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The Sybian Club

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The Sybian Club

By Selena Kitt

Chapter One

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 asked, glancing 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 asked, flushing 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 agreed, handing 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 said, attaching 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 murmured, grasping 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 asked, squeezing 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.

"Nowwwwwwwww!" 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!"

Chapter Two

"It will blow your mind!"

That's what Nicki had said. Kim sat in her car contemplating the average looking suburban house, tempted to turn the key in the ignition and just take off again. *What am I doing here?* She glanced down at the hands in her lap, her nails ragged, and sighed. Marriage therapy, individual therapy, various serotonin-altering drugs, even a weekend away at some swinging couples resort, and still, since the second baby, there had been nothing, not any hint of a spark. *This is my last resort.*

"Hi!" The woman who swung the door open smiled warmly. Kim admired the way her short, dark hair curled like two commas, one on each cheek. "You must be Kim?"

"Tasha?" Kim returned the woman's smile with a hesitant one of her own, suddenly all too aware of her mousy brown mommy's ponytail and her unstylish sweats and hoodie combination.

"Come on in!" Tasha was dressed to the nines, her heels clicking on the stairs as she led the way down. "Nicki told me all about you."

Kim flushed, following the dark-haired woman into the room. "All... about me?"

Tasha smiled, offering her a seat. Something about her made Kim feel immediately comfortable. "Listen... we're both women. We know what it's like, right?"

Tucking her purse under the chair, Kim sat, frowning. "I guess so..."

"Our bodies are like fine tuned machines," Tasha said, picking up a remote and sitting next to her guest. "We need all sorts of revving up and tinkering with to get to our destination, you know what I mean?"

Kim cleared her throat and couldn't help but smile. "Yeah, sure."

"And it isn't always easy to be interested, when you're already tired, and you've spent all day picking up after the kids and cooking dinner..." Tasha went on, and Kim stared at her, nodding encouragement. "It isn't easy, especially when... well, you know most guys... I mean, some of them... the numbers on the clock don't even change by the time they're done, right?"

Kim let out a sigh of relief. She knew Nicki must have told this woman everything. "I just need time, you know? Like... some build up..."

Tasha nodded sympathetically. "Or... you need a ride on the Sybian." She started the video, and Kim sat, transfixed. They had tried all sorts of things, including watching porn together, to get her interested in sex again, and this was rather tame in comparison. But there was something about it... the look of sheer ecstasy on the woman's face! It made her feel weak and a little dizzy just watching.

"Does it feel as good as it looks?" Kim asked, feeling a tingle between her legs.

Tasha smiled. "Better. Ready to try it?"

Kim was already toeing off her shoes and pulling her sweats and panties down over her hips, unmindful of stretch marks or her cesarean scar. Tasha didn't even raise an eyebrow when she stripped off her hoodie, too, unhooking her bra and letting her breasts, full and slightly pendulous from still nursing her six month old, swing free. She climbed up onto the machine completely nude, except for a pair of purple socks.

"Can I have that one?" Kim asked, pointing to the life-like penis. Her eyes were bright, and whatever nervousness she'd been experiencing had been replaced by anticipation.

Tasha fitted the insert onto the machine and squirted a little clear lubricant down the shaft. "These are the controls, like you saw in the video. This one is vibration, this one is rotation."

Kim looked down at the box in her hand, suddenly doubtful that it could do any more than the hundred other sex toys they had tried over the years. Still, the look on the woman's face in the video kept coming back to her. *What the hell? It's worth a shot.* She positioned herself over the plastic cock, using the black box in front of the Sybian to steady herself as she slid down onto the slick length of it.

"Once you get the hang of the controls, I can go, if you want me to," Tasha said.

Kim flicked the switch marked "vibration," smiling at the sensation between her thighs. "Mmm... nice."

Tasha sat down in the chair, smiling. "The good thing about the Sybian is that you don't really even need a lot of foreplay... it takes you right there."

The woman riding the machine closed her eyes, rocking her hips against the flesh-colored ridge pressing up between her pussy lips. The hair there was light brown and trimmed neatly. Tasha watched Kim's face, fascinated by what she saw there. It happened to all of them—that look of surprise that changed to awe and wonder, and eventually, carried them away.

"Oh that's so good," Kim murmured, rocking and rolling with it.

"Don't forget the rotation," Tasha reminded her. Kim opened her eyes, surprised out of her blissful state, and looked down at the box. "Trust me, you'll love it."

Doubtful, Kim flicked the switch. She had never had any luck finding that mysterious "G-Spot," and had serious doubts about the veracity of women's claims

about having one. She was pretty sure it was all something women made up to get men off and make them feel like having a penis rubbing up inside the vagina actually felt good. For Kim, back when they were having sex and she was into it, even a little, it had always been about the clit.

Frowning, Kim wiggled on the machine. There was pressure deep inside her as the plastic penis began to slowly rotate. The vibration was sending lovely waves of pleasure through her, and she turned that knob, making it hum faster.

"It takes a few minutes for the rotation to start to feel good," Tasha explained. "But once it kicks in..."

Kim nodded, not really hearing her. The sensation was increasing, and her pussy responded to the buzz of the machine, clamping down on the cock between her legs. She couldn't believe it, but she was going to come—so fast! No vibrator ever had made her come so fast! Moaning, she gripped tightly to the machine, her thighs quivering as her orgasm began, her clit making circles over that slick, vibrating ridge.

Tasha watched, crossing her legs and feeling that dull ache between them. She wasn't wearing any panties, and she had just climbed off the machine not an hour before Kim had arrived. Her pussy was spasming, though, like the ghost of a memory, longing to feel it again.

"That's good," Tasha whispered, wiggling in her seat, as she watched the woman come. The dark points of her nipples were hard, and she noticed that tiny beads of milk were forming there as Kim moaned and rocked her climax to the brink and beyond.

"Oh my God," Kim gasped, brushing the stray hair out of her eyes that had fallen from her ponytail. She looked at Tasha through half-closed eyes. "That's incredible!"

Tasha nodded, smiling. "Keep going, sweetie... turn it up."

Kim shivered, turning the knob on the rotation a little higher. She didn't think her clit could stand any more vibrating. The cock inside her turned faster, forcing her flesh to move and give with each pass. It made her feel a little like she had to pee, and she glanced down guiltily at the wetness between her legs, wondering if she had.

"Keep riding the wave," Tasha urged, seeing the woman's eyes close again as the machine worked its magic.

Kim's pussy had never felt so good. Her whole body felt as if it were on fire, and the pressure building between her legs was intense. She leaned into it, letting the cock inside her do the work, the rising shake and hum of the machine working once again on her clit. Her breath came faster and faster, and her moans filled the room.

"Ohhhh please!" Kim was begging, now, although there was no one to plead with. The machine was relentless. "Oh fuck, oh yes, oh what... what... is... that?"

Tasha smiled at the confused look on the woman's face, realizing what was coming—her first g-spot orgasm. Kim's body stiffened, her eyes flying open, and then they closed, her face twisting, almost as if she were in pain.

"Oh FUCK!" she cried, bucking her hips on the machine, her back arching, her ponytail completely gone now, her hair falling down her back. "Yes! Yes! Yes!"

Kim's nipples weren't just beading milk, now, they were streaming thick white rivulets down her belly as she came, running down to join the pool of sticky wetness between her thighs. Nothing had ever felt as good as this, and although she never wanted it to end, the sensation was so intense that she almost couldn't stand it.

"Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God," she whispered over and over, quickly turning the machine off and climbing down, as if she couldn't get away fast enough.

"What is this thing?"

"Heaven," Tasha sighed, smiling at the woman as she leaned against the table, wiping hair off her sweaty brow. "Don't you think?"

Kim stared at the dark-haired woman, still too shocked to speak. She hadn't had an orgasm since before the baby was born, and she didn't ever remember coming so hard, or like that, before. She wasn't sure, but she thought that the machine had actually found that fabled g-spot.

Tasha was beginning to clean up the room, and she offered Kim a warm washcloth.

"I want to do that again," Kim confessed, using the cloth to wipe the milk from her belly and breasts.

Smiling, Tasha handed her a card. "Well... you're in luck. We're starting a club."

Chapter Three

Tasha was nervous. She paced the tiles of the bathroom floor, her four inch heels echoing in the small space, not even bothering to stop and check her hair and makeup in the mirror. On the other side of that door was a scenario that could either make or break their new business venture, and she wasn't sure she was up to the task.

"Someone's in here!" she snapped at the door, and the knocker retreated.

"I can do this," she whispered, pressing her forehead against the door, laying her palms flat there to cool them. "I can do this, I can do this."

So far, it had only been Tasha and a friend, or a friend of a friend, alone in their remodeled basement "Sybian Room." Now, it was an entire house full of clients and potential clients, drinking champagne or beer and nibbling on cheese and canapés and waiting for Tasha to start the show.

She took a deep breath, smoothing her skirt over her hips, and opened the door. The sound of women laughing and talking filled the living room and family room. Tasha grabbed a glass of champagne off the buffet and gulped it, taking a deep breath before she cleared her throat.

No one heard her of course. "Hello!" she called over the noise of the crowd. Still, nothing. She raised her voice as loud as she could. "Who wants to have the most total body, toe-curling orgasm of their life?"

The room went quickly silent, twenty pairs of blinking eyes on her, now. The women from the family room were crowding into the living room to listen.

Tasha grinned. "My name is Natasha Rivera and I'll be your host tonight. You can call me Tasha. Some of you already know me, and have even ridden the Sybian

before..." she smiled over at Nicki, who gave her a wink. "Some of you are meeting me for the first time, and have never heard of a Sybian."

She had their attention now. "As you know from your invitation, you are going to be given a free opportunity to ride the Sybian. If you like your experience, you'll have the option of taking a full ride for a small fee at the end of the night. You can also join our Sybian Club, and I will give you more information about that, later."

Tasha covered the distance between the buffet and the television, picking up the remote. "The Sybian is the Rolls Royce of pleasure machines—it's the ultimate in female stimulation. And it's something so hard to describe, that you really have to experience it firsthand to understand what I mean when I say it's the most pleasurable thing a woman will probably ever feel."

A few of the women were nodding, that knowing look on their faces. Tasha looked around the room. Several of the women were fidgeting, looking embarrassed. Others appeared interested, their eyes a little too bright.

"I'm going to show you a short introductory video, and then I'll answer any questions you have."

Tasha turned on the television and pushed "play" on the remote. The room grew even more quiet as the video began, the woman on the screen talking about the Sybian, its attachments, and how it all worked. When she climbed onto the machine and began to ride, there was a little collective gasp, followed by a rapt kind of group attention that Tasha had rarely ever experienced. Every person there couldn't take her eyes off the screen. The sounds of the woman's pleasure filled the room.

When the video was over, Tasha turned off the television and asked, "Any questions?"

A young girl in the corner raised her hand. Tasha judged she couldn't be a day over eighteen—although she knew that she had to be, at least, eighteen. No invitations had been issued to minors. Tasha had double checked that fact when people called to confirm their reservations.

"How long do we get to ride?" the young blonde asked.

Tasha smiled. "Five minutes. I know it doesn't sound long, but trust me... it's long enough. And with as many people as we have here, we'd be here all night if we offered longer rides. But the good news is, if you decide to join the Sybian Club, you can ride for twenty minutes at a time whenever you want for a small fee. That's usually more than sufficient for most women."

The girl nodded, leaning over to whisper something to the older woman sitting next to her, who nodded, too.

"Any other questions?" Tasha asked.

A busty redhead sitting beside Nicki raised her hand. "Can we pick our own attachments?"

"Oh, right, attachments," Tasha nodded. "Because of the need for sterilization after use, you'll be riding tonight without attachments, at least for your free trial."

There was a collective sigh, the sound of disapproval, in the room.

"But trust me, you'll still have a great ride." The room didn't look convinced.

Tasha swallowed hard. "Plus, we are going to have a door prize! To enter, you just have

to sign up for the Club and, at the end of the night, I'll draw the winner—who gets a full twenty minute ride, with the attachments of her choice!"

This time, the collective sound was one of approval and excitement. Tasha smiled. Who didn't love to win a prize?

"Any other questions?"

"What about privacy?" It was the buxom redhead again.

Tasha gave her a smile. "You'll be in a private room. I will be there to show you how to work the machine, but that's all. And as it said on the invitation, we encouraged you to wear a long, flowing dress or an extra long t-shirt. If you didn't wear one, and you're worried about your modesty, I have a few extra long t-shirts."

The redhead nodded, looking satisfied.

The blonde raised her hand again, and said, "My boyfriend really, really wanted to come and watch..."

The roomful of women tittered and grinned.

"Is that allowed?" the girl finished, giving the room a sheepish smile.

"Ahhh I know the menfolk would love to watch," Tasha winked. "But honestly, the poor guys get so excited that it just ends up being such a mess..."

The women laughed knowingly, giving each other sidelong glances.

"However, if you join the Sybian Club, we do offer videotaping services," Tasha went on. The blonde brightened, but a few of the women looked like deer in the headlights. "Of course, if you're too shy for that, audio taping is available, instead. That alone is guaranteed to get his heart racing."

The room murmured agreement, and Tasha felt a tingle of excitement in her belly. She had them all interested, their eyes already starry with the prospect of sharing their experience with their lover or their husband. And they hadn't even mounted up yet. Just wait until they take a ride, she thought.

"Alright, if that's all for the questions, let's get started!"

There were no more hands, just a low murmur and a shifting in their seats.

"It's totally random," Tasha went on, picking up the little fish bowl off the buffet. "I'll draw one card at a time out of the ones you filled out earlier. When I call your name, come with me."

The room hummed with anticipation as Tasha dug through the white folded cards. "Daisy Nash."

"Me, that's me!" the redhead squealed and popped up. The whole room seemed to sigh, Tasha wasn't sure if it was disappointment or anticipation. The low murmur of voices started again as the redhead, Daisy, followed Tasha down the stairs.

"I'm nervous," Daisy admitted, flipping her long red hair over her shoulder. "My friend Karen said I had to try it, but I was a little... you know..."

"You won't regret it," Tasha assured her with a smile. "You should take off your bottoms, obviously, but you can leave your dress on."

Daisy nodded, putting her purse down on the chair and reaching under the hem of her long sundress to slip her panties off.

"I'll help you up," Tasha said, offering her a hand. The redhead swung her long leg over the back of the machine. "Just kind of... settle yourself... right over that flesh-colored ridge."

Daisy adjusted her skirt around her, wiggling on top of the machine, her pale thighs spread wide. "Oh wow. Mm."

"Nice already, isn't it?" Tasha asked, holding up the controls. "This one is vibration, this is rotation. We're only concerned with vibration for this ride."

Daisy nodded, eager. "Can I do it?"

"Sure." Tasha gave her the controls, setting the alarm on her watch and having a seat. The redhead flipped the switch and turned the knob like a pro.

"Oooohhhh," Daisy moaned, her hips already rocking back and forth over the vibrating ridge.

"Good, isn't it?" Tasha murmured, feeling a familiar tingle between her legs as she watched. It was going to be a long night, she thought, crossing one knee over the other.

"Oh God yes," Daisy whispered, her hands reaching to steady herself on the front of the machine. The hum of the Sybian filled the room, but the redhead was soon drowning out the sound with her moans. Tasha glanced at her watch, counting down the time. It had been two minutes. Should she give her a warning, she wondered? Maybe when there was a minute left?

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" the redhead rocked and rolled her hips over and over the vibrating machine. "Oh that's sooooo good, oh my God!"

Daisy was cupping and rubbing her breasts through her yellow sundress, pinching her nipples through the material. Tasha could see them standing up even through the woman's bra. Her pale thighs were trembling as she moved back and forth, fucking the machine.

"Oh God, oh God, oh God!" she moaned, her fingers digging into her bra for flesh, and Tasha glimpsed the pink shadow of her areola as she tugged at her nipples.

"Oh my God, my fucking pussy!"

Her words made Tasha swallow hard, her own pussy gently throbbing in response. How many more women was she going to watch do this tonight? Twenty, twenty-five? The thought made her feel dizzy. She glanced at her watch. It had been four minutes.

Tasha gave her a warning. "One minute left."

The redhead didn't seem to hear her. She was bucking on top of the machine like a wild woman, her moans nearly drowning out the buzz of the Sybian.

"Oh yessssssssssss!" she hissed, her large breasts bouncing completely free of her sundress and bra now as she shuddered on top of the machine. "Oh my pussy, my pussy, I'm gonna come so fucking hard!"

And she did. Tasha watched, licking her lips, as the woman's whole body stiffened with her orgasm, and then began to shake, almost seizure-like, her hair flying around her freckled shoulders. She was screaming, baying at the ceiling, and Tasha knew they must be able to hear her upstairs.

Couldn't pay for advertising like this, Tasha thought with a grin, as she took the box and turned the switch off.

"Oh... my... God." The redhead shuddered again, looking at Tasha through half-closed eyes. "I don't care what it costs," she gasped. "Where do I sign?"

Tasha smiled, offering her a hand to help her down. "Let's go upstairs and you can join the club."

Chapter Four

Tasha nearly laughed with delight when she led Daisy back into the living room. The entire group of women stood and cheered! The redhead did laugh, blushing prettily as she took a seat. She was surrounded immediately by a crowd of eager women asking, how was it? What was it like? Tasha just smiled, pulling another name out of the fishbowl. The cheer that went up when she announced the name of the next rider was music to her ears.

She hadn't been wrong, though, about it being a long night. Up and down the stairs she went, leading nervous women in and bringing ecstatic women out. The change in them was incredible, and as the night wore on, and the women relaxed, the gathering upstairs turned into more of a party. Tasha had left a sign-up sheet on the buffet for those interested in the Sybian Club and she counted, every time she reached for the fishbowl. So far, only two women who had ridden the machine had *not* put their name down on the list.

Max is going to be thrilled, she thought, as the very last woman followed her breathlessly up from the Sybian Room. The group was relaxed and the women were chatting, past the "getting to know you" stuff and more into sharing the details. Tasha caught phrases like, "My boyfriend said..." and "When my sister told me..." as she gathered up the paperwork of those who had decided to join.

"I want to thank you all so much for coming," Tasha said, looking around at the beaming group of women. There were several murmured, "No, thank *you!*'s" among the crowd. "As I promised, I'm going to draw a door prize—and the winner gets a twenty-minute ride on the Sybian with the attachment of her choice."

The women clapped and whistled, the energy of the room changing in an instant.

"Also, after she's done, I will offer the machine up for use to those of you who are interested in taking another ride tonight. I'll leave a price list here," Tasha explained, waving a sheet that she set back down on the buffet.

"All of you have experienced the Sybian without attachments... which is an amazing experience in and of itself," Tasha went on. The group nodded and murmured their agreement. "However... the Sybian *with* attachments... well, as a friend of mine says, it will just blow your mind."

The anticipation in the group edged up another notch. Women shifted and wiggled in their seats, giggled and whispered together like girls. Tasha smiled and flipped the papers in her hands over, shuffling through them as she spoke. She pulled one sheet free, turning it back over, and saying, "Okay, the winner of our door prize tonight is Holly Renfrew! Congratulations, Holly!"

The young blonde who had asked all the questions earlier that evening gasped and stood, her eyes shining as she came toward Tasha. "That's me!!"

"Our lucky winner!" Tasha announced with a smile. "Those of you who want to sign up for rides, please do so... we'll be back soon."

"Not that soon," Holly smiled, flipping her long, straight blonde hair over her shoulder as she followed Tasha back down the stairs.

"Choose whatever you like," Tasha said, showing her the accessories.

Holly pointed to a ribbed dildo, about five inches long. "That one."

"All righty." Tasha attached it, squirting some lubricant over the head. "Are you ready?"

The blonde hesitated. "Can I... is it possible to get a tape done, for my boyfriend?"

Tasha smiled. "Sure. It costs a little extra..."

"Oh, that's fine," the girl said with a wave of her hand.

"Okay, just let me get the camera out."

While Tasha set it up, the girl undressed, putting her jeans and long t-shirt over the chair, and taking off her bra and panties, too, so when she climbed up onto the machine she was completely naked. ‘

"All set," Tasha told her, the camera sitting on a tripod. "Do you want just a wide angle view, or would you like me to do some close ups?"

Holly frowned. "What do you mean?"

"Well..." Tasha cleared her throat. "I just thought... he might like to see your face when you were coming... or how your breasts bounce... or your pussy... kind of up close and personal..."

"Ohhhh," the blonde flushed slightly, but her eyes were bright. "Yes, do some close-ups... he'll like that..."

I'm sure he will, Tasha thought, turning on the camera as the blonde started up the machine. *God knows I do...* The steady ache between Tasha's thighs had grown all night long as woman after woman climaxed on her machine. Now this young, little blonde was sliding her shaved pussy down into the dildo's shaft, moaning softly as the cock inside her began to rotate and vibrate at once, and Tasha could barely keep still.

Tasha kept the camera wide-focused for a while, as the young girl moaned and rocked on the Sybian. Her breasts were sweet, rounded and pink-tipped, her nipples

hardening as she rode, faster and faster. When Holly's fingers moved down between her legs, spreading her smooth lips, Tasha zoomed in. The girl was easing her clit down against the machine, pulling the hood back to expose the nub of flesh and rub it there.

"Ohhhh yesss!" Holly moaned, using her other hand to tug at one of her nipples, rolling it between her thumb and forefinger. Tasha panned the camera up her taut, flat belly with its silver navel ring, focusing for a moment on the way her breasts swayed slightly back and forth as she rode the machine.

Tasha bit her lip, trying to control her fast breathing as she watched the girl's climax peak. Her own pussy was throbbing between her legs, her panties soaked. The blonde's head went back for a moment, as she let out a long, low moan, her whole body shaking. Then her flushed face fell forward, her eyes closed, her mouth open slightly, her cheeks flushed with heat as she shuddered on top of the machine.

Holly turned the dials down, but not off, gasping for breath and still trembling. Tasha zoomed the camera out again, waiting. The young girl bit her lip, and her hips began to rock once more, back and forth, up and down. She reached for the controls, and the machine hummed to life once more.

She wasn't done yet.

Tasha swallowed hard, sinking into a chair with the camera, leaving it wide-angle as she watched the blonde start to ride it again. She was completely lost in her own pleasure—she probably didn't even remember that Tasha, or the camera, existed. The young girl spread her thighs wide over the back of the machine, and Tasha knew, when she turned the rotation up, that she was working toward a g-spot orgasm. The way her

eyes were clenched, her lower lip drawn in under her teeth, and the sweet way her hips rolled over the machine told her that.

Fuck! I want to ride, too! Tasha thought, squeezing her legs together and willing herself to be patient. When everyone went home, she reasoned... then it would be her turn to celebrate. Watched the little blonde made her ache all over. Holly was moaning louder and louder, her hands grasping the front of the Sybian.

"Ohhhh fuck, oh God, yes, yes!" Holly cried, running one hand through her long hair as she arched her back, gathering and holding some of it there as she fucked the rotating dildo shoved up inside her pussy. Tasha focused there for a moment, watching the girl's pussy lips working over the vibrating ridge of the machine, knowing that the dildo up inside her was about to send her right over the edge.

"Oh I'm coming!" the girl moaned, her whole body flushed with pleasure as her climax peaked, making her tremble with the force of it. The camera was still focused between the blonde's legs, and Tasha barely restrained a gasp when the girl's pussy began to flood, spilling clear fluid down the machine in little rivers.

Gonna have to really clean up after this one, Tasha thought, as the blonde turned the controls down. She sat panting for a moment before starting them back up again.

Still not done. A girl after my own heart, Tasha thought, repressing a smile. Glancing at her watch, she saw that they only had another five minutes or so. Upstairs, she could hear the sound of the party going on and could almost feel the anticipation of the women who still wanted a full ride. She could barely stand the pressure between her legs. She was aching to touch her clit. Instead, she crossed one knee over the other, took a shaky breath, and zoomed in on the girl's pussy again.

The wetness all over the machine made it slippery and Holly was fucking it good now, really going for a ride. Her pussy lips mashed against the machine, she rocked on it for all she was worth, tugging and pulling at her nipples.

"Fuck me, yeah!" she moaned, panting. "Fuck that juicy cunt until I come all over you, big boy!"

Her boyfriend is gonna explode when he watches this, Tasha thought, attempting to hold the camera still.

"Oh baby, oh baby, yes, yes, that's so fucking good!" the girl cried in a high, tight voice, her thighs trembling with some unseen effort. Tasha knew the cock up inside her was doing its work, pressing her further and further toward that edge.

"Gonna come for you, baby," Holly moaned, and Tasha nearly gasped when the girl looked straight at the camera through half closed eyes, eyes that seemed filled with more pleasure than one human could possibly stand, and said, "I'm gonna come so good for you, all for you, baby, ohhhhhhhhhh FUCK! NOW!"

And she came again, nearly screaming with her orgasm, her body bucking hard against the machine. The force of it was incredible, and the girl fell sideways onto the table, panting and gasping for breath. The machine was still going, thick with her juices, and she groped for the controls, turning the dials down.

"I think your boyfriend is going to like this tape," Tasha said, pushing the button to stop recording and setting the camera down.

Holly half-smiled, looking at her through dazed eyes. "I hope so. I'll come make one every day for him if he wants me to."

Tasha smiled back. "Welcome to the club."

Chapter Five

Ashley sat and watched the video in silence, her eyes blank behind her thick-framed glasses. Tasha gave her sidelong looks, waiting for some response, some reaction. There was none. When the video was over, Tasha clicked the "stop" button and set the remote down.

"Well, that's it," she said, standing. "Do you have any questions?"

The woman tucked a long strand of brown hair behind her ear, looking up at Tasha. She shook her head and gave her a shrug. "No."

"Okay," Tasha said brightly. "Well, let's just choose an accessory..."

Ashley followed readily enough, staring at the various dildo-shapes. She looked over at Tasha, shrugging helplessly. "I don't know. It doesn't matter."

Tasha frowned, her brow knitting. This woman had been referred by a Club member for a free session (the referral system was working out quite nicely for their business!) but she sure didn't seem very interested.

"How about this one?" Tasha offered, holding up the smallest, least offensive accessory, a ridged, flesh-colored one, only three and a half inches long.

"Okay," Ashley agreed, her dark head nodding, her hair falling into her face.

Tasha chewed on her lower lip as she attached it to the machine, lubricating it as always. The dark-haired woman stood in the corner, hugging her arms.

"You know what to do?" Tasha asked, holding up the controls. "The directions were clear?"

Again, that nod. "I'll be fine."

Tasha nodded, grasping the doorknob and looking at her again. "I'll be right outside, if you need anything. Okay?"

Ashley nodded fast, her hair flying.

When Tasha closed the door, she leaned against it, listening. There was no noise at all. Should I ask her if she's okay? She wondered. This was the weirdest session she had ever had, and that included the two leather-clad lesbians who had joined last week. She'd never seen anyone respond this way, and she thought she'd seen everything from nervous apprehension to eager anticipation.

Then she heard a gentle buzzing from behind the door and relaxed. Ahhh, okay then. She was just... shy? Tasha took a seat outside the door, glancing at her watch. She would give her a warning at five minutes. The hum from behind the door grew a little louder and Tasha smiled. Good... she was getting into it... and yep, that was the sound of the rotation beginning.

After the first introductory party was such a huge success, the next two had been even bigger. Word of mouth was spreading like wildfire, and Tasha was getting dozens of emails a day. She could barely keep up with it all and her day job, too. Max had told her just last week, if it kept up this way, she could kiss corporate life goodbye and do this full time if she wanted. She couldn't imagine anything better.

"Oh... oh... God... what...!" Ashley's voice from behind the door. Tasha cocked her head, listening, waiting. There was a kind of humming that went along with the machine, and she could tell it was Ashley, "Mmmm... mmmmmm...mmmmmmm!" It was sort of a sweet sound, like a little kid eating ice cream and exclaiming its creamy goodness after every lick. Tasha smiled.

"Oooooo wooowwww!"

Wow? Tasha wondered? Or "Ow?" She listened carefully, the sound of the machine growing louder.

"Ohwowohwowohwow!" The words were running together and Tasha still wasn't sure if it was the sound of pleasure or pain. Sometimes it was hard to tell the difference!

"Oh my God! Oh! Something's happening!" The woman sounded panicked and Tasha stood, putting her hand on the doorknob.

"Are you okay?" she called, rapping gently on the door. "I'm here."

"Something's happening!" the woman said again, moaning loudly. "Oh nooo oh what's happening! Please! Help me!"

Tasha opened the door, peeking around to see Ashley sitting completely naked on top of the machine. Her breasts were full and bottom heavy, the areolas dark and enormous, her nipples as large as nickels in the center. They were swaying as she rocked, the dark, thick hair of her pussy glistening, a stark contrast against the flesh-colored strip resting on top of the Sybian. She was still wearing her glasses, Tasha noted with a smile, but her eyes were closed tight behind them.

"It's okay," Tasha crooned, closing the door behind her and coming to stand next to the woman. "It's probably just the first time you're going to have a g-spot orgasm..."

"No," Ashley gasped, reaching out for Tasha and clasping her hand. "I never have... never..."

"Never...?" Tasha let the woman squeeze her hand as she moaned and rocked up on the machine, her breath coming fast and hard. Suddenly, it occurred to her what Ashley was trying to say. "Never... had an orgasm? Ever?"

"Nooooo," Ashley half-moaned, half-lamented, squeezing Tasha's hand in rhythm now. "Never... ever... have... oh my God!"

"It's okay," Tasha murmured, her heart racing as she watched the woman rolling her hips on the Sybian. "Just let it come... let it come..."

"Please!" Ashley moaned, her eyes opening in panic. "Oh, help me!"

Tasha stood on the stool next to the table, bringing her height up, so she was face to face with the dark-haired woman.

What happened next was just instinctive. Tasha cupped the woman's face in her hands, "Ashley, look at me."

Her eyes were beautiful, a deep, dark brown, and full of wonder and not a little fear.

"Good..." Tasha murmured and leaned in to kiss her. It was a soft kiss, just a connection, something to ground her, and it worked.

"Oooooooooohhhhhh," Ashley moaned, relaxing against Tasha, wrapping her arms around her neck. "It feels so good... too good."

"Let it," Tasha whispered into her ear, stroking her hair, the hum of the machine vibrating them both as they embraced. "You're gonna come, sweetie... let it come..."

"Ohhh please," she pleaded, and then her head flew up, her eyes widening and then closing again as she shuddered all over. Tasha held onto the woman as she collapsed against her shoulder again, crying out as her very first orgasm rocked her body again and again. The woman grabbed the controls, turning them way down, her thighs still trembling, a light sheen of sweat glistening on her skin.

"Oh God," Ashley whispered. "I didn't know it would be like that..."

"It just gets better," Tasha assured her, brushing the hair out of her eyes. "Trust me."

The grateful look in the woman's eyes was something Tasha would never forget as long as she lived. Ashley inclined her head and kissed her again, and Tasha smiled.

"Let me show you," Tasha said, turning the controls up again, making the woman moan in response. "A woman's body is an amazing thing... it's about time you got to know yours, don't you think?"

"Yesssssss!" Ashley moaned, her hands moving over her breasts, down her belly, pressing her palm against the dark hair of her pussy. "Ohhhh please, yessss, show me!"

Tasha glanced at her watch and saw that the woman's time was about up. No more appointments today, anyway, she remembered, slowly edging up the rotation, watching the woman's nipples harden.

"Okay," Tasha agreed, running her hand over the same path that Ashley's had taken, down her breasts, her belly, pressing fully over her pussy. "I'll show you."

Ashley's body was trembling so much she could barely keep still. Tasha held onto her, standing on the stool next to the table where the dark haired woman was riding the Sybian. Tasha crooned and cradled her head against her shoulder.

"I can't," Ashley whimpered, shivering all over like someone with a fever. Her body was hot, flushed, like a little heater. Tasha smiled, stroking her hair.

"Yes you can," Tasha murmured, fingering the controls. "Just hold onto me." She had turned them way down after Ashley's first—first ever!—orgasm, giving her time to catch her breath. Now she edged them up a notch. Just the vibration, not the rotation.

"It's like a wave," Tasha murmured into her ear as Ashley squirmed on the vibrating machine and clutched at her. "You just need to learn to ride it..."

Ashley gasped, her hips rocking in spite of her protest. She twisted and rocked, moaning softly and shaking her head. Tasha knew the feeling. You weren't sure if you wanted to try to get away from the sensation or keep going. It was so intense it felt as if your whole body might burst into flame.

"Stay with it," Tasha crooned, stepping back a little to let Ashley ride, but the woman grabbed her, pulling her in tight. "It's okay... I know it's intense."

Tasha started the rotation, just a slow turn, and Ashley's body stiffened in response. Her fingers dug into Tasha's shoulder blades, her breath hot against her neck.

"Please," Ashley begged, and Tasha stroked her cheek, dancing her fingers over her collarbone to find the woman's nipple. Dark and enormous, it was already hard, and Tasha thought it must be sensitive. She was right. The moment she had it between her thumb and forefinger, squeezing and rolling it, Ashley groaned and rocked faster on top of the Sybian.

"Ohhhhh!" Ashley threw her head back, her arms out, arching. Smiling, Tasha fingered her other nipple, pinching the dark, oval areolas gently and pulling forward a little as she squeezed. This made Ashley sigh with pleasure, her eyes closed behind her dark-rimmed glasses.

"Keep riding it... like a wave." Tasha upped both controls, looking down at where the Sybian met the woman's flesh. Her pussy was mashed against the machine, the

thick dark hair beaded with wetness. Tasha reached her hand down and parted the woman's lips with her fingers.

"Oh my God!" Ashley's eyes flew open wide, surprised. Her clit was as tiny as her nipples were large, barely a nub and covered with thick folds of pink. Tasha moved to the front of the machine, using her fingers to spread the woman further, pushing back the hood of her clitoris until she could see that little glistening pearl. She had an urge to kiss it.

"Keep riding that wave," Tasha encouraged, looking up at her, all that long dark hair falling into her face. Ashley was biting her lip, shaking her head, but there was no use resisting. Tasha had been there, too, not wanting it to go on, wanting it to go on forever.

"Oh!" Ashley cried out in surprise as her clit touched the slick, humming surface of the Sybian. "Ohhhhhhhhh!"

Tasha smiled. Ashley was lost. She was really rocking, now, her hips shifting back and forth, her pussy lips completely spread over the surface like the wet wings of a butterfly newly opened and drying in the sun. Tasha kept her fingers there, pulling back all the soft, pink folds of flesh, so her little clit could get the most exposure to the rising hum of the machine.

"Oh that's so good!" Ashley cried, fingering her own nipples now. She mimicked Tasha's earlier motion, her hands cupping their heavy weight, squeezing the areola as she came forward to pinch the nipple. "More... more!"

Reaching for the controls with her other hand, Tasha turned the dials. Up, up, up they went, and Ashley's moan grew louder, her breath coming in fast gasps.

"Again!" Ashley cried, just that one word as her second orgasm seemed to shoot through her like an arrow, driving her body into a tight arch, her toes curling upward as she quivered on top of the machine. Her body turned quickly to jelly again, trembling and nearly collapsing.

Tasha stood quickly, her fingers never leaving the woman's wetness, and came to stand next to her on the stool. Ashley quavered against her, still moaning and twisting on the machine.

"Stay with it," Tasha encouraged her, spreading the woman's lips as she squirmed on the Sybian. "There's more."

"Noooo!" Ashley cried. "I can't, no more!"

Tasha lifted the woman's chin off her shoulder with her other hand, turning her face to hers. God, but her eyes were beautiful. Dark and questioning, searching for something. "Yes... you can."

"Please," Ashley begged, swallowing hard. "I don't think..."

Leaning in quickly, Tasha captured the woman's mouth. It was soft, like rose petals, and she tasted sweet. But this was no little kiss, no brief connection, like before. Tasha's tongue pressed past her teeth, forcing past her resistance. She didn't think, she just acted, her mouth slanting across Ashley's, taking the kiss as the hum of the Sybian rose all around them. Tasha could feel her give, she could actually feel it in the way Ashley softened against her, kissing her back, now, their tongues gently exploring.

"Yes," Ashley murmured as the kiss broke, their eyes meeting. Tasha saw a trust in the woman's eyes that made her heart lurch in her chest. "More... more..."

Ashley's hand slipped behind Tasha's head, her fingers lost in the soft black wings of her short, dark hair as they kissed again. The jolt that went through Tasha was electric and she moaned, unable to help herself. She had spent hours listening to and watching clients ride her machine today, which always left her wet and ready for a ride herself. But now, this quiet, shy woman was kissing her so hungrily it was as if she had never been kissed or touched before, and Tasha couldn't take anymore.

"More," Ashley insisted, breaking the kiss only to say the word before pressing her lips to Tasha's again. Ashley's fingers were moving over Tasha's blouse, her dark little nipples hard and noticeable, even through her bra. What she lacked in experience, Ashley made up in enthusiasm, giving up on the buttons and just pulling Tasha's blouse out of her skirt, shoving her bra up over the soft little mounds of her breasts.

"Oh God," Tasha moaned when Ashley began to finger her nipples.

"So tiny," Ashley murmured, moving back and forth between, as if she were testing them.

Tasha tried to fight the ache between her legs, growing even greater as her nipples were tugged and gently twisted in the woman's fingers. The hum of the Sybian made her ache to climb up on it herself. Could two of them fit? she wondered. Tasha's eyes flew open. What was she thinking!?

"Oh my God," Tasha gasped, breaking the kiss, moving her hand away from the woman's pussy for the first time since she had first touched it. "We can't... I'm sorry... this is..."

Ashley looked her, quizzical, her eyes glazed. She was still rocking on the Sybian, the wetness spreading to her thighs.

"This is very unprofessional," Tasha said, swallowing hard. "I apologize."

The woman's lips curled into a smile. She reached her finger out and touched Tasha's hard nipple through her blouse. "I won't tell."

Ashley pulled her in for another kiss. Tasha tried to resist, and if her skirt had had a zipper that day instead of elastic, she might have been able to, but Ashley's hand had found its way underneath, seeking heat, and found it. There was no thinking anymore after Ashley's hand cupped her mound, rubbing there as they kissed. Resistance was futile. Tasha was lost, too.

"Oooooohhhh!" Ashley moaned against Tasha's mouth, her hand curling into a fist against Tasha's pussy. She was trembling, and Tasha knew she was close again.

"Keep going," Tasha gasped, feeling the woman's knuckles moving over her pussy lips, as if knocking for entrance. "Don't stop... remember, it's a wave..."

"It's so... goooooood!" Ashley shuddered and Tasha's hand crept down again, spreading her lips and exposing her against the machine. "Oooooooooo yeah yeah!"

Ashley came for a third time, wrapping her arms around Tasha and pulling her in hard. The climax seemed to go on and on as Ashley bucked on top of the machine, grabbing Tasha breathless with each shuddering wave.

"Oh hell," Tasha whispered, kicking off her heels and reaching under her skirt, pulling her panties off in a flash. "Want to see if this thing can hold two of us?"

Ashley nodded, still gasping, holding her hands out for her. "Come on."

They tried it facing each other first, but the angle of their legs made it too difficult. The Sybian was going full blast and Ashley was quivering still as the dildo up inside her kept going and going. Tasha swore, climbing down, biting her lip and thinking.

"Ohhh yes," Ashley moaned, leaning forward a little, her hands gripping the front of the machine as she rode. The woman hadn't ever had even one orgasm before she walked through the door, and she was well on her way to her fourth! Tasha, on the other hand, would be happy with just one...

"Ah ha!" Tasha cried, wiggling out of her skirt and pulling her blouse over her head, not even bothering with the buttons. Her bra joined the rest of her clothes on the floor and she saw Ashley's eyes moving over her briefly, lingering at her completely shaved mound, before Tasha mounted up on the Sybian behind her.

"Like a horse," Ashley murmured, reaching behind her for Tasha's arms and wrapping them around her.

"Giddyup," Tasha agreed, cupping the woman's heavy breasts with a sigh. She'd been aching to do that since she first saw them, and the weight of them didn't disappoint her. Ashley shoved forward a little to give her space, although with the dildo up inside of her, there wasn't much wiggle room.

If Tasha hadn't been so narrow, they might not have fit, and she was thankful that Ashley had chosen an attachment that stretched all the way from the front of the machine to the back. She settled her wet, aching pussy over the machine with a happy sigh, fitting her hips against the soft, rounded seat of Ashley's behind.

"You feel good," Ashley murmured as Tasha pressed her breasts into the woman's back and pushed her hair aside to kiss her neck. "Ohhh I like this...!"

"Me, too," Tasha whispered, her mouth moving over the woman's shoulder. They rocked together, their breath coming fast in the little room. Tasha knew it wouldn't take

her long at all to come, at least the first time. Her pussy was humming with pleasure, her belly quivering in anticipation.

"Ohhhh God!" Ashley moaned, cupping her own hands over Tasha's, leaning her head back against the woman's shoulder. "I can't stand it!"

"Yes you can," Tasha insisted, rocking her with her hips, moving her forward and back on the machine as the dildo up inside Ashley's pussy whirled. "Ride with me, honey. You can do it."

"Something inside me..." Ashley whispered, and Tasha could feel the woman's fleshy thighs trembling against slim ones. "Is... is..."

"It's okay..." Tasha bit her lip, rubbing her own clit over the flesh-colored rise between her legs. "It will... feel different... but still really, really... oh God this feels so good!"

"Mmmm!" Ashley turned her head for a kiss, and Tasha obliged. Tasha swore she could feel the electric pulse of their tongues touching down in her pussy, where the Sybian was roaring against her clit.

"Ohhhhh fuck!" Tasha cried, breaking the kiss and gasping against Ashley's neck. "My pussy feels soooo fucking good!"

"Mine toooo!" Ashley's fingers were digging into Tasha's thighs as they rode together, hips locked and thighs spread over the back of the machine. "Oh something's... happening!"

Tasha knew Ashley was about to be carried away by her first g-spot orgasm but her own body was like a runaway train, and she couldn't stop to explain it or prepare

her. All she could manage was, "Hold onto me, baby," as she wrapped her arms around the woman from behind, resting her cheek against her shoulder.

"Ohhhhh yes yes yes!" Ashley moaned, wrapping her arms around Tasha's as she came, her head going back, her long hair spilling over them both. The jolt of Ashley's body against Tasha's, again and again, sent her rocking over the ridge of the machine, her pussy making wet noises as she shoved her hips into the woman in front of her.

"Gonna come," Tasha whimpered, bucking her hips against Ashley's as she did, her orgasm, so long-awaited, hitting like a thunderbolt, rocking them both forward and back in its wake. Ashley held tight, pulling Tasha's arms around her as she came, wiggling her behind against the woman's mound, both of them squirming in an attempt to stay on the machine.

Tasha kissed over Ashley's shoulder and neck again and again in the wake of her own orgasm, still moaning softly at the hum between her legs. She could ride again—she could ride all night, she knew, until she found that place where orgasms peaked over and over in her belly, like one, long continuous thing.

But Max was due home in an hour, and she had to clean up. Groaning, Tasha slid down, reaching for her blouse and the controller at the same time. Ashley sighed when the dials were turned down and then off. She slumped over the machine, still panting.

"Thank you," Ashley murmured, lifting her eyes. Tasha looked into them as she buttoned her blouse, feeling a slow heat rising in her face. My God... what kind of line

had she just crossed? She just nodded, pulling her panties on and searching the floor for her skirt.

Ashley slid the dildo out with a little cry, tumbling off and leaning back on the table on her elbows. Tasha glanced over and saw her pussy, the inner lips red and swollen, a thick, creamy buildup of her juices pooling at the entrance. It was the sexiest thing she had ever seen.

"I'm really..." Tasha gave up looking for her skirt, coming over to stand by the table, her eyes meeting Ashley's. "I haven't ever done that with... a client... or... anyone..."

Ashley nodded, pushing a strand of dark hair out of her face, her eyes large behind the squarish frames of her glasses. "It's okay... I told you... I won't tell..."

Tasha gave her a small smile, her eyes moving down the woman's breasts and belly to rest between her thighs. "I didn't mean for it to happen... you just... you were so..." she shrugged, at a loss for words.

"I liked it." Ashley shifted on the table, her hips moving slightly, and Tasha couldn't take her eyes off the woman's pussy. It was so swollen and pretty... "I'd like to do it again."

Lifting her eyes, Tasha remembered the reason she was here, saying, "Well... there's this club that I've started..."

"No," Ashley cut her off, reaching her fingers down to touch herself, and Tasha's eyes fell there again, like a magnet. Ashley spread it open, easing those thick folds of flesh back a bit at a time and Tasha found herself wondering what she tasted like.

"No?" Tasha managed, the ache between her thighs nowhere near sated.

"I meant, with you," Ashley finished, biting her lip.

Tasha met her eyes... God, those big, beautiful brown eyes. She imagined doing this again and the throb between her thighs thickened. Smiling, her hand covered Ashley's swollen mound and she murmured, "I think that could be arranged."

Chapter Six

Tasha was still amazed at how Max didn't seem threatened at all by the presence of the Sybian in their basement. She was riding it at least three to four times a week now. The more rides she gave out during the week, the more it seemed to call to her. Sitting on the other side of the door listening to the sounds of pleasure emanating from the little room was bad enough, but she was often called in to videotape, which was worse.

On those days, after seeing woman after woman rocking on top of the machine, the images mirroring what she'd been watching on the Internet and the DVDs they'd ordered months ago, her pussy was dripping and aching by the time Max got home for dinner. She could barely make it through the chicken stir-fry and brown rice or whatever she'd managed to throw together before racing back downstairs to the machine.

But Max didn't seem to mind. Probably because her sex drive had increased exponentially. She'd never been a slouch in that department, but now she was a powerhouse, and Max was taking it in stride. In fact, he loved nothing better than to tease her about it. And he was merciless! His fingers would creep up her thigh during dinner, his eyes bright as he pressed them against her panties. He'd just tease her a little, carrying on a normal conversation while she squirmed in her chair and poked rice around her plate, waiting for him to finish.

Today was worse than most, too, because Ashley had come again (oh God, she had come... and come!) and they had ridden double for a while. It was funny, but Tasha couldn't just settle for a five or ten minute ride anymore. One orgasm or two wasn't enough. The amount of pleasure the Sybian was able to give her just kept edging

upward every time, it seemed. Tasha glanced at Max, who was getting another helping, feeling a little guilty. She hadn't told him... Ashley was still her little secret.

"Hey, baby," Tasha said, getting up and putting her plate on the sink—a hopeful hint. "I got a new catalog today that I want to talk to you about."

Max leaned back in his chair, his smile widening. "Uh-oh."

"Look..." She found it in the stack on the counter, coming to slide her chair next to his and opening it beside his plate. "See?"

"You've already got things circled!" he laughed, flipping through. "Whoa... I like this one..."

She glanced at the machine, low to the ground, a thick dildo attached. "They've got *all kinds* of 'fucking machines'... that's what they're called... just think of the variety we could offer!"

He gave her a sidelong look, and then grinned. "We're gonna need a bigger room."

"Well..." She bit her lip and put her hand on his leg, sliding her bottom closer, pressing her thigh against his. "With what we've made from the Sybian alone, I know we can afford it..."

He nodded, back to flipping pages. "Oooo, I'd like to see you on this..."

"Buy me one, then." Her hand slid further up his thigh, seeking the stiff heat between them, and found it. He leaned back a little, taking the catalog with him, as she freed his cock.

"Mmmm yeah..." His voice came from behind the magazine as he looked at women in all sorts of positions, their pussies being filled by various dildos, driven by the force of a machine. "Get down there and suck it, baby."

Eager to comply, she slid down under the kitchen table, tugging his trousers down enough so she could work without restraint. Tasha loved sucking cock, and Max's was the most beautiful and responsive one she had ever had in her mouth. It stood straight up, the length of it nearly touching the underside of the table when it was free, the head a perfect, round mushroom, the thick, veiny length pulsing under her hand.

She wiggled herself between his legs, and he eased his chair back, giving her more room to move. Her tongue traveled the distance between his balls and the tip of his cock in one long, slow, ice-cream lick. He groaned and shifted when she swirled the wet heat of her tongue around the head and then took him into her mouth. She kept her hands on his thighs as she sucked him, working just her mouth up and down his shaft, trying to aim him for the back of her throat.

"Ohhh yeah..." he sighed, tossing the magazine onto the table, his eyes closing, his head going back. If he had to choose just one, this would be the sexual act that he would pick as his favorite, and Tasha had a way with blowjobs, there was no doubt about it. Nothing could beat eagerness and skill put together.

"I wanna go for a ride," she whispered, still teasing the head, probing the hole there with her tongue, tasting his pre-cum.

He smiled, but didn't open his eyes. "Lemme check and see if you're ready..."

Sliding up between his legs, Tasha stood, pulling up her skirt and tugging down her panties. He squeezed the crotch of her panties first, noting the wetness, and then

sought the smooth flesh of her pussy lips. Her labia was already slick with her juices, and the heat of her slit radiated like a little furnace when he spread her lips with his fingers to look at the pink inside.

His finger traced her clit in circles and she moaned, quickly working the buttons on her blouse. Max watched as she unhooked her bra and tugged at her nipples, her eyes half-closed in pleasure.

"Turn around," he instructed, and she did as she was told, spreading her legs and pushing his plate to the other end of the table so she could rest her flushed cheek against the cool surface. Her legs were long and slim, but her pussy lips were fat and swollen under her tight little asshole, so pink at the center with its dark halo border.

"Oh God," she whispered when he pressed his finger against the tight ring of her ass. She spread her legs wider, going up on her toes.

"I brought you a little present," Max murmured, working his finger gently in, twisting it around until she was taking just the tip. "It was delivered to work today."

She glanced over her shoulder at him, her eyes bright. "A new toy?"

Smiling, he stood, removing his finger and pressing the head of his cock against her pussy lips. They parted and his eyes closed briefly as he slid easily into her.

"Max!" Tasha gasped in surprise and arched back against him.

"Just don't want you to forget what that feels like." He winked, sliding his now-slick cock from her and slapping it across her ass.

She moaned. "Not likely."

"Is the Sybian all ready?" His cock head made a wet trail from her asshole to her clit and back again.

"Yes," she whimpered. He pulled her up from the table, his mouth capturing hers, the kiss hungry and eager and promising, their tongues searching for something more.

"Undress," he said, sitting back down in the chair to stroke himself while she slid off her blouse and bra. He unzipped her skirt in back and watched her wiggle it down her hips, teasing him with the sight of her exposed sex. "In my coat pocket."

Tasha dashed toward the living room, clapping her hands, and Max smiled as he loosened his tie, pulling it over his head without undoing it, and working the buttons on his shirt as he stepped out of his trousers.

"Max!" she squealed from the other room and his grin widened as he left his trousers and shirt folded neatly over the chair and started toward the sound of her voice, completely naked now. He hadn't taken more than two steps when she burst through the doorway, holding her new toy in her hand. "I didn't even know they made these!"

"Ready to try it out?" He took the Sybian attachment from her, holding it up in his hand.

"More than ready!" She wiggled herself against him with a mischievous smile, her nipples brushing his chest. "Come on!"

She was bounding down the basement stairs before he could say a word. Max met her down there and she already had the machine placed on the low stool they had rigged up just for their own play sessions. Tasha could sit and ride, and it was at the perfect height for her to take him into her mouth.

"Gimme!" She grabbed the accessory, attaching it to the machine and then kneeling down to study it. The two cock-shaped dildos curved up from the base, one

right in front of the other. The one in back was thinner and had a more angled curve. That was the one that would go into her ass, she knew.

Max had his cock in his hand as he sat in the chair. He would always watch a while first before moving in to join her. Tasha loved looking over and seeing his hand moving up and down the shaft, squeezing the head. It made her mouth water.

She grabbed the big bottle of lube—they had invested in the super sized ones—and squirted a huge glob on the tip of the thinner dildo. She went a little lighter on the other one, because her pussy felt like Niagara Falls already. Straddling the machine, she aimed each of the cocks carefully, lining herself up.

"Oh!" she cried, discovering that the thick one could slide easily into her pussy, but the tight ring of her ass was going to resist the slimmer one, even with all the lubrication she'd used. Just like real anal, she thought with a wince, reaching her hands back and spreading her ass to make some more room.

The cock in her pussy slipped easily as she rocked, slowly easing the head of the slender dildo into her ass. She could feel the stretch, and she bit her lip, knowing if she could just get past... there! The head popped past that tight band of muscle, and then she was home free. Still, she went slow, eyes closed, working it in, inch by inch.

When she opened her eyes, Max was watching her with his cock squeezed hard in his fist. The look on his face was hungry. She knew it wouldn't be long before she had him in her mouth, and she smiled in anticipation.

"How does it feel?" he asked, his fingers rubbing over the head of his cock.

"Fucking fantastic," she gasped, wiggling down onto the base and rubbing her clit over the ridge. If it felt this good now... what was going to happen when she turned the

Sybian on? She wondered. Reaching down for the controls, she started slow, just turning the vibration up a few notches.

Her whole body responded, sinking into the pleasure. She'd been waiting for this all day! She could feel the toy in her ass vibrating, too, sending shivers up her spine. She felt so full, both her pussy and her ass stuffed with a dildo, and the sensation was very different. Tasha took a deep breath and started the rotation.

"Oh God!" she moaned as the cock up inside of her began to move. Only the one in her pussy rotated, but the cock in her ass! It was curved sharply, pressing through the thin membrane and rubbing up against the dildo as it turned inside of her pussy, creating an incredible sensation with every pass.

"Like it?" Max inquired, standing now and walking toward her.

She reached for him, and when he came near, she pressed her cheek against his hip, holding on tight. She rocked against the machine, her mouth making a little pout as she rode, her eyes half-closed in pleasure. Max pressed his cock to her lips and she moaned, taking him into her mouth. If there was anything better than being in her mouth in the first place, it had to be a blowjob from Tasha when she was riding the Sybian.

Normally eager for his cock, she turned into a hungry animal on the machine, sucking and stroking him for everything she was worth. Today was no exception—in fact, she seemed even more excited, moaning around his length, her body bucking against the Sybian.

"Oh God, I love it in my ass!" she groaned, stroking him against her cheek. Her eyes were glazed, and he knew she was close to her first orgasm. "It's so fucking good, baby!"

"That's my girl," he murmured, his fingers moving in the short, black wings of her hair, easing himself back between her lips. He wanted to feel her mouth tighten on him when she came. It wasn't long. Seconds. Her throat vibrated with her moan, her body stiff for a moment and then quivering, her mouth tightening and releasing on his cock like he knew her little pussy was spasming on the machine.

She didn't stop. Tasha had really learned how to ride, and now she was a pro. She had the controls on her thigh, and turned them down to a gentle buzz while she recovered, using the time to give some conscious attention to Max's cock. She licked the head, kissing it, cooing over it as she rode the wave of her orgasm downward.

And then she turned the speed back up again. Just a little. Then a little more. The cock in her ass was fucking incredible! She turned the rotation back up, moaning when the cock in her pussy passed against the pressure of the cock shoved up her ass. Taking Max into her mouth again, she grabbed onto his ass, pulling him in deep, wanting to feel completely filled.

"Oh fuck!" he groaned as she swallowed around his shaft, her throat tightening against the head of his cock. The sensation was beyond words.

She pulled her head back, her eyes wild as she looked up at him. "Fuck my throat, baby... make me gag on it!"

The speed of the machine was moving up again, toward the middle to high range, and she was going for another ride. Max grabbed the back of her head, aiming his cock into her mouth. She took him, sucking greedily at first as he moved in and out, shoving himself between her lips.

"Ah, God, baby, take it!" he growled, thrusting his hips forward and burying his cock into her throat. She did gag, her eyes watering, but she made hungry, eager noises, wanting more. He'd never seen her like this, one hand clutching his ass, pulling him in even harder. Her body was quivering again, and he knew she was coming. He could feel the tightening in her mouth, her eyes closing with it.

He rocked his hips, driving his cock deep, using her mouth like a hot, wet little pussy. Tasha moaned and gagged again, her hand tightening into a fist against his ass. She pulled back for a moment to take a breath, panting, turning the speed down a little, but not as much as before.

She was covered with a fine sheen of sweat, her breasts glistening with it, her tummy, too. Her eyes were dazed, as if she weren't quite really all there, and he knew that she wasn't. She was fiddling with the controls, turning them up again.

Tasha was lost, the heat between her legs like some unquenchable fire, and she kept rubbing and rubbing, trying to put it out. Her orgasms were beginning to come faster, closer, running together, like continuous waves. The dildo in her ass was buried deep, pressing against some magic spot inside of her and she couldn't seem to get enough of it.

Max pressed his cock against her lips again and she opened for him, feeling the thick swell of his flesh in her mouth, her pussy beginning to spasm again with her climax. She tried to hold out, but she couldn't. The machine was relentless, driving her onward, upward, and she came again, Max's cock buried deep in her throat.

"Fuck, Tash!" Max groaned, grabbing the back of her head and thrusting deep. He was coming! The thick, hot surge of it filled her throat and she swallowed around

him, as fast as she could, white fluid dribbling from the corners of her mouth and down her chin. She caught the little flood with her fingers, licking them as he pulled himself out of her mouth with a groan.

"Oh baby," she whimpered, leaning in to him, holding on. "It's so good... I can't stand it..."

"Yes you can," he murmured, letting her use him for support as her hips continued to rock against the Sybian. "Don't stop..."

"Nooooo," she moaned, grabbing his hips and pressing her forehead against the hard muscles of his belly. Her pussy was a wet pulse between her thighs, her ass stretched and taut, the sensation building again... again! "Yes... ohhh yes... yes!"

She kept on riding. It would be another hour before Tasha climbed down, wet and trembling, into her husband's arms.

Chapter Seven

"On your knees, bitch!" Regina, the tall blonde, used just the slight pressure of the leather riding crop on top of Emily's head to send her down to her knees. Tasha only knew Regina's name from the initial paperwork they had filled out in order to join the club. She otherwise might have believed her name was "Mistress," because that's all the other woman, Emily, the little redhead wearing the black leather and chains, called her.

"Yes, Mistress," Emily murmured.

Not that Regina was dressed for the office or anything. She put one thigh-high black vinyl boot heel up on the rung of the stool in the corner, reaching down to unsnap the crotch of her black vinyl leotard. The contraption left her breasts exposed, cinching her already nonexistent waist, and Tasha stared as the crotch of the outfit just popped away to reveal the trimmed blonde hair of her pussy.

"I'll... uh... leave you two alone, now," Tasha murmured, reaching behind her for the doorknob. Emily was kneeling, hands clasped behind her back, head down, breasts pushed forward in the black leather corset she wore. The corset had leather straps that framed her breasts but left them bare and attached to a collar around her neck with silver chains. The collar had a metal ring, and Regina held a leash that was fastened through it.

"No." Regina's voice was firm. "You stay. Sit."

"But—" The redhead glanced at Tasha as she sank into the chair by the door. Regina used the crop again to lead her, turning her head forward.

"Pet doesn't like to be watched, does she?"

"No, Mistress." Emily's head hung down again, her hair hiding her face like an auburn curtain.

Regina smiled. "I know."

Only Emily's eyes moved, glancing toward Tasha. "Please, Mistress... won't you send her out?"

"No." Regina lifted the woman's chin with the end of the crop, looking into her eyes. "You've been a very bad girl, and this..." she nodded toward Tasha in the corner, who was watching with wide eyes. "Is your punishment."

Tasha saw tears—real tears!—well up in the redhead's eyes as she dropped her head again the moment the crop had moved.

"Now... lick." Regina lifted the snap-on crotch of her leotard, using her fingers to spread her pussy lips. Her foot still rested on the rung of the stool, giving Tasha a full view of the woman's sex.

"Yes, Mistress..." The redhead shuffled forward on her knees, leaning in with her tongue outstretched. The only outward sign the blonde gave was a deep sigh and a slight fluttering of her eyelids as Emily began to lick her.

Tasha glanced at her watch. They had paid for two twenty-minute sessions in a row, and now she understood why. Emily's eyes looked up at her "Mistress," her tongue working between the woman's flesh. Tasha thought about the paperwork demanding her attention upstairs as the blonde used the riding crop to direct Emily's head, up a little, then down, her face changing only slightly in response.

"Stop," Regina said, and the redhead moaned softly, easing back, her face wet with the blonde's juices.

"Yes, Mistress."

Regina turned around, planting the impossibly high heels of her boots wide and bent over the stool, looking back at her charge. Using the riding crop again, she lifted the snap-crotch of the leotard free of her ass. "Lick it, bitch!"

"Yes, Mistress." Emily made a little noise in her throat, almost like a purr, and Tasha forgot all about her paperwork as she watched the redhead spread her Mistress' ass with her hands, her tongue sliding between the crack. *Oh my God, she's licking her asshole!* Tasha's breath caught as she watched Emily's tongue flicking around the rosy hole of the blonde's ass, even pressing inward, as if she were fucking her with her tongue!

Regina responded to this, giving a little gasp and a soft moan, her back seeming to arch involuntarily. This increased the redhead's enthusiasm and she made sloppy, wet noises as she tongued her Mistress' asshole, using her hands to hold her cheeks open wide. Tasha squirmed her bottom against the chair, remembering riding the Sybian with the anal attachment, how good it had felt. She and Max had tried anal, but had never ventured this far...

"Good, Pet," Regina breathed, and Tasha saw her slip the riding crop between her legs, using the flat leather end of it to press against her clit. She rubbed it there, faster and faster, as Emily plunged her pink tongue into her Mistress' ass. Regina couldn't hide the sound of breath, coming faster and faster, filling the little room with its pant. Tasha bit her lip and crossed her legs, squeezing them together and feeling that dull ache as Regina arched and began to climax. Her thighs trembled with her orgasm, the crop's tip moving like lightning over her wet, swollen clit. Emily continued to tongue

her Mistress' asshole, licking, sucking, even kissing, until Regina moaned softly and said, "Stop!"

"Yes, Mistress." Her face wet and dripping with the blonde's juices and her own saliva, Emily sat back, clasping her hands behind her, putting her head down. Tasha watched as Regina composed herself, taking a seat on the stool and flipping her long blonde hair over her shoulder as she looked down at the redhead.

"Time for your punishment, bitch," Regina murmured, standing and walking over to where the Sybian waited.

Slapping the back of the machine, she said, "Up!" in a commanding tone, as if she were talking to a dog.

"Yes, Mistress." Emily responded immediately, climbing up and swinging her leg over, like she was mounting a horse. Her legs were spread but she kept her pussy from touching the machine, her thighs trembling with the effort. That's clearly a rule, Tasha thought, watching in fascination as Regina used the riding crop to tease the redhead's fat, pink nipples. The crop slapped the curly red tuft of hair on the top of Emily's pussy, making her jump, and then slid between her clean-shaven lips, parting them, teasing.

"Mount," Regina commanded.

"Yes, Mistress." Emily slid forward on the Sybian, grabbing the dildo and sliding herself slowly down onto the shaft. The look of pleasure on her face that just climbing onto the machine elicited was unmistakable.

Regina took the controls, watching as the redhead settled herself, wiggling down onto the base, pressing the dildo all the way into her pussy. Emily's eyes closed and she bit her lip when the Sybian began to vibrate underneath her, her Mistress turning it

up little by little. Tasha bit her own lip, her hands clasped in her lap as the ride began, her pussy throbbing and beginning to moisten, a Pavlovian response.

"Open your eyes, bitch!" Regina demanded, the crop coming down with a loud slap over the creamy flesh of the girl's behind.

"Yes, Mistress!" she gasped, her eyes flying open.

"She's watching you..." Regina looked over at Tasha, whose eyes flickered between the two of them. "Look into her eyes."

"Yes, Mistress," Emily moaned, chewing on her lip now as she rolled her hips against the machine, her eyes meeting Tasha's. There was a sort of pain there that Tasha couldn't identify—the pain of being seen? But the redhead moaned and rocked on top of the Sybian as Regina turned on the rotation, trying to keep her eyes on Tasha.

"You're a bad girl, aren't you?" Regina brought the crop down over the girl's behind again, making her yelp, her eyes closing involuntarily for a moment.

"Yes, Mistress!" Emily breathed the words, her half-closed eyes focused on Tasha.

"Say it, bitch!" The crop smacked smartly on the redhead's other cheek. From where Tasha was sitting, she could see a fat red splotch on the woman's behind.

"Yes, Mistress! I'm a bad girl," Emily moaned, her smooth, slick pussy lips rubbing against the Sybian's attachment, her clit easing back and forth over the ridge.

"A very bad, bad, girl!"

"She can see what a bad girl you are," Regina murmured, tracing the crop over the redhead's breasts. "Look, she can see how naughty you've been."

Tasha looked between them, eyes wide, re-crossing her legs and squirming against the hard surface of the chair. Emily's eyes were on her, pleading, full of some emotion—*humiliation*? Tasha recognized it with a flush as the woman began to climax.

"Yes, Mistress!" The redhead was coming, the crop lightly slapping at her nipples as she shuddered on top of the machine. "Bad girl, bad girl, bad girl!" she moaned over and over as she bucked on top of the Sybian, her nipples gone from pink to cherry red from the slap of the crop. Tasha swallowed hard, pressing the heat of her own pussy against the chair as she watched.

Regina didn't slow the machine, which kept vibrating under the woman's shuddering thighs, although Emily begged her to. "Please, Mistress, I can't stand it—"

"You can." Regina punctuated her insistence with the crop against the woman's ass. "And you will."

"Yes, Mistress!" Emily's face was pained as the machine hummed under her climax-sensitive clit, the dildo still rotating deep inside her. Regina turned the controls up even further, making the redhead squeal and grab the edges of the machine, digging her nails into the sides. Tasha couldn't imagine having the controls up so high just after orgasming—it would be the equivalent of sexual torture!

She realized suddenly that that was probably the point as the blonde swung her long boot-clad thigh over the machine, saddling up behind Emily. Regina licked her lips, her eyes closing in pleasure as she rocked her clit over the attachment, nudging her hips up until her pelvis was kissing Emily's behind. Tasha wondered if, because the redhead couldn't see her Mistress, Regina was able to outwardly show more pleasure?

"Oh Mistress!" Emily moaned as Regina cupped the redhead's full breasts, pinching her nipples as they rocked together. "Oh God... oh yes..."

The crop was resting on the table, as were the controls. Regina held the other woman in her arms as they rode together, her fingers twisting and tugging at Emily's nipples, making her moan and rock even faster.

"Do you like that big cock up inside your pretty little cunt?" The blonde had her mouth pressed to the redhead's ear. Tasha bit her lip, her own pussy aching to be touched.

"Yes, Mistress!" Emily's hands reached back for the slim woman's thighs, gripping the exposed flesh above the edge of her boots. "Oh God yes, yes!"

"Does it make you want to come?"

"Yes, Mistress! Oh, please, yes!" The redhead whimpered, her head going back against the taller blonde's shoulder. Tasha could see her pussy juices all over the machine, the constant rubbing creating a sticky white froth over the surface.

Regina reached around, searching between Emily's legs, and opened her labia, finding her clit with her finger. Tasha watched as the blonde lifted just a little, breaking contact between the Sybian and the woman's pussy. Tasha could see all the pink folds of flesh and a thick string of her juices running from her pussy to the machine.

"Who does this belong to?" the blonde asked, wiggling her finger over the little bud.

"You, Mistress. It's all yours." Emily moaned, and Tasha saw something that was almost a smile flash over the redhead's lips

"Yes." Regina, satisfied, used her fingers to spread Emily's swollen lips, letting her clit come to rest against the Sybian again. "I'll tell you when you can come."

"Yes, Mistress!" Emily rocked her hips, her hands still gripping Regina's thighs. The blonde pushed her forward with her own hips, seeking more of the vibration along the attachment with her clit, her fingers back to twisting the redhead's nipples.

Tasha squeezed her legs together, feeling the thick pulse of her own pussy. Her nipples were hard under her blouse and she let her hand lightly brush over one as she watched them ride, longing to do more.

"Oh, Pet!" Regina moaned, her eyes closed, her mouth open. They were both breathing hard, their bodies slick with their effort, and Tasha knew just what that felt like and wished Ashley were there. The blonde was close to orgasm and she gripped the redhead tight, burying her face in the woman's hair as she rolled her hips on the machine. "Ohhh fuck, Pet!"

Regina bit down on the Emily's shoulder as she came, her body shuddering them both with the force of it. The redhead gripped her Mistress' thighs, pulling their quivering length closer. Regina moaned softly, kissing the bite mark she had left. Tasha could see it from where she was sitting.

"Oh Mistress..." The redhead was close, Tasha knew the look. She was trying to hold back. "Oh, Mistress, please..."

"Yes," Regina murmured, still kissing the woman's shoulder and neck, her fingers working over her nipples. "Come for me, Pet."

Tasha didn't know how Emily could have stopped it. The force of her climax was tremendous, a sudden flood of fluid rushing between the woman's thighs and over the

machine. Tasha could actually see the muscles in the woman's belly contracting as she came, her whole body arched back against her Mistress.

"Oh, Pet..." Regina sighed, stroking the long, red hair that fell around the woman's face. "You've made a mess all over Tasha's machine."

Tasha met the blonde's eyes and Regina winked at her.

"Yes, Mistress," Emily panted, eyes still closed, belly fluttering.

Regina snatched up the crop and slapped it hard across the woman's breasts, making her squeal in surprise. "I'm afraid I'm going to have to punish you for that."

Emily's eyes met Tasha's, the flicker of a smile on her lips. "Yes, Mistress."

Tasha wondered if she was going to be asked to be present for this second round of punishment. She wiggled in her chair and found herself hoping that she was.

Chapter Eight

"I feel so... exposed." Ashley pulled at the hem of her short silk robe, which only came to mid-thigh.

Tasha smiled, turning from the mirror and brushing her friend's hair back over her shoulder. "You look stunning."

The blush that rose up in Ashley's cheeks made Tasha's knees weak. They had taken six inches off her long, gorgeous dark hair, so now it came just past her shoulders. Tasha had made her start wearing her contacts, too, instead of the clunky glasses—but that wasn't the real change in Ashley. The real change showed in the way she walked, her hips swinging gently, instead of taking those hesitant, shuffling steps. The change showed in how much more she smiled, how bright her eyes were as they followed Tasha around the room.

"You're the one who looks beautiful." Ashley touched the curl along Tasha's cheek, and then pressed her finger to the side of her mouth, rubbing.

"What?" Tasha glanced in the mirror. "Do I have something there?"

"Not yet." Ashley leaned in and kissed her there and Tasha smiled, putting her arms around the woman.

"Are you ready?" Tasha met her eyes, searching. "Don't be scared."

"I can't help it." Ashley took a deep breath. "But you know I'd do anything for you."

So true. Tasha realized it with a little twinge. "Just follow my lead and do what I tell you."

"Don't I always?"

Tasha didn't answer as she pulled the bathroom door open, listening to the sound of laughter and talking coming from downstairs. It had only taken the contractors three months to finish the basement, just double the time of their claim of "six weeks," but now they had several private Sybian rooms, along with the party room—a fully equipped, 25x12 den of pleasure that she and Ashley were about to enter and christen for the first time.

This was Ashley's idea, Tasha reminded herself as they made their way down the stairs. Of course, she knew, if they hadn't been lying in bed together (*our bed—the bed I share with Max...* she pushed that thought firmly away) while Tasha complained about all the extra work she had been taking on, Ashley never would have had the opportunity to offer her help. *She agreed to assist you, not to be your—*

What?

Tasha turned and pulled Ashley into a small room to their right. She pressed her into the door, closing them both in the darkness as they kissed. Ashley moaned into her mouth, her knee rising between Tasha's legs in response, her hands seeking the expanse of skin between skirt and blouse.

"You don't have to do this, Ash, not if you don't want to..." Tasha felt her trembling.

"I want to." Ashley's finger traced up Tasha's spine, pressing their bodies closer. Tasha felt the full swell of Ashley's breasts, her breath coming faster. "It excites me..."

"It excites me, too." Tasha kissed her again, hard, harder, her tongue pressing, forcing her mouth open to taste her more deeply. The thought of watching her ride the Sybian—of course, she'd seen her dozens of times, but never in front of a room full of...

“And then when it’s all over...” Ashley’s tongue flicked the silver hoop in Tasha’s ear. “Max is gone all weekend?”

“I told you.” Tasha felt a twinge of guilt, but the ache between her thighs overrode it. “Business trip.” He didn’t travel often—a few times a year—and the convenience of this trip had been a coincidental gift from the universe, leaving the two women home alone on the eve of their first real sex-machine-party.

“Then I’ll be all yours,” Ashley breathed, her knee pressing higher under Tasha’s skirt, parting her thighs.

Tasha grinned in the dark. “You already are.”

She pulled the door open, going out and expecting Ashley to follow. They passed two more closed doors before they came to the “party” room. The room capacity (taking fire laws into account) was set at twenty, and for the first time, they were completely maxed out. The difference between this party and every other Tasha’d ever held before was that this was the first co-ed venture she’d ever attempted. There were nine men and eleven women, all couples.

The mood of the room was already full of anticipation. The sex machines were each draped with black silk, and there were pillows all over the floor. She had invested in dozens of those “Liberator” wedges, which she and Max had tried out themselves. They certainly lived up to their advertising, lifting her pelvis and offering him much deeper penetration and delicious navigation toward her g-spot. She couldn’t help remembering their “test run” as she saw her neighbor, Chloe, lounging back on one of the wedged pillows with a drink in her hand, talking quietly to her husband.

I already wish I hadn't invited them. Tasha gave Ray a brief smile when he waved, his eyes bright as he sat up next to his wife. She had been careful to keep the traffic to and from the house down as much as she could to hide what she was doing from the neighbors, but Ray had cornered Kim, the young mother who came to ride at least once a week. She was one of Tasha's more timid and gullible customers, and Ray managed to get her to tell him all about The Sybian Club on the way out one Saturday afternoon.

Word of mouth was her best form of advertising, of course—it wasn't as if there was a first (or second) rule of Sybian Club that they not talk about Sybian Club or anything! In fact, Tasha encouraged clients to tell others, but she just wished she could have kept it a little more quiet in the neighborhood. After that, Ray wouldn't leave her alone, asking all sorts of questions about "The Club," until he had finally weaseled his way into an invitation.

Tasha looked around at the other couples. Regina and Emily, the two leather-clad lesbians, had become regular customers. The others were various members of The Club with differing attendance rates. There was Holly, the young blonde who had taped a video for her boyfriend, Rick—he was here to experience her on the Sybian live for the first time. Kim, the young nursing mother, had brought along her husband, Paul. Kim's best friend, Nicki, had brought her husband, Tom.

She felt Ashley's hand squeeze hers and Tasha smiled, a genuine smile this time. Ashley knew about Ray, and the gentle pressure was just a reminder. *I'm here, it's gonna be okay.* Tasha took a deep breath, looking around the room. There wasn't much

interaction between the couples—yet—but Tasha knew Ashley’s demonstration would help change that.

“Can I have your attention, everyone?” Tasha used a switch on the wall to turn down the soft music she had piped in from the upstairs stereo. It was subtle, hardly noticeable until it was gone. All eyes were on them then and Tasha could almost feel the heat of her girlfriend’s flush. “I know you’re all anxious to get started...”

“I definitely am now!” Ray gave a hoot, running a hand over his thinning hair as Ashley slipped the black silk robe off her shoulders and let it drop to the floor. The other couples tittered and chuckled, except for Regina, the tall, blonde lesbian. Her eyes flashed and fixed on him, narrowing slightly. They were all wearing short, silk robes, similar to Ashley’s, only red, and Regina’s eyes fell on the rising hemline of Ray’s as she sneered at him.

Tasha went on as if he hadn’t spoken. “Most of you have been in The Club for a while, but some of you are new, so we’d like to give you a demonstration of how to use the Sybian.” Ashley pulled the black silk covering off the machine on a low table in the middle of the room and swung her leg up over the side to straddle it as Tasha talked, telling them about safety and sanitation. She had already gone over most of it during their informational meeting a week before, but it was good to refresh.

“We have lots of machines for you to try out,” she explained, going around the circle and pulling off the black silk coverings, one by one. There were two other Sybians and four different fucking-machines. There were also various hand-held toys scattered around the room between all of the Liberator wedge pillows. There was also a huge

basket of condoms and tubes of KY lubrication in the middle of the room. Behind her, Ashley sat naked on the Sybian, waiting.

“But the Sybian is still our most popular.” Tasha slapped the back of the machine as if it were the rump of a horse, and the sound made Ashley gasp and Regina chuckle. Tasha’s voice was soft as she spoke just to Ashley, squirting a large amount of KY down onto the shaft. “Up you go.”

Ashley used Tasha’s help to steady herself as she slipped the head of the shaft between her shaved lips. Tasha admired the smoothness of her girlfriend’s skin, remembering how she had shaved her bare just hours ago. Ray gave a low whistle as Ashley sank down, and he craned his neck around his wife’s shoulder to see better. Tasha gave an almost imperceptible shake of her head, her eyes on Ashley’s saying, *Never mind him, I’m the only one here, ride it for me, baby...* And somehow Ashley heard the message, her body slowly relaxing onto the machine as Tasha picked up the controls.

“Those of you who have been riding the Sybian a while know that it takes time to build up to longer and longer sessions.” Tasha turned on the controls, seeing Ashley bite her lip, her eyes closing at the sensation. “So you might get overstimulated very quickly. Here’s how the controls work.” Tasha turned the vibration up slowly to the maximum, making Ashley’s face twist in pleasure. Her eyes flew open when Tasha began to describe the rotation controls, turning that up as well.

“How’s that feel?” Ray called out over his wife’s shoulder. Chloe flipped her long, dark hair over her shoulder and Tasha tried not to smile as the length of it hit him squarely in the face.

“Good,” Ashley whispered too low for him to hear, closing her eyes again and rocking her hips. *Good girl*, Tasha thought, watching her begin to ride it, both controls turned up all the way. She knew Ashley couldn’t hold out for long at that speed, and she was right. Ashley’s back arched, her eyelids fluttered, and Tasha had to restrain a nearly overwhelming urge to reach out and tweak her hard, dark nipples as her body began to tremble with her orgasm.

Ashley grasped the front of the machine, her nails digging into the leather cover, her hips rocking as she came. The room was utterly silent except for the hum of the machine and Ashley’s low, trembling moan. Her head fell forward, her hair still long enough to cover her flushed cheeks and quivering breasts. She gave a sweet sigh as Tasha turned the controls down, and the whole room seemed to sigh with her.

“Any questions?” Tasha met Ashley’s just opening eyes. They were still glassy and far away.

“Can I see that again?” Ray waved his hand, grinning, and Chloe made a hushing noise and pushed his hand back down.

“Now it’s your turn.” Tasha nodded at the machine to the left of the couple. “You can watch your wife take a ride.” She suppressed a smile as Chloe quickly clambered up onto the Sybian. All of the couples were finding a machine, now, and Tasha helped Ashley down, feeling the slight tremble in her limbs still. She turned her face into Ashley’s ear, whispering, “You were incredible,” and enjoyed the flush that spread over her cheeks.

“Now what?” Ashley’s dark eyes said exactly what she wanted to do now, and Tasha wanted it, too—but it would be hours before they could be alone together.

“Now we see if anyone needs our help.” Tasha turned her attention to the room again, picking up Ashley’s robe and sliding it back over her shoulders. Ashley cinched the tie at the waist, still looking flushed, as Tasha went to help Nicki and Tom with the “Red Devil,” named for its red metal base. Next to the Sybian, it was one of Tasha’s personal favorites.

“Have you done anal before?” Tasha knelt down beside Nicki, who was on her hands and knees, Tom behind her, trying to line up the two dildos attached to the machine. Nicki nodded, tucking her short, blonde hair behind her ears and biting her lip, gasping as Tom flipped the switch, pressing both of the shafts forward against Nicki’s flesh.

“Whoa there, big guy.” Tasha quickly turned it off again, winking at Tom. “Best way to do this one is to have her ease back on it first, before you flip the switch...” Tasha’s hands moved over the red silk of Nicki’s robe, grasping the woman’s slim hips and encouraging her to press backward. “Hand me that tube of KY, Tom.”

Tasha noticed, when he bent to grab a tube of gel, that his other hand was occupied—grasping the stiff length of his own cock under his robe. She squirted more lubrication onto the thinner dildo at the top of the machine and pushed Nicki’s robe up higher so she could squeeze the gel down the already slick crack of her ass.

“Cold!” Nicki gasped, pressing her cheek to the pillow beneath her. She was propped up nicely with the wedges, her knees open, her hips tilted at the perfect angle.

“Come on back, sweetie.” Tasha dropped the KY tube to the floor and found Nicki’s hips again with her hands, using her thumbs to spread the cheeks of the woman’s ass wider. Nicki groaned softly as the head of each shaft probed her flesh

The larger dildo on the bottom split the naturally blonde curly hairs of her pussy lips, sliding easily through the wet passage. The dildo pressing against her asshole, though, met with more resistance and Nicki closed her eyes, her face twisting as she trembling further and further back.

“That’s it,” Tasha urged, her eyes meeting Tom’s over his wife’s exposed behind. He licked his lips and swore softly when he looked down at where the two cocks impaled both of Nicki’s holes. She was halfway down each of them, now, and the sight of her was clearly exciting to her husband, whose cock was leaking a long, shining strand of pre-cum from the tip.

“Now, you can turn it on, Tom.” Tasha nodded at the machine. “Sloooowww...”

He abandoned his hold on his cock to turn the dial on both of the controls up just one notch. The machine hummed to life, slowly pistoning the dildos in and out of Nicki’s pussy and ass. She moaned, her eyes fluttering closed as the machine continued its motion. Tom turned it up another notch, his eyes bright as he watched his wife get fucked.

“You like that, baby?” His hand moved over her behind, spreading the crack with his thumb and finger as the thinner dildo worked its way deeper into her asshole.

“Yes!” She gasped and moaned, tugging at her robe as he turned it up again, yanking at the material, trying to get it off. Tasha helped her slip it off her arms and shoulders, leaving her naked and exposed, her breasts swaying beneath her as Nicki began to fuck back toward the machine.

“Hand me that toy.” Tasha pointed toward a finger-vibe resting next to the machine. Tom handed it over and Tasha turned it on with a smile. “Which hand do you

masturbate with, Nicki?” The woman’s eyes barely opened, and she held out her right hand, making low noises in her throat as the machine continued to fuck her. Tasha slipped the finger-vibe over her right index finger and guided Nicki’s hand between her legs.

“Ohhhhhh my God!” Nicki bucked as she started to rub her clit with the vibrator. Tom groaned as he watched her, stroking his cock faster under his robe. His wife was completely lost in the sensation, moaning and rocking back against the machine. She complied, though, when he knelt in front of her, lifting her head so he could ease his cock between her lips.

“Oh fuck, baby!” He groaned when she began to suck him greedily, the motion of the machine rocking her mouth onto his cock. “That’s so good!”

Tasha smiled, standing to survey the scene in the room. The sounds of sex were everywhere. Kim, the young mother who had spilled all of the detail of the Sybian Club to the neighbors, was riding a Sybian while her husband stood beside her, stroking his cock against her tongue.

She was a skilled rider—had built up to a long, twenty-minute sessions in the time she’d been coming to The Club—and her large, full breasts swayed as she rocked on top of the machine, thick, white drops of breast milk flooding down her belly. Her husband, Paul, was feeding his cock down her throat, every now and then dipping down to rub the head against her fat, wet breasts and then putting it back into her mouth again. Tasha noticed Tom watching them, too, his eyes following the milky rivers down her flesh as he pumped his cock deeper into his wife’s mouth. She smiled and wondered how long it would take for them all to decide to start switching partners.

That's when she noticed that some partner-swapping had already occurred across the way. It was no surprise that tall, lithe Regina had restrained redheaded Emily to their one and only bondage fucking machine—the aptly named “Bitch Tamer.” Emily was down on her knees, her neck in a doggy style stockade, her wrists restrained to the metal bars of the machine on the floor. The dildo pounded her from behind as Regina stood back and watched.

“Suck that monster cock, you little bitch!” Regina snapped, her hand coming down on Emily's behind, leaving a red handprint. Emily gasped and went to work between the man's legs. Tasha recognized him as young Holly's husband, the one she had made the videotape for. Now lucky Rick was getting his cock sucked by a bound lesbian while watching his young wife ride the Sybian beside her. Tasha noticed Rick's eyes were on his wife, her long, almost-white blonde hair covering her face and breasts and she rocked and rolled her hips on top of the Sybian.

“I'll make you suck every cock in this room if I see you looking at another pretty shaved cunt again!” Regina's hand came down on Emily's red behind again, making her gag on Rick's shaft.

“Yes Mistress!” Emily managed to choke out. He groaned, the tattoos on his forearms flexing as he thrust deeper up into her throat.

So that's it—cock sucking as punishment. Who would have thought? Tasha watched as Regina's fingers probed into her own blonde fuzz, her fingers pressing deep as she watched the scene before her. Emily must have been watching Holly and Rick, Tasha surmised. And most likely, the redheaded lesbian's focus had been on Holly's completely shaved little pussy. *Not that I blame her.* Tasha watched Holly rub her

smooth, swollen lips back and forth, the Sybian's instrument splitting their slickness as she rocked. But clearly Regina had thought the admiration deserved some sort of punishment. *Never would have thought to make her suck cock though*, Tasha mused, watching as Rick groaned and leaned back, giving into the blowjob completely. *Leave it to Regina...*

"Tasha!" The hiss of Ashley's voice pulled her away from the scene and she looked to where her neighbors were trying out the "Robocock"—one of their more basic fucking machines. Chloe was on her hands and knees, her long, dark hair, so black it was almost blue, hung in her face as the machine worked smoothly in and out of her pussy. Ray was standing behind, cock in hand, but he seemed more interested in Ashley than watching his wife get fucked.

"Ray here had a question about the machines." Ashley backed away from him and edged around Tasha as she came near.

"Yes?" Tasha was careful to be polite but a little distant.

"I was just wondering if you had one that could...." Ray glanced over at Ashley, his eyes glinting behind the round frames of his glasses. "Do two cunts at once?"

"Ohhhh God!" Chloe arched her back, her dark hair swinging up over her shoulder, her face screwing up as she came. She was quite a pretty woman, Tasha noticed, her body like a dancer, long and lean and small breasted.

"I don't have one," Tasha replied as Chloe pulled away from the machine, the pumping dildo still wet from her orgasm. She collapsed, gasping, onto the floor, her eyes glazed, her chest heaving. "But I'm sure they make one."

"Oh my God!" Chloe sat up on her elbows, still panting. "I want one of these!"

“Well, maybe Tasha will let us come over and test the equipment.” Ray cleared his throat and grinned, nudging Tasha with his elbow. “Us being neighbors and all.”

“You can join The Club.” Tasha raised her eyebrows at him, glancing at Ashley and rolling her eyes. “Just like everyone else.”

Chloe climbed back onto the Sybian next to them, the one she had vacated to try the Robocock. She had taken off the g-spot attachment, and just had the clitoral stimulator attached. They watched her turn up the controls, moaning as she rocked on top of the machine, her thighs flexing with her movements.

“I wonder what Mrs. Ryan across the street would think about this whole operation you’ve got going?” Ray took off his glasses and used the tail end of the tie to rub them, giving Tasha a long look. Mrs. Ryan ran a bible camp at her home in the summer where she indoctrinated children for what she called “The Army for God.”

Tasha opened her mouth to respond, but Paul’s voice calling her name distracted her. “Can you help us with this one, Tasha?” He and Kim were at the “Red Devil” now, while Nicki and Tom had moved on to the Sybian in the middle of the room.

“Excuse me.” Tasha refused to meet Ray’s eyes again, but she felt them on her as she moved to the other side of the room.

“She’s never tried anal before.” Paul glanced up at Tasha as she approached the couple—Kim on her hands and knees, the double dildos aimed and poised.

Tasha knelt beside Kim, frowning. “Are you *sure* you want to do it this way for your first time?” She studied the angle of the machine, the tenseness of the woman’s muscles. “Sometimes real flesh can be a little more forgiving than a dildo...”

“No, I want to.” Kim turned her face to look at Tasha, her eyes half closed. “Nicki made this one look soooo good...”

“Okay...” The couple had changed the dildos (Tasha had them color coded for each subsequent use) per her sterilization requirements. Tasha grabbed a bottle of KY and squirted it down the crack of Kim’s bottom. It slid over the smaller dildo pressed against her asshole and dripped down to the one sliding into her pussy. “Paul, rub that in.” Tasha was careful not to touch her, but Paul’s fingers worked the lubrication around his wife’s perineum, making her moan. She gasped when his fingers probed around the slim dildo pressing into her ass.

“You have to go slow and easy...” Tasha instructed, her hands on Kim’s hips. “Take it at your own pace.”

Kim’s flushed face rested on her crossed arms as she wiggled back, arching. The larger dildo slid easily between the trimmed, brown hair of her pussy, but the smaller one didn’t seem to want to pass the virgin hole of her ass. Tasha saw how tense her body was—the tremble and quiver in her thighs and belly. Her face was twisted, as if she were in great pain.

“Relax,” Tasha murmured, stroking the woman’s hair, touching her cheek. “Open your mouth...”

“My mouth?” Kim blinked at her, frowning.

“All our orifices are connected.” Tasha smiled, licking her own lips. “Open your mouth and make a low noise... so low you can feel it in your belly.”

Kim closed her eyes, flushing, clearly embarrassed, but she did what she was told. Her mouth opened in a little “o” and she made a soft sound, a little moan.

“No, honey.” Tasha shook her head, pressing her hand against the woman's lower belly, resting right above her c-section scar. “I want the sound to come from here... wayyyy down here. Come on...”

Kim moaned again, lower this time, her body trembling still as she pressed back—but the quiver was less, and Tasha smiled as she saw the dildo slip half an inch into her little asshole. Paul saw it, too, his eyes widening in surprise.

“Do it again,” Tasha murmured, stroking the smooth roundness of Kim's behind. “Lower... louder...”

“Ohhhhhh goddddd!” Kim groaned, low and long, easing back towards the machine. The KY pooled around the dildo's shaft as it slipped past the taut ring of Kim's asshole. She panted and gasped, her eyes fluttering open just for a moment, her face scrunched somewhere between pleasure and pain.

“Easy, easy.” Tasha's hand pressed the woman's lower back, watching her muscles tense and release, quivering with sensation. “Relax, Kimmie, it's okay...”

Paul's eyes widened as Tasha leaned over to turn on the machine. He looked concerned, but Kim nodded when Tasha asked if she was okay, giving her the go-ahead. A low hum began as the pistons pumped each dildo in a slow, shallow rhythm.

“Oh. My. God.” Kim's fingers had already found her clit, rubbing faster as the machine picked up speed. Tasha followed her, turning the dials higher as Kim stroked her clit, both of them moving in sync, riding upwards in a furious rhythm. “Yes, ohhh yes! Faster! Harder!”

Glancing down at the controls, Tasha saw she could only bump it up one last notch, and so she did, hearing Kim squeal in response. The woman reached back

blindly for her husband. Paul watched, wide-eyed, his erection tenting his robe, and was slow to respond to her plea. "Fuck! Paul! Come here!"

He moved in, kneeling beside her, glancing over the glistening small of her back at Tasha on Kim's other side. He'd clearly never seen his wife in such a state, and the look on his face was caught between shock and excitement.

"Ohhhh God, that feels so good in my ass!" Kim moaned, reaching over to grasp her husband's cock. His eyes widened in surprise and he gasped as she tugged on it, twisting with her hand. "Come on, baby, I want that cock in my mouth!"

He groaned, unable to resist her insistent pull. Tasha watched as Kim devoured his cock, moaning around the shaft as she took all of him in. He wasn't as big as Max, or even Holly's Rick, but he wasn't small either, and still she managed to take him all the way down to the base.

"God damn!" His hand grasped her hair, pulled back into a ponytail, like a handle, working himself into her mouth.

"Paul," she gasped, her eyes meeting his as she looked up at him. "Lick me... God, please! Lick my pussy!"

He didn't need to be asked twice. Tasha watched him maneuver himself underneath her, pulling the pillow wedge out and replacing it with his own body. The machine was at a good angle, and she didn't have to move at all for him to reach her pussy with his tongue. Kim continued to work his cock with both her hand and her mouth, and Tasha noticed that the pillow, which had rested underneath her, was soaked with breast milk. It was now running in white streams down Paul's belly and sides.

“Oh fuck!” Kim pumped his cock against her cheek, gasping and writhing on top of him as the machine continued to fuck her. Tasha sat back on her heels, her breath coming in short gasps, feeling her own pussy spasming involuntarily in response as she watched. “I’m gonna come, baby! In my ass! In my ass!”

There was no stopping it, and Paul groaned and shuddered beneath her, filling her pumping hand with a stream of white hot cum. Tasha saw it flood against Kim’s cheek and mouth, her eyes closed as she lost herself in her own orgasm, quivering and bucking on top of him.

It was hard for Tasha to tear herself away, but the sharp sound of Regina’s voice across the room drew her attention. “Listen, pal, I think you need to learn that when a woman says no, she actually *means no!*”

“Come on, I was just playing around.” Ray put his hands up in a warding off gesture as Regina took a step toward him. Ashley stood behind her, holding her robe tightly around her, and Tasha could see, even from this far away, that she was trembling.

“Trying to stick your dick into someone without permission—that’s called rape. Didn’t they teach you that in asshole school?” Regina was trembling, too, Tasha saw—but it wasn’t fear that flashed in the blonde’s eyes, it was anger.

Uh oh. She was going to have to head this off, and quick.

“Is everything okay?” Tasha slipped her slender frame between Regina and her neighbor, grasping Regina’s clenched fist and squeezing gently.

“I think Raymond and his wife were just leaving.” Regina’s jaw worked as she spat the words in his direction. Tasha was surprised to see Chloe still riding the Sybian.

“Yeah, okay, we’re leaving.” Ray’s eyes narrowed as he looked at Tasha. “I don’t want to be part of this little perverted party, anyway.” He stalked over to where his wife was rocking back and forth on top of the Sybian and grabbed her arm, hauling her upward

“Hey!” Chloe’s eyes flew open in surprise. “Ray! Wha—?!”

“Shut up.” He steered her toward the door by her elbow. “Get your damned clothes on.”

Tasha looked between Regina and Ashley when the door closed behind them, blinking fast. “Well... that was interesting.”

“He tried to—” Ashley started, but Tasha held up her hand.

“I know.” Tasha shook her head and sighed. “He’s an ass. I shouldn’t have invited him.”

She turned toward the door with another sigh, heading after them in hopes of repairing the damage, all the while knowing it was impossible. She had a sudden, sinking feeling there were going to be consequences to this night—perhaps bigger ones than she could even imagine.

Chapter Nine

“What a night!” Ashley collapsed onto the couch, putting one leg up over the arm.

“A good one though...” Tasha peeked out the front blinds as the last couple— young Holly and Rick—pulled out of the driveway.

“Is it going to get better?”

Tasha smiled, glancing over her shoulder at the way Ashley’s black, silk robe parted over her thighs, exposing her shaved pussy. Tasha knew she had to be just as wet and excited from the night of watching all of the couples have sex as she was.

“This is the best part.” Tasha slowly unbuttoned her blouse as she advanced, watching Ashley’s eyes grow hungrier with every step. She peeled it off her shoulders and let it drop to the floor. Her bra was a front hook, and Ashley gave a little sigh when Tasha dropped that to the floor, too.

“We should really clean up.” Ashley’s eyes followed Tasha as she sank to her knees and began to kiss her way up her warm, shapely thigh.

“That’s what I’m doing...” Tasha could smell her, and she felt lightheaded when Ashley shifted, her lips parting slightly, revealing a flash of deep pink.

“Wait.”

Tasha groaned as Ashley covered her mound with her hand. Her nose brushed against knuckles instead of meeting the soft, wetness she’d expected.

“What about your neighbor?”

“Ray?” Tasha sighed, sitting back. She’d kicked her heels off when the last couple left, and was now just wearing her skirt and panties. “I don’t know... I think it’ll be okay.”

Ashley sat forward, her eyes searching, and Tasha looked away. “Liar.”

“I guess we should go clean up.” Tasha stood, picking up her blouse and shrugging it back on. She didn’t want to think about the way her neighbors had stormed off in the middle of the party—and she definitely didn’t want to think about the veiled threats Ray had thrown on his way out the door. According to him, he was going to call everyone in town about her “perverted sex club” and “shut her down faster than a whore house in the Vatican.”

“Hey...” Ashley caught up with her downstairs, tugging at her sleeve. “I didn’t mean to—”

“Don’t worry about it.” Tasha gave her a smile, one she hoped looked genuine and a lot less anxious than she felt. “Help me clean up?”

The room was a mess. Someone had stepped (or laid on?) an open tube of KY, and Tasha wasn’t sure how to get it out of the carpet. There were empty condom wrappers scattered all over the floor—the couples’ inhibitions had waned as the night went on, and a great deal of partner swapping had gone on. All of the toys had to be sterilized and each machine wiped down. She was almost tempted to just leave it until the morning.

“Ew!” Ashley held up a used condom, making a face.

Tasha laughed. “At least it’s knotted.”

They worked well together, cleaning up the entire play room in less than half an hour. Tasha was still topless, and she noticed Ashley watching her several times, her eyes focused on Tasha’s chest. Of course, Ashley was wearing only her short silk robe,

and Tasha had been stunned by the site of her friend bending over a few times, her legs slightly parted, her recently shaved lips still swollen and glistening.

When they were finished, Tasha tossed three big pillows in the middle of the room, next to the Sybian set up there, and collapsed onto them. "I need a shower!"

"No point in that..." Ashley eased herself down next to her, resting her head under Tasha's chin. "Yet."

Tasha smiled, stroking Ashley's thick hair. "No? Did you have something... dirty in mind?"

"Mmm hmm." Ashley's fingertip began to trace around Tasha's tiny, dark-tipped nipple. "Something messy... and sticky... and sweaty..."

Tasha sighed happily, closing her eyes as Ashley's mouth fastened itself to her breast. Her tongue was like velvet, coaxing her nipple to hardness and beyond as she drew it deep into her mouth, suckling like a baby. Tasha could even hear her swallowing. Ashley shivered when Tasha pulled the tie on her robe, opening it to reveal Ashley's lush curves and soft flesh.

"God, you're beautiful," Tasha murmured as Ashley licked her way to the other breast, her leg moving over Tasha's, her pussy hot and wet, riding up and down Tasha's thigh. The robe was easy to slip off Ashley's shoulders, and Tasha's hands roamed over the woman's flesh, feeling goosebumps rising under her fingers.

She stopped Ashley when she started kissing her way down toward Tasha's navel, smiling and shaking her head. "No, baby. You first."

"Me?" Ashley gasped as Tasha rolled her to her back, sitting astride her and capturing her mouth. The kiss was hot and wet, and Tasha felt Ashley melting against

her, giving into the sensation, aching for more. Ashley's hands slid up Tasha's bare thighs, up under her skirt, finding the wet crotch of her panties and rubbing.

"I'm so wet for you, baby," Tasha admitted, flicking her tongue over Ashley's fat, dark nipple. "I nearly came just watching you ride tonight. You were so incredible."

"I was?" Ashley squirmed as Tasha's tongue moved to the other nipple, wetting it thoroughly with her tongue.

"You always are." Tasha stood, planting a foot on either side of Ashley and slowly unzipped her skirt. Ashley's eyes followed its path down Tasha's slim hips and she helped her take it off, tossing it aside. Tasha's panties were sheer and black, the crotch a thin mesh which kept none of the moisture in. Her thighs glistened with her juices and she spread it with her fingers as Ashley watched.

"Look, baby," Tasha urged, hooking her thumbs in her panties and pulling them down. "Look what you did to me." Her fingers eased her swollen lips apart, showing Ashley the deep, pink inside flesh of her pussy, slick with her juices. Ashley groaned as she watched Tasha circle her clit and then slid two fingers inside of herself, pumping them slowly in and out.

"Oh God," Ashley squirmed as Tasha walked slowly upward and then squatted above her, pussy splayed, fingers shoved deep.

"Look at that," Tasha teased, fingering herself faster, her thumb tickling her aching clit. "You did that... watching you come, baby... God I love you coming..."

"Me, too," Ashley smiled, reaching her tongue out toward Tasha's slit.

"Nuh-uh." Tasha stood, taking her fingers out and licking them, savoring the taste of herself. "You first."

She settled herself between Ashley's legs, kissing and nuzzling the incredible softness of her inner thighs. The smell of her was intoxicating, making Tasha hungry to taste her, but she took her time, teasing her swollen vulva with kisses and tiny licks, making Ashley quiver and moan in frustration. Tasha knew she was excited, and it wouldn't be long before she was coming, so she wanted to make it last.

"Please!" Ashley begged, reaching for her, pressing her hips up.

Tasha smiled, giving her a sweet but brief kiss on her clit. "Tell me."

Ashley moaned, closing her eyes. "Lick it... please... lick me..."

"Tell me dirty." Tasha bit her lip, her eyes bright as she saw Ashley's fly open. "Come on, do it... as dirty as you can get..."

"Lick my..." Ashley swallowed, her eyes wide. "Oh God..." Her voice dropped almost to a whisper. "Lick my cunt."

"Mmmm." Tasha rewarded her with her tongue, easing it wetly back and forth over Ashley's swelling clit. "Tell me again... louder..." She kept her tongue there, pressing, promising more.

"Ohhhh!" Ashley's hands cupped her own breasts, tweaking her nipples as she rocked her hips. "Lick my cunt, baby... please please..."

"Mmmm hmmm!" Tasha's tongue flickered back and forth, making Ashley rock faster, her fingers twisting her nipples now. She knew it wasn't going to be long, and she stopped teasing altogether, fastening her mouth to Ashley's pussy and lashing her tongue over it again and again.

"Tasha, Tasha, Tasha," Ashley moaned, hips rising with the sensation, her thighs quivering. "Take it, baby, oh God, please, don't stop!"

“Nn-nnn,” was all Tasha could manage, her eyes on Ashley’s face, watching the pleasure move there.

“Ahhhhh God!” Ashley tugged and twisted at her nipples, beginning to shudder with her orgasm “Ohhh my cunt, oh baby, it’s so good, make me, make me, ohhhh coming baby, baby!”

Tasha grabbed Ashley’s bucking hips in both hands, burying her face in her wetness, sucking her throbbing clit deep. She could feel Ashley’s whole pussy pulsing with her climax against her tongue, her lips, her chin, Ashley’s cunt clamping down with each quivering wave, drawing her in.

“Oh God,” Ashley moaned, reaching for her, and Tasha kissed her way up her trembling body. “So good,” Ashley whispered, her hands moving through Tasha’s short, dark hair as she nuzzled her way up Ashley’s breasts. “Oh baby, I love...” Tasha looked into Ashley’s dark eyes, her breath caught. “... your mouth...” They kissed, slowly savoring the taste of pussy between them, licking each other’s lips, lost in each other’s softness.

“Your turn?” Ashley murmured, reaching a hand down to cup Tasha’s mound.

Tasha smiled. “I want to go for a ride with you.” Ashley groaned as Tasha reached for the Sybian controls beside her. “Go get the long g-max, baby, and let’s get up on that bad boy.”

Ashley went over to the cupboard, getting one of the g-max attachments. Instead of penis-shaped, it was rounded and ridged, made to give complete g-spot stimulation. The “long” that Tasha had referred to was not the g-max itself, but the flesh-colored rubber rise it rested on, which spanned from the front of the machine to the back. It

would allow both of them to spread their lips over the flesh-colored vibrating rise, while one of them slid the g-max attachment inside.

Ashley fastened the attachment onto the Sybian. "Ready?"

"My pussy can't wait." Tasha slipped her leg over the machine, rubbing the g-max against her hole. She would normally use lubrication, but she had been thinking about this all night, watching everyone else get off, and she was sopping wet. The g-max slid in deep and easy and she sighed softly as she settled onto the machine.

Tasha looked up at Ashley, "Come on, baby, climb on and ride with me."

Ashley swung her leg over from behind, as if they were both sitting on the saddle of a horse, moaning as Tasha turned on the controls, making the flesh-colored ridge vibrate between their legs. Tasha wrapped Ashley's arms around her from behind, snuggling back against her luscious body, their thighs sliding together as they rocked back and forth on the machine.

"You do me," Tasha murmured, handing the controls to Ashley, who slowly started the g-max attachment rotating. Tasha moaned as it began to move inside of her, the combination of the vibration and rotation almost too good to bear. She leaned her head back against Ashley's shoulder, arching her back as the machine did its work, making her pussy hum with pleasure.

"Faster?" Ashley whispered, already turning the knob. Tasha groaned, nodding, rolling her hips in circles, mimicking the machine's motion. She was riding the wave now, higher, higher, letting it take her.

"Ahhhhh God!" Tasha cried as Ashley turned up the speed again, both vibration and rotation. Ashley's hips rocked faster and faster, riding the machine, wet with her

juices. Tasha heard Ashley's breath coming faster, felt her nipples hardening against Tasha's bare back.

"Feel good, baby?" Ashley asked, maxing it out now and tossing the controls aside. She cupped Tasha's breasts in her hands, rolling her nipples.

"Ohhhh fuccckk!" Tasha moaned, quivering all over at the extra push Ashley's fingering of her nipples gave her toward climax. "Baby, I'm gonna..."

"Yeah," Ashley whispered, urging her on. "Come on. Do it."

"Oh God, I—"

"Uh-huh." Ashley shoved her hips forward against Tasha, rocking them both.

Tasha's hands covered Ashley's, cupping her breasts. "Fuck, it's—"

"That's it!"

Tasha felt it coming, everything at once, the g-max spinning deep inside of her, the sweet vibration against her clit. "Ohhhhh Ashley, it's soooo—"

"That's right, all for me, come on, give it to me." Ashley fingered Tasha's nipples faster, making her moan and gasp.

"Yesssss!"

"Now, baby!" Ashley urged, thrusting her hips into Tasha's, driving her onward.

Tasha shuddered with pleasure "Yes! Now! Now!"

Ashley held her tight, moaning. "NOW!" They both went over the edge together, a quivering mass of flesh on top of the Sybian as they rocked together, reveling in their own pleasure and each other's. Tasha panted, gasping, wrapping Ashley's arm around her as she began to slide herself off the g-max attachment.

"No," Ashley whispered, holding her down, holding her tight. "No, don't stop."

“But, oh... God... I...” Tasha swallowed hard, the sensation of the machine, still going full blast inside of her, was too much.

“Come on, baby, keep going,” Ashley encouraged, rocking her hips, licking the sweat from Tasha’s neck. “I know you can... for me... come on...”

“Nnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn.” Tasha shook her head, twisting in Ashley’s arms, trying to get away, but it was no use. They were stuck together, sweat and sticky juices cementing them together on the machine as Ashley nudged them with her relentless hips, again, again, again...

“Ride it, Tasha.” She raked her teeth lightly over Tasha’s shoulder, nipping. “Ride it again.”

“I... ohhhhh fuckkk!” Tasha felt her body giving in, the g-max finding that spot, that glorious spot, driving her on.

“That’s so good, oh, baby, my pussy feels so good...” Ashley slipped her hand down between Tasha’s legs, opening her pussy lips so the vibration was directly against her clit.

Tasha gasped, spreading her legs in spite of herself. “Yess...”

“You feel so good...” Ashley’s hair fell thick over Tasha’s shoulders as she held on, leaning forward, riding hard now.

“Oh! Oh! Oh!” Tasha reached back and grabbed Ashley’s thighs, her nails digging in.

Ashley hissed and squirmed behind her. “Oh Tasha, baby, I’m so close!”

Just the sound and feel of her pushed Tasha past her edge. “Yes, yes, me too, oh fuck, again, again!”

The machine shook it from them both, their soft moans and cries filling the room as they both came, shuddering together in a wet puddle. Ashley bit Tasha's shoulder so hard she would have teeth marks there for a week, but neither of them paid any attention as they rocked together, holding onto each other and trembling with pleasure.

Their pussies each made a wet, sucking sound on the machine as they rode it, pushing each other higher and higher.

Finally, Tasha eased forward with a groan, climbing off the spinning g-max and crawling off the machine.

"Wait." Ashley grabbed Tasha's hand as she reached for the controls. "Don't." She turned only the rotation off for a moment as she slid her own pussy down onto the g-max attachment, still slick and glistening with Tasha's cum, and then she starting easing it back up, turning the knob higher and higher still.

"Oh God," Ashley whispered, maxing it out, rolling her hips on the machine. Her eyes opened and Tasha laid there watching her, eyes wide. "Come on. Get on behind me."

Tasha couldn't resist the sight and sound of her up on the machine. Her body still trembling with her climax, she swung herself up behind Ashley, settling her swollen, aching pussy down onto the fleshy ridge with a soft moan.

"Hold me." Ashley murmured, grabbing Tasha's hands, pulling her arms around her waist. Tasha held on tight, letting Ashley lean back against her as she rode the machine. "Oh yeah... oh my God, yeah."

Tasha slid her hand down, cupping Ashley's mound, feeling the vibration there, knowing the g-max was rubbing deep inside her, round and round, over and over. "Oh Ashley... oh baby, I love your pussy..."

"Yes." Ashley rolled her head back against Tasha's shoulder, eyes half closed. Tasha kissed her cheek, the corner of her mouth, cupping her heavy breasts in her hands. Ashley let herself go in Tasha's arms, knowing she would hold her, and she did.

Tasha buried her face in Ashley's dark hair, murmuring, "You're so... oh.... I love you so much."

"Oh God, Tasha." Ashley stiffened in Tasha's arms for a moment, her eyes flying open.

"I love you," Tasha whispered again, kissing her, murmuring over and over, "I love you, I love you..."

Ashley moaned, her thighs quivering, her body strung taut. "Yes, yes, oh fuck, I love you, too, baby, ohhhh my fucking God..."

Tasha cupped Ashley's mound in one hand, her breast in the other, rocking them back and forth on the machine, faster, faster. "All mine, oh baby, yes, please, all mine... I want it, I want you, I love you..."

"Yes, yes, yes, yesssssss!" Ashley arched with her climax, pushing her hips forward and back, bucking like a horse on the saddle of the Sybian as Tasha held her. Tasha felt her own orgasm coming with Ashley trembling in her arms and she kissed her, hard, sucking her tongue deep as she shoved her pussy down on the vibrating machine, splitting her slit wide and rubbing her aching clit against the shuddering, fleshy

curve there. She poured everything into Ashley, gave it all to her, coming so hard her ears were ringing and she felt dizzy on top of the Sybian.

They toppled off together, smiling, dazed, and breathless, both reaching for the controls at once to turn it off. Tasha rested her head against the softness of Ashley's stomach, letting her stroke her short, dark hair, feeling the trembling aftershocks going through Ashley's lower belly now and then where Tasha rested her hand. They were quiet for a long time—at least, it felt like a long time to Tasha, who wondered what Ashley was thinking, feeling.

Finally, Ashley asked, "Did you mean it?" Her voice was soft, almost casual, but Tasha knew better.

She took a shaky breath and whispered, "Oh yes." Tasha knew she was in love with her—had been in love with Ashley for a long time—but she'd been denying it to herself, pretending it was just fun, just two girls enjoying each other, just sex...

"Me, too." Ashley's voice was hoarse, pained, and Tasha wanted to say something to make it better, somehow. She thought of Max and winced, wondering what he would say. She loved him, too. She didn't want to lose him. But she loved them both. *So now what?* She didn't know.

They were still, just breathing together, as if moving might force some sort of action. Tasha didn't want to break the quiet, and after a while, Ashley even stopped stroking her hair. She wondered if she'd fallen asleep—but Tasha couldn't sleep. She didn't think she was going to get any sleep this weekend at all.

"What's the little red light that just went off over there?" Ashley asked softly, startling Tasha and making her head go up.

“What red light?”

“Oh, there...” Ashley half sat up on her elbows, pointing. “It’s on again. Behind the vent.”

Tasha sat, too, looking toward where Ashley was pointing. She didn’t see it at first, but when she tilted her head, there it was, a small red light lost in the dusky dark of the vent cover. *What in the world?*

Tasha stood and walked over to the wall, picking up one of the stools and putting it under the vent. When she stepped up on it, Ashley was behind her, holding it steady, as Tasha peered into the vent cover. Her stomach dropped when she saw the lens cover, the cord attached—it was unmistakably a camera.

But who? And why? Tasha sat down on the stool, meeting Ashley’s puzzled eyes with her own wide, frightened ones, and realized that the question, “Now what?” had never before been more forefront in her mind, for more reasons than she could count.

Chapter Ten

“Well, look who’s home – it’s the Sybian Queen!”

Tasha gritted her teeth, whirling around at the sound of her neighbor’s voice. A six foot privacy fence separated their property and that of the Patterson’s. Ray Patterson’s head popped up over the top and he grinned down at her.

“Hello, Ray.”

“Champagne?” He raised his heavy eyebrows and grinned. “Having a party?” Tasha hugged the bottle closer to her chest. She hadn’t seen or talked to him in the twenty-four hours since he’d dragged his wife away from their Sybian group party in a huff, and in the mystery and confusion of she and Ashley discovering the camera hidden in the basement, she had almost forgotten about her contentious neighbor.

“I liked the last party at your house we were invited to.” Ray was still talking, as if she had responded. Tasha bit the inside of her cheek and tried not to roll her eyes. The man had strong-armed his way into an invitation, and now he was claiming she invited him? “How about we have a private little party...” He lowered his voice and leaned over this fence slightly, his eyes dropping to the front of her blouse. “Just you... and me... and that little girlfriend of yours.”

Tasha swallowed hard and straightened up. “And what would your wife have to say about that?”

Ray laughed out loud, his teeth flashing white in the twilight. “What she doesn’t know won’t hurt her.”

“I don’t cheat on my husband.” She turned her back to him and started toward her own side door. Ray’s next comment stopped her.

“So, that means hubby knows what you two are up to while he’s at work?”

“Excuse me?” She stiffened, facing him again. Her heart was beating too fast in her chest and she took a deep breath. “What are you talking about?”

“Hey, Mrs. Ryan from across the street came up to me the other day asking about you, ya know.” He changed the subject smoothly and Tasha frowned at him. “She kept asking me about all the people going in and out of your house all the time—wanted to know if you were selling drugs or something.”

She blinked at him, stunned. It had never occurred to her that her neighbors would even *notice*, let alone assume...

“I told her you weren’t.” He reassured her with a wink. And then said, “But I could have told her the truth.”

“And what...” Tasha swallowed, forcing the tremble from her voice. “And what, exactly, is the truth?”

He crossed his arms over the top of the fence and leaned his chin on them. It looked like a casual thing, but Tasha saw the glint in his eyes. “I think you at least have to have some sort of a license for this thing you’re running out of your little basement, you know...” He rubbed his chin thoughtfully, and it was such a phony gesture that Tasha would have laughed – if he hadn’t followed it up with his next comment. “I wonder if it would be legally considered prostitution?”

“The Sybian Club is *not* illegal,” she insisted, hoping her stiffened spine and haughty demeanor belied any of her sudden doubts. “And even if you wanted to tell the authorities about it, I’m sure they’d be interested to hear that you made a visit to my little basement with your wife and had a great old time.”

Ray held his hands up in a warding-off gesture, chuckling. “Hey, I’m not threatening anything here...”

“No?” Tasha softened a little but her eyes pinned him narrowly still, watchful, waiting.

“No... see... I was just wondering...” His smile turned up at the corners, his gaze dropping again, this time to her short hemline and the tall boots she wore. “If you and your girlfriend wanted a little company in the afternoons?”

She couldn’t believe his arrogance. “If we do, I’ll let you know.” She turned back to the house, ignoring his last remark.

“You do that!”

Her cheeks felt hot as she set the bottle of champagne down on the table and she was glad Max wasn’t in the kitchen. She needed a few moments to compose herself. It was the camera that had made her forget all about her neighbor, she realized. Ashley had known right away who that camera belonged to.

“Your husband’s been watching us,” Ashley had whispered as they left the room. They both whispered, at Tasha’s insistence—she didn’t know if the camera picked up audio or not.

The thought hadn’t even occurred to Tasha before the words were out, but there it was, and she knew it must be true. Who else?

“I don’t—” Tasha wanted to deny it but found she couldn’t.

They sat at this very kitchen table that night, she remembered, each of them ironically wearing one of Max’s t-shirts which Tasha had retrieved from his drawer, and talked.

“Are you mad?” That was the first question Tasha asked her and she couldn’t believe the relief that pulsed through her when Ashley shook her head. She said her next question more to the air than to Ashley, “Why hasn’t he said anything?”

“I think he’s scared to tell you he knows.” Ashley sighed over her mug. Tasha had made orange tea, partly because she knew Ashley loved it, partly because she was incredibly restless and it gave her something to do, but more because she loved watching her girlfriend warm her hands around mug. They looked so small and delicate.

“You really think... he’s been watching us?” Tasha rested her chin in her palm, her eyes searching, intent on the window, as if she could see through it to Max in his hotel room. There was only darkness there and a faint glimmer of her own reflection. Was he trying to catch her at something? Was he just curious about what went on in the Sybian room when he wasn’t there? The latter she wouldn’t put past him... but the former? Max was a straightforward sort of guy. If he knew something, if he felt slighted by her, she knew he would say something. So why hadn’t he?

“I know he knows.” Ashley’s words were almost swallowed by the mug at her lips, her eyes downcast to the table. “He told me so.”

Tasha stared at her, open-mouthed. “He... what?”

Her girlfriend tucked a stray piece of hair behind her ear and cleared her throat. “A few weeks ago... remember when we were working on the site?”

Tasha nodded, feeling as if she was doing so in slow motion. Ashley had mad computer skills, she discovered, and had re-vamped the original Sybian Club web site. They had chat rooms, forums, a blog, all sorts of interesting toys to play with now in the cyber collection. They were even applying to be a Sybian dealer.

“He stopped me on my way out to my car that night.” Ashley’s eyes still stayed focused on the table, where she traced her finger around the wet ring her mug had made. “And he told me he knew about us.”

Tasha stared at her. Max knew? Max knew, and he had approached Ashley instead of her?

“Was he mad?”

Ashley shook her head, spreading the wetness on the table in a back and forth pattern now. “He told me he was okay with it... he said... he said he could see how much we... cared about each other.”

Tasha considered this, weighing it against what she knew about her husband. It was true, he didn’t have a possessive bone in his body. They’d talked about opening up their marriage in some sort of polyamorous capacity, had even taken steps toward doing it, putting ads on adult sites looking for another woman. It was a whole other world, they discovered, and bi-women who wanted to be with couples were apparently very rare – so rare, everyone wondered if they really existed and sardonically dubbed them “unicorns”. It was either laugh or cry, she supposed. When they didn’t have any luck finding someone, and Max’s job had begun to take more of his time, and Tasha found her new interest – Sybian porn – the idea had just sort of dropped off the radar.

Ashley had said more that night, Tasha remembered. Much more. She and Max had stood outside talking for quite a while, leaving Tasha to play on the computer with the new web site, losing track of time entirely.

Now, staring at the bottle of champagne on the table, she wondered at herself, how she had missed the signs?

When Max came back from his talk with Ashley, she'd been oblivious. He'd taken her to bed, and they'd had incredible sex, and even when he brought the fantasy of another woman into their hot little session (which happened often – that was nothing unusual) and then, afterward, asked her more about Ashley – what did she do? Where did she live? Was she straight? Gay? Bi? Instead of getting a clue, Tasha had sleepily answered all his questions and then drifted off to sleep.

Max knew. He'd apparently known for a while, and whether he had set the camera up to get “proof” (which she doubted) or he had put it in because the thought of watching women getting off on the Sybian in his own basement while he couldn't even watch was too much bear, it didn't matter.

She had asked Ashley that night the very thought that went through her head now. *What am I going to say to him?*

Part of her was furious at him for putting the camera in. Lord knows, if any of her clients knew they were being taped, there would be major consequences. But she rarely ever got truly mad at Max – she was very indulgent with him, and she couldn't blame him, in a way, for wanting to watch.

Then there was the subject of Ashley... how to bring that up? She just didn't know.

“Tash?” Max's call brought her out of her reverie and she picked up the champagne, turning toward the sound of his voice.

“In here!”

Max stopped in the doorway, raising his eyebrows at the bottle. “What's this?”
“I've got good news.”

“So I gathered!” He leaned against the door frame, smiling. “And?”

Tasha held up the bottle and grinned back at him. “The Sybian Club is officially in the black!”

“You’re kidding?”

Tasha grinned even broader. “We’ve paid for all the new equipment *plus* the renovations to the basement!”

“Damn girl!” Max grabbed her around the waist and Tasha laughed as he hugged her close. She held the bottle of champagne out of harm’s way. “Let’s get some glasses and celebrate!”

She let Max uncork the bottle while she got two champagne flutes down from the top cupboard and gave them a good rinsing out – they didn’t have cause to drink like this very often.

Max poured for them both and lifted his glass to her. “To my incredibly beautiful, smart, talented and inventive wife...”

Tasha flushed with pleasure, clinking her glass with his. “And to my tolerant, open-minded husband.” Sipping, she mmm-ed at the taste, light and fresh. “I forgot strawberries. That would have been perfect.”

Max put his glass down on the table. “Want to go downstairs and celebrate some more?”

Tasha smiled as he slipped his arms around her, this time holding her glass out of the way as they embraced. “What did you have in mind?”

She shivered as he began to nuzzle and kiss her throat and groaned out loud when his hand moved to her breast and his thumb found her nipple.

“You, me, and a fucking machine?”

Tasha laughed. “Sounds like a kid’s book... from hell.”

Max chuckled, squeezing her nipple through the material and making her squirm.

“What do you say?”

Tasha reached over to put her glass on the table. “How about just you and me... upstairs on our bed?”

“Uh oh...” Max raised his eyebrows. “Are we getting tired of the Sybian?”

“No...” Tasha was thinking of the camera in the basement. “I just want to be with you tonight.”

Max pulled back from his exploration of her throat to look into her eyes. “It is sort of like having a third person in the bedroom, isn’t it?”

“A little...” Tasha blinked at him. “But an actual third person would be much more... complicated.”

“Maybe...” He rubbed his thumb over her chin, looking thoughtful. “Remember how we talked about doing that?”

“... yes.” She nodded slowly, trying to ignore how fast her heart was beating. The thought of having both Ashley and Max together in bed...

“Would you still consider it?”

“Yes.” Tasha cleared her throat. “If—“

Max finished the sentence with her. “We could find the right woman.”

That was always the rub, the place they stopped, where desire met scarcity. They hit that wall and stared at each other blankly, not sure how to surmount that obstacle.

But now there was Ashley. The woman had fallen right into Tasha's lap – and if she told Max that Ashley was willing, which Ashley had stated clearly and unequivocally she was, even though her face was beet red at the time, Tasha remembered...

"Race you." Tasha turned in his arms, slipping out of them before he could even think about catching her. Her boots slowed her down though – she had forgotten she was wearing them – and he caught her at the top of the stairs, tickling her down to the floor.

She laughed and screamed and squealed underneath him – it was nothing she could help, but he loved it, regardless. It made his cock stiff against her thigh and she felt it pulsing there even as she giggled and squirmed to get away. Max wasn't having any of it, though, pressing his weight down against her so hard she could barely breathe let alone laugh. His fingers found all those sensitive, ticklish places along her ribs and she gasped and laughed silently, tears streaming down her face.

"Stop!" she panted during a brief tickling break, twisting under him like a landed fish. She was turned all the way to her belly now, and she felt the hard ridge of his cock against her bottom as he grabbed her hands and held them above her head.

"Who's your daddy?" he asked against her ear, grinding his cock against her behind.

Tasha giggled. "You are."

"Say it," he insisted, his motion edging her skirt up her thighs. She felt his belt buckle biting her flesh through her panties now.

"No!" She laughed, squirming again, trying to get away.

“Say it!” He held her wrists in one hand now, using the other to tickle her under her armpit, making her squeal with laughter.

“Max!” She screamed, kicking her feet, her boots making hollow sounds against the carpet. “Okay! Okay! You’re my daddy! Stop! God! You’re my daddy! You’re my daddy!”

He let her go, rolling off, and she leapt up, heading to the bedroom and shutting the door. Still panting and giggling, she unzipped her boots, tossing them into the corner, and unbuttoned her blouse, keeping her back to the door. She was nearly naked, wearing only her panties, when he tried to get in and met with the resistance of her weight against the door.

“Hey!” The door handle turned back and forth. “Let me in.”

She giggled. “Not by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin.”

“Well then, I’ll huff...” Max caught on quick, and Tasha squealed, sounding not unlike the little piggie she was playing, and laughed out loud, putting more of her weight against the door. He was making headway and she was definitely losing ground.

“And I’ll puff...”

“No!” Tasha made a leap to the bed, rolling onto it just as the door burst open. Without any more resistance, it flew against the wall and Max stumbled in, nearly falling and only catching himself at the last moment on the edge of the bed.

He crawled up over her nude, still giggling, form. “You are a naughty little piggie.”

“Oink.” She agreed, reaching down between them to rub his cock – still hard. In fact, even harder.

“Are you a greedy little piggie?” His eyes darkened as she unbuckled and unzipped him, reaching into his boxers so she could squeeze him in her hand.

“Oink.” She agreed again, grinning as she slowly stroked him, making him groan.

“Come here and oink around this for a while...” He rolled onto his back, shoving his jeans down his hips and setting his cock completely free. Tasha didn’t need any prompting. He stood up straight and throbbing, a delicious temptation she just couldn’t resist. She slid her eager, hungry mouth down onto him, working the lower half of his cock with her hand while she sucked and tongued the head.

Max grabbed a pillow, propping it behind him so he could watch her. She met his eyes, her tongue flicking over the soft skin, pressing against spongy tip of his cock, teasing that sensitive ridge again and again. Soon he his eyelids were drooping in pleasure, his eyes half-closed – but they never closed completely. She knew he loved to watch her suck him, to see himself disappear into the hot, wet cavern of her mouth.

“God, I’d love to see you suck my cock with another woman.”

The thought jolted her and although she didn’t stop, she slowed considerably, her tongue moving thoughtfully over his shaft. In a strange coincidence – or perhaps not so strange given their brief conversation in the kitchen – she had been thinking that very same thing. Only from her perspective, she longed to share his cock with another woman. And not just any woman, either. She’d been thinking about it, when she let herself admit the truth, since the first time Ashley rode the Sybian.

“Mmm.” Tasha breathed over the reddening head, teasing it with short little flicks of her tongue. “You want to see us both on our knees?” Her eyes met his and she saw the light in them. “Both of us sucking... first her... then me... I can show her just how

you like it, baby.” Max groaned at that, his hand going to her hair, and Tasha continued. “I want to kiss her sweet little mouth... right over the head... like this...” She turned her head sideways, closing her eyes, and suddenly she was kissing Ashley, their tongues mingling over the leaking tip of her husband’s cock. She was lost in the fantasy herself for a moment, and when she looked up at him, his mouth was agape, his eyes bright – she thought he even might be holding his breath. “Does that turn you on, baby?” She didn’t need an answer. His cock had grown twice as hard in her hand.

“Come here.” It was more breath than words as he grabbed her, rolling over on top and forcing her thighs apart with his. Her panties barred the way, although his cock was insistent, rubbing against the crotch with increasing friction as he kissed her. Between the tickling and the cocksucking and the fantasizing, her panties were soaked with a hot, sticky wetness and his cock slid through that damp groove again and again. She gasped when their kiss broke and he began to lick and suck at the soft, sensitive skin of her neck, his tongue lashing over her collarbone and into the hollow of her throat.

“Max, please!” She knew where he was going and she couldn’t wait. Struggling with her panties, she slid them down her hips, leaving them there at her knees like a hint. “Lick it, baby, please, lick it!”

He made a brief stop at her breasts, sucking her nipples instantly hard and leaving them wet and exposed to the air. She shivered as he settled between her open thighs and pulled her panties the rest of the way off, using his broad shoulders to spread her legs even wider. Tasha trembled with lust, unsure how things had gone from lukewarm to blazing hot in so short a time. As Max breathed warmth over her exposed

flesh, she was tempted to grab his hair and shove his face into her pussy until she found what she was looking for – that sweet soft, wet tongue.

“I wonder what your girlfriend Ashley looks like down here...” His mouth was latched over her mound before she could even gasp – and she did, both from the sensation and the surprise of his words. His tongue made those flat, achingly delicious circles he knew she liked, making it hard to concentrate.

But Tasha looked down at him, his question getting pushed further to the back of her mind as his mouth did its work. *I wonder what your girlfriend looks like down there...* She heard it again in her head, knowing he knew – he already knew. He must have seen Ashley in all her recently bare glory on whatever viewing mechanism the camera fed to – their living room TV? No, more likely the computer. Or maybe his laptop.

“Oh God, Max!” Tasha’s hand went to his hair as he slipped two fingers inside, pumping them in rhythm with her breath – and that was coming faster every moment. She closed her eyes, giving into her impending orgasm, remembering how smooth Ashley’s pussy had been the last time they were together, how swollen and wet against her tongue...

“I wonder if she tastes as good as you do...” Max used his thumb to rub her clit, his face glazed with her wetness as he looked up at her. “What do you think, Tash? Would you like to eat her pussy?”

“Baby...” Tasha’s hand moved through his hair and she bit her lip, her body quivering in that liminal place between arousal and climax, suspended like a tightrope, stretched taut and waiting to snap. She couldn’t stand it – she couldn’t stand him knowing, not knowing she knew. She couldn’t stand hovering there and Max sensed the

tension, covering her pussy again with his mouth, making her buck her hips up as she moaned and began to shudder. “Ohhh fuck, yes, she tastes so good, baby, so fucking goooooo!”

It all blended together, the taste of Ashley coming in her mouth, the feel of Max’s tongue against her own pussy, the sound of Ashley coming filling her head as Tasha came, too, spreading wide and smearing her wet cunt against her husband’s face until she couldn’t stand it anymore and fell, limp, to the bed.

Max was on her, over her, nuzzling her neck and cheek with his wet face. “That wasn’t a fantasy, was it?”

Tasha barely opened her eyes, panting. “No... no...”

“You and Ashley have been together, haven’t you?” Max reached between them, his cockhead a fat, swollen bulb as he rubbed it through her sensitive flesh, seeking entrance.

Tasha gasped as he entered her, lifting her legs to take him deeper, her hands going to squeeze his hips. She met his eyes in the growing dimness and felt her body tremble – she wasn’t sure if it was from longing or anxiety. “You *know* we have.”

“Yeah,” Max breathed, his cock beginning its steady motion in and out of her slick cleft. His hips moved in fast circles, his breath harsh in her ear. She locked her legs around his waist, her arms encircling his neck, cradling his head against her as they rocked, both of them breathing hard now, her pussy riding an exquisite wave upward and part of her felt as if she were at the top of the crest, looking down from a dizzying height.

“She wants to,” she whispered into his ear, flicking her tongue there, sucking at the lobe. “She wants us both...”

Max groaned, shoving deeper, grunting with the effort. “Oh fuck, Tash...”

“That’s right, baby,” she insisted, her breathing panting over the flushed flesh of his neck and shoulder. “She wants you to fuck her. She wants you to watch us lick each other until we come... baby... oh... until we come so hard... so... good...”

“Yes!” Max pushed himself up, arms straight and straining, and Tasha hung on there, feeling the moving bulge of his bicep as he fucked her faster, faster. “Oh God... she told me... she told me, baby... she told me about you... ohhhh fuck! You feel so fucking good!”

Tasha couldn’t respond. The image of Ashley and Max, both of them here in their bed, the fantasy she had kept like a pent-up breath for months, came rushing out like a final, heavenly exhalation and she nearly screamed with her own climax as Max began to come, too, jerking his body into hers with a force she welcomed – in fact, she asked for more, digging her bare heels into the small of his back and driving him deeper into her spasming flesh. He was so hard when he came, buried so deep, she actually felt each spasmodic pulse, a hot, rhythmic throbbing inside as his cock emptied itself into her again and again.

“Oh God.” Max collapsed against her, still shuddering. She kissed his shoulder, his cheek, her eyes fluttering closed and open again. “Oh my God.”

“I’m glad you know.” Her words were just a whisper. “Opens a lot of doors, doesn’t it?”

“I can’t help it.” He returned her kisses. They were soft now, tender, their lust waning. “The thought of you two together...”

Tasha chuckled, curling a short piece of his hair at the nape of his neck around her finger. “How many times have you jerked off watching us together?”

Max raised himself up to look at her. “Huh?”

“The camera, Max.” Tasha smirked. “I know about the camera.”

He propped himself up on his elbow, frowning down at her. “What camera?” Her heart did something funny in her chest and Tasha frowned, narrowing her eyes at him. “Don’t play around. I know, okay?”

“Know what?” The look of confusion on his face was enough to convince her he was telling the truth. She remembered the last few words he’d said, just before they both went over that last divine edge, “...*She told me, baby... she told me about you...*”

“There’s...” Tasha swallowed, her mind reeling. “There’s a camera hidden in the basement. In the Sybian room.”

Max sat up, his brow knitting. “A video camera?”

She nodded, her stomach clenching. “If you didn’t... Max...who?”

They both startled when the phone shrilled on the nightstand. Tasha could see the caller-ID – it was Ashley. Max answered it and passed it over to her.

“Hello?”

“Tasha, it’s me.” Ashley’s voice was low and she sounded... well, she sounded scared. About as scared as Tasha felt. “Can you come over here?”

“Now?”

“Tasha, it’s important. *Very* important. Please?”

"I'm on my way." Tasha squeezed the hand Max offered. "Max is coming, too. He... knows."

"Good." Ashley hung up.

"What in the hell is going on?" Max asked, his face puzzled.

Tasha blinked back at him, wondering the exact same thing.

What in the hell was going on?

Chapter Eleven

“Now... let me get this straight.” The officer scratched his head with the end of his pen, looking down at the small pad cupped in his big palm. Tasha wondered if she was as red as he was. Dean was Max’s cousin – well, second cousin, really – and they only saw him occasionally at family reunions. To say that this was embarrassing would have been like saying tsunamis were a little wet, but they had all decided the alternative – just calling the police to report it – wasn’t a good option either. “This Sybian is a... sex toy?”

“A very big, very expensive sex toy,” Max agreed, unable to help his grin. “Ashley, maybe you could show him... on that?” He nodded toward the computer. “He’s going to have to see the email anyway, right, Dean?”

Ashley slid into the computer chair, clicking the mouse and pulling up their newly designed web site. There was a picture of the Sybian on the front page. Dean peered over her shoulder, his eyes widening as she clicked to another section of the page, showing the Sybian in use. It was actually Regina and Emily – they had agreed to do a photo shoot for them, as long as no faces were revealed, and Emily’s sweet red-haired pussy was clearly visible as she rode the machine.

“It... vibrates?” Dean’s voice dropped lower.

“Oh God yeah...” Ashley smiled, glancing over her shoulder at Tasha.

“Show him the video,” Max said, gesturing to Ashley, who just stared at him, wide-eyed. Tasha groaned.

Dean cleared his throat, standing back up. “This is the... uh... video in question? The one you said was sent to you by the alleged perpetrator?”

“Oh God.” Tasha covered her face with her hands. “Do we have to?”

They still hadn’t watched it all the way through. Ashley had shown Tasha and Max the email and the accompanying video when they’d arrived. The email had been sent via the website, to owner@sybianclub.com and Tasha’s intuition was singing by the time Ashley finished reading it.

*Dear Sybian Club Owners,
The following video is more than enough to prove to authorities you are running a sex business out of your home – and trust me when I tell you, I have plenty more evidence. If you don’t wish this to go any further, I suggest you follow my instructions. You have only one opportunity to recover all of the evidence I have against you. I will accept \$10,000 in cash and nothing less. I will contact you with a meeting time and place.
-A Concerned Citizen*

“A concerned citizen my ass,” Tasha had snorted and tossed the email back at Ashley.

Max could barely speak. His mouth kept moving but nothing was coming out. Finally, he exploded: “Who the hell put a camera in my house?!”

Ashley sighed, her eyes meeting Tasha’s. “Obviously we were wrong about who...”

“Yeah.” Tasha nodded. “But... I actually have an idea who it is... I just don’t understand when or how he could have...”

Max frowned at her. “What do you mean, you have an idea?”

Ashley and Tasha exchanged knowing glances, and they both said, “Ray.”

“Ray?” Max looked between them, shaking his head. “Who the hell is Ray?”

“Ray Patterson – our neighbor?” Tasha sat on the sofa and put her head in her hands. “He invited himself to our party the other night. He backed me into a corner and I couldn’t say no. Then we had a little incident and I had to kick him out.” She looked up

at her husband, blinking back tears. "But Max he had no time to put in a camera! I have no idea..."

"Oh my God." Max interrupted her, smacking his head with his palm and sinking beside her on the couch. "This is all *my* fault."

Tasha stared at her husband as he started to explain and everything fell into place. "I talked to him about the renovations we were planning... he told me his brother was a great contractor, that we could get the work done cheap..."

"Oh...no..." Ashley shook her head, taking a seat in the chair in front of the computer and turning it to face them. "What do you want to bet that's not the only camera he had his brother put in?"

Max's jaw worked as he looked between the two women. "I'm sure it isn't. And now I'm wondering what he's been doing with the videos."

Tasha really did start to cry then, putting her head on her husband's shoulder. He held her, blinking across her bent head at Ashley. "I'm going to kill him."

"No!" Tasha wiped at her eyes, mascara running down her pale cheeks. "That doesn't solve anything. We have to... call someone... do something..."

It took them an hour to make a plan and decide what to do. Max put in a call to Dean, who agreed to come over in an officially unofficial capacity and hear them out. None of them knew if what they were doing was *actually* illegal. In the excitement of starting her little Sybian Club, it had never occurred to her that her neighbors would object. What went on inside her own house was her business, wasn't it? They weren't hurting anyone...

She couldn't believe her own neighbor would do something like this. His self-invitation to the party and his subsequent coming-on to both her and Ashley made it obvious he was no prude. This wasn't like Mrs. Ryan across the street finding out and going all evangelical on them. Then she realized – this was because she had turned down his offer for a little afternoon delight. This wasn't about preserving some sort of integrity of the neighborhood. This was about jealousy – and revenge.

“Oh. My. God.” Dean blinked at the computer screen and the familiar sound of Ashley's pleasure pulled Tasha from her reverie to see the young cop staring at the screen, his mouth agape. The video started with the two of them licking each other and then moved on to them riding the Sybian together. Tasha must have been lost in thought for the first part, because now it had moved on to their double ride.

“Feel good, baby?” Ashley, riding behind and cupping Tasha's breasts in her hands.

“Ohhhh fuccckk!” Tasha flushed at the sound of her own pleasure, seeing herself rocking on the machine. “Baby, I'm gonna...”

“Yeah!” Ashley, urging her on. No question about whether the video also picked up audio. It was all quite clear. “Come on. Do it.”

“Oh God, I—” Tasha wanted to cover her flushed cheeks, but she instead of watching the screen, where she knew exactly what happened, she watched the two men staring at the video, their eyes dark, their faces full of... yep, that was lust. No doubt about it.

“That’s right! All for me! Come on, give it to me!” Ashley’s words on-screen made Tasha’s pussy clench and she met her girlfriend’s eyes as the image of the two of them rocking toward climax continued to roll along.

“Yesssss!” Tasha knew the sound of her own imminent climax – so did her pussy. Her body had an involuntary response, a slow, sticky wetness starting to seep into her panties.

“Now, baby!” Ashley’s voice was tight and full of her own coming release. Tasha glanced at Dean, who had given up all semblance of trying to look professional. When she glanced down at his jeans – he’d come to the house out of uniform – she saw a tell-tale bulge there.

“Yes! Now! Now!” Tasha’s own voice came out of the computer speakers, a little tinny but clear enough. She was going to come, and come hard.

“NOW!” And so was Ashley.

Their simultaneous orgasm made Dean groan out loud and Tasha saw Ashley glance at him, her eyes bright, the embarrassment on her face being taken over by something... something else. Clearly, she enjoyed that the man was enjoying it. When Tasha looked over at Max, she saw a very similar reaction on his face... and in his jeans. She couldn’t help smiling.

Ashley clicked “stop” on the video, glancing over at Dean. “I tried to find where the email was coming from, using the full header and the IP address that the site logged, but I think he hiding his IP somehow.”

Dean looked appreciatively at her. “I’ll have my guys look at it.” He cleared his throat, straightening up – he’d been leaning over Ashley’s shoulder to get a better look

at the video, although Tasha doubted he had even realized – and said, “Well, I’ll have to have a copy of both the email... and the uh... the video.”

Ashley handed him a slip of paper and the DVD she had burned. “So tell me, officer... officer...?”

“Call me Dean. Remember, I’m here as Max’s... friend? Cousin? Anyway... I’m here in a personal capacity, not a professional one.” He gave her a wink.

“Dean, then...” Ashley smiled at him, and Tasha saw something in that smile that made her eyes widen. “Is our little club actually illegal? It seems so harmless.”

“Well...” He shrugged, setting the DVD and email on the desk and shoving his hands in his jean pockets. “I guess it’s... a judgment call, really. If no one in your neighborhood minds or complains, we pretty much look the other way. There are lots of swingers clubs and things like that out there.”

“Sounds like fun.” Max slid an arm around Tasha’s waist and she smiled up at him.

Dean grinned. “I imagine your Sybian Club would be in the same sort of neighborhood. I’ve known places where they’ve tried to outlaw them, though. Neighbors will say it’s because of the noise or traffic in a residential area.”

“Oh please.” Ashley rolled her eyes and crossed her arms. “Like it had nothing to do with prudes living in the neighborhood or anything?”

“Oh I’m sure it did.” Dean laughed “That was just a good excuse. In fact, there was a sort of sex club in Dallas, if I remember right, they tried to shut down. They were swingers and this guy’s whole house was set up with different rooms. He had naked Twister, a Disco ball, a huge hot tub for like fifteen people. There was even a place in

the basement called 'the pit,' where they put in six king-sized beds all pushed together in front of a fireplace."

Ashley raised her eyebrows. "You seem to know a lot about it?"

"Uh... well," Dean cleared his throat and flushed noticeably. "Let's just call it... a personal interest."

"So it isn't illegal?"

Dean shrugged. "It's a gray area. I remember this guy in Texas said it was like having a Super Bowl party. A bunch of people come over, he provides the booze and food, and he asks them for some cash to defray costs."

Max grinned. "Except no one was watching the Super Bowl."

"I seriously doubt it." Dean grinned back at him, his eyes moving over to Ashley. "You know, if I came over to talk to Max—say I wanted to rent Max's table saw? Well, strictly speaking, that's illegal. Still, no one cares. But when it comes to sex, suddenly people care. Believe me, I've seen stranger things in court than I have in this video."

Ashley stood, reaching to turn off the monitor. "So what happens now?"

"Can you forward me that?" Dean asked, nodding toward the screen. "I'll need the headers as well, so we can trace the path of the email. Here let me write my email down for you..." Dean wrote it down on a clean sheet on his pad while Ashley went back to the computer, opening up her email.

"Thanks." Ashley smiled as she took the slip of paper Dean offered and Tasha saw their hands brush and linger. She smiled to herself, looking between them. Ashley sat up straight, turning to tug on Dean's sleeve. "Oh, hey... I've got new email from him." Ashley clicked her mouse and a screen opened up. Tasha looked over and saw it

was from the same email address that had sent the first one:

concernedcitizen@hotmail.com. They all leaned over to read it when Ashley opened it.

Here's the deal. You and your girlfriend bring the cash to the Flamingo Motel at the corner of Dix and Fort streets. Midnight. Tomorrow. One chance.

"How melodramatic." Tasha rolled her eyes. She knew it had to be Ray. The 'you and your girlfriend' line was too like him to be missed.

"Is this guy for real?" Ashley asked, clicking a button to print.

"Amateur." Dean shook his head as he took the print-out off the printer.

"Actually... I don't think he wants the cash at all."

"Huh?" Ashley's brow knitted as she glanced up at him holding the email.

"I think he wants you two to show up scared." Dean put the print-out with the other email and the DVD.

"If he doesn't want the money..." Max frowned, his arm tightening around Tasha's shoulders. "What does he want?"

Tasha glanced at Ashley and they both said, almost simultaneously: "Us."

"That's the reason I had to kick him out," Tasha explained to Max. "He was coming on to Ashley."

"Yeah, that's what I thought." Dean sighed and then smiled at Ashley. "Not that I blame him. You're both very beautiful women."

Tasha couldn't have dubbed what Ashley was doing anything other than "beaming."

"But that doesn't give him a right to install cameras illegally and make blackmail threats." Dean folded the emails and put them into his back pocket. "This last email is just what I was waiting for. I'll make a formal report, get a team together, and your friend Raymond Patterson will get a big surprise tomorrow night at the Flamingo."

“And we won’t get into trouble?” Ashley asked, standing up, their bodies nearly touching.

Dean smiled at Ashley, the warmth in it like a heat Tasha could almost feel. “Not if I have anything to say about it.”

“Thanks so much, Dean.” Tasha went over and hugged him, feeling both grateful for his help and wanting to open the door for Ashley. It swung wide, and Ashley hugged and thanked him, too. Dean looked both surprised and pleased.

Dean picked up the DVD, making a move to go, and then turned back. “You know... I would suggest you move out of the suburbs. It’s just... safer. Somewhere more rural? Because while this Ray guy may not actually be the concerned citizen he claims to be, you know you’re living across the street from the Bible Beater from hell?” Tasha laughed, knowing he was talking about Theresa Ryan. “She thought we were selling drugs.”

“You could always move it here,” Ashley offered, waving a hand around the room. Tasha stared at her, stunned. Ashley lived alone in a big farm house her mother had left to her when she died. The property was definitely not suburban, that was for sure. “I’ve got plenty of room, and I sure wouldn’t mind having five Sybians laying around.”

Tasha laughed, shaking her head. “I don’t blame you.”

Max looked thoughtful as he shook Dean’s hand, a gesture of good-will and goodbye. “We’ll definitely think about it.”

“So will we see you again?” Ashley asked, her voice softer as she looked up at Dean. He was tall – almost a foot taller than she was.

“I’ll give you a call when it’s all wrapped up,” he assured her. “Maybe I’ll come out here after... Oh!” Dean turned to Tasha and Max. “I wouldn’t go back home tonight or tomorrow if I were you. Just stay away from the house. I wouldn’t want you to accidentally tip Ray off somehow.”

Tasha and Max exchanged glances. Not go home? Where would they go? Tasha wondered if they could get a nice hotel room on such short notice.

“You can both stay here if you want,” Ashley said, looking between them. Tasha smiled at her friend, and that heat she’d felt when she looked at Dean was unmistakable. “I’ve got lots of room.”

“That’s a good plan.” Dean nodded. “All of you in the same place. I’d like that.”

“Me, too.” Max slid his arm around his wife, and another around Ashley’s shoulder, a smile spreading across his face. Tasha glanced at Dean, wondering if he had any idea that her husband’s motivations were very different from the young cop’s.

Dean gave Ashley another smile – one just for her, Tasha noted – before he left, carrying a copy of a very embarrassing video and two emails that would, hopefully, end this whole mess once and for all.

Tasha shut the door behind him, leaning on it and looking back and forth between her husband and her girlfriend. “Well, now what?”

“I don’t know.” Max shrugged, glancing at his watch. “It is getting late.”

Ashley reached over and slipped her hand into his. “How about... bed?”

Tasha smiled, moving to join them. “There’s an idea...”

* * * * *

Tasha pressed her naked belly to Ashley's, wondering how things had moved from there to here, as Max nuzzled her neck and shifted his knee to part her legs. He was incredibly hard, pressed against her behind as Tasha cupped Ashley's face in her hands to kiss her.

From there to here, she thought, from months ago in her basement with a Sybian – such a strange way to meet. Tasha remembered being completely captivated by Ashley and her very first orgasm, brought on by the machine and... maybe, she mused, just maybe, my being there had something to do with it. She thought, as Ashley moaned into her mouth and pulled her hand down to touch the smoothly shaved swollen part of her pussy lips, that maybe it was more truth than wishful thinking.

Ashley's mouth trembled as Tasha kissed her and her fingers parted and found the sensitive bud of her clit. Ashley's hips moved slightly in response to the motion, Tasha's finger teasing, back and forth, round and round, not giving her anything consistent, nothing to count on, making her wonder what was coming next. Tasha could feel her tension, the anxiety of knowing that Max was naked in bed with them, the only thing between them the slender press of Tasha's own body. Ashley hadn't been with many men, and the ones she'd experienced had been, according to her description, "selfish."

"You're stretched as tight as piano wire," Tasha murmured, kissing her way over Ashley's ample cleavage, stopping at her fat, pink nipples and suckling there. Ashley just quivered in response as Tasha slid down between her thighs, gently parting and settling between them. Max didn't vacate the space Tasha had left, his hand lazily working his cock as he watched his wife begin to lick Ashley's pussy.

It took a while – much longer than usual – for Ashley to begin to really respond. Tasha persisted, latching her mouth over her tender, sensitive clit and licking with a rhythmic insistence that eventually, Ashley could no longer resist. Her hips began to move, her eyes closing and soft moans escaping her parted lips. Tasha barely heard her whispers, “Yes... yes... ohhh... faster...!” as Ashley’s hands clutched at the sheets, fisting, pulling, twisting them as she grew closer to her peak. Her first orgasm came like the tremble of a small earthquake, shaking the whole bed, as Ashley’s toes curled and her head moved from side to side, as if she were trying to deny the incredible pleasure pulsing through her body.

Tasha glanced over at Max, whose eyes never left the two of them, his hand squeezing the stiff exclamation of his cock. She wasn’t ready to give Ashley up yet – and more importantly, Ashley wasn’t ready. Tasha wanted Ashley to move that way first, and she knew, somehow, she would. Eventually. She kept her mouth over Ashley’s mound, her tongue pressed flat against her sensitive clit, barely moving, making her whimper and whisper, “No... no...” But Tasha wasn’t stopping. Not now.

“Oh God!” Ashley murmured as Tasha’s tongue began its slow lashing, a long, torturous punishment, back and forth. Tasha slipped her hand down between her own thighs, rubbing her aching clit as she licked Ashley toward her second orgasm of the night. There was no denying her own lust, the taste of pussy in her mouth and throat incredible. She was dizzy with the scent.

“Oh Tash... please... so good...”

Tasha murmured something but it was lost against Ashley’s flesh and came across just as an urging forward, onward, upward, yes! Ashley’s hips rocked faster now,

her moans louder, her legs spread wide, wider still. Tasha used the fingers of her other hand, sliding two of them into the wet cavern of Ashley's trembling pussy, pumping slowly in and out. It was a conscious reminder, and it worked.

"Yes!" Ashley gasped and bucked her hips in response. "Oh baby, yes! Fuck me! Harder! Harder!" Tasha did as she was told, pistoning her fingers faster into her wetness, her mouth latched over her mouth, tongue working furiously. Ashley rocked and twisted, forcing Tasha to bring her other hand, still soaked with her own juices, up to her girlfriend's hip to steady her.

"More!" Ashley insisted, meeting each thrust of Tasha's hand with her hips. "Oh fuck! MORE! Fuck me! Fuck me hard!" Ashley reached her hand out, grasping blindly along the sheet until she met flesh—Max's belly, taut with his own excitement. She turned her head toward him, eyes half-closed and full of lust. "Cock," she whispered, sliding her hand down to cover his, squeezing his stiff length. "Oh please... give me your cock."

Max groaned, moving toward her on the bed, kissing her softly as Tasha moved out of the way.

Ashley groaned when her friend left her hanging there, hovering, waiting for that sweet orgasm, but she didn't protest long. Max moved between her thighs, parting them, positioning himself. Tasha stretched out beside them, her eyes meeting Max's for a moment, feeling a sharp electric jolt pass between them before he turned his attention to Ashley.

"Are you sure?" he murmured, waiting, poised.

Ashley nodded, reaching down between them to grasp his cock. "Yes! Please! Yes!" Max groaned at her touch, sliding slowly in, parting her moist cleft with his turgid length until he was buried completely inside of her. Ashley wiggled as if she wanted more, half-smiling as she turned her face to Tasha to be kissed.

"He feels good," Ashley murmured.

Tasha smiled. "It only gets better." Max began to thrust, slow and easy, and Ashley moaned, arching her back when Tasha lowered her mouth over her friend's nipple, sucking it hard. Tasha's pussy was on fire, aching for attention, and she took Ashley's hand and put it between her own thighs.

"Wet!" Ashley breathed, her fingers probing between Tasha's lips. "Come here." Tasha didn't need to be asked twice. Max sat back a little, pulling Ashley into the saddle of his hips so he could still fuck her that way and Tasha straddled Ashley's mouth, facing Max, and lowering her pussy toward her waiting tongue. The sensation was incredible, the soft, rhythmic movement of Ashley's tongue matching the rocking on the bed as Tasha watched her husband fucking the woman whose mouth covered her pussy. It was a surreal moment, and so hot she could barely stand it.

Tasha met Max's eyes and then looked down at his cock, slick with Ashley's wetness, moving in and out of that sweet, shaved cunt. She wanted everything all at once, the sensation beyond the pale now. Orgasm was imminent, at some point, but somehow it didn't matter. It was the circle they made that mattered as Tasha leaned forward to kiss him, like they were one person, one thing, rocking together on the bed in some divine, blissful wake.

“Oh God, baby,” Tasha murmured, rolling her hips against Ashley’s mouth, the delicious friction building. She reached down to part Ashley’s pussy lips for her husband’s thrusting cock, rubbing the nub of her clit, the humming moan in Ashley’s throat a nice reward against her own clit. “Do you like that cock? Does that feel good?” Ashley’s mouth was too full to reply but the tightening of her hands on Tasha’s hips was answer enough. Tasha rubbed her friend’s clit back and forth as Max made faster circles deep in her pussy. She felt Ashley trembling, her mouth sucking hard at Tasha’s mound, her soft moans growing louder.

“She’s gonna come,” Tasha murmured, rubbing faster, and Max groaned, fucking her harder, making Ashley gasp, her mouth forgetting entirely about Tasha’s pussy.

“Oh fuck!” Ashley’s hips bucked as she wrapped her arms around Tasha’s hips. “Oh God yes! Make me come! Now! Now!”

Tasha saw Max holding back as Ashley quivered beneath the both of them with the force of her climax, her teeth sinking so hard into Tasha’s thigh she would have a mark there for a week. Tasha hardly noticed at the time – instead, she worked Ashley’s clit, eager to tease every last bit of her orgasm from her, and from the sound of her begging, “Stop! Oh God! I can’t stand it!” she wholly succeeded.

“I want to fuck you,” Max told Tasha and slid his stiff, wet cock from the still-spasming tunnel of Ashley’s cunt. “Come here.”

Tasha was loathe to leave the sweet bath of Ashley’s tongue, but she did what he asked. He grabbed her and rolled her onto her belly on the bed, pulling her hips up and shoving himself deep into her pussy.

“Oh God!” Tasha moaned, reaching down to rub her pussy as he fucked her hard, driving himself deep with every thrust. She had almost forgotten about Ashley until she felt her fingers over hers, rubbing faster. When she opened her eyes, Ashley was there, her face inches away, her breath sweet with Tasha’s juices.

“Feel good?” Ashley asked and Tasha nodded, eyes half closed, her hips rocking back against her husband’s hard cock. She was so close to orgasm she couldn’t speak – she could barely breathe. Ashley leaned in and kissed her, shoving her tongue deep so Tasha tasted herself, and the motion sent her immediately over. She shuddered and roared and bucked on the bed, Ashley’s tongue still thrusting, Max’s cock, too, and there were so many fingers probing her pussy, taking her beyond the edge of reason, she lost count.

“Oh God.” Max held Tasha still, his hands gripping her hips. “Oh God, I can’t...”

Tasha murmured into Ashley’s mouth, but no one heard her. She had to break the kiss and gasp, “I want you to taste him with me.”

“Me first!” Ashley got up to her knees and reaching down to grasp the length of Max’s cock, pulling him slowly out of Tasha’s wetness. She pushed him back on the bed and settled herself between his legs, spending a long time licking his shaft and balls, making sure there wasn’t a bit of pussy juice left on him. Tasha watched for a while through half-closed eyes, laying on her belly on the bed. Then she crawled between his legs, too, nudging Ashley out of the way as they fought for the meat of his cock.

“Oh yeah...” Max’s hands were in their hair, his eyes going from one to the other as they licked and sucked, taking turns for a while, sharing like good girls, and then

pushing each other out of the way. Tasha pumped him with her hand into Ashley's mouth, both of their eyes turned up to him. "Oh fuck... I... can't..."

"Wanna come, baby?" Tasha murmured, slapping the head of his cock against her cheek. "Whose mouth do you want to come in?"

"Both," he groaned, his hips moving with the rhythmic tug of her hand as both women tongued the sensitive head of his cock. "Oh God, I'm gonna come!"

Tasha pressed her cheek to Ashley's, the head of Max's cock trapped between them as she milked the hot explosion of cum from his shaft. Ashley groaned and turned her face toward his spurting cock, her tongue catching a white, hot surge, and then another. Tasha turned her head, too, kissing Ashley hard, tasting her husband's cum between them as they sucked each other's tongues.

They settled down with Max between them, looking at each other over the rise and fall of his chest. His eyes were closed, but Tasha knew he was awake and listening. Ashley smiled, tracing her finger around his nipple. "Too bad we don't have a Sybian here."

Max smiled, not opening his eyes. "We will."

"We will?" Ashley raised her eyebrows.

Tasha shrugged, smiling too, and locked her fingers with Ashley's. "Why not?"

* * * * *

They were in bed when the call came in. They had gotten out of it a few times – to eat, to pee, to shower, and once, to play Scrabble at the kitchen table, wrapped in blankets. They never did get dressed.

Ashley answered, her voice changing so much the moment she knew who it was that Tasha knew immediately, too. Then she handed the phone over to Max.

"I don't know, should we press charges?" Max asked, and then paused as he listened. "I guess as long as I have the assurance that there's no video out there somewhere on the 'net..."

Tasha and Ashley looked at each other, frowning.

"Sure. Here she is." Max grinned as he cupped the receiver so Dean couldn't hear. "He wants to talk to you, Ashley."

Tasha grinned as her friend took the phone, cradling it against her ear like a teenager and turning away from them to speak in a near whisper.

"I think they like each other," Tasha said with a laugh.

Max grinned. "Ya think?"

"So what did he say?"

"They got him." Max shrugged. "He confessed everything. Nearly peed his pants. Gave them all the equipment. They confiscated his computer. Dean wants to know if we want to press charges."

"Do we?" Tasha frowned, watching Ashley carry the phone over to the windowsill and lean against it, a dreamy look on her face as she listened.

"I don't know." Max sighed. "I guess, as long as we have everything... and he can't do it again. All's well that ends well?"

Tasha glanced over to the window and smiled at her friend. "Looks like that just might be the case."

"I hope so." Max leaned back on the bed, putting his hands behind his head.

Tasha traced his navel with her finger. "Now we can decide what we want to do next."

"I know what / want to do next." He grinned, catching her wrist.

"Oh really?"

"It involves two beautiful women in my bed..."

She laughed and rolled her eyes. "Haven't had enough of that yet?"

He raised his eyebrows at her. "Have *you* had enough of the Sybian?"

"Never!" She gasped in mock horror.

"Exactly," he said, looking smug. "Now come here!" He pulled her down to snuggle beside him and held his arm out to Ashley, who was just hanging up the phone.

"Both of you!"

Ashley settled in next to him, as well, giving a happy sigh that Tasha knew had much more to do with Dean than it did with being in bed with the two of them. The future was uncertain, to be sure, but it definitely looked like it was going to be interesting.

The End

ABOUT SELENA KITT



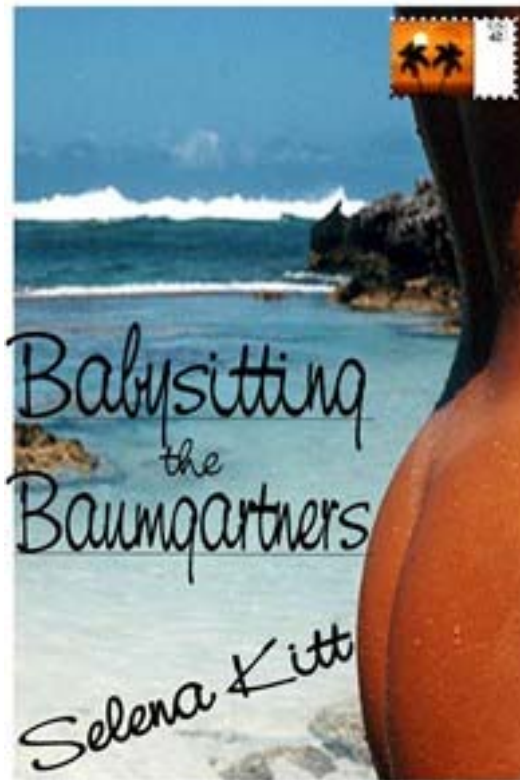
Like any feline, Selena Kitt loves the things that make her purr—and wants nothing more than to make others purr right along with her! Pleasure is her middle name, whether it's a short cat nap stretched out in the sun or a long kitty bath. She makes it a priority to explore all the delightful distractions 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](#), have been published by [Phaze Publishing](#), and her novels *Christmas Stalking*, *Blind Date*, *The Surrender of Persephone* and *The Song of Orpheus* are coming soon. 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 enjoyed [The Sybian Club](#), you might also enjoy:



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.

What People are Saying about Babysitting the Baumgartners:

Excellent!

The flow was perfect and characterization has been incredible. Extremely intense and yet believable through and through.

Fantastic!

This has been everything it should be - teasing the readers as much as the characters. Veronica's descent into seduction has been perfect. Thanks for a creative, erotic, well-written, believable story.

EXCERPT from BABYSITTING THE BAUMGARTNERS:

I got out of the shower and dried off, wrapping myself in one of the big white bath sheets. My room was across the hall from the bathroom, and the Baumgartner's was the next room over. The kids' rooms were at the other end of the hallway.

As I made my way across the hall, I heard Mrs. B's voice from behind their door:
"You want that tight little nineteen-year-old pussy, Doc?"

I stopped, my heart leaping, my breath caught. Oh my God. Were they talking about me? He said something, but it was low, and I couldn't quite make it out. Then she said: "Just wait until I wax it for you. It'll be soft and smooth as a baby's."

Shocked, I reached down between my legs, cupping my pussy as if to protect it, standing there transfixed, listening. I stepped closer to their door, seeing that it wasn't completely closed, trying to hear what they were saying. There wasn't any noise, now.

"Oh God," I heard him groan. "Suck it harder."

My eyes wide, I could feel the pulse returning between my thighs, a slow, steady heat. Was she sucking his cock? I remembered what it looked like in his hand—even from a distance, I could tell that it was big, much bigger than any of the boys I'd ever been with.

"Ahhhh fuck, Carrie!" he moaned. I bit my lip, hearing Mrs. B's first name felt so wrong, somehow. "Take it all, baby!"

All?! My jaw dropped as I tried to imagine it, pressing my hand over my throbbing mound. Mrs. B said something, but I couldn't hear it, and as I leaned toward the door, I bumped it with the towel wrapped around my hair. My hand went to my mouth and I took an involuntary step back as the door edged open just a crack. I turned to go to my room, but I knew that they would hear my door.

"You want to fuck me, baby?" she purred. "God, I'm so wet... did you see her sweet little tits?"

"Fuck, yeah," he murmured. "I wanted to come all over them."

Hearing his voice, I stepped back toward the door, peering through the crack. The bed was behind the door, at the opposite angle, but there was a large vanity table and mirror against the other wall, and I could see them reflected in it. Mrs. B was completely naked, kneeling over him. I could see her face, her breasts swinging as she took him into her mouth. His cock was standing straight up in the air.

"She's got beautiful tits, doesn't she?" Mrs. B ran her tongue up and down the shaft.

"Yeah." His hand moved in her hair, pressing her down onto his cock. "I want to see her little pussy. God, she's so beautiful."

"Do you want to see me eat it?" She moved up onto him, still stroking his cock. "Watch me lick that sweet, shaved cunt?"

I pressed a cool hand to my flushed cheek, but my other hand was rubbing the towel between my legs as I watched them. I had never heard anyone say that word out loud and it shocked and excited me.

"Oh God, yeah!" He grabbed her tits as they swayed over him. I could see her riding him, and knew he must be inside of her. "I want inside that tight little cunt."

I moved the towel aside and slipped my fingers between my lips. He was talking about me! The thought made my whole body tingle, and my pussy was on fire. Already slick and wet from my orgasm in the shower, my fingers slid easily through my slit.

"I want to fuck her while she eats your pussy." He thrust up into her. His hands were gripping her hips and her breasts swayed as they rocked together.

My eyes widened at the image he conjured, but Mrs. B moaned, moving faster on top of him.

"Yeah, baby." She leaned over him, her breasts dangling in his face. His hands went to them, his mouth sucking at her nipples, making her squeal and slam down against him even harder. "You want her on her hands and knees, her tight little ass in the air?"

He groaned, and I rubbed my clit even faster as he grabbed her and practically threw her off of him onto the bed. She seemed to know what he wanted, because she got onto her hands and knees, and he was fucking her like that, from behind. The sound of them, flesh slapping against flesh, filled the room.

They were facing the mirror, but Mrs. B had her face buried in her arms, her ass lifted high in the air. Doc's eyes were looking down between their legs, like he was watching himself slide in and out of her.

"Fuck!" Mrs. B's voice was muffled. "Oh fuck, Doc, make me come!"

He grunted and drove into her harder, and I watched her shudder and grab the covers with her fists. He didn't stop, though—his hands grabbed her hips and he worked himself into her over and over. I felt weak-kneed and full of heat, my fingers rubbing my aching clit in fast little circles. Mrs. B's orgasm had almost sent me right over the edge. I was very, very close.

"That tight nineteen-year-old cunt!" She shoved into her. "I want to taste her." He slammed into her again. "Fuck her." And again. "Make her come." And again. "Make her scream until she can't take anymore."

I leaned my forehead against the doorjamb for support, trying to control how fast my breath was coming, how fast my climax was coming, but I couldn't. I whimpered, watching him fuck her and knowing he was imagining me... me!

"Come here." He pulled out and Mrs. B was turning around like she knew what he wanted. "Swallow."

He was kneeling up on the bed as she pumped and sucked at his cock. I saw the first spurt land against her cheek, a thick white rope of cum, and then she covered the head with her mouth and swallowed, making soft mewling noises in her throat. I came then, too, shuddering and shivering against the doorframe, biting my lip to keep from crying out.

When I opened my eyes and came to my senses, Mrs. B was still on her hands and knees, focused between his legs—but Doc was looking right at me, his dark eyes on mine.

My hand flew to my mouth and I stumbled back, fumbling for the doorknob behind me that I knew was there. I finally found it, slipping into my room and shutting the door behind me. I leaned against it, my heart pounding, my pussy dripping, and wondered what I was going to do now...

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And look for these other titles from SELENA KITT:



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.

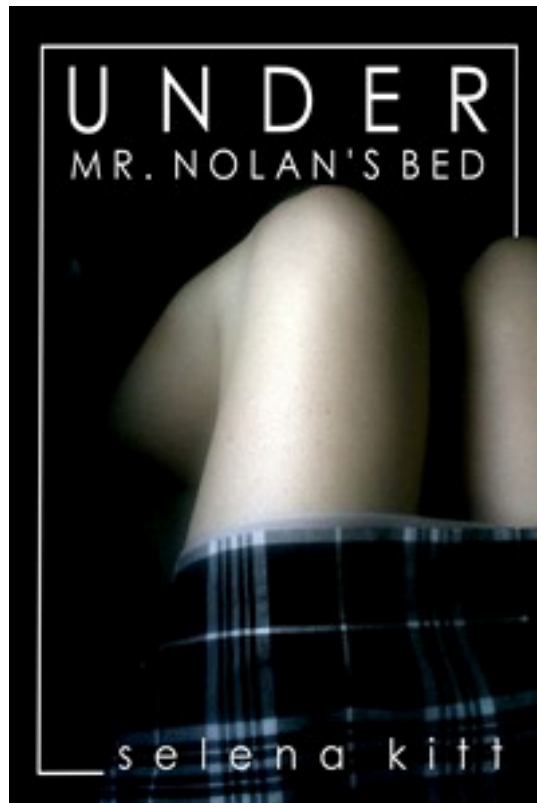


BLUEBEARD'S WIFE

By Selena Kitt

Tara's husband has never shared a fantasy with her, or even masturbated—that she knows of. However, this curious wife discovers a phone bill full of phone calls to sex lines and realizes her husband has been living a double life! Instead of getting mad, Tara's curiosity leads her to begin listening in on John's steamy conversations in hopes of finding out what he really wants in the bedroom. After several failed attempts at bringing fantasy to reality, however, a frustrated Tara turns to her much more adventurous best friend, Kelly, for help. A quick psychology 101 diagnosis from Dr. Kelly marks John as having a classic "madonna/whore" complex, and she quickly sets about making plans to rectify this situation. Tara goes along for the ride, hoping that Kelly may have the answer to bridging the seemingly ever-growing gap in her marriage...

Warning: This title contains a MFF threesome, a daddy/daughter role play between consenting adults, strong language, minor drug use and F/F 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!



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.