

The Adventures of Wonderslut

Alice Gaines

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Chapter One

"Sanctimonious hypocrite at ten o'clock."

At the sound of Jay's warning, Felicity Plumswindle looked up from the cattleya orchid she'd been repotting. "Not McHayes again."

"None other." Her assistant and partner-in-justice tapped a few keys on his laptop, bringing up a view of the street outside the greenhouse. "The Smarm-O-Meter went off the scale."

"I don't need one of your genius computer devices to detect McHayes' hypocrisy. It oozes out of his every pore."

"Gotta calibrate the meter with someone. Wonderslut and the Organization of Magnificent Paranormal Heroes -- OOMPH -- can't take chances."

She looked at Jay. "Do you think he suspects me?"

He shrugged. With his blond hair going every which way and his smiling blue eyes, Jay always looked like a kid on Christmas morning. But then, with all the electronic toys she'd given him to do his job, he *was* a kid on Christmas morning. Or a boy genius computer geek version.

Damn McHayes. She couldn't let him figure out her double identity. Not only would that shut down Wonderslut, it would give him an insight into OOMPH's operations. As a secret society of heroes with special gifts, OOMPH worked for truth, justice, and sexual fulfillment all across the world. Just the sort of thing Americans for a Decent America hated.

"McHayes had better not trace Wonderslut here," she said.

"He won't through any of my computers," Jay answered. "I have everything so encrypted his ass couldn't find its hole in my maze of programs."

"Then, why does McHayes spend so much time bothering me?"

Jay shrugged again. "He likes you?"

"You have a lot to learn, kiddo."

He grinned and leaned toward her. "So, teach me."

She pointed toward the computer screen. "How soon before he tinkles the bell over the greenhouse door?"

"ETA ten seconds." He closed the laptop. "I'm outta here."

She grabbed his arm. "Stay right where you are. Every time McHayes gets me alone, he tries to play slap-and-tickle."

"You can cut him down to size, Liss."

"Great idea. Then, he'd know for sure I'm Wonderslut, Avenger of the Non-Orgasmic."

Before they could have that conversation for the fiftieth time, the bell over the greenhouse door went off. The family values police had arrived.

"Ah, Felicity. You're looking especially lovely today," Alexander McHayes, morality czar, television pundit, and all-around jerkwad declared.

He thought she looked lovely, did he? With her schoolmarm glasses perched on her nose and her hair tied in a tight bun at the back of her head, Felicity Plumswindle looked about as different from her seductress counterpart as she could make herself. Instead of Wonderslut's leather bustier, Felicity wore a dress that made a flour sack look sexy. Just in case anyone might detect the hint of a curve under that, she'd topped the whole outfit off with a cardigan sweater two sizes too large. Lovely, indeed. McHayes must use his dubious charm on any woman he thought he could intimidate. He wouldn't get anywhere with this woman. She'd bust his face for him.

"What can I do for you, Mr. McHayes?"

He approached the potting bench. "I'm glad to say that I'm here to tell you what I can do for you."

You don't do anything for me, you disgusting lecher. "Oh, really?"

He rested his hip on the bench and leaned toward her. No doubt trying to get a look down her dress. Fat chance. "You may have heard that I'm to have my own television program."

She had heard that. How wonderful for holier-than-thou types everywhere.

He stroked his salt-and-pepper mustache while he leered at her. He really ought to wax the ends and twirl them like the melodrama villain he was. "I'm calling it *The Values Hour*."

Values-schmalues. The only thing he valued was himself. "Congratulations."

"They're building a set for me at the local station, but I'll be syndicated nationwide."

If only that nation were Outer Mongolia and not here. On the other hand, why would she wish Alexander McHayes on some innocent Mongol horde?

"That's really cool, Mr. McH.," Jay said. "Excuse me for a minute, okay?"

"Where do you think you're going?" Felicity asked. "I need you here."

"Let the young man go. We can conduct our business without him."

She knew damned well what kind of business the old coot meant. That was why she needed Jay here. "Jay..."

"Seriously, I gotta run. Nature calling, ya know?" Jay turned to leave, stopped, and grabbed the laptop. Taking the computer with him, he danced out of the greenhouse in the general direction of the bathroom. What a time for him to get the runs.

She turned back toward McHayes. "Well, it's been nice doing business with you."

"But, we haven't done any business." He leaned closer until she could almost feel his breath on her neck. "Yet."

"I don't know how I can help you with a television show."

"I thought some orchids would give the set real class. You could supply them, and I'd give your nursery credit. Win, win."

The only thing this creep wanted to win was a free ticket to under her skirt. Bastard.

"I could loan you a few blooming plants every week." Jay would deliver them. It would serve him right for deserting her just now.

"There's something else I'd like to ask of you, too." He put a hand on her shoulder and let it slip southward toward her breast.

She pushed his fingers away. *No doubt, but you're not getting it, asshole.*

Undeterred, he smiled a particularly unctuous smile. "I'd like your help in exposing Wonderslut."

"Wonderslut?" She did her best to look innocent and confused all at once.

"The self-described Avenger of the Non-Orgasmic. You've heard of her?"

"I suppose so."

"She and her ilk are destroying our country. They're tearing the fabric of our democracy apart."

"I don't think Wonderslut has anything to do with politics."

"Don't be naïve, Felicity. She's a communist plot, determined to convert all decent Americans into godless atheists."

"I don't think she has anything to do with religion, either."

"Wonderslut," he continued on as if she hadn't spoken. "Do you know what it would mean if I could expose her on my television show?"

The Virtuous Asshole of the Year Award? A place of honor in the Hypocrisy Hall of Fame? His own star in the Firmament of Repression?

"I'll tell you what it would mean," he said.

Obviously, he planned to answer his own question, so she kept her mouth shut.

He caught her by the shoulders and pulled her toward him until his lips were almost on hers. She could break both his arms, but that might blow her cover, so she put her hands on his chest and pushed him away.

"A network job," he said. "Book deals. I could write my own ticket. Can you read the headlines? 'McHayes saves decency'."

Damn, the fool was just getting warmed up. His cock had probably hardened in his pants already. If Wonderslut were here, she'd shrink it a couple of inches to get his attention. Felicity Plumswindle didn't dare.

"Would you like to share all that with me, Felicity?"

Prig publicity? I don't think so. "What about your wife?"

That seemed to penetrate his passion. "Jane?"

"Wouldn't you want to share your success with your wife?"

"Yes, of course." He cleared his throat. "I was speaking figuratively."

Moron. "I don't see how I could help you expose Wonderslut."

His eyes narrowed. Sometimes he acted as if there was some gray matter behind all his bloviating. Sometimes he acted as if he knew more about her relationship to Wonderslut than he let on. If she didn't have Jay's daily assurances that no one could track the Avenger of the Non-Orgasmic down to this very greenhouse and underground Slut Grotto, she might have done the world a favor and taken Alexander McHayes out. Killing wasn't her thing. Fucking was. But sometimes a girl had to do what a girl had to do.

For now, she put on her best innocent smile. "I mean, Wonderslut and I don't move in the same circles."

"Of course not, my dear." The suave McHayes had returned. Or his version, which came off more like an oil slick. "But we have reason to believe that Wonderslut is operating out of this part of the country."

Shit. Jay had assured her over and over that no one could locate the Slut Grotto. Something had changed, obviously. She didn't dare let McHayes know this revelation had rattled her, though.

She stood her ground and stared at him evenly. "I didn't think anyone had tracked down Wonderslut."

He gave her an evil smile. "If you move with the right people, you hear things."

"And you do."

"Moral decency is the foundation of a free society. Ask the Roman Empire."

Given that all those people had died over a thousand years ago, she wasn't going to be asking them anything soon. References to Roman decadence was only code, anyway. An excuse to use the power of government to enforce sexual frigidity. Some spy agency or other thought it had the authority to investigate Wonderslut, even though her activities were apolitical. Typical of the people in charge these days.

"I'm a very powerful man, Felicity." McHayes lifted his hand and stroked his fingers along her jaw line. "Being nice to me could get you somewhere."

It'd get her sick to her stomach. Wonderslut would fuck anyone she had to in her quest for sexual satisfaction for everyone. It was a rough job, but somebody had to do it. Even she would draw the line with McHayes.

"I'm a decent woman." She gently pushed his hand away. "I only sell orchids here."

"Pity." He sighed. "In any case, if you should suspect anyone of being Wonderslut, you will let me know, won't you?"

"If there's anything you need to know, I'll make sure you find it out."

His eyes narrowed again. Even McHayes could tell a hedge when he heard one. If she didn't hate dishonesty, she'd go ahead and lie to him. He didn't deserve any better.

He straightened. "My show starts in two weeks. You'll have some orchids ready for the set by then?"

"No problem."

"I look forward to working with you." He smiled again. "Every week, Felicity."

She wasn't going anywhere near that studio, but she didn't have to tell him that. She smiled back at him as if to say "our business is done."

He took the hint finally and turned to go. She waited until he'd left, ringing the bell over the door again. Then, she stalked into the back. "Jay!"

The bathroom door opened, and he stuck his head out. "McHayes gone?"

"No thanks to you. Why in hell do you spend so much time in the head, anyway?"

He gave her a silly grin and shrugged. He did that every time she asked about his bathroom visits. She'd checked in there for substances he might be enjoying, feeling like a creep the whole time for not trusting him. She wasn't going to let a sweet kid like Jay get into trouble that way, though. She'd never found anything. Maybe he spent the extra time spiking his hair.

"We need to get to the grotto." Felicity led Jay down the corridor as fast as her sensible shoes would let her. "OOMPH Central Command needs to know about this visit."

"Trouble?"

"Could be. McHayes thinks he has a bead on Wonderslut." They stopped at what looked like a blank, cinder block wall. She pushed the right block in exactly the right place, and the secret door swung open. Flickering torches lit the way down. They had plenty of electricity down there to run all Jay's toys, but torchlight fit a den of sin better than fluorescents.

"McHayes can't have any idea where Wonderslut is coming from."

"That's what you keep telling me. He says otherwise."

"Criminey on a cracker!"

She led him down into the grotto. As they entered, all of Jay's equipment hummed on -- lights flashing and video screens coming to life. Cut right into the natural rock, Wonderslut's safe haven could withstand a nuclear blast. There were only three ways in -- the staircase they'd just come down, the tunnel she used to take the crimson Maserati to the surface, and Jay's computers. That wasn't a literal way in, of course, but someone really sophisticated might trace the beam back from the geostationary satellite to here. As a boy genius with advanced degrees from Cal Poly, Harvard, and MIT at the age of twenty-one, Jay could out-sophisticate just about anyone on the planet. If snoops had found them, he'd unfind them again.

Jay immediately went to his control center -- a swivel chair surrounded by screens and keyboards. Felicity sat on the edge of the hot tub and let the steam warm her. "See anything?"

He held a finger in the air -- his usual signal to give him some quiet while he worked. No point rushing the boy genius. While she waited, she got out of the bulky sweater and shook her hair free from the bun. The useless glasses joined the hairpins on the edge of the hot tub. She really ought to strip completely and have a soak, but the one time she'd gotten naked in front of Jay, he'd almost passed out. He'd begged her every day since then to fuck him. Poor baby. With anyone else, she'd do it, but Jay's work was too important for her to risk their relationship by sleeping with him.

The clicking of computer keys echoed around the grotto. She'd designed the place for ultimate sin. The rack in one corner, adorned with orderly rows of whips and riding crops. The huge circular bed with a mirror suspended from the ceiling above and another on the wall nearby. The wet bar and stereo with speakers perfectly calibrated for the space. Next to that stood CD shelves holding some of the world's sexiest music.

She'd yet to find the right hero to share the Slut Grotto with her. He'd have to have an ego that could accept a powerful woman. More important, he'd need to have a huge cock and an insatiable appetite. Until she found that man, she'd have to satisfy herself with one-night stands with ordinary men.

She spent an awful lot of time horny, no matter how many partners she had. In fact, she needed to get laid right now. An available man sat right across the room from her -- a man who'd give his right nut for a good tumble with her. Maybe, maybe... oh no, she was *not* going there. She wasn't going to mess with an employee.

Employee, employee, employee...

"Got it!" Jay shouted. "Holy Founding Fathers!"

"Huh?"

"A tracking signal." He turned and nodded. "Government. The FSB."

"Federal Security Bureau? What the hell does Wonderslut have to do with national security?"

"Security is what the FSB says it is and fuck the Constitution."

"Son of a bitch."

"I should have known it'd be government," Jay said. "No one else has the resources or staff to beat my code."

"And they're talking to McHayes."

"Maybe he is a big-shot, after all."

Damn, the bastard had the federal government going after Wonderslut. Or, maybe the government was using him. Whichever, it was a marriage made in hell. "Can you jam it?"

"Better. I can reroute it."

"Do it."

Jay hunched over his keyboard again, typing away. He squinted at the screen for a minute, grunted, and then typed some more. Code flew as he worked. Finally, he hit enter and let out a whoop. "Awwww-right!"

She got up and walked behind him. None of it made any sense to her, but Jay seemed happy with the results. "You re-routed the signal."

"You bet your super-string I did." He tapped the screen. "Right here's our pigeon."

"Explain."

"From now on, the FSB'll think the signal originates here."

"Where's here?"

"McHayes' Americans for a Decent America website."

"You sicced them on McHayes?"

"That ought to deflate the windbag for a while, huh?"

She bent to hug his shoulders and planted a loud kiss on the side of his face. "You're a wonder, kiddo."

Jay stiffened in her arms. "Don't do that, Liss."

She released him and straightened. "What?"

"I'm not a kid."

"You know what I mean."

"Yeah, I do." He swiveled his chair around and looked up at her. "I'm a man."

Oh, no. The Argument. The one they had every day. "Jay, we've been over this before."

"And I still don't get it. I spend all my time in the sexiest place on earth." He gestured around him. "With the sexiest woman on earth, and I can't get laid."

"You know why I can't fuck you."

"I know what you always say. It's bullshit."

He looked hurt. He always looked hurt when they had The Argument. The look tore her heart out, but she couldn't give in to him.

"You know how I feel about you, Liss."

Oh, no. They could *not* get into this again. Lust was bad enough. Feelings could really screw things up.

She held out her hands as if to ward the conversation off. "Don't, sweetie."

"Damn it, I'm not a sweetie."

He was. About the sweetest kid she'd ever met. No point riling him up about it, though. "We had ground rules when I hired you. No flirting. No fucking. Most of all, no feelings."

"That was then. Stuff happened."

"I screened you very thoroughly. You can imagine the sort of men who want to work for Wonderslut. You told me you could keep it professional."

"I came here for the job, not to get my jollies."

"I know you did, swee..." She stopped herself before she called him sweetie again. "I know you did, Jay."

"But then, I got to know you."

"Nothing's changed. You promised professional, and I expect professional. Clear?"

He opened his mouth as if to protest and then shut it again. Grinding his jaw, he stared around at his electronic toys as if looking for a machine to blame his unhappiness on. He didn't seem to find one, because his expression didn't clear, and his hand stayed balled into a fist.

"Clear?" she repeated.

Finally, he let out the sigh of the long-oppressed. "Yeah, yeah."

"Okay, who do we have tonight?"

He tapped on a different keyboard for a minute and pulled up the letters section of Wonderslut-dot-org. "I like this one."

Felicity looked over his shoulder and read. "Dear Wonderslut. My husband -- I'll call him Ralph -- used to be so romantic when we met. I know you can't keep the romance forever..."

"Who says you can't?" Jay interrupted. Trying to score some points with her, no doubt.

She didn't answer him but kept reading. "I thought our sex life would stay good, though. Now, all Ralph does is 'slam-bam-thank-you-ma'am,' and five minutes later he's asleep. What can I do to bring some zing back to my marriage? Signed, Aching in Akron."

"She ought to dump Ralph and get a real man," Jay said.

"Not easily done. Besides, that would only leave Ralph to go find some other woman to frustrate."

"You going to teach Ralph a lesson?"

"I hear Akron's lovely this time of year. Make sure the Slutbuggy is full of fuel, okay?"

"I don't know why you call a crimson Maserati with retractable wings and a jet engine a buggy."

"Because I can. Now, run along and see to the buggy while I change into the bustier and cape."

"You don't want me to help you dress?"

"Jay..."

He rose. "Okay. I only asked."

"After you brief Central Command why don't you swing by the campus and see if you can find a willing coed? Might help you work out the kinks."

Jay looked at her as if she needed a scolding. "I want the right woman, not just something to get my meat off."

"Exactly the lesson Ralph is about to learn."

Chapter Two

Felicity brought the Maserati down on a dark back road and retracted the wings. The silencer kept the engine almost undetectable as she cruised through the streets of Akron headed to the address Aching had posted on the secure part of Wonderslut-dot-org. Odd how people would trust a stranger with personal information like that. Still, she'd been in the rescue business for years with no identity breaches. Then, too, sexual frustration could make any reasonable person desperate.

She finally arrived at a pleasant, suburban neighborhood. Those often masked a lot of human misery. She couldn't fix all of that, but she could make sure a few people got the gratification they deserved. After a while, she found the right address and drove soundlessly up the driveway to hide the buggy in the shadow of the house. After climbing out, she hit the automatic lock and checked inside her cape for her gear. Lock-picking tools. Riding crop. Strap-on cock -- faux flesh that felt like the real thing. Everything she needed for this assignment.

The cool air pricked her skin where the leather bustier didn't cover it, which was just about everywhere, including her crotch and most of her breasts. She gathered the crimson satin around her for warmth and got to work.

The back door to the house opened easily after a moment of fooling with the lock. She let herself in, closed the door behind her, and got her bearings.

A kitchen. Dark and silent except for the hum of the refrigerator. Over that, the sound of voices wafted clearly from the floor above. Angry voices.

"Come on, Nancy," a man's voice wheedled.

"I'm not interested, Ralph."

"Just a little nooky, then I'll let you go to sleep." What a gracious seduction. That Ralph sure was a charmer.

"I don't want a little, Ralph. I want the whole nook or no nooky at all."

And that's what you're going to get, Nancy. Courtesy of Wonderslut.

Felicity went through the kitchen and found the stairs to the floor above. With the argument to guide her, she scooted silently up to the bedroom door.

Inside, she found pretty much what she'd expected. One side of the bed held a lump of humanity with the covers pulled up like a shield. On the other side sat a naked man with his cock in his hand. He'd stroked it to a decent-sized erection, but clearly, he hadn't done it for his partner's pleasure.

"Well, Ralph," Felicity said. "Looks like you're up to your usual tricks."

Ralph's head whipped around, and his eyes got so wide the whites nearly glowed in the dark. "Who the fuck are you?"

She planted her feet wide and parted her cape so that he could see the W in crimson satin embroidered on the bustier. "Who do you think I am?"

Nancy -- Aching -- sat up in bed, still clutching the covers around her. "Wonderslut."

"What the fuck?" Ralph said.

"No, genius. Wonderslut," Felicity answered.

"What the fuck is Wonderslut?"

"You have a very limited vocabulary, Ralph."

"Wonderslut," Nancy repeated, her voice an awed whisper. "You came!"

"Not yet. Maybe later."

She probably wouldn't, though. Ralph didn't appeal to her, with his slight paunch and thinning hair. Looks didn't matter much, but the moron still had his socks on. Who wanted a man who couldn't be bothered to take off his socks before sex?

Nancy didn't seem like the adventurous type, so female-female probably wouldn't happen, either. Just as well.

"Whatever you are, get out of my house," Ralph ordered.

"You didn't invite me. Nancy did."

He glared at his wife, still stroking his cock. "What's the matter with you?"

"You're the matter with Nancy, but I'm going to fix that."

"Huh?"

Real brainiac, this one. She'd have to spell the whole thing out for him. "You see, Ralph, you're only getting your rocks off here. You're not doing anything for your wife."

"I give her my paycheck."

"I have a job, too," Nancy said. "And I do all the housework."

"You're a regular prince, aren't you, pal?"

"Hey, I'm a guy. She knew what she was getting."

"Well, here's what you're getting." She made the gesture her mentor had taught her at OOMPH Central Command. The spell never failed. Sure enough, Ralph's hard-on shrank in an instant, leaving him with nothing but a limp weenie.

"How'd you do that?" he wailed.

"Good man. Now that I have your attention, we'll start the lesson."

"Put it back!" he shouted.

"Nuh-uh. Until you learn to satisfy your wife, you'll never get another boner again."

"You can't do that."

"I just did. Now, give Nancy an orgasm."

"How'm I gonna do that without a hard-on?"

"Get creative. You still have a tongue, don't you?"

"You want me to...?" His voice trailed off as if he couldn't even speak the words.

Felicity pulled the riding crop out of her cape and tapped the end against her open palm. "Get started."

Nancy giggled, more a sound of nerves than humor. "Oh, but Ralph has never done that."

"It's time he learned. Come on, Nancy. You'll enjoy it."

Nancy laughed again, but this time with a throaty hint of lust. She tossed back the covers and spread her legs, her nightgown bunched up over her hips.

Ralph glared at Felicity as if he'd like to strangle her. She continued slapping her palm with the riding crop to let him know she wasn't going anywhere until he'd done his good deed. After a minute, he put his face between Nancy's legs and tentatively kissed her crotch.

"Nice start," Felicity said. "Part the lips and find her clit."

Ralph let out a disgusted huff but did as she'd ordered. The minute his mouth closed over Nancy's pussy, she let out a squeak of surprise and pleasure.

"How does it feel, Nancy?" Felicity asked.

"Oh my." Nancy's eyes closed in bliss. "Oh my, oh my."

"Nice going, Ralph. Keep it up, and I'll be able to give your hard-on back in a few minutes."

"Sonofabitch." Ralph went back to licking Nancy's clit. After a minute, he actually started to work at it. Nancy cooed her pleasure.

"You have the hang of it now?" Felicity asked.

He pulled his head from his wife's muff for a moment. "I guess it's not so bad."

"Don't stop!" Nancy cried.

Ralph went at it again, and pretty soon, Nancy's breath had grown shallow and rapid. Then, she started gasping. The woman was having fun for the first time in who knew how long.

"Slip a finger inside, and she'll come faster and harder."

Ralph did that, too, and slid it in and out with some enthusiasm. The guy might turn out to be good at this. Felicity's crotch moistened watching the two of them. She'd need a good fucking by the end of the night, or at least a long session with her vibrator and dildo.

Nancy came with a few loud shrieks, her hips lifting right off the bed. To his credit, Ralph kept up the pressure of his tongue and fingers until his wife fell back against the sheets. Finally, he rolled over onto his back, looking mighty proud of himself.

“Nice going.” Felicity made the movement to break the spell on his cock, and in a second his boner had returned -- bigger than before. “You play with that for a bit while I demonstrate the next steps.”

“Huh?” The exercise hadn’t made him any more articulate. Oh, well.

She reached into her cape and pulled out the strap-on. “I’m going to show you how to fuck a woman.”

His eyes widened in delight. “You are?”

She fastened the straps around her, and pretty soon she had a nice erection of her own.

Across the room, Nancy’s eyes also grew wide. “I’ve never made love with a woman.”

“Pretend I’m Ralph.”

Nancy nibbled her lip for a few seconds, clearly uncertain about this new twist. Then, her gaze settled on the nice proportions of the strap-on, and she smiled. “Okay.”

Ralph moved over to give Felicity room, so she dropped the cape to the floor and joined the couple on the bed.

“First, undress your lady. Slowly. And worship the skin you expose.” She reached down to the tiny pearl buttons that fastened Nancy’s flannel gown right up to her chin. The lady hadn’t been projecting her sexuality to Ralph, which might have been part of her problem. Following the advice she’d given Ralph, she bent and kissed Nancy’s neck as she worked the buttons. Nancy smiled at her and closed her eyes. She’d clearly relaxed into the scene.

Without too many options on how to get Nancy naked, Felicity moved to the hem of the nightgown, which still lay bunched up around her hips. Slowly and gently, Felicity smoothed her palms over Nancy’s belly, pushing the flannel upward. She followed her hands with her lips, kissing the warm skin. Up and up she went, rubbing, kissing, even nipping gently, until Nancy purred her satisfaction. As Felicity scooted upward, the leather of the bustier slid over Nancy’s flesh. The friction should stimulate her, too.

When Felicity got to the woman's breasts, she cupped one while taking the other nipple into her mouth to suck. Nancy gasped and arched her back. Felicity's own nipples throbbed inside the bustier. The whole experience had made her horny as hell. Sometimes good deeds were a bitch. Even a superlover needed relief. Later. She had a mission to accomplish.

After giving Nancy's other breast the same attention, Felicity kissed her gently on the lips and then on the tip of her nose. Nancy's eyes opened, and she smiled.

"Ready to be fucked?" Felicity asked.

"Oh, yesssss."

Felicity helped Nancy to sit up and slipped the gown over her head. Then, they sank together back against the bed.

"Watch how this goes, Ralph." Felicity grasped the strap-on, placed herself between Nancy's parted legs, and slipped the head of the faux cock into Nancy's pussy.

"Just an inch or two at first. Make her want more. Do you want more, honey?"

"Yes, please!"

She thrust a bit deeper into Nancy's cunt. She'd grown so wet and hot, the strap-on went in easily. In a moment, Nancy started to move with upward thrusts, impaling herself more deeply.

"See how she's asking for more?" Felicity glanced over at Ralph. He was stroking himself like mad now, getting pretty damned hot himself. She'd better get Nancy close to orgasm before she let Ralph at her. He was ready for some heavy thrusting.

Felicity picked up the pace, moving in powerful surges in and out of the woman beneath her. Nancy shuddered and moaned -- a woman near the brink. The vibrator and dildo waiting back at the grotto got more and more attractive. She still had to fly home.

"Okay, guy. Now you."

"Hot damn." Ralph nearly pushed Felicity aside before she could pull out of his wife and climb from the bed. Before she'd put the cape back on, the two of them were

going at it like beasts in heat. Ralph plunged and ground into her as Nancy twined her legs around him and met his thrusts.

“Ralphie!” she cried. “Fuck me, Ralphie.”

“Damn, baby. It’s good.”

Felicity unstrapped her cock and tucked it into its place in her cape. “Enjoy, you two. I’ll check back in a month to see how you’re doing.”

They wouldn’t hear her, or if they did, the words wouldn’t register. She would check on them, but by the looks of things, they’d be fine without any more help. Her own hot pussy needed some help. She’d use the vibrator she kept in the glove compartment to take the edge off before she flew home.

While Ralph and Nancy screwed each other like mad, Felicity tiptoed from the room. As she made the landing, the sounds of Nancy’s screams followed her. Ralph’s roar of completion came right after. Felicity smiled to herself and went down the stairs.

* * *

A week later, the FSB showed up. As opposed to dim-bulb McHayes, Agent Miles Brandon had a cleverness lurking behind brown eyes. Too much cleverness, supplemented by cold calculation. That might seem like a deep reading after the few moments since he’d walked into the greenhouse. But something about this guy set her nerves on alert. She wouldn’t be cozying up to him any time soon.

A shame, really. The guy obviously worked out at the agency gym. Nice pecs, even under the suit coat.

“So, you know Alexander McHayes well?” he asked.

She smoothed a loose curl back into her bun. “Oh, my, no. I don’t know him at all.”

“He’s been seen coming in and out of here.”

They’d been watching the greenhouse? Or, maybe they were following McHayes since Jay had set him up as a decoy. McHayes had been back for more of his visits and more attempts to cop a feel. Asshole. “Mr. McHayes is a customer, no more. Is he in trouble?”

Brandon's expression gave nothing away as he looked at her evenly. The man was a pro. She wouldn't get anything from him.

"Has McHayes ever behaved oddly that you've observed?" he asked.

You mean, like grabbing my ass every time I turn around? She pretended to consider the question. "He does seem somewhat obsessed with... oh, dear... how shall I put this?"

"In your own words, Miss Plumswindle."

She giggled and bent over the counter, signaling him to come closer. When he did, she leaned toward his ear. "He seems to think about sex all the time."

"The two of you discuss sex?"

"Heavens no." She straightened. "I don't discuss sex with men I hardly know. I don't discuss sex at all if I can avoid it."

He straightened, too. "Then, how do you know he's obsessed with it?"

"He's always talking about that Wonderslut person. I think he wants to catch her, but I can't imagine why."

His eyebrow went up. "You approve of Wonderslut, Avenger of the Non-Orgasmic?"

"I don't think of her one way or the other. What she does is none of my business, is it?"

"Some people think standards of decency are everyone's business. Some people are concerned that our traditional values are under attack."

"Some people have too much time on their hands."

"You're not one of them, I guess."

She gestured around at her orchids. "My plants keep me busy."

"They're beautiful." He walked to a bench of *Phalaenopsis* -- all in bloom -- and gently touched a flower. "Odd. It looks delicate, but it's substantial, isn't it?"

"You could say the same thing about some people." She couldn't quite keep the challenge out of her voice as she lifted her chin a notch. She had to respect him, but

Wonderslut didn't fear anyone. "You haven't told me why you're investigating Mr. McHayes."

"We don't give out that kind of information."

"I can't believe he's any threat to national security."

He crossed his arms over his chest and studied her. "That's not my call."

"You're just doing your job."

He gazed at her evenly. "Something like that."

"And if your job involved exposing Wonderslut, you'd do that, too?"

"I thought you didn't care about her."

"I don't, but my taxes pay your salary. I suppose I care about how they're spent."

He smiled, but the expression didn't get all the way to his eyes. "You'd have to take that up with your elected representatives."

"I'd get more information out of a bushel of rutabagas."

"I'm a turnip man, myself." He pointed at the plant he'd just admired. "I like this. Will you sell it to me?"

"That's how I make my living." She lifted the plant from the bench and carried it to the cash register while Brandon followed. While he got out his wallet to pay for the plant, she wrapped it in florist's paper and tucked a care-and-feeding sheet down inside.

After making change, she handed the package to him, and his fingers brushed hers briefly. She looked up at him, but his face held the same neutral expression it had through most of their interview. Try as she might, she wouldn't get a reading from this one.

"If you notice anything about McHayes you think we'd like to know, give me a call." With his free hand, he reached into his suit pocket and pulled out a business card, which he put on the counter. "If you see anything at all suspicious, call me."

"Anything about Wonderslut, you mean?"

"Anything. In the meantime, I may come back with questions."

She raised an eyebrow.

"About the orchid. I might like to buy more."

"I'd be happy to help."

"Have a nice day, Miss Plumswindle."

"Ta."

He left the greenhouse, and the bell rang cheerily behind him. She shoved his business card into the cash register and closed the drawer.

"Hey, Liss, whassup?" Jay said, emerging from the back room again.

"We had a visit from the FSB."

He made a whistling sound. "The feds?"

"You just missed him. Where were you, anyway?"

He didn't answer but shrugged. Another bathroom break. "You ought to see a urologist."

He blushed. "Cut it out, huh?"

"Just try to stick around when I need you."

"Who was the guy?"

"Agent named Brandon."

"You think he could be trouble?"

"Hard to tell." No one concerned with national security could really take an interest in tracking down Wonderslut. She didn't violate any laws. No major ones, anyway. Other than breaking into people's houses to teach them a few lessons in love, she didn't do anything wrong. In fact, most of the time, she sacrificed her own desires to give other people pleasure. No serious federal agent could get excited about that. Only the morality police gave a damn. These days it seemed as if the morality police had friends in very high places.

"You can handle him," Jay said. "You can handle any guy and most women, too."

She sighed. "I don't think seduction would work on Brandon."

"He's a guy, isn't he?"

"He's a professional, and Felicity Plumswindle's no Mata Hari."

"Wonderslut is."

"Nuh-huh. Wonderslut's getting nowhere near him. Too risky."

"Well, we're done with him."

"Nuh-huh again. He'll be back."

"You think?" He whistled between his teeth.

"He says he wants more orchids. Maybe, but I don't think that's all he's looking for."

"Criminey." Jay's eyes widened. "Maybe Wonderslut ought to shut down operations for a while. Cool it."

"That's exactly what I'm *not* going to do. We don't want him thinking he got too close when he came to visit me."

"So, whatcha gonna do?"

"Another rescue tonight. Far away from here and on the opposite side of the country from Akron. What do you have for me?"

"Just the guy." Jay pulled a folded-up piece of paper from his jeans pocket.

"Another clumsy husband?"

"Nope. This time, the guy's not getting any R-E-S-P-E-C-T."

"Interesting."

Jay began to read. " 'Dear Wonderslut. I love my wife very much and want to make her happy in bed, but somehow, I never seem to please her. I work hard and have built us a lovely home, but Marylee only gets excited when I can give her something very special'."

"Oh, no. Very special? Or very expensive?"

"Listen to the rest. 'What awesome present can I buy my wife that will show her how much she means to me and get her to want me the way I want her? Signed, Joseph in Beverly Hills'."

"Beverly Hills," she said. "He's given her a lovely home in Beverly Hills, but she won't put out until he gets her more expensive presents. He really *wants* a woman like that?"

"Dumb, huh?"

"Dumber than dumb. Still, if Marylee is what he wants, Marylee is what he'll get. Tonight."

"Fuel up the buggy?"

"Make it high-test."

"Hey, Liss. Why don't I go with you? You know, learn the ropes." He gave her his best little boy grin. Another way to get into her pants? Or into her heart?

"You're the geek, remember?"

"Geeks are sexy."

"Nice try, kiddo." She ruffled up the spikes in his hair. "Leave the light on for me."

Chapter Three

Wonderslut didn't have to hide the Maserati on this mission. The ultra-extravagant car fit right in at the end of the cul-de-sac. The "lovely home" Joseph had provided for Marylee was a fucking mansion. Tonight, Little Miss Me-me-me would learn a lesson in fucking inside the fucking mansion. Either that, or Wonderslut would show the guy a good time and convince him that there were good women in the world and he deserved one of them.

Swirling her cape around her, she walked up to the huge gate. The electronic lock was better than some she'd seen, but one of Jay's gizmos took care of it after a couple of tries. She slipped inside the gate and closed it behind her.

A light came on in a small structure nearby. Some kind of guardhouse. Just as she managed to jump into the shadow of a large shrub, a man in uniform emerged, carrying a huge flashlight.

Shit. She'd have to put him out of commission before he discovered Wonderslut on the property. Using one of Professor Samms' strongest spells, she waved both hands in the direction of his crotch.

"Fuck," he whispered as he dropped the flashlight. After fumbling frantically with his fly, he managed to pull out his cock. Even in the dim light, it showed the purple color of a dick about to spew. The guy had a massive orgasm seconds away, thanks to the professor's magic. Until he came, he couldn't do anything but beat his meat. That would give her enough time to get away.

She dashed through shadows to the rear of the house and glanced back. The guard had fallen to the ground, his cock in a strangle-hold in one hand while it shot semen into the air. His breath came in grunts as he came. He wouldn't forget that orgasm for a while, but he wouldn't tell his employers about it. He wouldn't mention

the intruder, either, or he'd have to explain what he was doing when Wonderslut broke into the premises.

She smiled to herself. Doing good was a real kick sometimes.

She sprinted across a flagstone terrace and let herself into the mansion through a side door. The room screamed "expensive." Floor-to-ceiling windows looked out over the gardens, and a multi-story granite fireplace soared into the upper floors. The whole place looked like a spread from *Design Digest*, with mahogany furniture offset by oriental rugs. A wet bar in one corner held overhead slots for crystal goblets hung like ordinary barware. This might be the wifey's idea of a "lovely home," but it looked to Felicity more like a cathedral to consumerism.

Any man who worked hard enough to give his wife all this deserved more than respect. He deserved a medal. Tonight, he'd get laid.

Out in the foyer, Felicity crossed marble tiles to the grand staircase. Letting her palm sweep along the brass banister, she climbed to the second floor. At the end of the corridor stood a pair of arched double doors. The master suite, no doubt. She turned both knobs and pulled the doors open.

Light from more floor-to-ceiling windows revealed a huge bed. Filmy drapes hung over the headboard and fell to the floor on the sides like a gossamer waterfall. Two figures under the covers were Joseph and his wife, Marylee.

After walking silently across the plush carpet, she dropped by the side of the bed and put her hand over Joseph's mouth. He jerked awake, and his eyes went wide. Smiling, she pressed her finger to her lips, signaling him to remain silent.

He nodded and moved her hand aside to silently mouth "Wonderslut?"

She nodded in return. The look on his face warmed her insides. Pure glee, like a little boy who's just discovered what happens when he pulls on his weenie. This was going to be fun.

After rising, she pulled the things she needed from her cape and dropped the garment to the floor. Joseph's grin got even wider as he looked first at the riding crop and the silk restraints and then at her. She gave him a good view of her legs and thighs

all the way up to her crotch. She even squeezed her breasts together, which pushed her flesh above the bustier. Gaping at her, he squirmed in his seat then pushed the covers down to show her a nice bulge beneath the bottoms of his pajamas. Show time.

She circled the bed and looked down at Marylee. The woman had the covers tucked under her chin and wore a black sleep mask over her eyes.

"Wake up," Felicity ordered. The woman didn't budge, so Felicity tried more loudly. "Hey, wake up."

Still nothing. She looked over at Joseph. "Is she always like this?"

He shrugged. "She wears ear plugs."

Felicity bent and grasped the sleep mask, pulling it upward a few inches. When she released it, it snapped back with an audible "thwack."

"Who...?"

Damn, the woman hooted like an owl. "Wake up, Marylee."

Marylee sat up and pushed her mask onto her forehead. "Who are you?"

"Who do I look like?"

"What?"

"Take the plugs out of your ears, dear," Joseph said.

The woman did. "What's the meaning of this? Who are you?"

She pointed to her chest. "Does this W mean anything to you?"

"I don't move in circles where people wear clothes like that." Marylee scrunched up her pert nose in an expression of disgust. The nose was a little too pert, come to think of it. Joseph had probably invested a few thou in that, too.

"How did you get in here?" Marylee demanded. "Where's security?"

"Your husband invited me." That ought to cover for the guard.

Marylee looked at her husband with an expression of utter horror on her face. "You invited this, this... person into my home?"

"It's my home, too." When Marylee glared at him, he cleared his throat. "Dear."

"Pay attention, Twinkle Tits," Felicity said. "I have something to explain to you."

"Well, I never."

Felicity reached down and grabbed a handful of Marylee's gown, pulled the woman's face to her own, and stared into her eyes. "I mean it."

"Very well." Marylee pulled back, glowering at Felicity.

"That's a good girl." Felicity released Marylee's gown and straightened. "Now then, let's have a little conversation about your husband."

Marylee crossed her arms over her chest and huffed. "My relationship with Joseph is my business."

"It would be if you took care of business, but you don't."

Marylee rolled her eyes. "Honestly..."

"S-E-X. You've heard of it?"

"Of course, I have."

"Then, why not try it some time?"

Marylee glanced at her husband. "What have you been telling her?"

He turned three shades of red. "We don't have... that is, share intimacies often."

"You know how I suffer with my headaches. I'm getting one now." Marylee rubbed her temples with the tips of her fingers. "Why don't you take your friend to another room and play there?"

What the fuck? The idiot woman would turn her husband over to another woman so she wouldn't have to put out for him? Here she sat in a damned palace, surrounded by everything the most materialistic twit could want, and she'd risk all that so she wouldn't have to lift a finger to keep her man happy? Wonderslut ought to take her up on the offer and screw Joseph's brains out. Then, when he got his gray matter reassembled the right way, he'd leave this bitch for someone who deserved him.

"I'd be happy to show Joseph a good time, Marylee, but the poor schmuck seems to want you."

Joseph took his wife's hand. "Please listen to what she says, dear."

"There's no accounting for taste, I guess." Felicity looked at Joseph. "Hand me one of those restraints, will you?"

"Restraints?" Marylee stared at her husband. "You wouldn't dare."

"Here you go." Joseph gave her one of the silken straps.

"Joseph!"

"Maybe Joseph will dare something tonight. Being good to you hasn't gotten him anywhere." Felicity tied the silk around Marylee's wrist. Joseph got the idea and did the same for Marylee's other wrist.

"Stop this! Both of you!" Marylee started to struggle. Too late. Silk might be soft, but it was strong enough to hold someone a lot bigger than her. Felicity tied the other end to the post at one end of the headboard. Joseph did that, too, and soon Marylee's arms hung immobile. The woman tried kicking out with her feet, but Felicity and Joseph each caught one of those.

"You'll regret this, Joseph," Marylee sputtered. "I'll never want you -- ever again -- unless you untie me this very minute."

He hesitated and looked to Felicity for guidance.

"She doesn't want you, anyway, Joseph. If we stop now, you'll never be happy with her."

"Fuck you, bitch," Marylee shrieked. "Let me go!"

Felicity tsked a few times. "Such language. Do you talk that way with your society friends?"

"I'll get you for this. I swear to God I will."

"The feet, too," Felicity ordered. The two of them worked quickly, and pretty soon Marylee was bound, hand and foot. Let the games begin.

"Now, then, Marylee." Felicity picked up the riding crop and walked slowly around the bed. "You've been acting like a frigid bitch, haven't you?"

Marylee glared at her husband. "You're been broadcasting our private life. How could you?"

"If Joseph's right, you don't have a private life. At least, not one anyone would want to read about."

"You have been... um... distant, dear," Joseph added.

“Joseph tells me he’s provided you with a lovely home. He’s modest. This place could be on Lifestyles of the Rich and Stupid.”

Marylee didn’t say anything but lifted her chin in a gesture of defiance. They’d see about that.

“A decent woman would be grateful. A decent woman would want to thank her husband.” Felicity leaned over the bed and shoved the end of the riding crop under Marylee’s chin. “A decent woman would put out every once in a while.”

“That’s prostitution.”

“You are such a dumb fuck. It’s love.”

“You should talk about love -- a woman who runs around dressed like that and calls herself a slut.”

“Do you know just how dumb you are, Marylee?” She slapped the end of the crop against the woman’s flesh just above the line of her negligee. Just hard enough to sting and make a nice flush. The woman flinched.

“Only a stupid person talks back to the woman with the crop in her hand.”

Marylee looked toward Joseph again. “Are you going to let her do this to me?”

Joseph looked back at his wife. His face had taken on the sort of dopey expression people get with arousal -- eyes half-closed, mouth soft. “I invited Wonderslut. You wouldn’t want me to be rude to a guest, would you?”

Felicity swatted with the crop at Marylee’s other breast. The rest of her chest and neck flushed, too. Shyness? Fear? Or arousal? Interesting.

“Hand me the scissors, Joseph.”

He did. “Here you go.”

Marylee’s eyes widened. “What are you going to do with those?”

Felicity chuckled. “Feeling twitchy?”

“I’m not afraid of you.” Marylee’s voice had grown husky.

Felicity lowered the scissors to the woman’s face and stroked her cheeks with the side of the blades. “You like the feeling of cold metal against your skin?”

Marylee gasped, so Felicity continued, running the blades along her jaw and under her chin.

"These are a special alloy, something my team of scientists created especially for me." The only "scientist" she had was Jay, of course, and he knew squat about metals, but "team of scientists" sounded good. "They're sharp enough to cut skin if I make the slightest mistake."

Marylee gasped, but the sound didn't suggest fear so much as excitement. A closet masochist. That made sense. No wonder a sweet guy like Joseph couldn't get anywhere with her.

"Don't hurt me, please," the woman whispered.

"But, you've been bad, hasn't she, Joseph?"

"Huh?" He snapped out of the trance of watching the metal slide along his wife's skin. "Bad? Well, I don't know. Marylee tries, I guess. You might say we don't communicate the way the books say a husband and wife should."

"Joseph," Felicity snapped. "She's... been... bad, right? Bad!"

"Oh, yes." He cleared his throat. "You've been very bad, Marylee."

Felicity almost rolled her eyes. Could the guy be any more clueless?

He seemed to warm to the role-play -- sort of -- by waving his finger in his wife's face. "I'm going to have to be very stern with you."

Well, that would scare a rabbit, but at least he was headed in the right direction.

Felicity slipped the scissors lower, over Marylee's collarbone and down to the valley between her breasts. "I'm going to cut your gown now. If you so much as flinch, the blades will slip into your flesh."

Marylee moaned. Despite the warning to remain still, she squirmed with excitement. If the story about the special alloy had been true, she'd be bleeding into the sheets now. Who knew? Maybe that was what she wanted.

"Order her to stop, Joseph. For her own safety."

"Stop, Marylee. You'd better do as I say."

“Or what, Joseph? What will you do to punish her?” Felicity grabbed Marylee’s gown and cut it all the way down the front. Ordinary scissors, but sharp ones, they went right through the fabric. Soon, the whole of Marylee’s torso was naked, showing how she’d started pressing her thighs together to get friction against her clit.

Joseph’s jaw dropped as he stared at his wife while she writhed with excitement.

“She’s not obeying you, Joseph,” Felicity said. “How will you punish her?”

He didn’t answer. He might have been a statue.

“Think, Joseph. What have you always wanted to make her do for you?”

A wicked gleam came into his eyes finally. Maybe the concept had finally sunk in -- he could have what he wanted if he’d only demand it. A smile crossed his face as he reached into his pajamas and pulled out his erection. “I want her to suck on my cock.”

“Don’t tell me. Tell her. Order her.”

“Marylee, suck on my cock.”

“Go ahead, make her do it.”

Joseph rose up on his knees and moved to his wife. His shaft in his hand, he guided the tip of his cock to her mouth. She whimpered in a half-assed protest before closing her lips around the head.

“God!” he cried as his eyes closed in delight. “Jee-ho-so-phat.”

“She can take more.”

He thrust his hips, burying his dick deep into her. To her credit, Marylee sucked like a champ, making loud slurping noises while he pumped. Soon, Joseph was trembling with the intensity of his pleasure.

Time for Felicity to get to work. If they both came at the same time, Marylee might learn to associate her own fulfillment with making her husband happy. If she did, she’d come to want sex for her own sake. In Felicity’s experience, people like Marylee never did anything for someone else unless they got something out of it, too.

She set aside the scissors and concentrated on the riding crop, bringing it down on the undersides of Marylee’s breasts. The woman jerked with every blow and gave a low moan of passion around her husband’s cock.

Felicity continued with the crop, lashing at Marylee's ribs and over her belly. She went lower, across her hips and to the outside of her thighs. The closer she got to the other woman's crotch, the hotter Marylee got. She thrashed about as wildly as she could, given the fact that the silk bonds held her hands and feet fast.

Both of them would come soon, and Felicity would fly back to the grotto horny as all hell. Being a superslut sucked sometimes, and her dildo got less and less satisfying. She needed to find a real cock this time and have a fuck that went on for hours. She'd earned it. If she finished up here fast, she could scout out some willing guy and let him have at her.

The growing sound of Joseph's moans revealed he'd reached the end of his tether. That only left Marylee, who was pretty close herself, based on the moisture pooling between her legs.

Felicity plunged the end of the crop into the woman's pussy and pumped. Marylee's whole body stiffened. Still thrusting in and out with the crop, Felicity found the woman's clit with her free hand and rubbed it, squeezing.

Damn, if only someone would do that for her right now. A hard cock fucking her while fingers teased her clit. Later. After this, she'd take care of number one before she headed off to do more good deeds.

"I'm gonna come," Joseph cried. "Jeeze, I'm gonna come."

"Come all over your wife. Show her who's boss."

"Oh, God!" He pulled his cock from the woman's mouth and stroked it, aiming the tip at his wife's breasts. That left Marylee's mouth free for her own shrieks. They both came -- his semen shooting out of him all over his wife, and her cunt grabbing at the crop so hard that shock waves traveled along it to Felicity's hand.

Joseph finished first, as he sprayed the last drops of his come onto her ribs. As he collapsed next to her, her own spasms subsided until she, too, lay limp against the bed. Mission accomplished. Felicity removed the crop from Marylee's pussy and moved around the bed to untie the bonds. After gathering up her equipment and stashing it all in her cape, she stood and waited for the two of them to return to reality.

Finally, Joseph opened his eyes and smiled at her. "Thanks."

"It's my job."

"You do it very well." He put his hands behind his head and lay there, grinning up at her. "Could I ask you for one more thing before you go?"

Felicity swirled her cape around her shoulders. She needed to be out of here and on the prowl for some hot fucking for herself. What would another minute take? "Okay, but make it fast."

"I'd like to have a really big cock."

Felicity glanced at Marylee where she lay, still floating in bliss. "She doesn't deserve it."

"Please," he said. "I've always wanted a huge one."

"I shouldn't."

He looked up at her like a little kid begging for a dog.

Oh, well. The sooner she got out of here, the sooner she'd get laid. She made the monster cock hex, and in no time Joseph had an enormous erection.

Marylee sat up, staring at her husband's new tool. "Am I going to have to take all that?"

"Only you would complain."

"But, it's so big," Marylee wailed.

"You'll love it, honey," Joseph said. "Honest."

"One more thing before I leave." Felicity made another sign, and oomph! Marylee had the biggest boobs this side of the continental divide.

"Hey!" Marylee lifted her now-huge breasts. "What am I supposed to do with these?"

Joseph sat up, stroking his enormous cock. His gaze burned into his wife's cleavage. "I can think of lots of things."

"I don't want them. My bras won't fit."

"I'll buy you new ones," Joseph said. "I'll buy you a whole new wardrobe. Anything you want."

"Are you listening, Marylee?" Felicity asked. "The man loves you, although I don't see why."

"These things weigh a ton," Marylee said, obviously not listening to anything anyone else said. "They'll hurt my back."

Felicity walked toward her and bent until their noses almost met. "Okay, Miss Clueless, listen up. You be nice to your husband, and I mean really nice, for a month, and I'll reconsider the size of your boobs."

"But..." Marylee pointed to Joseph's cock. "What about that thing?"

"If you have any soul at all, you'll thank me for that."

Hell, she ought to send Marylee out of the room and have a tumble with Joseph and his huge tool. Lord knew her aching cunt would thank her for it. Still, Wonderslut fixed relationships. With any luck, she'd fixed this one. Maybe. If she came back in a month and Marylee hadn't learned anything, she'd give Joseph a fucking he'd never forget.

"You can start being nice right now," Felicity said. "Joseph has an impressive boner going on there. Enjoy it and learn something."

"Well..." Marylee looked at Joseph's cock. "I guess so."

"Knock yourself out, Joseph, and good luck."

Felicity left the room, looking for some luck of her own.

Chapter Four

Brains weren't the guy's long suit, but Felicity hadn't come to this bar to discuss Schopenhauer's influence on the modern psychoanalytic movement. Movement, he had down, though. The way the guy moved his hips on the dance floor had attracted her attention when she walked in. The fast, funky music had had him shaking and thrusting the way most men only did in bed.

Now, snuggled up against her in a slow dance, he was getting a very respectable erection against her hip, and his hands had gone exploring.

"What did you say your name was again, honey?" he whispered.

She had to stifle a groan of pleasure as his hot breath slipped into her ear and from there along her nerve endings to her crotch. "Um... Felicity."

"An old-fashioned name. Are you an old-fashioned girl?" His palms slid over her ass and bunched up the fabric of the slinky little dress she kept folded in the glove compartment of the Maserati for emergencies.

"I'm old-fashioned in some ways and modern in others."

He bent until the tips of his fingers grazed her thighs. Luckily, the crowd on the dance floor would hide the fact that he'd have her dress up to her waist if he kept going.

"How are you old-fashioned?" he said.

"I know how to appreciate a real man." She pressed her pelvis against his and ground her hip into his cock.

"Oh, baby," he groaned. "You're making me so hot."

"That's how I'm modern. I know a few tricks Dr. Ruth never dreamed of." Including a spell to keep a man hard for hours.

"Would you show them to me?"

She looked up into his face, at eyes glazed over with arousal. "Would you respect me in the morning?"

"I wouldn't be done with you by morning."

Under normal circumstances, that would be an empty boast. With Professor Samms' help, it would come true. The guy would have no idea what hit him.

"Promises, promises," she said.

He slid one of his legs between hers and pulled her onto it. Clenching and unclenching his quad, he set up a nice friction between his thigh and her clit. Nice touch. With a little work, he could make her come like this.

The song ended, though. Shit. What now? A fast retreat to his car where he could give her an orgasm before he took her home for a night of hot and heavy fucking? A wild ride to his place with both of them hot enough to explode?

The band started up a fast song with a driving rhythm. The whole crowd stayed on the floor, writhing along to the music. The guy... Steve was his name... Steve turned her around and pulled her ass against his front. His erection was rock-hard now. Why didn't he take the both of them out of there so they could take care of business?

His hands slid over her pelvis and down to the juncture of her thighs. Whoa. Was he going to do what she thought he was going to do?

When his fingers pressed against the soaking fabric of her panties and rubbed over her clit, she almost melted into the floor. He planned to make her come. Right here on the dance floor, surrounded by dozens of strangers. She planned to let him do it.

The music kept thumping, and so did Felicity. If she hipped and hopped and bumped and ground in just the right rhythm, she kept up with his stroking. She'd sure as hell never listen to *this* song the same way again.

He bent and took her earlobe between his teeth for a nibble. "Is this doing it for you?"

She nodded as a shiver of pleasure rippled through her.

"I'd like to unzip my fly, take my cock out, and plunge it into you when you come."

Before she could stop herself, she let out a little groan of pleasure. No one around them seemed to notice their conversation or the private dance of his fingers at her crotch. At this point, she didn't give a damn what anyone else thought, but it'd be a crying shame if someone called the authorities and interfered with the Big O she'd have in a minute.

Steve bent further and slipped his fingers inside her panties to stroke her pussy lips. Still moving with the music, she leaned backward and rested her head against his chest. *God, don't let him stop. Don't let him stop. Don't let him stop!*

A finger slid inside her and then a second. She could almost hear wet sounds as her cunt gripped him and love juices coursed down her thighs.

She jiggled up and down, grinding her cunt against his hand. When his thumb started flicking over her clit, she almost screamed with pleasure.

"Now, baby," he whispered. "Give it to me."

Unable to speak, she nodded again and surrendered to the approaching climax. Heaven help her if the song ended because she needed the noise to cover her sounds as she came. They'd all turn around and find a woman getting finger fucked in front of God and everyone.

The band built to a crescendo, and so did she. The music climaxed just as all hell broke loose in the pit of her belly. Liquid fire, pooling and cresting. Roiling out with a force that stole her breath.

Her cunt clenched around his fingers and then burst into a series of rapid-fire spasms. She rested against him for strength and came with weeks of pent-up frustration.

As she finished, so did the band. One more blast of the horns just gave Steve enough time to take his fingers out of her pussy and guide her dress over her hips and thighs. He turned her around and held her against his chest as the rest of the dancers wandered away.

"Awesome," he murmured.

"Help me back to my seat."

"Then we'll leave in a minute?"

"As soon as I can walk under my own power."

He chuckled, slipped his arm around her, and guided her back to their table. The minute she settled into her chair, her wrist phone lit up in alarm mode.

"Oh no, you don't," she mumbled as she hit the off switch. If Jay thought she was doing more Wonderslut business tonight, he was out of his pea-brained mind.

Steve picked up his beer and took a sip of brew that would have been warm ages ago. "What's that?"

"Stupid watch. I never did figure it out."

"It's flashing again."

"Shit." It was -- now in red for maximum alarm. She slammed the off switch again. Whatever Jay thought he needed her for, he could take care of himself. She had a guy with a glorious hard-on and talented fingers waiting to take her home for a fuckfest. She'd done business. Time for pleasure.

Now, the damned thing beeped. "Liss, this is serious."

She lifted the thing to her lips. "Shut up, Jay."

"Your watch talks?" Steve asked.

"Amazing what they do with electronics these days."

"The grotto is about to be breached," Jay's voice said.

Fuck. Why tonight of all nights? "Cool your jets for a minute."

"I thought you liked my jets," Steve said.

"Not you. Jay... uh... the watch."

Steve looked at her as if she'd lost her mind. Maybe she had. In another minute, she'd go stone crazy from horniness, but Jay didn't seem to give a shit about that. Still, if someone was about to break into the grotto, she'd have to deal with it now.

She got up from the table. "I'm going to have to go, lover."

"What?" His expression turned from puzzlement to fury. "After we... and I already... I thought we were going to...?"

Damn, it wasn't fair to leave him so aroused. It wasn't his fault that some bastard had chosen tonight to invade Wonderslut's lair.

"I tell you what." She looked around and found a pair of women at the next table. Good looking enough. Both of them together wouldn't be as good in bed as Wonderslut, but Steve had no idea he was losing Wonderslut. She got up and grabbed both women by the elbow to escort them to their new man for the night. "I want you to meet my friends, Cindi and Bambi."

The blonde looked at her as if she had two heads. "My name isn't Bambi."

"Ladies, this is Steve."

"You're nuts," the brunette said.

"Believe me, I'm doing you two a favor."

Not-Bambi tried to pull away. "Let go."

Felicity dropped their arms just long enough to make a hex at the small of both of their backs. Steve would get a two-fer tonight.

Not-Cindi got a glazed look on her face. "Hi, Steve."

"Hi," her friend purred. "You have room for both of us?"

Steve got a shit-eating grin on his face. "I think I can take care of you girls."

The women sat on either side of him and draped themselves over his shoulders and chest. Felicity sighed. At least he wouldn't go home alone. With Steve taken care of, she crossed the bar to the most secluded corner she could find.

She disappeared into the corner as best she could and switched on the phone. "This had better be good."

"Damn it, Liss. While you're out there doing whatever you're doing, I'm holding off a major invasion."

"Are they outside the greenhouse now?"

"Nope."

"Are tanks and flame-throwers on the way?"

"Not that I know of."

"Do you even know who's attacking?"

"Nope, but I have a good idea."

"For Christ's sake, Jay, what are you bothering me for?"

Across the room, Cindi, Bambi, and Steve were having a grand, old time. He took turns giving each of them sloppy kisses, and his hands had disappeared under the table. Unless she missed her guess, each one had slipped into a pair of wet panties. Damn.

"Are you there, Liss?"

"Yeah, yeah. So, if they aren't outside the grotto, what's so fucking urgent?"

"We're getting attacked by computers."

"So, fend them off. You've done it before."

"Not like this. They must have a bank of Super-Scanners trained on us. As soon as I scramble a signal, they unscramble."

"The FSB?"

"No one else has the budget for all the hardware." In the background, Jay typed frantically. "I'm working as fast as I can, but I can't hold them off forever. You need to get back here."

"Okay."

She looked up just in time to see Steve escorting Cindi and Bambi from the bar. If the FSB had waited for a few more hours, she'd be leaving with him now.

"I'm on my way." She switched off the phone and headed toward the door. Heaven help her if Steve and the women hadn't left the parking lot by the time she got there. She did *not* want to watch that threesome.

* * *

The Maserati glided down the tunnel into the garage of the Slut Grotto. Felicity turned off the engine and hit the remote to close the entry behind her.

Without even waiting for it to shut, she jumped out of the car and headed to the main grotto. Jay sat hunched over his keyboards. Even across the room, she could see that he'd broken into a sweat.

"What's up?" she asked.

He looked up for a millisecond. "Where have you been?"

"You sent me to Beverly Hills, remember?"

He glanced at the clock for two milliseconds. Long enough to make his point about her extended absence. Tough shit. She didn't answer to him.

She crossed her arms over her chest. "If this is so fucking important we don't have time for guilt trips."

"Sorry. I've been crazy with this for hours."

"Show me what you have."

He tapped the screen. "Look at this."

She approached. The display was lit up like a Christmas tree -- if Christmas trees featured lightning bolts all striking at the same spot in the center.

She pointed at that spot. "Is that us?"

"Bingo."

"And the lightning?"

"Scanners. I'm deflecting them, but I can't keep it up forever."

Sure enough, the bolts shot off in all different directions. "Good job."

"It'd be a cosmic computer game high if it weren't so important."

"How do we stop it?"

"Disable the scanners."

"Do we even know where they are?"

He hit a key on one of the other boards. An insert appeared in the screen with a map of the country. A blip lit up over New Jersey.

"The minute this started, I contacted OOMPH Central Command," he said. "While I fended off the attacks, they located the source."

"New Jersey?"

"There have been so many signals, Central Command's been able to triangulate down to the block."

"Feed the coordinates into the onboard computer. I'm gone."

"Whoa, Your Avengerness. What are you going to do when you get there? Seduce the scanners into forgetting about us?"

"I'll knock some heads and squeeze some balls. Then, I'll blow up the computers and the whole building."

"Temporary solution. We need to send them off on a wild goose chase that'll keep them busy for years."

"All right, wise guy. How do I do that?"

"Open that." With a nod of his head, he indicated a box on top of the console. She did and found some circuitry inside.

"You'll find a similar plug-in on the back of the FSB's control panel," he said. "Substitute this one, and it'll send them searching in the Bermuda Triangle."

"They'll be diving and searching there for years."

"That's the general idea."

"How do I get past security to the control panel?"

"I can't do everything." He turned to his console. "I have my hands full here."

"All right. I'm off." To install a gizmo in a thingamabob in the den of federal security somewhere in New Jersey. All in a day's work.

* * *

Jay's coordinates took Felicity to a suburban park. The light of a rising sun showed a baseball diamond, a playground, and a jogging trail around the perimeter. Nothing that looked like the control center for the federal government's biggest and baddest spy agency. Jay was never wrong. Somewhere here she'd find the team trying to catch Wonderslut, Avenger of the Non-Orgasmic.

She looked around for anything that might hide an entrance to an underground facility. The only likely structure was a shed off to one side. She grabbed the tool kit from the Maserati and headed across the lawn. Sure enough, when she got there, the walls gave off the hum of electronics coming from below. Faint enough that you'd have to listen for it, but definitely there. Most likely, the whole thing was one big elevator

shaft -- a way inside, but one that the occupants would monitor for an intruder. Wonderslut needed to slip in unnoticed.

However, where there was an underground burrow, there must be air vents, and one of those might let her in without alerting anyone. She scanned the park again. There, at the rear of the batting cage, sat a grate with nothing but darkness behind it.

Unless she missed her guess -- and she didn't miss her guess often -- a vent would slope down from there to the command center under the shed. Bingo. A way in.

With the sunlight just starting to streak over the lawn at this early hour, no one would spot a woman in a leather bustier and cape disappearing underneath home plate, but she'd better work fast to keep the advantage. After a brief sprint to the batting cage, she dropped her tools in front of the grate, knelt, and got to work. With a little help from one of Jay's gizmos, the ironwork pulled away easily enough to reveal a crawlspace she'd just be able to maneuver. The same electronic hum greeted her here that she'd detected at the shed. Without knowing how deep underground the electronics in question lay, she couldn't estimate how steeply the vent would slope, but with her grappling hook and rope ladder, she could easily get up and down. She anchored the hook securely and tossed the ladder down. An echo came back faintly from where the end hit a floor, or maybe that was wishful thinking on her part. If the ladder didn't reach far enough, she'd have to come up with some other plan, and she didn't have some other plan. *This* plan had to work. Period.

The rest of her equipment went into her cape, and she tied the satin into a bundle. After slipping her arm into the bundle like a sling, she shimmied backwards into the hole, found a rung of the ladder with her foot, and started down.

The vent vibrated around her as she descended -- pulsing like a thing alive with the energy of the equipment beneath. It might have made for a pleasant sensation except for the fact that a top secret hidey-hole of the meanest agency of the federal government lay below. If Wonderslut got caught there, she'd disappear into some gulag for eternity if the goons didn't kill her immediately. Sometimes doing good was a bitch. Still, what choice did she have?

She inched along, careful not to bash her equipment against the metal walls. After a bit, the vent took a bend, and the slope got steeper. Good, she'd get there faster that way.

Sounds became more distinct as she went lower. The ever-present hum continued as a background to everything else, but now the sounds of footsteps and voices came to her along with -- what the heck? -- twangy country music. Not even the good stuff, but the tinny I-done-quit-crying-in-my-beer-over-you sort of crap no one wrote anymore. Was this some sort of weapon to repel invaders? The farther down she went, the louder and twangier it got. Light appeared below her, and the music came through loud and clear. Opry from hell.

Finally, she hit the bottom of the vent and crawled toward the light. Actually, she found a series of pools of light spaced along the vent at regular intervals. Each had a metal grate in front of it, with the bars casting shadows. From the first, she could look into a room full of computers even more magnificent than Jay's. Brilliant screens, full of satellite images and maps. Some showed oceans and continents. Others concentrated on smaller areas all the way down to streets and even buildings. A dozen or so people sat and stood at the consoles, men and women tapping at keyboards as the images on the screens shifted. Back in the Slut Grotto, Jay was doing his own tap-dance on the keys, and no doubt, his efforts kept the images she was looking at right now from homing in on a certain greenhouse in the center of the country. Good old Jay. She'd have to do something extra sweet for her little pal when she got home.

Miles Brandon stood in the middle of the activity, staring up at the main screen. With his hands on his hips and his jaw set, he was clearly not happy with what the screen was telling him.

"Can't you home in on that signal?" he demanded of the man seated at the keyboard.

"I would if I could," the man answered.

"What the hell is wrong with it, anyway?"

The man shrugged. "Government issue."

"Don't give me that crap. It cost millions."

"Maybe if you turned off the music, boss."

"It helps me to think."

"It doesn't do anything for me," the man grumbled.

A woman approached Brandon, a cell phone to her ear. "They want to know when you'll have an answer."

"I'll have it when I have it."

"I can't tell the chief that."

"Then, tell him to go fuck himself."

She clapped her hand over the phone and glared at Brandon.

"Never mind." Brandon held out his hand. "I'll tell him myself."

She handed Brandon the phone and disappeared into the background. He lifted the phone to his face. "Brandon here."

The crowd stilled a bit as some of them stopped to watch the conversation. Over all of the commotion, the music continued blaring my-dawg-ran-off-with-the-neighbor's-bitch music.

"Something keeps deflecting the signal," Brandon said. "We're trying to get a bead on it."

He stood there in silence for a moment as the person at the other end -- the chief -- said something. The rest of the crowd watched. How many of them were there total? Enough that she couldn't overpower them, but she had other options.

As carefully as she could, she slid her arm from the bundle of her cape and untied the ends. The gas canister fell out and rolled a few feet with a slight sound of metal against metal.

The woman who'd handed Brandon the phone lifted her chin, cocking her head as if on alert. Had she heard? Felicity lay paralyzed, holding her breath. *It's nothing. Go back to work. There's a good girl.*

"McHayes is an idiot, chief," Brandon said into the phone. "He couldn't find his asshole if I painted it blue for him."

At the sound of McHayes' name, the woman rolled her eyes. The mere mention of the Morality Moron had distracted her from the noise she thought she'd heard. He'd served a useful purpose for once.

"I know he thinks the Plumswindle woman's involved with Wonderslut somehow," Brandon said.

Oh, did he? Interesting.

"But, I tell you, this is no small operation. It has OOMPH written all over it. We hit the jackpot."

Lordy. Brandon really had connected all the dots. If she failed in her mission, not only Wonderslut, but all of OOMPH was in danger.

After slipping the gas mask over her nose and mouth, she unscrewed the cap of the canister and pressed the button that would send the aerosol into the room on the other side of the grate. It only made a teeny hissing sound, and with no mist or scent for them to detect, they wouldn't know what hit them. Just a few seconds, and the gas would take effect.

It hit the guy at the keyboard first, and his expression got goofy with arousal. "Uh, boss...?"

"What?" Brandon snapped.

"I... uh..." The man swallowed. "This is weird."

"What the fuck are you talking about?"

"I think I know," the woman said as she started pulling at her clothes. Fingers flying, zippers unzipping, hooks popping, in no time at all, the woman had stripped out of every bit of her clothing. Brandon's jaw dropped, and his eyes bulged. That wasn't all that bulged, either, as the outline of an erection appeared at the front of his pants.

The guy at the keyboard stood up. He also had a nice hard-on. The woman took one look at it and hollered, "Fuck me, Bernie."

With a sweep of his arm, he cleared everything off the surface in front of him, unzipped his fly, and pulled his cock out of his pants. "Come get it."

She bent over his desk and spread her legs. Without so much as taking off his shoes, he plunged his dick into her and began pumping away.

The gas took effect on the rest of the room, and clothing flew in all directions. Twosomes, threesomes, and even one daisy chain of four men sucking each other off replaced the computer work of minutes before. For his part, Brandon and another man had lip-locked in a passionate kiss while their fingers tugged on each other's cocks. The gas would take another twenty minutes or so to become inert. Until then, the orgy would continue. That ought to give her time to switch circuits and get the hell out before they came back to their senses. First, she had to find a safe way in.

She crawled along to the next pool of light behind a grate. That had given her some distance from the fuck-a-rama, but someone still might see her enter. The third grate proved perfect, though, with a console between it and the main room. The metal bars pushed out easily, and Felicity lowered them to the floor and followed silently. Skirting around behind the electronics, she searched for a panel that held the circuit like the one in her hand. On the other side of the equipment, the sounds of the group-fuck almost drowned out the bad music.

"Ride me, baby."

"Bernie. I'm gonna come."

"...the heart was the hardest part to looooooose..."

"Here we go, baby. Now!"

"Yes! Yessss!"

Grunts, groans, animal sounds -- the FSB sure knew how to have a good time. With a little help. While they were pumping away, Felicity scanned the back panels. Jay would know better, but this looked like the main computer. The circuit had to be here.

Sure enough, there it was in a lower corner. The same size, exactly, and different enough from the other electronics to stand out. The same letters as on the back of Jay's circuit verified the identity. MSMF might mean "maximum size, maximum fuck" for all she knew, but that was all she needed to see. She studied it carefully. Jay said it should pop in and out, but in fact, as soon as she pulled out the FSB's version, the computers

would go haywire. Who knew what kinds of alarms would go off or how much noise they'd make. Even in their induced-lust daze, someone might notice if she didn't make the change quickly.

Still, she couldn't sit and look at it all day. Grasping Jay's circuit in one hand, she took the real one in the other and gave it a good yank. The minute it came out, the electronic hum whirred to a stop. She could almost hear all the dials and lights going dead. Even the dumb country music fell silent. The only sounds in the room came from fucking and sucking. Some man had the decency to come with a series of grunts followed by a bellowing shout, but that wouldn't last for long.

She slid Jay's circuit into place and pushed. It didn't want to go at first, resisting the pressure.

Damn it, you have to get in there, she cursed silently. Again, she pushed, and again, it refused to slide in.

Breathe. Breathe. Try again. Do this for mamma, please, baby.

So far, no one on the other side of the console seemed to have noticed. The only shouts were lust, and no one came around looking for the disturbance. If she got the circuit in -- now -- she might still pull this off. Otherwise, she'd have to run for the vent and try to get away to fight the FSB another day.

She took a deep breath and concentrated on the thing in her hand. *Flesh*, she understood. Metal didn't connect with her. Easy. Easy. Visualize it going in. Like a cock going into a pussy. Smooth, easy, sensual.

That did it. The circuit slid in and clicked into place. Immediately, the electronics hummed back to life, and the country music twanged up again.

"...on the loose since losing youuuuu..."

Felicity closed her eyes and took several breaths. As soon as her heart slowed to Mach speed, she'd get the hell out of here.

She'd done it. She'd penetrated the FSB's lair and planted a bogus circuit in their super computer. She'd never planned cloak-and-dagger missions when she'd gone into the sexual rescue business. Why should she? Sex didn't have anything to do with

spying, except in the twisted minds of the Sexual Repression Squad. If they wanted to make sex an issue, let them. They wouldn't get the best of Wonderslut. No, siree, they wouldn't. Maybe she'd take on a couple of their other issues while she was at it. Teach them a few more lessons. Branch out. Diversify.

Wonderslut Industries, LLC. Sticking it to the man.

Felicity opened her eyes and found herself up close and personal with the barrel of a gun.

Chapter Five

It was a cute, little gun as guns went. Not the sort that would blow your head off, but it could probably do a nifty job of killing, anyway. Cute, little fingers were wrapped around it. Those came attached to the naked woman who'd been fucking Bernie a few minutes earlier. Her blue eyes still held the clouds of lust, so the gas hadn't worn off her yet. Somehow she'd managed to remove herself from the screw-a-paloosa on the other side of the computer, though. That was service above and beyond. They ought to give her a medal.

The woman stared at Felicity for a minute and then raised her free hand and wiggled her fingers in greeting. Huh?

"I thought it was you," the woman said.

"Wouldn't you like to get back to the party?" Through her gas mask, the words came out garbled, but the woman didn't seem confused.

"I have a better party here."

Hoo-boy. Maybe she wasn't cut out for cloak-and-dagger stuff, after all. "I'm no fun. I don't even have a cock like your boyfriend, Bernie."

"He's not my boyfriend."

"He was doing a pretty good imitation."

"None of these people are my friends."

"You have good taste, anyway."

"Wonderslut," the woman said.

Felicity shrugged. No point trying to deny who she was. The leather bustier with the huge W gave her away. But as much as this woman knew who she was, she didn't seem in any rush to turn her in. Odd, considering the whole point of their exercise had involved tracking Wonderslut down. So, what did she want?

"Word is you're the best lover on the planet," the woman said.

"I try."

"Try on me."

"Say what?"

"I want you to give me head."

Oh, brother. How was she going to do that with a gas mask on her face? She pointed to it and shook her head.

"What is it you did to the air in here?" the woman asked. "Even that cold fish Brandon's fucking people."

"Trade secret."

The woman waved the gun right at her nose. "Maybe you should try some yourself."

"No, thanks."

"That wasn't a suggestion. Take off the mask."

Felicity hesitated. With all the missions she'd been on lately and not getting laid herself, she already had a major horniness problem. Just the night before she'd had to send away a promising bed partner in order to defend her operation. It had been ages since she'd had a hard cock in her. If she got a dose of the gas -- even after it had dispersed some -- she'd go out of her mind with lust. On the other hand, the woman did have a gun, and she was pointing it right at her head. You didn't say no to someone with a gun in her hand.

"Your choice," the woman said. "Take off the mask and make my pussy happy, or I turn you in to the FSB and get a big promotion."

Felicity pulled off her mask. "Since you put it that way..."

The gas started working after a few breaths. It had weakened since she'd released it, but her crotch still responded, her pussy growing wet and her clit throbbing. Damn.

"That's more like it." The woman lay down on the floor and spread her legs. "Show me how Wonderslut makes love."

She needed to get this done and get away before they all came to their senses. Besides, the faster she got out of here, the faster she could go looking for a cock to work out her frustrations. The way she felt now, she'd fuck the gearshift in the Slutbuggy.

The other woman had to be fully aroused already, as she'd gotten a full dose of the gas. Plus, she'd just had Bernie. Sure enough, when Felicity parted her pussy lips, she found a fully erect clitoris just begging for lips and tongue. As soon as she closed her mouth around it, the woman's hips jerked upward, and her breath got ragged. The scent of the woman's arousal penetrated Felicity's brain. Signals zapped along Felicity's neurons right to her own clit. With only a small squirm, she managed to get the fingers of one hand between her own pussy lips, past the soaking hairs there, and to her throbbing clit. Damn, but she needed this. The two of them would probably come together.

The other woman's breaths turned into little gasps as she got closer to orgasm. "God," she crooned. "Ohgodohgodohgod."

Oh God, indeed. Felicity kept sucking on the woman's clit as her own soared close to the breaking point. She rubbed herself harder and faster, pushing both of them toward climax. The gas clouded her brain, and the scent of the woman's pussy stole her sanity. She had to hang on. Just another moment. A few more strokes.

"Don't stop," the woman gasped. "Now, please!"

She sucked frantically, holding her face against the woman's pussy as she sobbed out a climax. Felicity hung on until the woman's spasms stopped and then finished herself. She squeezed her clit, rubbing it for all she was worth. The climax burst on her with a force that took the air right out of her lungs. She grunted as her hips pressed her pussy against her fingers. The spasms rocked her from the inside out as she came in wave after wave. Finally, she rested her head on the woman's thigh and closed her eyes.

After a few heartbeats, fingers stroked her face, pushing her hair off her forehead. She sighed with contentment.

"They don't lie, Wonderslut. That was fantastic."

"I aim to please." She opened her eyes and sat up. The sounds of fucking were getting quieter on the other side.

The other woman sat up, too. "You'd better get out of here before someone finds you."

"You're really not going to turn me in?"

The woman shrugged. "Honor among thieves."

Neither of them was a thief, but she didn't have time to debate the question. The woman leaned over and kissed her briefly. A sweet caress for a government agent who'd just been in an orgy. Weird, but touching. Felicity kissed her back, picked up the gas mask, and headed for the vent.

"Pssst, Wonderslut," the woman whispered.

Felicity turned back.

The woman held up the FSB's piece of circuitry. "Don't forget this."

"Right."

The woman tossed the piece of equipment to her. Felicity caught it, winked at the other woman, and crawled through the vent.

* * *

The fucking vibrator wasn't doing the job. Felicity had had orgasms -- three of them ever since she got back to the Slut Grotto -- but each one left her more and more unsatisfied. Maybe it was the lingering effects of the gas. Maybe it was the weeks without even a casual tumble with a man. Whatever was causing her horniness, she needed a cock.

She lay on the bed, staring up at her reflection in the mirror on the ceiling. She ought to get up, get dressed, and go looking for a willing male. She would, but first she'd use her toy a few more times to take the edge off so that she could choose her partner rationally instead of jumping the bones of the first guy she happened on.

After flipping the switch to on, she placed the head of the vibrator against her aching pussy and closed her eyes. Some of her favorite fantasies ran through her mind. A room full of men with huge erections, all close to orgasm, each begging to plow into

her. She took her time, selecting the prettiest cock -- the biggest and thickest -- before she let the lucky winner fuck her. Oh man, yeah. One way or another she'd do exactly that for real. Tonight.

Just as she approached the crest again, the vibrator stopped. The thing went silent and dead. What the hell? Had the power gone out?

She opened her eyes. All the lights on Jay's computers blinked back at her. She had electricity. She flipped the switch on the vibrator to off and back. Still nothing. Shit.

Glancing over to where the vibrator plugged into the wall revealed the problem. Jay stood there holding the cord, the plug dangling.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?" she demanded.

"Nice choice of words."

"Plug it back in and get out."

"Not going to happen." He smiled at her, but not pleasantly. He knew what state she was in, damn him, and he was enjoying watching her suffer.

"What's wrong with you, Jay?"

"The name's Jason."

Jason, was it? She'd show him Jason. She'd wring his little neck for him as soon as she managed to achieve the orgasm building in her cunt.

He kept smiling that smile, only now he'd started twirling the electrical cord, too. Around and around it went, but it didn't get any closer to the wall socket.

"I've reached the end of my patience, Felicity," he said.

"Your patience?" she sputtered. "What about mine?"

"You got a good whiff of that happy gas today, didn't you? Now, you're frustrated, and I have the solution in my pants."

"I've told you, and I've told you..."

He gave a vicious tug on the cord, and the vibrator jumped out of her fingers before she could stop it. It flew off the bed and onto the floor.

"All right," she said. "Now, you're starting to piss me off."

He dropped the cord and approached the bed. Leaning over her, he looked into her eyes. "Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn."

Words flew right out of her head. This wasn't Jay. He had Jay's blue eyes and blond hair. He looked exactly like Jay, although he'd slicked his hair back so it didn't go every which way. The expression on his face was nothing like sweet, little Jay. Confidence that went halfway from arrogant to sexy as all hell. A little flare to the nostrils that screamed alpha male in heat. A light of passion in the eyes that promised a blazing heat in the furnace. This man was Jay, but he was also Jason.

"Who are you, and what have you done with my friend?" she whispered.

"I am your friend, Felicity," he crooned back at her. "Right now, I'm the best friend you have."

"Are you really Jay?"

He sighed. "I've played at being Jay since you hired me. I thought you'd come to your senses on your own. You're a very stubborn woman."

"Determined," she corrected.

"Obstinate."

"Dedicated."

"Bull headed."

"Oh, hell."

"I pretended to be harmless so you'd hire me," he said. "I put up with all your silly restrictions. That all changes tonight. Tonight you find out who you're dealing with."

Well, shit. Would her own Jay turn out to be FSB? Or worse, might he belong to Americans for a Decent America? Had he been trying to get into her pants so he could get into her heart and then turn her in to the forces of repression? She wouldn't give him the satisfaction.

She glared up at him. "Do your damndest. I'm not afraid of you."

He sighed again, and this time he rolled his eyes for good measure. "I'm not your enemy, Felicity. I'm here to help Wonderslut, but as an equal partner."

"You didn't train at OOMPH."

"I didn't know about OOMPH until you told me about it, but I'm still your equal."

"Impossible."

"Oh, really?" He started stripping then. First the running shoes came off, followed by his socks. He shucked out of his rock band T-shirt next, but instead of exposing bare skin, he revealed some sort of stretch fabric underneath. It glistened in a deep blue color, showing off every muscle underneath. And there were plenty of muscles -- pectorals, abs, biceps bulging from beneath the short sleeves. Hard, male flesh, perfectly defined. A large P in emerald green adorned the chest of his outfit.

"Who are you?" she gasped.

"The Piston, Hard Driving Muscle of Love." With that, he unzipped his fly and let his slacks fall to the floor. The same blue material followed the contours of his body over his legs all the way to his feet. And right there, where you separated the men from the boys, was the biggest crotch bulge she'd ever laid eyes on. A mammoth erection standing proudly on top of enormous balls. The head alone would put some guy's dicks to shame.

"Is that..." Her voice came out like a croak, so she cleared her throat before trying again. "Is that real?"

He reached to something that turned out to be a zipper in the stretch material and pulled it down. After reaching inside, he produced a cock every bit as large as the bulge. None of it had been a codpiece. It was all male flesh, long and sleek and exactly what her pussy needed.

"Where have you been hiding that thing all this time?" she asked.

"It wasn't easy."

"I guess not." Not even the baggiest pants could hide a tool that impressive.

"It never gets completely soft, and around you, I had a constant hard-on." He stroked his shaft, and it seemed to swell even further. "You know all those bathroom trips I took?"

"You mean, you were...?"

"I don't like having to masturbate, Felicity. I'm not going to do it anymore. Not after tonight."

"Why tonight?"

"You inhaled some of that gas today."

"How did you know?"

He continued stroking his cock. The bastard probably realized she couldn't look away as long as he kept doing that.

"Some of it clung to you," he said. "The minute you got near me, I almost creamed in my pants."

Right. He'd made a mad dash for the toilet the minute she said hello to him. Why had she never guessed he was giving himself some relief in there?

"Once I figured out what had hit me, I had my plan. I knew you'd head in here and fire up the vibrator. I also knew that would never satisfy you. Tonight, you wouldn't have the power to say no to the Piston."

Lord help her, she needed to do exactly that. She needed to keep their relationship strictly business. Piston or no Piston, she couldn't let her partner fuck her. Could she?

Could she? Her crotch voted that she could. Her clit throbbed, begging for relief. Her pussy wept into the sheets, the wetness preparing her to take all of that cock inside her. She needed it with the force of a superslut who'd denied herself for much too long. Just looking at his erection had her ready to come.

"I can see the wheels turning in your head," he said. "You're trying to find the strength to deny yourself, but you can't quite."

"It's not my head doing the talking."

"Good. Now, move over."

Oh, hell. Why not? If she didn't give in to him now, she would eventually. There was no way in Einstein's universe she'd ever get the image of his glorious cock out of her mind. She'd never feel satisfied until she had the thing buried deep inside her. She

needed this, and he was oh, so willing to take care of that need. So, she moved over and tossed back the covers to invite him in.

“Finally.” Without getting out of his suit, he slid in next to her. “In another minute, I was going to take you over my knee and spank you.”

“Hah. You and whose army?”

“Don’t tempt me. I might still do it.”

She stared in amazement at this man who looked so much like Jay but wasn’t Jay. “No one spansks Wonderslut.”

“You’d be surprised.” He gave her a wicked grin that was definitely not Jay. “Do you want to argue or fuck?”

She didn’t have to contemplate that. “Fuck.”

“There’s my girl.”

Before she could tell him she wasn’t anyone’s girl, he rolled onto her, spread her legs apart, and drove his cock into her.

Holy fucking shit. Ohmigod, that felt good. Everything the vibrator wasn’t. He pulled back and thrust into her again, even deeper this time. She shattered -- split right apart -- and came on the spot, her pussy clenching in powerful spasms as a scream filled the air. Her own voice.

“Yes, Felicity. Come some more for me.”

He kept moving, and she kept coming. Would it never stop?

After an eternity, she collapsed into a puddle beneath him, her nose buried in the crook of his neck. In the afterglow, her pussy muscles continued fluttering around his still-hard cock. Heaven.

“That was pretty good for a first course.” He moved inside her as a reminder that he hadn’t come yet.

“Pretty good? Ye gods.”

“You could have had this months ago if you weren’t so stubborn.”

“Check. Stubborn.” Why did the man insist on talking after he’d blown the top of her head off? They could have a conversation later. Right now, she needed to get all her neurons firing again.

“I’ve been fantasizing about having my way with you in the hot tub,” he said. “I want to feel the water all around me while I lower you onto my hard-on and play with your clit.”

“Mmmm.”

He moved inside her again. “I’d like to get out of my clothes and make love to you properly.”

“Love?” She opened her eyes and looked up at him. “No love. No way. Nein. Nyet.”

“It’s a figure of speech, Felicity. Have sex, make love.”

Then, the bastard kissed her, putting the lie to what he’d just said. His lips were soft and sweet against hers, moving slowly. She kissed him back -- how could she not? She’d thought of him like a little brother? This man was much too delicious for that. Dangerous.

She broke off kissing him and looked into his face. “Did you say something about the hot tub?”

He grinned, looking like Jay again. “I thought you’d never ask.”

He pulled out of her and rolled over. Her pussy missed him immediately, but it wouldn’t have to wait long to have him back. She propped her head on her hand and watched him strip out of the clingy fabric. Broad shoulders, followed by a muscular chest and flat abdomen. His cock disappeared for a second while he pushed the garment over his hips, but it sprang back in all its erect glory. Every bit as large as her cunt remembered, it stood proudly out from its base of curly hairs.

Finally, he slid the uniform over his legs and stepped out of it. With his hands on his hips, he made a spectacular male specimen. How on earth had he hidden that body from her for all this time?

“Race you to the hot tub,” he said.

"You're on." She threw back the covers and climbed out of bed. He beat her to the tub, but just barely. After climbing in, he reached out a hand to help her join him.

The hot water sluiced over her skin as she lowered herself next to Jay... Jason... the Piston. Still grinning wickedly, he pulled her into his lap until her crotch rubbed against his cock.

"You think you're so clever, don't you?" she asked.

"Maybe."

"Just because you made me come so easily a minute ago."

"You did go off like a firecracker."

"Well, I'm Wonderslut, and don't you forget it."

"Believe me. I've thought of nothing else for months."

"I can make you come when I want to."

"Now, why would you want to do that?" he said. "It'd cut your fun short."

She poked his chest. "Maybe I need to remind you who's boss."

"Uh-huh." He turned her around so that she faced away from him. Spreading her legs, he positioned her so that the tip of his cock pressed against her cunt. "Want it?"

She wiggled her butt, taking some of him inside her. "You want it, too."

He reached up, covered her breasts, and toyed with her nipples. She gasped as a jolt of pleasure rushed through her. Across the room, the mirror showed their reflection. A man and a woman, naked, their bodies snuggled together.

She could make him come whenever she wanted, but using her powers on him seemed unfair. Jay or Jason, he'd stood by her when she needed him. He'd waited for her to come around. He deserved honesty. She would make him come, though, but she'd do it with no more than her talent as a lover.

She lowered herself onto his cock, taking his bulk slowly to draw out the tension. He filled her completely, as no other lover ever had.

Behind her, his expression reflected his pleasure -- his eyes slipped half-shut and his lips parted. Still stroking her breasts and squeezing gently, he nibbled at the sensitive spot at the crook of her neck.

"Delicious," he murmured against her skin. His lips slid along her throat to her ear. While he nibbled the lobe, his hot breath slid into her ear.

She whimpered and shuddered in his arms.

"Good?" he asked.

"Good."

"I promised you something else."

"My clit?"

He didn't answer with words, but his hands left her breasts and traveled over her ribs and across her belly. At the same time, he began thrusting in and out of her pussy. She met his thrusts, straining against him as the pressure built inside her. When his fingers found her clit, she gasped.

"You're so hot, love," he whispered. "You needed fucking."

"Do it."

He rubbed her hot button like a pro, applying just enough pressure to set it throbbing. At the same time, he picked up the pace of his thrusting.

What a killer combination -- his cock inside her and his fingers on her clit. She had to reward him. Wonderslut could do no less. She'd give him an orgasm to match the ones he'd given her. She was going to come in a minute, and she'd take him with her.

Squeezing her pussy muscles, she slid up and down along the length of his erection. Between the water in the tub and her own slickness, she glided over him smoothly, gripping as tightly as she could.

He groaned with pleasure. "Oh, baby."

"Nothing's too good for the Piston."

"You're going to make me come."

"That's the general idea."

"This is supposed to be for you."

"That's not how I work."

"We'll see." He plunged that huge cock inside her so deep she felt it in every part of her body. At the same time, his fingers found the sensitive tip of her clit and massaged it. She kept moving, trying to keep him with her, but in reality, she only drove herself closer to insanity. She'd never had such a delicious fucking. She wouldn't be able to resist for long.

A glance in the mirror told the whole story. Flushed and gasping for air, the woman was highly aroused and ready to explode. The man had gritted his teeth, and his eyes were closed in concentration. Both of them would succumb soon.

She closed her eyes and surrendered to the power of his movements. Behind her, his breathing had grown ragged as he approached his own climax. They rode the crest together now.

Finally, his fingers and his cock pushed her over the edge. She opened her throat and screamed as the shocks hit her. So powerful, beautiful. She came with every bit of her body.

He stiffened and roared as her pussy clenched around him. A few more thrusts, and he spilled his essence inside her. Their voices joined in a chorus of passion as they soared into madness together.

After several seconds of pure bliss, she floated back to the reality of hot water all around her and a firm male body behind her. He removed his cock from inside her and turned her to sit in his lap. Sighing with pleasure, she rested her head on his shoulder.

"Amazing," he murmured. "Everything I'd hoped for and more."

"You're pretty amazing your-own-self."

"Look at all you've deprived yourself of for all this time."

"I had my reasons. Now, I've lost my sweet pal."

"You gained a partner."

"I work alone."

He tipped her head up and looked into her eyes. "We'll be great together."

“I don’t know, Jay... son.”

“No going back, Felicity. Partners.”

She looked into his face and found the sweet kid who’d guarded her back. Plus, she had a fuck buddy now for when the job got to her. Who knew where they were headed, but they weren’t going back.

“Partners,” she said.

Epilogue

After three days in the grotto, the light of the greenhouse hurt Jason's eyes. He raised his hand to shield them but still had to squint until his vision adjusted. Still, staying down there until he and Felicity had fucked themselves silly had been worth it. What a three days they'd had.

She was squinting, too, but she was also smiling the lazy grin of a woman who'd been properly and thoroughly bedded. He reached over and ran a finger along the line of her jaw.

Still smiling, she took his hand, kissed it, and then pushed it away. "Strictly business up here. We can't risk anyone discovering us *in flagrante delicto*."

He dropped his hand to his side. "You're right. As long as I have privileges downstairs."

"You got it."

"Say, let's get something to eat. I'm famished."

She gave him a mock pout. "I thought we ate pretty well from my emergency stash."

"Man does not live by caviar and champagne alone." His stomach rumbled for emphasis. "Pizza or sloppy hamburgers sound pretty good right now."

"I vote for hamburgers."

"I'll run and get some."

She bit her lip in the sexiest way imaginable. "Don't be long."

"Don't look at me that way, or I'll have to take you downstairs again."

She laughed. "Hamburgers, okay?"

"Right."

He walked to the front door, turned the sign to indicate the greenhouse was open, and glanced outside. "Uh-oh."

"What?"

"Sanctimonious hypocrite at ten o'clock."

"McHayes?" Felicity groaned. "And the day started out so good."

"Might as well face him now and have done with it." He walked back into the sales area and positioned himself behind the counter.

Just as he got there, the bell over the doorway went off. McHayes shut the door behind him and looked around. He was squinting, too, but more out of suspicion than eyesight issues. If he were a cat, his whiskers would be twitching.

Felicity pretended not to notice but moved to greet him. "How nice to see you, Mr. McHayes."

His eyes narrowed even further. "Why have you been closed for the last few days?"

She smiled at him pleasantly. "An emergency in my family. It's cleared up now."

"Why didn't Jay stay open?"

"Gosh, Mr. McH. I couldn't let Felicity drive when she was upset."

"Hmmm." He peered around as if expecting to find something scandalous among the Dendrobiums. "Some friends of mine... um... had... um... something happen a few days ago. Just about the same time you closed."

Yeah, his good friends at the FSB had had their top-secret computer center invaded and their mainframe sent off on a wild goose chase.

"Is that something we'd know about?" Felicity asked, the very picture of innocence.

"Yeah," Jason added. "Tell us all about it. I love a mystery."

McHayes hesitated. He had no real reason to believe they'd had anything to do with the break-in at FSB headquarters in New Jersey. He also couldn't tell them anything about it without giving the whole operation -- and his connection to it -- away. The asshole was really stuck.

“Well...” McHayes harrumphed. “... aspects of national security involved... legitimate intelligence objectives... loose lips sink ships.”

Felicity shrugged. “I’m afraid you’ll have to be more specific than that.”

McHayes turned three shades of red and then almost purple. “What do you have to do with Wonderslut?”

“We’ve been through this before,” she said. “Do I look like someone who’d associate with a woman who calls herself a slut?”

“Then, why were you closed for three days right after... that is, we suspect Wonderslut...” McHayes sputtered to a stop before he admitted to knowing about the FSB break-in.

“After Wonderslut what?” Felicity asked.

You could almost see the wheels turning in the man’s head. In another minute, smoke would start coming out of his ears.

Behind the counter, Jason clenched his hands into fists to keep himself from laughing. “Golly, sir. You don’t look well. Are you sure you should be out of bed?”

McHayes glared at him. “I’m fine, young man.”

“Seriously, I think Jay’s right,” Felicity said. “You do look a little flushed.”

McHayes almost growled in response. “You’d like that, wouldn’t you?”

“I beg your pardon?”

“All right. You win for now.” McHayes glowered at her. “But if you close again, I’ll know why.”

“Why don’t I give you a ride home, Mr. McH.?” Jason said.

“I know my way.” He walked to the doorway and pulled the door open, causing the bell to jingle again. He turned back to give the whole place one more ominous stare. “Stay out of New Jersey.”

With that, he left the greenhouse and closed the door hard enough to make the frame rattle.

Felicity sighed. “Looks as if our diversion to the Bermuda Triangle won’t last as long as we’d hoped.”

"I'd better get back to my computers."

"After hamburgers. We have to keep our strength up."

"After hamburgers, we'll start a new chapter of our partnership."

She gave him a wicked grin. "I'll be in the hot tub."

Alice Gaines

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