The Sybian Club

Ch. 01

by Selena\_Kitt©

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Sybian porn. Her eyes would get all dreamy and half-closed every time they

watched. And Max had to admit, the thought of watching her climb on and ride one

of those things had him going. Besides, he never could say no to her. Still, Max

was a business man, an investor. The cost of a Sybian of their very own was

cost-prohibitive, to say the least. There were rentals available, but none in

their area. That's when he got his brilliant idea, and that's how the Sybian

Club began—a two thousand dollar investment, clearing out a private room in

their basement, and a website. They started by offering free introductory

sessions. Max felt a little bit like a heroin dealer... "The first one's free,

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"I can't do this." Nicki stopped short as Tasha opened the door. "I can't...

just forget it..."

"Yes," Tasha insisted, coming up behind her friend and steering her toward the

now open door. "You can. There's no one here but us, and aside from showing you

the video, I can leave the room entirely if you want."

Nicki frowned, staring at the dark saddle-shaped thing in the middle of what

looked like a doctor's examining table.

"That's it?"

Tasha smiled, shutting the door and picking up a remote. "Just watch... and

trust me."

The small television in the corner came to life, and both women took a seat side

by side in two chairs against the wall. On the screen, a robed woman was

choosing which "attachment" she wanted to try out, and in the process,

explaining what each of them did.

Nicki licked her lips, glancing over at Tasha, and then back to the television.

When Nicki had confessed her inability to have an orgasm during sex, Tasha had

replied, "I have just the thing!"

This, apparently, was the thing. Who kept something like this in their basement?

Nicki wondered, tucking her short blonde hair behind her ears, her eyes

wandering around the room. It was small, with no furniture except the chairs and

the table with the machine on it. There was a sink in the corner with a cupboard

underneath. The walls were painted a faint rose color, and there were tasteful

nudes hung there.

"Look," Tasha whispered, nudging her friend, and Nicki sat frozen as she watched

the woman on the screen straddling the black-saddle, which was now equipped with

a skin-colored rubber-like strip that had a penis-shaped probe on top. The woman

had taken off her robe, and Nicki admired her heavy breasts before her eyes fell

to the dark triangle between the woman's legs. The dark haired woman was slowly

sinking down onto the dildo attached to the machine.

There was some explanation of how to work the controls, rotation, vibration,

Nicki wasn't sure, because she couldn't take her eyes off the woman's pussy. She

was rocking a little, and the camera moved in close, so you could see how her

clit moved back and forth over the flesh-colored rise. The machine vibrated

louder. The woman moaned and rocked. Nicki felt her breath coming faster and

shifted uncomfortably in her chair.

"It feels so good, you won't believe it," Tasha confided, giving her a sideways

glance.

Nicki licked her lips again. "It sure looks like it."

"Wanna try?"

Nicki could feel a hot ache between her legs. She looked from the saddle-like

contraption on the table, to the woman on the screen whose face was twisted in

bliss.

"Max isn't here, is he?" Nicki asked, glancing toward the ceiling. "I can get...

loud..."

Tasha smiled. "No boys allowed. But if you talk to Tom about it, and he wants to

see... we can make a tape for him."

Nicki's eyes widened at the thought of her husband watching her up on that thing.

"Come on," Tasha urged, turning off the video and standing up. "You don't have

to get undressed if you don't want. Just take your panties off."

Flushing, Nicki stood, slipping off her heels. She nudged her skirt up in back,

so she could catch hold of the elastic edge of her panties. Tasha was busying

herself with the machine, positioning a flesh-colored rubber strip like the one

they'd seen on the tape.

"Hop up." Tasha nudged a stool out from under the table and took her friend's

hand. When Nicki hesitated, biting her lip and staring at the machine, Tasha

said, "Don't worry, everything's sterilized."

"How do I...?" Nicki had to pull her skirt up to swing her leg over the dark

hump, and she sat, staring down at the dildo-shape.

"You've used toys before, right?" Tasha asked, squirting a little clear fluid

over the plastic penis. "Just slide it inside of you."

Grasping the ridged surface of the dildo, Nicki lifted her skirt and edged her

way toward it, shivering a little as it brushed her clit before coming to rest

at the entrance of her pussy. Slowly, she wiggled her way down, spreading her

thighs wide over the rounded back of the machine.

"Like that?" Nicki asked, flushing as she saw Tasha looking between her legs.

That's when she noticed the large mirror hanging against the opposite wall.

Shocked, Nicki stared at her reflection, a woman in a black skirt and a white

blouse, completely dressed for the office—except for the whole straddling thing,

and the five inch dildo pressed up into her flesh.

"Perfect," Tasha agreed, handing her friend the controls. "Here."

Still surprised at her own reflection, Nicki murmured, "Maybe this isn't such a

good idea."

"Trust me, it's a great idea. You'll thank me." Tasha took the controls from her

friend's hand and turned the machine on, making it vibrate.

"Hey!" Nicki squealed and jumped, half laughing, as a gentle buzz began between

her thighs. "Ohh... god... that's nice."

Tasha grinned. "But that's not all it does, sweetness. It rotates, too." She

manipulated the dual controls, upping the vibration a little, as well as turning

on the rotation.

Nicki gasped, her eyes growing wide. "Oh!"

"Here," Tasha said, attaching a large square block of comparable size to the

front of the Sybian. "You can use this to lean on. You'll probably need to."

"Oh my god," Nicki whispered, feeling a gentle rotation deep inside her pussy.

The thing was turning around and around in there! Her eyes closed and she

rocked, remembering the woman in the video, how she had rocked, too. It seemed

like such a natural thing to do, rubbing her clit over the vibrating nub between

her thighs.

"It's like fucking," Nicki murmured, grasping the hand-rest that Tasha had put

down for her as she rolled her hips over the black saddle. How many times had

she sat up on Tom like this, rocking and rolling? She couldn't count. But oh my

god, fucking Tom had never been like this!

"Oh I need more," Nicki moaned, wiggling down against the machine. "Faster,

Tasha. Please!"

Tasha kicked it up another notch, her own pussy beginning to get wet as she

watched her friend's reaction. Part of her couldn't wait for Nicki to go, so she

could get on and go for a ride herself! But she had promised Max she wouldn't

mix business with pleasure. She was only going to show her girlfriends the

benefits of the Sybian, and that was all.

"Ohhhh yessss!" Nicki's thighs trembled and she pulled her skirt up further,

giving Tasha a clear view of her friend's pussy.

Tasha sank into a seat to watch, squeezing her thighs together and swallowing

hard as she edged the rotation up another notch, too.

"Oh my fucking god!" Nicki moaned, her head going back, her whole body

shivering. "What in the hell is it doing?!"

"Ride it," Tasha urged, licking her lips as she edged the vibration up again.

"Come on, baby, ride it good!"

"Oh, oh, oh, oh!" Nicki's blonde hair flew all around her face as she shook her

head, trying to deny the sensation coursing through her body.

The thing between her legs was alive, humming its way into her flesh, somehow,

making her tremble in its grip. That ridged pole shoved up into her was turning,

relentless, rubbing up against some deep place that she hadn't even know

existed. Her clit felt swollen, huge, and the wetness between her legs had

nothing to do with the lubrication that Tasha had provided before the ride began.

"You close, baby?" Tasha asked, squeezing her legs together again, feeling the

gentle throb between them. "Want more?"

"Yes!" Nicki gasped, tearing at her blouse, popping two of the buttons so she

could get to her breasts. She rubbed them, her fingers moving under her bra,

pulling at her nipples. "Oh god, more more!"

Tasha gave her more, maxed it out, the whole room humming with the machine's

force. She could see Nicki's orgasm coming, could read it like a neon sign on

her face, the flushed cheeks, the open, gasping mouth.

"Nowwwwwwwww!" Nicki howled, jerking and bucking on top of the machine, mashing her whole pussy down against it as if she could merge with it somehow. She was seeing blackness and stars, the quivering of her flesh nothing compared to the heat coursing through her veins. Gasping, moaning, she pulled herself off the

pulsing torrent between her thighs. Panting, staring at the still-sticky,

rotating cock, Nicki shuddered again, an aftershock. Her ears were ringing, and

she barely heard Tasha's words.

"Now... didn't that feel good?"

Good? Nicki couldn't find her voice. She sat in the sticky pooling mess on the

table, unable to focus on anything but the waves of fading pleasure rushing

through her body. Tasha turned off the machine and began cleaning up. She handed Nicki a warm washcloth.

"Thanks." Nicki couldn't help but flush. She slipped her panties back on,

glancing in the mirror to smooth her hair. "Oh my god... Tasha... that was..."

"I know." Tasha's eyes were bright as she tossed the flesh-colored accessories

into the sink.

"But..." Nicki sat on one of the chairs, her legs feeling still too shaky to

hold her. "How is this going to help me have orgasms during sex, exactly?"

"Well..." Tasha shrugged. "Now, at least, you know you can have one with

something inside you, right?"

"Yeah, but..." Nicki looked longingly over at the machine on the table. Her body

was already missing it somehow. "Tom doesn't vibrate and rotate and..."

Tasha grinned. "Well... you can always come back for a ride. We're starting a club."

"A club?" Nicki pressed her hands to her cheeks, trying to cool them.

"The Sybian Club," Tasha confirmed. "It doesn't cost a lot to join, and you can

have twenty minutes on the Sybian for fifty bucks."

Nicki stared at her, dumbfounded. "Are you serious?"

Tasha nodded. "I wanted one, and Max figured, you know, this was the best way to

pay for it. It isn't cheap... but isn't it worth it?"

Nicki found herself nodding, looking back at the Sybian. "Yeah."

"Tell all your friends," Tasha urged. "Tell everyone you know. The first ride is

always free!"

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\*~Selena~\*

The Sybian Club Ch. 02

It was Tasha's curiosity, really, that started it all. She was obsessed with

Sybian porn. Her eyes would get all dreamy and half-closed every time they

watched. And Max had to admit, the thought of watching her climb on and ride one

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"It will blow your mind!"

That's what Nicki had said. Kim sat in her car contemplating the average looking

suburban house, tempted to turn the key in the ignition and just take off again.

What am I doing here? She glanced down at the hands in her lap, her nails

ragged, and sighed. Marriage therapy, individual therapy, various

serotonin-altering drugs, even a weekend away at some swinging couples resort,

and still, since the second baby, there had been nothing, not any hint of a

spark. This is my last resort.

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

"Tasha?" Kim returned the woman's smile with a hesitant one of her own, suddenly

all too aware of her mousy brown mommy's ponytail and her unstylish sweats and

hoodie combination.

"Come on in!" Tasha was dressed to the nines, her heels clicking on the stairs

as she led the way down. "Nicki told me all about you."

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

Tasha smiled, offering her a seat. Something about her made Kim feel immediately

comfortable. "Listen... we're both women. We know what it's like, right?"

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

"Our bodies are like fine tuned machines," Tasha said, picking up a remote and

sitting next to her guest. "We need all sorts of revving up and tinkering with

to get to our destination, you know what I mean?"

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

"And it isn't always easy to be interested, when you're already tired, and

you've spent all day picking up after the kids and cooking dinner..." Tasha went

on, and Kim stared at her, nodding encouragement. "It isn't easy, especially

when... well, you know most guys... I mean, some of them... the numbers on the

clock don't even change by the time they're done, right?"

Kim let out a sigh of relief. She knew Nicki must have told this woman

everything. "I just need time, you know? Like... some build up..."

Tasha nodded sympathetically. "Or... you need a ride on the Sybian." She started

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

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

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

Kim was already toeing off her shoes and pulling her sweats and panties down

over her hips, unmindful of stretch marks or her cesarean scar. Tasha didn't

even raise an eyebrow when she stripped off her hoodie, too, unhooking her bra

and letting her breasts, full and slightly pendulous from still nursing her six

month old, swing free. She climbed up onto the machine completely nude, except

for a pair of purple socks.

"Can I have that one?" Kim asked, pointing to the life-like penis. Her eyes were

bright, and whatever nervousness she'd been experiencing had been replaced by

anticipation.

Tasha fitted the insert onto the machine and squirted a little clear lubricant

down the shaft. "These are the controls, like you saw in the video. This one is

vibration, this one is rotation."

Kim looked down at the box in her hand, suddenly doubtful that it could do any

more than the hundred other sex toys they had tried over the years. Still, the

look on the woman's face in the video kept coming back to her. What the hell?

It's worth a shot. She positioned herself over the plastic cock, using the black

box in front of the Sybian to steady herself as she slid down onto the slick

length of it.

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

Kim flicked the switch marked "vibration," smiling at the sensation between her

thighs. "Mmm... nice."

Tasha sat down in the chair, smiling. "The good thing about the Sybian is that

you don't really even need a lot of foreplay... it takes you right there."

The woman riding the machine closed her eyes, rocking her hips against the

flesh-colored ridge pressing up between her pussy lips. The hair there was light

brown and trimmed neatly. Tasha watched Kim's face, fascinated by what she saw

there. It happened to all of them—that look of surprise that changed to awe and

wonder, and eventually, carried them away.

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

"Don't forget the rotation," Tasha reminded her. Kim opened her eyes, surprised

out of her blissful state, and looked down at the box. "Trust me, you'll love it."

Doubtful, Kim flicked the switch. She had never had any luck finding that

mysterious "G-Spot," and had serious doubts about the veracity of women's claims

about having one. She was pretty sure it was all something women made up to get

men off and make them feel like having a penis rubbing up inside the vagina

actually felt good. For Kim, back when they were having sex and she was into it,

even a little, it had always been about the clit.

Frowning, Kim wiggled on the machine. There was pressure deep inside her as the

plastic penis began to slowly rotate. The vibration was sending lovely waves of

pleasure through her, and she turned that knob, making it hum faster.

"It takes a few minutes for the rotation to start to feel good," Tasha

explained. "But once it kicks in..."

Kim nodded, not really hearing her. The sensation was increasing, and her pussy

responded to the buzz of the machine, clamping down on the cock between her

legs. She couldn't believe it, but she was going to cum—so fast! No vibrator

ever had made her cum so fast! Moaning, she gripped tightly to the machine, her

thighs quivering as her orgasm began, her clit making circles over that slick,

vibrating ridge.

Tasha watched, crossing her legs and feeling that dull ache between them. She

wasn't wearing any panties, and she had just climbed off the machine not an hour

before Kim had arrived. Her pussy was spasming, though, like the ghost of a

memory, longing to feel it again.

"That's good," Tasha whispered, wiggling in her seat, as she watched the woman

cum. The dark points of her nipples were hard, and she noticed that tiny beads

of milk were forming there as Kim moaned and rocked her climax to the brink and

beyond.

"Oh my god," Kim gasped, brushing the stray hair out of her eyes that had fallen

from her ponytail. She looked at Tasha through half-closed eyes. "That's incredible!"

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

Kim shivered, turning the knob on the rotation a little higher. She didn't think

her clit could stand any more vibrating. The cock inside her turned faster,

forcing her flesh to move and give with each pass. It made her feel a little

like she had to pee, and she glanced down guiltily at the wetness between her

legs, wondering if she had.

"Keep riding the wave," Tasha urged, seeing the woman's eyes close again as the

machine worked its magic.

Kim's pussy had never felt so good. Her whole body felt as if it were on fire,

and the pressure building between her legs was intense. She leaned into it,

letting the cock inside her do the work, the rising shake and hum of the machine

working once again on her clit. Her breath came faster and faster, and her moans

filled the room.

"Ohhhh please!" Kim was begging, now, although there was no one to plead with.

The machine was relentless. "Oh fuck, oh yes, oh what... what... is... that?"

Tasha smiled at the confused look on the woman's face, realizing what was

coming—her first g-spot orgasm. Kim's body stiffened, her eyes flying open, and

then they closed, her face twisting, almost as if she were in pain.

"Oh FUCK!" she cried, bucking her hips on the machine, her back arching, her

ponytail completely gone now, her hair falling down her back. "Yes! Yes! Yes!"

Kim's nipples weren't just beading milk, now, they were streaming thick white

rivulets down her belly as she came, running down to join the pool of sticky

wetness between her thighs. Nothing had ever felt as good as this, and although

she never wanted it to end, the sensation was so intense that she almost

couldn't stand it.

"Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god," she whispered over and over, quickly turning

the machine off and climbing down, as if she couldn't get away fast enough.

"What is this thing?"

"Heaven," Tasha sighed, smiling at the woman as she leaned against the table,

wiping hair off her sweaty brow. "Don't you think?"

Kim stared at the dark-haired woman, still too shocked to speak. She hadn't had

an orgasm since before the baby was born, and she didn't ever remember cumming

so hard, or like that, before. She wasn't sure, but she thought that the machine

had actually found that fabled g-spot.

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

"I want to do that again," Kim confessed, using the cloth to wipe the milk from

her belly and breasts.

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

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The Sybian Club Ch. 03

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Tasha was nervous. She paced the tiles of the bathroom floor, her four inch

heels echoing in the small space, not even bothering to stop and check her hair

and makeup in the mirror. On the other side of that door was a scenario that

could either make or break their new business venture, and she wasn't sure she

was up to the task.

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

"I can do this," she whispered, pressing her forehead against the door, laying

her palms flat there to cool them. "I can do this, I can do this."

So far, it had only been Tasha and a friend, or a friend of a friend, alone in

their remodeled basement "Sybian Room." Now, it was an entire house full of

clients and potential clients, drinking champagne or beer and nibbling on cheese

and canapés and waiting for Tasha to start the show.

She took a deep breath, smoothing her skirt over her hips, and opened the door.

The sound of women laughing and talking filled the living room and family room.

Tasha grabbed a glass of champagne off the buffet and gulped it, taking a deep

breath before she cleared her throat.

No one heard her of course. "Hello!" she called over the noise of the crowd.

Still, nothing. She raised her voice as loud as she could. "Who wants to have

the most total body, toe-curling orgasm of their life?"

The room went quickly silent, twenty pairs of blinking eyes on her, now. The

women from the family room were crowding into the living room to listen.

Tasha grinned. "My name is Natasha Rivera and I'll be your host tonight. You can

call me Tasha. Some of you already know me, and have even ridden the Sybian

before..." she smiled over at Nicki, who gave her a wink. "Some of you are

meeting me for the first time, and have never heard of a Sybian."

She had their attention now. "As you know from your invitation, you are going to

be given a free opportunity to ride the Sybian. If you like your experience,

you'll have the option of taking a full ride for a small fee at the end of the

night. You can also join our Sybian Club, and I will give you more information

about that, later."

Tasha covered the distance between the buffet and the television, picking up the

remote. "The Sybian is the Rolls Royce of pleasure machines—it's the ultimate in

female stimulation. And it's something so hard to describe, that you really have

to experience it firsthand to understand what I mean when I say it's the most

pleasurable thing a woman will probably ever feel."

A few of the women were nodding, that knowing look on their faces. Tasha looked

around the room. Several of the women were fidgeting, looking embarrassed.

Others appeared interested, their eyes a little too bright.

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

questions you have."

Tasha turned on the television and pushed "play" on the remote. The room grew

even more quiet as the video began, the woman on the screen talking about the

Sybian, its attachments, and how it all worked. When she climbed onto the

machine and began to ride, there was a little collective gasp, followed by a

rapt kind of group attention that Tasha had rarely ever experienced. Every

person there couldn't take her eyes of the screen. The sounds of the woman's

pleasure filled the room.

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

questions?"

A young girl in the corner raised her hand. Tasha judged she couldn't be a day

over eighteen—although she knew that she had to be, at least, eighteen. No

invitations had been issued to minors. Tasha had double checked that fact when

people called to confirm their reservations.

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

Tasha smiled. "Five minutes. I know it doesn't sound long, but trust me... it's

long enough. And with as many people as we have here, we'd be here all night if

we offered longer rides. But the good news is, if you decide to join the Sybian

Club, you can ride for twenty minutes at a time whenever you want for a small

fee. That's usually more than sufficient for most women."

The girl nodded, leaning over to whisper something to the older woman sitting

next to her, who nodded, too.

"Any other questions?" Tasha asked.

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

attachments?"

"Oh, right, attachments," Tasha nodded. "Because of the need for sterilization

after use, you'll be riding tonight without attachments, at least for your free trial."

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

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

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

just have to sign up for the Club and, at the end of the night, I'll draw the

winner—who gets a full twenty minute ride, with the attachments of her choice!"

This time, the collective sound was one of approval and excitement. Tasha

smiled. Who didn't love to win a prize?

"Any other questions?"

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

Tasha gave her a smile. "You'll be in a private room. I will be there to show

you how to work the machine, but that's all. And as it said on the invitation,

we encouraged you to wear a long, flowing dress or an extra long t-shirt. If you

didn't wear one, and you're worried about your modesty, I have a few extra long

t-shirts."

The redhead nodded, looking satisfied.

The blonde raised her hand again, and said, "My boyfriend really, really wanted

to come and watch..."

The roomful of women tittered and grinned.

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

"Ahhh I know the menfolk would love to watch," Tasha winked. "But honestly, the

poor guys get so excited that it just ends up being such a mess..."

The women laughed knowingly, giving each other sidelong glances.

"However, if you join the Sybian Club, we do offer videotaping services," Tasha

went on. The blonde brightened, but a few of the women looked like deer in the

headlights. "Of course, if you're too shy for that, audio taping is available,

instead. That alone is guaranteed to get his heart racing."

The room murmured agreement, and Tasha felt a tingle of excitement in her belly.

She had them all interested, their eyes already starry with the prospect of

sharing their experience with their lover or their husband. And they hadn't even

mounted up yet. Just wait until they take a ride, she thought.

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

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

"It's totally random," Tasha went on, picking up the little fish bowl off the

buffet. "I'll draw one card at a time out of the ones you filled out earlier.

When I call your name, come with me."

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

"Daisy Nash."

"Me, that's me!" the redhead squealed and popped up. The whole room seemed to

sigh, Tasha wasn't sure if it was disappointment or anticipation. The low murmur

of voices started again as the redhead, Daisy, followed Tasha down the stairs.

"I'm nervous," Daisy admitted, flipping her long red hair over her shoulder. "My

friend Karen said I had to try it, but I was a little... you know..."

"You won't regret it," Tasha assured her with a smile. "You should take off your

bottoms, obviously, but you can leave your dress on."

Daisy nodded, putting her purse down on the chair and reaching under the hem of

her long sundress to slip her panties off.

"I'll help you up," Tasha said, offering her a hand. The redhead swung her long

leg over the back of the machine. "Just kind of... settle yourself... right over

that flesh-colored ridge."

Daisy adjusted her skirt around her, wiggling on top of the machine, her pale

thighs spread wide. "Oh wow. Mm."

"Nice already, isn't it?" Tasha asked, holding up the controls. "This one is

vibration, this is rotation. We're only concerned with vibration for this ride."

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

"Sure." Tasha gave her the controls, setting the alarm on her watch and having a

seat The redhead flipped the switch and turned the knob like a pro.

"Oooohhhhh," Daisy moaned, her hips already rocking back and forth over the

vibrating ridge.

"Good, isn't it?" Tasha murmured, feeling a familiar tingle between her legs as

she watched. It was going to be a long night, she thought, crossing one knee

over the other.

"Oh god yes," Daisy whispered, her hands reaching to steady herself on the front

of the machine. The hum of the Sybian filled the room, but the redhead was soon

drowning out the sound with her moans. Tasha glanced at her watch, counting down the time. It had been two minutes. Should she give her a warning, she wondered? Maybe when there was a minute left?

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" the redhead rocked and rolled her hips over and over the vibrating

machine. "Oh that's sooooo good, oh my god!"

Daisy was cupping and rubbing her breasts through her yellow sundress, pinching

her nipples through the material. Tasha could see them standing up even through

the woman's bra. Her pale thighs were trembling as she moved back and forth,

fucking the machine.

"Oh god, oh god, oh god!" she moaned, her fingers digging into her bra for

flesh, and Tasha glimpsed the pink shadow of her areola as she tugged at her

nipples. "Oh my god, my fucking pussy!"

Her words made Tasha swallow hard, her own pussy gently throbbing in response.

How many more women was she going to watch do this tonight? Twenty, twenty-five? The thought made her feel dizzy. She glanced at her watch. It had been four minutes.

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

The redhead didn't seem to hear her. She was bucking on top of the machine like

a wild woman, her moans nearly drowning out the buzz of the Sybian.

"Oh yessssssssssss!" she hissed, her large breasts bouncing completely free of

her sundress and bra now as she shuddered on top of the machine. "Oh my pussy,

my pussy, I'm gonna cum so fucking hard!"

And she did. Tasha watched, licking her lips, as the woman's whole body

stiffened with her orgasm, and then began to shake, almost seizure-like, her

hair flying around her freckled shoulders. She was screaming, baying at the

ceiling, and Tasha knew they must be able to hear her upstairs.

Couldn't pay for advertising like this, Tasha thought with a grin, as she took

the box and turned the switch off.

"Oh... my... god." The redhead shuddered again, looking at Tasha through

half-closed eyes. "I don't care what it costs," she gasped. "Where do I sign?"

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

can join the club."

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The Sybian Club Ch. 04

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Tasha nearly laughed with delight when she led Daisy back into the living room.

The entire group of women stood and cheered! The redhead did laugh, blushing

prettily as she took a seat. She was surrounded immediately by a crowd of eager

women asking, how was it? What was it like? Tasha just smiled, pulling another

name out of the fishbowl. The cheer that went up when she announced the name of

the next rider was music to her ears.

She hadn't been wrong, though, about it being a long night. Up and down the

stairs she went, leading nervous women in and bringing ecstatic women out. The

change in them was incredible, and as the night wore on, and the women relaxed,

the gathering upstairs turned into more of a party. Tasha had left a sign-up

sheet on the buffet for those interested in the Sybian Club and she counted,

every time she reached for the fishbowl. So far, only two women who had ridden

the machine had not put their name down on the list.

Max is going to be thrilled, she thought, as the very last woman followed her

breathlessly up from the Sybian Room. The group was relaxed and the women were

chatting, past the "getting to know you" stuff and more into sharing the

details. Tasha caught phrases like, "My boyfriend said…" and "When my sister

told me…" as she gathered up the paperwork of those who had decided to join.

"I want to thank you all so much for coming," Tasha said, looking around at the

beaming group of women. There were several murmured, "No, thank you!'s" among the crowd. "As I promised, I'm going to draw a door prize—and the winner gets a twenty-minute ride on the Sybian with the attachment of her choice."

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

"Also, after she's done, I will offer the machine up for use to those of you who

are interested in taking another ride tonight. I'll leave a price list here,"

Tasha explained, waving a sheet that she set back down on the buffet.

"All of you have experienced the Sybian without attachments… which is an amazing

experience in and of itself," Tasha went on. The group nodded and murmured their

agreement. "However… the Sybian with attachments… well, as a friend of mine

says, it will just blow your mind."

The anticipation in the group edged up another notch. Women shifted and wiggled

in their seats, giggled and whispered together like girls. Tasha smiled and

flipped the papers in her hands over, shuffling through them as she spoke. She

pulled one sheet free, turning it back over, and saying, "Okay, the winner of

our door prize tonight is Holly Renfrew! Congratulations, Holly!"

The young blonde who had asked all the questions earlier that evening gasped and

stood, her eyes shining as she came toward Tasha. "That's me!!"

"Our lucky winner!" Tasha announced with a smile. "Those of you who want to sign

up for rides, please do so… we'll be back soon."

"Not that soon," Holly smiled, flipping her long, straight blonde hair over her

shoulder as she followed Tasha back down the stairs.

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

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

"Alrighty." Tasha attached it, squirting some lubricant over the head. "Are you

ready?"

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

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

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

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

While Tasha set it up, the girl undressed, putting her jeans and long t-shirt

over the chair, and taking off her bra and panties, too, so when she climbed up

onto the machine she was completely naked.

"All set," Tasha told her, the camera sitting on a tripod. "Do you want just a

wide angle view, or would you like me to do some close ups?"

Holly frowned. "What do you mean?"

"Well…" Tasha cleared her throat. "I just thought… he might like to see your

face when you were cumming… or how your breasts bounce… or your pussy… kind of up close and personal…"

"Ohhhh," the blonde flushed slightly, but her eyes were bright. "Yes, do some

close-ups… he'll like that…"

I'm sure he will, Tasha thought, turning on the camera as the blonde started up

the machine. God knows I do… The steady ache between Tasha's thighs had grown

all night long as woman after woman climaxed on her machine. Now this young,

little blonde was sliding her shaved pussy down into the dildo's shaft, moaning

softly as the cock inside her began to rotate and vibrate at once, and Tasha

could barely keep still.

Tasha kept the camera wide-focused for a while, as the young girl moaned and

rocked on the Sybian. Her breasts were sweet, rounded and pink-tipped, her

nipples hardening as she rode, faster and faster. When Holly's fingers moved

down between her legs, spreading her smooth lips, Tasha zoomed in. The girl was

easing her clit down against the machine, pulling the hood back to expose the

nub of flesh and rub it there.

"Ohhhh yesss!" Holly moaned, using her other hand to tug at one of her nipples,

rolling it between her thumb and forefinger. Tasha panned the camera up her

taut, flat belly with its silver navel ring, focusing for a moment on the way

her breasts swayed slightly back and forth as she rode the machine.

Tasha bit her lip, trying to control her fast breathing as she watched the

girl's climax peak. Her own pussy was throbbing between her legs, her panties

soaked. The blonde's head went back for a moment, as she let out a long, low

moan, her whole body shaking. Then her flushed face fell forward, her eyes

closed, her mouth open slightly, her cheeks flushed with heat as she shuddered

on top of the machine.

Holly turned the dials down, but not off, gasping for breath and still

trembling. Tasha zoomed the camera out again, waiting. The young girl bit her

lip, and her hips began to rock once more, back and forth, up and down. She

reached for the controls, and the machine hummed to life once more.

She wasn't done yet.

Tasha swallowed hard, sinking into a chair with the camera, leaving it

wide-angle as she watched the blonde start to ride it again. She was completely

lost in her own pleasure—she probably didn't even remember that Tasha, or the

camera, existed. The young girl spread her thighs wide over the back of the

machine, and Tasha knew, when she turned the rotation up, that she was working

toward a g-spot orgasm. The way her eyes were clenched, her lower lip drawn in

under her teeth, and the sweet way her hips rolled over the machine told her that.

Fuck! I want to ride, too! Tasha thought, squeezing her legs together and

willing herself to be patient. When everyone went home, she reasoned… then it

would be her turn to celebrate. Watched the little blonde made her ache all

over. Holly was moaning louder and louder, her hands grasping the front of the

Sybian.

"Ohhhh fuck, oh god, yes, yes!" Holly cried, running one hand through her long

hair as she arched her back, gathering and holding some of it there as she

fucked the rotating dildo shoved up inside her pussy. Tasha focused there for a

moment, watching the girl's pussy lips working over the vibrating ridge of the

machine, knowing that the dildo up inside her was about to send her right over

the edge.

"Oh I'm cumming!" the girl moaned, her whole body flushed with pleasure as her

climax peaked, making her tremble with the force of it. The camera was still

focused between the blonde's legs, and Tasha barely restrained a gasp when the

girl's pussy began to flood, spilling clear fluid down the machine in little rivers.

Gonna have to really clean up after this one, Tasha thought, as the blonde

turned the controls down. She sat panting for a moment before starting them back

up again.

Still not done. A girl after my own heart, Tasha thought, repressing a smile.

Glancing at her watch, she saw that they only had another five minutes or so.

Upstairs, she could hear the sound of the party going on and could almost feel

the anticipation of the women who still wanted a full ride. She could barely

stand the pressure between her legs. She was aching to touch her clit. Instead,

she crossed one knee over the other, took a shaky breath, and zoomed in on the

girl's pussy again.

The wetness all over the machine made it slippery and Holly was fucking it good

now, really going for a ride. Her pussy lips mashed against the machine, she

rocked on it for all she was worth, tugging and pulling at her nipples.

"Fuck me, yeah!" she moaned, panting. "Fuck that juicy cunt until I cum all over

you, big boy!"

Her boyfriend is gonna explode when he watches this, Tasha thought, attempting

to hold the camera still.

"Oh baby, oh baby, yes, yes, that's so fucking good!" the girl cried in a high,

tight voice, her thighs trembling with some unseen effort. Tasha knew the cock

up inside her was doing its work, pressing her further and further toward that

edge.

"Gonna cum for you, baby," Holly moaned, and Tasha nearly gasped when the girl

looked straight at the camera through half closed eyes, eyes that seemed filled

with more pleasure than one human could possibly stand, and said, "I'm gonna cum so good for you, all for you, baby, ohhhhhhhhh FUCK! NOW!"

And she came again, nearly screaming with her orgasm, her body bucking hard

against the machine. The force of it was incredible, and the girl fell sideways

onto the table, panting and gasping for breath. The machine was still going,

thick with her juices, and she groped for the controls, turning the dials down.

"I think your boyfriend is going to like this tape," Tasha said, pushing the

button to stop recording and setting the camera down.

Holly half-smiled, looking at her through dazed eyes. "I hope so. I'll come make

one every day for him if he wants me to."

Tasha smiled back. "Welcome to the club."

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The Sybian Club Ch. 05

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Ashley sat and watched the video in silence, her eyes blank behind her

thick-framed glasses. Tasha gave her sidelong looks, waiting for some response,

some reaction. There was none. When the video was over, Tasha clicked the "stop"

button and set the remote down.

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

The woman tucked a long strand of brown hair behind her ear, looking up at

Tasha. She shook her head and gave her a shrug. "No."

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

Ashley followed readily enough, staring at the various dildo-shapes. She looked

over at Tasha, shrugging helplessly. "I don't know. It doesn't matter."

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

"How about this one?" Tasha offered, holding up the smallest, least offensive

accessory, a ridged, flesh-colored one, only three and a half inches long.

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

Tasha chewed on her lower lip as she attached it to the machine, lubricating it

as always. The dark-haired woman stood in the corner, hugging her arms.

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

were clear?"

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

Tasha nodded, grasping the doorknob and looking at her again. "I'll be right

outside, if you need anything. Okay?"

Ashley nodded fast, her hair flying.

When Tasha closed the door, she leaned against it, listening. There was no noise

at all. Should I ask her if she's okay? She wondered. This was the weirdest

session she had ever had, and that included the two leather-clad lesbians who

had joined last week. She'd never seen anyone respond this way, and she thought

she'd seen everything from nervous apprehension to eager anticipation.

Then she heard a gentle buzzing from behind the door and relaxed. Ahhh, okay

then. She was just... shy? Tasha took a seat outside the door, glancing at her

watch. She would give her a warning at five minutes. The hum from behind the

door grew a little louder and Tasha smiled. Good... she was getting into it...

and yep, that was the sound of the rotation beginning.

After the first introductory party was such a huge success, the next two had

been even bigger. Word of mouth was spreading like wildfire, and Tasha was

getting dozens of emails a day. She could barely keep up with it all and her day

job, too. Max had told her just last week, if it kept up this way, she could

kiss corporate life goodbye and do this full time if she wanted. She couldn't

imagine anything better.

"Oh... oh... god... what...!" Ashley's voice from behind the door. Tasha cocked

her head, listening, waiting. There was a kind of humming that went along with

the machine, and she could tell it was Ashley, "Mmmm... mmmmmm...mmmmmmm!" It was sort of a sweet sound, like a little kid eating ice cream and exclaiming its creamy goodness after every lick. Tasha smiled.

"Oooooo wooowwwww!"

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

growing louder.

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

difference!

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

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

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

what's happening! Please! Help me!"

Tasha opened the door, peeking around to see Ashley sitting completely naked on

top of the machine. Her breasts were full and bottom heavy, the areolas dark and

enormous, her nipples as large as nickels in the center. They were swaying as

she rocked, the dark, thick hair of her pussy glistening, a stark contrast

against the flesh-colored strip resting on top of the Sybian. She was still

wearing her glasses, Tasha noted with a smile, but her eyes were closed tight

behind them.

"It's okay," Tasha crooned, closing the door behind her and coming to stand next

to the woman. "It's probably just the first time you're going to have a g-spot

orgasm..."

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

have... never..."

"Never...?" Tasha let the woman squeeze her hand as she moaned and rocked up on the machine, her breath coming fast and hard. Suddenly, it occurred to her what

Ashley was trying to say. "Never... had an orgasm? Ever?"

"Nooooo," Ashley half-moaned, half-lamented, squeezing Tasha's hand in rhythm

now. "Never... ever... have... oh my god!"

"It's okay," Tasha murmured, her heart racing as she watched the woman rolling

her hips on the Sybian. "Just let it come... let it come..."

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

Tasha stood on the stool next to the table, bringing her height up, so she was

face to face with the dark-haired woman.

What happened next was just instinctive. Tasha cupped the woman's face in her

hands, "Ashley, look at me."

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

fear.

"Good..." Tasha murmured and leaned in to kiss her. It was a soft kiss, just a

connection, something to ground her, and it worked.

"Oooooooohhhhhh," Ashley moaned, relaxing against Tasha, wrapping her arms

around her neck. "It feels so good... too good."

"Let it," Tasha whispered into her ear, stroking her hair, the hum of the

machine vibrating them both as they embraced. "You're gonna cum, sweetie... let

it come..."

"Ohhh please," she pleaded, and then her head flew up, her eyes widening and

then closing again as she shuddered all over. Tasha held onto the woman as she

collapsed against her shoulder again, crying out as her very first orgasm rocked

her body again and again. The woman grabbed the controls, turning them way down, her thighs still trembling, a light sheen of sweat glistening on her skin.

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

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

"Trust me."

The grateful look in the woman's eyes was something Tasha would never forget as

long as she lived. Ashley inclined her head and kissed her again, and Tasha

smiled.

"Let me show you," Tasha said, turning the controls up again, making the woman

moan in response. "A woman's body is an amazing thing... it's about time you got

to know yours, don't you think?"

"Yesssssss!" Ashley moaned, her hands moving over her breasts, down her belly,

pressing her palm against the dark hair of her pussy. "Ohhhh please, yessss,

show me!"

Tasha glanced at her watch and saw that the woman's time was about up. No more

appointments today, anyway, she remembered, slowly edging up the rotation,

watching the woman's nipples harden.

"Okay," Tasha agreed, running her hand over the same path that Ashley's had

taken, down her breasts, her belly, pressing fully over her pussy. "I'll show

you."

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The Sybian Club Ch. 06

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Ashley's body was trembling so much she could barely keep still. Tasha held onto

her, standing on the stool next to the table where the dark haired woman was

riding the Sybian. Tasha crooned and cradled her head against her shoulder.

"I can't," Ashley whimpered, shivering all over like someone with a fever. Her

body was hot, flushed, like a little heater. Tasha smiled, stroking her hair.

"Yes you can," Tasha murmured, fingering the controls. "Just hold onto me." She

had turned them way down after Ashley's first—first ever!—orgasm, giving her

time to catch her breath. Now she edged them up a notch. Just the vibration, not

the rotation.

"It's like a wave," Tasha murmured into her ear as Ashley squirmed on the

vibrating machine and clutched at her. "You just need to learn to ride it..."

Ashley gasped, her hips rocking in spite of her protest. She twisted and rocked,

moaning softly and shaking her head. Tasha knew the feeling. You weren't sure if

you wanted to try to get away from the sensation or keep going. It was so

intense it felt as if your whole body might burst into flame.

"Stay with it," Tasha crooned, stepping back a little to let Ashley ride, but

the woman grabbed her, pulling her in tight. "It's okay... I know it's intense."

Tasha started the rotation, just a slow turn, and Ashley's body stiffened in

response. Her fingers dug into Tasha's shoulder blades, her breath hot against

her neck.

"Please," Ashley begged, and Tasha stroked her cheek, dancing her fingers over

her collarbone to find the woman's nipple. Dark and enormous, it was already

hard, and Tasha thought it must be sensitive. She was right. The moment she had

it between her thumb and forefinger, squeezing and rolling it, Ashley groaned

and rocked faster on top of the Sybian.

"Ohhhhh!" Ashley threw her head back, her arms out, arching. Smiling, Tasha

fingered her other nipple, pinching the dark, oval areolas gently and pulling

forward a little as she squeezed. This made Ashley sigh with pleasure, her eyes

closed behind her dark-rimmed glasses.

"Keep riding it... like a wave." Tasha upped both controls, looking down at

where the Sybian met the woman's flesh. Her pussy was mashed against the

machine, the thick dark hair beaded with wetness. Tasha reached her hand down

and parted the woman's lips with her fingers.

"Oh my god!" Ashley's eyes flew open wide, surprised. Her clit was as tiny as

her nipples were large, barely a nub and covered with thick folds of pink. Tasha

moved to the front of the machine, using her fingers to spread the woman

further, pushing back the hood of her clitoris until she could see that little

glistening pearl. She had an urge to kiss it.

"Keep riding that wave," Tasha encouraged, looking up at her, all that long dark

hair falling into her face. Ashley was biting her lip, shaking her head, but

there was no use resisting. Tasha had been there, too, not wanting it to go on,

wanting it to go on forever.

"Oh!" Ashley cried out in surprise as her clit touched the slick, humming

surface of the Sybian. "Ohhhhhhhhh!"

Tasha smiled. Ashley was lost. She was really rocking, now, her hips shifting

back and forth, her pussy lips completely spread over the surface like the wet

wings of a butterfly newly opened and drying in the sun. Tasha kept her fingers

there, pulling back all the soft, pink folds of flesh, so her little clit could

get the most exposure to the rising hum of the machine.

"Oh that's so good!" Ashley cried, fingering her own nipples now. She mimicked

Tasha's earlier motion, her hands cupping their heavy weight, squeezing the

areola as she came forward to pinch the nipple. "More... more!"

Reaching for the controls with her other hand, Tasha turned the dials. Up, up,

up they went, and Ashley's moan grew louder, her breath coming in fast gasps.

"Again!" Ashley cried, just that one word as her second orgasm seemed to shoot

through her like an arrow, driving her body into a tight arch, her toes curling

upward as she quivered on top of the machine. Her body turned quickly to jelly

again, trembling and nearly collapsing.

Tasha stood quickly, her fingers never leaving the woman's wetness, and came to

stand next to her on the stool. Ashley quavered against her, still moaning and

twisting on the machine.

"Stay with it," Tasha encouraged her, spreading the woman's lips as she squirmed

on the Sybian. "There's more."

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

Tasha lifted the woman's chin off her shoulder with her other hand, turning her

face to hers. God, but her eyes were beautiful. Dark and questioning, searching

for something. "Yes... you can."

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

Leaning in quickly, Tasha captured the woman's mouth. It was soft, like rose

petals, and she tasted sweet. But this was no little kiss, no brief connection,

like before. Tasha's tongue pressed past her teeth, forcing past her resistance.

She didn't think, she just acted, her mouth slanting across Ashley's, taking the

kiss as the hum of the Sybian rose all around them. Tasha could feel her give,

she could actually feel it in the way Ashley softened against her, kissing her

back, now, their tongues gently exploring.

"Yes," Ashley murmured as the kiss broke, their eyes meeting. Tasha saw a trust

in the woman's eyes that made her heart lurch in her chest. "More... more..."

Ashley's hand slipped behind Tasha's head, her fingers lost in the soft black

wings of her short, dark hair as they kissed again. The jolt that went through

Tasha was electric and she moaned, unable to help herself. She had spent hours

listening to and watching clients ride her machine today, which always left her

wet and ready for a ride herself. But now, this quiet, shy woman was kissing her

so hungrily it was as if she had never been kissed or touched before, and Tasha

couldn't take anymore.

"More," Ashley insisted, breaking the kiss only to say the word before pressing

her lips to Tasha's again. Ashley's fingers were moving over Tasha's blouse, her

dark little nipples hard and noticeable, even through her bra. What she lacked

in experience, Ashley made up in enthusiasm, giving up on the buttons and just

pulling Tasha's blouse out of her skirt, shoving her bra up over the soft little

mounds of her breasts.

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

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

testing them.

Tasha tried to fight the ache between her legs, growing even greater as her

nipples were tugged and gently twisted in the woman's fingers. The hum of the

Sybian made her ache to climb up on it herself. Could two of them fit? she

wondered. Tasha's eyes flew open. What was she thinking!?

"Oh my god," Tasha gasped, breaking the kiss, moving her hand away from the

woman's pussy for the first time since she had first touched it. "We can't...

I'm sorry... this is..."

Ashley looked her, quizzical, her eyes glazed. She was still rocking on the

Sybian, the wetness spreading to her thighs.

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

The woman's lips curled into a smile. She reached her finger out and touched

Tasha's hard nipple through her blouse. "I won't tell."

Ashley pulled her in for another kiss. Tasha tried to resist, and if her skirt

had had a zipper that day instead of elastic, she might have been able to, but

Ashley's hand had found its way underneath, seeking heat, and found it. There

was no thinking anymore after Ashley's hand cupped her mound, rubbing there as

they kissed. Resistance was futile. Tasha was lost, too.

"Oooooohhhh!" Ashley moaned against Tasha's mouth, her hand curling into a fist

against Tasha's pussy. She was trembling, and Tasha knew she was close again.

"Keep going," Tasha gasped, feeling the woman's knuckles moving over her pussy

lips, as if knocking for entrance. "Don't stop... remember, it's a wave..."

"It's so... goooooood!" Ashley shuddered and Tasha's hand crept down again,

spreading her lips and exposing her against the machine. "Ooooooooo yeah yeah!"

Ashley came for a third time, wrapping her arms around Tasha and pulling her in

hard. The climax seemed to go on and on as Ashley bucked on top of the machine,

grabbing Tasha breathless with each shuddering wave.

"Oh hell," Tasha whispered, kicking off her heels and reaching under her skirt,

pulling her panties off in a flash. "Want to see if this thing can hold two of us?"

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

They tried it facing each other first, but the angle of their legs made it too

difficult. The Sybian was going full blast and Ashley was quivering still as the

dildo up inside her kept going and going. Tasha swore, climbing down, biting her

lip and thinking.

"Ohhh yes," Ashley moaned, leaning forward a little, her hands gripping the

front of the machine as she rode. The woman hadn't ever had even one orgasm

before she walked through the door, and she was well on her way to her fourth!

Tasha, on the other hand, would be happy with just one...

"Ah ha!" Tasha cried, wiggling out of her skirt and pulling her blouse over her

head, not even bothering with the buttons. Her bra joined the rest of her

clothes on the floor and she saw Ashley's eyes moving over her briefly,

lingering at her completely shaved mound, before Tasha mounted up on the Sybian

behind her.

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

wrapping them around her.

"Giddyup," Tasha agreed, cupping the woman's heavy breasts with a sigh. She'd

been aching to do that since she first saw them, and the weight of them didn't

disappoint her. Ashley shoved forward a little to give her space, although with

the dildo up inside of her, there wasn't much wiggle room.

If Tasha hadn't been so narrow, they might not have fit, and she was thankful

that Ashley had chosen an attachment that stretched all the way from the front

of the machine to the back. She settled her wet, aching pussy over the machine

with a happy sigh, fitting her hips against the soft, rounded seat of Ashley's

behind.

"You feel good," Ashley murmured as Tasha pressed her breasts into the woman's

back and pushed her hair aside to kiss her neck. "Ohhh I like this...!"

"Me, too," Tasha whispered, her mouth moving over the woman's shoulder. They

rocked together, their breath coming fast in the little room. Tasha knew it

wouldn't take her long at all to cum, at least the first time. Her pussy was

humming with pleasure, her belly quivering in anticipation.

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

"Yes you can," Tasha insisted, rocking her with her hips, moving her forward and

back on the machine as the dildo up inside Ashley's pussy whirled. "Ride with

me, honey. You can do it."

"Something inside me..." Ashley whispered, and Tasha could feel the woman's

fleshy thighs trembling against slim ones. "Is... is..."

"It's okay..." Tasha bit her lip, rubbing her own clit over the flesh-colored

rise between her legs. "It will... feel different... but still really, really...

oh god this feels so good!"

"Mmmm!" Ashley turned her head for a kiss, and Tasha obliged. Tasha swore she

could feel the electric pulse of their tongues touching down in her pussy, where

the Sybian was roaring against her clit.

"Ohhhhh fuck!" Tasha cried, breaking the kiss and gasping against Ashley's neck.

"My pussy feels soooo fucking good!"

"Mine toooo!" Ashley's fingers were digging into Tasha's thighs as they rode

together, hips locked and thighs spread over the back of the machine. "Oh

something's... happening!"

Tasha knew Ashley was about to be carried away by her first g-spot orgasm but

her own body was like a runaway train, and she couldn't stop to explain it or

prepare her. All she could manage was, "Hold onto me, baby," as she wrapped her

arms around the woman from behind, resting her cheek against her shoulder.

"Ohhhhh yes yes yes!" Ashley moaned, wrapping her arms around Tasha's as she

came, her head going back, her long hair spilling over them both. The jolt of

Ashley's body against Tasha's, again and again, sent her rocking over the ridge

of the machine, her pussy making wet noises as she shoved her hips into the

woman in front of her.

"Gonna cum," Tasha whimpered, bucking her hips against Ashley's as she did, her

orgasm, so long-awaited, hitting like a thunderbolt, rocking them both forward

and back in its wake. Ashley held tight, pulling Tasha's arms around her as she

came, wiggling her behind against the woman's mound, both of them squirming in

an attempt to stay on the machine.

Tasha kissed over Ashley's shoulder and neck again and again in the wake of her

own orgasm, still moaning softly at the hum between her legs. She could ride

again—she could ride all night, she knew, until she found that place where

orgasms peaked over and over in her belly, like one, long continuous thing.

But Max was due home in an hour, and she had to clean up. Groaning, Tasha slid

down, reaching for her blouse and the controller at the same time. Ashley sighed

when the dials were turned down and then off. She slumped over the machine,

still panting.

"Thank you," Ashley murmured, lifting her eyes. Tasha looked into them as she

buttoned her blouse, feeling a slow heat rising in her face. My god... what kind

of line had she just crossed? She just nodded, pulling her panties on and

searching the floor for her skirt.

Ashley slid the dildo out with a little cry, tumbling off and leaning back on

the table on her elbows. Tasha glanced over and saw her pussy, the inner lips

red and swollen, a thick, creamy buildup of her juices pooling at the entrance.

It was the sexiest thing she had ever seen.

"I'm really..." Tasha gave up looking for her skirt, coming over to stand by the

table, her eyes meeting Ashley's. "I haven't ever done that with... a client...

or... anyone..."

Ashley nodded, pushing a strand of dark hair out of her face, her eyes large

behind the squarish frames of her glasses. "It's okay... I told you... I won't

tell..."

Tasha gave her a small smile, her eyes moving down the woman's breasts and belly

to rest between her thighs. "I didn't mean for it to happen... you just... you

were so..." she shrugged, at a loss for words.

"I liked it." Ashley shifted on the table, her hips moving slightly, and Tasha

couldn't take her eyes off the woman's pussy. It was so swollen and pretty...

"I'd like to do it again."

Lifting her eyes, Tasha remembered the reason she was here, saying, "Well...

there's this club that I've started..."

"No," Ashley cut her off, reaching her fingers down to touch herself, and

Tasha's eyes fell there again, like a magnet. Ashley spread it open, easing

those thick folds of flesh back a bit at a time and Tasha found herself

wondering what she tasted like.

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

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

Tasha met her eyes... god, those big, beautiful brown eyes. She imagined doing

this again and the throb between her thighs thickened. Smiling, her hand covered

Ashley's swollen mound and she murmured, "I think that could be arranged."

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