

toy box strap ons



a torquere collection

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Definition: A strap-on dildo (also strap-on, dildo harness) is a dildo designed to be worn (usually in a harness) by one partner and used to penetrate another partner vaginally, anally or orally, used by both heterosexual and homosexual couples.

For a woman, a strap-on can be used to penetrate a man anally (pegging), for vaginal or anal lesbian intercourse, or to simulate fellatio.

Source: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Strap-on_dildo

Sleepover by A.J.Wilde

Cherry Lewis licked her lips with excitement as she browsed the munchies section of the grocery store. Nachos and salsa, check. Pretzels, check. Pumpernickel and dip, check. Oh, and those mini macadamia nut cookies for Sarah. Mustn't forget the wine, and a few tallboys for Alice. Cherry grinned to herself as her cart filled up. In just a couple of hours, her small apartment was going to be party central, but not just any party: *Sensual Soirée* was the market leader in lingerie and erotic accessories, and Cherry was the first on her block to play host. By the time she reached the cashier, Cherry was beside herself with glee.

Sarah Carlisle, Cherry's best friend, was first to arrive, of course, and made straight for the cookies. How she kept such a petite figure, Cherry could never understand. Then the girls from the office turned up, Joanne and Christine and Karen. Then Rosa from next door, Carmen from the coffee shop across the road, and a couple more of her more curious neighbors. The invitation had said eight o'clock, but Cherry waited until eight thirty in case Alice decided to show. As the light began to fade, Cherry shrugged and figured it was time to start. Alice was notoriously unreliable, but this time, Cherry had been hoping... oh, well. She dismissed the thought and opened her product valise with a dramatic flourish.

A murmur went through the assembled females as the products were displayed in full view. Cherry frowned at her script, and launched into the sales pitch.

"*Sensual Soirée*, everything you need for a night to remember," Cherry said.

"I'll bet," Sarah said, suppressing a giggle. Cherry glared at her, and she took a large gulp of wine.

"This is really top quality stuff, girls," Cherry continued, or tried to amid an array of sniggers and muffled snorts. She peered at her script and held up a pair of crotchless panties. "These, for example, are real silk!"

"Yeah, the label says *Made in China!*" Carmen said with a grin.

"What are these?" Christine said, picking up box in which nestled a matching pair of brightly enameled spheres.

Cherry scanned her product list. "Chinese Balls," she said. Well, that was it; it was all over. The room erupted into every kind of laughter you could imagine: guffaws, belly laughs, giggles, snorts, hoots, borderline hysterics. Cherry threw her script into the air, marched over to the counter, poured herself a large glass of wine and chugged it in one. The ladies had descended upon the valise and were in the process of passing the products around, paying particular attention to the wide range of dildos, vibrators and other 'erotic accessories.' Cherry's small apartment practically echoed to the sound of excited chatter, out-of-control hilarity and various buzzing and whizzing noises.

“Hey, Cherry Sour,” Sarah said, walking over with a fist full of macadamia nut cookies. “It’s supposed to be fun, you know!”

“I know,” Cherry said, glumly. “Everyone’s having a blast and that’s great,” she continued, pouring out another slug of wine. “I might even sell something.”

“But?” Sarah said. “Come on, I know you too well. It’s Alice, isn’t it?”

Cherry sighed and swirled her glass, staring into it as though it was a magic cauldron. “I really thought she’d turn up.”

Sarah smiled and patted Cherry on the shoulder. “She’s just not a joiner, Cher. You know Alice, always the loner, always out on the fringe. She’s--” Before Sarah could finish her sentence, the front door bell rang.

Cherry froze. Sarah, in true best friend style, took the hint and strode to the door. Leaning casually against the door frame was none other than Alice Ryder.

“What did I miss?” Alice drawled as she peeled herself upright and flowed into the room. That’s right -- flowed. Alice never walked anywhere; she moved like water, like a living breathing piece of art that molded to every surface and yet never touched anything. She was tall and built like a teenage boy, all legs and elbows. Alice owned whatever space she entered. Cherry held her breath as Alice’s keen dark eyes took in everything and everyone in the apartment, and then came to rest on Cherry herself.

Cherry swallowed hard and managed to force her voice to work. “Hey Alice, uh -- not much, really, everyone’s just checking out the products. There’s wine and munchies and oh, I bought beer for you...” Cherry trailed off, as Alice was already past her and opening the fridge, cracking a beer and downing it from the bottle.

“Good beer,” Alice breathed, fixing Cherry with an espresso brown gaze from behind a curtain of long black hair. Cherry groped for her wine glass, trying to ignore the insistent ache between her legs. Puppy eyes and hero worship did not fly with Alice Ryder. Many women, and a lot of men, had tried to impress Alice, but they had all failed. Cherry could do nothing but admire from afar, and maybe put one of those vibrators to good use in a private fantasy or two.

“This is hilarious,” Rosa said, holding up a strap-on dildo. Even Cherry had to admit it was very realistic. Everyone laughed as Rosa posed with it, and a few surreptitious photos were taken, no doubt to surface later on Facebook. It took Alice Ryder, though, to take it to the next level.

“Now this,” Alice said, “is a quality item.” Cherry watched Alice’s slender, artistic fingers as she caressed the shaft. “Long and thick, a broad crown, supple and yet rigid enough to penetrate.” You could hear a pin drop in the room as Alice’s liquid voice seemed to caress the very air. There was a nervous fidgeting and the sound of a few throats being cleared as Alice continued. “Yes,” she said, palming the crown, “I could fuck someone with this.”

Cherry grabbed the edge of the counter and held on to it. The pulse between her legs was threatening to swell into an actual orgasm and she really wasn’t in the mood to suddenly come in

the middle of her kitchen -- not in front of a dozen guests, anyway. She breathed it away and hurried to the office to find a pen and calculator. People were starting to place orders.

Cherry whistled through her teeth. "Three hundred and fifty dollars," she said, tapping the total on the page. "Wow. Not bad for a first timer," she added, grinning at Sarah. Always first to arrive and last to leave, Sarah had been her best friend since eighth grade. Now it was just Sarah and Alice left out of all the guests. Alice was on her fourth beer and looking a little frayed around the edges.

"You girls mind if I try this on?" Alice said, thickly. She was fondling the strap-on everyone had been admiring earlier.

Cherry swallowed hard. "Uh... no, of course not, go ahead," she said, plunking herself down on the sofa next to Sarah. They exchanged a nervous glance as Alice began to matter-of-factly strip her clothes off. Alice had never needed to wear a bra, as she had practically no boobs to speak of, and habitually wore T-shirts picked from the boys' section of the clothing store.

"See," Alice slurred as she wriggled out of her jeans, "A good strap-on has a padded yoke, which goes under your butt and holds the dildo in place against your pussy," she explained. "Then you tighten the buckle around your hips and voila," she added, rotating her slim, boyish hips and wagging the dildo to and fro.

Cherry licked her lips and glanced at Sarah, whose eyes were wide. However, neither of them were prepared for what happened next.

"So," Alice said, stumbling a little. "Who wants a go?"

There was a dead silence in the room. Sarah coughed. Cherry shifted in her seat, making the sofa creak. Then there was a loud snort from Alice. "I knew you were a couple of pussies," she sniggered. "Mind if I take this home though, Cher?" Alice added, fondling the end of the dildo. "Call it an overnight test drive." Alice tried to walk forward, but tripped over her own jeans which were still around her ankles. "Fuck," she spat, and crumpled to the floor.

"Um, actually, Alice, I think I'll have it back, please," Cherry said quickly, jumping up and frantically beckoning Sarah to help her. "I've strict instructions to return all this tomorrow, squeaky clean and unused," she added. Between her and Sarah, they managed to unbuckle the straps and get the thing off Alice, and not a moment too soon.

"Crap," Alice mumbled. "I'm going to hurl." With that, she shoved Cherry and Sarah out of the way and dashed to the bathroom. The distinctly unsexy sounds that followed needed no explanation.

"Well," said Cherry, looking at Sarah.

"Well, indeed," said Sarah, raising an eyebrow at Cherry.

“Um, I think that about does it for my crush,” Cherry said, straightening up and packing the last of the toys away. She snapped the valise shut and tossed it in the corner.

“Yeah,” Sarah said, nodding. “Not exactly the most shining moment of Alice’s life.”

After a flurry of flushing and running of water, Alice came tottering out of the bathroom.

“Sorry,” she said, flapping a hand at Cherry. “Pizza.”

“More like gin,” Sarah whispered.

Cherry shot her a look. “I’ll call you a cab, Alice,” Cherry said, already dialing the number.

Sarah and Cherry helped Alice into the cab, and stood together on the pavement until it vanished around the corner. Then they looked at each other and dissolved into giggles. “Oh, my God!” Cherry said. “I cannot believe I had the hots for that!”

“I did try to tell you several times,” Sarah reminded her. “But you know what you’re like when you’re stuck on someone. There’s just no reasoning with you.”

“I know, I know,” Cherry said as she let them back into her apartment. “I’m just glad I saw sense before I did something stupid.”

Sarah lolled against the kitchen counter, sipping on her half-glass of wine. “So, what now? I’m not even tired.” She stroked a finger idly along the rubber shaft of the strap-on that was still lying on the counter. “This thing is wicked, you know. I’ve always wanted to try one of these.”

Cherry looked at Sarah, and took a gulp from her own wine glass. What was it about Sarah, anyway? She was always there, with her slender waist and long strawberry blonde hair, round hips and ample bosom. “Really?” Cherry said, walking slowly toward Sarah. There was something to be said for true friendship, after all. How many sleepovers had they had since they’d met in grade eight? Must have been hundreds by now. They’d slept in the same bed more times than Cherry could count, and yet, somehow, even through the awkwardness of adolescence, not to mention their own separate coming-out phases, they’d never made a move on each other. They’d been there for each other, naturally, through crushes, broken hearts and anguished soul-searching. But it was like a line that was never crossed -- like it was somehow off limits. Now, as Cherry looked at Sarah, it was as if scales had fallen from her eyes. It was as if she’d never seen Sarah as a woman before. And wow -- what a woman.

“Yeah,” Sarah said, looking at Cherry. “Haven’t you?” There was something in that look, Cherry thought, something that hadn’t been there before -- or had it? Had she just been too blinded by her crush on Alice that she’d blocked Sarah out?

“Well, yes,” Cherry said, inching closer to Sarah. Those blue eyes, behind that curtain of golden hair... how had she never noticed them before?

It was one of those moments when everything goes into slow motion. Sarah’s eyes grew dark, and she licked her lips slightly, and then Cherry put her hand on Sarah’s waist, and slowly, so slowly, pulled her friend closer. Sarah made a tiny sound and put her arms around Cherry’s neck,

carding her fingers through Cherry's hair as Cherry bent her head and her lips met Sarah's, softly, gently, testing...

"Ohhh." Sarah sighed into Cherry's mouth. Cherry slid her arms around Sarah's waist, holding her tighter, and kissed her harder, deeper. Soon they were kissing desperately, mouths open, tongues probing, exploring. Hands pulled at clothing, buttons popped. Zippers broke and were ripped apart. Cherry backed Sarah into the bedroom until her knees met the edge of the bed and buckled. When Cherry had Sarah pinned underneath her, she paused to look into her best friend's eyes.

"Sarah," she murmured.

"Please," Sarah whispered. "It's all I've ever wanted. You are all I've ever wanted. Please, Cherry."

Cherry stared down at Sarah, at her wide blue eyes, at her soft lips. How could she have been so stupid? "Oh, Sarah," she said, stroking her friend's beautiful blonde hair. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"You were in love with Alice," Sarah said, biting her lip.

"Well, I think that's over." Cherry laughed. "Anyway, that wasn't love. It was just a dumb crush."

"You always had a dumb crush on someone," Sarah said.

"I know," Cherry said. "I've been such an idiot. How do you ever put up with me?"

Sarah smiled. "Because you're my best friend. And because you're a damn fine piece of ass."

Cherry raised an eyebrow in mock offense, and then suddenly Sarah was kissing her, and stroking her butt cheeks, and whispering dirty words in her ear.

"Sarah Carlisle, I didn't know you knew words like that!" Cherry said, teasingly. Sarah just smirked. Cherry cupped Sarah's soft, full breast in two hands and squeezed gently. "Now that's a breast," she murmured, then opened her mouth and took in Sarah's nipple, rolling her tongue around and sucking while Sarah moaned her name. Cherry walked her fingers down Sarah's stomach until they met hair, then she let her finger sink down until Sarah's outer lips gave way and Cherry felt the delicious silken wetness of Sarah's pussy.

"Cherry," Sarah gasped, spreading her legs wide and offering Cherry a good view of her fine dark blonde delta. Cherry licked her lips and smiled at her friend before burying her face between Sarah's thighs and putting her tongue to work.

"Oh, God," Sarah panted as Cherry peeled Sarah's vulva open with her fingers, and then slid her tongue inside the moist pink core. "Oh, please," Sarah cried as Cherry licked up and over the pert nub of Sarah's clit, paused to kiss it and then plunged her tongue deep inside Sarah's vagina. Lapping up the sweetness, Cherry slicked up her finger and rolled it around Sarah's swollen nub,

licking softly at each pass. Sarah arched her back and writhed as Cherry brought her closer. "Cher," Sarah panted. "Please Cher, I need... I want you to fuck me... the toy, get the toy..."

Cherry looked up a little uncertainly. "The strap-on?" Cherry said. "You're kidding, right?"

The look on Sarah's face told Cherry in no uncertain terms that she wasn't kidding. "Please, Cher," Sarah murmured. "I want you to fuck me. I want you inside me," she said, her voice dropping to a whisper.

Cherry took one look at Sarah's darkened eyes, at her mouth open and panting, her legs wide apart, pussy spread open and soaking wet. Oh, yes -- Sarah was ready. Cherry wasted no time in putting the yoke around her own pussy, and buckling the strap around her hips. It felt a little strange, this great big thing standing proudly in front of her, but it felt good, too. A slap of Astroglide and she was ready.

Cherry knelt in front of Sarah. "Stroke it," she commanded. Sarah responded instantly, slipping her hand over the broad head, slicking the lube down the long, thick shaft. Then she tugged on it, and Cherry gasped -- the yoke rode right on her clit. "Oh, Sarah," she breathed. Sarah just smiled and pulled Cherry down onto her.

"Fuck me," Sarah whispered. "Fuck me until you come."

Cherry didn't need an engraved invitation. She positioned the head of the strap-on at the entrance to Sarah's pussy, braced herself on her elbows, and pushed. Sarah moaned low as the head pushed in, then cried out loud as Cherry thrust the shaft deep inside. "I don't want to hurt you," she whispered to Sarah, but she needn't have worried.

"Oh, God. Oh, please, more, more," Sarah moaned. "Deeper, Cher, deeper," she cried, clutching at Cherry's shoulders.

Cherry closed her eyes and thrust. It was a strange action, very different from anything she was used to, but she soon got into a kind of rhythm. Using her knees and lower back, and keeping her butt muscles tight, she thrust in and out, deep and hard, and every time she thrust in, the pressure on her clit caused bursts of pleasure to ripple through her body. It was... well. It was pure fucking bliss.

"Oh, Cherry, oh, God," Sarah gasped, raking her fingers through Cherry's hair and down her back. "Oh, yes, oh, please, don't stop, don't stop, oh, Cher... oh, I'm going to come," Sarah panted, wrapping her legs around Cherry's waist and pushing up to meet Cherry's thrusts.

"Oh... oh, baby," Cherry gasped as the feeling hit. "I'm... oh... I'm... coming," Cherry moaned as she thrust into Sarah, her clit pulsing as she came against Sarah's pussy. There were stars behind her eyes and everything was white, bright white, and she was soaring. Then she was falling, and then she was shaking, and under her, Sarah was crying out and grabbing at her, and screaming into orgasm.

Cherry's knees gave way and she crumpled onto Sarah, and they held each other, still trembling, still panting in the aftermath.

“Baby,” Cherry whispered, a long time later.

“You’ve never called me that before,” Sarah sighed. They were facing each other in Cherry’s bed, just kissing and tracing out the shapes of each other’s bodies with their fingers. The strap-on was flung into the corner, forgotten for now.

“You’ve never been my baby before,” Cherry said with a smile. “You’ve always been my friend.”

Sarah pouted. “I’m still your friend,” she said a little petulantly.

“I know,” Cherry said, gently. “But now you’re my lover as well. That makes things... different.”

“Not too different, I hope,” Sarah said, stroking Cherry’s hair back from her face.

“Well,” Cherry said, stroking her chin. “I’ll tell you one thing: our sleepovers will never be the same.”

Sarah laughed. “True,” she said. “And it sure opens up the world of erotic toys,” she added with a smirk.

“You really like that strap-on, don’t you?” Cherry said archly.

“I do when it’s attached to you,” Sarah grinned. “So, Cher,” she continued, a thoughtful look on her face. “Does this mean you’re really over Alice?”

Cherry paused for a moment. “Oh, definitely,” she said, kissing Sarah on the lips. “Not only that, but you want to know what I really think?” she added.

“What do you really think, Cher?” Sarah said in a small voice.

“I think I love you,” Cherry said, gazing into Sarah’s eyes.

The soft “oh” from her best friend, followed by the most passionate kiss she’d ever had in her life, was the only answer Cherry Lewis needed to convince her that Sarah loved her, too.

Feeldoe Fantasy **by Lara Zielinsky**

Jan closed the cell phone and focused on her drive home. As she left California's 10 freeway, the traffic trickled to non-existent and she stopped having to squint at oncoming headlights. Moonlight flooded the road winding along the coast. She rolled down her window, catching the sea breeze in her hair and the scent of salt in her nose. She loved this area.

Pulling into the driveway, she noticed the front porch light on, and a glow off the back. *Kelly must be sitting up on the balcony waiting for me. Maybe we could...* She smiled with a devilish thought about the specialty toy she had picked out weeks ago. Between this and that distraction, Jan had not been able to bring it out to share with Kelly yet.

Stepping out and locking her car with a flip of her remote, she went in through the garage entrance at the side of the house. She moved with the aid of the low night lighting through her living room. Catching the scent of food, she wondered what Kelly had made for dinner. She wasn't particularly hungry, but her lover always had something small available for her to snack on when she arrived home from a late night supervising a shoot. Jan had told Kelly she didn't need to cook, but Kelly assured Jan she would always be up anyway and she enjoyed the domesticity of it all.

Jan spotted a flute of wine on the kitchen counter and dropped her purse next to it. Bringing the glass to her nose, she identified the wine as a fruity Riesling. A sip confirmed it was a Napa vintage they had acquired on one of their very first business trips. Jan shook her head in amazement at how blind she had been then. No one sits down to a dinner with all the romantic trappings of wine, candles, and oceanfront view, with her boss -- even a female boss -- and doesn't realize she is half in love already. But they both had been. Madly. It had taken another year for them to acknowledge it.

"Kelly?" Stepping onto the balcony, she called softly, expecting to find her new lover dozing in a lounge chair.

Instead Jan found Kelly sitting up, arms crossed over her knees which she had pulled to her chin, staring out at the moonlight dancing on the Pacific surf. Another flute of wine, as well as the bottle, sat on the table to Kelly's left. Recognizing the tension and pensive position, Jan sat down behind Kelly and wrapped her free arm around Kelly's waist. She pulled her smaller lover against her before lightly kissing Kelly's ear. "Thank you for the wine."

Kelly leaned back more firmly into Jan's embrace and Jan nuzzled the soft column of her throat in response to the open invitation. "Mmm. I'm glad you're home." Kelly turned her head slightly and their lips met in the first kiss of the night.

The amount of alcohol Jan tasted on Kelly's lips and tongue told her that half the bottle was already gone. "What'd you have to eat for dinner?" she asked when she at last let Kelly's lips go.

"I made a chilled pasta and vegetable salad."

Jan smiled and wrapped her right arm around Kelly's shoulder as she nuzzled Kelly's temple, feeling her lover relax into her. "Did you have any?"

"A little."

"Are you all right?" Jan eased back and lifted Kelly's chin, bringing Kelly's gaze up to meet hers. She searched the turbulent gray-blue for clues. "You sound kind of down."

"I'm... I'm not sure what to do."

"About what?" Jan gradually repositioned them both, putting herself fully onto the lounge, spreading her legs and coaxing Kelly into the space between her thighs. Slipping Kelly's robe down a little, Jan worked her hands against Kelly's muscular shoulders, just under the fall of her auburn hair. She loved the silk feel of Kelly's hair across her hands, and the satin feel of Kelly's skin under her fingertips.

"I had a call from my son, Lance. We haven't spoken in about a year."

"That's good news, isn't it? What'd he have to say?"

"It wasn't a bad conversation. He wanted me to know that his brother, Alan, has moved to Seattle and he wants me to come see him."

Jan absorbed the information with interest. They hadn't talked much about Kelly's children; both had been out on their own before Jan and Kelly had even met. She now asked, "Where was Alan before? What's he doing in Seattle?"

"He was in college in Kentucky. Apparently he's now doing set art for a theater company."

"That's great news. Sounds like he's doing well for himself."

"Lance says Alan has an artwork showing at a local gallery."

"And you're not sure whether to go?"

"Jan, I haven't come out to my sons yet. I couldn't even bring myself to tell Lance over the phone."

"Don't you want to?"

Kelly sighed. "I'm not sure what to say. As far as either of my sons know, I've only ever been in love with men."

"You think they'll be mad?"

"I'm scared to find out."

"I can be here and I can go with you to Seattle," Jan said. "You don't have to face either of them alone."

Kelly's lips turned up slightly at the corners and then she lifted Jan's hand from around her waist and kissed the palm as Jan curled her fingers inward, lightly caressing Kelly's cheeks with the tips. "I feel like such a chicken," Kelly said with a sigh.

Jan laughed and kissed Kelly's ear gently. Easing her hands into the loosened robe she squeezed warm flesh before answering, "I like your breasts and thighs."

Kelly's laugh rumbled against Jan's lips and echoed in her ears as Jan's hands continued to roam. To Jan's delight, Kelly was nude beneath the robe. Jan turned Kelly around and stripped it off her, baring her flesh to the moonlight.

Letting her fingertips flow over satin skin and down to the wet silk of Kelly's intimate center, Jan followed more slowly with her lips, tasting the salts, and then, with her tongue, she sampled the lightly piquant essence of her lover.

She loved making love to a woman. Making love to Kelly was a fully engaging sensual experience. She loved witnessing and feeling the fine and subtle motions of all Kelly's undulations, marveling at the tensions ebbing and flowing through the body in her hands. She loved watching the perspiration appear and feeling and seeing tendons and muscles flex and quiver beneath the skin.

Jan's feast began at Kelly's breasts, sized just right to fill, but not overflow, the curve of her hands. She bit at a tightening nipple, encouraging it to a rigid peak. Kelly's moans started low: vibrations in her upper chest until Jan teased and pulled at the nipple with her fingers while turning her mouth's attention to Kelly's other nipple. Kelly's hands stroked through her hair, keeping Jan close while their bodies moved.

As Kelly's hips lifted, her intimate center parted over Jan's abdomen, painting it with warm moisture. Jan brought both hands up to pinch Kelly's nipples, freeing her mouth. She danced her tongue down to the indentation of Kelly's belly button, which drove Kelly nearly to orgasm all by itself.

Jan could feel Kelly's tremors starting. "Easy, easy," she murmured. She continued to murmur soft loving words, the hum vibrating through her hot breath to the bush of hair covering Kelly's center.

Separating the hairs, she parted the furred flesh and traced her tongue through the moist creases. She sucked on the puffy lips until she uncovered the quivering and extended clitoris. When she finally took that pearl between her lips, delicately at first, then more insistently, she swiped it with the tip of her tongue. Jan held Kelly's hips firmly at this point, keeping her in place for every loving lick.

Jan felt the moment Kelly's presence of mind began to desert her. Her fingers switched from

stroking to tangling, slightly pulling Jan's hair from her scalp. Kelly's hips surged and withdrew in an increasingly urgent tempo. Then Kelly's voice, already filling the air with gasps and moans, crescendoed with lusty cries of Jan's name.

Jan continued to lap at the fluids leaking out to coat Kelly's inner thighs and Jan's cheeks, chin, and nose. Kelly's hair-pulling gradually shifted back to stroking as she came down from the frenzied peak of her pleasure. When Kelly's hands were still, Jan planted parting kisses on her lover's core. Rising from between those quivering thighs, she wrapped her arms around Kelly and pulled her up to share tender kisses.

Kelly shivered when the night breeze brushed her shoulder. Jan sat up beneath her. "Cold?"

Though being nestled against Jan was comfortable, Kelly had to admit it would take more to warm up than simply pulling on a robe, which she was reluctant to do anyway. "Yes, a little."

"Come on, we'll go inside."

Lifting her head as Jan helped her to her feet, Kelly noticed Jan had not even partially undressed when giving her pleasure. Jan's focus on her pleasure was something Kelly was still getting used to; it was something very different from all her previous lovers.

It was time to focus her attentions on bringing Jan the same sweet fulfillment. After Jan closed the balcony doors, set the motion alarms and turned off the kitchen lights, Kelly paused in the corridor and kissed her lover thoroughly. She parted Jan's shirt buttons, stroking the revealed warm flesh. Releasing the front clasp on the lacy bra, she pushed both shirt and bra from the broad shoulders.

She was rather proud of her prowess as she encountered the side zipper on Jan's hip and lowered it, loosening the slacks which almost immediately pooled at Jan's feet, making her lover take a half-step stumble as she stepped backward out of them.

"My turn," Kelly murmured against Jan's lips. She felt the shiver flow through Jan's long, lean frame and felt an answering primal shiver of her own. She wondered... "Mine," she said in a low, possessive growl, squeezing the ass clasped in her palms. Jan's shiver was sharper, harder this time and they bumped into the wall.

Kelly had a sudden vision of lifting Jan's thighs, plunging into her lover with a cock, watching Jan's face as she felt the pulsating walls clasp her, trying to draw her deeper within. It was so real that for a flash of a second Kelly glanced down expecting to see her own thrusting hips pushing a cock against Jan's hip. *A toy cock*, she thought, *a dildo...*

Jan's arousal was growing along with Kelly's. They stumbled together to the bedroom. Kelly's hands continued to roam as Jan turned away, pulling down the coverlet and sheets. Kelly stroked over the rounded globes of ass, and watched the natural sway of Jan's breasts as she moved.

Kelly licked her own lips in anticipation, and then blushed. *God damn, I'm acting like a teenage boy.* That made her think again of the cock and she hurriedly joined Jan on the bed, pressing her body hungrily into Jan's.

Jan rolled onto her back, her arms out welcoming Kelly. Moving into the embrace, Kelly met Jan's mouth with her own in feverish kisses. Her mental image of fucking Jan as a man did not cease. She pushed her hips against Jan's right thigh and then pushed between her lover's legs, thrusting her mound against Jan's over and over again.

Pleasured sounds from Jan's mouth filled Kelly's ear, driving Kelly even wilder when she heatedly whispered, "Do you want to fuck me, Kelly?"

Kelly groaned, her head dropping to her chest. Her thrusting hips jerked as Jan's hands squeezed Kelly's ass cheeks. Instantly electric sensations shot from her groin out to every point of her body. "Oh. Yes. God, yes."

Jan's whispered voice enticed her. "Check the drawer on your right."

Kelly jerked upright, caught between the powerful images and the sudden reality it might actually be possible. "What?"

Jan's smile was indulgent. "Check the drawer."

Kelly blinked, her sexual haze ebbing just a little. Her hands shook as she eased away from Jan. Opening the bedside table's drawer, she felt her body's rising arousal pause when Jan's hands grasped her hips. She felt rather than saw Jan looking over her shoulder as she got her first look at the drawer's contents.

Kelly withdrew a small bottle of lubricant.

"I don't think we'll need that." Jan's heated whisper sent a shiver down Kelly's spine. She set it aside and reached for a small box, lifting it out of the drawer. Kelly opened the box and found, inside on a bed of satin...

A two-headed dildo? It had to be a dildo. "Oh, my God. What is this?" She held the penis-looking part in her palm, but the other end curved up, lined with ridges and ended in a bulb.

Jan's arms wrapped around her back, massaging her breasts. "It's a Feeldoe. Let me show you how it works."

Jan's murmur against Kelly's shoulder as she turned over the Feeldoe in her hands sent another flood of moisture directly to Kelly's groin. Kelly's heart thumped wildly. She closed her eyes.

"Have you had this long?" she rasped.

"A few weeks."

"Used it yet?"

Jan's mouth touched her ear. "No." Kelly turned to meet Jan's eyes, only a few inches away. "Chris helped me choose it, when I told him one of my fantasies had been for you to take me. I mean really fuck me. When we were working together, I had this fantasy of you taking me over the desk in your office, or making me bend over in the executive washroom."

Kelly groaned, easily envisioning those fantasies now. She cupped Jan's face and kissed her lover hard. "I want to make every fantasy of yours come true. For both of us."

When she let go of Jan's mouth, her lover was smiling. "Here," she whispered, "let me show you."

Kelly leaned back on the bed, stroking Jan's shoulders as Jan moved above her. Jan stroked their bodies together at various points and Kelly felt her groin pulse, warmth and wet pooling and trickling onto her thighs. Jan paused several times to plant kisses various places while she slipped lube over the bulb end with her hands.

Groaning, Kelly watched Jan brush the bulb end of the Feeldoe at her entrance. Jan's gaze was hungry when it met Kelly's briefly before Jan suddenly was down between Kelly's thighs, licking around Kelly's labia, briefly toying with her stiff, throbbing clit. Then Kelly felt the bulb head sliding inside. "Oh, God."

Jan shifted the Feeldoe deeper and Kelly felt her inner muscles clasp it despite the flow of wetness from her channel. Suddenly the ridged surface of the inner curve brushed Kelly's clit and she felt her muscles tighten in a pre-orgasmic clench. "Jan, oh, my God!" Her heart began hammering harder.

"Kelly."

Kelly blinked, forcing her eyes open.

Jan smiled. "It gets better." She reached behind Kelly's back and pulled her up onto her knees. The shift of the bulb within her drew Kelly's eyes down to her groin, to see the penile end shaking slightly.

Pouring some lubricant in her hand, Jan grasped the exposed end of the Feeldoe. The vibrations traveled up the flexible length.

"Jan, I... oh, God..." Kelly throbbed on the brink of orgasm just from Jan massaging up and down the cock-like shaft. Every part of her felt shaky, quivering as if she was about to fall. She barely felt the sheets against her skin. Her heartbeat throbbed in her ears, making the world seem a distant illusion. Only Jan's touch on her made her believe this dream was reality. When Jan grasped Kelly's hand, they lubed up the Feeldoe together for their mutual pleasure. Kelly moaned at the continuous sensations. Her body shook with the desire to thrust. Grasping Jan's shoulders forcefully, Kelly pulled her up making her stop.

"I want to make you scream," Kelly whispered. She was already on the brink, but, God, she wanted Jan to feel the exquisite pleasure of their mutual fantasy. As she kissed Jan fervently, Kelly rubbed her belly back and forth against Jan's, sharing the feeling of hardness between them. Kelly's insides quaked.

Once again, Jan seemed to sense Kelly's need and her husky voice washed over Kelly while her hands pulled at Kelly's body, positioning her over Jan as she reclined back on the pillows. "Kelly." Jan dragged Kelly's head down, stroking the muscles cording in Kelly's neck and threading her fingers through Kelly's hair. "Fuck me. Please."

Kelly gasped and moaned as the sensations within her own channel built again while she maneuvered her hips between Jan's thighs. The first vibrations caused by pushing the Feeldoe up against Jan's opening made Kelly shake and her heart nearly pound out of her chest. The sensation was so incredibly erotic. Lifting her gaze to meet Jan's, she felt a modicum of steadiness enter her limbs. She pulled herself further forward on her arms and the Feeldoe's head slipped just past Jan's entrance.

With a gasp, Jan reached for both Kelly's shoulders and planted her feet, knees bent, to either side of her lover's hips, lifting her own. Jan's hands squeezed her shoulders as Kelly balanced and shifted her weight onto her hands to either side of Jan's head.

The Feeldoe wasn't even fully inserted yet and Kelly's head already swam from the sensations of Jan's inner muscles pulling on her. She withdrew slowly, wanting to catch her breath, to go slowly. The movement made both her and Jan gasp and groan.

"I have got to thank Chris," Kelly whispered, no longer surprised to hear the thick arousal filling her voice and making it husky and choked.

Jan's chuckle was cut short by another moan as Kelly finished withdrawing. "Kelly?"

"I'm... about to lose it... need, need to slow down." Kelly gasped. Sitting up, she lifted Jan's thighs and parted them over her knees. Jan's pleasure rose steadily, evident in her closing eyes, flaring nostrils, and mewling half-breaths as Kelly massaged her fully engorged clit and danced her fingers in the moisture flowing out onto their tightly clasped thighs. She moved the Feeldoe tip against Jan's opening once again, watching Jan's folds envelope it. She moved it up and down, mesmerized by the shine it took on from Jan's wetness.

"Don't tease. Oh, God, Kelly, fuck me." Jan's hands slid from Kelly's back to her breasts, which she squeezed. Kelly arched her back, lifting her hips, which pushed the tip fully inside Jan. The resistance was slight, but every twitch made the sensation unbelievably erotic for both of them. "Fuck me now." Jan's moans and gasps coaxed Kelly to give them both full pleasure.

Kelly shifted for leverage and gasped again as the bulb end moved inside her. She tightened her own muscles and pushed into Jan another couple of inches. Jan gasped and moaned and squirmed. Kelly kissed her forcefully, thrusting her tongue into Jan's mouth, tasting her, delirious as Jan sucked on her tongue in response. They met breast to breast in earnest as she rotated her

hips, grinding slowly. Jan's thighs squeezed around her hips and the woman's inner muscles pushed and pulled on the Feeldoe, sending Kelly's inner walls into spasm. "Oh, God! Damn, I don't think I can hold back any more."

Jan's voice was a plea, a gasp. "Don't." She pushed herself up on her hands looking down at the same place as Kelly, where their bodies were coming together, and began to thrust back. Jan's gaze finally moved to meet Kelly's, both imploring and demanding. "Please. Fuck me, Kelly."

Kelly responded to the command. She pushed her lover back against the pillows. Jan smiled at the dominant, forceful move. Kelly smiled back and, without losing eye contact, thrust fully into Jan. From the sensations in her own channel, it seemed like her very own cock repeatedly plunged into and withdrew from Jan's hot, wet center. Jan's inner muscles resisted her departure each time and sent shock waves through Kelly's center. It really was like her fantasy come true and she gasped as tears unexpectedly stung her eyes.

Jan's fingertips brushed Kelly's cheeks and she blinked away the tears. With a feral smile, her lips drawn back from her teeth, Kelly began to move more deftly, her clit throbbing against the ridges on the inside curve of the Feeldoe. Jan's head fell back, exposing the line of her throat and Kelly hungrily bit across the upper curve of Jan's breast then downward until she could pull the nipple in her mouth. Jan's body and hips lifted and met her thrusts.

Jan's gasps and moans, and several on-the-edge groans, filled the bedroom. Kelly teased her lover's hardened nipples, alternating right to left and back again, pulling at them with her teeth and pinching them with her fingertips. Jan's cries of pleasure rose to another peak, and then another. Abruptly, Jan was there, frantically meeting Kelly's thrusts, and crying out. "Oh, oh, God. Yes. God, yes!"

Gaining a modicum of control as she focused on Jan's body and the sounds her lover made, Kelly watched Jan riding peak after peak of pleasure. She marveled at long golden lashes fluttering against darkly flushed cheeks. She cherished the occasional searching by wide cornflower blue eyes. She reveled in the varying harsh and soft sounds from Jan's full lips. "Oh, God, Kelly, yes. Oh, yes." Jan's voice disappeared in an unintelligible cry of fulfillment.

Jan's movement and the erotic sounds of their flesh slapping together, as well as the pungent smells filling the air around them, brought on Kelly's final shattering orgasm. Her inner muscles pushed and pulled on the bulb within her and she hunched over, moving jerkily. Then suddenly every muscle tightened and she couldn't move, couldn't do anything more than strain and cry out. "Jan, oh, fuck. God!" The stars were back and, as she squeezed her eyes against the throbbing in her head; she saw a sunburst behind her eyelids.

She fell forward, dazed and winded. Breathing deeply, Kelly winced a little at the pain in her head and arms, and nuzzled Jan's ear, feeling her lover quivering beneath her.

"You are incredible," she murmured. Moving down to Jan's throat and collarbone she continued to move her hips, pressing the Feeldoe deep within Jan's center, Jan's quivering transmitted directly to her own channel as if they were connected. Jan wrapped her arms hard around Kelly's

back; her ankles locked behind Kelly's legs as Kelly lifted herself onto her hands once again.

Kelly eased back slowly, withdrawing the Feeldoe, pulling Jan's legs from around her own, and lifting Jan's arms from around her back. She reached for the sheet and lowered herself against Jan's side once again, settling the sheet over their sweat-covered bodies.

Fully satiated now, when they lay together, the Feeldoe intruded on Jan's attempts to snuggle closer. Jan stroked its length while she removed the bulb end from Kelly's channel, kissing Kelly's mouth and reveling in Kelly's shuddering aftershock climaxes. Jan left the toy on the bedside table, half-resting on the open box.

Jan rose over Kelly and covered her lover's mouth with her own, feeling the heat of Kelly's gasp. "Oh, Kelly, you were wonderful." A grin pulled at the corners of maroon-shaded lips, which Jan traced gently. "I'm glad I thought of it. Cocky suits you."

Kelly laughed throatily. "Jan, I love loving you." Jan felt Kelly lace their fingers together, their linked hands resting on her quivering, very tired stomach muscles.

Jan's lips stretched into a silly smile. She was very pleased with herself. She had only hoped for a fun interlude with the toy -- a chance at fantasy fulfillment or a little experimentation she had been curious about. The Feeldoe had delivered so much more. Kelly was right. They would have to find a way to thank Chris. She chuckled; it might have been Chris' suggestion, but the skill had been all Kelly's. The woman's desires perfectly matched her own. "I love you loving me, too."

Jan woke to the radio playing a romantic jazz tune. Aroused, she slid her hands over the nude body pressed against her. She recalled Kelly's hungry possession of her the night before and relished the memory of demanding her own pleasure, something she would never have dared before.

She felt as if, for the first time, she owned her own passion and being able to share that with Kelly left her heart and head constantly full of desire.

Kelly's slow stirring in her embrace brought Jan pleasure every place their bodies caressed. She curled her toes around Kelly's ankle, stroking up the back of her calf with the balls of her feet.

"Mmm. Good morning," Kelly murmured, lifting her chin. Jan tasted her mouth. "Sleep well?" Kelly asked when she was released.

"Perfect."

Kelly nibbled across Jan's chin, raising her temperature a notch. "So," Kelly said after another

few seconds, "do you want a soft-boiled egg and fruit cocktail?"

"You don't have to."

"I want to."

Jan rolled onto her back, arms around Kelly bringing her lover over her. She looked up into bright blue eyes, auburn hair in disarray against freckle-dusted cheeks and the faint smile playing on mulberry lips. She stroked up and down the length of a leanly muscled back. It always had surprised her that Kelly was ten years her senior. She was amazed how well-toned the compact woman kept herself with seemingly little effort.

"What?" Kelly's cheeks had deepened in color.

"I want to make love to you again this morning, and this afternoon, and tonight, and tomorrow..." Following her pronouncement, Jan nibbled Kelly's collarbone then down across the curve of the breast nearest her lips. Kelly's groans finally made Jan chuckle and pull back.

Kelly asked, "Aren't you hungry?"

"Ravenous." She nibbled on the skin on the inside of Kelly's left arm where it braced beside her head.

"For food?"

Jan shook her head in the negative, and then nibbled on the opposite arm's skin at the inner elbow. When Kelly collapsed in gasping laughter, Jan realized she had hit a very ticklish spot. She smiled. Kelly's head rested against the curve of her breast as she looked down. She stroked down Kelly's exposed hip and thigh, pulling Kelly's knee up across her own thighs before turning slightly and nibbling Kelly's throat while she stroked around to Kelly's inner thigh and cupped the thatch of wiry hairs covering Kelly's sex. She loved the feel of the moistening swelling flesh against her fingertips and as Kelly had felt last night, now Jan was ferociously surprised by an urge to consume what Kelly offered.

She started slowly, deliberately, stroking the full lips, parting them with the sides of her palm, and dipping fingertips in and around the inner folds, seeking and finding Kelly's clit growing from beneath its hood. Kelly's head fell back, eyes falling shut as she moaned her pleasure.

Jan tasted Kelly's mouth while continuing to stroke. Kelly's hips rocked; Jan began her slow, nibbling descent across the fragrant planes of Kelly's flesh. Kelly's hips rocked harder; Jan slid her long body down Kelly's curves, parting her lover's knees. She settled her shoulders between them, and felt Kelly's fingers in her hair.

Parting before her gaze, Kelly's labia glistened, swollen and wet with arousal, the heat already touching Jan's cheeks as she leaned close. Jan's arms circled Kelly's thighs and she reveled in the powerful muscles flexing and the satin skin moving against her as Kelly's touch and voice

huskily urged her on. With a light breath through her lips, Jan set Kelly's clit to twitching. She was enraptured by the fluctuating muscles which made it seem that, as Kelly was gasping and begging for Jan's tongue with her voice, her pussy beckoned Jan as well.

Jan traced a single fingertip in a closing swirl around the outside of Kelly's sex, watching the muscles clench and release. She stroked just inside the bottom of the teardrop shaped opening, and smiled as the deeper inner lips twitched. She pressed in two fingers, up to the second knuckle, curling the fingers inside to rub against the quivering inner flesh.

Adjusting her arms to hold Kelly captive for her attention, Jan closed her eyes and dove forward, feeling the area with the tip and breadth of her tongue. The sweet salts, the viscosity of the thicker fluid across her tongue, and the scent of Kelly's readiness all set Jan's pulse racing. She delved with her fingers and licked with her tongue as Kelly's thighs tightened gradually and then flexed and relaxed in an increasing rhythm as Kelly's orgasm built.

When Kelly's hands spasmed in her hair, almost painfully pulling, Jan concentrated her attention on the clit swelling against every swipe of her tongue. At last, she grasped it between her lips, the tip of her tongue wrestling with it within the heat of her mouth. Though Kelly had her thighs pressed tightly against Jan's ears, she still heard the guttural grunts and screams, and she felt Kelly's body shaken by her orgasm into insensate helplessness.

Withdrawing her fingers and sucking the tips, Jan returned to lapping Kelly's juices as her lover's body shook with aftershocks, her throaty cries now only gasping sounds of fulfillment.

Turning Kelly in her arms Jan spooned up behind her, pushing two fingers back inside her lover's quivering body, feeling the aftershocks first-hand as Kelly continued to twitch with each breath Jan blew across Kelly's sweat-dampened throat and the delicate curve of her ear.

"I love loving you," Jan whispered as Kelly's hands grasped her forearm across her middle.
"Thank you."

Kelly murmured unintelligibly, sounding tired. Jan kissed her lover's ear and withdrew her fingers before reaching down, giving a brief squeeze to Kelly's exposed ass cheek and pulling up the sheet again. She could eat later, she decided. Her hunger was satiated. For now. Closing her eyes, she joined Kelly in a light doze.

Aim to Please

Beth Wylde

I stared at the black painted windows and nearly burnt-out neon sign in front of me with equal parts fear and excitement. I'd been passing by the easily recognizable adult video and toy store ever since it had opened six months ago. It had actually become an after work obsession for me to pull into the parking lot, observe the type of people that frequented such an establishment, and then head home. Tonight, however, I was changing my ritual.

After an extremely ugly break up with my girlfriend, Lisa, a decided lack of pity and support from my female co-workers -- who didn't understand how I could be attracted to another woman in the first place -- and a few too many martinis at a nearby bar and grill, I decided to see what all the fuss was about.

Every evening, on both the radio and TV, you could catch ads for the Selective Slut on nearly every channel. They promised an experience above and beyond your wildest sexual fantasies. Personally, my fantasies were anything but wild, which Lisa claimed was the main reason why she left. She said that, for a lesbian, I was decidedly too vanilla. What that meant, I wasn't sure, but it obviously wasn't good.

I desperately needed a change and soon. I wasn't used to being alone. Even if I came away with something battery operated, it had to be better than my overused fingers. My newly single status and lack of a lover was giving my right wrist a fit.

Even though the air outside was frigid, my body felt hot and tingly all over. My back was damp with sweat and my hands were pushed down into the pockets of my jeans to hide their shaking. All my life, I'd been plain ol' Jane Dennison, the girl at school who could always be found hiding in the library with her head in a book. Even as an adult I was socially inept. I just couldn't handle large crowds of people. I needed peace and quiet. I kept to myself. Outside of the people I spoke to on a daily basis at work, I had very few friends. Splurging, to me, was ordering chocolate syrup on top of my weekly cup of ice cream at the Dairy Queen down the street from my house. My social life was lacking, to say the least.

Tonight, I was doing more than breaking my routine; I was breaking out of my shell. I was going to spice things up, even if it killed me. The way my heart was fluttering in my chest, death seemed a very real possibility. If someone inside were to recognize me, I'd keel over in embarrassment for sure.

I pulled my sweater tighter around my body and pulled my hat down low, doing my best to look inconspicuous as I pushed open the door. The inside of the store looked nothing like I thought it would. I think I was expecting to find some outrageously decorated den of depravity equal to the likes of Sodom and Gomorrah. I'm not sure why, but I figured there would be people engaged in degrading sexual acts right out in the open and monstrous sexual torture devices on display. With such a shocking outlook, it was a wonder I'd come in at all, but I was glad I did. It helped

reinforce my newfound freedom that I would be brave enough to enter a place I thought would be so wild and uninhibited.

I was a bit disappointed, actually. The floor was the same black and white, nondescript tile that graced the reception area where I worked. The overhead lighting gave off the standard fluorescent glare and the person behind the counter seemed in as little hurry to talk to me as I was to him. He kept his paper held up in front of his face, never once stopping to see who might have come in. I took that as a good sign and started searching through the aisles.

I paused at the first rack I came to, trying to make sense of the display that stood just inches in front of my face. In a bold move, I pulled one of the items off the hanger and held it up. The close up examination still didn't give me any clue as to what I was looking at. I turned the object sideways and slantways and frontways and backways and was still just as clueless in the end as when I'd first found it. I pulled it closer, staring in rapt attention until one of the odd-looking buckles brushed against my face. The strap felt soft and smooth, nothing like what I expected. I was about to give up on ever figuring out what the object was used for, though. My hand was halfway back to the display rack when the sensation of someone pressed close behind me froze me in my tracks.

"Do you like it? It's one of the finest on the market. I'll bet it would look stunning on you." A hand pressed lightly against my side, stroking tenderly as the fingers gripped my waist. "You've got a gorgeous figure. Are you a model?"

I barely restrained a laugh. *Me, a model? Hardly.* I tried to stay calm even though my pulse was racing like a horse preparing for the Kentucky Derby. I shook my head and prayed for my voice not to shake. "I doubt I would do it any justice." I focused my gaze down towards the floor. "Truthfully, I'm not even sure what it is."

"Really?" The hand that had dropped down to my rear disappeared immediately. "Oh, my God, forgive me. I thought you were gay. I just got that vibe from you. I'm not normally wrong. You have my deepest apologies." The deep, feminine voice paused for a second as her body receded from mine. "Carlos, come here immediately."

I heard the sound of paper rattling and figured the man from the front desk must be coming over. I was ready for the floor to open up and swallow me whole. I called out in hopes he'd go back to where he'd been. "That's okay. No need to get up." The footsteps halted and, after a moment, I heard them head back the way they'd come.

I sighed in relief and straightened my shoulders, turning around to face the person I was speaking with. My grandma taught me to always use my manners and just because I was in a sex shop didn't mean I had to behave like a heathen. The minute my eyes took in the image of the woman before me, all my thoughts scrambled. It was all I could do to form a coherent reply. A few minutes later, I finally forced out an answer.

"There's no need to apologize. You didn't get it wrong. My name's Jane and I am a lesbian."

She tilted her head to the side, staring at me with a slightly disbelieving look on her face. Her short cropped hair swept sideways until her razor cut bangs covered half of her profile. She ran one hand through the deep brown locks to sweep them backward and my breath caught in my chest. She had it all wrong. I wasn't the beautiful one, she was.

"Nice to meet you Jane, but are you sure?"

I was so busy staring that I almost missed her next question. I didn't understand what she was asking. "Am I sure what?"

"Are you sure you're a lesbian?"

I nodded. "I think I would be the one to know."

She burst out laughing and I felt the heat stain my cheeks.

"What's so funny?"

She took a deep breath and slowly regained her composure, pointing to the item I still held in my right hand. "You are. No offense, but there's no way you can be a lesbian and not know what a harness is. Are you a virgin or maybe you're just bi-curious?"

I was appalled. "Not that it's any of your business, but no, I'm not a virgin and I'm not bi-curious. I don't like guys at all. For your information, my girlfriend and I just broke up. I came in here on a whim. I guess I shouldn't have. I've just lived a bit of a sheltered life, that's all. I'm sorry to have taken up so much of your time."

"That's all? Honey, that's not sheltered, that's sinful. Your last girlfriend obviously wasn't doing her job correctly if you've never seen a strap-on harness." She patted my shoulder. "Don't you worry about my time. I've got plenty of it." She took me by the arm and started pulling me off to the left side of the store, where several flowing, rainbow-colored curtains covered three obvious doorways. I wasn't sure what was behind the curtains and I didn't really want to find out. I was pretty sure nothing good was going to come of my impromptu visit. I should have known that deviating from my regular schedule would get me in trouble.

As we walked she hollered back over her shoulder toward the man at the cash register. "Carlos, close things down and take the rest of the night off. I've got to fit a client."

I heard him snicker as he got up and walked off. I planted my feet firmly on the floor and halted us dead in our tracks, stopping our forward motion with a squeak and a slide in my flat business casuals. Determined to find out why she was closing the store, I jerked free of her grip and rose up on my tiptoes to get a better view.

As I watched, Carlos put on his coat, flipped the open sign over to closed and walked out. The sound of the dead bolt sliding home was almost ominous in the otherwise silent store. It was then

that I realized I was the only customer in the place and I was suddenly all alone with a stranger. I needed to leave, and fast.

"Um... thanks for the offer, but no thanks. I'll just go now. I'm sorry to have bothered you."

She put her hand back on my arm. "You've been no bother at all. Besides, I can't let you leave yet."

I had to ask. "You can't? Why not?"

She smiled and her face lit up with pride. "I'm Leah, the owner of this fine establishment." She waved one hand in the air to encompass the entire store. "I'd be neglecting my civic duty if I let you walk out of here without showing you how much my toys can improve your life. It's part of my job." She leaned closer until our lips were just inches apart. "And I take my job very seriously."

I was so hypnotized by the sight of her full, lush mouth that I hadn't realized we'd started moving again until I found myself positioned in front of the middle doorway. She let go of me and pulled back the curtain with a flourish worthy of a seasoned stage performer. I gasped as I found three images of myself staring back at me. The small cubicle looked like a dressing room except for the fact that all the walls were covered in mirrors. I risked a peek inside, looking up to confirm my suspicion. I was right, the ceiling had mirrors on it as well. Why a dressing room needed more than one mirror was beyond me.

I turned to ask, only to be struck speechless by the sight of a large rubber penis waving back and forth perilously close to my face.

"Holy crap!" I jumped out of range of its probing tip, ending up with my back pressed against one of the glass walls of the fitting room. Before I could escape, Leah jumped in with me, pulling the curtain closed behind her until we were surrounded by images of one another. Now instead of seeing one big rubber dildo I saw multiples, each mirror reflecting the image back onto one another until the effect was disorienting to say the least. I wasn't even counting the image on the ceiling that I refused to acknowledge.

Leah wasted no time explaining herself. Instead, she grabbed the leather contraption I'd been examining earlier and shoved the flesh colored cock through the hole in the front. She held it up with a triumphant smile to show off what she'd made and something just suddenly clicked in my head.

The term harness instantly made sense. It wasn't some kind of kinky restraining device after all. The harness was for a girl to wear during intercourse so she could actually penetrate her girlfriend the way a guy normally would. I'd never seen one in person, only in a dirty magazine I'd caught Lisa looking at once.

I reached out without thought, running my fingers over the smooth peach-colored toy and down to where it protruded through the middle opening. I'm not sure whether it was the alcohol or my latent libido, but the thought of putting the device on and using it on Leah had me sweating.

Leah must have noticed my interest because she took my hand and wrapped my fingers more fully around the toy, guiding me as I took the dick in my fist and started to stroke.

"Good. That's right. Doesn't that feel nice? Look at this." I kept my hand on the dildo as she pointed to a long but thin protrusion on the inside. "This one is for double penetration. The person wearing it gets to be fucked at the same time their partner does."

Her graphically explicit language left wetness pooling in my panties. I felt like a whole new side of myself was emerging. I should have been terrified, but I wasn't. Instead, I felt free, almost liberated. I knew Leah could show me things I'd never imagined and, at the moment, I wanted to learn them all. No more shy little Jane. When I walked out of this store, I wanted to be a new woman. Someone exotic and wild, someone who knew how to please others and how to please myself as well.

I sucked in a deep breath and took the plunge. "I want to do that."

Apparently, I'd just caught my naughty shop owner off guard. Leah looked at me with the shock plain on her face. "What did you say?"

My voice was quieter, the statement not quite as forceful as it had been the first time. "I want to do that. I want to get..." I halted, having to form the next word carefully before I let it fly. "Fucked." It felt good to say something that I had always considered so brash and profane. "I want to fuck someone and get fucked at the same time." I looked right into Leah's face and told her what I wanted to do to her. "I want to fuck you."

For a moment, I feared she might refuse, but once she got over the shock, she took complete control. In less than five minutes, we were both completely naked and Leah was kneeling at my feet, holding out the harness for me to step into.

I shivered as the cool leather slid past my knees and up over my thighs. "Spread your legs for me, Jane." I did as I was told, the material warming and molding quickly to my skin. "Now hold yourself open. I need to put the base in you."

I used one hand to reach down, and with two fingers, spread my lips apart to give Leah direct access. She slid just the first half inch or so inside me and I cried out, leaning back harder against one of the mirrors in fear I would climax before we ever got started. Leah realized instantly how on edge I was and took things very slow, pausing to let my arousal settle as she fed the skinny extension of the dildo inside my pussy. Once it was seated inside me, she tightened the sides of the harness, pausing to worship the head of the rubber cock with her lips, tongue and just a hint of teeth. The sight made me want more.

"Open wide." She complied and I took her head in my hands and gently forced her to swallow the whole dick. She bobbed up and down on the fake shaft like a pro and I couldn't wait any longer. "Get up and turn around." I'd never been the one in charge of sex before. Lisa had controlled everything, from the money to the food we ate to what kind of sex we had. I'd had no say in anything. I was learning quickly that being in control was wickedly fun. No wonder Lisa liked it.

Leah leaned her breasts against one of the mirrors and thrust out her ass, but it wasn't enough. I wanted something more. Something primal and wicked and beyond the norm. I had just the thing in mind. "Bend over and grab your ankles."

Leah let out a sound somewhere between a moan and a sigh. "I knew you had it in you. It's always the quiet ones you have to watch out for. You're a natural at this. I can't wait to show you the rest of the store." The thought of what else I might find on her shelves left me breathless.

I grabbed hold of the tip of the cock to aim as she bent over and gripped her ankles. Once she was in position, she wiggled her ass in my direction. "Give it to me, Jane. Please. I need it."

I put one hand on her butt and used my other to guide the toy to her sopping wet hole. I wasn't sure how she liked it and I wanted the experience to be one we never forgot. The remembered mention of her showing me the rest of the store nearly brought me to my knees. This needed to be good for both of us. I slid the first inch inside and she bucked, thrusting back toward me to take more. I grabbed one hip to stop her. "Tell me how you like it. I'm doing the work. I'm the one fucking you. I don't want you to move. You just hold still and take what I give you."

She shook her head wildly and staggered her feet further apart as if bracing herself. "Fuck, where have you been all my life? Hard. I want it hard and fast. As deep as you can go. The rougher the better. Now! Fuck me now! I can't wait any longer."

I took her at her word and shoved my hips forward, burying the cock inside her in one move. She screamed and I swore the mirrors all around us vibrated with the sound. I could feel my own wetness trickling down my thighs. I wasn't going to be able to hold out long and I wanted us to come together; it just seemed right.

I set up a brutal pace, swinging my hips a little every time I hit bottom. Her hands came loose from her ankles and planted themselves on the floor. Leah was definitely limber and it was a good thing, too, because there was no way I could have paused to let her change position. I was too close to coming and, judging by the sounds she was making, she was close as well. I pumped into her three or four more times, the phallus inside me doing its job as it hit my g-spot and sent me into a colossal climax. Leah's whole body went rigid, her fingers scraping against the floor as she let out a wail that would have done a banshee proud. "Shit, Jane. I'm coming. Oh, God, I'm coming. So fucking good."

She fell forward, her body slowly collapsing to the floor as she basked in small aftershocks that left her panting. The cock was slick with her juices and I couldn't stop myself from touching the wetness, proud in knowing that I'd been the one to make her come so hard.

After catching my breath, I wiggled out of the harness, letting it drop to the floor as I bent down to look Leah in the face. She grinned up at me and pulled herself upright into a seated position, grabbing my hand and forcing me down toward until we were both eye to eye. Her hair was disheveled and she had that freshly-fucked look; it looked good on her. I caught sight of myself in the mirror and noticed I had the same glow. It looked pretty good on me, too. I stared a moment longer at our reflections, realizing that the afterglow looked good on both of us. In fact, we looked pretty damn good together, both of us shaky and sated in the haze of post-coital bliss.

She reached out and cupped my chin in her hand. "Are you sure you've never done that before?" I nodded. "Well, you're a natural. If you can do that with a strap-on I'd love to see what you can do to me with some of our more risqué toys. You ever tried handcuffs?"

"No, but I'm willing to give it a shot." I stood up, holding out a hand to help her to her feet. "As long as you're the one I get to tie up."

Her eyes took on a whole new light as she jumped up. "Definitely. I wouldn't have it any other way." We stepped out of the dressing room and she led me toward the very back of the store. "I always aim to please."

Contributors' Bios

A.J. Wilde

I am a freelance writer living in Toronto, Canada. Originally from England, I identify with Pierre Trudeau as a “citizen of the world”. I write short fiction, novellas, screenplays, lyrics and poetry, in an eclectic and individual style that resists the restrictions of mainstream genre. My work has been described as “dark, edgy, smudging the lines between real and surreal, shining a flashlight into the hidden, cobwebby corners of the unique state of being that is human.” My writing contains layers of meaning, reflecting a lifelong interest in philosophy and uncompromising passion for love and life. My short stories and poetry have been published in various small presses, including the September 11 commemorative anthology “A Time of Trial” (Hidden Brook Press). I am currently working on a first book of poetry, as well as a series of novellas about the experiences of a young man on a journey of self-discovery, entitled “Soul Journeys”, the first of which, “Summer of Love”, is out at Torquere Press.

Beth Wylde

Beth currently lives in the "Wylde's" of Virginia with her darling hubby and three young children. During the day she's a mild mannered mother and housewife but at night she lets her imagination take flight. Beth can usually be found in front of her computer, doing promo, chatting or typing away on her next story in genres that range from paranormal romance to lesbian erotica and beyond. She's been writing for years but only recently decided to submit her stories to be published. Her first release was in April of 2006, so she's fairly new to the business, but her reviews have been top notch. She also recently received the REC's 2007 F/F Author of the Year award.

Lara Zielinsky

Lara Zielinsky resides in Orlando, Florida. An affinity for strong female heroines in books and television led her to writing stories online.

Personal experience as a bisexual married woman and mother shapes both her outreach and her fiction. She has a strong commitment to increase GLBT fiction's visibility, quality, and diversity through participation in the Queer Writers and Sapphic Planet online communities, and membership in the Lambda Literary Society, Golden Crown Literary Society, Bi Writers of America, and Florida Writers Association.

She was designated a Golden Crown Literary Society Finalist for her debut novel *Turning Point*, published by P.D. Publishing, Inc., in 2007. Previously she has been published in the lesbian short story anthologies *Telltale Kisses* and *Read These Lips*.

She currently works as a freelance editor, and a freelance writer, both online and print. In her professional history she spent some time as a government beat reporter and feature writer.

For more stories, visit the author's website: www.lzfiction.net

Toy Box: Strap-Ons

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