

Saddle Tramp  
By G. Gregory  
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“House, or do you have a favorite?” asked the waiter pleasantly.

“Umm...” Patricia hesitated.

“She’ll have Absolut Citron,” piped up Maggie.

“OK, that makes one Blue Sapphire, dry, with extra olives, two blacks, and a cosmo with Absolut. Anything else for you ladies?” he asked, getting no reply, which was enough of an answer for him to know that he had been dismissed.

Simultaneously, all four women began to speak. Artfully, each heard and integrated bits and pieces of dialog into their own point of view. The amazing part of that feat was the additional ability to scan the room for rogue males, assess each that fell under their scrutiny, and not miss a single shred of anything that was said. Within a few seconds of Trish getting a wink from a good-looking hunk at the end of the bar, the conversation began to narrow to activities that involved the male species, or at least certain parts of them. Pink, also known as Martha to her mother and other senior family members, reoriented their focus to a single topic when she asked no one in particular, “So who’s been to Saddle Tramps?”

Silence fell over the table as conversation came to a hard stop. It was as though a symphonic conductor had slashed his baton through the air to signal a precise end to a fast-paced piece of music. All eyes turned toward Pink. Natalie’s mouth fell open almost as far as Maggie’s in a nonverbal announcement of their mutual dismay. Trish defaulted to a puzzled look that begged for more information. The good-looking guy at the end of the bar cocked his head slightly to listen but did nothing else to show his interest in their conversation.

Natalie finally moved beyond her stunned silence and pointedly addressed Pink with an accusing tone of voice, “You haven’t!”

“Haven’t what?” asked Trish, still in the dark. “What the heck is Saddle Tramps?”

“Saddle Tramps is the newest rage in personal satisfaction and it’s...” Pink started to explain before Natalie butted in to finish her sentence, “It’s for sluts and over-sexed skanks that can’t get enough oral sex at home...that’s what it is.”

“What?” shrilled Trish. Both hands dropped onto the table, as she leaned forward with a shocked look on her face. “Don’t get enough *what* at home?”

“Lordy, Trish, do we have to draw you a picture?” Maggie quipped.

“Fuck you, Maggie,” snapped Trish, not appreciating her sarcasm. “You can just eat me, OK?”

“Uh, that would be what you get at Saddle Tramps,” Pink pointed out, wagging her head from side-to-side and sporting a decidedly wicked grin.

“You-are-kidding-me,” squawked Trish, enunciating each word of her reply with emphasis before bursting into hysterical laughter that stopped almost as suddenly as it started.

“Have you been living under a rock, Patricia?” Maggie asked, taking another swipe at Trish. “My God, they’ve been open for almost four months now.”

Well, aren’t we the little Miss-Know-It-All,” added Natalie, making a point that Maggie was so well informed about the place. “I’ll bet you were right up front on opening day. Know any of the Doers by name yet?”

Maggie retaliated, “Listen to your smart mouth giving you away. How the hell do you know what a Doer is?”

The exchange was rapidly becoming the downfall of feigned innocence of all involved. The guy at the bar smiled privately to himself as he listened to the squabble over something they all enjoyed immensely. Confessions rained down on their table as good-natured sparring ultimately revealed that only Trish had not participated in the latest development in personal satisfaction. Saddle Tramps had opened their twenty-third Personal Satisfaction Center nearly four months earlier and were operating in fourteen different sectors on the eastern grid. Since the Great Moral Dismissal in mid-2015, businesses such as Saddle Tramps had begun to flourish.

Service providers that catered to the delivery of targeted sexual pleasures had been opening on a regular basis throughout the kingdom. Saddle Tramps segmented their business toward a niche market of women who chose oral pleasures as their vice. Similarly, a franchise known as Stokers catered to the male populous who were hopelessly addicted to fellatio. Other variations of live sex were available for a price in virtually every corner of the kingdom. Nothing could stop the proliferation of an entrepreneurial spirit fueled by lust, desire and an exponential growth in demand. Even the Baptists had largely given up any hopes of slowing the spread of what they deemed “a cancer of immorality”.

The demographic represented at their table tracked with the ratios touted on the E-Tabloids. By most estimates, even those considered ultra- conservative, seventy-five percent of the kingdom was actively consuming sexual fare in one form or another. The immoral desire for profits had finally won out over the moral conscience that postured sex-for-hire should be forever banned. .

Three rounds of martinis later, their conversation had progressed from badgering Trish's ignorance of readily available "pay-per-cunnilingus" to a more compassionate strategy. Each took turns trying to convince her to take the plunge and enjoy something they knew she wasn't getting from her dip-shit husband. Pink gingerly pulled another gin-soaked olive off the plastic skewer that was in her martini. She held it between her teeth, closing her lips around it, before sucking it into her mouth with an inverted pop. She eyed Trish, looking for signs of acquiescence. There was no evidence that Trish had seen the light.

Pink decided a more direct approach was the best tactic, "Since when did you become so proper and pure and righteous and above all..."

"Stuff it, Pink!" said Trish. "It's just not something Kenny would be able to deal with."

Maggie nearly blew a gasket, exploding with in a short blast of disgust before looking down her nose and over the top of her glasses at Trish, saying, "Do you think that worthless husband of yours hasn't been going to Stroker's on a regular basis to get his little knob polished? C'mon, Trish. He's been down there with my Paul at least a dozen times in the last three weeks..."

"...and with Zack nearly every Friday morning." added Maggie.

"Hold on now. I know all about that Stroker's place," said Trish, raising her hands in defense. "Kenny said it was a pool hall, and I know he loves to shoot pool. I don't have a problem with him going down there with his buddies to shoot a little 8-ball whenever he wants."

The other three looked at each other in disbelief and then back at Trish before coming off the rails, hooting and pounding the table with all the intensity that four martinis enabled. Poor Trish still had no clue as to the source of their entertainment and sat open-mouthed with a dumbfounded look on her face. Somewhere in the middle of their raucous laughter, unofficial consensus was formed that yielded a single decision – they had to take Trish to Saddle Tramps for a formal initiation.

The guy at the end of the bar had been listening intently, still not giving away that he was passively monitoring their conversation. He stood up slowly from his barstool and walked by their table on his way to the restroom. The hard leather heels on his snakeskin boots thudded heavily on the wooden floor accentuating his long gait. Trish eyeballed him from nose-to-toes with a crooked grin of appreciation on her lips, earning a smoky glance and a very sexy wink.

"That's twice," she reported to the table in general.

"Twice what?" asked Maggie.

"That guy. It's the second time he's winked at me."

Conversation came to a halt as all heads turned and watched him walk away from them toward the back of the bar.

“Now that’s a sweet piece of ass,” commented Trish.

“Oh, OK, now I see it. Kenny let’s you lookie but no touchie. Meanwhile he’s getting his brains sucked out down a Stroker’s. Jesus, Trish! Have we got a double standard thing going on here or what?” asked Pink, renewing her attack on the clueless Trish.

“No it’s not like that. Really!” Trish fell silent, reflecting on the implications and the truth of what her friend Pink had suggested. Finally she spoke, “Well even if it is like that, I still thought that guy had a sweet ass.”

“Honey, you’re not only clueless, you’re drunk,” said Natalie while nodding her head. “Of course he had a nice ass. That was one prime hunk of man.”

Another round of drinks was ordered despite individual limits having been summarily exceeded a round earlier. They were determined that Trish was going to get initiated one way or another and started to describe their experiences. Winking-guy came back from the restroom a few minutes later and flashed a million-dollar smile in their direction as he walked by. He plopped back down on his barstool, ordered another pint of Guinness, and continued to do what appeared to be a respectable job of minding his own business.

“C’mon tell me,” demanded Trish, more interested than ever now that the black martinis had begun to accelerate her libido.

They fell back into their graphic descriptions of the delights one could expect in the course of an evening at Saddle Tramps. Trish hung on every word. Her face flushed several times and moments of total disbelief were punctuated with wide eyes and a slack jaw.

“It’s like a riding a pony with a man in your crotch,” said Maggie, cutting to the chase.

“Yeah, the machine you sit on has like this saddle thing,” added Natalie.

Maggie jumped back in with a different example, “Kinda like riding a motorcycle. You know, like one of those crotch rockets you almost have to lie down on to drive.”

“Yeah,” Pink agreed, “but it’s wider than a motorcycle seat. More like straddling a horse with handlebars. And in the front part of the saddle there’s this opening that…”

Natalie interrupted Pink excitedly, “Yeah, that’s where the Doer’s mouth works their magic on you.”

Trish squirmed in her chair at the thoughts of straddling anything – man or beast.

“Yummm,” moaned Pink, “and they’re so fucking good.”

All four of them squirmed in their chairs, crossing and/or re-crossing their legs to savor the swelling twinges of arousal. There wasn’t a single pair of dry panties at their table.

“So you just climb on this thing and let them do you?” asked an astonished Trish.

“Well, yeah, sort of. They only do oral, but my God, honey, it’s such very, very good oral,” swooned Pink, closing her eyes and remembering something that brought her nipples to attention.

“You control the Doer’s access to your crotch and the pressure of their mouth with the pedals,” explained Natalie. “They’re kind of like the pegs on a motorcycle. The harder you push, the less pressure they apply on your pussy. If you want more, you ease the pressure on the pegs and relax down onto a glorious mouth and a tireless tongue. It’s incredible. You’re in complete control as to how fast or slow things go. If you don’t get eaten right, it’s your own fault. But it takes a few visits to figure it all out.”

“Oh, absolutely! Several visit at a minimum. You know, forty or fifty times at least,” Maggie said snickering.

They all started firing favorite techniques and experiences at Trish. Her head was swimming with thoughts of decadent oral sex. Her head swiveled as she went from friend to friend listening to their stories. Fantasy after fantasy seemed to be within reach. Soon their voices seemed to mix together and each experience shared was another reason to go and find out for herself.

“I love to push the foot pegs down and ride up high so I get light tongue action on my clit. I’ll let them do that until I just can’t stand it anymore, then I release them completely and ride that tongue hard until I find my own brand of oblivion.”

“The handgrip is like an accelerator on a motorcycle. Twist it back and their tongue moves faster. Roll it forward and you can throttle back to a slower pace. You can blow your brain out right away, or you can take all night.”

“You can even talk with the Doer and tell them exactly what you want. Anything. Lick me. Suck me. Kiss me with those slow lingering kinds of kisses. Fuck me with that sweet tongue. You can invent your own path to ecstasy, Trish.”

“Oh yeah. Last time I was there, I asked to be licked. Just licked. Long, slow luxurious licks. Words can’t describe what it was like to control the speed with that throttle thingie. I thought I was just going to die.”

Natalie continued with the hard-sell, “Think about it, honey, you’re in control of how you get eaten. You choose the pace. You choose the technique. It’s all by your rules. You never get left hanging out to dry, and they never fall asleep before you’ve had your fill.”

“My God,” whispered Trish. Her face was flushed with the residue of a fully engaged imagination. In her mind she was astride this unknown contraption, thrashing, hell-bound and destined for the ultimate orgasm.

“I must’ve come three or four times last time I was there,” Natalie confessed, fanning herself with a cocktail napkin.

“Well honey, you’ve apparently never been in the blue room,” said Pink.

“OK, so what’s so special about the blue room?” asked Natalie, using a tone that made it clear that she was not going to be easily impressed.

“Mr. Blue,” came the abbreviated reply from Pink. “He has the slowest tongue that’s ever been between these thighs. I’m telling you the man can follow directions.” She was watching Trish to see if she was going to react. She got her wish.

“Gawd,” whimpered Trish. Her mind was working overtime. She crossed her legs and squeezed, pinching a very lonely, very swollen clit that, in her estimation, was deserving of the perfect slow tongue. Behind unseeing eyes she saw herself back on this gizmo shuddering with every deep satisfying lick from this Mr. Blue. The whole concept was extraordinary. Thoughts of actually spreading her legs willingly to take pleasures from an obedient mouth and tongue were nearly too much to fathom.

“Trisha? Trish! Yo Patricia! Are you in there?” Natalie inquired repeatedly, pulling her from her reverie.

Winking-guy finished his beer and stood. As he leaned over the bar to whisper something to the bartender, all eyes turned to admire his magnificent posterior. He slipped on his long leather trench and turned up the collar. He ran both hands through an awesome head of hair and spun on his heel to face the four women. In a slow deliberate motion he bowed slightly from the waist, dipped his head slightly and blew a two-fingered kiss. Expensive sunglasses were slipped into place just before he flashed a wicked grin. Without saying a word or waiting for a reaction, he pushed through the door and was gone.

“I say we gang-rape the son-of-a-bitch,” suggested Maggie breathlessly, at which all four exploded in laughter, secretly plotting how to execute her plan.

“That could never happen, ladies,” explained Trish in a dreamy voice.

“And why not Miss Proper Patricia?” challenged Maggie.

“Because, dear Margaret, when I got done fucking that gorgeous hunk of man-flesh there’d be nothing left for the rest of you wenches but sunglasses and an empty pair of cowboy boots.”

More laughter and giggles erupted from her friends. Pink popped her last alcohol-laden olive into her mouth, chewing it slowly and rolling her eyes. She leaned over close to Trish, grinning, and said, "It's high time you got yourself serviced, sweetie, and we're just the broads to help you through it. She leaned back and lit a cigarette, inhaling deeply, directing a thin stream of smoke toward the ceiling with an air and a look of confidence.

Their waiter walked up to the table to see if anyone wanted another drink even though it was obvious that no one could handle another. Maggie tossed an American Express card on the table and said, "I'll get this one, girls. It'll go down as a business expense since we've been discussing some very serious business."

The waiter collected the card and ticket and left to complete the transaction. While they waited for him to return, the bartender approached their table and spoke directly to Trish, "The gentleman who was sitting at the bar asked me to wait until after he left to give this to you."

He handed Trish a royal blue business card that appeared to be blank on both sides. She turned it over, squinting in the dim light of the bar, looking for markings that would identify the mystery man.

"Well, what is it?" asked Maggie anxiously, craning her neck to see what had been handed to Trish.

Her fingertips slid over what felt like a series of impressions, or possibly some kind of embossing. Tipping the card slightly to reflect the low light she could see that block letters had been stamped onto the card that read, "Good for the ride of your life. Ask for Mr. Blue. Saddle Tramps"

When she read it aloud, Pink nearly fell out of her chair. "Oh my God," she exclaimed. "That guy was the Doer from the blue room. That was Mr. Blue. That's the man who's been sucking my cunnie so perfectly for the last three months."

"And with that slow tongue," added Maggie in a hypnotic tone of voice.

Natalie sat back in her chair shaking her head and murmured, "Holy shit!"

"Let's go," said Trish, standing up like she was spring-loaded and donned her jacket.

"Go where?" asked all three at once.

Trish wagged the blue card at them and said, "I'm taking my Get-Out-Of-Jail-Free card and breaking out of this prison I've been in. I'm gonna cure the blues with Mr. Blue.

\* \* \*

Thirty minutes later all four women walked into the lobby of Saddle Tramps. The attractive young woman behind the receptionist station greeted them.

“Good evening, ladies and welcome to Saddle Tramps. Is this your first visit?”

Trish stood frozen in place, unable to move or speak. Maggie gave her an encouraging shove from behind saying, “Go on, girl! Prison break. Go get out of jail.”

“I have this card that...uh...was given to me for...uh...” Trish stammered, unable to explain. She gave up articulating why she was there and just handed it to the young woman.

“Ahh yes. Very good. Mr. Blue has just recently come on shift, so he’ll be fresh and very very hungry. Wait just a second, and I’ll have an attendant show you to the Blue Room.”

Trish turned to look at her compadres, a crimson flush sweeping up her neck and onto her face. It was a mixture of embarrassment and a rapidly increasing sense of anticipation that she quite possibly could be in for the ride of her life.

“Hey, girl. Our job is done. We got you here. The rest is up to you,” said Pink, taking her by the hand. “Go in there and take something for yourself, honey. Remember what you said earlier? You’re going to cure the blues. Break out. So you go. You take something for yourself, Trish. This guy is beyond good. Trust me.”

Trish drew a deep breath, as her friend’s word sunk in. She did deserve to break out. Kenny no longer showed any interest in pleasuring anyone besides himself. It was her turn now. It was an opportunity to take something she had been missing for a very long time. Her three friends wished her luck and turned to depart, leaving her alone with a raging anticipation and what would soon build into a selfish animal lust.

\* \* \*

After the attendant left, she locked the door behind her to ensure her privacy. The blue room was actually mostly white, however it was trimmed with royal blue molding and deep blue, plush carpeting. The room was about 12 feet square and comfortably warm. Low-level background music was soothing and unobtrusive. In one corner, there was a large bathtub freshly drawn with steaming hot water. On a small vanity next to the tub, an assortment of scented soaps and bath oils were there for her use along with several thick cotton towels. The only other fixture in the room was a square white pedestal that stood about three feet high in the far corner adjacent to the tub. A pair of wireless headphones lay on top of the pedestal next to a single toggle switch. Trish walked over and picked up a royal blue note card that was propped up against the headphones. She read it slowly:

*Hello! I’m Mr. Blue. Welcome to Saddle Tramps. Feel free to enjoy a hot bath. Please take your time. There are no limits here. There is no reason to hurry, unless of course*

*hurrying is the source of your pleasure. Everything here is intended solely for your pleasure.*

*Soon you will have full use of my mouth. My lips and tongue are instruments for your pleasure for as long as you wish. It's your time to be selfish, and it's appropriate for you to take the oral pleasures I offer without hesitation and without guilt.*

*Your experiences here are offered in a safe and private environment. I cannot see you, nor can I touch you except for the oral contact, which is my specialty, and is the focus of your personal pleasure. If you speak, I can hear you. If you desire to here my voice, feel free to use the headphones.*

*Your wish is my command. I am here to follow your explicit instructions and to be responsive to your oral service needs. When you are ready to enjoy yourself, flip the toggle switch and prepare to take the ride of your life.*

The blood was pounding in Trish's ears. She had no idea what was about to happen. She started to reach for the headphones, but hesitated. Did she want to hear his voice? Images of the hunk at the bar with his shadow of a beard, his tight ass, his long powerful legs, his sexy winks, and his... The decision was made. She reached for the headphones and slipped them over her ears. Both hands cupped the earpieces to her head, as she stood motionless, listening silently. She heard nothing.

"Hello?" she said softly.

"Ahh, hello," a very male to-die-for voice greeted her. "I'm so glad you chose to use the headphones."

"How can you hear me?" she asked, twisting her head around quickly, looking for evidence of a hidden camera or a microphone.

"There's an ultra-sensitive microphone built into the headphones you are wearing. They're so sensitive, I can hear you breathe." He paused before continuing, "I like to hear you breathe. It helps me understand the extent of your want. It makes me want your come."

She drew in a short breath sharply when she heard what he wanted.

"Ahh, yes, just like that," he said, speaking with a slow hypnotic pace. "I'm going to steal your breath, Trish. I'm going to steal it over and over and over."

"How'd you know my...my..." she stumbled over her words, startled that he knew who she was.

"Your name?"

“Yes. I never gave it to you. I never gave it to anyone.”

“My, how you forget so quickly. I just spent the last couple of hours listening to you and your friends talking about me down at Scully’s. You were with my good friend, Pink and a couple of your other friends.”

“Yes, you’re right,” she replied, relaxing slightly, then quickly asking, “How do you know Pink so well?”

“She’s one of my favorites. One of my regulars.” He paused again, giving her a chance to fully comprehend what he was about to say. “She likes it slow. She craves a very gentle, very slow tongue circling around her clit. She’s so very patient. Very disciplined. I love patient women who are disciplined enough to pass up the ordinary pleasures and invest in extraordinary things.”

His voice was sex. Oral sex. Fuck sex. He spoke the language of fuck. Filled her head with fuck. Her panties were soaked with desire just listening to him talk. She recalled Natalie’s comments about having multiple orgasms. She quivered inside with anticipation when she thought of having more than one. It was pure luck that she would have even one with Kenny – rarely a really good one – one that was allowed to run its course. Having multiples was going to be a discovery for her. It had never happened before. Ever.

“Trish, why don’t you get undressed for me and take a nice hot bath. I’ll wait for you.”

“OK. I think...I think a bath would be nice before...uh...before I...err...before you...”

“Before you spread those pretty legs for me.”

His voice was like a warm hand invading her private places, sliding down into her panties and cupping her pussy, lifting and pressing with just the right amount of pressure. She gasped again.

“This is so different,” she confessed, warming to his soft sexy voice. “I’ve never talked about...about things like...you know...sex.”

“Tonight’s going to be like nothing you’ve ever experienced. Take your bath now. We have much to talk about. Much to discover.”

Trish kicked off her shoes then slipped out of her skirt, pantyhose and panties. She pulled the headphones off before slipping her sweater over her head. With a twist of her fingers behind her back, the lace bra fell away. She instinctively crossed her arms across her chest, covering her breasts. Her nakedness felt extreme yet exciting.

His voice filled her head, as she replaced the headphones. “I’ll bet you have an incredible body, Trish. I wish I could see you, but those are the rules we both must obey. No matter.

In a few moments I'll be touching your beauty with my lips. Through your taste, your heat, your wetness, and the sounds you make as I pleasure you, I will know all that's important about your beauty."

"God. It makes me crazy when you talk to me like that," she whispered breathlessly.

"I can tell," he whispered back. "Enjoy your bath, Trish.

\* \* \*

The water was still hot when she stepped into the tub. She sampled several of the oils with a quick sniff, selecting one that smelled of lilac. The heat of the bath mixed with the silky texture of the oil against her skin emboldened her lust. She relaxed into the warmth.

"Can you tell me your name?" she asked, as she dragged a soft sponge across her shoulders.

"I have to go by Mr. Blue here, but if that's too formal, I'd be pleased to have you just call me Blue."

She inhaled deeply, then relaxing and exhaling slowly, slipping down into the tub so that the water came up to her chin.

"Very well, Mr. Blue. I shall call you Blue."

He fell silent as she bathed. The warmth and aroma of the lilac-scented water filled her senses. She was in the moment. Nothing external to her and the Blue Room mattered.

"Trish? Are you thinking about it?"

"About it?"

"Yes. Thinking about spreading those pretty thighs for me so I can lick you."

"God, you make me so crazy when you talk like that, Blue."

"Have you ever been licked before, Trish?"

"Yes, I guess so. Kenny kind of licks a little and then sort of does this sucking thing and...well...it's all kind of quick. Actually, I'm lucky to get it at all."

"Hmmm," Blue reflected. "Poor thing. I tell you what. You have my word that when you leave here tonight, you'll know what it means to be licked. You'll have no doubts."

Trish's head was spinning from the sounds of his voice. Even his words seemed to be reaching for her, pushing her legs open, preparing to take her tender parts into his mouth.

Her hands slipped beneath the water, gliding over her breasts, teasing nipples that were as hard as little stones. She relaxed her legs, spreading them slightly, reaching, tracing along her inner thighs. Her breath staggered as fingertips toyed with the closely groomed hair right above where her aching pearl strained, begging to be touched.

“Please don’t waste any of that sweetness on your fingers, baby. It all belongs to me tonight.” He paused, allowing her to reflect on his words. “Promise me you’ll let me have it. Please?”

She took a couple of halting breaths and made her promise. Promising him was easy. At that point, she would have promised him anything. The warm bath, the thick scent of lilac, and the honey-sweet sex in his voice all amplified the effects of the alcohol that still coursed through her veins. It was hard to tell which intoxicant was dominating her senses most of all.

“Trish?”

“Yes, Blue.”

“Get out of the tub and push the switch on the pedestal. It’s time for the ride of your life.”

\* \* \*

The floor began to vibrate when Trish flipped the toggle switch. She watched, as two parallel sections of carpeted flooring rose upward and separated, opening outward before slipping down and away into the sides of a rectangular opening in the floor. Rising up out of the open space was the device that her friends had described. She watched as if in a trance, as it rose upward and locked into place with a series of solid, metallic clicks and an accompanying hiss of hydraulics relaxing from their completed task.

The thing really did resemble a café-style racing motorcycle although it was considerably wider through the body. It was elevated on the front end where handgrips protruded from either side of the molded, black fiberglass frame. The seat was shaped and angled toward the front so that the rider’s bodyweight would be thrust forward. Just as Pink had described, there were two foot pegs on either side that stuck through slots in the enclosure. That’s where her feet were to rest and control the pressure of Blue’s mouth by pushing – or not.

She moved closer for a better look. Her heart began to race when she saw the small door panel embedded in the forward part of the seat. It was about four inches wide and eight or so inches long and shaped to fit the contour of the seat. The curve of the seat was a perfect match to the shape of her bottom and crotch. By leaning forward to grasp the handgrips, her pussy would be squarely positioned over the door panel. That’s where Blue’s mouth would be working his magic. She let go of an involuntary gasp.

“I call it the time machine,” said Blue, causing her to jump, nearly forgetting that he was still with her. “Once you get on, you’ll forget what time it is...or was...or could be.”

“This is so unbelievable,” whispered Trish.

“Yes, technology has come a long way hasn’t it?” agreed Blue.

“No. No, I’m not talking about the technology. I’m talking about me being here. Me climbing up on that thing and letting you...” Her voice trailed away.

Trish shuddered, but she wasn’t cold. Her hips quivered, but she wasn’t chilled. She was being drawn to it. It was like the feeling she got standing along a railing on a high tower – like there was this powerful invisible force trying to drag her over the edge and into the abyss. She felt a force here. It was pulling at her. It was shaking her whole body with anticipation and want, overriding the urge to walk away, overpowering her ability to leave without experiencing the ride of her life. She wanted this time machine. She wanted to forget about time, to forget about everything for just a little while.

“Trish?”

“Yes.”

“Get on top of me,” he instructed her firmly. “I want to start slowly with you. I’d like to start with a few soft kisses just to help us get to know one another.”

She was powerless to resist. Dropping the towel that was still wrapped around her, she mounted the machine, settling into the soft contour of the seat. The whole unit was heated, so it was warm to the touch. The soft glove leather of the seat caressed her and molded to her form as though it was filled with gel. She was sitting awkwardly with her weight pushed to the back, keeping her from resting squarely on the access panel in the middle of the seat.

Trish?”

“Yes, Blue.”

“Do you see the little red button on the right handgrip?”

“Yes, I see it.” Her breath was coming in short abbreviated pants.

“Good. When you push it, the access panel in the seat opens inward. That’s when you will experience a new kind of magic.”

“I’m...God...I’m not sure I can do...” she was trembling.

“Lean forward, baby. Grab hold of the handgrips and relax your weight forward. I’m going to take you someplace special. Relax, Trish. We’ll start with some soft gentle kisses. I’ll do that for you until you want something else, OK?”

She slowly leaned forward, her crotch positioned squarely over the little door – the trap door to ecstasy. Her weight shifted, as she grasped each handgrip. Her feet were pushing on the foot pegs, forcing them downward in the slotted grooves. Her body was tight. She was like a coiled spring ready to fly off when released. Nipples were swollen and aching, burning with the white-hot lust that forced her thumb toward the little red button.

“Go on, baby. Push it,” he whispered. “Give it to me.”

Her legs were spread open, the bulk of this device tucked intimately between them. She was resting upon it, silky smooth skin pressed tight against this intimidating source of pleasure. It did not move, nor did it pry her legs open any further than they already were. But it was there. His presence permeated the air, giving her the sensation of the machine coming alive and forcing her legs open and devouring her sweet pussy. The power of total submission was so real. She wanted to say ‘No!’ but could not. She wanted it. She wanted her legs to be forced open and her pussy licked and sucked by this man – by this seamless combination of man and this beast of a machine.

“Push it,” he whispered into her ears again. “I want what belong to me.”

A faint hiss came from the machine when her thumb depressed the button. The sensation of the surface of the access door falling away stole what was left of the breath in her body. Her mouth hung open, frozen in a silent scream. Her eyes focused on something in another faraway place. Every nerve ending in her body was tuned for high sensitivity. She tensed for the shock of the first contact.

“Good girl,” he praised her. “You just took the hardest step. The rest is going to be easy.

She waited for him to begin. Her body was not moving, but she had the sensation of bouncing in her seat. Every muscle tremor caused her to flex and vibrate. Where was he? What was he waiting for? What the hell was he doing? The anticipation of knowing a man’s mouth was mere inches from her pussy and unable to see it was driving her insane. What’s taking so long?

“Where are you?” she panted.

“I’m here.”

What are you...I mean...when are you going to start?”

“Just as soon as I can touch you. You’ll have to relax a little first, Trish. You’re pressing the foot pegs so hard, I can’t even reach you.”

She didn't realize it, but the muscle tremors were coming from the constant pressure she was applying on the foot pegs, jamming them down in their lowest position, preventing Blue from making contact. She exhaled sharply, not realizing she had been holding her breath, almost eliciting a laugh when she realized it was her rigidity that was keeping him away.

“Release some pressure on the foot pegs and it will bring me closer to you. You control if I touch you and how hard I touch you. If you feel the need, pushing the red button again will pull me away completely, and it will close the access door. You are in complete control your pleasure, Trish. I'm just here to provide it at a pace that suits your desire. OK?” His explanation reassured her and helped to uncoil some of the tension that had her humming like a tuning fork.

She started to breath again. “OK.”

Relaxing her calf and thigh muscles slightly, the foot pegs started to rise. Not being able to see him, or knowing how close he was, added an extra degree of anticipation to what was happening. The pegs moved another inch – then another. She began to feel the warmth of his presence. She knew his mouth was very close. Everything was electrified and tingling.

“Mmmm, very nice. Very, very nice,” he whispered. His voice in her ears was synchronized with the heat of his breath as it teased the silken hairs on her pussy as he spoke. “I can feel how hot you are. And...oh my...you smell so delicious.”

She relaxed some more, giving him another fraction of an inch, another sliver of permission. Her knuckles were turning white from the pressure of her grip. He exhaled a long deep breath igniting a fire of want causing her to relax another fraction. His lips were parted when he kissed her the first time. He lingered. His lips barely touched her. She moaned softly and relaxed another fraction, drawing him closer still. He kissed her again, this time a little deeper, slightly below her clit, breaking her seal, allowing her labia to separate like a flower opening to the warmth of the sun. Trish shuddered, alternately gulping air and panting it away in short rapid puffs. She had never felt so exposed, and at the same time, had never wanted to be more exposed. This was so obscenely naughty – and perfect.

“Trish, I love this. I could kiss you like this all night long...” He continued to speak of his desire, his lips moving against the inside edges of her labia. Kisses landed softly. Some were short and sweet while others lingered, prompting her to pivot her hips forward trying to direct his kisses onto her throbbing clitoris. He kissed her and he kissed her, over and over. His muffled moans filled her head. Her own moans indicated that he was breaking down her ability to hold herself back. Pressure on the pegs was nearly gone. Her back arched into the pleasures of countless kisses. She nearly overran her control before pushing down on the pegs, pulling his mouth away, stepping back from the edge. Her head hung limply, as she tried to catch her breath.

“Another patient woman,” he whispered. “At first I thought you were going to give me your come right away. I’m pleased that you decided to wait. It’s so difficult to stop when it feels so wonderful isn’t it?”

“That was incredible. Your mouth...those kisses. God...” she whispered back.

He took her to the edge six more times, each time Trish broke off the headlong rush to finality. On several occasions her feet were completely off the pegs, the full force of his mouth and tongue swirled slowly, probing deeply into her secrets. She figured out how to use the throttle when he started teasing her with his talented tongue, drawing slow deliberate circles around her clit. She sped him up and then slowed him down, orchestrating her pleasure to perfection. Finally, she depressed the pegs a few inches, pulling his face away from her. It was time for her to fly. She was poised on the edge.

“Good girl, Trish. Such a patient and highly disciplined woman you are,” he said softly, praising her.

“Blue, you are incredible. I want to...I have to come now. I want you to...” she said, pausing in her request.

It dawned on her that she had never been in the position to ask for what she wanted. It had never been her choice before. She always had to settle for leftovers; the scraps left over after Kenny had finished satisfying himself. For a few seconds she felt guilty that her pleasures had been given to her so freely and completely. How could she rid herself of feeling so selfish? How could this truly be meant for her to enjoy?

Blue sensed her hesitation and whispered into her ear, “It’s time to take what is rightfully yours. You’ve worked hard to get here. You’ve been strong, strong to give up several chances to settle for early pleasures. I’m so proud of you, Trish.”

“Oh, Blue...” she said, nearly sobbing.

“Will you give me permission to finish this for you?” he asked.

“Yes. I want you to take me, Blue. I want you to eat my pussy for me.” She became more forceful with her words. Permission had been granted to take. This was for her. His mouth was for her. “Suck it for me, Blue. Lick it slow and deep and then suck my clit. Lick me and suck me like that until I come in your mouth.”

“Promise me one thing, Trish.”

“What? What do you want me to do?” she asked.

“Tell me the instant you start to come, OK? The very instant you let go.”

“OK, I promise.”

She slowly released the pressure on the pegs. His tongue slipped deeper and deeper into her swollen pussy, licking with long slow strokes, teasing her opening, then darting inside, probing deeply. Alternately he licked around her opening and then upward with a wide flat tongue, blanketing her clit, coming to a stop, and holding her fast. He remained motionless, pressing against her weight. She moved slightly, rocking slowly back and forth while he pushed harder. Every time she rocked forward he flexed his tongue. Her clit pulsed every time he flexed. On every fourth or fifth rotation, he'd pull his tongue away and close on her with his lips, sucking her clit into his mouth, rolling it between his upper teeth and his tongue, pulling it gently. While he held her clit in his mouth, he started to slowly lick her with the tip of his tongue. She cranked the throttle and rode his mouth. She rode him hard. Both feet came off the pedals as she rolled the throttle all the way down. It was coming.

Her mouth came open. Remnants of her voice crackled through the paralysis of ecstasy building from a low moan to a cry for mercy. She surged past forgiveness and abandoned permission crying out her warning to Blue, "Now! Jesus, now!"

Blue stopped sucking and held his tongue motionless over her clit, pressing hard, and waiting for it to begin pulsing with the rapid beat of completion. When it started he waited for a full two seconds before moving his whole head in circles, forcing her clit to roll, twisting under the pressure of his tongue. She came hard. She came long. And she had no clue that her climax was only beginning.

Everything was swelling. It was like the smooth swell of a giant wave just before it breaks, cascading over onto itself in a million droplets momentarily disconnected from their former selves only to crash down under the weight of the ocean and become one again. She broke. She broke onto herself with her legs outstretched, toes pointed, and back arched, giving every ounce of her body to the mouth that clamored for her come. Contractions exploded deep inside, rushing at her, embracing her soul. Over and over she convulsed. Her hands left the handgrips and clutched at her breasts squeezing and kneading her nipples. The weight of her passion crushed her and rolled her over and over, as wave after wave of orgasm blessed her patience, rewarded her investment with extraordinary pleasure.

The roar of her blood thundered in her ears. She was still coming. Every time she rocked forward against the constant pressure of his tongue, another wave exploded. Her hips vibrated with every contraction. She leaned her head down onto the padded console, passion's sweat dripping off the tip of her nose. Never before in her life had she come like that.

"Push the button, Trish. You've impressed a man not easily impressed. But then I think I knew that when I selected you this evening for the ride of your life. I'm so glad you came to be with me, and I hope that you will become my favorite."

She pulled the headphones off and let them fall to the floor. She was spent. She was different somehow. She was changed. She was a saddle tramp.

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