

Novel excerpt: "Home Cure"

by Tony Noland

He picked up the bottle of gin, looked at it.

"Not a lot left," he said.

"There's enough," she replied. She took the bottle and lifted it to her lips. "Are you ready?" she asked.

"For what?"

"You'll see." She tilted the bottle and took half an inch of gin into her mouth. Her lips closed and her cheeks bulged slightly with the gin she held in her cheeks. Her eyes started to water. It was cheap gin, but she didn't swallow.

Lizzy came around the table to him and pushed his legs around so she could sit on his lap. She leaned her face forward and pressed her lips against his. He began to kiss her. As he did she opened her lips slightly and he could feel warm gin flow from her mouth into his. Surprised, he let a thin trickle run down his chin before he got the idea. He accepted the gin from her mouth as she leaned forward into him. He felt the warm liquid fill his mouth and his eyes burned from the alcohol. He swallowed as she gave it to him.

She pulled back and waggled a finger at him. "No no, you silly man. Don't swallow, not yet. Just hold it for a moment, then give it back to me. Keep passing it as long as you can. It's a fun little game, isn't it?" She lifted the bottle and took another pull, filling her mouth again. She arched an eyebrow at her. He nodded, ready to receive what she had to give him.

Leaning in again, she pressed her lips to his. He let the moment stretch out as he opened his lips and took in the gin flowing from her lips. He held it, his mouth burning as she leaned back, taking a deep breath. She leaned forward and kissed him lightly. He tried to press his lips against hers but she dodged back, leaving the kiss just a light brushing of the lips. Then with a small laugh, she came in

close and opened up to take back the liquid. He let it flow out of his mouth, filling hers.

She smiled, her cheeks bulging a bit. She scooted off his lap and knelt in front of him. She reached up and undid his belt, then the buttons of his trousers. Through the fly of his drawers, she withdrew his erection. She had to shift and bend him to work it through. He lifted his hips and she succeeded in exposing him; he straightened, full and long. She slipped a hand inside his shorts, then looked up at him and wagged a finger. He didn't understand, not even when she cupped, then gripped his balls.

Her dark head bent and she pressed her lips against the head of him. As she pressed and then opened her lips, he felt the warm gin in her mouth wash over it. She used her fingers to stretch the skin of him, pulling him open inside her mouth. At first, her mouthful of gin felt wonderful as she rolled it over his sensitive tissue, but then a tingling, itching sensation came over him as the alcohol soaked into his inner flesh. Involuntarily, he bucked and pushed his length upwards into her mouth. Maintaining the seal of her lips, she stretched him wider, and he was penetrated by the warm gin.

The burning inside his length increased, and he pushed and squirmed, thrusting upward and back, trying to escape it. She held a firm grip on him, shaft and sac, as the gin leaking around her lips ran down, soaking him. He could feel it, icy and hot as it too burned on his most tender flesh. He grabbed her by the hair and tried to push her away, but her lips and her grip was too strong. He was burning, dying as the gin worked its way inside his shaft.

He clutched her head with both hands and writhed like a man on fire. He thrust and pushed with abandon. She held him firmly, working both hands in a flexing rhythm. The gripping of her fingers, the swiping of her tongue, and above all else, the burning gin worming into his slit was driving him insane.

She dug her thumbs in and gave him a series of long, hard strokes along his length, and he came, hard into her mouth. His fluid was like a balm to his burning inner tissues and he cried out in relief and pleasure. He gripped her head and pushed upwards, hard as far

as he could penetrate, letting her thumbs and her tongue draw out of him the soothing balm that eased the burning inside him, backing it down to a hard tingle that kept him hard as a cudgel. She released the seal of her lips slightly and the last of the gin made a mess of his drawers, sloppy and icy hot as it evaporated on his balls.

Light flashing before his eyes, he let go of her head and leaned back, dizzy.

Lizzy lifted her head to meet his eyes and got up from her knees. She took another swig from the bottle. She hiked her skirt and spread her legs to sit on his lap, resting herself against his tingling erection. She leaned forward and pressed her lips to his. He opened and let the gin flow into his mouth. He swirled his tongue and realized that it wasn't just gin. He looked at her with shocked eyes.

"Don't swallow." she said. "That is, unless you want to." She smiled and leaned forward to press her lips against his again. He let the liquid flow back into her mouth, feeling the stringy strands among the liquor. She drew back her face and one strand escaped her lips to lay on her chin. She swallowed what was in her mouth, then drew a finger across her chin to scoop what she'd missed. She licked her finger then lifted the bottle again, but this time lifted it to his lips.

"Your turn," she said.

