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Bluebeard's Wife

By Selena Kitt

Chapter One

I could be a little obsessive, but when I found myself searching his Internet history for any remnants of porn, even I knew I was crossing a line. I sat there, hoping to find something, anything—*Thick sausage pounded into tight anus* or *Sexy young blonde babes lick each others snatches* or *Ebony swallows stiff black snake* or *Wife slut takes hard cocks everywhere*. Those were all the titles that ended up in my “Bulk” e-mailbox, and I knew they must show up in his, too, on occasion. Didn’t he ever click on one, just a little bit curious?

What did he like? What did he want? What did he fantasize about? It was driving me crazy.

We had been married three years, and John had never told me one fantasy. It wasn’t like I hadn’t asked. With the hope that he might reciprocate, I had revealed several of my own fantasies, whispering in the dark with my hand squeezing and tugging on his cock, trying to make him bolder, break down a few of his inhibitions. Still, he wouldn’t talk. When I just came out and directly asked him who he fantasized about, he smiled and touched my cheek, and said, “You.”

Feh! I didn’t believe it for a minute. Okay, not that it wasn’t sweet, and not that I didn’t like that he fantasized about me. But that couldn’t be all he thought about, could it? If I had visions of firemen or Brad Pitt—or Angelina Jolie, for that matter—dancing through my head once in a while, then I couldn’t believe he wasn’t imagining something, too. Yet, I couldn’t ever find evidence to the contrary. No magazines or videos, no telling Internet trail. I had never even seen or heard him stroking his cock.

That was the strangest part. John didn't masturbate. We took showers together, so he didn't do it there. We slept in the same bed. He owned his own business, but there were no closed doors where he worked, aside from the bathroom. So where and how was he doing it? Of course, he claimed he didn't—but even the Kinsey Report said that 92% of males masturbate—and what was the old joke...the rest lied about it? I had a feeling John was lying. He was keeping something from me, and it felt like a really big secret. I hated it.

So I started searching for evidence of his fantasy life. I checked his laptop Internet history whenever I could—I even bought a program to recover hidden files, but came up with nothing. I looked through his briefcase, hoping to find some sort of evidence of a fetish. I didn't care what it was—bondage, spanking, peeing, wearing rubber suits, having sex with dogs. I realized the irony of it, as I went through his desk and computer at work after hours one night when he was on a business trip—I was a wife looking for something most women would be appalled to discover about their husbands.

Not that I thought whatever John fantasized about would be extreme. He was an accountant, for Pete's sake—he played tennis and golf and liked watching hockey. If his name was “Joe,” you could have put “average” in front of it without too much trouble. When I leveled with myself, I knew that his fantasies were probably pretty average, too—just the usual, tame lesbian and threesome kinds that every typical male had. It was the not knowing that made my imagination run wild.

Why wouldn't he tell me? Was it so appalling? Was it disgusting? Was it illegal?

I had to know.

I had pretty much given up on the whole thing, when I discovered the phone bill. John was Mr. Bills in our house. When they came in, I just threw them on his desk and didn't worry about it, because he always took care of them. That afternoon, the phone bill seemed—thicker—than usual. My mother had some issues last month, and I remembered calling Kentucky a few times to talk to her, but not enough to create a huge bill. Maybe I called her more than I thought?

I ripped the bill open, feeling guilty and wondering what John would say. I ran my finger down the list, looking for long distance calls. Yes, a few calls to my mother, but that was all. So why so many pages? I flipped through a few of the pages and discovered my answer. There was a separate section on the bill for “900-number” calls. There were dozens of them. The company name was listed as “Continental Enterprises,” but I checked the times:

10/04 2:12 am 20 minutes

10/06 3:37 am 14 minutes

10/08 4:28 am 8 minutes

10/09 1:19 am 29 minutes

It went on—dozens of calls, dozens of minutes.

I had apparently neglected and underestimated my ability to sleep through anything. John got up in the middle of the night to make phone calls to sex lines! I sat there, my breath caught in my throat, my heart hammering in my chest. This is what I had been looking for—proof that the man of steel had a weak spot. The pages shook in my hands. It was just what I had wanted, and yet now part of me didn't want to know.

My chest burned. He wasn't sharing his fantasies with me, but he was apparently sharing them with some sex phone operator who was probably some three-hundred pound housewife eating Doritos and Ho-Ho's and watching the soaps with the volume off while she fake-orgasmed for him!

I sat there for a long time with the bill in my hand, thinking about what to do. I knew John. If I confronted him, he would either deny it, or he would simply clam up and not talk about it at all. I couldn't see how that would be helpful. I realized that I wasn't really offended by it—not in the way I would be if I found him cheating on me with another woman. He was just exploring his fantasies in a place where he felt safe.

Yeah, ok, it hurt that he didn't feel safe enough with me, but I already knew that, right? Getting him to share that part of himself with me was like pulling teeth, and I didn't understand why, but now I knew, at least, that he actually had a part of him that fantasized, that he actually did masturbate. He was a flesh-and-blood man after all. So why did I feel so empty, sitting with the knowledge that I thought I had wanted to know?

Because I still didn't know what he fantasized about, I realized. That was the secret that I really wanted revealed.

I looked at the open envelope, which meant that now John would know I had seen it. The minute he saw the open telephone bill, he would know. I folded the bill exactly as I had found it and put it back into the envelope. Then I went to the kitchen to dig through the junk-drawer and found a glue stick to rub along the flap of the envelope. Pressing my fingers along the edge, I made sure it was closed. It was a little wrinkled and torn, and that might stop him for a moment, but I doubted it. He usually tore through bills pretty fast.

I put the telephone bill onto his desk with the rest of that day's mail and left it. When he came home from work that night, I kissed him hello and asked him about his day, and we had a good dinner and snuggled on the couch for a while. The only thing I did differently that night was drinking an entire pot of black tea. When we climbed into bed, I rolled over and feigned sleep, but I stayed wide awake. Between the caffeine tea and the adrenaline, I couldn't possibly drift off, and I didn't.

I heard John fade in and out, something I normally don't get to hear. I was the one who always fell asleep first, usually within the first five minutes of my head hitting the pillow, and he always joked with me that I could sleep through a terrorist attack. John, however, took longer to settle in, pulling the covers, rolling around.

I watched the light shadows play on the closet and waited. John fell asleep. I could hear the deep, even sound of his breathing. The clock read 1:39 a.m. In spite of the tea, my eyes were growing heavy. I realized, disappointed, that he wasn't going to make any calls tonight. I closed my eyes and started to drift, when I felt a small vibration on the bed. I held still, listening.

There was a strange sound accompanying the vibration, a kind of shuffle or hiss that repeated itself in a pattern. Then it stopped. John shifted, and his breath was different. He wasn't sleeping anymore. The vibration started again, the mattress shaking a little more, and I heard John whisper something, his breath coming faster. My eyes widened and I felt a jolt of excitement run straight down my spine and right between my legs. John was masturbating!

I listened to the sound of his hand on his cock, the motion of the bed rocking me slightly. Did I sleep through this every night, I wondered? Listening to him made me wet.

He would stop for a moment, breathing hard, and then start again. I wondered what he was imagining. Once in a while I heard him whisper something and I strained to hear him.

“Yeah, spread your pussy,” I heard him say. “Good girl.”

I bit my lip, squeezing my legs together. My clit throbbed, and I wanted to touch myself, but I didn’t want to let him know I was awake. My hand was curled near my breast as I lay on my side, and I touched my nipple, grazing it lightly as I listened to him. He pumped his cock hard now, the whole bed bouncing with his movements. He clearly wasn’t worried that I might wake up—as I obviously never had before.

“Suck it,” he whispered. “Take that cock, you dirty little whore.”

My face flushed and my clit throbbed in response to his words. Oh my God, John was imagining having his cock sucked by a dirty little whore! He had never said those words to me. I wondered if it was me he was thinking about, or if it was some woman he had seen, someone at work, some girl behind the counter who had caught his eye for a moment? Maybe the phone sex operator? The thought was darkly exciting.

John hissed and I heard him stop touching himself abruptly. My pussy was soaked, and I squeezed my legs together again, aching for release. Had he come? I was filled with disappointment. He didn’t move for a moment, his breathing ragged, the bed still now. Then it started again, his hand working up and down his shaft, slow at first, then faster and faster.

“Yeah, lick her pussy, baby,” he whispered.

My eyes widened and I squeezed my nipple hard at the words. Two women? The thought was exciting, but what was even better was the fact that John was thinking about it. This was one of his fantasies!

I began to slide my hand down my side, trying not to move the covers or give him any indication I was awake. I had to touch myself. It was a long, slow process, an inch at a time, braving two or three inches when he really got into it, hoping he was too lost in the sensation to be thinking about me as I eased my hand down toward my wet pussy.

Finally, I parted my lips, using just my index finger to rub over my aching clit as he pumped his cock. He was getting closer, I could tell, and the closer he got, the more he said. I strained to hear his whispered words.

“You want that in your ass? Take it!” I felt him thrust up a little, as if he were thrusting into something—or someone. Anal sex? We had never had anal sex. He hadn’t ever expressed an interest. I had no idea. I rubbed my clit a little faster, aching to bury my fingers in my pussy but not daring to move any more than I already was. My belly tightened and my cheeks were red.

I was so excited, that I could feel myself hovering just on the verge, and I slowed my finger down, just pressing my clit. I wanted to come with him, if I could time it right. His hand flew up and down his shaft now, the bed squeaking with the effort. I still couldn’t believe I had slept through this on countless nights, believing he never masturbated.

“Yeah, play with your tits,” he whispered. “You want my cum in your ass?”

John's breath came very fast, his hand moving like lightning over his cock, his hips jerking and bucking against the bed. My finger glided back and forth against my clit again as I listened and tried to control my own breathing, my muscles growing tighter and tighter as I rubbed myself.

"Take my cum, baby," he whispered, his body shuddering. "Take it all!"

I bit my lip to keep from moaning, feeling him thrusting up as he came. I nudged my clit over the edge to completion, feeling it begin to pulse with my climax, wave after wave shivering through me. I heard John take a few deep breaths, and then he got up and walked into the bathroom connected to our bedroom.

I took a few moments to get my own breathing under control, snuggling deep under the covers and listening to the toilet flush, the water run. My heart still pounded in my chest with the secret that I had discovered. John not only masturbated—he fantasized about everything from being with two women to anal sex! I wondered what else he imagined when he stroked his hard cock. I knew one thing—I was going to find out.

And I was going to have to start drinking a lot more black tea before bed!

Chapter Two

Kelly and I met at the gym at nine. She dragged her gym bag in one hand and three-year-old Taylor by the other, who shuffled his feet and glowered at the floor.

"I have to drop him off at the child care." She puffed a stray lock of red hair out of her eyes. Taylor's freckled nose turned up to me. He looked just like his mother.

"I don't want to go," he pouted.

"I'll meet you in the locker room, ok?" she said. I nodded, trying not to laugh as Kelly juggled everything all at once as she pulled open the door to the child care.

I went into the women's locker room and put my gym bag down, starting to undress. I was pulling on my shorts when Kelly burst in, throwing her bag on the bench.

"Now I know why you guys never had kids." She banged open a locker and unbuttoned her blouse. I sat on the bench, pulling a t-shirt over my head.

"Tara, if you don't wear a bra, that guy at the desk is going to spend the entire hour staring at you again." Kelly pulled off her blouse. I glanced down at my breasts.

"Please." I rolled my eyes. "If I had yours, then I'd wear a bra."

"So, what could you not tell me on the phone?" Kelly unzipped her slacks and slid them down her full hips.

"Oh, right." I glanced around. There was no one in our row of lockers, and someone was running a hair dryer around the corner. "It's about John."

"Yeah?" She slipped her t-shirt on, pulling her long hair out from under the collar.

I had told Kelly about my search for John's fantasy life. "Well... I discovered the mystery."

"And?" She folded her clothes neatly and put them in her bag.

I took a deep breath. "John has been making calls to a phone sex line."

"You're kidding me? John?!" Kelly sat on the bench, her jaw dropped. "How do you know?"

I nodded, pursing my lips. "I found the phone bills."

"Were you mad?"

I shrugged. "A little. But my curiosity got the better of me."

Kelly grinned. "What did you do?"

"Nothing!" I bit my lip. "Ok, so I stayed up to hear him make a call."

"Did he?" She leaned forward, her eyes bright.

"No, but I found out that I was wrong about him not..." I lowered my voice.

"Masturbating."

"Really?" Kelly raised her eyebrows. "You caught him?"

I nodded. "He was doing it in the middle of the night. I guess I've just kind of slept through it."

Kelly snorted. "You definitely sleep like a woman who's never had kids."

"I'm not sure what to do," I confessed, standing up and putting my bag into the locker.

"Well, I know what I would have done." Kelly winked as she stuffed her own back into a locker.

"What?"

"I would have rolled over and helped him, dummy!" She laughed and poked me in the shoulder.

I knew Kelly probably would have—but I had always been jealous of her sex life, ever since we started sharing details about our husbands. Chris was all about sharing fantasies with her, telling her what he wanted. She had told me about lots of times when she had dressed up for him, revealing different sexual things they had done that we hadn't even thought about. Ok, maybe I'd thought about them—and apparently, John had, too—we just hadn't ever talked about them.

"I thought about it." I remembered the slick sound of his hand stroking his cock, how exciting it had been to hear him. "But I was afraid—"

"Of what?" She sat down on the bench.

"I guess I was afraid of scaring him off or something." I shrugged. "I mean, it's been three years, and he hasn't ever told me anything, Kel. Not one little fantasy. He wouldn't even admit he ever jerked-off! Maybe this way, I can actually find out what he's thinking."

Kelly raised her eyebrows. "What are you thinking about doing, Tara?"

I remembered the sound of John's hand on his cock, how excited it made me to listen to him, to hear his fantasies.

"I'm going to wait for him to make a phone call."

* * * *

Kelly kept complaining about my pushing our morning gym date back. I couldn't help it. I stayed up until one or two in the morning and slept in later and later. I knew I was lucky to have the free time I did. John worked hard, and his business was very

successful. I was grateful that I could do my freelance work from home and not worry about it being a primary source of income. I should have been incredibly happy.

Instead, I was staying up until the wee hours, feigning sleep and listening to my husband snore, wondering what he was dreaming about. What did he really want? Why couldn't he tell me what he was thinking, what he was feeling? Were his fantasies so strange? Was he into some bizarre fetish? I was aching to know.

I finally got my first opportunity to hear one of his fantasies, although it came when I least expected it—soon after John and I had finished having sex.

I loved Fridays, because he always came home so much more relaxed. Tired, yes, but ready for and anticipating the weekend break. I always made a good dinner on Fridays, something a little extra special. Even if it had been the busiest week in the world for him—which often happened around tax season—I knew that we would connect on Fridays.

We spent most of the night watching a movie, and then I tugged on his hand, pulling him with me towards the bedroom. We both undressed, crawling beneath the covers. Most other days, I wore a t-shirt to bed, and John wore boxers, but never on Fridays. I snuggled my body next to him, sliding my leg up over his, and reaching my hand down between his legs.

There were minor variations on this theme. Sometimes he would turn to me first, but it was rare. Usually it was me, reaching between his legs for his cock, which was already half-hard in anticipation. Like Pavlov's dogs, it knew just what to expect on Fridays. I loved feeling him grow harder in my hand, his flesh thickening as I squeezed him, responding to my touch.

I would stroke him, pressing my breasts into his side, rubbing my soft thigh over his, until I felt pre-cum beginning to develop at the tip. Then I usually couldn't resist tossing off the covers and putting my mouth on his cock to taste it. He loved to play with and lick my pussy while I gave him head, and he would pull my hips and position me over his face while I sucked him.

He knew me well, I admit. His tongue knew just where to find my clit, making me moan and grind against him. He would slip two fingers into me, moving them slowly in and out at first, and then faster. I couldn't help moaning around his cock, sucking and stroking him eagerly, hearing the wet, sloppy noises my pussy made with his fingers slipping in and out.

We would always do this until I came. It usually didn't take me too long, since I, too, had been anticipating this all day. My pussy was usually already sopping the minute he walked in the door. I refused to masturbate on Fridays, even with my beloved shower massage, saving the intensity of my orgasm for his sweet, lapping tongue. It always made me shiver and shudder and spread my legs wider as I wiggled against him. He usually grabbed my hips to keep me steady as I came.

I was one of those women whose orgasms came quietly—they kind of snuck up on me, and my response was always more of a sigh than a scream.

"Oh John, yes," I moaned, feeling it begin, waves of pleasure overtaking me.
"Ohhh."

After my orgasm, he would roll me off of him, and pull me up to kiss me. I loved to taste my pussy in his mouth, the smell of it between us. Sometimes he would press

me to my back, and enter me that way. I loved him on me, the weight and thrust and shudder of him.

More often, though, he wanted me sitting on him so he could look up and watch me ride him. The look of lust in his eyes turned me to liquid every time, melting my already wet pussy into his flesh as I ground my pelvis against his. I loved his fingers playing over my clit, strumming it, making me move faster on him.

That Friday, though, I did something that surprised him, I think. Remembering what he had said about wanting anal sex, I decided to turn things around a little bit. Literally. I slid him out of me and turned around, so I was facing his feet. His cock was still slick and wet from my juices, and my hand slid easily over him as I positioned myself over his cock. I slid back down, feeling the length of him slide into my pussy again.

“What are you doing?” John asked as I started to rock. This position was a little awkward, and took some getting used to. I was finally catching a rhythm, and heard him groan. I looked back over my shoulder and saw his eyes focused on my ass.

I leaned forward a little, balancing myself with my hands on his thighs. “Will you touch it?”

His eyes lifted to mine. “What?”

“Touch my ass,” I whispered. He slid his hands over my hips, cupping my ass in his palms. I moved my hips in little circles, feeling his cock pulsing inside of me. He was close, I could tell from the way he was starting to thrust up into me, the sound of his breath.

I reached my hand back, placing it over his, and then slowly led his hand with mine toward the crack of my ass. When I pressed his finger against my asshole, he groaned, shoving up harder into me, actually lifting me off the bed with his thrust.

“Yes, John,” I whispered, moving my hand away, still feeling his finger pressing against my asshole. “Put it in me.”

He groaned again, slowly working his finger into my ass. It was a strange sensation, entirely new. I never knew it was so sensitive. I moaned and reached a hand between my legs to rub my clit as he started moving just the tip of his finger in and out of my ass. The feeling was driving me crazy and I began to tremble on top of him.

“Oh God, Tara, your little asshole!” I felt his finger slide a little deeper inside of me, making me gasp.

“Yes,” I whispered. “Play with my asshole, baby.”

He growled, thrusting up hard. “You’re gonna make me come!”

“Me, too.” I felt my orgasm starting to crest, shuddering through me, every muscle between my legs a thick, wet pulse, milking his cock. He came hard, the force of it threatening to throw us both off the bed.

When I snuggled up to him, later in the dark, after we’d cleaned up, he stroked my hair and asked, “What was that all about?”

“What?” I knew, of course, but I wanted to hear him say it.

“You.” He cleared his throat. “Asking me to put my finger... there.”

“Did you like it?” I rubbed my thigh over his.

“Did you?”

I smiled. “Yeah. A lot.”

We were quiet for a moment, and then he said, “Me, too.”

We settled together, spooned at first, and I thought he had drifted off already when he said, “A lot.”

I grinned in the darkness, putting my arm around him and kissing his shoulder.

That was the last thing I remembered before waking to find John gone from the bed. That wasn’t unusual. I used to think he got up to go to the bathroom a lot, and I would just drift back off to sleep again. Now, though, I wondered. Was he making a phone call? The thought surprised me, after we’d just had sex—really good sex, for us!

There was a phone next to our bed. He was clearly using the house phone, not the cell phone, at least according to the phone bill. We had a phone in the kitchen, one in the living room, and another in the basement office. My guess was, if he was on any phone, it would be the basement one. There was a couch down there he could lay down on.

If I picked up the receiver, would I hear him? I listened to the house, but didn’t hear anything except the usual night sounds. He wasn’t in the bathroom.

I leaned over and picked up the phone. Would he hear me if I clicked “talk”? I debated for a moment, holding my breath. Then I pressed the button. I heard his voice immediately, low and sexy. My heart leapt to my throat, and I quickly pushed the mute button, afraid they might hear me.

“How about a school girl?” he asked.

A feminine voice chuckled, soft and low. “The plaid skirt kind?”

“Yeah,” he breathed.

“With a little white button blouse, tied at the waist?”

“Uh-huh.”

“And knee socks?”

John groaned. “Yeah, baby. Definitely knee socks.”

“Have I been a bad girl, Daddy?”

“You’ve been a very naughty little girl, Maria,” he agreed. “You are going to get a spanking.”

My heart was racing still, but for different reasons now. John had incest fantasies? Spanking fantasies? My mouth felt dry, but my pussy was wet—and getting wetter. I rolled over on my back, sliding my hand between my legs as I listened to them. I was still all slick from John’s cum, and I spread the wetness over my lips, rubbing my clit with two fingers in slow little circles.

“Come here and bend over, young lady!” John’s voice was clear and demanding. I pulled the phone away from a moment to look at it, as if I could see him. *This is John?!*

“Yes, Daddy,” Maria purred. “Do you want me over your knee?”

“Yes,” John growled. “Right here over my knee, you bad girl.”

“Oh, Daddy, what are you doing? Lifting my skirt?”

“That’s right, and your panties are coming down, too.”

My breath came faster as I listened to them both. I could close my eyes and see it. A part of me protested that this was my husband, that I shouldn’t be listening, I should be hunting him down with a frying pan and screaming at him—but another part of me was desperate to hear. This wasn’t the John I knew. This was some other man—and the more I listened, I realized it was a man that I *wanted* to know.

“Oh, Daddy, that stings!” Maria cried out as if she had been slapped.

“Do it, Maria,” John said. “Slap your ass.” I heard the sound of flesh against flesh, and I realized that Maria must be slapping herself for him. The thought stunned me.

Every time she slapped herself, she whimpered and cried out.

“Oh, Daddy, I’ll be good!” she pleaded. “I promise!”

I could hear John’s breath, ragged and fast. Mine was, too. *Thank God for “mute” buttons!*

“You’ll be a good girl now?” he panted. “You’ll do whatever Daddy says?”

“Yes!” She sniffed, as if she had been crying. “Anything, Daddy.”

“Then get down here on your knees.” His voice had that rough edge again, and it thrilled me. I rubbed my pussy faster, using both hands, and crooking the phone against my shoulder.

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Put your mouth on Daddy’s cock, little girl,” John told her. “You suck that cock until I come in your mouth. And you swallow every last drop. Do you understand me?”

“Oh, yes, Daddy!” she purred. “It’s so big and hard. I can barely get my mouth around it.”

“That’s a girl. Take it all.” I heard John’s breathing getting even faster, and I knew he was stroking his cock. I wished he was next to me, so I could hear his hand shuttling up and down, the slick wetness of it. My pussy throbbed under my hand, the fingers of my left hand buried inside, my right hand rubbing my clit in fast little circles, bringing me closer to that edge.

“I love sucking your cock, Daddy.”

“You’re such a naughty girl,” he moaned. “Suck it, you little whore. Are you Daddy’s dirty little whore?”

“Oh, yes,” she whispered. “I’m your dirty little cockwhore, Daddy! I can’t help playing with my little pussy while I suck you. It feels so good.”

“Yeah,” he breathed. “Rub that cunt.”

I moaned out loud, hearing that word coming from his throat. I rubbed my own cunt harder, faster, thrashing against the bed.

“You’re gonna make daddy come, you naughty girl,” he moaned. “Are you ready?”

“Oh, yes, I’m gonna come, too,” she moaned. I wondered if she was touching herself like I was. The thought was exciting. “Come in my mouth, Daddy!”

“Here it comes, baby girl!” I heard him begin to let go. “Take it! Swallow my cum!”

“Oh, God, yes!” I moaned, feeling my own orgasm begin, my pussy squeezing my fingers as I came. I shuddered and trembled under the covers, sliding my wet hands up over my belly, reaching my right hand for the phone crooked against my ear.

“Mmmm, Daddy, you taste so good!” Marie purred into the phone. “I love swallowing all your hot cum.”

“Good girl.” I knew John was spent. “Did you come good for Daddy?”

“Yes.”

“Good night, Maria.”

“Good night, John.”

I pressed the button to turn the phone off and replaced the receiver. I heard him coming up the stairs. I stayed curled up on my side, eyes closed, until I felt him sink into

bed. He put his hand on my hip for a moment, and then slid it down to cup my ass. I wondered if he was remembering earlier tonight.

I heard him drift off, content. I stayed awake a while, wondering what I was going to do. John clearly had a fantasy life—a vivid, rich, fantasy life! But would he share it with me? How could I get him to open up to me?

Maybe if I started making his fantasies come true? I smiled, drifting off to sleep.

Chapter Three

The box was just the usual brown kind, no big neon letters or red stamps all over it reading “Warning: Erotic Material Inside!” Of course not. Still, I felt funny, signing for it with the UPS guy standing there on my porch. The return address read, *Thomas Industries*, so he couldn’t possibly know what was in the package. Still, I was sure that the way my hand trembled when I tried to sign my name in that little electronic screen, and the weak smile I gave him must have given me away.

I picked up the phone on the way to the couch, crooking the box under my arm. Kelly’s number was in speed-dial, and I waited for her to answer while I opened the box.

“Hey, girl!” I loved Caller I.D.

“Guess what I got today?” I grinned, I couldn’t help it, as I pulled all the wrapping out of the box

Kelly squealed. “Oh my God, have you used it yet?!”

I flushed as I picked it up. “No. I literally just signed for the package. It’s huge!”

“Wait until you try it!” Kelly said. “I love my rabbit!”

“This is a hummingbird.” The vibrator was pink, kind of jelly-like in texture, with a little hummingbird attached at the base. I turned it upside down, looking at the dual controls, and aimed the tip of it at the crotch of my jeans. If it were pushed all the way inside, the little vibrating bird would sit directly on my clit. I shivered at the thought.

“What are these metal bead-things inside for, again?”

Kelly groaned. “Oh, Tara, they feel so good! They rotate. Turn it on, you’ll see.”

“I have to put in the batteries,” I told her. “Hang on.” I set the phone down and dug in the box. Batteries included—how convenient! They were easy to slide in, and I

pressed both of the “on” buttons. The metal beads rotated under the see-through shaft, and the little bird, well—hummed. You could keep pushing the buttons to make it vibrate and rotate faster.

“Kelly?” I picked up the phone.

“Mmm! I can hear it,” she said. “God, just the sound makes me wet.”

“Kelly!” I flushed, the vibrator trembling in my hand. I turned the controls up as high as they would go. It was kind of loud.

“Want me to get mine?” She lowered her voice. “We can play together.”

“Kelly!” I felt my cheeks grow even hotter. I wiggled on the couch, feeling the seam of my jeans rubbing between my legs. It felt really good.

“Oh, come on,” she said. “Wouldn’t it be more fun to share it?”

I touched the pink, bulbous tip to the seam of my jeans and shivered. “Ok.”

“Hang on.”

I slid my jeans and panties down off my hips while I waited for her to come back to the phone, getting comfortable on the couch, still crooking the phone. The vibrator seemed to still be going strong. I lifted my shirt, and pulled down the cup of my bra, touching the pink tip to my dark-colored nipple. The shaft vibrated a little, but the hummingbird was the thing that really got going. I pressed that to my nipple and moaned out loud.

“Hey, don’t start without me.” Kelly sounded out of breath.

“Where are you?” I rubbed the hummingbird over my other nipple now, my eyes closing at the sensation.

“My bedroom,” Kelly said. “Taylor’s in preschool today.”

“So—” I held the vibrator up. “Yours looks like mine?”

“Yep, except it’s blue and has a rabbit instead of a hummingbird.”

“So, how do you—?”

“I’m gonna tell you,” she said. “Let me get my panties off.”

I’d seen Kelly with her panties off a million times, but I hadn’t ever really thought about her taking her panties off to...well, to do what we were about to do.

“Are you undressed?” she asked. “You should have your panties all the way off.”

“Yeah,” I snuck the little hummingbird down my belly and pressing it against my clit. Oh, God! I’d only ever owned one vibrator, and it was the old white kind with the screw-top bottom, and it had been sitting dead in my drawer for two years. I remembered now how good vibrators really were!

“Ok, what I like to do,” Kelly started. “Is to tease my clit with the little rabbit. Hummingbird for you.”

“Yeah,” I breathed. “I am.”

“Mmmmm. Doesn’t that feel good?”

“Yes... oh, yes.” I could feel my pussy lips swelling, my juices flowing.

“I know.”

I could hear her breathing a little faster. I couldn’t help remembering what her pussy looked like—her naturally red hair trimmed and shaved into a neat strip above her bare lips. What did her little blue rabbit look like, sliding between them? I looked down between my own legs, rubbing the pink hummingbird between the dark hair of my slit. Kelly kept telling me I should shave there, but I never had.

“Ok...” Kelly sounded breathless. “Now...you should be wet enough to slide it inside...are you?”

“Oh, yeah!” I tilted the vibrator and aimed the tip towards my pussy. “Are...are you?”

I heard her smile. “God, yes.”

“Are you putting yours in, too?” My voice moved toward a whisper, although no one was home. I slipped the tip of it into my pussy, sliding it about halfway in.

“Yeah, right now,” she said. “Mmmm. God, I love feeling it go inside.”

“Me, too.”

“Ok,” she breathed. “Now press it all the way, ’til your little bird rests right against your clit.”

I slid it in further, and the hummingbird’s long slender bill, soft and jelly-like and vibrating furiously, rested right up against my clit. I pushed it in further, and the whole body, the wings spread, covered my clit.

“Ohhhh Kelly!” I moaned, rocking my hips a little. “You do it, too.”

“I am,” she whispered. “You can fuck yourself like this if you want—it feels really good. Just move it in and out.”

I did, sliding the shaft through my wetness, moving the hummingbird over my clit again and again. My whole body felt flushed, and when I closed my eyes, I wondered what Kelly looked like, laying on her bed and fucking her pussy just like me.

“It gets better, though.”

“It can’t,” I breathed, fucking myself a little faster now.

“You can make it go faster or slower, by pushing the buttons,” she explained.

“One controls the vibration. The other rotates the beads.”

I had forgotten about the beads. I pressed the other button on, and they began to rotate inside of me, slowly at first, then faster as I kept pushing and pushing the button.

“Oh!” I cried, half in surprise, half in pleasure. They were moving around and around inside, touching me in places I didn’t even know existed.

“Yeah.” Kelly’s breath came even faster. “Do you like it?”

“Oh yes!” I rocked my hips faster now, the vibrator shoved all the way into me.

“You can get really good, and learn to control it with one hand,” Kelly murmured. “And then you can use your other hand to play with your nipples.”

“Are you?” I imagined Kelly’s full breasts, her pink nipples.

“Yeah,” she said. “Makes it that much better.”

I tried it, shoving the vibrator into me with one hand, and moving my other hand over to tweak my hard nipples. I whimpered into the phone. “Ohhh, I really like that!”

Kelly was breathing really fast now, and I could just hear the buzz of her vibrator moving. “Tara,” she whispered.

“Yes.”

“I’m really close,” she panted. “Oh, it’s so fucking good, honey!”

“Me, too.” I ground against the vibrator now, my hips lifting off the couch. “Oh, I’m almost there!”

“Come on,” she murmured. “I want you to come with me.”

“Ohhh, now, now! Kelly, now!” My orgasm took me by surprise, the force of it incredible, each spasm trying to force the vibrator out of me, but I held it in, riding it,

bucking against it. I could hear her coming, too, moaning through the phone, and the sound of it was exciting—strange and familiar all at once.

I dropped the phone for a moment, and it fell between the couch cushions. My ears were ringing, and things looked fuzzy. I don't think I'd ever come so hard. I turned the vibrator off, my clit and pussy swollen, still feeling thick with it as I pulled it out. It was soaking wet with my juices and I rested it against my belly.

I dug for the phone, finding it and putting it back to my ear. I could hear Kelly still panting. "Oh baby, yeah, I love it hard," she whispered. I looked at the receiver for a moment. I knew she had come, I was sure of it—so what was she doing now?

"Ohhhh Tara," she murmured. "Don't stop. I'm gonna come again."

My face—my whole body—felt like it was on fire listening to her. I could hear her vibrator still, the sound of her voice, her breath, all moving toward climax. *Come again? More than once?* I reached down and pressed my hand between my legs, everything there still throbbing with my orgasm. My clit felt too sensitive to touch. Still, it felt good, rubbing my hand over my mound. *Maybe—?*

"Ohhh fuck!" she moaned. "Oh, honey, I'm coming again for you!"

"Yes," I whispered into the phone, closing my eyes and imagining her hips thrusting into the air, her hand working the vibrator between her legs, her hand cupping and kneading her breast.

We were quiet for a moment, and I listened to her breathing return to normal, still keeping my hand between my thighs, covering my mound.

"Do you like your new toy?"

I smiled. "I think I'm definitely gonna keep it."

“God, you were so hot,” she whispered. “I was so turned-on.”

“Me, too,” I opened my eyes. “I can’t wait to show John.”

Kelly laughed. “I can’t wait to hear about it!”

“Hey...” I felt shy now, somehow. I knew we’d crossed over some invisible line, but I didn’t know what it meant. Talking about our sex lives was way different than doing what we just did. “Thanks for... um... showing me.”

“My pleasure, sweetie,” Kelly replied. “Anytime.” I wondered what she meant, if that was just a casual remark, but I didn’t get a chance to ask.

“Listen, I have to go get Taylor from preschool. Call me tomorrow and tell me how it all goes?”

“I will.” I We hung up. I picked up the vibrator, which was still glistening with my juices. I couldn’t wait for John to come home.

Of course, we ended up having a fight. It was just some stupid thing, about who was supposed to bring the cans in on garbage day, but neither of us was in the mood to talk to each other let alone have sex by the time we climbed into bed. I just left my new toy tucked into my night table and didn’t say anything about it.

I fell right asleep, and probably would have slept the whole night through without hearing John, but I woke up from a dream about Kelly. It was almost like waking from a nightmare, jolted, eyes wide, but my hands were between my legs, my pussy pulsing in response. I realized it was a wet dream, and I remembered Kelly was lying on the bench in the locker room at the gym, her legs spread. I had her vibrator in my hand, and I was fucking her with it. She kept asking me to use my tongue, but I was afraid.

I woke up hearing her moaning in my head as she climaxed, and realized that the bed was shaking—it wasn't just me. John was masturbating. I smiled, closing my eyes again, listening to his hand shuttle up and down his shaft. He was unaware of me, I knew. He was too used to me sleeping through it all.

"Oh, yeah, baby, spread that ass for me," he whispered. I closed my eyes, getting into his fantasy. My hand was still tucked between my legs, and I edged my finger between my lips as I listened to him, searching out my clit.

"Come on, let me lick it." His hand moved faster, the bed vibrating. The thought of John licking pussy from behind was exciting. "Let me shove my tongue in your ass."

My finger froze against my clit and I think I even stopped breathing. Where was he imagining putting his tongue? His breathing was very fast, and I heard him grunt and stop moving. I knew, from listening to him before, that he hadn't come. He waited a few moments, and I listened to his breath slow while I nudged my clit with my finger, thinking about what I'd just heard.

His hand started moving again, and I strained to hear him whispering in the dark. My finger was rolling around my clit now, rubbing it in circles.

"You want that tongue, baby?" he murmured. "I love your little asshole."

I found myself aching to play with my new toy, to feel it filling me again, that heavenly vibration running all through me. Of course, I couldn't do that and still hear John. I remembered what Kelly had said at the gym, about "rolling over and helping him."

"Yeah, yeah, that's it," he moaned, and I could hear that his cock was slick.

I rolled toward him and I heard him stop. He was trying to control his breathing. I waited for a moment and he started again, whispering something else I couldn't hear. My pussy was aching, and I edged a little closer to him, touching my legs and feet to his.

He stopped again, turning his head toward me. "Tara?" he whispered.

"Yeah," I murmured, sliding a hand over his hard, flat belly under the covers. His hand was still wrapped around his stiff cock and I moved my hand over his, sliding up and down. "Don't stop."

"I—" He started to say something but I leaned over and licked his nipple.

"I love listening to you touch yourself," I whispered, tracing circles in the dark.

He moaned, his hand moving again, moving my hand with his, up and down his shaft.

"That's so hot," I whispered. "You make me so wet."

He groaned again, turning his face to me and searching for my mouth. I kissed him, our tongues mingled wetness and heat.

"I want to show you something." I leaned over and pulled open my night table drawer. I found the vibrator, and switched on the low light next to the bed. John was squinting at me, and I smiled as I turned back to him, holding my toy.

His jaw dropped. Then he grinned. "Wow."

"Do you wanna watch me play?" I pressed the button and made the little hummingbird vibrate. "You can play, too, while you watch me. Maybe we can come together."

His eyes went from me to the vibrator. "Yeah."

I leaned back, my pussy facing him, lifting my t-shirt so he could see. He rolled onto his elbow, and the sheet slipped off his hips, and I could see his hand moving slowly up his shaft.

"This part vibrates," I explained. "This little bird." I pressed it to my clit, turning it up a little higher and moaning. "And when you put it inside," I said, sliding the pink tip deep into me. "It rests right against my clit."

"Nifty invention," he breathed. "How long have you had it?"

"It came this afternoon." I started moving the vibrator in my pussy. I watched John's eyes. He was transfixed, his hand moving faster over his cock.

"Mmm, and did you come this afternoon, too?"

"Yes." I flushed, remembering Kelly. "But there's more."

"Does it slice and dice, too?" He grinned at me and I giggled.

"If I press this button, these little beads rotate." I turned it on and felt them beginning to move inside of me. The sensation was incredible and I moved my hips with it.

"Damn," John whispered as he watched me. "That's hot."

"It makes me come really hard." I moved it deeper inside of me, pressing the vibrating hummingbird close so the wings spread wide over my clit.

"Lemme see," John murmured, watching my hand working between my legs. My eyes drifted to his cock, the tip red and wet with pre-cum, his hand pumping it faster now.

I edged the vibrator up a notch, using one hand while I tugged at my nipples with the other. John groaned, his hand flying over his cock now, as I thrust my hips up, moaning and grinding.

“Oh, God,” I said, seeing him jerk his cock through half-closed eyes. “Oh, I’m gonna come!”

“Yeah,” he breathed. “Oh fuck, Tara! You’re so hot!”

“Ohhhhhh!! Yes, yes! Oh, John!” I came hard, bucking my hips and fucking myself deep with the toy. John grunted, his cock spasming in his hand as he came, waves of hot cum bursting from the tip and running down the shaft.

I slid the vibrator out of my pussy, and John reached for it. He looked at it from a few angles, turning it over in his hand.

“That was a surprise.” His eyes slipped back down to my wetness.

“A good surprise?” I sat up on my elbows and looked at him. He nodded, smiling, reaching for me, and I went to him.

“You really like hearing me jerk-off?”

I nodded against his chest. “I’ve been listening at night,” I admitted. “Sometimes I touch myself, too.”

“Really?” He sounded shocked. I just nodded again. “You’re full of surprises, aren’t you?”

I looked at the vibrator in his hand and smiled.

He didn’t know the half of it.

Chapter Four

"Maybe I should just tell him I know about the calls," I said, jumping off the Stairmaster.

Kelly grabbed her towel off the elliptical machine and followed me toward the free weights. "I don't know, Tara. Do you want to have a confrontation? Because I think he's going to get defensive, no matter how you bring it up."

"No, I don't want a fight." I sighed, picking up two five pound weights, one in each hand, and sitting on a bench. "I want..."

What did I want? I watched Kelly as she took one ten pound weight in both hands, lifting it over her head and then dropping her hands behind her back, aiming the weight between her shoulder blades. She did this over and over, a fluid motion, and I could see the muscles in her upper arms working, her full breasts shifting under her t-shirt. The guy next to us was doing arm curls and his gaze was on her, too. I gave him a look and he averted his eyes.

My thoughts turned back to John. I had believed that bringing my new toy into our sex life would spice things up—and it had. But John was still as quiet as ever about what he wanted, what his fantasies might be. He seemed willing enough to go along with things if they were my idea, but he wasn't volunteering anything.

"I want him to talk to me," I finished, beginning to do arm curls, looking at Kelly out of the corner of my eye. "But I tried, again, to get him to tell me something. That night, after the, uh... you know."

Kelly brought the weight in front of her, grinning. "How do you like your new toy?" she asked, grabbing another ten pound dumbbell and sitting next to me. Her thigh

brushed up against mine as she balanced her arm against her leg, starting to do her own arm curl sets. She had a lot more muscle than I did, and could curl double the amount of weight.

"It's, uh... fun," I replied, feeling my face burning. I refused to look in the mirror, but I knew I was blushing. "Anyway, he still won't share anything with me. It's like the minute I start talking about it, he just clams up. I don't get it."

"But he's still making calls?" Kelly asked, stopping to look at me. I nodded. "Then maybe you should just keep listening. I mean, at least that way you'll know what he really wants..."

I sighed. "It just feels wrong."

Kelly smiled. "Sometimes when it feels wrong, it's really, really right." The pressure of her bare thigh against mine was increasing, rubbing against me.

"Maybe," I said, standing up and going to put my weights back.

Kelly put hers back below mine. "Just give him some time. Ease him into things. Keep introducing something new every time you have sex."

"I am," I said, smiling. "He thinks I'm full of surprises, lately."

Kelly flicked her towel at me, grinning as she walked past. "You are."

* * * *

We went out that night, a Christmas party for his office. I usually hated these, with all the office girls crowding around John, making a fuss over him, jostling him under

the mistletoe if they got a chance. His office seemed weighted with women and every year there was too much alcohol and too much skin, as far as I was concerned.

This year, I decided that if I couldn't beat them, I was going to join them. I bought myself a little red satin dress, sleeveless and short—shorter than anything I'd owned before. I didn't wear stockings with it, just a pair of black panties, and no bra. It was pretty low-cut, although I didn't have enough cleavage to make it stand out that much. When I came down the stairs, John did a double take from the couch, putting down his paper and staring at me.

"You're gonna be cold," he told me, getting my coat from the closet.

"No, see," I said, picking up a sheer mesh shawl I'd left on the table and putting it over my shoulders.

He snorted. "I doubt that will keep you warm."

I smiled as he helped me on with my coat. "Well, you can... help keep me warm."

He kissed my neck, exposed because my long dark hair was put up, making me shiver. "I just might take you up on that later."

Kelly and Chris pulled their little Escort in next to John's dark blue Beemer Roadster just after we arrived.

"I thought you weren't coming," I called out to Kelly, pulling my coat together against the wind.

"Miss a night out of the house without the kidlet?" Kelly said, taking Chris' hand and tugging him with her toward me.

"Plus there's the free booze," Chris added, grinning.

"It's all on me," John said, taking my hand and starting toward the restaurant.

John had rented an entire room and hired a DJ—it looked like a set-up for a wedding, minus all the favors. There were probably thirty people there already, although we were a little early, and they were standing around with drinks in their hands or sitting at tables and talking. I let John take my coat and Kelly's eyes widened when she saw me.

"What?" I asked, touching my cleavage, afraid I was falling out.

"That dress," she said, her eyes dipping below the hem. "Holy cow. I saw it on the hanger and all but... wow!"

"Can I agree without getting hit over the head with a handbag?" Chris asked, smiling and putting his arms around Kelly from behind.

I flushed. "Thanks. I like yours, too," I said, admiring how Kelly's black velvet dress made her hair look even redder in contrast.

We found our seats and ordered a bottle of wine. John came over and joined us for a while, but then went off again. Thank God he let me invite Kelly and Chris, because otherwise I wouldn't have known a soul!

"Shouldn't you be mingling with John?" Kelly had to practically yell now over the music.

I shrugged, looking over to where John was standing with a drink in his hand, surrounded by four women who seemed to be talking at once.

"Ooo! This is my favorite song!" Kelly said, turning to tug at Chris' sleeve. "Chris, dance with me!" Chris had found a guy next to him to talk football with and he waved her away. She made a face, standing and holding out her hand to me. "Come on," she said.

"Me? In this?" I indicated the dress.

"How do you think you show it off?" She grinned as she pulled me out onto the dance floor. I followed Kelly's motions, raising my arms above my head like she was, and moving my hips around like hers. She smiled, and then closed her eyes, letting her body sway to the music. It was a hot, sexy beat, and she ground her hips with it like she was fucking someone. It made me flush just to watch her, and I found myself remembering that day on the phone, listening to her come.

She moved in behind me, then, putting one arm around my waist. "Like this," she instructed, moving her hips with mine, 'round and 'round. I could feel her thighs, her pelvis making circles against my ass. Her other hand slipped around my waist, and I leaned my head back against her shoulder—she was a good five inches taller than me and wearing much higher heels—looking up into her eyes. They were green and smiling, too.

"I think we drank too much," I murmured, enjoying the feel of our dresses slipping together, satin against velvet. Mine was beginning to ride up my thighs, I could feel it, but I didn't care.

"Who says?" Kelly whispered, and she leaned in and kissed me, just like that in the middle of the dance floor. It didn't last long, a few seconds, but it was enough to take my breath away. The song was over then, and I looked at John as I moved away from Kelly and saw him looking at us. I couldn't read his face, but I flushed, and went back to the table to get more wine.

"You two were having fun," Chris remarked, putting his arm around Kelly and squeezing her hip as we sat.

"Just showing John what he's missing, leaving our girl all alone," Kelly remarked, pouring me another glass of wine and handing it to me. I drank it all, thirsty and not wanting to talk.

We ended up closing the place down, John and I. Kelly and Chris headed home about midnight, and I sat and finished another bottle of wine while I watched John move among the tables, talking and laughing. He helped me on with my coat when it was time to go, and held my elbow as we walked to the car.

"Are you drunk?" he asked me as he got into driver's side.

I looked over at him in the dimness. "Are you mad?"

"Am I mad that you're drunk? Or am I mad that you were out dirty dancing with your girlfriend at my company Christmas party?" John started the car and put it in reverse.

"Um... that, or... whatever," I said, struggling with my seat belt. I couldn't seem to find the slot to put it into. John accelerated hard and I was propelled back against the seat. I was still trying to get my seat belt fastened when John hit the brakes at a stop sign and I jolted forward, reaching out my hand to the dashboard to catch myself, but my reflexes were slow, and I missed.

"What were you thinking?" John asked with a sigh, reaching over and doing my seat belt up for me.

I felt tears sting my eyes and looked out the passenger window so he wouldn't see them. "I don't know," I whispered. "I guess maybe that you might think I was sexy."

We didn't talk again until John backed the car into the garage. He always backed in, so he could pull out in a hurry in the morning. Then he turned to me in the dark of the

car, his voice low. "Tara, do you know what I wanted to do to you when you came downstairs in that dress?"

I shook my head, turning a little toward him.

John reached a hand out and fingered the soft, satin hem that was riding high on my thighs. "I wanted to tear it off you."

"You did?" I asked, my eyes wide. He was looking down at where my dress ended.

"I wanted to tear it off you and take you, right there, up against the wall in the hallway." His voice was hoarse, and I swallowed hard.

"You did?" I squeaked.

"Seeing you dancing out there with Kelly—you don't know how sexy you are, do you?" he asked, leaning over to me, his hand running up from my knee to my thigh. His breath was warm on my face, and I could smell the 7&7's he'd been drinking all night. My own head was still swimming with wine.

"You two rubbing up against each other, seeing your red little dress riding up and up," he whispered, his hand pushing my dress up further as he sought higher ground on my leg. "You looked just like you do when you come, with your eyes half closed and your mouth open and your legs quivering."

I moaned, tilting my face up to him, and then he was kissing me, his tongue forcing its way past my teeth, down my throat, as he pressed me into the door. "I wanted to fuck you right there on the dance floor," he growled against my neck, biting and sucking at my flesh. "I wanted to fuck you both."

I gasped, his hands groping me in the dark, everywhere at once. My dress was pushed up to my waist now, his fingers rubbing fast and hard between my legs. We kissed, our mouths meshing together as he leaned over the gearshift to get to me. When he pulled my panties aside and plunged his fingers into me, I hissed, putting one foot up onto the dashboard to give him better access.

He was trying to climb over onto me but there wasn't enough room—not in his little Roadster. When I whispered that fact to him, he grunted, pulling his hand away from me and moving to open his door. A moment later, he was opening mine, and I was still sitting there with my panties askew, my heels off, and my dress shoved up to my waist, struggling with the seatbelt.

He leaned over me and popped the button, pulling me out of the car and crushing me to him, his tongue digging deep into my mouth. I clung to him, wrapping my arms around his neck, feeling his hands roaming over my ass, squeezing and lifting me, pressing my crotch to his. I could feel how hard he was through his trousers.

Then he was turning me around, pressing me over the hood of the car, shoving my dress up higher on my waist. His hands moved over my ass, my thighs, and I heard his zipper and the felt his cock pressing against my panties. He shoved those aside, his fingers finding me again, moving in and out of my wetness—and I was wet, soaking wet, my panties moist with my heat.

He didn't bother to take them off, he just replaced his fingers with his cock, shoving himself deep inside me with a growl. I moaned, pressing my cheek to the metal, the engine still ticking as he started to fuck me, my hands out in front of me, just letting him take me. I could see the Christmas lights of the neighbor's house across the street,

a blurred red and green glow as he rocked me against the Beemer's electric blue hood. He hadn't even shut the garage door.

"You like that?" he whispered, grinding his pelvis into me, his cock buried so deep it almost hurt. I couldn't catch my breath to answer, I just whimpered, but I arched my back and pressed against him in response.

He reached over me, grabbing my arms and twisting them behind my back. I gasped, wriggling and moaning, as he held my wrists with one hand, still fucking me, harder now, driving me against the cold side panel of the car. He slapped my ass with the other hand, making me squirm. The hot sting felt good in the night air.

I could see my breath, panting out in white streams toward Mr. Klein's house across the way—and I could see Mr. Klein, walking across his living room. I wondered if he might be able to see us, and the thought was beyond exciting.

John was grunting with every thrust, his breath ragged. My panties were snug between my legs and every time he shoved into me, he pulled them up tight between my lips and effectively massaged my clit, the friction building up as he fucked me, really rapidly now, all the way into me, working hard.

"Oh God," I cried, feeling his hand tighten around my wrists, pulling me back against him and driving deeper, deeper still, into my pussy. "John, make me come!"

I could still see Mr. Klein, and I think he was at his window, but I didn't care. I ground myself back against John's cock, wanting more and more, until I couldn't breathe, I couldn't think. I was dizzy with wanting, feeling the ache between my legs moving toward release.

John grabbed my hip with his other hand, forcing himself hard up into me, growling and grinding, "Ahhhh God, baby, take my cum!" Feeling the first wave of him, hot and pulsing, coupled with his hips pounding against mine, forced me over, too, and I came hard, my pussy squeezing him, milking him.

"Ohhh yes, ohhhh!" I moaned, thrashing on the hood of the car, quivering beneath him.

He pulled out of me, and the cold of the night rushed in, making me shiver. He didn't let go of my wrists, turning me around to kiss me, his mouth a little softer now, but not much, his tongue still probing deep, his bare thighs pressing me back against the car, my ass resting against the cool edge.

"Now," he whispered, keeping me pressed against him, his hand still tight around my wrists wrapped behind my back. "Do you believe me, that I think you're sexy?"

I smiled, feeling dizzy, wrapping my leg around him, digging my heel into the back of his thigh. "Yes," I breathed, kissing him and holding on tight.

* * * *

The wine made me sleepy, and I barely managed to get my dress and panties off before crawling into bed naked. John said he had some things to check on in the home office in the basement before he came up, and I was beginning to drift when I realized that he might be making a phone call. The thought jolted me awake. After that incredible display in the garage? I thought, doubtful.

I picked up the receiver and heard his voice. "I want both of you to suck my cock."

My eyes widened as I heard two women's voices purring over the phone lines. I clicked the "mute" button and turned over onto my back to listen.

"Mmmm, yeah, help me suck this big, hard cock, Suzy." I was amazed that I could recognize Marie's voice after hearing it only once, but I could.

"Ohhh yes, hold it for me, baby, let me lick it," the other woman, Suzy I assumed, murmured.

"Yeah," John whispered, and I could hear him, his breath coming faster. "Suck it, girls. Work that cock." They were both making slurping noises through the phone.

"Suzy," John said. "Are you a real redhead?"

"Yes," the woman said. "All over. Want to see?"

It occurred to me that Kelly was a redhead, and I wondered if there was a connection. My own breath was coming faster, and I couldn't help reaching down to touch myself, still wet and slick from my hard fucking in the garage.

"Yeah," John said. "Spread your pussy, baby. Let Marie lick your cunt."

"Ooooo, yeahhh," Suzy said. "I'm spreading my wet pussy for her. Come on, Marie... put your tongue on my clit."

"Ohhh, you taste so good, baby," Marie murmured. "God, I love licking your pussy."

I tried to imagine it, both women together, Suzy the redhead on her back, her legs spread, Marie's dark head working between her legs. What would it be like, what

would it taste like? My nipples were hardening at the thought, and I rubbed my clit a little faster.

"I'm gonna fuck you, Marie," John said. "I'm gonna fuck your tight little cunt while you lick her."

"Ohhhh baby, yes!" Marie whispered. "I'll spread it open for you... I'm so wet. I want your cock."

"Take it," John said, grunting, as if he were shoving it inside of her. I remembered how hard he drove into me in the garage and I put my fingers into me, aching to feel him, stiff and throbbing.

"Yeah, baby, fuck me while I lick her pussy," Marie purred.

"Ohhh God, yeah, lick my cunt, honey," Suzy moaned, and I remembered Kelly's voice, calling me honey while she fucked herself with her vibrator. "I love your little tongue."

"Ohhh fuck," I heard John whisper.

"You like watching me lick her, John?" Marie asked. Suzy was moaning, mewling, whimpering, gasping. I was, too, fucking myself with my fingers and strumming my clit.

"Yeah," John panted. "I love watching you lick her wet little cunt."

"Fuck me harder, John," Marie begged. "Fuck me good and hard—you know I love it hard."

"I know you do," John growled. "And I'm gonna give it to you good and hard."

"Oh, Marie, fuck me with your fingers," Suzy said. "Yeah, finger my cunt while you eat me."

Oh my God, I could hear them, making sloppy wet noises. Were they really together? My pussy swelled at the thought, my clit throbbing under my rubbing fingers.

"Oooooooooo baby I'm gonna come in your mouth," Suzy moaned, and I heard her coming, moaning and gasping. I shuddered, feeling my own orgasm edging ever nearer.

"Yeah," Marie said. "Come all over my face, sweetheart. You taste so good."

John groaned, his breath coming in ragged gasps. "Oh fuck, Marie, I'm gonna come!"

"Come here, baby, come all over Suzy's face," Marie said, and I heard John grunting as he came, and I came too, my climax shaking the bed beneath me.

"Oh God," John whispered, and then chuckled. "Good girls."

"His cum tastes so good," Suzy said, and I could hear her sucking something. "Here, Marie, come taste."

"Mmmmm yeah, I wanna lick all that cum off your tits and your face," Marie said.

John groaned again. "God, you two are going to kill me."

They both laughed, soft and low and sexy. I clicked the phone off, replacing the receiver, and tried to go back to sleep. John came to bed, and I soon heard his deep, even breathing. I finally slept, but I found myself waking several times in the night, dreaming of dancing with Kelly.

Chapter Five

I woke up with the bed empty and knew John was downstairs. I rolled over and looked at my clock. It was nearly three in the morning. I debated whether or not I wanted to pick up the phone. I knew I would hear his voice if I did.

After that night in the garage, I was sure things would break wide open—that he would start bringing things into our sex life that he seemed to be living out in his fantasies over the phone. I felt such a shift in us that night, but in the light of morning, over coffee and orange juice and eggs, both of us still a little hung-over, it seemed like too much to contemplate talking about.

Somehow, it had faded, almost as if it hadn't happened. We were back to our regular Friday night specials, and a few encounters mid-week, depending on our schedules and energy levels. And the phone calls continued. I had thought that maybe they would lessen, that he would begin to turn to me more, if I started making his fantasies come true. It seemed to me that he was making even more calls than ever. I didn't understand it.

Maybe I just hadn't found the right fantasy yet? The one that really did it for him? I debated, but my curiosity won out and I reached for the receiver, quickly hitting the "mute" button.

Yes, John's voice, low and clear: "...tying your hands above your head, one to each bedpost... Pulling the scarves tight against your flesh."

"Oh John!" I heard her say. "I'm trembling all over."

"Is it too tight?" he asked. My mind was racing. He was tying her up in this fantasy?

"No. I can't get out even if I struggle a little, but it's not uncomfortable," she said.

"How do you answer me?" he asked in a voice I was unfamiliar with, strong and demanding. It reminded me of that night in the garage and the memory took my breath away.

"Yes, sir," she responded.

"Better," he said. "Now, spread your legs."

"Yes, sir," she whispered. "Like this? Wide open?"

"Yes, like that," he said. "Are you wet?"

She moaned. "Oh, John, yes... I'm so wet."

"Tell me what you want."

"Oh, God! I want your hard cock," she cried.

"What did you forget?" he asked, his voice controlled, tight.

"Oh... sir. Yes, yes... I want your hard cock, sir."

"You're a naughty girl," he said. "You can't seem to remember the simplest things."

"I'm sorry," she whispered. "It's just that I'm so wet... I want you so much..."

"Marie?" he asked.

"Yes?"

"You forgot again."

She moaned, "Ohhh God, I'm sorry."

"Lift your legs up," he said. "Straight up in the air."

"Like this?"

"Yes. Maybe this will make you remember," he said.

"What are you going to do?" she whimpered. "Are you going to spank me?"

"You deserve to be spanked," he told her. "I should use a crop, but I'm going to use my hand."

"Oh, John," she murmured. "I'm so sorry, I promise I'll remember."

"What did you say?"

"Sir! I said sir!" Marie cried. "Please don't spank me."

"Do it, Marie," I heard John's voice, now, his real voice, not the deep, low voice of the other man he was being with her. "Spank your little ass."

And I heard her, just like before, the sound of flesh on flesh, her little squeals and cries.

"Are you going to remember?" John demanded. She continued to spank herself. I tried to imagine him doing that to her—her legs up in the air, his hand coming down on her ass again and again, making her cheeks red and swollen. I tried to imagine him doing that to me, and my cheeks burned.

"Yes, yes, I will, I will!" she cried.

"What did you say?" he asked again.

"Sir! I swear, I'll remember, sir," she pleaded, whimpering.

"Enough," he said, and she stopped, continuing to whimper and mew. "I think you liked that, Marie. Your pussy is even wetter now, isn't it?"

I knew mine was! I had held my breath through the whole exchange, but now my hand crept down under the covers, lifting my t-shirt to find my pussy swollen and wet in response to their scenario.

"Yes," she murmured. "Yes, sir, it's soaking wet for you."

"Good girl," he said. "Now, I'm going to fuck that wet pussy."

I groaned, sliding my fingers into my pussy, imagining John's hard cock. I knew he was pumping it, and the fact that it was just two stories away from me was both exciting and frustrating all at once. I reached into my drawer and grabbed my not-so-new-anymore toy, the vibrator with the little hummingbird that rested right against my clit when I shoved it all the way into me.

That's what I did, sliding it all the way into my pussy on the first go—I was that wet, listening to them.

"Oh yes, fuck me!" Marie cried. "I want your cock inside me, sir."

"Spread your legs wider," he growled. "I'm going to give you just what you deserve."

Oh my God. My heart was beating so fast. I turned the vibrator on, moaning as it buzzed against my clit.

"Oh, please, sir," Marie begged. "Please!"

"Take my cock," John growled. "I'm going to fuck you so hard you can't breathe."

Marie was moaning and crying out, as if he were fucking her as hard as I was shoving my vibrator deep inside of me, so hard it almost hurt, fucking myself faster with it. I moaned along with her, although I knew they couldn't hear me, saying the words, "yes, sir," over and over under my breath.

"I'm going to come, sir," she whispered, and I could hear the sounds John made when he was close, too.

"Not until I say you can," he growled, and I moaned, feeling my climax coming. Not until he said? My whole body responded to him, doing exactly what he wanted, holding back at his words.

"Yes, sir," she whispered, sounding almost as if she were in pain from holding back. I knew how she felt. I whispered it, too, "yes, sir," under my breath.

"Now," John groaned, and I heard him coming, and I shuddered, pushing the vibrator deep into my pussy, rocking with it as I came, too.

"Yes, sir!" Marie cried. "Ohhhh, yes, I'm coming for you, sir!" And she did, or at least I hope she really did—it sounded like it felt absolutely lovely, almost as good as my own orgasm still pulsing its way through my pussy.

"Yes, sir," I whispered, hearing John's ragged breathing returning to normal. "Oh, yes, sir." I replaced the receiver and put the vibrator back, reminding myself to clean it up in the morning. I closed my eyes when I heard him come up the stairs, feigning sleep.

* * * *

"Whoa!" John said as he came around the corner and saw me adjusting my outfit in the mirror. "What the—? I thought you were going to Kelly's?"

"I am," I smiled. "Do you like it?"

His eyes told me that he did, although his mouth was set in a thin line. "What kind of party is this?"

I turned back to the mirror, straightening the plaid skirt at my waist, making it snug over my hips. "A lingerie party."

"A what?" John leaned against the doorway, crossing his arms over his chest.

I turned and twirled in the outfit: a school girl, complete with red plaid skirt, white blouse tied at the waist, white thigh highs, and of course the black Mary Jane shoes. I wondered if it made him remember that night I heard him on the phone with Marie playing out the daddy/daughter school girl fantasy, but his eyes didn't reveal anything.

"A lingerie party," I said again. "Kelly thought it would be fun to model some of the merchandise. Her friend is just starting out as a, what do you call those... a demonstrator, party hostess?"

"What is Kelly going as?" John asked, watching me bend over the counter and put on more lip gloss.

I smacked my lips together. "Either the cheerleader, or she's just going with a babydoll nightie kind of thing." I walked toward him, smiling. "Do you like it?"

"It's uh... pretty revealing," he said, eyeing my legs. "This is an all-girls thing?"

I laughed. "Of course. Do you think I'd parade around like this in front of guys?" I kissed his cheek and rubbed my exposed belly against him. "It's just a favor for Kelly."

"Don't be late." His eyes were on the V of my blouse.

I couldn't help smiling. I had more plans for this outfit than a night at Kelly's, that was for sure!

* * * *

Kelly met me at the door and I laughed. "You changed your mind again?"

She grinned and shrugged. "It's a woman's prerogative. You like?"

I nodded, my eyes sweeping up the outfit. It was clearly a ballerina-type thing, the top consisting of white satin bra cups and a sheer baby-doll nightie that barely covered the white panties she was wearing. She had white toe-shoes on, and the laces criss-crossed up her legs to her knees.

"Chris had a fit before he left," Kelly grinned. "Come on, before you freeze. I want to get your coat off and see the goods."

"John did, too," I told her, slipping off my long winter coat and giving it to her. I noticed that her panties were a g-string when she turned to hang my coat in the closet, the full, creamy globes of her ass completely exposed. "But I told him it was going to be just us girls."

I heard her chuckle. "Yep, just us girls." Kelly turned around, her eyes sweeping me. "Oh, Tara!"

I did a little twirl. "You like?"

"Yeah," she breathed. "Damn, those stockings and shoes are hot. I wish I had legs like yours to pull that off."

"I like yours," I said, taking her extended hand and letting her lead me toward the living room. "They're curvy. Mine are just sticks."

"You make the perfect little schoolgirl," she said, wrapping her arm around my waist as we went into the room. She whispered in my ear, "John is going to love it."

I smiled. I hoped so. There were already six other women there, all dressed up, except for one. I was amazed that Kelly had convinced them all to wear lingerie, but she had—the woman had incredible powers of persuasion when she wanted something

There was a cheerleader, a cat woman of some sort, a long-legged exotic-looking girl with dark hair that came to her bottom dressed like a belly dancer, and two women wearing teddy-stock combinations, one black and one pink.

The woman who hadn't dressed up was wearing jeans and a black t-shirt with a shiny white pentagram in the center. Goth all the way, with her dark makeup and short dark hair and motorcycle boots. She looked up when I came in, making a face at my outfit.

"Chris' sister," Kelly whispered. "I had to invite her. I didn't know she'd come."

"Well, this is everyone... except our hostess with the mostest," Kelly remarked.

"Who wants a drink?"

Everyone's hand went up, and Kelly had us all follow her out to the kitchen, where she had laid out wine and snacks, and I started helping her by mixing daiquiris and pina coladas in the blender. I didn't know any of the other girls—people from Kelly's work, or her mommy's group, at least that's as much as I could gather from the conversation. The goth girl sat on a stool where I was throwing ice into the blender, sucking on a cherry still attached to its stem.

"So, what's your name?" I asked her.

"Collie," she said.

I did a double take. "Like Lassie?"

"No, like the goddess of death and destruction," she countered, rolling her eyes.

"Ohhh, Kali," I said, laughing at my mistake. "The one who wears skulls around her neck and carries a big knife?"

The girl looked surprised. "That's the one."

"Good namesake," I said, pouring a splash of rum into the blender. "Your mother give it to you?" I couldn't imagine Chris' mother ever naming a child Kali.

"Colleen," the girl said, rolling her eyes again. "But I like Kali."

"I like it, too," I replied, turning on the blender and talking over it. "So are you in college?"

"Yeah, sophomore year," she said, talking over the blender, too. "You?"

I laughed, turning off the switch and pulling off the lid so I could start pouring drinks. "I finished college eons ago."

Kelly came up behind me, her hip rubbing up against mine. "No drinks for you, missy," she said to Kali with a wink. "You're not twenty-one."

"Oh, come on," I said, sliding a daiquiri across the counter to her. "Pretend we're in Canada. Besides, if she's going to have to put up with us old folks dressed in lingerie all night, she better start drinking now."

Kali laughed, picking up the daiquiri and taking a sip.

The doorbell rang and Kelly went to get it. The daiquiris were soon dispensed and half gone, and I started working on making more. Kali helped me, going to get more ice from the freezer.

She tipped my hand a little while I was pouring the rum, making more splash into the mix. "Hey!"

"Come on, old girl," she said with a smile. "Let's make it interesting."

I snorted. "Hey listen, I'm not *that* old."

"I noticed," she said, putting another cherry into her mouth and sucking. I flushed, pouring another set of drinks.

Kali reached above my head and opened a cupboard, taking out two shot glasses. She sat back on the stool and poured rum into each, sliding one across to me.

"This is how you do it," she said, tipping her head back and drinking the shot, making a little sour face at the end. I watched, fascinated. The most I ever drank was wine. She nudged the other glass toward me. "Now, you."

"I don't know," I said, my fingers touching the little glass. She winked at me, digging for something in her pocket. I lifted the glass to my lips.

"Fast," Kali advised. "Just swallow."

That's what I did, the alcohol burning my throat. I choked a little, gasping.

"Awesome." Kali grinned, taking the glass back and pouring us each another. "Now, let's do this one together. You ready?"

"Okay." I picked up the shot glass, my chest warm already from the alcohol. Kali counted, one, two, three, and we drank the shot together, looking at each other with silly grins and watering eyes.

"What's your name?" Kali asked me.

"Tara," I replied, watching her fill the shot glasses again.

"That's quite an outfit, Tara," she said, raising her glass to me and waiting for me to do the same. I did, flushing at her compliment. I was already starting to feel buzzed.

"Thanks. It was all Kelly's idea," I said and she was counting again and we were drinking some more, but somehow there was more rum in the shot glass in front of me.

"I know, she wanted me to wear one, too." Kali snorted, and I noticed she had pulled a little tin box out of her pocket. She opened it, putting a little pill into her mouth and washing it down with the shot.

Curious, I asked, "What's that?"

"Ecstasy," she said, smiling and pouring herself another.

I drank another shot with her, feeling everything growing fuzzy around the edges. "What does it do?" I asked. I loved the name of it. Ecstasy. "Does it make you hallucinate?"

"No... it won't hurt you," she assured me. "It just makes you feel... really good. It heightens all your senses. Everything around you becomes a sensual experience."

It sounded like heaven. I stared at the tin box on the counter, licking my lips.

"You want one?" she offered, holding a pill out to me on her palm and pocketing the tin. I hesitated. I'd never done any sort of drugs. I hadn't even smoked pot in college.

"Come on, you two!" Kelly poked her head into the kitchen, and it was the first time I noticed that everyone had migrated somewhere else and Kali and I were alone.

"Yeah, yeah," Kali said, grabbing a daiquiri and standing up.

"Wait," I said, catching her hand. She smiled, turning her palm into mine and giving me the pill. I put it into my mouth, taking my own daiquiri and swallowing it down.

"So, do you have a boyfriend to model any of this stuff for?" I asked, following Kali toward the living room.

"Nope," she replied, sitting on the loveseat and patting the spot next to her. "Not so much into them."

I sank into the seat beside her. "Boys?" I asked. "You're not into boys?"

"I like the other kind better," she replied with a sideways smile, her eyes on the belly dancer girl, who was showing off some moves in the corner.

"Oh!" I looked over at the hostess, who was getting her act together at the other end of the room, just to have something to look at. The hostess started talking but I didn't really hear her for a while. I was thinking about the fact that the young girl sitting next to me, who wasn't even quite drinking age, knew emphatically that she liked "the other kind" better.

I was curious. The thought of this young girl with another woman was making me warm. Or maybe it was the alcohol. Or perhaps it was the little pill I'd swallowed. I looked over at the belly dancer woman gyrating her hips in slow, easy circles. I was fascinated with the motion, remembering Kelly dancing with me, her mouth suddenly on mine. Everything felt all tangled up in my head.

I wasn't really paying attention to much of anything, and yet it felt like I was paying attention to everything all at once—Kali's bare arm brushing against mine, the sound and feel of Kelly's voice leaning over to whisper something into my ear. I couldn't even remember the words.

The hostess, I think her name was Jennifer, clapped her hands to get our attention and said, "Ok, let's play the alphabet game to get into the mood."

The mood for what, I wondered? I caught on pretty quick—I think I was already in the mood. The idea was to go around the room and think of a "sexy word" for every

letter in the alphabet. Whoever couldn't come up with one had to... do something. I hadn't heard that part.

"G-string," Kelly said, looking over at me.

"Uhhh." I looked blankly at the brown carpet. "Hooters?"

Kelly snorted in the chair on the other side of me.

"Ice," said Kali.

"That's not sexy," I whispered to her.

Kali nudged my hip with hers. "For an old gal, you got a lot to learn."

I flushed, imagining what someone might do sexually with ice.

And around it went again. No one missed any, but there were some real stretches. The pink teddy woman said, "money," and everyone laughed. The sound was like bells and I stared around at all the women, like angels sitting and chatting in their flowing attire. The cheerleader giggled and said, "vibrator," which just got me thinking about mine sitting at home. Then the cat woman said, "Winnebago," which wasn't sexy at all, but she had some story about sex in one which had everyone laughing hysterically.

"Y" was mine, and I looked over at Kali and said, "Young," although I didn't mean to. I couldn't seem to help saying what came into my head.

She licked her lips, her eyes flicking from mine to the hands in her lap. It was "Z," which was kind of a hard one, but the first thing that came to my mind was "Zipper," and I wanted to lean in and whisper it to her.

"I don't have one," she said, looking flustered, her cheeks rosy. "What do I have to do again?"

"You're our model!" Jennifer said, smiling a smile that reminded me bizarrely of Vanna White as she held a hand out to Kali and led her toward the front of the room.

"Well, that worked out," Kelly whispered in my ear. Her breath was a delicious heat over my neck and I closed my eyes. "She's the only one not dressed."

"You get to pick one of the women here to choose an outfit for you," Jennifer said. There were all sorts of lingerie sets that she had laid out, some hanging, some draped over chair and couch arms.

Kali's eyes darted around the room and fell on me. I swallowed hard when her finger pointed me out.

I stood up, the world wobbling for a moment and I caught myself on the arm of the loveseat before going toward them.

"You pick something for her to wear," Jennifer reminded me. I touched the fabrics, many of the costumes similar to the ones the rest of us were wearing. There were many that were different, too, from nurses to sailor girls. And there was regular lingerie as well, teddy combinations and boy shorts and garters and all sorts of things, everything soft and lacy and lovely. I wanted to run my hands over them forever.

I glanced at Kali, whose cheeks were still pink, but she was watching me finger the material with interest. I had to choose something to suit her? I looked from her to the clothing, trying to decide.

What did I want to see her in? The thought made my heart race, because I realized that I really did want to see her in something—a lot less than she was wearing now. What would these feel like over her soft, bare skin? I wondered.

That's when I saw it, behind a dark leather teddy kind of thing—it was sheer brown mesh, with a tulle-like fluted skirt, golden ribbons laced up in the front, like a modified corset, and delicate fairy wings. It was the shimmering fairy wings that did it. I smiled, touching it and looking at Kali. Her eyes grew wide and she shook her head, looking horrified.

"This one," I said, handing it to Jennifer. The other women hooted, seeing Kali's face.

"No way," she said, shaking her head. "I'm not wearing that."

"That's the rules of the game," Jennifer smiled. "Kelly, where's your bathroom?"

Kelly smiled. "Come on, be a good sport. Tara will help you put it on."

"I will?"

"She knows where the bathroom is."

I heard Jennifer talking to the group about what they were going to do while we were in the bathroom as I led Kali down the hall. She clomped along reluctantly in her motorcycle boots. When we got into the bathroom, I hung the outfit on the back of the door and looked at the young girl sitting on the edge of the tub, her eyes wide.

"You don't really have to," I said, coming over to sit on the toilet lid, my knees touching hers. "We can stay in here all night if you want."

"What would we do?" She smiled, rubbing her knees against mine.

"Whatever you want," I replied. "I play a wicked game of eye-spy."

She laughed. "I can think of better things," she said, reaching her hand out and fingering the edge of my short skirt. "What are you wearing under that?"

"This?" I couldn't believe I was doing it, but I lifted my skirt to show her the white cotton panties that went along with the whole innocent school girl theme.

"Nice." Her eyebrows went up. "So do you have a boyfriend to model that for?"

"A husband," I replied. "I'm hoping he likes it."

"How can he not?" she asked, her eyes trained between my thighs, and I realized I was still holding my skirt up. I dropped it, flushing. Being this close to her was making me feel very, very warm.

"Wait," Kali said, lifting my skirt again. "I spy, with my little eye..."

She moved between my thighs on her knees and I looked down at her, holding my breath, my eyes wide. "Something... black?"

"What are you doing?" I whispered, as if someone might hear me.

"Playing eye spy," she said, slipping a finger under the elastic of my panties and exposing my bush. "Yep. Black."

"Kali," I said, starting to push my skirt down.

"Wait, wait," she said, pressing my hand with hers, keeping my skirt up.

"What?"

"I spy with my little eye..." she was leaning in so close to me now I could feel her breath on my thighs. I didn't seem to have control of my body as it edged toward her.

"Something pink," she murmured, parting my lips with her fingers.

I gasped, watching her eyes, which seemed to be drinking in the sight of me there. I was fascinated with her mouth, how dark her lipstick was, how pink her tongue when she licked her lips. Her fingers wandered through the folds of my flesh, her eyes

following the path she was tracing. Everything was fuzzy and sharp at the same time, a glorious haze of heightened sensation.

Before I knew it, her tongue was parting my pussy lips, too, trailing up and down my slit. I'd never wanted anything more and I didn't stop her, I didn't even think to stop her. The pleasure was so good it was almost unbearable. Ecstasy is the perfect name, I thought, as I let her lick me and lick me, holding my panties aside for her and watching her little, pink pointed tongue flicking back and forth over my clit.

Her hands roamed over my body, up my thighs, spreading them, moving over my exposed belly. She reached underneath my shirt and found my breasts. I wasn't wearing a bra, and she moaned at that, tweaking my nipples, making them stand up for her.

I whispered her name, running my hands through her short, dark hair. Her tongue worked me into a frenzy until I was wiggling and gasping and thrusting my hips against her. She took it all in stride, never losing her place or her pace, staying focused right there on the spot that was making me crazier by the minute.

"Oh, God," I whispered. "I'm so close."

She nodded, encouraging me with her tongue, not even stopping when there was a knock on the bathroom door. I tried to remember if I'd locked it.

"There's someone in here!" I called breathlessly as they tried the door. Locked. Thank God.

"Are you two almost done?" It was Kelly.

Kali's eyes met mine—hers were dancing and dark—and she started licking at me even faster. I hissed when she pulled at my nipples. "Tara? Almost?"

"Getting there!" I gasped.

"Ok." I heard her walk down the hall and the moment I let myself relax again, it came over me, the most incredible orgasm of my life, shuddering through me in delicious, undulating waves. I clutched Kali, the young girl latched onto my pussy as I bucked and rocked and gasped, trying to be quiet and realizing that made it even more pleasurable.

When I looked down through half-closed eyes at Kali, she was grinning and wiping her mouth with the back of her hand. She had dark lipstick smeared all over. I'd never wanted to kiss anyone more, and that's just what I did, kneeling on the floor and tasting myself in her mouth. She groaned against my lips, rubbing her body against me. It was the most delicious sensation in the world.

I started undressing her, undoing and unzipping her jeans. She pulled the t-shirt off over her head, and I saw that she was braless too, her breasts small and perky like mine. I leaned over and did just what I felt compelled to do—I kissed and licked at them, and she rocked with me, working her jeans down her hips.

She stood to take off her boots, and I stayed on my knees, helping her pull them off one at a time. Then she toed off her jeans, standing there leaning back against the counter wearing a pair of black mesh panties. Her body was shapely, her skin milky white, her soft, rounded little belly sporting a silver navel ring that caught my eye.

"Eye spy," I whispered, looking up at her. I was a little scared, now, but too excited to stop. I wanted to give her what she had given me. My mouth was watering, imagining what she might taste like, feel like against my tongue.

"Just pink," Kali said, slipping her panties over her hips and revealing her bare pussy lips. She was shaved completely clean. I saw that the minute she slid up onto the counter and opened her thighs. I noticed that she had a tattoo of a butterfly over her left hip bone as she slid her hands between her legs, opening herself to me. Her pussy was glistening, her fleshy folds a deep, dark pink, much darker than my own. Her lips were thick and full, and I wondered if that's what I would look like if I were shaved.

My pussy was still throbbing, aching for more, and although I'd never had a multiple orgasm, I couldn't help reaching between my legs and rubbing myself as I went up on my knees and leaned toward her.

"Have you ever done this?" she whispered.

I shook my head.

"You know what feels good for you, right?"

I nodded, my eyes on hers.

"It's easy then... just do that."

My tongue found her, searching out her clit. She tasted just like I did, maybe a little stronger. Maybe that was because I'd only tasted myself second hand? Her skin was incredibly soft and smooth, and her clit was bigger than mine, fuller somehow—there was more flesh around it, hiding it from me. I found it anyway, licking at her like she had licked at me, my tongue working slowly around her clit.

"Yes, do that," Kali murmured, her head going back as she pulled on her dark brown nipples. I stayed on my knees, rubbing my hand between my legs as I licked her. The sight and sound and smell of her was intoxicating.

"Oh God, yeah," she whispered. "Faster, baby."

I licked faster, my tongue moving over and over against the little button of flesh that felt like it was swelling in my mouth. Everything was so wet, and the smell of her entered me and became part of me somehow. I was lost in the pinkness of her flesh, the sway and rock and roll of her as she thrust against my mouth.

She was making a sound in her throat, like a trapped "mmmmmm," as if she were trying to be quiet. I was glad my mouth was busy, because I wanted to moan out loud, too. I did, a little, against her pussy, making her shiver and press my head into her harder. I was swallowing the taste of her again and again as I licked. I felt like I could do it forever.

"Ohhhh Tara," she whispered. "I'm gonna come for you."

I gasped, flicking my tongue over and over her clit. My fingers were slipping through my own wetness, and I was so excited by her lust that I could feel another climax building there, and I worked hard toward it.

"Now," she whispered, bucking against me, nearly sliding off the counter onto me, her hands gripping the edge, her belly quivering as I watched. I moaned, reaching my own pinnacle, my mouth clamping down on her pussy as I came, pushing my hips forward and banging against the counter.

I gasped, sinking to my knees, and looked up at her. She was still breathing hard, her eyes on mine, half-closed and dazed. Ecstasy. That's what I saw on her face, and I knew it must be what showed on mine.

"We better get you dressed," I said with a shaky sigh, glancing at the door.
"Before Kelly comes knocking again."

"Yeah," she breathed, sliding off the counter and reaching for her panties. She stepped into them and we didn't talk as I helped her into the fairy outfit, lacing her up tight. I wiped the dark lipstick off her cheek with a tissue where it had smeared, and she wiped it off mine where her lips had kissed me. Our eyes met and we smiled, a delicious secret passing between us in that moment.

I stood back to look at her—she was beautiful, transformed, her gossamer wings floating behind her. Gone was the goth girl. This was a fairy princess. I wanted to sprinkle her with glitter and wrap gold ribbons in her dark hair.

"You're something," I said, opening the door and hearing laughter.

She put her hand against the door and closed it, leaning against me and capturing my mouth. We kissed, long and deep, and I lost myself in that kiss, the taste of the two of us mingling together.

She smiled at me as she broke the kiss, leaving me breathless. She didn't say anything, then, just reached for the door and opened it. I followed her out. Kelly raised her eyebrows at me as we came into the living room and I shrugged.

"There they are!" Jennifer exclaimed.

"Trouble with all these laces," Kali mumbled. The women were oohing and ahing over the change in her. It was pretty amazing.

"Well, Kali, you get to keep this, for being such a good sport," Jennifer announced.

"What did I miss?" I asked Kelly as I took my place at the loveseat. I could see the young girl in the fairy costume out of the corner of my eye, and I could still taste her in my mouth. It made me dizzy.

"Oh, nothing," Kelly said. "We played the 'Guess My Size' game."

"Dress size?" I asked, shocked.

"No, bra size," Kelly laughed. "What took you guys so long?"

"Oh nothing," I replied, hiding my smile by taking a sip of my melted daiquiri. "We were just playing a little game of our own."

"Oh?" Kelly raised her eyebrows.

I looked over at Kali as she floated toward me, sitting down on the sofa and being careful of her newly acquired wings.

"What game were you two playing in the bathroom?" Kelly asked her sister-in-law.

Kali smiled at me. "She plays a wicked game of eye-spy," she said with a cryptic wink.

Jennifer came over and asked Kelly about something and diverted her attention. I could feel Kali's bare thigh against mine, and I noticed for the first time that her toenails were painted black. You could take the girl out of the goth...

"Think your husband's going to like this outfit?" Kali whispered, leaning over to me.

I smiled. "I hope so."

I'd almost forgotten that I was going home tonight to play the school girl for him. I glanced over at the young girl I had spent half an hour in the bathroom with, and realized that I now felt so much more comfortable in that role.

Chapter Six

I was still feeling the effects of both the alcohol and the Ecstasy when I pulled up into the driveway. I shouldn't have driven home at all, and I knew it. The light was off in the living room and I wondered if John was still up. It was going on midnight now. I could feel butterflies in my stomach as I opened the car door, the wind under my coat reminding me how little I was wearing underneath.

The warmth of the house was a welcome, and I slipped my coat off, hanging it in the front closet and putting my purse and shoes by the stairs. "John?" I called up.

"Yeah." His voice in the dark of the living room startled me. I could see the outline of him sitting on the sofa.

"What are you doing in the dark?" I asked, smiling as I approached him, leaning down to turn on the lamp on the end table.

He looked at me, his eyes dark and sweeping over my outfit. "Waiting for you."

"You were?" I raised my eyebrows at him, trying to read his expression.

"Come here." He held his hand out and I moved to cuddle in his lap, but he stopped me, holding my hips and shaking his head. His eyes moved over my outfit, the white thigh-highs, the red plaid skirt, the sheer blouse, tied at the waist, and the way he was looking at me made me feel weak-kneed. "I've been thinking about you in this outfit all night."

"Do you like it...?" I knelt between his legs, looking up and biting my lip. "Daddy?"

His eyes lit up when I said it and I heard him let out a pent-up breath. "Hell, yes."

I knew it was the alcohol giving me my courage. "Have I been a bad girl...
Daddy?"

"Have you?" he asked, tilting up my chin. I started, knowing he couldn't possibly know what happened between me and Kali tonight, but suddenly I felt very, very naughty.

I nodded. "I've been very, very bad, Daddy."

"Tell Daddy about it," he said, tracing the line of my jaw with his finger. His voice had that lower, sexy tone I recognized from his phone conversations.

"I've been thinking about bad things," I said, getting into the fantasy. "About... boys."

"What have you been thinking?" he asked, and I could see his cock through his trousers. He was getting hard.

"I can't help it, Daddy," I murmured, putting my head on his knee and rubbing my hand slowly over his thigh. "When I think about boys... touching me... I feel all funny... down there."

"Where do you think about them touching you?" He made a low noise in his throat when my hand brushed his cock, just lightly, before sliding back down his thigh.

"Daddy!" I said, playing shocked, but I actually found myself blushing like a school girl.

"Are you embarrassed?" he asked, smiling. I nodded. "Then just show me. Point to where you think about boys touching you."

"Here," I said, sitting back and biting my lip, letting my hands move over the front of my sheer blouse. I wasn't wearing a bra underneath and my nipples were hard, poking through the material.

"Where else?" He watched me, licking his lips, his eyes following my hands. I stood, pulling my skirt up and pointing between my legs. His eyes lit up when he saw the white cotton panties I was wearing.

"Do you ever touch yourself there?" he asked, leaning forward to look at my pussy through my panties. I could almost feel how much he wanted to touch me, the sweet taboo of the fantasy making it all the more exciting.

"Y-yes," I admitted, finding myself blushing again.

"Show me," he said, leaning back. His cock was tenting his trousers now and the sight of it made my mouth water.

"Daddy!" I said again, acting shy, but I slid my panties down my thighs, lifting my skirt so he could see while I spread my lips. My pussy was still wet and swollen from Kali's sweet little tongue and I closed my eyes as I rubbed my clit, moaning as I remembered.

"Good girl," he murmured, and I watched as his hand moved over his trousers, rubbing at his erection. "Have you ever let anyone put anything inside of you?"

"No," I whispered, rubbing myself faster now. "But sometimes... oh Daddy..." I moaned, sliding a finger into my pussy.

"Sometimes..." he encouraged, his eyes focused on the motion between my legs.

"Sometimes I imagine... a great big cock..." the slippery wet noises increased as I slid another finger in.

"That's very naughty," he said, and I could see his hand tracing the outline of his cock.

"I know," I said, blushing. "Sometimes I even imagine..." I met his eyes, my breath coming fast, lost in the fantasy. "I even imagine your cock, Daddy."

He groaned, unbuttoning and unzipping his trousers. "Do you want to see Daddy's cock, baby?"

"Yesssss," I purred, my eyes glued between his legs. "Please, Daddy."

"Come here," he said, holding out his hand to me. I knelt between his legs as he freed his cock. It was rock hard and he pointed it toward me. "Have you ever touched one before?"

"No," I said, shaking my head, looking at his cock, fascinated. "Can I touch it?"

"Yes," he said, taking my hand and wrapping it around him. He made a little noise when I rubbed my fingers over the tip. "Ohhhh that's good."

"Does it feel good, Daddy?" I asked, watching his face.

"Yes," he whispered, his eyes half closed. "You make Daddy feel so good, baby." His hand moved over mine as he started to stroke it, up and down the shaft.

I took over the motion. "Like this?" I breathed.

He groaned, nodding. "Yeah, baby. A little faster." I pumped him faster, my breath matching his, coming in short gasps. My pussy was soaking wet and I found myself completely absorbed in the fantasy.

"Is that good?" I whispered, watching his eyes.

"You're very good," he murmured, running a hand through my hair. "You know what would make Daddy feel even better?"

I shook my head, watching the tip of his cock getting wet with pre-cum. He was liking this as much as I was, and that was such a turn-on.

"Would you kiss it?" he asked, and I stopped stroking him, looking up at him with wide eyes.

"Kiss it?" I cocked my head, biting my lip.

"Please, baby," he murmured, pulling my head closer. "Just put your mouth on it."

"But... Daddy..." I said, close enough that I could feel the heat of his shaft against my cheek. I put a gentle kiss on the tip and he shivered and groaned. Encouraged by his response, I kissed it again, longer and a little harder, and was rewarded by his moan..

"Now, lick it, baby," he said, pressing me toward his cock. I reached my tongue out and lapped at the tip, all around the head. "Yeahhh, that's a good girl... just like an ice cream cone."

"Mmmmm!" I licked all down his shaft, even over his balls, making him squirm and tighten his grip in my hair.

"I like it, Daddy," I told him, making my tongue flat and licking him from base to tip.

"Good girl," he said, his eyes half-closed as he watched me. "Now, Daddy wants you to suck it."

I stopped licking him, my eyes wide.

"Just like a lollipop, baby girl," he murmured, pressing the head of his cock between my lips. "Yeahhhhhh! That's it!" I took him into my mouth, sucking him as deep as I could into my throat. I choked a little on the length of him and that made him groan.

"Don't stop," he murmured, and I could feel his hand reaching underneath my blouse, rubbing his fingers over the soft cup of my breast. I moaned around him when he tweaked my nipples. "Suck it good and long, baby."

I worked my mouth up and down his shaft, taking more and more of him with every stroke. He was grunting and thrusting up hard into my throat, making me gag, but his hand in my hair kept me there, my eyes watering, gasping for breath. Finally, he pulled me away, and I could see my saliva dripping down his shaft, over his balls.

"Fuck," he moaned, catching his breath. "You are a very, very, very naughty girl."

"I'm sorry, Daddy," I whimpered, and I could feel my pussy dripping, my thighs soaked, my panties still twisted around my legs.

"Is that what you've been thinking about doing with boys?" he asked, tilting my chin up with his hand. I nodded, my eyes wide.

"Yes, Daddy."

"Come here," he said, pulling me into his lap. He bent me over his knees and I squealed as he pulled up my skirt, tugging my panties down even further. "Naughty girls deserve spankings."

"Daddy!" I cried, feeling his hand come down hard against my ass. I flushed, feeling immediately young, ashamed. "Oh, Daddy! Please!"

"Are you going to be a good girl?" he asked, smacking me again. I whimpered.

"Yes, Daddy!" I cried, feeling his hand coming down again and again. "Oh yes, I promise!"

"Are you going to do what Daddy tells you?"

My bottom stung, and I winced. "Yes, yes, Daddy!" I panted. "Please, anything!"

His hand moved over my behind, caressing my ass, cool and soothing against the heat of my skin. "You have a pretty little pussy, Tara." His voice was low and full of lust.

"You've never had a boy put his cock in you?" he asked, and I could feel his fingers probing my lips. I flushed, still panting from my spanking.

"No, Daddy," I whispered, truly enjoying this fantasy now.

"Don't lie to me," he said, sliding a finger in and making me moan. "I can tell."

"I swear," I said, arching my back, feeling him slip another finger into my wetness.

"Let me see," he said, pushing me off his lap. I fell to the floor with a startled gasp, looking up at him with wide eyes. He was smiling a small, grim smile, and I could tell he was lost in the fantasy, too. "Stand up."

I stood before him, and I could feel my body trembling in response, just as if I were some teenager in trouble, standing before her father. Except for the dull ache between my thighs, the sensation was almost exactly the same.

"Turn around," he insisted, and I did, holding my breath, waiting for his next instruction. "Bend over."

Moaning, in both the humiliation and excitement of it, I bent forward, and I felt him lifting my skirt, pulling my panties down to my ankles. His fingers were probing between my lips, spreading me open. He used his other hand and grabbed my hip, pulling me roughly closer to him.

"You're lying," he said flatly, pressing his fingers into me, making me squirm.

"Oh, Daddy," I moaned as he slid two, three fingers into me, moving them in and out.

"You're not a virgin," he said, and his other hand came down hard on my bottom, making me jump and squeal. "Did you have a boy's cock in here, Tara?"

"Oh, Daddy," I moaned again, shaking my head. "No, no..."

His hand, slapping my ass again. "Don't lie to me!"

"Yes, Daddy!" I panted. "Yes, yes!"

"Did you like it?" he asked, fingering me harder, faster, the slippery wet noise of my cunt being fucked filling the room. "Tell me, you naughty little slut. Did you like it?"

"Y-yes!" I cried, arching my back, fucking his fingers. My pussy was on fire.

"Tell me," he said, and I could hear his breath coming as fast as mine. "Tell me what a naughty slut you are."

"Oooohhh, Daddy!" I moaned, feeling his thumb rubbing my clit. "Oh God, yes, yes, I'm such a naughty little slut—I'm Daddy's dirty little girl!"

He groaned, slapping my ass hard and standing up behind me. I could feel his cock against my thigh.

"You liked that boy's cock in you, didn't you?" he asked, grabbing me by the hair and pulling me back against him. I gasped, my breath caught in my throat. "You're such a naughty girl, thinking about boys and their cocks and everything they want to do to you."

I whimpered and didn't respond, but I couldn't help wiggling against him, rubbing his cock against my thigh and my ass. I'd never wanted anything so much.

"A boy's cock isn't the same as a man's cock, Tara," he said, slapping my ass with his erection. I shivered, closing my eyes

"Yes, Daddy," I whispered.

"Do you want to feel a man's cock?" he asked, and I could feel him rubbing the head up and down my slit. I spread my legs a little wider, balancing myself with a hand on the end table next to me.

"Yes, Daddy!"

He was right there—I could feel his cock throbbing right against my hole. I wanted to slide back onto him, feel him fill me.

"Do you want to feel Daddy's cock inside of you, baby girl?" His hands were caressing my ass.

"Ohhhhh yes, Daddy!" I pleaded, looking over my shoulder at him. His eyes were looking between my legs, the lust in them unmistakable. "Please, please, put your big cock in me!"

He groaned, grabbing my hips and thrusting forward. I was nearly thrown off balance as he began to slide in and out of me, working his cock in my pussy, moving his hips in small circles. He held me tight, bending his knees a little so he was thrusting upward into me.

"Oh God," I gasped when he reached around and found my clit, squeezing the little bud between his thumb and forefinger. "Oh, Daddy! Oh, that feels so good!"

"You like that, baby girl?" he asked, starting to circle my clit with his finger.

"Yes, yes, yes!" I cried, meeting his thrusts, trying to take him deeper into me. He was driving into me so hard now it was difficult to stay standing. He propelled me

around, pressing me onto my knees on the couch. His cock slipped out of me and I groaned, reaching for it.

"You are a hungry little slut," he said, slapping my hand away and teasing my slit with his cock. "You want to be fucked, don't you?"

"Oh yes, Daddy," I moaned, wiggling and arching my back. Hearing him say that sent a thrill through me. "I want you to fuck me, Daddy!"

He slid his cock back into me, in one fluid motion, driving me forward onto the sofa. He was like an animal, his fingers digging into my flesh, his pelvis slamming into me again and again. I reached between my legs, rubbing my clit hard and fast, feeling his balls slapping against my hand as I did with every thrust.

"Oh Daddy," I moaned. "You fuck me so good. Do you fuck Mommy like this?"

I heard him groan, and his hands tightened on my hips and ass. "You naughty girl," he panted.

"I love watching you fuck Mommy," I said, looking back at him, seeing the light in his eyes. He was loving this, and so was I. I didn't know if it was the alcohol or the Ecstasy that Kali had given me, or just the excitement of playing out this fantasy with him—I'd never been this aroused before. I felt like I was going to burst inside.

"You better not tell her," he said, his voice low.

"I won't tell, Daddy," I promised, grinding back against him, squeezing my dripping pussy around his shaft. I could feel how hard he was, throbbing up inside me. "But you better hurry, before Mommy comes home and catches us."

I heard his sharp intake of breath, and I didn't think he could fuck me harder, but I was wrong. He pressed his hand to my lower back, shoving me down on my belly on

the couch and laid his full weight into me. I was practically screaming into the cushion of the couch, bucking and writhing under him as he slammed into me, again and again.

"That's it, Daddy," I panted. "Fuck your baby girl. Make me come all over your cock!"

I was seconds away, and I could feel it beginning, like a surge of heat between my legs, rushing upward, in pulsing waves. I moaned, my pussy contracting again and again around the length of him, but he didn't stop fucking me.

"Does Daddy's girl like that?" he asked over the sound of our wet flesh grinding together.

"Yes, Daddy," I moaned, still shivering.

"Are you ready for Daddy's cum?"

"Yes!" I whispered, turning to look at him. His face was drawn, and I could feel the tightness in his thighs, the way the muscles in his arms turned into ropey sinews as he worked his cock into me.

"Yes, yes, come in me!" I begged. "Fill your baby girl's pussy with your hot cum, Daddy!"

I think that's what did it. He cried out, giving one last final thrust as he strained against me, his whole body rocking mine in shuddering waves. I whimpered under him, taking his cum, feeling him fill me with a bursting white heat. He collapsed onto me, kissing my shoulder, my neck, my hair, his breath coming fast and hard still.

"Oh my God," he whispered, slipping off me to the side. I turned to face him, so we were lying on the sofa belly to belly. His eyes slipped down me again, and I realized that he'd never even taken off my outfit. "What was that?"

"I take it you like my Daddy's Little Schoolgirl costume, then?" I asked, smiling.

"We need to get you more," he said with a groan, leaning in to kiss me.

"More school girl costumes?"

"No." He shook his head, grinning. "Different ones."

"Mmmm," I smiled. "You'll tell me which?"

"Get me a catalog," he replied, and I laughed, delighted, as he leaned in to kiss me again.

John dressing me up in his fantasy outfits? Oh yes. It was definitely a move in the right direction!

Chapter Seven

"I shaved it as smooth as a baby," Maria purred into the receiver. "Just for you."

John groaned. "Oh God... really?"

"Yes," she murmured. "It's so soft... and my lips get wet and slick..."

"Do you have your dildo?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered. "Right here. Although I wish it was your cock."

He groaned again. "So do I, baby. I want you to fuck that sweet bald little pussy like I would if I were there..."

"I'm so wet... it slides in so easy," she said. "Want to hear it?"

John's breathing was coming faster. "Oh, fuck, yes!"

I could hear a wet, squelching sound as I listened on the other line, biting my lip to keep from moaning, even though the phone was on mute.

"Do you want me to make myself come for you?" Maria asked.

"Yes," John growled. "Fuck yourself, make yourself come."

"Ohhhh that's so good," she whispered. "That hard cock in my wet pussy... faster... faster..."

"That's it," John encouraged, his breath short.

"Ohhhhhh yeahhhhh all the way in my cunt now," she moaned. "Fucking myself for you, baby. I want your big cock filling me."

"I know," he groaned. "God I want to fuck that tight, shaved little cunt."

"You are," she moaned. "Oh I love your cock... fuck me... harder! Yeah, that's it baby! I'm gonna come... oh God you're going to make me come!"

John was panting, and I knew he was stroking himself. My own belly was tight, listening to the sounds of their pleasure. And then Maria was coming, moaning and whispering things I could barely understand, and I could hear the wet sounds of her fucking herself with the dildo in the background.

"Oh baby, I'm coming," John groaned, and I heard the growl and grunt I knew meant he was shooting his cum all over his belly.

I hung up as quietly as I could, my fingers sticky wet with my own juices, petting the soft, dark hair there, thinking. It was a while before he came back to bed, but I didn't pick the phone back up. Finally, I made up my mind, deciding to call Kelly in the morning.

* * * *

Kelly showed up grinning on my doorstep with a can of shaving cream and a brand new bag of disposable razors. It was Friday night, just after John had left for Boston on a business trip, and Kelly and I had been planning this all week. I couldn't believe how nervous I was, although maybe it was really excitement.

"You ready?" Kelly asked, waving her equipment.

"As I'll ever be," I said, shutting the door behind her. "Do you want a wine cooler?"

I'd been drinking them for an hour and had already worked my way through a 4-pack.

"Sure."

She tossed her stuff onto the kitchen table as she followed me towards the fridge and I handed her a wine cooler—peach.

"So when does John come home?" Kelly asked.

"Sunday," I replied, getting myself another wine cooler. "He'll call, though."

"I'm sure you're not the only one he'll call," Kelly remarked, taking a long swig of her wine cooler. "God these things are sweet—do you have beer?"

"John's," I said, opening the fridge and looking for the 6-pack at the back. "What do you mean I'm not the only one he'll call?"

"Have you seen the phone bill lately?" Kelly asked, finishing off her wine cooler and taking the green bottle of Heineken from me.

I shrugged. "No... but I know he's still calling..."

"I think I've figured it out," she said, opening her beer. "He's got some sort of Madonna/whore complex going on."

I stared at her for a moment and then laughed. "Ok, Dr. Kelly... one Psych 101 class doesn't make you an expert."

"I'm serious, Tara," she said, sitting on one of the kitchen chairs. "You know how he claims he doesn't like slutty women, right?"

I shrugged. "He's... conservative..."

Kelly snorted. "That's an understatement... but look at what he's doing with this Maria chick on the phone, and all the fantasies he's playing out with her. He wants his wife to be an angel, but he's got a secret desire for a real slut."

She had a point.

"Maybe," I said, reaching around her for the shaving cream and razors. "Come on, let's get this show on the road."

Kelly followed me into the bathroom and sat on the edge of the big corner tub while I ran the water. She claimed that my soaking in the warm water for ten minutes would soften up the skin and make the hair easier to remove.

"God, I wish I had Jacuzzi jets like these," she said with an envious sigh. "This tub is enormous! You could fit four of us in here."

"Probably," I agreed. Little perks like a nice house with big bathtubs was one advantage of John being such a workaholic. "Wanna come in with me?"

I pulled my t-shirt off and unsnapped my jeans, glancing back over my shoulder at her as I wiggled out of them and stepped into the tub.

"Hell, yeah," she agreed, starting to unbutton her blouse. "You don't have to ask me twice."

I turned the jets on full blast as I watched her get undressed. I was always so envious of her full breasts and hips, the way her body's curves were so pronounced. She grabbed a ponytail holder off the counter and pulled her long red hair back before she slid into the water.

"Too hot?" I asked. I loved hot baths.

"Mmmmm no," she murmured, rolling her neck and sinking down into the rushing water. "Oh my God, this is sooo goood."

"So tell me more about this Madonna/whore thing," I said, sliding down into the water, my legs brushing hers as I leaned my head back.

Kelly shrugged. "Well... the way it works is that he sees you as the angel, you know, the pure, sweet, kind of... virginal one."

Frowning, I said, "But I'm not."

"Well..." She smiled and winked at me. "Before you found the phone bills... you weren't exactly Miss Adventurous..."

"Hey," I protested, nudging her thigh with my foot. "That's not true. I *tried* to get him to open up, to talk to me, to tell me his fantasies..."

Kelly nodded, looking smug. "I know. That just proves it to me even more. He doesn't want you to know his fantasies, because if you fulfill them, then you're not his sweet, innocent little wifey anymore..."

I shook my head. "That's crazy."

"That's why they call it a complex," she laughed.

Watching the water foam and bubble around us, I remembered how much he had resisted telling me his fantasies. In fact, he hadn't really shared them—I'd just discovered them by listening to his phone conversations and had started pushing my way into that part of his world. The thought that he really might not want me to made me cold.

"What do I do?" I asked, meeting Kelly's eyes.

"Well... I actually have an idea," she said, and I saw a smile playing on her lips.

"Go on," I urged her.

She reached around me for the shaving cream. "Hey, I think we've probably soaked long enough for me to start... you ready?"

I turned off the jets. "You're changing the subject."

"So?" she grinned. "Slide up on the edge. Did you trim?"

I nodded, slipping up out of the water and balancing my bottom on the edge. I looked down between my legs, touching the bristly hair that I'd taken John's electric clippers to earlier today.

"I did the best I could," I said, parting my thighs to show her. "It's hard to do by yourself."

"I know," she agreed, peering between my legs. "That's why I'm here, remember?"

It didn't feel awkward. Kelly and I had been friends for years—we changed in front of each other at the gym and she had pretty much seen everything I had—plus she was very business-like about it, foaming the shaving gel in her hands and spreading it over my mound, her tongue touching the corner of her mouth in concentration as she started at the top with the razor and worked her way down.

"It's really not too thick," she murmured, rinsing the razor in the tub and making another pass down my lips.

"Feels strange," I said as she put her hand flat over my pubic bone, holding the skin taut as she started moving the razor upward from bottom to top. I leaned back and lifted my legs to give her a little more room.

"Hold still," she said and I gasped when I felt her fingers opening my ass cheeks.

"Kelly!" I held my breath as the razor moved around the sensitive, puckered hole of my ass.

"Just a few stray hairs," she explained, smiling up at me. "If you're gonna go bare, it might as well be the Full Monty, right?"

She rinsed my mound, using her hands to cup warm water again and again, letting it wash away the white foam. Her fingers moved lightly over my skin, brushing away shaving cream and water, looking closely between my legs.

"Missed a couple spots," she said, glancing up at me. "Will you... spread it open?"

I used my fingers to open my lips for her, glad for the heat of the bath that covered my blush.

"Thanks," she said, using the razor along the very edge of my lips, no shaving cream this time. "Just have to tidy it all up."

I bit my lip at the gentle pull of the razor over my skin. I couldn't really see what she was doing, but I could feel it. When I looked down, all I saw was Kelly's bent head, her full breasts floating in the water as she knelt between my legs. I had a sudden flash of memory—sitting on the toilet with another woman kneeling and looking at my pussy like that, eager and a little hungry.

"Now you just have to feel," she said, looking up at me. "See if you can find any pokey spots."

I smiled at her words, moving my fingers down over my wet mound. My clit twitched when my fingers passed it by, searching lower, exploring the newly shaved skin of my lips.

"It's so soft," I said in awe, even moving my fingers tentatively down past my pussy to circle my wrinkled asshole, now completely smooth, too.

"Find anything?" she asked, watching my hand exploring between my legs.

I shook my head. "No... here, you feel."

She put her fingers next to mine, slipping them over the now-smooth surface of my skin, exploring up and down my lips. I moved my hand away, feeling her palm petting my pussy from bottom to top, tracing that path slowly again and again.

"Feel anything?" I asked, meeting her eyes.

"Do *you* feel anything?" she asked, her fingers slipping between my lips, moving lightly through the folds of flesh as she made another pass, and then another. It seemed as if she was lingering at the top of my mound, pressing just a little harder when she reached my clit. It made my belly clench and my pussy tingle.

"Feels good," I admitted as she cupped my whole mound with her hand.

"You'll probably be much more sensitive here now," she informed me, the tips of her fingers pushing easily past my lips, into a more slippery wetness. "When I first shaved, I walked around turned-on all the time... my pussy felt so exposed..."

"Oh, Kelly," I whispered as her fingers brushed my clit. All of this attention had my pussy lips swollen and my clit throbbing. Until she touched it, I hadn't realized how aroused I really was.

"Still feel good?" she asked, nudging my clit with her finger.

"Yes," I admitted, squirming on the edge of the tub. She rubbed a little faster.

"Want me to stop?" Her eyes met mine and I could see the hunger in them.

"No," I confessed, rocking my hips against her touch. Her fingers traced slow circles around the sensitive bud at the top of my slit, spreading heat through my belly.

"Kali told me you like to be licked," Kelly murmured.

I jumped, startled, flushing just remembering that night. "She told you?"

"Want to show me your toy?" she suggested, ignoring my question and standing up in the tub. The water fell off her body in sheets, leaving a glistening sheen on her breasts and belly, her pink nipples hardening from the temperature change.

"Ok," I agreed.

We climbed out of the tub and dried off. Kelly pulled the ponytail out of her hair and ran her fingers through her long, red mane while I rubbed the towel between my legs, marveling at the sensation. Going back into my bedroom felt strange, my pussy completely exposed between my thighs as I walked. When I sat on the bed, my lips kissed the sheets, an entirely new sensation.

"See," I said, pulling my hummingbird vibrator out of its hiding spot in my night table drawer.

"Mmmm," she said, sitting next to me and reaching for it and turning it on. She pressed the pink tip to her lips. "Don't you love the vibrating part?"

"Yes," I replied, watching her waggle the little, pink, vibrating bird with her finger.

Leaning back on the bed, she said, "Can I try it?"

"Sure," I replied, my eyes drawn between her legs, watching the pink gel head of the vibrator parting her smooth lips. I'd seen her naked before, but not like this—her knees spread open, working the shaft of a cock between her legs.

"Ohhh I love those little beads," she moaned, turning the speed up as she started to fuck her pussy. I sat, fascinated, watching the cock move deeper into her flesh, my own pussy aching for attention. Her other hand was twisting the pink bud of her nipple, her eyes slipping closed in the pleasure of it.

"Will you do it?" she asked me, slowing a little, her eyes meeting mine.

"Do... what?" I breathed, my eyes slipping back down between her legs.

"The vibrator," she said, pulling it slowly out, but not all the way. I could see her wetness on it. "So I can play with my nipples."

I nodded, moving between her legs, kneeling there. "Tell me if it goes too deep..."

"Ok," she murmured as I took the vibrator from her hand.

Her fingers immediately went to her nipples, squeezing and rolling them as I pushed the cock slowly between her lips, nestling that humming bird right up against her clit. Then I clicked the controls for the rolling beads up higher, and they rotated around at the opening of her pussy, making her moan.

"God that's good," she panted, rocking her hips. The vibrator made a wet noise as I slid it, using short, fast strokes, in and out of her pussy. "Oh, Tara... please..."

The sound of my name and her pleading cry made the ache between my legs even worse and I cupped my hand there, still surprised by the soft mound of flesh with no downy fur in the way, rubbing over my wet lips.

"Will you lick it?" she begged, her hips twisting, taking more of the fat, pink cock. "Oh please, I want your tongue."

My breath was coming so fast, my heart beating in my ears as I settled between her legs. I looked at it for a moment, her pussy a deep, dark pink, her clit a fat little bud at the top, the hummingbird kissing it. I wanted to kiss it.

When I started to remove the vibrator, Kelly grabbed my hand. "No, wait... just turn it."

She showed me, twisting the cock inside of her, so the hummingbird was now pointing toward the bed, its rubbery nose tickling her asshole.

"Does that feel good?" I whispered, nudging it a little further, deeper, making her moan.

"Ohhh yesss," she moaned, wiggling. "Lick me, Tara... lick my pussy."

I couldn't resist—her flesh was soft and wet, and I sank into her heat with my lapping tongue. Her clit was very thick, and she gasped when I sucked it between my lips, using a back and forth motion over the fat nub with my tongue. She really seemed to like that, and I felt the vibration of the cock against my lips as I licked her, moving the shaft in and out of her hole.

I could see her belly quivering, the fiery red landing strip of hair above her slit still beaded with water, and the swell of her breasts swaying as she rocked with me, her nipples caught in her fingers as she tugged and pulled on them. Her juices flowed like water and I felt them making the shaft of the cock more slippery, making my fingers wet as I fucked her, that vibrating bird plunging its long tongue into her ass.

"Oh Tara!" she moaned, abandoning her nipples and reaching down with both hands to mash my face into her flesh. "Make me come!"

I made some noise, a gasp of encouragement, but it was completely muffled against her pussy as she shuddered with her orgasm, her whole body racked with it, convulsing and twisting. My slippery fingers lost hold of the vibrator, but it didn't matter, because the strong muscles of her cunt drew it deeper inside of her with each contraction.

"Oh God, oh God, oh God," she whispered, over and over, finally letting go of my hair. I licked my lips, slick with her juices, and slowly slid the pink shaft out of her pussy. She groaned, taking a deep, shuddering breath.

"Hey, where you going with that?" she teased as I stretched out beside her on the bed with the vibrator. "Gonna have to teach you about multiple orgasms. I'm good for at least one more..."

I smiled as she sat up on the bed, her fingertips moving lightly over my belly, upward to my breasts. They were much smaller than hers, my nipples hard and pointing toward the ceiling, but they were incredibly sensitive and I gasped when she pinched them.

"Easy," I whispered and she raised her eyebrows, leaning in to suck one. "Ohhh yes... like that..."

Her rolling tongue made circles and her other hand slipped between my legs, surprising me once again at the raw sensation of being touched there now that I was bare. I was dripping wet and aching for her. The fingers sliding inside of me, the rock of her palm against my mound, the licking of her tongue against my nipple, were all spreading fast heat through my body.

Grabbing the vibrator off the bed, she grinned at me and said, "Your turn."

"Oh yes," I moaned, watching her lick the head of it, still sticky wet with her juices.

"But I want some attention, too," she said, swinging her leg over my head as she climbed onto me, centering her still-wet pussy over my face. "Let's see if you can multi-task."

I laughed, but when she turned the vibrator on and slid it against my flesh, my giggle turned into a moan. I had played with it countless times myself, but it felt entirely

different having someone else pushing the shaft past my swollen lips, seeking the deepest parts of me with the tip.

Then I felt her tongue, sweet, soft heaven slipping between my smooth, shaved lips, a sensation I couldn't have described before if I had tried. There was no protection, nowhere for my little clit to hide, and her lips found it right away, sucking and licking on it as she began to fuck me with the vibrator, filling my pussy with a deep, aching hum.

"Don't forget me," she murmured, wiggling her bottom, and I opened my eyes, looking up at her open, wet slit, shaved just as smooth as my own.

She moaned when my mouth found her clit, going straight there. I couldn't focus, feeling her licking and fucking me, and I knew I wouldn't have the concentration to explore her with my tongue, so I just stayed at that sensitive rise of flesh, licking back and forth, letting her juices flow down my cheeks and chin.

Her tongue was competing with the hum of the bird at first, pressing into my flesh. It felt for a while like she was nudging it back and forth over my clit with her tongue, playing with it, teasing it. Then she turned it, like I had inside of her, making me gasp and squirm when she pressed the buzzing little probe against my asshole.

"Kelly!" I moaned, my voice muffled against her flesh, but she ignored me, pressing the vibrator in further, the shaft sunk deep into my flesh, the rotating beads teasing the outer edges of my pussy, and the hum of the little bird now pressing his long, thin proboscis deep into my ass, his head buried there too, all the way up to his wings.

Her mouth went to work, then, and I knew I couldn't hold off. I just grabbed onto her hips, rocking with the sensation between my legs, teetering on the edge of release,

my own tongue moving over her clit in a fierce, persistent rhythm. If I was going, I wanted to take her with me.

A moment later, I got my wish, my climax flooding like a tidal wave, my body trembling with the force of it. Kelly moaned and sucked and licked at me even faster as I came. Her hips were bucking and thrusting against my tongue so hard it was difficult to stay on her clit, but I managed, rewarded with her shuddering orgasm, her hips rocking in my hands as she came right along with me.

When she rolled off of me onto the bed, we were both panting with our pleasure. Her hand was still on the vibrator between my legs—although she had turned it off, she hadn't taken it out.

"So..." Kelly murmured, going up on her elbow to look at me. "I've got an idea..."

"For me and John?" I looked up at her and saw that she was grinning. "Or you and me?"

"Actually..." She turned the vibrator back on, making me moan. "It involves all three of us..."

The vibrator hummed, making my pussy contract around it, and she started to move it slowly in and out. I wiggled, gasping, and knew it was going to be a while before I actually got to hear her idea—but I didn't mind.

Chapter Eight

It was Friday night, and we both knew what that meant. I loved the anticipation of it, all through dinner, talking about our day. It seemed normal, it sounded perfectly mundane, but there was an underlying promise in every movement—the angle at which he leaned back in his chair, the way his eyes followed the spoon to my mouth, the tingle along my arm when my hand brushed his passing the salt.

My lingerie order from Kelly's party had come in and I had been wearing a pair of black, crotchless panties all day under my skirt, and every time I moved, it felt as if the two thin, sheer bands of cloth were conspiring to press my pussy lips together and caress my clit until I was driven beyond distraction.

"Do you want help cleaning up?" John asked, leaning over and kissing the top of my head as he stood, holding his empty plate. His lips felt like they lingered a little longer than normal and my breath caught when I met his eyes. "I'm going to go downstairs for a while."

My heart sank, knowing exactly what he was going to do down there. Determined to be more of a distraction than the phone, I stood up, snaking my arm around his neck and nibbling at his ear.

"Why don't we forget the dishes?" I whispered, taking his hand to guide it down to the hem of my skirt and lifting my leg to wrap it around his. "In fact, why don't we make more of mess?"

"More...?" His eyes were questioning until his fingers, kneading their way up my thigh, found the soft, smooth skin of my pussy lips between the two bands of material.

"I'm so wet," I whispered, wiggling my hips against his hand, wanting to feel him touch me. "I've been wet all day thinking about you fucking me."

"Tara," he groaned, one finger sliding into me as I rocked against him.

My hand found him, his trousers doing nothing to hide how hard he was, and I worked his belt with one hand.

"I want your cock," I purred, unzipping him and sliding a small, soft hand in to grasp his length. He let out a deep breath, his finger moving inside of me, nowhere near thick and hard enough to satisfy my longing.

"Come on," I murmured, lifting my skirt up over my hips and turning around to face the dining room table. "Fuck me... right here, right now."

I watched him looking at my ass and I bent completely over, using both hands to spread my cheeks for his eyes, showing him the wet, pink, waiting slit peeking between the black material. My clit was throbbing and I moaned softly when I felt his finger moving over it.

"Yes," I encouraged, lifting my hips. "Oh yes, yes. John, please... put your cock inside of me. Fuck me, baby!"

"Here?" His eyes were shocked as he looked from the still-laden table to my ass and back again.

I arched, going up on my bare toes. "Please... I want you so much."

His hand moved over my skirt, pulling it back down. "Let's go to the bedroom."

"But..." the exposed skin of my behind was being covered as he edged my skirt past my thighs, inch by inch.

"I want to," John assured me, pulling me toward him and kissing me softly. "Let's just go where it's a little more... comfortable."

I let him lead me into our room, shutting the door behind us. John sat on the edge of the bed, pulling off his tie, and I leaned back against the door. He unbuttoned his shirt the way he always did, pulling it off and hanging it on the closet doorknob. His pants were already undone and I watched him fold those, too.

"John?" I approached the bed, inching my skirt back up my thighs as I went. "Do you think I'm sexy?"

"Yes..." He lifted my shirt out of the waistband of my skirt and kissed my belly, unbuttoning as he went. His eyes met mine as he pulled open my blouse. "You're beautiful."

I frowned as his hands moved behind my back, unhooking my bra and letting my breasts spill free. Beautiful and sexy weren't quite the same thing, I thought, closing my eyes as he slowly cupped and kneaded my flesh, thumbing my nipples and making me shiver. I couldn't help remember the night of the Christmas party out in the garage, when we'd both had too much to drink, how he had just taken me... or the role play that had sort of spontaneously developed the night I came home from the lingerie party wearing the school girl outfit.

I remembered the lingerie I was wearing now and pulled up my skirt, putting one foot on the bed next to John. His eyes moved up my thigh and between my legs, and the look in them was gratifying.

"Do you like what you see?" I murmured, lifting my skirt a little higher. He nodded, using two fingers to trace down the thin strips of material on either side of my pussy. "Do you want to see more?"

"Tara!" he gasped as I used his shoulders for balance and put another foot up on the bed to stand above him. He quickly grabbed my hips and ass to keep me from falling and the sudden motion, the feel of his hands gripping my flesh, sent a thrill through me.

"Do you like looking at my wet little pussy?" I asked, reaching a hand down to spread my lips open, showing him the pink inside. He groaned when my fingers slid inside, fucking myself slow and easy while he watched.

"Doesn't it make you want to take that cunt?" I whispered, using both hands to spread it wide for him, not just my lips, but my slick, pink opening, too. His shocked eyes met mine but he didn't say anything as his eyes fell between my legs again.

"Don't you want to taste it?" I asked, rubbing my clit with my thumb.

My own words were making me breathless and my pussy was throbbing with everything that I wanted. I gasped when he grabbed my ass in his hands, burying his face between my legs with a moan and rubbing it there like a drowning man. We collapsed backwards onto the bed in a hurry, John on his back and me poised above him as his tongue and fingers worked my pussy, feeling like they were everywhere, all at once.

"Yes, yes, yes," I moaned and rocked on him, but I swear he was oblivious to me, eating my pussy like he couldn't get enough, his tongue lost in the wet folds of my flesh. "That's it, lick my cunt, baby!"

His whole body stiffened at my words, his hands gripping my ass and pulling me in tight to his mouth. I could feel the orgasm that I had been anticipating all day beginning to build and I worked toward it, rolling my hips and mashing my flesh against his tongue. He had two fingers working in and out of my hole and his mouth fastened over my mound, licking fast and hard.

"Oh fuck," I groaned, feeling the first wave, that heat in my belly spreading. "I'm gonna come!"

He groaned, too, as my pussy spasmed again and again around his pistoning fingers, trying to draw them in deeper as I came. My pleasure was only increased by his eagerness and intensity, urging me on, more and more. It felt like it went on forever, a shuddering release that I didn't want to end.

Gasping, I moved down his chest, looking down at his wet face, his eyes still hungry, like they were before.

"I think you like my cunt," I murmured, rubbing my juices over his lips.

"Tara," he said, shaking his head. "What's come over you?"

I smiled. "I think you got that backwards... *I came over you.*"

I slid my way down, reaching back to feel his cock straining against his briefs. I quickly freed it, stroking the shaft and squeezing the head, just the way I knew he liked.

"And I'm gonna do it again," I murmured, sliding his cock up and down between the now thoroughly soaked crotchless panties, easing him along my slit.

"Oh God," he groaned, gripping my hips as I sank down onto his cock. "Tara, honey...!"

"Yes," I whispered, rolling around, feeling the head of him rubbing deep inside of me. "I'm gonna fuck you..."

My body had a mind of its own, and I pressed my palms against his chest as I started to ride, working my pussy up and down the thick length of his shaft. The wet sound of us moving together filled the room, my breath coming faster, matching his, and I watched his eyes close with the pleasure of it.

"No," I murmured, pulling my skirt up and leaning back a little. The shift of my body and my words made him look up at me. "I want you to see..."

Reaching my hand down to the place where our flesh melded, I rubbed my fingers through the wetness, feeling the hard, throbbing base of his cock where it met the soft, smooth opening of my pussy.

"Look, John," I said, watching his eyes. "Doesn't it turn you on, to see it?"

He nodded as my fingers rubbed at my clit, making me shiver with the sensation.

"I want you to watch me fuck you," I whispered, feeling his hands grip me harder. "I want you to see your cock fucking my hot little cunt, baby."

"Ohhh God," he groaned, his eyes never leaving that spot, his cock driving up into me now as he started to fuck me back. His motion spurred me on and I used all my strength to grind down against him with every thrust.

"That's it," I murmured, rolling my hips and rubbing that sweet, sensitive spot between my legs. "Oh you make my pussy feel so good!"

"Tara," he warned, and I could feel his cock swelling inside of me, full to bursting.

"So close," I whispered, nudging my clit a little faster. "Make me come!"

I moaned as he worked harder then, urging me toward another climax. As my pussy clenched hard around his shaft, my juices began to flow around his cock, the delicious, shuddering waves rocking me back and forth on top of him.

But he wasn't done, and I gasped when he rolled me over to my back in one swift motion, driving me down onto the bed with fast, growling thrusts. I clutched him tight, still riding the waves of my orgasm, as he fucked me deep and hard, his breath hot and ragged in my ear.

"Sweet fucking little cunt," he growled, spreading me wider with his thrust. "I'm gonna fill that hot little hole!"

My pussy twitched and spasmed at his words, and I moaned and bucked under him as I felt another climax building, his cock pushing me closer to the brink.

"Yesssss!" I purred, the pleasure overtaking me, my pussy on fire as I reached a third peak, this one even higher than the others. "Fill my cunt with your cum!"

That was it, for both of us. John grunted and shuddered against me, the force of him sending me over, too, as I came and came, my whole body convulsing underneath him. I buried my teeth in his shoulder, my nails in his back, as he shot waves of white hot cum deep into my waiting pussy.

I touched his sweat-dampened hair as he collapsed against me, his breath still coming fast as he buried his face in the mattress.

"Where are you going?" I asked when he rolled off of me, reaching for his shirt hanging on the doorknob.

"Downstairs," he said, not looking at me. "I've got some work to do."

When he shut the door behind him, I turned on the bed, tears stinging my eyes, reaching for the phone to call Kelly.

* * * *

"Tell me again how this works?" I asked Kelly, turning and straightening the seams in the fishnet stockings I was wearing. We'd spent the afternoon looking through lingerie and picking out the perfect ensemble—for both of us.

"You are going to act the slut," she explained, kneeling down behind me to help fasten my garter.

"Well, I'm dressed for the part," I agreed, glancing into the mirror again, at the fishnets and garters that attached to the black whalenet teddy, the crotchless panties I'd washed in the sink the other day worn underneath, and the tall strappy black heels that I felt just a little wobbly in.

"You're fucking hot," Kelly said, and I felt her hand moving over my thigh, nudging between my legs, parting them a little.

"Hey," I murmured, gasping when her fingers slipped between the two thin bands of material, probing between my lips. "Aren't we supposed to wait for John to get home?"

"I don't know if I can," she whispered as she came around to kneel in front of me. Her long red hair fell around her shoulders, and she looked like an angel in her white stockings and corset.

"Oh Kelly," I groaned as she pressed her mouth between my thighs, parting the material and my lips with her tongue. Her soft probing reached my clit, making me spread a little wider and arch, giving her better access.

"God you taste so good," she murmured, her hands reaching behind and squeezing my ass, pulling me in to her mouth.

"Wait," I whispered, grabbing her hair and pulling her back. "Stop."

She grinned up at me. "That's good. More of that. Only call me your little whore..."

"Kelly!" I laughed, letting her go and moving to sit on the bed. "I don't know if I can do this..."

"You can," she assured me, not getting off her knees and edging toward me. Her heavy breasts swayed prettily over the corset top, her pink-tipped nipples hard. "John thinks you're an angel, and he's sure I'm a slut, right?"

I nodded, opening my legs as she knelt between them, her breasts brushing over my thighs.

"So you dress and play the slut while I dress and play the angel..." she went on, leaning in to kiss my mound, making me shiver. "It's simple."

"But..." I protested, feeling her fingers slipping up inside of me. "What if it doesn't work... what if..."

"Trust me, Chris is gonna make sure he's had enough to drink," she assured me, beginning to lap at me with her tongue.

"Chris is okay with all of this?" I asked, her tongue working magic between my thighs, making me feel dizzy with lust.

Kelly smiled. "We'd do anything for you, sweetie. Besides, you know that no man could say no to the two of us together, not with his resistance down..."

"You're bad," I whispered, her tongue distracting me as I watched it flick between the crotchless panties, back and forth over my clit.

"No," she said, meeting my eyes. "*You're* bad... remember?"

I nodded and swallowed hard, leaning back on my elbows and putting my feet up on the bed.

"God, I love your little cunt..."

I groaned at her words, feeling the heat of them flush my face, and I spread myself open for her. I couldn't help it, I was too excited, and it felt too good to make her stop.

"Tell me," she murmured, probing her fingers deep inside. "Tell me what to do, what you want..."

Biting my lip, I hesitated. "I don't think I can..."

"Yes, you can," she assured me, pulling back. "You did it the other night with John, remember? Talk dirty, Tara. Say all those words he doesn't want to know that you know."

I took a deep breath, using my fingers to spread my lips open a little, telling her: "Lick me."

"More." She nodded, smiling, leaning in, her mouth so close I could feel her breath.

"Lick... lick my cunt," I said, hearing the tremble in my own voice.

"Mmmmm!" Her mouth moved over my mound, kissing my lips, parting them just a little with her tongue. "Better... more..."

Her tongue made slow circles, around and around my clit, making me moan.

"Yes," I whispered, rocking up toward her mouth. "Ohh lick my hot, wet cunt."

Kelly made a deep noise in her throat, moving in to really tongue my pussy, lapping at my wetness. My nipples were poking up through the netting in my teddy and I pulled on them, sending sweet waves of sensation down between my legs with every tug.

"Oh God," I moaned, rocking my hips up to meet her mouth. "That's so fucking good!"

Urging me on with her noises, her tongue and fingers busy, I got lost in the sensation, feeling the anticipation building higher and higher. Her thumb worked around the entrance of my pussy, teasing there, not dipping inside. I squirmed, moaning, trying to show her with my body what I wanted.

"Please," I whispered, and her tongue slowed almost to a stop. "Ohhh God! Kelly, put your fingers in me."

She continued to tease, her thumb rubbing, her tongue flicking lightly.

I groaned, looking down at her kneeling between my legs, and saw what she wanted in her eyes.

I grabbed her head, pressing her mouth over my mound, and said, "Lick my pussy! Come on, put your fingers in my cunt and fuck me—hard!"

She moaned against my flesh, her tongue lapping furiously, her fingers working hard and fast inside my sopping wetness.

"Fuck me harder!" I moaned as she slipped another finger in, stretching me wide with three as she shoved her hand up toward my cunt. The sensation was incredible, and I squeezed my nipples harder, greedy, wanting more. My whole body was tensed and waiting for release.

"Do you like licking that hot little pussy?" I asked, my hand moving to her hair. She nodded, her eyes on mine, and I could see her hand working between her own legs and knew she was fingering herself. "Do you want to make me come?"

She moaned, nodding again, working her tongue faster, her fingers deeper.

"Put your finger in my ass," I told her and saw her eyes brighten. "Fuck my ass and my cunt, baby... ohhhh yeah that's good!"

Her thumb probed that tight, puckered hole and my whole body went off like a rocket the moment she slid it inside, my pussy clamping down around her pistoning fingers. She knew I was coming and she sucked my clit between her lips, drawing every last shuddering breath from my body.

Still trembling, I pulled her gently by her hair, and she slid up over me onto the bed. I slanted my mouth across hers, licking the taste of my pussy from her chin and cheeks as we kissed.

"Give me your cunt," I said, grabbing her hips and pulling her up to my face. Her panties were soaked and I pulled them aside, focusing hard and fast on her throbbing little clit.

"Oh God," she whispered, and I looked up to see her cupping and kneading her full, rounded breasts, her nipples like fat cherries as she squeezed them.

I sucked and licked at her, my own pussy still throbbing from my climax, aching to feel the flood of her juices over my face. The taste of her in my mouth was incredible as was the heat of her riding my tongue back and forth, around and around.

"Oh, oh, oh!" she crooned, leaning forward onto the bed, her breasts swaying underneath her as she rocked, using my mouth. "Tara, fuck! Now, baby, now!"

I didn't make a sound, I just licked her, feeling the hot wave of her orgasm flooding down over my chin, a satisfying wetness. Her hips bucked and rocked and I held her ass in my hands, kneading her flesh, as if I could squeeze every last bit of moisture from her body.

"Oh, Tara," she breathed, rolling to her back on the bed. I wiggled up a little to lie next to her and we both stared up at the ceiling, our breath slowly returning to normal.

"I think I can do it," I whispered, turning my face to hers.

She smiled. "I know you can."

I heard the sound of the front door opening and knew it was John. I rolled off the bed, holding my hand out to her.

"Show time," she said with a grin, her eyes bright.

I nodded, swallowing hard. "I just hope this works."

Chapter Nine

It was a strange kind of déjà-vu, with Kelly kneeling behind me, fingering my garter straps, her breath hot on my thigh—only this time, John was home, and nearing the bedroom. I heard him calling for me, the sound of his keys on the table, his change dropping into the dish over the fireplace. His shoes seemed even louder on the hardwood floors as he came down the hall, still calling my name.

“I hope you know what you’re doing.” I glanced over my shoulder at Kelly.

She smiled up at me, confident. “Trust me.”

I didn’t have much choice—there was no going back, now. John stood in the doorway, my name still trailing out of his mouth, his eyes sweeping over the both of us in our underwear. I don’t think I’ve ever felt so naked.

“Hey, you two.” He frowned at me when I met his eyes, just briefly. My stomach fluttered and I looked back down at Kelly. “What’s up?”

“The stuff I ordered from Kelly’s party came in today,” I said brightly, holding my arms out and striking a pose. “What do you think?”

John’s eyes followed Kelly as she got up from her knees, standing next to me and grasping my trembling hand. He was staring at her pink-tipped breasts, exposed completely above the white corset.

“It’s...uh...” He looked back and forth between us, bewildered. “Tara, isn’t that a little... dark for you? I would have thought that Kelly’s outfit suits you a little better...”

“That’s kind of the idea,” Kelly explained, reaching her hand out to brush my dark hair back over my shoulders, revealing the full front of the black whalenet teddy. My nipples poked through the mesh. “We’re experimenting...”

“Experimenting?” John’s eyes moved down my outfit, taking in the black fishnet stockings, the high heels, the same crotchless panties I’d used to tempt him the other night.

“Mmm hmm,” Kelly murmured, her full, exposed breasts pressing into my side as she kissed my cheek. “Tara, how does it make you feel... being all dressed up like this?”

I gasped when her fingers trailed over the front of my teddy, brushing over my nipple and stopping at my navel, drawing circles there. I shrugged helplessly at her, seeing John’s eyes grow darker as he watched us, sure that I saw disapproval there.

“I... I don’t know...” I murmured as her fingers walked their way lower.

“Yes, you do,” she encouraged, her breath hot against my ear as she found my panties, parting the thin material. “Does it make you feel naughty? Dirty? Slutty?”

Her words made my knees feel weak, and John standing in the doorway, leaning there just watching, made it even worse.

“Yes,” I admitted as her finger worked its way through my slit, tracing up and down the cleft. “Oh God... yes... Kelly... yes...”

She was rubbing my clit in slow circles and I closed my eyes and let her.

“Tell me.” She moved her finger a little faster. “Tell me how it makes you feel...”

I groaned when she kneeled down in front of me and I felt her breath against my thighs. I couldn’t open my eyes, I couldn’t face seeing John, his reaction. That strange sense of deja-vu washed over me again, and I knew that what had happened between us had been a dress-rehearsal, practice for this moment.

“Ohhhhhh God!” I moaned, feeling her tongue moving between my lips, easing the material apart to find my wetness.

“Do you like being a little whore?” Kelly teased my clit with her finger as she spoke. “Tell me.”

“Yes.” I opened my legs wider and pressed my hips forward.

Her tongue again, the sensation carrying me, and still I wouldn’t look. John must be watching—what was he thinking? I wanted to know, and I didn’t want to know. Her mouth covered my mound, and she made soft, sweet sounds as she licked me.

I felt her hands cupping my ass, pulling me closer, and my balance wavered. I reached for something to steady me, and John was there, moving in behind me, his body warm and hard as I leaned into him.

“Tara...” His hands moving over my breasts, thumbing my nipples on the way down. I whimpered, Kelly’s fingers slipping up inside me as she tongued my clit in fast, delicious circles.

I opened my eyes to him, seeing the dark lust there, and then he was kissing me, the taste and smell of alcohol strong as he sucked my tongue deep into his mouth. It was like he wanted to devour me, his hands kneading the small, soft mounds of my breasts, twisting my nipples in his fingers.

We rocked together like that, I don’t know how long, me sandwiched between the two of them, Kelly’s face buried between my legs, John’s tongue pressing between my lips, his cock like a throbbing steel rod pressing into my behind. I could feel my orgasm building, Kelly’s fingers curling up inside of me again and again as she licked faster now, back and forth over my clit.

I couldn't even cry out a warning as my climax peaked, I could only clutch at them, one of my hands buried in Kelly's hair, the other wrapped behind me, around John's neck. I came hard, so hard my knees buckled under the quivering force of it, and he held me with an arm around my hips as I shuddered between them.

Kelly stood, still licking her fingers, and I couldn't help it—I pulled her to me and kissed her, tasting me in her mouth, wanting to feel her pressed against me. John's hands brushed her long, red hair over the creamy skin of her shoulders, his fingers lingering there, and I knew he was looking down at the two of us pressed together, her breasts flattening against mine.

"Your turn," I whispered against her cheek as our kiss broke, my fingers working their way past the elastic band of her panties.

"Oh I couldn't," she teased, dancing away, winking at me as she sat on the bed and crossed one long, sheer white stocking leg over the other. "I'm too much of a good girl to do that..."

I smiled, glancing up at John, who looked a little dazed, still, as he watched us play this out.

"Let me show you." I sank to my knees in front of her, my hands running over her stockings.

"Tara, no!" She feigned shock as my mouth found her nipple, drawing it deep into my mouth. "Oh, no, I can't, it's too naughty..."

I ignored her words, flicking my tongue over to her other nipple, my fingers working the first one, making them a glistening cherry red instead of pale pink. I sensed John behind me, watching us.

“Doesn’t it make your pussy wet?” I pushed her back onto the bed and put my hands on her legs, one on each knee.

“Don’t talk like that,” she gasped as I parted her thighs, staring at the darkening wet spot in the crotch of her white silk panties. “It’s so... dirty...”

“Show me your cunt,” I demanded, and saw something give in her eyes at my words. She reached a hand down to pull her panties aside, exposing her smooth, slick lips. They were still swollen from my mouth, and I wanted to taste her again.

“Ohhhhh God,” she whispered when I traced up and down her slit and she shivered when I nudged her clit with my finger. ‘

“Doesn’t that feel good?” I rubbed the wet hood, back and forth, playing hide and seek with her clit.

“Yes!” She parted her legs a little further.

“Tell me,” I instructed, moving my mouth close, close enough that she could feel my breath, but not touching. “Tell me what you want.”

She groaned, shaking her head. “It’s so naughty... so bad...”

“Mmm hmm,” I agreed. “But being bad feels soooo good, baby. Tell me.”

Kelly’s eyes met mine and she glanced over my shoulder, and I knew she was looking at John. What was he thinking? I wondered again, but couldn’t, wouldn’t, turn to see.

She bit her lip, and then said the words, “Lick me... lick my hot, wet little cunt, Tara.”

I groaned, burying my face against her flesh, tasting the hot, musky juices as I pressed my tongue between her slit. She groaned, too, her eyes closing to slits as she

cupped her breasts, pulling at her nipples as I tongued her clit. I could hear John's breath, ragged and fast, and then I felt his hands, moving over my behind, lifting my ass in the air.

Kelly's hands were in my hair, pulling my tongue in deeper, so I couldn't look back to see what he was doing, but I knew, even before I felt his cock pressing between my legs. There was no gentleness, no soft words, just the steel heat of him sliding into my wetness. His hands gripped my flesh and he groaned, shoving his hips against mine, as if he could find a place that was just a little deeper inside of me.

"Yes, yes, yes," Kelly whispered, rocking against me. "I'm such a dirty girl, such a naughty slut... I love your fucking tongue shoved up my cunt!"

The harshness of her words drove us both, my fingers moving in and out of her, John's cock shoving deep into me from behind. We all rocked together, panting and moaning, working hard toward release. Kelly got there first, that little "oh, oh, oh!" giving me a momentary warning that she was close.

"Fuck, Tara!" She bucked up so hard I could barely keep my mouth on her. "I'm going to come all over your face, baby, are you ready?"

I couldn't do anything but make a noise in my throat, a deep, ready noise, urging her on. She was slick on my face, down my chin, rivers of her juices running down her ass onto the bedspread.

"Ohhhhhhhh!" she cried. "Ohhh you make my pussy feel soooooo goood!"

Behind me, John growled, thrusting harder, and I spread some more, arching back against him.

“Fuck, yes! Now, now!” Her whole body stiffened as she came, and then let go into a quivering, undulating mass, the pointed ends of her heels digging deep into the mattress as she pressed her hips up.

“Doesn’t it feel good to be bad?” I wiped my face with the back of my hand and grinned up at her. Her eyes met mine, and then glanced behind me to John. He had slowed, but his cock was throbbing inside of me, and I squeezed it, making him gasp.

“Yes,” she agreed with a smile. “Sometimes a girl loves being a dirty little slut... doesn’t she, John?”

I didn’t see what passed between them—I could only see Kelly’s eyes, the way she looked at him. But something was happening, I could sense it, feel it in my belly, in the way his hands moved over my ass as he pressed into me.

“I think it’s someone else’s turn, now.” Kelly slid off the bed and kissed me as she went. I groaned when John slipped out of me, and was amazed how fast Kelly was on him, pressing him to sit down on the bed and positioning us both between his legs.

“She tastes so good on your cock, John,” Kelly whispered and I watched, my heart pounding, as she started to lick my juices off the head of him. I had a momentary stab of jealousy (*he’s mine!*) as I watched her ease her mouth down around his shaft and saw his eyes close with the pleasure of it. But then, she looked at me, leaning his thick length in my direction.

“Come taste, baby,” she urged, and I couldn’t resist. We both licked at his cock, our tongues meeting again and again over the head. John groaned, and I felt his hand in my hair, saw his other hand in Kelly’s, and we both looked up at him as we fought gently over who got to suck him.

“Oh my God!” He groaned as Kelly took his whole length into her mouth, and I slid my tongue down to lick his balls. We did that for a while, trading places, until John groaned and pulled my mouth off of him, a thick band of saliva trailing from the tip of his cock to my lower lip.

“Wait,” he gasped, but Kelly had other ideas. She was pressing him down onto the bed, and I followed her lead, both of us crooking our thighs over his as we kicked our heels off, kissing his mouth, his neck, our hands working on the rest of his clothes, taking them off.

“You’ve both been... very bad,” John gasped as I pressed his cock with my hand, rubbing it up against his belly.

“Have we?” Kelly purred, flicking her tongue over his nipple. I saw his hand moving over her breast, cupping and kneading the heavy flesh.

I bit my lip, smiling over at her. “Bad enough for a spanking?”

Her eyes lit up. “Oh no, not that bad!”

John’s hand was in my hair, pulling my head back so he could kiss me, his tongue sending shivers down my spine. I rubbed the tip of his cock with my thumb, feeling his groan more than hearing it.

“Yes, that bad,” He sat up and rolled me onto my belly on the bed. I squealed, smiling over at Kelly as he turned her, too, so we were lying side by side. “Don’t move, either of you.”

Kelly’s breath was warm over my face and I touched my forehead to hers.

“What’s he doing?”

We could hear him moving around the room, but I didn't strain to see. My whole body was tingling with anticipation and excitement.

"I think we're going to get a—" Kelly's yelp stopped her sentence as the belt came down, catching both of us at once. The sharp sting of the strap came again, this time a little lower across my behind.

"You've been very, very bad girls." The third slap brought a red heat to my bottom, and I bit my lip, my eyes meeting Kelly's wide ones.

"John!" I twisted to look at him, but his hand pressed my lower back, shoving me down onto the bed, and I moaned when his belt strap caught my upper thigh.

"You wanted to be a naughty slut, didn't you?" he asked, and Kelly squealed, squeezing her eyes shut. "Did Kelly teach you how to be a bad girl, Tara?"

I couldn't tell if he was playing or being serious, and my bottom stung with a throbbing sort of heat.

"No!" I felt Kelly's hand nudging mine, squeezing. "I learned that listening to your phone conversations."

Kelly's eyes flew open wide. The sound of the belt and, more importantly, its bite, stopped. John was breathing hard, and I dared to turn my head to look at him.

"You were listening?" His hand moved coolly over the redness of my ass. His face had changed from its initial shock. Now he was kind of half-smiling, his eyes moving the path his hand was tracing on my bottom. I noticed that his other hand was moving over Kelly's rounded behind, too.

"Yes." I blinked back tears. "All that time, I tried to get you to tell me your fantasies, and you wouldn't..."

He nodded, his face changing again. Now the smile was gone, his eyes darker, almost pained.

"I just wanted..." I drew a shaky breath. "I just wanted to be a part of that, too..."

John shook his head, looking back and forth between us as we twisted on the bed to look back at him. "I guess we've both been keeping secrets..."

"Maybe it's time to share them." Kelly moved so she was pressing against me, pulling my belly to hers.

"Maybe..." John's eyes moved over us as we twined our bodies together.

The heat of Kelly's mound was straining towards mine, her breasts pressed flat into my chest, their softness incredible.

"Do you want to be a slutty little whore?" Kelly asked me, her fingers reaching between my legs, parting my flesh.

I glanced up at John. "I want to be *his* slutty little whore. I want to do all those naughty, nasty things you did on the phone, John. Anything you want. I'm all yours."

He groaned, and I saw something in his face give, his jaw softening, his eyes too. He moved in beside me, pressing me from behind, kissing my cheek, my ear, my neck.

"Anything?" he whispered, moving his hand down my belly, his fingers mingling with Kelly's, rubbing at my smooth, wet flesh between and over the crotchless panties.

"Anything," I agreed with a nod. Kelly's eyes were bright as she leaned in to suck my nipples, working her tongue around each of them in turn, making them stand up nice and hard.

"I feel like a kid in a candy store." He parted my pussy lips for Kelly's fingers.

“I mean it.” I spread my legs a little further, moaning when Kelly’s fingers plunged deep inside of me. “Tie me up, spank me, fuck my ass... whatever you want.”

“You really want that?” He sounded incredulous...and hopeful.

“Yes!” I wiggled back against his cock, feeling his hardness pressed against the crack of my ass. “I want it all... everything... I want you...”

I could feel Kelly’s hand reaching between my legs, nudging John’s cock towards my wetness. She stroked him as she rubbed the head against my slit, aiming.

“Oh God!” He groaned as she lifted my leg further, teasing the entrance of my pussy with the tip of him.

“She wants it.” Kelly rubbed my clit with her fingertip, making me shiver. “Fuck her, John. Fuck your little slut wife.”

The words made both of us moan, and then John was curling around, moving inside of me, his thick length filling me from behind.

Kelly’s hand pressed my thigh up further, and I felt her breath against my lower belly as she moved around to watch as he fucked me. Now I could see that the fingers of her other hand were lost in her own flesh, panties pulled aside, rubbing her clit, lightning fast. I could see the glistening wetness, could even smell her, that sweet musk, and it made my mouth water.

“Kelly!” I felt her mouth cover my mound, her tongue easing back and forth over my clit. John reached around and twisted my nipple in his fingers, making me arch him deeper of me.

“I want you to lick her, too,” John said into my ear, and I turned my face to his, seeing his eyes on Kelly’s fingers, moving in and out of her pussy now.

“Yes!” I groaned when he slid out of me so I could roll myself onto Kelly, straddling her face with my eager, spread thighs.

I couldn’t concentrate—it all felt too good. John’s cock plunged fast and hard into my open pussy, and Kelly’s mouth fastened over my mound, sucking my clit rhythmically between her lips. I tried to keep up the same rhythm on her clit, back and forth over that sensitive bud of flesh. I could feel her thighs trembling against my hands as I spread them open.

“Oh God, Kelly!” John moaned, and I wondered what she was doing to him. Then I found out. “Oh yeah, put your finger in my ass!”

I moaned against Kelly’s pussy, feeling my climax coming, but she beat me there. Her whole body shuddered with her orgasm, her hips bucking up so hard that I wrapped my arms around her to hold her still, my tongue working fast between her slit.

“Oh fuck!” John cried, his fingers gripping my hips hard and driving deeper. “Yeah, Kelly, that’s good! Fuck my ass!”

The sound of his pleasure, the naughtiness of the act, sent me over the edge, too, and I came with Kelly’s tongue making fast little circles around my clit. My whole pussy spasmed with it, squeezing John’s cock with every delicious pulse as I gasped and clutched Kelly’s ass in my hands.

“I want your cum!” Kelly insisted, and then John wasn’t inside me anymore. Kelly had him in her hand, pumping him into her waiting mouth. I climbed off her, still trembling, and saw her finger working in my husband’s ass.

“Fuck!” John groaned again, his hips bucking forward, pressing the head of his cock against her lips. He was coming, white hot streams of it surging over Kelly’s chin

and neck. Her tongue moved over his cock, catching the last of it and making him groan. I inched my face toward them.

“Kiss me.” Kelly pulled my mouth to hers, our tongues mingling with the taste of John’s cum between us. It felt like being baptized as we rubbed our wet lips and cheeks together, and I could tell by the way he was watching us that things were different now.

We all collapsed onto the bed, then, Kelly on one side of him, me on the other. John’s hand moved in my hair and he kissed the top of my head.

“Anything?” he asked again, drawing a shaky breath.

“Yes, my love...” I met Kelly’s smiling eyes and gave a contented sigh.

“Anything.”

He had a faraway look in his eyes. I had a feeling he was going to be pushing those boundaries soon, and the thought made me tingle all over.

The End

ABOUT SELENA KITT



Like any feline, Selena Kitt loves the things that make her purr—and wants nothing more than to make others purr right along with her! Pleasure is her middle name, whether it's a short cat nap stretched out in the sun or a long kitty bath. She makes it a priority to explore all the delightful distractions she can find, and follow her vivid and often racy imagination wherever it wants to lead her.

This sassy, outrageous author lives with her husband and children in the rural Midwest, all of whom she thinks are the cat's meow. Her writing embodies everything from the spicy to the scandalous, but watch out—this kitty also has sharp claws and her stories often include intriguing edges and twists that take readers to new, thought-provoking depths.

When she isn't pawing away at her keyboard, she loves spending her time belly dancing, attending drum circles, gathering in women's groups, and taking beautiful pictures of everything in her world.

Her e-publishing credits include: [Rosie's Promise](#) published by Samhain and *Torrid Teasers* #49 published by [Whiskey Creek Press](#) featuring two short stories, *French Lessons* and *I'll Be Your Superman* in 2008. Her stories and poems are in the following anthologies: [Coming Together: For The Cure](#), [Coming Together: Under Fire](#) and [Coming Together Volume 1](#) and [Volume 3](#). Two stories, *Sacred Spots* and *Happy Accident*, will soon be published by [Phaze Publishing](#), as well as her novels *Christmas Stalking*, *Blind Date*, *The Surrender of Persephone* and *The Song of Orpheus*. She has also been published online in [The Shadow Sacrament: a journal of sex and spirituality](#), [The Erotic Woman](#), and her story, *Connections*, was one of the runners-up for the [2006 Rauxa Prize](#), given annually to an erotic short story of "exceptional literary quality," out of over 1,000 nominees, where awards are judged by a select jury and all entries are read "blind" (without author's name available.) She can be reached on her website at www.selenakitt.com or email selena@selenakitt.com

If you liked [Bluebeard's Wife](#), you might like:



THE SYBIAN CLUB

Tasha convinces her husband, Max, to buy her a Sybian, but he only agrees if she can come up with a business plan to pay for it. Determined to keep her promise, she creates The Sybian Club and begins bringing women to the basement room set up just for her new toy. It becomes so popular, she has to enlist the help of new friend, Ashley, to keep up with the demand, and the women enjoy an exciting ride as the business thrives. But Tasha has developed feelings for Ashley, and doesn't know how to tell her husband that she wants to add more to their sex life than just a new toy...

Warning: This title contains a threesome, lesbian and anal sex.

What People are Saying about The Sybian Club:

Mind candy!

Great style, creative and highly erotic!

Wow...

I have got to get her one of these! Your writing here is amazing. This story is real, beautiful and inspires desire. Did I mention, I have got to get her one of these?! I hope you're getting a percentage of sales from Sybian!

EXCERPT from THE SYBIAN CLUB:

It was Tasha's curiosity, really, that started it all. She was obsessed with Sybian porn. Her eyes would get all dreamy and half-closed every time they watched. And Max had to admit, the thought of watching her climb on and ride one of those things had him going. Besides, he never could say no to her. Still, Max was a business man, an investor. The cost of a Sybian of their very own was cost-prohibitive, to say the least. There were rentals available, but none in their area. That's when he got his brilliant idea, and that's how the Sybian Club began—a two thousand dollar investment, clearing out a private room in their basement, and a website. They started by offering free introductory sessions. Max felt a little bit like a heroin dealer... "The first one's free, man!" But Tasha's instincts had been right on. Once a woman had a ride on the Sybian, she wanted to ride it again. "If you build it, they will come!" she said... and man, did they come... and come... and come!

* * * *

"I can't do this." Nicki stopped short as Tasha opened the door. "I can't... just forget it..."

"Yes," Tasha insisted, coming up behind her friend and steering her toward the now open door. "You can. There's no one here but us, and aside from showing you the video, I can leave the room entirely if you want."

Nicki frowned, staring at the dark saddle-shaped thing in the middle of what looked like a doctor's examining table.

"That's it?"

Tasha smiled, shutting the door and picking up a remote. "Just watch... and trust me."

The small television in the corner came to life, and both women took a seat side by side in two chairs against the wall. On the screen, a robed woman was choosing which "attachment" she wanted to try out, and in the process, explaining what each of them did.

Nicki licked her lips, glancing over at Tasha, and then back to the television. When Nicki had confessed her inability to have an orgasm during sex, Tasha had replied, "I have just the thing!"

This, apparently, was the thing. Who kept something like this in their basement? Nicki wondered, tucking her short blonde hair behind her ears, her eyes wandering around the room. It was small, with no furniture except the chairs and the table with the machine on it. There was a sink in the corner with a cupboard underneath. The walls were painted a faint rose color, and there were tasteful nudes hung there.

"Look," Tasha whispered, nudging her friend, and Nicki sat frozen as she watched the woman on the screen straddling the black-saddle, which was now equipped with a skin-colored rubber-like strip that had a penis-shaped probe on top. The woman had taken off her robe, and Nicki admired her heavy breasts before her eyes fell to the dark triangle between the woman's legs. The dark haired woman was slowly sinking down onto the dildo attached to the machine.

There was some explanation of how to work the controls, rotation, vibration, Nicki wasn't sure, because she couldn't take her eyes off the woman's pussy. She was rocking a little, and the camera moved in close, so you could see how her clit moved

back and forth over the flesh-colored rise. The machine vibrated louder. The woman moaned and rocked. Nicki felt her breath coming faster and shifted uncomfortably in her chair.

"It feels so good, you won't believe it," Tasha confided, giving her a sideways glance.

Nicki licked her lips again. "It sure looks like it."

"Wanna try?"

Nicki could feel a hot ache between her legs. She looked from the saddle-like contraption on the table, to the woman on the screen whose face was twisted in bliss.

"Max isn't here, is he?" Nicki glanced toward the ceiling. "I can get... loud..."

Tasha smiled. "No boys allowed. But if you talk to Tom about it, and he wants to see... we can make a tape for him."

Nicki's eyes widened at the thought of her husband watching her up on that thing.

"Come on," Tasha urged, turning off the video and standing up. "You don't have to get undressed if you don't want. Just take your panties off."

Flushing, Nicki stood, slipping off her heels. She nudged her skirt up in back, so she could catch hold of the elastic edge of her panties. Tasha was busying herself with the machine, positioning a flesh-colored rubber strip like the one they'd seen on the tape.

"Hop up." Tasha nudged a stool out from under the table and took her friend's hand. When Nicki hesitated, biting her lip and staring at the machine, Tasha said, "Don't worry, everything's sterilized."

"How do I...?" Nicki had to pull her skirt up to swing her leg over the dark hump, and she sat, staring down at the dildo-shape.

"You've used toys before, right?" Tasha asked, squirting a little clear fluid over the plastic penis. "Just slide it inside of you."

Grasping the ridged surface of the dildo, Nicki lifted her skirt and edged her way toward it, shivering a little as it brushed her clit before coming to rest at the entrance of her pussy. Slowly, she wiggled her way down, spreading her thighs wide over the rounded back of the machine.

"Like that?" Nicki flushed as she saw Tasha looking between her legs.

That's when she noticed the large mirror hanging against the opposite wall. Shocked, Nicki stared at her reflection, a woman in a black skirt and a white blouse, completely dressed for the office—except for the whole straddling thing, and the five inch dildo pressed up into her flesh.

"Perfect." Tasha handed her friend the controls. "Here."

Still surprised at her own reflection, Nicki murmured, "Maybe this isn't such a good idea."

"Trust me, it's a great idea. You'll thank me." Tasha took the controls from her friend's hand and turned the machine on, making it vibrate.

"Hey!" Nicki squealed and jumped, half laughing, as a gentle buzz began between her thighs. "Ohh... God... that's nice."

Tasha grinned. "But that's not all it does, sweetness. It rotates, too." She manipulated the dual controls, upping the vibration a little, as well as turning on the rotation.

Nicki gasped, her eyes growing wide. "Oh!"

"Here." Tasha attached a large, square block of comparable size to the front of the Sybian. "You can use this to lean on. You'll probably need to."

"Oh my God," Nicki whispered, feeling a gentle rotation deep inside her pussy. The thing was turning around and around in there! Her eyes closed and she rocked, remembering the woman in the video, how she had rocked, too. It seemed like such a natural thing to do, rubbing her clit over the vibrating nub between her thighs.

"It's like fucking," Nicki grasped the hand-rest that Tasha had put down for her as she rolled her hips over the black saddle. How many times had she sat up on Tom like this, rocking and rolling? She couldn't count. But oh my God, fucking Tom had never been like this!

"Oh I need more," Nicki moaned, wiggling down against the machine. "Faster, Tasha. Please!"

Tasha kicked it up another notch, her own pussy beginning to get wet as she watched her friend's reaction. Part of her couldn't wait for Nicki to go, so she could get on and go for a ride herself! But she had promised Max she wouldn't mix business with pleasure. She was only going to show her girlfriends the benefits of the Sybian, and that was all.

"Ohhhh yessss!" Nicki's thighs trembled and she pulled her skirt up further, giving Tasha a clear view of her friend's pussy.

Tasha sank into a seat to watch, squeezing her thighs together and swallowing hard as she edged the rotation up another notch, too.

"Oh my fucking God!" Nicki moaned, her head going back, her whole body shivering. "What in the hell is it doing?!"

"Ride it," Tasha urged, licking her lips as she edged the vibration up again. "Come on, baby, ride it good!"

"Oh, oh, oh, oh!" Nicki's blonde hair flew all around her face as she shook her head, trying to deny the sensation coursing through her body.

The thing between her legs was alive, humming its way into her flesh, somehow, making her tremble in its grip. That ridged pole shoved up into her was turning, relentless, rubbing up against some deep place that she hadn't even know existed. Her clit felt swollen, huge, and the wetness between her legs had nothing to do with the lubrication that Tasha had provided before the ride began.

"You close, baby?" Tasha squeezed her legs together again, feeling the gentle throb between them. "Want more?"

"Yes!" Nicki gasped, tearing at her blouse, popping two of the buttons so she could get to her breasts. She rubbed them, her fingers moving under her bra, pulling at her nipples. "Oh God, more more!"

Tasha gave her more, maxed it out, the whole room humming with the machine's force. She could see Nicki's orgasm coming, could read it like a neon sign on her face, the flushed cheeks, the open, gasping mouth.

"Now!" Nicki howled, jerking and bucking on top of the machine, mashing her whole pussy down against it as if she could merge with it somehow. She was seeing blackness and stars, the quivering of her flesh nothing compared to the heat coursing through her veins. Gasping, moaning, she pulled herself off the pulsing torrent between

her thighs. Panting, staring at the still-sticky, rotating cock, Nicki shuddered again, an aftershock. Her ears were ringing, and she barely heard Tasha's words.

"Now... didn't that feel good?"

Good? Nicki couldn't find her voice. She sat in the sticky pooling mess on the table, unable to focus on anything but the waves of fading pleasure rushing through her body. Tasha turned off the machine and began cleaning up. She handed Nicki a warm washcloth.

"Thanks." Nicki couldn't help but flush. She slipped her panties back on, glancing in the mirror to smooth her hair. "Oh my God... Tasha... that was..."

"I know." Tasha's eyes were bright as she tossed the flesh-colored accessories into the sink.

"But..." Nicki sat on one of the chairs, her legs feeling still too shaky to hold her. "How is this going to help me have orgasms during sex, exactly?"

"Well..." Tasha shrugged. "Now, at least, you know you can have one with something inside you, right?"

"Yeah, but..." Nicki looked longingly over at the machine on the table. Her body was already missing it somehow. "Tom doesn't vibrate and rotate and..."

Tasha grinned. "Well... you can always come back for a ride. We're starting a club."

"A club?" Nicki pressed her hands to her cheeks, trying to cool them.

"The Sybian Club," Tasha confirmed. "It doesn't cost a lot to join, and you can have twenty minutes on the Sybian for fifty bucks."

Nicki stared at her, dumbfounded. "Are you serious?"

Tasha nodded. "I wanted one, and Max figured, you know, this was the best way to pay for it. It isn't cheap... but isn't it worth it?"

Nicki found herself nodding, looking back at the Sybian. "Yeah."

"Tell all your friends," Tasha urged. "Tell everyone you know. The first ride is always free!"

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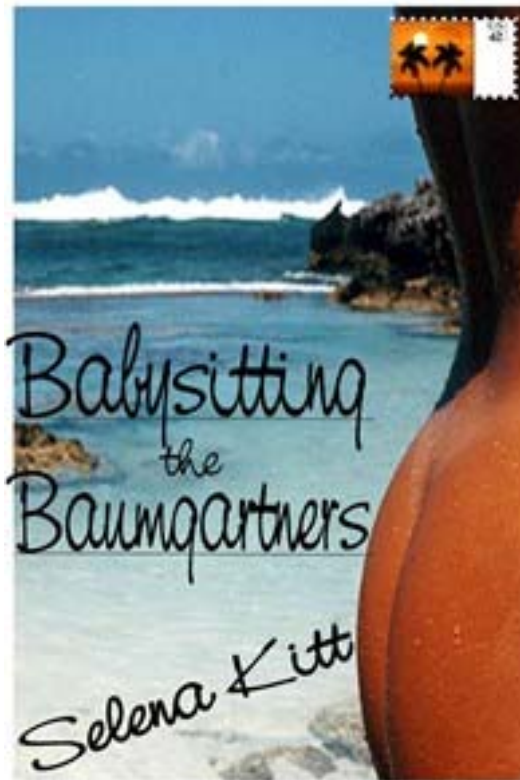


NAUGHTY BITS

By Selena Kitt

David has been brightening up his gray Surrey, England days with the porn collection hidden in his parents' shed, but when he find that his older sister, Dawn has discovered his magazine collection, things really begin to heat up. Their parents insist that their just-graduated son look for a job, but their daughter has the week off and is determined to work on her tan. Distracted David finds himself increasingly tempted by his seductive older sister, who makes it very clear what she wants. Her teasing ways slowly break down the taboo barrier between brother and sister until they both give in to their lust... but what are they going to do about the feelings that have developed between them in the meantime...?

Warning: This title contains incest and anal sex.

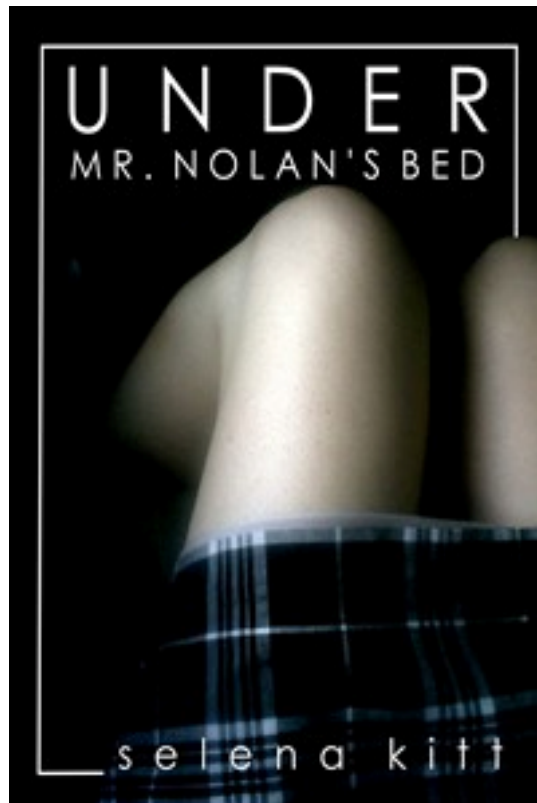


BABYSITTING THE BAUMGARTNERS

By Selena Kitt

Ronnie—or as Mrs. Baumgartner insists on calling her, Veronica—has been babysitting for the Baumgartners since she was fifteen years old and has practically become another member of the family. Now a college freshman, Ronnie jumps at the chance to work on her tan in the Florida Keys with “Doc” and “Mrs. B” under the pretense of babysitting the kids. Ronnie isn’t the only one with ulterior motives, though, and she discovers that the Baumgartners have wayward plans for their young babysitter. This wicked hot sun and sand coming of age story will seduce you as quickly as the Baumgartners seduce innocent Ronnie and leave everyone yearning for more!

Warning: This title contains MFF threesome, lesbian, and anal sex.



UNDER MR. NOLAN'S BED

By Selena Kitt

Leah and Erica have been best friends and have gone to the same Catholic school since just about forever. Leah spends so much time with the Nolan's—just Erica and her handsome father, now, since Erica's mother died—that she's practically part of the family. When the girls find something naughty under Mr. Nolan's bed, their strict, repressive upbringing makes it all the more exciting as they begin their sexual experimentation. Leah's exploration presses deeper, and eventually she finds herself torn between her best friend and her best friend's father—but even she couldn't have predicted the shocking and bittersweet outcome of their affair.

Warning: This title contains a threesome, lesbian sex and incest.



STARVING ARTIST

By Selena Kitt

Ellie is living the life of a true starving artist in a small efficiency apartment in dangerous downtown Detroit, but more dangerous than her surroundings are the men to whom she pays rent. Denied help by her prosecutor father, who believes his daughter is wasting her life in art school, Ellie finds herself in a precarious position and surrenders helplessly to her predicament. However, a strange twist of fate gives Ellie a chance at revenge. Will she take it?

Warning: This title contains graphic language, nonconsensual and anal sex.



ON CHERRY HILL

By Selena Kitt

Midwife Anne gets pulled over in the middle of the night on Cherry Hill Road. She's on her way to a birth, but her urgency doesn't sway the unsympathetic officer. When the cop discovers something suspicious on Anne's driving record and insists she get out of the car, she knows she's in real trouble. When he cuffs her and bends her over the hood, things go beyond trouble...

But the surprising outcome of this tale gives both Anne and the reader a jolt they never could have anticipated...

Warning: This title contains graphic language and nonconsensual sex.



TICKLED PINK

By Selena Kitt

Who says sex can't be fun - or funny? You'll find more than enough amusing mishaps and uproarious situations to tickle your funny bone—and more!—in this delightfully wicked and delightfully sexy anthology from Selena Kitt.

Warning: This title contains graphic language and sex.



ESCAPING FATE

By Selena Kitt

Sam has an unusual interest in humans—well, considering she’s a fairy of fate whose profession it is to determine their futures, it’s no wonder! But it isn’t just Karma she’s curious about... Sam has what her fairy-pal Alex thinks is an inordinate and rather wanton interest in certain biological aspects of human behavior—most notably, s-e-x.

When Sam’s job leads her into the path of a handsome man who rocks her world, Sam’s interest becomes obsession. Alex reminds her that fairies get one Christmas wish – will Sam consider using hers to become human to experience one night of bliss?

When things become even more complicated—Sam discovers that Drew, the sexy stranger she’s been fantasizing about, can actually see her—Sam finds herself immersed in a complex and tangled web of human experience. She has to make a choice that will teach her a twisted lesson in fate, ultimately change the course of human existence and even reveal the origin of Santa Claus!

Warning: This title contains graphic language and sex.



PAPERBACK ROMANCE

by Selena Kitt

Maya's heart yearns for romance and adventure, so that's what she writes about - but James Reardon, her college creative writing professor, insists she's wasting both time and talent. Determined to prove him wrong, Maya stumbles onto the fact that her professor's been keeping secrets - not the least of which is his attraction to her. Faced with a choice, she will have to decide whether or not to reveal his secret to the world—and her own desire for a man nearly twice her age.

Warning: This title contains graphic language and sex.



TAKEN

By Selena Kitt

Lizzy's friendship with her older boss, Sarah, turns into something deeper and much more exciting one rainy day after work, and Lizzy finds herself drawn into a world she never knew existed. Sarah has a dominant streak, and as she leads Lizzy into the role of a submissive, the two women become closer than they ever thought possible. But while Sarah, hurt too many times, wears a ring, and tells guys she's "taken," Lizzy knows she secretly longs for a man. Determined to find one for them both to share, Lizzy is just about to give up when a dark, handsome, virile answer shows up right under her nose. Lizzy may think she and Sarah are going to seduce David—but she underestimates their handsome co-worker, and David turns the tables on them both. But will he be able to tame the untameable Sarah?

Warnings: This title contains graphic language and sex, a m/f/f threesome and mild bdsm elements.



MERCY

by Selena Kitt

Mercy was a typical lesbian in life - at least, that's what her beloved, dearly departed Dee always said - but she's definitely not a typical vampire. Mercy, known as Mary in her former life, is now secretly in love with Angie, her roommate, whose profession as a hospice nurse has taken Mercy on an unusual path in her journey as the undead. Like her acquired name, comes as a dark angel of mercy, delivering eternal life to the dying—but will Mercy's mission of compassion serve to save the one woman she loves most in the world?

Warning: This title contains graphic language, sex and elements of horror.



SILENT NIGHT

By Selena Kitt

Justine has left Bruce for another man, left him all alone with their young daughter - while he slowly goes insane. His building, impotent rage leads to sudden, unexpected brutality. But how far will he go?

Warning: This title contains graphic language, infidelity, sex and shocking, horrific elements.



A TWISTED BARD'S TALE

By Selena Kitt

Did you ever wonder what started the feud between the Capulets and the Montagues? Check out this naughty version of Romeo and Juliet - you'll be surprised and delighted by this twisted Bard's tale!

Warning: This title contains graphic language and lesbian sex.