

## BUTCH FATALE; DYKE DICK — DOUBLE-D DOUBLE CROSS

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When the tattooed tomato walked into my shabby Echo Park office, I had no idea if she was gonna kiss me or slap me. I was hoping for the former, but betting on the latter.

Her name was Diversity. Back when we first met, she'd been this waifish hippie chick fresh out of UC Berkley. A second-generation granola dyke whose homespun, organic hemp exterior hid a multi-O dynamo that wouldn't quit. We had three tempestuous months together before it ended badly. Can't say I was surprised. She was the type who got all juicy over the idea of slumming with a rough and tumble blue-collar butch like me, but couldn't stop lecturing me about how I was internalizing patriarchal oppression because I cut my hair like Tony Curtis.

In the years since we'd parted ways, I hadn't changed all that much. I've been 5'10" since I was fifteen and walk around at a fit 150. Muscular arms, broad shoulders and big, solid tits that I gave up hiding years ago. Never been pretty, but I've grown into handsome pretty well. Still cutting my hair like Tony Curtis.

Diversity, on the other hand, was something else. She'd gone from womyn-with-a-Y to all woman and then some. She had put on twenty curvy pounds. The kind of curves that don't come from tofu and lentils. There was candy apple gloss on her wide, expressive mouth and a labret piercing through her lower lip. Her once waist-length dirty blonde hair had been chopped into a bob, bleached Jean Harlow platinum and coiffed into retro curls, anchored behind her left ear with a glittery black orchid. The lonely labrys tattoo on her right wrist had multiplied into two full sleeves of girly pin ups and black cats, dice and snakes and flaming hearts.

She was delicately balanced on strappy wedge heels and squeezed into tiny, high-waisted denim shorts that covered the legal minimum of her sturdy, tattooed legs and ass. Her tissue-thin vintage blouse was tied in a knot just below her chubby cupcake tits. She'd obviously rethought her stance on the oppressive nature of traditional gender roles, but she hadn't given up all the principles of her old-school feminist upbringing. She still didn't wear a bra.

"Hello, Butch," she said, slinking towards my cluttered desk with a calculated switch and sway that wasn't doing my ailing air conditioner any favors.

"Diversity," I replied, displaying my natural aptitude for witty repartee. "You look... um... wow."

"It's Diva now," she said, fishing a glossy postcard out of her kiss-lock purse and setting it on my desk.

I looked down at the postcard. It advertised a burlesque show, starring Miss Diva Derringer. There was Diversity, front and center, wearing a red cowboy hat and little else.

"I'm in town for a few weeks with my burlesque troupe," she continued. "I thought maybe you might like to come see the show. I can put you on the guest list." She looked up at me, trouble in her eyes. "You know, if you're not busy."

By that time, I had figured out that she probably wasn't gonna slap me. I figured I'd see if she was interested in the other option.

"I'm not busy right now," I said, holding her gaze as I stood up and came around to the front of the desk.

"No?" She arched a slender, delicately plucked eyebrow. "What about...?"

She gestured at my paperwork with a coy half-smile.

“It can wait,” I told her, snaking one arm around her narrow waist and using the other to sweep everything off the surface of the desk.

I kissed her, cupping her ample ass in both hands and lifting her up onto the desk. Her clunky shoes thumped to the carpet as she wrapped her legs around my waist and pulled me in closer, giving it back in spades. Her tattooed skin smelled like raw sugar and fresh girlsweat. No more patchouli. I never wanted to stop kissing her.

But eventually, I needed more. In breathless seconds I had her bent over my desk with those tiny shorts around her ankles. I knelt down behind her, hungry but wanting a moment to enjoy the scenery. In that moment, her ass was my whole world. Voluptuous, pear-shaped cheeks that begged to be slapped. The full pink lips peeking out between them begged for something else. I was happy to oblige.

I spread her wide and buried my face, tongue stretching to tease her fat clit from behind. She let out a gasp that swiftly melted into a happy purr as I slid my tongue slowly backwards, through her slick folds and over the salty, hairless skin that lead back to her musky asshole. I started working her clit in earnest with my middle finger, then slid my thumb into her pussy, homing in on her g-spot while circling her back door with my tongue. Listening to her body. Finding her rhythm. Letting muscle-memory guide me back in time. Even after all those years, I still remembered what she liked.

Feeling her build up to that first orgasm was like watching a favorite scene in an old movie. First her strong, meaty thighs started to tense up, just like they used to. Then she went up on the balls of her bare feet while the hidden muscles inside her thickened and tightened around my thumb. She went from kittenish sighs to deep, throaty grunts

and emphatic profanity. Then that rapid butterfly flutter traveled through her pussy like a miniature thunderstorm as the rest of her body went pliant and boneless against me.

I knew from experience that this was far from the end of the show. She was just getting warmed up. As for me, you better believe I was ready to go the distance.

In pulp novels, the private dick always keeps a gat in his desk drawer. I keep my iron in a gunsafe keyed to my fingerprint, but I do keep an extra strap-on in my desk drawer. You know, for emergencies.

I pinked up her ass and thighs with a couple of healthy slaps, then dropped my jeans, got the rig strapped around my hips and rolled a condom down the length of the silicone shaft.

You probably think that's funny, don't you, using a rubber on a dildo? But experience has taught me that unless you crack open a brand new package right in front of them, most women won't let you use a sex-toy raw. They don't know where it's been. And let me tell you, mine have been around.

She looked over her shoulder at the dildo and then up at me with wide eyes and flushed cheeks.

"What?" I asked. "Don't tell me you still think the dildo is a tool of the evil patriarchal oppressors?"

A cute little giggle bubbled out of her.

"Shut up and fuck me, Butch."

Who was I to argue? I did what the lady asked.

I started slow, but she was having none of that. She bucked with her own demanding rhythm, daring me to keep up. Not about to be outdone, I sucked in a deep

breath, gripped her plush, fleshy hips and went at her double time. She responded by jacking her clit like Eddie Van Halen ripping a guitar solo.

Sweat was everywhere. Running into my eyes and down between my tits, pooling in the hollow between Diva's shoulder blades. Tiny droplets flew from her tangled hair. Her nipples were drawing crazy Spyrograph circles of sweat on my desk with every thrust. The multi-O dynamo was working at optimum capacity.

But the friction of the harness strap against my clit was making me crazy, and I'd had just about enough of being chivalrous. She was ahead by three when I stopped counting. It was time for a little quid pro fucking quo.

I tore off the harness and tossed it aside, gripping a handful of platinum curls and guiding Diva's head down to my aching cunt. She didn't need instructions. She just spread the thick black hair with her thumbs and got to work.

She started off teasing with gentle sucking and nibbling, torturing me for several excruciating minutes before settling into the swift side-to-side rhythm I needed. She obviously remembered me, too.

I leaned back against the edge of the desk and let my legs fall open a little wider, losing myself in the building sensation.

That's when somebody rang the downstairs buzzer.

Diva looked up at me with questioning eyes.

"My assistant'll handle it," I told her.

I was nearly there when I heard a sheepish knock on my office door.

"Butch?" It was Penny Park, my trusty Femme Friday.

"Goddamit," I said. "I'm not in."

“It’s work.” She lowered her voice, barely audible through the closed door.

“*Paying* work.”

I swore between clenched teeth. I hadn’t seen a paycheck for so long, I’d forgotten what went on the left side of the decimal point.

“Five minutes, Penny.”

I lifted Diva off her knees and kissed my juices from her mouth.

“We’ll finish this later.”

She looked up at me with smoldering, mascara-smearred eyes.

“My email’s on the postcard,” she said. “Use it.”

We swiftly sorted through our inside-out clothing and got everything buttoned and zipped. After another lingering kiss, I hustled her out the back door with one last slap on the ass.

I picked up all the scattered papers and used them to cover up the sweat smears on my desk as best I could. I ran a comb through my hair, fixed my collar, then sat down behind my desk, trying to remember how to look professional.

“Send in the client, Penny.”

That’s when I noticed that I’d left the sticky, well-used strap-on in the middle of the floor.