

# *Sexlib's Stories*

## *The Invention*

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It seemed that no woman I met could meet my sexual appetite. I searched and I searched, yet even the sluttiest girls I came across were satisfied with once or twice a day.

Not that searching wasn't fun. But some days all you want to do is lounge around and fuck. Maybe smoke a joint, maybe have a snack, and then fuck some more. Some days, you just want to rotate from hole to hole. Some days, you want a girl who is as addicted to sex as you are, and quite honestly, that's hard to find.

My name is Sam. I study theoretical engineering. I'm also addicted to sex.

One day, while talking with a friend in my field of study about the dynamics and paradoxes surrounding time travel, it dawned on me that if I were homosexual, and if I were to invent a time machine, all my sexual troubles would be easily solved by going back in time every so often to fuck myself. Of course, my not-being-homosexual is a clear impediment to this solution. That, and the absence of any existing time machines.

But, my buddy got me thinking. Various theories abound within the world of quantum physics postulating the existence of alternate dimensions, ranging from worlds that may be in every way similar to our own, except for minor differences, to worlds so foreign to the human experience that our mere presence in them would tear to shreds our physical forms.

Some in the scientific community hold that these alternate dimensions act upon one another, in the same way the gravity of bodies within our universe act upon other bodies in close proximity. Some, such as Dr. Hawkins, hold that black holes are gateways to these alternate dimensions. I have my doubts about Hawkins's theory, but that's another issue for another

time.

My own take on these new theories, which hold that these dimensions are essentially oscillating membranes, is that where the membranes of various dimensions touch, a worm-hole can be created to facilitate inter-dimensional travel.

My study lead me to believe—correctly as it turns out—that we could not only manufacture these worm-holes, but accurately predict which alternate dimensions were “close by,” thereby avoiding the manufacturing of worm-holes to a wrong alternate dimension.

Of course, I was driven to this line of study by my own perverse desires. For, I came to realise that there exists an alternate dimension exactly like our own dimension, except for the singular difference that all males in this dimension are females in the other dimension, and vice versa.

In other words, I knew that there was a female out there as perverse as I, and in fact that she was none other *than* me! Moreover, I knew that she was also in the process of discovering how to produce worm-holes. It was only a matter of time...

June first was the day my invention was completed. And it worked perfectly.

As the worm-hole opened, we saw each other.

“Hello, I am Sam,” she said with lust in her eyes.

As it turns out, I said the exact same thing to her, at the same exact time she said it to me. She could see the same lust in my eyes that I could see in hers.

I should have known this would happen. Only one thing would off-set our courses from one another, only one thing would prevent us from directly mimicking each other.

I reached my hand out to hers at the same time she reaches hers out to mine. We pulled at each other; I, being stronger, pulled her into my dimension. That act ended what I call the *mimicking phenomenon*. At this moment, we had taken different paths for the first time in our lives, I being the *puller* and she being the *pulled*. This freed us to act in an un-simultaneous nature.

“I need you right now,” she said to me as the worm-hole closed behind her. She dropped her bag on my floor and embraced me. “I need your cock, your cum, your tongue all over me.”

“How does it feel to know that you’ll be fucking yourself?” I asked her as I tore her shirt off of her.

“I’ve never been this horny in my fucking life.” I knew she wasn’t lying.

“I’m going to fuck your pussy until you’re sore, then I’ll fuck you some more.” By this point she has already removed my pants.

“You’re going to fuck more than just that,” she replied lustfully, as she grinded up against me and began giving me the wildest, sloppiest, sexiest kiss of my life.

She reached into my boxers and grasped my throbbing cock as our tongues danced wildly. I moaned as she squeezed tighter.

I needed to get her bra off as soon as possible, to feel those perfect tits rubbing up against me. She apparently knew, or had a good feeling as to, what I was thinking, as she told me, “It’s cheap.”

I tore at it hastily, bending the little hooks. She wouldn’t be wearing *this* again, I knew, as I threw the bra into the trash.

“Oh, God, yes!” she screamed. Still massaging my cock, she breathily asked, “What is this, eight inches? I can’t wait to get this throbbler inside of me. Oh, God, I’m so wet; my pussy is tingling!”

It didn’t take long before we had fully disrobed each other. I pushed this female version of me down onto the bed and immediately began sucking clit.

“Hmm, yeah,” she quivered for a good ten seconds. Then she said, “Honey, why don’t you bring that nice hot dick of yours closer to my face?”

I swung my torso up to meet her, and she began rubbing my leaking cock against her soft cheeks. Following that, she began licking me like a lollipop. Finally, when I couldn’t stand it any longer, she plunged my dick into her warm, wet mouth and desperately ground her tongue up against it.

She came before I did. Knowing I’d be able to cum easier if she were grinding her tongue against the bottom side of my cock rather than the back, I swung around once again and began fucking her face. I quickly came and fell beside her. “That was ecstasy,” she said after swallowing. We caressed each other’s bodies for a little while before deciding to go get a snack from the kitchen.

Sam fixed herself and I a couple Little Debbie® Honey Buns

in the microwave as I poured us each a glass of milk. I was staring at her beautifully round ass, already feeling half-cocked. She turned around, noticed where I was staring, and gave me a devilish grin. “Your ass is so sexy,” she said to me, with a twinkle in her eye.

“Perhaps so,” I said, “but yours is the one that will be fucked before the night is through.”

“Anal?” she replied, her grin fading. “What kind of a girl do you take me for?”

I was taken aback by her response. Had I assumed incorrectly that my extra-dimensional self would be as dirty as I am?

Her grin returned. “I’m kidding, of course you’re going to fuck your big, throbbing dick into my tight, tiny asshole a number of times before the night is through. What better purpose is there for an asshole than to fuck it?”

As we finished our Honey Buns, she began to prepare a couple more. I refilled our milk.

“Come to any conclusions as to what we should do with this technology?” I asked her.

“Not really,” she replied. “Could make us each very rich.”

“But the government could try to ban it, thereby keeping us from contacting each other.”

“Yeah, I know. No way to know in advance how the criminal gang will react to it.” I knew that when she said “criminal gang” she meant the government, the biggest and most powerful gang of criminals in operation.

“If only Ted had invented that time machine, we’d be able to know what the reaction would be and gauge how much, if anything, we ought to let the scientific community know about inter-dimensional travel.”

“Ted?” she asked; “Oh, you mean Thelma.”

“I guess that answers the question of whether males have female names and vice versa in the other dimension.”

“Sure does,” Sam says as she crawled under the table. “Now where were we?” She began sucking my cock to hardness. “There,” she said as she grabbed ahold of my cock and began leading me back into the bedroom, “you have a pussy to fuck.”

This time, she pushed *me* onto the bed. As she climbed on, my hands roamed her body, grabbed her hot ass, and ground her pussy lips against the back of my cock. She moaned as we

began sloppily face-sucking each other again. Her hands were groping my chest.

Instinctually I breathed out, “Did you want to use protection?” I always ask that question, and did so here without even thinking. You could say I was on autopilot.

I wouldn’t even have realised I’d asked the question had Sam not suddenly stopped and looked at me dejected. Then she realized I wasn’t asking *to use* protection, but was merely being polite and offering to, as I always do.

She got a devilish grin as she noticed a condom sitting on the desk next to the bed, grabbed it, and asked, “You mean with this?”

Then she grabbed the pair of scissors, cut the condom in half, and said, “Oops! I guess you’ll just have to fuck that sexy cock of yours right into my cunt with nothing between us, skin touching warm, wet skin!”

With that, she grabbed my cock and drove her pussy around it, and began fucking me wildly.

“It’s probably best this way anyway,” she said, “since I need your cum inside me.”

After a good twenty minutes, with our bodies drenched in slippery sweat, we climaxed together. That may sound unlikely, but I believe it makes sense when one considers that we essentially were the same person. Although the *mimicking phenomenon* had been cancelled out earlier, we nevertheless still share physical characteristics, such as a relatively equal genital sensitivity. “I haven’t had many duel orgasms before,” I reported, adding how amazingly sexy it felt.

“I know,” she replied simply enough, her cunt still wrapped around my semi-wilting cock.

Eventually we dislodged, employing the opportunity to smoke and discuss further our plans *vis-à-vis*.

“Whatever we do, we cannot let the state get its hands on this technology.”

“But how do we make it available to the scientific community without the state seizing it, using it for its own agenda?” I asked.

“I don’t know. Perhaps...”

“What?”

“Well, perhaps...perhaps we just keep this to ourselves. I mean—”

“You mean not even share it with the scientific community?” I interrupted.

“I mean, yeah, it sounds selfish, we deny the world of this marvellous and triumphant breakthrough, but at least then it doesn’t fall into the government’s hands...”

“I see,” I said. “I see.”

“So is that what we should do?”

“I don’t know. Maybe. We’ll have to give it more thought. I do hate to think that we would be denying the world this miracle of science, though.”

“Me, too,” she said soberly, “me, too.”

We both finished our smoke without a word. My mind had begun to wander when I notice Sam turn to me with a naughty twinkle back in her eye. “You haven’t been a very good host,” Sam said devilishly.

“Oh? Why’s that” I respond just as playfully.

“Well, you see, I have *three* holes, but yet you have thus far only fucked two of them. A real gentleman would take care of that for his guest.”

I grabbed her from behind, grinding my already-hard dick between her ass-cheeks as I massaged one of her breasts. “But what if the host is not *ready* to fuck his guest’s tight, hot ass yet?” After saying this, I immediately begin tonguing the nape of her neck as my other hand drifts down toward her soaking pussy.

“But...why...would he not be ready?” she asked, trying to speak through the intense stimulation. “Doesn’t that...just mean her...ass...isn’t hot...enough?”

“*Au contraire!*” At this point I raise her arms above her head and press her torso onto the bed, still grinding my rock-hard cock between her ass cheeks, which are now wet from pre-cum. “Maybe the host needs some additional time to gather some toys.”

“Ooo, what kind of toys—hypothetically speaking?”

“Handcuffs, maybe. And a blindfold—hypothetically speaking, of course.”

“In that case,” Sam said, “the guest may be persuaded to excuse the host for taking so long...but *only*,” she added, “if the host is gracious enough to give his guest a tongue-bath afterwards.”

“Oh, naturally!” I replied. “And would the guest be reciprocating by giving her courteous host a tongue-bath as well?”

“Naturally.”

That night, we fucked another three times before retiring for the night. Sam, nevertheless, insisted that we sleep with my dick in her mouth, a proposition I was disinclined to reject.