

Heart's Desire

An Erotic Tale from the Hellfire Club

By: Crimson Rose

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Chapter One

Friends with Benefits

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Amber hated and feared driving at night. Her hatred came from the headlights blaring into her eyes from the cars racing in the opposite direction. She feared in that brief moment of temporary blindness she would crash and burn. Although she could see perfectly well during the daytime, her night vision left a lot to be desired. She couldn't make out road signs worth a damn and got lost more times than she cared to remember. So when she got the call shortly after midnight from her best friend Emily to come pick her up at the bar she almost told her to walk home. She thanked god when she was finally safely parked in the lot of the club.

Emily stumbled out of the club tripping over her own feet. She was giggling to herself and smiling happily drunk. Amber watched from a distance as her friend stumbled about like a drunken idiot. She watched as another woman – a tall blonde with large breasts, wide hips, and ruby red lips wearing a dress three sizes too small, stepped behind Emily and grab her by the waist to steady her.

Amber slammed her car door and stomped in the direction of her drunk friend. She couldn't remember how many times she tried to get Emily to lay off the alcohol, but it seemed to be getting worse as of late. She wasn't against drinking, far from it. She just believed in moderation – a term foreign to her raven-haired friend.

"For god's sake Emily," Amber said in her angry mother tone "don't you have any willpower?"

"Oohhh," the blonde woman purred. "Look, babe, I think she likes you. You gonna join our party, sexy?" she said giving Amber a wink.

"No offense," Amber said "but I don't know who you are. I'm here to take my friend home."

"Ah...ok," the blonde smiled. "I'm going home with her. We're going to have sex you know. Wanna join us?"

"I'll pass," Amber said. She was trying her best not to blow her top, but it was getting increasingly harder to do. She hated seeing her friend like this and to have some strange woman hitting on her pissed her off to no end. She wasn't against same-sex relationships, but such things were not her cup of tea. She didn't know her best friend swung that way either and it upset her for no good reason.

"I'm going to...*hic*...fuck her brains out," Emily said leaning a little too far forward as she whispered loudly to Amber. "You're so fucking sexy, babe," she said running a finger up Amber's arm. "Wanna...threesome?" She staggered back into the blonde's arms and started giggling hysterically.

"Come on," Amber said shaking her head in disgust "let's get you home." She wrapped her arm around Emily's shoulders and steadied her. As she walked slowly to her car she realized the blonde woman was following them. "I'm sorry, but I don't know who you are. You'll have to find your own way home."

"I'm Heather," the blonde said thrusting her hand out towards Amber to shake. "We... we're lovers," she said with a playful slap to Emily's ass.

"Never heard of you," Amber said in irritation. She slapped Emily's roving hand that was attempting to squeeze her right breast. "I'm taking my friend home now." She helped Emily into the passenger seat and put the seatbelt on her before walking around the car and getting in the driver seat. As she drove off she could see Heather standing there looking surprised and hurt.

Emily was horny and drunk and in desperate need of sex. Sitting next to her was a sexy woman wearing a skirt and blouse and high heels – her long red hair pulled back in a ponytail. She reached up and touched one of the light freckles on Amber's cheek. She loved her friend's freckles. Her sexy freckles. Her hand was pushed away but that didn't deter her.

"I love you," Emily said with her hand gripping Amber's right knee. "Do you love me?"

"Of course I do," Amber said. "Why else would I get out of bed and come pick you up every time you get drunk?"

"I'm sorry," Emily said sadly. "I love you." Her hand snaked its way up Amber's toned leg to the hem of her skirt.

"Stop it," Amber yelled and slapped her friend's hand. "This is the last time dammit! Next time you feel like getting drunk leave me the hell out of it!"

Emily's roving hands would not be deterred. She reached up and gently squeezed Amber's breast. Amber freaked out. The Car swerved. There was a thunderous boom as the car nosedived into a deep ditch. The airbags deployed, preventing both Amber and Emily from suffering any damage other than a red face from the force of impact.

"Fucking son of a bitch!" Amber yelled at the top of her lungs. "What in the hell's wrong with you?"

"Titties," Emily cooed and then passed out.

Amber looked for her phone to call the police and a tow truck, but soon realized she left home without it. She rooted through Emily's purse for her phone and found it near the bottom under a vibrator and a dildo. She wiped it off as best she could and made the phone call to the police. After an hour of explanations and field sobriety tests, Amber's car was towed and she and Emily were dropped off at home.

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Amber refused help from the tow truck driver as she nearly dragged Emily into the house. She could see the filthy man staring at her ass as she slammed the door shut and locked it. "I want you," Emily slurred. "You're pretty." She cupped Amber's face in her hand.

"And you're drunk," Amber answered. "You don't know what you're saying."

"Do to," Emily said moving in to give her friend a kiss. Amber stepped back and caught Emily before she fell face-first to the floor. "Come on, gimme just one kiss. I know you want to." She grabbed Amber's ass and pulled her close, puckering up and making kissing noises. "I want you so bad, Amber."

"I'm not a fucking dyke!" Amber yelled and pulled away. "Now stop acting like an idiot and let me help you to the couch."

Emily passed out again before her head hit the small throw pillow and Amber was thankful. She stomped up the stair to the bedroom and slammed the door. She stripped out of her skirt and blouse and climbed back into bed. It took more than an hour, but she finally drifted off to sleep.

Amber woke to the feeling of an arm draped over her side and her breast being groped. She looked down at the long, thin fingers gently massaging her breast. She felt the body pressed firmly against her back and she jumped out of bed, her bra pushed up to expose her breasts. She stared at the bed and her friend Emily that was laying there smiling.

"Come back to bed, lover," Emily purred. "I want to make love to you properly this morning,"

"What are you talking about?" Amber yelled. "We're not lovers. Fucking hell, are you still drunk?"

"I'm not drunk, you're drunk," Emily giggled. "Last night was amazing. It was the best sex of my life. Don't tell me you regret it now."

"You must have been dreaming," Amber said. "We never made love." A cool breeze blew through the open window and Amber realized for the first time that she was not wearing panties. "Where are my panties? I had them on when I went to bed. Did you take them off of me?"

"No," Emily answered. "You took them off yourself. You also begged me to fuck you with my dildo."

"I did no such thing! What in the fuck did you do to me? Get out of my bed right now, damn it!"

"You were yelling for me to fuck you," Emily said. "I heard it all the way down stairs. You woke me up with all the moaning and screaming you were doing. I came up to see you rubbing yourself while saying my name."

"I think you've lost your damn mind," Amber said angrily. "I did no such thing!"

"You did. I licked your pussy and fucked you with my dildo while you moaned and begged me to fuck you harder." She could see the confused look on her friend's face and wondered if she really didn't remember it. "Do you honestly not remember any of it?"

"NO! Because it never happened!" But there was a small part of her brain that was telling her it was the truth. She used to sleepwalk when she was a kid and when she woke would never remember anything she did the night before. She wondered if it was possible she was so stressed out that it happened again.

"You had three orgasms," Emily smiled. She reached a hand out to feel the bed where Amber was laying moments ago. "The bed is still damp from it. Come feel if you don't believe me." The whole bed was damp, really. It got hot in the middle of the night and they both sweated.

Amber leaned over and felt the sheets. They were damp and smelled heavily of sex. She smelled of sex. "Did I...um...do you too?" she asked, her voice shaky.

"No," Emily replied. "I licked you and fucked you with the dildo like you begged me to and then you curled up and fell asleep. I got in bed with you and fell asleep too."

"I think I was sleepwalking," Amber explained. "Remember when I did that as a kid?"

"Yeah, but I thought you outgrew it? Besides, you weren't up walking around."

"I don't have to be," Amber went on. "You've seen the recordings my parents made when I didn't believe them. How many times did we watch as I made something to eat and sat down in front of the TV to watch some late night horror movie only to wake the next day with no recollection of it? I've made phone calls, had conversations, done all sorts of things no sleeping person should be able to and could never recall any of it. Hell, without my parents recording it I still wouldn't believe it was possible."

"Well that sucks," Emily sighed. "I finally get a chance to make love to you and you don't fucking remember it. Damn, now I feel like some kind of predator."

"It's not your fault," Amber said. "If I was begging for it like you said, you had no way of knowing I was sleepwalking. I don't blame you."

"Want to do it while you're awake?"

"You know I'm not into women."

"Then why did you beg me for it last night?"

"I wasn't awake. I don't know what I was doing."

"Some small part of you must have wanted it though," Emily reasoned. "Why else would you scream out for it?"

"I don't know. The mind does funny things."

"That's not really an answer. Come on, you did it last night so what harm is there in trying it today? If you don't like it I will never mention it again. All I want to do is make love to you."

"When did you turn bisexual? You never told me before."

"Because I thought you would freak out. Heather and I have been lovers for two years now. Like you, I wasn't into women until I tried it with Heather. Her tongue was very convincing. Also, you haven't been with anyone in months. You've got to have all kinds of pent up sexual frustration."

"I do," Amber replied "but that's beside the point."

"No, that's exactly the point. I'm offering you the time of your life. All you have to do is trust me. I promise I won't disappoint you."

"But I don't remember doing it last night."

"Your wet pussy and the damp sheets don't lie," Emily replied. "Come back to bed and let me make love to you. If you don't like it at any point, I'll stop and we'll never talk about it again. Deal?"

Amber stood there staring at her naked friend, weighing the pros and cons of the options laid out before her. In the pros column went her long friendship with Emily and the fact they already made love once. She also put Emily's good looks in there despite how shallow it made her feel. In the cons column were some pretty big negatives. The first of which was she didn't remember making love to her best friend. The second was her fear that she would hate it and lose her best friend over it. A wet pussy and damp sheets don't lie, she added to the pros.

"Alright, it's a deal. But if I tell you to stop then I expect you to stop."

"You have my word," Emily smiled.

Amber crawled back into bed and into her best friend's arms. Emily moved in slowly, kissing Amber gently on her full lips. Amber panicked and pulled away.

"Stop," she screeched.

"Oh, come on," Emily sighed. "You didn't even give it a chance."

"Sorry. I panicked. I'm ok now. You can kiss me again."

"Are you sure? You're not going to yell stop the second I do, are you?"

"No. It's ok, really. It felt nice, I just panicked is all. I've never kissed another woman before. I promise I won't tell you to stop unless I really mean it."

"I want you to prove you are committed to this," Emily said.

"And how do you want me to do that?"

"I want you to kiss your way down my body and lick my pussy. If you can lick my pussy for five minutes without running away in terror I'll believe you really want to do this. But to be honest, I don't really thing you do."

"I want to do this," Amber said weakly. "I'm just afraid."

"Well prove to me that your heart is in it by doing as I asked," Emily said laying back against the headboard, her legs parted slightly.

Amber gave her friend a long look. The seriousness in her eyes told her all she needed to know. It was now or never. She either did as Emily asked, or walk away a liar. Amber Rayne

was anything but a liar. She leaned in and initiated the next kiss. And the next as she slowly made her way down Emily's body. She cupped Emily's breasts in her hands and squeezed them gently, tweaking the nipples between finger and thumb. She looked Emily in the eyes – eyes that now sparkled with lust-filled hope, as she took a nipple into her mouth and sucked it.

Amber sucked Emily's nipple long and hard. Something filled her mouth and she instinctively swallowed. She sucked again. Again she got a mouthful of sweet nectar. "Are you lactating?" she asked with raised brow.

"I am. Do you like the taste of it? I love it."

"But how are you producing breast milk? You've never been pregnant."

"You don't have to be pregnant to produce breast milk," Emily explained. "Keep on sucking my nipples if you like the taste. It feels really good when someone drinks straight from the source."

Amber latched onto the other nipple and gave it several sucks before she was rewarded with the savory liquid. She swallowed it down as fast as it squirted in her mouth, alternating between breasts until she had her fill. Licking her lips, she kissed each erect nipple and then moved ever so slowly down Emily's body.

Amber stopped again when she reached Emily's shaven mound. It was a very neat mount, Amber found herself thinking. The outer labia were full and puffy, the inner barely visible. She smelled sweet, like a fine wine; and earthy, like a forest after a hard rain. There was a hint of rose and jasmine in there too from her soap and perfume. Amber looked up into her friend's eyes. She saw the hope, the longing, and the love of years of friendship.

It was enough to make her want to cry, but she couldn't cry. Not now. She took a deep breath and kissed Emily's neat little slit. She licked the dampness off her lips, savoring it. She kissed Emily's pussy again, this time staying longer, her tongue sliding along the folds.

"Mmmm," Emily moaned. "That feels really good. Keep doing that babe." She was rewarded with another lick and a tongue pressing deeper, the folds of her womanhood parting like a flower in bloom.

"You taste really good," Amber said. "Do you believe I want to do this now?"

"Has it been five minutes already?"

"No, but maybe I want you to lick me while I lick you. It's only fair."

"Do you really want that?"

"Maybe."

"No maybes. I want a straight answer out of you or we stop this right now. Do you want me to lick your pussy? Yes, or no?"

"Mmm hmm, I mean, yes," Amber replied. "I really do want you to lick my pussy. Please do it before I change my mind."

"Alright. Get on top of me in a '69' position and we'll lick each other. Feel free to use your fingers too. Do you want me to finger you too?"

"Hell yes I want you to finger me. I want you to ram them in me hard and fast until I'm squirting all over the place."

"Then climb aboard," Emily smiled. "You're in for a hell of a ride."