

# THE LAUNDROMAT

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Free sample edition

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## [MEETING](#)

What might happen to me from our agreement was still a mystery. My thoughts swirled from my unhesitating submission to the terms of our arrangement. I may have exposed myself to indelicate situations, or worse. I had soaked in my deep bath for half an hour or so, reflecting on our rendezvous arrangement. This had not helped me understand my thinking.

It was enough to know that my complicit body was wild with expectation. I touched myself under the warm water again where I tingled with arousal. The possibility of surrendering myself to either ecstasy or calamity was exciting.

It was bewildering. I would be submitting my body and will to the whim of a man I did not know. A man who I expected to exploit my willing compliance and torment me for his own dubious inclinations. I did this in the hope that by putting myself in his hands, he might expand my sensibilities and magnify my pleasures.

I had talked with him online and sometimes by text messaging. Judging from his profile pictures, he was handsome in a conventional way. His looks were not that remarkable. He was suggestive, witty and filthy during our frequent online chat. Without doubt, he was a bit up himself.

Paul drew me in anyway, even though he was not anything like my departed husband or the usual type of my youth. His dissimilarity from my past tastes in men had me a little worried. It might help explain the attraction driving me towards this encounter with such recklessness.

Despite my lingering uncertainties, I was now about to embark upon an unusual tryst. He was going to text me instructions and I would comply. He would be able to do whatever he liked with me.

I had assured him of my compliance and given him permission to punish me if I failed to follow any of his commands exactly. I was not at all worried, just incredibly excited. I trusted in his sincerity that it would all stop, if I were to say enough. I would not call a halt, unless he was more cruel than I had imagined him to be. In that situation, it would be of no use anyway.

I called him lover yet I had never met him. A single enticing voicemail was enough to know his speech and tone were appealing, deep and reassuring. His charming words during our many online chats took over my body and mind. Our chat was enthralling, spinning me into wild delirious joy. He thought I was hot and told me so, over and over and over again.

He had already changed the way I thought about myself. Shame at my body had troubled me for most of my life, but not from anything to do with my figure or weight, which were fine. The near constant arousal and excitement of my body was what I found disconcerting. It seemed to me that my easy and frequent sexual arousal steered my mind towards thoughts of sex, rather than the reverse. I feared people calling me a slut if I revealed to them this harlot living inside me. I worried this hurtful word was the precise word to describe me, if I were to follow my body's erotic tendencies. My cyber lover reassured me I was wanton in mind and hot in body, a supreme and delicious libertine witnessing her own awakening. Paul's words thrilled and excited me.

I stayed connected to the [whowherewhathow.com](http://whowherewhathow.com) site with my phone most of the time. My teasing self-description on this online dating site was what first got Paul's attention. Loneliness and self-doubt came over me after my dickhead husband left our marriage. This affected the way I described myself on my profile. It was brief. I left my seeking criteria blank because I no longer knew what I was after from a relationship.

A torrent of men responded to my profile seeking contact. Paul was one of the literate few. Most were ugly freaks who wanted me to meet them immediately for a no-strings-attached fuck. They had no idea how to engage with me, and to make me feel good about myself. Paul was different, he knew straight away what to say to cheer me up and make me laugh at life and myself. Straightaway, we were into candid wide-ranging chat and playfulness. I craved his attention, or that of other men who might thrill me in the same way. No one else matched him.

Early on, I sent him an image I took with my phone. This first photo was of my ear to show him I was listening. The second focused on my sensuous mouth. My lips were fabulous red with lavish lipstick wrapped around a protruding white mint lolly. It had Paul enthralled.

A week or so later, I sent him my braless cleavage in a tight low-cut top, showing him the perfect shape of my ample breasts. Paul begged me for more. Some weeks later, I sent a photo from my bath. This one showed my nice legs folded over one another and my firm right breast with its rock-hard nipple prominent. He whimpered for more.

A few weeks later, I sent him a photo taken in the shower looking down my front from above. The falling water deluged both of my beautiful breasts, with my nipples standing out erect, of course. Paul was beside himself when he replied, again desperate to meet me. As before, I thought it wise to decline.

I was the wanton temptress when I was chatting with him, my nipples always hard, and my vagina ready. He loved my teasing and responsiveness to his coaxing. I loved it when we could find

the time to chat without interruption. Each time I masturbated to fantastic orgasms while he told me what he would do to me when we were finally together. Usually I would end up lying face down on my big bed, knees forward, with my behind pushing up into the air. This was the position I preferred for deep and furious fucking. My left thumb would be performing slow and fast rubbing circles on my clitoris, my finger dipping in and out of my happy vagina. My other thumb would be busy with the keypad of the phone. I always asked him if it was okay before using my vibrator, as I would need to put the phone down for a minute. Paul loved that.

We depended on technologies for our uninhibited communication. These helped shape what we said and did together. Messaging and text reduced us to bluntness, with no room for subtlety. We sometimes needed to clarify a missed nuance. Sometimes we would lose the thread of what the other was discussing. No miscommunication between us mattered for more than a few moments. It was easy for us to repair these when they happened. I did not want to lose the wonderful intensity of our online liaisons. Then something changed, but not for the worse.

Paul became more directive, more insistent, more confident, and I loved it. It was innocent at first. He began to push me in ways that I found pleasing. His greater command over me intensified my imaginings, wantonness and arousal. He thrilled me with his talk of punishment. Him slapping or whipping me to the point of extreme pain, and beyond to willing submission. We discovered that the Story of O was an early inspiration for both of us. My lust increased with every shared wicked thought.

During the day at work, I was the compliant and skilled professional nurse. I gave every appearance of being a conventional single-mother breadwinner. At home with my three boys around, I was ever the dutiful mother. I prepared their meals and taxied them to their different sports. I did the washing, cooked and cleaned, although the vacuuming had fallen away a little.

Underneath the public veneer, I was chatting with Paul. We would exchange the most intimate thoughts and sublime fantasies. His words filled me with bliss, right to my core.

I was in state of heightened sexual arousal most of the time. This was so regardless of where I was or whatever mundane chore I was performing. If I focussed upon my thoughts and desires, my nipples would harden and I would feel the wetness within me. This state would intensify if I could not distract myself with some diversion. If I could not, I would get to the point where the urge to be fucked by him became overpowering. It did not even have to be him. I was happy for any ready and nearby man to give me the satisfaction I needed.

I avoided people while racked with these overwhelming feelings of desire. I feared the fire of arousal burning inside me beneath the moistening crotch of my leggings would be obvious to anyone who looked at me.

I resisted acting on my desires, afraid of what might happen if I fell for someone again. Someone who might discard me like my lying husband did. More than a year had now gone by since I last shared my bed. I dreaded never again allowing myself to enjoy a man's urgent hardness throbbing inside me.

My frequent fantasies of a man compelling and dominating me hinted at a way of escaping this growing worry. It was past time for me to start a new episode in my life. I wanted to feel the embrace of an amorous man, hard with desire for me again. Paul had divined my anxiety and was taking steps to have me soar in ecstasy once more.

I climbed out of the bath and caressed myself dry with the soft towel, still wanting to pamper myself. I was running too late for that now. I dressed and then looked in the mirror to check myself out. My lover had told me I was not a slut, and then made me dress like a caricature of a sexually available woman. I had on a bra, and reddish-purple elasticised stay-up stockings, with no panties or girdle. Over the top, I wore a too short black skirt and a smart jacket. My high heel black boots were not quite sensible for the one-kilometre walk, but complemented my attire. The fact that they were knee high drew further attention to my exposed thighs, as if this was at all necessary.

I needed to make sure I was meeting all my lover's instructions. Being late was already a problem. I did not want his punishment. I could not deny though that the thought triggered further arousal and seeping wetness. My vagina was moist and ready for some serious attention. A thicker cream had formed around my vagina's opening to welcome the thrust of a penetrating hard cock.

Looking in the mirror only confirmed what I already knew. My nipples were ruby hard and pushing right through the lace of my skimpy sexy bra. Putting on my jacket over the top did not make me any more decent. I noted my effortless abundant arousal and correct attire. These made

me confident I was meeting my lover's initial requirements in full.

I had one more thing to do before I left. I delayed another moment for a selfie of myself in the mirror for later viewing pleasure. I bent forward and looked back over my shoulder with my legs spread wide. My moist scarlet arousal was evident, even on the phone's little screen.

I did not have time now, but I would definitely upload this shot later on. It would go nicely with my other photos on my favourite amateur self-shooter site. My regular contributions attracted their fair share of appreciative comments. I was sure this latest photo would send my many admirers into an online chorus of grunting and swooning rhapsody.

I stared again in the mirror to look at myself. Blonde-streaked brown hair, green eyes and pretty-enough face. Generous breasts, nice behind, okay legs, and wicked intentions. That was me. I could see what Paul meant when he told me I was an attractive middle-aged woman, at the peak of her mature sensuality. I am hot I realised, maybe even sizzling.

My attractiveness now was different to when I was a sexy young woman whom handsome bad men wanted for a good time. Moreover, it was mutual then. I had fucked with many of them until I married the last one of them twenty years ago. If you ignored my current dress, my attractiveness was less flamboyant now. I thought I was more beautiful like this. I let my finger form little circles inside the parting mouth of my vagina for a moment. My thumb brushed over my clitoris. I was throbbing and did not want to stop, which was a problem. According to my last text command, I should have left five minutes ago.

My phone vibrated in my other hand. It was another instruction from my lover. "Petra, stop friggling yourself and leave your house NOW." No need to shout I thought, while wondering how he knew. With a shrug, I picked up the laundry basket from beside the front door. Paul had a way of knowing what was going on in my mind. It was part of what made him so interesting, but it was also a little spooky. At this moment it did not matter how he knew, it was time to leave and find him.

I hesitated for another moment, even though I needed to go. It was hard to believe I was going to walk out my front door dressed like this, without any real idea of what might happen next. So far, I had carried out every one of my lover's instruction without any qualms. My obedience was not due to a fear of punishment, not at all. I needed to check though, and make sure that I wanted to go through with this. It did not seem like the kind of thing that was normal for me.

As I walked down the street, trying not to panic, I looked at myself anew as a stranger might. I was a normal woman, a mother with three teenage boys. I was separated from my ex-husband, which was not unusual. I had close friends with similar backgrounds to me. I had a responsible professional position and owned my own home.

Except at this moment, from my dress and attitude I looked like a tramp wanting to give someone a good time. If my ex could see me now he would be cursing himself. Too late dickhead!

I adjusted the washing basket on my hip, hitching up my skirt to show even more thigh. A tide of wide-open eyes of appreciative and disapproving drivers going past in their cars swept over me. I was exultant.

My condition heightened all my senses. The noise of the traffic pouring down this northern stretch of Lygon Street roared in my ears louder than usual. I was aware of my heart beating. It was slower than I expected, given my state of high excitement. I was walking as gracefully as I could manage in my high-heeled boots, not racing.

I noticed the musky odour of my own intimate fragrance reaching me from my beautiful lacy items in the basket. Each of these sexy items had recently held either my delicious breasts or sweet cunt. They were rich with the smell of me, infused with the perfume of my arousal. I had worn them while my lover talked to me of how he would fuck me. Until now, I had to let my favourite vibrator take the place of his imagined hardness. It was thrilling to think I would soon be having the real thing.

An attractive young man walked by me looking me up and down, up and down, up and down. I tried to stop myself looking at him, but could not help noticing the bulge in his pants. A picture of his excited hard prick formed in my mind. I smiled at myself as well as my impact upon him as he went past me.

I sneaked a look back to find him turning around to look at my divine behind and teasing thighs. My jubilation only grew. This boded well for when I finally met my lover at the laundromat. He would be just as pleased to see me. It was an odd place for a tryst, but Paul had already made it

mysterious and exciting.

The insistent beeping of a car horn intruded upon my reverie. I hurried a little, trying to avoid any further distraction. The car pulled over to the kerb, just in front of me and an ugly man leered out at me. "You want some action sweet baby," he called. I ignored him, even though this crude attention got me even more excited. My wanton body knew no shame. I worried that a trickle of moisture may have already revealed itself. It would appear as a sheen below my skirt line, travelling down my inner thigh above my stocking legs.

I worried at myself again and what I was doing here. The gross perving of a revolting man had just turned me on. I was walking down the most crowded street in my busy neighbourhood dressed like a street prostitute. I had no idea what would happen next.

I was doing this only from the unwavering desire to obey my lover's instructions. If I were sensible, I would turn tail and head home before anyone else came across me in this state. Of course, Paul's punishment would be severe if I did not comply. He would restrain me with my arms raised high and legs spread wide by the ties. He would give me fierce lashes across my sweet buttocks with a leather whip. Twelve of the best, and then perhaps another twelve. The number would depend upon my lover's judgment of my penalty. I would get no fewer than what I deserved.

It was a tempting idea to earn this punishment, to feel the lash. The thought had me beside myself with the urgent need for him to fuck me hard in my sweet cunt. I jarred at my use of that crude term again amongst my thoughts. That word which had offended me now seemed just right.

I began to worry more as I reflected upon my thoughts and their connection with my internal state. My raging sexual arousal was threatening my last vestiges of self-control. I fought the urge to turn around and pursue the depraved attentions of the ugly man only thirty metres behind me. I shivered and collected myself. Then I hurried onto my destination, which I could see past the coffee shops and eateries of my inner-suburban locale.

On a normal day, I would graze at the windows and counters to spy out the most delicious looking pastries. I would take in the rich coffee aroma and eavesdrop on the banter at the little tables. Of course, I would also check out the good-looking men, if there were any. Out of habit, I scanned each man as I walked past the tables and shops.

It was unsurprising to find them already looking at me. I was the new passing attraction. The carnal desire of the men's stares penetrated right through me. Their eyes looked right through the flimsy layer of fabric. They stoked my tingling clitoris, swollen parted labia and well-wetted vagina. The flowing smear of my arousal betrayed the florid state of my cunt. I slunk past them, all my senses on high alert.

I could almost hear the obscene thoughts of the staring gob-smacked boring-looking man in front of me. 'Look at that cleavage. Her nipples on high beam. Inviting smile. All thighs above fuck-me boots and pelvis thrust forward. Oh my god she has no panties on for sure. She is dripping for it. Fuck she is gorgeous; fuck I wish I could fuck a woman like that.' He was in torment as I went past him. 'Look at that beautiful peach of an ass peeking out and winking.' Now he had to face his unimpressed wife. Suffer!

Two young men sitting at a table drank me in. I wanted to go over, pull their cocks out of their pants, and sit astride the man most ready for me. He would gasp as his prick slid deep within me. Then I would have him caress my breasts and pinch and bite my urgent hard nipples while I undulated over him.

In my current state, I could sink onto the biggest thickest prick without stopping until our pubic bones meshed. His friend could push his prick into my mouth while I squeezed this first lucky man's cock. He could have the throbbing wetness of my vagina, clamping down tight on the welcome hardness it so wanted there. I found myself walking towards them. I managed to veer away before they noticed my frenzied beeline for their pricks in my shameless state.

Striding onwards, I struggled with the onslaught upon my wits from my heightened senses and urgent wanting.

No longer able to resist, I succumbed to the clarifying smell of coffee wafting from the shop just ahead. Without thinking, I went inside and sat down on a stool. The beetroot-stained wood caressed my scarlet swollen lips. I rocked and slid to feel my vulva kiss and caress the wood some more. My skirt struggled to cover my naked bottom to the rear. I hoped that the counter in front of me was blocking the flagrant view of the delightful succulence between my thighs. It would otherwise be on full display. Maybe the wood and glass did not obstruct the delightful sight of my

extravagant arousal, if someone were to look. I tried to care, but could not.

My washing basket was still under my arm to one side. I could not put it down on the floor without revealing my naked wantonness underneath. Anyway, it perched well enough between my hip and the counter. I wondered how many strokes I was earning for this detour and delay. My phone chimed with a text. "Order a strong short black. Use the coins in your basket for the washing to pay. You can console yourself while you are waiting and drinking your coffee. Be quick. Your disobedience has already earned you three strokes, more if you linger."

I looked around; trying to find my lover spying upon me; but the shop was empty, apart from the girl behind the counter and me. She took my order with a gorgeous smile. Her eyes wandered over me as she stepped back. Her interested eyes traversed my hair, face and lower until she might have been taking in more than she expected. An expression flickered across her face, crinkling her pretty features. I could not be sure if it was a smirk or a smile.

I tried pushing my thighs closer together while still keeping the basket balanced. It was beyond me and my face went a little hot with colour. She made no comment. Anyway, she was not dressed that different to me: short black skirt; a fetching lacy blouse; and a white apron instead of a jacket. She reminded me of myself when I was younger. I wondered if she fancied bad men as I did at her age.

Despite my brief embarrassment, the heat of desire burning within me had not lessened. It only grew stronger. I was glad that the washing basket was still half over my lap with my hand underneath. I could just reach my beckoning lips, inflamed with an aching desire. I craved having them licked, nibbled and cooled by my lover's mouth before he pushed them apart with his hard thrusting prick.

I looked deep into this beautiful young woman as I thrilled myself with my busy fingers, the wetness again flowing within me. She feigned not to notice. I was sure I would be leaving a gloss upon the wooden stool when I left. She would be able to see the traces. No matter, I was past caring, but I had to stop anyway. There was too much going on for me to be completely carried away.

The girl was gentle putting down the coffee, as if she did not want to distract me. I drank it fast, the strong aroma, flavour and burning heat of the coffee helping to reset my senses.

Now that I had settled down it was time to pay. I could not give her the money with the hand I had just used under the basket. First steadying myself, I stretched to find the coins in my basket with my phone hand. I was showing off my behind to anyone who cared to look as I stood to do this. She said something to me that I could not make out, despite my still elevated senses. Her next words were louder. "Would you like a donut on the house?" Without waiting, she put the most phallic-looking donut I had ever seen inside a paper bag. The little tramp smiled as she handed it to me.

I left the shop holding my donut bag and phone in one hand, basket under my other arm. I once again headed down the road towards the laundromat. Now I ignored the stares and other attentions. I was sure I was dripping with wetness after my recent brief exploration at the counter. I needed my lover to bend me over a washing machine and bury his prick inside me from behind as soon as possible. Nothing would deter or distract me.

Getting closer I saw how dingy and rundown the laundromat had become. I had paid it little attention recently. At some point, its owners had jazzed it up to make it beautiful, like in the film. Now it seemed dark and nondescript. It was hard to see in through the windows, they were so dusty with grime. I wondered if its main business was now laundering money, rather than the locals' washing. All this speculation was unimportant I thought as I walked in the doorway unperturbed, looking only for him.

Nowhere could I see my cyber lover. An oddly dressed man of indeterminate age was smiling at me. If I was dressed as a caricature of a slut, he was your archetypal homeless derelict. He had yellow stained un-brushed teeth. A strong smell of cheap alcohol mixed with urine came from him. His clothes were a layered ensemble of tattered rags and garments. Behind me, his two friends in similar garb started to move towards the doorway, blocking my exit. Despite my surprise at this turn of events, my state of arousal did not recoil; nor would I retreat from my mission. What to do though was uncertain. My phone chimed. 'Petra, ask your new friends if they are hungry. Note their answer and wait for further instruction.'

I read this as I walked to the line of washing machines at the rear of the premises, still

hoping to spot my lover somewhere. The first homeless man kept pace with me while the others maintained their station at the door. My heart was now thumping, even while my cunt continued to weep with tremendous desire. It occurred to me that this was some kind of game, a charade to somehow test or perhaps even prepare me. I decided to go along with it, and to trust in Paul's intentions. I jolted. I was treating Paul as my master, giving him control over my fate. I was close to using that word to refer to him in my thoughts just now, rather than his name. How thrilling I thought, even if it was a little disturbing. I wondered what would happen next. Well, I was not going to be passive in this strange contrived situation.

I called out to the smelly wreck of a man; he seemed harmless enough. "Are you hungry?" His answer was a slobbering dribbling drizzle of foam and spit and a big smiling nod. My behind pressed against the cool steel of a washing machine. I turned so I could rest my basket down on the machine next to me. The man yelped with delight, or at least I thought it was delight, triggered by the sight of more of my sweet flesh. His reaction was enough to make me relax against the machine. I began thinking that he might be able to please me, despite his outward appearance. Back at the doorway, some people walking by were hurrying past at the sight of the men standing there. Then one turned in through the still open door.

The girl from the coffee shop closed the door and turned the sign hanging there around. She had closed the laundromat. I smiled at the thought of her joining her tramp friends, and me. She walked up close. As I had first thought, she was very attractive and sensuous with her sexy clothing and winning smile. I formed a strong suspicion that like me she was without panties under her skimpy tight skirt. Sexy, but no hard prick there for me.

"Are they hungry?" she called out to me in a strong hard voice, unlike her feminine voice at the shop. "Yes," I answered, mimicking her tone.

"Were you instructed to stop at my shop Petra?" I lost some of my bravado and answered no in a softer voice. The homeless man slobbered some more at this answer. His friends now stood behind this well-informed young woman. She and Paul must have anticipated my diversion and the necessity for punishment.

"Petra! Turn around and hold the back of the washing machine on both sides so you are bent over it!" Her command brooked no argument on my part. I must pay the forfeit was my only thought. My head was face down against the rear of the machine. The slobbering man pushed my skirt upwards and my legs wide apart. I could feel his breath as he took this opportunity to sniff my spread puffed labia and wet fragrant pink hole. It did not surprise me that I shivered with lust rather than revulsion. I waited in excited anticipation for my punishment.

The first stroke of the belt that had recently held up the man's pants stung much more than I had expected. Its strike stretched a hot stripe across my buttocks and I whimpered. Despite the sudden pain, my arousal refused to subside. The second blow was just as fierce. Rather than registering as undiluted pain, the impact of the lash somehow jangled with my acute arousal. This only reinforced my undiminished lust. The third blow had me tingling with fully restored white-hot want. It was a good contrast with the red glowing marks heating and striping my proffered behind. They were letting me off light for this first offence, making me glad.

Once again, I needed nothing more than a hard thrusting prick filling and spilling into my ready and waiting vagina. I swayed my behind at him, hoping to inspire the beltless slobbering man into action. No immediate satisfaction came my way to my regret. "Finger yourself if you must Petra." The young woman cooed at me, enjoying the sight of my unabashed lust. I thrust fingers where the moisture flowed from me. "Enough," she yelled immediately. "Turn around you shameless slut." I did as she told me, feeling embarrassed at the truth of her accusation.

She looked at me with wry amusement. Underneath the sneer, I saw her struggling to keep her own lust under control. If I was a slut so was she!

She pointed. "You have food for these three men, but first you must properly prepare it." She was talking about the donut, but I did not know what she meant exactly. I reached over to gather it from the basket, guessing that was allowable. I asked for permission just in case. She nodded.

The man who was good at slobbering did some more. Beltless, his pants were around his ankles. He seemed to lack inspiration, despite my having pushed my wet loveliness his way just moments ago. Surely, he had not had such a divine offer in many years. It seemed he was not going to fuck me regardless. Perhaps I should have regarded this as good fortune, although in the heat of

the moment I was not thinking in that way. My shameless aching need for anyone at hand to fuck me hard swamped any hint of disgust or revulsion.

I studied this unfortunate seeming man further, puzzling over my unstoppable desire. I spied clean boxers under his dirty upper layers. I guessed his hobo clothes and manner were more in the nature of costume and acting than the hallmark of his actual status. I decided to keep my suspicions to myself and bide my time, Perhaps Paul would arrive to fuck me once I had given these men their donut to eat? It did not seem much for three hungry men.

Taking the donut out of its bag forced me to contemplate its phallic form. Then I knew what I had to do next. No doubt, I would receive further instructions as events proceeded. I put my phone and the donut down and hoisted myself up backwards onto the machine where I had taken my punishment. I pulled my knees back, opening myself for this next stage.

The donut was about eight inches long and quite thick. The cook had made it to perfection. Its firm skin was smooth with a light dusting of icing sugar. I was thankful it was not regular sugar, but still worried about distracting irritation from its case. A gentle squeeze also suggested a soft custard filling. It seemed to present many challenges as a substitute for a nice stiff cock.

Resigning myself to my bizarre situation, I started pushing the donut into my vagina. It was easy at first and I shivered with pleasure. I was writhing on the machine as my pleased vagina surrendered to this long awaited penetration. There was a disappointing lack of hardness when I tried pushing the donut deeper. My enthusiasm soon dampened as the donut mashed inside me.

I was whimpering and thrashing with unsatisfied desire when the slobbering man put his head between my thighs. I tried to stop moving as much and spread my legs wider still to give him complete access. He licked me all over my fat swollen lips and sucked up the bits of donut that were spilling out of my slippery donut-stuffed vagina. He made loud sucking, slobbering and mewling noises. He alternated between sucking on my clitoris and the bits of mashed and soaked donut that flowed to him.

After the long hours of arousal, I reached a quick shattering orgasm, as his tongue probed deeper for every tasty donut morsel. Upon my climax, he stopped and stepped back from me.

I noticed the girl watching me throughout this man's eating. I saw her watching me ride the waves of pleasure racking through me. She came up and inspected my swollen and oozing vulva. "You have donut custard all over your cunt you slut." She was smiling, and I think she was touching her own clitoris, but I could not see from my inelegant position. She signalled and one of the other men approached me. "Not everyone has eaten yet," she said. This man was younger and seemed even dirtier. His eyes boggled and he stank of cigarettes.

He pushed a finger into me and then sniffed and licked it. "Sugar," he mumbled as he smiled into the spread laid out before him. He began to roughly tongue and nuzzle me, searching for any remaining donut custard. My arousal was painful now after my just concluded orgasm. I ignored the ache of my overstimulated clitoris. I concentrated instead on the waves of pleasure emanating from deep within my vagina. He probed for every bit of sugar and mashed dough and I came again, the intensity of it astounding me. My vagina pulsed once again with rapid joyous convulsions that left me breathless.

After a long blissful moment, I had to suck in some air and plead with the man to please give my swollen clitoris a rest. His response was to lift and push my buttocks apart to give me one last long lick. He tracked his tongue from the top of the crack of my behind, skimming over and poking a little into my brown passageway. He then lingered in the space between my anus and vagina, skimming over my pink hole, teasing it. Then he continued over the entire length of my labia to my clitoris, which he skirted, showing me some mercy. I wondered as I shivered again in ecstasy, who taught such a man to please a woman like that?

The girl inspected me with great interest. I was starting to ache from holding my position on top of the hard washing machine while they made me into a delicious meal.

It was not over yet. The third man awaited his turn to partake of my strewing loveliness. I was a velvety mess of matted hair, custard, donut, and copious spittle and still flowing lubricating fluids. He had his way too. All I could do was to wonder at the oddity of this perverse and delightful preparation for my first physical encounter with Paul.

I closed my eyes and imagined what it would be like to meet him finally. I was proud of myself for performing my part in his strange show of staged sexual excess. I was certain he was watching me to see my education through these escapades, which he had planned for me. They

were tests. I hoped he had noted my complete devotion to success.

Soon it would be him holding me, stroking me, fucking me, and telling me that I was hot beyond comparison with any other. I came shuddering harder again on this last tongue. I hoped I would still be able to satisfy his every urge, no matter how he wanted to take his pleasure from me. Most of all, I hoped that he might have a stiff hard cock ready for me.

The three men withdrew in silence. I found it remarkable that none of them had attempted to give me a proper fuck. I would not have resisted, which they must have realised from such an unrestrained performance. The girl was less calm after this extended spectacle when she inspected me again. Satisfied, she motioned for me to stand. I then noticed the strap-on dildo now jutting from her crotch. Responding to my delight, she pulled away her skirt and top to reveal her gorgeous body with its temporary appendage. Her nakedness also revealed criss-crossing red welts covering her shapely buttocks.

Paul himself must have inflicted these wounds. Perhaps she called him Master. The filthy tramp had beaten me to him! The beeping of my phone beside me halted my churning thoughts.

'Tessa is now your best friend, treat her with fondness. Continue to do everything that she asks of you. These are my instructions. All being well, in time, things will be different to how they might seem now.'

Tessa approached me and kissed me on the lips, her tongue thrusting into my mouth. She moaned with delight as she removed my bra. She kissed me on the neck, my shoulders, my lips, my eyes, and my forehead. Then she turned her attention to the caressing of my now uncovered breasts. I swooned at the light and nimble touch of her lips and feathery touching of me everywhere. She then bit hard on my right nipple while she squeezed the other hard between her fingers. Tighter she bit and squeezed. The pain melded into sublime pleasure. Electric shocks skimmed up and down the surface of my skin between my nipples and clitoris in a humming circuit of bliss. Transported again, I completely forgot the tiring after effects of the furious tonguing I had just had from the three men. Pent-up desire resurfaced again to the point where I just had to have that dildo thrusting into me as hard and fast as Tessa could manage.

One-step ahead of me, Tessa had already moved behind me. She pushed me over to lean against the machine in a similar position to that of my earlier belting. I thrilled once more with the desire and anticipation that had held me in its grip since this morning. I held onto my phone, elbow on the machine, while my other hand spread my labia wide.

Her entrance was fast and perfect. She told me to take deep breaths and I focussed on drawing air into my lungs, keeping in time with her long slow breaths in and out. She thrust into me again and again. I could feel every millimetre of her stroke filling me and pushing against the grateful walls of my vagina.

The men had eaten every morsel of the donut out of me. Now it was only my cream smoothing the pleasing passage of this magnificent dildo, wielded by such a beautiful expert. I could sense it reaching upward to underneath the tip of my swollen clitoris where my thumb was rubbing. The dildo squelched in my throbbing wet cunt. Tessa cupped and squeezed my breasts. She trilled little exquisite squeaks of lust between her louder draughts for air.

She was enjoying fucking me as much as she was pleasing me. It occurred to me that some part of this dildo was also inside her loveliness, stimulating her to her own orgasm. I had never been with a woman before and I was in heaven. Having my new beautiful friend Tessa fuck me so remorselessly was another important part of my education.

I kept breathing, noticing how oxygen flooded to every part of my body on each outward breath. This helped feed the waves of pleasure spilling through my entire body. I did not want her to stop ever; the orgasm building within me was extraordinary, even threatening. Were passers-by to overhear my unrestrained screams of joy, I feared they would think them cries of pain and terror. They might then investigate the situation only for them to feel appalled at what they found. They would not find my loud moans were the result of a woman in harm's way. Instead, they would find me enjoying extreme sexual pleasure in sordid circumstances. It did not matter. I did not have the slightest care for polite sensibilities just now.

Butterfly contractions were starting to spread out from deep within my lower belly with a mounting force. I concentrated again on my breathing, allowing myself to give into the crescendo about to smash over me. Tessa slowed her frenzied thrusting. She began withdrawing the full length of the dildo as slowly as possible, before gliding it all the way in again. I squeezed hard on its

glorious sliding penetration. Again, it was at the mouth and then once more pushing in, and again; but now keeping time with our outward breath.

A finger began a slow careful entrance of my anus. It operated in tandem with the dildo on the other side of the thin wall of pleasure. Then each withdrew, little by little, as the inverse of our slow intake of breath. Three long slow thrusts and breaths in and out like this and I was screaming in joy as I came like a supernova.

I faded in and out of the room, my awareness stretched along a line of pleasure that reached to a point on the edge of the cosmos. I was everywhere and nowhere. I rode rapidly alternating waves of expanding pure light, and annihilating darkness. These directed outwards from my core to that furthest point. Loud sobs and moans finally brought me back to the laundromat. I realised it was Tessa and I making the sounds as we lay slumped on the floor, both of us totally drained.

The three men came over and gingerly helped us to our feet. "Thank you," I said, "you have been most kind." The first man grinned at me while the other two tried to look at anything at all apart from our gorgeous naked selves.

The first kept looking at me. He had a superb erection. If he were in fact what he appeared to be, which I doubted, then this must have been him at his hardest for many years. His condition interested me, despite what I had just gone through. That Paul was nowhere to be found did not matter, at last there was a real prick for me to enjoy.

Tired of the hard surface of the washing machine I sat him down on a narrow wooden chair against the wall. His prick poked up at me, pre-cum showing at its tip. I climbed astride him, my hand guiding his prick into my tender vagina, taking him by surprise. He softened then was immediately hard again. I pumped up and down. His modest prick gave me a good fucking. The sensitive mouth of my vagina liked it and my clitoris got a nice tugging and jiggling.

Tessa stood behind me. She steadied me, squeezing my hard nipples and directing them to the mouth of this man. He was getting the fuck of his derelict life, however long that had been. Within moments he was yelping and his sticky thick cum, much more than I had expected, was running out of me. I came at once. Not like before; but it was still satisfying.

Tessa pulled me up to a standing position and then sunk to her knees. She licked the dribbling cum straight out of me, sending me into delirious joy all over again. The man helped me to sit down on the chair, and then the three of them departed the shop, the door closing behind them. Although I was done, I wondered if that was fair.

"What about the other two," I asked Tessa. "Surely they deserved some reward for their gentlemanly behaviour?" She giggled in a girly kind of way, having dropped her commanding persona, now that I had performed and passed my tests. "Do not worry, they have already been well looked after by me," she said. "I gave them lunch, you were the afternoon snack." She was gathering our clothes and putting them into my laundry basket.

I realised that I was not cold. The Laundromat must have heating. The floor was not as dirty as I first thought either. I looked at our naked selves in the dark mirrors at the rear of the premises. They went along the whole wall above the last row of machines where I was stuffed and licked clean.

In the reflection were two gorgeous dishevelled butt-naked women, one older, and one younger. We looked like we had abandoned ourselves to wild debauchery, as was the case. I began to wonder if someone was watching us through this mirror. Then I noticed several tiny little CCTV cameras mounted on the walls. They seemed out of keeping with the rundown 1980s feel. Maybe the actual business conducted here was not money laundering after all.

My phone beeped once more. I looked at the message. It seemed Paul was nearby and ready to meet me. An unnoticed door in the corner swung open and Paul waved for us to join him inside.

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## **LAUNDROMAT INC.**

Paul held the door open for us to enter a large lift lobby. While Tessa seemed to know her

way, I was getting a little confused. Seeing me puzzled, Paul took me in his arms and kissed me. I kissed him back with all I had, remembering why I was here. His embrace was kind and warm, settling me down for the moment. This wonderful kiss was our first touch.

Remembering the extremity of my recent exploits, I blushed and broke away from him. I awaited his judgment, thinking he should first admonish and then punish me for my depraved behaviour. Rather than scolding me, Paul pulled me to his chest again for another hug. Then he pushed me back by the shoulders so he could look me in the eye while he spoke. His first words were familiar.

“You are so hot Petra! So very hot!” His words and smile reassured me I had done nothing wrong. Perhaps I had even grown in his estimation! He kept smiling as he went on. “Welcome to our playground Petra, the Laundromat Inc. In this place you can be who you want to be. If you decide to join us, you can do the things that excite you with few limitations and without someone judging you. You will soon see what I mean.”

He surprised me. After our teasing online relationship, I thought we were meeting up for some sexy play. Instead, Paul seemed to be offering me membership in some kind of kinky club. For the moment at least, he was offering no further explanation. I had told him I would do anything he asked of me and I was not backing away from that. The possibility of us having sex was still open. Maybe it was going to be more complicated than I had thought. I just wanted to get on with it, and looked around to see what might happen next.

Reflections of my naked body, streaked from torrid sex, surrounded me. The full-length mirrors left little to the imagination. The effect was not unflattering, but it was quite confronting. I was thankful that it was not just me standing there like that stark naked. Seeing beautiful Tessa nude beside me, with similar traces upon her, softened my own appearance. I relaxed, knowing I need not worry about the mirrors. After all, there seemed to be cameras watching us everywhere.

I looked at Paul to see how he was dressed, not having noticed yet. He had on nice navy slacks and a thin black merino jumper. I was not sure about the colour combination, but he looked fetching enough. I had gazed at photos of him while we chatted online so his look was quite familiar. Now I could further appreciate Paul's handsome features and nice smile.

His brown hair, peppered with a little grey, was longer and much curlier than the short cut familiar to me from his profile image. While his hair was a bit too long, it did have the effect of making him look youthful for his forty-five-plus years. The skin of his face was smooth and soft, with dark whiskers evident just beneath the surface. His penetrating blue eyes flashed at me as he spoke; they were kind, gentle and determined. He did not have an athlete's body, although he gave the impression of fitness with not much flab on his tall narrow frame.

Studying him up close like this again got me sick of the waiting. I really wanted those clothes off him, and his body joined with mine. I wondered where we could go to make that happen.

In this in-between room, there were exits, stairs and a lift. The glass doors and walls opposite led out to a secure looking car park that was full. On the right-hand side, there were some bikes, and a few parked motorcycles. There were large water tanks and lots of pipes and other equipment to the left. A light humming and the vibration of machinery filled the large space. We needed to go somewhere else for my purposes.

Tessa took me by the hand and led me up the stairs to the next floor, Paul following behind us. Tessa was impatient too.

At the top of the stairs, we entered a big room with a tiled floor that looked a lot like a plush hotel foyer. Paintings, large photographic images, and mirrors hung on the walls. Some wonderful life-size erotic sculptures of women and men in the throes of orgasm were standing in each corner. Cameras were also placed around the high ceiling here. It seemed the entire building was under constant video surveillance. On one wall, a huge television screen flicked through many different scenes of sexual activity. The features, style and opulence was impressive. Some serious thought, money and resources were behind this intriguing establishment.

I let go of Tessa's hand and stopped walking to wait for Paul to catch up with us. I was a little surprised by what I was seeing around me. I was beginning to doubt me being with Paul anytime soon; judging by the way Tessa was leading me away. From the sheepish way he was walking towards us, I did not like my chances. Paul first gave Tessa a meaningful look before making his apologies to me. “Petra, please go with Tessa. Unfortunately, I have some things to do that cannot wait. Sorry, I will join you again as soon as I can.”

Feeling even more confused I gave him a quick goodbye kiss on the cheek. I could not believe he was leaving me here like this, but I wanted to show him that I respected his wishes. He must have had his reasons. Tessa took my hand again and we walked over to a door on the left that opened into a sumptuous bathroom.

Paul's behaviour was frustrating, but I was also grateful for this opportunity. I needed to toilet and then I could bask in the wide-open shower area with the delightful Tessa. She made it easy to forget my disappointment. Natural light spilled out from a skylight high above us.

Tessa sponged me all over with a perfumed moisturiser. She was gentle and avoided any direct touch of my still swollen genitals and nipples. She also paid careful attention to my breasts and buttocks and every other part of my neck, arms, torso, legs and feet. She then shampooed and conditioned my hair, running her fingers through my scalp. She finished by massaging my temples and everywhere else on my head and face. It was nothing short of sublime, feeling her kind attention to my body in the cascading light and rushing warm water.

When she finished I returned everything she did for me, although I was a little more modest. I was especially cautious with her abused buttocks, not wanting to cause her pain. We then dried each other with large soft towels, and relaxed into an affectionate afterglow.

In less than an afternoon, I had become Tessa's adoring friend. I held no resentment for her relationship with Paul. I would never forget how she helped me submit to that blissful moment and reach such wonderful sexual ecstasy. On my own, I would never have let myself go like that. Deep shame at myself would have stopped me. Tessa, with Paul's direction, had helped me get beyond my fears to past the point of no return. I would be forever grateful to them both.

Now I wanted to repay Tessa, as well as Paul, by serving her in her pursuit of pleasure, if she and Paul would allow it. I also knew firsthand that helping Tessa to achieve satisfaction of her desires would increase my own pleasure. Our unusual introduction to one another's most intimate selves had showed us how alike we were. Our age and other differences had not mattered. I admired and accepted her and trusted it was the same for her. I was already close to her. Now after this gentle time together I might love her too. She had treated me with such kindness that I knew we would always be in each other's lives from now on.

Tessa spoke the first words since we had entered this spacious and bright bathroom. "We need to wash away all the stuff we have piled up inside our heads. And I just love this light-filled bathroom, don't you?" Her words and my own deep thoughts told me this mutual washing of our bodies was a vital ritual in my life-changing day.

I nodded in reply, still a little lost in my thoughts. She threw open a closet and took out a pair of white cotton shorts and singlet top for both of us. The thought of how I would look in these tiny things brought me back to earth. I let it go, as it was a bit late to start worrying about how others saw me. Tessa looked gorgeous when we got them on. I just hoped I did not look too bad, even next to her.

"Petra, you are beautiful," she cooed. Her tone was much the same as when she had invited me to finger myself, only to immediately brand me a slut. Was she having a go at me? When she began laughing and laughing and laughing, I had to join in. We were soon both rolling around on the hard-tiled floor. We giggled at ourselves and the outrageousness of our sexual hijinks.

Getting some of my breath back, I rolled over on top of her in the sixty-nine position and tried to pull down her shorts. I was ready to nuzzle and taste her sexy body. She pushed me away, reminding me that Paul was waiting for us. I berated myself, wondering how I could have forgotten why I was here in the first place. We got up and raced to the door, banging into one another. She kissed me with fierce desire, before rushing ahead of me.

Once again, I was in a room where I could not spot Paul. Tessa paused so she could take my hand and lead me over to another room across the foyer. The butterflies, throbbing and wetness inside me grew stronger with each step. My want for Paul's touch, kisses, and prick thrusting within me was more than I could bear. The door was wide open and I entered still holding Tessa's hand, ready for him to take to the edge of the universe.

He was sitting with his back to me at some kind of console. There was a whole wall of screens in front of him. The individual screens showed people in different rooms within the building. They were all engaged in some kind of activity, most of it sexual.

In one room, a couple locked together with furious sucking and licking. In another, a woman dressed in fetish leather was whipping a man tied spreadeagled to a large wheel. There was a full-

scale orgy going on in another larger room. Elsewhere, a young woman was all alone in a downward-dog yoga position. There appeared to be at least twenty rooms in all, maybe more, with something going on in each. All under the constant watch of many high-definition cameras.

Without looking at me, Paul pointed to a particular room showing on a screen. An older woman and a younger man were sitting in there naked, resting. Words scrolled across the bottom of the screen. "Man, get on your hands and knees! Woman! Smack him five times on the left buttock as hard as you can!" As I watched, the man smiled, got down on his hands and knees, and continued to smile as he received the blows. She left nothing to spare. His erection seemed to harden with each blow. "Man! Stick your prick in Woman's mouth for twenty hard thrusts!" They then enacted this new command. No further command followed and the man and woman sat on their chairs again. I did not know what to make of it. Tessa squeezed my hand, and then left us.

I looked at Paul who still had his back to me as he typed away at a keyboard. He seemed busy and deep in thought. I looked back at the panorama of sexual activity and noticed Tessa appearing in one of the rooms where a man waited for her. He seemed handsome enough although I could not much of his face. She lay down on a large comfortable looking couch where the man began ravishing her. He roughly pulled off her top and shorts. Her smile widened. She flipped positions so she was on top of him and thrusting down on his hard prick to take him deep inside her. Tessa undulated with the intensity of their sensuous coupling. Despite their swift beginning, they were not in any hurry. I watched and watched, spellbound as they took their full pleasure of one another. Overcome with arousal, I wished it were me on top of this handsome man.

While I watched in rapture, Paul stood up from the console and came up behind me. He pulled down my shorts without a word. Then he pushed me forward, and slipped his hard cock inside me, his hands cradling my breasts inside my singlet. The feeling of his prick inside me was magnificent.

As I kept watching the sexy action on the screen, I realised it was Paul with Tessa in the other room, not some other handsome lover. This delightful prick fucking me was not his at all. Still it was welcome and I could keep watching Paul and Tessa while this thrilling stranger was taking me. I looked back at the imposter and smiled. His face smiling back at me was familiar. With some amusement, I realised it was the third man from the laundromat, all cleaned up and good looking. He smiled and I laughed as he bucked and thrust into me. Tessa was doing the same kind of thing atop the real Paul. Even so, they were in no hurry, and neither were we.

I began to suck in long slow breaths as I had done before with Tessa. I used my belly to draw air deep into my lungs, filling them completely from bottom to top. As I breathed, I directed my attention upon every thrust of this pretend tramp's prick. I noticed how as it entered my vagina, it pulled and pushed my labia and clitoris in supreme sympathy.

Now I saw the image of us locked together as one of the many images on the large screen. I watched my face change and melt with the delight of recognition. This man was fucking me with all the pent-up desire and torment of watching and eating me earlier. I let him take every part of his pleasure. It was also my own. Points upon and inside my body began throbbing with an intense energy. They pulsed at the top of my head, forehead, and throat, between my swelling breasts, my belly, groin and bottom. Once again, my awareness started stretching out across space and time, all the way to the edge of creation.

My consciousness and body exploded into ecstasy. It was all pleasure, all being, all nothingness and all everything. I dissolved altogether as several eons passed. I returned to being and I felt good, except for one remaining problem. More energy was burning in me than my hot glowing body could contain.

My new lover started coming into a shuddering orgasm, which was just what I needed. His pleasure cast a soothing shadow over the burning in my body, like an eclipse. I was the bright shining sun while he took the part of the nullifying transit of the moon. The moment passed and I welcomed the return of more mundane sensations. He fucked me just how I wanted. He was still so hard and throbbing in me that my whole cunt thrilled with happiness. This was a simple orgasm, which was fine with me after what I had just experienced.

When I opened my eyes again, I saw Tessa and Paul reaching their own climax. It was exhilarating to watch. She thrust her head upwards. Her nipples were erect at the tip of her uplifted breasts. Her spine arched and her belly was prominent. Her vulva locked onto his prick, which was heaving into ejaculation. I could almost see the joined threads of light and darkness. They extended

from the same points on her body as for mine. The threads then entwined and reached to some outermost point of the cosmos. It was beautiful.

My lover remained inside me for a moment longer. He massaged my back, neck and head, while I continued to watch, unable to take my eyes away. The camera tracked Tessa as she stood and walked over to a corner where she positioned herself next to some rings sunk into the floor. There were hooks on the wall too and chains lay nearby. Paul strode over and shackled her wrists and ankles with the chains and padlocks. He positioned with her buttocks presented to him. From an inbuilt cupboard, he produced some kind of short whip. I did not know anything about this sort of thing, my only experience having been my short lashing of a few hours ago. It looked something like the kind of rod that jockeys used on their mounts. He thrashed her for a count of twelve. She slumped to the floor after the final severe blow. He looked at her there for a short while, put down the whip and then left. I wondered if such treatment were my fate too.

I had not moved and was trembling when Paul came into the room minutes later. He had dressed himself again and looked completely calm, as if he had just finished meditating. Uncertain of what else I should do I pulled on my shorts and singlet. The man who had pleased me for a second time today left without having said a word during the entire time. Paul looked at me, came over to me, and kissed me as hard and with as much passion as anyone had ever kissed me before. Ever! I melted again, although my poor cunt now ached from all the close attention it had today.

As I realised this I started to cry. I had failed in the one task I had given myself. After all that sex, I had not yet fucked with the one man who had thrilled me over the last few months, freeing me from my lonely uneasiness. I whimpered; but no tears flowed. I was completely dehydrated and hungry as well. How must poor Tessa feel now? Real tears began to flow at this new concern.

Paul stroked and comforted me. "You are a beautiful and sensuous woman Petra. Although I desire you with every part of my being it would be selfish of me to make you only mine. It is for you to decide who you are and who you want to be with. No one here will judge you. Be yourself — please yourself while also pleasing others — and you will find much happiness. This is a simple truth that many people forget." I nodded in reply to his soft-spoken words, my tears and worry vanishing with his comforting words and touch. He broke our embrace to offer me a seat and a drink of water.

He waited for me before sitting himself down and continuing. "I know you will be hungry, but you need to find out some more things about our Laundromat, if you want to join us as a member." He tapped at a keyboard and a legal looking document appeared on the screen in front of me. I laughed. It was just like a product disclosure statement for buying life insurance or something like that! He gestured for me to look at it so I scanned the table of contents and began scrolling through its first few pages.

This place was strange. The Laundromat Inc. was a club with the sole mission of increasing the happiness and pleasure of its members. There was a statement of values and broad objectives. These related to maximising individual and collective happiness and pleasure. Informed consent, respect for autonomy and mutuality were the underlying ethos. Pursuit of uninhibited sensuality and sexual pleasure was the aim. Club members had to be active, involved and agree with its principles. While I could find nothing that I disagreed with it still seemed odd.

I was struggling to make the connection between what the document said and the confronting scenes showing on the screens. There was also the issue of how the club afforded these premises. Its marble opulence, expensive furnishings and hi-tech equipment must cost a lot of money. Then Paul showed me a policy manual on the screen. This was a formal and structured organisation, which was an amusing contrast with its stated purpose. There were many policies, relating to all kinds of matters.

I was curious, but reading even a few of these documents would have to wait, as there were more pressing issues. I needed to eat, and then fuck Paul. "You can read those later," he said. "Can we eat something here?" was my reply. I wanted the first step out of the way, so we could move onto the second as soon as possible.

He took me by the arm. I thought for a moment about the fluids and semen running down my thigh. After everything that had happened to me today, doing something about that would just have to wait. He led me through the door at the rear of the foyer into another part of the floor.

This was a big building, which extended over and behind the original laundromat. Its scale was in keeping with the many nearby apartment buildings. These were new buildings constructed

behind the facades of old warehouses and shops. It must have cost a packet to build, with its architecture, high ceilings and generous dimensions. Its decorators made it all cream and textured. There was inviting lighting, more paintings, sculptures, photographs and large mirrors. It was clean and tidy too. We turned to our left where there was a room with a brass 'Bar' sign on its doors.

Inside was a proper bar serving drinks and food to the many people sitting and standing around in the soft light. It was the same as other bars I had been to except the bar staff were both naked. They were not perfect specimens of the human race, but they had great poise and seemed completely natural in their setting. As Paul and I approached the bar, I asked the barman where the toilet was and he pointed to a doorway in the corner with his whole body. His whole body pointing! That was funny too.

I first made use of the showers and fresh clothes in the generous bathroom. It also had the more standard bathroom features of a place for drinking and eating. I sat myself down next to Paul, feeling somewhat refreshed after cleaning myself up. There was a generous plate of tapas for us to share, as well as a nice Shiraz for me. He was having coffee. I took small sips of my wine in between bigger slurps of water. I was thirsty and grateful for the food, which I demolished while he told me more about the Laundromat. They seemed to have thought it all out.

Drinking and eating some food allowed me to relax again. I found myself enjoying looking at Paul and thinking about eating him. He stopped talking as he noticed this different hunger overtake me. I frowned and blushed at how obvious I had become. My expression turned to delight when he took my hand and led me out of the bar. I hoped this meant that the time had come, after I had been through all those preliminaries. I was happy as could be; I was finally getting to fuck with Paul.

We said nothing as we walked back in the direction of the lift. The men and women walking past all gave Paul a hello and a polite welcome to me. I guessed these people were members from their comfortable and skimpy clothing or robes. They looked just like average people at a tropical holiday resort. Two men dressed in modest smart uniforms who acknowledged us were Laundromat staff members. The staff did seem to run everything well and keep the establishment clean and tidy.

Paul let go of my hand when we reached a door next to the lift. He turned me around so that we could look into each other's eyes. "Before we go any further your membership application needs to be accepted." I nodded, even though I was unsure of what that involved. He kissed me once more. We broke our embrace after a long hug. I deepened my breathing, preparing my body for him to take me. From his manner and bulging pants, I guessed he had fluid leaking from the tip of his hard penis. That would be a good match for my own state of readiness. I began to wonder if this acceptance fuck would happen out here in the hallway or inside this room.

When he opened the door and ushered me in I thought I had my answer. Looking around, I realised I was mistaken about what was going to happen next. I did not recognise this large room from any of the scenes I had seen earlier on the monitors. It seemed to extend right over the laundromat beneath

I had never been in a place quite like it before. My first impression was how I imagined an expensive and exclusive brothel might look. The room had high ceilings, exposed wooden beams and curtained windows. These features and the scattered soft furnishings, armchairs and divans gave the room its tone. The rich deep red velvet everywhere was overwhelming.

In the middle of the room, there were lots of big comfortable cushions. These were an odd contrast with the section next to it, which had the look and feel of a medieval dungeon. Here there were a series of vertical stout black iron bars, descending from a roof beam to meet a stone floor. These had many rings, fastenings and several cross bars. I presumed these were for securing arms and legs spread akimbo. There were iron ladders and stools, and odd steel chairs and wooden benches. There appeared to be different types of gags and masks spilling out of a black iron lace basket. Attached to a wooden wall were a variety of whips.

Despite my initial impression, the room was in fact a hotchpotch of different features. The opposite corner featured a bar and electronic equipment. Across from that, there was a large tiled wet area. It had a big and noisy bubbling hot tub. There were open showers beside the spa. Behind were doors to toilets and other facilities. This wet area was somewhat separated from the rest of the room by screens and glass splash panels.

In this room too, there were large video screens around all the walls. On the screens, various

scenes of debauchery and cavorting were showing. In the middle of the room there was a large dining table seating five people waiting for us to join them. The three women and two men looked me over while Paul took me to the head of the table. He was polite and sat me down first before taking a seat himself. It seemed there would be further delay before I could give Paul what I had been aching for all day.

A woman in her late fifties, maybe older, with a bob of silver grey hair and a round face sitting next to me introduced herself as Claire. She struck me as business like. She had few wrinkles or obvious signs of ageing and her clear blue eyes looked at me with great interest. She was wearing conservative black slacks and shirt and looked fit and healthy. Claire smiled at me, told me I was beautiful, and put her hand over mine. I could only smile back and murmur a polite thank you.

Paul got my attention with a little gesture of introduction. "Claire is the architect of everything that you have already seen, and one of the founders of the club. This is not just a happy building; it is a smart building too. I have not told you about even half of its many features."

Claire waved this comment away. She then introduced me to the man sitting beside her, the youngest person I had seen here, apart from Tessa. It was obvious that Michael was a geek, although he was handsome with his messy brown hair, blue eyes and shy grin. He wore an odd leather collar around his throat. It looked a little like a dog collar, his otherwise meek appearance. He did not look at me. He mumbled that he was the second-in-charge and operations manager. He was responsible for the many technologies that were on display.

Sitting across from Michael was a woman, in her late forties like me. She looked a bit out of place. The logo on her navy blue work shirt had the look of a child-care-centre uniform. She introduced herself as Quelita. Her accent was Filipino. She smiled as she spoke. "My father was Spanish, my mother Chinese, and my nipples are always hard." Everyone laughed aloud. I saw we had a lot in common and liked her at once. "Quelita is the current president of the Laundromat's Board," said Paul. The look they gave each other told me they were lovers.

"Hello Petra, I am Renata," said the stunning woman in her early thirties sitting next to Quelita. Unlike the other women at the table, she wore full makeup. She had black hair and was dressed to kill. She was wearing a short pleated skirt beneath the most amazing corset like bustier. It was red at the front, and had tight leather lacing at the back. Her superb breasts were up lifted so they were bare and on full display. Somehow, her nipples were only hinted at rather than visible. I looked and looked, trying to work out how it would feel to wear such a beautiful garment. She had me mesmerised and I could not take my eyes away.

"I like women Petra, women who like women. I like men too, men who like women. I like you Petra. I like Paul. Would you both like to join me later?" Her words would have sounded corny in any other context. Instead, she had me bewitched. As I nodded yes, she stood up and walked around the table headed for either Paul or me. Quelita spoke as Renata circled the table like a lioness stalking her prey. "Renata, could you please assist Petra for us?"

The last man introduced himself as Renata went past.

"Hi, I am Harry. I just help make up the numbers on the Board. From time to time people call on my professional skills, but my colleagues here are the brains behind our organisation." He gestured to Paul and the others.

"Paul, the CEO, has asked us to consider you for share-holding membership of our club Petra." He paused and pointed. "I will outline your club member responsibilities and rights which you must accept if you are to join us as a shareholder. Please refer to the document on the screen in front of you." As he went on Renata took my remaining free hand and she and Claire got me to stand up and guided me to the centre of the room.

I concentrated on listening to Harry outline club member's duties and obligations. My major responsibility as a member was to help members maximise one another's happiness and pleasure. No one could compel me to do anything without my full and informed consent. I was bound to privacy and secrecy. Loose lips sink ships, I thought, being silly. Paul was now holding me from behind as Claire pulled my wrists to force my arms out in front of me. Renata held me around the waist and comforted me, with Quelita doing the same on my other side. Paul played his part with gentle strokes of my neck and back. Michael was hovering around me in waiting for his moment.

"Do you understand that you are under constant surveillance? High-definition images of you engaged in the most intimate of sexual acts are broadcast over the internet. These are for the viewing of paying customers. Do you consent to this?" I nodded yes. "You can request that we

filter these images so that your face always remains hidden from non-members. Do you make such a request?" I shook my head no. Harry then asked if I agreed to abide by the rules of the company as a shareholder member, and to pay the current charges, as set by the Board. "Please," I said, nodding yes. Michael handed me a tablet device of some kind and I signed my name on an electronic form with my fingertip. The mingled breath of the six people gathered close around me was powerful and suggested what was now required of me. "Please restrain me here and take your full pleasure of me," I rasped.

Paul placed a full mask over my face cutting off my sight. This helped me to focus my attention on my breathing. As long as I concentrated on my breathing, everything else would be okay. Many hands pulled my top over my head and removed my shorts. The rustling of leather being threaded and tied surrounded me. Restraining straps wound tight around each of my ankles and wrists in turn. Hands pulled my legs apart and lifted my arms wide and above my head. The spreadeagled position stretched my whole body tight, with my toes only just touching the ground.

Straining to know what was happening around me I could just make out hushed voices and clothes rustling. After the noises of quick embraces came the trundling and clicking of many sets of footsteps leaving the room. The slow deep breathing of two excited bodies, another and mine, was all that disturbed the silence.

I waited.

Nothing happened.

I waited.

I ached with the strain of all my muscles under load and fully extended.

I waited.

I knew what I must do. "Please whip me," I said.

I remembered to take slow breaths in and out, stifling the urge to hold a last gasp of breath. An explosion of noise and pain flashed over me as sudden tremendous heat traced an aching red line across my back. It pleased me, despite the excruciating pain.

I took another slow long breath, gathering myself. The pain faded a little. "Again please and don't stop until you have finished!"

Again, the cane went thwack across my back.

I am not a slut; I thought to myself, I am just a very naughty girl. I laughed, thinking of my crucifixion like position. I was about to hum, 'Always look on the bright side of life', but stopped myself. This inane internal chatter was not helping. I had to surrender myself to this fierce onslaught. I remembered to breathe. My awareness became disembodied from the lashing of my vulnerable flesh. All that remained was my slow breathing, in and out, which kept pace with each further strike. The thwacks of many further blows dimly registered. The strikes flaying my skin came from another place, outside my own little world of breath.

I did not realise I was counting, but when some residual measuring part of my brain reached twelve, my breathing spell broke. Even without the mask, I would not have been able to see through the crimson mist of pain that engulfed me. I panicked, worrying I could not stand such hurting, but only for a moment as the throbbing pain faded. As it left me, it took something with it. The self-doubt I had been carrying around inside me vanished. Strength and pride filled that place within me now.

After this, I could do anything! I was in the right place, this strange Laundromat. That did not mean I would be rushing to do this last little self-development exercise again anytime soon. In fact, I would be doing nothing at all for a little while! Overwhelming exhaustion, spinning, lights out, nobody home; I was gone.

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## **AWAKENING**

I woke up in a king-sized bed with exquisite white linen. Behind my head and at the foot of the bed were more iron railings. The vertical bars at the corners were smooth and polished. There was a small bedside table next to me, with my phone sitting on it. It amazed that I had forgotten about it, at some point during my adventures. It told me it was seven in the morning.

Curious, I looked in the table's drawers. There was no Gideon's Bible. Instead, they were full of different kinds of lubricants, condoms, sex toys and handcuffs. There was a new text from Paul on my phone, saying 'Good morning'. At that moment, Tessa walked in. She looked refreshed and beautiful, despite what I saw happen to her yesterday.

Seeing her made me aware of my own pain. My back was livid and angry, but it hurt less than I first feared. "Good morning my darling, are you feeling all right?" she said. I was more disorientated than anything else. I did not know how I had ended up in this bed or exactly where I was.

"You are in the owners' apartments on the third floor," said Tessa, responding to the look on my face. "Members can book and use these when needed, and you needed a good night's sleep after your big day yesterday."

I was still proud of everything that I had done, even my more depraved acts. The finale did seem to vindicate everything that had gone before.

If only the purity of that feeling would have lasted another minute or two. The self-doubt was still gone, but that did not stop a flood of mixed emotions. Goodness me! Why had I let myself succumb to such treatment? It was also true that I had never experienced such ecstatic and soaring pleasure before. Such unbridled lust and debauchery. So much bliss and so much sexy fun.

Well, it was not all fun. There was some frustration and pain in there too, but everything about it had been so unexpected. The whole day had been one long mind-blowing experience.

I looked at Tessa and remembered her teeth clamping my nipple ever so hard. They were standing erect with yearning again right now. I remembered watching her fucking with Paul. Everything we had done together had been incredible. Most of all I remembered how she had taught me to breathe in that controlled way during my more delightful and extreme deeds. This seemed to be the trick for reaching all the way to the edge of blissful nothingness.

I wondered if I could ever achieve such clarity again. More worrying questions occurred to me. I seemed to have turned into some kind of kinky masochist. If yesterday were just the beginning, was I going to get even more extreme? I quivered, annoyed with these inane thoughts. The biggest thing for me about yesterday was that I did not need to doubt myself any more.

I could not wait for what might come next. The only problem I had was that I would have to get up and leave before too long. My boys would not be home for a while yet, but I did want to get there before they did. There was not much food in the house and I would have to go shopping. Later on, I needed to get ready for another dreary nightshift. As remarkable as yesterday had been, today was a completely new day.

I tried to get out of the bed. Tessa just shook her head at me as the soreness in my back made itself known. I collapsed with a groan. Lying there, feeling a little sorry for myself another disturbing thought hit me. I still had not fucked Paul! I groaned even louder.

"Do not worry yourself beautiful Petra," Tessa said. She trilled at me in her softer voice, smiling at me with a mixture of amusement and compassion. "You will have him, but he is such a tease. Patience darling, let the right moment arrive."

Her smile faded for the moment and she commanded me in her stronger voice of authority. "Let me look at your back please." I was already lying on my side so I rolled over onto my tummy and just let myself sink into the firm support of this comfortable bed.

"Your back is not too bad. Harry is a doctor. He had a look at Michael's handiwork last night when we brought you here. He said you would be fine, although your flesh is not used to such ill-treatment. You were very brave and looked so strong and sexy!"

Her voice went soft again. "Hey, I enjoyed our big adventures together. It was amazing seeing you so turned on at the coffee shop and then afterwards. Did I tell you already that it is not usual for me to go with women?"

I turned my head to look at her, knowing she would see me blushing. I did not know where to begin. Could she tell that I had never ever been with a woman before? That I had never ever done anything like what I had done with her and the others? Never ever, ever, ever, experienced such sheer ecstasy? No words came. I had been on such a roller coaster of surprises since my long bath yesterday morning. All I could do was smile at her, hoping she would get the message.

As I smiled, I began staring at her loveliness once more. Her white gown highlighted her hourglass figure. Her round breasts were ample and topped with prominent nipples, to match with mine. Below her narrow waist, she had wide hips and long legs. How luscious she was, as I had

appreciated on our first meeting. I lowered my gaze, collecting myself, as reactions outside my conscious control overtook my body.

Tessa started to stroke my neck and head, perhaps to comfort or reassure me. Desire was quick to overtake me and I was okay with that. We did not need to get a room. We already had one. I let my knees drop to each side, opening my thighs to announce my arousal. I knew without looking that my lips were parting.

Tessa would see the glistening pink opening and my vagina's depths disappearing into shadow. She pushed one finger into me, then another finger, followed by a third. Her rapid thick entry surprised me. She knew I was ready for this sudden penetration and her dexterous mixture of gentle and rough stimulation.

She clambered over me to make it easier. As she moved, he kept thrusting different combinations of her fingers in and out of my slippery vagina. She teased my swollen lips and clitoris too. She stopped moving around when she had made herself comfortable.

As soon as she settled, I swung myself around and over her so that my dripping cunt was now at her mouth. My hard nipples were dancing little circles over her flat belly. It was fantastic to be making love with her again.

Her tongue darted all over and into me while I pulled her satin gown away from her belly and thighs. She pushed her weight into her heels and bent her knees. This lifted her buttocks up and away from the mattress, to assist me in uncovering her sexy young body.

Her movement raised her pubic mound straight to my mouth, thrilling me even more. I now noticed how the delicious delta between her thighs was hairless. I had not appreciated this when showering with her yesterday, and drying her afterwards. Everything going on then must have overawed me.

Now I wanted to run my tongue over her cunt even more and understand what it was like being hairless there. I sometimes trimmed my longer pubic hairs during winter. I had tried a variety of hair removal techniques for my bikini line in summer the same as all the women I knew. The idea of having a full Brazilian had never attracted me. I liked my hair there, despite the subtle pressure to remove it. I was not sure that I wanted to look more like a girl than a mature woman.

I now appreciated the advantages of complete removal. I had the fragrance and unobscured physicality of Tessa's flowering vulva at my mouth. I could run my tongue and lips all over every part of her mound without disruption. I delved in and out of her succulence and took her long labia into my mouth, tugging and sucking on them. After that, I moved to flicking her clitoris, which had woken from its sheltering hood.

We were both moaning and writhing. I paused in my licking, sucking, and fingering of Tessa. She had not stopped her fingering of me. I concentrated on the waves of pleasure she was triggering deep within me and let myself come in a quick rush of pleasure. The joy she had given me turned into an even deeper pleasure, the heat of it spreading throughout my satisfied moaning body.

Tessa stopped her own moaning to talk to me. I resumed my tongue's exploration of her cleft, mound and the soft skin at the top of her thighs, thinking that would quieten her.

Her thighs on either side of my head and the slurping licking sounds I was making muffled her words. Her half-heard words only made me more determined to make her scream. I set about pleasing her as she had pleased me. I wanted her senseless and speechless with pleasure. I decided to see if I could make my thumb disappear inside her other tight passageway and it did. My fingers too found their way into her adjacent pink opening, which I had not stopped licking and tonguing. It did not take much of this to have her quivering into a toe-curling orgasm.

We lay there for a while holding each other without moving from our head to groin position. After a few minutes, our breathing returned to normal. It was incredible how easy it was for each of us to give the other such deep ecstatic pleasure. How lucky were we! I moved out of our embrace so I could climb on top of Tessa. I wanted to look in her eyes as she told me again what she had been saying.

She spoke in her serious voice. "Petra, you and me, we are a mirror for one another. That is why it is so easy for us. We are so alike we just get each other." She paused, as if she were counting, before she went on. "How many times did you come yesterday Petra? I mean, how many times were you in unbelievable ecstasy?" She stopped and laughed in her girly voice. I needed to ponder what she had said for a moment. "Twice I think," I replied.

“The Laundromat and Paul’s games, with my help, pushed you into a new way of sensual thinking and being.” She mulled over her next words. “I think we can go further and reach a higher level, but to do that we need to look outside ourselves, or our own reflection.” She was giving me her serious look so all I did was nod.

“You and me, the pleasure we have taken from each other is more than a little narcissistic. I am not saying that is a problem. I think it is a necessary part of sensuality to love yourself. You need to be comfortable in your own body and feel like you deserve to achieve sexual bliss. You agree?”

I nodded my agreement again, thinking about how good it had been to shed my feelings of self-doubt. She was still talking so I did not try to say anything in response just yet.

“You have to let yourself enjoy this way of being with as little inhibition as you can manage. I feel a bit silly saying all this stuff. I have thought about this a lot, but it can sound a bit trite or not come out right when you try to say it aloud. Do you mind if I keep trying to explain?” What could I do except give her another enthusiastic nod. I wanted to hear where she was going with this.

“You need to see, feel and touch the beauty and orgasmic potential of your own body. Giving your playmate pleasure can be a way of seeing and responding to yourself. You can be feeling and touching your partner’s body, but this is only a way of experiencing pleasure within your own mind. The sensuality and sensations of your own body happen through the stimulation of your lover’s body and mind.”

I thought I understood what she was saying, although it sounded more complicated than how I would say it. She stroked my thighs as she talked. I let myself just notice this, not wanting to let it distract me from her words.

“It is a good way of getting turned on and getting so horny that you cannot stand it. When I get like that, I need someone to fuck me hard. Even though I love to draw it out for as long as possible, pleasing my lover until I am overcome with sexual excitement.

“It is great for everyone involved if you are all on the same wavelength. It is as much about making love with yourself as it is about giving sexual pleasure to your partners.”

She kept talking and playing with the soft flesh of my thighs. She ran her fingers all over me wherever she could reach. It was a mercy that she did this without tickling.

“The Laundromat is our playground for establishing the conditions for giving our bodies pleasure. Many of us are also interested in taking it to the next level, which is about surrendering to another plane of being and ecstasy. I am not expressing this very well. Do you understand what I am trying to say?”

I looked at her for a clue on how she expected me to respond. It was the most words I had ever heard her say and they sounded a little formal and rehearsed.

The gist of what she was saying seemed clear enough. Orgasms were nice, but I might be able to reach a higher level of sensuality if I were more selfless in my sexual ways. I was not sure though if she wanted me to talk about my blissful ecstasy of yesterday. The intensity of these states had gone way beyond that of my more typical sexual pleasure. It was different to the many superb orgasms, which I had also enjoyed during my eventful day.

I remembered the breathing technique that I had learned while with her. I had picked it up straight away, forced to by the extreme situations that confronted me. Succumbing had seemed like the only thing to do. In my ordinary life, I would not have participated in those kinds of ordeals. The gradual enticement and strange adventure of it all got me to the point of letting go.

I was fortunate that the founders had accepted me into their hedonistic club. It was making me rethink my attitudes to my body and sexuality. I wanted more and I wanted to experience whatever it was that Tessa was talking about. Right now, I wanted Paul to fuck me. He was being quite naughty with his disappearing acts.

All those thoughts rushed through my mind as Tessa twirled her finger around my belly button and waited for my answer. “Yes, I think I understand Tessa, you have shown me so much already, but can I fuck Paul soon please?” She laughed, I laughed, and we started kissing each other with a shared hunger. Both of us wanted to feel Paul’s prick inside us.

At some point, maybe while I was laying in the bath yesterday, I had let something go and given into my insatiable body. I did not care what anyone else thought about that, especially those who disapproved. I did not know why I should be so concerned about what these people thought anyway, whoever they were. Was I thinking of my mother perhaps? My friends or colleagues? My

ex? It more to do with the old double standard than anything else. It did not matter to me anymore. What had happened to me was right and good; although, I worried my vagina might be a bit sore after I finally left this place. At least my aching back was a distraction from that feeling!

I decided to shift around so I could wonder again at the loveliness between Tessa's legs. She did not stop touching me. Her caressing movements of her hands and fingers wandered all over my side, belly, breasts, thighs, face, and neck. Her fingertips were everywhere.

She was kissing me with little butterfly kisses here and there wherever she could reach, then she started to coo once more. "Paul is going to fuck you, and then I might have to spank you." I shivered with delight at the thought. I wanted it to happen so bad that I could not stop myself from letting out a low moan of frustration. "Paul is going to fuck you, and then I will have to spank you." This time she said it louder and I believed her. She went quiet as she began tonguing my wet vagina once more.

I wanted Paul's prick, but I did not want her to stop while I was waiting. Just as I had this wicked thought, a man's hard prick began gliding into me from behind. Tessa held my head so that I could not turn around. I guessed that once more, it was not Paul behind me and that was why she was stopping me from looking.

Every time here it had proved to be someone else who was eager to please me by banging away, not him. I was eager for anyone to please me. I moaned with delight as this man thrust hard into me while Tessa somehow kept licking my clitoris. I could do nothing to please her.

I was concentrating on the amazing sensations coming from being simultaneously fucked and tasted.

Waves of pleasure rolled over me and I could feel it building in the same points of my body as I had noticed yesterday. In a few short minutes, one of the most intense orgasms of my life racked through me again. As I shook and writhed with pleasure I managed a quick look in the mirror, and then behind me, to see Paul smiling at me. Paul laughed, his prick held still inside me. He waited for the pulsations to subside and my clitoris to have a rest from its intense stimulation. Then he resumed fucking me, with as much delight and urgency as before.

Tessa squirmed beneath me, needing some attention of her own. I had to be fair. "Oh please fuck me more Paul and do not ever stop, but please fuck Tessa first." I half moaned and half grunted these words. It was hard to believe that I was telling him to stop fucking me for Tessa's sake.

He withdrew from me as I shivered with a mixture of pride and regret. I rolled over and away from Tessa who was completely beside herself with want. She shimmied around onto her back with her knees pulled to her shoulders to take Paul deep inside. I watched as Paul thrust his rock hard prick into her again and again.

I had no idea how he could restrain himself from coming. He was remorseless, first fucking her at this angle, then that angle, fast and slow, all the way in and out, and in quick shallow jabs. I had never watched a couple having sex right beside me before. It was beautiful to watch. I was hoping that he would still have something left for me.

The longer I watched the more entranced I became. Tessa was writhing with delight as she and Paul melded in such sweet, tender and thorough lovemaking.

My own lust throbbled with their every squeal and grunt. Still on all fours, I reached down and began to rub my clitoris in time with each of Paul's thrusts. Tessa responded with her own brisk and bouncy gyrations, sensuous squirms and wriggling writhing.

She began hollering for Paul to come now please. I was with her. I wanted to see Paul's white cum flow out of her and down her thighs where I could lap it up. He would not stop and she kept yelling at him for him to come while I thrust my own rear in the air wishing it were my turn again.

Even with my attention on the action right in front of me, I registered someone moving behind me. I lifted my excited rear higher and a man's thick prick slipped into my jubilant vagina. I looked in the mirrors and then back at the man who was going for his life inside my enthusiastic cunt. He was another pretend tramp from yesterday, the second man who ate that donut from out of me on top of that washing machine.

It was like yesterday, but better. I was watching Paul fuck gorgeous Tessa right next to me, rather than on a screen. It was enthralling watching them while another participant in yesterday's debauchery was taking me. Again, just like yesterday, I looked back at this latest imposter and

smiled. He laughed as he fucked me with thorough attention to detail.

It was like there was some script that we were all following, and perhaps this was so. I was beginning to think that Paul had created and staged a work of incredible erotic performance art, with me at its centre. Each of us would remember this forever.

It seemed right that many other people could also have fond memories of these episodes in my life. The spying cameras were capturing all the salacious scenes. Hundreds more people watching in cyber space could enjoy it too. I was happy to be adding exhibitionist extraordinaire to my repertoire of wickedness.

When these stray thoughts left me, I realised how well this man was pleasing me. As he fucked my delighted vagina, he reached with his hands to touch every part of my body. He fondled my neck, head, face, lips, shoulders, breast, belly, thighs and buttocks. He rubbed all around my clitoris, labia and everywhere else too. He knew to stay away from my back and I knew what else I had to do.

I slowed myself down to take a deep slow breath. I drew air in with my belly on each inward breath, completely filling my lungs to the top. Oxygen poured throughout my body on the matching slow outward breath.

The man who was enjoying this marvellous fuck with me stopped thrusting until his hard prick become motionless. I pleased us both by clamping down on his hardness. I visualised my oxygen rich blood flooding and nourishing the muscles there. Doing this, I squeezed him tight on each breath out.

Every kind of sensation rushed over me. He was making delighted inarticulate grunting noises over my loud breathing. I had not stopped looking at Tessa and Paul locked together. Something about them changed, transfixing me. Their embrace became a vivid combination of an exquisite dance and a beautiful shifting painting.

Everything I was hearing, seeing and feeling fluctuated with the rhythm of this wonderful fuck. This man's wonderful prick went into spasm, flooding me deep inside. This triggered my transformation into a taut existential thread of bliss. An intense orgasm crashed throughout my body when I returned.

I began crying when my body finally stilled, grateful for the beauty shown to me. My tears were as quick to stop as they had started. I was happy beyond belief. Wow, I thought. That was something. This wonderful intense experience had a unifying affect upon my mind and body, as if I were a computer and that was my reboot. Before I could thank any of the others, I slipped into the little death of sleep.

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