

10 Erotic: Book 1
Dallas Black
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Author Dallas Black introduces his collection of fictional short stories published from the perspective of the modern, urban, cultured man. *10 Erotic: Book 1* is Dallas Black's first formal foray into erotica and includes 10 short stories and 10 poems. Each erotic story is followed by an erotic poem. Dallas seeks to paint images with his words and often writes his prose with eyes closed, trying to capture scenes and vibes. Stories such as "Organic Chicken" and "Fucking Jocelyn's Mother" attempt to avoid the obvious while providing detailed images and vivid, erotic thoughts. Any writer can tell you a story, but only an artist can paint you a picture, using his vocabulary as his medium. Dallas Black invites you to explore *10 Erotic: Book 1*, and ultimately yourself.

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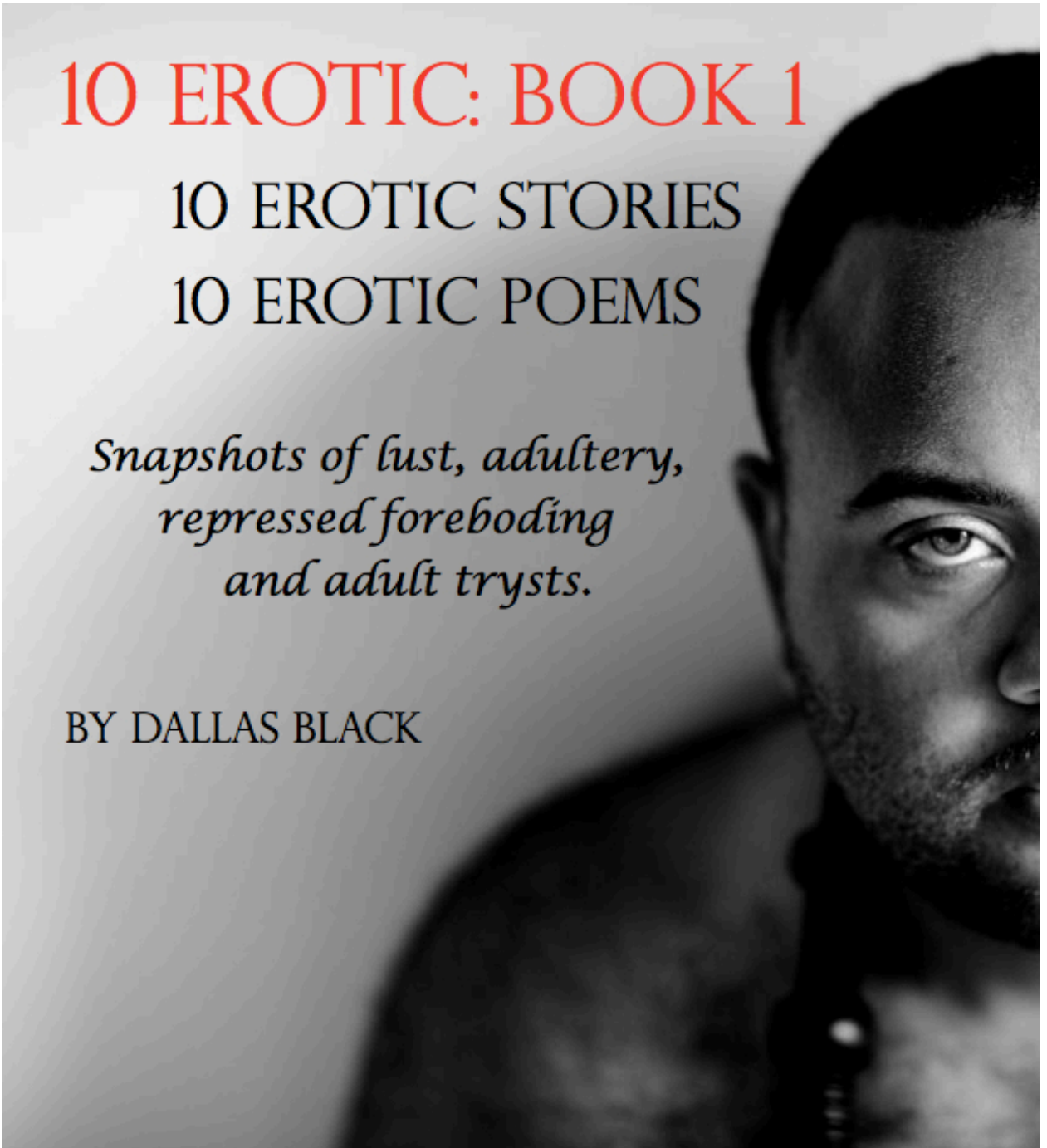
10 EROTIC: BOOK 1

10 EROTIC STORIES

10 EROTIC POEMS

*Snapshots of lust, adultery,
repressed foreboding
and adult trysts.*

BY DALLAS BLACK



Dallas Black



Dallas Black is a well-traveled, thirty-something, African-American technical professional by day and a writer of erotica by night and early dawn. Early in his college and professional career, Dallas suppressed his writing abilities in favor of his more marketable technical prowess. It paid off. Dallas enjoys a career that has allowed him to frequently travel internationally and to live in cities such as Los Angeles, Dallas, Miami, Sao Paulo and Helsinki.

In his professional life, Dallas Black has authored technical blogs, been quoted by TIME magazine and has had his research and articles published in major journals. Dallas regards himself as a guilt-ridden Catholic. At a young age, he was exposed less to relationships and healthy love than to overtly sexual images, books, videos and sounds behind tightly shut bedroom doors. Sexuality was never discussed in the household. But anything left to grow in the dark can take on unexpected and creative forms. Dallas Black's pent creativity emerged in short stories of lust, irony, repressed foreboding, risky trysts and forceful affairs with an African-American tint. His stories each take a unique path; not all end in gratuitous sex, but most end in carnal gratification.

Connect with Dallas Black online at <http://www.10erotic.com>

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10 Erotic: Book 1 is dedicated to *Lovebabz*, who encouraged me to share my erotic voice, and who continues to be an inspiration.

—Dallas Black

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Santa Fe

Yes, dinner was great, the scotch decent and my date for the evening was her normal self, but I was over it. Shelly and I were essentially friends with no benefits. She enjoyed my company and didn't mind my seemingly limitless American Express. As for me, I preferred a meal with her over the *Wall Street Journal*—most of the time. I wasn't physically attracted to her, and she knew it, but frequently after a bottle of Pinot Grigio, I could feel her eyes staring at my chest. Most of time she ranted about her job, her ungracious little nephews or went through monotonous plans for the upcoming weekend. And I just sat there, listening, looking through her.

The waiter placed the bill near my wrist. Without glancing at the total, I inserted my card and sent him on his way. Shelly finished up her story and asked me my plans for the evening.

"I have an early morning with conference calls, so I'm heading home." I followed it up with my patronizing smile. A smile she still failed to recognize.

"Oh, okay. Well, I'll check up with you later in the week." She reached for her purse.

"Shoot me an email and we can do a happy hour." I gave her a half-hearted hug, my face barely touching her cheek. The valet jumped as I hit the door.

In seconds I was at 90 mph on the turnpike, wrestling for my cell phone deep in my slacks. One-handed, I texted: "Eh babe, what's the deal?" to contact "Santa Fe." I switched lanes with gusto while turning up the Bose system, cell phone between my thighs. Vibration came in seconds, and I read: "He's on 3rd shift." Placing the phone in the cup-holder, I exited the turnpike and made a sharp right into a bank parking lot.

My headlights lit up the parking garage wall and I opened the door to a whirl of German warning tones emanating from the car. The walls echoed my R&B music as I sauntered to the trunk. One touch, and the trunk hiccupped open to reveal a briefcase, gym gear and Timberland boots among a pile of blue jeans and undershirts. I stopped and snapped around to make sure no cops lingered nearby. I was stuffed from dinner: Balvenie 12 heavy on my breath and my pocket full of dinner mints. I started to unbuckle my slacks. My belt buckle cracked against the concrete as I exchanged slacks and Ferragamos for jeans and Timberland boots. Slipping on the CK shirt that accented my shoulders, I headed back to the driver's seat.

"Meep meep, meep meep!" exclaimed my phone as I slammed the door and threw the car into reverse. "So what's up?" the phone said, insistent. I snapped out a quick "On my way," pressed "Send" and gripped the steering wheel, heading south. Seconds later my phone yelped and I looked down: "OK."

As I got closer, I started thinking about her fiancée. I had no clue what he looked like or who he was but I figured it was his apartment and they were probably engaged. The place was furnished with cheap Ikea furniture and always smelled of low-budget microwaveable meals. I remembered seeing his glasses and laundered clothes folded on the couch the last time I was fucking his future wife. At least she was keeping up appearances. I could always tell which one was his pillow on the bed as I lay beside her. It smelled of some cheap brown "designer" cologne from a local department store. That was the most annoying part of this whole situation: his cologne in my nostrils while his fiancée gyrated on top of me. It made my mind wander during sex and made it nearly impossible for me to climax, no matter how many times we tried. I wondered what he looked like, wondered if he was into firearms, why he liked her, and if that was his rusty Bronco that slowly passed me the last time I left. The light went green and the questions left my mind just as quickly as the speedometer hit 50 mph.

I slowed so as to not attract attention of neighbors or rented cops, and pulled into her apartment complex. I downed three dinner mints, buckled my belt and started walking towards her door.

Hopping over wet grass, I grabbed the hand railing and ran up to the second floor two steps at a time. She always left the door unlocked when I was coming. I slowly turned the knob and awaited the inevitable ADT door chime, then stepped all the way in. The yapping of the two poodles locked in the second bedroom filled my ears. Even through the door, they knew I wasn't supposed to be there. The place was dark. My Timberlands thumped against cheap kitchen linoleum as I made a beeline for the master bedroom. I could hear the TV on low. My Jean Paul Gaultier cologne followed me around the corner.

She was lying on her side. Her hand on her knee, legs spread in a Farrah Fawcett pose. Cotton boyshorts hugged her inner thighs while her matching pink top strangled her areolas. I hated pink.

"Hey!" she said sweetly. I took off my shirt and threw it on the end of the bed, revealing a grey undershirt. "Come here," she whispered as she cupped my cheeks in a playful kiss.....

Purchase 10 Erotic: Book 1 now at <http://www.10erotic.com>

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