**The Lure of the Sybian**

by[marriedpervs](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=304628&page=submissions)©

My husband and I have what most would describe as an 'active' sex life. I am now in my late forties and he is slightly younger, and we love to play together, experiment, push the boundaries and satisfy ourselves sexually using toys, lingerie and going to parties, sexy balls and functions.  
  
I am quite tall, standing five feet, ten inches and my body has filled out to a curvy 38D-26-37. My blonde hair is tinted these days and my blue eyes still capture their fair share of attention when I choose to use them as bait. I am a firm believer in the fact that a woman should always dress to show off her figure, and so I wear heels, lingerie, elegantly sexy designs and make sure to always wear lipstick and perfume.  
  
Steve is a fitness fanatic and whilst rather bald these days, he keeps his body in great shape doing triathlons and still possesses that amazing cock that won me over many, many years ago. I know every vein, kink, rim, knob and inch of that amazing pussy pleaser, and there is no part of me that hasn't sampled its beauty in the years we have been together.  
  
One night, at an erotica ball, I was dancing with Steve and we were having a great time. I was wearing my pink skin-tight tube dress and heels, without bra or panties, and my naturally curvy body was on show to all. Steve was wearing black leather pants and a black t-shirt and boots, pretending he was a bondage master, and we were having fun moving together, rubbing each other on the dance floor to the beat of the music.  
  
As one song finished, the host came on to the stage and announced it was time for a show. We moved towards the stage to get a better look, and as we did so, the crowd tightened, forcing people to squash up as they all had the same idea, and wanted the best view of the action they could get.  
  
Behind me, I felt Steve harden and turned to smile at him, as his hands gripped me round my waist. He thrust his hips forward to push his cock against the crack of my bum and the thin lycra material of my skin-tight dress did little to hide the crevice between my cheeks. I wiggled a little to make sure his cock was trapped in the gap between my cheeks and turned my attention back to the stage.  
  
The host announced that this show was to be a woman called Sarah, and a machine called a Sybian. I had no idea what that was. I asked Steve and he whispered into my ear.  
  
"Wait and see. Just know that this is the real reason why I said we HAD to come to this ball. I have a feeling you're going to love this show! Now, shut up and watch baby!"  
  
His words made me horny, and I turned my neck and gave my husband a deep kiss, my tongue snaking it's way into his mouth as his hands rose to fondle my boobs inside my dress in full view of the very sexy crowd at the erotica ball.  
  
On the stage a strange looking black leather curved box was bought in by a dark-skinned man wearing only a red thong. He was stunning and had an amazing six pack, and I noticed also that he appeared to be really well hung, his large cock straining against the material of the thong. He then disappeared behind the curtain and returned a minute later with some cords and proceeded to plug the lead into the wall and switch it on. I was interested but still had no idea about what this object was or what it would be used for.  
  
Steve and I kept writhing together and moving to the soft music which was playing in the background, until the host returned once again and the music stopped once more.  
  
"Ok, folks. Tonight we have a special show for you that will knock your socks off. Tonight, Sarah will show you just how fucking awesome a Sybian can be to make you cum! If you enjoy the show, the Sybian will be on display after the stage show and information about hiring or buying your own will also be distributed in the games area. Sooooo, without further delay, here, for your viewing and carnal pleasure, is Sarah, and featuring...the S-Y-B-I-A-N!!"  
  
A huge applause broke out and I was still none the wiser, but clearly many in the audience that night knew what this machine was and what it did. I couldn't wait to see it working and I thrust back against my husband's cock as his hands drew my body backwards against him.  
  
From behind a curtain, a stunning looking brunette woman, completely naked apart from an amazing pair of heels, appeared. She must have been well over six feet tall in bare feet, because in those amazing heels I think she was almost seven feet tall! The dark skinned hunk took her by the hand, and he was dwarfed by her height. I took another opportunity to check out his package, and I was not disappointed. Steve and I were standing close enough for me to make out the shape of the head of his penis as it pushed against the tight material of his small, red thong.  
  
My hunk then lead Sarah towards the funny looking black leather domed object, and helped her squat down until she was able to kneel over the machine. Once she was kneeling over it, the man guided her to kind of kneel comfortably behind a small fleshy coloured pad section that was in the middle of the machine. I was puzzled as to what the machine was meant to do, but my confusion was eased somewhat when the man then took a small, rubber dildo-shaped object and attached it to the middle piece of the machine. I looked more closely, and noticed that there was a funny looking rippled surface, slightly raised, just in front of the dildo-like rubber toy that had been attached.  
  
I asked Steve what it was.  
  
"Just watch, honey! Be patient!! I promise you'll enjoy this...just give it time."  
  
I reached down and gave his cock a nice squeeze as he was still buried against the crack of my ass, and I jerked my cheeks back and forth against his cock as I turned once again to face the stage as the girl, Sarah, sat patiently waiting for the man to finish whatever he was doing.  
  
The man took a small tube of lubricant from the bag of tricks he had placed next to the stage area. I watched with interest as he slowly coated the rubber dildo with a generous amount of lube, and then whispered in Sarah's ear. She smiled, and then reached down and rubbed the lubricant all over the shaft of the dildo, until it was coated with the shiny, greasy liquid. When she finished, instead of wiping her hands on a towel, she raised both her hands to her boobs and rubbed the slippery lubricant all over her own boobs, until her nipples were standing out hard as rocks, and they shone in the spotlight of the stage lighting.   
  
From the side of the stage, a young man who was obviously turned on, jumped onto the stage and asked Sarah if he could play with her boobs. In answer, Sarah took his right hand and guided it to her left breast, then helping him fondle and play with her amazing tits in front of the entire crowd!  
  
Just as he was starting to enjoy his work and his cock was swelling in full view of the crowd, a bouncer climbed onto the small stage area and removed him forcibly. His hand almost tore off Sarah's nipple, he was that turned on and didn't want to let go!  
  
From the side of the stage, the dark-skinned hunk appeared again, and whispered in Sarah's ear once more. I watched intently as I wondered what on earth was going to happen. I was also totally aroused, not only from dancing with my husband wearing a sexy dress, but the young dark-skinned man on stage had really got me worked up sexually.   
  
On stage Sarah eased her body forward on her knees, until her pussy was poised over the tip of the rubber dildo. I fully expected her to drop down onto the dildo and wriggle around, but I was underestimating things!  
  
The guy in the red thong held up a small control box, which was connected to the machine by a cable. It had two control knobs on it, and I turned and asked Steve what they were for.  
  
He pinched my nipples through the thin material of my dress, and said, "Just watch and learn, honey!"  
  
Frustrated but totally aroused, I focused back on the stage area where the guy in the red thong was slowly turning one of the knobs. Sarah was still poised right over the tip of the rubber dildo, when I noticed the dildo start to move a little. It was slowly pumping up and down in tiny little movements, and Sarah eased down until the tip of the dildo buried itself into the lips of her pussy. In front of the whole crowd watching, Sarah started to fuck herself with the dildo.  
  
I was sopping wet as I watched her bury her pussy deeper and deeper until the guy with the controller turned the pumping knob on full speed, which meant she was being well and truly fucked by the rubber dildo.  
  
She was playing with her boobs now and pinching her nipples as she rode the rubber dick inside her. It was very erotic to watch, and I eased myself backwards and lifted the hem of my dress to expose the crack between my butt cheeks to him. I then reached back and unzipped Steve's leather pants, before reaching in slowly pulling his cock out of his trousers. Just as I felt the amazing heat of my husband's cock nestle between my butt cheeks, the guy on stage turned the dildo controller off, which made Sarah frown with frustration.  
  
Behind me, Steve pushed forward, and I felt the large, erect rim of his cock pulsing against my pussy lips. I was not wearing any underwear as the pink tube dress was skintight and I didn't want any panty lines to spoil the look. The advantage of that was that I could feel the heat from his cock immediately he pressed against me from behind, right there amongst the crowd watching the action on stage.  
  
Speaking of the action on stage, Sarah rose up and off the dildo, and we all watched in awe as she lifted her very, very wet pussy off the toy. The red thong guy then held up the controller and slowly rotated the second button. I was not clear on what was happening at first, until he cranked it to full speed and I noticed the small, bubbly pad in front of the rubber dildo vibrating very, very fast! It was moving so fast that it was actually rippling in front of the dildo. I was shocked by the force of the vibrations from the machine, and my mind raced at what level of pleasure this thing might create for Sarah if she was to push her pussy back down.  
  
And that is exactly what she did!  
  
Red thong guy slowed the speed right down as Sarah once again lowered her pussy onto the dildo. Once she was fully down onto it, fucking herself again with slow rise and fall motions, the thong guy rotated the controller about halfway. There was a low hum which was audible even in the crowded room!  
  
Behind me, Steve was now gripping my hips outside my dress and slowly pumping forward and back, causing his cockhead to rub my lips wonderfully. It was very erotic. As I was watching Sarah moan and play with her own boobs and nipples as the machine vibrated on her clit, I was suddenly aware of a man to my right watching me. I caught his eye and at first he looked away. I looked back to the stage, wanting to watch the effect the machine was having on her clit as she fucked herself and pinched her nipples.  
  
Again, I noticed the guy on my right looking at me. He was watching, and for a moment I stopped Steve rocking back and forth with his cock between my lips. The guy to my right frowned, then indicated I should continue teasing the man behind me. I smiled at him, then teasingly reached back and stroked the cock between my butt cheeks a little, before rocking back onto it a few times as I eyeballed this young hunk watching me.  
  
On the stage thong guy now held up the remote and asked Sarah if she was ready.  
  
"OOOoooh god, yessss!"  
  
Sarah moaned and groaned and pinched and pulled her nipples as the noise from the machine rose with the increase in power from the controller.  
  
I moaned myself, and my legs parted slightly, wanting the heat from Steve's cock to reach deeper in my pussy than just the outer lips. I reached under my dress from the front and felt the head of my husband's cock as it rubbed back and forth. The heat coming from it as wonderful, and I glanced to the right and smiled as the guy watching me noticed what I was doing.  
  
On the stage Sarah was close to coming, and I was sure Steve behind me was too. As Sarah crashed into a mighty orgasm on the buzzing machine, the rubber dildo buried deep within her spasming pussy, Steve's cock started spewing hot cum out of the head and into my hand. I rubbed it and pumped it, all the while being watched by the young guy next to me, who reached in and gave my boobs a nice squeeze even though they were still encased in my tube dress. I moaned loudly with the contact from this young hunk and the spewing cock of my husband, as I watched Sarah collapse in a screaming heap onto the machine that had just fucked and buzzed her to the orgasm of a lifetime.  
  
Once the action on stage had finished, I found myself with a handful of cum. Some had splashed onto the floor, and I allowed the bulk of my husband's load to spill onto the floor. Then, as I realised the young guy was still playing with my boobs, I lifted my hand and scooped up the remaining cum with my tongue, and then, looking the stud in the eye, I gulped it all down, swallowed and then licked the palm of my hand clean.  
  
Feeling totally wanton and wicked, I grabbed Steve by the hand, and we headed back to the bar area, dislodging my young stud's hand from my boob as we took off to get a drink.  
  
The rest of that night was spent dancing and kissing together, but I still had not cum when Steve suggested we head back to the hotel we had booked for the night in town. I nodded in agreement as I sipped my pina colada cocktail.  
  
"You finish your drink, babe. I just have to grab a couple of thing before we go, ok?" he said.  
  
He darted off before I had a chance to ask him what he needed to grab, but my attention was distracted by the reappearance of the young stud who had been fondling my boob during the sex show. He introduced himself and we spent a few minutes chatting and flirting with each other. His name was Tyson and he was there with his girlfriend, and they were much younger than us, but he clearly had a thing for older women given the attention he was giving me!  
  
We continued to chat and enjoy each other's company until his girlfriend came up and gave him a huge cuddle and a kiss. It was clear they were in love, and I smiled at her and introduced myself. The three of us chatted and were getting to know each other when Steve reappeared and smiled, realising that I had hooked up with a young, attractive couple.  
  
"Steve, meet Tyson and Gillian. Tyson watched the show with us earlier, and Gillian is his girlfriend."  
  
The young couple introduced themselves to Steve and we spent the next half hour or so giggling and enjoying each other's company, until Gillian's other friends came up and dragged them away to dance.  
  
Steve asked me, "Ready to go, babe?"  
  
"Indeed I am," I replied, and we headed back to the foyer, grabbed our coats and climbed into a cab.   
  
Suddenly Steve jumped out of the cab and ran back inside for a moment, and returned holding a large box, which he put into the boot of the cab, but when I asked him what it was, he just told me to "shoosh" and wait till we got back to the hotel.  
  
The ride back to the hotel was short, and we just cuddled in the back seat and chatted about what we had seen that night. I told Steve the highlight was watching Sarah on that amazing machine, but that I had also really, really enjoyed him cumming in my hand as the young guy, Tyson, had been watching. I didn't tell him he had fondled my boob at the time, preferring to just keep that as a naughty thought buried in my mind.  
  
Back at the hotel, Steve retrieved his package from the boot of the cab, and as we headed up in the lift, he gave me strict instructions.  
  
"Ok, when we get inside, you need to get in the shower and freshen up. I have a few things to sort out, so don't ask questions. Just trust me, take your time and I will make this one of the best nights you've ever had. Trust me, ok?"  
  
Kissing my hunky husband on the lips, and giving his cock a nice squeeze, the doors opened and standing there watching was an old couple. I quickly took my hand off Steve's crutch, and straightening my coat which had fallen open to reveal my skin tight pink tube dress, I exited the lift smiling at the old guy whose wife was agog!  
  
Once inside our room, I did as I was told and undressed before jumping into the shower. The warm water washed the sperm off my hand from earlier and I lathered up my whole body, enjoying the heat of the water in my nipples and pussy as it dripped between my legs. I stayed in for about ten minutes until Steve walked into the bathroom area and told me he was ready for me to get out.  
  
I turned off the taps and opened the glass door, and Steve stood there with one of the huge, fluffy towels before wrapping it around my body and towelling myself dry. I kissed him on the lips, but as I went to walk into the main room area, Steve stopped me.  
  
"Just a minute, babe. I have something for you. Turn around and close your eyes."  
  
I did as I was told, my hand reaching back to find my husband's lovely cock, giving it a squeeze. I was a little disappointed to find his penis soft and flaccid, so I gave it a few squeezes and a slight pull until the blood started to flood into the shaft and it began to swell to it's delightful full size.  
  
Just as I felt him reach his usual size, Steve pulled a blindfold from behind his back and put it over my eyes. I gasped as my sense heightened with the sudden darkness.  
  
"Relax, babe. I'll look after you, I promise. Now come with me and let's see if we can't take care of that pussy of yours like it's never been taken care of before."  
  
Steve lead me out to the main area of the room and then instructed me to stand and wait a moment. I strained my head from side to side to try and listen for clues as to what he was up to, or, more accurately, what was in store for me!  
  
The music from the stereo in the room suddenly increased to the point where it was nice but not too loud. I could still hear Steve fiddling with something, and I presumed it was to do with the box he had carried in from the cab, but with the blindfold on I was unable to tell just what it was.  
  
Suddenly I was aware of my husband standing behind me. I was naked and still warm from the shower, but the heat from my husband's body emanated towards me as I felt him wrap his arms around me and squeeze me to him. His cock was now pressing against my spine as he cupped my boobs in his hands and gave them a nice fondle. He titled my head forwards and then kissed and bit my neck, sending ripples of pleasure through my whole body, and my nipples stiffened instantly.  
  
My eyes were still covered so I was unable to see anything.  
  
"Walk forward, babe. Three or four steps...that's it, Now stop."  
  
I stopped, straining my neck to try to hear something that would give me a clue as to what was happening.  
  
Steve's hand dropped to my thighs and he indicated I should part my thighs. I did so and ended up standing there with my legs apart. I felt Steve move away from me, and I wondered where he had gone.   
  
Suddenly, a pinch of my left nipple caused me to gasp!  
  
Then he was gone again.  
  
As I stood there naked and blindfolded, I suddenly felt heat against my clit, and realised Steve must have dropped to his knees. The heat was coming from my husband's tongue! I lowered my hands to grasp him by the head and began to force my clit against my husband's talented tongue. The night had really gotten to me and I realised that amongst all the arousal, I was yet to reach an orgasm!  
  
I stood there, my legs apart, my husband's tongue licking me, and I knew I wanted to cum, bad!  
  
My mind was racing...the sexy dress I had worn out in public, the dancing on the crowded dance floor, the wild sex show on that amazing machine, and the handsome, young stranger's hand on my boob. Finally, the kiss and the surprised old couple in the lift. All those elements had created a need in me that and I was now yearning for my husband to satisfy me as my thighs rocked back and forth, his talented tongue lashing my clitoris.

Just as I thought I was going to crash over the edge into sexual bliss, he was gone once more. The hot, wet, wiggling tongue lashing my clit was withdrawn, and I was left high and dry yet again. I squealed and moaned, my blindfolded eyes still in the dark as I strained to find out where he had gone.  
  
I heard a clinking of some glasses, and then a sudden 'Pop'. I knew that sound well. Steve had opened a bottle of champagne and I knew that he would be pouring us both a glass. I heard him fill the two glasses, and then also heard him sip from one of them.  
  
"Lean forward."  
  
I leaned forward and felt the rim of a champagne glass hit my lips. Steve poured some of the bubbly into my mouth and I swallowed it down, enjoying the coolness of the liquid as it made it's way down my throat.  
  
Suddenly I felt the rest of the champagne poured over my neck, dripping down my boobs and spilling between my pussy lips, where my husband's fingers caught some of the cold liquid.  
  
"Open your mouth!"  
  
I did as I was told, shivering with the anticipation of the champagne on my body, and as I stood there with my mouth open, Steve fed his champagne covered fingers into my mouth. The champagne from my pussy lips tasted lovely and I loved the wickedness of licking my husband's fingers clean as the champagne cooled the rest of my body. My nipples were stiff from the combination of coolness and arousal, and when Steve licked my boobs clean and bit down on my right nipple, I thought I would cum right then and there.  
  
"Not yet, you don't!"  
  
"Bastard," I said.  
  
"Legs apart, wider."  
  
I did as he ordered, and heard him put the other glass down. He seemed to be doing something else, but still blindfolded, I was unable to tell just what that was.  
  
"Ok. Now, slowly, lower yourself down. Stop the moment I tell you too. Understand?"  
  
"Uh, huh."  
  
I did as I was told. My legs lowered me slowly, wondering what I was squatting down on to. I was really hoping it was a man's tongue or a nice hot cock, but something told me that was not it.  
  
"Stop!"  
  
I froze, his voice quite firm.  
  
Suddenly I felt his fingers. My husband parted my lips gently, spreading them before pushing a finger inside me and finger-fucking me a little before pulling them out once more. Then, holding my lips apart, he spoke again.  
  
"Right. Slowly, slowly lower yourself down again...careful..."  
  
I did as I was told, enjoying the heat from his fingers as he guided my lips around an object that I felt at the entrance to my pussy.  
  
"Ok, you're there now. Take it slow, and trust me. Just lower yourself down and enjoy this."  
  
I once again did as I was told and felt a warm object pushing my lips apart. I gasped with the first touch of whatever the object was, but as I realised it was nothing dangerous, and in fact felt wonderful and warm, I lowered myself down onto it until my inside thighs felt some cooler material against them.  
  
My head then snapped with the realisation of what it was I was doing. My husband was lowering me slowly onto a Sybian machine just like the one we had watched Sarah use on the stage at the erotica ball that night!  
  
With that realisation I jammed myself down, impaling my pussy on the rubber dildo that was now completely inside me.  
  
Just as I reached the bottom of the dildo, there was a knock at the door, and I froze!  
  
"Fuck! Who the hell is that, babe?" I asked Steve, panicking.  
  
"Stay there! Do NOT move. You trust me, right?"  
  
I had no idea what to say. I wanted to cum sooooo badly, but what the hell would anyone at the door think if they were to catch a glimpse of a naked blindfolded woman sitting on a machine with a dildo buried in her pussy?  
  
"Dammit, Steve. Of course I trust you, but just get rid of whoever that is and don't let them see me. I need to cum baby, so hurry back and get your cock back here because I'm going to need a wild fuck the moment I'm finished on this machine."  
  
I noticed the stereo turned up before Steve answered the door. I tried to hear who it was, but I was also still fucking myself on the dildo of the machine. I remembered Sarah had fucked it when the red thong guy had cranked up the fucking motion of the dildo, but I just kept riding the still dildo inside my pussy. As I slowly rode up and down, I writhed forward and felt the rippled pad at the front of the machine, and rubbed my slit against it a little, but was frustrated to find that it too was not turned on.  
  
"Enjoying that dildo?"  
  
It was Steve, and I was glad he was back from the door, having dealt with whoever was there. I didn't care, I was just glad they were gone and he could return his attention to my pleasure as I fucked myself on the machine.  
  
"So, babe, do you know what these Sybian's are famous for?"  
  
"Well, no, but I guess it has something to do with giving women pleasure, so hurry up and make me cum you teasing bastard!"  
  
I heard laughter, and thought it was just Steve, but then I also thought I heard more than one person giggle. My head strained sideways trying to hear better.  
  
Behind me, Steve looked threateningly at the young couple that had secretly entered the room and positioned themselves on the couch.  
  
"Shhhh...!"  
  
Settling back on the couch, they sat silently as Steve turned the music up even further.  
  
"Babe? What's up? What's wrong?"  
  
"Nothing, Dee. Trust me. Just relax on that dildo because I'm about to blow your mind and give you the best orgasm you've ever had. You ready?"  
  
I sure was. The truth was my pussy was burning and my head was straining for the release that I knew this Sybian machine would provide.  
  
I was still wearing the blindfold, but I may as well have removed it, because my eyes were shut firm now and I wanted to cum. It had been an amazing evening and I was dying to orgasm and release some of the sexual tension the night's events had installed between my legs. I resumed my riding action on the rubberised dildo, my thighs spread but relaxed on the leather of the Sybian.  
  
The dildo felt wonderful, but I wanted more, and Steve knew it.  
  
Behind me, Steve picked up the remote controller and activated the second of the control buttons, setting it to the minimum power.   
  
I felt it instantly. The buzzing pad in front of my clit jumped to life and a dull hum erupted from between my thighs as the clit buzzer kicked in.   
  
"Roll forward, honey. Trust me, you'll thank me."  
  
I did as I was told, and instantly my head was thrown back from the sheer pleasure that erupted into my clit. Steve took hold of both my breasts in his hands, squeezing and fonding them nicely as the buzzing of the Sybian combined with the thrusting of the dildo to drive me wild.  
  
It really was like nothing I had ever felt before, and trust me, I have had orgasms generated by a myriad of ways in my time. This was different.  
  
As my husband continued to fondle my boobs and pinch my nipples, the yearning in my pussy was growing, and I was lost in the pleasure of the moment. I was bouncing up and down on the fake cock inside me, enjoying the heat and buzzing on my clit.  
  
Steve whispered in my ear.  
  
"You like?"  
  
I moaned audibly, rolling my head to the side inviting him to bite my neck again. He did just that, and the intensity grew.  
  
He must have increased to power, because while the dildo remained at a constant speed fucking me, the clit buzzer rose a notch and actually began to flap as it buzzed my engorged clit. It was heavenly and once again my mind focused purely on the pleasure being driven into my swollen clit as I fucked the dildo.  
  
Behind me I was vaguely aware of Steve playing with his cock. The heat from the head of his penis rubbed against my spine, and I loved the combined heat on my back and in my pussy. I reached down to feel my clit as the Sybian buzzed me and to be honest, I was shocked.   
  
I gasped, loudly, as I felt the size of my blood-engorged clit. It was huge! Never had I felt my clit as swollen as it was right now. I moaned and groaned as my fingers just felt the amazing size of my clit, and the heat of the Sybian buzzing me, the dildo fucking me combined to send me towards my much-needed orgasm.  
  
Just as I thought release was mine, the buzzer stopped and the dildo froze! I was devastated!  
  
"Fuck, Steve! What the hell are you doing?"  
  
"I'm really sorry, babe. I have no idea. The fucking thing just stopped. Let me check the cables for a second."  
  
I sat there frustrated, horny, furious, let down, and oh, did I mention frustrated?  
  
Still blindfolded I was aware of Steve moving away from behind me, his hot cock leaving my spine and a cold spot appeared where he had just been. With the stereo still playing quite loud, I was able to just hear some clicking noises and some other movements. A minute or so later, there was heat behind me and the buzzing resumed on my clit.   
  
"All fixed, babe. Loose cable!"  
  
I moaned and rolled my head forward as I sensed the heat of the body behind me. Just as I started to enjoy the clit buzzer again, the dildo piston kicked in again and my pussy was once again being fucked by the rubber dildo.  
  
I must have been moaning loudly because I could actually hear myself over the music. The combined sensations of the buzzer and the dildo took hold once more and I again began the ascent into orgasm.  
  
Behind me I felt the heat of the head of a penis once more touching my spine, and I reached back. As the orgasm built within me, my mind was confused. My clit as huge and on fire, my pussy filled with a rubber cock, but as i reached back to touch my husband, the chest I felt was smooth. Not a hair to be felt.  
  
My body started to shake and I knew my orgasm was approaching, but as I lowered my hand to check on my husband's cock, I realised the cock rubbing my back was not his! This cock was thinner but longer, and the images racing through my mind smashed me into the orgasm that had been trying to come out for ages! The buzzer on my clit suddenly burst onto full speed and I crashed into an incredible mess of shaking, yelling moaning and every muscle of my body contracted.  
  
My pussy locked down on the dildo inside me as I fucked it, and the huge amount of blood in my clit caused me shake so violently that I gripped the stranger's cock behind me as if my life depended upon it!  
  
I jerked and thrashed and squealed and shrieked as the most incredible orgasm raged over me as I shook and thrust up and down on the amazing Sybian machine.  
  
Just as I stopped shaking and my body rolled off the Sybian, my legs aching from the tension of the best orgasm I had ever had, the mystery cock in my hand erupted and cum spurted all over my hand, wrist and arm. Instinctively I jerked the shaft and in my post-orgasmic bliss I must have tugged quite hard because the owner of the cock suddenly pulled away and I vaguely recall him yelling in agony as I jerked the head of his cock violently.  
  
I didn't mean to hurt him but that was the result of the incredibly intense orgasm that had just wracked my whole body seconds earlier.  
  
I collapsed on the floor, my eyes still blindfolded. Reaching up and removing the blindfold, I saw my husband, Steve, filming with a small video camera. On the couch was the young woman we had met earlier at the erotica ball. On the carpet next to me was the young guy who had fondled my boobs as we had been watching the Sybian show back at the ball, his girlfriend the one on the couch watching this all unfold.  
  
"That looks like fun! Mind if I give it a try?"