

The Club by S.G. Liminal

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By : SGLiminal

Sylla, a woman of incredible sexual ability, finally meets her match, opening the door to a world she never imagined exists.



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Part 1 - Sylla's First Time

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Sylla was impressed with Samael.

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Sylla realized very early in her sexual life that she was different from everyone else. Better.

The fumbling boys in high school had bored her quickly. They were eager enough. But not one of them understood sex. They leapt between her legs like lions before a feast, but turned to lambs quickly enough when Sylla gave them a hint of what she was capable of. And very few came back for more after being humiliated so effortlessly.

Her early college days weren't much better. The boys were a bit more experienced. A bit more daring. The women she experimented with posed some new and exciting possibilities, but none were in her league. In all that time she only had two lovers who had an inkling of what sex was truly all about. And they proved to be no match for her, either.

Sylla understood instinctively that sex is a competition. A physical and emotional battle of wills. The simple pleasure of an orgasm, while so mind-blowing to most, was inconsequential when compared to the rush of completely overwhelming a lover with her passion and sexual hunger. Sylla was never truly satisfied unless her partner was reduced to a semi-conscious state, utterly spent and defeated.

Life improved significantly when Sylla discovered the sultry underworld of sex groups and swingers clubs. For two years, she moved from one group to another, searching for a worthy challenge. Each had different rules and different ideas of what makes sex exciting. Unfortunately, none of them matched Sylla's unique talents.

So Sylla systematically worked her way through each group, identifying the most sexually powerful members and defeating them in her own way. She left no doubt in anyone's mind that she was the best lover they had ever been lucky enough to experience. And when there was no one left to defeat, Sylla moved on.

When Sylla relocated to the big city, her reputation preceded her. Her arrival was the buzz of the Internet forums and she was pre-accepted into the premier sex group of the area solely on the strength of the universally positive recommendations from those she had left in her wake.

It took Sylla less than two months to defeat every single member of the group who showed any ability. Her rise to the top culminated in an explosive 3-way with Jack and Lisa, the married couple who ran the group, before an audience of specially chosen group members.

Jack and Lisa had devised a carefully formulated plan to defeat Sylla. They came at her together, overwhelming Sylla with their combined strength and lust. As soon as they had established control, they took

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turns, one resting and recovering while the other attacked Sylla with everything they had. Over time, they grew bolder.

Sylla had watched with veiled amusement as they gained confidence. She moaned and panted as Jack bent her over and took her from behind, forcing Sylla to lick his wife's dripping wet pussy to orgasm as he slammed his cock into her. She came without reservation as Jack pinned Sylla's wrists above her head and sucked her hard nipples while Lisa expertly teased Sylla's clit with her tongue. The audience cheered on the husband and wife team as Sylla writhed beneath their combined efforts.

They never even realized their mistake. By coming at Sylla together, they had brought themselves to a fever pitch of excitement, emboldened by their perceived success. The audience gasped audibly when Sylla effortlessly reversed the situation, pushing Jack onto his back and climbing onto his cock. Jack reflexively grabbed Sylla's breasts with both hands as she began to ride him ferociously.

Lisa circled behind Sylla and ran her hands along Sylla's body as she licked and nibbled her neck, attempting to distract Sylla's attention from her husband. Sylla turned her head and drew Lisa into a long, deep kiss and felt Lisa's willpower melt away. She forced Lisa around in front of her, making her first straddle her husband's body on her knees so Sylla could suck on her large, aching nipples, and then stand before her on the bed so she could lick and finger Lisa's cunt while she relentlessly rode Jack.

Sylla drew out her victory for the benefit of the stunned audience. She wanted them to remember her domination over the best they had to offer for the rest of their lives. In the end, Lisa had collapsed onto the bed next to her husband as the force of her latest orgasm sapped the strength out of her legs. Jack had cum twice already under the fury of Sylla's non-stop domination by the time Lisa fell beside him, shivering uncontrollably in the after-throes of her final climax. Sylla knew Jack had long since been defeated, but she kept him hard through the sheer force of her sexuality.

"Enough," Jack whispered between labored breaths. "Please. You win, Sylla. You win."

Sylla ground her hips harder against Jack's body and reached over to slap Lisa's ass, who gave a startled moan. "Louder," she demanded.

"You win, Sylla. Sylla wins," he announced hoarsely, looking desperately at the audience and then up at Sylla. "You win. Please."

Sylla was still basking in the glow of her victory a week later when she received an email from Jack and Lisa, thanking her again for the most incredible sexual experience of their lives, and recommending that she meet a young man named Samael who came very highly recommended to the group. Samael, they assured her, was just the challenge she had been looking for.

* * *

Samael arrived at Sylla's apartment exactly on time, holding a bottle of Merlot and a single white rose. As she opened the door and stepped back to let him in, Samael stepped forward and kissed her on the lips. The kiss was brief and casual, but excited Sylla nonetheless. His boldness bespoke confidence. Perhaps he *was* a worthy challenge. She smiled into his eyes and accepted the rose, looking him over as he walked into her home.

Samael was tall, fit, and lightly tanned. His dark brown hair, a bit longer than Sylla preferred, was brushed straight back, accenting his piercing blue eyes. His face was thin and aquiline. He was freshly shaven, she noted with approval, which made his sharp facial features stand out prominently. She estimated his height at a

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touch over six feet. Samael was well-dressed in crisp dark slacks and a soft, blue button-down shirt. The way his shirt clung to his broad frame suggested an athletic build. She found herself eager to pull open his shirt and run her fingernails over his body. His eyes roamed everywhere, seeming to drink in every detail of her apartment, and then of Sylla herself.

Sylla's apartment was small, decorated tastefully, but minimally. They stood in the living room, dominated by a plush red couch flanked by end tables. The flat-panel television was off, but the steady, sensual beat of downtempo music flowed from her sound system speakers. The kitchen stood adjacent to the living room, separated by an open bar counter. Beyond the kitchen was a small office. On the other side of the living room, a short hallway led into Sylla's bedroom. The air was suffused by a faint scent of jasmine, emanating from a stick of incense burning on the counter.

Sylla leaned against the arm of the sofa and allowed Samael's eyes to crawl over her body. His gaze traveled slowly over her painted toenails, lingered at her ankle, then continued up her bare, shapely calf. Her athletic legs were not overly long, but were perfectly shaped from countless hours at the gym. Not knowing how Samael would be dressed, Sylla had chosen a simple red dress with a plunging neckline which hugged her form but flared out in a billowy skirt which nearly reached her knees. Samael drank in her body hungrily, and when their eyes locked, the air between them grew electrified with sexual tension.

She brushed a lock of her long auburn hair over her shoulder and gave Samael a challenging look with her penetrating green eyes. "Aren't you going to pour us some wine?" Sylla asked as she moved past him into the kitchen, lightly brushing against his body. She placed two wine glasses and a corkscrew on the counter between them, then added water to a small vase and placed the white rose inside it. "And thank you for the rose, Samael, it's very beautiful."

"Only half so beautiful as you, Sylla," he replied, opening the wine bottle and filling the two glasses. Samael slipped his shoes off, placed the wine glasses on the tables on either side of the sofa, and sat comfortably in the center.

Sylla watched him carefully. He was very attractive, very charming, and he clearly knew it. If he was as talented as Jack and Lisa seemed to think, she would need to consider her strategy carefully. Sylla was very strong for a woman. She trained hard and was often able to physically overpower her lovers, but Samael appeared too well-made for her to push around. She would need to establish control from the beginning. She would force him to wait, she decided. She'd sit next to him, teasing and flirting, until he was ready to burst. Only then would she make her move, aggressively attacking so that he would be in a frenzy of lust by the time she let him fuck her. After that, it would be easy.

"You did quite a number on poor Jack and Lisa," Samael observed with casual indifference as she sat next to him on the couch.

"You heard about that, did you?" Sylla grinned wickedly and licked her lips. She leaned back on the couch and crossed her legs, her skirt shifting to reveal much of her smooth, muscled thighs. She twisted slightly to face Samael and the fabric of her dress tightened across her small, firm breasts. A lock of hair came to rest across her cleavage.

"I watched it, in fact," Samael replied. "I wanted to see for myself if you were as good as everyone was saying." He reached over and moved the lock of hair behind her shoulder, his fingers brushing first over the swell of her breast and then against her bare shoulder where his hand remained, his fingers tracing circles on her smooth, pale skin. "It was a very impressive comeback."

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Sylla smirked. "I was toying with them," she boasted. "I only wanted to make it a good show. Especially for the mysterious man hiding in the back." She considered for a moment. "But, I thought only group members were allowed to attend. Are you a member?"

Samael ignored her question, his fingers drawing an intricate pattern down the smooth muscles of her arm. "It looked to me like you had your hands full. If they had stuck to their original strategy, they would have worn you down eventually."

A frown of annoyance flashed across Sylla's face. She didn't like having her abilities doubted. Jack and Lisa had been fantastic, admittedly. Undeniably the best she had ever had. But no one would ever defeat her. And she would make sure Samael knew it before the night was over. She placed a hand on his chest and pushed lightly in mock exasperation. "If you say so," she allowed. She twisted away from Samael to pick up her wine glass and give him a brief view of her ass. Glass in hand, Sylla repositioned herself so that she was lounging lengthwise along the couch, leaning against a large pillow. She took a sip of wine and stretched her legs across Samael's lap.

Samael wrapped his hands around Sylla's right calf just below the knee, and kneaded the muscles slowly downward until he reached her foot. He ran a thumb along her instep and began to massage her foot with practiced expertise. "Jack should have never let you up after he had you bent over. I could see in your eyes that you were in trouble."

"There's lotion on the table next to you," Sylla informed him coolly. She shifted her legs to allow him to reach over and was pleased to feel the bulge of his hardening cock press against her calf.

Samael squeezed a generous amount of lotion into his hands and rubbed them together, warming the liquid. "I knew at that instant how to defeat you," he explained as he rubbed the lotion between her toes. Sylla let out a tiny murmur of contentment despite her growing irritation. "When I bend you over and fuck you, Sylla, I'm not going to stop until you beg for mercy."

She met his eyes and was surprised to see confidence. He has seen what she was capable of firsthand. He had watched her greatest victory and he still believed he was going to win. Abruptly, she realized that this was all part of his plan to control her. He wanted to upset her with his boasting so she would make a mistake. Sylla reached forward and cupped his cock through his pants. It swelled at her touch and she gave it a firm squeeze. "Typical man," Sylla remarked with a sigh. "All bark and no bite." She crossed her legs, presenting her left foot for massaging and making it clear that he would not be making any move unless she allowed it. *By then*, she thought, *he'll be ready to cum at my slightest touch*.

Samael laughed easily as though they had shared a private joke. He dutifully massaged her left foot, running his fingers between each toe and applying firm pressure as he pressed his thumb along the arch of her foot. She felt herself relaxing deeper into the couch and her eyes closed involuntarily. If Samael was half as good at sex as he was at foot massages and boasting, there was every indication that tonight would be as fun and rewarding as defeating Jack and Lisa had been.

Sylla took another sip of her wine and placed it on the table behind her. She flexed her toes and leaned back farther so he could get both thumbs onto the sole of her foot. "Goddamn, that feels good," she admitted, letting her eyes slip closed as she sunk deeper into the cushions. "You never told me, how do you know Jack and Lisa? Or are you a member---"

She felt her legs slip off his lap and before she could react, Samael was on top of her, his mouth covering hers as his hands pressed her against the couch. She cursed herself for relaxing and allowing him to take the initiative. This was her move, damnit! She attempted to pull herself up, but as she suspected, Samael was too

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strong and he was using his weight to pin her down. She could feel his cock, hard and throbbing, through his pants, pressing against her pussy through the thin material of her dress. Her mouth opened in an involuntary moan and his tongue slid between her lips. Sylla shuddered as Samael pressed her deeper into the couch.

Sylla decided to make the most of the situation. She was going to have to ride out the storm and wait for an opportunity to turn the tables. And the more energy and passion he expended, the easier it would be. She slithered her body beneath him until she was completely prone. She ran her fingers through his hair as they kissed, sucking gently on his tongue whenever he slipped it between her lips. Her hands trailed down his muscled back until she reached his ass. She cupped it with both hands and squeezed, pulling him harder against her. She moaned softly into their kiss as Samael began to rock his hips into her.

Despite losing the initiative, Sylla was pleased with how things were progressing. She might be pinned down, but Samael's kisses and grinding were already gaining a sense of urgency. And Sylla was excellent at manipulating her lovers from any position. She slipped her hands between their bodies and began to unbutton his shirt. He raised his body slightly as she reached the lower buttons, but lowered his weight back onto her as soon as she had pulled his shirt open. She stole a glance at his flat stomach and muscled chest before he covered her lips with his own again. Sylla longed to feel his chest pressed against her bare nipples. But, not yet. The more she could undress him while keeping herself covered, the more she could drive him crazy.

No sooner had the thought formed, though, before Samael slid the thin strap of her dress over her right shoulder and pulled downward until her breast was revealed. He immediately took her nipple between his teeth and bit lightly, drawing a gasp of pleasure from Sylla. As he licked and sucked on her nipple, he freed her other breast and kneaded it gently, teasing the nipple between his thumb and forefinger. All the while, he rocked his hips rhythmically. With each thrust she could feel his cock throbbing through the clothing that separated them. Sylla closed her eyes and held his head against her breast with one hand, rocking her hips up to meet his every thrust. She slipped the other hand between their bodies and quickly unfastened Samael's belt and pants. She took his cock in her hand, admiring its length and hardness.

"Don't you want to fuck me?" she purred into his ear as she slowly stroked his cock and guided its tip until it was pressed against her pussy, only the thin fabric of her dress separating them. "I want you inside me, Samael," Sylla teased. "I want your hard cock inside of me." She writhed her body beneath him with feline sensuality.

Samael surprised her for a second time. Instead of pulling her dress up and fucking her with wild abandon, he suddenly stood and pulled Sylla to her feet. She swayed slightly, trying to regain her balance, but before she could do so, he had lifted her off her feet. Her dress hiked up her body as he slowly lowered her down onto his cock and she dug her fingernails into his neck and moaned loudly as he entered her fully. His cock felt perfect inside of her and she bit into his shoulder as he began to fuck her, standing in the center of her living room with his hands tightly gripping her ass.

Sylla was truly at a disadvantage now, and wondered if Samael knew it. She couldn't do much to control the situation from here. Samael easily lifted and lowered her body on his cock as he buried his face in her neck, licking and nibbling as he fucked her. Sylla felt an orgasm building up inside of her. She wrapped her legs tightly around his body and whispered into his ear, "Yes, baby. You're going to make me cum. Don't stop. Fuck me harder. Faster. Don't stop."

Samael obliged and Sylla smiled to herself. He couldn't last long at this pace. She let the orgasm roll over and out of her like a wave, screaming his name and clutching his body as he fucked her with wild abandon. She drew it out as long as she could, waiting for the change in his breathing as her climax pushed him over the edge, but it didn't come. She opened her eyes and saw a grin of smug satisfaction on his face.

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"You didn't think it would be that easy, I hope," Samael said as he stepped out of his pants and carried her into the bedroom, never once allowing his cock to slide out of her.

"Of course not," Sylla lied, as Samael laid her down with her ass on the edge of the bed and slowly slid his cock in and out of her pussy while he stood looking down at her. "I'd be very disappointed if you were finished after only making me cum once," she added, with a challenging glint in her eye. Sylla had near perfect control over her own orgasms. She had let herself cum earlier thinking that it would drive him over the edge, but she could hold herself back indefinitely while Samael expended all his energy attempting to fuck her to yet another climax.

She reached down between her legs and rubbed her wet clit as his cock slid in and out of her. "What do you say?" she asked innocently. "Are you up for it?"

Samael answered by leaning over Sylla and kissing her passionately while thrusting his cock fully inside of her. She gasped at the sudden explosion of sensation emanating from deep within her and she tangled her fingers into his thick hair. Samael began to thrust his cock in and out of her with renewed enthusiasm as they engaged in a secondary battle of passionate kissing, each attempting to draw the other's tongue into their own mouth. Samael's rhythm never faltered for an instant, pulling his cock almost completely out before filling her entirely, over and over again. Sylla reveled in the pleasure of a worthy opponent.

After what felt like an eternity, Samael broke off the kiss and slowly slid down her body, withdrawing his cock one wondrous inch at a time. He covered every bit of her neck with his lips, tongue, and teeth; kissing, licking, and biting. With only the head of his magnificent cock still inside of her, he attacked her breasts. Sylla cried out in pleasure as he sucked hard on each nipple in turn, the head of his cock throbbing inside her with his every heartbeat. She whimpered slightly as the thick head of his penis finally pulled free of her pussy. Samael continued downward, kissing and licking her flat stomach, his hands kneading her breasts. Reaching up, he caressed the line of her jaw and brushed his fingers over her lips. Sylla eagerly caught one of his fingers with her tongue and pulled it into her mouth, sucking on it hungrily. He pulled his finger from her mouth and slid his hands down the length of her body and then slipped them beneath her ass. He squeezed firmly as he slid his tongue inside of her wet pussy. Sylla drew in a deep, shuddering breath and arched her back. She grabbed handfuls of his hair and pulled his face harder into her as she squeezed her thighs together against his face.

As incredible as it felt, Sylla knew she couldn't let this go on for too long. This wasn't going to wear out Samael, nor was it likely to hold him in the frenzy of lust that was necessary for her to win. Sylla began to raise herself to a sitting position as she worked out how best to turn this around, but Samael forced her back with a firm hand on her breast just as he took her clit between his teeth and slipped a single finger inside of her. Sylla moaned in pleasure and closed her eyes. She could afford to enjoy this, she decided, and Samael had a very talented tongue. Eyes closed, Sylla writhed as Samael teased her clit with practiced precision.

Sylla had lost track of time when she felt the orgasm welling up inside of her again, unbidden. She had expected Samael to grow frustrated with his inability to bring her to climax with his tongue and be forced to change tactics. But he had persevered and even succeeded in bringing her this close to an orgasm without her even realizing it. Sylla weighed her options and concluded that there was no benefit in fighting it. On the other hand, allowing him to bring her to a thundering climax could give him a false confidence she could use to her advantage.

With the decision made, it was like a switch had been flipped in her mind. The orgasm built rapidly inside of her, swelling with every passing moment. Sylla began to writhe faster and each breath was accompanied by a low moan. Samael's hands seemed to be everywhere at once; pinching her nipples, rubbing her clit, squeezing her ass, brushing over her lips and caressing her face. Sylla's cries grew louder and she tightened her grip on

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Samael's hair.

In the instant before she came, Sylla opened her eyes and looked down at Samael to find him staring right back at her as he slid his tongue in and out of her. All she saw in his eyes was confidence.

The orgasm struck her like a lightning bolt. Her body shook and she cried out in pleasure. It felt as though every nerve in her body had been elevated to a new level of sensitivity. Every time Samael's tongue touched her clit, she felt a bolt of pleasure shoot through her entire body.

Sylla struggled against the instinct to beg Samael to stop. He had looped his hands around her legs, making it impossible for her to escape his hungry mouth. She couldn't allow him to sense that he was getting the better of her. She closed her eyes and focused on controlling the unending tide of pleasure flowing through her from the touch of Samael's hungry tongue. *I can handle anything he dishes out*, Sylla thought to herself. *And then it will be my turn.*

Just as Sylla began to bring herself under control, Samael acted. She had an instant of relief as Samael's tongue finally slipped out of her dripping pussy, but a heartbeat later his cock slammed inside of her with such force that she cried out in a sweet mixture of shock and unexpected pleasure.

Sylla watched Samael through half closed eyes as he stood at the edge of her bed, holding one of her legs in each hand as he thrust into her with full force, over and over again. Sweat beaded between Sylla's breasts and covered her entire body with a slick, glistening sheen. She stared at Samael's muscular bare chest. It was smooth and hairless, untouched by so much as a drop of sweat. She wondered, for a moment, when he had taken his shirt off, but it was difficult to hold a lucid thought in her head under the onslaught of Samael's pounding cock.

Sylla knew that she needed to take control soon, but she was nearly helpless. Samael had controlled her from the very beginning, had given her two incredible orgasms, and was fucking her relentlessly still. If he finished now, on his terms, she wouldn't be able to claim victory over him. He could even make a case that he had defeated her, she realized, even though it wouldn't be technically true.

For the first time in her life, Sylla felt doubt. She desperately struggled to focus her thoughts and shut out the never-ending waves of pleasure that threatened to drown her. But her eyes kept being drawn back to Samael. He looked incredible. His muscles were taut with exertion. In between each thrust, he pulled nearly the entire length of his magnificent cock out of her before ramming it back home. She stared at it, fascinated, and all thought slipped away from her again.

Sylla came slowly out of her daze to find herself on the verge of yet another orgasm. She glanced at the clock on her bedside table, distractedly. How long had Samael been fucking her like this? She blinked in confusion and looked at the clock again. It wasn't possible, she thought. But the force of the orgasm building inside of her could not be denied.

This time Sylla fought it with everything she had. She focused all of her willpower and determination, drawing upon all her years of experience. She raised her eyes slowly and found Samael staring directly back at her, just as she had expected. The determination in his eyes matched her own. Samael felt no doubt. He was utterly confident in his inevitable victory. Her resolve shattered beneath his gaze and the orgasm washed over her like a tidal wave.

Instantly, Samael's full weight was upon her, and he drove his cock in and out of her furiously as she came, screaming and clawing at his back. Emotions poured out of her, overlapping and conflicting. Hatred battled with lust. Respect with anger. Pleasure with renewed determination. And all the while he fucked her, forcing

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the orgasm out of her. "You've lost, Sylla," he whispered into her ear. "All you have to do is admit defeat and I'll stop."

Sylla was *very* impressed with Samael.

She writhed beneath him and ran her hands over his body. "Stop?" Sylla answered between panting breaths. "Surely you won't stop without giving me a chance to suck that amazing cock of yours," she continued. "I haven't even gotten a taste, yet." Once she got him in her mouth, she could finally take control. And she knew he couldn't resist the chance to defeat her with his cock in her mouth.

Samael instantly pulled his cock out of her pussy and Sylla's confidence soared. He had been a worthy opponent, after all, but now he was finally playing into her trap. The moment his weight was off of her, she would have him on his back and she wouldn't relent until he was begging for mercy.

But, once again, Samael outplayed her. He pinned her hands above her head and slowly slid his body along hers, straddling her torso. His cock, burning hot and wet with the juices of her many orgasms, glided up her stomach. He paused when his cock slid between her breasts and he grinned down at her, tauntingly. "You want my cock in your mouth, Sylla?" he asked. "Are you sure you can handle any more of this?"

Sylla didn't answer. She only stared up at him defiantly, daring Samael with her eyes. He smiled down at her. "It won't be long now," he boasted as he began to rock his hips back and forth, rubbing his cock between her breasts. "The next time I take you, I'm not going to stop until you give up."

When Sylla didn't rise to his bait, Samael moved farther up her body, positioning his knees on top of her arms, pinning them down and freeing his own hands from holding her wrists. His cock stood straight out from his body, the shaft less than an inch from her mouth. He began to slowly stroke his cock with his right hand, while his left slipped down her body behind him until he reached her pussy, still wet and hyper-sensitive. Her lips parted in a moan as he slipped a finger inside of her and he instantly forced his cock into her mouth. She struggled not to gag as he bumped the back of her throat.

He curled his fingers through her hair until he had a tight grip and began to thrust his hips back and forth, pulling her head to meet his every thrust. Sylla wriggled in a futile attempt to free her arms, but she was trapped. She concentrated on controlling her breathing and riding out the storm. Every time she opened her eyes, she found him staring directly back down at her. She couldn't even suck his cock properly. She was all but helpless as he forced himself into her mouth again and again.

Sylla realized he was trying to break her spirit. He had her in a completely submissive position. He could keep this up as long as he wanted and there was nothing she could do about it. Sylla felt her resolve beginning to weaken again. Her mind threatened to panic from the inability to move and the unceasing humiliation of having Samael's cock forced into her mouth against her will. With a tremendous exertion of willpower, Sylla played the last card she had available.

She forced herself to relax, muscle by muscle, and the pressure of having her arms and chest trapped seemed to lessen slightly. Sylla knew she couldn't fake Samael into thinking that she was enjoying this. If she wanted to manipulate him, she would have to actually make herself enjoy it. She had to turn this from Samael's humiliating domination of her into Samael giving her exactly what she wanted. Sylla closed her eyes and sank into her imagination.

She began to re-live each individual memory of her sexual domination since she had moved to the city. Jason had been her first victim. She had sucked his cock and made him cum before he had managed to so much as unbutton her blouse. She could have made him last longer, but she wanted to make an impression. This small

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town girl was more than a match for anyone. Sylla mentally smiled as she recalled Jason's embarrassed apologies.

Todd had been next, massively muscled with a short, fat penis. He had been able to lift her in his hands like she was a doll, but it had been Sylla who took control, forcing him onto his back and straddling his cock. She remembered the fear in his eyes as she rode him like a demon possessed until he couldn't take it anymore. Sylla felt a tiny wave of pleasure shiver through her body as she relived the experience.

After Todd, there had been a girls-only party. For a couple of hours they drank wine and took part in playful truth or dare scenarios, getting each other wound up until they finally drew names and paired off into various bedrooms. Sylla drew Jennifer, a middle-aged brunette whose husband couldn't satisfy her. Sylla satisfied her so effectively, Jennifer had passed out unconscious after Sylla went down on her, bringing Jennifer to an unending, explosive climax. Sylla had then wandered from room to room, intruding upon the amateurs and having her way with them, two at a time, until every woman in the house had been used for her pleasure.

Sylla moaned deep in her throat and began to squirm beneath Samael, rubbing her legs together and twisting back and forth. Distantly, she was aware that Samael was speaking to her again, but she was lost in her memories. Samael thrust into her mouth with increasing ferocity, but Sylla only moaned and writhed all the more.

Suddenly his weight was gone from her chest. Sylla blinked in surprise and took her first deep breath in what felt like hours. She began to sit up, but Samael had other ideas. Dragging her roughly by a fistful of hair he pulled her off the bed and onto her feet before spinning her around and forcing her to bend over the side of her bed. He yanked her head back as he leaned over her, angrily whispering, "This is the part where you beg me to stop." He forced his cock into her pussy and began to slam his hips against her ass as he forced her head down against the bed.

Sylla had never been fucked like this before. Samael was just too strong. Too relentless. Too good. Beads of sweat funneled down her breasts and dripped onto the bed from the tips of her nipples. She desperately tried to slip back into her memories of past victories, but it was impossible. All she could think about was his cock slamming into her pussy. *How much longer can he last? How much longer can I?* She cried out as he tore another orgasm out of her body.

Sylla turned her head slightly to look at the mirror hanging opposite the bed to see if Samael showed any signs of weakening or tiring. He was watching himself in the mirror, too, unaware of her gaze. He was sweating now, too, she noted with some small satisfaction. He had one hand on her ass while the other held her head against the bed. He was smirking at his reflection, basking in the glow of his dominance. She watched as his mirror image gave her ass a casual slap and reached around to cup one of her slick breasts.

Willpower flowed back into Sylla. She would never let this bastard defeat her, she decided. There was nothing she couldn't take, and no one that could defeat her.

Sylla began to sway her hips slightly from side to side, and push back against his cock to match his every thrust. When Samael looked at her in the mirror, he found her staring back at him defiantly. His rhythm faltered for a moment and without hesitation Sylla assumed control, thrusting her own body back and forth against his cock, even faster and harder than he had been fucking her. "I need more, baby," she moaned, her voice dripping with lust. "I need you to give me more."

Samael paused uncertainly for a moment, but answered with renewed vigor. Sylla instantly matched his intensity and then pushed harder. "Yes!" she screamed. "More! I need more of your cock, Samael!"

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Samael's eyes lost focus for a moment and he suddenly pulled out and took a step backwards, his chest heaving. "No," Sylla whined. "I haven't had nearly enough of you, yet. I need more, baby. Give me more." She reached behind her and found his stiff cock. It gave a lurch as her warm hand curled around it and she felt a dribble of pre-cum leaking from the tip. She moved herself backward and slipped his cock back into her pussy with a sigh of contentment. "Now, give me more!" she demanded.

To his credit, Samael tried, but he was focusing all of his concentration on not cumming while Sylla did everything in her power to make that impossible. She changed her rhythm and movements constantly, fast and shallow, slow and deep, then fast again. She had him now, she knew. But she didn't intend to let him off easily. She twisted her head around and looked at him over her shoulder. "Look at me while you fuck me," she demanded and his eyes obediently locked onto hers. She held his gaze like a vice as she drove him closer and closer to the edge. "Don't cum," she ordered. "I'm not even nearly done with you."

Samael instantly pulled out of her and stepped backwards. "Wait. I just need a second," he said lamely. Sylla didn't give him an instant. She was on her knees with his cock in her mouth before he was done speaking. He groaned loudly and stepped away from her, backing into a wall. Sylla chased him like a predator closing in for the kill.

"Stop, Sylla," he hissed, but Sylla had him back in her mouth. She sucked his cock in a frenzy of passion, moaning constantly. Her hands moved over his body, pumping the shaft of his cock as she sucked, squeezing his balls lightly as she ran her tongue along its length, and gripping his ass as she took the entirety of his cock into her mouth.

She felt his body go rigid and he pushed her away. All his confidence had drained away in a matter of seconds. He looked smaller now. Weaker. Sylla stood up before him and put her hand around his throat. He looked back at her with a mixture of confusion and fear. She smiled sweetly and guided him back to her bed, pushing him onto his back and climbing atop him to straddle his hips.

"Wait-" he began, but she was already astride his cock. She dug her fingernails into his chest and began to ride, slowly at first, sliding her pussy along the entire length of his cock with every thrust. Samael made one final effort to push Sylla off of himself, but she grabbed his wrists and pinned them over his head, dangling her breasts in his face as she continued to ride him. He came almost immediately, bucking wildly beneath her, simultaneously cursing her and crying out her name in ecstasy.

"You better be good for more than one time," she warned him as his moans subsided. She could feel him beginning to soften inside of her so she clenched down with her muscles, clutching his cock inside of her. She rubbed her own breasts tauntingly and wiggled her hips as she gave him a challenging look.

His cock quickly grew hard again, but he was unable to put up any kind of fight as Sylla proceeded to fuck him unceasingly for what must have seemed an eternity to Samael. Nearly an hour passed before Samael finally admitted defeat and begged for Sylla to let him rest. Sylla had spun around to face away from him and was watching herself ride him in her mirror while she rubbed her clit and pinched her own nipples. She made him repeat himself several times and still didn't stop until she had made herself cum one final time, informing him that she had to do it herself since he couldn't keep up with her.

When she finally released his cock, it flopped to his belly, immediately growing soft and shrinking. A pity, she thought to herself. It was such a fine looking cock. She turned and sat on his chest, smirking down at him. "I won," she announced.

Samael nodded wearily. "You did," he admitted.

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"You were good," she told him cheerily. "But I'm better. I'm the best you've ever had. Say it."

Samael just stared back up at her.

Sylla frowned down at him. "Tell me I'm the best lover you've ever had," she ordered, bristling.

"Sorry, Sylla," he said. "I've had better."

Her hand cracked across his face, leaving a bright red imprint. She had never struck someone like that before. It wasn't the insult that hurt her so badly. It was the truth in his words. "Who?" she whispered.

Samael pushed her off of his chest and stood up, rubbing his face where she had slapped him. He walked out of the room and began dressing. Sylla followed him, naked, into her living room. "Who?!?" she demanded.

In answer, Samael reached into his pants pocket and drew out a small blue object, holding it out to her. Sylla took it from his fingers. It was a small plastic rectangle, similar to a computer thumbstick, but she had never seen anything quite like it. "What is it?" she asked, forgetting her anger in wonder, as she rotated the mysterious device between her fingers.

"It's a key," he replied. "Go to 13169 Grey Rd. on Friday night at 9. Annie wants to meet you."

"Is she the one?" Sylla whispered, her words tremulous with emotion.

Samael left without answering.

Chapter 2: The Club

The Club

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Sylla drove past the mostly empty lot twice before finally pulling in and parking. The address was correct, but there was nothing here. She climbed out of her Mustang and looked around, wondering at the purpose of Samael's deceit. The parking lot was the overflow for an unpopular movie theater with not a single distinguishing feature except a solitary blue door in the center of a white wall behind the cinema. Curious, Sylla approached the door. There was no door handle, but the number 13169 was stenciled neatly above the frame. Feeling slightly foolish, she knocked on the door, but it was so thick it produced almost no sound. She looked around for a buzzer and discovered a small rectangular slit where a door bell would normally be located.

A knot of excitement formed in the pit of her stomach as she dug through her purse until she found the device Samael had given her. There was something strange and mysterious about the entire scenario. For the first time in her life, Sylla felt as though she were embarking on some real adventure. She slipped the key into the slot and was rewarded by a subdued click. The door swung open revealing a dimly lit stairway descending into the unknown. Classical music drifted out to her from deeper within. Sylla took a deep, steadying breath and stepped inside.

At the bottom of the stairs stood a petite Asian girl wearing a highly revealing cocktail waitress uniform. The plunging neckline only barely contained the young woman's large, round breasts. The skirt was so short as to reveal her entire ass should she bend over even slightly. Sylla looked with mild disdain from the girl's obviously artificially-enhanced tits to her face, judging the girl's age to be barely 21. She was cute, but Sylla felt disappointed. She had expected much more from the woman Samael considered her better.

"Are you...Annie?" Sylla asked, a chill in her voice.

The girl bowed her head slightly, her eyes never rising to meet Sylla's. "No, Mistress Sylla. I'm Anika," she answered submissively. "Mistress Annie is expecting you. I will take you to her directly, unless you desire anything else first."

Sylla wondered if this was some sort of S&M club with all the 'Mistress Sylla' and 'Mistress Annie' nonsense. Sylla didn't mind a little S&M, but in general, she didn't have any real use for sex toys, bondage, or feigned domination. There was nothing any device could do that she couldn't do better herself. And she never had any problem dominating her lovers. Sylla decided to test the waters. "Yes, Anika. I desire you to eat my pussy."

Anika dropped instantly to her knees, replying, "As you wish, Mistress Sylla."

Sylla laughed and waved the young girl back. "Maybe later, Anika. How about you just show me to your *Mistress Annie*?"

Anika rose smoothly, as though nothing out of the ordinary had transpired. "Yes, Mistress Sylla. Please follow me."

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Sylla followed the girl down a short corridor which emptied into a lounge of sorts. A number of empty couches filled the room, separated by thin partitions, lending each some small amount of privacy. A pair of women sat close together on one of the couches, speaking to each other in low tones over glasses of wine and paying no attention to Sylla and Anika's passing. The entire far end of the room was a long, well-stocked bar. A lone, female bartender watched Sylla walk by while extracting the cork from a bottle of wine. She was tall and thin, with strawberry blonde hair pulled straight back into a long ponytail. She wore a sleeveless tuxedo shirt open at the neck. Sylla's hopes sank a bit lower. An all-female S&M club was even less interesting to her.

Beyond the couches, a spiral staircase descended into darkness. Sylla followed Anika down the stairs, admiring the young woman's figure despite herself. She was certain that Anika's uniform did not include panties and briefly considered taking advantage of the girl in the middle of the stairway, just to confirm her theory. But she was too interested in meeting 'Mistress' Annie to delay any further.

At the base of the stairs, Anika led Sylla down a long hallway lined with paintings on the left side. Opposite the paintings were a series of closed doors. Anika came to a stop at the third door, knocked quietly, and then slid the door open.

The room was small, but not confining. A deeply cushioned sofa sat in the center of the room. Tasteful art hung on the walls. But Sylla's attention was focused solely upon the woman walking towards her, smiling. Annie was not at all what Sylla had expected. She was young, not much older than Anika, by Sylla's estimation. She was shorter than Sylla by several inches with short, spiky blonde hair. She was barefoot and dressed very casually in a tight T-shirt and jeans. She wore thin gold loops through her left nostril and eyebrow. Her arms were covered in intricate tattoos, which continued past the collar of her T-shirt up the sides of her neck.

Annie hugged Sylla and gave her a peck on the cheek, which Sylla accepted stiffly. "I'm so glad you came," Annie burst out, pulling Sylla by the hand to the couch. "Bring us some wine, Anika. And then give us some privacy. We have a lot to discuss." Annie sank into the couch and lounged comfortably. Sylla sat next to her, facing her warily. Annie had a classic girl-next-door face, complete with dimples, blue eyes, and an innocent smile.

"I know you have a lot of questions," Annie prompted. "Where would you like to start?"

Annie's friendliness seemed genuine, but Sylla could not forget the insult she had suffered from Samael. *Could this bit of fluff actually be better than me?* Sylla wondered. *Impossible!*

"What is this place?" Sylla asked, choosing a safe and obvious question.

"This is The Club," Annie answered simply, somehow implying the gravity inherent in the name. When Sylla didn't respond, Annie continued. "There are thirty-three Members. You'll make thirty-four when you accept the invitation."

"I didn't receive an invitation to join any club."

"This isn't just *any* club. And you received the invitation when Samael gave you the key. He was your test. And you passed." Annie favored Sylla with a mischievous smile. "I wish I could have seen it. Samael was very upset at having been defeated by you," she confided.

"And what do you do in this club?" Sylla asked.

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Annie grinned. "We do lots of things. But what you'll be most interested in are the competitions. They determine your ranking."

"My ranking?"

Annie nodded. "You start out at the bottom. When you defeat someone, you take their rank and they move down one slot. You're thirty-fourth. Assuming you join."

"And how do I join?"

"By accepting my challenge." Annie bit her lower lip as her eyes strayed down Sylla's body.

Sylla leaned back and considered. A club dedicated to sex as a competition was far more enticing. "And when I defeat you, what will my rank be?"

Annie threw her head back and laughed. "Sorry, beautiful. You're not defeating me. But I'm ranked thirty-third currently."

Now it was Sylla's turn to laugh. "So you're dead last. No wonder you're recruiting."

Annie shrugged. "One of the membership requirements is to make or accept a challenge at least once every two months. You can have more, if you like, but that's the minimum. Depending on your rank, you have to accept a challenge from someone lower than you every so often before you can challenge someone above you again, but you don't need to worry about that for a while," Annie explained. "As for me, I'm not ashamed of my losses. I've been defeated by three of the most incredibly sexually talented women you will ever meet. And tonight, I will get my first victory."

"Wait, are all the club members women?" Sylla demanded. "This is just a bunch of lesbians?"

Annie frowned. "I would think that someone of your abilities would understand that women with this much sexual power cannot be labeled as simply gay or straight."

When Sylla reluctantly nodded, Annie continued. "Yes, all the Members are women, but there are plenty of men to entertain you between challenges. You won't be disappointed. We have divided them into five tiers, based upon their abilities," Annie leveled an even look at Sylla. "Samael is in the lowest tier."

Sylla sat up a little straighter. "Seriously?"

Annie's easy smile returned. "Seriously," she assured Sylla. "But you'll have to crack the top twenty-five to enjoy the next tier. Of course, there's nothing stopping you from taking two or three of the Rulers at once to amuse yourself. I highly recommend it."

Sylla raised a skeptical eyebrow. "What is a Ruler?"

"Oh! The men named themselves after orders of angels from mythology," Annie counted them off on her fingers as she listed them. "Thrones, Dominions, Virtues, Powers, and Rulers. Most even took the names of angels, like Samael. They refer to us as devils sometimes. Angels and devils," Annie giggled.

"I see," Sylla mused, wondering how quickly she could climb the ranks to get after the higher tiered 'angels.' "How do you keep track of all this?"

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"We have a web site with all the rankings, competitions, Gatherings, and a message board. I actually took over maintaining the site when I joined. All of the competitions are recorded and can be viewed by any Member. Except for competitions between Members ranked in the top ten. Their matches can only be viewed by other top ten Members. If there is a dispute about who won a match, it's decided by a random group of three top ten Members. But that rarely happens."

Sylla looked Annie in the eye. "So, this room has a camera in it?"

Annie nodded in affirmation. "Don't worry, you'll get used to the idea of having an audience."

Sylla laughed. "Oh, some of my best performances have been in front of an audience."

Annie reached out and brushed aside a lock of Sylla's hair, trailing her finger down Sylla's neck. "Well, we'll have to see about that."

There was a quiet knock on the door and when Annie answered, "Come!" Anika entered with a decanter of red wine and two glasses. She poured a small amount into a glass and handed it to Annie, who tasted it and nodded. Anika filled Annie's glass and then poured another for Sylla, handing it to her without making eye contact. With another slight bow, Anika backed out of the room and slid the door shut.

"That's the first time I've ever gotten to okay the wine," Annie giggled. "I'm gonna like having someone ranked lower than me around."

Sylla took a sip of the wine. It was a deep, fruity red with a lingering aftertaste of oak. It was one of the best wines she had ever tasted.

"All of the employees of the club, including the angels, are required to know the rankings and preferences of every Member. They follow a very strict hierarchy when serving," Annie explained. "And servicing," she added with a giggle.

Another reason to rise through the ranks quickly, Sylla thought to herself. "Any other club policies I need to know about? Are you going to hit me with some kind of membership fee?"

"No, no, everything here is provided for free," Annie assured her.

"How does that work?"

Annie shrugged noncommittally. "The Club is well funded," she answered. "As for rules, there aren't many. And you'll pick them up as you go. The big one is that you can't have sex with anyone outside of approved circles. The lists are on the web site."

Sylla stiffened. "No one tells me who I do or do not have sex with," she informed Annie.

"Why would you want to have sex with some drunk guy at a bar when you have access to the most sexually talented men and women available?" Annie asked. When Sylla still looked unconvinced, she continued, "It's a small price to pay, really. You don't have to worry about STDs and you'll have better sex than you ever could have imagined."

"I suppose," Sylla grudgingly allowed.

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"Everyone is reluctant when they first join, but no one has ever left The Club. And no one *ever* complains about the selection." Annie stretched seductively, her T-shirt tightening against her small, firm breasts. Her nipples were slightly distorted. They must be pierced, too, Sylla realized. Annie caught Sylla staring and bit her lower lip as she favored Sylla with a steamy look. "Let's get the rest of your questions out of the way, I'm eager to have my first victory," she teased.

She wants me so badly, Sylla mused, *but she can't start until she's answered all of my questions*. Whether it was another of the club's rules or just the way Annie had chosen to handle herself, Sylla intended to use it to her advantage. She rested a hand on Annie's thigh as she leaned forward, allowing Annie a beguiling glance at her own cleavage over the neckline of her black dress. She needed to get Annie's mind focused solely on sex so she could tease her with it even more effectively. "What's the best match you've seen recently?"

Annie grinned, her eyes widening in excitement. "That would be Tamika and Carla. I have got to tell you about Tamika. You're going to love this," Annie bubbled. She took a long drink of wine and began, "Tamika only joined five weeks ago. She's the most recent Member before you. But she's had more challenges in that time than any other three Members put together."

Sylla sipped her wine and relaxed into the couch. *So, Tamika is the hot number right now*, she thought. *Defeating her will capture some me some attention*.

"Tamika is this little, cute Japanese girl with huge titties," Annie giggled. "She looks like a perverted nerd's toy doll." Annie's face grew uncharacteristically serious. "But she's completely fucking insane. She won twelve matches in a row. She didn't even care who she was against. She challenged anyone available whether they were higher or lower ranked. And she's been at every Gathering. And every night that she isn't in a match or a Gathering, she's here looking for someone to fuck. She's scary," Annie shook her head in wonder.

"You've been with her?"

Annie blushed. "Just once, at a Gathering. I was going down on Raine, she's ranked 25th, and I was really into it, when Tamika came up behind me and started fucking my brains out with a huge strap-on. She was only ranked 27th at the time, so it was a little bit of a slap in the face to Raine to burst in uninvited. So Raine went after her," Annie shook her head as though she still couldn't believe it. "Let's just say it didn't work. Not only did Tamika handle Raine, but she kept fucking me the entire time she did it. I was barely conscious by the time she finished Raine off and wandered away," Annie admitted.

"Impressive," Sylla acknowledged.

"You have no idea," Annie assured her. "She broke Monique."

"*Broke her?*"

Annie nodded solemnly. "Monique is ranked 13th. One of the most beautiful women I've ever seen in my life. She had been making her way steadily through the ranks. Everyone knew she was destined for the top ten. But then she ran into Tamika."

"I was getting the impression that losing wasn't that big of a deal here. Can't she just keep challenging her way up?"

Annie didn't seem to hear the question. "Tamika is really into toys, as I learned first-hand at that Gathering. Not just big strap-ons, though. She's got a collection like I've never seen, and she always has something new. And she knows how to use them. Many other Members have learned the same way I did. In a challenge, the

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two Members can add any kinds of rules they want, so long as they both agree ahead of time. But, by default, it's just two women. No restraints. No toys. No third parties."

Sylla nodded in approval.

"Tamika posted to the message boards that she was looking for a challenge, as she always does immediately after winning one. She had made her way up to 16th by this point. Monique accepted, but for some reason she suggested that they allow toys. She even agreed to have the challenge at Tamika's home. 'Anything goes', she said. I don't know what she was thinking. Maybe she thought she could use it to her advantage. I don't know. But..."

Annie had sunk back into the couch with a troubled expression and sipped her wine silently. "What happened?" Sylla prompted, leaning forward with interest.

Her eyes still distant, Annie continued, "I've never seen anything like it. Tamika just...destroyed her. I mean, I've seen plenty of dominating performances, but nothing like this. I don't know how Monique took as much as she did. But eventually Tamika reached her limit. And then she just kept going. Monique was too far gone to even beg for her to stop. So Tamika didn't. She just abused Monique's body until she grew bored. And then she walked over to her laptop and posted that she was looking for another challenge. You can see her doing it on the video. She's sitting at her desk calmly typing a challenge while Monique is dangling from handcuffs behind her, whimpering like an animal." Annie shivered. "She hasn't been back since. No one knows if she will ever come back. Tamika may have retired someone from The Club for the first time."

"Carla accepted her challenge. She's ranked 9th," Annie continued, visibly composing herself. "It would have been the fastest anyone in The Club had ever made it to the top ten, but Carla stopped her. It was amazing. She just took it and took it and took it. I didn't think Tamika would ever slow down, but eventually she did. And then Carla turned it around and won. Tamika's defense isn't as good as her offense. It's not surprising, really. I'm sure no one had ever been able to withstand her before."

Sylla emptied her glass, thinking of her own performance against Samael. It hadn't been so different, really. She had never been put on the defensive like that. But eventually she wore him down and defeated him. Annie leaned over and refilled Sylla's glass, her body momentarily pressed up against Sylla's. "I'm getting impatient, Sylla," Annie whispered in her ear. "I've learned from some of the best in The Club and I'm ready to show it."

Sylla sipped her wine and leaned back away from Annie. "So eager to lose again?" she asked. "Why don't you tell me about your last challenge?" Sylla wanted to catch Annie off-guard. She should have attacked while Annie was distracted, telling her about Tamika. But Sylla had been too engrossed to interrupt. Now she had to wait for another opening.

"Why don't you ask me the question you really want to ask?" Annie challenged.

Sylla crossed her arms across her chest and glared at Annie. There *was* one question that had been nagging at her this whole time. And really, it was the only question that mattered, ultimately. She looked Annie in the eyes. "Fine. Who's the best?"

Annie's face lit up with a grin. "Her name is Donna. She's always been in first place. She started The Club. It's hers. No one has ever come close to defeating her, from what I've heard. Not even when several go up against her at once. There are rumors of various groups of Members forming an alliance to defeat her, but they've never succeeded."

"Have you ever been with her?" Sylla asked, leaning forward with unfeigned interest.

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"Yes, she selected me and several others at a Gathering not long after I joined. She makes it a point to meet all new Members personally." Annie trembled at the memory. "It's like a dream when I try to think back on it. There's something unnatural about her."

Sylla gave Annie a skeptical look.

"I'm serious," Annie insisted. "She took us to her room here in the club and said, 'Welcome to The Club, Annie,' and then she kissed me and I came. I came just from the touch of her lips. And her scent," Annie took a deep breath. "When I recovered my senses, she and the rest had already started without me. Even the taste of her skin is unreal. And every time she touched me, I melted." Annie's eyes had gone glassy as she thought back on the experience.

Sylla quietly placed her wine glass on the table next to the couch. "Donna must be amazing," she prompted.

"There's a rumor about her. More of an urban legend, I guess," Annie whispered. "They say she once defeated an incubus. A male sex demon. If I hadn't experienced her for myself, I would just roll my eyes, but I believe in such things now," Annie leaned her head back and sighed deeply. "That's really why the men call themselves angels. It's because they say Donna is a demon. That the incubus left some---"

Sylla attacked.

* * *

Donna lay on her expansive, deeply cushioned bed, staring up at the huge television screen upon which Sylla and Annie sat talking, Annie gently stroking Sylla's arm.

A pair of beautiful, naked women flanked Donna on the bed, writhing slowly as they nuzzled her breasts and neck and ran their hands over her body. A third woman sprawled at the foot of the bed, moaning and shivering as she buried her head between Donna's legs.

"Who is going to win, Samael?" Donna asked.

Samael stood leaning against the wall several feet away, staring hungrily at Donna's olive-skinned body. His erection was plainly visible through his slacks.

"Samael, who is going to win?" she repeated, louder, when he failed to reply.

Samael reluctantly tore his eyes away from Donna's perfect body and glanced at the screen. "Oh, um....Annie will win, Mistress Donna. She'll be too much for Sylla."

Donna silently studied the screen for a long moment before replying, "Why do you think that?"

Samael smirked. "I've had them both," he stated. Some of Samael's cockiness was returning, though he was careful to keep his eyes glued to the television monitor so as to avoid being drawn back into the scene of pure eroticism taking place mere feet away from him. "Annie has been improving steadily for months. Sylla just got lucky against me. I could have defeated her easily."

"And yet you didn't," Donna returned. "She took your key and wounded your pride." Donna glanced at Samael who was staring at the screen, clenching and unclenching his fists in a mixture of embarrassment, anger, and sexual frustration. "But if you're so confident in Annie, we'll make it a wager. What do you want if Annie defeats her?"

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"You," Samael answered immediately. "Alone. Just you and me."

"You wouldn't last 30 seconds," Debra observed airily without looking up from Donna's right breast. She wouldn't even dignify Samael by turning to face him as she insulted him. Donna watched as he glared at Debra's pale, smooth back. She sensed that he wanted to grab a fistful of her long, silvery hair and shove his cock into her mouth. He hated her, but he wanted her. He wanted them all. Samael opened his mouth to argue but was interrupted.

"You'd come before you got your pants off," Nikki giggled from between Donna's legs. She raised her head and looked directly at Samael's bulging erection, grinning. Her long, dark hair nearly obscured her ripe breasts with their large, hard nipples. Settling herself back down, she slid her tongue deep inside Donna's pussy and let out a long, low moan. "The taste of her body is more than a child like you can handle," she teased.

"It's true," Ash agreed breathlessly, taking Donna's left nipple in her mouth and shuddering as an orgasm wracked through her body.

"My girls don't have much confidence in you," Donna observed, "but I accept your terms. If Annie wins, you will have me all to yourself. If Sylla wins, however, you will be given to Nikki. She will teach you your place in the hierarchy, since you seem to have forgotten."

Nikki's eyes lit up and she threw a mocking wink at Samael before attacking Donna's pussy with renewed vigor and enthusiasm.

Donna smiled down at Nikki and ran her fingers through the woman's thick, black hair before returning her gaze to the screen. "Annie has let her guard down. Sylla will attack any moment now. Let's see who wins."

* * *

Annie's wine glass struck the carpeted floor, spraying the red liquid in a wide arc, as Sylla pushed Annie onto her back, lengthwise across the couch. Annie breathed a sigh of surprise and contentment as Sylla pressed her body against Annie's and forced her tongue into the blonde girl's small mouth.

She had expected resistance when she attacked, but she found only compliance in Annie. The more aggressively she kissed and groped the girl, the more submissive Annie became. She murmured happily as Sylla licked and nibbled at her neck. She gasped in pleasure while Sylla pinched her nipples through the thin fabric of her T-shirt. And she moaned loudly when Sylla's forced her legs apart with a knee and pressed her thigh against her crotch.

If the girl was going to offer no resistance, Sylla decided, this would be a simple enough victory. She kept her weight on Annie at all times, her hands and her mouth constantly roaming, licking and biting, squeezing and pinching. Annie was turning out to be quite vocal. Sylla's every action elicited a sound of pleasure from Annie. Sylla found herself growing irritated. *I'm not here to please you*, she wanted to scream. *I'm here to defeat you*.

Sylla put her left hand on Annie's throat and slid it slowly upward until she was gripping the girl just under the jaw. Her right hand was squeezing Annie's small, firm left breast. Sylla pushed herself up so she was towering over the younger woman. Annie struggled slightly, turning her head from left to right, but Sylla kept her pinned down with her hand on Annie's jaw. Sylla took the girl's left nipple between her thumb and forefinger and pinched hard, eliciting a loud cry. She gripped the nipple ring through Annie's T-shirt and tugged it. Annie began to writhe beneath her, making tiny whimpering noises.

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Sylla released her the ring and placed her right hand on Annie's throat, just below her left hand. She trailed her hand downwards and wrapped her fingers around the collar of Annie's T-shirt. In a single powerful movement, Sylla tore Annie's T-shirt open, using her grip on the girl's face for leverage. The fabric ripped along a seam, baring Annie's breasts to Sylla. Annie cried out in surprise as her clothing was torn from her body and then again, more loudly, as Sylla ravaged first one nipple and then the other with her tongue and teeth.

Sylla had realized early in her conversation with Annie that Samael had likely been with many of the club members. So when he had told her that she, Sylla, was not the best he had ever been with, he was not necessarily referring to Annie. In fact, it was extremely unlikely. He may even have been with Donna, for all Sylla knew. But she didn't allow that to divert the anger and passion she had stored up to use against Annie.

She proceeded to treat the girl like a sexual practice-dummy. She quickly discovered that Annie reacted more strongly to being bitten than licked or caressed, and very soon Annie's nipples were red and swollen from Sylla's non-stop abuse. She found the precise line separating pain from pleasure for Annie and straddled it expertly, sometimes forcing the girl to cry out before smothering those cries with moans of pleasure.

Sylla found herself increasingly aroused by her easy domination of the young woman and decided to turn those moans into screams of pleasure. She crawled backwards off of Annie and roughly yanked at the opening of her jeans. The button flew off with a tiny pop and the zipper parted fully. Annie tried to sit up but Sylla shoved her backwards with both hands before hooking her fingers under the waistband of Annie's jeans and pulling them off in one long motion. She tossed the jeans, turned completely inside out, into a corner before kneeling between Annie's legs.

Annie was trying to raise herself up onto her elbows again, but Sylla easily pushed her back down with a single hand in the center of the girl's chest. She slid the hand over to squeeze Annie's left breast as she inspected the black panties that were all that was keeping Annie from being completely naked. Sylla herself hadn't even so much as slipped out of her high-heeled shoes. Sylla smirked to herself and ran her tongue slowly up Annie's panties, noting with pleasure that they were already thoroughly soaked through with the girl's musky juices.

"I want to hear you scream, bitch," Sylla demanded as she pulled at Annie's panties with her free hand. They gave way with a snap and she tossed them into the opposite corner as she had the jeans. Annie's small patch of light brown pubic hair was sopping wet. Their eyes locked together for a moment and Sylla saw a flash of determination in Annie's eyes for just an instant before Sylla slipped her tongue inside of Annie's dripping pussy. Annie's screams did not disappoint.

Annie did not have distinct orgasms like many women did. Whether it was one long climax or an endless series of overlapping orgasms, Sylla could not be certain. But when Sylla finally pulled her mouth away from Annie's pussy, the girl's voice had grown hoarse from screaming and her legs were limp and quivering.

Annie was slow to even attempt to sit up as Sylla knelt looking down at her from the opposite end of the couch. Sylla shoved her back down effortlessly. "You're quite the disappointment, *Mistress* Annie," Sylla mocked, as she hiked her dress up around her waist and crawled over Annie's body until she was straddling the blonde girl's face. "Let's see if you have any talent at all, shall we?" And she lowered her pussy onto Annie's mouth, allowing her dress to cover Annie's face completely.

Annie's tongue slid immediately inside of Sylla's pussy, filling Sylla with warmth. Sylla had positioned herself in such a way as to trap Annie's arms and completely prevent her from moving, so all Annie could do was lick Sylla's clit and pussy. Sylla squeezed her thighs together against Annie's face, restricting her even further. The girl was blind, restrained, and exhausted from her marathon climax, but she attacked Sylla's clit

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with surprising skill and eagerness. Sylla had to concentrate for several seconds to suppress an orgasm building inside of her.

When she had complete control of herself again, she reached forward and picked up her wine glass and took a long slow sip, savoring the taste. She pulled her dress up to reveal Annie's face blinking up at her in surprise. "Really, Annie, you're going to have to do a lot better than that." Sylla took another long drink of wine, making a show of her composure despite Annie's increasingly frantic efforts. "I'm not getting off of you until you make me cum," she warned, before allowing the dress to fall back down over Annie's face.

Sylla set down her empty glass and turned her attention to concentrating on ignoring the waves of pleasure flowing through her body from Annie's incredibly talented tongue. Sylla was not sure she herself could do better under such circumstances. She made a mental note that she would need to practice her techniques for future challenges. Dominating men had always been her primary pleasure. She had never known a woman with a tongue half as good as Annie's, and if this girl was the lowest ranked in the club, Sylla had some serious challenges ahead of her.

Sylla began to moan deep in her throat and rock her hips against Annie's mouth as her attention wandered. It took several minutes of Herculean effort to fight down the orgasm this time. She was pleased to hear Annie's groan of frustration from between her legs as she took control of herself once again.

Sylla leaned slightly forward and reached behind herself to take one of Annie's nipple rings between her fingers and began to twist and pull to the increasingly frenetic moans of Annie. "You can't make me cum, little bitch," she whispered cruelly. "You're just not good enough." She gave Annie's nipple a final pinch and settled back to ride the girl's face until she admitted defeat.

But Annie would not give up. She attacked Sylla's pussy with renewed vigor and Sylla found herself using every iota of mental control she could muster to fight off the storm building inside of her. She could hear Annie gasping for breath between her legs and tightened her thighs even more, but Annie would still not relent. And she was good. Better than good. Her tongue was amazing. If she could do this while completely helpless, what would she be capable of if she had total freedom? The thought caused Sylla's concentration to slip and the orgasm instantly welled up inside of her, threatening to explode like a tsunami.

Sylla fought with everything she had, but she couldn't slow the rising tide forced upon her by Annie's tongue. Desperate not to allow the girl even the tiniest success, Sylla went on the offensive. Leaning back, she reached far behind her, sacrificing much of the leverage she had used to restrain Annie, and slipped a finger into Annie's still-wet pussy. Annie's muffled moan was encouraging, but she was already taking advantage of her increased freedom of movement to drive her tongue deeper into Sylla's pussy, causing the orgasm to swell all the greater inside of her.

With her left hand, Sylla grabbed a handful of Annie's short blonde hair and pulled the girl's face hard against her pussy while savagely driving her fingers in and out of Annie's pussy, rubbing her thumb over Annie's swollen clit with every motion. Annie's muffled cries became louder and more desperate as they fought to push each other over the edge.

Sylla's dress had pulled upwards when Sylla reached behind herself, uncovering Annie's face, and now they stared into each other's eyes as they contested this battle of wills. Sylla had only ever fought this hard against an orgasm once in her life, against Samael. She had lost that particular battle, though she had ultimately won the war. And not only the war, but her entrance into The Club. Sylla was not going to allow this little bit of fluff to slow her down.

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Summoning every ounce of anger and humiliation she had felt when Samael had insulted her, she smashed down the orgasm threatening to burst within her and attacked Annie ferociously. "You are nothing!" she shouted down into Annie's face. "You're just another stepping stone to me. You're not in my league and you have no chance against me!"

Annie instantly broke off eye-contact and Sylla felt her talented tongue slowing and then finally stopping entirely as Annie succumbed to Sylla's onslaught. Sylla climbed slowly off of the girl's face and knelt with one knee on the couch next to Annie's writhing body, continuing her abuse of Annie's pussy with one hand while holding her down by the hair with the other.

"I'm never going to give up," Annie whispered defiantly between moans, but tears were already beginning to leak from the corners of her eyes. "I can take it. I can still win." Sylla ignored her. She just patiently continued feeding Annie's endless climax.

Annie held out longer than Sylla had expected, but finally, completely exhausted and nearly incapable of rational thought, with tears of frustration streaming down her pretty young face, Annie admitted defeat. Sylla immediately pulled her off the couch, dragging her by a fistful of blonde hair and forced the girl to her knees. "Now get me off," she demanded, shoving the girl's face between her legs.

Annie tried obediently, but all of her skills seemed to have been drained away during Sylla's dominating performance. Even the thrill of her first victory in The Club wasn't enough to push her over the edge. Finally, in frustration, she pushed Annie away with a foot. Annie tumbled backward and looked up at Sylla like a puppy, not understanding why it was being scolded.

"Go clean yourself up," Sylla told her. "And send in Anika," she added, as an afterthought. Annie scurried about, gathering the remains of her clothing, and hurried out of the room.

* * *

Donna stared up at the television monitor which showed Sylla leaning back on the couch with Anika kneeling between her legs. Sylla's ankles were crossed, her high-heels resting on the small girl's back. She was sipping a glass of wine and staring directly into the hidden camera so that it appeared as though she was looking right back at Donna.

Donna reached for the remote and clicked through the other live feeds, but none of them interested her. She regretted the loss of Nikki's talented tongue between her legs. She undoubtedly possessed the most talented mouth in the entire Club, excepting Donna herself. Nikki already had Samael handcuffed to the wall and was kneeling between his legs, with his cock completely enveloped by her mouth. His eyes were bulging and he was making spasmodic grunting noises as his body convulsed with undeniable pleasure.

Nikki would be at it for hours, Donna knew. She would keep him at the edge of orgasm until he was mad from her teasings. But when she finally let him cum, the true punishment would begin. She would have at him again and again, making him hard and forcing orgasm after orgasm from him long after he had not a drop of semen left in his body. It would effectively cure him of his ego problem, but Donna had no desire to listen to his cries for mercy.

She pushed Debra and Ash away from her, gently but firmly. She stood and wrapped a silk robe about her perfect body. Debra and Ash were already moving together in an effort to fill the emptiness left by Donna's devastating absence.

"I want her watched. Have the Voyeur keep an eye on her."

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Donna began to walk slowly from the room. Debra and Ash followed her sensual path with their eyes, both silently willing her to return for only a few more moments of ecstasy.

"Report Sylla's every move to me."

Chapter 3: The Gathering (Part 1)

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Ch. 03 - The Gathering (Part 1)

Sylla slept late, drifting in and out of dreams through the lazy Saturday morning. When she finally allowed herself to wake up enough to roll over and glance at her bedside clock, she found that she had slept past noon. Sylla stretched like a cat, her lithe body tangled in the covers, and yawned deeply. She was incredibly horny. Sylla was always horny when she first awoke, but much more so this morning than usual.

Then the memories of the previous night washed over her. The Club. Her dominating victory over Annie. Her subsequent abuse of Anika. Slowly, her mind began to sort reality from dreams and she grinned to herself. No wonder she was so horny. The greater her victory, the more she craved another one. She reached between her smooth, muscular legs and rubbed herself, a soft moan escaping her lips.

Her cell phone chimed quietly on the bedside table, alerting Sylla of an incoming text message, and she reluctantly reached for the phone with her free hand as she slipped a finger inside her already wet pussy. The display showed a message had arrived from an unknown number. Sylla nearly tossed the phone aside so she could get back to her morning ritual, but curiosity got the better of her. She swiped open the phone with a thumb and read the message:

Check your mail!

Intrigued, Sylla climbed out of bed and wrapped a black silk robe around her naked body. She re-read the message several times while walking the short distance to the kitchen, each reading eliciting a different reaction. *What was Annie playing at?* Sylla started a pot of coffee and decided to withhold judgement until she had checked her e-mail and consumed some caffeine. She smirked immodestly as she saved the number into her contact list as: '#34 - Annie.'

Armed with a colossal mug of steaming life-force, Sylla settled into her massive, cushy office chair and opened her email. That she had never given Annie her phone number or email address, she took in stride. The Club seemed to have resources and connections in excess. She scanned her unread emails until she saw one from 'The Club' with the subject line: 'Welcome, Mistress Sylla.'

The email contained only a web link, which Sylla clicked, and an accompanying username and password. The Club's website was completely blank except for a login prompt. Sylla felt a knot of excitement form in her belly as she cut-and-paste the entries from the email and entered The Club's virtual counterpart.

Sylla browsed the content. There were links for Member rankings and biographies, discussion forums, a calendar of events, private messages, and an interface for making and accepting challenges. She clicked the blinking messages icon in the top right corner and discovered that she had received no less than seven private messages.

The first was from Annie, naturally. She saved that one for last. Michelle, #30, bid her welcome to The Club, 'from one new girl to another'. Liana, #28, hoped they would get together soon and couldn't wait to see her again. Perhaps they could get together at the Gathering tonight, Liana suggested. Sylla wondered who Liana could be that she wanted to see Sylla *again*. She concluded that Liana must have been one of the two women

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she had walked past when she first entered The Club.

Belle, #27, also hoped to see Sylla at the Gathering. Linda, #24, congratulated Sylla on the 'most delicious first-time performance' she had ever seen. Sylla flushed with pride and speculated about how many of the members had already seen the video and were thinking about her. Claire, #11, welcomed Sylla to The Club on behalf of The Cabal. Sylla made a mental note to ask Annie about the Cabal. #18, who identified herself as Snake, told Sylla that she had great potential and lots of the Members would be looking out for her.

For the first time in her life, Sylla felt as though she had found a group to which she truly belonged. She felt a natural kinship, a bond, to these women who shared a philosophy that was unique and dear to her. Yet, at the same time, she was driven to rise through their ranks until she stood at the very top, looking down at the rest of them. She sipped her coffee thoughtfully as she pondered whether she should climb to the top as fast as she could, or systematically defeat every single member in order so that there would be no doubt that she was the very best.

Finally, she read Annie's message, which suggested they go together to the Gathering that evening so that she could show Sylla the ropes and introduce her around. Annie clearly had no hard feelings about being not only defeated during their challenge, but dominated, taunted, and ultimately humiliated. The message was filled with emoted winks and signed with Xs and Os. Sylla sighed and rolled her eyes. Annie was cute, and had a hell of a tongue, but she didn't need a puppy dog following her around The Club. She'd have to put Annie in her place before it got out of hand.

Sylla could only assume that a Gathering was some kind of group orgy. That was interesting, but she was really craving the kind of satisfaction she could only get from a man. Or men, she thought mischievously. Perhaps the Gathering would have some of the 'angels' Annie had mentioned. Her mind made up, she fired off a quick reply, telling Annie to pick her up in time to arrive a bit early for the gathering.

That accomplished, Sylla settled back to explore the site and decide upon a plan for advancing. First she checked the calendar link, which showed the Gathering scheduled for 9 PM that evening. There would be a live challenge during the Gathering, she learned, between Michelle (#30) and Kara (#29). Michelle had been one of the Members who had sent a welcome message, so Sylla wrote a private message to her, wishing Michelle luck and promising to cheer her on. She signed it, 'Sylla - The New Girl.'

On the challenges page, Sylla discovered that she was currently allowed to challenge any member between ranks 32 and 29. She clicked over to the rankings page and selected #32, Brandy. Brandy was also fairly new to the group, having only joined a few months previously. Her bio picture showed a thin, relatively plain-featured, intellectual-looking woman with shoulder-length brown hair. In the picture, clearly taken at The Club, Brandy was holding a glass of amber liquid in a large snifter, presumably brandy, and smiling at the camera with a knowing, puckish glint in her eye.

Sylla scanned the page until she found a link to issue a direct challenge, but was disappointed to be informed that Brandy was not currently accepting challenges. Reading further, she found that Brandy had recently suffered a loss to Liana (#28). Sylla admired her for challenging as high up the ladder as she was allowed and made a mental note to watch the video of their contest, which was available along with Brandy's other matches, a defeat by Michelle and a victory over Annie in her initial challenge.

With Michelle and Kara scheduled for a challenge that evening, only Amy (#31) remained as a potential candidate for moving up the ranks. Sylla found her bio page and studied the woman's picture. Amy had a round, serious face and long, brown hair, falling past her waist. Black-rimmed eyeglasses framed her small eyes and gave her a rather severe and imposing visage. She was dressed all in black flowing silk. The neckline plunged low, revealing almost impossibly large breasts. *She looks like a cross between my 3rd grade math*

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teacher and a halloween witch, Sylla mused.

Sylla issued the challenge, confident that Amy would pose no serious challenges for her. *If I don't get swallowed by her cleavage, that is.*

Business concluded, Sylla selected the video of Amy's first challenge, against Kara, who had been ranked #30 at the time. Sylla settled back in her chair and began to slowly rub her clit as she studied every nuance of Amy's abilities.

* * *

The doorbell rang just as Sylla was dipping an experimental toe into the fragrant, steaming bath. With a hiss of annoyance, she wrapped a towel about herself and stamped to the door. Through the peephole, she spied Annie, wearing an expression of barely contained ebullience and an elegant dress which seemed extremely out of character on the young woman. Closing her eyes and taking a calming breath, she pulled the door slowly open and spoke deliberately, "You weren't supposed to pick me up for another hour and a half, Annie. What are you doing here?"

Annie bounced through the doorway and slipped her hands around Sylla's waist. "Hey, lover," she breathed into Sylla's ear. "I thought maybe we could have a little warm-up session before the Gathering. Were you about to take a shower? I can help," she added with a wink.

"Annie," Sylla began, with a warning edge in her voice, but she was interrupted by Annie's lips pressing against her own. Annie's hands slipped down to cup Sylla's ass and her tongue forced its way into Sylla's mouth. For a moment, Sylla was tempted. She felt very much on her game today and was eager to get started on the night's experiences. Furthermore, Annie *was* quite talented. But she had already made her decision on this particular point.

Sylla pushed Annie firmly away, a bit harder than she had meant to, and the girl took an awkward step backwards, bumping into the door frame and emitting a squeak of surprise and hurt. "Listen, Annie," Sylla said firmly, pointing a finger at the girl's chest. "I'm not your fucking girlfriend. You don't get to swing by for casual sex. I agreed to go to the Gathering with you and let you show me around, but that's all I agreed to."

Annie's mouth fell open but she made no sound. Her eyes instantly grew watery and her lower lip trembled slightly. *She bites that lip when she's turned on*, Sylla remembered. Sighing, Sylla took Annie by the arm and pulled her into the apartment, swinging the door shut. "Look, Annie. I'm not trying to be cruel. I like you. I do. You're fun to play with. Even if you're fucking annoying at times. But I have boundaries and you need to respect them." Annie nodded and sniffled.

"Grab some couch. Watch some TV. I'm going to take my time getting ready and then we'll head to The Club, alright?" Annie nodded and fled to the couch where she curled up into the far corner and kept her eyes cast to the floor.

Sylla turned and walked away, allowing her towel to fall away from her naked body just before she turned the corner into the bathroom. *Well, maybe a little cruel*, she admitted to herself.

As promised, Sylla took her sweet time getting ready. She lounged in the tub for nearly an hour, trying to relax and more or less succeeding in keeping her hands off of herself. She wanted to save every ounce of sexual energy for the Gathering. And she was absolutely brimming with sexual energy tonight. Perhaps it was from spending all morning on The Club's website, watching videos and masturbating, but Sylla felt as charged as she ever had in her life. She was ready for anything.

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Annie, not surprisingly, had made a full recovery by the time Sylla emerged from her bedroom wearing an ankle-length black gown, high heels, and a silver necklace with a large, brilliant emerald dangling between her breasts. She spun around from examining Sylla's CD collection to gape at Sylla. "Oh my God," she gasped. "You look incredible!" With a visible effort, she restrained herself from rushing at Sylla.

Smiling, Sylla approached and kissed Annie on the cheek. "Thank you, Annie. Now let's get going, shall we?"

They chatted companionably all the way to The Club. Annie drove a small, fast convertible with a complete disregard for any traffic laws. "I'm good at getting out of tickets," she said with a wicked grin as she blew through a red light. Annie provided a nonstop flow of information about the other Members and what Sylla could expect at the Gathering, but Sylla tuned her out to a large degree. There was nothing that Sylla wasn't prepared for, especially tonight, and she preferred to experience it all for herself. Annie turned into the underground parking lot of the movie theater adjacent to The Club and used a magnetic card to access an otherwise unreachable section of the garage. "Much more convenient," Annie remarked. "I'll get you a card, too."

They entered The Club through another unmarked door in a blank wall of the garage, and made their way down a long, gently descending hallway flanked by an endless series of doors. Annie, ever the dutiful tour guide, pointed out where each door led. Sylla stopped paying attention after the first dozen or so. The Club was, apparently, ridiculously large and offered every imaginable amenity, including a gym, swimming pool, restaurant, and spa. *Where's the petting zoo?* she wondered.

The hallway eventually emptied into a room so cavernous, Sylla swayed with vertigo. It was more of a small stadium than anything that could be reasonably referred to as a *room*. In the center was something akin to a circular stage, perhaps twenty feet across and deeply cushioned. The stadium radiated outwards in four concentric tiers. "This is where we have our Gatherings!" Annie exclaimed happily, pulling Sylla towards the center stage by the arm. "We have to stay down here on the lowest tier unless a higher ranked Member invites us up to their level," she explained. "Any of the Angels on this level are ours to do with as we please," she added happily, casually stroking one of the myriad naked men stationed all over the room as they walked past.

"These are all...angels?" Sylla asked staring about in awe. Annie nodded, biting her lip. "And they are all as skilled as Samael?"

Annie frowned slightly and scanned the room. "Not quite. I think Samael is ready for the next tier. But these are all fairly close," she answered. "I don't see him, do you?"

Sylla glanced about and shook her head. Looking back at Annie, she noticed a look of concern on the girl's face. "Wait a second," she chuckled. "You don't have a crush on Samael?"

Annie turned a pretty shade of pink and shrugged. When Sylla laughed, she explained, "We've been seeing each other kinda seriously for a while. I talked to him after you and him..." Annie trailed off momentarily. "He was really upset, and since then he hasn't returned any of my calls or emails. I went by his place this morning, but he didn't answer the door. I guess I'm a little worried."

"I didn't hurt anything but his pride," Sylla assured her. "He'll be fine."

Annie nodded gratefully and instantly regained her cheerfulness. "Let's get a couch by the stage," Annie suggested, dragging Sylla to a comfortable piece of furniture adjacent to the stage. As she inspected the couch, Sylla discovered built-in handcuffs hidden deep between the cushions. Annie grinned and pulled open a drawer on a nearby table, revealing an assortment of sex toys. "The batteries are always fresh," she said, grinning.

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Sylla settled in and made a slow study of the room. There were at least 30 angels on the bottom tier. Each one was fit, attractive, and generously endowed. Sylla noted a few who interested her particularly. Her sexual energy was building to a level she had never experienced before. She felt like she could take on every man and woman in the Club tonight.

There were a number of women already seated around the lowest tier, some alone, some in groups. "That's Belle," Annie nodded towards a waifish blonde. "She's ranked 27th. She hasn't been able to crack the next tier, but she really excels at Gatherings." Belle had chosen three angels for herself and was already engaged in some rather heavy foreplay. "We could maybe join her," Annie added with a wink. "If you want."

A tall, athletic black woman was chatting on a nearby couch with the blonde woman that had been bartending the previous evening when Sylla first walked into the Club. Annie identified them as Lydia (#26) and Liana (#28). Liana dropped a wink at Sylla when she noticed her looking their way.

Sylla recognized Amy, to whom she had issued a challenge, sitting alone in the far corner of the lowest tier and overtly looking away from them. Sylla pointed her out to Annie. "I challenged Amy this morning. What do you know about her?"

Annie straightened and looked aghast at Sylla. "You already issued a challenge?" she exclaimed. "Did you ask Claire's permission first?" Sylla gave her a quizzical look. Annie groaned theatrically and shook her head. "You should have asked me before you did that. Amy is a member of the Cabal!"

Sylla rolled her eyes. "Ah, right. The Cabal. I meant to ask you about that. What's the story?"

"Claire is ranked 11th in The Club," Annie began dramatically. "She's the leader of the Cabal. She's a practicing witch. And she's created a formidable team of Members who do anything she says. Amy is one of them. Claire manages all of their challenges. You should have asked her permission." When Sylla just laughed, Annie told her, "Be careful, Sylla. Claire is dangerous. The members who follow her are just hanging on her coattails, but she's spooky. And powerful. Everyone thinks that she is going to try to dethrone Donna with the Cabal."

Sylla gazed at Amy with a skeptical eye for a few long moments then continued her survey of The Gathering.

The next three tiers were considerably smaller than the central level. According to Annie, they were exclusive to Members ranked 21st to 25th, 16th to 20th, and 11th to 15th moving upwards. And their guests. Sylla spotted perhaps 15 angels on each of those tiers. *How could they be that much better than the angels on this level?* Sylla wondered. She had never encountered a man close to Samael's ability. The mere thought had her squirming. *I am going to do some damage tonight.*

The fifth and final tier was larger, encircling the entirety of the arena, but was entirely shrouded in shadow. Sylla squinted, but could not make out any details. "So what happens now?" she asked Annie.

"The Gathering begins when Donna walks in." Annie hesitated. "I didn't want to say anything, but there's a good chance she'll pick you tonight. She almost always picks new Members at their first Gathering. She might pick me, too, because we're together," Annie added hopefully. "Then, each member in attendance, in order of ranking, will choose their companions for the Gathering."

On cue, the lights dimmed and a quiet murmur pervaded the arena. Sylla followed Annie's gaze to a small group of women entering the room from the same hallway Sylla and Annie had come through. The group were led by the most exotic, exciting woman Sylla had ever seen in her life. Donna's olive skin seemed to glow with vitality. Her long, dark hair fell elegantly over her shoulders. She was dressed in strange, foreign

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garments from another time and place. For an instant, Donna's eyes traveled over Sylla, and her body shuddered unexpectedly. *Did I just cum?* she wondered distractedly. Sylla realized that she and Annie had drawn close together, their hands desperately roaming over each other's body.

Donna's gaze passed and the spell was broken. Sylla disengaged herself from Annie who let out a soft, forlorn sigh.

A throaty female voice echoed through the arena, speaking over the music in a precise British accent. "Welcome, Members. The Gathering has begun."

Annie squealed in delight and kissed Sylla's neck. "She's coming this way!" she exclaimed.

Every eye was on Donna as she made her way slowly across the bottom tier. Sylla waited breathlessly for Donna to turn and face her, but Donna walked slowly past their couch without making eye contact. A hint of lavender, honeysuckle, and rose petals trailed in her wake. Sylla sat stunned for several seconds. Several of the women following Donna glanced over their shoulder at her. Sylla took a deep, calming breath. "Guess she's afraid of losing her ranking," Sylla said to Annie with a wink, trying to hide her disappointment. Annie smiled wistfully and watched the women as they began to ascend the steps to the upper levels.

The disembodied British voice continued, "Donna has chosen Melissa (#2), Debra (#3), Candace (#5), and Gina (#10)." Annie supplied the rankings, whispering in Sylla's ear while rubbing up against her. The group had disappeared into the shadows of the uppermost level before Sylla realized that she had never even looked at any of them but Donna.

"Barbie would be next," Annie said. "But she's at a conference in Geneva. She's some kind of...theoretical mathematician. I know, I know," she continued, as Sylla shook her head in disbelief. "She's every nerd's wet dream. She's a black belt in, like, everything. She's Einstein-smart. She's the fourth best in The Club. And she's named *Barbie*." They laughed together.

"Candace comes after Barbie, but she's with Donna," Annie continued. "She was the one that looks like a naughty librarian."

Sylla shook her head. "I didn't exactly...notice anyone other than Donna," she admitted.

Annie giggled. "Yeah, Donna has that effect. Candace is another special case. We call her the Watcher. Or the Voyeur. You'll almost never see her taking part in any of the sex, but she's always watching. She's very odd. Almost like an autistic, maybe? I guess *savant* is the right word. Either way, don't ask her about it unless you want a 12-part lecture series on the subject."

A few moments later, a solitary woman walked down the steps from the top tier. Her long black hair obscured her eyes, but she wore a wolfish smile. She was dressed in jeans and a sweatshirt, atypical among the women Sylla had seen so far. Her clothing masked everything about her body. She walked right up to the couch and fixed her predatory stare on Annie. "Hello, Annie. Hello, Sylla. Seen Samael around?" She didn't wait for an answer, but reached out and grabbed the nearest angel, who paled instantly. "No? Oh, well. Have a fun night." She spun around and walked away without looking back dragging her chosen angel behind her. The angel looked about frantically, an emotion not unlike fear written across his face.

"What was that about?" Sylla asked.

"I don't know," Annie whispered, visibly shaken. "That's Nikki. She's ranked 6th."

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"That angel she grabbed looks terrified."

Annie nodded. "Nikki is sort of legendary for her...oral abilities. It's agreed that she is second only to Donna with her mouth. That poor man is in for one hell of a night if she's taking him alone."

"Nikki has chosen a Ruler," the British voice announced as Nikki and her angel disappeared into the shadows.

"I'll be taking Lily (#8) and Carla (#9) for my own amusement this evening," the voice continued. "Feel free to start without me, ladies."

"That's Lana who does the announcing at Gatherings," Annie explained to Sylla. "She's 7th and still moving up. It's said that her defeat of Lily was nothing short of epic. It was Lily's first loss in the Club."

From the second highest tier arrived an intoxicatingly attractive woman wrapped in layers of translucent silks. As she descended the steps to the bottom tier, a number of Members fell into step behind her. When she reached the lowest tier, Amy stepped into line behind her. The woman walked straight towards Sylla.

Claire glared down at her. "You were foolish to challenge us. Ignorance is no excuse. And you will pay for your temerity." She spun on her heel and walked away. "We accept your challenge," she announced as she strode towards the stairs. Her followers trailed after her, some glaring icily at Sylla, others acknowledging her with a noncommittal nod. Amy remained, staring at Sylla for a long moment before turning away with a mysterious smile on her face.

"That's not good," Annie whispered as soon as they were out of earshot. "You need to apologize and see if you can undo some of the damage."

Sylla shook her head. "Don't worry about me. I can handle anything they throw my way. I watched Amy's videos. I can handle her easily."

"She's changed since she joined the Cabal," Annie insisted. "She's more powerful now, more confident. Claire uses rituals to make them all better. Don't underestimate her!"

Sylla added 'gullible' to her mental list of Annie's less flattering personality traits and waved her hand dismissively. "We'll see," she said.

The choosing continued. The only other absentee was Tamika, who, Annie explained, liked to come in late and crash other Member's parties. None of the other higher ranked Members descended to the lowest tier, instead choosing Members and angels from the higher levels.

Lydia and Liana intercepted Brandy (#32) as she walked into the arena and the three of them selected an angel each.

When Belle's name was called, Sylla looked over to see a single pale hand raise and wave casually from amidst a writhing mass of limbs. "Belle has chosen not to wait her turn and is already busily servicing a horde of Rulers," Lana announced dryly.

"I guess that just leaves you and me," Annie murmured seductively, stretching out on to her back and biting her lower lip. "Who you gonna choose?" she asked impishly.

Sylla favored Annie with a steamy look and climbed on top of her, running her lips lightly over the girl's neck as Annie writhed and murmured beneath her. With patient and deliberate care, Sylla manipulated Annie's

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arms until they were stretched over her head. She slithered higher up Annie's body, dangling her breasts tauntingly over the girl's mouth. "Let me get you out of that dress," Annie begged.

Ignoring Annie, Sylla reached between the cushions and pulled out one end of the handcuffs, slipping it around Annie's thin wrist and clicking it shut. "Oooh, kinky!" Annie purred. "But maybe you should let me restrain *you* this time. Let me show you what I'm capable of..." Sylla secured Annie's other wrist and climbed off her body, looking around. "Hey, where you going? Gonna get us some angels? Great idea!" Annie called up to her.

Sylla motioned a pair of nearby angels to join her. She studied them for a moment. *They'll do*, she thought. "You," she began, addressing the angel with the larger erection. "Do you know who I am?"

The angel bowed his head and replied, "Yes, Mistress Sylla. How may I serve you?"

"Do you know my rank?" she asked.

"Yes, Mistress Sylla. You are ranked 33rd, having defeated Mistress Annie last night," the angel replied.

"That's right. And if I understand correctly, you have to do anything I say and Annie can't overrule it?"

The angel nodded gravely. "Only a higher ranked Member can overrule your orders."

"Come on, Sylla, hurry up. I want you!" Annie whined from behind her.

"Perfect. What's your name?" Before the angel could answer, Sylla interrupted him. "It doesn't matter. Your name is 'Top'," Sylla said. "I want you to put your cock in Annie's mouth and shut her up." The angel instantly moved to comply. "Keep her quiet and don't be gentle about it," she added.

"Hey, what are you--" Annie began before the angel grabbed her by the hair and forced his cock deep into her throat. Annie's instincts took over and she began to suck lustily as she stared at Sylla and made muffled sounds of consternation.

"Much better," Sylla announced, turning to the second angel and smiling sweetly. "You're Bottom. Your job is to ravish the rest of her body. How long can you two handle her?"

Top answered while Bottom moved himself between Annie's legs and hiked her dress up. "We can handle her as long as you want, Mistress Sylla." Sylla folded her arms and gave him a dubious look.

"Handcuffed like this, maybe an hour if we trade off," Bottom offered in a quiet voice as he slid his cock inside of Annie, who screamed loudly in pleasure. Top quickly forced his large cock back into her mouth and flushed with embarrassment. "Sorry, Mistress Sylla," he muttered.

"Keep her busy until I come back and tell you otherwise," Sylla ordered. "If you need help, get another angel. Or two. Just make sure there is a dick in her mouth at all times."

Sylla smoothed her dress and looked around the room, scanning for the angels who had caught her eye earlier.

"Betrayal!" Lana gleefully announced over the speakers. "Cheeky! Our newest member has abandoned Annie to two, no, three ravenous Rulers. Who will be her next victim?"

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Sylla could feel every eye in the Gathering upon her. She felt electrified. And powerful. Never had she felt so alive and formidable. She unzipped her dress and allowed it to fall to the floor, leaving her completely naked. She revolved slowly, encouraging every man and woman in the arena to drink in her body.

* * *

An unquenchable sexual hunger seized Sylla. She needed a man inside of her that very instant. She leapt at the nearest angel and pushed him backwards onto a couch. In a heartbeat, she was on him. Her tongue was in his mouth, her hard nipples pressed against his chest, and she lowered her hungry, wet pussy onto his hard cock. The angel's hands instinctively grasped her sides as she began to ride him.

Sylla rode him furiously, pouring her limitless passion and energy into every motion. The man clenched his eyes shut and took a deep, shuddering breath and attempted to gain control of himself, but it was no use. She could already feel his orgasm threatening to explode inside of her. *Goddamn, I'm good*, she thought to herself as she climbed off of him. With a cry, the angel came, bucking his hips into empty air. "Unworthy," Sylla commented as she walked away already looking for her next victim.

The room was dead silent. All attention was focused upon her. *I'll give them a show they'll never forget.*

Her eyes fell on one of the angels she had spotted earlier. He was at least a foot taller than her with a shock of carefully unkempt black hair nearly concealing his penetrating green eyes. He was extremely thin, but wiry. He had the sort of abs that you only saw on billboards. His cock was long and thin, standing straight out from his body. He was staring back at her steamily. She motioned for him to approach and he quickly closed the distance. "How may I serve you, Mistress Sylla?" he asked eagerly.

"I don't know," Sylla replied with a challenging glint in her eye. "Give me your best shot."

The angel backed her up to the edge of an empty couch and pushed her firmly, but gently onto her back. Sylla writhed sensuously, looking up at him. "What's it going to be, Beanpole? You gonna slide that long, hard cock inside of me?" Beanpole's hands were shaking as he bent over and spread Sylla's knees apart. "Mmmm, a little foreplay?" she teased. "Think that will help you last longer than my previous victim?"

The angel's eyes narrowed slightly as he knelt between her legs. Sylla closed her eyes and stretched her arms above her head as she draped her legs over Beanpole's back. She wanted her audience to get a good look at her body.

Pleasure flowed through her as the tip of the angel's tongue touched her clit. She twined her fingers through the man's hair and inhaled deeply. Opening her eyes a sliver, Sylla peeked down the length of her body to find the angel staring straight back at her. With a flash of defiance in his eyes, he began to slowly slide his tongue inside of her. Sylla moaned encouragingly. "Yes, baby, just like that."

He slid his tongue deeper and deeper inside of her, until she gasped and opened her eyes wide in shock. This man's tongue was a rival for most cocks she had ever had inside of her. It wasn't just how long it was, and it was incredibly long, but also strong, firm, and so hot and wet. Sylla moaned louder and began to writhe her hips against his mouth. *Not Beanpole*, she thought to herself as he began to thrust his tongue in and out of her, *Gene Simmons is a better name.*

Gaining confidence, the angel gripped her thighs tightly with his long fingers and began to furiously fuck her pussy with his tongue. Sylla screamed in pleasure. "Fuck me with your tongue," she commanded. "Make me cum."

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Gene obliged, closing his eyes in concentration, and thrusting his tongue in and out of Sylla's dripping cunt until her words of encouragement became unintelligible moans of ecstasy. She came incredibly hard, her body shaking with the power of her orgasm. *Now that is more like it*, she thought.

The angel looked up at her, with a smug grin on his face, but it evaporated when he saw the look in her eyes. "Not a bad start, Mr. Simmons," she told him airily. "But you haven't even begun to satisfy me." She rolled over onto her stomach and curled her knees up beneath her, raising herself up on all fours. "Let's see what you can do with that cock of yours."

He was inside of her in an instant. His cock *was* long, even longer than Samael's had been, but it was rather skinny and she felt distinctly unsatisfied even as he grabbed her shoulders and began to slam his hips against her ass.

Sylla looked about the room. A small crowd of angels had gathered around the couch to watch and offer themselves as her next partner. She studied them each in turn. She made contact with the ones who interested her, telling them with her eyes that they had made the cut and that anything would go when it was their turn. *Show me what you're made of*, she willed them. *Prove to me that you're worthy of my reward*.

Her first selection looked like a professional fighter. His heavily muscled arms were covered in intricate tattoos, but they were the hard, functional muscles of a high-level athlete, not a bodybuilder. He looked like a pit bull, barely restrained from unleashing his sexual fury upon her. She would put him in his place.

Next, a pair of identical twins. They were tall, blonde, and chiseled like greek statues. Sylla didn't really go for the Swedish model look, but she had never had twins before. *Could be interesting*, she thought. She saved her favorite for last. He was tall, dark, and staring at her with hungry, intelligent eyes. He had a broad chest covered in fine, brown hair. He was one of the few angels she had seen who hadn't shaved his entire body. *He looks like Batman*, she decided.

Her mind made up, she turned her attention back to Gene Simmons, who was desperately thrusting his cock into her as he squeezed her breasts between his long, thin fingers. She flipped her hair with a shake of her head and twisted to look back at him over her left shoulder. He was panting with exertion. Sylla was dimly aware that he had been frantically attempting to get her attention while she had been shopping for her next lover, but he had utterly failed to distract her.

Never before had Sylla felt so perfectly in control of her body. Even more, she was acutely aware of every nuance of her partner's sexual ability. He relied on his tongue to send his lovers into such ecstasy that they failed to realize his lack of talent in other areas. Sylla decided to finish him off quickly. She began to thrust her body back against him, faster, harder, and with a thousand times the passion he was capable of handling. He gripped her shoulders tightly as the orgasm built rapidly, but Sylla was having none of that.

With a powerful backwards thrust, she disengaged from him and moved away. "Nice tongue," she observed as he shot his semen onto the empty couch with a cry of longing. "But you're unworthy, too."

She turned around to find Muscles already stalking towards her eagerly. With a predatory grin she leapt at him. He caught her easily and held her against his body as she sank her teeth into the thick muscles on his shoulders. Her hard nipples pressed against his smooth pectoral muscles which shook with animal lust. "You gonna be the one to satisfy me?" she teased, whispering into his ear, knowing that the taunt would whip him into a frenzy of lust.

Muscles' hands tightened around her sides and he guided her body until the head of his cock pressed against her pussy. "You can't get the better of me, Mistress Sylla," he assured her in a deep growl. "No one can

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control me."

With a sudden burst of movement, Sylla tightened her legs around Muscles' waist and forced her body downwards onto his cock. Her short exclamation of pleasure at being penetrated, was drowned out by his loud bark of surprise. His legs wobbled briefly as he fought for control. Sylla wasted no time in wrapping her arms about his neck and pulling herself up before slamming herself downward onto his cock again. "All talk," Sylla whispered in his ear. "You see how easily I took control from you, Muscles?"

Muscles steadied himself with a grunt of effort and suddenly she stopped moving. As easily as though he had been holding a doll, he had completely countered all of her strength and momentum and was holding her perfectly still, his cock exactly halfway inside of her. "I told you," he growled, "No one can control me." And then her body was being slammed against his cock with a ferocity she had never experienced before.

Sylla cried out and attempted to slow herself down, tightening her legs about his waist and wrapping her arms around his neck, but she may as well have been trying to slow a freight train. Her teeth rattled from the force of the sudden reversals of direction. Samael had taken her standing and had brought her to a screaming orgasm, but he had not been nearly so physically powerful. She buried her teeth into the hot flesh of Muscles' shoulder and tried to ride out the storm, but after several minutes he showed no signs of slowing. But neither did Sylla.

Even as an orgasm built inside of her, she focused her mind on understanding his abilities and weaknesses. He had brute strength and stamina, but little else. She allowed her body to slowly go slack as her moans became screams of ecstasy. Her hands fell from around his neck and her legs dangled behind him. Soon she was hanging entirely limp, nearly perpendicular to his body as he stood fucking her. Sweat dripped down the sides of his shaved head and fell hot upon her stomach. Sensing victory, Muscles doubled his efforts and forced Sylla to a raging orgasm. At the height of her climax, when he least expected Sylla to do anything but scream in pleasure, she launched her body upward and into him with astonishing strength and speed.

The momentum forced Muscles to trip backwards, flailing his arms. Sylla wrapped her arms and legs tightly around him and leaned forward, driving him backwards until his legs collided with a couch and he sat heavily with a grunt of surprise. Sylla instantly took control, pushing up with her knees and slamming her pussy down onto his cock. He immediately began to sit forward, but Sylla gripped the back of the couch and held him down. "Where do you think you're going, Muscles?" she purred into his ear. "It's my turn now."

He struggled mightily, but even his incredible strength was no match for Sylla's passion. In moments, he had abandoned his attempt to stand and fought only to slow her relentless attack. Sylla rubbed her nipples against his face and he sucked greedily as the last of his self-control disintegrated. His powerful body went rigid and a thick vein across his temple throbbed with every heartbeat. Sylla sprang off of his lap and stood before him. Leaning over, she placed her hands on his shoulders and watched the cum shoot out of his cock. She whispered into his ear, "Unworthy."

Smirking, she began to turn towards her throng of admirers, but before she could complete the motion, a pair of hands slipped beneath her arms, cupping her breasts. She was lifted off the ground and her legs were immediately caught by another pair of hands. The Twins carried her to an unoccupied sofa and lowered her down onto her back. Her hands were pinned above her head by the first twin who quickly lowered his mouth to her breasts, sucking her right nipple hungrily. The second twin knelt between her legs and took her clit between his lips, sucking with equal hunger. Sylla moaned in admiration.

Sylla was no stranger to group sex. She had been with men and women in every combination conceivable. She knew every trick in the book. Before joining The Club, her crowning sexual achievement had been an epic battle against Jack and Lisa, the leaders of the city's most exclusive (or so she had thought) sex club. They had

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attacked her together, controlling her with their combined strength and passion. In most three-way situations, victory involved turning one of the participants into an ally, and overwhelming the third. Then, it was a simple matter of dominating the remaining partner. Jack and Lisa, however, were wise to that game and had kept all of their focus on Sylla.

They had fucked her in position after position, before a cheering audience, until Sylla had caught them off guard and defeated them both simultaneously. And although they had been the best Sylla had ever faced, she now understood that Jack and Lisa were mere amateurs.

The Twins were an entirely new experience. Their every action was perfectly synchronized. They fucked her like a single lover with two mouths, four hands, and two magnificent cocks. They pinched her nipples in perfect unison as one twin slipped his tongue into her mouth and the other slid his tongue into her pussy. Their hands caressed her body in precise symmetry. And when one twin forced his cock into her mouth, the other entered her pussy. Sylla moaned and came, writhing beneath their concerted effort.

They flowed across her body, constantly switching positions, but never for an instant relenting. She mentally named them Swede 1 and Swede 2, but lost track of which was which several times as the ecstasy overwhelmed her. It was Swede 1, she thought, who first spoke to her as he straddled her chest, sliding his cock between her sweat-covered breasts and occasionally into her mouth. "Your performance against the other Rulers tonight was most impressive," he remarked with a distinct European accent. "We enjoyed it immensely," Swede 2 added, casually sliding his cock in and out of her pussy from a standing position at the edge of the couch.

"You should not feel bad that we are too much for you together," Swede 1 continued. "Individually, we would be no match for you." Swede 2 picked up where his brother had left off. "Together we can take down any woman at this tier."

Sylla grinned up at them. "Boys," she purred seductively. "You truly are quite fantastic, but you don't really think you're too much for me, do you?" She gave her hips a slight thrust meeting Swede 2's cock and gripping it slightly with her pussy as she wrapped her lips around the head of Swede 1's cock and sucked gently, teasing the underside with her tongue. The twins moaned in unison. Sylla giggled.

The twins exchanged a look and immediately moved into action. As Swede 1 climbed off of her chest, Swede 2 pulled out and rolled her onto her stomach. Swede 1 trailed his fingers lightly along the length of her body as he positioned himself behind her. Sylla sucked in a breath and moaned as he slid his cock into her ever-hungry pussy. Swede 2 sat directly in front of her and forced her mouth down onto his cock. She took it greedily.

"As we were saying," Swede 2 continued as he forced his entire cock into her throat, "Individually, we are only as good as any of the other Rulers," Swede 1 told her while slamming his cock into Sylla's pussy, his thighs slapping against her ass. "With a few notable exceptions," Swede 2 admitted. "But together, we are better than any four rulers combined," Swede 1 finished. He accented his statement with a particularly hard thrust as his brother held his cock deep in Sylla's throat.

"It is nearly time for the challenge match," Swede 1 observed. "We'll finish you off now so you can sit back and enjoy the show," Swede 2 remarked.

Sylla's eyes widened as the twins began to increase their pace, always in perfect unison. The combined rhythm was intoxicating and she knew that she could easily be swept away if she allowed herself to relax. Just a week ago, these two would have been far too good for her to handle, she realized. What they were doing to her could never have been matched by even someone as talented as Samael on his own. But Sylla had grown over

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the last few days. Her power was swelling. And nothing could stop her tonight.

She could finish any man with her mouth with ease. And she had overwhelmed even Samael as he had taken her from behind. No reason at all she couldn't do both at once, she decided. Sylla smiled to herself as she began to match Swede 2 thrust for thrust, pushing back against his hips as she wrapped her hand around Swede 1's cock and began pumping it rapidly while she bathed the head with her tongue. Their bodies stiffened in unison. Hands grips her hips and head simultaneously, both trying to stop her from taking control of the pace, but Sylla could not be stopped.

She bucked backwards harder. Pumped her fist faster. Moaned and writhed and let her passion take over. The Twins' perfect synchronicity began to falter. Swede 2 was attempting to match Sylla's pace with his own thrusts, but couldn't keep up. With every mismatched thrust he let out a soft cry of pleasure. Swede 1 was gripping her shoulders tightly, taking deep steadying breaths, but every time she ran her tongue along the underside of his cock he moaned and shook. "Switch!" he shouted.

Swede 2 quickly pulled out and moved to relieve his brother, but Sylla kept him trapped with her mouth. She reached out blindly and caught the second man's cock in her left hand and began to pump it rapidly. She guided him with firm pressure, snaking her own body sideways until the brothers were sitting side by side on the couch and Sylla was kneeling between them, pumping their cocks with either hand and darting her mouth back and forth between them.

The Twins, she instinctively realized, were strongest when they were acting in perfect unison, but were extremely vulnerable when broken apart. She pumped madly with her left hand while stroking gently with her right hand. She took one cock deep into her throat then teased the other with the tip of her tongue only. The Twins had ceased struggling. They leaned against each other, moaning in pure ecstasy. Sylla waited until they were on the verge of cumming together and then abruptly released them. "Very impressive, boys," she told them. "But you'll have to finish each other off. I have another date. And you're unworthy."

Sylla stood and turned. Her final lover was standing at the center of the group of awe-struck angels. The others took a step back as her eyes passed over them, but her Batman stood his ground, watching her impassively. They stood staring at each other for a long moment. His arousal was clear, but he betrayed no other emotion, merely staring into her eyes. Sylla's body glistened with the sweat of her exertion and glowed with the sexual energy that poured through her body. *I'm just getting warmed up*, she thought.

She took a step towards Batman and the other angels backed further away. "Come, Master Wayne. Escort me to a couch next to the stage so that I might have a front row view of the action while I ride you." Batman silently offered her his arm and she curled her fingers around his strong bicep. Sylla's body temperature was off the charts following her exertions, but his firm muscle felt warm beneath her fingers. "You're a quiet one," she observed as he led her to a stage-side couch and laid on his back, pulling her gently on top of himself.

To her surprise, he enveloped her in a deep, passionate kiss. She ran her fingers through the fine hair covering the strong muscles of his chest and sighed with contentment. This was her kind of man. Strong, masculine, and silent. Self-confident, but not arrogant. He wasn't trying to physically dominate her or impress her with his sexual abilities. He was kissing her like a true lover. Like she hadn't been kissed in longer than she could remember. *Is this a trick?* she wondered distantly as she melted into his arms.

Somehow, only minutes after dominating no less than five sexual experts, she felt like a teenage girl, making out with the star quarterback behind the bleachers. She was wetter than she had ever been in her life. His cock was throbbing between them and she rubbed her body against it. His strong hands held her tightly and she moaned into their kiss. *I'm glad I saved this one for last*, she thought as she slid her body up the length of his torso and then down again, finally drawing his cock inside of her.

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They moaned into each other and she pulled back slightly, breaking off the kiss. She wanted to look into his eyes while she rode him, but he reached up and took her head firmly between his hands and held her lips less than an inch from his own. "I need to speak with you, Sylla," he whispered softly into her mouth.

"Shhh," she quieted him with a kiss. "No words." She raised herself up, her hands pressing against his stomach and began to ride him. She raised her hips until only the tip of his cock was inside of her and she quivered with emptiness and longing. Slowly, she lowered herself down, every inch of his cock sending waves of pleasure through her entire body until she had him completely inside of her. He filled her perfectly and her body shook with a silent orgasm. She kissed him softly, passionately, their tongues caressing each other like lovers.

"*You* are worthy," she whispered. He pressed his hips up into her, filling her again and again with his cock, and she came at once, crying out and digging her nails into his chest.

He was speaking to her again, she realized. Whispering to her almost inaudibly, their lips brushing together with every word. "It's important," he was saying. "It has to be now, when no one can hear us and the cameras can't see what we're saying." His hands were roaming her body as he spoke, caressing the long muscles of her back and squeezing her firm ass.

Sylla raised herself up and shook her head. "No talking. Not tonight." Her lover looked up at her, frowning, but he didn't say a word. His eyes were pleading with her to bend over so he could continue their hidden conversation, but Sylla was having none of it. He began to pull her back downwards and though she fought against it, he was too powerful.

"Please, Sylla, you need to listen," he managed before she forced herself back up again. He glared at her in exasperation. Sylla patted his chest softly.

"We can talk another time," she promised him. "Tonight, I just want to ride you and watch the match. And if you can last through the whole thing, you'll get a reward," she added with a steamy twinkle in her eye. "You are worthy, lover."

But he wasn't satisfied with her assurances. Every time their faces came together he began whispering until she sat up in frustration. "You two, get over here!" she snapped at a pair of nearby angels who hurried over. "Handcuff his hands down."

The angels each grabbed one of his wrists and began pulling them into position but Batman resisted, holding his arms out of reach of the cuffs. With both hands they pulled against him, but he held his arms rock still, his biceps bulging with the effort. Sylla leaned seductively over him, her nipples dangling inches above his face. "I *command* you to allow them to bind you."

For a long moment, he merely looked up into her eyes. Finally, with a sigh of acceptance, he relaxed and allowed himself to be restrained. "Very good!" Sylla said cheerily. "Now, gag him."

Batman bucked beneath her, but with his hands bound, his resistance was futile. Sylla rode him expertly while the two angels slipped a gag into his mouth. She dismissed them with a wave of her hand and looked down at him. "Don't look so upset, baby," she told him as she began to gently rock her body back and forth against his cock. "You brought it on yourself. And anyway, the match is about to begin. I want to watch."

Chapter 4: Interlude - Samael's Revenge

The Club

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Ch. 04 - Interlude - Samael's Revenge

Lighting flashed, transforming the world into blinding whiteness for an instant. The rain fell in sheets, so loud as to wash out any other sound. Samael stomped purposefully up the walkway, impervious to the weather. He pounded his fist against the apartment door and the answering thunder crashed overhead, shaking the pillars of reality.

The door opened, revealing Sylla, illuminated by candlelight and clothed in skimpy white lingerie. She stared at Samael, shocked by his unexpected appearance. Steam surrounded him like a halo as the water coursed down the length of his body. He stepped forward into the apartment, his smoldering eyes locked onto Sylla. She backed away, lost for words. Samael kicked the door shut behind him and he grinned at Sylla. *You don't look so smug now.*

He took a step towards her and Sylla quickly sidestepped into the living room. She turned her back to him and busied herself with lighting another candle. "The storm knocked out the power. It's really coming down, isn't it?" she observed lamely. Samael stood watching her, silent.

Taking a deep breath and composing herself, Sylla turned slowly to face him. She had regained some of the control that made her formidable. A teasing smile curled her lips. "I was hoping you would come back," she said. "Need a reminder of who's the best?"

"You're lying." Samael spoke so quietly that Sylla unconsciously took a step closer to him. "You were hoping to never see me again. You know you got lucky against me and that if we ever met again, the ending would be quite different." Sylla's smile evaporated at his words.

"And yet you want me," he continued. "Your body betrays your desire. Your nipples are growing hard in anticipation of my touch. Your thighs quiver at the thought of having me inside of you again." Sylla crossed her arms over her chest and frowned, averting her eyes from his face. "Deep down you've always wanted to be defeated, Sylla. You're getting wet just thinking about it. Aren't you?"

Sylla didn't answer but her blush told Samael that he was correct. He unbuttoned his shirt slowly, revealing a slice of his muscled chest and flat stomach. Sylla watched, unable to tear her eyes away. He pulled the shirt off and let it drop to the floor. Rainwater continued to drip from his hair, running in thin rivulets over his broad pectoral muscles and down his perfect abs. Sylla took another involuntary step towards him.

"This time you're going to beg me for mercy, Sylla." He was nearly whispering now, but his voice carried a sharp edge, turning the threat into a promise. "But I'm not going to stop. I'm going to break your will entirely. I'm going to fuck you until you go mad." Sylla dropped to her knees before him and fumbled with his belt, her hands shaking imperceptibly.

"I only showed you a fraction of what I'm capable of," Samael went on, slapping her hands away and pulling his belt off himself. He held it in his hands for a moment, contemplating using it on her, before dropping it onto the floor next to his shirt. "You have no comprehension of what is waiting for you." He unbuttoned his pants and stared down at Sylla. "Go ahead," he challenged. "Don't you want to see?"

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Trembling visibly, Sylla pulled down on his pants until they fell around his ankles. She gasped and immediately shuffled away from him. His massive cock, only semi-erect, hung between them. It was at least 9 inches long and nearly as thick around as her wrist, he observed with pleasure. He could see the uncertainty in her eyes. Perhaps a twinge of fear. "Something wrong, Sylla?" he asked.

Sylla shook her head, unable to take her eyes off his cock. "It's...it's bigger than I remember it," she stammered. She took a deep breath. "It's so beautiful."

Samael moved towards her, stepping out of his pants. He let his cock hang an inch from her nose, mocking her. "I'm not even hard yet, Sylla," he teased. "It's going to be much larger by the time I take you." He reached down and curled his fingers behind her head. "Time to begin."

She looked up at him then, and he could see the anger, determination, and willpower she had shown against him last time welling to the surface. *Good*, he thought. *You're going to need it. But it won't be enough. Not by a long shot.*

Sylla took his cock in both of her hands. She couldn't close her fingers fully around the shaft. Staring up at him, she slowly bent forward and touched the tip of his cock with the end of her tongue. His cock reacted instantly, swelling and growing ever so slightly harder. As he watched, she ran her tongue in circles over and around the massive head. Soon, her eyes slipped closed, and she began to sway her body back and forth as she ravaged the swollen head of his cock with her mouth and tongue.

Samael watched with amusement as Sylla began to moan deep in her throat. She was driving herself into a frenzy. With perfect control of his body and mind, Samael allowed his cock to grow harder and larger as she worshipped it. She began to pump the shaft with both hands. "Take it into your mouth, Sylla," he commanded.

Sylla obeyed, her lips stretching to fit around the enormous head of his cock. She was only able to take a few inches into her mouth before she pulled away, coughing and blinking. Samael laughed down at her. "Look at what you've done, Sylla," he smirked. "You've brought about your own destruction." He threw his head back and cackled as thunder shook the walls.

She stared at his cock, her mouth hanging open in shock. It was impossibly huge. 14 inches long, at the least. As thick around as her forearm. The head was colossal, gleaming with her saliva. It throbbed slowly with his every heartbeat. She tore her fearful eyes from his cock to look into his face. Samael grinned down at her.

Sylla fled.

* * *

Samael followed Sylla into her bedroom and stood in the doorway, blocking her escape. She stood next to the bed, her arms crossed defensively over her chest and staring with trepidation at his naked body. Lust and fear battled for control in her eyes. "Is something the matter, Sylla?"

Sylla shivered as though a cold wind blew through the room. "I think you should go. I think you should leave," she said uncertainly.

Samael laughed. "Is that what you want, Sylla? Are you sure?" He walked slowly towards her. "Do you want me to leave? Are you sure you don't want me to cum?"

Sylla looked down at his cock for a long moment and when she looked back into his eyes, nothing remained but her lust. She nodded obediently. "I want to make you cum," she whispered, her words dripping with

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desire. "I want you to fuck me, Samael. I want your incredible cock inside of me."

Samael reached out and caressed her face gently. She nuzzled against his hand, kissing his thumb as it passed over her lips. With his other hand he cupped one of her firm breasts, the nipple hard against his palm through the silk of her lingerie. Sylla let out a soft, contented moan.

His hand tightened on her breast until she shifted her body uncomfortably, leaving Samael with a fistful of silken negligee. He tore downwards, ripping the gown from her body in one swift motion. Sylla cried out in surprise and some of the fear crept back onto her face. She looked down at his enormous, erect cock and backed away until her legs bumped into the bed behind her. She was trapped.

He slapped her hard across the face and she tumbled backwards onto the bed, arms and legs splayed. Her nipples were hard as diamonds. Her inner thighs glistened with the juices of her arousal. Her clit was red and swollen with desire. "That was for striking me," Samael announced, taking hold of his cock and guiding it towards her wet pussy.

"And this is for thinking you could defeat me," he said as he forced his massive cock inside of her. Sylla screamed in pain and ecstasy as she was penetrated by the enormous head of his cock. She was cumming uncontrollably by the time he was halfway inside of her, but he didn't stop. He slid inch after endless inch into her pussy as she cried out his name. Her eyes bulged with panic as she felt the enormity of his sex inside of her.

He leaned forward and began to ravish her breasts, ignoring her cries. He took each nipple into his mouth in turn, biting down until he was satisfied with her screams. Her arms and legs thrashed uncontrollably as orgasm after orgasm tore through her body.

Samael stood before her and began to pump his cock in and out of her. He looked down at Sylla with satisfaction. Her body was drenched in sweat. She shook her head convulsively from side to side, trying desperately to regain control of her senses, but she stood no chance against Samael's relentless sexual power.

He reached down and wrapped his strong hands around her sides. Her glistening abdominal muscles were tight against his thumbs and his fingertips met at her spine. He easily lifted her off the bed and began to fuck her standing, slamming his full length into her with every thrust. Sylla attempted to raise herself up and wrap her arms around his neck for support, but she was overwhelmed by the sheer force of his thrusts and she fell limp, moaning every time his cock pounded into her pussy.

Samael fucked her like a toy doll until her cries grew hoarse. He dropped her unceremoniously onto the bed, his cock sliding out of her with a loud, wet smack. He stared down at her until the shivering subsided and she began to raise herself to her elbows. "You done cumming?" he mocked.

"My god, Samael," she panted. "I didn't know it was possible to cum so hard and so long. And you're so huge..." Her eyes dropped back to his cock, pointing straight at her. It was massive, majestic, and wet with her cum. She shuddered uncontrollably at the mere sight of it. "I'm going to need a week's rest."

Samael laughed cruelly. "You've had all the rest you're getting," he informed her. "Time to make me cum."

Sylla's eyes grew wide with terror, but she relaxed slightly as he climbed onto the bed and straddled her chest, laying his cock between her firm tits. She cupped her breasts in her hands, pressing them against the sides of his member. "Will you let me taste it?" she pleaded, looking up at him in worship. His cock, soaked with her juices, slid smoothly between her breasts as he gently rocked his hips. The enormous head forced itself into her mouth with every slow, rhythmic thrust, and Sylla sucked it greedily every time it came within reach.

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It was an unbearably erotic scene, watching his cock slide along her body and into her mouth, as sweat beaded on the swell of her breasts. Samael finally allowed his arousal to build towards a climax. Sylla's eyes were squeezed shut as she clutched her breasts together and made love to his cock with her mouth at the apex of every thrust. He reached behind himself, running a hand down her slick, flat stomach until he reached her dripping, abused pussy.

Sylla emitted a muffled scream of pleasure as his fingers found her clit and began to tease it mercilessly. It was only moments before she was in the throes of another orgasm and Samael used it to propel himself closer to his own climax, fingering her clit with increasing vigor and shoving his cock deeper into her mouth with every thrust until she once again lost all control of body and mind, her limbs thrashing wildly as she moaned frantically.

"You want a taste, Sylla?" he asked venomously, gripping her head by a fistful of hair and forcing her to look into his eyes. His cock was now so large that Sylla could no longer fit even the head fully into her mouth. "You want my cum, bitch?" he demanded.

Sylla's eyes were wide with panic when he erupted into her throat. He shot load after load of hot cum into her mouth all the while shouting taunts down at her. Every burst of semen was accompanied by a "Whore!", "Slut!", or "Cunt!"

When he was finished, Samael climbed off of her chest and stood beside the bed, watching as she rolled onto her stomach and coughed feebly. His cock had grown to unthinkable proportions with the force of his orgasm, and remained as rock hard as when he first took her.

"What's this?" he asked with mock surprise. "You want me to fuck you from behind?" He slapped her bare ass, leaving a stinging red imprint of his hand across both cheeks.

Sylla looked over her shoulder, still coughing, and shook her head in alarm. "No! Please!" she managed. "I can't take anymore. You win."

Samael chuckled and forced the head of his cock into her aching pussy. Sylla cried out, though he was not sure if it was from pain or pleasure this time. Nor did he care. He mercilessly slid several inches of his cock into her. When her screams subsided, she looked back at him pleadingly. "Please, no more, Samael," she begged. "I'll tell everyone at the Club that you beat me. I'll tell them I don't deserve to be a Member. I'll be your slave. I'll do anything you want. But, please, no more!"

"Oh, it's far too late for that," Samael promised. "Now I'll show you what true sexual power is."

And Samael began to fuck Sylla.

* * *

Sylla's body was entirely limp, but Samael continued to fuck her without mercy. She stared into nothingness, her mouth hanging open, emitting pathetic high-pitched moans each time Samael tore another orgasm from her unwilling body. The tears had dried on her face, leaving streaks of makeup along her cheeks. Her hair was tangled and knotted from being cruelly gripped by Samael's strong fingers as he held her bent over the side of bed, slamming his enormous cock into her over and over and over.

"That's enough, Samael," the dark, sultry voice spoke from just behind him. "Let her be."

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Samael smiled and replied without turning. "I expected you sooner, Donna. If you had gotten here an hour or two ago, you might have saved her before I literally fucked her brains out." He thrust harder into Sylla and she rewarded him with another feeble moan. "I don't think she'll ever recover at this point."

A hand gripped his shoulder and pulled. "I said, 'that's enough,' Samael." Donna insisted. "Why don't you try me, instead?"

Samael shoved Sylla with both hands and she tumbled to the far corner of the bed where she curled into a fetal position and wept quietly. "Why, Donna," he replied, turning slowly to face her. "I thought you would never ask." Her eyes snapped down to his erect cock, 15 inches long, as thick around as her fist, and lined with throbbing blue veins. He grinned at her. "Think that will be enough for you?"

Donna looked into his eyes, uncertainty flashing across her face. Samael grabbed her and threw her onto the bed next to Sylla's quivering body. Donna writhed erotically, pulling open her robe and motioning Samael towards her. Her body was absolute perfection. Her skin flawless and shining with exotic oils. Her breasts were smooth mounds, perfectly sized for his large hands, with thick, hard nipples, darkly colored and ripe for sucking. Her sex was pure heaven between long, smooth, muscular legs.

He climbed slowly onto the bed, kissing her toes. Her toenails were painted a dark red with esoteric symbols drawn in fine gold script upon each. He sucked each toe in turn, then ran his tongue along her instep. A soft sigh escaped her full, red lips, and she writhed, whispering encouragement. He kissed her ankles and then ran his tongue tantalizingly along the smooth muscle of her calves. Donna moaned with desire and whispered, "Take me, Samael."

Samael raised himself up on his knees and laid his inhuman cock upon her stomach. It stretched nearly all the way from her cunt to her breasts. She folded her hands over the shaft and rocked her hips slightly, rubbing her wet pussy against the throbbing vein running along the underside of his cock. "Give it to me, Samael," she begged. "I want it all."

Samael glanced over at Sylla, shivering in the corner of the bed, and grinned down at Donna. "You can't handle it all," he told her. "No one can."

He shifted his body and guided the head of his cock to Donna's cunt. It was far too big to fit inside her. He would practically tear her in half. *She asked for it*, he reminded himself. *She deserves to end up just like Sylla.*

He pressed his weight forward and the head of his cock was slowly swallowed by Donna's hungry pussy. "Ooooooh, yes!" she moaned. Samael watched her in amazement as she began to writhe beneath him, slithering her body downward to take inch after inch of his cock inside of herself. He gripped her breasts in his hands, pinching the nipples hard between his thumb and forefingers, and forced himself farther into her. Donna writhed sensually, her warm hands running over his skin, pulling him towards her and into her.

"Impressive," he allowed. He leaned over her and pinned her arms above her head, his lips brushing against hers. "But you can't handle this!" he promised, and thrust his full length inside of her. Donna screamed and clawed at his back. "That's right, Donna," he grunted as he pulled back and slammed his cock inside of her again. "Your reign is finally at an end."

Donna wrapped her arms and legs around him tightly and pulled Samael into a deep, passionate kiss. "I'm not finished yet," she promised when their lips parted. Clutching him from below, Donna began to thrust her body against his. The muscles of her cunt gripped him tightly and he felt his perfect control begin to falter. "You're good, Samael. The best I've ever seen. But you can't defeat me."

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Samael closed his eyes and concentrated on regaining control. Donna was thrashing her body against his, licking his neck and biting at his ears. *She's fucking me*, he realized. *She's taken control*.

The orgasm was welling up inside of him and he was powerless to stop it. Donna was too good. Too perfect. Too sexually intoxicating. He braced himself and made one final effort to fight it down. Donna fought like a wildcat beneath him, scratching, biting, and wildly fucking his massive cock.

He reached out a hand and gripped her by the throat, pressing her down against the bed. His eyes narrowed with hatred and determination. Donna's mouth opened but no sound came out. Fear shone in her eyes. "Nice try," he growled down at her. "But you'll have to do much better than that." He stared into her eyes as he summoned every bit of his sexual power. Donna gasped as Samael's cock grew inside of her.

He began to fuck her, slowly at first, but with gradually increasing speed and power. With each powerful thrust, his confidence grew until he had perfect control. And as Samael's power grew, Donna's faded. He could taste the victory.

Donna's unimaginable limit for sex had finally been reached. She screamed wordlessly as he tore down the last of her sexual defenses. In mere minutes she was sobbing and begging for mercy, but Samael showed her none. He fucked her without inhibition. He fucked her like a god, taking a mortal for his amusement. She fought feebly against him, but he was far too powerful for her.

Grinning, Samael looked down at his unthinkable large cock, sliding endlessly in and out of Donna's once-perfect body. His victory was complete. He basked in the knowledge that he had triumphed over the best. He was the ultimate object of sexual perfection and every woman in the world would fall over themselves to be with him.

Then he heard the laughter. He looked up, shocked, to find Sylla and Donna entwined at the far end of the bed, playfully teasing each other's body as they stole glances at Samael and erupting into fits of soft giggling. Confused, Samael looked down, but instead of finding his massive cock penetrating Donna, he found Nikki looking up at him, amusement twinkling in her eyes. His entire cock was in her mouth, but as she drew back he discovered that he had only his normal sized penis again, not even erect. "Cute fantasy, Samael," she laughed up at him, batting at his flaccid penis with a finger.

"You didn't really think you could defeat me, did you?" Sylla asked, running her hands over her own breasts tauntingly. "You just don't have it in you."

Donna stood on the bed and walked towards Samael, glaring down at him. "Time to wake up, Samael." She slapped him hard across the face.

All at once, the dream shattered. Samael was left alone, lying in the dark, uselessly tugging at his limp penis. He pounded his fist against the mattress and wept, cursing the injustice until sleep took him.

Chapter 5: The Gathering (Part 2)

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by S. G. Liminal

Ch. 05 - The Gathering (Part 2)

Donna raised her hips and looked down at Gina's face. The strong, confident athlete sucked in a deep breath and exhaled in a long moan. Gina's lithe, muscular body writhed in ecstasy. With her arms trapped by Donna's legs, she was only able to lightly caress Donna's thighs with her fingertips. She moaned again, louder. Donna looked over her shoulder to see Melissa and Debra, her two most powerful subjects working together to drive Gina to unimagined heights of pleasure. Melissa was sliding two fingers in and out of Gina's pussy, with excruciating slowness, twisting her fingers so as to excite every nerve. Debra was bent over Gina's prone form from the side, teasing the woman's clit with her tongue while massaging her large breasts with her right hand. She occasionally reached upwards to gently caress Donna's perfect ass.

Donna lowered her pussy back onto Gina's hungry tongue, eliciting the longest and loudest moan yet. Satisfied, she turned to Candace, sitting before a large bank of monitors, watching intently.

"Bring me up to speed, Candace."

Candace's fingers flew across the keyboard in front of her and immediately the large television screen opposite the bed lit up with a live image of the very room they were in. Donna was kneeling comfortably upon the face of Gina, the Club's 10th ranked member. Donna's legs pinned Gina's strong arms to the bed, rendering the woman completely helpless. Melissa sat on the left side of Gina's body, idly fingering the trapped woman's pussy. Debra lay sprawled perpendicular to Gina's body, enthusiastically licking her clit and occasionally sliding her tongue between Melissa's fingers. She pinched one of Gina's nipples and the woman's legs writhed as an orgasm shook her body.

"You're here in your lounge. You, Debra, and Melissa are toying with Gina for your amusement and mutual gratification. I'm also here, monitoring the Gathering." Candace began, narrating tonelessly.

"Yes, Candace. Thank you. Please proceed down the list," Donna replied dryly, glancing over her shoulder to share a knowing smile with Melissa. Melissa's long hair was currently dyed a dark crimson. Her voluptuous body was tanned to perfection. Donna would have her later.

"Barbie is absent, attending a conference in Geneva. She returns in three days. Last night, she attended a function hosted by the Swiss Chamois. Unfortunately, we have no video, but the reports are that she chose five members, three men and two women, and left them in a predictable condition. One of the women was marked as a candidate, but Barbie removed her from the list this morning."

The television abruptly changed, displaying an unfamiliar angel sprawled upon his back, writhing in great distress. A black haired beauty had the head of his cock in her mouth, sucking greedily as she pumped his shaft with one hand and massaged his balls with the other. As they watched, the angel came noisily and attempted to push the woman away. Ignoring him, she began to pump faster and suck harder. The angel's cries echoed through the speakers.

"Nikki is well on her way to ruining a second Ruler in as many days," Candace reported.

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"What *is* Samael's status?" Donna asked.

The screen flickered to a lower quality feed. Samael lay naked upon his bed, grimacing in frustration as he gripped his flaccid penis. "Nikki abused him for just under four hours. He technically orgasmed 23 times. He hasn't had an erection since. Also, he failed to call in absent for the Gathering this evening."

"Very good. I will speak to Nikki. Continue."

Now the screen showed three women consumed in intense love-making. A curly-haired redhead was licking and fingering the pussy of a tall, athletic black-haired woman who was engaged in a furious and passionate kiss with a shorter, heavier, heavily-tattooed Asian woman. The black-haired woman was rapidly fingering the Asian woman as they kissed. "Lana, Lily, and Carla are playing *Key to Rebecca*. Lana and Lily have been trading control since the beginning. Carla hasn't made a significant move yet. Lana is currently winning."

Again, the screen changed. Five women knelt in a circle chanting and swaying. Inside the circle were two women passionately interlocked and hungrily licking each other's pussy. "Claire and her Cabal are performing their usual rituals. It would appear that they will be concentrating their efforts on Amy to prepare her for her challenge against Sylla. That is Kym currently in the circle beneath Amy. Linda was with her previously."

"Tamika is, predictably, late," Candace continued. "Monique is absent."

The screen now showed a pair of women riding a matching pair of angels while kissing and fondling each other. "Ash and Sunnye are enjoying each other's company along with a pair of Virtues. Note that they did not pick Dominions, though Ash has the right to do so."

Candace began flicking through the screen more quickly, noting Donna's growing impatience. A large-breasted blonde, with a tattoo of a serpent covering her entire back, servicing three angels. A dark, mysterious woman of American Indian descent with two of her own. A thin, Spanish beauty coupled with a pale dark-haired woman. The screen flashed rapidly, punctuated by Candace's terse descriptions until they reached Sylla.

Candace remained silent for a long moment as Donna studied the Club's newest Member. "Sylla has had a busy evening," she said carefully. When Donna didn't reply, she continued. "She began by binding Annie to a sofa and setting two Rulers on her. Then she jumped Gadreel, finishing him in about 20 seconds."

"Do not exaggerate, Candace," Donna interrupted testily. "How long did he last against her?"

The screen went blank for a moment. When it re-appeared, Sylla was standing naked on the arena floor, slowly scanning her surroundings. She grabbed a nearby angel, shoved him onto his back and began riding him furiously. As she climbed off, the screen froze, capturing the angel's shocked look of defeat and Sylla's victorious grin. "18 seconds, Mistress Donna," Candace reported.

Donna stared at the screen, her eyes narrowing.

"After that she selected Ambriel. She enjoyed his talents for a bit, but then grew bored of him and lined up more angels. She defeated him, then Kamuel, and then both Harut and Marut."

"She defeated the Twins together?" Donna demanded.

"Yes, Mistress Donna. She appears to have settled on Leliel for the remainder of the evening."

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"Is that all?"

"That leaves only Annie. Another Ruler joined the other two, but she has taken control." The screen flickered a final time, showing Annie free of her restraints, riding one angel while sucking the cock of another with vigor.

Donna took a deep breath. "Signal the start of the Challenge. When it is over, present Sylla with our gift. See to it personally."

She raised her hips and glanced down at Gina. The woman gasped for breath and shook her head from side to side. "Mistress...please," she begged. "I don't know how much more I can take."

Donna stroked Gina's beautiful face tenderly before lowering herself back down. "That's ok, dear," she assured her. "I know *exactly* how much more you can take."

* * *

"Two minutes until you're on."

Michelle nodded in response to Candace's disembodied voice and took a deep breath, looking herself over in the mirror. She was of medium height with a thin, petite body, but blessed with large, pert breasts which were all the more impressive contrasted with her small waist and limbs. She turned from side to side, examining herself in the mirror for any signs of imperfection, but her 23 year old body remained free of blemishes. Her long, brown hair flowed freely over her shoulders. Her eyes twinkled and she flashed her best girl-next-door smile at the reflection.

Michelle nodded again. She was ready for this. She was young, hungry, and undefeated in The Club. With tonight's victory over Kara, she would be ranked 29th, only a few challenges away from moving up to the next tier.

She drew an ankle-length red silk robe over her naked body. Undressing your opponent was often used as a tool of domination, but Michelle did not plan on ever being on the defensive in this match. Kara had a reputation for being submissive, but insatiable. Michelle would go on the offensive from the very beginning and not let up until Kara admitted defeat. Just like how Sylla had destroyed Annie in her first match.

Michelle felt a thrill run through her body as she thought about The Club's newest member. She has spent much of the day watching Sylla's match over and over when she should have been studying Kara's videos. But it had been such a delicious performance, she couldn't help herself. *After Sylla defeats Amy, she can challenge me. Now, that will be a match.*

Michelle took a deep breath, focusing. The eyes of nearly every Member would be on her. It was her time to shine.

"It's time," Candace said through the speaker. With a final glance at the mirror, Michelle walked out of the preparation room, turning left down the hallway.

The arena was near completely dark, except for the lights centered upon the stage. As she emerged into the massive room, a single spotlight lit her up. A pair of Rulers fell in step to either side of her, escorting her to the stage. She walked calmly and slowly, feeling the anticipation of every Member pressing down upon her. She looked around the bottom tier as she made her way forward, wondering what excitement she had missed at the Gathering.

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Belle was lounging comfortably on a couch, a look of profound satisfaction written across her face. Three angels, clearly spent, stood a few feet behind her couch, where they would remain as her trophies, until she dismissed them. Belle gave Michelle a sly wink and blew her a kiss.

Directly between herself and the stage, Annie was occupied with a pair of angels, riding one while sucking the other's cock with equal intensity. A third angel stood nearby, already defeated. Michelle paused next to the couch as Annie and the angels came to a thunderous conclusion. Michelle clapped politely as the angels took their place behind the couch. "Cutting it a bit close tonight," Michelle observed in mock disapproval.

Annie favored her with a huge grin. "I was hurrying! I started off at a bit of a...disadvantage. But, good luck! I know you're going to be fantastic," she bubbled happily. "Win one for us local girls, alright?"

"Guaranteed," Michelle replied, and turning, stepped to the stage. Her two escorts offered her their hands and she climbed up onto the cushioned stage.

A hush fell over the arena as she walked in a slow circle. Sylla was riding Leliel, one of The Club's newest angels, adjacent to the stage. At the edge of the light, Michelle could just barely make out the forms of four...no, five angels lined up behind Sylla. Michelle's eyes widened in appreciation. She favored Sylla with a lustful look, which was returned with interest. Lots of potential there, she thought to herself, and felt her libido crank up another notch.

Stepping to the center of the stage, she allowed her robe to fall off her shoulders. A sigh of appreciation murmured through the arena. She revolved once, allowing everyone in attendance to get a full view, before moving to one edge of the stage and kneeling to wait. She just happened to kneel next to Sylla.

"Hey, new girl," she said nonchalantly, glancing casually over her shoulder at The Club's newest Member. "Looks like you've had a busy night." Michelle flicked her eyes back to the fallen angels. *Holy shit, she defeated the Twins*, she realized.

Sylla followed Michelle's glance and seemed surprised to see her evening's handiwork standing by. Leliel grunted through his gag and pantomimed waving them away. Sylla dismissed them and turned back to Michelle. "I wanted to make a splash," Sylla admitted, innocently batting her eyelashes.

Michelle laughed warmly. "I'd say you did. And how are you, Leliel?"

Leliel gave a thumbs-up and rolled his eyes. Sylla and Michelle giggled like teenage girls. The playful banter with Sylla was relaxing her. "I wish I could join you two. But I have another date, I'm afraid."

Sylla nodded seriously. "I'm otherwise occupied, as well," she replied dryly. Sylla and Michelle stared at each other for a long moment before erupting into another prolonged fit of giggling. Leliel heaved a deep, long-suffering sigh sending them off again. Abruptly, Sylla straightened. "Your date has arrived."

Michelle turned to see Kara stepping onto the stage, surprised that she had been so thoroughly distracted.

Kara had been a member of The Club for a very long time. She had been ranked as high as 18th in the earlier days when there were fewer members, but her victories had been few and far between. She had settled in as a gatekeeper for the top 30. Her weakness was a lack of aggression. She was known to have an insatiable sexual appetite, but that could be said of every member. *To win, you have to aggressive and hungry. Like me. Like Sylla.*

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Kara wasted no time on theatrics, but walked to the opposite end of the stage and turned to face Michelle. Kara was wearing a long black robe, causing her pale skin to appear milky white by contrast. Looking directly into Michelle's eyes, Kara slipped the robe off her shoulders and let it fall to a puddle at her feet. She was wearing a leopard print bra and panties which Michelle found inexplicably, yet incredibly sexy.

Unlike many of the members of The Club, Kara did not have the type of body that was found in fashion magazines. She stood only a tad over five feet tall, with short limbs and a slightly too-large nose. What she lacked in supermodel looks, she more than made up for in curvaceous femininity. Her large breasts strained against confinement. Her finger and toenails were painted a fiery shade of red, matching her long hair which hung past her waist. She had an air of sexual confidence surrounding her that was intoxicating. Michelle felt herself begin to grow wet and licked her lips in anticipation.

Kara knelt with her hands on her knees and closed her eyes. Taking a deep breath, she moved her hands slowly up her thighs. Her fingers traced the edges of her panties. As her left hand continued up her body to cup one magnificent breast, the fingers of her right hand slipped inside the front of her underwear and her lips parted in a silent moan. Slowly, Kara traced a line up her belly with a single finger, leaving a thin trail of wetness along her skin. She brought the finger into her mouth and sucked, opening her eyes to stare directly at Michelle.

Michelle shivered and fell to all fours. Kara followed suit, crawling towards Michelle with languid feline sexuality. The Challenge had begun.

They met in the center of the stage and kissed passionately on hands and knees. Slowly, they rose together to a kneeling position, their hands coming off the floor to grope at each other. Michelle hooked one hand around Kara's neck for control. Her other hand squeezed one of Kara's large breasts through the velvety fabric of her bra. Kara rested her own hands on Michelle's small hips, pulling their bodies together until their skin touched. Michelle's head fell back and Kara covered her bare neck in kisses.

It was time to get Kara out of that bra, Michelle decided, and stretched her hand around the larger woman's body, reaching for the clasp. Kara shifted her body slightly, frustrating Michelle's attempt to undo her bra and trailed kisses down Michelle's neck and onto her bare chest. Michelle stretched further to the side, switching her weight to one knee. She could just feel the clasp with the tip of her outstretched fingers.

Suddenly Kara's fingers were sliding easily inside of her. Michelle let loose a surprised yelp of pleasure. She could rarely remember being so wet, so fully aroused. She abandoned her quest for Kara's bra clasp and gripped the woman's wrist, trying to pull her hand away, but Kara was surprisingly strong and began fingering her with unstoppable intensity. With her other hand, Kara grabbed a fistful of Michelle's hair and forced her to fall sidewise, writhing against Kara's fingers.

Kara wasted no time in moving around to Michelle's side and pinning her back to the floor with her weight. All the while, she fingered Michelle with increasing ferocity.

Michelle writhed beneath the concentrated onslaught, but was unable to slip away from the heavier, stronger woman. She growled in frustration. This was not going the way she had planned. She should have Kara naked and on her back by now. Instead, she would now have to wait for an opening to make her move. Sylla was just a few feet away, watching. She had so badly wanted to put on a perfect performance of domination for her.

But she could put on a hell of a performance even while at a disadvantage, she reminded herself. And it may open up some opportunities to reverse the situation.

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Rather than resisting, Michelle accepted Kara's domination. She relaxed her body, letting all of the tension flow away. Immediately, the pleasure shooting through her body from Kara's fingers doubled and she moaned encouragingly. She gripped Kara's wrist in both of her hands and pulled her opponent's fingers deeper inside of herself, squeezing the woman's hand between her thighs. "Make me cum, Kara," she whispered sultrily. "Please."

Kara shifted her weight carefully, allowing herself better access to Michelle's body, while keeping the smaller woman effectively trapped. She pulled her fingers out of Michelle's dripping twat. Her three middle fingers glistened with the juices of Michelle's pleasure. She held her hand between their faces, turning it to and fro. She stuck her fingers into her mouth and sucked, moaning audibly at the taste. She took her time, twisting her fingers and sucking every last bit of flavor out while Michelle writhed beneath her. "Please, don't stop," Michelle begged.

Kara raised an eyebrow and trailed her hand back down Michelle's body until she reached the small tuft of pubic hair. She ran her fingers lightly through and over the fine hair. She took a pinch of hair between her fingers and tugged gently. Michelle whimpered softly.

Again her fingers slid inside of Michelle, who moaned loudly and began to writhe sensuously. Michelle gripped her own breasts, teasing and pinching the nipples between her fingers as Kara fingered her pussy. She felt the orgasm begin to build deep inside of her and fanned the flames in every way possible. She imagined it was Sylla's fingers inside of her. Sylla's hands on her breasts. Sylla bringing her to a thundering climax. Her body tightened as the orgasm welled up, her moans growing louder and louder.

Kara pulled her fingers out and held her hand between their faces again. A sob-like moan escaped Michelle's parted lips. Kara stuck her fingers inside of Michelle's mouth this time. Michelle sucked greedily. She had been with very few women who tasted as good as she herself did. She licked Kara's fingers clean and looked hopefully up into the redhead's eyes. "Please, fuck me with your fingers," she whispered.

Smiling, Kara again ran her wet fingers down Michelle's flat stomach and over the small mound of brown hair. With her middle finger, she drew tiny circles around Michelle's clit. Michelle writhed and shifted her body, attempting to guide Kara's fingers inside of her. Kara shook her head and continued teasing her clit, staring down at Michelle expectantly.

Michelle moaned in frustration. She was frustrated that she was being toyed with. Frustrated that she was being made to look like an amateur in front of Sylla and all the other Members. And frustrated sexually. She wanted to cum. Needed to cum. So badly she could hardly think straight. "Please, Kara," she begged. "Finish me."

Kara pinched Michelle's clit between two fingers and Michelle cried out in pain and pleasure. "*Vat vas* that?" Kara teased in her thick Eastern European accent. "*Vat* did you call me?"

Michelle whimpered. She had no choice but to give Kara what she wanted. "Please, *Mistress* Kara," she emphasized. "Fuck me."

Kara complied, fingering Michelle's pussy with an intensity that she never would have believed possible of the woman before. *She is not going to beat me, goddamnit*, was the last thought to pass through her mind before the orgasm tore through her. For several timeless moments, there was nothing in her world but pleasure.

When she opened her eyes, she found Kara's hand hovering inches before her face. She raised her head to suck but Kara pulled her fingers away. She took her forefinger into her own mouth and then lowered herself

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until Michelle could reach her ring finger. Michelle sucked the sweet-tasting cum off of Kara's fourth finger. They sucked her middle finger clean together, their tongues battling to draw it into their own mouth. Shortly, the finger was forgotten and they were kissing deeply and passionately.

Then the fingers were back inside of her and Michelle groaned into the kiss. She fought to regain her senses while she could. She had failed to improve her position after cumming. Kara still had complete control of her body, had brought her to a powerful orgasm, and, worst of all, was still wearing her absurd leopard-print underwear. Michelle realized to her dismay that she was being dominated. Allowing herself to cum had not helped in the slightest. This time she would resist, she decided.

Kara, meanwhile, had begun to rub Michelle's swollen pink clit with her thumb as she alternated slipping two different fingers in and out of Michelle's wet twat. Michelle shuddered and closed her eyes, concentrating on ignoring the waves of pleasure emanating through her body. On and on it went. Kara's unrelenting fingers drew Michelle closer and closer to the brink of orgasm, despite her best efforts to fight it down. Any time she attempted to escape, Kara held her down more firmly and increased the intensity proportionately.

"I am *thinkink* that today you lose," Kara teased. "I am *thinkink* you cannot handle this for much longer."

Kara lowered her mouth to Michelle's breasts and began to suck and bite at her hard nipples. Even with Kara's weight off of her, Michelle was unable to escape. All she could do was resist. Resist the pleasure of Kara's fingers sliding in and out of her twat. Resist the pleasure of Kara's thumb rubbing against her most sensitive spot. Resist Kara's hot, wet tongue on her breasts.

With a long, loud cry, Michelle came again, harder than before, her body thrashing beneath the attention of Kara's expert manipulation.

At the height of her climax, Michelle made her move. Contrary to every instinct in her body which wanted only to writhe and moan and prolong the orgasm for every possible moment, she fought to raise herself up and roll over on top of the larger woman. For a long, desperate moment, they teetered on the brink of balance. With a grunt, Kara forced Michelle down onto her back. Michelle attempted to roll away from her, but Kara threw her leg over Michelle's body and straddled her, forcing her to lie flat on her back.

Kara crossed her arms beneath her breasts and looked sternly down at Michelle, who struggled feebly beneath the weight of the larger woman. "That was very, very naughty," Kara scolded her. "You *vill* be punished." Kara began to scoot up Michelle's torso, until her thighs bumped against Michelle's breasts. "Such large teats on such a small girl," Kara laughed. "Mine are bigger. And prettier." She cupped them through her bra. "Too bad you *vill* not see them tonight."

Pinning Michelle's arms over her head, she slid her body over Michelle's breasts and knelt above Michelle's face. She placed her knees on Michelle's small biceps, eliciting a whimper of discomfort. "Your pussy tastes very good," Kara observed in carefully pronounced English. "I hope you enjoy mine." She pulled the fabric of her panties to the side and lowered her dripping twat onto Michelle's mouth.

Michelle squirmed helplessly. Her arms were trapped painfully beneath Kara's knees. She thrashed her legs and lower body from side to side, but could not budge the larger, heavier woman atop her. And now, Michelle realized, she couldn't breathe. The pungent scent of Kara's arousal filled her world. She poked her tongue experimentally into Kara's twat, hoping the woman would react by shifting her weight, but all she received was a pleased murmur muffled by the thighs pressed against her ears.

Michelle began to panic. If her arms were not trapped, she could adjust herself in such a way to breathe and perform, but she was powerless to free them. She began to buck wildly, trying to dislodge Kara from her

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throne. She futilely twisted her head from side to side, attempting to create a small amount of space. Success! Kara squirmed slightly above her and Michelle sucked in a deep breath of hot air. That was all she needed.

She plunged her tongue deep inside of Kara, earning a much more satisfying moan this time. And Kara *did* taste good, she was pleased to discover. That would make her task all the more pleasant. Her only chance of salvaging victory was to take control from this very difficult position. She relaxed and fell into the well-practiced ritual of performing cunnilingus from the bottom, sneaking an occasional breath by stretching her head back just enough to clear her nose for a few moments.

Kara had excellent control, but slowly, over time, Michelle felt her talents sinking their hooks in. Kara began to rock her hips slightly. Every time her weight shifted backwards, Michelle worked her arms outward towards freedom. Soon, Kara was moaning and rocking like a carefully conducted orchestra with Michelle expertly manipulating her from beneath. Sensing her control slipping away, Kara leaned backwards and began to furiously finger Michelle's twat.

Inwardly, Michelle grinned ruefully. This was familiar. In Sylla's match against Annie, they had been in this exact position, with Sylla riding Annie's face and fingering her pussy to prevent Annie from taking control from the bottom. There were two important differences, however. First, Kara, being much shorter than Sylla, was having to stretch further backwards, giving Michelle plenty of room to work. She immediately freed her arms and wrapped her hands around Kara's smooth thighs, giving her nominal control over the woman's hips. Secondly, and more importantly, Michelle was much better with her tongue than little Annie. And now was the time to prove it.

With her newly earned freedom, Michelle turned up the intensity to the maximum. She pulled Kara's uncommonly large clit into her mouth and sucked powerfully. Kara cried out and attempted to pull away, but Michelle used her grip on Kara's legs to pull herself up with her. Kara's fingers began to move frantically, but Michelle shut off her mind to the waves of pleasure. She had taken Kara's best. It was her turn now.

She plunged her tongue back deep inside of Kara, pressing her teeth against Kara's oversensitive clit while sliding her tongue carefully against the nerve-packed walls of Kara's twat. Kara's moans became sobs of pleasure and she abandoned her own attack, focusing only on withstanding Michelle's tongue. But it was too late. Michelle had complete control.

Effortlessly, Michelle rolled Kara to the side and onto her back. She tore Kara's panties off and shoved three fingers inside Kara while furiously attacking her foe's clit with her tongue. Even over Kara's screaming orgasm, Michelle could hear Sylla's soft applause and murmur of admiration. "Well done," Sylla was saying. "Very well done."

Michelle attacked ruthlessly. She allowed herself an uncharacteristic emotional response to having been dominated and took great delight in exacting her revenge with interest. Ripping Kara's bra away with a theatrical flourish, she held the now entirely submissive woman down and abused her large, soft breasts with her teeth and tongue. She fingered her until the orgasms ran together into an endless exclamation of pleasure. Satisfied that her victory was assured, she stood and forced Kara to crawl on hands and knees to where Sylla watched. She sat casually on Kara's face and grinned at Sylla.

The stage was only slightly higher than Sylla's perch atop Leliel, so Sylla and Michelle were at near perfect eye-level. Sylla leaned over and held Michelle's face with both hands, pulling her into a long, passionate kiss. Michelle came immediately, eliciting moans from Kara beneath her. The kiss went on and on. Michelle had never felt so alive. So powerful. She was going to win her challenge in front of the entire Club.

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The dream was broken by the muffled exclamations of Leliel. Michelle looked down at him curiously but he was staring wide-eyed at something behind her. Before she could twist around to investigate, Kara erupted beneath her. Thrashing and twisting in the throes of a powerful orgasm. *What the hell?!?*

Suddenly she was dragged roughly off of Kara's face and thrown down next to Kara. She began to sit up but was shoved backwards by a wild-looking Asian woman. "Tamika!" she cried, before the mad woman shoved a massive rubber vibrator fully inside of her and switched it to maximum power. Michelle screamed.

Tamika knelt before the two woman, wildly fucking them simultaneously with a pair of identical black vibrators. Michelle and Kara writhed helplessly, clutching weakly at each other as orgasm after orgasm was torn from them. It went on and on. Michelle was only dimly aware of Tamika being ordered off the stage by a voice over the loudspeakers, but Tamika refused to stop. Tears leaked from Michelle's eyes. She had fought so hard for her victory and now it was ruined. Would it be ruled a draw? she wondered, before all thought was demolished by another unwanted orgasm tearing through her body.

A pair of angels climbed onto the stage and approached Tamika warily from behind. She whipped her head around at them and grinned. They took several steps backwards and motioned for more angels to join them. Their courage increased with their numbers and they eventually gathered the nerve to grab Tamika and pull her off stage.

Slowly, Michelle regained her senses. The vibrator was still deep inside of her, buzzing loudly and causing waves of pleasure to flow through her body. She turned her head to see Kara beginning to sit up. Kara's vibrator has slipped out as Tamika was dragged off the stage. "No!" Michelle shouted defiantly. She reached over and shoved Kara's vibrator deep into the woman's twat. Kara screamed and fell back. Michelle pulled the matching vibrator out of herself, shuddering.

Exhausted, and with the lingering after-effects of Tamika's onslaught ringing through her body, Michelle had to summon every remaining ounce of determination to force herself to action. All she wanted was to collapse and red, but she couldn't. She had to win. She knelt next to Kara and began to slide the vibrator in and out of the writhing woman. The second vibrator, which she had perversely started to think of as 'hers', she applied to Kara's swollen clit. It was over almost before she started. Kara's cries echoed throughout the arena. "Đ Đ° Ñ Đµ Đ¿Ñ ĐµĐ Đ°Ñ Ñ !" she gasped between orgasms.

Michelle paused, unsure of what to do. "Um, in English?" she asked politely.

"I surrender," Kara replied, going limp as Michelle mercifully removed the vibrators and switched them off. "You win, Michelle."

* * *

Sylla grinned down at Batman as she rode him. "I don't know about you," she told him. "But that really turned me on."

The challenge match now complete, the lights over the stage dimmed noticeably. A soft melody played by violins seeped seductively from the hidden speakers. Sylla allowed herself to fall into the slow, march-like rhythm of the music as horns joined the strings and climbed inexorably towards a promised climax.

She looked at Batman admiringly. He had performed to her high expectations, allowing her to ride him for the entire length of the show without interruption or any loss of passion. Even now his eyes were closed, apparently lost in the dream-like music. She pulled the gag out of his mouth and flung it to the floor but he did not attempt to speak; he only looked up at her with lust-filled eyes.

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Their fingers intertwined and they began a slow, sensual, sexual dance. Their hips rocked together as the music ebbed and flowed around them, sweeping them across an endless tide of swirling emotions and passions. They moaned as one, their lust climbing higher and higher until it seemed it could go no further, but the music would not relent. It teased them, drawing them to the brink of climax before pulling them downwards into a churning sea of frenzied excitement.

"My god, what is this music?!?" Sylla groaned in exasperated delight as she was denied an orgasm yet again by an unexpected tempo change.

"It's a variation on the second movement of Beethoven's 7th symphony," a quiet voice answered inches from Sylla's ear.

Sylla whipped her head around to find a strangely mousy woman wearing overly large black-framed glasses and a conservative black robe standing next to her. The woman had her left hand casually wrapped around the erect penis of a short, feral-looking angel Sylla had not seen before.

"I found the original to be far too short. And far too fast. The *Allegretto* notation is always misunderstood by modern conductors. But the ostinato is quite seductive and can be played nearly indefinitely. The original movement switches to A major after the climax, but I think the climax is more powerful on its own. Especially if you have to wait for it."

Sylla blinked at the woman, who returned the gaze silently and unselfconsciously.

"Can I...help you?" Sylla attempted.

The woman shook her head. After a moment, she added by way of explanation, "I'm just watching."

Sylla laughed as comprehension dawned. She began to ride Batman casually as she prepared herself for what promised to be a strange encounter. "You must be The Watcher."

The Watcher nodded and offered a hand, which Sylla shook awkwardly. "It's Candace, actually. Some of the Members call me The Voyeur."

"It's nice to meet you, um, Candace." Sylla groped for conversation starters.

"Did you enjoy the show?" Candace asked.

Sylla grinned and ground her hips against Batman. "Very, very much. Michelle is wonderful."

Candace nodded as though she had known what Sylla would say. "Yes, you naturals are often attracted to each other."

Sylla frowned in confusion. Naturals? Certainly Sylla and Michelle both had unaugmented breasts, but that seemed to be common among the Members Sylla has seen so far. Kara's large breasts had been just as real as Michelle's. "What do you me-?" Sylla began but then thought better of it. Hadn't Annie warned her about giving The Watcher an excuse to begin lecturing? Awkwardly, Sylla tried a different tact. "What about you? Did you enjoy the show?"

Candace stared blankly at Sylla for several long moments, apparently processing the question in her own unique way. "Do you mean the show between Michelle and Kara or the one where you defeated five angels in a row?"

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Sylla was surprised to find herself blushing. It had certainly been her intention to put on a show, but the acknowledgement gave her a thrill. Her seemingly limitless libido was further fueled and she began to rock her hips faster.

"I was impressed by Kara's execution of her game plan," Candace began. "She caught Michelle off-guard and made a good showing of it, but she was out-classed from the beginning. Tamika's interference added an interesting element and it was a good test for Michelle to recover from that, but the conclusion was inevitable." Candace spoke as if reading a prepared speech from an invisible teleprompter. Her eyes gained focus and she looked directly at Sylla as she continued. "Your performance was far more impressive and entertaining. You now have the attention of a number of high-ranking Members. Perhaps more attention than you wanted."

Sylla grinned and scanned the dark balconies surrounding the arena. "I like attention."

Candace shook her head disapprovingly. "Not all attention is good. Claire's attention is particularly bad for you."

Sylla rolled her eyes. "You, too? As I told Annie, I can handle myself."

"You should listen to Annie. She may be our lowest ranked member, but you could learn a lot from her. Just because you defeated her, don't think she doesn't have good advice." Candace had taken on the tone of a grumpy professor.

"Like what?" Sylla challenged.

"Not every encounter is a competition," Candace lectured. "And you can't always win."

"As a matter of fact," Sylla returned with a sweet smile, "I always have."

"We'll see to that shortly."

Sylla experienced an instant physical reaction to Candace's implication. Goosebumps broke out over her entire body as through a cold wind had blown through the room. Her nipples, ever erect, grew hard as diamonds. She froze in place with Batman's cock halfway inside of her, clenching down upon it with her strong muscles. Batman moaned audibly and shivered beneath her. "And will you be seeing to that personally?" Sylla whispered icily.

Candace shook her head, oblivious to Sylla's ire. "I'll watch."

Sylla glared daggers at Candace who watched her with large, magnified eyes.

"First we need to discuss your Challenge against Amy."

"What about it?" Sylla demanded, her tone thawing slightly. She began to rock her hips slowly against her lover, who murmured appreciatively.

"She will defeat you." Candace answered.

"The hell she will!" Sylla responded, much louder than she had intended.

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Candace shrugged. "Claire will rig the Challenge. She will manipulate the terms so that you cannot possibly win. And you will agree to any terms that she names because you are confident of your ability to overcome any obstacles."

Sylla brooded quietly, refusing to acknowledge the truth in The Watcher's words.

"I will design a special Challenge that is completely fair, entirely unique, and will test you both in ways you cannot predict. Claire will not be able to affect the outcome. The Challenge will take place during the next Gathering in front of all the Members.

"And why would Amy accept your terms?" Sylla demanded.

"She will do as Claire commands her."

"And why would *Claire* accept your terms?" Sylla amended, an edge of impatience creeping into her voice.

"I will convince her."

Sylla stared at Candace for several silent moments, surprised to find that she believed the woman was capable of doing as she claimed. "And why would I accept your terms?"

Candace seemed genuinely stunned by the question. She stood silent for so long, the characteristic distant expression of thought on her face, that Sylla turned back to Batman and began to ride him in earnest. She winked down at him. "I think I broke her with that one," she confided quietly, giggling. The dark angel beneath her attempted to maintain his stoic demeanor, but failed to conceal a smile as he stole a glance at Candace out of the corner of his eye.

"I'll make you a wager." Candace blurted suddenly.

Sylla and Batman looked at each other in surprise and then both turned their heads slowly to stare at The Watcher.

"If I can make you cum in under 15 seconds, you let me design the Challenge."

Batman shook his head furiously, but the words were already out of Sylla's mouth. "I accept."

The Watcher carefully removed her glasses and slipped them into a pocket of her robe. As she took a single short step to close the distance between herself and Sylla, she unbuttoned her robe and allowed it to fall open.

Sylla caught a glimpse of a shockingly impressive body hidden within before the realization struck her that the 15 seconds were already ticking. She steeled herself to resist anything that could possibly occur. There was no getting off of Batman at this point, which was unfortunate, since attempting to hold herself up while defending The Watcher's attack would make it far more difficult to resist. So she sat down, allowing Batman's impressively large cock to enter her fully, and braced her knees against his solid torso. She looked into his eyes as their fingers intertwined.

Sylla's body was covered with a sheen of sweat from her night's many exertions. The Watcher's skin, by contrast, was dry and warm. Sylla took a slow, shuddering breath as she felt first the swell of a firm breast press against her left shoulder and then the tight muscles of The Watcher's bare stomach make contact with her side. Not looking almost made it worse. The mere effect of their skin touching was causing Sylla more difficulty than she would have guessed possible.

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With her left hand, Candace cupped Sylla's right breast, the nipple falling naturally between the thumb and forefinger of her small hand. The fingers of her right hand brushed lightly over Sylla's ass before tracing a rapid line up her spine and finally curling into a fist around Sylla's hair. Sylla whimpered, high-pitched and unbidden.

The warm breath against her ear was the only warning Sylla had for what came next.

The tip of Candace's tongue poked into her ear, followed by a whispered command. "Cum. Now."

So many things happened at once that Sylla was unable to process them individually. Candace's left hand slid away from Sylla's breast, down the length of her body toward her pussy. Candace's lips traveled along Sylla's neck and chest, her tongue and teeth nearly imperceptibly brushing against Sylla's left breast on their way to her nipple. With a degree of synchronicity that the Twins could only have dreamed of, Candace pulled downwards on Sylla's hair, forcing her head back sharply, took Sylla's nipple into her mouth and sucked, bit, and twisted, and rubbed Sylla's clit furiously between two fingers.

Sylla's scream rang through the arena. Every nerve in her body was exploding with pleasure simultaneously. Resistance was not possible. There was no denying the orgasm that raged through her body at Candace's command. Sylla couldn't breathe. Couldn't think. Her heart couldn't beat. Sylla was experiencing the pinnacle of human pleasure. No sensation could ever be so intense. She was going to spend the rest of her life screaming in pleasure.

Then her angel exploded inside of her and shattered her universe.

Sylla awoke slowly, clawing her way back to consciousness. Blackness gradually resolved itself into shapes. She was sprawled atop the angel, blood pounding in her ears. With shaking hands, she forced herself back to a kneeling position. Batman was in no better shape, his chest heaving and body quivering from the force of his own orgasm. The Watcher stood a pace away, her robe neatly closed and large glasses magnifying her eyes. Her pet angel stood a step behind her, grinning lewdly at Sylla.

"I'm. Not. Done. Yet." Sylla managed between gasping breaths. To her own surprise, she wasn't. As she recovered, her sexual hunger awoke within her, insatiable and more demanding than ever before. "Ready for Round 2?"

Candace reached back and wrapped her fingers around the still-erect penis of her angel. "Not tonight," she replied. "It's time for lesson #1. You Can't Always Win."

Sylla looked over the angel Candace was offering and laughed. He was only a few inches over five feet tall with a lean and hungry look about him. His hair was disheveled, he was unshaven, and his teeth were crooked. Though clearly in excellent physical shape, he appeared to be on the wrong side of forty years of age. "That little thing? He won't last 5 minutes." Sylla said dismissively. "Anyway, I have my own angel. And he has more than earned his reward tonight." Sylla smiled down at Batman, but found that her dark knight was in no condition to be rewarded.

"He is finished. You have found Leliel's failing," Candace said. "You will find Sariel far more capable." Sariel licked his lips hungrily and began shifting his weight from foot to foot, fixing Sylla with a look that was equal parts amusement, contempt, lust, and condescension. "Leave us, Leliel."

Candace took Sylla by the arm and helped her stand. Sylla's legs wobbled dangerously and she braced herself against the smaller woman. Batman rolled off the couch and took a single step before his own legs gave out and he fell into a crouch. "Assist Leliel to the lounge," she ordered a pair of nearby angels who moved to

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assist. Batman stood defiantly and strode from the arena before the angels could reach him. *That's my dark knight*, Sylla smiled to herself.

She turned to face Candace. "So this is to be my lesson? A small man hyped up on Viagra and coke?"

"All of our angels are rigorously tested against illegal substances. There could be negative reactions," Candace answered matter-of-factly. "As for Viagra...Sariel, lose your erection."

Sylla watched with amusement which turned to astonishment as Sariel squinted his eyes shut in concentration and within moments stood before her, completely flaccid. "Become erect," Candace ordered.

Sariel didn't even have to concentrate this time. His eyes flicked downwards to stare at Sylla's dripping bush and his cock immediately sprang to full attention. *At least one part of him isn't tiny*, Sylla admitted even as she felt herself begin to despise the angel. "So be it," she whispered to Candace, her eyes locked upon Sariel.

"Sariel, defeat Sylla," Candace ordered.

Sariel's feral grin widened and he leapt forward at Sylla who took a step backwards, raising her hands in defense. Sariel side-stepped, brushing her outstretched hands away with his left hand, and gripped her by the back of the neck with his right. "Time for your first defeat, luv," Sariel taunted in a strong British accent. Taking another quick step to Sylla's side, he slung her forcefully towards the stage by the neck.

Sylla used the momentum to propel herself onto the stage and completed a full roll and twist ending up on her knees facing the angel, ready for battle. Impossibly, Sariel had already vaulted onto the stage behind her and closed the distance. Instinctively, Sylla raised her hands to block. With a look of disgust, Sariel shoved hard against them, causing Sylla to sprawl onto her back. In an instant he was on her. And in her.

There was no foreplay with Sariel. No games. No sweet kisses. Sariel's style was brutal and purely physical. Every thrust of his cock was hard and deep. He did not caress. He pinched. He did not lick. He bit to the point of pain. But there was undeniable pleasure in Sariel's sexual onslaught. Sylla had always been very physical herself and could respect his abilities. She found herself slipping into Sariel's mindset.

"You think you can out-fuck me, you little bastard?" Sylla whispered, as she raked her nails down the corded muscles of Sariel's back. She gripped his ass tightly and began to push her hips upwards to meet his every thrust. "How long do you think you can keep this up, old man?"

Sariel's grin never faltered. He turned his head slightly to the side as though studying an interesting specimen of insect. His pace and intensity began to increase bit by bit. Sylla struggled to keep up. Finally, she was unable to meet the speed of his thrusts and merely clutched his body for support. Sariel barked out a laugh. "In point of fact, luv, I *can* out-fuck you. And I can keep this up long after you pass out."

Sylla's eyes narrowed and she glared up at him. "Bring it," she hissed between clenched teeth.

Their battle raged on. Sylla had no way of gauging the passage of time, but the man atop her had been pounding away for an unnatural length of time. It felt like half an hour already. Sweat dripped from his brow onto her chest, but he showed no signs of slowing. Sylla looked around the arena but could see nothing in the darkness but Candace, watching expressionlessly from a stage-side couch. It was time to take action.

Summoning all of her considerable strength, Sylla wrapped her arms and legs tightly about the angel's thin body and rolled as hard as she could, until she had the man beneath her. It was Sylla's turn to grin as she began her expert dance. There was no position from which Sylla was so dangerous as this one. She dug her

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fingers into the angel's ribs and began to ride him, hard and fast. Normally, she would ease into it, starting slowly and sensuously. But this was war.

Sylla rode the angel furiously. His lip curled into a snarl as he gripped her hips and attempted, futilely, to control her thrusts. She threw a defiant look towards Candace. *You see?* she thought. *Not even your pet angel from the higher levels can handle me.* Her confidence swelling, she turned her full attention to defeating the angel.

The man's resistance was like nothing Sylla had ever encountered before. However long he had been on top of her, it was at least twice as long before she began to feel herself get the better of him. She was stretched out low over his body, sliding her breasts over his face with every long, endless thrust of her vagina onto his cock. His breathing finally became irregular. Then he began to attempt to roll Sylla off of himself, but she held him down, riding him with every ounce of passion she had.

When she felt him pass the point of no return, she quickly disengaged, kneeling beside him, her face lit up with a victorious smile. "Unwor-"

Her words were cut off as Sariel viciously shoved her onto her back and knelt between her legs. "Think you're too good for my cum, do ya?" he snarled at her, clutching his cock in his hand. "You can wear it this time, then." A long jet of white semen shot from his cock and landed in a line trailing up her stomach and across her right breast. Immediately, he was back inside of her, thrusting with all the vigor and intensity as he had started with. "Next time, I'll shoot it in your twat. Then your mouth." He grinned down at her. "If you last that long," he added contemptuously.

Sylla was paralyzed with fury at the angel's insult. At the same time, in the back of her mind, she was analyzing. *Not a bad ejaculation*, she judged. *And not surprising that such a high-ranked angel would remain hard briefly after cumming. But his erection will fade and I will give him no help in regaining it.*

Sylla relaxed and let the angel get it out of his system. To her growing surprise, he appeared to be backing up his threat. His cock remained rock hard inside of her. His intensity...his lust, she corrected herself, showed no sign of abating.

The angel made good on the first of his promises, cumming deep inside of her after pounding away endlessly. Afterwards, Sylla rode his still-hard cock with wild abandon until she tore yet another orgasm from him. This time, she took her revenge, forcing him to cum on own stomach by pulling off at the last moment and trapping his cock beneath her body. Though there was very little semen left inside of him by this point.

In retaliation, the angel took her roughly from behind, slamming his hips against her ass harder and faster than she had ever experienced in her life, even against Samael. But she never came, no matter how he took her. She wouldn't give him or Candace the satisfaction of even that small victory. And so they battled, on and on, switching positions only rarely. Neither willing to show the slightest sign of giving in.

"That's enough," Candace said loudly. Instantly, Sariel pulled out and scampered to his position standing just behind her, covered in sweat and breathing heavily, but wearing his trademark insolent grin and erection. Sylla sat up slowly and blinked, surprised to find Annie standing next to the stage.

Candace turned and walked into the darkness, her angel trailing behind her. "Still undefeated!" Sylla called after her.

"And yet, you didn't win," Candace returned, never looking back.

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Sylla took a deep breath and climbed unsteadily from the stage with help from Annie, who wrapped a robe around her. She felt like she had run a triathlon. Twice. Her legs could not support her and Annie helped her limp slowly down the long hallway to the parking garage. "I'm surprised you're still here," Sylla observed.

"Still here?!?" Annie exclaimed. "It's 4 AM. I was home and in bed three hours ago. Candace called me to come pick you up." She shook her head in wonder. "Let's get you home."

Chapter 6: Recruitment

The Club

By S.G. Liminal

Ch. 06 - Recruitment

A knock upon my apartment door startled me out of the dream-like memory I had been enjoying while writing up my report. I grumbled in frustration and pushed my chair back from the desk. I was wearing an old pair of jogging shorts and a Stanford Wrestling t-shirt. I briefly considered throwing on a pair of jeans, at least, but then checked myself. Why do I need to get dressed to run off a Jehovah's Witness? On the way to the door, I mussed my hair a bit rather than attempting to flatten it. Might as well give the crazies a good show.

I jerked the door open, my face a mask of unassailable impatience, poised to bite the head off whomever dared attempt to sell me their particular flavor of Jesus. My mouth fell open and I stared helplessly, incapable of thought.

Sylla giggled, cupping a hand over her mouth, as she eyed me head to foot. She had nearly gotten control of herself when her inspection reached my bare feet, sending her into further convulsions of barely suppressed laughter.

"Sylla!" I choked out.

"Hello, Adam Wayne," she replied, finally composing herself. "Nice of you to get dressed up for me."

"My name and my address," I mused, unsettled. She should not have been able to find that information. "Don't get me wrong, I've been wanting to see you, but..." I trailed off. The Club guards its secrets jealously, even the personal information of its lowly Rulers, the bottom rung of the male hierarchy. "How did you...?"

"Find you?" Sylla grinned impishly at me, her cheeks dimpling in a girl-next-door way that made me wish I hadn't been wearing such revealing shorts. Looking at her summoned memories of the most recent Gathering to mind. How she had sexually dominated one experienced lover after another before settling upon me. How she had ridden me endlessly while watching the challenge match between Michelle and Kara on the stage next to us. And how Candace's manipulation had caused Sylla to orgasm so powerfully that it had, in turn, caused me to climax so explosively that I was finished for the night. At that thought, blood emptied from my brain, relocating below my waistband.

I shifted my hips and shielded myself behind the door. "I seduced Annie. She runs The Club's computer networks," she answered, shrugging a shoulder nonchalantly, as though it had been no more trouble than checking my Facebook profile. "You were so determined to talk to me the other night. Now's your chance." She smiled expectantly.

I stood awkwardly in the doorway for a few seconds, hiding my erection and stalling for time. "Aren't you gonna invite me in?" she prompted, playfully peeking around the door at my shorts.

I couldn't let her inside. My notes were scattered all over the office. My laptop was open on my desk with a detailed report about *her* on the screen. And even if I had been prepared, I couldn't speak openly in the apartment. The Club had bugged the office, living room, and bedroom. They had not installed cameras, luckily, or I wouldn't be able to get any work done at all.

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"Let's take a walk. I need some fresh air," I said. Grabbing my keys from the hook next to the door, I backed Sylla onto the porch, pulled the door shut behind me, and guided her down the sidewalk.

Sylla took it in stride, placing a hand on my arm and allowing me to lead her down a dark, shrub-lined path between apartment buildings. She seemed content to walk silently beside me, which was fortunate, because I was having to think fast. The Club had eyes and ears everywhere. If she was being followed, they would have to keep their distance so as to not be spotted, so I needed a large open area with good visibility. But the bigger problem was Sylla herself. Or, specifically, her clothing. I had to get her out of, and away from, her clothes.

Because, you know, they could be bugged.

That gave me an idea, though. I diverted us down another path towards the center of the complex. It was late on a Tuesday, so there shouldn't be anyone else around. The evening was clear and warm, and a sudden breeze blew back Sylla's hair as we reached our destination.

She looked gorgeous. She was dressed simply: sandals, shorts, and a t-shirt which read 'Han Shot First' below a picture of Captain Solo, leaning back with his boots upon the Mos Eisley cantina table, the smoking corpse of Greedo across from him.

Unable to control myself, I wrapped my arms around her and pulled her against my body. I didn't kiss her the way I'd kiss one of The Club's other Members. There was nothing professional or measured in the kiss. I just kissed her the way I wanted to. Long and deep. She kissed me back the exact same way.

Long before I was finished, she gently pushed me away. "I thought you needed to talk to me about something. It's important.' Isn't that what you told me?"

I didn't answer, but turned my back to her as I pulled off my clothes. Leaving them in a small pile with my keys on the concrete, I dove into the cool, clear water of the swimming pool. I allowed my momentum to carry me half the length of the pool before surfacing. I turned around to coax Sylla into following me, but she was already kicking off her sandals and stepping out of her own clothing. Grinning, I swam to the opposite edge of the pool and vaulted over the wall into the large, round jacuzzi.

By the time Sylla eased her glistening, naked body over the wall and slipped into the hot tub, I had cranked the jets up to full blast. No one farther than a few feet away would be able to hear our conversation. And there was no one within sight, anyway. I relaxed, draping my arms over the sides, and watched as Sylla approached.

She wasted no time in closing the distance between us, pressing her naked body against mine and taking my cock in her hands. It sprang to full attention and I drew a deep, shuddering breath, eager to be inside of her again. But she paused, stroking my length idly and staring into my eyes. "Adam Wayne," she mused aloud, seeming to taste the name I had chosen for myself. "Your parents have an interesting sense of humor," she observed. "But how did they know you would grow up to look like Batman?"

"I don't look like Batman," I insisted testily, embarrassed that I had chosen the name, an amalgamation of Adam West and Bruce Wayne, for that exact reason. "But I guess that explains why you called me 'Master Wayne' at the Gathering," I said. "I couldn't figure out how you knew my real name." My real name. The lie felt heavy on my lips. My whole life was a lie. They came easily to me. But it felt wrong to lie to Sylla, even out of necessity.

Unfortunately, I didn't have a choice. The evening was going to be full of lies and manipulations.

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With a sigh and a soft, slow kiss, Sylla released me from her grasp and moved to sit across from me in the jacuzzi. She fixed me with an expectant gaze.

How to begin with a woman like Sylla? How do you manipulate a woman who can twist others to her will as easily as the rest of us tie our shoes? The simple answer, of course, is by challenging her. By telling her not to do precisely what you want her to do. I took a deep breath and began.

"The Club is a bad place, Sylla, filled with dangerous people. You need to get out and get far away before it's too late."

Sylla's reaction surprised me with its ferocity. "Are you insane?" she demanded. "For the first time in my entire life, I've found a place where I belong and you want me to walk away?" She glared at me, seeming ready to climb out of the spa and out of my life.

I raised my hands in a placating gesture. "I'm just being honest with you," I replied, the irony not at all lost on me. "There are a lot of things you don't know about it. Who the other Members are. Where their money comes from." I didn't know all the answers myself. I had more questions than answers, to be sure.

She stared at me for a long time before nodding, her face softening by degrees. "Fine. You've warned me. But I'm not leaving. And that's not why you wanted to talk to me, so how about you get on with it?"

The hook was baited. Now to cast it into the water.

"I had to warn you because what I'm going to ask of you is going to put you into danger. Real danger. More danger than you're already in. And I'm not gonna ask if there is any chance that you're willing to get out while you can."

Sylla was already leaning forward, looking into my eyes with interest. "Ask me," she said, her words barely above a whisper.

The bait was taken. Time to reel her in with a whopper of a story.

"They have my sister." I dropped my eyes and stared at the churning water for several long moments, my face a mixture of pain, loss, and anger. When I looked back up, she was staring at me with concern. I heaved a deep sigh, making a show of gathering my resolve. I stared off into the distance as I began my tale, not wanting to look her in the eye as I performed my well-rehearsed speech.

"I am very smart and physically gifted," I began. "My father was a nuclear physicist at CERN and my mother a professional ballet dancer with a PhD in psychology. I grew up in a loving, nurturing environment, excelling in academics and sports alike. I graduated top of my high school class after breaking every meaningful school record in track, wrestling, and swimming. I attended Stanford University, where I was a four-time All American wrestler and graduated summa cum laude as a pre-med student. After finishing medical school at Harvard, I spent 6 years as a neurosurgeon at a hospital in New York."

I stole a glance at Sylla. She was entranced. I looked directly into her eyes as I continued.

"I'm telling you this so that you will fully appreciate what I mean when I tell you that compared to my little sister, I am a blithering mongoloid. If I am gifted, then April is a gift. She excelled at everything she put her mind to. At 12, she taught herself to speak Finnish fluently because of a Monty Python skit she liked. At 15, she made the US National Diving Team and could have qualified for the Olympics, but she had already moved on to other interests. The next year, she received three patents for her developments while interning at

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the cyclotron laboratory at Berkeley. You get the point.

"April never much talked to me about sex, presumably because I'm her older brother and I refused to acknowledge that she ever took part in such an act. In point of fact, I think I expressly forbid it on several occasions and threatened to personally eviscerate anyone who touched her." Sylla smiled politely at my attempt at levity. But she very soon grew serious again. She could see where this was going.

"Last year, when she couldn't hold back any longer, she told me about this amazing sex club she had found, filled with people who were actually as good as she was. I didn't want to hear it. I didn't like to think about it." I stopped, dropping my eyes and wallowing in self-loathing. I was deep in character.

Sylla moved next to me and placed her hand on my arm. "It's ok," she told me. "I understand."

I nodded gratefully and forced myself to continue. "We fought. I said...a lot of very stupid things." I paused and took a deep breath. "I told her that she was wasting her potential acting like a slut and that she needed to start behaving like an adult." My voice broke and I fought to blink back the emotion. Sylla looked away, feigning interest in her manicure as I got myself under control.

"We didn't speak for months. She tried to call me a few times, but I didn't answer. She never left a message. Not until the very end." I screwed my eyes shut, furious with myself for being such an ass. For not being there for the one person I cared about more than any other when she needed me most. Sylla stroked my chest and laid her head upon my shoulder, comforting me with her closeness.

"What did the message say?" she asked.

I shook my head in frustration. "It didn't make any sense. She was crying. Hysterical. I could barely understand a word she said, even after listening to it a thousand times." I pounded a fist against the cement rim of the jacuzzi. Sylla took my hand between hers and held it tightly, preventing me from any further potentially damaging outbursts. I hung my head and continued, "She said she was in over her head. She said she was scared and she wanted me to come get her. To come save her."

Sylla raised my chin with a finger and stared into my eyes. A tear rolled down my face and I made no effort to wipe it away. "I didn't listen to her voice-mail for 6 weeks, Sylla. By the time I got here, there was no trace of her. There's not even any record that she ever lived here. Nothing."

Realization dawned on Sylla's face and she backed away a few inches. "You infiltrated The Club," she whispered. "You're...investigating them."

I nodded. We studied each other for several long, silent minutes. I could only imagine the thought process going on in her mind. She felt a connection to the Club that she had never experienced before. And I was compelling her to betray them. I was asking her to risk everything to help a man she didn't even know. I'm a great liar, but my story couldn't withstand close scrutiny. I steeled myself. This was the moment of truth. "Have you decided whether or not I'm the enemy?" I asked.

Sylla looked at me like I was a blithering mongoloid. "Of course you're not the enemy and of course I'll help you. What's the plan?"

Mission accomplished. I grinned at her, my first honest emotion since I began my tale. Instead of answering, I pulled her against me. She didn't resist. This time when we kissed there was a tangible force pulling us together, almost an electric current. We shared a secret. We were co-conspirators, facing a powerful, dangerous enemy.

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Our kissing grew frantic. Our hands exploring, caressing, and squeezing. I was back to a fully aroused state in moments. All thoughts of The Club and my fictional sister evaporated from my mind as the intensity of our foreplay grew. I wanted her so badly I was shaking in anticipation. I trailed kisses from her lips to her neck and then down her chest. When my mouth reached the level of the water, I lifted her body so I could take a nipple fully into my mouth. Sylla felt nearly weightless in the water and I began to guide her body to a very specific position atop me.

"Easy, Batman," Sylla laughed, pushing me away and returning to sit opposite from me. "We have plans to discuss. We can *consummate* our arrangement after." With a playful smirk she laid her smooth legs atop my own, stretching her toes to rub along the shaft of my cock. I made an unmanly yelping sound and took one of her feet in my hands, massaging her instep while I attempted to remember who I was and what plans this goddess could possibly be referring to.

"Ok," I said, stalling for time as I organized my thoughts. I did have a plan, actually. It was just hard to concentrate while the majority of my blood was south of my waistline. "Step 1 is an information exchange. You're new to The Club, but Members have access to information that Rulers can't see. Despite all the research I've done, there are still things I don't know that you can find out. On the other hand, I've been gathering information on the other Members for months. I can answer a lot of questions you might have." Sylla's face lit up at that.

"Step 2 is moving up in the rankings. I know that sounds easy to you, but it isn't. Each Member presents her own set of challenges. Every single one of these women is very sexually talented, and you won't be able to best many of them on your natural talent alone. I can give you intel on each Member to help you prepare for your Challenges. Moving up to the next tier will give you access to a lot more of the Club's secrets. Likewise, I need to qualify to become one of the Powers. And I'd like your help preparing for it."

"How does that work exactly?" Sylla favored me with a mock expression of horror. "You don't have to defeat the Twins, do you?"

I laughed. "Thankfully, no."

Sylla feigned relief. "Good, cause I don't think you could take 'em."

I splashed water at her. "To be honest, I'm not certain how Angels get promoted to the next tier. They say that we'll be called up when we're ready. There is no interaction between Angels of different tiers. The other Rulers say that promotion happens without warning, but it's usually obvious who is next in line." I gave Sylla a sidelong glance, studying her reaction. "They say Samael is going to be next."

Sylla nodded immediately and jealousy twisted through my gut. "He's definitely better than any of the ones I had at the Gathering." Her eyes grew wide as she realized what she had said. "Except for you, I mean!" she blurted. "Well, we didn't exactly finish. And then there was that last one..." She trailed off, her expression growing angry, resentful.

"He's called Sariel," I muttered. "He's a Virtue." Seeing the confusion on her face, I explained. "From top to bottom, the Angel tiers are Thrones, Dominions, Virtues, Powers, and Rulers."

Sylla rolled her eyes and waved my explanation away. "Tier 3. Gotcha."

"Anyway," I continued, "There is another way to advance to...the next *tier*. It's rare, but it has happened. I could challenge one of the Members. If I defeat her, I move up to the tier above her."

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"Oh, that won't be a problem," Sylla assured me. "I can train you to defeat Annie in no time. I could even convince her to make it look good." She winked at me conspiratorially but I was already shaking my head.

"Donna has to approve the Challenge, and going after the lowest ranked Member would be seen as poor form. And there's another consideration," I added. "When Members lose a challenge, nothing is at stake but their ranking. If an Angel challenges a Member and fails, they are banned from The Club."

"Don't worry your pretty little head over it," Sylla told me. "I'll whip you into shape in no time. You'll be a goddamn sexual Tyrannosaurus, just like me, and Members will quake at your mere name. What is your silly angel name again?"

"It's Leliel, and it's not silly," I said, my tone defensive. "Leliel means 'Night' in Hebrew and this particular Angel smote all kinds of people in the Talmud." Sylla snorted. "Did you just make a Predator reference?" I asked, distracted.

She ignored my question, the excitement clear on her face. "We're gonna do this. Together. We're gonna make our way to the very top of The Club. And we'll find your sister. I promise."

"I wish I had your confidence," I admitted.

Sylla stood in the center of the spa and struck a Wonder Woman pose, hands on her hips. The water ran in rivulets down her body and I stared, enraptured by her beauty. "I am the 33rd most sexually powerful woman in this entire *city*, Leliel," she boasted, grinning. "No power in the 'verse can stop me."

That should have struck a chord with me, given my story, but all my attention was on her perfect breasts and the droplet of water hanging from one delicious nipple. Sylla laughed and splashed water at me before lowering herself back into the water, breaking the spell.

It was time to drop a pair of bombshells on Sylla. "Two things," I told her. "First, you're not ranked 33rd in The Club, you're ranked 32nd. Monique is not coming back." Sylla smiled wickedly. I made a mental note to get back to the subject of Monique later. "Furthermore, you're not just the 32nd most sexually powerful woman in the city, Sylla. The Club's recruitment is global. As far as anyone knows, you're the 32nd most sexually powerful woman in, well, the world."

I watched Sylla carefully as she absorbed this information. I expected shock, possibly. Or wild celebration. But she only nodded slowly, as though I had merely confirmed something she had always known, deep down inside. But I could now sense an air of gravitas about her, as though my words had forced her to accept a greater responsibility than she was used to.

"I need to tell you about Monique, Sylla. I need you to understand how much danger you are truly in." I paused, considering how to proceed. "What have you heard about her?"

Sylla shrugged a shoulder and frowned. "Annie told me a little about it. About how Tamika defeated her. I didn't think much of it, to be honest. Annie is a bit...melodramatic. And you can't really make someone orgasm until they...lose their mind, or whatever." She looked at me, confusion and concern in her eyes. "That's not really possible, is it?"

I'd studied the video of Tamika and Monique's challenge. Tamika had been in control from the very beginning, using an arsenal of sexual devices on Monique as the beautiful French girl writhed and moaned and came endlessly. When Monique's energy flagged, Tamika had bound her in a standing position, hanging the girl by her arms before continuing her sexual attack. Monique refused to admit defeat. And Tamika didn't

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stop until hours after Monique had lost the ability to give up.

I had also studied the CAT scans of Monique's brain afterwards. She had suffered no less than 17 individual seizures during her traumatic abuse at the relentless hands of Tamika. The damage was irreversible.

I didn't soften the facts for Sylla. She needed to know what she was getting into. She needed to be prepared for what lay ahead. But I didn't tell her everything. I didn't tell her about the traces of entactogenic psychogenic drugs (including derivatives of LSD and MDMA) and other unidentified synthetic hormones in Monique's system.

Sylla listened in silence.

"Tamika is certifiably insane, but she only represents one type of danger," I told Sylla. "She's one of those rare naturals, like you. And the other Members see you as a threat. Particularly the Coven. And they are far more dangerous."

"Wait a second," Sylla interrupted. "Candace called me a natural, too. I thought she was talking about my..." Our eyes dipped down to the swell of her breasts. Mine might have lingered a bit longer.

I shook my head. "You're a natural because all of your sexual ability comes to you naturally. That you are capable of competing with these women is, to be honest, astounding."

"A natural as opposed to what?" Sylla asked, confused. "The other Members are the product of a government-funded super soldier program gone wrong?"

I barked a laugh and shook my head. I had never before encountered a woman who could match me for pop culture references. "As opposed to learned or practiced," I explained. "What do you do for a living?" I asked. I knew the answer, of course. I had a file on Sylla as thick as a George RR Martin novel.

Sylla arched an eyebrow, taken aback by my question. "I'm a professional assistant. A glorified secretary. An office worker. Just a normal job. What does that have to do with anything?"

"Because most of the Members don't have normal jobs," I explained. "Remember Kara? The woman who lost the Challenge at the Gathering to Michelle? She developed a revolutionary surgical technique for performing kidney transplants. Raine is a federal judge. Claire, the leader of the Cabal, is the owner of the fourth largest pharmaceutical company on the planet. She's worth billions. Barbie is something of a rock star in the world of theoretical mathematics. Candace works so high up in the federal government that her identity is classified. And Annie? She doesn't just run the Club's website. She was one of the most infamous black hat computer hackers in the world."

"Little Annie is a hacker?" Sylla asked, incredulous.

"She's retired now. But it's estimated she made hundreds of millions from compromising networks and holding their data hostage. The only reason she's not rotting in a federal penitentiary is that The Club has a lawyer who makes Keyser Soze's look like a drunk paralegal. What all these women have in common is that they are very talented, very powerful, and they always get what they want. When people like these reach the pinnacle of their trade, they turn their attention to something new. These women chose sex. And through study, training, and sheer force of will, they have become the very best in the world."

"If you're trying to make me feel like an underachiever, it's working," Sylla grumbled, folding her arms across her chest.

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"On the contrary. The reason they fear you is that you've achieved membership into their exclusive club solely on the strength of your natural ability. Imagine what you'll be capable of when you know what they know."

Sylla's eyes took on a faraway look and I saw her shudder slightly. I knew she was thinking of how Candace had made her orgasm, so powerfully and so effortlessly, with little more than a whisper and a touch. And in mere seconds, too. Sylla looked at me hungrily and moved towards me in the water. The Jaws theme played ominously in my head.

I felt like an injured seal, paralyzed by her approach. Her hands were wrapped around my shaft before I could react, looking into my eyes with a predatory gleam. My cock, which had hardly softened for a moment in her presence, swelled in her hand. "I'm going to take them all down," she whispered as she climbed atop my lap and straddled my legs. "Every. Last. Fucking. One of them." She punctuated her last sentence by sitting fully onto my cock.

There are a lot of myths about having sex in the water. Many people who try it find it unsatisfying at best because they don't use a lubricant. It's counter-intuitive that you would need something extra to keep things slick and wet while submerged in a pool or tub, but water is a very poor lubricant, in fact. Sex in the water can be uncomfortable and even downright painful because the water washes away a woman's natural wetness.

The water didn't stand a chance against Sylla. And neither did I. As she began to ride me, I closed my eyes and clenched my hands into fists, summoning every ounce of willpower I could muster. From the look in her eyes, I would need it. She rode me furiously, her passion flowing over me like a tidal wave. It was all I could do to clutch her tightly and hope to ride out the storm.

The churning water was lapping over the sides of the hot tub as she raised and lowered her body along the entire length of my cock. Her arms were wrapped around my neck and her teeth were buried in the long tendon connecting my neck and shoulder. She bit just hard enough to make me want to bite back. My libido swelled and I opened my eyes, showing Sylla my own hunger. I placed my hands on her sides and began to take control.

I raised her body until her left nipple slipped between my teeth. I bit down and she cried out in pleasure. I pulled her weightless body down onto my cock and she uttered a low moan as she exhaled deeply. Her fingers twined through my hair and she whispered encouragement in my ear. I switched to her other nipple, sucking and biting greedily. In the back of my mind, I wondered when the water would interfere with our sex, but Sylla remained as wet as when we had begun. Her moans grew louder.

"Yes, fuck me," she murmured into my ear between moans. "Fuck me with that hard cock." She gripped my head between her hands and forced me to look into her eyes. "Give me everything you have. Everything."

I'm a strong, fit guy. I can't bench press a car or anything, but after a lifetime of sports and training, I am capable of some pretty respectable feats of athleticism. Add to the fact that we were mostly submerged in water, rendering Sylla's body all but weightless, she really didn't stand a chance against me.

I lifted Sylla off of me, spun her around, and sat her back down onto my cock before she could utter another word. She turned her head and grinned back at me, but only for a moment. I gripped her wrists in my hands and pinned them to her sides, my fingers curling about her waist, and began to fuck her, hard and fast. I didn't thrust my hips up into her. Rather, I forced her entire body back and forth through the water. Her eyes slipped closed and her lips parted. Sylla had no control of herself. With her wrists pinned, she could not support herself in any way. Neither could she touch the bottom with her feet. Her entire body was suspended in the water, being thrashed against my cock.

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"Oh, God, yes!!!" Sylla screamed.

I could feel Sylla's desire to regain control. She wasn't used to being bent to someone else's will. She began twisting her arms, attempting to break my grip so that she could brace herself in any way possible. I shifted my position so that I was standing crouched in the center of the jacuzzi. I bent Sylla's body forward until she was forced to tilt her head back to remain above the surface of the water. Her legs were splayed outward to either side of me, kicking futilely. She was now completely at my mercy. I started fucking her again, only this time, as I was standing, I could thrust forward to meet her body every time I pulled her back against myself.

I was intoxicated by the power I held over her. The most desirable woman I had ever known, not to mention the most sexually powerful, and I was in control. Absolute, complete control. All at once I stopped, the head of my cock pressed against Sylla's always wet pussy. She craned her neck to look back at me. As soon as our eyes met, I slammed my cock deep into her. Her wordless scream of ecstasy was the most erotic sound I had ever heard in my life.

I began to toy with her. I changed tempo and intensity any time she showed signs of finding the rhythm. Her moans grew increasingly desperate. I held her still with only the head of cock penetrating her until she began to thrash in the water, attempting to force herself backwards onto me. Only then did I slide myself inside of her again with excruciating slowness. Her entire body shuddered as I entered her and she let out a choked, sob-like groan of pleasure.

My confidence reached a climax. I began to thrust into her harder and faster than ever before. The muscles in my arms burned as I slammed her body back and forth. Sylla offered no struggle, she had fully accepted my control. "Cum for me, Sylla," I demanded, my voice hard with command. She looked back at me, lust written across her face. "Cum on my cock now!" I shouted thrusting into her with every ounce of energy I had remaining.

Sylla stared back at me for a long moment as my eyes bored into her. Slowly, a mischievous grin spread across her face even as I gave her everything I had.

"Not bad," Sylla observed calmly, and my pace began to slacken as I sensed that perhaps my control had not been quite so complete as I had supposed. "Truly," she reassured me. "That was better than I had expected. I see now what I have to work with."

My mouth hung open in surprise. My body, acting on its own accord, had settled into a slow, steady pace. I was still holding Sylla in such a way that she was completely within my physical power, but it no longer felt like I was in control.

"But, I think it is going to be *you* who cums for *me*," she informed me.

Sylla legs entwined about my own and squeezed my hips between her strong thighs. Her feet curled upwards and pressed into the small of my back. Her hands twisted inside of mine, and then she was gripping my wrists, but instead of pulling my hands away from her sides, she used them to brace herself. With a core strength I would not have believed possible, she began to thrust her body back against my cock, dictating her own pace, all the while holding her head above the water. What a fool, I chided myself, to have believed even for a moment that I had been in control of this extraordinary woman.

Sylla looked over her shoulder at me as I struggled to regain some semblance of control. I was still holding her body in the center of the hot tub. She had no base against which to fight my will other than my own body, but she used it expertly. I made a valiant effort to increase my pace until she couldn't keep up, but Sylla simply grinned at me and increased her own pace until I felt the last of my confidence slip away. And just like

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that, I was on the defensive, concentrating my every effort on fighting down the swelling orgasm that was raging up inside of me.

I looked into Sylla's eyes and saw insatiable confidence. I averted my eyes to her body. It was a study in lithe perfection. Every smooth muscle worked towards driving me over the edge. With every thrust, water sluiced off her back and shoulders. I closed my eyes, but it was no use. Without sight, my other senses compensated. Sylla's moans rang in my ears. Her pussy, hotter and wetter than when she had first mounted me, gripped my cock tightly. With a gasp, I disengaged, right on the verge of orgasm. I stood shivering, trying to fight it down.

"Good," Sylla whispered as she stood and pressed her body against mine. She took my cock in her hand and I inhaled sharply. My defenses were shattered. I watched, helpless to resist, as Sylla forced me to sit on the rim of the hot tub with my feet dangling into the water. Sylla knelt between my legs and stroked my cock slowly in her hand. "I've been wanting to do this since the Gathering," she told me, looking up into my eyes. "I'm sorry we were interrupted before I could give you your reward."

She lowered her mouth onto my cock and I loosed a loud, inhuman exclamation. I gripped the lip of the pool so tightly I could feel pieces of concrete crumbling beneath my fingertips. As I watched, Sylla's took my entire cock into her mouth. I felt myself press against the back of her throat before she slowly pulled back. Looking up at me, she smiled sweetly. "You don't have to try to resist," she teased. "It won't work anyway."

She attacked my cock with a predatory hunger, pumping it with one hand while bathing the head with her tongue. I could have exploded right then. It took everything I had not to. But Sylla had reawakened my pride with that last taunt. One of the few sexual abilities I have that I would pit against any other Ruler in The Club is my ability to withstand a blow job. It was, in some ways, my secret weapon. Most women consider it to be their unstoppable finishing move, but I can resist it indefinitely.

I gathered Sylla's wet hair between my hands and closed my eyes, focusing my concentration. I detached a piece of my mind, using a technique I had learned years ago in training. I was still completely aware of what Sylla was doing to me. I could still feel and enjoy it. And I was enjoying it immensely. But just enough of my consciousness was floating separate that I could withstand it.

For several minutes I watched Sylla suck my cock with expert ability. I massaged her neck and shoulders and squeezed her body between my legs as she switched from one technique and style to another, working to send me over the edge, but as incredible as she was, I was able to take it. "What was that you said about not being able to resist?" I asked, a hint of chiding confidence creeping back into my voice.

Whatever reaction I expected from Sylla, I didn't get it. She didn't reply. She didn't stop what she was doing. She showed no sign of frustration. She merely rolled her eyes and continued.

I almost didn't see her left hand disappear beneath the water. Below the bubbling, churning surface, I could see nothing, but I knew exactly where her hand was going. In my mind's eye, I saw her finger slipping inside of her wet pussy. My cock was in her mouth, so I both felt and heard her moan. I moaned with her. She began to writhe her body gently from side to side in the water and I shifted my own body unconsciously.

Sylla didn't stop sucking my cock. She didn't slow down or show any sign of distraction. She was like two completely separate people in one body. One of them pleasing me, the other pleasing herself. And she was pleasing us both fully, completely. Her moans grew louder and more frantic. Her arm moved faster and faster and I could perfectly picture in my mind how she was slipping two fingers into her pussy while rubbing her thumb along her clit with every motion.

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I could feel her orgasm as though I were inside of her, part of her. I felt it with every fiber of my body and soul. And I felt it most strongly in that detached portion of my mind that had been my only defense.

I tried to warn her of what was coming. Tried to push her away. But in the fit of her own climax, she had taken me deep into her throat and could not be denied.

To say that I exploded into Sylla's mouth would be the understatement of the century. My orgasm was like every orgasm I ever had in my life, compressed into a singularity, now bursting forth with a raw fury that could never be matched. When the first hot jet of semen shot into Sylla's throat, her climax intensified a hundredfold. She thrashed in the water, fingering herself manically and screaming wordlessly around my cock. I ejaculated again and again, shouting her name, until my voice was raw and every last ounce of my energy spent.

I sat swaying, dazed, as Sylla stood in the water, smiling warmly at me. "That was fantastic, Adam. Thank you," she said, smacking her lips and planting a chaste kiss on the corner of my mouth. She climbed out of the water and began walking towards our piles of clothing.

"Your training begins tomorrow. Be at my place at 8," she called over her shoulder as I collapsed onto my back.

Chapter 7: The Cabal

The Club

by S. G. Liminal

Chapter 07 - The Cabal

Samael smirked at the reflected image in the full wall mirror. His body was immaculate, every muscle sculpted by an artist. His tanned skin glistened lightly with the sweat of exertion. His longish brown hair was swept back, revealing piercing, intelligent blue eyes. A close shave outlined his sharp aquiline features.

Lying on her back before him, Sylla was not in a comparable state. Exhaustion had stolen the taut firmness from her body. Sweat covered every inch of her skin, running in rivulets down her neck and sides. Her long, auburn hair was a disheveled mess and her hazel eyes, half-closed, lacked focus. Her lips were parted, but not in the sensual manner she so carefully cultivated. Samael grinned down at her as he slid his long, perfect cock in and out of her pussy.

With lazy casualness, he ran his thumb in small circles against her clit. Sylla moaned and closed her eyes. Her head shook from side to side, as though to refuse the orgasm he could feel building inside of her. He increased the pace of his thrusts. "Look at me, Sylla," he ordered. Her eyes fluttered open and locked onto his with helpless obedience. "Good girl," he teased. "Now cum."

She fought it. Her breath hitched as she attempted to gain control of her passion. Clutching the sheets of the bed as though they could save her, she feebly attempted to meet his thrusts. Samael laughed down at her with undisguised disdain. Now she knew how lucky she had been to defeat him at their last meeting. Now she understood the futility of resistance.

When they first met, Samael had dominated every aspect of their sexual encounter until Sylla had managed to trick him with a cunning ploy. She had gained control over him and used that control to snatch victory from the jaws of defeat. Tonight, Samael had taken care to reconstruct every nuance of their previous battle. He fucked her in every position he had last time. He made her cum whenever called for by the script in his mind. This time, however, when they reached that crucial moment at which Sylla could hope to turn the tables, Samael had swatted aside her attempt with ease.

Her confidence thus shattered, Samael had his way with her. He took her in position after position, watching as her last reserves of energy and hope drained away. An air of desperation hung over Sylla as he plowed through the very last of her defenses. He could taste imminent victory in the sweat between her breasts.

He slammed his cock into her with brutal force. "I told you to cum!" he shouted. Sylla obliged, not only with cries of pleasure as her final orgasm shot through her, but with the abandonment of all thoughts of victory. She looked up at him with pleading eyes, unable to even beg him to stop as she climaxed endlessly.

Samael loosed a wordless bellow of triumph and pounded his hips against Sylla with renewed vigor. Sylla's body fell limp and she whimpered pathetically. The force of his thrusts caused her head to bang against the bed's headboard with each collision of their bodies. Knock knock knock.

He had done it. He had defeated Sylla. And she was only the first. He was so much stronger now. More sexually potent than ever before. With this victory, he gained access to the next tier in The Club. "Please," Sylla moaned. "Please. You win." Samael ignored her. His cock was harder than it had ever been before. He

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was not nearly done. He pumped his cock into her. Knock knock knock.

He wouldn't stop with Sylla. He was going to be the first of The Club's Angels to defeat every single Member. He would take his revenge against Nikki for her unspeakable torture and then he would take down Donna. The Club would be his and they would all serve him. And service him.

Knock knock knock.

Samael startled awake and stumbled awkwardly out of bed, swaying unsteadily. The fantasy was already fading.

Weeks had passed since his endless torture at the hands of Nikki. Well, at the hands and mouth of Nikki. Her legendary, incredible, terrible mouth. After losing a wager with Donna, the leader of The Club, he had spent hours chained to a wall with Nikki kneeling before him. The first orgasm she had brought him to had come in mere seconds. He had never felt a tongue like hers. She never even allowed him to go soft. His next climax followed less than a minute later. That was the last pleasure he took from the experience.

Each subsequent orgasm had taken longer to achieve and had been increasingly uncomfortable until discomfort gave way to pain. And then to panic. He had shouted and threatened. Begged and pleaded. Nikki had only taunted and teased him all the more ruthlessly as tears began to stream down his face.

By the fifth or sixth orgasm, he no longer actually ejaculated. Each orgasm was completely dry. But Nikki's mouth was hot and wet and she forced him to remain hard long after he was sure his body was no longer capable of sustaining an erection. Samael had stopped counting, had lost the ability to count, by the twelfth orgasm, but she had not stopped for many more hours and many more orgasms. Not until long after he had felt something snap in his mind like a dry stick.

Since that day, Samael had not had an orgasm. He was not even capable of gaining an erection without pharmaceutical assistance. He had tried everything. Entertained every fantasy. Nothing worked. He was broken. Destroyed. His life was over. Nikki had ruined him. On Donna's orders. But it was all Sylla's fault, really.

Knock knock knock.

Samael staggered slowly out of his bedroom and stumbled down the long hallway, bracing against the wall for support. He could not remember the last time he had eaten and was weak as a kitten from lack of nourishment. As he passed one of the many mirrors lining the hall, he caught a glimpse of himself and did not recognize the emaciated, unshaven man staring back at him with haunted eyes. All at once he became aware of the stench of his own body. He could not remember his last shower, either.

The murmur of voices startled him out of his reflection and he turned to stare dumbly at the front door of his home. Someone was out there. Knocking. But, who? And why?

He didn't care. The door was locked. They would go away and leave him alone with his misery.

A wave of lightheadedness washed over Samael and he leaned against a wall as his vision blurred. He heard a faint click and as his sight cleared, he stared open-mouthed at the door swinging open to reveal a swarm of beautiful women. The most exotically attractive of them stepped forward and Samael fell to his knees before her. "Mistress Claire!" he attempted, but all that emitted from his dry throat was a gravelly croak.

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Claire, the leader of the Cabal, was ranked 11th in The Club, one step away from reaching the top most of the exclusive tiers. As she had climbed the ranks, she had busily recruited weaker Members to her cause. The witchcraft Claire wielded was rumored to enhance the sexual abilities of herself and her minions. And it was undeniable that each had been climbing steadily through the rankings since becoming her thrall.

Samael remained kneeling, transfixed by the raw power and beauty standing before him. The women behind her were all wearing normal clothing, but Claire was covered by a floor-length, unadorned black robe. The hood was pushed back and Claire's long, honey-colored hair spilled over her shoulders and down her back. Her skin had the healthy olive glow of noble Middle-Eastern families. Samael stared into her eyes which seemed to hide behind a smoky veil. Were they gray? Brown? A wave of nausea crashed over him and Samael collapsed to his hands and knees.

Without so much as a gesture from Claire, but following an unmistakably issued command, the rest of the Cabal filed silently into Samael's home.

First came Amber, ranked 12th, a former porn star who, at the height of her career, had given it all up to become a Member of the Club. Her blonde, California-girl innocent good looks belied a vicious ambition.

Jennifer followed, one of the Club's founding members. The stunningly gorgeous redhead had long been on a downward spiral as younger, hungrier women forced her down the rankings. She had been among the first to join Claire's Cabal, trading her soul for a chance to reclaim the glory of her youth. Already, she had avenged her previous two losses and regained the 17th rank.

Della came next. A tall, willowy professional model with brown hair and darkly tanned skin. It was rumored that Claire had forced Della into servitude against her will as a display of power to the other members of the Cabal. Whatever the truth, Della served with utter loyalty. She remained 20th, as Claire had not allowed her to challenge for a higher ranking since bringing her into the fold.

Kym entered pulling a bulging black suitcase behind her. She had been a practicing witch when she joined The Club and was immediately snatched up by Claire. She had rocketed through the rankings, and currently sat at the 22nd position. Her sassy reputation made her a favorite among the Angels, the men who served all The Club's Members.

On her heels came Linda, the bubbling blue-eyed beauty with curly blonde hair. Her joyful enthusiasm for sex had not helped her climb past the lowest tier until she had joined the Cabal. Less than a month after submitting to Claire's will, she had won her first challenge match in half a year and entered the next tier with a ranking of 24th.

Last of the Cabal, Amy entered. The Cabal's newest and most junior member, she was one of the least imposing Members of The Club. Standing only a hair over five feet and lacking the pin-up body shared by so many of the other Members, Amy's greatest weapon was her immense intellect. Sylla had foolishly challenged her and earned the contempt of Claire.

Samael blinked in confusion as the women spread throughout his home with efficient purpose. As he turned his attention back to Claire, she held a painted clay bottle before him. With shaking hands, he grasped it. She stared down at him and his stomach tightened into a knot. *Drink it.* The command echoed in his head. Had she spoken it aloud?

He raised the bottle to his lips and tilted it back. The smell hit him as the first drop of liquid touched his lips. *Death, decay, worms, fear.* He shuddered with revulsion and gagged, but his body would not obey the panic in his mind. More of the liquid flowed into his mouth. *Terror, fire, rot, putrescence.* Pain wracked Samael's

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body. His eyes watered, his tongue swelled, his stomach heaved.

Samael's fragile mind splintered with blinding pain. His sanity fled like rats from a sinking ship. He could not see, hear, or think. He could not even scream. A single thought coalesced in the ruin of his psyche: *Mistress Claire*.

His mouth was filled with honey. Golden, delicious ambrosia. He swallowed greedily, not allowing a single drop to escape his lips. He was assaulted by sensations. The smell of honeysuckle on a warm spring morning, old leather, freshly sliced oranges. The moans of lovers rang in his ears. He could feel smooth bare skin rubbing against his body.

The empty bottle fell from his fingers and shattered into a thousand fragments before him. He looked up reverently. "Mistress Claire," he whispered through cracked lips.

A hint of a smile touched Claire's mouth.

Cool hands slipped beneath Samael's arms and pulled him to his feet. "Go, Samael," Claire commanded. "Kym and Linda will prepare you for the ritual." She turned away, dismissing them, and Samael felt the loss like a stab wound in his gut.

He was dimly aware, as he was led through his house, of a flurry of activity all around him. Members of the Cabal were pushing furniture about, clearing the accumulation of unwashed dishes, and unpacking an assortment of strange items from their black suitcase.

He found, to his surprise, that he felt better than he had in days. More alive. Stronger. He noticed for the first time that he had two of the Club's Members, who had previously been far above his station, walking on either side of him, their amazing bodies brushing against his in the narrow hallway.

He was guided into the master bathroom, where the large walk-in shower was already filling the room with steam. Kym and Linda began to undress themselves with an uncanny mixture of sensuality and detached professionalism. Samael moved to undress himself before realizing that he was already fully naked. He had been nude the entire time.

Linda, smiling sweetly, pulled Samael by the hand into the shower and beneath the multiple jets of hot water. Kym followed moments later, carrying a razor and several bottles of soap and shampoo. Samael stood in a daze as two of the most powerful and attractive women he had ever encountered began to wash his body clean with soft sponges and scented soaps.

Kym was kneeling before him, rubbing a soapy sponge along the length of his thighs, when he felt the first stirrings deep within himself. Linda was standing behind him, her hands massaging his scalp with shampoo, her large breasts brushing lightly against his back. Samael drew in a deep breath and closed his eyes. Mistress Claire's potion had cured him!

Samael opened his eyes slowly and looked down. Kym was kneeling frozen before him, staring with lust-filled eyes at his swelling cock. Samael placed his hands on either side of her face and gently pulled her closer. Her lips opened as her eyes closed and she took him into her mouth. Water coursed down her lithe body as she began to suck his cock.

Linda's hands roamed over his smooth chest as she began to writhe her body against him, her nipples hard against his back. She left a trail of kisses from one muscled shoulder to the other. He reached backwards with one hand and gripped Linda's ass while guiding Kym's head with the other. The women moaned in unison.

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Linda's body, slick with soap, slid easily against Samael with building tension. His fingers traced patterns along her ass and around her thigh, seeking her wet pussy. Linda gasped and moaned deep in her throat as he found her clit and began teasing it between two fingers. She arched up on her toes to kiss him, attacking his tongue with desperate hunger. Samael met her passion and doubled it, forcing Linda to break the kiss, panting for breath.

Kym, sensing a lack of attention, began to rapidly pump the shaft of Samael's cock with one hand while running the other over his flat stomach and muscular chest. She alternated between sucking his balls, running her tongue along the length of his shaft, and taking his large head into her mouth. She moaned in ecstasy as she increased her pace.

While Samael guided Kym according to his desires with one hand atop her head, he curled the fingers of his other hand around the back of Linda's neck and pulled her into another deep kiss. His tongue penetrated her lips and she shuddered against him, whimpering softly. When she could take no more and broke off the kiss, Samael forced her downward, and she trailed kisses along his chest and side as she dropped to her knees beside Kym.

Samael grabbed a handful of dripping wet hair in each hand and forced them to look up at him. "Ok, ladies," he said, a grin spreading on his face. "Here's the game. Whoever sucks my cock the best, gets fucked. The loser will have to watch."

They attacked his cock with the ferocity of starving lions. Their hands clutching his ass, pumping his shaft, raking nails down his muscled stomach. Their mouths and tongues battled for ownership of the head of his cock. Kym won, after drawing Linda into a passionate kiss that left the blonde girl breathless. Kym went to work, her tongue flicking with perfection against the sensitive skin beneath the head. She looked up into his eyes and attempted to take him fully into her throat. Samael flexed the head of his cock and Kym disengaged, coughing.

Linda eagerly took her place, drawing Samael into her hot, wet mouth. She clutched her own large breasts in her hands, teasing the nipples and massaging, as she pistoned her head against Samael's cock. Kym recovered quickly and began sucking and licking Samael's balls.

Back and forth they went, each trying to gain Samael's favor with their unsurpassed abilities. Linda was capable of taking Samael deeper into her throat than Kym, but Kym's fiery passion won her points. Often, when Linda was in control, Kym would attack her, fingering, pinching, and biting until Linda was temporarily incapacitated, allowing Kym to take over.

When no clear victor emerged, Samael declared their battle a draw and forced them both to bend over before him. He shoved his cock first into Kym, who cried out in pleasure. He drove two fingers into Linda's pussy, eliciting a matching exclamation.

He fucked them both, bent over in his shower, until their legs were shaking from the power of their orgasms. They clutched each other for support, their eyes willing Samael to focus on the other so that they might have time to recover. He was close to finishing them both, he knew. Had any man ever defeated two of The Club's Members at once? Surely not.

A pinprick of pain, like a bee sting on the back of his neck, woke him from his reverie.

Samael blinked in confusion. Kym stepped out from behind him, already dried and wearing a black robe. He was standing alone in the shower. Linda, also wearing the black robe of the Cabal, was looking at him expectantly. He looked down. His penis remained flaccid. It had only been a dream. He was still broken.

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With a sigh of resignation, he stepped slowly out of the shower. Kym and Linda quickly towed him dry. His body had been shaved clean. Even his long hair had been trimmed. The women went about their work with clinical indifference, never meeting his eyes. They refused to allow him deodorant, cologne, or clothing, but did insist that he thoroughly brush his teeth.

When he had finished to their satisfaction, they led him out of the bathroom and into a transformed world hardly recognizable as his house.

Every light had been extinguished. Candles lined the long hallway casting shadows that leapt and danced to a dark song. As he watched, mesmerized, he found he could almost hear the music. The shadows beckoned Samael to give himself over to their madness.

Cool hands pushed him down the hallway and he obeyed, stumbling forward on unsteady legs. His head swam and he reached out to brace himself for support. His hand sunk into the wall and he pulled back in revulsion. The walls began to breath in an alien rhythm. He was inside of some awful creature. It had swallowed him whole. He looked around wildly for an escape, but the hallway stretched onwards for miles. He collapsed, screaming in horror.

Warm hands pulled him off the floor where he had curled into a fetal ball and shoved him down the hallway, deeper into the belly of the beast. The terror was paralyzing, but he lacked the strength of will to resist.

After an eternity of torment, they turned the corner and he faced what once had been his living room.

A large circle dominated the room, easily 15 feet across. The circle was constructed of a variety of strange materials. The base appeared to be a thick band of fine white sand. Slivers of gleaming metal showed through the sand in places: silver, copper, and gold. Spaced evenly around the circle stood tall black candles, filling the room with flickering shadows, dancing upon the walls.

Claire stood in the center of the circle, her eyes closed and hands held out in a gesture of supplication. Her lips moved, as though in prayer, but no sound came forth.

Hands, now uncomfortably hot, pressed Samael forward towards the circle. Kym and Linda moved away from him, taking their places around the outside of the circle next to their robed sisters.

Samael shuffled forward, swaying drunkenly, his eyes fixed upon Mistress Claire. With every step he took towards the circle, an electricity built in the air around him. Goose flesh broke out across his body and an unpleasant humming grew in his ears. He knew if he could only reach Mistress Claire, everything would be better. She was the only one who could fix him.

The humming grew painful and the very air seemed to push back against him as he traveled the last few feet towards the edge of the circle. With a tremendous exertion of willpower he forced his body to close the last few inches towards salvation.

As he broke the plane of the circle, the world exploded in blinding light and pain. He landed awkwardly upon his back ten feet away. Smoke rose in tendrils from his twisted body. He writhed in agony, his teeth clenched against a scream.

You do not enter except by my leave, the voice echoed in his mind. Her voice. Mistress Claire's voice. You will never disappoint me again. Now, rise, and approach.

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Unsteadily, Samael regained his feet. The world was subtly different. The hum was gone. The strange magnetic pressure was gone from the air. Claire and her Cabal stood watching him calmly, silently.

Samael stepped cautiously forward, wary of another explosion of pain, but nothing happened. He stepped over the threshold and into the circle with an awkward sense of disappointment. He shook his head as though to clear it. He was aware that he was losing his mind, piece by piece. Fantasy and reality intertwining so closely that he could no longer distinguish the difference between them.

"Is this a dream?" Samael asked Claire. "Are you real? Am I going insane?"

Searing pain racked his mind and body. Invisible weight crushed down upon him, forcing him to his knees. He opened his mouth to scream, but he had no breath in his lungs.

The pain vanished, leaving a gaping hole where it had been, consuming his sanity. Samael shivered and sucked air into his lungs. He opened his eyes to find Mistress Claire standing directly in front of him.

"You do not question me," Mistress Claire informed him icily. Her hand cracked across his face like a baseball bat and he fell heavily onto his side.

Pain again. A thousand times worse than before. He couldn't breath, couldn't think. There was nothing but pain. Then, it was gone.

KNEEL! He scrambled back to his knees and looked pleadingly to Mistress Claire, but she had turned away from him and was walking slowly towards the opposite end of the circle.

"The answers to your questions are yes, no, and that is not for you to know. But not in that order." She turned back to him. "If I have to discipline you again, you will not survive. Do you understand?"

Samael nodded, too terrified to speak.

"Good. Let us begin."

Claire brought her hands together and Samael felt the circle snap shut around them, sealing them inside. He could still see the lesser members of the Cabal standing vigilant around the circle, but they seemed more distant. Less real. As though viewed through a smoky veil.

Claire began to chant, a wordless, tuneless prayer. The others joined in, their voices muted through the barrier.

The candles flared brightly then faded and drifted apart. The circle elongated and straightened until Samael found himself standing at one end of a long platform, lit by burning braziers. On either side of the platform there was only darkness, forever. He could no longer see the Cabal, but he could hear their voices. The chanting was beginning to take shape, but that shape was alien and terrible.

At the far end of the corridor, Mistress Claire stood on a raised platform before a stone altar. She beckoned him forward.

Samael gathered what remained of his mind and rose to his feet. He took a step towards her, and then another. His legs felt steady for the first time since this day began. The chanting voices swirled around him, lifting him and lending him strength.

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Ungath lahon echat en natti es.

The words assaulted Samael. He clenched his eyes shut and held his hands over his ears, doubling over as his mind fractured under the pressure of the eldritch sounds.

Jack is 11 years old. He is hidden inside of his older sister's closet watching as she and her friends take sips of vodka and play Truth or Dare. His sister, Veronica, and her friends are seniors in high school. They have bodies that grown men and women crave. Men out of lust, women out of jealousy. As the alcohol flows, the game grows risqué. It was only ever a cover for their desire to experiment.

Truths give way to dares. The dares grows increasingly bold. Veronica kisses Kathy full on the lips, slipping her tongue into her friend's mouth at the last instant, eliciting a squeal of giggles. Rona is dared to remove her shirt and bra. Rona dares Veronica to kiss her nipples.

Jack has his first erection. He is scared. He doesn't know if something is wrong with him and he is trapped in Vera's closet, but he instinctively understands that his erection is tied to what his sister and her friends are doing. He is still watching when he absentmindedly begins touching his hard penis. It seems comically large. The head is poking out the leg of his shorts. He lets out a little moan as he squeezes it between both hands.

There is a loud gasp followed by frantic shuffling. The closet door is yanked open and three young women in various stages of undress are staring at him with a spectrum of emotions. Fury, amusement, shock.

Veronica grabs him painfully by the hair and drags him out of the closet, threatening death and worse if he should breath a word of what he has seen to mom and dad. Jack begins to cry. Veronica shakes him, yelling at him to promise, when he hears Rona say quietly, "Veronica...look at the size of his...look at it."

He watches in terror as they crowd around him, staring at his penis. He tries to pull his shorts down, but they aren't long enough to cover the whole thing. He looks up desperately, and pleads with Vera not to tell mom and dad.

Kathy is the shyest of the three girls, but she is the first to touch it. Her fingers are cool as they curl around the shaft. Jack gasps and tries to pull away but Veronica grabs his hands and pins them behind his back.

"Kathy," Vera says quietly, a smiling creeping on to her face. "I dare you to kiss it."

Samael moved forward, towards Mistress Claire. Behind him the confused cries of a terrified boy are drowned out by the giggles of cruel girls.

Mistress Claire stood before the altar, leaning casually back against it. Her robe had fallen open at the neck, revealing a slice of skin and the barest hint of the swell of a breast. One smooth, shapely leg poked out from the fold of the material. Samael strode towards her. He could feel a trickle of energy flowing into him.

Ungshasa anaad lagash. Onen nele.

Jack is 14 years old. Somehow his sister has convinced their parents to let him visit her at college for the weekend. Years of torment and threats at the hands of Veronica and her growing circle of friends have burned away the guilt of their sins.

It is pledge week at Veronica's sorority. He is wearing a bondage suit. The full body rubber suit is hot and uncomfortable, but he is strongly aroused. He is chained to a wall of the basement and the opening over his mouth is zipped tightly shut. The pledges that enter the room gasp and point and laugh hysterically, but before

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the night is over, if they want to join the sorority, every one of them will have taken a turn at sucking his dick. Those few that are accepted will get much more than that.

Jack will not cum no matter what they do to him. Veronica will hurt him if he does. He will watch the girls on their knees before him and grunt and shake, but he will not let himself cum.

Midnight arrives and the scared, excited girls are lined up before him. The first is terrified, unsure if she is actually expected to go through with it. When the older girls only stare at her in disappointment, she kneels before him and takes his big dick in her shaking hands. She kisses the head awkwardly, stealing a glance at the sorority leader for approval. She is ejected from the house, her hopes dashed.

The second girl is not going to make the same mistake. She scrambles between his legs and begins to lick with youthful enthusiasm. She's done it before, he can tell, but not very many times. And never on someone as big as him. After a few minutes pass she is called away. She hasn't been eliminated, but neither has she impressed enough to guarantee entry to the sorority. She's a maybe.

When it is the next girl's turn, she leaves without even trying, tears of embarrassment flowing down her cheeks.

Pledge #4 walks slowly and confidently towards him. She holds his dick in one hand and starts kissing him through the bondage suit. Her tongue leaves wet streaks across the rubber as she licks and kisses her way down his body until she is kneeling before him. Stroking him slowly, she begins to suck his head and nibble along the underside of his long, hard shaft. He begins to shudder and moan as her hot mouth slides along his length. He is going to cum.

A hand grips his throat like a vice. The fingernails are sharp against his skin even through the thick material. His eyes are closed but he knows it is Veronica. And he knows what will happen to him if he fails her. The girl between his legs doesn't hesitate for an instant, but fear has brought Jack's emotions back under control. A few minutes later, the girl is stopped. She is told to stand with her new sorority sisters. Later tonight, she and the other successful initiates will use him any way they desire.

Jack takes a deep breath and watches as the next girl approaches.

Samael continued forward, reaching the halfway point to the altar. Storms raged on either side of him. Purple clouds ejected forks of lightning, turning the world into blinding whiteness for an instant. Rain pelted his face, but he forced himself forward.

Mistress Claire sat atop the altar, her robe opened wide enough to reveal the large, perfectly formed swell of her cleavage. She was breathing heavily, her chest heaving. The storm was strongest around her, swirling winds surrounded her and the chants of her Cabal swelled. Samael was dimly aware of a forgotten sensation, a stirring deep inside of himself. He took another step towards his savior.

Eth ieenm tu Kadath araan ammral osund chel Tuk-Unn.

Jack kneels with the other slaves. They are on display for a special guest today.

Veronica escorts the mousy, unassuming woman into her dungeon and asks which she will require for her pleasure.

"I merely wish to watch."

The Club by S.G. Liminal

Veronica commands the slaves to impress their guest with their skills. The male slaves are out-numbered 8 to 3. The male slaves are each grabbed by two of the female slaves. The remaining two women begin to kiss each other.

Jack has been Veronica's slave since she opened the S&M dungeon. He has been her slave all his life, in truth. He has been forced to serve her, service her, and submit to her every wish.

Jack falls to his back, allowing the women to pin him to the ground. He closes his eyes and submits to their dominance. Hands and mouths roam his body. He writhes and moans as he has been taught. But he will not cum. Not until Veronica allows him to.

A hand, *her* hand, closes tightly around his throat. "I told you to *impress* our guest," Veronica hisses in his ear. "Don't just lay there. Fuck them. Fuck them all."

Jack obeys, easily taking control of the two slaves. He knows them. Has watched them serve their masters dozens of times. He knows exactly how to dominate them and does so with the fluid efficiency of an artist. When he is finished with them, he moves on to the two women.

The brunette is controlling the blonde, forcing the slave to lick her pussy. Jack shoves his cock into the brunette's mouth and curls his fingers into the blonde's hair, forcing her tongue deeper into the brunette's pussy.

When they are no longer of use to him, Jack turns to those that remain. Both threesomes are in disarray. The men have been finished. One of the women is nearly done. Jack grins and joins the fray, taking each of the four in turn until he alone remains.

Veronica approaches and he falls to his knees before her. She pets him idly and smiles at her guest. "Did you enjoy the show? Jack is my greatest creation. He is physically incapable of orgasm except by my command."

The strange guest stares at him blankly for a long moment. "I'll take him."

Veronica bristles. "He is not for sale," she says coldly. "And anyway, he is of no use to anyone but me. He can only perform for me. I will make a gift of any of the others, but he is mine."

The small woman turns her large, spectacled eyes upon Veronica. "A wager, then. If I can make him cum in under a minute, he comes with me. If I fail, you can be a Member of The Club."

Lust and greed fill Veronica's eyes. "Yes! I accept!" She turns to Jack and glares down at him, grabbing him by the throat. "You will not cum, do you understand me? If you do, you will regret it for the rest of your miserable life. DO NOT CUM!"

Samael nods in absolute obedience. No power in the world can make him betray his master.

The small woman approaches Veronica and kisses her. Veronica shudders and her knees buckle. The strange woman whispers into her ear as she runs her small hands over Veronica's body and she falls to her own knees next to Jack.

She turns to Jack and gestures for him to stand. He looks to Veronica but she is staring awestruck at the woman.

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Jack stands and steels himself against the woman's seduction. He begins counting in his head. One-one thousand, two-one thousand. He only has to make it to sixty.

The woman moves behind him and turns him to face his older sister. Five-one thousand, six-one thousand. Her hands begin to stroke his long, lithe body. He shudders. Seven-one thousand.

Her small, warm hands close around his cock and begin to stroke. A small groan escapes his lips and he looks at Veronica, kneeling before him. Her face is only inches from his cock. Eleven-one thousand, twelve one-thousand.

She begins to whisper into his ear as her hands work faster. "Thirteen-" he cries as he experiences the most powerful orgasm of his life. A hot jet of semen shoots from his cock and leaves a sticky white line across Veronica's face and chest. He cries out again and again as load after load of hot cum covers his former master.

"My name is Candace," the voice speaks in his ear, oddly casual. "And your name is Samael."

Samael's pace quickened. His cock hardened and elongated with every step that brought him closer to Mistress Claire.

He could see her full breasts now, swelling as she chanted in her alien tongue. The words rang in his head, imbuing him with the power of her Cabal.

Amung dool amung barroo anng gugoramm ashra.

It is Samael's first night at The Club and they are having an event called a Gathering. Every one of the Members is present, but as each name has been called, Samael has not been selected. Every woman there is dripping with sexual confidence and he longs to prove himself, but they all ignore him in favor of other men or each other. His face is burning in embarrassment and anger when he is finally selected by the Club's lowest ranked Member.

She is cute, at least, he tells himself. She is wearing cut off jean shorts and a white tank top. Her blonde hair is cut short and streaked with bright purples and blues. Tattoos cover her arms and back. When she smiles at him and takes him by the hand to lead him to a nearby couch, her cheeks dimple in a manner that Samael finds inexplicably arousing.

Samael has not had a chance to memorize all the information expected of him, but he can recall the important points about this one. Her name is Annie, she is one of The Club's newest Members, and she has never won a match. At least she will be easy to dominate, he tells himself.

And she is. He takes an aggressive role and she answers by growing increasingly submissive. He makes a show of his dominance for any who may be watching. She moans and cums endlessly as he takes her in every way he desires.

Eventually he begins to tire. He hadn't expected her to last so long. No woman he has been with ever has.

As his strength begins to fade, Annie's passion swells. In mere minutes, she has complete control over him. But her control is nothing like what he suffered under Veronica's cruel tutelage. Annie is full of joy and playfulness. She smiles at him constantly, a secret smile. He feels a closeness, an intimacy he has never experienced before, and cums inside of her without warning.

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Annie giggles and kisses his forehead and tells him that she would like to see him again. Samael is surprised to find that he wants to see her again, too. But in the depths of his mind, he swears a vow that he will one day show her that he is the best.

Samael reached the first step leading up to the altar. The power flowing into him increased with every inch. He reached down and stroked his fully erect cock as he stared up at Claire, his goddess, his savior.

Claire's arms were spread wide, welcoming. Her lips were parted, unmoving, yet he could still hear her voice in his head.

Amom zou amom ruggor ama zurra gog agoroth.

Tears of ecstasy stream down Samael's face as he thrusts wildly into Claire. She is splayed atop the altar, her robe open, revealing the perfection of her body. He is cured. And more powerful than he ever could have imagined.

He is a slave again, he knows. But Samael does not care. His goddess has given him life again. And a purpose. A sweet, sweet purpose.

Samael's eyes widened in amazement.

It is the future you see, the voice in his mind confided.

Ahu mamaa gaa aug othaa.

Annie is begging Samael to stop. He has been fucking her for hours. Dominating her in ways neither of them have ever experienced. She has long since declared him the winner. But Samael is not interested in merely winning.

The tears have dried on her face. She is not even capable of weeping anymore. She has begun to understand that he is not going to stop until her mind snaps, and she can already feel it beginning to splinter under the ceaseless sensory overload.

Samael increases the ferocity of his thrusts and Annie goes limp beneath him.

Samael took the steps two at a time. He was close enough to smell Claire's scent now. He began to shake with anticipation and lust. His cock was a rod of hot iron in his hand. Power coursed through him. All the power of the Cabal.

Claire pulled her robe fully open and spread her legs wide. Come to me, Samael, she commanded. Come to me. Cum in me.

Arrung athraa nagagag rathag raa athraaa.

Samael's hands tighten around Sylla's throat as he thrusts into her, squeezing the very life out of her body as he fucks the last remnants of sanity from her mind.

Samael reached the altar and slid his cock inside of Claire, the first part of their bodies to touch. The fathomless power she wielded flowed into him and through him and back into her, completing the circle. His mind filled with forbidden knowledge and throwing his head back he screamed,

AMAGOG RAMM JAHURR!!!

Samael and Claire are staring into each other's eyes. Their combined power makes them unstoppable as they have proven time and time again. They share a smile, knowing they will have each other once this final task is complete. And their task is very nearly complete.

Samael slows his thrusts and grabs the hair of the woman he is fucking from behind. He pulls her face up from between Claire's legs. The woman lets out a long, low sound, halfway between a moan and a sob. She looks up into Claire's eyes. "No more," she begs. "It's too much. I can't take any more."

As Samael forces the woman's head back down, Claire strokes her beautiful face and says, "Donna, my dear, we are only getting started."

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