



*Member
of the club*

Lizbeth Dussean

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Member of the Club

by Lizbeth Dusseau

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Chapter One

For the first time in months, Joanna and I went for drinks after work. We found our way to a cozy table in the back of Sam's bar, ordered margaritas and nachos, and settled back to enjoy a long awaited evening together.

"God this tastes great!" I said, letting the hot spices from a gooey cheese-covered tortilla linger in my mouth. I looked into Joanna's enormous hazel eyes. "You've been so busy lately, what's been happening?"

"Not much, just work," she replied. "I'm glad you invited me, Kate, I've missed our naughty conversations." She smiled seductively. I seemed to melt into her aura every time I was with her. Her hair was golden brown, cascading to her shoulders in beautiful curls. With the svelte body of a fashion model, she moved with such incredible ease that I was always in awe.

"I've missed those conversations; too, sometimes they're the most exciting thing in my life." I recalled the evenings with a little wine and a lot of fantasy about men and sex. She liked the unusual as much as I did, and we could talk candidly about even our most sacred sexual secrets.

"I can't believe your sex life is that mundane," she replied to me as she looked at me suspiciously down her pert nose.

"No, I mean it. It's been practically non-existent since that horrible relationship with Chris ended a couple of months ago."

"That doesn't sound like you," she laughed pleasantly. "There's always something brewing in your hot little head."

I settled into my second margarita, feeling much more relaxed than I'd been as we'd hurried from the office. The soft glowing light of the bar, along with the fragrant smells of wine and beer, and the more exotic perfume of liqueurs, relaxed us into its welcoming atmosphere. Even the cigarette smoke rising from countless tables like some

sexual specter seduced us to a moment of candid revelation. Sam's Bar was like home, a favorite spot for the hour after work when I needed a place to get away – a brief respite before I moved on to the rest of my evening.

"You'd probably laugh if I told you what I've been thinking," I said feeling a little blush start to rise on my cheeks.

"You've told me everything else without my laughing." She looked at me, her eyebrows raised in anticipation, waiting for me to spill my guts as I usually did.

I sighed heavily, and sank back into the comfort of the brocade wing-backed chair. "The club," I whispered, "I've been thinking about the club."

She looked momentarily startled. "You mean the sex club that everyone was whispering about a few months ago?"

"Exactly!"

Her eyes lit up and she leaned forward, interested. "Something in particular happen?"

"Oh no!"

"Just a fantasy?"

"Of course. Don't you remember? We decided it was just a rumor, a delicious rumor, yes, but still a rumor." I remembered those few weeks of office gossip about the club, the very private club that catered to the sexual whims of men and the fantasies of women. For several weeks, there'd been a buzz about it, responsible for longer than usual breaks in the coffee room. There was lots of talk, suggesting a number of the most alluring men in our building had unusual rendezvous with women they hoped would be interested in "out of the ordinary" sex. But then, the rumors died off and so did the whispers; it was a little too outrageous for anyone to believe as real.

Joanna and I had been wild with speculation, being completely fascinated by the thought that such a secret society might exist, even though neither of us had taken the rumors seriously.

“So, now you’re obsessed again?” she guessed correctly.

I was always obsessive about anything that attracted my sexual attention. She knew that as much as I did.

“Completely,” I admitted, feeling my cheeks burn hot again.

She laughed – I always enjoyed the sound of her warm and comforting laughter. “You’d better be careful,” she warned.

“Careful? Really? Why?”

“Oh, it’s a terrific turn on, but it sounds dangerous to me. If there actually is a club like that, are you sure you’d want to be part of that?” She eyed me suspiciously. “I mean we talked about some rather submissive things. It that’s what it’s about, you could be put in some very risky situations.”

“Humm...I don’t know,” I mused, as I downed another gooey chip. “The club I’m thinking of would make certain that it would be a safe place for sex, don’t you think?” All this seemed perfectly plausible even if it were just fantasy.

“I suppose if you trusted the members,” she reasoned. There was something strange in her eyes; perhaps her own thoughts of the club were getting stirred up again.

She looked at her watch and gasped. “Gotta run, hon, I’m late.”

“Late?” I asked.

“Sorry, I forgot to tell you. I got a call just before we left; I have business thing to take care of, and it’s got to be done before eight.”

Her brusque departure seemed odd to me. I couldn’t imagine what she was talking about; but obviously it was important and I wasn’t my place to pry.

Throwing a few bills on the table, she rose, hastily putting on her coat as if she were going to a fire. “Listen, why don’t you find some wholesome man and train him the way you want him?” she said with a silly twinkle in her eye.

“Sure,” I replied sarcastically, and idea that seemed as unlikely as the existence of this fantasy club. Leaning down

she gave me a peck on the cheek, a tender gesture that I adored.

I watched Joanna as she walked through the crowd of men on her way to the door. We knew most of them in the bar, or at least had seen them before. There was a time when she would have put on blinders, like most women I know, warding off unwanted advances from horny men. However, I'd noticed that she's changed in the last year. Her small round bottom swished seductively as she moved away, brushing by the men in the bar, breasts making contact, eyes connecting flirtatiously. Her sensuous laughter joined with theirs. I could easily see my friend in bed enjoying the attention of a half dozen of these hot guys at once. What a compelling power she had over them! I loved what I saw in her and I wanted that kind of confidence for myself.

As I toyed with the remainder of my drink, I brooded over Joanna and sex and men, wishing I'd had more time with my best friend. Between our summer vacations and a string of hurried meetings, I'd hardly spent any time with her in the last three months. I didn't know what was happening in her life. I suspected there was a man; but it would be like pulling teeth to get her to admit that. She must have some juicy secrets to tell. With that in mind, I decided that we'd have to chat again soon.

I gathered my purse, paid the bill and walked through the bar. The smoke had finally played havoc with my nostrils and I wanted some fresh air. It had been a beautiful fall day with the sparkling rusty leaves fluttering in the autumn air. At six-thirty, long shadows cast an uncommon light on the evening and the sensuous allure unexpectedly reached inside me in a way I'd not experienced in a long while. Something was opening in me, a desire inside hungering for something new. I could feel stirring in the pit of my stomach a deep ache for that unknown "whatever" to come into my life.

I wondered if the idea of the club was having a magical effect on me; it certainly aroused my body. And what would it mean, what would I want? Was the idea too outrageous to consider seriously? I wasn't so sure.

Walking to my car, I watched the men pass by and wondered about them.

What would excite me? In my fantasies I'm an exhibitionist in revealing clothes; in public places my behavior is indecent. I loved the thought of secret rendezvous and nasty lingerie underneath my proper clothes. Beyond my prim exterior, I have the most submissive thoughts. I imagine myself under the spell of mystery, under the grip of men I hardly know. Were there a club to join like the one we whispered about so naughtily, it would take my deepest dreams and make them real. The only question was how far I'd really go. Did I have the nerve to do the things I imagined? Or was I only kidding myself?

By the time I reached home, my body was alive. I had thoughts so decadent that I was ashamed of myself for thinking such scandalous things.

I undressed before a full-length mirror so I could see myself from head to toe. My long brown hair, wildly framed my face, descending past my shoulders in kinky curls. This was my one statement of nastiness to the rather stuffy business world where I worked.

I removed my blouse and gazed at myself, liking the way the darkness of my hair accented my pale creamy skin. Full hips, generous bust, firm belly and small waist – I recalled one lover telling me I was his voluptuous dream. He liked women with flesh he could fondle and maul, whose bodies are ripe for squeezing.

I felt my breasts, cupping them in my hands, watching the way they looked when I pushed them together. They were large enough to consider a curse at one time in my life, but I was beginning to find them a real treasure the way they made such a charming cleavage, and spilled out of my

bra when I set them free – the way they moved with a sexy jiggle when I didn't wear any bra at all. As I massaged them, I practiced seductive looks, my eyes turning smoky and obscure.

My nipples had grown hard, protruding a full inch from the softer flesh, turning a deeper shade of purple the more I pinched the little things between my fingers. I pushed one breast to my face, leaned in and kissed it, licked the surface and ran my tongue along the skin seeking the hard nipple so I could caress it with my wet mouth.

My body burned hot as I stripped my clothes away, and viewed the firm flesh beneath – my long legs and the inviting sex mound underneath a pair of tiny pink bikinis.

My right hand found its way inside my panties where it roamed along my belly to the wetness of my cunt. As a finger slipped inside the delicate folds of flesh, the other hand pushed down the panties so I could see clearly what I was doing. Kicking the clothes away, I stood naked in front of the mirror. My head was spinning from the liquor, my body insisting on its release, while my mind engaged in a drama inside itself. Some delicious sex-charged man would be standing in front of me, pleased by every move I made. Perhaps there would be two, or three, or a whole audience of men to perform for.

Fully naked, my hands wandered over my hips and down to the creamy softness of my belly; I was an ardent lover. I could almost feel body heat reflecting back on me. Grazing a palm over my pubic mound, I twirled a finger through the fine dark curls and aimed for the sweet pink bud at the tip of my clitoris. Rubbing it gently, I pressed two fingers to the side of the engorged sliver of skin and began rubbing vigorously, sending sudden shock waves of intense and desirous heat through every part of my body.

The waves of pleasure rose and fell, so I could hardly stay on my feet. But I was forced to remain where I was, believing that my cum was a theater for the imaginary

guests who used my satiation for their own enjoyment. They demanded I perform, so I rubbed the hot bud harder, pausing occasionally to let the sensations free. I played the sensuous places, feeling a peak of satisfaction begin to build, and then a wonderful rush of energy as I exploded against my fingers, washing my hand in the nectar.

The orgasm swept me silly, my body jerking, clenching, cumming hard and wild. A moaning cry escaped my lips, and then receded as I slowly stroked the spent bud and the sensations died off gently. With each new breath I felt the pleasure, a perfect pleasure, remade every time I masturbated – even though it was never once the same.

Collapsing on my bed, I let the covers caress my skin and the languid moment last as long as the little fires inside still burst their tiny bursts of fire. It didn't surprise me that it was not my last orgasm of the evening.

Chapter Two

By the time January was chilling me to the bone, I'd forgotten about my fantasies of the club. In December, I dove into a sexual affair with a former boyfriend, so easy to get caught up in the holiday charm of a romantic interlude. But by the end of the season the excitement was over and I was alone and without a sexual outlet as another year began.

My fires still burned for something new, and I had a premonition that something unusual would come my way to satisfy the burning need; though I had no clue what that something unusual would be. I'd given up thinking of the club - it seemed a waste of time when there was no way to create the vision my mind dwelt on so lustily.

At least that's what I thought until the first of February, when the first anonymous note arrived.

Whoever had planted the message between file folders on my desk knew I would be going through them after lunch. When I pulled out the stack of my afternoon work, a pink slip of paper twice folded dropped out on my desk. I might have ignored it altogether, except that its appearance was totally out of context next to the other papers that were there. I stared at it a moment curiously, then picked it up, unfolded its sharp creases and read what it had to say.

The message took me by surprise.

"What would it feel like to sit bare-assed on your chair all day?"

My heart skipped anxiously several times. Who the hell had put it there, I wondered? Some ridiculous office boy perhaps? Someone trying to get a cheap thrill by watching my shocked expression? I looked around for a culprit, but found no one eyeing me. Was Joanna playing a joke on me? That wasn't possible, she'd been gone all day on business.

Tearing the note in several pieces, I swept it with my hand into the wastebasket and forgot I'd ever seen it until

several days later when a second note appeared, similarly located in an obvious place. I found this one first thing in the morning just after I arrived for work.

Unfolding the pink paper, I read a message as provocative as the first one had been.

“And what about unknown hands caressing your body while you lie back blindfolded?”

My secret messenger certainly had a way with words! I didn't know whether to be scared or thrilled. Actually I couldn't help the thrill; both times my body heat shot straight up when I read the notes. Again, however, I carefully discarded the piece of paper, sure that this was just some schoolboy prank. Probably that new fellow in the mailroom with the gawking expression on his face every time he passed my desk and ogled my tits.

My theory as to the author of these notes changed, however, when a third message came a week later, giving me reason to ponder all three notes in light of the rumored club.

“What would it mean to you to keep receiving these messages? What would it mean to play secret games with us?”

I pressed my hand to my face in wonder. Gazed around the room to see if anyone was watching me. No one seemed to care about my predicament, and no one seemed to notice my nervous expression.

This was no casual thing! Someone was deliberately toying with me. Could it be one of the silly men in the office? Could it be a raging psychopath? Or... could it be a member of the club? I loved the third possibility, though it still seemed so unlikely. Unlike the first two notes, the third went into my purse, tucked inside the zipper pocket, folded as neatly as it had been when I received it.

At lunch that day, I pulled out the message and tossed it on the table in front of Joanna.

"I can't keep this to myself any longer," I said, "What do you think? This isn't the first one, I destroyed the others, but they were very provocative."

She opened the folded paper and read the odd message. "Oh my! You have an admirer."

"Or could it be something else?" I replied with suggestion in my voice. "Well what do you think?"

She looked up at me with the most earnest expression, eyes dripping with interest.

"I don't know." I blushed. "They certainly turn me on, but I would like to know who they're from. I'm not so sure they're harmless."

"Oh, I think it's just someone in the office playing with you," she said to comfort me.

"You think so?" My curiosity had peaked. The club was again on my mind, with a dash of reality thrown in to make my loins fiery and my imagination fertile for all kinds of possibilities from kinky to dangerous. "I thought maybe I should bring this up with the personnel office, it could be some lunatic." I was scared to mention the club, afraid she'd think I was foolish.

"I'd wait," she advised me.

"Why's that?" I wanted to reply, but someone stopped by the table and began a conversation with Joanna. I had to get back to my desk and meetings the rest of the day prevented me from pressing her further.

A week passed. There were no new messages. A second week and still none. I quit rushing in each morning to look for a pink paper on my desk. Must be just a passing fancy of some unknown man; he'd had his fun and was on to other things. Even so, I missed the notes, they'd been an exciting diversion.

Three weeks later, I was visited again. Returning from lunch, I reached into the box at the side of my desk pulling out an inner office envelope I expected to contain a department communication. To my surprise, I found a white

typed memo with no sender's name at the top, though mine was clearly typed in the appropriate space.

"To: Kate"

A cold shiver ran from my neck to my toes.

"Tomorrow wear your widest skirt, no underwear. Spend the day with your naked bottom on your desk chair. Remember how it feels."

My heart raced wildly. Who the hell?

I crumpled the paper and pushed it into my purse as my boss approached my desk.

At break, I grabbed Joanna and shoved her aside to show her my find.

"It's happening again," I exclaimed.

I watched excitedly as her eyes perused the note. "Ooo, this is hot!" She looked up at me deliciously involved. "What are you going to do?"

"I don't know." I looked at her hoping she'd have an answer.

"Well does it turn you on?" she asked.

"You know it does," I whispered quietly, as I remembered where we were, not far from the typing pool, too close for candid conversations.

"Then why not?" she replied almost whimsically. "Who would it hurt?"

"Didn't you caution me about the dangers of my fantasies? This is real, Jo!"

She considered my question for a moment, then tossed her head back in a way that always got my attention. "If I were you, I'd play along, as long as it feels right. You want the unusual, it would be a shame to cut off the titillation when it could be exactly what you've been wanting."

She made sense. There was no denying the feelings it roused in my sex starved body. And, after all, who would know but my best friend and me?

In my bedroom that night, I took out the memo and read it again. Putting it beside me on the bed I laid back against

the pillow. I was wearing nothing but a blue silk teddy, my nipples peeking through the lace. I had just painted my toenails a shocking shade of crimson; and they looked as naughty as my thoughts. As I waited for the polish to dry, I considered what I'd do the next day.

Every time I thought of the instructions in the note, my body answered wildly. If I only knew who was behind the messages I might be less afraid. Yet, at the moment, my fears didn't matter as much as the pangs of heat that raged through my thighs and cunt. I saw myself playing out the instructions. I knew exactly which skirt I'd wear - the blue one that hung down to my calves, and clung seductively to my hips. Its thin flimsy fabric was nearly transparent.

I imagined the feel of my thighs against my thighs with nothing between them, the feel of my soft hairs against the soft cloth, and the tickle of the rough chair seat against my pussy lips. Oh, my gawd, what delight!

And I imagined the nasty idea of sitting primly all day in my office, with my ass to the chair, feeling each movement I made while a whirlwind of activity proceeded around me - no one having a clue about my secret. I knew it would be hard to keep my hands from playing with myself, just as I could not keep them from my crotch as the scene raced through my head.

All the feelings centered in that place between my legs; they began and ended there, even though they radiated to every inch of my body. I pushed aside the tiny strip of lace that covered my lower lips, and my body quivered, hips undulating against the bed. The muscles in my thighs contracted and relaxed as I pleased myself. The masturbation came so easily. As I rubbed the wet folds, the instructions moved me on, taking hold in my sexual psyche so intensely I couldn't deny their power over me. I rubbed frantically, fingers playing with my tender clit and the moist hole of my cunt. I moved toward a fine edge, keeping myself there for several seconds, but the desire was too strong to