# Carla and Alice

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*While the cat's away, the mice will play ...*

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“Lada dedadeda de, la de da, la de da,” Carla hummed a snippet of Mozart’s Minuet in G to herself as she dialed the phone.

“Hi, Carla! What are you up to, girlfriend?” Alice asked into the phone.

“How did you know… oh, duh. Caller ID. Silly me. I just finished an experiment, and thought I’d bring it over to share, and get yours and Gerald’s opinion on it,” Carla replied.

“Experiment, huh? So you want me to be your guinea pig? How do I know it’s edible? What is it, anyway?”

“I promised the Women’s Club I’d bring a homemade cheese cake to our next meeting, and since I hadn’t made one in about three years, thought I’d better do an experimental run. I think it’s pretty good, but I upped the ratio of lemon juice, and wanted someone who isn’t quite as enamored of tart flavors as I to taste it.”

“Well, I can taste it for you, but if you want Gerald’s opinion, you’ve called on the wrong weekend. He and his brother Ron are in Maine, salmon fishing with their father this week.”

“Oh, yeah. I forgot about that,” Carla lied. “Well, you can taste it and see what you think. That is, if you haven’t anything on today.”

“Well, actually, I AM clothed, but that could be easily remedied,” Alice laughed.

“Smart ass,” Carla replied. “Not on, as in ‘wearing anything’, Silly; on as in ‘going on’.”

“Nothing special. I was just going to do some laundry, and read Lush stories on my laptop while I sit on the washer during the spin cycle.”

Carla giggled, and said, “I’ll be over in about fifteen … no, on second thought, make that an hour. That way, you’ll have time to get yourself off and catch your breath before I get there.”

“Why not just come over now? You can help.”

“Help you do laundry?” Carla asked in mock horror.

“No, Silly. The other.”

Carla giggled. “I thought you’d never ask. I’ll be right over.”

She hung up the phone, gathered up her purse and the cheese cake, and headed toward the front door. She glanced at herself in the hall mirror as she passed, and suddenly realized she needed to put something on over the tank top, in case she should meet anyone on the street*. It would never do to put someone’s eye out with these sharp nipples*, she thought to herself, as she pulled a sweatshirt over her head. She slipped her feet into a pair of flats, and went out the door.

Alice was frantically running around the living room, gathering bits and pieces of clothing in her arms. *Oh, Lord, that would have been embarrassing*, she thought as she snagged Gerald’s tie and one of his socks from atop the curtain rod. Her mind wandered back to the previous night’s frolicking. *I don’t think we’ve been that eager to tear into each other’s clothing since that first night in this house five years ago*, she thought*. It’s amazing what a few erotic email messages during the day can do for your evenings.* Then, thinking about Carla’s eminent arrival, *I wonder which roll we left on the piano. Oh well, it doesn’t matter. I’m sure it’s something suitable.* “Lada dedadeda de, la de da, la de da,” she hummed to herself as she climbed the stairs with an armload of clothing.

Bing-bong! The doorbell rang just as Alice unceremoniously dumped the armload of clothing onto the bed. “It’s open!” she shouted, assuming it was Carla, and not the UPS man or somebody else. Com’on in. I’m upstairs, putting clothes away. There’s coffee in the kitchen. I’ll be right down.”

Carla let herself in, and went through the living room to the dining room toward the kitchen. She saw what appeared to be one of Gerald’s socks lying in the open piano, and smiled to herself.

Setting the cheese cake on the counter, she opened a cupboard and took out a coffee mug. She was just finished filling it, when Alice appeared in the doorway, her finger hooked through the handle of an empty mug.

“While you’re at it, do you mind giving me a refill?” Alice asked.

“Not at all. While I fix our coffee, and slice the cake, you can go take the dust rag out of the piano,” Carla said, and gave Alice a big grin.

Alice blushed, set the coffee mug down, and hurriedly left the room. Presently, she reappeared, tucking something into the pocket of her jeans.

Carla, seeing her chance to needle a bit, said, “I like to put my socks into my jeans pockets when I wash them. That way, I’m not giving one away each time I do a load of laundry.”

Alice burst out laughing, then. “Busted,” she said. “Can’t snake anything past you, can I?” She took the sock back out of her pocket, and laid it on the edge of the counter.

“I saw some of the email messages yesterday,” Carla said. “I don’t know why Gerald keeps forgetting that nothing on a company computer is private. Sometimes, for an attorney, he is incredibly trusting.”

“Speaking of attorneys, what is my favorite kinky female attorney doing in a Women’s Club? I thought that was a bunch of old blue-stockings sitting around talking about aphids on the heliotrope and how to beautify the neighborhood. You know; Lady Bird saying, ‘Plant a sher-ub’ and such.”

“It’s a long story. Let’s cut the cake, and I’ll tell you, while you taste it.”

Alice handed Carla a knife, and went into the dining room to get two dessert plates. “Here,” she said, setting them on the counter next to Carla. “Put it on these, and bring them into the dining room. I’ll take the mugs of coffee in, and get out a couple of forks and napkins.”

As they ate their cheese cake, Carla explained how, when she was an undergraduate student, majoring in horticulture and business, she thought it might be wise to join a local garden club. “So after I passed the bar, and moved here, they forwarded my contact information to the local Women’s Club. I was going to ignore them, but then I thought maybe it would be a way to meet some discreet like-minded women.”

“Closet dykes, you mean?” asked Alice.

“Yes, though you needn’t be quite so crass about it. And, as it turns out, quite a few of those, what did you call them? Blue-stockings? Have some VERY kinky skeletons in the closet. They are also a convenient source of divorce casework.”

“Horticulture, huh? What’s that old adage? You can lead a horticulture …”

“But you can’t make her think,” finished Carla. “Yes, I’ve heard them all. Now, of course, I legally charge for my services.”

“Okay, okay!” laughed Alice. “Enough with the bad puns, already. You’ll make coffee come out of my nose.”

“What’s in a name? That which we call a nose still smells …”

“STOP IT!” Alice exclaimed, laughing.

“… what we eat,” Carla finished. “Speaking of which, what do you think?”

“It’s pretty good,” Alice said. “But I’ll bet I know what would improve it.”

“What’s that?”

“I’ll show you.”

Alice stood then, and took up the empty plates, heading to the kitchen. She crossed over to the counter, and sliced another piece of cheese cake and placed it on one plate. Carrying it through the dining room, she said over her shoulder, “Well, are you coming or not?”

“Where?” Carla started to ask, and then her mouth formed an ‘O’ as Alice opened the door to the basement stairs, and flicked on the light.

Alice led the way down the stairs, and pressed a switch at the bottom. The room lighting dimmed and Carla found herself stepping off the bottom step into the wine cellar of an old French bistro. The walls were dingy with what appeared to be tobacco smoke stains, and the vaulted ceiling was plastered with labels peeled from bottles. There were several wall sconces. Alice crossed the room to a small table along one wall, and opening a drawer, withdrew a box of wooden matches. She struck one and proceeded to light the candles in the sconces.

“Oh, my!” Carla exclaimed. “You guys really did this room up right, didn’t you?”

“Well,” Alice replied over her shoulder, “Gerald and I wanted a wine tasting room, and after we put in the vaulting, he had the bright idea to paint the walls with a mix of yellows and browns, to imitate the smoke-stained walls of an old European-style bistro wine cellar. Then we really got ‘into it’ and decided to plaster the ceiling with all those labels we had been keeping in our wine tasting card file. Here’s what I thought ought to go with the cheesecake.”

She placed a bottle of Penfolds Grandfather Port on the small tasting table. Reaching into the cupboard beneath the table, she got out a pair of Reidel port glasses, and poured a generous measure into each.

Carla reached for her glass, and Alice stopped her, saying, “Wait. Try this; the *pièce de résistance* ,” and popped a small chocolate truffle into Carla’s open mouth.

Carla let the chocolate melt in her mouth, and followed it with a sip of port. She could taste the almost too sweet, too sharp chocolate flavor being dissolved, absorbed and smoothed by the flavors of the port. “Oh. My. God.” she whispered. “That is positively orgasmic.” She could feel her crotch swelling, and clamped her legs together.

“Now have a bite of cheesecake,” Alice suggested.

“But you’re too far away, Dear,” Carla giggled.

“Smart ass.”

“Everyone needs one …” Carla started to say.

“It helps you sit better,” they said in unison, and burst into laughter.

Carla had a small bite of cheesecake as instructed, and was pleasantly surprised to find the tangy, slightly citrusy flavor of the lemon cheesecake made a perfect complement to the sultry sweet warmth of the chocolate and port.

Alice stood up from her stool at the tasting table, and went ‘round to Carla’s back. Wrapping her arms around Carla’s waist, she nuzzled the side of Carla’s neck and softly breathed into her ear, “Wait here, and have another sip of port. Your comment about chocolate and port has given me an idea. I’ll be right back.” She released her, and turning, walked across the room and scampered up the stairs.

The whispering into her ear, and Alice’s warm breath on her neck only served to further charge Carla’s libido. She listened to the floor creak above her as Alice crossed the living room, and reached for her glass. As she was raising it to her lips, she heard the piano start up with the strains of Mozart’s Minuet In G. Knowing as she did that the vacuum pump for the player piano was connected to the devices in the “play room” next door, she opened and closed her legs involuntarily, and her lips began to engorge.

She swirled the port in her mouth, feeling its sensual velvety texture sliding over her tongue and against the roof of her mouth. As she did, she could taste a hint of old oak, brandy and leather. The velvety feel combined with the flavors reminded her of penis and English Leather cologne. Swallowing the mouthful, she felt a subtle hint of citrus and pepper lingering at the back of her palate. Her breathing was becoming a little uneven, and she leaned back in the high stool, closed her eyes and took a deep breath.

Alice arrived at the bottom of the stairs just in time to see Carla's ample breasts rise, and her nostrils flare. She was carrying a box of plastic refrigerator wrap in her left hand, and she placed it on the table.

"I think we need to cover the rest of the cheese cake so it won't get stale," Alice said, and proceeded to unroll a piece long enough to cover the plate. "I think it will cling to the polyurethane surface of the table," Alice said, "at least well enough to last for the next hour or two, while we repair to the playroom with our port. Come, Carla, grab your glass and let's go see what trouble we can get into." She took Carla's free hand in hers, and walked over to the hidden door.

Pressing on the upper right corner of the door using the back of her hand that held the glass, Alice opened the door to the basement "playroom". She released Carla's hand and turned to switch on the lights.

Carla involuntarily took in a sharp breath. She had been to the room many times, but seeing it never ceased to elicit a little reaction of surprise and excitement. It seemed to her that each time she first entered the room; she saw something hanging on the wall, or noticed something about one of the pieces of equipment that she had never noticed before.

The room was as large as the upstairs dining room, which was large enough to graciously seat eighteen for formal dinner. The light glittered off the chains, shackles and spreader bars neatly hung on one wall; and shone dully off the large copper air tank in the corner. The smell of leather permeated the room, and Carla was reminded of the well-kept tack room where she often went horseback riding. She briefly thought of the feel of a strong horse's back beneath her, the saddle occasionally rubbing her nether parts as she picked her way along the wooded trails she so loved. She remembered and smiled at how the white blossoms of serviceberry and dogwood lit up the open areas in the woods, and how the spring beauties littered the floor.

Her brief reverie was broken when Alice said, reading from a notebook lying open on the desk, "Last time we were playing, you said you'd like to try the breast suction cups."

"Yes, I did. I was intrigued by them, and wondered how they would feel as my nipples hardened at the

moment of orgasm."

"Well, dear you're in for a treat. Gerald has modified them slightly. He added electrical contact rings at the base of the cups, and copper cones around the suction ports. As your breasts are drawn into them, you get impulses from the TENS box he mounted under the table. Be careful, though. Turn the power and wavelength up very slowly; it's easy to make them really painful if you turn the knobs too quickly."

"Oh, I don't know about electricity…" Carla started to say.

"It is AMAZING, girlfriend. You'll love it, believe me. Here, I'll show you."

So saying, Alice reached out with both hands and in one motion pulled Carla's sweatshirt and tank top over her head. "NOW, stand there a minute, while I stick these pads to you."

Alice placed one pad on the underside of Carla's breast, and another just above the nipple. Carla's nipple hardened as Alice touched her breast. Alice attached leads to the two pads, and handed Carla a black box with three knobs on it. "Okay," she said. "The left knob controls the pulse rate, the middle one the width, and the right knob controls the power. Why don't you start with the rate and width in the center position. Now slowly turn on the power."

Carla did as she was told, and was surprised to feel like her breast was being vibrated from inside. It was like having a vibrator placed on her nipple, but it seemed to come from deep within her breast, and permeated throughout it. Her nipple was standing very hard, and she felt almost as if someone was sucking on it. She turned the power up a bit more, and the vibration became more intense, until she suddenly decided it was too much, and quickly turned the control back down. She stood there, breathing heavily, and suddenly realized that her pussy was soaking wet, and she could feel herself completely engorged. "Holy shit!" she exclaimed. "That thing is amazing! I have a Hitachi vibrator, and have put it on my breast before, but it is nothing compared to that thing. That thing feels like it has a gas powered chainsaw motor inside my boob."

"Incredible, isn't it? But chainsaws and boobs? You sound like a grade B movie." She went on, "Now do you want to try the suction cups?"

"Oh, Lord, yes!" Carla quickly stripped off her shorts, and peeled the electrode pads from her breast. Holding her hand out, with one pad stuck to each of her first two fingers, she asked, "What do I do with these?"

"Oh, I know just the place for them." Taking one from Carla's hand, "Spread your legs," she ordered.

Carla did as she was told, and Alice bent down and placed one pad on the smooth skin next to Carla's clitoris.

"Okay, now give me the other one." Alice placed it on the opposite side, and connected the leads to them. "Now, lay back on the table, Dear, while I fasten your wrists and legs."

When she had Carla securely affixed to the table, she wheeled the air-powered fucking machine into place between Carla's legs and inserted the end of the dildo into her vagina. She opened the valve, and the machine started moving in and out, making a slight hissing noise as it did.

Carla gasped involuntarily as she felt herself being filled. She closed her eyes and listened to the strains of Minuet in G from the player piano. The machine was still thrusting in and out, and she could feel the butterflies beginning in her tummy.

Next, Alice lowered the cups to Carla's breasts, and opened the suction valve slowly. Carla arched her back and moaned softly as her breasts were drawn up into the cups. When her nipples were firmly against the top contact in the cups, Alice said, "Okay, Love. Now turn on the power."

Carla slowly turned the power knob. She could feel her breasts being vibrated and it felt as if her nipples were harder than they had ever been. She was just about to turn it off, when the power stopped. She gasped and started to say something, when suddenly she felt a vibration at her clitoris. The vibrations grew stronger and stronger until she almost felt they were too much, when they stopped. Almost immediately, her breasts began vibrating again. She heard herself then, almost as if from a distance. She was making moaning and gasping sounds, and her stomach felt as if she was going to have cramps. She began thrusting her hips wildly into the machine as it moved into her, and her voice rose in pitch. She felt like she was right on the edge of orgasm, but couldn't go over the top. "Oh, please, please," she begged, "let me come, Alice."

Alice laughed, and turned off the machinery.

"Oh, God," Carla gasped." Oh shit. Please. Don't stop now, dammit."

Alice reached out and gently wiped a strand of hair off Carla's forehead. She leaned over, and kissed her gently on the lips. Carla opened her mouth, begging for Alice's tongue, but Alice held her head up slightly, and Carla was forced to just lie there and take whatever she could get. Alice's tongue darted out, and she quickly swiped it across Carla's parted lips. "Soon enough, my Sweet. Soon enough," Alice said, and slowly opened the valves once again.

Carla gasped as the power came back on in the TENS machine, and the dildo started moving in her again. She could feel her moisture running out and down into the entrance to her anus.

Alice turned the speed up slightly on the fucking machine, and then lightly raked her fingernails across Carla’s abdomen.

Carla’s stomach muscles contracted involuntarily, and she felt her insides clamping around the artificial cock. Her legs began shaking uncontrollably, and her stomach muscles were clamping and releasing and clamping down again, spasmodically. Her nipples felt as if they were in a vise and the pain felt so good. It felt to her as if there was a direct connection between her nipples straight to her crotch. She heard a switch click, and suddenly the electric vibrations were on her nipples and her clitoris all at once. She rolled her head from side to side wildly, and suddenly came, gushing a torrent of fluid from her vagina. She screamed as she did, and Alice hit the kill switch that suddenly stopped everything.

The suction slowly went out of the cups, and Carla’s breasts began to recede from the cups and sag to the sides. Her chest was heaving up and down, and perspiration was beaded across her upper lip and forehead.

Alice pressed her hand on Carla’s abdomen, and with the other hand slowly wheeled the fucking machine backward, withdrawing the dildo.

Carla moaned as it left her, and felt a sudden emptiness. Her eyes began to tear up, and she felt her tears rolling from the corners of her eyes toward her ears. She wondered why she was crying. She had just had the most powerful orgasm of her life; she should be laughing. And then, just as suddenly as she had started crying, she did laugh. It was a long peel of laughter than came from deep inside, and she tried to raise her arms to hug Alice.

Alice quickly released all the buckles, climbed onto the table with Carla, and wrapped her in her arms.