

Sometimes you think you know who you love...

The Ideal Man

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Would I be lying if I said my life had  
turned out like I had wanted?

# ***THE IDEAL MAN*** ***by James Conrad***



**THE IDEAL MAN**  
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## Chapter Seven

Anthony followed Rita to her apartment in Cheshire. They ate some left-over sesame chicken, washed it down with cheap grape soda and smoked part of a joint. She led him into the living room and searched the DVD rack by the television for a movie. She squatted down to look on the bottom shelf, offering Anthony a peek of her butt crack, somewhat on purpose and much to his delight.

They watched a high school comedy movie Anthony never liked, even though the latter kept his opinion to himself. About halfway through the movie, she asked, "Did you want to smoke a little more, Tony?"

"If you want," said Anthony.

"I was actually wondering if you wanted to share a hit," said Rita, smiling as she relit the joint.

"How do you propose to do that?" asked Anthony with a coy grin.

Rita giggled and took a toke. She held it in and pulled Anthony close to her, giving him a long, tonguing kiss as she blew the smoke into his mouth, then withdrew from him. Anthony held the hit in for a second or two then half blew, half coughed it out.

"You really are a good kisser," said Rita with a randy smile as her eyes narrowed with lust.

"Thanks," said Anthony with a sly gleam in his eyes. "Did you want to do that again?"

"I don't see why not."

"All righty," said Anthony. He puffed and took his turn kissing her. She exhaled, cackling and said, "My God, Tony, I wish more guys could kiss like you."

Anthony offered a goofy grin, a stoned shrug, and a gentle laugh. Rita leaned against him, breathing softly against his shoulder and eased his face toward hers.

"Tony," she said.

"What?"

With that, she kissed him again, put her arm around him and slid a hand underneath his shirt. As she nibbled and licked his neck, he reached around and cupped her left buttock with his right hand. She paused for a moment, untangled herself from him and said, "I think we had better shut this off," said Rita. "Little too distracting right now." She stopped the movie and clicked the TV off as Anthony exhaled with quiet gratitude.

Rita led Anthony to her bedroom, closed the door behind them and mauled him with voracious kisses, running her hands up and down his back and fondling his ass. She shoved him backwards onto her bed, pinned him to the mattress and kissed him some more.

He slid a hand under her shirt to stroke her back and slither his fingers against the strap of her bra. She slid her T-shirt off and thrust her chest into his face. He licked and kissed her cleavage with delicate strokes, causing her to tremble just a little.

He slowly wriggled out from under her, coaxed until she lay face down on the mattress and took the hook of her bra in his mouth, chewing at it until it was undone. She sat back up on her knees, holding the bra to her chest with her left arm as she eased him onto his back. With a crafty smile, she slid her left arm through its strap, then the right. She took her arm away and the

bra fell from her breasts. She caught it with her right hand and chucked it across the room.

She pulled his shirt off, flung it across the room, kissed him, nibbled his neck and began licking him about the torso as she began to undo his pants. She grabbed a hold of his unit, gave it a few strokes and took it into her mouth.

Anthony dug his nails into the mattress and ran his fingers through Rita's hair with his other hand, brushing it away from her face to reveal her pouting lips forming an airtight seal around his member. Every now and again, she lashed her tongue up and down the shaft and around the head of his dick. His legs tensed for a few seconds, relaxed and tensed again. She paused long enough to tell him, "Let me know when you're almost there. I don't like guys coming in my mouth."

"O.K.," he said, breathless with pleasure.

Rita went back to work and started rocking her head up and down, the pace getting faster and faster with each repetition. Finally, Anthony whimpered, "All right, that's enough." She took her mouth off of his pecker and stroked it until two jets of semen came shooting out and landed on his stomach.

"Your turn," she whispered in his ear. She lay on her back and pulled her jeans and panties off in one fell swoop. He kissed her, giving her plenty of tongue, nibbled her neck, licked her nipples and kissed her navel, all the while fingering her moist, warm cunt.

He inserted his right index and middle fingers inside of her, spread her lips open and proceeded to lick, all the while prodding her vaginal wall. As his tongue found her clitoris, she gently bit one of her knuckles to keep quiet, even though a few quiet shrieks escaped.

"Keep going, baby, please don't stop," she said.

In a little over ten minutes, her muscle clamped down around his fingers as she moaned, gasped and shook. After composing herself, she leaned over, opened the drawer of her nightstand, pulled out a condom and tossed it over to Anthony. He caught it and said, "You put it on."

She did as she was told, straddled him, inserted him inside her and proceeded to ride. As he sighed and moaned, she shushed him. "My neighbors," she said.

Anthony looked up at her as he slid his hands up and down her sides and fondled her breasts. After a little while, he shifted his ass down a little on the bed, lifted her up and began to take over, moving his pelvis up and down.

"Right there," she said. "You got it."

Anthony smiled as he looked up at her. Her eyes were squeezed shut, her mouth wide open as she gasped for breath.

"Don't stop," she said. "Keep going... little faster... You can do it..."

He did as he was told, and they climaxed together. She rolled off of him and lay beside him, stroking his chest. "I wish all guys were as good as you, Tony," she said.

"Mmm," said Anthony.

"No, seriously," she said. "I don't think I'm ever going to come down from this. You are fucking incredible."

"Well, thanks," he said, convinced that in her eyes, that was all he was good for.

"Do you want a cigarette?"

"Sure."

Rita stood up, fished her pack out of her jeans and lit cigarettes for them both. Anthony took a drag, disliking the taste of the menthol without letting it show. He smelled the air. Their sweat had mixed with Rita's perfume, enhancing the lavender odor. Rita curled up next to him,

and they lay side by side.

After a while, Anthony stood up and dressed.

“Where are you going?” asked Rita.

“I got work tomorrow,” said Anthony as he put his pants on. “I should probably get home.”

“All right,” said Rita. “I hope I see you again.”

“You probably will,” said Anthony. *NOT!*

“Here,” she said writing her number down on a piece of scratch paper and handing it to Anthony.

He looked at it. The script was ridiculously flowery and she had even dotted the I in her name with a heart. He made up his mind that there was absolutely no chance he could be bothered to waste any of his time hanging around her.

“You’ll hear from me,” he lied as he pocketed her number, leaned over to give her a hug and a kiss goodbye and left.

As Anthony drove home, he set the scratch paper on fire and chucked it out the window.

## Chapter Twenty

On Tuesday, David drove to Bridgeport to show some houses to Dr. Samuel Goldstein. After the tour was concluded, David said, "If you don't mind me asking, what kind of doctor are you?"

"I'm a psychiatrist," said Dr. Goldstein. "Why do you ask?"

David smiled, surmising that Dr. Goldstein could be a formidable ally. "Well, my wife has been... a little odd lately," he said.

"How so?" said Dr. Goldstein.

"Well, she came home late the other night and she was, uh, inebriated and she's been more than a little... moody and recalcitrant toward me in general, you might say. We've been married for six years and she's never acted this way. It's weird..."

"How long has this been going on?"

"Oh, since this past Friday," said David. "I don't know what's gotten into her. Probably those God damned friends of hers." He clucked his tongue and shook his head.

Dr. Goldstein thought for a minute and nodded. "Hmm," he said, "it's probably a little too soon to tell if anything is truly wrong with her. I'd say to give this maybe a couple more weeks and see if anything develops." He gave David one of his business cards. "Let me know if anything happens," he said.

"Will do," said David. As far as he knew, Grace was a time bomb and he feared that she might pose a tremendous threat to his welfare. *The shit Grace has been pulling on me... God damn...*

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As David drove away from the house, his phone rang. "Hello," he said.

"Hi, David," said Lana, her voice breaking.

"What's up?" said David. "You seem a little agitated."

"The whole world is full of motherfuckers!" sobbed Lana.

"What happened?" said David. He smiled as a thought came to him:

*Now, just suppose it turns out that Grace actually is bananas and has to be shipped off to the funny farm. Would I still have a chance with Lana?*

"Hold on, a minute," said Lana. She took a long sniff, cleared her throat and sighed. "Oh, man, these allergies," she said. "Anyway, I've been trying to sell this house for months. I show it to this one woman, and she..." Lana began to get more worked up, sniffing as her voice broke. "She has to go and point out everything that's wrong with it," she said. "I understand that the interior was painted all sorts of weird colors, but apart from that, there's nothing wrong with it!"

"What did she say?" said David.

"She said to me, 'Lady, if you think there's nothing wrong with this house, you are a colorblind fool!'"

"So what did you say?"

"I told her that there was no need to be rude, and she's like, 'Well, if the paint job's

messed up there are probably a lot of other things wrong with it that you're not telling me about.' David, I am not a scam artist! I have nothing to prove!"

"Did you talk to her about paying for inspections?"

"Yes! She said, 'Well, why would I want to waste money just to prove myself right?' God, David." Lana burst into tears. She had always been manic and hypersensitive, tendencies exacerbated no doubt by her drug abuse, and it was never easy for her to take any manner of criticism.

"Well, Lana," said David, "don't take it so hard. It's not as though this one woman not buying that house is going to... make a huge difference in the grand scheme of things."

David smiled. He knew such sweet words would definitely score him points with Lana.

"Yeah, but did she have to be so God damned mean and nasty about it?" said Lana.

"People can be mean and nasty, Lana," said David. "Sad, but true. Just don't let it get you down. At any rate, I should probably get going. I hope you feel better." By now, David's unit was so full of blood it was fit to burst.

"Thanks, David," said Lana. "You're a real sweetheart, you know that?"

"Well, I try," said David, smiling. *You ain't seen nothing yet, honey.* "I'll talk to you later."

"See you soon, Lana."

"Goodbye."

David went home as fast as he could. He ran into the house, upstairs and into the bedroom and jerked off like a man possessed, fantasizing about running away with Lana to some remote island in the Caribbean to have wild sex while Grace rotted away in a psychiatric ward.



## Chapter Forty

David was on top of Grace, rocking himself into and out of her. After he spent himself, he caught his breath, rolled off of her and kissed her on the cheek. "I love you," he said, his voice tender and gentle. "You're so good to me."

Grace yawned and said, "I love you, too, David."

She lay there with a quiet sigh, staring upward with a blank, melancholy gaze. Yet again, sex with him had left her bereft of pleasure, but by this point she believed that all she could do was learn to live with it and that expecting anything more was pointless. She turned her head and gazed over at David, wondering what she truly meant to him. He was sound asleep, looking so serene, a faint but satisfied smile on his face. To Grace, nothing could be more unjust.

To keep herself from crying, she had a brief, silent laugh as she remembered a joke her sister Rhiannon once told her:

How does a real man know when his wife's having an orgasm?  
Real men don't care.

Grace found it funny, because in her case, it was true, but it was also sad. At that moment, she wished more than anything that she could sneak into the bathroom and finish herself off. Unfortunately, it was quiet all around and no sound could drown out her moans, even if she gagged herself with the washcloth. If she woke David, he would certainly catch her dead to rights. She'd have no lie to tell, the truth would cut him deeply, and he would lash out at her for being "ungrateful."

As much as Grace appreciated David saying how much he loved her and providing her a good life with the money he earned, it dawned on her that those things only made up half the battle. As far as the other half was concerned – being emotionally available and sexually adept – it was all too clear to her that he was not even putting up a fight.

She thought for a minute about Anthony, and yet again wondered what kind of lover he would be. A twinge of anxiety crept up on her as she glanced over at David for a quick moment.

*No... No, I can't... I shouldn't...*

David rolled over and put his arm around Grace. She cooed softly, feeling as though she could not do without that. Sometimes it was not enough, but she believed that without him, she would be lost, at best.

She smiled, closed her eyes and went to sleep.

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