

# Cuckold Erotica Bedtime Stories

## Volume Six: Cuckolding for a Crowd

By Raven Merlot and Alexandra Noir

“Truth!”

Giggling, Fiona took a generous sip of her margarita. It was her fourth, or was it her fifth? The pitcher that she could have sworn was full a few minutes ago seemed to have only a few melted ice cubes at the bottom.

“That’s the third time, Markos,” she slurred. “No fair!”

Slouched in an armchair, Markos gave her the finger with his typically adorable dimpled smile. Half Latin, half Greek, he was a smoldering dream with dark, bedroom eyes. He had also consumed his fair share of margaritas long after their best friends, Casey and Ellen, left two hours ago.

The foursome often spent evenings pursuing a game-playing passion that began when Fiona and Markos met in London. Fiona was a typical English rose, feisty and adventurous. Markos was a journalist and prankster with an insatiably curious mind. They had met at the newspaper where she worked and Markos had arrived from San Francisco for a permanent assignment. The attraction was instantaneous despite their diverse backgrounds and they married on a beach in Mauritius with only family attending. Their wedding present was the keys to a flat on the South Bank.

For Fiona, fun had always been a huge part of her life. One of four children to artist parents, creativity was the rule of the day and rarely did the family spend an evening in front of the television. There were always activities, debates, and trips. Education and knowledge were the main keywords of her upbringing. Outspoken and free-thinking, her parents also instilled an innate curiosity about life, including an unusual openness regarding sexuality.

Though Fiona had never been promiscuous, she had experimented and had even ventured into a couple of bisexual experiences. But it wasn't until she met Markos that she found an equally curious match. Not only was he an avid fan of games from board to video, he was also sexually creative and open-minded.

A year after she and Markos had married, Casey came to work for the paper. He and Markos became friends, and after inviting Casey and his girlfriend, Ellen, for dinner over the holidays, the four became close friends. Their weekly game sessions had continued since then.

But tonight had been different. Seeking something spicier, Fiona suggested playing an adult version of Truth or Dare. After one-too-many margaritas, the topics and the temperate had both ventured into triple digits.

"I'm not cheating!" Markos said, plopping onto the couch. "I got two dares in a row so what's the problem?"

"I'm running out of truths," Fiona said, unable to wipe the goofy grin from her face.

Markos flicked back a stray strand of ebony hair and leered at her. "Don't believe that for one fucking second. I know what a dirty little slut you are. And you were definitely holding back earlier."

"Was not!"

"Were too!"

"Was not! Didn't I dry hump you when Ellen dared me?"

Markos chuckled. "Yeah...gotta give you that. Almost bust in my jeans too. But when Ellen dared me I sucked your tits for sixty seconds without coming up for air so we're even."

Fiona emptied her glass despite feeling more than a little tipsy. The living room was actually beginning to heave like the deck of a ship.

"Okay...okay...one more truth, but I'm done after that. It's late."

Markos gave her a triumphant thumbs up and pulled a card from the deck with unsteady hands. He smiled mischievously.

"What's the deepest, darkest fantasy you've never told anyone about?"

The question caught Fiona off guard. They'd covered so many fantasies over the course of the game that she didn't think there was anything left to confess...until that fantasy popped into her boozy mind.

"Gotcha!" Markos said. "I see it in your eyes. Don't deny it!"

Fiona smiled nervously. There were fantasies, but then there were secrets she'd never shared with anyone...not even her husband.

"I...can't think of anything."

"Liar!"

"No...seriously, Markos, I'm getting really tired..."

"Cheater!"

"Who says I'm cheating?"

"You're pretending you can't answer. I don't believe you! Tell me, and we'll call it a night after this."

"That's blackmail!"

“You’re hiding something, Fiona. You never were a good liar.”

She sagged against the couch. She was too drunk to fight it.

“Okay...so the deepest, darkest fantasy I never told anyone about is that...I’d like to get fucked by a machine.”

Markos stared. “Run that one by me again...”

“You heard me.”

“A fucking machine?”

Fiona nodded. “You asked.”

“Fuck me...”

“No,” she said, “it’s actually fuck me...”

Markos tossed the card onto the table and burst into laughter. “You win! No way I can beat that.” He winked and nestled onto the couch beside her. “You serious? I mean, a machine?”

Fiona leaned sleepily against his chest. “Saw a documentary series about fucking machines a few years ago. They were on one of the episodes. Looked interesting.”

“And they showed someone getting fucked by a machine?”

“A few, actually. Different positions, different machines...”

“You play with yourself afterward?”

“I’m afraid I had to. That was before I met you.”

Markos burst into laughter and pulled her into an embrace. “I was right when I called you a dirty little slut.”

Fiona nibbled on his ear. “I never pretended I wasn’t.”

“But seriously...that would turn you on?”

“Even more if you were watching.”

Markos was silent for so long Fiona thought he’d fallen asleep. When she looked up at him, he was grinning like a Cheshire cat.

“That actually makes me kind of hot,” he said. “Would you really do it?”

Fiona looked into his eyes to find genuine interest. While she'd conducted her share of research on the topic, she never imagined she'd be having a conversation about fucking machines with Markos.

“You asking a serious question?”

He nodded. “As long as you give me a serious answer.”

“Okay. Under the right situation...I'd probably do it.”

“Why didn't you tell me about this before?”

Fiona smiled. “I guess...well, it's not the usual kind of fantasy most people expect to hear. I mean, fucking in public, doing it in front of window...those kinds of things are more the norm. But you don't hear people talking about fucking machines every day.”

“Might be interesting to take it from talking to doing,” Markos said, kissing her.

“You telling me you're a machine?” Fiona asked, her wooziness now tempered with a generous dose of horniness.

Markos chuckled. "Haven't you told me before I pound you into the bed like a machine?"

"That's right, Mr. Jackhammer."

His hand strayed down her top to caress her bare breasts and tweak her nipples. Fiona shivered. Impatiently, she unzipped Markos' jeans and released his rigid cock. It sprung free like cobra. His meat felt hot in her hands as she guided it into her mouth and swallowed it to the base. She hungrily licked and sucked. Markos moaned and jerked with each aggressive stroke of her tongue.

"I'm gonna bust!" he cried a moment before releasing a torrent of jizz down Fiona's throat.

She lapped up every drop. It had been fast and mean, but they both liked it that way. Markos sank against the cushions. By now the margaritas had taken their toll. Too tired to go to bed, they fell asleep in each other's arms.

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"You're fucking joking, right?" Casey asked. Red-haired and freckled, he looked like a naughty schoolboy. He glanced around the bustling coffee shop and lowered his voice. "Fiona actually said...that?"

Markos sipped his latte. "Do I look like I'm joking?"

Casey shook his head. "Remind me to play Truth or Dare with Ellen. Hell of a way to find out a few dark secrets."

"I think it was a few too many margaritas."

"Then I'll use both," Casey said. "Though right now I don't know whether to pat you on the back or start praying." He paused and looked closely at Markos. "You're actually considering this, aren't you? Like, this isn't just joking around."

"It wouldn't make you hot to watch Ellen get fucked by a machine? Come on, I checked it out..."

Casey almost choked on his coffee. "Admit it...you were jerking off to it."

"Research, man. Isn't that what journalists are supposed to do? Fiona told me..."

Casey nudged Markos. "Speaking of the devil..."

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Fiona could tell by two very guilty expressions that Markos and Casey had been talking about her. She smiled inquisitively as she slid into a seat beside her husband.

“Want your usual, Fi?” Casey asked. “My treat today.”

“Thanks, Casey,” she said, watching him scuttle away.

She turned to Markos. “Discussing the weather, I see.”

Markos pasted on his most charming smile. “I’m sure you and Ellen have had a few convos.”

“Not about fucking machines...yet.”

“So you weren’t so drunk you forgot our conversation last night?”

“You certainly weren’t.”

Fiona glanced at Casey collecting her coffee.

“I found something interesting. But we’ll talk about it later.”

Casey returned with her coffee. “Sorry to cut it short,” he said, “but I just got a call from Colin. Needs me back in the office.”

“Catch you later, then,” Markos said.

“Have a good day, Fi,” Casey said, then turned to walk away.

Fiona took a sip of her coffee. “Mmmm...good. Hot and strong.”

Markos cocked an eyebrow at her. “If you’re intending to speak in code, you’re not making a very convincing effort.”

Fiona smiled conspiratorially. “So as I was saying, I found something interesting.”

“What?”

“You know what...”

Markos stared at her. “You did? Is that why you were late?”

“I was thinking about our talk last night. Since I’d already checked out some sites...I did a bit more snooping around.”

Markos leaned toward her. “No need to be a prick teaser about it. Tell me more.”

Fiona looked at her husband. She suddenly felt uncomfortable. What had started as a fantasy was venturing more and more into the light of day. Like most men, she assumed Markos would be intrigued by her secret obsession, but he seemed genuinely interested in playing it out.

“What?” he asked, studying her expression. “We’ve always been open about things, Fiona. Why should this be any different?”

“Because it wouldn’t be just you watching.”

“How many are we talking about?”

Fiona looked around. Too many people they knew came to the coffee shop. It wasn’t the time or place to discuss such a private matter.

“Let me show you tonight after work.”

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Seated in front of Fiona’s laptop, Markos stared at the black screen. The camera was on, the green light a tiny eye in the otherwise darkened room. They had followed a series of obscure links to a site that Fiona had received in an email, but fifteen minutes later, they were still waiting for some kind of contact.

“You sure about the link, Fi?”

Fiona nodded. "I had to reach out on a quite few sites before I finally found someone who'd refer me to the right place."

"I think we're somewhere in the dark net."

"I figured that," Fiona said. "I'll give it five more minutes. If..."

A window suddenly appeared on the screen. Though a figure was visible, the image was so dark it was impossible to determine anything beyond that it was male.

"You are Fiona?" a deep voice resonated.

"Yes. I was referred by Himeros. This is my husband, Markos."

The figure remained silent so long Fiona started to think the screen had frozen. Only when she glanced at Markos did the figure speak.

"I just confirmed your identities with Himeros. Only trusted members can make introductions."

"I...appreciate that," Fiona said, feeling eyes on her.

“You may call me Dante. I understand you’re interested in a session at the Garage.”

“Yes. Markos and I are interested. As I mentioned to Himeros, he’d like to watch.”

More silence. Fiona found the scenario was so unreal it felt like something out of a movie. At any moment, she expected Dante to lean out of the screen and grab her.

“The Garage is an exclusive membership club only. However, prospects are allowed one trial session. What’s found on most sites isn’t typical of the Garage. Most aren’t prepared for the true experience the club offers. There’s also a membership fee and you’ll be required to adhere to a strict protocol regarding anonymity. We take member privacy very seriously.”

“I understand, Dante. So we can make a more informed decision, could we possibly see a video of what the Garage has to offer?”

“Recordings are for members only, but prospects are allowed one visit to the Garage. Realistically, videos don’t convey the scope of...shall we say...member benefits. Since you were referred by Himeros, you’re welcome to make that decision, Fiona.”

Fiona glanced at Markos. In his eyes she glimpsed curiosity, arousal, but also a touch of skepticism. Admittedly, she felt the same. Who really knew if the Garage was even legitimate? But she’d come this far, and her instincts told that the mystery and secrecy promised something too tantalizing to dismiss.

“I’m interested in scheduling a visit,” she said.

Dante shifted. This time Fiona felt his piercing stare.

“Very well. I’ll select a date for the visit. Himeros will provide details of when the limo will come for you and Markos.”

“Limo?”

“Only members know the location of the Garage. A driver will pick you up and drop you off. Also, only referrals can tour the club, so Markos will enjoy the amenities of the member suite while you check things out. Is this acceptable to you, Fiona?”

Fiona hesitated for a moment. “Yes...that’s fine. How will...”

“Himeros will reach out to you twenty-four hours before the appointment. This is the only time he’ll contact you. If you don’t reply or can’t make the appointment, you won’t hear from us again.”

“I understand,” Fiona said, watching the window blink out.

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Rotating on Markos' rigid cock, Fiona reached out to grab the headboard and began bouncing hard. Markos moaned and gripped her ass cheeks so tightly his fingers left red imprints. He spread her wide and snaked two fingers deep inside her hole.

Fiona whimpered and jerked. Her hole was already lubed from the hot juice dripping from her pussy. Markos' fingers pumped in time with his cock. Fiona rode him even harder, the sensation of both holes soundly fucked fuelled by a mental image of a machine hammering her.

She looked down at Markos and dangled her nipples over his mouth. He sucked and nibbled on one, then the other. He smacked her ass with his free hand. Suddenly, he jerked and cried out a moment before releasing a torrent of hot jizz from his twitching cock. The sensation drove Fiona to cum explosively. The headboard banged from their violent rocking motion until Fiona collapsed into Markos' arms. Sweating, gasping, they held each other in silence for several minutes.

Finally, Markos stroked Fiona's damp her. He pushed a strand away from her face and gently kissed her.

"I love you," he said. "Finding you was the best thing that ever happened to me."

Fiona gazed into his eyes. She trailed her fingers against his face.

"Are you sure you're okay with all this?" she asked. "If you say no, I'm good with it. I have until midnight to respond to Himeros. I know I told you it was one of my favorite fantasies...but I don't want to force you

into anything uncomfortable. All I have to do is say I changed my mind and that's that."

Markos smiled. "But that's one of the things I love about you. You're not like so many other women I've known. Most of them toe the line even though they claim not to. But it doesn't take long to see through them. With you...every day's been an adventure."

Fiona kissed him. "Thank you for that. It's funny. Everyone goes on about being yourself, about not worrying about what others think or say about you, but most people do the opposite."

"Then let's keep on doing what we're doing," Markos said. "There's nothing I ever want to change about us. Go ahead and tell Himeros we're confirming the appointment."

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The Garage was more authentic than Fiona expected. It had been a mechanic's garage that had been converted into a private club for fucking machine enthusiasts. While the automatic roll-down doors no longer functioned and all exterior windows had been removed, all that was missing were the cars and oil-stained concrete.

Fiona noticed that the hydraulic lifters on each bay had been retrofitted into sturdy platforms displaying a daunting variety of fucking machines. Lining the walls, a smorgasbord of leathers, chains, ropes, hoists, restraints, harnesses, tools and toys presented a fetishist's wet dream. Though Fiona guessed the purpose of some items, some defied her

imagination. Lights and cameras were strategically positioned around and above the machines.

Her eyes flickered back to the fucking machines. Heavy duty beasts crafted with different colors of metal and intricately designed to mimic a variety of fictional creatures, they were far more formidable in person than on any site she'd visited. Each machine was matched with a specifically designed table with cushioned headrests for anyone wishing to straddle and mouth fuck a woman while she was being machine fucked.

All the machines had multiple arms designed to perform single, double or triple penetration using a variety of different colored, sized and shaped dildos. Fiona mused at whoever could accommodate so much penetration. Clearly, there were some diehard members.

Another machine displayed a tractor-like tread with authentic tongue extensions. All machines had controls remote controls positioned on a small platform within hand's reach that could stop the machines at any time, assuming restraints weren't being used.

The tongue extensions looked so realistic that Fiona had to suppress a sudden urge to touch one of them. She loved being eaten and tongue fucked by Markos. Some of her favorite videos showed a woman kneeling in front of a machine with her thighs strapped wide apart. It tongued both her pussy and ass and brought the woman to a screaming orgasm. The only thing the tongues couldn't do was actually penetrate her holes, but the sensation more than compensated.

Fiona felt Dante breathing behind her almost as though he could sniff her arousal. She imagined he knew what she was fantasizing about, but no doubt her eyes already gave it away. She was already getting wet

and tried to distract herself by glancing up toward a bank of heavily tinted windows overlooking the bays.

“That’s the member suite,” Dante said. “Markos will be watching from there. However, if he prefers to masturbate while watching, there are private cubicles as well. Let me know as they book quickly.”

Heat infused Fiona’s body. The thought of Markos actually jerking himself off while the machine fucked her was the ultimate turn on. She tried not to squirm. It would be up to Markos to decide where he wanted to watch as long as he could see her squirt. During their limo ride to the Garage’s mystery location, Markos had admitted that he’d always wanted to see that. Though they’d tried, nothing they did ever brought her to that point...until now.

Fiona turned toward Dante. Wearing a black dungeon master’s mask, a leather vest, pants and boots, he was almost intimidating. Tall and sculpted, his impressive mane of chestnut hair reached halfway down his back. Intricate tattoos decorated his muscular arms, though she tried not to stare too much at him. Something about his icy blue eyes and measured stare quelled her curiosity. His energy was powerful, almost overwhelming, and distinctly dangerous.

“Like what you see, Fiona? Usually by the time a prospective member takes the tour they’ve made up her mind.”

“Yes...I never imagined it would be anything quite like this...and I did my share of research.”

Dante laughed. “So I’ve been told many times by our members. That bullshit on the web...amateurs. Porn stars. Fakes.” He paused to glance around at his domain. “This is reality. This is the doorway to experiences most never allow themselves to imagine or enjoy. Their bodies are prisoners of the desires trapped in their minds.” He gestured around the Garage. “Here there are no boundaries except those you choose.”

He turned and looked her in the eyes. Fiona shifted uncomfortably. He grinned. “You see, Fiona, those who reach out...those who come here...they’re all looking for something. All motivated enough to take the time to find what they want and claim it. Now that you’ve found what you want, do you have the courage to decide how that’s going to happen?” He glanced toward the tongue machine. “We could start with this. The Teaser. A favorite of those who seek a...gentler introduction.”

He walked to the next bay and stopped by a machine fitted with two formidable black dildos. “You said double penetration was one of your fantasies. What about the Predator? It’s another one of our most popular machines.”

Fiona approached. The cowering, futuristic machine looked more like the creature from Alien. A streamlined exam-style table beneath it bore a tapered mouth-fucking headrest, studded leather restraints and raised stirrups. She reached out to touch the leather straps. They were more supple than she expected and were fur lined. She glanced at the surrounding bank of cameras and flat screens, including several strategically placed around and above the machine so she could watch herself along with her anonymous audience.

Dante chuckled. “How did I know? The Predator’s every woman’s fantasy. Most members like to be recorded, though it’s your choice. Some just like to be watched. Voyeurism and exhibitionism are strongly

encouraged here.” He paused. “But you...you definitely want to be recorded. You want every moan, every twitch, seen and heard.”

“You seem to know me quite well,” Fiona said.

Dante gave her an appreciative once over. “I know what my members want and give it to them. For some it’s more like a need. I provide a service. Like anything else, you have to know your market. No offense, but most men don’t have a clue how to really satisfy a woman or another man. Everyone has fantasies, though most lie about them. For those bold enough to admit them, I can transform them into realities.”

“What are the members like?”

“There are more than you think. Men and women of all ages. All ethnicities. From every walk of life. Clubs like this exist around the world. Sexuality is who we are. Sooner or later it has to find a way out.” He motioned toward the member suite. “Let’s continue the tour.”

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Between the chandeliers, full bar, and luxurious furnishings, Fiona felt like she had stumbled into the elegant lounge of an opera house. Her footsteps were soundless on plush black and gold carpeting. On dark matte walls, continuous flat screens offered 360 degree views of the bays. Buttery lighting cast the room in discreet shadow. A row of private cubicles fronted half of the windows, while twenty large leather recliners with attached refreshment stands flanked the remaining window space.

Fiona approached the windows. Though they had appeared completely opaque when she had looked up at them from the bay, her view below was clear. Looking at one of the seats, she noticed the curved design effectively concealed the face of anyone seated on it.

“Our clientele is quite exclusive,” Dante said, standing behind the mirrored bar pouring a gin and tonic on the rocks. “Discretion is the backbone of the Garage. Drink?”

“Yes, thanks.”

Dante poured a second glass. “There are no names here. No conversation without mutual consent. And in case you’re wondering, all requests go through me.”

“I was wondering about that,” Fiona said.

“I’m sure you were. If you choose to become a member you’ll learn more, of course. What I can tell you is that your session will be a full house. But there are arrangements to be made, and you and Markos have to sign an NDA. This isn’t a Saturday night swap with the neighbors. I guarantee you the experience of a lifetime. You may choose to participate or watch. There are other options as well, but again, those can be discussed should you become members.”

He approached and handed her the drink. Fiona sipped it. It was cold, crisp, and refreshing. Standing so close to Dante reminded her of stepping out of a very fast elevator. It was both disconcerting and arousing to know that he would be handling the machines.

“So what’s your decision?”

Fiona gazed down at the machines. Her gaze lingered on the Predator. She had a flash of herself spread out beneath it, writhing in anticipation as she waited for it to fill her holes.

“Book it. I’ll ask Markos how he prefers to watch.”

“Your choices?”

“The Teaser and Predator. Recorded.”

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Standing naked in the dressing room, Fiona stared at her body in a mirrored cubicle that showed every angle. After the limo had dropped her and Markos off an hour earlier, Dante had escorted Markos to the member suite before bringing Fiona to the dressing room.

Bathed in the subdued glow of lights, Fiona looked almost surreal. The luxurious room had everything she could possibly need from a custom-built Jacuzzi tub to upscale brands of cosmetics and toiletries. Her hair was swept into a knot to avoid any risk of tangling and she had lightly applied waterproof makeup. Tonight she knew she was going to sweat and squirt.

She ran her hands along her body. Completely waxed, she had lightly oiled herself until her skin gleamed. Her fingers lingered on her silky smooth pussy lips. They were already swollen from the thought of the intense penetration ahead.

Satisfied with how she looked, she reached for a simple, black silk robe hanging from a nearby hook. The fabric felt cool on her body. The last step was to slip into a pair of strappy, sexy black sandals that showed off her toned legs. She walked toward the entrance to the Garage and pressed the intercom button. Her heart started to pound; adrenaline rushed through her body.

The door clicked open. Fiona took a deep breath and stepped into the Garage. Her heels clicked loudly on the concrete floor. Only the lights surrounding the Predator were on, the rest of the interior cloaked in ruddy emergency lighting. The effect was eerie, almost intimidating. Screens displayed countless images of her. She noted that her expression was both eager and apprehensive.

Glancing up at the member suite, she felt eyes on her. Markos would be in one of the cubicles. The thought of so many strangers watching her excited her. They would enjoy drinks, perhaps snacks as they would at any performance. Only this time she would be on the stage.

Dante waited by the Predator. The black dildos were poised and ready. Arms crossed, dressed in leather and a cowed hood, she felt as though she was approaching an executioner. He motioned her to get onto the table. Fiona paused and untied her robe. Dante reached for it and draped it onto the next machine. Her glistening flesh pimpled in the cool air.

“You’re very beautiful,” Dante said, slowly eyeing her. “Get on the table and show them.”

Fiona climbed onto the table and placed her legs in the stirrups. Dante raised the stirrups until her thighs flanked her breasts and strapped on the restraints. Fiona gasped at the touch of his hands. The overhead screen clearly displayed her hardening nipples and spread pussy and ass. Recording cameras flashed green.

Dante pulled her arms above her head until her breasts rose into the air and strapped on the restraints. Wetness gushed from her pussy. Dante paused to look at her gaping holes. He grinned.

“Nice and tight. You’re going to be stretched to the max after tonight.”

Fiona watched him guide the dildos toward her and position them in front of her pussy and ass. From her vantage point they seemed huge, almost menacing. While Markos was big, these were more like monsters.

“We’ll start slow until you’re ready for full thrusting depth,” Dante said. “Then I can vary the speed.”

He retrieved a bottle of lube from a compartment at the base of the machine. Slipping on a latex glove, he squirted a generous amount on two fingers and inserted them into Fiona’s ass. She jerked as he worked his fingers inside her. Though she was no stranger to anal sex, Dante’s movements were far more assertive than Markos’ gentler touch.

Dante chuckled. "Relax. This is just a teaser." He withdrew his fingers, slipped off the glove and tossed it into a bin. "Ready?"

"Yes...I'm ready."

Dante glanced up toward the member suite and nodded. He positioned the dildos at the entrance to Fiona's holes. The broad heads brushed against her engorged flesh. A moment later, the soft purr of a motor preceded a slow insertion into her holes. Her thighs tensed as the dildos gradually entered her. Dante had been right. They completely filled and stretched her. The dildo penetrating her ass felt tight even though she was well lubed.

Dante watched her carefully. Slowly, he increased the speed. Heat rushed through Fiona's body. She began to thrust in time with the machine. The intensity of two cocks simultaneously penetrating her was almost unbearable. Within seconds, her body glowed with a sheen of sweat. Her thighs trembled, her heart a drumbeat in her chest. Through half-closed eyes, she caught her delirious expression in the overhead screen. She writhed and bucked against her restraints, the dildos gleaming with juice and lube.

Fiona's panted moans echoed throughout the Garage. Dante watched like a statue, pausing only to adjust the speed and angle of her penetration. Slurping sounds emanated from her holes as her juice dribbled down her spread ass. A slow burn rose from Fiona's groin.

Dante reached for a small compartment and retrieved a phone. He brought something up on the screen and held it over her face. Fiona blinked at an image of Markos furiously masturbating in his darkened cubicle. By his expression, it was evident that he wasn't aware that he

was being recorded. His eyes were fixed solely on the window and never once did he glance at the screens surrounding him.

“Harder?” Dante asked.

“Yes!” Fiona cried, her body jerking like a marionette.

Dante cupped his hand to his ear.

“Yes! Fuck me harder!”

Dante amped up the speed. Fiona’s scream was long and loud. Her wrists and thighs snapped against the restraints. Her eyes watered so much everything became a blur. Though Dante approached her with something in his hand, it wasn’t until she felt pressure against her clit that she realized what it was. The vibrator buzzed to life. Dante circled the head on and around her clit.

Fiona screamed from the explosive orgasm rocking her body. Wave after wave of excruciating pleasure resonated from every pore. She bucked so violently against the restraints that the buckle on her left thigh almost loosened.

Dante quickly tightened it and continued to press vibrator against her clit, pausing only to alternate between her nipples and clit.

“Stop!” Fiona screeched, yanking at her restraints. “Please stop!”

Dante's only response was to increase the speed of the Predator and press the vibrator harder against her sensitized clit.

Fiona gasped for breath. Her clit and holes burned, and she already felt another orgasm brewing. But these were no ordinary orgasms. She wasn't about to cum again, she was about to reach orbit. Now she understood the effect of hallucinogenic drugs. The sensations coursing through her body were so intense she felt as if she'd slipped into another dimension.

Her body began to shake so intensely she thought she'd faint. Another primal scream escaped her lips. This time, Dante quickly withdrew the dildos. Fiona squirted so violently she showered the immediate area with her cum. It was as though she'd pissed herself, but for the first time in her life, she had ejaculated.

Tears streamed down her face. Her body had become jelly. She was hot, cold, shivering, sweating. Her pussy and ass continued to leak.

"Stop...please..." she gasped.

Dante said nothing. Only when Fiona heard the clunk of metal did she realize that he had swapped out the dildo attachment with the Teaser attachment. She blinked drunkenly at the ready and waiting tongues.

"No..." she murmured.

“You agreed to both,” Dante said. “A performance can’t be changed once it’s started.”

He made a few adjustments and pressed the first tongue against her chafed pussy. Though Fiona tried to back away, the restraints prevented her from moving her body beyond its reach. When he turned on the machine, the endless circle of tongues lapping at her holes further aroused her throbbing flesh. It was different from the pounding of the dildos. The tongues teased with gentle, supple slaps focused on her engorged clit and twitching asshole.

A different kind of pleasure surged through her body. She smelled her sweat, the musk of her sex. Blinking up at the screen, she watched her squirming, writhing body almost from the perspective of an observer. Her glistening breasts jiggled, nipples painfully erect. There was no part of her body unaffected by the relentless machine.

Dante held the phone over her face. Fiona looked at Markos staring glassily out the window. By his expression he had clearly cum, probably more than once. But she also saw a myriad of emotions play across his face. Neither had expected that the experience would tap into something that had shaken their relationship to such a level.

The buzzing pressure of the vibrator sent her into another realm of pleasure. This time Dante kept it directly on her clit while holding the phone over her face. Markos stared as though hypnotized. Coupled with the lapping tongues, Fiona came almost instantly. She couldn’t believe there was anything left to squirt, but she ejaculated with the intensity of a fire hose above her agonized screams.

Only when she started to cry did Dante remove the vibrator and stop the Teaser. The blinking camera lights stilled. He released her restraints,

lowered the lights, and walked away. Minutes passed before Fiona was able to catch her breath. Unsteadily, her body still throbbing, she climbed off the table and reached for her robe. Her legs felt shaky. She tottered toward the dressing room like a newborn colt.

She was surprised to find Markos waiting inside. They looked at each other for a moment before Markos approached and took her in his arms.

“You okay?” he asked.

Fiona nodded. Her thoughts were foggy, her senses disoriented.

“I didn’t expect it to be like this,” he said. “It was...intense.”

“Yes...it was,” Fiona said. “I don’t even know how to put it into words. It was the way people describe an out-of-body experience. But I was watching and feeling in ways I never imagined. I wasn’t thinking...just reacting.”

Markos cupped her face. “I’ve never seen you like that...you were so beautiful...like a wild animal.”

“Maybe that’s a side we all have,” she said. “Most just never explore it.” She paused. “What about you?”

“It was a full house. Although nobody spoke or interacted. Didn’t know what to expect because Dante didn’t really say much beyond offering me a drink and escorting me into the cubicle.”

“I saw you watching me. It made me even hotter.”

“I didn’t see any cameras but I figured they were there. The whole thing...watching...being watched really is a real turn on for me...and obviously for you. Dante puts on quite a show.”

“What do you think?” Fiona asked.

“I showed you off once, but for me, that’s enough. I have a better idea.”

“And that is?”

“Did some research and found a machine I think would be perfect for us.”

Fiona’s eyes widened. “You’re kidding...not?”

Markos grinned. “You’ll have to find out when it arrives...”