**The Club Ch. 01**

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It had been Jess's idea, after all. I doubt any of us would have had the nerve, or testicular fortitude if you will, to suggest it otherwise. I know I wouldn't, anyway. So we made the club, if you will. And we made a pretty simple agreement between the five of us. While exhibitionism or potentially getting caught in an act was fine, willfully exposing the group's activities or even a certain member's antics was off limits. Similarly, the pressuring or coercing someone to do something they were uncomfortable with or embarrassed by was fine, but no one would be hounded for a straight out refusal. There were, at least, certain basic rules we respected. This framework allowed us to proceed to more...creative propositions.

But this isn't the story of how our little sexual exploration parade came to be. It's the story of the first recruitment of a new member. And, as with the formation of our enclave, it was Jess's willpower that spurred the recruitment of a new member.

Her name was Cindy. I wouldn't call her exceptional. Pretty, even hot maybe...but not the kind that stood out in stark contrast to her surroundings. She was Asian, with straight black hair that barely graced the edges of her shoulders. At 5'2, she was fairly short, but still remarkable. And then there were her breasts, full C-cups that seemed to always dare her outfits to try and discourage them from standing center stage. Again, she didn't stand out in a negative light, but when your eyes were graced with passage of her form -- they were honored.

But romantic ideation aside, our goal was to recruit this beauty into our naughty escapes. Luckily, Jess was relatively close to her. And, from the stories Jess had shared within our group of her and Cindy's exhibitionistic escapades, she should fit in fairly well.

This is what led to me and Jess carrying a drugged Cindy into a room we had prepared. It was fairly simplistic. We laid her limp body on the table that dominated the room. While Jess put the restraints in place, I placed a pillow under Cindy's head. A few shelves held varying toys and devices our club had enjoyed the use of before, and a security cam was recording us from right above the door. That had been Jess's idea too, but I had installed it. A live feed of video/audio to a private, secure site that also fed back into a small lcd screen next to the cam. We had positioned it carefully so that the camera and tv would be roughly where our 'victim's' eyes would linger. The door just below was visible, but only if Cindy strained to raise her head.

I enjoyed the view of Cindy lying on the table while Jess finished ensuring the restraints were both tight and would hold. Cindy was wearing a loose, white skirt that ended maybe an inch above mid-thigh. Dark leggings covered her legs underneath it, and a long-sleeved, black keyhole top that offered a temptation-rich view of her cleavage. Jess was a little taller than Cindy at 5'6, and a little smaller of build. Her breasts hovered between A-B cup range, but her nipples seemed almost too long for her smaller breasts. It was no secret in our little group that she adored having them suckled. Jess was wearing very tight, form fitting jeans and a dark camisole with the Victoria's Secret telltale pink logo mostly covered by a grey, half-zipped hoodie. I briefly remembered her saying she borrowed it from some friend, but couldn't remember who...

"Chris -- you can ogle the two of us once we have her ready. The drug I slipped her is only supposed to last a few minutes. Gag her mouth with some cloth."

I gave a brief nod, half embarrassed by losing myself in...maybe anticipation? I tied a bandana gag over Cindy's mouth, and right about when I finished she let out of a quiet sigh.

"I guess that'll do...it doesn't have to keep her silent, just stifle some screams and make her feel more out of control."

Jess winked at me, and began stripping. She wasn't trying to be sultry or a tease (she already knew we had plenty of that coming in our sexual torture session). Her jeans came off quickly, and she tossed them into the corner. Her hoodie and camisole quickly followed the same trend, her hair settling after this disturbance. She was left to her black, lace bikini and matching demi-bra. She unhooked the bra and tossed it to the side as well, her nipples already elongated to reveal her intense arousal. She slid her panties down her legs and tossed them in my face -- allowing me a moment or two to enjoy the scent of her arousal.

"Feel free to fill them with cum, Chris...they're nice and wet for you already. Get out before she comes to."

And with that I was dismissed. I left the room and crossed the hall. There, another room with a few comfortable seats and a much larger tv showed one hell of a view. Cindy, tied to the table and slowly coming around and Jess, opposite the door and completely nude. Jess licked her fingers, ran them down her flat tummy, past the tiniest wisp of bush...and began fingering herself with two fingers. Her moans were sweet and loud. I didn't even need the tv's sound, her moans made it past the closed doors and hallway fine. In my privacy, I dropped my jeans and boxers and wrapped Jess's still-warm, wet panties around my cock. She knew, from our club's activities, about my panty fetish and, once again, proved more than willing to indulge it.

Cindy's head shook, and her eyes opened. I could tell she tried to say something, but the gag prevented her. But her eyes grew large as they noticed Jess behind her. She arched her neck to see and you could see the lust in her eyes. She had no idea what was going on, had only barely begun to realize how restrained and limited she was, but she was feeling something of a thrill. Jess moaned deeply, enjoying being watched. Jess wasn't a cock-tease, she was...well, just a tease.

"Cindy...remember a couple nights ago at the bar when you said you wondered what it'd be like? To be completely used and out of control? You're going to find out. Now...this is going to take a while, but I'm already close to cumming... Before you begin to enjoy yourself, you're going to finish me off." Jess yanked the gag off of Cindy roughly. I could barely hear her soft, pained moan. Jess climbed on the table and, expertly, lowered her pussy to Cindy's waiting lips. Jess's fingers were still working their magic, but as Jess ever-so-slowly lowered herself, I could see Cindy struggling to reach with her tongue. The resolution on the tv didn't help, but I could tell by the look on Jess's face when Cindy's tongue made contact. Jess cums pretty readily, and she was clearly ready. One hand stayed on the table to keep her awkward balance. The other began roughly grasping at her breasts and pinching her nipples. Her eyes rolled back in her head as she came on Cindy's active tongue.

As she stepped down, you could see the sleek wetness which coated Cindy's face. Cindy's eyes looked hungry, starved for attention and ready for more. "Thanks, hun... I really needed that. Now let's see if we can't do something for you..."

Jess grabbed a knife that was on a nearby shelf, and cut off Cindy's top. Her breasts sprang readily from their tight confines, with dark nipple that seemed to beg for attention.

"Oh my, Cindy... You are such the little cocktease, coming out without a bra."

"I-"

Jess slapped her, not overly hard but hard enough that it stunned Cindy into silence.

"You won't talk unless I give you permission to, dear. But you don't need to answer for me to know you love to tease." Jess let her fingers slowly slide underneath Cindy's breasts, cupping them lovingly and tenderly. It was a stark contrast from the slap from moments ago, and I could tell that Cindy was trying to lean forward into the caress. "Now then...let's see what's under here"

Jess cut off Cindy's skirt in a sudden motion, and followed up by ripping off her leggings. Cindy now lay on the table in nothing but a cute, simple bikini. Cotton, multi-colored stripes. Jess quickly cut the sides of the panties loose and pulled it off Cindy's lithe frame. "Now then, let's gag you with your wet little panties..." Jess's stuffed the panties, crotch first, into Cindy's stunned mouth. Before she could respond further, Jess had tied the previous gag back in place. "And I must admit, I am jealous of these breasts, Cindy." Jess's fingers played with her nipples lightly, occasionally pausing to caress her entire breast with the lightest of touches. Cindy's moans in response were strained and quiet -- but still clearly audible.

It was something like a scene from the slowest starting erotica imaginable, and I was stroking myself into Jesse's still moist panties as I watched. I longed to participate, but Jess had stressed that she wanted this initiation to go according to her desires. And honestly, who would want to disagree with the directions of the now-nude Jess as she teased and tortured Cindy with every delicious second being recorded?

Jess moved to the end of the table and began tracing circles with her fingertips around Cindy's exposed womanhood. Her pussy was flawlessly shaved, and Jess's fingers trailed along her flat stomach, to her inner thighs, close (oh-so-close) to her pussy-lips, before leaving Cindy's body. Cindy's moans, even through her panty-gag, were becoming louder and louder. Well, no matter what she said later, she was thoroughly enjoying herself at the moment. Jess's fingers finally spread apart Cindy's pussy, and her tongue began to dance around and over her well-engorged clit. Cindy's hips were now rocking, straining desperately against her restraints and towards Jess's face. As Cindy's moans grew more and more desperate, I came in Jess's panties and breathed deeply. And now, with two of the three of us already cumming down (if you'll pardon the pun) -- Jess decided to inform her more bluntly of what to expect.

"Chris, come on in. And Cindy...while I'm sure you're ready to beg for the chance to cum any way you can have it, we're only just starting. I'm going to deny you orgasm until I'm ready to give it to you. And while you may loathe and enjoy this little game at the same time, in the end you should have the best orgasm of your life. And...we'll have it all on tape."

When I walked in, as requested, Cindy's eyes were large again -- some combination of lust, desperation, and confusion.

Jess just smiled, "Cindy...this is going to be a night you'll never forget."

**The Club Ch. 02**  [Cindy was still tied to the table, panty-gag placed in her mouth. Restrained, aroused, and confused, her now wide eyes glanced from me to Jess. It didn't take the most astute observer to garner the pleasure Jess was deriving from this whole arrangement. Jess tossed something to me in silence, and I caught it out of reflex. I didn't even have to arc an eyebrow to understand my new instructions. She had tossed me a miniscule vibrator attached to a nipple clamp. Jess was already attaching one to Cindy's right nipple, and I quickly acted similarly with her left nipple. They, Cindy's luscious nipples, were already large, hardened, and reacting well to the early stages of teasing-torture arranged for her. Jess held out a remote for a second, opened her mouth to speak, and a light flashed once near the doorway. Jess glared at the door, then at me, and continued on to speak.

"Cindy...I'm holding the remote to these nipples clamps. In my experience, a low-steady setting for a few minutes is enough to build up a fairly significant longing for release... Since you're already experiencing the longing, let's see how it feels to leave you with it on the lowest setting. We'll be back..." Jess flicked a switch and a soft buzzing filled the room as she and I walked out and shut the door behind us. I suppose I should mention, Jess hadn't told the rest of our little troupe of five of our intention to induct a new member, or the sexual-torture plan she had concocted. So as Nikki, the only other female member of our group, walked down the hallway, she was clueless as to what we were doing on the other side of the door. And, of course, it had been Jess's idea to wire a small light to flash when someone was entering the house we were using for our little session with Cindy. The logic was that a doorbell or anything similar would alert her to the presence of someone new, and might inspire a reaction unwelcome in this context.

Nikki...she was more curvaceous than Jess, but significantly less domineering. She could be willful or demanding, certainly, but didn't command the center of attention and leadership role that Jess seemed to wear as a mantle. But she was gorgeous and to say she was a nymphomaniac didn't do justice to her sexual demands. I couldn't claim to know her exact bra size, but the cup size was a D at the smallest. She was maybe 5'4 or so and in fit enough shape. There was the slightest of curves to her tummy and a more significant one to her ass. Needless to say, she rarely paid for drinks when out at a bar. A wink and a slight bend of cleavage and the drinks always came free of charge. She walked down the hall in a pair of tight fitting jeans, stretched well over that firm ass. She had clearly been wearing a long-sleeved shirt, but I wouldn't know if there was anything exceptional about it as she already had it off and in her hands -- she was already stripping. Her breasts were held within the tight confines of a red, lace full coverage bra that struggled valiantly to contain the volume of her breasts.

"I didn't think I could listen to that mindless prat lecture for the full hour, but somehow I made it. I need to get off like you wouldn't believe. Whatdya say Chris? Fancy a friendly poke? Or Jess, I wouldn't be adverse to a little tongue-attention. Anything other than another chance to solo myself with a lonely wank."

"Actually, Chris and I need to show you something hun..." Jess grabbed Nikki's hand and led her into the viewing room where I had brought myself to release moments ago. Georgia's eyes grew large, confused, and...somewhat flustered.

"So what's this all about? Jess, Chris? Anyone want to fill me in as to why there's a naked Asian girly writhing on a table without someone lapping her cunt happily?"

"Well...I talked Chris into helping me initiate another member to our little sexual romp club. And what better way to bring her in than teasing her until she cums like never before?"

It seems worth noting that at the moment Jess spoke of teasing her until she cums, Cindy leaned forward as hard as her restraints would allow and let forth a desperate, guttural growl of a moan that, even projected via the tv and speakers in the viewing room made all three of us shudder slightly.

"And what happened to the cardinal rule of anyone being able to refuse a request or demand?" It made me pause, to think of. Nikki brought up an excellent point.

"Well...if she said no or demanded we stop, we would. So far, she seems to be enjoying herself just fine." Jess winked with profound certainty.

"Correct me if I'm wrong...but it looks as though you gagged the dear girl with her own panties." Nikki glanced at me, knowing full and well of my own lingerie fetish. "I'm sure Chris appreciates this, but unless you've found some other way to communicate with her via gag, it seems unlikely that she has the chance to say no...."

Jess's eyes nearly rolled with derision.

"Nikki -- if you want to help me and Chris, I'm sure you'll enjoy yourself as well... But unless I misunderstood, that desperate moan from a moment ago was one of longing. Going by that, I think I should return to her teasing session before she manages to cum from nipple-attention, alone. I think we both can agree that would be a waste...at least, this early anyway."

Jess turned around and walked out of the room and quickly back into the torture-room, if you would. Nikki was flustered and paused briefly, but shrugged and followed me behind Jess. Jess flicked the switch on the remote and the soft buzzing of Cindy's nipple-clamps faded into silence.

"Cindy...dear. You're already familiar with Chris, and this is Nikki. She's quite horny and in need of a nice release. Do you want to cum?" Cindy nodded vigorously against her restraints. "Perfect!" Jess replied. " If you can make Nikki cum in under....say, five minutes, I promise we'll let you cum."

Cindy didn't even respond, her eye just locked upon Nikki's form in the doorway. Nikki, without further prompting, unbuckled her jeans and rolled them down her shapely legs. Her thong, a simple white cotton affair, was casually tossed aside as well. She, similar to Jess before her, made a careful balancing act on the table and found Cindy's tongue desperately seeking her warmth. Nikki, balancing rather better than Jess had, managed to spare one hand to grope her breasts longingly and another to tease her clit as Cindy practically tongue-fucked her from the table. It wasn't long before Nikki's moans became deeper and her balance seemed threatened by shivers of lust that quaked throughout her body. Nikki came, her orgasmic juices coating Cindy's face further. Jess smiled, and seemed to enjoy responding to Cindy.

"I promised I'd let you cum if you finished her off in under five minutes... It hardly seems fair to deny you and you did make her come in just over four minutes... Nikki, suck the poor girl's clit before she loses what little sense of decorum that remains in her."

Nikki had always seemed willing to take direction, and never seemed to mind providing oral for a male or female...assuming their body inspired desire within her. Nikki's mouth practically assaulted Cindy's pussy, and Cindy's desperation was clear when, after a few moments, her moans were nearly as loud as screams despite the panty-gag still fitted upon her. However, Jess stormed over and, grabbing Niki by her lovely brunette locks of hair, pulled her mouth and lunging tongue away from Cindy's awaiting pussy. Nikki looked confused, but Cindy's moans of desperate desire sounded almost like sobs. Jess answered after a moment, with the calm air of a true sexual torture mistress...

"Cindy... I said I would let you cum if you managed to make Nikki cum in time. I didn't say WHEN I would let you cum... You've still got quite a wait before I let you experience that particular pleasure. Oh, and Nikki...put that attentive mouth to work sucking off Chris, it looks like he's ready for some more attention.

Cindy's moan-sobs were desperate and heart-wrenching, but an unquestionable aphrodisiac. There could be no question, the denial of her orgasm was fueling more orgasms in all of us. The real question was whether her orgasm would merit her sufferings...](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1112657&page=bio)

**The Club Ch. 03**

Jess was right, I was more than ready to cum again. Watching Cindy, our Asian goddess, tied to the table with a panty-gag in her mouth getting tongued by Nikki had me...standing at attention, to say the least. And, Jess's nude and watchful form guiding everyone's actions just made the entire scene all the more erotic. Nikki fell to her knees in front of me, took my hard eight inches in her hands and began stroking me with vigor. Her eyes watched me enjoy her attention, and after a few moments her mouth opened and fell to my cock. Her tongue teased me expertly, her mouth working to take every inch.

And as she went to work on me, Jess proceeded to work with Cindy. Cindy's sob-moans were still fresh in our ears, and Jess, it would seem, was determined to revert them to moans of lust instead of desperation. My eyes lingered briefly on Nikki as she worked to deep-throat me, and continued on to watch the show Jess was offering.

Jess removed the nipple clamps which Cindy had seemingly enjoyed so recently. Jess stepped out of the room briefly and returned with a small cup of ice cubes and a vibrator. She sat them next to Cindy and suddenly leaned forward and began suckling Cindy's nipples. Cindy's response was a quiet, but obviously still audible moan. And as her lips pulled away, she lifted a single cube from the cup. She lowered it slowly, near Cindy's belly-button. As the cube made contact, Cindy's breathed in sharply with a light shiver. Jess smiled to herself and trailed it around her stomach slowly, before leading it towards her chest. Cindy's skin must have been red-hot, leaving a trail of water as the ice melted along her skin. The ice began circling Cindy's full breasts, causing her chest to heave slightly with quickened breath. Jess took another cube and began circling both of Cindy's now fully erect nipples. Cindy's entire body was shivering, rocking with the cold and the desire of it all. Jess's eyes met mine as she set the cubes to the side and picked up the vibrator.

"I should warn you...the ice isn't the only thing I got from the freezer. Chris...how would you like to take the place of the vibrator?"

With that brief warning to Cindy and question to me, she pushed the vibrator ever-so-slowly into Cindy's soaked pussy. Only when it was almost entirely in did she turn it on, clearly on a low setting. But as tormented as poor Cindy was, her moan was nearly bestial. And that, coupled with Nikki's expert efforts with her mouth and tongue, was enough to push me to the edge again.

"Nikki, I'm going to cum..."

Cindy's eyes, which had been closed for most of the recent torture locked on mine. You could see the desire and, more to the point, the desperation there as she watched me cum while clearly wishing she could. Nikki tongued danced circles around the tip of my cock and her fingers played with my balls as I emptied stream after stream of cum into her throat. And, as always, she managed to swallow every drop flawlessly. I helped her back to her feet and she kissed my cheek with a wink.

"Always the sweetest cum, Chris."

I laughed a little uncomfortably and walked over to Cindy's body. My fingers trailed along her body, pausing only to gently caress and fondle her breasts. She was...gorgeous. And then, rather suddenly, Jess pulled the vibrator out of Cindy.

"She was getting too close to cumming..." Jess said, before licking the vibrator slowly. "Mm, she does taste good..."

Cindy's eyes grew unnaturally large as Nikki and I took turns briefly fingering her and tasting her. While we did this, Jess removed the gag from Cindy's mouth, only to place it over her eyes as a blindfold.

"You're right, Jess." Nikki was happily licking Cindy's cunt juices off her fingers. "Her pussy tastes amazing...she must have a lucky boyfriend."

"He-" Jess slapped Cindy again, for daring to speak before being invited.

"Cindy...you're going to have to wait for my permission. But...very well. Tell them how much pleasure your boyfriend gives you..."

"He..." Her voice trailed, softly, as if she was scared of Jess striking her again. When she didn't, Cindy continued. "He doesn't eat me out... He barely ever fingers me... Mostly he just wants head or a quickie. So...so I always have to get myself off later. Please...just let me cum. I'll do whatever you want. I'll do anything. I'll be your private fucktoy -- I DON'T CARE! JUST LET ME CUM!" At this point Jess slapped her again.

"Dear me...I said you could talk. Not yell. One more time and its back to tasting your panties, ma'am."

Cindy soft whispered, "Please...just let me cum...please..." As Jess gestured for us to follow her outside.

In the hallway, where we could briefly talk in private, Jess smiled.

"Nikki, Chris... I wanted this teasing to go on for the whole night, but the more I think of it... Well, if her worthless boyfriend isn't getting her off, maybe she's been through enough deprivation already. Besides...she did agree to be a fuck-toy. I can think of plenty of fun to fill the night with that arrangement."

Jess smirked, always a sign of mischief and often a sign of desires to be fulfilled.

"I don't know about you two ladies but I'd love the chance to fuck her-" I tried to say, but was cut off by Nikki.

"Personally, I think she'd prefer a good tonguing over a hard cock..."

Jess shook her head with certainty. "No...I've got a better idea. If we're going to end it early, let's make this something she can't rush." Jess continued onward to whisper our instructions to each of us and, once confirming we understood exactly what was expected of us and Cindy, we walked in. Jess smiled at Cindy after we entered and spoke kindly.

"We've decided to show you mercy. Well, some mercy, at least. Have you ever cum from just having your nipples and boobs played with? It is possible...if you're aroused and deprived enough... And, after our little games so far, I imagine you are."

Nikki and Jess, at that point, walked to either side of Cindy. Their mouths fell to her nipples which were beyond erect -- they nearly screamed and cried for attention. Together, they suckled both of her nipples heartily. Their hands caressed her sides and came to her breasts, fondling them roughly. All the while Cindy's body writhed with desire and desperation, fighting for an orgasm she needed beyond any need and couldn't rush. My hands came to rest on her inner thighs, leading to her quivering ever-so-slightly. My fingers trailed upwards, nearing her pussy but never making contact. Jess's instructions were clear...no sexual contact until she was actually experiencing orgasm, but I could trail nearby. My lips were near her warmth, wanting to make contact and relish in her taste. But still, I waited. Only a few sounds could be heard. Cindy's deep moans and quick breathing, interspersed with occasional soft begging to let her cum. Nikki and Jess's suckling of Cindy's nipples, almost certainly while fingering themselves a bit in the moment. And to these sounds, I pursed my lips and blew, every so softly, on Cindy's swollen clit. And this, apparently, was enough.

Her body seized with pleasure as she desperately gasped for air. Nikki and Jess, as we had discussed, held her down and began suckling Cindy's nipples ever harder. And as Cindy's hips thrust forward and her legs strained so strongly against their restraints, I lowered my lips to her clit and licked it... I licked and sucked her clit, being far less gentle than I'd ever been with one before. But it was Jess's idea...to suddenly give her that particular intense pleasure, and perhaps overwhelming somewhat to the point of pain, in the moment of her orgasm. And it seemed to work, as for over a minute her body's spasms, her stressed and beleaguered breathing, and her moans and screams didn't cease. And all at once, her body fell limp to the table. Her exhausted, sweaty body seemed to have no ounce of energy left to muster. Jess, Nikki, and I undid her restraints in silence and, as Cindy lifted her head with what seemed to be great effort she whispered-

"Thank you..."