

ORGASMS R US

Alice Gaines

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Yet another satisfied customer emerged from the testing room. Kit looked up from the brochure she'd been reading. The one she'd never in her lifetime be caught with outside of this office. The one that said ORGASMS R US in huge, red letters at the top.

This woman looked even more disheveled than the last two. Her hair was a mess, and her clothes hung awkwardly from her body, no doubt because the buttons of her blouse weren't in the right holes, and the zipper of her skirt had jammed. It didn't seem to bother her. She walked straight to the service counter and handed some paperwork to the clerk. "Put it in my car now. I'm taking it home."

The clerk disappeared, and the woman left, probably to take her car to the loading dock.

A door opened, and a woman in a business suit emerged. "Kit Jones?"

"That'd be me."

"I'm your orgasm consultant," the woman said. "Your XM-360 is ready."

"Look, a friend put me up to this." Kit rose and walked to her. "I have to tell you I can't afford one of your machines."

The woman turned and headed toward the testing area. "Just give it a trial run."

Kit followed. "I'm telling you, I can't buy it. It costs more than my car."

“We’ll arrange easy payments.”

“It’d take me ten years to pay it off.”

The woman smiled again. “That’s all right.”

“But you designed it by testing my brain waves. If you repossess it, it won’t be right for another woman.”

“You’ll make the payments.” The woman opened the door and gestured for Kit to go inside.

Kit did and found herself in a room empty except for a hospital-type bed and a privacy screen. The woman pointed to that. “There’s a loose gown in there. While you change into that, I’ll activate your XM-360.”

Oh, for heaven’s sake. Damn Shirl. Shirl was paying through the nose for her own unit now, and she probably wanted company in her own misery.

Kit slipped behind the screen, removed her clothing, then slid the gown over her head.

“His name is Raul,” the woman said from the other side of the screen.

“Raul?”

“It was a pleasure putting him together. Some women want no more than a vibrating wand.”

“I was more creative?” Kit asked.

“Vastly so. Raul’s ready now.”

Kit stepped into the room just as the door closed. She was alone with a guy who could have been the young Elvis reincarnated. Bedroom eyes, broad shoulders, narrow hips, and tight pants. Tight pants that showed every detail of a huge erection. Damn, but they had read her brain waves. Right now, every pleasure center was firing all the right neurons, and her pussy was receiving the signals, loud and clear.

“Hey, baby,” he said in a sexy baritone. He followed that with a wicked swing of his hips. Holy shit, a man who could move.

Well, that was kind of the purpose for this visit. And he did have a very impressive erection in those pants. And she didn't have to worry about pregnancy, disease, or Raul running away after their first encounter.

Wait a minute. She wasn't buying him, no matter what. This was a free trial, no more. If they got stuck with a unit they couldn't use, well, she'd warned them.

"Hey, yourself," she said.

"I could sing for you, or we could fuck." He winked at her and shook his hips again. "Your choice."

"You can sing later." There was no later. She had to remember that.

"I'm a hunka-hunka burning love for you, baby."

He stretched his arms wide, and she launched herself into his embrace. "Just don't love me tender, Raul. Give it to me hard and fast."

He grabbed her buns and held her against his body. He was solid everywhere. Rock hard, especially the huge cock that ground against her pelvis. Her breasts pressed flat against the wall of muscle that was his chest. Her nipples puckered into tight points, and her pussy did a happy dance, the juices flowing freely to coat her labia and inner thighs.

He walked them backward until her butt hit the bed then lifted her onto it. Her chest worked for air and her cunt jitterbugged and clenched in anticipation of a really good fuck. She tore off the gown and scooted back to watch him undress.

Instead of taking off his clothes the regular way -- would a guy who looked like Elvis and called himself Raul do anything the regular way? -- he struck a theatrical pose. Legs spread wide, hips bumping and grinding, he willed the tight pants and flowing shirt off his body. They just fell apart at the seams and drifted to the floor.

Hot damn, but he was magnificent -- hairy all over. Just the way she liked her men. Dark curls covered his chest, narrowed to a line over his belly, and clustered around the base of his cock. His enormous, livid, pulsing cock.

He walked to the table and fiddled with some controls at the end, and the bottom half separated into two, the wings parting her legs so he could stand between them.

Clever gizmo. Another adjustment, and the bed lowered to the perfect level for him to shove his mammoth instrument inside her.

Which he did in one long, bone-melting thrust.

She screamed, but not from pain. Fuck a duck. That brain scanner knew exactly how big to make him to fill her to the max. If she ever met the guy who invented it, she'd kiss him. Hell, she'd give him a blowjob if he wanted it.

Raul was really into it now, moving hard and fast. The bucking nearly tossed her from the bed, so she slipped her legs around his hips and hung on.

She could feel her temperature rising until she was a churning urn of burning funk. Wait, wrong song. Oh, who gave a shit? She was going to come in a minute, and the whole Mormon Tabernacle Choir could watch if they wanted. Hallelujah Chorus!

Every time he pounded into her, the crinkling hairs around his cock tickled her clit. Then, they did the damndest thing. The hairs stiffened and started vibrating, even making an audible hum. They drove her past the point of no return, and the big O slammed into her. Now shrieking, she spasmed all around the hardness inside her. It lasted for-damned-ever before she fell back limp and gasping for air.

Raul thrust a few more times and then opened his throat and let loose with a basso profundo of pure lust. The song of a satisfied man. When he was done, he smiled at her. "Thank you. Thank you very much."

Speechless, she nodded, and he pulled out of her and powered down.

After a moment, the door opened, and her orgasm consultant stepped inside. "Everything okay in here?"

"More than okay," Kit answered. "You made yourself a sale."

The consultant smiled. "There are some optional attachments we should discuss."

"Not necessary. Have them all loaded into my car. I'm taking him home. Now."

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