

Hot-Wired

Coming and Going
by Rowan Elizabeth

“**W**e want you two to watch.”

“Don’t you remember what happened last time you tried this?” Shelly leans back in the sofa into the crook of Brigid’s arm. Darby sits across the small room in an overstuffed chair.

“Yeah. You just about gave in.”

“Shelly! You never told me you and the girls were going to...” Brigid says.

“Babe, I wasn’t... I didn’t do anything. They tried to trick me. All I wanted was to get to you.”

“Likely story.” With a grin, Brigid pushes Shelly to the other side of the couch.

“Darby. Brigid and I are exclusive. Seriously exclusive.”

“We don’t want a foursome, Shel. Just an audience.”

“Stripping isn’t enough for Lenore?”

“We can’t have sex at the Classy Chassis, goofball.”

“How ’bout you fuck and put it on the Internet?”

“Hey, you know...”

“Jesus, Darb!”

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The Classy Chassis, downtown Louisville, is only a sliver of a club. But it's lined up with three other all-nude clubs, and it actually serves booze, making it a popular spot. Inside, the girls dance on top of the horseshoe-shaped bar, so the patrons get closer than they do in most other clubs.

Then there's the show between the tall Latina and her red-haired girlfriend.

Darby comes to the club only on weekends. She sits at one end of the horseshoe, closest to the dressing rooms. Closer to Lenore.

"You gonna be a good girl, Darby?" asks the owner.

"Depends on what you consider good."

"Let's try not ta get up on the stage with Leni. I don't gots insurance for your scrawny ass to be up there, too."

"Hell, Paul, I'm just here to watch my girl."

"Yeah, whateva'."

The music starts, and Kitty comes out first. Everyone likes Kitty. Huge fake tits and the typical bleached-blond hair. But she's entertaining as hell. She loves her fun little costumes, and tonight she's sporting a nurse outfit.

The guy next to Darby must be really into the outfit. He tips Kitty until he is rewarded with her flouncy nurse's panties on his head. Kitty leans back into the pole with her legs spread wide for the fellow to get a good look. He waves a twenty and gets to watch Kitty slip a finger inside.

After Kitty heads backstage, Darby asks, "Like the nurses, huh?"

"Oh, yeah. She's my favorite."

“Then have a gander at this one.”

Nine Inch Nails’ “Closer” thumps to life as Lenore climbs on stage. She’s wearing leopard-print scarves tied around her breasts and slung low on her hips. She whips her long, chocolate-brown hair around and does a twirl on the pole.

“I’ve seen her dance,” he says. “I’ve seen you both do... Well...Whatever it is you do.”

“Really?” Darby sticks out her hand. “Darby. And you are?”

“Carlin. Carlin Davis.”

“Nice to meet you, Mr. Davis.”

“Carlin.”

But Darby is already back to watching her girl grind to the guttural song. She knows the fun is about to start when Lenore shimmies the scarves off. Her small, high breasts sway with the music. Buddy-boy on the other side is waving his buck, and she makes her way, swaying and strutting, to her victim. Darby knows he thinks he’s getting away with spending a dollar, but he’ll be taken for much more.

“She sure knows what she’s doing, doesn’t she?” asks Carlin.

Without taking her eyes off Lenore, Darby leans her head and talks out of the side of her mouth. “She doesn’t do it for the money, that’s for damn sure.”

Buddy-boy is laughing and Darby knows Lenore just made her pussy talk to him. That will get a bit more cash. The bonus will come when Lenore can set her leg just right. She’ll let him touch her for the briefest of moments.

“Does it bother you?”

“What?”

“The guys touching your girl.”

“Nah. I get all the benefits.”

“Oh.”

Lenore is done with her song and comes to Darby. She squats, presenting her wet pussy to Darby and kisses her. “Wanna play?”

Darby looks at Carlin, and says “Watch this.”

The girls slip around the opposite corner of the stage into a part of the dressing room where Carlin can see everything. A curtain shields the women from the prying eyes of the rest of the patrons.

“Keep your eyes on him,” Darby tells Lenore.

As the beautiful Latina stares at Carlin, Darby runs her hand up her lover’s leg from her platform heels to her crotch and cups her bald mound. She massages her fingers in the soft flesh, separating the folds, and giving Carlin a magnificent view of Lenore’s pussy. The man, his eyes wide, takes a swift drink of his beer, and places a hand over the bulge in his pants as if to hide it.

Darby slips a finger into her girl’s cunt and draws it out, wet and shiny. She straightens up and kisses Lenore, who then steps behind the curtain to the dressing room.

Walking toward Carlin, Darby rubs her fingers together under her nose. “Would you like to smell her?” Carlin leans forward, draws a deep breath and sighs.

“When will you two be here again?” he asks.

“Lenore works weekends. I’m definitely here on Saturday nights.”

“I’d... um... like to bring my camera and... uh... take a picture of you two.”

“Sorry—management won’t allow photos.”

“What about outside?”

“Well...”

“Here’s my card. I’ll be here no matter what. Just think about it, please?”

“Mr. Carlin Davis, we will do just that.”

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“You’re nuts!”

“Look, he gave me his card. He’s a real photographer.”

“I think he’s a big scam artist. They pull tricks like this all the time. Fake cards and all that ‘I’m gonna make you a star, honey’ crap.”

Darby and Lenore are holed up in bed in the old apartment above Lenore’s garage. The 442 and the Camaro are tucked snugly downstairs.

“He didn’t offer anything, just wants to take our picture.”

“To do what with?” asks Lenore.

“Prob’ly to jerk off to.”

“Now, that would be hot. Some guy jerking his meat because of us.”

“Leni, men jerk their meat because you all the time. And a shitload of woman jerk off to you, too. God knows I still do. I have to, with you being so far away.”

“I’m not even an hour away. You could come down here every night.”

“Or you could give up stripping and drive over to Taswell when you’re done in the garage.”

“Or we could move in...” Lenore says.

“Babe, we’re both doing so well. We can’t afford to move yet. There’s no work in Taswell but the garage. They don’t have an opening for another mechanic, and there is definitely nowhere to strip over there.”

“I know. It would just be nice.”

“It would. And it will. Promise.”

“Okay. Now, tell me more about this guy jerking off to us.”

“How about a bunch of people jerking off to us? I’ve got an idea.”

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Saturday night, Darby has the 442 roaring towards Louisville and across the bridge to Lenore.

“You’re early. And what’s up with the skirt?” Lenore asks.

“Before we head out tonight, I want you to shave my pussy like yours.”

“You’re going bald?”

“I thought it would look good in the photo. I could lift my skirt.”

“You’re a bad, bad woman. Right this way, then.”

Lenore guides Darby to sit on a towel on the sofa and pulls her skirt up around her waist. She gathers a bowl of hot water, shaving cream, a towel, and the razor. Darby wiggles her ass to the edge and Lenore sits between her spread legs. Looking over one of Darby’s muscular thighs, she said “Hell of a view from down here.”

“Let’s tidy up the view shall we?”

Lenore squirts the cream onto her fingers and gently applies the cool foam to Darby's bikini area. "We'll work our way in, so if you want to cop-out with a racing stripe you can."

"I'm not chickening out."

The sharp new blade of the razor slides over Darby's skin, skimming off the unwanted hair. Lenore looks focused as she removes the sides of Darby's bush. "You sure you want it all gone?"

"Do it, baby."

Lenore makes short order of the rest of Darby's mound hair and begins smoothing cream onto her pussy lips. Pulling the skin taut, she cleans her lover's cunt. "Shift your hips. I'm going to do around your ass."

With every last hair removed, Lenore leans back to survey her work. "You look gorgeous, honey." She tilts forward and plants a warm, wet kiss on the newly exposed flesh.

"More," begs Darby as she shuts her eyes.

Lenore gives Darby's bare skin a light smack and laughs. "You'll get more later, you greedy little bitch. Let's go."

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"Carlin, my man! How the hell was your week?"

"Busy with office work. Not too much fun."

"But now you're here, and the fun is about to begin. We've got something special planned for you." Darby pulls her skirt up just high enough that, with another inch, there would be no secrets. "Have a seat."

"Gimme the Light" comes through the speakers and the room is dark for the first dancer. A slight shuffling indicated the dancer getting up on the stage. Then the spotlights come on.

Lenore is moving to Sean Paul's beat, resplendent in a tight little nurse's outfit. The white vinyl contrasts with her dark skin and hair, and practically glows. Darby is thrilled with Carlin's shock. His favorite dancer in his favorite outfit. The tight top presses Lenore's small breasts high and tight, and the skirt rides snug over her full hips.

"The best parts are the stethoscope and little white hat," says Carlin.

Lenore sweeps around the horseshoe, taking the patrons' temps and letting them take hers. The top comes off. Then the bottoms are lost behind the counter. Prancing to "Sandstorm," Lenore is divine in nothing but white platform Mary-Janes, a stethoscope and a starched white hat.

Zeroing in on Carlin, she dips into a squat over his beer. She picks it up and downs the contents. She shakes her hair back and makes eye contact with her victim. Darby looks to Carlin's lap, spotting the hard-on that Lenore also notices.

Lenore lies flat against the bar and extends the steth down to the growing lump in Carlin's trousers.

His eyes are round and wide as his breathing quickens. Darby can tell Lenore wants to tease more, and nods for her to do so. The stethoscope runs up and down his bulge with the rhythm of the music, until it's obvious he's about to come. Lenore backs off, and Carlin runs for the men's room.

The girls smile as Lenore heads backstage.

Darby orders a rum-and-Coke while she waits for Carlin's return.

"Surprise."

"I... I... didn't expect... You know... Anything like that."

"We have our fun."

"I see."

“Plus, we have the photo-shoot later.”

“So you agree?”

“Under our conditions. But it will be worth it for you. We want everything shot with our digital camera. You get one shot with yours.”

“Everything?”

Darby reaches into her satchel and pulls out a book of erotic photos. “This is what we want done. Your pay is one shot you can keep.”

“Deal.”

“Calm down. If the shots are good, maybe we can all play again.”

“Definitely a deal.”

“These are the directions to the picture site.”

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The map leads to the garage. The space is brightly lit by the high fluorescents. The 442, the Camaro, and a full array of shop tools fill the space.

Carlin walks in, blinking. The digital camera sits on a stack of tires.

Lenore steps out from behind the Camaro. The nurse costume is gone. Instead are black leather pants, motorcycle boots, and a sleeveless, well-worn flannel shirt.

Carlin grabs the digital and starts flashing. Lenore doesn't act so much as she pretends she's doing a normal day's work. An exaggerated day's work. She dips to reach for a tool with her ass in the air. She twists and comes up against her Camaro.

“Touch yourself,” instructs Carlin. “Your arms, your breasts.”

Lenore rubs her breasts against the metal of the Camaro and then clasps her hands to them as if they'd become cold. She massages her tits and then runs her hands up her chest to wrap lightly around her throat. She tilts her head back and, leaving one hand on her neck, stretches the other down her curvy side.

Carlin moves in closer, kneels, stands and stoops for the shots he wants.

Darby sits with the 442's driver door open and watches the performance. Still in the little skirt, she slips her hand up her thigh to her naked cunt and massages. Time to join the fun. She runs her hands into her hair to make it wild and climbs out of the car.

Lenore is sitting on the front bumper of the Camaro, shirtless and pointing a pneumatic drill at Carlin's lens. She pulls it back to rest on the hood and reaches out to grab Darby by the wrist, dragging her into the scene and kissing her.

"Darby," Carlin says, "let's see what's under that skirt."

Darby walks in front of Lenore and turns her back to the camera. Bending at the waist, she flips her skirt up over her hips, takes Lenore's breast in her mouth and looks into the lens.

"Goddamn. That's what I'm talking about, girls."

Darby drops to her knees and works to undo Lenore's pants. The snap comes easily and the sound of the zip joins the click of the camera's flash. Darby helps her lover shimmy the leather down around her hips. "Turn around, babe. And lay over the hood."

Lenore does as instructed, and her brown ass is exposed to Carlin's lens, and her openings to Darby's nimble hand and probing fingers. Darby runs the flat of her hand over the firm swells of Lenore's ass and, without warning, lifts and draws her hand down in a swift smack.

The rain of slaps on flesh begins to make Lenore's bottom wiggle in irritation and excitement. She gasps with each spank and moans for more in between blows.

It's when Darby kneels behind her to lick her swollen pussy that she realizes the flashing of the camera has stopped.

Carlin stands with the camera dangling from one hand and the other clutching his erection through his pants. He stares with an intensity that doesn't allow him to realize the action has stopped.

"Carlin, honey, do you need to do something with that?"

"Wha'?"

"Hand me the camera, and show us what you have there."

Dazed, Carlin hands over the prized photos, walks to the girls, and leans on the Camaro. "That was more than I expected."

"Don't stop there, Bud. We know you have a bit of a need. You watched us. Let us watch you."

Carlin looks between Darby's lascivious grin and Lenore's inviting smile. His decision is made as he unzips his fly and pulls his hard-on into view.

"Get off for us," Darby says.

"Please," asks Lenore.

Carlin lowers his pants to just below his balls, and wraps his hand around his cock. His strokes are tentative at first. Unsure and haphazard. But soon they become more urgent and his hand glides over his stiff shaft.

The girls step back to get a better view.

Carlin looks entranced as his naked ass sits on the Camaro's cool hood, and his hand works furiously at his swollen cock-head.

Darby is tempted to take a picture to add to the collection. But that wasn't part of the deal. Of course, neither was the jerking off. That's a bonus.

With labored breath and a whimpered cry, Carlin comes in spurts on his pants. He looks sheepishly at the girls who break into applause.

"Well done, Carlin, my man," Darby crows and tosses him a shop rag. "I think we have the beginnings of something great here. Come upstairs, and we'll look at the shots on the computer."

In the corner of the tiny apartment sits a desk with a laptop. Lenore hooks up the camera and the slideshow begins. The photos are raw and unrehearsed. It shows. But there's a lust involved that will create intense future photos.

"Carlin... Carlin?"

"Uh, yeah?"

"You have a full-blown studio, and all the right equipment right?"

"I have everything I need."

"Let's talk about making another deal," says Darby.

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"Shelly, would you be up for a couple of pictures?" Darby asks.

"What kind of pictures?"

"Just you and your car. Here in the garage. Just wearing what you would when you're working in the shop."

"I don't have to do anything strange, like lick my car or anything, do I?"

“No. Just show up looking hot and Carlin will do the rest. Oh, and I’d like to get Brigid with the ’Cuda, dressed like she would be for work. Skirt, heels, the whole nine yards. Maybe down by the lake.”

Shelly smirks. “Woman, I don’t know what you’re up to, but I’ll see what I can do.”

“Trust me.”

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“So, I’ve been contacting garages from *NHRA* mag to hook us up with gals who own muscle cars,” Darby says. “And getting ahold of old friends from the drag circuit.”

“How many do we have?” asks Lenore.

“There’s a shitload of them out there. But, so far, we have fourteen that have sent us pics of them and their cars. The rest want to see how the site turns out first. We’ll have to have a section for the general public and then the pay part for pictures like ours.”

“Lemme see the ones we got.”

“Let’s see, Leni. We have Barbara out of the Miami area. Mercy, those are some killer tattoos.”

“Her hands don’t cover much do they?”

“Nope. Thank God.”

“This one is a gal from Texas. Can’t say I’d put longhorns on a Roadrunner, but she’s got a great ass.”

“Baby, do you think this will actually work?”

“Longhorns on a rod?”

“No, you crazy bitch. The site.”

“If being seen online by thousands of people is enough for you to give up stripping, then, yeah, it’s gonna work just fine.”

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The hits start trickling in, and then the audience starts volunteering their own pics. Tremendous women with fucking hot cars. The pictures vary. There’s the tame girl sitting behind the wheel of her Mustang and then there’s the women wanting in the pay site portion. Those wanting to bare it all.

Every night Darby, tries to keep up with the constant flow of inquiries, tries to keep up with all of the new members signing up.

“Leni, check this one out. Shelly’s gonna shit. Some guy is asking her to marry him.”

“Think Brigid can take him?” The two laugh.

The site takes on its own life within six months. The time has come to make new arrangements.

“Babe, how do you feel about making this the last week you strip for the Chassis? We need a full time web mistress if we’re going to make this really work.”

“Web mistress, eh? I like the sound of that. What about my work at the garage?”

“You could give Sal your notice. You could... uh... move here.”

“Seriously?” Lenore brightens and wraps her arms around Darby.

“It’ll be tight going for a while. But, yeah, I don’t see why not. That is, if you’ll have me.”

“I’m all yours, Babe.”