

Sapphic Rose

Alexis Alexandra

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“You want to do what now?” I asked my best friend Cindy after she just floored me with a most unusual request.

“I’d like to use your rec room for a passion party,” she said again.

“What in the hell is a passion party?”

“As you know, I work for Devil’s Delight and we’re coming out with all new product lines including toys and lubes and as one of the saleswomen it’s my job to get the word out about these new products. To that end we occasionally hold passion parties. Basically, think tupperware party but with sex toys and paraphernalia.”

“Do these parties involve sex at all?”

“Not usually, but that all depends on the crowd. Its women only so the only dicks there will be the toys. So, you game?”

“I don’t really know. I mean, who are these women you want to bring to my house? How many women we talking? What happens if it breaks out in a crazy female orgy? I’m not sure I could handle that.”

“Well, I was hoping we could convince some of the women we know to come along and maybe they could invite a few friends as well. Ideally I like to have about twenty to thirty for each party. As for it breaking out in a wild orgy, that would be kind of awesome because it would mean our toys are just that damn good, but I have never seen anything like that happen in the eight years I’ve been selling sex toys.”

“I still don’t know if it’s a good idea,” I replied reluctantly. I am not a prude by any means, but twenty to thirty women and a ton of sex toys were the ingredients for disaster in my opinion.

“How about if I give you twenty percent of my profits from whatever I sell to cover any costs? Also, there will be giveaways and I can make sure you get whatever toys you want free of charge.”

“When are you planning this party? And what will I have to do to prepare for it?”

“I was hoping for Friday after next. And all you have to do is host. I’ll bring everything including snacks and refreshments.”

“How long will this passion party last?”

“That all depends on how wild we get,” Cindy teased. “I mean, if it does break out in a wild orgy then it could last for days. Oh, wouldn’t that be fun!”

“Ha, ha, very funny. If it turns to that I’m calling the whole thing off. I’ve got a lot on the line right now and I can’t afford for the courts to get wind that I’m hosting lesbian orgies. I’ll never get my kids from my asshole ex if that ever happens.”

“Don’t worry about it, Rachael I’ll make sure mums the word. So does this mean you’ll do it? You’ll play host?”

“Against my better judgment, so you had better hope I don’t come to regret it.”

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The next thirteen days were a test of my resolve. As the day of the passion party approached, I considered cancelling at least a hundred times. All I could think about was word getting out and ruining my chances of ever seeing my kids again, but nothing untoward happened. Cindy called me every few days to update me on the progress of finding women interested in joining her crazy party, and to ask me to make small changes to my rec room before party time.

I call it a rec room because that's what it was while I was married for twelve horribly long years. Now, it was mostly an empty reminder of a sad chapter in my life. Anthony – my now ex-husband made it his room the day we moved in. He had a pool table, air hockey table, large-screen televisions, and the works. He also had a dozen of his inconsiderate friends over three or four nights a week where they would get drunk, harass me, and tear up the house before leaving. When our daughter walked in on them watching porn and screwing two women they somehow snuck into the house that was the end of it for me. I filed for divorce a week later, but against all odds he somehow managed to end up with the kids even after everything I told the courts about his activities. He cited one incident nearly ten years ago when I was going through a hard time after the deaths of my mother and grandfather within a week of each other. I was suicidal then and committed myself to a hospital for treatment. That was enough to convince the courts I was not a fit mother and it's been an uphill battle ever since trying to get them back.

Cindy came over on the Thursday night before the party with a huge grin on her face. I helped her carry in covered trays, and about three dozen bags I could only assume were filled with sex toys.

"What in the hell is all of this?" I asked as we carried the last of the bags into the rec room and set them on the three long plastic folding tables I brought up out of the basement.

"The bags contain all of the toys I'll be trying to sell and some that I'll be giving away. The trays we brought back are the special snacks. The ones in the kitchen need to go in the freezer right away so they can freeze overnight.

"What did you do, bring everything they had in stock?"

"Hardly. This is only a small sample of what we offer. Want to help me set it all up?"

"I suppose. What do you want me to do?"

"See that box marked display over there? Grab that and bring it over.

I picked up the box sitting on the floor near the end of the tables and set it down in front of Cindy. She opened it up and pulled out several large plastic bowls stacked inside one another. Next she pulled out several bags of what looked like Easter grass – you know, the stringy plastic stuff you fill the Easter baskets with before dumping a load of candy into them?

"If you would be so kind as to fill each of the bowls about two-thirds of the way with the grass I'll get started on the trays." She picked up a wide, flat box and after opening one end pulled out three very nice silver trays. She set one tray in the center of each table and proceeded to look through the bags until she found the ones she was looking for. "Now, before I line the trays, I don't want you to freak out on me, ok?"

"I'm not going to freak out over a few dildos," I assured her.

"That's great, but what goes on the trays are not dildos." From one of the bags she pulled out a strip of leather with a large red ball on it. Then another with a blue ball, then purple, black, another red one, and a then one with a large metal ring in place of the ball. "These are gags, in case you didn't know."

"Um, what do you intend to do with those?"

"I intend to try selling them at the party. Have you ever been gagged?"

"Of course not!" I exclaimed loudly.

"Don't tell me you have whips and chains in there too.

"Whips? Yes. Chains? No. But I do have canes, floggers, paddles, and a whole lot more."

"You promised me this wasn't going to get all weird," I protested as I continued to fill the baskets.

“No, I promised it wouldn’t break out into a wild orgy,” she corrected me. “Want to try a gag on? I think you’ll look really sexy with those full lips of your wrapped around one of the balls gags, or maybe even a ring gag.”

“Um, no thanks.”

“Ah, come on. Just give it a try. No one else will know but me. Besides, how will I know if the product is effective and comfortable if you won’t wear one?”

“Someone at the party can do it.”

“I’ll give you a free dildo right now if you’ll wear a ring gag for as long as it takes for us to finish setting up.”

“What dildo you going to give me?”

“You like big or small? Fat or slim?”

“I don’t know. I don’t really use sex toys. Anthony was about eight inches and that filled me nicely.”

“Was he thick?”

“I could barely close my fingers around it, for whatever that’s worth.”

“Hmm,” Cindy replied as she poked her head in one bag after another. A hand darted in and pulled out a long, fat purple dildo that looked pretty realistic but for the color and suction cup base. “How about this one? It’s a little longer and maybe a little fatter, but I think you might like it.”

“Um, that’s more than a little longer and fatter,” I replied looking at the toy she was holding up for me. It had a very realistic head and raised veins along the slightly forward bent shaft the ended in a set of balls and a suction cup base.