed her; she was off-balance because her hands were bound behind her, and she half-fell to one side on the sofa. Then he was gone.

She blinked in the semi-darkness and worked at the tape to free herself. When he came back, he had his belt wrapped around one fist and raised his arm. This time the blow fell across her thighs leaving a red welt she was sure would take days to heal. Again she screamed. Again he moved against her. His firm rod seemed to her even more engorged than before. She knew it was lust and excitement.

With both hands covering her ears, he guided her upright and forward. She looked up at him, tears streaming down her face. "You're raping me," she sobbed.

"Call it whatever you like. Just get busy. I want to watch my cock disappear into that pretty mouth." His raised arm, with the snapping belt, was a silent threat.

She nodded and her lips parted. "Don't hit me again; I'll suck you."

With eyes wide open, she concentrated, eyebrows knit, on the erection approaching her lips. There was a faint scent of masculine musk, his pre-cum excitement. Her lips pursed in an enticing oval, she gradually closed on the corona of his cock, licked with a firm tongue tip and let it gradually into her mouth.