

Passionate
Resources



Lucynda Storey

An Erotiqué Novella

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Passionate Resources

Naomi

By Lucynda Storey

Erotiqué Press

Passionate Resources

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Prologue

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Monique Boyer studied the registration information displayed on her monitor. Since opening Passionate Resources, she'd filled all sorts of requests for women who needed their sexual needs met without the demands of a long term relationship. At least that's what she allowed her clients to believe.

The current scenario, typical of her patrons in high stress jobs, would relieve Naomi Fujiyama of her pent-up frustrations. If Naomi responded positively to her sexual escapade, then she would be able to provide Monique with the contacts necessary to expand her customer base. The satisfaction of one high profile CEO would open a world of possibilities to Monique and increase the demand for a company capable of fulfilling sexual fantasies.

Naomi's selection was Monique's favorite virtual reality experience. Safe and clean, the disease free encounter held absolutely no fear of physical entanglement. Using an extensive questionnaire and per Naomi's specific request, Monique set up the CEO up for a Monday afternoon experience with two other Passionate Resources clients.

The men were friends and detailed a sexual encounter similar to Naomi's. Running their detailed surveys

Passionate Resources

through the intricate compatibility program, Monique was pleased to find their needs fit into Naomi's scenario perfectly.

Each participant would be in their own room, complete with programmable walls capable of displaying the setting of the participant's choice. Once an individual donned the VR suit, a robotic technician set up the peripheral equipment needed to complete the encounter.

If this scenario went flawlessly and they hit it off well, perhaps the trio would move forward into something deeper than hot, virtual sex. Graduate into real life, personal connections once they'd laid a foundation of trust. Even though she didn't tell her clients, Monique hoped she was the matchmaker that brought them together into a committed relationship.

Lucynda Storey

Chapter One

Naomi's heart beat uncharacteristically fast. Ever cool and practical, nothing fazed her in the boardroom, product development department, or even human resources.

But this?

Her clammy palms belied her otherwise well concealed nervousness. Would she face the woman who knew her intimate fantasies? The thought of meeting Monique Boyer face-to-face thinned her hardened shell and sent a twinge of anxiety through her. The owner of Passionate Resources knew more about her inner thoughts and desires than any other person.

Still, Naomi needed to relieve her aching physical need and this promised to be so much more than what she'd been able to do with her vibrating Rabbit.

She parked her silver Jag in the enclosed parking structure, grabbed her handbag, and, taking a deep breath, opened the door to the building that housed her "experience."

A few minutes later Naomi stepped off the sonic elevator on the fourteenth floor and now stood outside stainless-steel doors that screamed 'secure'. With another calming breath, Naomi punched in the security code she'd received via email and entered.

Passionate Resources

A hologram of a woman flickered into view near a glass door. "Welcome Naomi. Please proceed to the Aspen room. Enter through the door behind me and proceed down the hallway to your left."

Squaring her shoulders, Naomi marched down the carpeted hall. Near each of the half dozen entryways, she passed a hand-sized panel set into the wall next to a metal door. One of the heavy-looking doors, an oddity in this day and age, labeled "Aspen" snagged her attention.

She shifted her weight on her feet and waited for the door to open. Her stomach twisted. Naomi didn't like this, standing out in the hallway where anyone could see her and perhaps identify her. No, she definitely didn't want anyone to do that. Her company, already under the scrutiny of the Global Security Exchange Consortium, didn't need another line of negative press.

Not that being at Passionate Resources was about the company per se. Her motivation was to take care of her sexual needs in a secure environment where she could reduce the risk of information leaks regarding Fujiyama Future Technologies.

"The Future is NOW" was the corporate slogan. Research and Development sent her a message just yesterday announcing an imminent breakthrough on the transporter device that would revolutionized the delivery of food throughout the world.

Naomi's plan for release wasn't prefect; a man in her bed would be so much better. But here obscurity and secrecy had been major selling points. The qualities Monique Boyer sold would attract others in high level

positions with similar needs as long as the entrepreneur delivered.

Naomi stared at the embedded panel. An alpha-numeric keypad was visible behind the smoky glass. A keyed-in password to open the door? That old technology was easily defeated; surely not something a company like Passionate Resources would use. Wouldn't a retina scan be the minimal standard used in the sort of high tech business Passionate Resources purported to be?

Deftly she entered the sequence for the one code she'd been given. A snick preceded a low grating sound. Naomi placed her hands on the old-fashioned knob and turned the handle. The door slid open and she jerked her hand away.

Puzzled by the odd security system employed, Naomi entered the room. Relief coursed through her as the door closed and she heard the locking mechanisms return to their former positions.

The room was as opulent as a five star hotel. An immense four poster bed with a nightstand on each side of it sat against a far wall. The nightstands each held a multi-tiered candlestick with lit pale orange candles that provided the only light in the room as well as a slight peach scent. Across from the bed a large floor to ceiling mirror reflected the simple splendor of her surroundings.

Ajar, a door next to the nearest nightstand revealed an elegant bathroom. Naomi entered, glanced around the room, and sighed at the sight of a deep tub with water jets and ledges built into its walls. A shower stall large enough for two or three people had been placed behind the door.

Crossing the tiled floor, Naomi waved her hand beneath a gold-colored faucet. Water bubbled from the spigot and she splashed it on her face to cool the embarrassment burning her cheeks. Taking this step was drastic. She should have a real, flesh and blood man to take care of her physical needs, but she didn't like the risk such an arrangement necessitated.

Although she'd dated, even had a few flings, no one inspired her confidence. One of her lovers bungled an attempt to steal a secure credit card. She'd discovered the theft within minutes, called security, and watched as he was searched. His complaints of being framed were doused when the card was discovered in his wallet. A laser scan of the card revealed his fingerprints. It was the last time Naomi brought anyone to her home.

Coupled with the fact that she'd seen women just as cautious as she fall victim to men bilking information and or money from their coffers Naomi decided emotional entanglements were not worth the risk to her company.

No, this was the best way to protect herself, her assets, and also attempt to get her needs met. It was the only way that made sense. Even though her mind knew this was the safest course, her heart yearned for a real man she could sleep with each and every night. Such a trustworthy individual hadn't appeared in her world of corporate mergers and hostile takeovers.

She returned to the main room and approached the bed. A dark package with her name on it lay on the peach, satin spread covering the mattress. Lifting the sealed item, Naomi opened it and shook out a sense suit. The garment would cover her entire body with the

exception of her exposed pussy. A sheet of paper held limited instructions. "Remove ALL clothing, replace with enclosed suit."

Easy enough. Taking the garment, she returned to the toilet and exchanged her clothes for the outfit she'd been told was filled with microensors and other electronics to aid her experience. She returned to the bedroom, found the closet behind the mirrored wall, and hung her clothing.

"Naomi," a disembodied voice called. "Please, remove the sensory mask from the nightstand drawer and lie on the bed once you have secured it. Help yourself to a glass of water. It will keep you hydrated for your encounter. Your adventure will begin shortly. "

The computerized voice faded away. Hands trembling slightly, Naomi opened the drawer and removed the mask. This was it, the final moments before she committed to experiencing her sexual fantasy.

Setting the thin material next to her, Naomi poured water from the crystal pitcher into a matching glass. Sipping from the goblet, the water slid down her throat, further cooling the heat flooding her neck and face. She took the mask and covered her eyes, the material a gentle caress. Did the high quality fabric indicate an equally rewarding fuck?

She lay back against the coverlet. Surprisingly, relaxation stole over her body. "In a moment, one of our technicians will set the virtual reality suit into the sensory grid." Again, the placid voice of some artificial intelligence controlling the scenario filtered into the room.

"Per your request, the technician will set up the equipment needed for penetration as well."

Penetration sounded cold and clinical. Had she made a mistake in thinking a computerized coupling could take care of her needs? Naomi inhaled deeply and tried to calm her mind even as her body continued to unwind. Around her, there were quiet noises and she assumed the technician was in the room performing the functions required. Heat blazed across her skin like a wildfire and she wondered briefly if it was because of the sensory suit or her nervousness. How many women went to this length to have their needs met?

She stiffened when she sensed a person near the bed. A faint, low hum began and she realized she was connected into the VR. She was here to enjoy the sexual interlude about to take place and enjoy it she would. She forced her muscles to relax once more.

The sounds faded. Between her legs she felt the mattress depress as a heavy object was placed on the bed. She shifted, aware that something was now positioned between her legs.

* * *

"There she is Jean-Claude." The man's deep voice rolled over her like thunder in a summer rain storm. Her skin prickled in anticipation.

"Good enough to eat, Robert." The French accent quickened her heartbeat, dampened her pussy.

"She certainly has breasts made for fucking and hips made for riding." Robert's words, cruder than his partner's, added fuel to her longing. There was something erotic in hearing the graphic language.

Even though she knew logically these men were not in the room with her, she could see them. Robert, tall with dark brown hair and broad shoulders wore a smile and a huge hard-on. Jean-Claude also had dark hair, the longer length tied behind his neck. His erection matched his partner's.

Other than detailing she wanted men to service, Naomi had given PR full reign in designing a fantasy that would have her experience being fucked by two men. Her nipples hardened in expectation of the unknown fulfillment to come.

"Come, *Cherie*."

"I wanted to fuck her first Jean-Claude." Robert's voice took on an argumentative tone.

"You shall my friend. But first, I think we should see what sort of abilities our *chienne* has. We should see the extent of her willingness to please us."

A master/slave scenario. Naomi sank to her knees in front of Jean-Claude, knowing exactly how she wanted to play this game. She kept her eyes lowered. "Will the Master allow his servant to drink?"

Jean-Claude moved nearer. Framed by muscular thighs, his massive cock jutted in front of her lips. "Where, my *domestique*, should I deposit the essence of my love?"

She paused a moment as if considering his extravagant speech. "If Master would allow, please let me drink each precious drop."

"I have an idea, Robert. Sit on the bed and take her while she makes love to me with her mouth. Then we shall both be first."

Robert pulled her roughly to her feet and then cupped her breasts in his large, calloused hands, deftly tweaking her nipples and sending flashes of desire to her core. "Here ya go, Sweetflesh, ride me and suck him."

Robert reached between her legs and teased her clit. Rubbing the nub, he slid a finger into her heat. "Oh, yeah, I think you are ready to be fucked by my bad boy."

Wrapping his arm around Naomi's waist, he pulled her back, his erection nudging her ass. A soft whomp and she knew he sat on the bed. A moment later, she straddled Robert's lap facing Jean-Claude, her legs spread over Robert's thighs so her vaginal lips were open wide. A cloak of wantonness settled over her, preparing her to do what was necessary to bring them all to completion.

Robert's cock pointed up from between his powerful legs and prodded her pussy. "She the right height for you, Jean?"

"Oui."

Naomi watched Jean-Claude and his cock move closer to her mouth. She licked her lips. Just as she leaned forward to take him into her mouth, Robert thrust up into her thoroughly ready snatch.

Fuck! Robert's cock filled her and stretched her wide. She writhed on his tool and tried to suck Jean deeper into her mouth. Robert's hand caressed her ass and he trailed his finger down her cleft to work the opening of her anus. She squirmed, her desire running as she humped the cock buried in her pussy.

Dear God, it had been so long since she'd been filled. For a brief second, she wondered if there were any men in the world capable of making love to her in such a

forceful, scintillating way. If one could be found, would he be trustworthy, capable of sincere affection and not use her to gain insider knowledge regarding her or her company?

Jean-Claude pulled her head forward with one hand, forcing his cock further down her throat. His musky scent, the salty taste of his pre-cum and his free hand stroking her tits sent her into a world where only sensation existed. She moaned around his prick and worked harder to please him. Her hand wrapped around Jean Claude's cock and stroked it in time to the pace he set fucking her mouth.

"*Cherie*, you like this, do you not?" His marvelous cock stopped just out of the reach of her lips. "If you enjoy, tell me that you like being a *domestique dévergondé*."

Naomi nodded her head. Her juices made a sucking sound as her cunt tried to keep Robert buried deep within her.

Robert reached over her thigh and began to thump her clit with his forefinger, delivering a forceful thrust of his cock into her. "Tell us both," he whispered against her neck. "Tell us how you love being a wanton slave."

Shards of desire sliced through her. She tried to slam her cunt down around him and squeeze his rod with her vaginal muscles.

He grasped her hips with his hands and pushed her up. The head of his cock slid from her pussy and rubbed against her clit.

It was a fantasy, to be taken like this, fucked in the mouth and pussy at the same time. Words didn't matter in

a fantasy as long as they made the scene hotter. Amazing how turned-on her total surrender to these electronic images made her, how the classy and crass words used to express their lust heightened the eroticism. "I enjoy being your slut slave," she gasped between Robert's powerful thrusts.

Robert slammed into her, his prick swelling and pounding her cunt faster. Jean-Claude drove his cock back into her mouth. Naomi's teeth scraped the sensitive flesh and she stroked his shaft in her small fist.

Someone's finger grazed the underside of her nipple. A shudder wracked her shoulders and her breath caught. Between her legs, her muscles tensed, the long awaited orgasm sitting on the edge of her consciousness. Faster and harder she rode Robert giving herself over to the heat he created.

His finger, slick with some substance, twirled around her anus, teasing her with tiny advances through the puckered hole. God, his touch there felt like something she should have known her entire adult life. Maybe in a future visit she could detail an anal fantasy.

Jean-Claude pumped between her lips with increasing speed. Drops of cum seeped from the slit in the head of his penis, Naomi savored each salty bead.

Trembling started deep within her pussy, throbbing, claspings, and squeezing around Robert's thickening cock. Heat flushed through her body, rushing to a central point of culmination. Robert thrust his cock violently into her cunt and rammed his finger past the first ring of muscles in a painful claiming. Oh, Lord, now she had all three of her orifices filled.

Lucynda Storey

Robert finger fucked her tight ass hole and the pain dissipated. His cock possessed her pussy. Jean-Claude held her by the hair, slamming her willing mouth around his cock. Robert slipped a second coated finger into her ass and stretched her further.

She tried to scream as her orgasm exploded in her pussy which was now frantically clamping down on the cock fucking her. The sound came out as a strangled moan and then Jean-Claude was shooting his cum into the back of her throat. Another thrust and Naomi felt Robert's jism coat her pussy.

"God damn, you are a good fuck! Don't you think so, Jean-Claude?"

"*Oui*. I want to have her again when she is ready. Do you?"

"Oh yeah, I want to see all the tricks our little slut has."

He pulled his fingers from her ass and his cock out of her pussy. Robert's cum slid out of her. A moment later, Jean-Claude's removed his cock from her mouth. Robert gently pushed her off him and turned her. Then he laid back pulling Naomi on top of him. "Nice titties, Sweetflesh. I'll fuck those sometime too."

The sexual tension driving her into unreasonable spats of temper at work had been expertly relieved. She sighed and snuggled against Robert's sculpted chest, relaxed and sated. Jean-Claude climbed into the bed and stretched out behind her, effectively making her the filling of a sexy male sandwich. Could it be? These two virtual men would answer her every hidden desire?

Passionate Resources

"Would you?" she whispered against his nipple, her mind spinning from the possibilities she could experience with the virtual reality.

Becoming a long-term client of Passionate Resources was expensive. Would Naomi be able to continue her activities and keep her identity obscure from her virtual lovers? Her sanity was worth it though, wasn't it? She sucked in a deep breath and inhaled the rich scent of her juices, their pheromone laden bodies, and the musky smell of sex.

The decision wasn't difficult. She needed this freeing surrender to another and the illusion of being cherished, even if it was only for what she could physically do for these men. The only place she'd have to interact with them was here at Passionate Resources. She'd have to see what sort of regular arrangements she could make with Monique.

"*Oui, Cherie*, we will both take you any way you desire until you can no longer stand." Jean-Claude words caressed her earlobe while his hand fondled her ass.

A shiver of anticipation ran through her. Naomi smiled against her virtual lover's chest and closed her eyes, for the moment sexually appeased. Her sexual future looked bright, secure, and immensely satisfying. Too bad it wasn't real.

* * *

Naomi Fujiyama woke slowly, savoring the sensation of having been thoroughly fucked and fucked hard. She ran a hand over her sensitive breasts, her nipples tightening into hard points, and then let her palm trail

Lucynda Storey

down her abdomen to linger on the wet mound between her legs.

Damn! That had been some fantasy she'd experienced. Passionate Resources kept their promise. She'd received an arousing, satisfying sexual encounter in a virtual reality room based on her requests.

Stretching like a cat, Naomi knew she'd be back for more as soon as she could arrange it, hopefully this weekend.

Chapter Two

The set-up hadn't changed, Naomi thought, as she returned to the bedroom designated by the hologram. After returning home from her first encounter, she knew she wanted another session with Jean-Claude and Robert—one that lasted as long as her credits did.

She needed it too. The Global Security Exchange Consortium was demanding access to her personal financial records, broadly hinting that she was manipulating the value of Fujiyama Future Technologies. A team of lawyers kept the GSEC at bay, but for how long?

Those investigators had to stay out of R & D. The company wasn't ready to announce the transporter breakthrough. With the nosy GSEC agents looking into everything, it would only be a matter of time before the secrecy surrounding the transporter was breached.

In her marrow, Naomi sensed the investigation had more to do with taking her technology than with any inside trading wrong-doing. The stock value of the company had fallen to half of its worth six weeks earlier, leaving her exposed to take-over bids from her competitors. She planned to fend off stockholders long enough to let R & D get the bugs out of the system and then have a successful public test.

The additional tension the GSEC inquiry created served to increase her need for total sexual relaxation in an environment where she could take a break from the Consortium's insinuations.

Her opportunity to return to Passionate Resources came with a call late Wednesday evening. Her request for a weekend long session received approval. A knowing smile lit Naomi's face all day on Friday and she frequently fingered the Stamina pills she'd picked up last night at her doctor's office. She'd tried to conceal her excitement from her co-workers, but by the time she left the office and headed to the swanky skyscraper for her rendezvous, her panties were soaked with her desire and she'd received her fair share of stares.

She grabbed the VR suit and changed, drank the glass of water as she had before and lay back on the four poster bed, legs splayed. She was ready to be fucked in a number of ways, in a wide variety of scenarios all weekend long. Prisoner, virgin, slave, Mistress, she didn't care if her fantasies were politically correct or not, all that drove her was to have as many mind-blowing orgasms as she could get in forty-eight hours.

Gradually, her perception of the room changed and Jean-Claude and Robert came into focus.

Naomi gasped. They were fucking one another. Jean-Claude held Robert bent over a padded chair and was ramming his cock into Robert's ass.

"Harder, Jean-Claude," Robert begged.

"As you wish." Jean grabbed Robert's hips and shoved harder, every inch of his tool disappearing into Robert's ass.

"What the fuck!" Naomi's outraged yell stopped them in mid-thrust. This was outrageous. She'd paid for this weekend with half her savings. She intended to get every bit of orgasmic sex her money bought. "You're supposed to fuck me all weekend. How can you when you are doing him?"

"Ah, *Cherie*, do not be pissed. I could not resist his sexy ass as I thought of pounding into your *chatte*."

"You're not fucking me until you clean up. I'll take care of Robert."

Jean-Claude moved toward the bathroom. "Have no fear, *Cherie*, as long as you have the ability to accommodate our cocks, we shall have the stamina necessary to love you until you can't walk."

Jean-Claude closed the bathroom door behind him.

No, way would he be able to keep up with her demands if he was meeting Robert's needs by spending his precious erections in Robert's ass. Naomi put hands on her hips and glared at Robert. "How long have you been lovers?"

Robert swaggered over to her, his cock stabbing the air like a lance. "For being a submissive slut you're pretty bossy." He paused as if he expected her to respond. "I want those clothes off, now."

"And if I say 'no'?"

He didn't respond, just reached a hand toward her, grabbed the neckline of her blouse, and yanked, as powerfully as water cascaded over a dam. The material tore, exposing her body to his view. "Need any more assistance?"

Cool air puckered her nipples. Robert's masterful move reminded Naomi why she was here. She wanted him to do exactly what he'd described. She quickly dropped her skirt and topped the garment with her bra, stockings, and panties.

Robert gave her an appraising glance and nodded his head, a lock of dark hair falling over his forehead. "On your knees. This better be the best blow job you've ever given. You kept me from coming with your tantrum."

Naomi went down on her knees anxious to taste him. The thick carpet cushioned her position. Inhaling his aroused scent, she took him into her mouth.

Robert moaned. "To answer your question," he moaned again, "our physical relationship started about ten minutes before you came into the room." Another groan. "You have a mouth made for fucking."

Licking and sucking his rod, Naomi picked up her pace and peeked at his cock when she alternated stroking it with her hand and working him with her mouth. She'd not really seen him since he first entered the room the other day. He'd been pounding her pussy as she blew Jean-Claude. The memory made her moan, the vibrations rippling around Robert's cock.

"Oh fuck!" he yelled.

Robert's load shot deep into her welcoming mouth.

"Stand slave," he gasped after his dick stopped quivering and he'd pulled out of her mouth.

She did as he asked and kept her eyes lowered. Her gaze landed on his squared chin, a narrow scar just beneath his lip. Quietly, she waited for his next order.

"Lie on the bed, face down, ass in the air."

Moving to the bed, she laid down. Her breasts brushed against the silky coverlet. Her pulse pounded as she considered what he might be positioning her for. Moments later, she felt his tongue licking her, tracing her slit and delving into her pussy. With skill, he suckled the nub of her clit sending heat racing through her veins. She rocked back toward his lips.

Robert broke the sexual kiss and palmed her ass, and then began to tease the puckered hole. "So, you want to give this up for us?"

Naomi's breath caught. She'd read plenty about how sensitive a woman's anus was, but until Robert began playing with hers at their first encounter, she hadn't known. "Yes," she whispered in a husky voice.

One of his hands left her cheek. Suddenly, it came down with a forceful smack that resounded throughout the dimly lit room.

Naomi scrambled away from Robert. "Son of a bitch!"

He grabbed her by the ankle and yanked her toward him.

She clutched the coverlet, trying to keep her distance, but the bedding came with her. She slid closer to her attacker. Another smack hit her ass.

"Ouch!"

"This is for your impertinence earlier. Now, take your punishments like a good slave."

His words reminded her of the role she'd mentally agreed to play. Slowly, she backed closer.

"Ah, that's good, Naomi."

"Yes, Master."

Lucynda Storey

Two more blows fell on her cheeks. Naomi swallowed back her cries of pain. She would play the role and play it well.

Robert smoothed his hand over her ass in a caressing motion.

Her bottom was warm. No, that was wrong. Her ass was hot and sensitive. Surprisingly, her pussy reacted, her juices oozing her unspoken entreaty to be taken.

Behind her, she heard Robert's sharp intake of air. "You smell like sweet sex, Naomi and I want to pound into you until I hear your scream my name in pleasure."

Her heart beat erratically. His words flowed over her like silk, soothing the sting of her punishment. "Yes, Master," she breathily exhaled.

He removed his hands from her body and lay down on the bed, his head just short of the pillow. "Sit on my face facing my feet. I want to taste more of you."

She did as he commanded and placed her knees near his shoulders, her feet sole upward on the pillow. Carefully, she lowered herself until she felt his mouth on her clit.

Holding her hips with his large hands, Robert's tongue delved into her depth, licking, teasing, tasting. He flicked the tip at her clit, ran the muscle from her sopping pussy all the way to her virginal hole. Damn, he brandished his tongue like a sword meant to subdue her.

Deep within her core, a pulsing started, intensifying with each foray Robert made into her channel. In front of her, his cock returned to a rigid state and she leaned forward to return him to her mouth.

The motion lifted her ass and was enough to open herself wider. He pushed a cheek to the side and began fingering her anus as he pushed his tongue into her pussy.

With his dick in her mouth, a finger in her anus, and his tongue in her channel the rhythmic invasion sent electrifying beats of pleasure zinging through her body, culminating in her portals shuddering around Robert's body. "Ahh!" she moaned around his cock.

"That's it my little slut," he gasped thrusting deeper into her mouth. "Give me all you got."

She sucked him harder as the last vestiges of her orgasm coursed through her body. His cock swelled within her mouth and she knew his release was near.

A strangled sound that didn't come from Robert stopped her sucking. She felt his cock slide from her mouth, denying her the taste of his cum. She looked toward the area she'd heard the sound and saw Jean-Claude standing in the doorway fisting his cock.

No, no, no! She'd never get her money's worth if he didn't fuck her once Robert was done. "Jean-Claude," she called in her best come-hither voice.

He stopped. "*Oui?*"

"Who would you like to fuck, Robert or me?"

"I have yet to sample the delights of your body. May I love you, *Cherie?*"

Naomi nodded her head. "What about you Robert? Who or what would you like to fuck?"

"Finish what you started, Sweetflesh."

Crawling between his legs and turning to face him, Naomi smiled. Robert gave her a lusty grin and sat up on the bed, leaning against the headboard.

The two men were so alike in their appearance yet so different in their personalities. She liked Robert's straightforward speech, but Jean-Claude's simple declaration combined with his sexy French accent plucked the romantic strings of her heart.

She lifted her ass into the air and took Robert's cock between her lips. The bed sank as Jean-Claude climbed on and knelt behind her. His huge erection nudged her cleft.

"This will not work, *Cherie*, not unless I stand and you are on the edge of the bed."

Naomi glanced at Robert. His nod gave her permission to move as Jean-Claude asked. The bed bounced as they rearranged their bodies. Robert angled his body so she could position her knees near the bed's frame and her face was between his muscular legs where she could suck his cock. Jean-Claude stood behind her and grasped her hips, teasing her pussy with the head of his dick.

With a smooth thrust, he found a home for his shaft in her wet sheath. Naomi sighed with the pleasure being filled brought. If only it were real.

The thought disappeared as Jean-Claude pounded into her. She moaned around Robert's cock. He in turn pushed further into her mouth. The subtle peach scent of the room faded, replaced with the smell of their mating.

Robert reached forward and stroked her hair. Jean-Claude continued his powerful thrusts into her body. Wave after wave of pleasure washed over her, until the only world that existed was the one between her legs. She tried to focus on the blow-job she was giving Robert, but

Jean-Claude's ministrations sent her further into the depths of mindless passion.

A hard final thrust of his cock tore a moan from her mouth and she pulled away from Robert's cock just as he unloaded. Cum spurted onto her face and breasts. Then Jean-Claude's dick erupted in her pussy. Naomi collapsed in a messy heap between Robert's legs and closed her eyes.

A crackling noise disturbed her spent state. A strange smell emanated from something in the room, reminiscent of a mechanical fire. Fear replaced her euphoria. Pushing back against the headboard, Naomi whipped off the facial mask, lifted her head, and surveyed her surroundings. She lay sprawled on the bed in nearly the same exact position she'd laid down in.

Between her spread legs a dual-headed fucking machine exuded a thin wisp of smoke.

Lucynda Storey

Chapter Three

Naomi leapt from the bed, frantically searching for an alarm. Dying in a fire in a sex store, wouldn't that make for fun talk in the board room?

Someone pounded on the door, rattling the handle, trying to get in. "Naomi! Naomi are you in there? Are you awake?"

The voice sounded familiar. When she opened the door her fear turned to relief. Standing in front of her, dressed in a crotch-less VR suit similar to hers, was Robert.

She threw herself into his arms. "Thank God! The machine...it's on fire."

He dragged her into the hallway, yanked the door shut, and held her close.

"Why are you here?" she gasped.

"You disappeared from the fantasy," he explained. "It was enough to jerk me from mine. I'd never had that happen before. It couldn't be good."

Questions tumbled from her lips. "How'd you know I wasn't a VR construct? How did you know where I was?"

He stroked her hair. "We're all real most of the time, Naomi. We just occupy different rooms. I pounded on every single one getting here."

A technician hurried down the hall toward them. "Excuses, Ms. Fujiyama. We will move you to another room immediately and refund your monies."

Robert released her from the safe circle of his arms. God, being held like he really cared for her felt surprisingly good.

The technician led her down the hall. Naomi glanced over her shoulder to see Robert look toward her before he entered a room three doors away from her former one.

He was real. Robert was real and sought her out when he thought she was in harm's way. He cared. A small part of her warmed at the thought. She'd assumed the men were computer constructs, but he'd told her otherwise. That meant Jean-Claude was bona fide flesh and blood male, too.

Maybe they could make their relationship more than a sexual fantasy in a VR suit. If their imaginations brought them such pleasure she could easily visualize a skin-to-skin go round. But in order to have a flesh and blood relationship with one or both of the men, she'd have to be careful what she revealed. The thought was both exhilarating and terrifying.

Her escort led her to a new room, the centerpiece a bed set high off the ground and surrounded with gauzy white curtains. "Ms. Fujiyama," a modulated, non-descript voice intoned from hidden speakers. "We sincerely apologize for the equipment failure you experienced. Tell us, how can we meet your needs and enhance the remaining time you have with us?"

She weighed the pros and cons of having both men with her. To be here, they had to be men of financial

Lucynda Storey

means. Which meant neither would be looking for a Sugar Mama or a quick way to make a buck. When she woke from having sex with them, they would be there, sharing the bed. She wouldn't wake alone. That idea alone appealed to the woman in her.

"You can see if either of the two men from my VR experiences would like to join me, in the flesh."

* * *

Waiting for a reply, Naomi decided to spend her time in the shower. The solar heated water relaxed her tense muscles and she took a couple calming breaths. Seeing the smoke coming from the machine penetrating her frightened her more than she realized. Yet, the heroic response of Robert brought her an unexpected degree of comfort.

She towel dried her skin, caressing it the way she remembered Robert touching her during their virtual lovemaking session. It was enough to get her hot and bothered all over again. Wrapping the terry towel around her breasts, she returned to the main room and found another VR suit package lying on the bed. She quickly donned the outfit.

The suit fit her like a second skin. Besides her snatch, the only exposed area of her body was her face and only because she hadn't covered it with the VR mask.

"Your appeal has met with a degree of success," a unisex voice intoned.

"A degree?"

"Only one of the males is able to participate in your request and will arrive at your room momentarily."

Disappointment shot through her at the thought Robert was alone. She'd just have to make the best of the situation then. She had no idea what time commitment Robert and Jean-Claude agreed to when she set up her weekend.

A few seconds later, Naomi heard a tap against her door. Normally, she would have security check ID, verify an appointment, and a host of other things before she admitted a stranger into her office. At PR, she was a different woman, one uncontrolled by the constraints of corporate regulations and policy.

"Come in."

The handle of the door turned at an agonizingly slow rate, as if the computer system were verifying his identity. She held her breath in anticipation of Robert walking through the doorway. Her palms sweated as she thought about the stranger she'd invited to her room and who held explicit information about her sexual fantasies.

Then, he strode into the room. All six-foot plus of him clad in a black VR suit, an errant lock of hair falling over his right brow. He looked as yummy standing in her real life room as he had in her VR world.

"Hi." Her greeting was a wisp of air floating in the room.

"Naomi, are you okay?"

"Yes." Her heart tightened at the concern in his deep voice. Could he already care for her to some degree after only two sex sessions? "A bit of a scare but it really didn't turn out to be serious."

She glanced away from his piercing gaze. Maybe requesting a real man hadn't been such a great idea after

Lucynda Storey

all. She was as nervous as she'd been on her first date. She took a deep breath and decided to plunge into the purpose of his being in her room.

"So, Robert, what fantasy are you trying to live out here?"

He took several steps toward her. The room shrank, filled with his presence.

Her breath hitched. Closer he was more imposing, more dominant than she realized.

"I wanted to fuck the brains out of a beautiful brunette. What about you?"

His earthiness and straightforward answer made it easy for her to respond. "I wanted to get my brains fucked out in several ways."

"Such as?" He stepped nearer and reached a hand toward her cheek.

Moving forward, she leaned her cheek against his hand and allowed him to caress her face. The intimate gesture set her romantic nerves ablaze. "Sweet, hard, forced, exotic."

"All that, huh?" he teased.

"Where is Jean-Claude?" Jean-Claude's presence would have ensured her a near continual sexual experience for the weekend.

"Remember when you asked how I knew you were in trouble? I told you that we were real, most of the time?"

"Yes." She tipped her head back and looked into his brown eyes. "Jean-Claude isn't real?"

"Not today."

"What?" His answer confused her.

"Our first meeting, Jean-Claude was physically present in another VR room. We're acquaintances and he had a prior engagement. He's not here today."

The image of Jean-Claude driving into Robert's body flashed to mind. "Then you and he, you weren't lovers?"

A grin spread across Robert's face. "No. I was engaged with a machine the same as you."

"Why?" The shocked question shot out of her mouth before she thought about it. Heat flooded her cheeks. "I'm sorry, that's not my business."

"Color me curious."

He moved his hand away from her face and cupped the back of her head. His free arm encircled her and drew her nearer.

Naomi stumbled forward against his hard chest. She looked up to apologize but didn't have the chance. Robert's mouth slanted across hers in a possessive kiss.

She shimmied closer, as if she could meld her body into his. His full lips claimed hers and when a moan erupted from her throat, Robert's tongue darted into her mouth. Insistent, his tongue reflected the forceful personality she'd seen in the VR. A personality she'd willingly succumb to in the bedroom.

But not without some fight. If any man were to take her, bend her to his will as she desired, she'd let him know she was no Milquetoast, no one's doormat.

Naomi lifted her arms and entangled Robert's hair between her fingers. So close to him, she felt his arousal develop and prod her. She kissed him back with equal intensity. Forcing his tongue to retreat, she invaded his mouth and speared it with her tongue. Heat enveloped

Lucynda Storey

her probing. She tasted mint on his breath and the lust of his mouth as his tongue wrapped around hers.

Intoxicating. His kiss here was more than what she'd experienced in the VR. There was another dimension to them that the computers hadn't replicated. Reality.

His hands released their hold on her momentarily.

Everywhere his hands had warmed her flesh turned cold, and then they were touching her again, sliding down her back, wandering her ass, picking her up off the floor, and carrying her to the large bed.

"What are you doing?" she squealed in delight.

"I'm fulfilling your fantasies."

Robert's husky voice left no doubt he would do all he was capable of to make her erotic dreams come true.

She squirmed in his arms.

Without ceremony, Robert dumped her in the bed, a lecherous grin on his face. "And you're fulfilling mine. Get em off."

For a split second a frisson of fear skittered up her spin. A shuddering breath escaped her lips, but she didn't take her gaze off Robert's face. Lust mingled with a touch of humor in those eyes. A potent spring of need rose, starting in her belly and rushing through her body.

With deliberate motions, Naomi began unsealing her VR suit. Each inch of revealed skin widened Robert's eyes until she thought the pupils would drown out the whites. She glanced at his groin. His cock was bigger than what she remembered in the VR experience.

Suddenly, he jumped onto the bed, straddling her. "You're not fast enough."

He grabbed the edges of the VR suit and ripped the seal apart, exposing a long column of pale skin to his view. He licked his lips in a predatory smack. "Now that's what I'm talking about."

Her breath hitched in her throat thinking of what all those testosterone laden muscles could do to make her body scream in pleasure.

The toughened pad of his forefinger trailed down the fissure he'd created, burning her skin with his touch. Lower, lower that sinful finger traveled, igniting the swell of her breast with yearning and continuing until he was at the juncture of her thighs. Only a scrap of the VR suit stood between that digit and the exposed nest covering her mons.

She held her breath wondering what he would do next.

Against her skin, she felt his fingers curl around the offending piece of material. Robert jerked the impediment, ripping it from the leg seams of her suit.

For a second, she didn't move as tendrils of air swept over her. Then he was kissing her between her legs, tonguing deep into her channel and drawing out her essence.

Her fingers wrapped around the dark locks of his hair and she pulled his face harder against her. Deeper he drove into her pussy as if his tongue were his cock. When he withdrew, he lashed her clit with it and drove her to the edge of reason.

"Goddd," she screamed giving over to the delicious sensations.

Lucynda Storey

He lifted his face from between her legs. "Not God, my little slut, just Robert, and I still have to come."

Naomi lifted her head to look at him. Amazing how he brought her to climax so quickly. His lips glistened with her juices. "What did you have in mind?"

"You're far too wet to be forced, we haven't set a scene for exotic. I thought I'd start with sweet and then work my way up to fucking you hard."

Her eyes widened. He actually remembered what she'd said earlier. She smiled, hoping the gesture gave him the encouragement to go forward with his plan.

He scrambled from between her legs to lie beside her. "You're damn sexy, you know?"

How she'd love to believe that. "No, I'm convenient, the same as you." She shook her head slightly. "We're two horny adults who've paid a lot of money to someone else so that we can fuck and walk away. No strings, no regrets, no promises."

"Maybe, maybe not." He reached out a hand and stroked her cheek. "I still say you are beautiful and sexy."

The simple declaration that he hadn't decided if this was something they would walk away from alarmed her. But only momentarily. His hand slid down her neck to her shoulder and pushed the remnants of the VR suit off her arm.

The motion exposed her shoulder and more of her breast to his view. Cool air caressed her nipple and tightened it, wiping away her worry, and filling her with lust. How long would she have to wait before he took the tiny peak into his mouth and suckled it?

Passionate Resources

Robert slid closer. His warm breath fanned the strands of her loose hair, lifting them from her cheek. His mouth descended on hers in a gentle kiss.

She surrendered to his chaste kiss and laid her hand against his chest. His pounding heart revealed the strength of his external self-control. Sweet was nice, sexier than she realized.

He palmed her exposed breast, toyed with the nipple, pinching and pulling it into an even harder point.

"Mmm." She couldn't contain her moan.

"I think you like it a little rough," he growled against her lips.

"I, I don't know. I like how you make my body react." Her breathless words echoed her desire.

He angled his body and then without warning sucked her nipple into his mouth.

Electricity zinged through her body at his possession. Surges of craving raced from her breast straight to her pussy. Sweet was too fucking slow. Naomi wiggled against his groin, the hard shaft waiting to bring Robert his pleasure.

With a bite, Robert released her nipple from his mouth. "Nice." He grinned. "Your body reacts very nicely to me."

She glanced at her breast. The engorged nipple was a size she'd never seen before. Damn, he made her body respond in ways unknown to her. "You did that," she said in amazement.

He smiled. "I can do so much more for you." He inserted a finger into her. "Damn, but I think you want me to fuck you."

Lucynda Storey

"I do." Her bold words matched her wantonness.

He withdrew his finger and sucked her juices from it.
"I'm going to fist you."

Naomi gasped and stared into his lust-filled eyes. Could he be serious? Five fingers in her channel were so much more than a cock. Surely such an act would be painful. "Now?"

"No."

She let out a shuddering breath. He must have heard the panic in her voice.

"Later. I'm going to just plain ol' fuck you now." He straddled her hips and reached forward to roll a nipple between his long fingers. "Prepare to be invaded."

Relief coursed through her. Right now, they'd engage in nothing more than primitive mating. Painful sensations mingled with extreme pleasure as he pulled and pinched her nipples. Her pussy grew hotter and wetter, preparing to take his cock deep into her body. She wanted this, wanted him pounding into her with mindless hunger. She spread her legs wider. "Do it."

"As the lady commands." With a quick motion, he released her breast and thrust into her, his balls slapping against her perineum.

Naomi moaned and lifted her hips to keep him seated deep within her. "Yes."

"Hang on baby, we're gonna rock this headboard." He withdrew and then with a grunt slammed into her again.

She grabbed his hips and gave herself over to the pleasure of his pounding of her pussy. The bed creaked. She thrust back when he withdrew. In, out, they rutted

with groans and earthy noises. Their flesh slapped together. How could she have possibly thought a virtual reality experience was better than being fucked by a man? She touched her engorged nipple, stroking it from the underside.

Robert reached between her legs and fondled her clit.

Energy coiled along her nerve endings. His possession of her body intensified. He slammed into her harder, his shaft swelling and filling her. All the sensations coalesced until her pussy clenched and spasmed around his cock. "Robert!"

His response echoed in the room as his cum shot into her. "Fuck!"

Each wave of pleasure dimmed until the trembling inside her body slowed and then stopped. Oh yeah, a real man was nothing like a dildo or fucking machine. If she could find a way, she'd never use an artificial means of self-pleasure again.

She sighed.

Robert fell, spent, on top of her. He managed to keep his weight from crushing her and maneuvered his arms so he was holding her. "Damn, woman. If you fuck like that all the time, ain't no way in hell I'm ever letting you go."

She smiled against his shoulder. He was pretty good himself, giving her multiple orgasms in one session; had indicated he might want to engage in more of her clandestine fantasies. She snuggled closer to his warmth. Her private life was her own; her loyalty belonged to her company and its employees. Could she keep anyone as a lover and avoid emotional entanglement?

Lucynda Storey

It was the best of both worlds if she could keep her carnal interests locked away behind the doors of Passionate Resources and her business concerns quarantined from these men. There had to be a way, didn't there?

Chapter Four

Naomi woke alone. She wasn't supposed to be alone though. She rubbed her eyes and sat up, remembering where she was, in a luxury room at Passionate Resources. She pushed aside the coverlet and glanced around the room for her virtual-turned-real lover. He was nowhere to be seen.

The more alert she became, the angrier she became. Where was he, damn it?

"Ms. Fujiyama," a monotonous voice called. "The garments you need for your next fantasy await you in the closet. Once you are dressed, please present yourself in the corporate restaurant next door."

She tamped her ire down. Robert was gone from the room for a reason. He was getting ready for their next scenario. Something she needed to do as well. She sashayed to the bathroom. The cool air on her skin caressed her body. It felt damn good to be naked, without worrying about which suit she was going to wear to impress which stockholder with her ability to command FFT.

Damn! Why did she have to think about work? Her stomach twisted in a knot and the stress of the job she'd left behind a few hours ago returned. Someone was manipulating information and she was unable to stop their

activity. Her internal security department had worked long hours to trace potential leak routes via the company's computer systems and programs and so far had come up empty.

Pushing through the silicon wall of the shower, she let the jets of water hit her full force. Blasts of hot water struck her breasts, pounded her clit, rained down on her hair. Steam rose to create an encompassing fog, driving her thoughts away from the work world and into the sensual.

She teased her nipples, pulling on them the way she remembered Robert sucking them. The way he'd taken her flushed her with desire and she reached between her legs and fondled her clit. Her manually stimulated orgasm washed over her with the force of the shower spray and subsided with the speed of the water swirling down the drain. The orgasm was good, but not on par with what Robert had done to bring her to climax.

Refreshed from her nap and shower, Naomi got out of the enclosure and padded into her room, grabbing the garment from the closet.

The garment was a black satin dress with a plunging neckline and a full skirt that rested mid-thigh once she slipped it over her head. A pair of matching lace panties, garter belt, and nylons went on next, followed by a pair of four inch stilettos.

Damn, the outfit made her feel sexy and freed her imagination to go places she had kept under tight rein. Giddiness washed through her and she headed into the bathroom. She needed some make-up to finish getting ready for her dinner date. Opening several drawers, she

finally found one that held the minimal toiletries needed. Applying a bit of liner to her eyes she followed with mascara. Her final application was a mocha colored lipstick that added to the sultry feel of her newfound sexual freedom.

Naomi stepped into the carpeted hallway and turned left. To her right were the rooms she'd already passed and she hadn't seen a door labeled restaurant. The next entryway wasn't far and from the outside was similar to the others she'd seen. What decadent pleasure with Robert awaited her behind this entrance?

She reached toward the handle, and as earlier, the door opened of its own accord.

Eagerness propelled her into a room unlike any she'd been in before. A large chandelier provided the only light in the cavernous room. Booths occupied by couples lined the walls. An orchestra reminiscent of the big bands of the previous century's thirty's and forty's played from a stage at the far end of a parquet dance floor. A crowd of people dancing pressed together in the remaining space. How many were real?

"Ma'am?"

A masculine voice turned her attention away from the revelers. She turned to the host with a smile. "Yes."

"If you will follow me, your table is ready."

Naomi followed him to a high-backed booth toward the rear of the room, her heart pounding in expectation. Padded leather enclosed the area around the white skirted table complete with table setting and water goblets. But the one entity Naomi expected to be there wasn't. Where was Robert?

Lucynda Storey

The smile melted from her face like a child's crayon left in the sun. Behind her she felt the air shift and knew the host had left while she stood staring at the empty booth. She could have been wearing a parka, faux-fur lined gloves, hat, scarf, and the heaviest of winter boots and still not have shaken the cold that threatened to consume her in disappointment.

In direct contrast, warm air tickled her neck, at war with the icy frustration being alone for dinner once again brought.

"Naomi."

The single word, whispered with heat, beat back the wall of frigid air engulfing her. In the span of a heartbeat, she knew she'd never be satisfied with the lonely world she'd carved for herself. "Robert," she whispered on a ragged breath.

"Did you miss me?"

The soft words tickled her ear and sent sensuous shivers up her arms. His large hands turned her toward him and then pulled her close, enveloping her in his heat. She tilted her head to look into his chocolate colored eyes and allowed herself to melt in his arms.

"I was crestfallen when I didn't see you here. I hadn't planned on disappointment being a part of my weekend."

He leaned down and kissed her, his lips claiming hers in tenderness. "We can't have that now, can we?"

Naomi shook her head. Negative feelings hadn't been banished in her scenarios but they weren't something she hadn't expected either.

He tucked a lock of hair behind her ear. "Would I soothe your ruffled feathers if I told you I brought a gift?"

She blinked in surprise. "A present?"

With a subtle wave of his hand, Robert motioned her into the booth. She slid toward the recessed curve and stared at her escort. Dark hair danced along the edge of his tux collar and he fixed her with a hungry gaze.

The beat of her heart sent a rush of heat through her. No man made her blood boil with a simple look. Her mouth felt dry and she ran her tongue over her top lip. The reaction of her body to his intrigued her. They'd made love several times and she wanted more of him.

Robert slid in and nestled his body closer to her. His arm lay casually around her shoulders. "How many times have you come since I left?"

"What kind of question is that?"

"Indulge me."

The thoughts she had of Robert in the shower flushed her skin. Her desire for him was unlike anything she'd experienced and frightening. She couldn't let sex with him take over her life. But wasn't that what she'd wanted when she started out this weekend? Prolonged fucking to fulfill as many of her fantasies as possible had been the order.

He cupped her chin in his hand and turned her face to his. "How many times, Naomi?"

She met his gaze and didn't flinch when she responded. "Once."

A smile crossed his face and then he kissed her. Dampness seeped between her thighs. She was ready to be taken by him again and again. God, couldn't they get back to her room and screw?

Lucynda Storey

He dropped his hand from her face and reached into his breast pocket. He pulled out a jewelry sized black box. "A little something for you to remember me by."

Naomi gulped. Gifts were for people who were in a long-lasting relationship, not the sort of sexual frenzy they were participating in. A trembling in her fingers threatened to give away her worries, but she'd been the hard CEO for too long and called upon her stoic abilities to quell her concern.

She lifted the lid and stared at the most unusual present she'd received. "Dice?"

Lifting one of the die from its resting place, Robert rolled it between his palms and then blew on it. "These are lucky dice."

"For who?"

"You, of course. And I suspect me as well." He placed the die in her hands. "Go on, roll it."

The glint in his eye reminded her of a little boy about to play a prank. Repeating his actions, Naomi warmed the die and then dropped it onto the table. When the die rolled to a stop, she read three black dots. She arched an eyebrow at Robert. "What does it mean?"

He leaned forward and whispered in her ear. "You have to come three times tonight before we're done."

"What?" She clasped a hand over her mouth trying to reel in her shock.

He continued as if he hadn't heard her. "Are you wearing underwear?"

Could he possibly astound her any more? "Yyyesss."

His tongue traced a path from her shoulder, up her neck to her ear, fanning the flames of her lust for him. "Do you have a problem with that Sweetflesh?"

"Sir, your order."

The monotone voice of the waiter halted her lascivious thoughts. How could she possibly eat when the vision of having multiple orgasms danced in her mind?

Water and ice tinkled into the crystal goblet. Another server appeared and placed a dish of steaming oysters on the half-shell on the table. The two men left as swiftly as they'd appeared. Oh, Robert was good. Or her fantasy was. Weren't oysters were supposed to be an enhancing sexual aphrodisiac?

With care, he removed the silverware from her napkin and shook the linen into her lap. Somehow, his arm knocked the silverware and a knife clattered to the floor out of sight somewhere beneath the table. "Damn. I'll get that."

She laid a hand on his arm to restrain him. "Robert, we'll just ask for fresh."

"It's not a problem, really." He slid beneath the table and disappeared under the tablecloth. He brushed against her leg and rubbed the back of her calf, his hand drifting higher. "You have beautiful legs."

Naomi shifted in her seat, the sweet wetness of her channel increasing with each foray his hand made. He was there between her legs, caressing her, his hand moving higher. She inhaled her own musk and allowed herself a secret thrill of having him beneath her, able to do touch her while they were in a public place. Was he as horny there as she was sitting on the leather?

Lucynda Storey

Something sharp slid up her nylon clad thigh.

"Niiice. Garter belts are damn sexy."

The pointed edge ran beneath the garter strap and edged under her panties. The implement ripped the delicate fabric away from first one hip and then the other. Naomi shuddered, nervousness creeping in with the eroticism of him between her legs. Robert held a knife and was using it to expose her.

When the lacy fabric was yanked from between her legs she was totally vulnerable and incredibly aroused. Robert placed his hands on the top of her thighs and spread her legs. A moment later, he lapped at her slit, his tongue delving between her folds and flicking at her clit. A shudder of delight ripped through her. He knew how to pluck at her and elicit a response from her body. She should have rolled a fucking six.

He took his mouth away and stroked her with a finger. "So wet, so ready for me."

Naomi stifled a moan when he entered her with a finger and then another. He was tormenting her with glimpses of fulfillment.

The caresses started anew. Beneath her she heard the lapping of his tongue as he drank her. His fingers moved within her at an increased rate and she spread her legs wider to give him whatever access he needed. Adding a third finger he continued to fuck her. He rubbed her clit with his free hand.

She tensed and then shuddered around his fingers, her orgasm washing over her with the fury of a tsunami.

Then her pussy was empty and Robert was clambering to back to the cushioned seat, knife in hand,

the tatters of her panties in another. He pocketed the lace into his breast pocket as if it were nothing more than a handkerchief.

"That's one." He stroked a damp finger over her lip. "I can't get enough of you."

At least the thought was one they shared. Robert's thigh brushed against hers and she fought to stay calm and in control. It was difficult when he peppered her cheek and neck with tiny kisses and nibbles. "Robert," she gasped looking around the dim room. "Is this—"

"Sweetflesh, this is your fantasy, remember? Nothing here is real, nothing can come back to bite you in the ass."

He reached a hand inside the neckline of her dress and cupped her breast, toying with the hard and aching nipple.

Naomi sighed, letting the electric sensations race through her body to her already ready core. Two could participate in this teasing game of foreplay. She turned in her seat until his hand had access to both breasts. Let those sinful hands wander where they might; she had a free hand to stroke him with.

Beneath her palm she felt his arousal straining against his trousers. She trailed a finger down his zipper, vibrations running through her skin.

His breath caught and held. Power raced through her at the thought she could reduce him to a state of breathlessness.

His free hand snaked under her dress and found her center. He rubbed her clit with his thumb and inserted a finger into her depths. The table was turned and she was

Lucynda Storey

unable to breathe properly as he slipped another finger into her pussy.

"Spread em," he whispered hoarsely. "And then don't do a damn thing except enjoy. Keep your eyes focused on me."

Helpless to control the raging inferno Robert created between her legs, she did as she was told, widening her legs as far as she could and staring into his chocolate depths.

His fingers plumbed her with the intensity of engine pistons. She leaned her head against his shoulder and fought the urge to clamp her muscles around his probing digits, fighting to keep her gaze fixed on his.

When he added a third finger she thought she'd explode. Robert slowed his invasion and she adjusted to the thickness within her. Packed full, she wanted to scream at him to finish her off, and then he was moving, ever so slowly within her, in and out, her juices coating him and making a sucking sound that sounded unnaturally loud.

Naomi stroked against the trousers, caressing the hardness jailed behind his zipper. She'd make him experience something akin to the sweet agony enveloping her as she remained stationary. She sighed, and let her head roll back against his shoulder, and closed her eyes, unable to keep eye contact

He kneaded her breast, pinched and pulled on the engorged tip with his left hand. The fingers of his right hand moved faster, and then he stroked with a curl of his fingers. His insistent touches ignited an out of control inferno.

Fire pulsed through her pussy, a scalding heat stronger than her last orgasm. Her muscles squeezed and caressed his digits. Liquid coated his fingers, dripped onto her thighs as if she'd ejaculated.

When the aftershocks of her second orgasm subsided, Robert withdrew his hand from beneath her dress. She lifted her head from his shoulder in time to watch as he brought her cream to his lips. A look of wonder filled his eyes and he sniffed her cum appreciatively. "God damn, Naomi, how often do you ejaculate?"

"That's never happened to me before. I thought--"

"This," he wiggled his wet fingers, "is all from your sweet pussy. My cock has got to feel you come like that."

Slowly, he licked her juices from his hand. When he finished, he leaned closer. "That's two," he whispered against her lips. "I think you're really going to enjoy three."

Lucynda Storey

Chapter Five

Naomi pulled out of his arms enough to straighten her clothing. The unexpected intensity of her experience shook her. Could she let a man go that could bring her to this sort of completion? Power resided in sex. Greater power lay in magnificent sex.

Unrestrained, Naomi could see how orgasms this personal and private could topple governments. One such experience would never be enough. It was like cocaine, heating your blood, agitating your senses, filling you with the need to experience it over and again. She wanted it, needed it, would never be happy with a machine again.

She was about to say something, a word of gratitude when Robert kissed her. "Don't look so terrified, Sweetflesh."

Naomi opened her mouth to protest and then changed her mind. She was afraid. Afraid she'd lose what she'd just found, scared the desire such an orgasm induced would ruin her and her company. She shook her head trying to get herself together. "I've never..." she swallowed hard.

Robert squeezed her hand. "Shh. It's enough to know I'm first."

His possessive, dazzling smile stilled her creeping fear of being sexually addicted to him.

Somehow they made it through dinner with nothing more serious than small talk. When the food was whisked away, Robert slid from the booth and extended his hand to her.

She went willingly and he led her to the dance floor. The big band music filled with woodwinds wrapped around them on the crowded dance floor. She moved closer to him, her head lying against his shoulder until it seemed they were one entity swaying in time to the sounds. His heart thudded beneath her ear, a steady comforting beat. No man had given her such a sense of safety as this one.

As if he sensed her thoughts, his arm tightened around her.

She sighed. He could possess her body and she'd let him, but he wasn't going to claim her heart. They were here because neither of them wanted the baggage emotional commitments created. It suited her fine and she would do well to remember her experiences with Robert were purely physical.

Someone bumped her from behind and she stumbled against Robert. A voice whispered against her ear. "*My chienne*, it is good to see you here."

Jean-Claude? She began to turn her head.

"No, no, you will enjoy our sandwich more if you do not turn to look."

What more was there to enjoy here on the dance floor? Surely, with Jean-Claude's arrival they would return to their room and participate in another sexual romp involving the three of them.

Lucynda Storey

Jean-Claude's arm reached around her waist and rested against her stomach. Somehow they managed to dance in rhythm albeit much slower than when only Robert partnered her.

His erection brushed her ass. Against her leg, Naomi felt the material of her dress slide until the warmth of Jean-Claude's palm rested on her upper thigh. Gradually, he moved closer, toying with the strap of her garter belt.

Her breath hitched and then gave way to a shudder. His fingertips grazed her skin, burned it as he unerringly found her slick folds, and parted them until he traced her clit. Behind her, she heard a zipper rasp open. When the skirt of her dress lifted, a thin stream of air caressed her bared cheeks.

"Now, Robert. Lift our *domestique* that I may enter her."

Jean-Claude's hot breath brushed against her neck and lifted the loose hair near her ear. Robert did as Jean-Claude asked and placed his hands under her thighs, spreading them. Naomi wrapped her arms around Robert's neck.

As soon as her feet left the floor, Jean-Claude slipped his thick cock into her and helped support her weight with his hands, too.

Oh, God. I'm going to be fucked to death by these perpetually horny men.

She wiggled and Jean-Claude's prick nudged her G-spot. Heat flashed through her. How could she still be so desperate for their possession? Because, she reminded herself, she was addicted to the orgasms they managed to elicit from her.

The room faded until the only awareness in her consciousness was that of being held by these men and Jean-Claude's thrusting cock. Her pussy convulsed around him and he swelled within her passage. Robert kissed her, made love to her mouth with his tongue. She tensed, unable to fight the response of her body to them. Light exploded and she came with a shuddering intensity that rocked her world again and milked Jean-Claude until his cum shot in a hot blast inside her.

They loosened their grip on her legs and eased her back to the floor. Robert kissed her lips, chin, cheek, ear. "That's three, Sweetflesh."

She sagged against his chest and he swept her into his arms as if she were nothing more than a piece of cottonwood fluff. Naomi glanced at Jean-Claude and watched as he tucked himself back into his trousers and zipped up.

The awareness of time all but disappeared here but she intuitively Naomi knew her weekend excursion had passed into Saturday. How many more luscious orgasms would the three of them be able to enjoy?

Robert carried her through the doorway and to their room. She managed to lift her hand to the panel lock. The door opened and Robert took her to their bed. She smiled at him and fingered the tiny scar beneath his lip.

In her peripheral vision she saw Jean-Claude remove his clothes. Robert sat on the bed, holding her in his lap. She wiggled against the erection nudging her and loosened her skirt. In a smooth move she whisked the garment over her head and tossed it onto the floor. She was naked now, except for the garter, hose and shoes.

Lucynda Storey

Jean-Claude knelt in front of her. "Permit me." With sure hands, he released the clasp of her shoes, tossed them aside, and massaged her arches.

A soft gasp left her lips. His hands caressed with firm pressure, the pads of his fingers rolling over the bottom of her foot, moving to her heel and then working the top.

"I think I would like to leave the stockings on. The garter needs something to hold, does it not, Robert?"

He leaned around her shoulder, his hand reaching down and following the shape of her leg from her knee to the edge of her nylon. "Your observation is valid, my friend. Her black garter is like a piece of ribbon on a delectable package."

Naomi leaned against Robert's chest enjoying the ministrations Jean-Claude performed on her feet. A sated yawn left her lips before she could cover her mouth.

"However, Jean-Claude, our *domestique* needs a nap."

Jean's hand left her foot and he stood. "I see you are right. What fun is there in taking her if she is too tired to enjoy us?"

Naomi was about to protest when Robert turned her in his lap and kissed her. "Rest. We have plenty of time to enjoy our fantasies."

An arm went beneath her knees and another behind her back. Robert stood and transferred her to Jean-Claude's arms.

Jean-Claude's smile, followed by a gentle kiss warmed her further. How did she get to be so lucky?

Passionate Resources

Then a more insistent question popped into her sex-addled mind. Would she be able to part from them Sunday afternoon and go back to her sterile stress-filled life?

* * *

How will the rest of Naomi's weekend go? What will happen to her newfound sexual freedom? Can she leave Jean-Claude and Robert and go back to life as it was?

For answers to these and other questions be sure to read *Passionate Resources: Robert* coming soon from Erotique Press.

The End

Lucynda Storey

Meet the Author:

Lucynda Storey has been actively writing for over seven years. Currently, she and her family, call Colorado home, but has lived in such diverse places as Maine, Michigan, and Turkey. She has several full-length novels out which you can read about on her web site www.lucynastorey.com.

Her favorite authors are Terry Brooks, David Brin, and Orson Scott Card. She enjoys reading, writing, music, and movies.

Recently, Lucynda graduated from the Aurora CO Citizens Police Academy. When she's not writing, she's driving, a lot, most notably to the Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs where her oldest son attends school.