



**ME
&
MY
ZAPPER**

By John D'

Credits and License

Codes: MF, oral, exhib, hand, tease, mc, preg

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Please let me know what you think of the story; I cannot hope to improve as an author if the readers don't tell me where I succeeded and where I failed!

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Chapter I

She shuddered, her hands grasped her crotch and her face scowled; it was a direct hit, and my second of the week! Her eyes stared at me, longing and lust dripping from her gaze as her hands touched the crease of her trousers. She wanted to play with herself, and bring herself to orgasm; I could see it in her eyes. She needed to have a cock thrust into her soaking cunt and her loins filled with pure manhood before being fucked passionately. She needed a filthy rodgering! I smiled. I had seen it all before and it was a job well done, and I slipped my "zapper" safely into my pocket.

Did you know that a sine wave, at exactly 8.332Mhz, interspersed with brown noise at 19.94Hz, produced elevated horniness in women? Well, you do now! All it needs is a small transmitter to create these waves and fire them in the direction of the woman in question; it takes around fifteen seconds and the effect lasts for around an hour.

My "zapper" had never failed me; I had made my new landlady so drunk with lust that she was laid out on the kitchen table for over an hour as my ex-flatmate and I brought her repeatedly to screaming and shuddering climaxes. I had given my friend the ultimate birthday present when I delivered his old babysitter, now engaged and pregnant, to his bedroom and desperate to suck his unbelieving dick.

The joy of my creation is that it stimulates the innermost desires and wants from the ladies; if they secretly crave nasty sex then they will seek rampant debauchery: I cannot control the act, merely the hormones. It's enlightening how many women in my town who so willingly desire extreme kinkiness once their inhibitions are wrenched from them!

I had no such worries for this little beauty. Her golden hair reached the tops of her impressive bosom, wastefully shackled by her plain waitress uniform, while ornate tattoos decorated her bare arm. I smiled at her; I had been talking to her all night as I drank in her bar and waited for her to finish her shift: I may be sneaky but I never intentionally get my playthings into trouble.

She staggered over towards the door: less steady on her legs than most of the patrons of her drinking establishment. "You need a fucking," I said brazenly as she stumbled past me; her eyes hazy and her face in deep concentration. "You want a ..."

"Yes," she cried loudly, interrupting me and grabbing hold of my hand, and knocking my pint of beer onto the table. She gulped, and stared wantonly into my eyes, passionately gripping my wrists. The bar owner looked towards his aroused waitress, but she didn't notice. She pawed at my shirt, lifting it over my head painfully; I had to catch my glasses as she desperately unclothed me.

"Perhaps we should go," I suggested to the stranger, but she barely acknowledged I had said anything. She panted; she looked flushed! She gulped, and grabbed the top of her trousers, pulling them down towards her ankles.

"Maisie," her boss cried, but Maisie wasn't listening. She frantically ripped every shred of clothing from her body as the pub visitors stared at her; smiling at the unrestrained woman tearing away her dignity. "Maisie!"

"You can fuck me after," she promised her manager, as her eyes never left my gaze. Her fingers swept along her cleft as she scrabbled at my belt, anxious to tear my trousers from my waist and expose my rigid cock to her attention.

I groaned as the waitress pumped my erection, her cool hand spreading the glistening pre-cum over my anticipating member. "Maisie!" The man barked, but no-one cared. All eyes were watching the young blonde and her insatiable actions: naked and drugged with lust, I grabbed her by the hand and threw her onto the padded bench; her eyes sparkled.

I grabbed hold of her ankles and pushed my cock between her splayed legs. She groaned when it touched her hot sex and slid effortlessly into her folds. There was silence in the inn as the patrons watched the sexiest waitress squeal with desire and satisfaction. "Suck him off," I demanded as I looked at a bemused middle-aged gentleman sat on a stool, and looking at us open mouthed. "Suck him!"

She panted as I pummelled her cunt, thrusting into her dripping pussy to the hilt and watching her watering eyes and bouncing bosom as my body slammed into her. A string of obscenities left her lips as my cock hammered against her insides. She grunted and eagerly grabbed hold of the middle-aged man's dick, veiny and long, pulling it into her mouth.

Her lips glided wantonly over the erection, taking the head and a few inches into her slutty mouth. Her fingers slid underneath his balls as her legs quivered in my hands; I felt her pussy tighten and clench my intruding dick, squeezing it lovingly. I sighed; it felt wonderful. She screamed into the cock stuffing her mouth, and I saw the lucky man screw up his face.

Seeing her mouth overflowing with cum was enough for me; I felt the point of no return instantly, and jack hammered into her climaxing cunt, watching as she screamed lustful profanities into the packed pub. My cock twitched; my balls tight and my loins aching with pent-up arousal. I gulped and mewed, releasing my orgasm as I slammed my cock into her tight opening for the last time.

My balls emptied, spewing my seed into her desperate cunt as waves of relief cascaded over my body, causing every inch of me to shudder. I smiled, my soul glowing and satisfied as I withdrew my dripping cock from her cum-splattered hole; she looked lustfully at me, as I looked behind me. "She's all yours," I said, and watched as the next man took my position; the landlord had given up trying to stop the young lady and resorted to serving the fascinated regulars with more alcohol as they watched.

Maisie groaned and orgasmed as the wiry gentleman pounded her pussy with as much vigour as I managed, and I treated myself to another pint of England's finest beer as dozens of men, and a handful of women, were relieved their frustrations and horniness by the desperate woman.

As the evening drew to a close, she staggered to her feet, cum dripping down her legs and her body dishevelled and coated in sweat. She was fired, of course, and her clothes were destroyed, but I felt the zapper in my pocket and smiled sweetly at her, offering her a lift home.

It had been an hour, and my lust was returning. And I think she enjoyed it anyway!

Chapter II

Maisie swirled her spoon in the cheap cup of coffee; she had taken days to track down, but the star of the pub gangbang was feeling sorry for herself and she had intentionally avoided me when I found her: I had to chase her down the streets and corner her in a cheap café. “You think I’m a cheap slut,” she accused me.

A smile flickered over my face and I sighed. My zapper had been unused since taking her home that night as my lust for sexual decadence had been squashed by a feeling of guilt. It was only logical that anything that messes with the levels of arousal in such a dramatic way could lead to damaging consequences, but I wanted to rectify the trouble I had caused. But to do that, I needed to find her.

“I don’t,” I promised as she bit her lip; my heart sank a little further.

“You do. You all do. And I can’t get another job,” she cried. “I got fired and who needs to employ someone who did that. I don’t know what came over me.”

“Half the town,” I joked, but the tears streaming down her face told me that it was an unappreciated quip. “Sorry!” She gulped and I touched her hand. “That’s why I wanted to find you,” I added. “I want to offer you a job. Working for me.”

She dropped her spoon in her coffee and wiped the wetness from her eyes with the ball of her palm, and shaking her head. “I can’t,” she blubbed. “I know what you want from me, and I can’t do that. I don’t know why I did that and ... I’m sorry!”

She pushed her chair away from the table with the back of her legs. “You did those things because it was your innermost desire,” I replied, causing most of the café to turn their attention to Maisie and I, talking loudly. “You desperately wanted to play the lead role in a gangbang. And you did. That’s what you fantasise about, isn’t it?”

“No!” She screeched and backed away from the table, before running out of the shop. I felt the white heat stares of the other patrons and threw a ten pound note onto the table for the undrunk drinks and chased after the young lady haring down the road towards the pubs and clubs.

It took almost a quarter-of-a-mile to catch up with her, and grab her by the hand. “Listen!” I cried. “I know why you did what you did!” She gulped as she screeched at me to “let go” and pushed my hand away. “Don’t you want to know why what happened, happened?” I asked as she forced my hand from her wrist; a couple of bouncers outside a club were watching the exchange eagerly and clearly wondering if they needed to intervene.

“It happened because I am a silly, stupid little slut who got too horny and ...”

I pulled the zapper from my pocket. “It happened because of this,” I interrupted. She gulped and bit her lip, snorting in derision. “I’ll show you.”

I looked around the small plaza and spied a smartly-dressed couple walking towards the club we were outside and holding hands; I gave Maisie a unreciprocated smile and aimed my zapper, pressing the button firmly on the unit.

My target stopped immediately and fidgeted. I could see the pained expression on her face, and the twinkle in her eyes. I could see the excited ambivalence in her body language and the tightening of the grip on her partner’s hand. I looked at Maisie, open mouthed, as the woman dragged her partner into a side alley.

Maisie and I followed at a discreet distance, stopping when the couple reached a small church and the sounds of anxious fucking filled the night-time air. Maisie’s eyes widened as we watched the two lovers engaged in frantic and wild sex, his cock balls deep into his

young lady's cunt as he screamed disgusting abuse at her. "See," I whispered.

"You did that to me?" She muttered and shook her hand. "No, I don't believe you." I gulped and reached for the zapper in my pocket, before pointing it surreptitiously towards her in the bleak darkness of the small cemetery.

She gulped and looked at me, the moment I pressed the button; her eyes torn from the rampant fucking the couple were engaged upon on a small bench. She sighed, before looking at me with a confused expression on her face and groaned as I showed her the zapper in my hand. "You did do it," she cried and slapped me on the face, before reaching for her crotch. "You fucking bastard!"

"Yeah sorry," I muttered, watching as her fingers delved into the waistband of her trousers. "You need any help?" I asked, a smile creeping across my face.

"No," she cried; her call was loud enough to echo in the graveyard but the couple were unmoved. "Not from ..."

My fingers replaced hers in her knickers and eyes melted; all resistance disappeared instantly and she spluttered, leaning back against the tree behind us. She pawed at my shorts, desperately trying to find my cock hidden safely within my clothing. "You utter bastard," she moaned as she panted breathlessly. "You ..."

"Shut up," I snapped. "You wanted proof." My fingers swept along her moist crack and she closed her eyes, enjoying my touch, satisfying her arousal and lust. I undid her trousers with my spare hand and she barely noticed them fall to the ground, and then swipe her knickers to her ankles.

Her cunt needed it; her body ached and her legs quivered. She wanted to climax in the graveyard. She wanted me to fuck her. She needed to fill her stomach lurch as waves of orgasmic lust consumed her soul. She was desperate to be that slut in the pub all over again.

Her eyes wept like her excited pussy, shamed by her rampant sluttiness and desires. "Fuck, you are sexy," I whispered in her ear; watching her expression as the bottomless girl cried in disgust. She was horny, her body and soul dripping with desperation, as my fingers massaged her aching clit. Her legs quivered and her tear-stained face jerked mews of satisfaction.

I felt her pussy shake and tense. I sensed her ragged breathing; I heard her profanity-laden cries as she climaxed, screaming passionately into the graveyard with shameless wanton abandon as a sweeping relief washed over her. I saw the couple on the bench watching us, and I ripped the knickers from her ankles, snapping the white thong in two and throwing it onto a headstone.

Maisie couldn't protest; her lust-addled brain drugged with the promise of orgasmic delight that her pussy craved. "Hi," I muttered as we approached the two lovers. Cum leaked from her pussy as the man withdrew his cock and I thrust Maisie forward. "I have a slut who loves the taste of cum," I promised as I gave a slight nod of the head towards the wiry gentleman. "May she?"

He nodded, not consulting his lady who lay panting on the bench in the cold still of the night air. "She loves it too."

"Maisie'll do 69," I promised and saw my victim's face light up. She gulped, muttering something to me, but the promise of a mouthful of cum and a cunt to lick proved too much for her psyche and she knelt on the bench over the young lady's face, before burying her tongue into the provided crack.

The sounds of two women lapping filled the calmness and I looked towards my newly-

acquired male friend. "I don't know what's got into her tonight," he told me. "She's ..."

"Rampant!" I finished for him as I unzipped my shorts. "Excuse me, while I just fuck my girl and provide yours with a creampie!" He nodded, like I had just asked for something perfectly normal and watched as I filled Maisie's cunt with my erect cock. She cried as I ploughed my dick into her maidenhood, slapping her arse as her soft folds caressed my cock.

"Fucking slut, aren't you?" I asked rhetorically as my hand reddened her rear; she mewed into the cunt her lips were wrapped around and I slammed my cock into her desperate hole. I felt the hot breath of the girl underneath Maisie, and a tongue sliding down my shaft and kissing my balls. I groaned; it was wonderful and my body shivered.

I could feel myself nearing orgasm and tightened my testicles, awaiting the point of no return. I closed my eyes and slapped Maisie as hard as I could, insulting her sluttiness that I had caused. I pulled her hips towards my body, ramming my cock as deep into her sex as I could and gulped, as her pussy squeezed my intruding cock; it was heaven: sheer lustful bliss.

A delightful surge of relief consumed my body as Maisie and I both climaxed. I pushed my cock deep into her, and squirted, propelling my seed deep into the young lady as I rocked back and forth, savouring the sparks of delight as my cock sung with lustful satisfaction.

I stepped back and watched the trickle of my cum seep from her cunt and wiped my cock on her bare arse. "Pair of sluts," I suggested to my newly-acquired friend and we stepped back and watched as the two insatiable women ate each other to shuddering orgasms. I smiled, and helped an exhausted, and still lusted, Maisie to her feet. She stumbled towards me and the bottomless woman tried desperately to get back inside my shorts.

"Will you take that job?" I asked as I resisted. "I'll give you bed and board," I promised. "And a good rate of pay." Her glazed eyes barely computed those words as I led her from the cemetery and she gulped. "And I'll give you a massive fucking when we get home." Her face lit up and she nodded..

"You're still a bastard," she muttered as my fingers touched her crack as we walked.

"I'm your boss," I replied with a grin and pressed against her cunt. "And I think we need a team bonding session," I muttered.

At least Maisie would have an income, I told myself as the desperately wanton woman walked bottomless out of the cemetery with my fingers on her pussy. What could possibly go wrong?

Chapter III

Maisie crossed her arms and stared at me; she was angry. "I make specialist receivers and transmitters," I told her. "It's only a garage operation but I ..."

"For getting men to force women to have sex with them! That's disgusting!"

I shook my head quickly in disagreement. "No. It's only me that uses that device," I promised her, and took a slice of the breakfast toast I had put on the dining table. "That's my hobby."

"Hobby!" She cried in disbelief. "You've ruined my life!"

"Nonsense," I snorted and took a deep breath. "I just get women to live out their secret desires. They get enjoyment and ..."

"I have lost my job. I was already two months in arrears and my Dad is best friends with the landlord. I haven't answered my phone as I know what they will say. So, tell me, how have you not fucked up my life?" She shouted aggressively and shook her head.

"Because I will pay you more than you did as a waitress, I will give you a skilled job and I will give you bed and board," I offered; more out of guilt than anything else. She shook her head and told me that she didn't trust me, but after a few minutes discussing her options – and the threat of a landlord's eviction notice – she relented and agreed to move in the following day, if I would surrender my zapper to her.

"Because it's fucking dangerous," she cried and gestured towards the device I had put on the table to show her. "If you point that at a paedophile or a rapist, what's going to happen?"

"I only point it at women," I promised but she rightly scoffed at my excuse; I had not considered these eventualities before. "OK, how should I use it?"

"You shouldn't," she hissed, and scoffed at my objections: it did no harm and it gave people a way to live out their fantasies. A smile emerged on her face as she listened to my excuses. "I guess it is OK if you know the person and they were going to have sex with you anyway." She sighed and crossed her arms. "I can see it does have a use. I mean, it did make me very horny. And I have never come as hard as I did. With that thing."

I smirked and went to pick up the device, but she snatched it from under my grasp. "Oi."

"You can have it back when you can be trusted," she said in a patronising voice. "And I know just the date for you." Her eyes sparkled as she put my toy into her pocket, and flicked some crumbs on her top, onto the floor. "I wonder if Annie is free tonight?" I was concerned by her gleeful grin and her sudden helpful demeanour but was ushered out of the small kitchen to "work" while Maisie set me up with her friend and made preparations for her moving in.

The rules, as agreed, was that we would meet at the pub and then returned to her flat. While Maisie would retain the zapper, she would only push it if I agreed. I was slightly perturbed by her abrupt bout of understanding, but she assured me that Annie was a lovely girl who had recently separated from her husband because of sexual differences and was a like a firework - "explosive material just waiting for that spark."

She didn't lie, as Annie was gorgeous, a few inches shorter than me at around 5ft6in but well proportioned and gloriously curvy. She had a wicked smile and hugged my chaperone as we entered the small inn, and I bought us all drinks. She had a slight Irish tilt to her voice that oozed mysterious intrigue, and seemed excited throughout our meal.

There was a permanent smile and unyielding enthusiasm about getting home and she happily rubbed the back of my hand as I finished my coffee. Every time the conversation edged towards sex, Maisie steered it away and I was a little suspicious, but she whispered that we all knew why we had met and she didn't feel comfortable talking about it so brazenly.

I was feeling ambiguous. There was something Maisie and Annie were not telling me, but the small alcohol intake had dulled my inhibitions, and the young lady grabbed my hand as we ambled back from the pub, squeezing it hard but playfully. She babbled at her friend and my lodger, but we arrived at her small bungalow after a couple of minutes and after she unlocked the door, she ran off to her bedroom.

"Well?" Maisie whispered as I removed my coat and shoes. "May I press it?" I barely thought before nodding and she grinned, wickedly. "Just one thing," Maisie warned as she pulled out a red object from her pocket. "I need you to be blindfolded." She looked at my eyebrows rising and she licked her lips. "She has a few scars from ... well I need you to if you want to get on with it!"

I sighed. "But that's ..." I started, but she slipped the padded cotton over my eyes.

"Don't be a baby," she warned as she led me into the second bedroom and pushed me against the bed. I groaned and cried out as I fell face first, but had to rely on my other senses as I tumbled in the unlit world.

She giggled and my arms were pulled upwards. "What!" I cried as I felt cold metal snapping over my left wrist and then my right. "Maisie, this isn't funny. This ..." I cried, shouting into the room, but was rewarded by a gag going across my mouth and stopping my speech. She pulled the blindfold from my eyes, looking over my shoulder as she roughly removed my trousers and underpants, and pushing my shirt to my shoulders to expose my back.

"Annie wants to be a dominatrix. But her husband couldn't face it so he left. But she has so many hidden desires," Maisie said gleefully and giggled at the horrified look in my eye.

"This bedroom is her playground but poor Micky was too scared to come in." The scheming minx took the zapper from her pocket and rolled it around in her fingers, watching my eyes sparkle with fear. "And I can press this!"

I begged her, muffled sounds from my gag, but she ignored me and called her friend into the room. "Please," I cried. "Please, don't. Let me go. I ..."

"Ssshhh," she told me as I struggled with my bindings. "You'll like it." Annie's face lit up as she looked at the sight on the bed. A half-naked man, scrabbling with fear to escape the inevitable torment. She had dressed up: now resplendent in shiny black and red latex bodice with nothing more than fishnet stockings on her lower body. My cock twitched, oblivious to the ramifications of my predicament and Maisie smiled at me. "He's lovely," she told her as her finger pressed the zapper subtly. "He said he will take whatever fantasies you have."

I cried into the gag and Annie looked at my lodger. "What he say?"

"I'll get to that," she patronised me, her finger still pressing on the button and Annie's eyes started to glaze over. "He says he wants to satisfy you. In any way you want!"

She sighed and rubbed her latex crotch, licking her lips and striding over to the wardrobe. "Does he have a safeword?"

"Of course not," Maisie added with a satisfied grin. "And I'll be thoroughly disappointed if we wanted to use one." Annie beamed, the lust fogging her brain and looked at her prey wriggling on the mattress. She writhed and grabbed hold of a long cane-like weapon from

the wardrobe, her excitement evident as she cracked it into her hand and then swiped it across my thighs.

My flesh exploded into a mass of angry nerves, burning with pain and causing me to scream into my gag. "Hurt?" She asked excitedly as my skin glowed in agony. "Oh yes," she yelled and cracked the long cane against the tops of my legs for a second time, igniting my flesh. My eyes moistened and I gripped the top of the bed as the crazy dominatrix lashed her cane painfully against my legs.

My skin raged; the fierce pain seething deep into my body as she rained angry strokes against my defenceless self. I stopped yelling for mercy after two dozen strikes as it was only encouraging her to hit harder, and looked at Maisie sitting on a chair and watching my torment unfold. I guess, she was getting her revenge and I couldn't blame her.

Instead I had to take my punishment and the dainty, excited girl had a lot of strength in her arms, dropping the cane and resorting to ferocious smacks of my bare bottom before getting some wheeled spike.

Every touch of her implements sent waves of angry sensations through my body. I needed to be released. I had learnt my lesson, but Annie could not be stopped. With every lash she gave, her horniness seemed to double, and she openly touched herself through her latex clothing. She needed to orgasm and she cried in lust-soaked arousal with every smack, hit and stroke.

My cries and yells seemed to take her further; she used my muffled pleas for mercy as a cue to go harder, go faster, get more passionate and Maisie just watched and took pictures on her phone. As Annie beat me, as she used paddles and fiery hot wax to have me yelling into my gag.

They laughed as rivulets of blood trickled down my back and leg, and as my arse turned from pink to red to black, and then as she whipped the soles of my feet. My muffled screams were like a vibrator pressed against her cunt; she needed it to go faster so she hit harder, turning my body into a mass of bruises and left me broken and shaking.

"I've always wanted to do this," Annie cried as she pulled out something from a drawer and looked at Maisie. "Will he mind?"

"That's his favourite," I heard her exclaim, and my blood ran cold. Whatever she had in mind was not good news for me and I gulped; my red raw bottom exposed to the cool air of the room. Maisie smirked at me and licked her lips as Annie walked behind me and roughly pulled my hips upwards. I felt a finger touch my buttocks and then slide towards my anus. She pressed against it and I resisted but her intrusion effortlessly slid into my body.

I snarled and begged, and she withdrew her finger, leaving behind a cool wetness. I hoped I was wrong, but I guessed what Annie wanted, and I was powerless to resist. I cried and pleaded, tears running down my cheeks as Annie violated me. Her strapon slid gracefully past my ring of muscle as she gleefully took my anal virginity and filled my rectum with sinful exuberance.

My cock betrayed me; mostly erect throughout my torture, now prominent as I was ravished; my anal integrity desecrated with lubricious excitement. But I felt sparks of lust, tickling my loins. My body was enjoying it, aching from the beating I had received and now delighting as I was buggered by the unstoppable dominatrix.

I tried hard to fight it, but I couldn't; my cock leaking as she slammed against my prostate. She was panting, squealing in delight as her strap-on rubbed against her clit and she tossed outrageous insults into the air, revelling in her sadistic triumph. I was insulted, I was abused, I was humiliated by her vile profanities, but my libido showed no signs of slowing

at the offensive words or inflicted wounds.

She grabbed my hips roughly, pivoting on my waist as she ground her dildo into my rear and slapped my abused flesh. She squealed and panted, calling out to God as her cries erupted into a mass of orgasmic yells and howls. My prostate was being touched and poked forcefully and passionately and I screeched into my gag as she thrusting quickly into me.

My cries of anguish tipped her over the edge into the most violent of orgasms; her body trembled and she dug her sharp nails into my sides, gripping them and causing my body to tense with agony. "Oh shit! Oh fucking shit!" She called out and rammed her strap-on into me again, jack-hammering her toy against my prostate for her second and then her third climax.

I was not certain how many times she peaked, but I felt a warm haze engulf my body and my horniness build. I wanted to fuck her; I needed to, but the satisfied latex clad woman disengaged from me, and moved away from the bed, leaving me covered in sweat and dripping with lust.

"I'll clean him up," Maisie offered as Annie slouched against the wall and gulped. She waited until Annie left the room, before looking into my eyes. "That's one-all," she told me with a grin. "And that's why you can't just point that thing at anyone and hope for the best. It could lead to big problems."

She seemed to be searching for understanding and forgiveness but my body ached. My anus felt stretched and well fucked, my thighs were burning, my feet were sore, my back was bleeding and my mouth tired and sodden. She was not going to get approval for her actions.

"And if you don't understand," she threatened. "Then I might just publicize some of the pictures I took." Her eyes sparkled. "As uploaded to my private storage." She must have seen my shoulders slouch as she removed my gag and I took some deep breaths.

"I won't forget this," I cried as the little minx smiled at me. "That was evil and it was ..." She shook her hips and picked up the cane, tapping it gently across my buttocks.

"You can forgive me, and accept I have had my revenge. And I will give you a handjob as a peace offering," she offered. "Or we can go to extra time." I felt the cane rest on my abused bum and flinched as it lit up my skin.

"Yeah, you win this one," I hurriedly said, and felt the heavenly gentle touch of her hand around my erect cock.

She had made her point very well. And she would be forgiven. But I would not forget. I guess I had underestimated her before. I wouldn't do so again.

Chapter IV

To say the trust between Maisie and I had taken a battering after her shenanigans with her dominatrix friend would be an understatement. I loathed the deception but she reminded me that I had clearly gained some satisfaction from the experience and reasoned that she had found my excuses about using my zapper flimsy: she said she needed to show me how dangerous it could be.

But Maisie knew that I would seek some sort of retribution and had hidden my zapper somewhere in my house. I spent ages looking but she had hidden it well and I never found it. Instead, we put it behind us and I showed her how to help in my garage operation making simple electronic devices; she took to the work very quickly, mastering a soldering iron in minutes and starting to churn out customer orders within a couple of days to a high standard.

I showed her how to use oscilloscopes to check the output of my little cottage factory and she kept a watchful eye on me; she knew I would want to make another zapper and had made sure that I was not left alone with my tools for very long.

The opportunity to make another, came about a week after the dominatrix trick: my frustration had reached insane levels, and while Maisie was a good lodger, we had not progressed to being lovers: it was a weird friendship and nothing else. She taunted me, and teased me, but I wanted my zapper back and she would not relent. Basically, she got careless, and left me alone for fifteen minutes as one of her friends had a “massive crisis” with her on-off boyfriend and reception on her old mobile phone was not good enough inside my garage; she stepped outside.

Inside five minutes I had soldered the components I needed onto a small piece of stripboard, along with a battery connector and an on/off switch before stashing it carefully in the waste paper basket. Maisie eyed me suspiciously on her return, apologising for her brief departure and said nothing as I placed the rubbish bag in the “black bin” in my garden, for retrieval later. Which I did.

I had a few ideas, but her traumatised friend had requested some support that weekend; she ran a Sunday league football team and a number of the players had been incapacitated with a bug that left them requiring additional footballers. Maisie volunteered and my new zapper went with us both, unbeknown to my young lodger.

The parish council-run facilities, a couple of miles from my house, certainly required some maintenance, and the muddy pitch had more dirt than grass. The football pitch was bordered by a small set of changing rooms and a mobile tea and coffee stall, also selling pasties that looked like they had been there for some weeks. I skipped both and stood to watch as the two teams warmed up and then kicked off.

I had no idea Maisie was so bad at football; her attempts to pass the ball were calamitous, her solitary shot on goal endangered passing birds more than the net, and her tackles were so mistimed even Paul Scholes would have winced. But everyone seemed to be enjoying watching the 22 young ladies run around the muddy pitch in the most passionate of spirits, especially as their shorts were short and most of the ladies were fit, attractive and fairly well endowed.

Maisie smiled at me as she ran past me at half-time and as full-time blew I steadied my zapper in my pocket, pointing at the group of ladies shaking hands and congratulating themselves. I wasn't aiming for any particular member, just the group.

My invention was powerful and I had to show that; show how good it could be. Show her how it sated every thirst and urge the women had. Maisie had to understand.

The nearest girl to me clenched her fists and her body shook; her friend panted and grabbed hold of her, leaning towards the muddy footballer. All over the pitch, hands grasped crotches and eyes sparkled; friendly congratulations turned to anxious stumbling and glances. Instantly, there was a sexual tension in the air.

Maisie knew. She looked at me with a fire in her heart and slapped me across the face. "I'll fuckin' swing for you," she cried as the spectators turned in shock at the violent outburst to watch us argue. Instead, the horny minx grabbed my hand and pulled me by the wrist, dragging me inside the changing room and pushing me up against the tile-lined cool wall. "You made another one," she panted and with lust driving her thoughts and consuming her eyes, she kissed me, pushing her lips against mine and running her hands over my body.

Her muddy football kit was sodden and soft to the touch as I frantically slid my hand into the waistband of her white shorts. She groaned into my shoulder as I touched her clit and opened my eyes to see a dozen of horny football players engaged in the throws of passion. A lesbian threesome inches from us were the noisiest, while the good spirit shown on the pitch was continuing off of it, as two of the opposition were being ate out by players from Maisie's team.

Another guy, clearly dragged into the changing room, looked at me, shocked, as two team-mates took turns in licking his cock and fingering each other; it was like a dream for him and he could scarcely believe it was happening. Maisie groaned, and shivered; her muscles tightening and twitching as I flicked her sensitive button with my finger. She groaned lustfully into the damp changing room, savouring every touch on her pearl. "You love this, don't you?"

"Yeah," she muttered as she panted and squealed; her body consumed by the rampant lust she so hated me for causing. "Oh God," she muttered and sniffed.

"Every girl in here is thanking me right now," I whispered. "They are getting some of the best sex of their life. Look." I spun her body around, keeping my fingers in her waistband and held her back to my chest, making her watch as her team-mates pleased each other, and a random spectator.

I swirled her clit in my fingers, allowing it to dance over my slippery fingers and pinched her nipple through her yellow football shirt. She cried out, yelling profanities into the lust-soaked room and panting as her body lurched into a powerful climax. She gripped my thigh, rocking back against my crotch as she rode her first orgasm, her shorts becoming sodden from her intimate juices gushing from her cunt.

"You," I cried to a startled girl, fingering herself on the floor of the changing room. "She loves giving oral," I pushed Maisie towards her and ordered my errant lodger to go down on the young lady; the two girls barely paused as Maisie stumbled into the girls crotch and ripped her white shorts from the redhead to devour her slit.

I had a few seconds to capture the scene on my phone before it was noticed that I was alone, and one of the horny footballers, pulled at my trousers and freed my cock. I smiled at the fresh-faced girl, her face a mixture of innocence and guilt, as she licked my erect cock from root to tip. Her black hair framed her round face and cheeky grin sexily and I pulled her up to face me, before laying her on the rickety wooden bench.

She didn't even flinch as I towered over her, but stroked my cock impatiently as I glanced at her muddy legs and dirty shorts; she hadn't even removed her football boots, but I didn't care, and ripped her shorts open. She gasped, as my fingers brushed across her gushing cunt, pushing her knickers to one side.

She screamed passionate obscenities as my cock touched her entrance and her muddy boots wrapped themselves around my clean T-Shirt. "Fuck me!" She yelled and exploded

into a mass of passionate screams and shrieks, her body shaking and gasping as my cock slid into her moist hole. She took a deep breath and gripped the side of the bench, howling loudly as her muscles contracted around my intruding cock.

She yelled obscenities; the most profane of words, and the most extreme of sayings as her pussy quivered relentlessly throughout the rampant thrusting of my cock into her cunt. She came continuously, screaming and crying as her breasts heaved and she snatched breaths of air. She gushed, an unrelenting flow of liquid streamed from her crotch as I began to pound my cock into her orgasming cunt.

"Shut her up," I asked the opposition goalkeeper, naked and bruised. "Sit on her face." My partner barely noticed as an aroused pussy lowered itself over her mouth, and her tongue enveloped around the expectant loins; her grip around my cock tightened. I slid my hands over her bare cunt and found her clit with my thumb, spinning the little pearl.

My lust was building; I was nearly at the point of no return: the sights of the bisexual orgy, the sounds of the rampant debauchery, the smell of mustiness and lust and the feel of an orgasming pussy around my cock, all combined to produce a powerful sensory overload. I could taste my climax. I could feel it building in my body and desperately needing to escape. It was there; I was ready.

Maisie came up behind me. "You. Are. A. Fucking. Bastard," she panted and nibbled at my ear. "But I so fucking love you." I glanced around to see a young lady scissoring her fingers into my Maisie's cunt and I gulped, thrusting deeper into the orgasming woman.

I could feel it; I held on desperately for my orgasm, eager to intensify the climax; her legs had barely stopped shaking since I had touched her clit but as I powered my cock into the desperate woman, her body trembled and her muffled screams had got louder.

My loins twitched and a surge of tension engulfed my cock; I felt relief sweep my body as squirts of cum squirted from my shaft and buried themselves deep inside the young lady, screaming lustful delight into the crotch of the goalkeeper.

I withdrew, taking a few deep breaths and panting as I watched my cum leak from her well fucked hole. I gasped and looked at Maisie and then of the dozen women engaged in a lesbian orgy.

"Open up!" A voice cried from the door, and I heard hammering. "Emily, what's going on?" No-one cared about the worried voices from behind the locked changing room door and I saw Maisie wide-eyed as her team-mate was fingering her again.

"We got to get out of here," I shouted at Maisie as a random girl sucked my cock free of cum and smiled up at me. "Sorry," I told her. "We gotta go." I tugged at Maisie's hand but she refused and the spurned lady between my legs looked at me with pleading eyes. "Maisie!"

I had to pull my horny lodger away from the eager woman and drag her into the shared showers. The sounds of passionate orgasms and angry fucking from the adjacent changing room told me that they were enjoying the full effects of my invention too, and I pulled the naked girl out of the fire escape and into the car park.

Dozens of voices gasped as we emerged from the side of the building, and a man grabbed hold of the fire escape door. "What the ..."

"It's bedlam in there," I muttered as I pulled Maisie across the car park to my car and wheel spun the vehicle out of the car park.

"That's why it's dangerous," she panted as she played with her clit in my front seat, treating me to a sordid erotic show. I gulped and pulled into an abandoned bridleway, bringing my car an abrupt stop.

“In the back,” I ordered and took a deep breath. Well, I was a man and she had an itch that needed satisfying. But I would be in trouble the following day, I knew I would be, but at the moment, I had what she so desperately needed. And I was going to give it to her!

Chapter V

To say Maisie and I had a row that evening would be an understatement; she was livid and her friend had received a steady stream of phone calls from tearful team-mates anxiously wanting to discuss the lustful fog that had unexpectedly gripped them, and the consequences of their debauchery.

Maisie threw them at me as they were relayed to her: Emily was splitting up from her partner as she now “realised” how boring he was, Harriet was now looking for a girlfriend and not a boyfriend, and Evelyn was begging her husband to take her back. These were my fault and I felt a bit guilty, but there was some good to come out of it too. Julia had found her husband had loved the idea of her being unfaithful and was begging her to have a repeat performance, while Susie arrived home, gave her startled young neighbour a tube of KY and told him that he was not going to University for his lecture, but instead the only place he was going was her bedroom and her ass.

Maisie was furious with me, thought that I was completely irresponsible, and confiscated my zapper with a snarled face and a furrowed expression; this ended our conversations for most of the next few days. She passed me an article from the local paper - “Sex-crazed footballers shame village” and shared the hundreds of text messages she received, but she never let on to anyone what I had caused or done. I owed her gratitude for that at least.

She did also keep a watchful eye over me in my cottage factory and our good working relationship returned. I still really desired to play with my zapper much more, and could see so much potential with it, but Maisie was insistent that I had done enough damage. I had to be content without it.

I tried to discuss ways of using it in an “ethical” manner, but Maisie refused all of my suggestions and so my invention was very much unused. It was a waste, but she quietly pondered things and said little to me on the subject.

A fortnight after the “football club fuck,” my mischievous tenant asked if I could leave her alone for the evening as she planned to invite some friends for a girlie night in, and this coincided with an invitation I had pinned to the noticeboard from my sister for one of her “community get togethers.”

My sister, Katie, married a wealthy and upwardly mobile city financier and they moved to a small and exclusive hamlet a few miles outside the town. She did her best to look like she was still connected to her family but ensured she maintained a sizeable distance – we were a mild embarrassment – while I did my best to remain at a complete distance from her husband and her neighbours; they irritated me.

Katie loved playing a host, she would regularly invite her affluent neighbours to her extensive garden, for “food, drink and good company,” and while I would always try to avoid such pomposity and ostentatious displays of obscene wealth, it was infinitely more preferable than Hollywood remakes at the cinema on my own or spending the evening with one of my friends, and their stressed partners, as an “odd one out.” I resented their inability to be separated from the latest girl sucking their cocks and my offers of a boys night out was turned down!

Katie seemed delighted, surprised and somewhat worried, all at the same time, when I parked on her grass verge in my five-year old car. She tutted but said nothing about my appearance – non-designer T-Shirt with navy shorts – and showed me into her expansive property; I asked, because it always irritated her, if she still needed two kitchens, eight bedrooms, five bathrooms and four lounges – and she sighed, pushing her blonde hair

behind her ears and perching on her impossibly tall, and ridiculously expensive shoes. I am sure I was adopted.

The party was her usual banal mix of arrogance, self-importance, ignorance and egotistical patronisation: the plastic surgeon and his wife, the four CEOs, the dozen city workers and managers. They all relished the exclusivity of Little Heywood, and that they were miles away from “the plebs.” I hated them, but the vol-au-vents were lovely (as always) and I was given a glass of some ludicrously expensive champagne that I decided would be rude to refuse!

I did find another “normal” person: when Rebecca had recently split with her boyfriend, he had broken into her flat and done considerable damage to her rented property in revenge. While the insurers, the landlord and the Police addressed this, she was lodging with her sister, Elsie, in the “spare bedroom.” She joked that it was bigger than her flat, and I was not sure if her comment was completely untrue.

Rebecca was an out-of-work primary school teaching assistant, working as a waitress, and had a wonderful smile, a cheeky expression with deep blue eyes and long, brunette hair that oozed playfulness. I would have liked her anyway, but amongst the supercilious smarminess that infected the party, she was a god-send.

We retired to one of Katie's kitchens after chatting on her verandah for half-an-hour; my elder sister teased me not to “corrupt” the young lady when she offered us more champagne on a silver platter, but I was driving and had to seek soft drinks inside. It was quieter, cooler and more private inside the house, but we could see over the garden from our viewpoint while we chatted.

After half-an-hour of talk, we both saw dozens of women grab their crotches and their eyes sparkled. “What's going on?” Rebecca asked in a desperately concerned voice, as the party became infected with lust-addled zombies. “What's ...”

“Maisie!” I exclaimed and grabbed Rebecca's arm roughly. “The little ... Rebecca, go home!” I demanded and she scowled at me, waiting for an answer. “Please. You need to go home. Now!” She paused, and I promised I would give her an explanation later, although I wasn't sure what I could say. I didn't want Rebecca watching her sister getting fucked, or her sister watching Rebecca. And I didn't want Rebecca to get caught up in Maisie's revenge.

She stammered, but she must have seen the importance in my eyes, and left by the front door as I strode into the garden. “Maisie!” I yelled, but no-one noticed; the area was awash with women desperately ripping themselves free of their garments and their husbands frantically trying to stop them. It was almost amusing for a split-second, but caught sight of a familiar face leaning against the garden wall, holding one of my zappers and cackling. “What have you done?”

“Only good things,” she promised with a malevolent giggle and cocked her head with a smirk. “I have an idea. But I need ... just trust me!”

“Trust you!” I snapped, and shook the sneering coquette by her shoulders; she wriggled free of my grasp. “You have just dosed up my sister with lust and ...”

“You did that to my friends,” Maisie interrupted and bit her lip as we watched Elsie throw her husband roughly into the flowerbeds, pawing at his trousers and squealing obscenities. “She's in for a good time,” Maisie teased as I snatched the zapper from her grasp. She didn't care; she had done what she wanted, and peered towards my sister and another city financier's wife kissing passionately while hands caressed the naked bodies, and their husbands panicked. “Should be a good show,” she cried and skipped away.

I snarled, but what could I do? There was no antidote, and resigned to being part of the

mayhem; I wondered if this would be enough for the patronising bastards that lived in Little Heywood to join the rest of us in the real world. I watched a middle-aged blonde lady, sat at the outside table, with a hiked dress and her fingers pressing against her crotch; her breathing ragged and her public ribald antics deliciously arousing. She saw me ogling her and raised her dress higher; her panties abandoned on the floor before I arrived and her bare crotch, pink and soaking. She raised her leg to another chair and pushed her body into her seat, itching to exhibit her masturbation and smiled as I fidgeted.

I said nothing; I didn't need to, but stared as her fingers toyed with her clit and she stroked her labia with her other hand; gentle strokes of her puffy flesh as she exaggerated her whimpering and groaning for the sole member of her admiring audience.

She slid a finger into her glistening hole and squealed, closing her eyes and bucking her hips. She was desperate for me to watch and I slid my hands into my shorts to touch my erect cock. My lust burned, but she was sexy; her buxom, shapely body oozed femininity and she used her womanly wiles expertly to ensnare my attention, and my arousal.

She maintained eye contact for a few moments before ripping her glance away as her body lurched towards her climax and she plunged two fingers deep inside her well-lubricated cunt, glistening as she rotated them. I gasped as she panted; her breasts heaving and her legs quivering with pent-up desire. She was going to climax and I leant against the wall, idly rubbing my shaft as she played.

With a groan, loud enough to summon the souls of the dead, her body tipped her past her point and her legs quivered, shaking uncontrollably as she squirted onto the patio, soaking her hand touching her pussy and making her vocal output louder and louder.

She squealed and yelled again, crying into the evening as her body took her to a second, a third and then a fourth unyielding and intensive peak; she couldn't, and wouldn't stop, and I grinned as I watched. She seemed to delight in me ogling her, but subtle glances around the garden saw that few people cared about a woman masturbating on the patio: they had their own debauchery to contend with and savour.

"Honey!" A desperate voice cried from behind me and then a middle-aged man looked at me in the eyes. "What have you done to her?"

"Nothing," I hurriedly replied, quite truthfully, but it was too late; the city financier's hand was being propelled towards me and his punch glanced off my cheek, knocking me sideways. I smacked him in the nose for his trouble, but his orgasming wife barely noticed the ensuing fight and climaxed for a fifth time. Her husband tried to stop her, but she threw off her dress and grabbed him by the hand, tearing at his expensive clothes to free his genitals while he frantically resisted.

He needn't have bothered trying to maintain decorum: the entire neighbourhood had turned the "community get together" into a swingers' party, and spied a couple of naked wives kissing each other on the grass while their husbands had stormed off. Some male partners had left, but others were clearly willing to take advantage of the situation and screw their wives, or other people's wives.

I removed my T-Shirt; it was a hot day and ambled towards the two nude women. I barely needed to ask if they needed any male company, before I was pushed onto the grass and had a face full of female ass pressing down on my skull; while I loved giving head, I normally didn't expect to see women leaping onto my tongue. Ingrid did; Ingrid was clearly sexually repressed, her body shivered with every touch my tongue made on her deliciously sweet slit. It purred with every kiss of her clitoris, and sang the sweet sounds of female arousal as I slalomed across her cunt.

She loved it; my face soaked from my saliva and her sweet juices, as the black-haired, tall

beauty rocked her body and danced to the tune from my tongue. I toyed with her breasts, squeezing the nipple and rubbing it gently, as I felt my shorts get lowered roughly and then another woman – who knows who – sliding their body over my crotch.

It was gorgeous: heavenly in the extreme, as my erect cock slid into a deliciously tight wet cunt and the owner began bucking their hips. I groaned into the hairless cunt drenching my face and moved my hand to the woman fucking me; squeezing her engorged nipple and rotating it between my thumb and forefinger.

I know Ingrid came again, she ground her cunt into my face when she orgasmed and I squeezed her nipple hard. She squealed in pain, and pleasure, and yelled fervently with mindless libidinous abandon.

I rolled her pearl around my tongue and wrote her a love letter on her clit, hearing and feeling how every contact, every flick, and every letter, drew more orgasmic delight from the lady squealing and crying loudly into the cool, twilight air. I loved it; I loved how I was taking this woman to the heights of pleasure she would not reach with her husband. I loved how I could eat out this prim and proper wife, no doubt the toast of dinner parties throughout her husband's company, to repeated orgasms so effortlessly. I loved how the arrogant bastard would hear tales of the oral maestro for years to come.

Of course, the zipper helped. It put the ladies in such an aroused state that it required very little skill to draw repeated climaxes from the women, but they weren't to know that, and it was me that was extracting intense orgasms. It was me, they would thank. It was me that would be remembered as an expert cunt lick. If there was any justice in the world, Ingrid would have my name tattooed on her clit, as it was me that had brought her to almost continuous orgasms; she was coming repeatedly, as her body ground down on my tongue and my face and her legs quivered and shook.

She was uncontrollable, but so was the unknown woman rotating her hips on my crotch; I was nearing the point of no return as my balls tensed, and my cock twitched expectantly. I could feel myself getting near my ejaculation and squeezed both of Ingrid's nipples as tight as I could. She howled, her loins soaking me as she pressed her trembling thighs against my ears; along with Miss Rotating Hips on my crotch, it was enough for me to have to squeeze onto my perineum to ride my orgasm; saving it to intensify my orgasmic explosion.

A cool shiver engulfed my body, sending a wave of desperation from my loins to my shoulders, toes and fingers as I came; squirting waves of cum into the woman riding my cock and sending orgasmic pulses across my body with every spurt of my seed.

I panted; groaning into the saturated crotch of Ingrid, who had slumped back on her haunches, and was rubbing her hands over my body. I took a deep breath of pussy-flavoured air and kissed her puffy labia. She squealed and, conversing with Miss Rotating Hips, slid herself from my face.

It was replaced by the crotch of a cum-soaked woman who looked down between her thighs at my startled expression; I didn't recognise her, but she didn't care. "I've always wanted to do this," she explained as she positioned her clit over my tongue and slouched forward, taking a long lick of my spent cock and kissing the tip.

My jism was musky, but I had gone down on girlfriends before after sex, and the uncompromising passion and hyperactive libido on the women was a definite aphrodisiac for me, and I took long slides of her well lubricated cunt with my tongue, gliding over her clit and her leaking hole.

She groaned as my tongue touched her cunt and I sucked at her pussy; making a loud slurp as I filled my mouth with my deposit. She shuddered and yelled, slurping desperately

on my cock as her body trembled and vibrated.

I smirked to myself; I knew the arousal the zipper caused, removed all inhibitions from the targets and if there was a fantasy a woman held, she would feel the need to enact it. Someone eating a creampie from her snatch was this woman's long held fantasy, and as I sucked my cum from her cunt, it was enough to tip her to a shuddering climax.

I continued on her clit, humming and sucking on her pearl until she squealed and ground her sodden crotch against my face; she swirled my cock around her mouth as she squirmed and wriggled, before rolling off of me, spent.

I wiped my face with my hand and looked up at them, now kissing each other; I was expendable and dispensable, and I scrambled to my feet. The garden was filled with couples, threesomes, or more. I saw a respectable wife being laid out over a table while a queue of young men (presumably summoned by one of the wives) lined up either side of the table. I saw a handful of women doing 69 with each other, and one being flogged by a gentleman, who may or may not have been her husband.

I tentatively looked for my sister; I wanted to make sure she was not hurt, and spied her in the corner of the garden with ruffled hair and big globules of cum dripping down her thighs, filling a champagne glass with her wee. I rubbed my eyes, as the naked Katie placed the glass to her lips and gave a giggle, her city financier husband aghast at her rampant debauchery.

I couldn't watch and fled the garden, running into Maisie watching over the fence. She looked at me in the eyes, and bit her lip; worried and concerned at how I might act. "I have an idea," she promised me, holding a small bag in her hand and gulped. "If this works then I know how you can use your invention."

"This is too far," I snapped but she glanced down towards my leaking cock; I was naked and hadn't realised. "Maisie, this is too much," I protested but she just shrugged at me and held out her hands.

"Sorry," she muttered. "But this is the only way. I'll explain everything," she offered. "I will, I promise. Trust me." I sighed and shook my head.

"The last time you said that, I had an hour of a crazy dominatrix fucking my arse!" She coughed; I had to see Rebecca. I had a promise to keep, although I had no idea what I was going to say.

Chapter VI

I ventured into the garden long enough to retrieve my shorts and T-Shirts; I could not find my underwear and assumed that some wife had taken them as a trophy, and left the fucking to find Number 8. Rebecca answered the door the moment my clammy fingers touched the doorbell and she looked at me with concerned eyes. "What's going on?" She asked, her blue eyes piercing into my flushed expression. "Two car loads of guys went to your sister's house and ..."

"Can I come in?" I interrupted. "I can explain all but it's not pretty." I felt as though I needed to explain to someone else the heavy burden I was carrying. I needed to tell someone I felt I could trust, but who would give me an honest opinion; that person was Rebecca. I bit my lip as Rebecca invited me into one of the giant lounges that made up her sister's property; I wasn't quite sure how to explain something so ridiculous, but I followed her to the leather couch and sat down, taking a deep breath.

"What is going on?" She repeated. "It looks like bedlam 'round there and ... well, those women did not look normal. It was like a spell had been put over them and ..."

My heart pounded in my chest. "I invented something. Or discovered it," I told her, holding my hands tightly together. "That when particular energy is fired at women, it causes deep and uncontrollable arousal for around an hour, and my friend thought that they would use it and ..." My voice trailed off as I mumbled and looked at the classy girl, gauging her expression as she fiddled with her hair.

"Don't be ridiculous," she exclaimed, laughing. "Seriously though, they looked weird and ..."

"I'm not joking!" I scowled as I snapped at her and withdrew the zapper from my pocket, putting it on the table. "There you go. It's dangerous. That makes all the girls horny."

She snorted and giggled. "Yeah, right. I'm not that gullible. So what happened? Seriously, tell me!"

"I've told you," I replied, slightly aggrieved that my concern at telling her the truth seemed to be woefully unvalued. "I have this invention and ..."

She held her hands out and shook her head back, moving her brunette hair from her face, and looking at me with a wild glint in her eyes. "Use it. If it works I'll become crazy, right?" I hesitated and shook my head; there was no way I was going to overdose the pretty Rebecca on lust. "You won't, because it won't work," she sang and giggled. "But it's a good idea. I mean, if only you had invented that, you'd be super rich."

"I have," I implored of her, and gestured towards the zapper, lying on the table. She reached forward and picked it up, my heart missing a beat and I pleaded with her to put it down, but the twinkle-eyed girl ignored me and rotated it in her hand. "Please, don't press anything."

She cackled as her thumb closed over the button, as it pointed towards her; I cried out, but it was too late: her laughter, turned to a startled gasp and her spare hand delved into her short shorts, groaning as she located her slit. "Fuck," she cried between pants and stared at me with a lustful sparkle, throwing off her T-Shirt.

"Rebecca," I cried, watching her drop the zapper onto the thick carpet and shudder as she discarded her shorts in little more than a heartbeat. "Rebecca!"

Rebecca couldn't listen to me; her brain wouldn't function on banal subjects like logic, reason and safety. It needed sex. Wild, rampant sex. Every fantasy Rebecca had ever had, but never indulged in was about to surface. Sex was about to become an

unstoppable urge and she was about to experience horniness that she had never comprehended or imagined before. All because the woman wouldn't listen. "Oh fuck," she gasped, spreading her legs so her fingers could reach her shimmering slit easier.

Her stance afforded me an excellent view and I met her eyes across the luxurious room. She breathed loudly and quickly, groaning noisily and staring at the ceiling. She bucked her hips wildly, roughly rotating her finger over her wet clit; it was a scintillating show and my cock tented my shorts. It wanted more, and Rebecca squealed passionately into the room.

"Fuck! Christ! Oh God! Oh God! Yes! Yes! Yes!" Her eyes met mine and she clenched her fist, tightening over the leather armchair. "Film me," she squawked, grunting as I located my camera phone and pointed it towards the orgasming lady.

She slid her finger into her cunt, and stared at my phone, withdrawing it to lick it clean of her juices and groaned loudly. "Give me that," she ordered and gulped. "Get fucking naked," the mild-mannered girl demanded and squealed as her fingers found her sopping pussy. "And ... Oh God!"

My shorts and T-Shirt pooled on the shagpile carpet in seconds as I passed my phone to Rebecca and she pulled my face into her crotch, her legs leaning over the arms of the chair and shrieking as my tongue located her clit.

"Look at him," she told the camera, aimed at me licking her hypersensitive folds. "Fucking ... Ah God! I love this ... I fucking love this and ..."

She gripped the back of my head with her left hand and bucked her hips, screaming profanities as the brunette lurched into a plethora of continuous orgasms. I slid my finger into her quivering cunt, and it effortlessly glided to her G-Spot, pressing against her contracting muscles.

She yelled; declaring to the world that the well-behaved woman was a "slut," a "bitch" and a "fucking whore." My chin was soaked from her juices and I hummed, causing her clit to vibrate and rubbed my fingers.

I loved it; I loved turning beautiful, respectable girls into wanton sluts, desperate to have their lustful thirst satisfied. I loved feeling a quivering cunt, or a girl so overtaken with intense pleasure that they wouldn't even be able to remember their own name. And while I hadn't pressed the button, Rebecca had, it was my invention taking her to paradise.

She dropped my phone and gripped her thighs, roaring as my fingers shook her throbbing cunt quickly; she was engulfed by a euphoric bliss that bubbled from her G-Spot, but gushed throughout her body, overwhelming her senses and submerging her with intense and constant waves of sexual ecstasy.

She flicked the top of my head as she trembled and panted; she had soaked the leather chair and she gulped, staring at me with a beaming smile. "Wow!" She cried and rubbed her hands over her body, shivering as they touched her radiant skin. "Just ... wow!"

I sat looking up at her and she held out her hand to me, begging me to pull her from the seat. I smiled into her blue eyes and had to help her get her balance, but she dragged me to the master bedroom and pushed me onto the bed as she rummaged around the bedside table drawers.

"Is this your room?" I asked, but knew the answer.

"Ever since I was little," she cried. "Elsie was the favourite. They paid for her to go to private school not me. She got dancing lessons, gymnastics and university. I got fuck all," Rebecca spat and showed me a glass dildo. "She loves this toy."

“Rebecca,” I muttered, trying to sound a word of caution but my new lover wasn't listening and generously lubricated the blue glass, before launching herself onto the mattress beside me. She looked insatiable and with sparkling eyes, pressed the bulbous tip of the glass toy against her anus. She gasped as she slowly rotated it into her butt, breathing deeply as she pushed it deep into her rear.

“Fuck me,” she whispered and slid her slippery hand down my body to glide over my erect cock.

“In your sister's bed?”

“Yeah,” she muttered, and groaned as my fingers danced over her clit. “Properly!” There was a panic in her voice, and she gripped my arm, imploring at me. How could I refuse a damsel in distress and I knelt up and pulled her legs further apart.

Sliding into her gushing pussy was heavenly, for both of us. Rebecca nearly came as my cock pushing into her well-lubricated cunt, delighting in her double penetration and the sordid vengeance of our lust-soaked union. She gripped my buttocks and squeezed them as I slowly rocked back and forth, pressing my cock deeper into her and feeling the hard glass.

She bellowed, screaming a battery of obscenities and profanities about her sister as the angry woman neared her umpteenth climax; I saw her cheeks redden, and felt her cunt tighten. Her ankles, held upwards by myself started to quiver and her breathing became loud and ragged. But most of all, she told me. She told the room, her sister and anyone who would listen that the genteel and polite girl was coming in her sister's bed with a stranger and a dildo up her ass.

I delight in fucking orgasming women; the squeezing of my cock as they lurch into a euphoric and intense climax is a matter of pride and an extremely deep rush of vibrant sexual gratification, unmatched by almost anything else.

And Rebecca orgasmed: a tidal wave of pleasure ripped apart her desperate body as the young lady bucked and wriggled, barely able to cope with the torrent of violent lust. I would not stop ramming my prick into her tight cunt and felt her nails dig into my buttocks as her sex-crazed body staggered from one ferocious orgasm to another. She squealed and yelled; cried, bellowed, roared and thundered, as her climaxes smashed from her cunt and flooded through her.

She loved it; her hands gripped me tighter and tighter as I rammed my cock deep inside her and began to thrust forcefully into her slippery, spasming cunt. I was there, and squeezed onto my orgasm, slamming my erect dick deep inside the waitress with wild abandon. I could not be slowed or stopped and watched as Rebecca was hit by her strongest, most intense, most powerful orgasm.

I felt it; her cunt squeezed so tightly around my cock I am surprised I managed to squirt anything inside of her at all, but I felt waves of delightful relief flooding into me as my cum filled my partner. She cried, slumped against the silk sheets and purred; hyperventilating.

“That thing is amazing,” she said as she regained use of her voice. “Can I have one?”

“You want one?” I asked and she nodded; her brown hair knotted but her skin radiant and glistening.

“Of course,” she panted and gulped. “Nothing has ever done that to me.” I rubbed her skin and she shivered, sighing as I held her tight to my body and rolled from her, watching out of the window. She removed the glass dildo from her butt and smirked at the huge wet stain on her sister's silk sheets. “Nothing has ever done this!”

“But, but, but,” I stammered. “It turned you into a ...” I wasn't sure how to finish the

sentence but I didn't need to as Rebecca just shrugged.

"It was fun. I think I could go again though." I looked at the well-fucked woman, surrounded by soaked sheets and a shit-stained dildo abandoned on the floor and was tempted, but spied Rebecca's sister staggering into the cul-de-sac, looking very much like Rebecca did and looked across at my partner for the last 45 minutes. "I better go," I muttered and reached for the door to the bedroom to frantically retrieve my clothes.

Although judging by Elsie's demeanour, it might be worth hanging around for a little while longer!

Chapter VII

I couldn't leave Rebecca with Elsie, especially after what had just happened, so we fled out the back door and sprinted across the small cul-de-sac to my car, as Elsie's well-fucked sister staggered through the front door arguing vociferously with her husband. We made haste towards my house but Rebecca really wasn't finished with her arousal and we had to stop at a lay-by for another fuck, with a dozen orgasms gripping her slight frame.

I wanted an explanation from Maisie, who was waiting expectantly to see me as I burst into the lounge. "Who's that?" She asked abruptly as Rebecca entered the room behind me.

"Rebecca. And she knows all about it," I replied, equally as curtly, although my brusque response did not faze my young lodger. "Seriously, she knows what it can do."

"You fucked her then?" She enquired with raised eyebrows as we sat down. "We need privacy, send her home."

"No," I snapped and looked at Maisie. "Just tell me why you did what you did." I glanced at Rebecca. "We want to know."

Maisie gulped, but I looked at her with a steely glance and she relented with an aggrieved sigh. She rubbed her hands, taking a small pouch from her handbag and putting it on the table. "Your friends. Well, your sister's friends, are very rich people. Very, very rich people," she explained with a mischievous grin. "The sort of people who would pay big money to prevent a tape of their wives performing utter debauchery, filmed from a public footpath, from falling into the wrong hands. Well, from staying in mine."

I groaned. "Blackmail! Maisie, that's illegal!" I exclaimed, but the little minx gave a little Gallic shrug of her shoulders and a cheeky grin.

"Not at all. I just offered them a chance to buy exclusive rights to *Wanton Wives Dirty Debauchery, Volume One*, before I put it on the open market. And the opening bid was £5,000 each, but they will go higher. Much higher as they were very keen for their wives antics not to make it for public consumption." I gulped but she cocked her head at me, and passed me a tatty piece of paper. I scowled as I unfurled the A4 sheet, and she licked her lips. "23 couples were there, that little hotel is just under £250,000." She shrugged and looked at me with a twinkle in her eyes. "It's in the middle of nowhere, and a bit run down, but it'll be perfect. I reckon I get ten grand each from the people, plus a bank loan and ..."

"For what?" Rebecca and I interrupted simultaneously as I glanced at the brunette.

Maisie sighed. "Imagine this," the young lady said, articulating her plan with animated hands and a cheeky grin. "That's a ten bed hotel. A couple of rooms for us, so eight couples. The couples arrive at 3pm. The women have massages while the men get 'lessons in seduction and sex,' before they are brought together in togas for a romantic meal full of aphrodisiacs. Then as they finish their food, we turn on the zappers built into the hotel wall or lights, and rooms. And we turn them on every half hour for a minute through the night. It's in the middle of nowhere so we can have them fucking in the garden and call it *The Lovers' Hotel*. Every frustrated guy will have his wife booked in and we can say it was the seduction lessons and the aphrodisiacs that did it. You said you wanted to use your invention, it's the only safe way."

"But to make it worthwhile it would have to be pretty expensive," I muttered as Rebecca picked up the tatty A4 paper from my grasp. I was wondering how we would fill the rooms; promises to make your partner sexually excited would be fraught with problems and cynicism.

Maisie chuckled. "Easy. You don't get laid, we don't get paid. That's one hell of a guarantee! We will have the money, I just need a couple more things." Her eyes looked at Rebecca and sniffed. "I need to draw up a contract for Katie and her neighbours, a contract for us, 50/50. And I also need to find a zapper that works on men." I groaned, but Maisie was insistent that to be fair she needed to dose up men with lust at the same time the women got a hit, although I thought that enhancing the male libido was completely unnecessary.

I slept on the couch that night while Rebecca slept in my bedroom and Maisie tasked our new friend and I with the creation of the male zapper the following day; my invention of the female equivalent was accidental. In fact, my neighbour and her teenage daughter had been my guinea pigs as I played with the exact frequencies, and I am sure if either of their partners knew, I would be bought many drinks; they became rampantly insatiable for many weekends as I zapped them repeatedly from the other side of the fence!

I never worked out why my zapper worked on women, and speculated it vibrated key anatomy inside of them or mimicked female arousal in the brain, but I sat myself naked in front of Rebecca, and a bunch of gadgetry connected to a computer, that would try hundreds of waveforms, frequencies and combinations together. This was a million-to-one shot, but it was the only idea I had.

We soon got bored, and after two hours we were barely any closer to reaching the male frequency when I felt something; a tingle in my loins, and called out. Rebecca stopped my computer script and began to adjust the computer, watching as my erect cock sparked into life. She giggled as it twitched and a drop of pre-cum pooled on the surface.

I had showed Rebecca how to use the program and she continued to fire similar frequencies at me, but very little extra happened; I would feel a mild excitement, and a small accumulation of pre-cum, and as we broke for lunch, I could tell that Rebecca was underwhelmed. It was dull work, staring at a stranger's cock and fiddling with the buttons on a computer.

"Add a brown noise," I suggested as we sat down, our enthusiasm renewed by a break, ham sandwiches and cheap supermarket tea. "At 19.94Hz." She looked at me, a little surprised by the sudden excitement in my eyes and I raised a smile. "The female frequency is over-layed by that, I wonder." I had to help her with the utility on the computer, and sat in front of the machine, wondering and excited.

And then I felt it. A powerful tingling in my cock that grew in intensity, it was as if I had a young lady's lips encased around my testicles and sucking them with relentless abandon. It was powerful, magical and I gasped. My mind filled with sexual fantasies and lustful thoughts as I gripped the arm of the chair, staring at my erect cock, twitching with rampant excitement.

Pre-cum gushed from the end of my dick: clear, vicious liquid running over my glans and down my shaft, and Rebecca giggled, watching me panting and gasping as I gazed longingly at my erection; it looked bigger than usual and then stared at the sexy woman standing by the computer.

She looked incredible, and she coyly flicked her hair. I was going to have her. I devour her slit and make her come repeatedly until her bones shook and her soul professed undying love for my tongue. And then I was going to fuck her, ram my cock deep into her well lubricated hole and powerfully thrust her cunt to several orgasms until I came inside of the young vixen.

"Are you OK?" She asked, with a cocked head and a slight scowl. I nodded, shedding my T-Shirt before I stood up and moved towards her. "Ehhh ... you have a weird look and ...

oh shit!" Rebecca stepped back and pulled a zapper from her pocket, staring at me with a giggle. "I hoped I might need this," she muttered and aimed it at herself.

In my mind she had no need to press the zapper, she was already going to get several orgasms if she wanted them, but afterwards I knew why: she wanted to be as aroused and as stimulated as me, and if the male orgasms when dosed on lust was anywhere like as powerful as the female climaxes I had seen then I was going to be in for a cracking afternoon.

I saw her grasp her crotch with shimmering eyes and a pained expression etched upon her face as I frantically stumbled towards her. She panted, as I tugged at her baggy shorts. We kissed; not as an expression of love or even attraction, just as pure arousal engulfed our bodies and we desperately needed physical intimacy. It was the first step, as her hand touched my erect cock, sliding her grip down the shaft and rubbing the slick glans with her thumb.

My legs buckled as the sensations overwhelmed my senses and intense desire pooled in my loins. I covered her hand and shorts in pre-cum with a gasp, squirting towards her as the arousal built, and reached for the table to steady my wobbly balance. She grabbed my hand and pulled me towards the brown sofa in the corner of my workshop. "I'm going on top," she demanded, shedding her shorts as I was thrown onto the tatty furniture. I looked up at the desperate minx, watching as she swung her legs over my head and sat herself on my face.

She smelt of sex; her crevice reeked of arousal and debauchery, but it was heavenly and with ultimate impatience plunged her cunt into my face. A rush of exhilaration surged through me as her juices sizzled on my senses: her taste was pure lust, the unmistakable flavour of an aroused woman seeking sexual euphoria. Her smell lingered, a sweet, juicy loveliness that provoked intense memories of rampant debauchery, while the texture of her moist cunt – a smooth, slippery path of pure femininity – was completely divine.

At that moment, I had everything I needed in the world: a juicy, aroused slit itching to be eaten out and a woman playing with my firm cock. My tongue glided over her dripping pussy, savouring the smorgasboard of delightful sensory stimulations, before I wrapped my lingua around her clit. She twitched and grabbed hold of my waist, leaning forward to give me better access.

I could think of little else and stared into her anus as my tongue danced over her pearl, slaloming down her sodden crack and soaking my face in our juices; she was heaven and my fingers caressed her body effortlessly until I was able to squeeze her pert nipples in my fingers.

She shuddered, squealing into my crotch as the tingling arousal engulfed her and she erupted into a dramatic climax, squealing and writhing as my tongue vibrated against her clit. She was quick! Rebecca kissed the top of my fountaining cock: the pre-cum had not stopped gushing from my tingling dick, and I groaned as my partner engulfed my manhood with her warm mouth.

A potent swell of incredible horniness consumed my cock, my balls and then deluged my body as the little minx sucked the tip of my manhood and ran her hands over my pre-cum soaked balls. I groaned and cried into her musky wet crotch, lapping at her clit with wild abandon and felt her buck and wriggle over my body.

My cock danced, delighting in every minute exhilarating touch of her skilled fellatio as she gently ran her tongue over the shaft. Waves of sinful pleasure bombarded my body, as I devoured her slit; I had never felt this horny and this excitable in my life, but Rebecca's talented tongue was causing wild lust to dominate every inch of my body.

I wanted to come and release, but nothing could compare to this feeling; I was on edge and Rebecca's sucking on my glans, and delightful licks over the shaft kept me on the point of no return, but not going over it.

My mind was obsessed; I savoured the constant rushes of passion and desire, but needed the pinnacle of my lust to be satisfied, and gripped my partner's thighs desperately. I had no need to pull her crotch closer to my tongue, but loved the cool wetness covering my face as she tipped herself into another couple of orgasms, shuddering and shaking as her surges of erotic relief engulfed her body.

I needed my release and pulled at her, sliding out from underneath as my partner had her fifth climax with a loud scream that echoed around the small workshop. She looked at me over her shoulder, desperate longing fizzing in her gaze as I knelt on the worn couch and pushed my erect cock into her crotch doggy-style.

She gasped as she guided it into her slippery cunt, the cure to our uncontrollable horniness evident as her heavenly hole kissed the intruder warmly. We needed the sex, and rivers of pre-cum and juices streamed down my thighs and collected on the stained sofa.

She looked divine, her anus winking at me as desperation overtook me and I pounded into her welcoming gash and sending the young lady into near-constant spasming climaxes. I was on the edge, itching for a release, but my body refused to take me further.

I thrust passionately into her, ramming my cock into her orifice with a relentless onslaught; she loved it and her body convulsed with dramatic writhing and screaming, but I could not move. My body was electrified, tortured by desperation and desire that could not slaked. I needed succour and begged my body to relent, willing my hungry libido for the violent relief I needed!

It responded and I felt my perineum tingle and tighten, my cock tingled desperately and I gripped her waist, thrusting deep inside the wanton woman with unforgiving blows; she was in repeated climax, clearly unable to comprehend anything beyond the intense pleasure erupting throughout her body and I jackhammered into her spasming cunt.

It was ecstasy; every nerve in my body steadied itself ready for a gigantic release of sinful relief and I waited, on tenterhooks and willed myself for the peak; it was the eye of the storm, the quiet moment before the riot, the seconds before the battle. I was ready and felt a million hands caress my body.

I felt fingers whirl over my nipples, kissing them with utmost passion and skill. Hands cupped my buttocks and twirled over my perineum. Tongues lapped at my balls, sucking them gently and fingers pressed against my prostate, tickling it with glee. Every part of my body was touched, caressed, kissed and teased and I cried desperately into the small workshop, roaring with unfettered lust.

I shook and cried, orgasming for two whole minutes as my cock spasmed and powered cum into her tight opening. My body relentlessly smothered me in sinful relief as every nerve overloaded my senses with fierce eruptions of concupiscent passion, consuming my desperate arousal and causing every muscle to quiver.

I panted as I came down from the high, noticing Rebecca's trembling body, slumping forward. I looked at her in the eye for a moment; I didn't need to say anything, but could see exhaustion and satisfaction in equal measures. For those last few minutes, I didn't even remember that there was a woman with me; it was just a rampant, desperate sex as hormones and instinct powered me to an orgasm and her to dozens.

I apologised for my single-mindedness with my eyes. "It worked," I muttered as she leant forward, cum running out of her crotch on my couch. "But I think we need to turn the

battery power down a bit on the zappers,” I suggested, still panting as my crotch itched, and desperate for more sex.

Rebecca nodded and stumbled to her feet, looking into the corner of the room as Maisie leant against the doorframe. “Bravo,” she cried, still wearing her coat. “It works then.”

I nodded and felt for the couch to steady myself, my leaking cock still proudly erect as Rebecca reached the small table. “He needs more,” she cried and gulped and aimed the zapper at my lodger.

I needed more sex, and suddenly, I had two partners dosed on rampant arousal. I am the luckiest man in the world!

To be continued ...

Chapter VIII

Despite finding the magical waveforms that would work on me, and both Rebecca and I had spent the afternoon proving that it did work, we wanted further proof that it would function on a large group of couples at the same time. We had spent some time playing with the power of the waves generated, and found a level where I could orgasm easily enough with the same explosion of intensity that was so incredible, but still enable me to retain a level of control.

Maisie teased, and suggested that we try a packed commuter train, but two people with strange devices on a London Underground train would more likely see us shot by the terrorist police than encourage an orgy, so I suggested a Blind Date night.

A local restaurant had teamed up with a dating agency, and was offering the candlelit meal and the date (who matched your interests) for a mere £35 each. Both Rebecca and I joined the dating agency for their “meal deal” on the same day and filled in our forms so that they were considerably similar but not identical; we didn't want them to know we knew each other or they probably wouldn't match us!

Maisie and I built zappers which were like small tealights, and that projected the signal for a wide 270 degree arc. I tried to ensure we wouldn't be affected but knew we might be: our dignity would be respectable casualties in the name of science and capitalism! It had occurred to me if the zappers affected just me, as in it was my unique pair of frequencies, I would have dozens of single women to screw, but filed this under the “pipedream” category in my fantasy store.

Rebecca and I arrived moments apart and we were introduced to each other with forced smiles. How they didn't work out that we were living in the same house I will never know; we looked ridiculous and were seated in the corner of the restaurant.

The food was mediocre at best, and our conspiratorial chatter and laughter wasn't helped by the organiser continually coming up to us to check we were “OK.” I wanted to zap them all by the end of my starter as I was bored, but we promised each other we would wait, and sat back admiring all the suited gentlemen desperately trying to impress the well-dressed women.

After the soggy tiramasu was devoured I steadied my device under the table and raised my eyebrows at Rebecca. “Before the coffees?” I asked and she nodded, reaching into her handbag and looked as though she was searching for her phone.

“Ready?” She asked, and we turned to watch the room as we both brought our devices into the open restaurant and pressed the small buttons on the top. I had fitted much larger batteries to the devices to ensure that the frequencies would reach the back of the restaurant, and held my breath, anxiously waiting for a response.

The waitress, carrying a tray of dirty plates, walking past our table squealed and screamed, dropping the crockery with a screech and ran to the toilets, grabbing her crotch. It was a good start, and I looked at Rebecca beaming. “I think it'll work,” I whispered as every single woman touched their crotches, while men had glazed expressions on their faces. It was incredible; men and women frantically disrobing as they grunted and communicated with lustful eyes and sinful intentions.

We hadn't expected to hit the waiters, waitresses and barstaff with the zapper; I don't know why we thought we wouldn't, we just hadn't considered them. “I think you should join them?” Rebecca muttered gleefully with a cheeky smile and snatched the male zapper from my hand, and put them both on the table, in front of her. My heart skipped a beat and I bit my lip, watching her fingers nervously as she hesitated. “Yes?”

I glanced at the teenage barmaid, cross-legged behind the bar, tears streaming from her sapphire eyes and nodded. "Do it," I snapped and stood up from the table. Rebecca smirked as she saw my eye-line focusing on the young black-haired girl, frantically trying to maintain her dignity. She was resisting; her trembling hands clamped onto the bar, as she leant onto it, affording me an excellent viewpoint of her tender bosom.

I felt Rebecca zap me as I neared the bar; we had discussed what might happen and both agreed to assist with other people, affected by our actions, if we needed to. It would be a great test to prove that when struck with the lust-induced zapper, that they moved passionately towards strangers and not just their own "partners."

My cock swelled instantly and I clenched my fists; my body was seized by a rush of arousal, welling up from my balls and gripping the pit of my stomach. Rebecca hadn't hit me with a big dose as I was uncomfortably horny not uncontrollably consumed with lust, but my blood was up and I was ready for passionate sex. My cock oozed pre-cum and my mind blasted with a fierce desire to bring the pretty barmaid, still frantically trying to resist her sexual urges, to repeated climaxes. "You need to be fucked," I told her brazenly and she looked up at me, vulnerability pervasive in her expression. Her eyes were puffy and misty, and her hands desperately gripping the beer mat on the bar from the local brewery.

She shook her head and she took deep breaths; in all my use of the zapper I had never seen or expected the ladies to fight the inevitable so badly. I guess, I knew it was a certainty that I would be screwing her over the bar within a handful of minutes; she didn't. I stared at her darker skin and pained grimace, her anguish evident. I felt a pang of guilt, but stepped onto the bar and stood behind her. "I can't," she begged and gulped.

"Look around you," I muttered as a tear rolled from her cheek and dropped onto the bar. Surrounding her was rampant sexual activity. The couple nearest to the door – a dumpy woman with a weird haircut and a previously disinterested man – were actively screwing over the table. Her dress had been ripped from her shoulders and her underwear abandoned as she was pounded from behind, pushing her pendulous breasts into the leftovers of the creamy desserts. She was screaming, crying loudly as her "stud" rammed his tiny cock into her. "What's your name?"

"Eva," she squealed as my hands rubbed her rear, covered in a short white skirt with a mass of pleats. I patted it; it was pushed out invitingly for me to caress and I felt her resolve weaken as I squeezed her buttocks. "What's happened?"

My eyes glanced to another set of tables; one woman had ensnared three men; each slightly overweight and the wrong side of thirty, but she was enjoying the yells of degradation aimed at her by them; shrieking into a dick rammed down her throat, she squealed with every thrust of a cock into her pussy. Her fingers danced over her clit as she orgasmed, her screaming echoing in the small intimate Italian eatery as her cunt was filled with seed. She beckoned the third man, clearly eager to accept any cock offered to her.

"They are very horny. How old are you?" I asked, my touch tracing the curve of her pert bottom and gently rubbing her cleft that was contained underneath. She panted, my indecent touch making her breathless and I slid my hands around her waist, spying Rebecca out of the corner of my eye.

"Eighteen," she sniffed, mewling as my hands skimmed her waistband and delved into the elastic. She sighed, gasping at the scene in front of her.

"Dirty little ..." I muttered as we watched a middle-aged man frantically undressing to reveal a pair of lacy, pink knickers. His eyes looked at his date, smirking in disgust and delight and grabbing him by the scruff of the neck and throwing him over a chair. His rotund frame, and wide hips, stretched the female underwear but his well-dressed date

slammed her open hand on his lacy buttocks while openly playing with her clit. "I bet your underwear looks much nicer," I whispered, and pushed my hand into her waistband while my left hand caressed her bosom; she wiggled her buttocks into my crotch and shuddered.

"Hmmm," she hummed, her eyes focussing on the table by the door.

"Let me see then," I begged, as my fingers swished over a small strip of pubic undergrowth. She sighed, watching a young waiter laid out on two chairs pushed together, face up as a twenty-something woman straddled his face. The tanned man squealed; it was clear that the waiter knew exactly how to lick her cunt, as she wantonly bounced on his face, enjoying the oral excellence on her pussy.

Eva froze as the waiter's legs were lifted; his cock was prominently erect and his clothes torn from his body, as the male date of the woman, smeared something on the server's anus and then slid his dick into the waiter. "That's my brother," Eva admitted, as my fingers located her wet pearl. She bucked her hips against my erect cock pressing into her back and she gave an audible groan. Rebecca watched the unfolding scene of rampant debauchery with a bemused smirk as fingers squeezed Eva's nipples and rubbed her clit.

The teenager cracked; her resistance shattered by my dancing digits playing a pretty melody on her pearl and shrieked, throwing herself against the bar and squealing at me; her body convulsed and twitched as I drove her closer and closer to her orgasm. She gripped the side of the bar and yelled into the room, the horny banshee bellowing into a room of depraved decibels.

Nobody stirred from their own sex to acknowledge her. Eva's parents – the chef and the manager – were screwing in the kitchen, implements destined for the food were finding their way into the middle-aged woman's snatch. The cross-dresser was now tonguing his dominant date, the lesbian couple were engaged in a mutual 69, the dating agency host was playing with the other waiter while discarded clothing littered the aisles; it was a debauched vista: a libertine's playground, and it was utterly fantastic.

Eva wriggled her hips and I freed her short white skirt from their unnecessary position around the young lady's waist, removing her white lacy cotton panties at the same time. I looked up from her clothes, pooling around her ankles, to see her blouse being propelled across the room in a blur of white. She stared at me, naked and bit her lip, before throwing her arms around my neck and kissing me on the lips.

I didn't expect it, but she scrabbled at my clothing and fished around my underpants for my erect cock. It was a heavenly touch and she stared into my eyes as our lips parted. She had gorgeous blue eyes, sparkling like an ocean at twilight and filled with lust and desire. She longed for more, and I was going to oblige. My trousers and soaking wet boxer shorts joined the wooden decking as quickly as my shirt and she ran her soft hands over my solid erection, squeezing the endless amounts of pre-cum into her hands.

She looked at my slight embarrassment, the clear, glutinous liquid filling the palm of her hand. "You are so fucking sexy," I offered as a way of a response.

"I'm not," she disagreed, mumbling under her breath. I could resist no longer and lifted her slight frame onto the bar, splitting her legs as her buttocks made contact with the cold wood. She groaned as I plunged my face into her crotch, licking her sweet clit and writing her a sweet poem as my fingers arrowed towards her entrance.

She was not a virgin, but the tightness of her cunt gripped my intruding finger, rotating and spiralling around her teenage pussy and pressing against her G-Spot. She groaned; her head resting against the pillar as I leant against the wooden bar. She bucked her hips, screaming and crying as she raced towards her second orgasm.

It was stronger than the first; much more intense and enjoyable, as the graceful barmaid

experienced an avalanche of lust consuming her tender, young body. Her legs, resting on my shoulders, squeezed my head as she gripped my hair, holding my face against her wet cunt.

How I loved her passion! How I adored her sweet scent of sex and her juices running down my chin and collecting on the bar. How I wanted to feel her orgasm and watch her become unable to stand as she peaked. I pressed harder on her G-Spot, fingering her pussy with firm motions, as my tongue swirled around her clit. Her cunt tightened and pulsed, embracing the invading finger with a battery of vocal screams.

She did not stop; I do not know when the third orgasm finished and the fourth one started, or even if she had one big, long orgasm, or a hundred. I don't think Eva knew either, but did not care. Her body lurched and she panted, yelling every time she exhaled and gripped the side of the bar.

Her face was a mixture of pure pleasure, her body frenzied and spasming; if she was struggling to surrender to the arousal gripping her before I touched her, then was having no trouble letting go now. I pulled the backs of her legs and yanked her from the bar, bending her over a bar stool and sliding my turgid cock into her velvety hole.

We both cried in pleasure; her slick opening accepted my well-lubricated member with delightful ease. She squealed as I pushed forward, slowly rocking in her cunt as she watched her brother ejaculate over his stomach. The air was thick with orgasmic euphoria and I was intent on joining them. I rammed my cock deep into the teenager, savouring the cool rush of blissful arousal coursing my body.

I wanted to come; I needed to. My dose had been low, but it instilled a desperation that I was going to fuck Eva and I was going to spill my seed deep inside the young lady. I felt that single-minded desire overcome me, and I thrust deep into the young woman, passionately ramming into her trembling cunt.

I barely registered her orgasms; I was focused on mine, and hammered my cock into her glistening sex. She writhed under my rampaging onslaught, mewling with wild abandon as I reached my point of no return. I could not focus; I could not see anything, just feel the delightful heaven of an orgasming teenager on my cock as I drove further and further into the crest of my arousal; I was at the summit of my volcano, and exploded, firing white-hot cum into the squirming barmaid, shuddering under my ejaculating cock.

My body lurched and came like never before, a burning tide of fierce arousal swept through me, bringing relief where it engulfed my stomach, immersed my shoulders and tickled to every cell in me. I panted and opened my eyes to see the ragged hair of my lover, exhausted and spent on the bar stool, breathless from our exertions. "You OK?" I muttered, not quite sure what to say; she still didn't know my name.

She nodded and smiled. "That was ... wow!"

"You were, I mean, you are ... fantastic." She gulped and glanced at Rebecca watching us and sniffed.

"I think your date is upset."

I withdrew my cock from her pussy but she did not move, savouring the aftershocks from our public liaison. "Rebecca, not a chance. She isn't my date," I muttered and rubbed my eyes, breathing deeply. "She's my ... business partner."

My "business partner" strode over to us and touched Eva's back, ruffling the top of my hair affectionately. "Shall we go?" Rebecca asked as the Blind Date party was beginning to wind down. "I think you've made this young lady happy enough," she teased and waited for me to get dressed, although I left my sodden boxer shorts in the bin behind the bar; I could

do without those.

"I think it works," Rebecca added unnecessarily as we reached my car in the next street. "We should tell Maisie we are good to go!"

"Indeed," I muttered and slid my hand into her open handbag to remove the pink, female zapper. She smiled at me as I pressed it, thinking it was the car key and gasped as an uncompromising lust welled inside her. "Just so it's fair," I teased and beamed as I opened the car door.

Rebecca just swore at me, and then fumbled at her clothing. I was spent; she needed to take care of herself, much to her frustration and disgust.

Until she pulled out the male zapper again and aimed it at my chest; I was about to get a big enough dose to satisfy her needs!

To be continued.

Chapter IX

It took over three months for the sale to finish, and for us to refit the hotel; it was sold to us at a knocked-down price because it needed extensive renovation, but Maisie came up with enough friends and tradesmen to help us without denting our budget too badly, and although she never told me what she did, I could make a very educated guess that their wives and girlfriends paid our bill for us.

We agreed that the secret of the zappers would stay a secret and so whatever Maisie did do, I'm sure her friends and tradesmen didn't know the whole story. She also made up with her parents and blamed her attack of lust at the pub on hormonal imbalance. Once her family thought she had a mild medical complaint, that she told them she was getting treatment for, they seemed to disregard the shameless public transgressions.

The same could not be said for Rebecca: the anger she felt for her parent's favouritism had not rescinded, and when Elsie and my new business partner (Maisie and I agreed to give her a third of our venture) met to discuss "that night" in a café in the centre of a shopping centre, they descended into fierce shouting, and Rebecca surreptitiously dosing her sister with a strong quantity of my zapper, before fleeing the scene; I know Elsie was eventually arrested, much to Rebecca's amusement.

As for me, I had not bothered to contact my sister; Maisie's negotiations would have left an ill-taste in the mouth for her, and I wasn't that sure what to say. The fact that I also saw the remnants of her sexual antics dripping down her legs, not to mention her engaging in pee play, were also good reasons not to open communication channels. Katie would contact me if she needed to, or we would see each other at Christmas and pretend nothing had happened; this cowardly apathy suited me.

The Lovers' Hotel was situated around thirty miles from the town I lived in, and was a fifteen minute walk from a tiny village that possessed a pub, a post office and a sporadic train service. It's previous use as a conference centre-cum-hotel meant that there were a couple of big rooms on the ground floor and we remodelled these to provided a "blue" room where the men congregated and had their "lesson" on seduction and sex, and a "pink" room where women had massages, before they both lead through big double doors into the dining room.

We could then send all the couples after dinner to the "couples bar" which had twenty high-powered transmitters in the bar, ceiling and wall. The three of us discussed the mechanics of this and decided that it would be wise to let them buy a drink each (for profits) before we left the room and turned on the hidden zappers. We only needed to be absent for thirty seconds, but it would be unwise to have the staff as loved up as the guests: it was our business not our pleasure.

We had six of our eight rooms booked for the opening night; Maisie had managed to find dozens of desperate people in sexless marriages on the Internet, and her website had persuaded four men and two women to join us for the night, with their partners. I felt butterflies as the first couple checked in – a dumpy woman with red, puffy eyes accompanying a scowling middle-aged gentleman - and Rebecca gleefully showed them to their room.

It didn't feel like a great start: arguing with each other would not make for a happy evening, and the second couple hardly looked much better. I wondered how many relationships were at "last chance saloon" and mentioned my reservations to Maisie but she scoffed as she busied herself with excitement.

Maisie had arranged for local masseurs to visit in the afternoon as a "standard outcall" and

was banned from the room as Rebecca oversaw the nervous ladies getting a gentle massage from some incredibly sexy masseurs while Maisie and I had to “lecture” half-a-dozen reluctant men, while we wore white togas.

Maisie was brilliant and had organised so much of the experience by herself. Towels and togas, each colour-matched to their partner, and their allocated suite, awaited for the gentlemen on the seats and she argued with one of the guests when he almost point-blank refused to take his mobile phone upstairs as “Arsenal were playing later.” There was reticence when she demanded nudity and angrily barked into the room, “who wants to get laid tonight? And make their partner orgasm repeatedly?”

Nervously, our students looked at each other, and disrobed, to sit on the towels provided while Maisie and I delivered a lecture using slides taken mostly from pilfered pictures and videos from the Internet. We had only rehearsed a couple of times together, but we discussed aphrodisiacs, foreplay, intercourse, “the art of compliment” and “effortless seduction” until a buzzer sounded and my business partner wrapped up her lecture and then put a picture of how to tie a toga on the big television screen.

Watching six middle-aged men try to tie togas was amusing, and I had to help a couple fasten the unwieldy cotton sheets: “real men wear togas,” Maisie cried: she had been a fantastic actress all afternoon as she told them the act of wearing the toga signified their successful completion of the seduction course. I could not believe that they were so gullible, but in my heart I knew that most of them were here because they needed hope. They wanted to believe it was true, and that they had new found powers to woo, please and satisfy their partner.

The aphrodisiac-laden dinner, cooked by our part-time retired chef looked delicious: griddled asparagus spears, oysters with ginger followed by avocado, banana and honey salad and chocolate chilli figs. The intimate dining room with flickering candle lights, smiling and flirting, was buzzing with excitement and our business plan seemed to be working.

After coffee, the couples joined me in the bar and every man happily charged £60 to their account to buy a bottle of pink champagne for him and his partner: Maisie's small lie that it was a proven aphrodisiac (and we gave them a glass with their dinner), seemed to convince the desperate men to part with their money, and we happily sold six of the overpriced bottles of cheap bubbly.

I must admit my nerves were a little frayed as I stepped outside the bar; if the zappers failed for whatever reason at this point, then our entire scam would be rumbled and I closed the door to the bar as I entered the store room and watched the six couples on the CCTV camera we had set up. My clammy fingers hovered over the key to activate my technology and slipped as I turned it, priming the zappers before I unleashed several seconds of intense arousal into the bar.

The reaction was immediate: every member of the bar held onto their toga-clad crotch with a pained expression and I breathed an audible sigh of relief as I counted the half-minute before wandering back to our guests. Two couples frantically grabbed each other as they hurriedly left the bar, scrabbling at their togas as they scrambled towards their private rooms.

The other four couples were not waiting, and we suspected some couples might not when we designed the hotel. I watched as the first couple – a slightly dumpy, dour woman on her knees with her equally as uninspiring partner's cock bobbing in her face. I had wondered throughout the day if there was a wild tiger hidden inside her dreary exterior, and she was far from the colourless lady I first thought.

I watched, and they didn't care, as she took the cock in her mouth, sliding her mouth down the six-inch cock with ease until her nose was tickled by his pubic hair. Her tongue effortlessly flicked his glans and her right hand pressed against his ass, eager to slide against her partner's prostate, while her left hand encircled her clit.

She came into his cock, her cries and moans squealing down the manhood occupying her mouth and the middle-aged woman looked up at her husband, waiting for him to grab her head and face-fuck the eager fellatrix.

My eyes glanced around the room: there was a clear initial reticence from our patrons from doing too much in the hotel bar, but as the first couple openly engaged in lustful behaviour, this served to encourage the remaining couples as togas were discarded with rampant alacrity.

I watched, watched the tall blonde woman pushed her hesitant husband onto the leather sofa and eagerly slid her hands over his rotund, hairy body. He sighed, and struggled, glancing at me and the other writhing couples, and gulped as she pressed her hand against his erect cock.

He sighed, wriggling from her touch and enjoying her fingers gliding firmly down his shaft; her expression oozed lust as she watched his face, smiling at his lustful fog and squirming body. He grunted, and she swung her leg over his head, settling her crotch against his face as her hands closed around his cock.

She groaned as her partner licked her slit, squealing as his tongue probed her, and her breasts hung to rub against his naked body. She was loud, they all were, but her cries reverberated around the intimate room, as her husband drove her towards her climax. His cock, spewing pre-cum was being expertly massaged as she ran the palm of her hand over his glistening tip while her fingers grasped his shaft, pulling it upwards.

He shuddered, filling her hand with his semen as she bucked her hips, writhing her body to the rhythm of his tongue as she squealed: louder and louder than ever before. The entire room was about to experience her orgasm as the cacophony of lust filled my ears; she was staring at me as I watched her heaving breasts. I wanted to play with them; I wanted to touch her gorgeous orbs and rub her nipples in my fingers as she writhed and groaned. I wanted to cup her smoothness and stare into her eyes as her husband made her orgasm. I wanted, but I couldn't have.

She was a paying guest, and was beyond my touch; my erection pressed against the insides of my trousers and I stared, meeting her gaze as she screamed obscenities into the room and rocked against his face with a desperate passion and lust. She was coming, orgasming aggressively and passionately on his startled face.

I looked around the room; I had missed the removal of the deep red togas from the nearest couple to the window, or the cunnilingus that the stout woman received from her nondescript husband, but I did not miss what was to follow afterwards. Pulling her onto his lap, he effortlessly glided his cock into her welcoming pussy and she groaned loudly with a driven, animal passion that rattled my consciousness. This was not a woman who was wanted sexual satisfaction, but a woman who's soul screamed desperation as her body buzzed in sweet delight at the rampant forwardness of her lust-crazed partner.

He barely broke rhythm as his cock slid into her wet cunt and he thrust deep into the mewling wife; her vocal utterances of carnal delight competed admirably in the room swimming with sexual ecstasy. She sunk her nails into his flesh, grabbing his back and pulling him closer to her, as he rammed his cock forcefully into her slick cunt.

She snatched at her breathing, frantically gasping for air as her lover passionately used her; she relished his new found confidence and was savouring his unyielding desires with

increasing volume.

I felt a pang of jealousy, but could do nothing but watch; watch as he reached his peak, several moments after she climaxed for the third time and then fill her cunt with his warm seed. I could only watch as she yelled obscenities and profanities at him and push his face into her cum-soaked crotch, before climaxing again as he lapped at her dripping cunt. Watch as she ground her orgasming cunt against his sodden face before grabbing his hand and leading the naked man out of the bar as the lovers frantically ran to the sanctuary of their bedroom, leaving behind their discarded togas.

We had loaded the rooms with condoms, lubricants and transmitters in the ceilings that would periodically dose them on lust until the small hours and then wake our guests in time for a screw before breakfast.

I nodded politely as the naked couples left the bar, making eye contact with them as if everything was completely normal, as they hurriedly left the room to partake in further sexual shenanigans. I tidied the bar and sat down, helping myself to a glass of pink champagne; six couples were currently trying their best to wear out the bedsprings, and Rebecca and Maisie smiled as they joined me in the bar. "Lazy little ..."

"Enough of that," I replied. "I've sold hundreds of pounds of champagne." I pointed to six bottles of half-drunk bubbly on the bar – the lust had seen to the fact that they no longer worried about the ludicrously expensive pink wine they had just bought – and returned the cheeky grins. "I think that went well," I added, unbuttoning my shirt. "If I could just hit one or both of you two ..."

"No chance," Maisie and Rebecca replied in unison and giggled. "Not on a working night," Rebecca added. It was another agreement we had had: playing with the zappers together was technically fine, but not one one of the six days a week the hotel was open. We had to separate work life and fun, and while I was not dating or going out with either of the two ladies, they were amenable to some after-hours sex, in the right circumstances.

I stretched in the seat and looked up as the doorbell rang. "I'll get it," Maisie muttered and disappeared out of the bar, only to return was a very wet, and very dishevelled young lady. I didn't recognise her at first, but as Rebecca and I both looked at each other, it dawned on me: she was the bargirl from the Italian restaurant who I had so enjoyably screwed.

"Eva," I cried, having to wrack my memory for her name. "What's ... what are you doing here?"

She gulped and squeezed her wet jacket. "I ... I ... I ..." She stammered and I calmed her down, pouring her a glass of someone else's champagne and passing it to her. She hesitated and gulped. "I had to find you," she said, her hands trembling around the cold glass. I tried to get her to remove her cold, wet clothes but she refused and looked at Maisie. "Is this your girlfriend?"

"They are my business partners," I replied, truthfully. "What are you doing here?"

She twirled her black hair around her fingers and downed her drink, staring at the pattern in the wooden table. "I had to find you. I asked the dating woman for your address and she refused but when I told her why I needed it, she let me have it, and I went 'round there and it was empty but your neighbour said something about this hotel and I've just walked from the station and ..." She took a deep breath and gulped. "I'm pregnant."

"Fuck!"

Chapter X

“Pregnant!” Rebecca cried, causing the teenage barmaid to flinch. “As in proper pregnant.”

Eva nodded and withdrew a pregnancy test from her bag that clearly showed a blue line where I would have hoped to see nothing. I wiped a tear from her eye, causing her to flinch again. “I thought I should tell you.” She bit her lip as she fidgeted. “My parents and me ...” She shrugged as she stared into the knot in the wood on the table and looked up at me with red, puffy eyes. “... they said I was disgusting and threw me out.” Our eyes met and she squeezed her bag tight to her waist.

“Where are you staying?” Rebecca asked.

My mind was a blur; as naïve as it sounds, it simply didn't occur to me what the consequences of uncomplicated and unsafe sex would be. I had taken advantage of the young lady that night and she was living with the consequences. I wasn't sure I was ready to be a father, but Eva's eyes were filled with the weight of expectation bearing down upon her, and were laced with fear. I had no right to be scared, she was the one who was set to become a teenage mother.

“I'm staying on a friend's sofa but I have to leave soon. Her parents don't like it.” She passed me an ultrasound picture and I looked at it without saying a word. “I've gone past twelve weeks.” She looked across the table, willing me to say something. “I so hoped it wasn't, but it was.”

“I'm ... I'm so sorry,” I muttered, but felt ridiculous for saying so. Her eyes watered further and she asked to go to the toilet; I pointed her towards an oak-panelled door in the corner of the room and watched guiltily as she made her way over to it.

“I said that it was dangerous,” Maisie said, sniping at me the moment Eva had passed through the toilet door. “I ...”

“Yes,” I interrupted. “No good preaching. How do you think I feel?”

“You feel?” Rebecca asked in surprise and indignation. “You've got an eighteen year old girl pregnant and she has been made homeless for it. She can't have an abortion and if her family are Catholic which they probably are, being Italian and all that, then that wouldn't be possible anyway. She is alone, scared and young. No idea where to turn to and you think we should care what you feel?”

I gulped. “But ...”

Rebecca jabbed her finger into my chest. “You've totally screwed her life up.”

“You pressed the button,” I moaned, but Rebecca rebuffed my words with a dismissive flick of her bony wrist. “And what do you expect me to do? I can't go back in time and ...”

“You should stand by her,” Rebecca replied, forcefully in an aggressive tone. “Not as her partner, but you must help support her as she raises your child. Or you're not the person I want as my business partner.”

“Nor me,” Maisie added and crossed her arms, as they both stared at me. I gulped at the wine.

“But having a child is a big commitment and how do I know that this isn't some ruse to get some money out of me. And anyway, settling down with someone is a big deal and ...”

“You are having a child,” Maisie interrupted. “And we didn't say settle down, although we do need to offer her lodgings for tonight.” She cocked her head and glanced towards the toilet door. “She needs someone. And it doesn't matter if that person has only known her

for one night. She needs some support.”

I groaned, but they were right. Eva's predicament was my fault, and I had a responsibility. My business partners left the room before Eva returned and I was waiting with a hug and a cuddle, promising her that I would offer her support, where I could. Maisie returned with a key for “Room Eight” and I escorted her to the smallest suite in the building, and the room adjacent to my bedroom door.

Eva cried a bit, when I sat her on the bed, and put my arm around the young lady; she said she came to warn me I would be a father, and had been worried I would be angry or threaten her. How she thought I could be angry with a vulnerable girl whose problems were down to me, was a mystery. I was not happy about the situation, but she was blameless; I was very far from being blameless.

It was as she was sobbing, that I felt it: a surge of arousal engulfing me and looked at the pregnant teenager, gripping her crotch through her wet clothes and sniffing; either Maisie and Rebecca had deliberately turned on the zappers for the room, or they had forgotten to reconfigure the nightly cycle when they gave me the key. I groaned inwardly; sending shockwaves into the bedrooms was a key feature of our business plan, but I didn't plan to arouse the youthful Eva.

We could hear the sounds of couples having loud, vocal sex through the walls, and I looked at the young lady. “I always feel like this around you,” she cried and gripped my wrist as I flooded my underwear with pre-cum.

“Ah Eva,” I cried, as she frantically undressed herself. “I feel ...” She glanced at my erect cock prominent underneath my clothing.

“You have this aura,” she added breathlessly as she scrambled at my trousers, freeing my spewing dick. She looked in wonder as pre-cum poured from the head, running down my shaft like a fountain.

“You're the sexiest girl I know.” I was not sure if I totally meant the compliment, but my brain was functioning on lust and arousal alone and Eva was the most beautiful girl I had screwed in years.

“I'm not,” she panted but I rubbed her slit with my finger and she watched as rivulets of clear lubrication trickled down my cock and soaked my pubic hair.

She panted, her crotch hot and slippery under my touch; her fingers closed around my shaft and I shuddered. Fierce erotic tension sparkled in my cock as her elegant fingers moved around the pre-cum and glided over my head. It was breathtaking. She was breathtaking!

I gasped, spreading my legs further apart and delighting in the radiant girl's smooth touch. She bit her lip, throwing her head onto the pillow and squealed; two of my fingers had slid into her hairless cunt and were probing her insides, looking for her G-Spot. I found it: delighted squeals and frantic breathlessness followed as I massaged her cunt, and my thumb rotated over her clit.

Her body shook and she bucked her hips: her muscles thrashing uncontrollably as she convulsed with passion. She looked beautiful when she climaxed, her eyes wide and sparkling, her nipples erect and enticing and her skin radiant and so kissable. Her frantic cries filled the room, as the lust-crazed woman's groans got louder and louder.

She shuddered as my fingers pressed firmly against her slippery hole and massaged her G-Spot. Pre-cum poured out of me, running down my thigh and pooling on the maroon duvet as I leant on the bed to touch her, and my cock ached; I wanted to plunge deep into her sodden delights, I wanted to feel her slippery crotch against my cock and I wanted to

savour her teenage orgasms as she climaxed in my arms. I wanted her.

I thrust my fingers into her wet cunt, relishing every grunt, groan, mewl, twitch and quiver of her youthful body as I enticed a dozen climaxes out of her, making a massive wet patch on the quilt. She weakly pleaded with me to let her rest, but appreciated every further touch with unmistakable lustful zeal; I could not force my sex-crazed mind to stop, until she offered me a greater gift.

She pulled me towards her, begging me to fuck her with a flash of her eyes, dazed by the zappers and dripping with uncontrollable desire. Her legs parted effortlessly, as my cock poked her slit and slid down her crotch before filling her cunt; sex with the zappers always felt incredible but this was on a separate plane.

Her tight pussy kissed me as I slowly filled her, sliding over my pre-cum soaked cock and sending a surge of erotic desire through my loins. They itched with arousal, awash with lust and desperate for me to pound the young lady to a wild, vocal climax that would rock the foundations of the hotel. I needed it, and as I stared into her gaze knew she needed it to. Nothing else mattered: just me and Eva.

I pushed my cock into her, kissing her on the neck as my waist rhythmically thrust my manhood deep into the beautiful girl. She swore and mewed with every thrust; her nipples hard against my skin and grabbed her hands with mine, pinning her to the bed, as I forcefully took her.

She squeezed my cock invading her cunt, and squealed as I felt my orgasm well up inside of me; my perineum fizzed and tightened, my cock sparkling with anticipation as I held onto my peak, pushing harder, faster, more desperately into young Eva.

She wriggled underneath me as my body powered towards the point of no return; she swore vociferously and passionately as her nerves delighted in the energetic sex and dominating nature of our congress. With a final thrust, my resolve weakened and I released, relief and orgasmic satisfaction spreading throughout my aching body as my loins exploded into a mess of lust. It felt heavenly as I filled her cunt with my seed.

For a moment, I forgot about Eva as surges of incredible satisfaction surged through my body as I savoured every last spark of my orgasm; it was unbelievable. Eva twitched as I disengaged from her: her hair was a mess, her eyes saturated with exhaustion and her wonderful smile, a tell-tale signature of her satisfaction.

How I adored the young, pregnant teenager; nothing could spoil it. I lay next to her and passed her several sheets of tissue paper as we cleaned ourselves up in silence. I had several very big decisions to make, but as I wrapped up Eva in my arms and rubbed her flanks, I felt satisfied for the first time in a very long time.

And I also had the morning zapper alarm call to look forward to.

Chapter XI

I spoke at length with Rebecca and Maisie, and eventually I sat Eva down and told her the truth about the zappers. I was expecting her to scream at me, but after disbelief, then showing her the devices in action, and then admitting how I had used my invention, she was overcome with emotion that I would still be willing to stand by her; she reasoned I could ensnare any girl I wanted.

As strange as it may sound, I didn't want "any" girl. Her self-esteem was clearly low, but I promised her I did like her, and we curled up on the sofa and watched Juno together. I liked the ending comment in the film about the main character falling in love with the male lead, after they had sex and had a baby. I suggested that maybe that could happen with us, and she didn't disagree but I guessed it was quite a lot to take in.

She surprisingly told me that if she stayed, she needed to make sure that I fitted the zappers to her bedroom. I looked at her, and she giggled. "Sex is unbelievable when I've been hit!" I laughed but she was serious, and a couple of days later, she moved all of her belongings into my private rooms, much to Maisie and Rebecca's approval. I think they liked the idea of me settling down, or just taking responsibility for my actions with the zapper, but Eva was a lot of help in the hotel and got on well with everyone.

Maisie started dating a vet a few weeks after we opened, and told me that their first date was improved with the help of my invention. Her eyes twinkled as she spoke and she bit her lip. "I left it on all night," she whispered with a giggle. "He was a stallion," she added before skipping off to her private quarters.

Eva started to show her pregnancy after another couple of months and in a desperate attempt to build bridges with her family, we invited her parents and brother for a meal at the hotel one Monday night when the hotel was closed to guests. They accepted begrudgingly, and Eva spent days panicking about everything, although threatening to zap her usually brought her attention back to the present and when, on the day they were due to arrive my threats didn't work, actually zapping her with the portable implement and then licking her to a hurricane-sized climax while the prawns sizzled next to us, did!

Eva was a good cook, and her family were treated to an amazing meal cooked by my young lady. We decided it would be better to present myself as an entrepreneur and Rebecca was presented as our "staff" while Maisie was my business partner. Eva's parents refused to discuss the night at their restaurant and gave Rebecca a dirty look when she served us dinner in the dining room, but her brother had no problems with us and Maisie was an excellent host with her veterinary boyfriend, moving awkward conversations along nicely when required.

I was quizzed, as I expected to be. What did I want to do with Eva? Why was I interested in a pregnant teenager? Would I look after her? Would I be marrying her? I avoided most of them, and Eva was very anxious as she saw her "boyfriend" get interrogated by her parents. I wanted to remind them that they threw their daughter onto the streets a few weeks previous so sudden bouts of concern was hypocritical but this would not have helped relations.

Instead, after five amazing courses, the seven of us retired to the bar and Rebecca brought out a tray of espresso coffees while I poured a handful of drams of malt whisky: her father approved wholeheartedly. "How's things?" Rebecca whispered as she helped me carry the spirits to the table.

"OK, I think," I muttered. "Still a bit frosty towards me." Rebecca giggled.

"If only they knew." Fortunately they didn't know the truth and I settled in my seat with my

arm around my "girlfriend:" we still weren't really sure what we were, other than parents-to-be and very regular lovers.

And then I felt it: a powerful pulse of lust and arousal, and both Eva and I spun around to look at the bar to look at Rebecca, grinning wildly at us. She shrugged, as Eva's family grabbed their crotches in shock and fear. Eva knew exactly what our business partner had done, as did Maisie, but four members of our party were shocked at feeling incredibly aroused, without any obvious explanation.

"We better be going," her mother cried and almost pushed the table over as she got up from her seat, unsettling a tray of drinks. She gulped as Eva's father pushed her back into her chair and let his hands wander. "Not again," she begged. "Please and ... oh's that great!" He chuckled.

I looked at Maisie, already dragging her partner towards the door and then caught sight of an almost-naked Rebecca, dressed in just suspenders, stockings and a holding a pink dildo in her hand. She smiled at Eva's squirming brother as she slotted her six-inch dong into a harness and giggled as his eyes widened. "I know just what you like," she teased and grabbed his hand. "I saw, remember!"

Eva and I watched transfixed as the sexy entrepreneur kissed the anxious man and coated her pink phallus in lubricant; Eva found it sexy and my fingers found the waistband of her knickers. She slouched in her seat, groaning as I pushed her skirt over her pregnant belly and removed her unnecessary garments to allow me access to her soaking crotch.

Her parents were already undressed: the fingers of Eva's middle-aged father a blur as he massaged his wife's cunt with passionate thrusting. She squealed and groaned, yelling loudly into the room as her partner brought her to her first climax, causing her to squirt dramatically into the lounge.

We had designed the room to allow for bodily fluids from passionate couples to spill, and the remnants of her orgasm pooled on the wipe-clean surfaces; many evenings had ended with one or more couples fucking in the lounge and a squirting woman was a normal occurrence for our establishment.

I gulped as Eva removed my trousers and her firm grip replaced my boxer shorts around my cock; I pressed harder on my teenage lover's clit, swirling her slippery pearl around my finger and watching her sigh and groan in delight, every time I touched her. I loved the guilty sparkle of her innocent eyes, the heave of her distended belly and engorged breasts, and the sapid aroma of her delicious sex. I adored her groans, uncontrollably lustful, as she couldn't stop my fingers swirling over her sensitive button.

She looked so devilishly sexy, yet youthfully pure, with her skirt hitched to her waist and her discarded knickers lying on the table. She squealed as her muscles tightened and she slid her hand over the head of my cock, saturated in pre-cum. I stared into her eyes for a moment, as her thumb massaged my most sensitive of areas and watched as she threw her head against the back of the leather sofa, shuddering as my sodden fingers worked her bare cunt into a vocal, powerful climax.

Her unmistakable squeals were matched by her mother, several feet away, bent over a table as the young lady's father rammed his cock into the middle-aged woman. She swore lustfully, mixing her languages, as the naked pair fucked brazenly and passionately.

My eyes watched Rebecca; she had her male partner's ankles nestled against her shoulders as her fake cock rubbed against his prostate. They were both mewling loudly, Rebecca rampantly thrusting the plastic penis into his arse with wild abandon as he groaned appreciatively. Pools and streaks of semen lined his bare torso as my business partner, and the zappers, had coaxed multiple orgasms from his youthful body. It was hot!

Eva tugged at my hand and I pulled her onto her feet, abandoning our clothes in the lounge. She dragged me towards the door, begging me to take her upstairs that I was only too happy to do. I had one last look at the debauchery in front of my eyes before leading the excitable Eva to my room.

She oozed sex; her seven months pregnancy showing clearly as she bounced to our private quarters and she eagerly unlocked the door. "Rebecca is so naughty," she cried as she flung her white top into the corner of the room, and started on the remnants of my outfit. "So naughty," she panted, running her supple fingers through my chest hair.

I looked into her warm and seductive eyes, and she impulsively grabbed my waist to pull me closer to her and ardently kissed me on the lips; she was heavenly sexy: so passionate and excitable, and I massaged her tongue with mine, as I gently guided her backwards onto the silk sheets of our double bed.

She purred as I moved gently down her body, taking the nipples of her swollen breasts between my lips and swirling her sensitive teats around my tongue. She groaned and ran her hands through my hair and sighed impatiently as my mouth allowed her enticing bosom to fall from my lips.

I loved her being pregnant; the bump of her body was a reminder to the wonderful sex of that fateful evening but the curves made her look womanly and sensuous. My tongue glided over her pregnancy and she pushed her hips into the bed, eager for me to touch her wet sex.

She groaned and restlessly fidgeted as my fingers slid into her cunt and pressed on her G-Spot. "Ooh, there!" She needlessly said: I had brought her to enough orgasms to know where to touch her.

I gazed into her eyes, watching every flinch, savouring every mew and returning every smile, as her cheeks flushed and her body writhed under my touch, as I brought her to her first shuddering, vocal climax.

I withdrew my fingers and licked them, running my tongue along the length of her slick wetness and savouring the taste of her delicious juices: so fragrant and feminine. She grinned at me. "If you like how I taste then you could go direct to the fountain," she giggled.

She always knew I was going to and traced the outline of her sex with my wet fingers, spreading her wetness around her cunt, before I delved between her legs; she couldn't resist a gentle groan as my tongue swirled across her pearl.

I adored her ambrosial taste, eagerly lapping her dripping crotch as I watched her breasts heave over her pregnancy. My cock leaked onto the bed, stiff and erect and pressing against the duvet. I wanted her tongue around my shaft, and a hand massaging my balls, as my tongue eagerly caressed Eva's divine cunt. My arousal was intense, but I needed to wait, and I slid a finger into her pussy.

She gasped; her body soaked with uncontrollable lust as I found her G-Spot with delightful ease; she squealed out in desperation, willing me to go further, faster and deeper. She begged for more: my teenage lover screaming in passionate desire and was hungry for orgasms. I squeezed her nipple with my left hand, pressing it firmly between my thumb and forefinger as her cunt tightened around my intruding fingers.

She bucked her hips with wild abandon, releasing the untamed beast inside of her, as she screamed obscenities into the air. Her sweat-soaked skin writhed, her saturated cunt squeezed and her legs quivered, as a torrent of powerful orgasmic bliss swept through her body.

As so often with sex on the zappers, she could not stop, and her second climax triggered

waves and waves of intense relief, as my young lover was hit with orgasm after orgasm; my tongue grew weary, my fingers ached, but I could not stop as her pregnant body yearned for every last drop of lustful enjoyment I could provide for her.

At last I could take it no longer, and as Eva rocked from a particularly intense peak, I parted her legs as wide as her pregnant belly would allow and slid my aching cock deep into her sodden pussy; her cunt squeezed me tightly.

I watched her dreamy gaze as we rhythmically fucked, my cock filling her sex, as our fucking sent her into another frantic, vocal climax. My body twitched with expectation; my loins teetering on the edge of my own precipice as her womanly cunt squeezed and coerced an intense orgasm from me.

I mewled and groaned, squealing as my body shock and several spurts of cum flooded into her sodden pussy; it was ecstasy: delightfully sinful and heavenly relief. I watched her face as I withdrew, leaking cum onto the bedclothes and collapsing on the bed beside her.

"I love sex with the zappers," she muttered and allowed her fingers to glide along her body to her dripping cunt. She tasted her wetness. "You taste good too," she said with a giggle, and we kissed: was she really the same innocent barmaid I had seduced all those months ago?

Twenty minutes and more orgasms later, we slung dressing gowns over our exhausted bodies and went down to the lounge. Eva's family had gone and she put her head on my navy fleece, looking up at me. "They've gone," she muttered mournfully.

But Eva's parents could hardly complain about me when the only two times I had met them, they had descended into uncontrollable displays of "immoral" lust. Maisie promised that she would see them and straighten any objections they may have, and I shuddered to think of her plan. I am sure she would have done something underhand, as that's what Maisie was best at, but a few days later they reluctantly gave Eva and I their blessing.

They were less keen to see Rebecca with her anal-loving bisexual partner, but there was little they could do to stop the two lovers, and our hotel became a mass of rampant sexual debauchery all day, even before you considered any of our guests!

Of course, our sex-starved visitors are our main focus, and we never let our sex lives get in the way of a customer having a fantastic time; we have been known to offer more hands-on help where required and Rebecca's strap-on collection was not always limited to the backside of her young man. We have a 100% customer satisfaction guarantee.

So, you have heard my tale and our story; I have told you everything you need to know ... when are you coming to visit?!