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Short Skirt, No Panties: A Road Trip

By TJ Katz

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SHORT SKIRT, NO PANTIES

A ROAD TRIP



TJ KATZ

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ROAD TRIP

We rolled over the Colorado state line as the morning sun appeared on the horizon in the rearview mirror. **Welcome to Utah Life Elevated** is the state greeting with its varnished desert landscapes, red-brown grand mesas, and unusually *phallic* rock outcroppings towering in the distance. An occasional eighteen-wheeler shared the meandering, two-lane highway with us.

“You think the kids miss us?” I asked Sammi.

“Yeah, right! They’re not even awake yet on the first day of summer vacation. Besides, my mom and dad will smother them with sweets and love.”

“Ha! So true. Well? Are you ready for a story?”

“Okay!” Sammi, the longtime designated driver, is all ears—and legs. Her idea of air conditioning for this summer road trip is a short skirt and no panties.

I opened *A Collection of Erotic Short Stories*. Reading aloud is a tradition for passing windshield time on road trips, and this trip begins on the western slope of Colorado’s high desert. We’ll drive through central and southern Utah, the northwest corner of Arizona into Nevada, through Vegas, and a long stretch of the Mojave Desert. Destination? Northern California’s beautiful beaches and people.

“Here we go!” I said, “The first story is *Fantasy Furniture, Inc.*”

“Fantasy Furniture? What did you say the name of this book is?”

FANTASY FURNITURE, INC.

Betty sits naked in the dark; her eyes are open. She can't hear the door's slide bolt thud or the creaking hinge as it opens. She doesn't respond to the intruder when fluorescent tubes flicker, casting life to her burgundy lips eloquently framed by her black bob wig.

"Good morning, Betty," Mike says, glancing at her voluptuous form sitting in the corner. He smiles and shakes his head, thinking, *never in my wildest fantasies could I have imagined my engineering degree leading to this.*

After a hectic day of quality assurance and fine-tuning the remote control functions, Mike wraps up the final details on his newest creation and seventh contract with Fantasy Furniture Inc. (FFI). He unbuckles the straps and leans Betty forward, slipping his hands under her armpits.

"Come on, Betty, *Nnnngh*," he grunts, deadlifting her ninety-five-pounds.

Pulling her from the mechanical sex chair, Mike muscles Betty back to the corner bench of the garage/shop/laboratory, or la-bora-tory, as he articulates the syllables for self-entertainment.

Admiring his work, he talks to Betty as if she can hear him, "Yep, this is my best design yet. We'll see how the field engineers like it in the morning. I think I'll go ahead and load the chair into the van and straighten things up a bit," he mutters under his breath.

Mike takes a moment to survey the tools and test instruments scattered over the stainless steel table top where he and his silicone, anatomically correct assistant, Betty, work their magic. He hits the garage door opener and glances at the digital clock mounted over the side door exit. As the garage door rumbles open, Mike says, “Shit, it’s after five; I’m gonna be late.” Dropping everything, he deactivates the big door and slips out the exit, bidding, “Gotta go, see you tomorrow, Betty.”

While watching the shampoo suds swirl around the shower drain, Mike thinks, *what am I doing? Even if it’s only the reception, weddings suck.* But the warmth flowing over his shoulders soon dulls the edge of those last-minute regrets. *Oh well, what are friends for? At least there’s an open bar.*

Showered and dressed in a *could-have-used-an-ironing* button-down white shirt, grey slacks, and black lace-up Oxfords, Mike climbs into his white cargo van and types a text into his phone—*b there in 15, I’ll honk*—and shoots it to his friend, Danny.

“Hey, Mikey. Yer late,” Danny says with a grin as he climbs in the van.

“Late? Be lucky I showed up. You know I fuckin’ hate weddings.”

“Easy, Bro, it’s just the reception. Did I mention the open bar? Just chill, have a few cocktails, and enjoy the view. Come on, punch it, man, I’m thirsty!”

Mike stalls outside the reception hall entrance, pretending to admire the craftsmanship of the oversized doors—Danny goes in. Finally, with a deep breath, Mike commits, opens the door, and sees his friend

grabbing a drink from a server dressed in a tux before disappearing into a sea of suits and gowns.

Great, underdressed, Mike thinks and spots the bar in the distance.
Thank you, baby Jesus.

With spiked red hair, vampire white skin, and a sparkling diamond stud in her nose, the enigmatically alluring bartender offers a knee-weakening smile, saying, “Looks like you could use a drink.”

“I’ll have a double,” Mike says, glancing over his shoulder to scan the crowd for his friend, Danny.

“A double of?” she says to the back of his head.

“Bartender’s choice will be fine,” he says without looking at her.

“Okay, but I’ll warn you, I like a stiff one.”

Mike turns to face her matter-of-fact expression, responding, “Excuse me?”

“You asked for bartender’s choice—I like stiff drinks. How’s a double gin and tonic sound?”

“Perfect... uh.”

“Cheri’.”

“Okay, sounds perfect, Cheri’? Is that French?”

“Oui, how did you guess? And you are?”

“Michael,” he says, thinking, *definitely make that a double.*

Returning with a double gin and tonic, Cheri’ says, “Drinking alone?”

“No, I mean, yes. I came with a disappearing friend.”

“Girlfriend, Mrs. Michael?”

“No. An old college buddy. He works with the groom. And no, there is no Mrs. Michael. How about a Mr. Cheri’?” *Fuck—that was lame.*

She laughs and says, “There is no Mr. Cheri’.”

“Boyfriend?” he throws out for lack of a better response.

“Ha! No, I date women exclusively,” she says with a wink and turns to serve another guest approaching the bar.

While Mike’s animal mind fantasizes, he sips his G&T and discreetly checks her out. She is sharp, confident, and sexy with an edge, dressed top to bottom in black—combat boots, thigh highs, an almost too-short leather skirt, and a vest over a low neck, skin-tight top, giving a plain view of the upper swell of her petite breasts. The gin goes down easy.

“Looks like you’ve enjoyed your bartender’s choice,” Cheri’ says, looking at his glass of ice. “Ready for another?”

“Maybe just water. I should probably pace myself.”

“Okay, one water coming up. Designated driver?”

“That’s me.”

“So you’ve known your lost friend since college?” she says, filling his glass with club soda from the well. “And your major?”

“Mechanical engineering.”

“And what do you mechanically engineer, Michael?”

"I'm an independent contractor," he says with intentional ambiguity.

"Sounds exciting. So what's your latest contract? A high rise? Space shuttle? Wait, hold that thought," she says, turning to a tuxedoed server delivering a tray of empties.

Mike tries not to stare but notices Cheri's *never-seen sun* skin peeking above her black thigh highs and below her short skirt, contrasting like the center cream of a cookie. With great concentrated effort, he pries his eyes away to focus on the glass of water while scanning his gin-swimming brain to sidestep discussing his contract with FFI.

Cheri' returns to top off his water, "So?"

"I've been creating prototypes of mechanical pleasure chairs."

"Excuse me? Did you say pleasure chairs?"

Mike explains how his MIA friend, Danny, introduced him to a marketing agent from Fantasy Furniture Inc. He recounts some of his earlier designs, using basic engineering jargon to avoid graphic details. He shares more about the model he'd just completed in his laboratory and concludes, "In my professional opinion, this is my best work yet. I'm delivering it tomorrow for field testing."

"Field-testing? By who?"

"Women. They provide feedback to the engineers to fine-tune the experience."

"Hmm, that sounds like an interesting job. Do these women?"

"They do. That's how I get feedback."

“Don’t go away, Michael; I’ll be right back,” Cheri’ excuses herself, walks around the bar, and disappears into the crowd.

Returning in a few minutes, she says, “Michael, my relief just arrived. Give me a few minutes to finish up. I’ll make us a drink and join you at the bar—if you don’t mind. I have a proposition.”

With their stools facing each other at the bar, the more they talk, the more they drink. The more they drink, the more candid their conversation. Cheri’ is comfortably forthright about her sexual preferences. “But when it comes to the penetration department,” she says, “most women don’t have the stamina, with a dildo, to keep up the driving motion I want and need. Put it this way, Michael, I like to get fucked like the house is on fire.” She places her hand on his leg and looks him straight in the eye, “It’s just that I prefer not to deal with men—nothing personal,” and slaps his thigh like a comfortable friend.

Their knees touch, intertwining at times, and those legs, those luminous, eggshell thighs above taught, black thigh-high nylons screaming, TOUCH ME, seriously undermine Mike’s discernment.

So when Cheri’ proposes, “What if I were to give you a review before you deliver your pleasure chair to the field testers?”

Explicitly spelled out in Mike’s contract with FFI, *Betty’s is the only body permissible for machine testing*. But, without hesitation, Mike says, “That will have to be tonight because I’m delivering it in the morning.”

“I’ll get my coat,” she says, hopping off the stool.

Cheri' follows Mike into the dark workshop, where he flips on the lights, and, "Whoa!" her hands grasp her chest. "Jesus Christ! Are you trying to give me a heart attack? Who's your friend, Michael?"

"That's Betty. She's my stunt dummy, compliments of FFI for testing the..."

"Get—out!" Cheri' strolls over and fondles Betty's full breasts, pinching and pulling her prominent nipples, "Great boobs! Yum! They're so real. And holy mother of—look at her pussy! Excuse me, Betty, may I?" She cops a feel. "Does she date?"

Trying to imagine how this will go down, Mike isn't listening as he pulls the protective cover from his latest project.

"Holy! You built that?"

"Umm, yep, this is it, the beast and the best to date," he beams, stepping back for her approval.

"Well, are you going to show me how it works? With Betty's consent, of course."

"I don't think she'll mind sitting this one out. She's already enjoyed a few rides today."

"What did she think?"

"I'm not sure—Betty doesn't say much."

Cheri' fucking loses it! Convulsing with laughter, and it's just what Mike needs to loosen up.

"That's frickin' hilarious! Whew! Okay then, where do we start?" She kisses Betty on the forehead and sits to remove her boots.

As she rolls the tops of her stockings down, Mike gets his first glimpse of her delicate, provocative legs in full skin, and he's speechless.

Cheri' climbs onto the black leather seat, sans panties, while Mike attempts to focus. His voice shakes a bit, hopefully unnoticed, as he instructs her to put her feet into the stirrups, saying, "I'll take care of the safety strap."

With the strap secured around her waist, just below her breasts, she says, "I'll have to say, the bondage is a bonus."

"It's to keep you from falling out of the chair."

"Falling from the chair, what??"

"The strap was added mostly for liability purposes, based on feedback. With the last chair I designed, one of the testing participants experienced very strong, I mean, she hit the floor while—um."

"Are you telling me she *came* so hard she fell out of the chair? I'm ready!"

"I think the engineer's phrase was *a seizure-like response to the stimulus.*"

"What?!"

"Don't worry; you'll control your level of pleasure."

"Now *that* I like. I think I can handle the responsibility."

"Okay," Mike continues, "the remote," he points to a green button. "This is the *ON* button that initiates the driving or pumping mechanism. By tapping these two + or - buttons, you can adjust the girth of the dildo—from initial penetration to satisfaction. If you slide

the lever up or down, it controls the speed of the thrusts. Oh, and it self-lubricates. The shaft has built-in friction sensors—well, you get the picture. The lubricant is water-based, organic, and botanically infused. It's state of the art and *good* for you."

"Whoa! Everything I've always needed," she laughs.

"I'll leave you to it," Mike says as he turns for the door.

"Wait a minute there, mister. Where do you think you're going? Are you frickin' kidding me? You gotta sit here and monitor this thing; *you're* the engineer!"

Anxious and unsteady, he grabs a chair and sits with a heart-pounding view of *everything*, noticing Cheri's spiked red hair is the *only* hair on her body. He also notes there will likely be *no need* for the lubrication feature.

"Okay, let's do this, Michael. I'm aching, for Christ's sake!" And Cheri presses the green button. The beast purrs into action.

Relieved to be sitting, Mike attempts to swallow with no help from saliva. His skin prickles as he fidgets in his fold-out chair, struggling to reposition his cramped and straining *enthusiasm*.

Meanwhile, Cheri guides the advancing dildo with her hand as it kisses her labia and all but disappears—to reemerge gleaming with her arousal. After several graphic moments of bearing witness—without breathing, Mike glances up to see Cheri staring at him; no, *through* him into some distant galaxy.

Collecting his words, he clears his throat, "*Ahem,*" and stutters, "Can I, I mean, is there?"

“Touch me,” she interrupts, closing her eyes.

Obliging cautiously, he places his palm on the underside of her calf, slowly closing his trembling fingers around her leg as a spine-tingling rush *rrrrripples* through his body.

“Higher—move your hand higher,” she directs, eyes still closed.

Mike inches his hand to the warmth of her inner thigh while his erection strains in his slacks.

Cheri’ clicks the remote twice, further engorging the already thickset machine-cock, and murmurs a barely audible, “Oh my god, this is... the *ffuucking* best,” as she slides the speed lever forward.

Mike is *floating*—near *spinning*. The lewd loveliness of that wet dildo swishing in and out of her intoxicatingly gorgeous pussy makes his pulsating heart join his cock into one big, *pounding* hard-on.

Getting fucked *like the house is on fire*, Cheri's verbal communication reduces to unintelligible tongues. The remote control hits the floor, and her hands grasp the arms of the chair, white-knuckled as she strains against the safety strap to meet the barrage of unrelenting thrusts of the fat cock.

Satiated with arousal to near desperation, Mike glides his hand further up Cheri’s inner thigh, where his fingertips make contact with the wet heat at the edge of her vulva. With his other hand resting on her hip, he feels her body tremble in tandem with an animal-like moan, causing his heart to pump so hard he can feel the *echo* of each beat. Then, like an electric burst, an intense shudder rumbles through her thighs, and a gush of fluid spills from around the pumping dildo, accompanied by deep vibrato moans.

Mike checks the fuck out, inundated with out-of-control desire, closing his eyes as the tactile receptors in his wet fingertips communicate directly to his testicles. A rush of all-consuming pleasure chemicals floods his brain with euphoric bliss, releasing a firehose ejaculation in his boxer briefs, soaking the front of his slacks.

Never in his wildest fantasies could he have imagined.

The phone call came the day after the delivery. He wasn't sure how they knew, but they knew. Mike didn't contest the implied breach of contract.

It's time to move on. High-rise buildings? Space shuttle?

Mike is shaken—shaken *and* stirred.

Goodbye, Betty.

SHAKEN AND STIRRED

I marked the page and set the book in my lap, asking Sammi, “What’d ya think about the first story?”

“Dang! You found *that* at our bookstore?”

“Yep, in the *Sexuality* section. I thought I’d try something more adult since we’re in a kid-free zone this trip.”

“Nice find! I didn’t know they had a *sexuality* section.”

“Yeah, I like it too,” I added with a *wink wink*.

I checked out Sammi’s long, silky-smooth legs and bare feet, imagining her strapped into the fantasy chair.

“What are you thinking?” she asked.

“More like imagining. How would *you* like to be a field tester for Fantasy Furniture?”

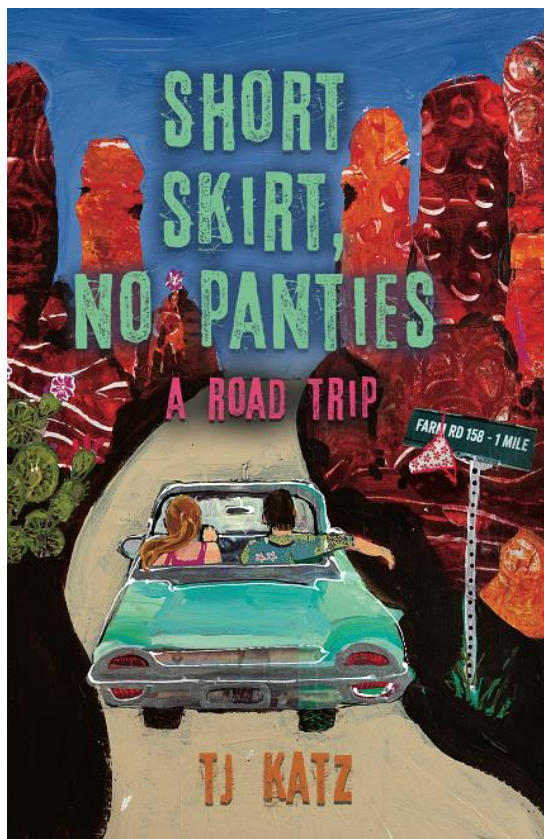
“Why? Are they hiring?” she said, flashing a playfully innocent smile.

I flipped to the table of contents—*The Friendly Skies, Hhhello, Naughty Girl, The Game*.

“I’ve got the next story queued up. Are you ready to fly *The Friendly Skies*?”

“I’ll fly anywhere with you, baby.”

“Okay, you better fasten your seatbelt and return your tray to the upright position.”



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