

Encounter: Lili Tu

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Lili Tu

I awoke with the delightful sensation of Tyla's mouth encircling the head of my cock. He gave me a sly wink and squeezed my balls. With his other hand he stroked my shaft.

With remarkable ease, for my cock is on the long side, he took the whole length into his throat, burying his nose in my stomach and licking my ball sack with his tongue.

"I don't exactly know why it is," he said a few moments later, "but I find this hunk of meat irresistible."

I let my head fall back onto the pillow. "I don't exactly care why," I sighed contentedly. "Just do that again."

He did -- half dozen times in quick succession. I was on the verge of blowing into his mouth when he pulled away, smacked his lips together and said, "Time to get to work."

"What the fuck! You can't leave me like this!"

He kissed my pulsing knob. "I want you hot and horny all day, so when we finish work we can come back here and you'll ravish me to an inch of my..."

"And I'll come as soon as I touch you. Is that what you really want?"

His forehead creased into a frown. "Mmmm, you have a point." He glanced at the clock beside my bed. "Damn, no time now. We have to be at Club C in forty minutes."

"It can wait," I murmured, reaching for him. "Come here and I'll give you something in return."

He slapped away my hand and walked to the door, rubbing the length of his own erection through his trousers. "Club C cannot wait."

"What exactly is Club C?" I moaned and rolled out of bed. My cock bounced petulantly on my thigh. I grasped it and, with a provocative pout on my lips, pointed my swollen shaft in his direction. "Come on. It'll only take a minute, maybe twenty."

He shook his head. "Can't be late. This could be our lucky day."

"Club C," I repeated. "I've never heard of it."

"Very secretive," Tyler said. "And exclusive. One of those invitation only joints."

"That all we know?"

"That's it, and that they may order five units."

My jaw dropped. "Five?"

"So we better not be late."

Tyler and I were sole west coast distributors of the Office Penetrator, the latest in erotic vibrating technology. When fitted to the average office chair the penetrator transforms it into the ultimate sexual experience. We rarely had more than two orders a month. Most of our clients were home office workers wanting to spice up their lonely hours, not actual businesses, and so an order of five was unprecedented.

"Let's go," I said and pulled on my pants.

Thirty six minutes later we parked our van in an alleyway behind the club. Tyler knocked twice and the heavy steel door was swung open by a box-shaped guy the size of a Volkswagen. He was bald with no neck and he surveyed us with inky porcine eyes.

"We're here to see Ms Lili Tu," Tyler said. The hulk ushered us inside and closed the door. We followed him up two flights of stairs to a mezzanine level. He led us past a series of glassed in offices on one side and a large auditorium on the other. Staff were

uniformly attired in sexy skin-tight sheathes which showed plenty of cleavage and in the case of the men, plenty of muscle.

Below us, in the auditorium, I saw a series of small stages equipped with metal cages and poles, so I guessed they had dancers. The sound system was state of the art. The place reeked of money, as well as the cloying musky odor of sex.

We came to another set of rooms. I caught a glimpse inside what looked like a torture chamber equipped with chains and stocks and I concluded Club C was just an up market BDSM parlor. What I didn't get were the dozens of gothic paintings depicting full moons and wolves which adorned every wall.

Eventually we came to a great oak door. The hulk knocked and opened it. A stunning raven haired woman looked up from her oversized desk. Black cat-like eyes fixed us like pins skewering butterflies. She rose from her seat so gracefully it seemed to me that she had levitated like some magician's assistant. She was tall and athletically slim, conservatively dressed in a black business skirt and white silk blouse. Her longish face bore high cheekbones, a razor thin nose and strong jaw line. As contrast against her ivory complexion she wore startlingly crimson lipstick.

Those predator eyes gave us the once over and she licked her sanguine lips with a bright pink tongue. Never in my life had a woman so scared me at first sight.

"I don't have all day," Lili Tu said. Her voice was precise, like a musical note. "Show me these wonderful devices I've heard so much about."

With a gracefully arrogant flick of her fingers she indicated the visitor chairs.

I helped Tyler unwrap the dual dildo attachment and strap it to a chair. With a nervous edge in his voice Tyler launched into his sales pitch. "These controls let you change the vertical and lateral movements as well as the rate of vibration of both the front and rear dildos which come in a variety of sizes and shapes. "

She was then unexpectedly standing very close to me, bending in front of me so she could fondle the attachments. Her long jet hair brushed my trousers and I was suddenly cloaked in a musky miasma of sex which hung about her like a shroud.

“Customer surveys show ninety eight percent of women have orgasms on the first trial and seventy five achieve sustained multiple orgasms after just...”

“I need proof.”

Tyler reached into his brief case for some customer testimonials.

Lili Tu waved them away. “I said proof.”

Without ceremony she hitched up her skirt, pulled her panties to one side and straddled the device. She was a quick study because without hesitation she operated the controls like an expert.

“As you can hear,” Tyler said, “or rather not hear, the Penetrator is silent. You can pleasure yourself and no one in the office will know.”

Lili Tu’s breathing quickened. She was clearly getting off on it. She glanced at my crotch and must have seen the outline of my erection.

“Take out your cock,” she ordered.

“Ma’am,” I mumbled. “I can’t...”

“If you want the sale, do it.”

I looked across to Tyler. He gave a shrug and mouthed the word “Five.” Five sales meant a cool fifteen grand in our bank account. I saw his point.

I stepped closer. She unzipped my fly and pulled out my cock. Her lips closed firmly around my shaft. She took me deep, stroking my rod with her tongue. I could feel the Penetrator’s vibrations coursing through her body.

Tyler was feeling his cock through his trousers. She noticed too and motioned to him to come closer.

Lili Tu withdrew her mouth leaving a smear of crimson lipstick on my flesh. “Show me how the male version works.”

“What?”

“Get naked and show me how you use it.”

Tyler hurriedly set up another chair, stripped off, lubed the butt plug and eased himself down on it.

She pulled his chair over to us so that she could stroke his cock while sucking me.

“Lady, I’m going to come soon,” he moaned a couple of minutes later.

“Me too,” I groaned through gritted teeth. I wasn’t sure of the sales etiquette associated with coming in a customer’s mouth so I started to withdraw but she gripped my ass cheeks and pulled me deeper. She groaned loudly and I sensed that she had climaxed. That realization sent me over the edge.

“Oh, fuck!” I hissed through gritted teeth as Lili Tu sucked me dry.

She swallowed audibly, pushed me away and licked her lips. “Nice,” she said. “You have a healthy diet.”

She stood up and released Tyler’s cock in a callously indifferent manner. She slinked back to her desk. “When can I expect delivery?”

Tyler cleared his throat. “Next Tuesday.”

“Do it Monday and I’ll double the order. Make sure you both come. I’ve enjoyed our little encounter.” She flicked her hand imperiously. “Go now.”

I stuffed my cock into my pants and helped a very shaky Tyler dress. Lili Tu ignored us, having returned to her paperwork. “Let’s get out of here,” I whispered. “This place is spooky.”

Back in the van Tyler looked despairingly at the tent in his pants. “Fuck! I’m as horny as a goat.”

“Now you know how it feels,” I said.

“Do something! Please? If I come straight away, I promise I’ll make it up to you.”

I licked my lips and thought of Lili Tu. “Now you’re talking.”

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