

Vision in Green

An erotic short story by

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Samantha wound her way around the nightclub, her fingers tapping with the rhythm of the music as she moved. The beat vibrated through her whole body, making her heart race and her feet want to dance.

As she walked she looked at the faces of the dancers lost in the moment, their bodies writhing close to one another, glistening with sweat. Samantha felt turned on just watching the scene in front of her, her hand unconsciously running over the fabric that covered her new toy.

She wondered if any of them could tell that tonight she was packing. She was nervous but excited; she could feel it pushed up hard against her leg as it tried to break free of her trouser fabric.

She had admired the way it had looked as she had put it on, the warm feeling of the silicone against her fingertips. Standing in just her knickers, holding it in her hands, she had been amazed at the weight of it and loved the way she looked with it on.

Now, as she walked around the club, Samantha wondered if any of them could see her secret smile and if they could, if they'd understand it. It wasn't the first time that Samantha had worn it, but it was the first time she had worn it in public. Although she wore slightly masculine clothes, tailored pinstripe trousers, with a shirt, waistcoat, and black tie, they were clothes tailored to a woman. She liked the contradictory feelings such clothes gave her, especially now when she had her own artificial penis. Resisting the urge to grip it hard she forced herself to look around at the people in the club. It was one of the club's more popular theme nights, taking inspiration from the mob ruled fashions of the 1930's.

Though the club wasn't particularly small, Samantha had been on the scene long enough to know personally or by sight most of the people that frequented it. Moving over to the bar she ordered herself a drink and returned to people watching.

As she looked across the dance floor, cold air rushed in from the front entrance. Turning, she watched with some interest when two people strolled in. The woman in front was dressed in another tailored suit and carried a violin case. Her hat was pushed back, resting on the top of her head at a slightly off centre angle. Samantha grinned, recognising her as Becca, a costume designer for the city's main theatre. Her costumes for these nights always had a little extra something compared to everyone else's. No doubt some of it is probably completely authentic, Samantha thought to herself. It was the woman behind Becca however that really caught Samantha's eye. Slightly taller than Becca but still a good head and shoulders below Samantha, the woman presently had a look of utter amazement upon her face as she looked around the club.

In the changing lights Samantha could see that she wore an emerald green dress that seemed a size too small for her. The material clung to her body, her breasts barely restrained by the fabric. Her hair was a shock of red that spilled down over her shoulders, one of her hands nervously twisting some of the ends.

She seemed to be in total awe as she looked around, and looked totally out of her depth. Samantha hadn't come to the club particularly to pick anyone up, but as she gazed upon the red-haired angel she wanted her more than anything else. She felt her whole body tense and become filled with an itch only this new girl could satisfy.

Samantha waved Becca over, hoping that she could get an introduction. She watched as Becca turned and pointed to the bar, the girl nodded and they both moved over. Samantha watched carefully how they interacted

with one another, she didn't want to step on anyone's toes. They didn't seem to be acting like a couple, though, something that pleased her greatly. She took a sip of her drink as she waited for them.

"Long time no see." Becca said to her as she and the stranger sat down on the barstools.

"I've been busy." Samantha said, refusing to elaborate. She didn't like her world of work to interfere with her social life, so kept her goings on private. She nodded at the other girl who looked down shyly onto the floor.

"You not going to introduce me?" She asked Becca.

"Oh yes, sorry. Sammy, this is Rachel. She's a friend of a friend and is staying with me whilst I show her around the big city sights."

Samantha smiled at Rachel, who had looked up long enough to catch her eye. As she gazed into her soft brown eyes, Samantha's heart raced. Samantha was aware that Becca was looking from Rachel to her and back again before she gave a low laugh.

Standing up, she patted Samantha on the back and spoke softly in her ear.

"Play nice now, you hear."

Turning to Rachel she spoke.

"I'll let you mingle. I'll be around if you need me though, okay?" Then, before either of them could respond, she disappeared within the crowd.

Samantha moved across one barstool settling down next to Rachel, her leg brushing Rachel's silky smooth legs. Rachel blushed and bit her lip. When nothing was said Samantha realised that she needed to be the forward one, something she hadn't been for a while. Tonight however, with her extension, she could manage it easily.

"Can I get you a drink?" she asked. When Rachel nodded she leaned over and ordered two drinks.

Watching Rachel's lips press up against the glass as she took a sip caused Samantha to shudder. Never

before had she wanted someone so much. Forcing herself to remain calm, she proceeded to ask Rachel mundane questions, did she have any pets, was this her first time in a city—it was? Was there anything she was hoping on doing whilst she was here, how long was she staying? Rachel's answers washed over Samantha, as in her mind she undid Rachel's dress, letting it fall to the floor. A shiver went through her as she held herself back from just taking her there and then. Finally she could take it no more, and asked her to dance.

The music was fast for a short while, allowing Samantha to lose some of the nervous energy she felt coursing through her body and let Rachel lose some of her nervousness.

When a slow, sultry song came on, however, Samantha moved to dance closer to Rachel and pulled her across to her, pressing their bodies to one another.

Samantha looked into Rachel's eyes for her reaction as she placed her hands on her hips and pressed herself hard against her. She knew Rachel would feel the hardness of her new extension as they moved together. As Rachel's eyes widened in wonder, Samantha smiled at her enjoying the way her eyes became so expressive; first a look of slight confusion replaced quickly with a look of intrigue.

As they swayed to the music, Samantha took hold of one of Rachel's hands and guided it down to her crotch. Rachel hesitated at first, but Samantha knew no one would be paying attention to people unless they were really making a scene. Samantha squeezed Rachel's hand over her extension, allowing Rachel to feel its length through her clothes.

She locked her eyes on Rachel's and when they didn't seem to express any fear she pressed her lips up against her so hard she was worried she might have bruised them. She began to pull away but had seemingly lit a fire within Rachel who used her free

hand to take hold of the back of Samantha's head, keeping them locking in the kiss.

Samantha's resolve melted away and without hesitation she pressed herself against Rachel, forcing herself away from the kiss.

"I want you." She growled. Once Rachel replied with a hesitant nod she led her through the club until she found the club owner. A quick whisper in her ear was all that was needed before Samantha guided Rachel through a small side door at the back of the bar and up a short flight of stairs.

She didn't speak; she couldn't. She didn't want to risk breaking whatever lust spell they were both under.

A door was at the top of the stairs, with a small keypad above the handle. Punching in the code, Samantha pushed the door open and let Rachel walk in. Following closely behind, she let the door close after them with a loud click that seemed to fill the silent tension between them.

Samantha smiled as Rachel looked around the small apartment. It belonged to the owner of the club, a close friend of Samantha's. She let Samantha borrow it if there was ever a pressing need, and right now there was. If they had had more time she would have suggested going to hers, but she felt so horny and driven to take Rachel that very moment that she knew there was no way she would have made it so far.

Laughing softly, Samantha pulled Rachel close. Looking at her she became hesitant finally needing permission to take what she so desperately wanted.

"Are you sure you want this?" Her heart raced, and she tried not to cringe in anticipation of a rejection. To her relief she saw Rachel nod confidently. Without giving her chance to speak she took her hand and led her to the guest bedroom.

The door had hardly closed when she pushed Rachel down onto the bed. Pulling the fabric of her dress up, she ran her fingers over Rachel's smooth legs. In

response Rachel's fingers nimbly undid her trousers, reaching in to feel her hardness. Samantha leaned over and roughly kissed Rachel's lips, biting down on her bottom lip and pulling gently. Rachel moaned into Samantha, her hands wrapping themselves around the hard appendage.

Locking eyes on her, Samantha shifted her weight, holding herself up with one hand whilst tugging down the top of the strapless dress with the other, Rachel's breasts spilled out, a stark but erotic contrast against the green of the dress. Using her knees, Samantha pushed Rachel's legs apart whilst she bent down and took one of Rachel's nipples into her mouth, sucking and teasing it. Rachel arched her back, moaning and forcing more of her nipple into Samantha's mouth, but Samantha had other ideas.

Pulling away, she wriggled down the bed, down between Rachel's legs. Her knees reached the edge of the bed and standing up on the floor she stepped out of her trousers, stopping to enjoy the view in front of her.

A hand dropped to her fake cock, and as she caressed it she licked her lips, happy to discover that Rachel wasn't wearing any knickers. Her pussy glistened in the light just as her nipples did. Samantha's heart was pounding, her body ached and she could have sworn that her new appendage also ached for contact. There was nothing to stop her now, she was going to take this country girl, and fast. Twisting around slightly she reached into the draw of the cupboard behind her and pulled out a tube of lubrication which she proceeded to cover her appendage with, all the while keeping eye contact with Rachel. She was pleased to see Rachel blush and moan with anticipation. Keeping her movements deliberately slow, she watched as Rachel, no longer able to contain herself, began to pinch her own nipples before running a hand down to her clit and playing with herself.

Once Samantha was finished she moved onto the bed. Growling, she was driven to Rachel's pussy, unable to think of anything else. She pushed Rachel's hand out of the way and pushed her own fingers into her folds, enjoying how wet she felt. Brushing her thumb over Rachel's clit she watched the reaction she was causing. Rachel cried out, moaning deeply. Her hands grasped the bedding and Samantha judged that she wasn't far off an orgasm. She was surprised at how quickly she had been able to bring her to that point but at the same time she found it incredibly arousing knowing what affect she was having. She watched as Rachel's body tensed, as her cheeks became flushed and at how she panted all the time, waiting for the right moment.

As the orgasm began to crash over Rachel Samantha pulled her hand out, replacing it in one strong thrust with the new part of her. Rachel cried out, clawing at Samantha's back through her shirt. Samantha hesitated, not sure if she had hurt Rachel, her fears however were quickly set aside when Rachel bucked her hips. In response Samantha began to fuck her, hard and fast, loving the way her new appendage made her feel a heady mix of femininity and masculinity, something totally new to her. They kissed once more with a fierce unbridled passion. Rachel took a firm grip of Samantha's hips and matched her motions.

The emotions and feelings that had built up over the evening spilled from Samantha as she took Rachel with a ferocity she hadn't thought she was capable of. Rachel's body tensed again as she began to climax, Samantha felt an increase in the friction against her appendage as the orgasm raced through Rachel but she didn't stop.

Instead she continued to drive herself into the panting Rachel, knowing the outcome she wanted. She felt her own orgasm finally building, the friction from the strap on and the small dildo she had in her own pussy built up a core of energy. Driving ever harder she

screamed out as the energy exploded through her. Only then did she stop and fall into the welcoming arms of Rachel.

Motionless but happily exhausted, they remained connected, neither wanting to move. Eventually Rachel spoke, breaking a comfortable silence.

“Can I give you my number? I don’t leave the city for another week.”

Samantha giggled in response and nodded, breathing in Rachel’s heady fragrance, the whole room now smelling of the two of them. She definitely wanted more of this and she couldn’t wait to call her.

About the Author

Nicole Gestalt has been writing erotica for many years. Her most recent story *Rekindling the Spark*, was published with Phaze in September 2008. When Nicole is not writing she loves spending her time with her partner, walking and drinking lots of hot chocolate, particularly if it has whipped cream on top. Nicole loves hearing from her readers and can be found at <http://www.nicolegestalt.blogspot.com>.