

# LOVEHONEY® Erotic Book Club



# Small Packages

by Ellis Campbell

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# Small Packages

Ellis Campbell

The bolt on the door slid home. She searched through her purse and pulled out a small cosmetic case before hanging it on the back of the door. The shiny silver bullet slid easily from its protective case. With a sigh of anticipation and relief, she tuned out the background noise of piped-in music and incidental conversation. The morning had been a complete pressure cooker of high level meetings and deadlines. She needed this break more than she would ever let on, and she had been looking forward to it for over two hours.

Using one hand to hold her skirt out of the way, she slid the vibrator into her panties. Her body began to soften with the knowledge of what was coming. Fumbling a bit in her eagerness, she turned it on and pressed it against her clit, using her panties to hold the vibe in place after she withdrew her hand. Thank God she'd found this quiet little rocket.

Her head fell back against the wall as the intense vibrations thrummed through her clit and into her pelvis. She moved her hands up to play with her breasts and let go of the tension, the stress of the morning. Shockwaves of pleasure broke against her core over and over again, her hips beginning to move involuntarily with the ebb and flow of her pulse. Sliding one hand under her shirt, into her bra, she pinched her already stiffening nipple into a hard peak, tugging just slightly. She closed her eyes and drew one of her favourite fantasies in close.

A man kneeling between her open thighs, spreading her open for his eager tongue. Licking over her wet flesh, diving deeply into her for a moment before pulling back to lave her clit with the slight raspiness of his tongue. Flicking his tongue back and forth, up and down, circling around the pulsing centre of her pleasure.

He slides his fingers up her legs, trailing lightly over her skin, causing her to shiver in ecstasy. The contrast between those light, slow touches and the fast, hard movement of his tongue on her clit send her spiraling. She can feel her clit throbbing, her heartbeat against his tongue as he draws her into his mouth and sucks. Oh, God. He's drawing, pulling, at her clit, and her legs begin to tremble. Her hands clench on her breasts, her fingers pinch at her nipple.

He moves suddenly, pushing two fingers up into her, fast and sure. He presses against her g-spot, rubbing in long, sure strokes as he sucks at her clit. Her legs strain, her back arches. She wants to cry out, but she can't – others will hear. So, instead, she bites her lip.



The hot pleasure is gathering, contracting in her pelvis, her body drawn tight, straining toward the moment of completion. He sucks her clit fully into his mouth, then uses his tongue to flick back and forth across the exposed bundle of nerves, fast, faster, faster.

The tight ball of pleasure pulses once then explodes outward along her nerve endings, jerking her legs, her hands, pressing her head back into the wall. The phantom hands and mouth disappear from her consciousness as she rides the convulsive waves of her release, the vibration against her clit prolonging and intensifying the orgasm so that it seems to last forever.

Finally, she reaches down and turns the vibrator off. Slowly, still savouring the wet, pulsing thrill of the orgasm, she removes the little silver toy from her panties. She cleans herself up, cleans off the vibrator. Then, having set herself to rights, she returns the vibrator to her purse and opens the door.

"Hey, Jane," she says to a co-worker, leaning over the sink fixing her lipstick. "Rough going this morning."

"Yeah. You look pretty relaxed, though."

"Sometimes it pays to take a few minutes by yourself," she answers with a smile. Well, by yourself with your Magic Bullet mini-vibrator.