

# X-Rated

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Drifting in on a dream Philip heard a repetitive thwacking sound. Thwack Thwack Thawack. It was in the distance somewhere but he had yet to open his eyes and didn't know where he was. Another thwack followed by a male voice.

"Oh, I've been a bad boy Mistress Suzanne."

Now preceding every thwack, the male voice cried out: "Oh. Oh. Arrr Yeow..."

Philip managed to drag one eye slightly open letting in a dim subtle light. He could feel movement around him, gentle and rhythmical as it disturbed his otherwise motionless body buried in the folds of something very soft. He felt curiously light. As if he was back in the vomit comet but a more gentle vomit comet than the one he was now used to. He felt as though he, and what ever he was laying on could, and probably was floating skywards. Finally the message that left his brain several seconds prior reached his eye-lid and it opened. There was little point in opening his other eye as it was buried, along with its share of his head, into the plush softness supporting him.

He looked around. Lieve was gone but he realized he was still laying in much the same position as he had when he fell asleep. As his body came back on line every part of him told him he felt good. Not just recovered from the day and the inebriation but exceptionally good. Better than he had ever felt before. He felt his mind switching on and as it did he felt more alert and alive than he had ever felt before. Then his brain made a discovery. His groin felt exceptionally good. Better than it had ever felt before.

His brain also told him he should investigate. He asked his brain to check his body to see if it would co-operate if he wanted to move. His brain ran a routine diagnostic by slightly stretching various muscle groups here and there. The ones that he would need if he were to move. His brain reported back to him that his body would probably function for him but that it had never experienced his body functioning like this before and couldn't guarantee the outcome. The only way he would find out for sure would be to try it.

He did so. Moaning slightly as if to test his larynx at the same time. He first raised himself up on his elbow. Now that his head was out of the furrow it had dug for itself he used the opportunity to open the other eye and survey his surroundings. The rhythmical motion he could feel was provided by two people fucking hard, further up the soft area. A man on top of a woman in a relatively ordinary missionary position. He figured they didn't think he was awake and so were not concerned when they started fucking. Now that they were in full fuck, they didn't care even if he announced his presence with a brass band. Unfortunately he didn't have one on hand and couldn't test his hypothesis But that still didn't explain the thwacking sound which was still accompanied by its male voice. Which was now beginning to squeal.

He began to crane his neck back in the direction of the huge video screen to further survey his surroundings and very quickly caught the site of two people standing in front of him just off the edge of the soft area.

It startled him. He jumped back and spun around quickly. His body responded with ease and grace like he had never known it before. Now sitting with his legs spread wide and his torso supported by his arms spread back behind him, he realised several significant factors all at once.

His eyes quickly scanned the two people. They shot up the long slender bare legs of the female standing before him till her legs disappeared underneath a very short maid's uniform. His eyes then darted across to the second person and down the maids uniform where they discovered a pair of very hairy male legs protruding from underneath the short dress. At the same time he realized his trousers had been removed and he was sitting wearing only his boxer shorts. Finally he realized that protruding from the open fly of his boxer shorts was the hardest most beautiful erection he had ever had, standing to attention as if he was displaying it for the two strangers to see.

At first he scanned the strangers to see if he knew them. His eyes darted backward and forward between their faces. His brain compared them to its own database of new faces but nothing registered. Then the woman spoke. She was relatively young and blond with pale skin, a trace of lipstick and an eloquent voice. He could almost touch the words as they came out.

"Can we get you anything, Mr. Salisman?"

He didn't answer. He didn't know how to answer. His brain was trying to attend to his new situation but it had no reference. He was not just caught off guard but completely off balance. As if his whole world had be tripped up around him but he was left standing. His erection certainly was and he began to wonder why it would not go down. He felt as though the woman's voice had some how made it grow larger. And as he sat there frozen for lack of a more appropriate thing to do, he felt it may burst. His world was spinning slightly and he wondered if this was because of the amount of blood it may have been taking to fill his throbbing shaft.

"Are you alright Mr Salisman?" came that voice again.

He managed to roll his eyes from side to side but was otherwise frozen. His body set in stone. Eventually his brain caught wind of an idea.

"No time to explain," it said. "Trust me!" and before he knew it he was crossing his legs and lunging his torso forward. Freeing his arms, they came to rest in his lap and almost obscuring his marvellous cock but not quite. An involuntary smile betrayed his true feelings.

"Don't worry Mr. Salisman. You'll get use to it," said the male maid. A voice that sounded like a hypnotic radio announcer. He caught a glimpse of a figure moving against the light of the video screen in the distance. It was accelerating in his direction. As it did he had time to notice that the video screen was showing two women in passionate embrace. A porno movie of some kind but it didn't explain the thwacking sound, which was still audible in the distance, though less regular now. The figure approached. It was Virginia Lieve.

"Oh I see you've met. Sorry I wasn't here when you woke up. I got side tracked a little. Allow me to introduce you to Kylie and Jason. They're our two live in maids. Oh don't worry, they're an item but they share some of the same kinks. You can fuck them if you want. And it looks as though you want." She smiled at the sight of his enormous phallus.

"Here. Let me help you up and show you around." She extended an arm and he extended his. She gripped his hand in hers and pulled him to his feet.

"May I?" she said gesturing to his chubby. He didn't know quite what she meant but he nodded anyway. She extended the hand that had helped him up and stroked his cock slowly, beginning at the base and working her way to the head.

"My, that's as hard as a rock."

He nodded and smiled not really knowing an appropriate sentence. "It won't go down," he said finally.

"Ah. That's a side effect of the pain killer I gave you. Don't worry about it. Enjoy it. I

am." She continued to stoke it and he felt like it was about to burst. His eyes rolled up and he felt like he was going to pass out with pleasure. Using his cock as leverage she pulled him closer to her. Past Kylie and Jason who were still standing to attention in front of him. She threw her free arm around his shoulder and hugged him. Never letting go of his cock. Her lips landed softly on his and she licked the perimeter of his mouth in a circular motion. Each swirl seemed to generate electricity which danced across his teeth, to the back of his neck and down his spine. It sent shudders through him as his brain interpreted it as a violet neon tube sparking into life. She drew her head back to look at him. She smiled as she scanned him for signs of pleasure. Signed that like the neon tube, lit up across his face. He couldn't believe what he was doing. This wasn't supposed to be happening. What's worse, he was powerless to stop it.

The two people fucking were now at the noisy stage of their love making. Constant moans and grunts from the pair reaching their climax and dying down to mere heavy breathing.

"You gave me that drug did you?" he asked when his mind stopped spinning enough to allow his curiosity to return.

"Oh, you know about it, then," she said still grasping his cock and holding him close.

"Yeah, Bernard told me about it when we were in the toilet together but I forget what it was called."

"PZT," shouted the out-of-breath man on top of the woman. Philip turned just enough to see that it was Bernard doing the grunting.

"What were you doing in a toilet with a strange man?" said Bernard's partner. Philip looked again but didn't recognise the woman or her voice.

"It wasn't like that" said Bernard.

Philip heard her say: "Well why didn't you invite me." but was distracted again but a gentle tug on his cock.

"So I thought they stopped you from getting hold of it," said Philip.

"Where there's a will, there's a way," said Lieve. She noticed a slightly worried look on his face. "Don't worry Philip my love. It's not addictive and it would take a whole bucket load to over dose on. Trust me, it's an excellent drug. I'll give you some to take home to your wife in a doggy bag."

"My wife!" exclaimed Philip. Realizing what had been eating at the back of his mind. His duty returned briefly. He wanted to pull away. He loved his wife but as he stood there he felt like he could do anything. He felt as though this was beyond a sexual experience and now well beyond his control.

Lieve loosened her grip, let go of his throbbing member and threw her arm around him so that they could be side by side.

"Now as I was saying. Let me show you round." She urged him to move forward and his legs began to move it was as if they were floating. As if instead of walking he was swimming against the carpet.

"Get Philip something to drink," said Lieve to Kylie and Jason.

"What would Mr. Salisman enjoy drinking?" said the voluptuous female voice.

"Well nothing alcoholic," said Lieve. "I think he'll find PZT far more enjoyable without alcohol hindering him. PZT's much better than anything else. How about some lemonade with some ice and a twist of lemon? Would you like that Philip?"

Philip nodded.

"I'll get it" said Jason and he walked off toward the amenities area . Philip noticing that he wiggled his hips slightly and as his dress bounced up, it exposed his bare, hairy ass. Normally

this would have been a repulsive sight to Philip but now, under the influence of this drug, it was almost alluring.

"What time is it? How long was I asleep?" asked Philip as he slipped his arm around Lieve's narrow waist. She raised her arm to see her watch. "It's 10 past eleven. I guess you were asleep for about 15 minutes." She walked him and his protruding erection slowly toward the big screen and its porno offering. Stopping there to admire it for a while.

"What happened to my trousers?" asked Philip.

"Jason took them to try and mend them. He's a consummate tailor as well as anything else. But I think they're a write-off. He said he could probably find something that would fit you."

"Just that I feel a little exposed. " said Philip gesturing toward his exposed penis. He tried to drag the flap of his fly across it but it was just too intense. There wasn't enough material to cover it.

"Well if it makes you feel any better, I'm not wearing anything under my outfit," said Lieve. She flipped the front of her skirt up to expose a brief flash of pussy. Philip blinked with embarrassment. It would have been otherwise polite for him to have looked the other way. Lieve was disappointed that he didn't take more interest but knew it was just a matter of time.

Jason returned with Philip's lemonade. A tall glass, filled with ice and ice cold clear liquor. It was adorned by a slice of lemon and a straw. Philip reached out for it but Jason slipped it to his girl friend Kylie who was standing on the other side of Philip. Philip looked at Lieve puzzled.

"Philip. You're the guest of honour here. We can't have you holding your own glass can we. That's what Kylie is for."

Kylie held the glass in front of him and extended the straw to his lips. Gently caressing them with her fingers and slipping the straw inside. She held her fingers there gently making sure the glass remained stable and that Philip could sip from it.

"Just tell me when you've had enough."

Philip sipped politely from the lemonade. It was the best lemonade he had ever tasted. He could actually taste the lemon. He'd never noticed how lemonade actually tasted of lemon before. It was sweet and erotic. The taste alone would have been erotic enough but with her fingers on his lips and the electricity they produced his emotional capacity was overflowing with every slurp. He nodded his head which signalled that he'd had enough for now and Kylie withdrew it.

"May I, Mr. Salisman?" said Kylie in a sensuous pleading voice. Philip didn't know what she meant.

"Go on, then," said Lieve on his behalf. With her spare hand cold from handling the glass, she reached down to Philip's bursting shaft. She ran two fingers gently along it. She shuddered as the pleasure surged through him. She rounded her fingers underneath his loose scrotum and caressed his balls ever so gently. He shuddered as her fingers moved back further into his boxers. Then back over his balls and along his shaft. He couldn't take it any longer and he came.. Shuddering and withering but not collapsing enough that she lost contact. All four of them looked in amazement as a small amount of pre-cum emanated from the end of his knob. He didn't understand. He had just come. It was one of the most pleasurable orgasms he had ever experienced and yet nothing more than a drip from the end of his knob. She slowly edged her fingers toward the end of his knob. The foreskin pulled back and sketched tight. Her fingers rounded the end and underneath where she instinctively knew it would be more

sensitive and he came again. This time shuddering more violently. She let go as he pulled away. His pelvis thrusting backward instinctively. Everyone was smiling at him but he was embarrassed at his public withering. Still nothing more than pre-come. He had remembered a time when his wife, then his girlfriend had made passionate love 4 times in one day but to come twice within a single minute was nothing he had experienced before.

As he withered and the others smiled, his confused expression begged explanation.

"Don't worry Philip. It's the drug. It can let you come without really physically coming. And even if you do, it resets you almost immediately." She was smiling at him and offering her hand in help. Despite the explanation he expected his cock to deflate but it didn't. He was sure it should be becoming painful by now but it was feeling better than ever.

"Did you take the drug as well?" gasped Philip.

"We all did," smiled Lieve back at him. "It's our favourite hobby next to fucking."

"So how come Jason here hasn't got a hard on?" asked Philip thinking he'd caught her out. Thinking he'd uncovered the conspiracy.

"Well I've got a little bit of wood," said Jason. "But I could wood up at any time."

"You see you can always tell the virgins," said Lieve. "The drug brings out all your repressed sexuality the first time you use it but after that you learn to relax and control it. Trust me on this. This is one wicked drug. It just get's better. Wait till you have a whole body orgasm. You won't think of sex the same way again."

Kylie offered him more lemonade. He wasn't really thirsty but he remembered how it felt to drink it so he accepted it. His lips seemed to electrify in anticipation of the straw reaching them. Her fingers resting gently upon them and inserting the straw slowly and gently. He felt one of her hands resting gently on his chin and he closed his eyes and sucked. He sucked and he sucked. The lemonade tasted like pure pleasure nectar as it trickled down his throat. After a moment Kylie sensed he had had enough and began to withdraw the straw. She removed the glass but her hand remained.

She extended an index finger and plunged it slowly into his mouth where the straw had been. He accepted it surprised but willingly. Her fingers probed his teeth and his tongue and every surface it touched sent electricity surging through his skull and down his spine. He felt his nipples become erect. The slight gentle movement of his shirt rubbing on them and causing more electricity to surge through him. He thought he saw purple and blue sparks from time to time but decided he was hallucinating. Soon Kylie had a second finger probing the inner depths of his mouth. He lost his composure and began sucking on them as if they were the straw. He saw Kylie's eyes narrow and her head rocked back. With every suck she melted into pleasure even more. Without removing her fingers she handed the glass to Jason. Then with her hand free she guided it between her legs. Her motions were obscured underneath her tiny dress but Philip marvelled at the stroking motion of her arm and the look of sheer pleasure which flushed across her face. Suddenly her head tilted forward and the motion stopped.

"This just won't do," she said.

Philip felt her fingers being extracted and wondered what he had done wrong. He looked at Lieve but she was smiling.

"Yes I think it's about time, don't you?" she said nodding at Kylie. Both of Kylie descended on the buttons of Philip's white shirt. Starting at the neck and moving down. As she reached the last button her arm gently stroked his cock. Pushing it to one side. She was half kneeling in front of him and as his shirt flew open she ran her fingers between his legs once more and along the shaft of his manhood. He shuddered.

"I do believe he's trembling," came a voice from behind. He instinctively looked over his shoulder to see who it was. At first all he saw was the diaphanous form. A shapely body in a completely sheer, see-through night gown. Gathered about the breasts and puffy sleeves, like a princess. It was Virginia Lake. She moved around the side of him and craned her neck down to inspect his John Thomas.

"You should be careful with a weapon like that. You might poke the poor girl's eye out."

As Kylie began the slow, sensuous process of removing his shirt Lake and Lieve approached and hugged. They exchanged kisses and stood back to admire the trembling form of Salisman. Kylie placed both hands flat on his stomach and then spread them out toward each nipple. Her fingers dancing around each before the flat of her palms dragged them upward. Every inch of skin in contact with her hands exploded as if its very pores were a million tiny orgasms all shooting jism. His body was shuddering as her hands reached his shoulders and pushed his shirt over his back. It slipped downward around his arms where upon she continued the flow and the shirt flopped on the ground behind him. Her hands traced his arms until she was able to pick up his own hands. She tickled his palms with her fingers for a time then slowly guided them forward till she could place his hands between her legs. For a moment he wasn't quite sure what he should do. Especially with her boyfriend looking on but he felt she was dripping wet and it turned him on. She removed her hands to her sides and swung her head and shoulders back. A signal for him to do something but what? He still wasn't sure.

Without losing contact with her skin he slowly moved his left hand out across her thigh dragging some of her wet juices with it. He could have sworn he felt her skin exploding under his fingers as his own had done but his logic told him that it was just her shuddering from the excitement. Although the purple sparks he was hallucinating now seemed pretty real. He began motioning his right hand between her legs. Moving it first off to her inner thigh on one side and then arcing it round to her opposite inner thigh. On each pass spreading more of her lubrication. He gently traced the folds between her legs and each time she shuddered more. Her hands were spread out in an "A" formation to her sides and she began to lean so far back he thought she was about to fall. So did her boyfriend Jason who quickly found the coffee table to rest the lemonade and then came to her rescue. Just in time as she let her balance slip back into his arms. Jason kissed her forehead as Philip's fingers began to probe her. Entering her folds ever so slightly and mingling with the hood of her clitoris. He could feel the electricity she produced in his fingers as they probed ever deeper. Electricity that was beginning to cause tremors seeping through her body. The pleasure obvious from her smiling face.

She moaned slightly as one finger then two entered her probing up to the second knuckle. His hand twisting slightly to bring his thumb up on her clitoris. Within two strokes she shuddered and began to convulse violently. He stopped his motion but left his fingers in place. Her own involuntary motion doing the rest for her. Pulses of convulsion surged through her then became less frequent.

Lieve and Lake were standing and applauding at the sight. Finally Kylie spun her weight back out of Jason's arms and stood upright. Her legs still spread where they were. Philip removed his fingers. But she quickly grabbed his wrist and propelled them back again.

"I should wear your fingers more often," she said She placed one hand on his shoulder and drew him near. Then kissed him briefly to draw back and stare deeply into his blue eyes. She drew him close again and probed his mouth with her tongue. Their mouths opening wide as

their tongues intertwined in an electric ecstasy.

"Hey leave some for the rest of us," shouted Lieve facetiously. She knew the drug would leave plenty for all.

As she withdrew her mouth to make eye contact, Philip noticed her boyfriend Jason from the corner of his eye, kissing Virginia Lake with equal passion. At first the sight of a young man kissing a middle aged woman would have repulsed him but with the drug flowing through his body, the sight of two amoebas in the act of reproduction would have turned him on. Kylie kissed Philip one more time swiftly and lightly then withdrew, signifying it was over. But a wink told him only for the time being.

All eyes shifted to Lake and Jason who were embracing as passionately as any lovers might. Lieve was standing with her legs spread slightly. Her hands clasped in front of her chin and swaying from side to side. She was smiling as if to say this was a sight she had waited to see all her life. Albeit a strange sight as a middle aged woman in a see through night dress and a man dressed in women's clothing kissed passionately like young lovers alone together for the first time.

"We should leave them to it," said Lieve. "Lets show Philip around."

Lieve grabbed Philip by the arm and guided him away slowly. Collecting Kylie with her other hand and then all three, hand in hand moved off. Philip's still erect and near bursting John Thomas swaying from side to side as it remained protruding from his silk boxers. Philip caught two figures from the corner of his eye. They were just visible as light reflected from their wet and seething bodies in the darkened wet area. He craned his head to take a more detailed look past Lieve and Kylie who were obscuring his view. Lieve looked first at Philip and then turned in the direction he was looking. She realized what he was looking at and stopped.

"That's Hannie and Alien. They said they had something new to try in the wet area. Would you like to join them? I'm sure they'd Looove to have you."

Philip shrugged not knowing what to explore first. Then his ears tuned into the thwacking sound again. It was still eating into his subconscious.

"What is that ?" he said as he looked away in the opposite direction and toward the direction of the sound. Lieve and Kylie began giggling. Kylie placed her hand over her mouth to symbolically hide her amusement. Lieve began dragging them both out and past the elevator stack and stairwell which dominated the centre of the huge room.

As they rounded it he could see the large rack in the distance. Lieve dragged them hurriedly and excitedly toward it. As it loomed large he could see the forms of Suzanne, dressed in a red and black rubber cat suit, and Yuchtar in a bitch-leather jumpsuit, standing either side of the rack which looked like an artist's easel. Strapped to it was Chris, his arms held up forming a "Y" whilst his legs spread out forming an "A". His head peered over the top at them and he smiled pleurably as they approached.

"Thwack" landed Suzanne's whip on Chris's buttocks. Chris jolted in pleasure. It could have been pain but Philip couldn't really tell. Given that the drug made it likely that he could endure major surgery and enjoy it, he pegged his state as pleasure.

"Thwack" landed Yuchtar's riding crop then seemed to probe his arse for show.

"Oww!" shouted Chris as his eye's rolled back. then caught sight of Philip's outstanding feature.

"Now there's something you don't see every day," he said just as Suzanne's whip made contact with his buttocks again. "Yeeow. Christ more. More." Thwack.

The last contact sounded severe so Philip broke away from the others to investigate. He rounded the rack but not allowing himself come between Suzanne and her victim. There he saw Chris's rosy red butt cheeks glowing with welt marks from both sides. Behind them all in a cabinet that could have equally housed pool cues was an array of well designed and probably industrial grade bondage equipment. Several cat-of-nine-tails varying in size. Whips and crops of all kinds. A number of black imposing dildos and all manner of restraining equipment. From hand cuffs to clamps and spiked leather straps. On a large steel trolley at the back Philip noticed a large vice and other assorted metal work tools. It made him shudder when his mind put his balls and the vice together. Though he probably would have enjoyed it in this state.

He wasn't entirely sure what he was seeing at this point as the waves of hallucinations kicked in. Spurred on by his body which was sending him waves of pleasure just by the act of moving. Suzanne has stopped whipping. She was locked in a gaze at Philip's upstanding appendage. Yuchtar on the other hand, who had a lesser view continued to lay one on which cause another yelp and quiet whimper from Chris.

Philip watched as Yuchtar tickled the rim of Chris's arse with the tip of her riding crop just enough to tease him. Suzanne watched Philip watching. She could swear she could read the pleasure serging through his swollen member. For the first time his physique appeared to her as if a vision. His white milky skin. His subtle pecks. He had muscles but they were not overstated. He was just right. Neither macho nor a wimp. His baby face set off by his bright blue eyes and short spiky blond hair. Everything enhanced by the drug. His firm butt and erect nipples ripe for the sucking. Her mouth watered at the sight.

"I'm sorry Chris, there's something I've got to try," said Suzanne as the whip fell from her now open hand. She moved toward Philip squeaking and squelching in her rubber attire. She lunged at him then retreated slightly. She turned and lunged her lips at him from another angle but couldn't decide the best approach to take. Each attempt brought her electric field closer and it repelled his lightly hairy chest in anticipation. He could smell the latex of her suit and it both repulsed and invigorated him. It reminded him of the days when he and his wife, then his girlfriend, needed to use condoms. He began to feel guilty as the concept of his wife invaded his brain. He wanted to let himself go but there she was. A part of her that he know would be deeply hurt. He knew that she was not the type to enjoy a night like this but then neither was he up until 45 minutes ago. He wondered what it would be like to have his wife here and on the drug with him and this seemed to build the guilt inside him. Guilt which quickly faded as Suzanne planted her ample red lips on his left nipple and began to suck.

Her tongue danced around it in a circular motion and then began flicking it gently. The electricity came again and shot up and down his spine like a Jacobs ladder. He threw his head back as the pleasure spread like an earth quake from the epicentre of his nipple on outward. He began to shudder with sensations he had never felt before. Suddenly he collapsed to the floor shuddering and quivering. His nipple orgasmed as if it's very flesh had blown it's wad. The shockwaves traversed to his cock which reciprocated exploding with pleasure but very little of his expectant sticky fanfare. He quivered on the hard vinyl tiled floor for a time until it dissipated with a smile.

"Bravo!" shouted Chris. "I'd have applauded but I'm a little tied up right now." He was presented with another Thwack across the buttocks.

"I told you your whole body could cum," said Lieve currently embracing Kylie and rocking with her gently.

Suzanne on the other hand was disappointed. Her brief exploration of his skin did not



satisfy her curiosity. She waited for him to finish with his orgasmic convulsions and proceeded straddle him. Her rubber coated legs spread each side of his body. He looked up at her expectantly. He didn't know if he should smile or be very afraid. She looked fierce and determined. He looked across at Lieve and Kylie half expecting Lieve at least to offer some clue but she simply smiled. There was a zipping sound. He looked up to see Suzanne whizzing the big, grey plastic zip down her cat suit. It began to split in two around her like a peeled banana. Still straddling him she began to peel it down her legs. The rubber squeaking and stretching, popping as it split back hard against her skin. Normally she would have done this slowly for maximum effect but she was on a mission. Still it felt good and she took a moment to soak it up throwing her head back in pleasure. When she threw it forward again she had a more serious, even sinister stare. She kicked off the last of her cat suit and edged up to his waist line. She stared at him and he stared at her. He didn't know what to expect but expectant he was. Slowly she squatted over him and shards of anticipation ran through him length ways like a million tiny needles. Every hair on his body stood on end as she drew closer.

She placed one hand between her legs. He thought she was going to wank but suddenly her hand altered course and quickly grabbed his shaft. He winced with pleasure. He didn't know if he was feeling pain any more. Everything felt so good that he had no choice but to surrender to it. For another moment he thought she was going to try to lift him by the shaft of his cock. She pulled at it hard. But then he realized she was merely gaining her balance back on her toes as she squatted. Just as he was wondering what she was aiming at it all became clear to him. She lowered her shaven wet pussy onto his dick. Guiding it in to dock with her hand. It made contact with her. He could feel her wetness on the end of his knob but to his surprise she didn't proceed to slam down her gaping hole around him. Instead she began to swing his entire member backwards and forwards. Rubbing it through her open folds. He could feel his knob becoming wetter and wetter as it picked up more of her excretions. He let go and his head hit the floor. Perhaps harder than he would have liked but he wasn't worried. He realized his hands were at a loose end. He was only able to fondle her knees and since this might put her off balance he raised his hands and placed them behind the back of his head, intertwined to form something of a pillow.

She gently rocked him back ward and forward as it plunged ever deeper into her. She concentrated his fleshy dildo onto her clit and circled it there. His most sensitive part against her most sensitive part. The thought alone was enough to send mild orgasmic pulses through him. The sensation made him want to roll over to get relief from the subtle pleasure. Instead he lay there. The orgasm building and quivering inside him.

Suzanne plunged his knob back through her folds to her waiting hole. tickling the rim with it but not letting it slip in. Then back again to her clit where she would orbit it for a while. Back and forth. She lowered herself a centimetre causing his cock to have to bend as she forced it through her. Her backward stroke causing blue electricity for flow from his spine, through his shaft and jump out of him into her. He noted she seemed to respond. Her forward stroke at the opposite effect dragging the knob through her under pressure. Red, very sharp electricity that he was sure he could see reflected on every surface serged from her gash into his knob. He swore he could see his nipples light up as the electricity reached them.

She concentrated her efforts on her clit. Circling and forcing his knob across it. Pushing the fleshy hood away. The wetness running over her hand and running down his shaft as her hole salivated. The electricity was mutual. She lowered herself involuntarily and could feel the indent of his eye. It sent her over the edge. She began convulsing violently. Springing up and

down. She lost her grip and came down hard on his knob. It hurt him though he felt the pain as pleasure. It slipped along her gash adding to her cum and the wetness allowing it to slip inside her.

She felt his hat slip in. She felt every contour of it's shape inside her. She came again. Her legs could not support her weight any longer. and she engulfed him to the route of his stalk He felt his cock slam hard up inside her. She felt it too and swung forward. He could sense her silky lining slipping and gently pumping his member. Her forward movement seeming trying to extract what ever body fluids from him but it was her quivering mass that sent pulses through him. Pulses that transmitted through his body and bounced back like waves in jelly. it put pressure on the base of his stalk and it shot. She felt it stream inside her and her quivering took on new dimensions. He convulsed as his body's natural mechanism began to pump his jism into her harder. She could feel it's warmth expanding with her own cum and she collapsed on top of him. Quivering over him. Philip,'s pelvis jerking uncontrollably under her. Her lips met his as if a switch had closed and a circuit had been made. The current flowing continuously across her lips and into him. From his member back into her. Wave after wave of uncontrollable pleasure until the batteries finally ran down a minute or two later. She withdrew her face from his so she could watch the pleasure in his eyes. Every now and then a small after shock. Sometimes her sometimes him. Little realizing that he was scrutinizing her face for the same traces of pleasure. Her reassuring smile his tell tale sign.

She began to sit back on him slowly. Raising herself to the upright position. It began to force his still swollen penis hard inside her again and he began convulsing. As slow as she might try she couldn't prevent the after shocks. They continued to set each other off. His spasm causing a spasm in her. Her spasm causing him to react again. Normally she would have to remove herself at this point because it would begin to hurt but instead it was just added pleasure. The exchange now running out of her, around his base and over his balls. A tiny stream running between the cheeks of his ass felt cold but sensuous.

It seemed to signal the need to urinate. His hard member preventing any release but he could feel the need building inside him. It could wait. He enjoyed surveying the pleasure displayed in her face. He made no effort to keep his manly cool from her. He closed his eyes and smiled as if he had just achieved the impossible dream.

he opened his eyes and realized his head had drifted a few centimetres toward the rack and if he looked up he could see beyond it's base board and straight between Chris's legs. He could see Chris's own erect shaft protruding from between a pair of hairy balls. Yuchtar had completely forgotten to whip him whilst she watched her friend's own exploits. Philip realized that all eyes were upon them.

Yuchtar landed an extra hard blow but Chris didn't react.

"Untie me wench." She shouted figuratively for which he was re-warded with another blow to his buttocks.

"No no. Really! Untie me I want to have him too. "

"Oh that's different then," said Yuchtar

"What?" shrieked Philip.

"Something new for you!" said Suzanne still minding his manhood in her. "Trust me he's very good."

For Philip this was almost too much to contemplate. Cheating on his wife was going too far. Having sex with strange women was going way further than he would have allowed himself. And as Yuchtar quickly untied Chris from the rack, Philip concluded that he had gone

so far across that line as to completely lose sight of it. But somehow being this far lost in a strange city excited him. In a way he felt more free than he had ever done before. He concluded that whilst he was in town, he may as well see all the sights.

"Bin 97" Cried Lieve. "It's time for Bin 97!"

"Hu?" said Philip as he saw Kylie break her embrace and rush away across the room. Suzanne distracted him again by flicking his nipples. She laughed almost maniacally as she did so. His erect nipples felt like rivets under her fingers. Eventually the concept of their contours took her fancy and she began to trace around them with her fingers. Her gentler motion causing the now familiar electricity. Chris was untied and he too disappeared into a small amenities room behind the bondage area. He returned with what looked to be a plastic tool kit and presented it to Yuchtar. Yuchtar supported it with one hand, opened the lid and peaked inside.

"Ooo." she said pouting. "I see what you have in mind."

"Well he is a virgin after all," said Chris.

Philip didn't like what he was hearing but Suzanne had him all but paralysed.

"But who do you suggest would be suitable?" asked Yuchtar of Chris. Chris gazed at Lieve then turned his attention to Suzanne. Finally he returned his eyes to Yuchtar.

"Moi?" Said Yuchtar pressing a free hand to her breast. "I don't really think so but I'm honoured you would ask." Just then Kylie returned carrying one of the little plastic medical kits and smiling. Chris and Yuchtar looked at each other as if to read their minds.

"Kylie!" they both shouted with a grin that would have wiped the smile from a bank executive on profit taking day. Kylie looked at them confused but then ignored them. She knew them too well and if they wanted her to fuck a door knob she would. She just couldn't resist. Even without the drug. But with the drug she could make the door knob cum. She handed the medical kit to Lieve who immediately opened the little black plastic box and retrieved another hypospray. Philip could read the words "Bin 97" upside down on the open box.

"What's that?" he asked "a different drug?"

"Kinda," said Lieve smiling as she admired the medical instrument as a work of art.

"Thing of beauty!" she continued under her breath. After clicking in a drug cartridge she began to adjust the dosage dial on it's chrome shaft. When finished she peered over it at Philip.

"This is PZT from way back in 1997. It's as close to a vintage wine as you'll get in a designer drug." She closed the case and handed it back to Kylie. "You see as PZT gets older it oxidises. As it oxidises one of the chemicals becomes more reactant and forms a catalyst This is what causes it to become very sexually active. But the problem is that it's strength deteriorates as well. You have to use more of it. Eventually the drug should become harmless but we don't know how long that takes. It was only invented in 1997 and we just happen to have secured most of the original batch. Even the commander doesn't know about it. And of course we trust you won't tell her. "

"Tell her what?" said Philip still pinned down on the hard floor. "I'm still not sure what you're talking about?"

"Let me put it to you this way Philip. If you think you're having a good time now..." Lieve smiled at him but she sensed he was uneasy. Though he was more uneasy about having sex with another man now than he was the drug.

"Don't worry Philip. This drug is pretty harmless and you should consider it an honour that we'd share our stash with you. We only bring it out on special occasions."

"Yup," said Philip. "I guess this warrants a special occasion. Or at least it is for me at the moment."

Lieve checked that the hypospray was charged and active. Its special CO2 cartridge charged and ready to administer the drug. She held the instrument in both hands in front of her like a ceremonial dagger.

"For what we are about to receive may the lord make us truly rooted."

"Amen" came the chorus. She swung the instrument around her as if divining for human pleasure. It pointed straight at Kylie first. Kylie's eyes lit up. Philip could have sworn he saw lasers shoot out of them. The spray unit descended on her neck. Lieve probed her to find a vein and then squeezed the trigger. It hissed for a second and Kylie's eyes rolled up and then narrowed.

"Ahhhhhhhh" she said softly in a voice that was total orgasm. Once again the magic wand searched for a target. It found Philip. She knelt on the floor in front of him and he could see directly between her legs. His eyes followed the path underneath her skirt to her dark and mysterious pussy but she grabbed his head and forced it to look the other way. Just as Philip thought she was being coy he felt her probe for his carotid and "fsst" The drug mingled with his blood and then he was gone. He hallucinated a little. He saw a bright blue sky on a summers day. The splotches of light on the tiled ceiling forming puffy clouds. He was momentarily lost in an old country town. Wooden, unpainted buildings lined one side of the street and he could see old country folk sitting on their porches whittling with knives. Their 10 gallon hats shading their faces from view.

"Fsst" The sound shattered his dream. The country town dissolved into the wooden bondage rack beside him. The 10 gallon hats became Suzanne's matted hair wisping away in front of her as she leaned forward to collect her dose. She collapsed forward on top of him. Her every movement a sensuous pleasure. Her face resting next to his. She whispered in his ear.

"Don't worry Philip. We love you. We'd never hurt you." And with that she began probing his ear with her tongue. Philip was now so out of it he was simply a receptor for pleasure. His penis now so sensitive he could feel every shape inside her. Every contraction of her vaginal wall mapped into his brain as if it was part of him. Her breasts laying across him felt as though he was feeling her body from within her. Nothing he felt could his logical mind explain and that was how he hoped it would remain. What vision he had through his squinting eyes seemed as though someone had turned the colour and contrast up all the way. And then some. he could see shapes like credits from a movie winding up in front of him but was unable to focus on them to read what they said. It didn't matter he already knew what they said and it was not something that words could adequately describe.

He felt Suzanne's stomach muscles tightened and her vagina grip him tightly as she pulled her body up again. Her licking rendering almost all of that side of his face wet and cold. He saw Lieve with the hypospray at her own neck as everyone else floated in toward him in slow motion and rippling as if they were caught in some old 1950s movie dream sequence.

He was both disappointed and ecstatic as Suzanne slowly pulled her self from his body. He felt his cock slipping out of her. His cock had softened slightly as every other part of his body competed for attention for sensations of pleasure of orgasmic magnitude. He felt the mixture of their cum and sweet slowly flowing around his groin, between his butt cheeks and to the floor.

Two pairs of arms slid along each side of his chest. He opened his eyes as he felt them attempting to move his body and saw that it was Chris and Yuchtar. They sat him up and his

lose head flopped around. It felt good to him to be so lose. He saw Chris's face move in closer and he instinctively turned his head toward it. Chris's own head flopping about on it's collision course. Their lips met and to Philip's surprise they were sweet. His strong hands gentle as they slipped down his body and began caressing his thigh.

"We're going to move you somewhere more comfortable" came Chris's echoing voice.

"I can move Ok," said Philip hoping he could regain control of his body. Yuchtar steadied him as he rose to his feet.

"Is the room really like this?" said Philip to everyone in general. "Do you see it like this? It's one big swimming pool of pleasure."

An echoic laugh entered his years from all around. Each detail of each component sound funnelled into his ear canals and tickled his brain in ways he had never known sound to do before. The right sound could have caused his brain to convulse with pleaser. It made him think of making music like this. For a moment he desperately wanted to be in his studio. Making music or listening to it in this condition. With the headphones on or the surround sound monitors cranked out. But it was short lived. the need to urinate stepped into the forefront. A pleasurable enough feeling but he knew there was a time and a place.

"I need to whizz." he said.

"We'll take you there," said Chris.

All six of them headed for the nearest amenities area and presented Philip to the toilet door.

"May I?" said Yuchtar. "I never like to miss an opportunity"

"Be my guest," said Chris on Philip's behalf and Yuchtar followed Philip into the cubicle behind and to one side. He reached for his john Thomas but Yuchtar smacked his hand. The mild pain causing sensations which ultimately translated into pleasure. She gently crabbed his softening phallus and pointed it to where she hoped it would aim in the right direction. Nothing happened. It began to harden again with her touch. He had no control but Philip concentrated and before too long, and despite his erectile state water began to flow. Yuchtar concentrated on aiming it into the bowl as the simple pleasure of pissing over took him. He felt every mililitre of urine pass through him. The relief in pressure on his bladder began to make him harder. Sensations that normally would be unrelated were now cross wired somehow. His flow began to diminish until there were only a few drops.

"This is the part I like," said Yuchtar and she began to shake it.

"Back in Canada. In the winter. You could have signed your name with it."

Yuchtar craned her face forward so he could see from her expression she didn't have a clue what he was talking about.

"In the snow I mean. You could have signed your name in the snow."

"I think I'd like that," said Yuchtar releasing his bowing member. "I can see you've done thing before?"

Both of them had underestimated the restraining effect of his hard on. Suddenly there was a burst of urine. It shot across the cubicle and splashed back on his legs and pooled around his feet. For the first time he felt embarrassed despite the fact it felt good. He wished that had not happen. It soaked him but spared Yuchtar.

"Oh I'm sorry "she said. "I shouldn't have let go. Philip said nothing because he didn't know how to react."

"You'll just have to take him to the wet area," said Lieve who had crowded in behind them in the toilet.

"I'll fix this," said Kylie. "You fix him."

One by one they backed out of the cubicle and allowed the now highly embarrassed Philip to exit in full view.

"I don't think you'll be needing those any more," said Chris pointing at his boxer shorts through which his dick was still protruding. Philip agreed. They were soaked with piss anyway. He began to slip them down.

"Not here," said Lieve. "Wait till we get you to the wet area."

She led him across the room to the darkened area where Stephanie Vourhause and Jerry Hanniford were still splashing and playing.

"We've brought you a present," said Chris as he turned on the light.

The light switches were coated in a thick plastic film which allowed them to be controlled but not allow any water to get into the mechanism. The dimmer controls were touch sensitive slide ribbons which appeared to have no moving parts. As the lights came on they caught the sight of the girls in the far corner. Stephanie was sitting snug between Jerry's legs whilst Jerry cradled her and they both lent their heads against the wall. Lieve began removing the remains of her suit .

"Wait. I've always wanted to do that," said Philip. "May I?"

"Oh yes by all means" said Lieve. "But first you should get cleaned up. "

Philip surveyed the wet area but it looked like no bathroom he'd ever seen it was about 10 metres square. It cambered slightly to each end so that water from the middle would have to make a choice as to which end it would run to. It looked like a tiled surface, white tiles but somehow they were tiered like the soft area had been. Not as exaggerated but he couldn't work out what it was for. One end was rather like a conventional shower room that one might find in a sporting change room. The other was almost like a swimming pool or a very large Jacuzzi. All kinds of strange devices adorned various parts of the wall. Spray nozzles and hoses. Some hoses which reminded him more of a car maintenance shop hung from the ceiling but within easy reach. A matrix of pipes adorned the ceiling hanging just lower than the recessed and waterproof lighting.

He stood on the carpet outside and tentatively stepped into the cambered buffer zone which prevented water from splashing out into the rest of the room. The surface felt like white stone underneath his feet. A rough non-slip surface that massaged his feet and sent slight orgasmic messages up his legs. He noticed fans which effectively extracted steam and moisture and prevented it too from entering the room. Trying to take in the marvel of this engineering masterpiece he crossed the buffer zone and stepped onto the tiles. To his surprise they weren't tiles at all but a soft plastic surface that felt like skin under his feet. Spongy like a thin foam rubber mattress or the padding on the walls of the vomit comet.

"Whoa" he shouted in surprise as he almost lost his balance. Yuchtar giggled.

"This is fucking amazing" he said. The naked form of Stephanie Vourhause stepped up to greet him and offered him her hand. With her other hand she pointed to his piss stained underwear.

"Oh err." he said as he looked round for something appropriate to do with them. She pointed to some flip door openings in part of the wall. One labelled. "waste". The other labelled "washing". He figured on washing and made his way back toward them. They were mounted just inside the buffer zone on the side wall. He marvelled how they were mounted right into the soft surface of the wall. He figured rightly that both bins were emptied from the other side of the wall through a small service door.

He removed his last remaining shield of his nakedness, tossed it through the opening and turned to survey his new environment like a free man. The smile of accomplishment beamed across his face and seemed contagious as Stephanie Vourhause returned his smile. It seemed to him that this was the first time he had seen her genuine smile. Jerry approached and stood by her side. Now she too was smiling. The smiling Philip turned to see if anyone else was smiling. They all were. His smile caused Yuchtar's smile to upgrade to an uncontrollable giggle. She placed her hand across her mouth but this seemed to send a message back to Philip's brain to begin giggling. Pretty soon the message got around and everyone began giggling. They stood their giggling for a while but it was addictive and soon they needed more. Yuchtar burst out laughing. She doubled over in fits of hysterical laughter. Chris hit the floor. He laughed so much his legs gave out. He pounded the carpet and began kicking. The laughter continued causing arousing complications. Jerry stooped and gripped Stephanie's shoulder for support. Stephanie lost her footing and slipped floorwards with Jerry tumbling after her both still laughing beyond understanding.

Just then Kylie returned to see them all in hysterics. Virginia Lake, Fresh from wearing out Jason strolled up to see what the commotion was all about. There was nothing funny except fun in itself. Which was enough to start the whole process all over again with her. First a smile, then a giggle and pretty soon Virginia Lake was in fits of hysterics. Kylie was beginning to think they were laughing at her but eventually she too began to smile. Bernard came running from elsewhere in the room. He ran up and stopped without saying anything. For some reason this wiped the smile of everyone's face as they saw him approach. He scanned their serious faces but said nothing. Wondering if he had offended them in anyway. Now he was confused.

But a second later they all began laughing at him again. Chris has tried to get up off the floor but didn't manage the task as his convulsive laughter causes severe lack of co-ordination. Philip somehow managed to place both feet in a soapy patch of the floor and flipped flat on his back. Everyone else apart from Bernard who as previously standing laughed so hard at this that they too were now rolling on the floor.

Bernard was smiling but didn't quite get the joke.

"You guys!" he said and he turned and wandered off. The laughing decayed away as Bernard disappeared toward the opposite side of the room. As the noise of the laughter decayed to its ambient level, suddenly they heard Bernard burst out laughing in the distance. Followed by another, unseen female voice. They couldn't see who was laughing but it was as if Bernard had caught the laughing virus and was now intent on spreading it contagiously through out the building.

A few more snickers were exchanged before the serious business of hosing down Philip began. Kylie stepped into the wet area as she tore off her uniform and flung it. Keeping her gaze transfixed on the naked Philip Salisman she grabbed one of the suspended hoses without seeing it. She didn't have to. She'd done this a thousand times before. She dragged it to a suitable level and squeezed the trigger. A stream of body temperature water squirted and hit him directly in the midriff. Philip instinctively compensated by protecting it with his arms. It was of no use. She simply shifted the stream of water to his chest. Then as he raised his arms she hit him fair and square in the crotch. He hit the floor again. Another burst this time from Stephanie. And then yet another from Jerry. Only Jerry's apparatus was a sprinkler. It showered him from a distance. Once he got use to it he stopped squirming. The sensations of the warm water taking him over. The floor was soft. It was like a waterbed except here the water was on the outside.

He sighed with delight as water ran up his inner thigh and danced around his crotch. Then the water was gone as fast as it came.

"He's Clean." exclaimed the effervescent Kylie. They all let go of their hoses at the same time and they retracted into the ceiling. Thudding when they reached the end of their travel. Kylie extended her hand to help him up. Smiling all the affection she could muster. As Philip's dick hardened again he realized it was the affection that got him going the most. And Kylie had a particularly affectionate manner in her voice. He figured she could probably sell refrigerators to the native Inuit people of Canada if she were ever to turn her voice to radio voice overs. He stood there facing her whilst staring deeply into her eyes. This was not just a sexual experience it was a spiritual one. He had consoled himself that this would be a night of meaningless sex but now he was in very real danger of it beginning to mean something. But she touched his dick and it was all over. 100 percent sex. He surveyed her small shapely breasts, her hardened nipples and his mouth watered. He longed to touch her. She stroked his wood again and he knew he had licence to take her.

In a clumsy bear hug he pulled her to him. She guided her lips directly to his without any hesitation. She had to make an effort as she was a good few inches shorter than him. She stood on her toes and his dick slid between her legs. She lowered herself back to her heels whilst licking and slurping down his chin. The sensation sent him into hallucinations of light and colour. Her lowering shaven cunt, as wet and slippery as it was, dragged his rod down dragging the top of it's head against her clitoris. Her eyes narrowed as she balanced herself there.

The top of his knob gave off distinctly different sensations to it's underside. More intense and local somehow. He couldn't hold it there for long before he found himself wanting more. He withdrew but as she was about to get angry at him he pushed her gently to the floor. She lay back with her knees up and spread wide apart. He knelt in between them then knelt over her. Once again she grabbed for his rod and tugged on it signalling him to thrust his pelvis forward. She guided him inside her. She sighed as the pleasure filled her as amply as his cock filled her cunt. She arched her back stretching every muscle. The feel of his meat filling her caused her both to want escape the pleasure and to escape into it. The pleasure consumed her till nothing else mattered. She felt as though she was at the point of orgasm but she knew she hadn't even began to cum yet.

"Hey what about me?" shouted Lieve from beyond the wet area. "I thought you were going to undress me."

"I... Ammmm." grunted Philip. I'm a little side tracked right now. He felt water as it showered down on them heavily. He looked away to the side to see Stephanie and Jerry with very large nozzles in hand. attempting to add ambiance to the experience. The water running off them both like summer rain.

He thrust slowly forward but hard and firm, her pleasure reaching new heights. She raised her fingers to her open mouth. Gasping with pleasure as she felt him plunge inside her and press up against her clitoris. She felt as though he had pierced her body with pleasure straight through the middle and touched her heart. She rocked her head slowly one side then the other. Then he began to withdraw slowly. The feel of his knob sliding out of her sent waves of anticipation through her spine and fear that she was losing him entered her brain. She clasped his buttocks with her closest hand. Beckoning him forward and taking in the sensation of his tight butt. He pressed forward again as her fingers began searching for his butt hole. Her other fingers remaining in her gaping mouth and caught up with her wet, matted blond hair.

He felt something wet hit his back. It wasn't water but a gelatinous substance. Then a



stream of clear jelly dribbled from above all over Kylie's chest. He craned his head briefly to see Suzanne armed with a brightly coloured pump-up toy water rifle which was oozing this substance.

"Wet stuff" she said knowingly. "It's like Ky jelly but it's water based. Environmentally friendly 'n' all. you can even get it in chocolate but I prefer the strawberry flavour."

Suzanne brought the nozzle of the gun between them and aimed it directly at their union. She squeezed the trigger and a mass of jelly began to build up between them. It oozed between their legs and with every stroke it pumped more into her. He next felt the nozzle against his buttocks. It searched out his hole and he felt more jelly orgasming from it. She pressed the nozzle hard against his button and he felt small amounts enter him. The nozzle and it's contents felt good as it began to penetrate him on every thrust of his pelvis. Suddenly he felt it enter him. He thrust forward quickly but it followed him. The sudden thrust inside Kylie was more than she could contain. She yelped with pleasure and began cuming. Her entire body spasmed underneath him. He felt the walls of her cunt grip him and her cervix muscles danced on the end of his knob. The pleasure surged through him and bounced back to his knob from the inside. He remained motionless as her convulsions did it all for him. Seemingly sucking the fluid from him. She continued to spasm as he too now began convulsing involuntarily. Jerk after jerk It seemed to set her off further. She screamed. and tried to stop her voice with her hand. It was ineffectual . Her voice moaning and crying with every one of her orgasmic spasms. Philip too was moaning. He couldn't help it. He through it was never going to stop. He through she was going to suck his cum from him till there was no more and then start pulling him inside out through his penis. Waves of pleasure now shockwaves and the plastic bit in his ass seemed to be forcing more of him to be expelled.

Kylie expelled a long built up scream and then bucked. The shock causing him to come again but there was nothing left to come. He collapsed on top of her Squishing the jelly from between them. Her hand from his butt shifted to grab him tightly round his back. The hand that was feeding her mouth joined it as she bucked again and again. Each buck a major orgasm and accompanied with more screams and yelps. Philip began yelping himself. His body had dispensed with expelling fluid and was now purely into sensation. For both of them, each orgasm was as if it were their first. Again and again. Each buck and spasm setting the other off as if perpetual motion. He felt a pair of hands spread jelly across his butt. He felt Suzanne's jelly coated finger entre him Her probing, exploring finger keeping him at orgasm potential constantly. His thrusts keeping Kylie withering and shouting under him. He had no strength to fight it. Every scrap of energy being used by his out of control body. His orgasm was so prolonged he feared it was in danger of becoming matter-of-fact but soon it began to slow down. Kylie was able to control her screaming but was still gasping.

Philip lay there on top and inside of Kylie. She caught her breath but was still breathing deeply. They both were. Philip's head now resting next to her's and he could smell her perfume mixed with sweat. He felt Suzanne's finger extract gently from his ass. It had felt good he thought. No-one had ever done that to him before but he was about to get a great deal more. He had no energy to check who was spreading his legs further but he felt a pair of hands spreading more jelly on his ass. He assumed it was Suzanne until he felt Chris's cock pushing gently but forcefully into his ass. It felt like a large turd returning home. It was far thicker than Suzanne's finger. Part of him wanted to run but he had no energy and was absorbing the sensation through his body. As Chris pushed it in slowly further he put more force on Philip's body over all. It forced Philip harder into Kylie. Kylie gasped. Philip raised his head to look at

her expression. Her golden hair matted around her and stuck to her face. Glued there with a combination of water and sweat.

He could feel Chris's long hard member reaching the end of its travel far within his colon. As he became use to the sensation it began to feel good to him. He could feel his balls wanting to give up more sperm but there was nothing left to give. He had been pumped so hard that he feared any more excitement might make them implode. But Kylie could feel him growing harder inside her again and she smiled.

Her hands crawled upward along his back, through the slippery jelly and onto his head. Dragging jelly into his hair. She pulled his lips closer to his and forced her tongue between his lips. It searched out his oral pleasure centres and before long the electricity was flowing through him.

He felt Chris's hands massaging his lower back as he fucked him. In and out slowly. The pressure from inside making him harder inside Kylie. The rhythm slow and long. He began to move with Chris's rhythm slightly passing Chris's motion into Kylie as if Chris was fucking both of them at the same time. Chris beckoned Suzanne and her gun but she shook her finger saying no. Chris expressed his disappointment with a questioning expression. All the time not interrupting he slow gentle probing of Philip's ass. Suzanne smiled and dropped her weapon. She looked about at all the nozzles hanging from the ceiling on their retractable hoses. She found one and held it out so that Chris could see its coloured label at a distance. It was green and Chris nodded. She dragged the hose over toward them and lined it up in front of the union between Chris and Philip. Chris arched back slightly and sucked in his stomach. She pulled the trigger and copious amounts of high pressure lubricant streamed from the teat. It piled up like ice cream from a soft-serve machine. Slightly red in colour.

"Strawberry!" moaned Chris. "My favourite."

Philip had lifted himself onto his out-stretched arms pulling himself away from Kylie's extremely desirable lips in order that he see what was happening behind him. He met Suzanne's nozzle as she brought it toward him. Still streaming copious amounts of strawberry flavoured lubricant and now it was nearing his lips. He thought it wasteful as it piled up next to them but he didn't care.

"Take a lick," said Suzanne.

Philip wasn't sure at first but she had not been wrong about anything else. He poked out his tongue and lapped at the stream. He gasped a little because of his extreme position but soon he got the taste in his mouth. He swallowed. It was like nothing he had ever swallowed before. It slid down his throat as if it was an entire sausage but he didn't gag. He licked again and took an even bigger mouthful. He thought it would taste like strawberry flavoured medicine. The kind of flavour they use to hide the fact that it tasted awful but this tasted surprisingly appealing.

Suzanne squirted extreme amounts between Philip and Kylie. She piled it up on Kylie's neck and across her face. It oozed through her hair and still it kept on flowing. Back across the top of Philip's head so that it began to drip into the pile that was heaped on Kylie's chest. Down across his back where she heaped it up so that Chris could take as much as he wanted.

Philip arched his back so that he could plunge his face into the strawberry jelly now flowing slowly from Kylie's chest. His lips and tongue seeking out her erect nipples on her small round breasts. Gulping strawberry and swallowing it as he went. His arched back tightening his back muscles and clenching Chris's dick hard inside him. It felt like steel to Philip and it felt like heaven to Chris

Chris arched his back and began to cum slowly. The pressure of Philip's ultra tight ass preventing him from doing otherwise. But soon Chris was overrun with orgasm. He began spasming violently. Pushing Philip hard into Kylie and then Causing him to withdraw. Kylie's muscles tightened around him as Chris caused him to pull back. Philip felt it building up inside him again. Philip's licking and gulping at Kylie's breasts caused her to already be there.

Everyone right on the edge for a moment and then Philip Screamed. From nowhere Kylie managed to pump more fluid from him. It was as if he was passing needles of pleasure. He tightened even more and Chris blew. Unloading into Philip's colon uncontrollably. With two men on top of her, Kylie could not contain herself. The spasms of pleasure began surging through her All three were set off uncontrollably. Chris into Philip. Philip into Kylie. Kylie forcing back on Philip and Philip squeezing more from Chris. Then the whole process would start again. Over and over until Chris finally lost his grip of Philip's Hips and his grip of the slippery floor with his knees.

He began to topple but Philip's ass was still gripping his dick. He slid sideways instead dragging Philip with him. LIKE dominos they slid over spreading out across the floor. Chris still spurting as the extraction from Philip's ass pumped him hard. Kylie scrambled to lick the strawberry jelly from Philip's face. Philip Throbbled from head to toe. He felt as though he had just had the most pleasurable shit of his life whilst being pumped with an industrial vacuum cleaner.

There was no way any of them could grip the floor enough to stand up so they lay there. Kylie and Philip licking strawberry jelly from each other whilst Chris, still behind Philip, slowly spread Philip's leg up to allow him to very gently fondle his balls. But each of them knew that it was all over. For at least another 5 minutes. Whilst everyone else applauded and cheered.

Chris noticed a figure sauntering up slowly behind Lieve. Tall and slender. A shape he recognised. A shape in Motorcycle leathers and carrying a motorcycle helmet. but it wasn't Vourhause. Stephanie was behind him and had been one of the loudest to applaud. He recognised the shape as it hugged Lieve from behind and gave her a brief kiss. The shape dropped her helmet and moved into the light. Philip looked up at that moment as the applauding and wolf whistling had stopped and Chris had frozen his fondling of his balls. He couldn't believe who he saw.

"No it couldn't be," said Philip. Kylie glistened as she slipt about in the slippery pile so that she could see what al the commotion was.

"This can't be happening," said Philip. "All this sex and drugs must be causing me to hallucinate real bad."

"What are you talking about?" whispered Kylie.

"That person. It's gotta be someone who just looks like her right?"

"Hi Sigourney!" Shouted Chris from behind Philip. "I'm over here!"

"Oh there you are you whore," said Sigourney as her eyes zeroed in on his position and narrowed. "Get yourself cleaned up we have some unfinished business."

Chris tried desperately to pick himself up off the floor but it was too slippery. He simply lost traction and fell. He kept trying but each time he hit the floor and slid spreading the jelly even further. Once he almost made it to his feet but they both lost traction at the same time. He slid along as if he were ice skating for a short way but one foot found a little more friction than the other and soon his legs were spreading apart til he had no choice but to overbalance backward.

Sigourney raised her hand to cover her laughing mouth. She stooped slightly as the laughter took over her. Yuchtar began giggling as well. It was as though Chris was caught in a keystone cops movie but in colour and 3D.

"Hello Yuchy" said Sigourney. "I didn't see you there. Hows' it going?" Yuchtar bounced and waved as the excitement grabbed her.

Suzanne grabbed one of the water hoses and was about to attempt to wash the jelly away and down the drain when she too was caught in the traction less black hole. She tried to hold herself upright by pulling instinctively on the water hose. The hose simply fed out more length and Suzanne too found herself sliding in toward the other 3. Her landing on the floor causing her to lose grip and the hose retracted out of her range.

"Bugger!" she shouted as she slid slowly to a halt. Propped up conveniently on her elbow.

"It's a good thing those tiles are soft" said Sigourney "I take it you've all been hitting the PZT again?" There was no answer as the answer was obvious.

Stephanie was more cautious than Suzanne. She pegged out visually the edge of the oil slick and then grabbed a water hose. She adjusted the nozzle so that it squirted a tube of water at higher pressure. Then she began clearing the slick in front of her. Herding it toward the drain hole.

"Is the recyc on or off?" she shouted back to Jerry. Jerry splashed through the water quickly before the slick cut off her path on the way to the drain.

"It's off" she shouted.

"Good. Thanks," said Stephanie as she began squirting the jelly off of it's 4 trapped victims. Cleaning Suzanne first as she was closest. As soon as Suzanne was free she attempted to stand. She gained her footing but took small deliberate steps, not trusting that there might not still be patches of the jelly. She reached a safe distance and grabbed for another water hose. Like Stephanie she adjusted the nozzle and began squirting. The two hoses at once dissipating the jelly quickly.

Philip enjoyed the spray of water upon him. He marvelled at the slight indentations it made in Kylie's skin as it hit her. It forced her breast to one side and then it bounced back again. He wanted to grab it and fondle it but he had now slid out of reach. He was content to watch her almost perfect body glisten in it's wetness.

As soon as he was able, Philip rolled over on his back and laid fully stretched out in an inch or so of water with his flag pole still at full mast.

"God this is great." he said as he placed his hands behind his head and stared at the intricate matrix adorning the ceiling.

"Finally getting the swing of things are we?" said Suzanne.

"Would you like some BIN97? Sigourney?" asked Lieve.

"Oh you've cracked open the good stuff have you? What's the special occasion?"

"Oh you see that guy in there laying back with his dick in the air, that's Philip Salisman. "

"Isn't he that independent music guy?"

"Yeah, that's right."

"What does he work for the firm now or something."

"Yup. Where have you bean? Oh I should know better than to ask that."

"Well actually I've been back in the rat race making yet another trite Hollywood movie." Sigourney caught sight of Suzanne . She was behaving very mater-of-fact even though completely naked in the wet area. Suzanne had become quite since Sigourney arrived.

"You know I don't suppose Suzanne will ever forgive me for becoming a Hollywood star,"

said Sigourney. "You know it was never my intention but what was I supposed to do. To do anything else would have looks suspicious. And besides Straker told me to do it."

"Yeah, I know. I know," said Lieve. "But she just got too hurt you know. What they did to her in Hollywood was pretty unforgivable. to take everything from her and then give everything to you."

"I tired saying sorry."

"Yeah, but you can't apologize for the entire movie industry in Hollywood can you."

"I guess not," said Sigourney.

A naked and dripping wet Chris approached them.

"Hello Sigourney."

"Hello Christopher. Wanna make a bacon torpedo sandwich."

"I thought you'd never ask," said Chris.

"First I wanna get some of that BIN97 if I may?"

"Help yourself" said Lieve. "Chris'll show you where it is."

They turned to head off and saw a strange sailor suited woman approach them.

"My god it's Amelia!" said Chris taking a good long look up and down.

"What the hell are you doing dressed as Sailor Moon for girl?" said Sigourney.

"Oh I've been down stairs with Batz. You know what he's like." She paused throwing back one of her long blond tails. "Oh. Hi by the way Sigourney. It's good to see you again. I see you've wasted no time gaining Chris's services."

Sigourney said nothing but raised an eyebrow and smiled a cheeky grin. She slapped Chris on his eminently slappable bottom and got him moving to find the Bin 97.

"I hear you've been a naughty boy," said Sigourney before leaving ear-shot. "I might have to spank you."

"What if I need to sit down?"

"You should have thought of that before being naughty."

Philip was now sitting up gasping.

"But . Nar. But . I must be hallucinating. Surely not. This can't be happening right? I'm dreaming it. I didn't really just get fucked up the ass did I. And now. No way. "

"What's your problem boy?" said Jerry standing slightly behind him. He turned to face her.

"That wasn't. Err . Um that isn't. Like how could it be. I can't deal with this."

"Calm down Phil ol' boy. Start at the beginning. Take it one syllable at a time." Both Kylie and Stephanie had moved in to see what the problem was. Suzanne was suitably disinterested.

"Err Ok. Now that wasn't Sigourney Weaver was it?"

"Yes." came the simultaneous chorus of responses.

"You mean that was the real Sigourney Weaver? Like as in movies 'n' shit?"

"Yes" came the unanimous reply again.

"I guess no-one told you she was one of us," said Jerry. "She was working for the firm before she ever became a movie star. recruited right out of acting school I'm told."

"Well what about that then," said Philip pointing at the sailor moon double. "Surely you're not going to tell me...."

"No no." laughed Jerry. "That's just Amelia. She likes to dress up. Well at least I think that's what it is."

Amelia realized Philip was talking about her though she couldn't hear what he was saying

over the distance. She frowned.

"Watch it Philip my love. Or I'll have to use my Crescent Wrench on you." shouted Amelia.

"Err Amelia," said Yuchtar quietly correcting her. "That should be Crescent wand dear. Crescent wand!"

"Oh Sorry." shouted Amelia. "Make that a Crescent Wand."

Philip suddenly realized he was emotionally drained after his mind had been working overtime. They had reached a pause in the eventing and he sensed their time was coming to an end. At least he had become significantly softer.

"Hey you haven't done me yet." Shouted Lieve.

Philip looked up. His eyes transfixed on Lieve in her dark green and grey school uniform suit. Standing there next to Amelia who now looked as close as anyone could to the Japanese cartoon character. He felt his dick becoming hard again. He gazed at them. Mentally undressing them as they smiled back at him. His eyes followed Amelia's long legs up until they disappeared under her extremely short blue gathered skirt. The large red sash on her chest mostly obscuring her breast line. The sash on her lower back like a tail from some extremely cute animal. He immediately forgot all about his previous emotional state. He suddenly had a new mission. He began to get to his feet.

"Shall we get wet?" said Lieve to Amelia.

"That's a wool suit isn't it?" said Amelia "You'll ruin it if you get it wet and don't wash it properly."

"Eh! Who cares. I've got plenty more," said Lieve. "err . You'll have to take your boots off though."

They both looked down at Amelia's long, red and kinky costume boots. Philip began making his way toward them but Lieve held her hand up to stop him. She began to help Amelia get her boots off.

"There's only one problem with these boots. They're a bugger to get off," said Lieve.

Amelia and Lieve struggled with her boots. Philip marvelled at the sight of Sailor Moon laying on her back forcing against Lieve who resembled a school girl, trying desperately to pull her boots from her feet. Suddenly one of the boots popped off of Amelia's foot. The release of pressure sent Lieve flying backward. The boot flew over her head and all the way to the Jacuzzi. It bounced off the far wall and splashed in.

"Oops" said Amelia covering her mouth with her hand. they re-oriented themselves so that the next boot would at least be less likely to damage anything. This boot was even harder to remove.

"Damn. How did you even get the thing on in the first place girl?"

They strained and struggled. Philip watched on in amazement as Lieve began turning red. She pushed with all her might against the carpet and eventually straightened her legs. The boot gave way. Once again she fell back and lost control. The boot went flying, she knew not where.

"Thud"... "Ouch!" Came a cry from across the room.

Lieve rolled over to see what happened. Amelia sat up. They saw Sigourney laying on top of Chris. and both of them had landed just short of the soft area. The offending boot behind them where it had glanced off of Sigourney as they exited the amenities area.

"Sorry" shouted Lieve who then began to giggle. Along with Amelia who was already giggling. Everyone had come to the edge of the wet area to see what had happened.

Sigourney jumped to her feet. She violently unzipped her leather jacket and tore it off of her. She was wearing nothing but a cream, silk camisole underneath.

"Right. You're in big trouble now." She said to Chris who was sitting up beneath her.

"Oh yes you've been a very naughty boy this time." she said as she did the same with her leather motorcycle trousers.

"But but but. It wasn't my fault " said Chris desperately trying to explain.

"I don't care " Said Sigourney as she whipped her camisole over her head revealing her small but shapely breasts. Chris's dick hardened immediately. She dropped her bikini briefs to the floor and stepped out of them. Kicking them away. She kicked his legs apart and knelt between them pushing him back to the floor.

"Don't hurt me." whimpered Chris.

"I ain't gonna hurt you lil' doggy," said Sigourney doing her best John Wayne impersonation. Then she sprang upon him so that her cunt landed right on his groin. His hard dick missing entering her and sliding backwards. Chris saw stars though it wasn't entirely un-pleasurable.

"Oh yes I am." continued Sigourney and she proceeded to bump him along toward the edge of the soft area.

"I'm gonna get carpet burns on my bum." he screamed as he tried desperately to co-operate by crawling backwards on his back. She laughed as she jumped high enough that his erection flopped forward again. It still didn't go in her when she landed but at least flopped forward this time where it didn't strain his groin so much. His head hit the edge of the soft area and he attempted to lift it up so that it would slide on. The rest of his body followed as Sigourney bumped him further. Eventually they both made their way onto the soft area but Sigourney wasn't satisfied with that objective, she wanted to bump him all the way to till he could be resting up on the first incline. The foot hills of the soft area before it ascended to the soft, mountainous area at the back.

"Alright already" said Chris. "Just let me...."

But Sigourney wasn't having any of it. She kept bumping him till finally he was forced into the soft spongy thickness and pressed back into it. Kneeling spread across his groin she twisted and swayed until his rock hard member found it's way naturally inside her.

"What? No foreplay?" said Chris.

"Whata ya mean. That was the foreplay," said Sigourney. He groaned.

She beared down on him to make maximum contact and then bent forward till her lips almost met his.

"I'm sorry. Did I hurt you? Let me make it up to you."

She kissed him lightly on the lips and then ran her tongue around them. She kissed his nose softly and began to sway her hips slowly. He could feel his hard cock moving gently inside her as she swayed. The sensation amplified a thousand times by his second dosage of BIN97. Her breast dangled close to his chest such that her nipples dragged across him as she swayed. Each nipple felt like a jackhammer of pleasure digging into him.

As she slipped her tongue inside his mouth, his mind marvelled at how Sigourney could always sense his current state of sensuality. She always seemed to make the exact right move at the right time. She knew him too well. His knob slid and twisted inside her tight silky interior. She lifted herself a little higher at times to make it's travel last longer. He rolled his eyes back in intense pleasure. as muscles began to spasm uncontrollably within him. He began arching his back as all his muscles began stretching and tightening at the same time. His

arching feeding her own pleasure. She began to push herself further forward causing him to twist and bend inside her.

She began a circular pumping motion. Slowly and deliberately. Down and forward, up and back. Down and forward, up and back. Slowly, forcefully and rhythmically. He felt it building up inside him as her motion squeezed and pumped him. Somehow she sensed he was almost there and backed off just enough to keep him there. He could never work out how she did it. How she knew. But at this point he didn't care. He was trapped. Pinned down by his own pleasure and neither willing nor able to react any other way than that which she had planned for him.

He was right on the edge. He was sure he was going to blow but she released him right at that moment enough that he didn't. He relaxed himself as much as possible to help prolong the proceedings. She slowed almost to a stop but with just enough motion to keep him just off the boil. She stopped and arched into him applying maximum pressure between her crutch and his. As she strained her trembling built up inside Chris. He had not control and he began to blow. She felt him begin to blow and re-started her circular motion except it was more shallow and forceful. Her Trembles became an earthquake as he blew full pressure inside her. She felt his hot cum spreading through her mixing with her own.

She sat up suddenly as if as precursor to her jumping off. Chris instinctively grabbed her hips in both hands trying to hold her on. He would not have had the co-ordination had she have truly decided to leave but his touch on her now ultra sensitive body made her earthquake trembling jump two points on the Richter scale. Large involuntary movements that would have snapped his neck had her legs been wrapped around it. Each one causing a thousand others within him. His arms left her hips and were searching for release from this agony of pleasure. Perspiration flung from her head like salty rain one every shuddering. It hit his own sweaty body like drops of acid eating into him. Waves of orgasm frothing forth within him. Washing up on his skin like breakers crashing on a lonely ocean beach. Soon the breakers would become waves. The waves a running tide. Then a pond with ripples.

Sigourney fell forward on him limp like a tree falling.

"How's that for foreplay?" said Sigourney as she smothered him with her breasts. Chris muffled a reply. Unintelligible as he walked his mouth and tongue toward her nearest nipple.

"Oh but wait," said Sigourney. "You don't get away that easy. I've got some new but plugs I've been dying to try." Chris groaned loudly.

Lieve stamped her foot causing a splash in the shallow edge of the wet area. The buffer zone between the wet area and the rest of the room sloped off downwards about 600mm. The whole area could be filled to a depth of nearly 2 feet. After which carefully placed escape drains around the perimeter would prevent the water from flooding. Whilst they were all watching Siggy and Chris, Suzanne had been busy washing away the last of the strawberry lubricant. Then she closed off the drain valves and began to flood the area. Lieve hadn't noticed that it had filled to a depth of nearly 100mm at the deep ends and the stamping of her foot sent water splashing up under her skirt. It sent a shiver through her. A shiver that caught Philip's eye more than the impatient foot stomping it self.

"Well are you going to undress me or not?" she shouted impatiently. "everyone else has had a go except me."

"and me!" squeaked the sailor suited Amelia.

"I thought you were with Batz?" said Lieve.

"Yeah, but you know what he's like. He just sat there and watched." Philip approached



them both. Splashing through the water as he approached.

"I don't think Yuchtar has had sex yet either." He said. He looked around realizing that he couldn't see the normally ever-present Yuchtar. Then he spotted her. Her head and shoulders protruding from the now over-flowing Jacuzzi. She seemed content for the time being. He noticed Suzanne working the waterproof controls of the wet area. She turned and headed toward Yuchtar and joined her in the ample spa.

"Well can I undress you both?" he asked. Amelia nodded. He rubbed his hands together and smiled.

"Wait." he said. "You've got to tell me why you're dressed as sailor moon."

"5 of us had sailor suits made up. They're just based on your basic white leotard. We thought it might entice Batz up here. He's a big fan you know. But he never comes out of the lab these days."

"Batz? The lab?" said Philip.

"Oh yeah, Batz is the evil genius who designed all this. He designed much of SHADOs gear too. But he hasn't really come out of hiding since the accident."

"The accident?"

"Oh well. It's kinda sad. I s'pose I shouldn't be telling you this." She looked round and lowered her voice to keep Kylie out of earshot. "Batz was on moonbase when lieutenant Gay Ellis was killed. They were an item by all accounts. They say he can't make love to anyone who doesn't have purple hair and in one sixth the earths gravity these days. Suzanne tried borrowing one of the moonbase wigs but it didn't work. I dunno. It was pretty tragic up there apparently. He has a lab on level 6 and we visit him from time to time but he hardly ever comes out. "

"That is sad," said Philip. "On the other hand his loss is my gain." He began rubbing his hands together in anticipation. "How 'n' hell did you manage to make that outfit look so much like the cartoon character? It's totally awesome."

"It is isn't it," said Amelia. "We had them made especially. Cost a fortune. But it wouldn't have been any good unless it was the real thing. Something like it wouldn't have done it had to be authentic. I think it turned him on."

"I don't know but it's certainly turning me on," said Philip.

"Would you rather I went and turned into sailor mercury?" said Lieve.

"No that's alright. That school uniform has got me going as well."

"It's not a school uniform," said Lieve once again stamping her foot.

"Yeah, I know." laughed Philip. "But it'll do."

He extended both hands toward her hips. Toward the place where her shirt interfaced with her skirt. Suddenly he retracted them and rubbed his chin thoughtfully .

"Hmm. no." He said. Then he motioned toward her blue and white striped school tie. Toward her neck where he could begin to undo it..

"No. er. Um. No... What about?... No."

"Oh get on with it," said Lieve.

She grabbed his hands and placed them randomly on her body. One on her hip the other on her breast.

"Thanks. I need a place to start."

He slowly move his hand across the contour of her breast underneath her shirt. He felt that she wasn't wearing a bra. He felt her hardened nipple and he began to rise again. He didn't think he had it in him but it felt good again. As fresh as his first fuck. He ran his fingers

underneath her tie and poked two of them in between the button holes to feel her warm skin. He still wasn't sure what to do next.

Suddenly he was distracted by some giggling from the Jacuzzi. He looked compulsively when he heard a louder than usual splash. Without removing his trembling hands he turned to see it was Stephanie Vourhause. She had joined Yuchtar, Suzanne and Jerry in the Jacuzzi. He figured she must have jumped in and splashed them. Water rippled out through the wet area which was filling up fast. He had not noticed how full it was until he moved his feet. He returned to his duty.

He realized he wasn't going to get any further without removing her blazer. He coordinated both hands and raised them to the neck of it and began to lift it up and back. It slid onto her shoulders and then began to slip down. She let her arms out straight to allow gravity to do the work but Philip caught it before it hit the water. He grabbed it and flung it as hard as he could beyond the wet area. It landed high and dry on the carpet.

She could wait no longer. She threw her arms around him and brought her lips to bear upon his. He gasped for breath as the unexpected passion hit him. Their tongues mingled as he hands groped their way down her back. He hung his thumbs first in the waist line of her pleated skirt but then he spread his fingers out feeling the form of her ass through the thick, woolen material. His hands reached her bear legs and he reversed direction dragging her skirt up as he went. Her tongue worked furiously inside his mouth. His hands reached the waist line underneath her skirt. They could go no higher without having to ride over the ridge. He had to choose to continue on or change direction. He changed direction.

He slid his hands sensuously around her body frontwards. Over her hips but still under her skirt. His right hand found its way between her legs and began probing for pleasures that might be waiting there. His index finger slipping between the folds of her dripping wet pussy. She withered slightly as he found her clit and exploited it. She pulled her lips back.

"Fuck this!" she said and she threw him into the water. Once again Philip found himself on his back with a strange woman on top. At least this one had clothes on but that was all about to change. She pushed him back into the water and with her legs spread over him she sat up and fumbled to loosen her tie.

Suzanne Sprang out of the Jacuzzi.

"Hell I've got the water set for half a metre. You'll drown him if you fuck him like that." She splashed her way toward the controls. Philip could see her upside down as he lay back in the water. He was surprised to see she banged on the wall next to the controls rather than stop the water. Her banging opened a door panel in the wall revealing a storage area. Philip's upside down focus was not as good as it could have been but he saw there were dildos and all manner of sext toys. But on the other side there were translucent plastic sheets or so he thought. He wasn't sure what they were as Suzanne slid one out. It was fairly large and flopped into the water. From somewhere within the cupboard she extended a small tube which she placed into a nozzle in the plastic sheet. Soon enough it all became apparent to Philip. He watched as a shape began to inflate. It got bigger and bigger as it filled with air. A huge round, purple, translucent inner tube began to emerge. But it also had the head of a seahorse protruding from it. It was as big as a tractor tyre and could accommodate two people. Suzanne tested it for softness, vented a little air then sealed it down and tossed it in Philip and Amelia's direction. It splashed into the water near them and began to float.

Suzanne retrieved another plastic item and began to inflate it. This time it turned into a double bed. Also translucent but printed with many fun colours. Ideal for the beach.

Lieve laughed at the sight as she began to unbutton her own shirt. Amelia splashed through the water to retrieve the floating double bed. Suzanne continued to inflate more beachwear fun. Lieve flung her shirt open to reveal her perky breasts and their erect nipples. Her tie, loose but still around her neck. Philip raised his hands to feel them but his head sunk back into the water. He had to force his elbows down again to prop himself up. The water was almost at drowning depth.

To his surprise she jumped off him. She stood over him and offered him her hand. She pulled him up and ushered him over to the soft area in the centre of the wet area. She gently laid him down so that he was sitting up against it. His legs and penis submerged in the water. She splashed in next to him and groped between his legs till she found it. He trembled as her hand slid along his inner thigh and over his balls to the base of his cock. He shuddered as her hand crept its way toward the head of his penis. She grasped it just below the head and began circling gently underneath the head with her thumb. She watched his eyes roll back and he was gone. His body sank into the softness. He gave in completely to the sensuous intensity she was imparting upon him. So localized and intense as if she was massaging him with a million tiny needles of pleasure.

She halted her action as Philip jerked forward and began shuddering. His eyes still closed and his mouth open. She realized he had just cum. It was as much of a surprise to him as to her. He shuddered some more and then it was gone. He laughed. He couldn't help it and Lieve laughed a little also. She swished in the water as she changed positions. Her sopping wet skirt dragging her down. She let go of his penis and worked toward removing it.

"No let me," said Philip. He fumbled around her tort waist line until he found two buttons. He flipped the first, then the second. His fingers scanned her exquisite shape as her skirt loosened. He pulled at it and the tiny zipper unfastened loosening her skirt enough that she could slip it off. He lent forward and got to his knees. He lifted her gently and spun her around so that now she was leaning back. She wanted to spread her legs instinctively but Philip tugged at her submerged skirt to remove it. She co-operated by lifting her self slightly off the bottom enough that he could slip it down her legs and over her feet. He left it where it lay and she spread her legs. He knelt between them enough that he could loosen her tie more. He slipped it over her head and dropped it in the water. It began to float off before it submerged toward the bottom. He noticed a shape out of the corner of his eye. He looked up to see sailor moon paddling past on a water mattress. He laughed briefly as he turned his attention to Lieve's shirt. It dropped over her shoulders and down her arms but stopped there in its sodden state. Stuck on her arms behind her it effectively acted as a straight jacket. Preventing her from moving and rendering her helpless. A state she enjoyed. He straddled her leg. His balls and dick dangling gently against her knee as his hand found its way to her submerged pussy.

His face headed incoming on her's but took a detour and he began licking her neck like a cat would cream. She threw her head back as the sensation caught up. Two of his fingers entered her and began probing. His thumb found her clit and worked its way directly to her pleasure centre.

"Two can play at this game" thought Philip as he began massaging. His fingers began slipping deep inside her and out again as his thumb circled her clit widely. Spreading her folds and needing her like dough. He brought his fingers and his thumb together causing intense pressure both inside her and against her clit. His fingers found her g spot and she arched back. He licked and sucked her shoulder blades. Very slowly working his tongue down toward her breasts. His fingers began working faster changing their course randomly so that she couldn't

predict his motion. Her knee came up against his balls as she tensed up. He put his groin down against her leg incase she suddenly kneed him the pressure of his manhood against her calming her slightly.

She lost control as his mouth reached her nipple and began to suck it gently whilst flicking it with his tongue. His furious fingers in the water causing it to splash and lap up against her. She shuddered and was there. She moaned but Philip didn't release her from his grip. She squeaked and squealed as she came. Her whole body shuddering and splashing about. Still Philip didn't stop. She fought at the sleeves of her shirt to free her arms but still she couldn't work lose. A brief distraction as another wave of orgasm serged through her. More intense than the first.

Still he didn't stop. She yelped as she gasped for air. The muscles in her body so tense and shuddering that new sensations that would have normally been caused by the pain of muscle spasm began to explode within her. Her knee extended hard into his groin and he began to slow. Bringing her down as if a pilot were landing a plane. Her head lay back against the soft plastic material as Philip slowly removed his fingers. She was exhausted but given a few minutes she would be re-set and ready to go again.

Philip spun round and sat back in the soft, wet plush-ness next to her. Both a little out of breath. Philip smiled and Lieve expelled an embarrassed giggle. She was about to lean over and kiss him when Sailor Moon went paddling by again. Philip had an urge. He couldn't control the urge. He lunged forward straight on top of her. Sinking her ship and drowning the passengers. She screamed as she went down all hands. Her sailor suit sopping wet.

"You bastard." she shouted as she came up for air.

Philip slid off her into the water and then to his feet. Laughing all the time. Amelia was beginning to laugh too. He extended his hand and helped her to her feet. Her golden hair, sopping and limp, sticking to her wet skin and costume.

"You utter, utter bastard." she said. Not waiting for another word, Philip grabbed her, pulled her close and kissed her long and hard. Her eyes nearly popped as she ran out of sufficient breath. Philip released his mouth and stared into her eyes.

"I've always thought the one thing Sailor Moon needed was a good fuck!" he said.

"Ah but will she get one?" smiled Amelia.

"Let's find out shall we?" said Philip beginning to fumble for a way to de-frock the object of his desire. He ran his hand up over her breast. Underneath the large red sash adorning them. He expected to find a catch or button there at her neck-line but there was none. He enjoyed the feel of her breasts so he searched a bit longer. It excited him as she made sure she was not wearing a bra. Amelia began to giggle as Philip failed to find a path to her chastity. His hands slipped around her waist and worked their way up her back. He found the flap of her giant , over stated blue lapel. He searched under it hoping to find a zipper or some sort of catch there at the back. but there was none. Just smooth, skintight, body hugging, wet silk. His hands dropped to her waist again and rested on her hips. Her arms flung up around his shoulders and neck, pulling him closer to kiss him as equally hard as he had done her. She was enjoying the body search. His hands dropped slowly backward and over her blue skirt. He tugged at it but it only stretched the silk of her leotards. He realized her skirt was sown on some how. a permanent fixture. The feel of the red sash mounted just above her backside was always a big turn-on for him.

"Do you just stretch this off or something?" he asked in desperation.

"I'll give you a clue," said Amelia. "It comes off over my head."

"Hu?" said Philip thinking about it for a moment. "There's only one way it could..." Then it dawned on him.

He slid his hands around her hips and toward the "V" of her crotch. She enjoyed him searching there most of all. She spread her legs slightly allowing him to probe further. One of his hands slipped between her slender milky legs and discovered the series of catches joining her gusset. He could just feel the tiny holes formed in between the tiny catches. He sensed she was enjoying his searching her and even though they both knew he had found his objective, he continued to probe. Rubbing the creases of the silk against the folds between her legs while he contemplated how the catches might actually work. He concluded that the only way he was going to find out was to actually try and loosen one.

He grabbed at the seam of the crotch and pulled it downwards hoping it was a stud and would simply pop. It didn't. It was stuck fast. It stretched the crutch of her sailor suit away from her skin but did little else. He let it go and it snapped back and stung her between the legs.

"hey watch it." she said secretly enjoying it.

"Sorry. Sorry. I'm just trying to."

"I know what you're trying to do. I'll give you another hint. They're little hooks."

Once again Philip thought about this new clue for a moment. He realized that the rear flap was underneath the front flap. Therefore he surmised correctly that the hooks must have to move backwards to be undone. But it was not a taste that he could perform with one hand. He slid his body sideways enough that his other hand could reach behind and between her legs. She enjoyed the feel of his hard wet cock against her thigh as he pressed in close to make the distance. He held the rear flap with one hand and slipped the front flap forward. One by one the hooks came undone. There were only 4 hooks and somehow he had expected more.

The crutch of her leotards swung open achieving his objective. He probed his fingers into her wet bald skin as if he was still searching for something. A cheeky attempt to feel her pussy. She didn't object. He ran his fingers up and lightly over her clitoris. Flattening his palm out as he felt her complete lack of pubic hair.

"You shaved for me. Ah you shouldn't have you're too kind."

"Actually not shaved, it's a new laser electrolysis process. I never have to shave."

"Your legs too?"

"Yes of course. And under my arms."

"Did it hurt?"

"No not at all. Well far less than shaving or waxing does I can tell you."

"I thought it was incredibly smooth."

"Don't you like it? It's much more convenient for me."

"No on the contrary I find it fascinating to explore. I like it a lot."

"Tell me, out of interest, and I don't want to break the mood here, but can they do it on your face as well? Only I have these spots where my beard grows and I hate it. It just grows in sort of unmanageable clumps." Amelia giggled.

"Yeah, that's no problem. They could fix that." She felt his face. Rubbed her fingers across his chin and around his jaw-line. "Hmm. You are developing a little 5 o'clock shadow already. you could do with it."

His own hand crept up her torso. Pushing up her skirt as it went. he found her belly button and swirled a finger round it. He made the most of his exploration of her. She made the most of him making the most of her. Although the drug was still doing it's job, he was

beginning to feel worn out. He wasn't aching but just tired. Still the feel of her wet skin underneath his fingers sent messages in waves to his john Thomas and it began to rise to the occasion.

"The trouble with you being wet is that I can't tell if you're wet," said Philip as his fingers found their way back to her smooth folds.

"Oh I'm wet." she said. "Trust me." Her hips began to gyrate slightly with his probing. She lowered her own hand seeking out his unit but his arm was blocking her path. She tried going through it and over it but it was no good. If his hand was to remain between her legs she would not be able to grasp the sausage she so desired.

Noting this he suggested they both retire to the smooth soft mound in the centre of the wet area. Where he and Lieve had just been. Without a word they adjourned. Her sailor suit worked it's way down again as they waded slowly back toward the mound. He expected to see Lieve there where he had left her but whilst he was concentrating on his new source of affection she had joined the others in the Jacuzzi. There was some giggling coming from that direction and Philip noticed that Stephanie and Jerry were locked in deep embrace. As were Suzanne and Yuchtar. Lieve seemed to be the odd one out. There was nothing he could do about it now. He had another job to perform. A small, repeating bleep sounded for about 5 seconds and stopped. He looked around thinking it was some warning device he should be aware of. Amelia grabbed his chin and made him face her.

"It's just the water cut-off alarm. It just means the water has reached the maximum depth of half a metre. We have to be careful now because a large enough wave could indeed crash onto the carpet."

He nodded in heed of the warning. Though if their thrashing about in the act of love making caused a tidal wave he probably would not care. She drew him closer and kissed him. Slipping in her tongue and rekindling the passion they were previously sharing. He grew wood again and made a bee-line for her pussy.

"Ah ah ahr." she said waving her finger at him. "Not until we're better situated." She ushered him back against the soft mound. He lent back slowly. till he was resting against it. She knelt down till she was in front of him but just a little to one side and comfortable. Grabbing his large erect cock in both hands she lowered her mouth onto him. He could feel her hot breath on his knob as she ran her tongue along the his shaft with her mouth open wide so that she wouldn't engulf him. Her long stippled tongue slowly slurping it's way upward sending shivers down his spine. It reached the folds underneath the head where he was most sensitive and he shuddered uncontrollably.

With her mouth still wide open she swirled her tongue over the very tip of his penis . It felt as if her tongue were made of tiny electric needles. Darting fine wires of sensation through every nerve ending in his knob and generating enough current to light his whole body up like a times-square display board. It's message undecipherable but agreeable. He moaned loudly and uncontrollably as her tongue made it's way over the top and toward the rim of the head. Now it felt intense as if her tongue was sawing into him.

Having made it's first orientation run, she manoeuvred her tongue back to it's starting position underneath his head and began repeating the motion. He moaned again as her tongue circled once more. His sound travelling directly to her clitoris where she felt it almost as if his sound had licked her between the legs.

Philip was laying back paralysed by her motion. Again she circled her tongue underneath where the sensations tore up his nervous system, over the tip where it shot needles through him

and over the top where it grew saw teeth and cut into him. She began doing it faster lapping at him. Taking the message directly to his most sensitive part. He recalled that doctors called it 'referred pain' when a pain was felt in one part of the body but caused somewhere else. Now he was feeling referred pleasure. Where the intensity of the pleasure on his knob was so great that it referred pleasure through his nervous system to almost every other part of his body.

She was lapping faster now. "Slurp slurp slurp." He could hear her tongue tracing it's precise path around his head. He began to buck as micro orgasms shot through him as if he was bolding down a bumpy road. She introduced a random element to her motion. Her tongue sometimes darting down one side and then the other. He was bucking and jolting but not quite there but she was able to read the signs as expertly as she could navigate a space ship. She closed her mouth over him and began to gently suck as her tongue continued it's slurping motion around it's charge. It was too much for him to bear and he came. There was little left in his body to cum with. His body pumped up what little it could find but there was little more than a drop of his precious fluid. He jerked and bucked . Throwing himself from one side to the other. Still she didn't stop.

With all his might and co-ordination he threw himself forward to try and push her face away but she expertly pushed him back down again with one free hand. Continuing to lick and slurp and suck more and more intensely. He was moaning loudly and continuously. Gasping and almost screaming. He drew up all his strength to try and pull away but noticed that he had somehow moved onto a higher level. He calmed for a time but the sensitivity grew within him again. And intensity and calmness she couldn't fathom. His body had given into the intensity and was building again to another orgasm. He had never experienced anything like it before. He felt his muscles begin their pumping action again and as he began to boil again, the rest of his body was all but calm. Pure sensation enveloped him as wave upon wave of orgasm washed over him. Each of her licks a new orgasm. Each orgasm was as if he had jumped into hyperspace. His whole body trembling but otherwise calm. As if he had just passed into the eye of the storm. Moaning slightly as each wave took him higher.

Suddenly he felt something touch his nipples. Surprised he opened his eyes and looked up to see Yuchtar leaning over him smiling. He was helpless as she brought her arms down across him and her fingers zeroed in on his nipples. Suddenly they electrified as she began circling them. He closed his eyes again as the sensation drilled into him. Distracting him slightly from the waves of orgasm injected by Amelia's tongue. Suddenly there was a new sensation as he felt Yuchtar's hair drag across his ultra sensitive chest. He opened his eyes again instinctively to find her lips zeroing in on one of his nipples. She sucked it and it felt like it was cuming all by it self. His arms were waving in a symbolic and useless attempt to push them away. More of an annoyance to Yuchtar who pinned one of his arms down out of her way. All his trembling muscles tightened and his legs stretched out and became as rigid as his cock. They kicked up into Amelia but she skilfully spread them apart either side of her. The spreading motion adding to his total subservience to their wills. Yuchtar could feel his incredibly hard tall nipple as she tortured it with her tongue. The muscles that were attempting to pump his non-existent sperm began giving off sensations he could not understand. He figured that they may have been cramping up This worried him but still the orgasms came.

He screamed as another giant wall of orgasm slammed through him. He bucked hard enough to throw Yuchtar off him but she was back on the case in seconds. But Amelia was now slowing her motion concentrating on sucking harder. She sucked so hard he thought she may even tear his cock out from it's roots. Then with one enormous suck her mouth slipped

over the end of his knob and was gone. He was relieved but he missed it's warm wetness.

Yuchtar moved to the side further. He opened his eyes to see what she was up to and saw the looming figure of Amelia settling her pussy over his still wooded penis. Her legs spread wide and a hand descending on to his member. It grabbed him and guided him in to dock.

"Plish" went the sound as his dick sunk easily into her moist and ready pussy. She descended swallowing him whole. Then she rolled her hips forward so that her clitoris would make maximum contact with him. Yuchtar climbed up onto the mound behind him and stared at him upside down in order to make more room for Amelia to lay flat upon him. Amelia immediately began a swinging motion on him. He could feel her silky muscled vagina sucking at him with all the enthusiasm that her mouth had just done. He watched through narrowed eyes as Yuchtar extended her face to kiss Amelia over his head. The sight distracted him and before he knew it he was re-set and on his way. Building to yet another orgasm as the girls swung each other in sensual motion. Yuchtar's breasts slapping gently against his face.

He concentrated on trying to catch one of her nipples in his mouth but she was swaying too fast and every time one passed him by he missed. He lifted his head further but this only gave them his cheeks upon which to bounce off of and glide around. Not to be beaten he tried to read their timing as they passed his face. He turned his head to one side and waited till a suitable nipple reached the pinnacle of it's arc and then he began to track it back. He pounced.

"Yeeee Ouch!" screeched Yuchtar as she withdrew. "You cheeky bastard." she shouted down at him holding her attacked nipple. Then she realized what he was trying to do.

"You want one of these do you? Ok then. Which one do you want?"

"That one will do," said Philip nodding with his head at the nipple he had just taken a bite at.

"Ok then my sweet." She grabbed her breast and began poking it toward his mouth.

"Ah Ah Ahrr." She withdrew again and waved a finger. "No biting this time Ok." Philip smiled and nodded his head happily agreeing to her condition.

She once again lowered it into his wide open mouth. He closed it and began sucking. The rubbery sensation in his mouth felt as though it were nourishment from the Gods.

"This is one serious tit." he thought.

Yuchtar's new position over him required that Amelia lean even further forward onto him. They kissed and he felt warm saliva drip onto his chest. It was as if a chemical trigger that raised him to the next level. Yuchtar once again withdrew her breast from his mouth. Only to replace it with her own mouth. Their upside down tongues meeting in a frenzy of sensation. She caught his tongue in her mouth and began to suck it hard. He thought she was going to try and suck it right out of his mouth. A sensation that was not entirely unpleasant but slowly she let it slip away from her. Then she withdrew again. Sitting over his head she spread her legs and cradled his head between them. He saw her hands extend to Amelia's rollicking shoulder and then under her arms. She pulled Amelia forward so that she was now laying on top of him, still rolling around but with her mouth now dangerously close to his.

She pecked at his lips on each forward movement. Groaned with pleasure when she travelled retrograde. She rolled backward and forward upon him as if his cock inside her were a spring forcing her back up again. His dick slipt back and fourth within her as her clitoris rubbed against his wet, golden haired groin. She became more excited and her movements more exaggerated. She forgot all about kissing him and he could see the strained expression on her face as it darted forward each time close to his. His cock was almost numb as it slammed up hard inside her each time.



Yuchtar grabbed her again each side of her breasts. She began power assisting Amelia's thrusts causing Philip's member to slam up harder inside her. She came. Philip felt her muscles tighten around him and her whole body become tense on top of him but Yuchtar didn't realize. She continued to push and pull at Amelia and Amelia began to shudder. Further tightening around Philip. Philip was about to explode when Yuchtar realized that Amelia was fighting her to stop. Philip was glad too. He wasn't sure if he could stand coming again so soon after such a massive series of orgasms. He thought he would have cum and probably enjoyed it but other sensations he was begging to feel each time were concerting him. But as if to allay his fears, Amelia's trembling and throws of spasms as she calmed down set him over the edge. He came and was giving off shudders of his own. Amelia felt it and laughed but his shudders were doing the same to her.

Somehow the story seemed familia. He would shudder setting her off. She would in turn shudder and set him off. A process that could have gone on for hours had it not been for an impatient Yuchtar.

"My turn" she shouted excitedly and then unceremoniously heaved Amelia into the water. Her extraction from a-top of Philip made him feel as if a part of his own body had suddenly been removed. A sensation soon forgotten however, as Yuchtar grabbed him by the ankles and dragged him down the slope of the mound and into the water. His head and shoulders protruding above it. He stared at her in anticipation. She seemed to be more aggressive than the others. Although Stephanie Vourhause came a close second. He was hoping that she wouldn't hurt him. Though part of him was curious if she did.

She lowered herself into the water in front of him and explored for his penis. Never once taking her eyes off him. He briefly glanced down to see what she was doing and then he also looked deep into her eyes trying to read her intentions. He was confused by an over all expression of caring. It almost looked like she was about to mother him when he felt her grab his balls. She grabbed them gently but it still shocked him. He wasn't expecting it and when he felt it he expected her to squeeze them. Instead she simply stroked them gently. Feeling the contours and smiling lovingly at him as she did. Her expression suggested she was about to care for them as if they were Faberge eggs. They may as well have been as far as he was concerned but as she fondled and cradled them it felt remarkably good to him and he gave in to the sensation. Her fingers climbed their way to the base of his slightly limp cock then they surrounded it. She plunged another hand onto the job and then proceeded to stroke it. Not in a pleasurable way at first but he realized she was washing it. Washing any trace of Amelia from him. He was still limp but her washing motion soon turned to the job of getting him hard again.

He was so use to being all but permanently hard now that it came as no surprise that the sensation of both her hands concentrating on as much coverage of his penis as possible, drove him to full wood in no time. She smiled and kissed him driving his head back against the side of the mound. He closed his eyes but in a flash he felt her remove her hands and climb aboard as if he was a circus ride. She did not aim his dick into her with any great accuracy. The head of his penis slamming hard just left of centre. He felt like she was going to ram his penis all the way back inside him but eventually it slipped into her with such sudden force that he through it was going to tear the skin off of him.

She immediately began forcing herself hard backward and forward against him. He could feel the seemingly hard folds of her pussy rubbing against his own groin. He spread his legs further which caused her to sink further into his lap and causing her to spread her own legs up further as they hooked over his. It also made it harder for her to ride him up and down so she

placed her hands on his shoulder and used him for leverage.

"Now I know what it's like to be a sex slave," said Philip.

"Shut. Ah... Up. Ah. Slave. Ahhh." she said as she rode up and down on him. He felt his shaft travelling up and down inside her. the travel and her gyrations almost releasing him altogether but then somehow his penis would always end up back inside her and scouring the walls of her vagina apart once more. Though he couldn't hear it, the sensation registered in his brain as a constant "Plish. Plish. Plish." Sound on every stroke.

Yuchtar began grunting like a tennis player volleying the ball. This turned Philip on enough that he began to experiment with some Gyration of his own. Yuchtar moaned louder as she could no longer predict the angle at which his penis would enter her. But then a particularly ill timed gyration cast his dick right out of her and it tore up her folds and ripped passed her clitoris. She screamed and then giggled as his large lumpy bulkiness drove home on her clitoris like a series of jack hammers.

She stopped for a second but then continued in that position. The underside of his cock rubbing directly against her most sensitive of erogenous zones. Philip could feel the folds of skin rubbing randomly past the head of his cock and realized it was getting her excited. At least he found something useful he could do with his hands. He grabbed her ass and forced her hard against his thrusting cock squashed hard into her. She screamed a giggle of delight as the sensation went through her like a bullet train.

She began rolling herself from side to side against him. He helped her as much as he could by holding her hard against him but eventually she longed to have him inside her again. She raised herself up past him and felt his hard cock spring back between her legs at which point she lowered herself. His penetration signalling her to begin a new frenzy of gyrations. Faster and faster as if she was desperate to cum as quickly as possible. Each gyration attempting to suck up what ever Philip's drained body had left to give.

Philip felt that she was somehow drawing streams of energy from all over his body and funnelling them up through his penis like a straw. He felt himself becoming dangerously close to the brink. This time he was relaxed about it. He had lost count of how many times he had cum already but had become use to it as a regular but pleasurable occurrence. It built up and he was powerless to stop it. The safety valve blew off with one enormous spasm. He felt a sort of pain in his back as he tensed. He figured he may have torn something or otherwise done some damage but he didn't care. He felt it build up inside him again and this time accompanied by the uncontrollable shuddering.

To Yuchtar, he felt like a power vibrator inside her but it still wasn't enough to get her there. She doubled her efforts. Riding him like a horsewoman on an urgent mission. Philip tried to relax thinking it was all over for another time but her new efforts brought him right back up again. This time it was in his experience base to cum rapidly and often but he wasn't expecting an almost constant flow of orgasm. He had never been able to study the sensation before. Usually it was a massive peak. A moment in which he was helpless. This was as intense but almost as if in slow motion. As if time were stretched and he was left hanging at that level indefinitely.

His shuddering finally worked it's vibrations through Yuchtar's body and brought her to the edge. She was out of control. She came with a scream as if on the downward run of a roller coaster. Then several shorter screams as waves of orgasm blasted through her. Her body suddenly becoming ultra sensitive. Even the water lapping at her hips sent orgasmic pulses through her. Philip moved his hand very slightly and gently across her ass for no particular

reason. A muscle spasm perhaps but Yuchtar didn't have time to reason why. She felt it as if it were lightning striking her skin. The energy travelled to her basal ganglia where it arced across onto the matrix of nerves throughout her entire body. It sent warm shivers up and down her body. She gulped and screamed with delight.

Philip could not tell if he were having one big orgasm or millions of tiny ones. Each after another such that it seemed to be prolonged. Whatever it was, it was long enough to amaze and fascinate him but now it was beginning to fade. He followed the feeling with his mind down deep within his body to where it had emanated. He began to regain control of his body again. He felt his dick under heavy massage attack inside Yuchtar. He had the urge to feel her body. His hands ran across her skin and up her sides toward her breasts. Slowly and ticklishly. The magic lightning arcing from his hands causing ripples of ticklish orgasm to surge through her in their wake. He reached and cupped her breasts. Squeezing her hard nipples between his fingers. He squeezed and kneaded her breasts gently and slowly such that she could have sworn they were having an orgasm of their own. Seeing her renewed excitement he funnelled her breasts through his hands until he had her nipples in a fist-like grip.

"Harder!" she gasped. "Harder!"

He clenched his fists tighter around them pulling them forward gently.

"Harder!" she shouted in a croaky voice as another wave of orgasm rippled through her entire body.

"Harder!" She shouted again throwing her head back to the stars, tears streaming from her eyes and her mouth wide open to catch them. He could no longer shout "harder" but Philip received the message well. He clenched his fists as tight as he could and could only pull on them to gain any more pressure.

"Arrrrrh!" she screamed in a guttural voice modulated by waves of passion leaping from her throat. Her spasmodic pelvic thrusts bringing Philip back on the boil but soon it was over. She flopped limp over him. Philip let go of her breasts as she fell limp like a rag doll. Breathing heavily and wheezing. Philip could sense her heart pumping as if she had just run a marathon. He could feel her vagina still sending sensations through him but there was no life left in her. Her tears now running down his face in drops. Her hot breath on his forehead. His hot breath steaming into her neck and shoulders. A sensation she wished she could capitalize on but she just couldn't. A few minutes though to catch her breath and allow the drug to do its thing and she might, so she lay there across him. Taking in the feel of his slightly muscular physique and wondering how she could keep this moment forever.

Her head flopped down beside his. Her breath now tickling his ear. His breath now blowing over her shoulder. Both of them calming and catching up. Philip became aware of the laughing and splashing from the Jacuzzi but he couldn't turn to see because Yuchtar's head was in line of sight. He petted her head as her breath returned to normal. She turned her head slightly to see the people in the Jacuzzi. Suddenly she sprang up.

"Damn I'm good!" she said. Philip glanced at her sideways then realized she was being facetious. And the thought gave him a sense of satisfaction or even pride in a job well done. He couldn't explain it since he had mostly been a passive participant and the whole evening had taken him quite by surprise. She eased herself off him and once again knelt in front of him and washed his now limping shaft with her hands. She smiled and the sensation was immensely pleasurable to him. He smiled back.

"You really are good." he said as she backed away and began to stand upright. She moaned as some sensation of strained musculature shot through her briefly. She held out her

hand to help him to his feet.

"We're gonna regret this in the morning." she said. He grasped her hand and she lent back pulling him to his feet. He felt the sensation that probably would have been pain rippling through him as well. Though as soon as he recognised it as pain the drug translated it into some kind of warped pleasure. Yuchtar lunged and hugged him suddenly. Knocking a portion of wind out of him. She kissed him taking the rest of his breath away.

"I think you're wanted" she said smiling and released one hand to gesture toward the Jacuzzi. He turned to see the laughing and shouting voices belonged to arms beckoning him to join them. Yuchtar released him and gave him a gentle push in their direction. He slowly moved off smiling like a winning athlete. Yuchtar slapped him on his buttocks hard as he turned away from her. It hurt but felt good.

"Now I know what Chris must have felt like" he thought to himself and wondered if he might try it some time.

"There's something I need you to do for me." shouted Stephanie Vourhause.

"Oh no." thought the still smiling Philip.

"Come on in." shouted Stephanie at him again and beckoned him closer. There was too much foam to see the Jacuzzi itself All he could see were heads and shoulders bobbing above the swirling water. He waded closer to the foam and then into it. Suddenly he felt himself sinking fast. He had stepped right over the abyss and sank to the bottom. His legs collapsing underneath him and submerging his head for a time.

5 pairs of hands lunged for what ever part of his body they could find and began to work him back to the surface. His head burst above the bubbles and he gasped for breath. Spitting water out and coughing.

"Are you alright?" said Suzanne rubbing her hands up and down on his chest. Philip nodded.

"I'm sorry to ask you this," said Stephanie. "but would you kindly fuck me up the arse please?"

"What?" said Philip surprised at the open request.

"Sorry to ask you. Normally Chris, Bernard or Jason would do it but they don't seem to be around at the moment. I really need a dick." She saw the confused reluctance on Philip's face.

"Pweeze." she said in her most seductively sweet voice.

"I'm not sure I can get hard any more," said Philip trying to see beyond the bubbles.

"I'm sure we can fix that," said Jerry. She snapped her fingers and Kylie took a deep breath and dived into the water at him. He felt a sensation on his penis. He couldn't work it out. It was as if a shark had attacked it. Then he realized the ever versatile Kylie was giving him head underwater. He tongue slicing and licking along underneath his growing shaft. He saw Kylie's ass float to the surface in front of him but her golden head remained submerged and unlocking his passion. The sensation was intense and causing him to produce a worthy shaft.

Having done her job Kylie surfaced in front of him. Her feet sinking to the ground and gripping his torso, she pulled herself to stand in front of him smiling.

"I don't believe you," said Philip. She touched his nose with a confident index finger and retreated through the foam. Stephanie approached him. Stephanie was quite a deal shorter than him. She stood on tippy toes to make her mouth reach his. She kissed him passionately. Slipping her tongue in and exploring her mouth. Her body floated in against his pushing his penis up and between them. She let the buoyancy of the water sway her upward till his dick

was fucking her belly. She climbed up him further until his dick flopped between her legs and then she lowered herself on him. His rod began to bend downward beneath her weight. All without her lips ever leaving his. Philip was unsure of what he should be doing. His hands touched her side and then raised higher without touching her at all. Her arms slung around him tightly.

Suddenly he felt another pair of hand on his. Jerry grabbed them and placed them around Stephanie's back. Then he knew he should grab her and pull her close. He ass still swaying, dragging his penis side to side between her legs. With his eyes closed and a face full of Stephanie's face, he felt some fingers probing and licking around his shaft. Flicking and poking, exploring his knob and then he felt more. He opened his eyes and caught the essence of Jerry standing behind Stephanie, her hand now beginning to push his shaft into Stephanie's folds. Gently rubbing it in as if it were a plastic dildo. Darting along its length and rubbing his head into Stephanie's clitoris. She sucked hard at his lips when she felt it. Fingers probing both of them furiously together. Stephanie pulled back away from his lips.

"Do you think you're hard enough yet?" said Stephanie at her most seductive. He gave her a single nod. She kissed him quickly once more and then pulled away. Turning to face Jerry with her back toward him.

"Have you ever done this before?" She said over her shoulder.

"Err no," said Philip.

"Hold on," she said. "The water's too deep to do this." She turned to Yuchtar who was contemplating joining them. "Yuchy my dear. Could you be a love and drain the pond please. And could we have some rain?"

"Why certainly Stephie my darling," said Yuchtar as she blew a kiss and turned to splash back to the control panel. Stephanie positioned herself so that once again Philip's shaft was between her legs. Only this time from behind. Jerry once again grabbed his hands and placed them on Stephanie's small, firm, shapely breasts. Once again Jerry placed both hands between Stephanie's legs and began to pilot his dick into her. Only this time she began kissing Stephanie passionately on the lips. A warm light rain began to fall from the ceiling.

"How's that?" shouted Yuchtar from the other end of the wet area. Stephanie retracted her face from Jerry's.

"That's... Err... Good," said Stephanie as she felt the full pleasure of Philip's shaft being stroked into her.

"This much water will take a little while to drain," said Jerry. "Then you can fuck my girlfriend up the ass."

Philip groaned as he felt the full force of Jerry's palm squashing his knob into Stephanie's folds and slipping it along. Stephanie lent back on him. His chin jutting over her shoulder as if she had two heads. She extended one hand up and caressed his face with it. Gently Jerry moved in on them. First kissing Stephanie full on the lips then alternating to Philip. Stephanie turned her head in an attempt to facilitate a three way kiss but Philip didn't understand. He thought she was pushing him away.

The water was draining away slowly but not enough yet to perform Stephanie's request. Philip didn't mind. What Jerry was doing to them both was quite interesting enough. He felt that maybe the drug was wearing off. He was still hard and it still felt intense but not as it had before. But as Stephanie rocked her little ass against him slowly and he cupped her small but firm, perfectly tear shaped breast in his hand, he felt contentment. As content as any meaningless sex could be.

Kylie began to slip herself in behind him. She had to slowly but forcefully push them all forward in the Jacuzzi as Philip was leaning against its wall. Eventually she was standing behind him and a little two one side. She then slowly began to slip a hand in between his stomach and Stephanie's lower back. She spread her slender fingers and grabbed clasped him tight back against her. Philip could feel one of her breasts squash up against his back then he felt her other hand working it's way town his back. It worked it's way between the folds of his buttocks and with an angel's giggle, Kylie slipt a finger in and began probing for his ring. He spread his legs a little wider to accommodate her.

Her probe found it's target and with another small giggle it penetrated him. He jumped forward a little at first. Likewise sending a charge through Stephanie. Jerry's palm thrust across Stephanie's Clit and onto Philip's partially embedded knob pushing Stephanie back onto him. He swayed backward onto Kylie's gently twisting finger causing him to rock forward slightly. It pushed him back into Stephanie who in turn pushed hard up gainst Jerry and her massaging hand. Stephanie moaned. Kylie giggled.

This continued for several gentle cycles till they all paused at the sound of someone splashing through the draining water toward them. They all turned to look as one. It was a naked Virginia Lake with Jason. He pulled away from Virginia as he realized the fun his lover was having. Virginia smiled as they parted. He jumped into the Jacuzzi making as little splash as he could but still causing a wave to crash upon them like a breaker at a rocky beach.

He fell in behind Kylie and embraced her much as Philip was holding Stephanie. Placing his swelling cock between her legs but with no-one to massage it into her he had to be content with letting it find it's natural position against her pussy.

Realizing his dilemma, Kylie released her hand from Philip's ass and also withdrew the hand that was holding him. All in one slow sensuous motion that sent tingles up Philip's spine. Philip thought his ass probing was over but instead she simply changed hands. The hand that was holding him now began probing in him whilst her other hand sank between her own legs and began to masturbate, using Jason's cock as a dildo. Jason grabbed her by the hips and attempted to thrust his cock as far forward as he could.

Jason was followed closely by Virginia lake. Seizing the opportunity she jumped in behind Jason and began giving him his own anal probe. 6 people began seething , groaning and moaning as they formed a circle almost one third the way round the rim of the large Jacuzzi.

"What's bringing all you people?" shouted Suzanne as she noticed Bernard arrive. Splashing through the water toward them.

"I head the sound of the water draining away so I came to investigate," said Barnard. "I'm glad I did too by the looks."

"Oh good. Bernard. Be a dear and come and fuck me up the ass would you?" said Virginia lake.

"What?"

"You heard me. Now get in line. That's an order dear."

"Oh well if it's an order then it must be for the cause. And if it's for the cause then please allow me to be the first to volunteer." He jumped into the Jacuzzi making a somewhat bigger splash than Jason had.

"Watch it!" said Virginia Lieve.

"Sorry. It's all for a good cause though," said Bernard as he waded enthusiastically toward Virginia Lake and her waiting backside. Yuchtar has isolated the rain to fall from the ceiling jets only around the perimeter of the Jacuzzi. Warm, misty rain that made the 7 seething bodies

glisten like glazed fruit.

Yuchtar stood on the edge of the Jacuzzi watching intently as the naked forms of Chris and Sigourney splashed through the draining water.

"Sorry we're late" said Chris. He saw Bernard's rollicking form pumping into Virginia lake. He looked at Sigourney and looked at Bernard then back again.

"Decisions decisions." he said. "Tempting but what would you like my love?" Sigourney thought about it for a moment .

"I think I'll have a piece of that ass down there if you wouldn't mind having a piece of mine?"

"You mean another piece?" said Chris. "Certainly!" They held hands and held their noses. Hamming it up for the plunge into the pool. They jumped in together and formed themselves into the line.

"Yuchy. It looks like you and me babe," said Suzanne extending her hand to help Yuchtar into the bowl.

"What about Virginia?" said Yuchtar.

"I've been seriously contemplating an investigation of Jerry's toosh," said Lieve.

"Well I could do you if Yuchtar does me," said Suzanne.

"Ellow." came a french accent. "It's me La petite Anny."

"There's just never enough cock when you need it," said Suzanne.

"There certainly isn't is there," said Amelia. Having found her way back to the Jacuzzi.

"What's going on here?" came a familiar male voice.

There was a chorus of screams from Anny, Amelia, Suzanne and Yuchtar.

"It's General Straker" they all shouted in unison.

"Yes and I brought some friends." He ushered in the silhouetted forms of two men in behind him. All standing fully clothed just outside of the now mostly drained wet area. They stepped into the light.

"These are some friends of mine. Actors Ed Bishop and Michael Billington."

"I want the blond one." Shouted Suzanne as she fought to clamber out of the Jacuzzi. Michael giving Straker a wry smile.

"I think this chick's got your name on it Ed."

"I'll take the dark haired one." shouted Amelia. "He's definitely mine."

"Well that leaves me with the hairy chested one." shouted Yuchtar.

"But what about La Petite Anny?" said Suzanne tracking her man like prey.

"Would I do?" Came a calm confident voice.

"Oh my god. It eez you." shouted Anny as she stressed her hand over her heart. "George Sewell! What a zerprise to see yoo ear. You are definitely mine. "

"Don't worry, we can all change at half time," said George smiling a cheeky smile.

Suzanne pushed and pulled gently at Ed Straker's strange but alluring jump suit. She hopped from one leg to the other barely able to contain her excitement.

"Come on. I can't wait all night," said Ed Bishop as Amelia fumbled with his trousers. Her hands trembling at the thought of having his throbbing member inside her after all this time of dreaming about it.

Yuchtar was putty in Michael Billington's hands. He expertly held her trembling body whilst he removed his garments one by one. Yuchtar tried to help but she was shaking with anticipation, too excited to co-ordinate.

10 people in a circle in the Jacuzzi. Lieve forming the link, Philip sandwiched in the

middle. His dick in snug behind Stephanie Vourhause, Kylie's finger up his ass. He stood there snug and comfortable, the water lapping at him and being gently massaged on all sides, and thought to himself: "I'm there dude!"

"All we need now is a rumba rhythm." declared Lieve.

Philip felt the motions of Kylie furiously masturbating with Jason's penis behind him he wasn't surprised that withing a few minutes he heard the pair of them moaning with delight. Her finger in his ass shuddering like a vibrator. The sensation shot through him and together with Jerry's handy-work, he too was bubbling over again. He wondered if Stephanie was near her time but he needn't have worried, as shortly she began to shudder and convulse. Jerry wasn't about to stop. She just kept on bringing them off having not boiled herself yet. But pretty soon the Jacuzzi was filled with 10 moaning and quivering people. Splashing about and foaming, content to cum again and again. Philip let his mind go as one orgasm merged into the next. Consumed but the sensations as if it were the only sense he needed. He didn't remember seeing anything. He only vaguely remembered hearing anything. He only felt. And the feeling was loud and colourful.