

HOTWIFE EROTICA

CLUB 40



LARAN MITHRAS

HOTWIFE EROTICA

CLUB 40



LARAN MITHRAS

CLUB 40

By

Laran Mithras

Model Photos by Shutterstock.com.

Club 40 is a work of fiction. Names, locations and incidents either are a product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously.

Copyright © 2018 - All Rights Reserved

Swinging, hotwife, bull, polyamory: these aren't cheating terms or anything to do with being unfaithful.

They are simply about being and discovering.

Whatever turns on you and your spouse the most, do that.

It's the only way to find true satisfaction.

Choose to be less ordinary.

CHAPTER 1

JOHN

The Day of Doom...

The shit-eating grin was too much for me. The doom was delivered with a rising emphasis that ended with the last word airy and light – as if being told he had won a new car. "John... We're going to have to let you go!"

I might have imagined something more basic, such as the two words: "You're fired."

The head of Human Resources looked around my office as if imagining how he would decorate it once I was gone. His eyes were sparkling and unsympathetic. "We're really sorry."

I knew it was a lie. You prick. My thoughts didn't make it to words, though. Agitated, I tried to reason with the man. "I've given nineteen years—"

"And we appreciate all of them."

"You don't understand; I was eligible for pension next year—"

The man stopped as if hearing something he hadn't considered. "Wait, this is all about... money to you?"

"Of course it is. I'm a valuable—"

He straightened and shifted his chin into the air. "This... fixation of yours is inappropriate."

The holy grail of corporate America had been brought forth: the question of

appropriateness.

"It is not." I ducked my chin as if avoiding the slung verbal missile. Not me! Point that finger elsewhere.

"We'll mail you your final check." The prick had already dismissed me and was breezing out the door.

Fired in my own office! I looked around at my second home. The butter-tan walls and pictures that seemed so much a part of me now inhabited a place that no longer accepted me. Years of service managing health insurance all spinning down the drain.

I wrenched my tie loose.

Fidelity First hadn't been a big player, but had provided health insurance for decades. Smaller companies like mine were closing down their medical coverages due to the rising costs of dealing with national managed care. The field was now dominated by a few of the really big boys. They were raking in money by volume; the smaller boys weren't. The bigger companies got richer; I got fired.

The phone in my hand shook so violently that I couldn't thumb the contact list. I squeezed it hard and held my breath. Tap...

"John?" My wife's voice sounded metallic over the phone's speaker.

"Sheila... I got fired."

There was a long pause. "We knew this was coming—"

"They can't do this to me."

"Everything will be all right—"

"It won't."

"John..."

"What about the kids? How are we going to feed them? Clothe them? Pay bills?"

Karey was 2, Johnny was 6; we had started our family late.

"We've talked about this; we'll think of something."

"But we have nothing. No income now. Zero. We might as well be falling off a cliff."

"Don't talk like that. Are you coming home?"

"I guess so."

"Where else would you go?"

"The realtor. We'll need to sell the house."

She was quiet. I knew she knew the reality of the situation. With no way to make house payments...

I didn't often win arguments with her and the fact she had no answer to my constant rebuttals proved the depth of our doom.

I felt as if everything was sinking into darkness.

• • •

The listing agent followed me home from the realty office. She was a plump blonde who had tried to smile at me and had failed to elicit anything other than a glum look of depression.

I called out in the airy entry, "Sheila, we're here."

"We?" My wife came around from the living room. Her eyes opened wide in realization.

I indicated her. "This is my wife, Sheila. Sheila, this is..." I snapped my fingers. The woman's name was forgotten under the avalanche of other concerns.

The realtor shifted uncomfortably but leaned eagerly towards Sheila. "Joan." They shook hands. "Your husband tells me you're ready to list?"

I watched my wife carefully, ready to counter her objections.

She wrung her hands and pursed her lips. "Yes..."

The agent took out an expensive camera. "I'm familiar with this plan, but would you care to show me around? Point out any upgrades you did?"

"Of course." Sheila shot me a look and sighed.

I knew there was no alternative. The payments were simply too high. We had, at the most, exactly one month of cash in the bank to live where we were. Then it would all be gone. The prospects for a fired health insurance agent in his early forties were less than zero.

It was just before eleven in the morning. Johnny was in kindergarten and my life was caving in on me. I wrenched my tie again, knowing I would never have to wear it for work for the rest of my life. Maybe it brought bad luck. Maybe I should just throw it away.

I looked around at the nest we had prepared. So many decorations and touches of our personal lives that now stood in stark contrast to the need for money. We had assumed our future was secure. We had assumed this suburban home was our dream home. We had assumed we would grow old and retire here.

We had assumed too much. Now everything arranged in the house was another weight on the anchor dragging us down into total loss.

CHAPTER 2

Sheila

Later, the Day of Opportunity...

I trembled inside, though it didn't seem to be visible to Joan. The listing agent floated through the house as if entranced by what she saw. Surely, the woman had seen hundreds, if not thousands of homes.

Perhaps ours was cleaner than most.

I was more worried about the sudden job loss we faced. I had dismissed John's concerns as silly and pointless worrying, and had brushed off any effort to prepare for what wasn't going to happen.

Except it had.

We had talked about his possible termination and I had simply ignored his concerns. I had assured him he was too valuable to be fired. Besides, we needed his income. I stayed at home – not wanting to resume my fabulous career of waitressing.

Ugh.

My husband was a serious man – always practical and extremely fussy. If he felt he had a point, he would latch on like a pit bull and gnaw on the thing until I simply tuned him out. If he couldn't see it my way and wouldn't even listen, why bother?

However, I had to admit that, this time, he was right. No way was I going to concede to him, though. I would have to take control of this situation and come up with an alternative – for both of our sakes. Sometimes he was right,

sometimes he was wrong; now it was my turn to step in and contribute to our mutual solution.

Bringing the agent the very day he was fired seemed a little extreme, but I knew the process could be a long one. What if he found another job? Then all this would be a waste of time and possibly lose us the house to a sale if he found a job at the last minute.

But waiting to the last minute was not John's way and in this case I think he made the right move.

It just felt so awful! "How long until the house sells?"

Joan gave me a weary look that did not encourage my nerves. "Depends on what you ask for it. You could list low and we could advertise it for a fast sale. The higher you list it, the longer it usually takes."

"What's a fast sale?"

She shrugged. "Realistically? Forty-five days."

"There's nothing faster?"

"Sure, if you know the buyer and they're ready. We could sit and have it all done in twenty days."

I scraped a fingernail across the edge of my thumbnail – it was a nervous habit people usually didn't notice.

Joan looked around as if seeing more of the house than she had. "Ads go out every week, so there's some delay in getting you in... Not everyone who is looking looks every week..."

I groaned.

Her eyes flashed to me. "But sometimes the right buyer is ready. Your place hits, we show it, and is bought almost immediately."

Thanks for the pep talk. I twisted my lips to the side and looked at her.

She touched my arm. "Have you thought of a price?"

I sniffed out in disgust. John had wanted to talk about all that and I had shut him down by turning over in bed. That had been a couple months back. "I don't know..."

"I can give you a range based on comps for the area...?"

I felt relieved. "That would be nice. We paid 275 thousand five years ago—"

"There has been some appreciation, but five years... You might still be upside down on your mortgage unless you had a hefty down payment." She pulled a tablet out of her purse and began tapping and sliding.

I waited for whatever it was she was doing.

She didn't take long – a few minutes. Her eyes scanned and flashed over whatever she saw on the screen. "Comps for this model... range from 310 thousand to 365 thousand..."

I perked up. "Three hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars?"

Joan frowned and looked at me. "It had every upgrade offered, plus numerous additional owner upgrades..."

"Oh..." We hadn't done more than pick out carpet, window coverings, and counter tops. The interior paint was our only other upgrade. "So...?"

The agent swallowed and pretended to look at her pad to avoid my gaze. "For a fast sale," she pretended to tap and look, "you might want to look at the 325 thousand dollar range..." She glanced at me from under her eyelashes.

I knew John would have to look at this to figure if we were over or under. We had been overpaying our mortgage by a small amount every month.

Joan said, "Would you like to call in your husband? Can I list your home for you?"

It felt rushed, but I knew John would side with her. "Okay."

• • •

We listed for \$325,000.00 when John made his best guess that we would come out with a chunk of money after paying off the mortgage. The agent guessed less after consulting her calculator, but still enough to move and have something left over with which to rent.

After picking up Johnny from kindergarten, I sat in my computer chair after lunch and posted an update to Facebook. I didn't use it much except to browse my other friends and keep in contact with family, but now I felt the need to vent.

Husband let go after 19 yrs!

Have to sell the house!

I need a hug.

I didn't expect much except for the usual usage of smilies - in this case a bunch of sad faces. What else was Facebook good for? A smilie or like was the cheap way of maintaining contact with people you supposedly loved. Or, also a way to make friends. It was one such friend that responded with more than a smilie that changed my life, though I was yet to understand it.

I got into a conversation with Bailey, a friend of Linda's, with whom I had shared a few laughs over some of Linda's posts. I had accepted Bailey's friend request when it was offered with little thought; Linda was a very close friend who had been manager at the steak house where I had waitressed. Bailey was also a waitress.

How she could stand doing it for years was beyond me.

We got into a little exchange about everything that was going on, Bailey soon moved the conversation to private messenger and we continued. I told her everything about what was happening.

You don't work, right?

Nope. Being a waitress took second place to raising a family.

I understand. Does John think he can find work?

No. Not in health insurance. He'd have to start all over.

So that's why you're selling the house? Where are you moving to? Are there jobs there?

We have no clue yet. Probably have to get an apartment. We've talked about me waitressing until he can find something.

John popped his head in. "Talking to someone? All I can hear are bleeps—"

"Yeah, a friend of Linda's."

He made a noise and nodded. Disinterest drifted across his eyes.

Messenger chimed a response.

Hey, I can get you a posh job if you're interested.

Where?

It's the place where I work. Club 40. Very exclusive. Invitation only kind of place. Wealthy customers. Big tippers!!!

LOL I don't know... Where do you live? And why don't they just hire a waitress?

We live in Houston. A lot of commerce runs through here.

Houston? Really?

You bet. Oil, chemicals, coal... Big \$\$\$ runs in this town. Also a fairly cheap place to live, overall.

Hmm

Starting server at Club 40 makes \$800 per week, plus tips.

Wow!

No, honey, it's the tips. When I was serving, I averaged \$900 in tips per week.

I sat back in my chair, stunned. That was close to what John had made. With that kind of money, we could start over and still have a family. Except that I would be back to waitressing. I leaned forward again to type.

No way!

Wait, I thought you said you worked there? What do you do now?

I was promoted into the Gold Room. Different and more exclusive area of the club. I'd tell you the money, but you wouldn't believe me.

Tell me.

Sheila, I don't think you could handle it.

LOL come on

Well...

Puhleeze...

LOL ok

Last week I pulled in \$3,500.

It was a slow week.

I reread it. I realized my mouth was hanging open and I was about to drool. I swallowed quickly.

Are you bullshitting me? Trying to lift my spirits or something?

LMAO I told you you wouldn't believe me.

But, waitressing?

I told you, a lot of money rolls through this town. Club 40 is where it's at. I'm telling ya.

And you would just get me a job there? Just like that?

There actually is a steady turnover of servers. Some move into the Gold Room. Some Gold hostesses move on. It creates a never-ending stream of opportunity.

And I could be making \$1700 per week, guaranteed?

Nothing is guaranteed, honey. If you are as open and nice as you are in person as you are on Facebook, and you've had waitressing experience, then you could potentially make more.

It's just an offer. I know moving is a big thing. Let me know, though. I can "reserve" a spot for you.

I felt tremors of excitement tickle my toes and shoulders. What was that saying? When opportunity knocks...?

I need to talk to John about it.

Of course. And if you decide not, I'll understand.

Thanks. Hugs!

I signed off. Everything inside me was vibrating with possibility. I needed to talk to my husband, but I was rooted to the chair. My heart beat faster and I felt as if I was on the cusp of something that was a true blessing. I forced myself to get up – to grab the chance before it was too late. "John!"

I heard his mumble from the other side of the house.

Why did men answer so you couldn't hear them?

I went and found him in the kitchen. He was standing over a tumbler of whiskey with at least three shots in it. One arm was out, bracing against the counter. The cork was on the counter a few feet away from the standing bottle as if it had rolled after being tossed carelessly.

My heart went out to him.

I had belittled his concerns because he often pushed them until I was fed up with hearing about them. I reached out and touched his arm. "Come, sit on the couch with me. I have something..."

He grunted and picked up his glass. His moves were steady, so he obviously had not taken more than a single gulp. He wasn't a heavy drinker at all; I just wanted to catch him while he could still think.

We sat on the couch in a home that no longer felt like it was ours.

I asked slowly, "What do you think of Houston?"

His face scrunched up in annoyance. "Houston?"

"Bailey works there at a place and she can get me a job as a server."

He snorted. "You? Back to waitressing?"

"I'd do it for us, John."

"Waitressing doesn't pay shit."

"This job does."

He took a breath and let it out. "All right, tell me."

"How does seventeen hundred dollars per week sound?"

He blinked, frowned, and blinked again. Then he tilted his head by moving his chin towards me. His eyes glittered with scrutiny. "What? Per week or per month? What kind of waitressing job—"

"It's an exclusive club. Big money flows through Houston and the customer base tip really big."

He grunted, amused. "No kidding? Houston?"

I squeezed his arm. "John, this could be exactly what we're looking for."

He tipped back the glass, taking a medium swig. He let out a bracing breath. "I thought you hated waitressing?" He was asking carefully, not with any argumentative belligerence. I had his attention.

"I didn't hate it, it was just demanding. I think I can handle demanding if it means giving us another chance at making it."

He considered me silently, lips pursed. Finally he asked, "The job is a sure thing?"

"Bailey said she'd reserve me a job. She said there's a steady turnover."

"Hmm. This was a club?"

"Exclusive. Invitation only."

"This isn't like a strip club, is it? You don't exactly have the biggest breasts—"

"She said I'd be serving. Anyway, I don't think it's that kind of club." I wasn't sure, though; I hadn't asked. "I can go ask her."

He chuckled, just a little tipsy now as the whiskey rushed through him. "You? Up there gyrating around and waving your small breasts—"

"John."

He laughed. "I bet it's a strip club. If it is, then we need to find other options. I'm not sitting around while strange guys stuff dollars bills up your pussy."

"John!" I rose, breathing heavily in irritation. "I'll go ask."

"It's a strip club. Guaranteed. No waitressing job pays that kind of cash." He shook his head and took another gulp.

There was little point in trying to convince him otherwise when he got like this. Only hard fact would change his mind and stop the endless stream of dispute.

I settled back into my chair and signed back into Facebook. Bailey's name had a green dot next to it: she was online.

Hey, is Club 40 a strip club?

Absolutely not!

Whew, John thinks it's a strip club.

A lot of very rich people frequent the place, but it is invitation only. Requires a membership process. Things do however get more intimate in the Gold Room.

It had taken Bailey a long time to write that. She must have been being careful in her choice of words. I wasn't sure if that was a good thing or bad thing.

What do you mean by intimate?

There are dancers. There are servers. The room is closed off and there is often naughty things happening.

But not out in the regular restaurant?

No, though we refer to it as a club. There are tables, music, dancing, dinner and drinks. It's all very clean.

So, I would never be forced to take a position in the Gold Room?

No, never. It's a very strict thing with management. First you have to be asked. Then you can turn it down. All voluntary. But there's triple the money to be made in there if it's something you want to do. There's no pressure.

I see.

If I got you the server job, it is just serving. There's no nudity or rude displays in the common club area. Customers get ejected if they even touch a server.

Wow, really?

I had been pinched a few times in the past as a waitress and even groped. It came with the territory.

Seriously. It's no joke. The rules are very strict.

Thanks, Bailey. I'll talk to John again, but I think I'll be taking you up on your offer.

Let me know for sure, ok?

I will.

I signed off.

I was leaning heavily on taking the offer. Now I just had to convince my husband.

CHAPTER 3

John

Trying to Make Sense of Doom and Opportunity

I had just been fired from my career that very morning. As the day grew darker and my limbs began to feel numb, my wife was trying to tell me there was hope.

Didn't she understand? It was all over. We were on a slide into eventual homelessness. No way would she be able to hold some high-paying waitressing job to support us.

She sat back down next to me and turned on the lamp.

We can't afford the light, babe, turn it off. I sighed.

She said, "It's not a strip club."

Her tone was firm and iron. She used that when she argued with me and was actually right. I didn't like being wrong and didn't like admitting it. "Bullshit."

"I'm serious. The club ejects people who even touch a server."

I looked at her, trying to focus. She was getting blurry. I sighed again, wondering if she was telling the truth, even though I knew she didn't lie to me.

Was she trying to soften the blow of having my life destroyed? Or was she being completely forthright? "Why would they kick some paying customer—"

"That's what they do. There's an application process to even get into the club. Very strict rules. I would never have to suffer being groped."

I frowned. "You got groped as a waitress?"

She looked uncomfortable.

I squinted at her, trying to read her face.

She took a breath. "Yeah, a few times. It was nothing."

"You mean, like they squeezed your ass or something?"

She rolled her eyes. "A... time or two..."

I laughed wickedly. "Fun."

"It's not funny, John."

"I would've squeezed your ass."

"Stop it."

"Really. Were the guys good looking? Or were they wrinkled old codgers with hair coming out of their ears?"

This time, she lightened and laughed. "Stop it!"

I reached over and began groping her. "Hey, honey, I've got an order for ya..."

She slapped at my hand. "John..."

"Well? Were they hot studs?"

She shook her head, eyes sparkling. "Only you."

"I was the only one?"

"The only hot stud. Plenty of men slipped me their numbers. Some even in front of their wives."

I laid my head back and laughed. "That desperate, huh?"

Her joviality vanished. "That's rude."

"Huh? Oh... no, I didn't mean it that way—"

"That wasn't nice." She pouted, hurt.

"Oh shut up; you're beautiful. I meant that they were desperate enough to try connecting with a hot waitress right in front of their wives."

She studied me and the lines of hurt evaporated from her face. Her lips twitched back towards a smile. "Oh... yeah, if you put it that way. Do you really think I was a hot waitress?"

I coughed in total disdain. "Oh come on. I was all over you." I offered her the dregs of my whiskey.

She considered it and took it. "So, this job..."

I lifted my eyebrows. It sounded good. "Poor guys can't even touch you?" I laughed. "Sounds like torture."

"No one would want to touch me now."

I reached with both hands and groped her. "Well, they're stupid. I'd be all over you."

She tried to fight me off with one hand and broke out laughing. "Let's be serious for a moment?"

"I am serious." I squeezed her breast and dropped my other hand down to her crotch.

"Stop that. Johnny isn't in bed yet."

I sighed and relented. "Fine."

"About the job?"

"What?"

She closed her eyelids slowly in an act of sheer patience. "Should I take it? It will require us moving to Texas."

I held out my hands. "Might as well."

"What?"

"Huh?"

"You have that look on your face."

I supposed I did. I said, "I was just thinking what an awful place for a man to go – to some place where he couldn't touch a woman."

"I only want you touching me anyway."

"I want to hear about those other gropes you got when we go to bed."

She slapped my arm. "You're hopeless."

• • •

Kids long asleep, I thrust deep into my wife's pussy. I was dizzy, but able to perform. Thoughts swirled in my head like dancers coming in and out of view. "So none of the gropers were handsome men?"

"Some of them were married..."

I chuckled, tickled at my own thoughts. "Yeah, I would've fondled you, too, if I was married. Would've rubbed all over your breasts right there in the restaurant."

"John..."

"What? You're sexy."

"Was."

"Still are. I'd grope all over you. Make you sit in my lap."

She laughed incredulously. "Right there in front of your wife?"

"Yeah, fuck her. I'd be all over you."

She giggled with doubt. "Uh huh."

"I'd throw you on the table, lift your little waitress skirt, and sink my cock into your—"

She groaned heavily and closed her eyes. Her hips thrust up at me with a jerk and heave.

I said, "Oh, you like that huh?"

She gasped harshly and kept her eyes closed.

"Are you imagining it?"

She exhaled sharply.

"Are you imagining me or some hunky man ramming you on the table while his wife watches?"

She lifted her hips strongly and cried out quietly. Her body trembled in orgasm as she forced her exhalations to be quiet – mindful of sleeping children.

My cock swelled and pulsed, excited. I thrust faster, helping her reach full release. "Some big muscled stud..."

She collapsed on the bed, breathing heavily. Her eyebrows drew down. "No, you. It just sounded... nasty."

Sometimes I flipped her naughty switch, but it was never consistent - turned on one day, turned off the next. This was a new one, though.

I probably wouldn't remember it in the morning.

CHAPTER 4

Sheila

Houston, Texas...

"Welcome to the Lone Star State!" Bailey was shorter than I anticipated. She reached out for a hug out in front of Denny's.

I hugged her lightly and was happy to feel an eager embrace from someone who felt like a true friend and not someone I had technically met online. I said, "It's so good to actually meet you."

John shook hands with her, but he froze in warning and dropped her hand instantly. His back stiffened and he moved in front of me like a shield.

A very tall man in biker leathers and looking meaner than a rattlesnake was approaching our group. His beard was groomed, but over-masculine. His eyes were squinted and beady with suspicion and threat.

Bailey turned at John's reaction. She piped gaily, "And this is my husband Diesel."

I coughed to hide a laugh. Bailey couldn't be any more than five foot tall. Diesel was well over six foot. Her nose came to his chest. He was broad and muscular, she was tiny and skinny.

John relaxed easily. "Oh..." He stuck out his hand. "John."

They gripped and shook. My husband did not flinch.

I said, "Diesel?"

The tall man's voice was gravel. "Club nickname." His leather vest needed a

wash, but wasn't filthy. It was dotted with patches, including his nickname. His squint and scowl had turned to sparkling eyes and a sunny smile. He said, "And you're Sheila, right?" He took me into a hug before I could answer.

I felt the air almost squeezed out of me. I huffed, "Yes." He let me go – just a friendly hug. However...

I shifted uncomfortably and realized I was wet. I swallowed and turned away, ashamed that I would react so crudely to the man when we had just met.

We went inside the restaurant to have our coffee introduction.

After our orders were given to the waiter, Bailey rested her arms on the table with an excited wiggle. "So, I'm anxious to get you to the club. Salina is expecting you."

"She owns the place?"

"She and her husband. Technically, she just helps him, but she decides on the hires and explains the process."

"Anything I should know?"

Her face colored a deep pink and she looked at my husband. She asked me, "Can I have a little talk with you in private? Over there, maybe?" She pointed towards the restrooms.

Strange, but, whatever... I shrugged. "Sure."

John let me out. He didn't seem bothered.

Diesel was relaxed back into the booth as if the entire bench seat was his personal recliner. His arm was over the back and claiming the area from the couple behind him.

I followed Bailey.

She spun around. "There's something..."

"What?"

"If you can't get into Club 40, I have another club you can definitely get into as server."

I was confused and felt a rush of uncertainty. "Why wouldn't I get hired at Club 40? I thought you said you could get me in."

"I can... It's just..." she looked secretly and lowered her voice, "that Club 40 is very strict."

"You said that."

"Not just with customers, but with hires."

"Okay?"

"Employment requires a medical exam."

"Drug test?" I could pass that easily. I didn't even do pot.

"Yes, but more." She looked a bit uncomfortable. "You have to be completely clean. No STDs." She looked deep into my eyes. "That's not a... problem, is it?"

"Why would they require—"

"They're strict. They won't hire anyone with them. Further, if you contract one, they'll fire you. It's in the employment contract."

"Why would they—"

"Both servers and customers are required to submit—"

"But why? I thought you said this wasn't a strip club?"

"It's not, it's just something they care very much about. Everyone must be clean. Are... you...?"

"I'm very clean, but—"

She let out a loud exhale of relief. "Good."

I studied her for a second, deciding she was being truthful. "Why didn't you tell

me on Facebook?"

She firmed her lips and looked away. "Because words in chat are so selfless and without emotion. It's far different talking to someone in person."

"What if I hadn't been... clean?"

"There's a place called the Twilight Lounge. They don't require any of that. You probably could've made the same money there – from what my friends are claiming."

"Oh."

She looked me in the eyes and locked gazes. "Anyway, I'm glad you're the Club 40 type. It'll be nice having another friend there."

I followed her back to the table and sat. "Do you have many friends who work ___"

"Five. Two in the Gold Room and the others out in the main club."

John caught that. "Gold Room?"

Diesel tilted his head, studied my husband, then flashed a look to me.

Bailey looked back and forth for a second, then jumped in to my rescue. "It's a special room apart from the main club where Sheila will be working. High class, high dollar. Invitation only."

"I thought the whole club was invitation only? And Sheila isn't good enough to work in there?"

Bailey bit her lower lip and struggled carefully through her answer. "The club is invitation only, by referral. The Gold Room is invitation only by the management. All of it is optional. But all the servers start in the main part of the club. Getting a Gold Room invitation only comes later, after you've proven yourself to the management."

My husband leaned back and chuckled. "Sounds like secret spy stuff..."

Bailey gave half a giggle. "It works. Keeps the... bad elements out." She had looked at me during the pause to let me know she was hiding the whole clean thing.

I appreciated her allowing me to tell him at my own speed.

He nodded slowly. "Am I allowed in there?"

"Spouses are not allowed. Except for functions that aren't on premises."

"I can't even go see my wife?"

She shook her head. "Sorry. You can pick her up and all that, but you wouldn't be allowed inside."

"Hmmpf."

She put forward a hand as if to touch his, but she rested it a few inches short of his. "Understand that the rules are what makes the place great, and you won't be disappointed at the size of her paycheck."

"And there's no touching allowed in there?"

Bailey straightened like an offended school teacher. "Definitely no touching. You'd never have to worry about that."

John held up his hands. "Sounds great."

I was relieved when the conversation turned to other things.

• • •

I can't say I really liked Salina. She was a Mexican lady who never seemed to smile. Serious about her work and club, she treated me almost like a bum off the

street.

Everything was efficient. Everything businesslike.

I looked up at the bouncer who had escorted me to her office. Not the biggest of those I had seen elsewhere as I caught a glimpse of the club, but certainly tough and watching every move I made.

Salina sat at a cluttered desk that was still somehow very neatly organized. She studied my resume as if my waitress experience needed additional scrutiny. She looked at the other application paper. "You say you're clean, eh?"

"Yes." I felt humiliated having to answer the question.

Her expression didn't change. "You know we're going to send you to a doctor...?"

"Yes, I was told to expect it."

"Good. It would be better to tell me now if you're hiding something than to waste my time and money on the doctor."

I swallowed, daunted by the woman's gruff and blunt approach. "I have nothing to hide."

Even though her face didn't change, her tone did – into something just a little more congenial. "You can't imagine how many try anyway..." She shook her head. "Our doctor is no longer practicing." She wrote on a slip of paper and passed it to me. "He has a small area at his home where he will issue an examination and blood test."

"He's retired?"

"No, he lost his license."

I laughed, but it died off as I wilted under a very stern look.

She said, "He's good at what he does and this is what he does for us. We pay for it. Okay?"

"Okay, sorry."

A brief flicker of a smile touched her lips. Her dark hair was lined with silver and the fine wrinkles on her face accentuated the frown marks around her mouth. She was a beautiful Mexican lady, certainly.

A man popped his head inside – hair so silvered it was almost white. However, his face wasn't much older than Salina's by my guess. He looked at me and stopped. He said to her, "Oh, didn't know you had a recruit. Velasquez is asking about a private party. I'll get with you later."

Salina gave him a very warm smile. She looked at me as he left. "He's the owner, my husband."

"Gerald, was it?"

Her eyes narrowed.

I offered, "Bailey told me."

Instant change in expression from hard to soft. "Oh, yes, Bailey. Yes, that was Gerald."

I took the slip of paper from the edge of the desk.

"Go now to the doctor. I can't do anything else until I have the results back."

"Okay..."

Big guy escorted me out.

• • •

I walked into our apartment a little more than an hour later. "I got the job."

John was on his hands and knees, picking up Legos that Johnny had scattered. "Already? When do you go in for testing?"

"I already did it. Shouldn't you be unpacking boxes?"

He grunted sourly, "Ever stepped on a Lego?"

I laughed. "Point taken."

He sat back on his feet and looked up at me. "You already tested?"

"Yeah, the doctor took a blood and urine sample and tested it right there in his study on this little white machine—"

"He didn't send it to a lab?"

"Nope. He had the testing machine right there on his desk." I held out my hands to indicate the size. "He looked at his computer screen and a few minutes later told me I was clean."

"Huh."

"Even more interesting is that he said he'll be switching to a smaller machine—"

"Smaller?"

"It's this little dongle that hooks to a cell phone. Results in five minutes."

"You're kidding."

"Nope. Anyway, I go in for training in the morning. Did you get Johnny registered?"

"Yep, He starts tomorrow morning. Bus picks him up right down there on the corner." He waved vaguely towards the wall.

I still wasn't sure where everything was. For me, this was all new. A new town, new people, new streets. It almost felt like new air.

In addition, my displacement made it all feel impersonal – as if everyone who lived here was selfishly ignoring us and keeping the secrets of the city to

themselves.

Were we one disaster away from a failure that no regular inhabitant would make? Were the traffic laws different? Endless possibilities wormed through my head. "Will you be okay watching Karey?"

"Of course." He didn't look very happy, though.

I knew what he was feeling – that masculine pride about being the breadwinner. "Maybe you'll find something that pays better than me and we can—"

His look told me how much stock he put into that thought. He said after a small sigh, "I'm glad you got the job, though."

We both knew the unspoken truth: our final payout from the sale of the house had been much smaller than anticipated. Barely enough to pay for the cost of moving and rental deposits. We had less than \$6,000 in the bank.

I felt as if I needed to be holding my breath so the rest of it didn't all blow away.

My husband shared that look with me – we were both thinking the identical thing. It didn't happen often, but when it did it made our bond feel so much stronger.

He said, "I'll start looking right away."

"What about Karey?"

The moment vanished.

He bristled. "I should be the one making the money. Besides, you hated waitressing."

"I didn't actually hate it..." It was sort of a lie and he knew it.

His scowl confirmed my error. "I don't expect to find anything—"

"I'm sure you'll find something."

He laughed bitterly. "Not in health insurance."

"Maybe one of the bigger companies—"

"Me and thousands of other out of work agents are—"

"John, let's not get into this. I got the job."

He said slowly, patiently, "I will be looking for work. I just don't know if and when."

I walked into the second bedroom and gave Johnny a hug. "Hey cowboy."

He giggled.

I didn't want to stay in the main room and unpack with him because once he started on the whole employment thing, he wouldn't stop. Suggesting that he might have entered a different field was even worse; it was like I was questioning his manhood.

Best to leave him alone for the moment.

CHAPTER 5

John

Her Training Day...

I frowned at her clothes: worn jeans and a simple blouse. "Shouldn't you be dressing nicer?"

She looked at me in the mirror. "They have an outfit they provide. They said my attire wasn't important because I would be changing right away in the locker room."

"Locker room?"

"Well, the locker room for employees. There's a larger locker room for customers, too."

"What for?"

"I don't know?"

That sounded strange. "Not a coat room?"

"They have a phone room at the entry."

"What's that?"

"Everyone must check in their phones and cameras, if they have them."

"Huh. More secret spy stuff."

She tilted her head side to side in consideration. "The customers are wealthy. I'm sure reporters might want to know what they do in there."

"Eating, drinking, and dancing? The scandal..."

She smirked. "Yeah, well, there's nothing wrong with privacy, is there?"

"Of course not."

She left after delivering a familiar peck. "Wish me luck."

I could tell she was ambivalent about working. For years, she had focused on raising a family and being a housewife. Nothing wrong with that – we had been able to afford it.

Now here I was, jobless and hopeless, relying on her to carry the family.

I looked around at the boxes and decided on the computer. I would want to find work, if possible, as soon as possible. However, the cable hook-up wasn't scheduled to happen until later in the day.

I was staring disconsolately at my screen, all hooked up and nothing to see a few hours later.

Karey tugged on my arm with a pouty look on her face. She held up one of Johnny's GI Joes. Somehow, she had been able to get the male doll into a Barbie dress. I wasn't sure how she had done that and Joe didn't look pleased. She also held one of the machine guns that came with him.

"Ah, can't get the gun into his hand? Yeah, it's a little difficult. Here, let me help you." I took the plastic gun and doll and affixed the weapon into Joe's hand. "Here you go. All ready to wage war at the Bingo Club."

Karey showed her tiny teeth and made a happy noise.

The knock on the door got me out of my chair. The peephole showed me the cable guy.

• • •

I sat, I searched, I scratched, and finally gave up and went about opening more boxes: I had to find some way to be and feel productive.

Picking up Johnny from the bus stop while holding Karey in my arm made me feel guilty. Other moms standing there gave me suspicious looks if they didn't outright ignore me.

One was busy playing Candy Crush Saga on her phone and ignoring everyone. Two of them gabbed about some guy named Adam who was apparently the world's biggest sleazeball and liar. The other four stood with arms crossed or texting on their phones.

In this day and age, I was almost overwhelmed with all the social interaction.

Sheila's return home was all the interaction I needed. The kids were almost ready for bed when she came in and heaved a small sigh.

Johnny was in his room pouting about his GI Joe. I was bouncing Karey on my knee. "That bad?" I didn't want it to be bad, but her look sank my spirits.

She delivered a wave. Her eyebrows rose and her face cleared. "What? No, not at all."

"You sighed..."

She shook her head dismissively. "Oh, no, not that. I was just thinking that I'm going to be missing most evenings each week. Crawling into bed at twelve-thirty..."

I grunted understanding. "How'd it go otherwise?"

She showed a small smile. "Fine, really. Very high class. Very clean. Less stressful than when I was a waitress."

"They had you serving?"

"One table at the very beginning of the day – after a grueling lecture by Salina."

"She had a problem with you?"

"No, she trains the servers. I was told the whole list of rules several times over, basically until I was able to repeat them back to her."

"So you think it'll all work out?"

She nodded. "Bailey was right, there's a lot of money flowing through that place. Do you know they don't accept credit cards?"

"Huh? Why not? How do people pay—"

"With cash. Everything is cash. I made thirty dollars on just the one tip tonight."

"That's not a lot..."

She laughed. "You've obviously never been a waiter."

I set Karey down. I had to be careful here and not say something disparaging about a calling that might be the only thing paying our bills. "I chose a different path."

"Did you look for anything?" She dropped down onto the couch and accepted Karey's embrace.

"About like I thought: nothing."

"Did you try very hard?"

"If I squinted my eyes and grunted real loud, it wouldn't have mattered."

She gave me a suffering look of patience. "You know what I mean."

"Well, I'm only licensed for health insurance and the license isn't good in Texas. That said, in my area of expertise are entry level positions that pay less than two thousand per month. Outside of that is possibly service within an HMO as a clerk or analyst. Again, pay about the same."

She dropped her chin in dejection and used the move to justify looking at our

daughter. She stroked her hair. "Maybe something will come up."

"Like the state of Texas will suddenly recognize my license and one of the big boys will miraculously have a position at my previously advanced rate of pay?"

"Don't be negative, John."

"I'm being realistic, Sheila."

Her face became guarded.

I pushed the point. "There's simply nothing available for me here except to start over. Base pay. Maybe minimum wage. What's a 43 year old man supposed to do? I can't start over."

"You might have to."

"There's no way I can support us starting out fresh."

"You have to try."

I knew she was right, but I didn't like it.

She got up to go put Karey to bed.

I really would have to try, unless we were going to be satisfied with her working all the time and that didn't sit well with me.

Made me feel inadequate.

Bollocks, I say. I got up to go hear about the rest of her day.

CHAPTER 6

Sheila

That Night...

I could tell John was struggling with what he felt was unfair.

He snuggled up to me in bed. "I'm sorry."

"About earlier?"

"About everything."

"Let's not worry about it."

He breathed into my neck. "Thank you for stepping in..."

I felt that bond-tug. "We're a team, John."

He leaned up onto his elbow. "You don't hate me?"

I laughed. "Shut up." I knew he didn't mean it.

His eyes shifted away. "I was hoping you'd never have to work again."

I touched his hand. "It's for us."

He bent forward, kissing my forehead. And again. His lips moved down and we kissed. "I would do anything for you..."

I felt the budding warmth spreading through me. "And I would do anything for us." I studied his face. "Are you going to be okay?"

He trailed a finger onto my t-shirt around my nipple. Little tickles of pleasure made it harden. "Yeah..." he said gruffly, "I'll be fine..."

I moved my hand over to his dick. He was already hardened. "What got you so excited?"

He mostly suppressed a bashful smile. "Sitting home all day wondering where you were and what you were doing. It made me feel helpless. Who are you talking to? Who are you meeting? What kind of people? That kind of thing. Wondering what the outfit looked like."

I giggled. "It's sexy and chaste."

"How can that be?"

"I wear a frilly white blouse held up underneath by a black vinyl bustier. A black lace tutu skirt stops high-thigh and fishnet stockings finish it off. Thankfully, they provide really comfortable black sneakers to get around in."

He looked stunned. "What a drag!"

"What? Why?"

"I can't get a picture of that?"

I laughed, relieved he was setting aside his cumbersome career concerns. "Well, maybe. I can get a selfie before I put my phone in the locker."

He sighed in exasperation. "Thank heavens for small favors."

I smacked him lightly on the chest.

He said, "I'm serious. Men get to see you in that and I don't? I'm jealous."

"It's pretty dim in there. I don't think there's much ogling going on."

"Huh, sure. That's why they dress you in it."

He had a point. I squeezed at his erection. "I'll make sure to send you a pic."

"All those men get to see you in that... How do I get into this club?"

"Sorry, not for spouses."

He grunted. His hand slid down to my panties. "Yeah, I guess not. I'd be kicked out the first night."

"What?"

"I swear, I'd throw you on the table and fuck your brains out."

The warmth turned hotter. John was never rough with me and his surprising suggestion before we had moved about fucking me in a restaurant in front of everyone had raised a heat inside me that had been a pleasant shock. Although that little tease had died away and didn't work last week, it awoke afresh inside me this night.

I gasped as my breathing quickened. The heat was building up nicely. "You naughty boy."

"Little skirt and fishnets? Yum..." He lifted the t-shirt off of me and bent down to kiss at my breast. "Delicious."

Swirls of tickly sensations followed the movement of his tongue around my nipple. I don't know why the table comment turned me on now and not a week before, but it did. Probably the circumstances with the move and now that I actually had the job. Whatever, I was getting seriously wet.

He discovered that when he reached into my panties.

I closed my eyes as his fingers slipped inside, parting my lips and pressing inwards.

He whispered, "What flipped your dirty bitch switch? You're wet."

I couldn't answer.

He said, "Was someone there tonight that gave you a look?"

"Wh-what? No. I only helped one table."

"Rich guy? Couple?"

"It was a couple – a new couple, Salina said."

"Was he checking you out in front of his wife?"

I thought back to the time spent serving them. "No, I don't think so."

"He must have been gay." He laughed.

"Well, he was married..."

"Maybe he didn't want to offend his wife."

"Not everybody has to look at a woman..." Despite my protest, heat flared in my pussy and began making me squirm.

He removed my panties. "What did he look like?" He climbed between my legs.

I closed my eyes and recalled the couple. "He was older... Getting close to sixty, maybe? On the smooth side – very neat in his tux."

"Does everyone wear tuxes there?"

"No, only the newest members. But the dress code calls for formal, so the other men were in suits. Turtlenecks and jackets at the very least, if not a tie."

My husband pressed into me, moving forward over me as his erection slid into my heat.

I sighed when he was all the way in.

He said, "And he didn't even look at you?"

"I think I would've known if he had."

He moved back and forth, punctuating the thrusts inward. "Maybe when your back was turned."

Despite feeling hot over it, I said, "Maybe he didn't look at all. Not all men are pervs."

He chuckled. "Yes we are. He probably watched your ass sway as you walked

away."

I didn't think the dim lighting would've allowed for that, but the comment sent a sharp spark up my pussy. I groaned and lifted my hips. That someone might look at me in the silly work uniform and get excited was... sexy.

None of that had been on my mind while working my first table.

Salina had been on my mind. "Remember, no touching!" she had said. "If they touch you, excuse yourself and report them immediately."

There hadn't been time to imagine the man at the table checking me out. Would he have? Would his wife have noticed? Minded?

I hadn't thought of it then, but I was thinking it now and the heat was becoming overwhelming.

I panted.

Was my husband really not jealous over the prospect it could have happened or might later happen?

A rush of release swept up my body in a physical wave of explosive ecstasy.

His thrusts into me stoked and prodded the waves, lifting all my senses until all of my nerves tingled with tightness. Each wave released the pressure, but built it right back up again. I cried out quietly, bucking underneath my husband.

A few minutes later, he was done and I was on my side curled up. My skin tingled and my pulse thrummed lively inside of me. I smiled as I drifted into a satisfied sleep.

Who knew such pleasure could come from being a waitress?

CHAPTER 7

John

After a Month in Houston...

I was used to the routine. I had become comfortable knowing where the store was, the bank, the post office, and the school. The moms at the bus stop didn't give me weird looks anymore.

I was shocked to see people walking around carrying guns. My first reaction at the grocery store was to grab my phone and call 911 – except that no one else seemed to care. I later discovered Texas is an open carry state if you have a license.

Maybe I would get my own.

Maybe I wouldn't. I hadn't fired a gun in decades.

My wife's work was inconvenient five days a week. She came home after midnight, and usually exhausted. Not much in the mood to talk, she did however like her feet rubbed and I was willing to give her that relief.

The two days off she had, Tuesday and Wednesday, didn't leave much weekend time for the kids and she pouted over that endlessly. Still, she spent time in the mornings with Johnny and Karey after her brother had gone to school. I didn't see any damage there although she worried about it.

I asked her about work, though she didn't really want to talk about it on work nights. On her days off, she seemed rather happy to not have to think about it.

She brought home a lot of money.

I mean, a lot.

No, we weren't going to be millionaires, but the pressure on me evaporated by the second week. Our bank account stayed the same for the first month and I considered that a huge success. In the future months, I knew the balance would grow.

It was a Wednesday – late morning – when Karey was down for a nap and Sheila and I were sitting on the couch relaxing.

I tried my usual line of inquiry and was pleased to get results. "So, how's work been?"

Her lips came up to the side a little in a twist of consideration. "Really good, I think."

Motivated by the lack of her icy rejection to discuss Club 40, I leaned towards her with excitement. "They like you there?"

"I think so. Salina backed way off. I think she enjoyed riding me like a horse for a while."

"How does her husband treat you?"

"Gerald? I don't think he's said more than four sentences to me since I've been there."

"He doesn't like you?"

"No, it's not that; he spends most of his time doing things for the Gold Room and the members in there."

I nodded thoughtfully, but I thought it was strange. "What's so special about the Gold Room? I mean, isn't the club exclusive anyway?"

"Everything is exclusive. The big difference..." she scanned my face and took a breath, "is that in the Gold Room, you can touch."

I squinted at her. "Oh?"

"And they have some dancers in there."

"There's dancing outside."

"I mean, like professional dancers. You know, nude."

It dawned on me. "Oh, like strippers?"

"Sort of. Mostly not. They're up on platforms. I haven't seen it, but Bailey has told me."

I nodded. "And she makes more than you?"

"Being a server in there gets her an average of thirty seven hundred."

"A month? That's pretty good."

"No, John, a week."

I blinked at her. "You're shitting me."

"Not at all."

"And she's just a server?"

"Yep."

I started laughing. "Do they have male servers? I could get a job there."

"No spouses." Her arched eyebrow told me she didn't think it was funny.

I joked with her. "Come on, I can shake my stuff. Woo woo!" I held up my hands and snapped my fingers like a Flamenco dancer and wriggled my ass on the couch.

"They do have a couple guy servers..." Her look didn't change.

I made a motion to her. "You could be making that much?"

"I don't know; I haven't really asked Bailey all that much about the Gold Room."

"Ask her. I mean, there's touching allowed in there, right?" I scratched my chin and studied her face. "What's a pinch or two? You said you had that as a regular restaurant waitress."

She drew in a quiet breath and pursed her lips to the side. "Do you really want some guy pinching my ass?"

I felt a stirring down there and shifted on the couch to let it swell. "Well... I don't see a little harm in flirting..."

"It might be more than that."

I laughed wickedly. "Sounds like my kind of club."

She warned me, "John..."

"What? I mean, come on, if I was in there and you were my server, my hands would be all over you. A man would have to be stupid not to want to touch you."

"Be serious."

"I am."

"I'm going to be forty in August—"

"And you're still sexy."

"Oh come on."

"I'm serious, Sheila."

"I'm probably too old for the Gold Room."

"How old is Bailey?"

"I... don't know."

I held up my hands as if to offer the evidence to the jury. "There you go."

"I don't know. How could you handle it knowing some guy might touch me?"

I chuckled low and long. "Pretty well, I think. It would prove to both of us you still have it."

She arched an eyebrow at me. "You doubt me?"

"Not in the least. I'm just saying it would prove it. I know I'm right."

"But I'm married."

"That's great; I'm a lucky guy. Someone else appreciating your beauty justifies my pride."

Her expression was doubtful. "And it would make you happy if I got touched in the Gold Room?"

"Well, not slapped around, no. Some guy copping a feel? Sexy."

She laughed incredulously at me. "You'd be jealous."

"I'd be proud."

"Give me a break."

I turned serious. "I know it sounds strange, and maybe I would've been jealous in the past, but... it's different now."

"You trying to get rid of me?"

"Ha, cute, no." I gave her my own look of patient suffering. "I know you're beautiful, I know you're sexy, and I know you can do it. Knowing that some handsome guy flirts with you is sort of a turn-on. I think that's great."

She giggled, uncertain, but watching my face. "Why would you want me to flirt?"

"It's all fun and games, Sheila. The idea you could make someone else hard is a big stroke to my ego."

"Your ego? More like mine."

"See? Both of us."

"I don't know... I think you're using your smaller brain right now..."

I laughed. "Ask Bailey about it all. See what she says. And she's married, too. Her motorcycle man looked mean and scary, but she works in the Gold Room."

She quietly chewed her lip in thought. "I guess I can ask her."

I nodded with affirmation and approval. "Do that. Can't hurt to ask her; she's your friend, after all."

This was a conversation I would recall almost verbatim the rest of my life.

I just didn't know it yet.

CHAPTER 8

Sheila

Back at Work...

Working at Club 40 really was like working a restaurant. There was dancing and drinking at the bar, and tables for dining, although the menu had exactly five main items. Other than the no-touching rule - which seemed out of place to me - this was no different than working any dinner restaurant.

People were very polite.

I even wondered why there was a bouncer presence. Four men were on the floor at all times, and who knew how many in the Gold Room.

I saw couples head that way. I saw them come out. They all seemed so... normal.

Other than wearing clothing that spoke of their wealth.

I knew something was strange when one of the couples that had gone into the Gold Room came out and took a table. They asked for me.

This was strange on two levels. One was that the other room had tables and servers, too. The second strange thing was that this was my first request. That was what really got me: I wasn't the youngest; and I wore my wedding ring. Almost six weeks had passed since I had started work and suddenly I was requested. I approached the table a little slower than usual, checking the two sitting there waiting for me.

The man was wearing the lowest standard of clothing for the club: a white silk turtleneck. However, his suit coat was black and very tailored. His black hair

was slicked back but bore a hatline.

Some in Houston wore cowboy hats. I didn't envision this man wearing one.

His wife – if that's who she was – was dressed in a black sequined cocktail dress. Definitely not off the rack. Her brunette hair was exquisitely done in long, soft curls. She turned her head at my approach and almost made me stumble: she wore a gregarious smile and her eyes sparkled with merriment as she looked at me.

I wiped my hands on my tutu and made my formal greeting. "Welcome back to Club 40, I'll—"

The man's voice was smooth. "Be our hostess for tonight. Yes, we asked for you." His grin was easy, but hinted at a secret.

I tried to recover my balance. "My name is—"

"Sheila." The way the man said it sent shivers down my spine.

I licked my lips and looked at the woman. She was smiling up at me impishly and winked.

I swallowed and took the menus from under my arm.

He lifted his fingers off the table with a little Obi Wan Kenobi motion. "We won't be needing those."

I recovered enough to smile. "Okay..." I took out my scratchpad and pencil stub. "Do you know what you would like this evening?"

He answered, "Both of us will have the chicken dish."

"Pasta or rice?"

"Rice on both, please."

I made my shorthand note. "May I get you some drinks?"

She answered, "Not with our food, no." Her eyes still sparkled at me as if she knew me.

He asked, "Do you have other tables?"

"One at the moment." I glanced their way to see if they were looking. They weren't.

"Come back to us and talk after you place that order."

I looked at him, then I looked at her. Both seemed at ease with each other and me. It wasn't forbidden to talk – just the opposite. However, a server must be invited to join a conversation.

I delivered the order and checked on the other table. They were done and needing nothing further. I took out their check and placed it.

The older man was already thumbing through bills and selected some.

I asked, "Do you need me to make any change?"

"No, dear, that was quite lovely. Thank you."

I collected the money from the table without counting it. "And thank you, sir. Ma'am. You both have a wonderful evening and come back again soon."

I rang the final check through the register and smiled at the tip: forty dollars.

It would be another ten minutes at least until the other table's food was ready, so I walked over to fulfill their invitation.

Both smiled.

I spoke first. "You both didn't want to eat in the Gold Room tonight?" Most members, if they had the additional membership to the Gold Room, never stayed out here for any more time than was necessary.

The woman spoke. "No, you're out here."

I started to laugh, not really sure how to answer that. Mostly men made those kinds of flirty comments. That it came from the wife was odd.

He lifted his hand slightly. "I'm Donovan. This is my lovely wife, Julia."

I almost gave my name but stopped myself. With just the slightest giggle of embarrassment, I said, "Pleased to meet you." I kept my hands clasped behind my back and stood between them near the table. I saw Salina scrutinizing me briefly from the bar.

Donovan shifted towards me, crossing his legs. He tilted his head up in consideration. "How come you're not serving in the Gold Room?"

"Oh... well... I..." I didn't know what to say. "I'm new here."

Julia said, "And the prettiest one out here."

I laughed, embarrassed. "Me?"

She said, "You're adorable."

He said, "You should move into the Gold Room. We'd love to have you as our server."

I glanced at the kitchen bar. Their order was up. "I see your dinner is ready. I'll be right back."

Julia giggled.

I didn't know what to make of it all, but I wasn't giggling later when Donovan pulled out two one-hundred dollar bills for a fifty dollar meal. I asked, "Do you need me to make any change?" Surely...

Donovan slid the two bills over to me. "Not at all."

I swallowed hard.

He reached into his jacket and pulled out a business card. He slid that over, too. "For you."

I tried to talk, but was pretty speechless. I fumbled the money and card into my server pouch. Finally, I found my voice. "Thank you. You didn't have to—"

Julia rose and touched my arm. "We know."

I pulled away fast – contact was strictly forbidden and I was supposed to report

them immediately if ever touched. I scanned the bar: Salina was busy and not looking. Neither were the four bouncers, though one looked my way as I looked.

I took a shaky breath and whispered, "There can't be contact in here, Julia. Please. We might both be held—"

She winked at me. "We know. Move up to the Gold Room." Her smile was... very playful.

Donovan stood beside his wife. "We had a lovely experience being served. We'll be sure to let management know that."

I moved woodenly to the register and entered the sale. I pocketed the 150 dollar tip.

• • •

After my shift I met up with Bailey in the locker room. "My tips tonight!"

She beamed at me, her freckled face all wrinkled with happiness. "I'm glad you're liking it."

We changed into our regular clothing and signaled the bouncer we were ready. We always received bouncer escort out of the club.

"I had a couple from your room come out just to have me serve them."

The redhead lifted her eyes in thought. "Mmm, Donovan and Julia Davis? They've asked about you."

"Me? Why?"

We exited the club into the chill air of midnight Houston. Chip the bouncer followed us out, head swiveling back and forth, watching.

I think all the bouncers were armed.

I shivered in the cold air and hugged my arms to myself. She hadn't answered my question, so I filled the silence. "They said I should apply for the Gold Room."

Bailey grinned. "If you do, you'll see a lot of those kinds of tips..."

"What goes on in there, exactly?"

She looked at me, the bouncer, and away – and then shrugged. "Pretty much the same, except that touching is allowed. Also..."

"Yes?"

"The touching can get intimate."

"Intimate."

"Yes. And more."

"Like what?"

We stopped by our cars. Chip stood with his arms folded, turned away and watching the parking lot.

Bailey pursed her lips. "I hope you aren't easily shocked..."

I laughed. "I'm not some little kid. I'm going to be forty soon."

She waved a hand. "Oh, yeah, I already passed that milestone. The world didn't cave in."

"So...?"

"Look, the Gold Room is what Club 40 is all about. Touching is not only allowed, but arrangements can be made for private rooms for... a little more intimacy."

I goggled. "You mean, like a brothel?" The potential revelation stunned me.

"Almost. Maybe more like a traditional strip club. Maybe a handjob, a lap dance, a blowjob..."

I blinked.

Chip stiffened.

A couple of people were coming close at an angle towards a car parked close to ours.

I recognized Donovan and Julia. He was wearing the most silly-looking short-brimmed black fedora, but in an instant, it seemed to utterly match his gentlemanly style.

He tipped it towards us. "Good night, ladies."

Julia waved four fingers at us and winked.

They got into an older black Mercedes that was so understated that the only indication of wealth was the symbol on the hood.

Bailey waved gaily.

The quiet, solid sound of their doors closing was followed by the immediate Mercedes purring whine of the engine.

We watched them drive away.

I said, "So you know them?"

"Mmm," she hummed in acknowledgment.

I turned to her. "So... do you do these things in the Gold Room? The... extras?"

"Yes. That's where most of the money is."

"Most?"

"Oh... there's more."

I gaped. "Like what?"

"The off-day events that are planned by Gerald. Those happen outside of the club, but the pay is usually a thousand per night."

I swallowed hard, having a bad feeling about where this was going. "Like... being a call girl?"

"Not exactly..."

Chip grunted, "If you gals are going to chat all night, I'm going to light up." He wandered over to the bushes at the edge of the lot to give us a little privacy and fish out a pack of cigarettes from inside his jacket.

I saw the metallic flash of something in a shoulder holster.

He lit up and puffed, going back to watching us and the parking lot.

Bailey said, "The off-premises events are very similar to what we do inside the club. We serve parties in the same uniform, but sometimes topless. Those pay a thousand. Naked serving pays twelve hundred. At the end of the night, one of the servers is selected to give the host a handjob or blowjob – their choice."

I rubbed my arms. "And... Diesel knows you...? He...?"

Bailey's smile was wide and happy. "Of course he does. He accompanies me to the events as my driver and bodyguard to make sure things don't get out of hand. He dresses up really nice..."

I laughed, but was still shocked he knew about it all. "He doesn't mind you... giving blowjobs?"

She giggled and grabbed onto my arm. "Oh, honey, that's not all. The guests of the party can pay, too. A hundred for some play, or two hundred and fifty for a fuck."

I felt the cold air on my eyes as they bugged out. "Your husband allows you—"

"He likes it, Sheila. It gets him so horny. As tired as I might be, the best sex is when he takes me home and reclaims me."

"He likes you... fucking other men?"

She wriggled her shoulders and growled like a tigress. "Totally."

I looked at her in wonder. "I never thought you would be..."

"Like this? Let me tell you, Sheila, being a hotwife for him is awesome. I get all the dick I want and he approves."

"Hotwife?"

"Someone who is married and fucks other men with her husband's approval."

"I thought working here sounded more like prostitution."

She laughed. "Oh, well that... Yes, I'm more of an escort, I guess. But not only do I get to fuck other men, but they're more than happy to pay for it, too. The best of both worlds?"

Chip suddenly threw down his cigarette and stiffened. His right hand reached beneath his jacket.

Both of us followed his gaze.

Some scrawny guy in a grey hoodie was walking along our parking aisle. His head was down and he turned it slightly to look at us. He kept going.

Chip glared at him the entire way, and then he relaxed. He fished for his cigarette pack again.

After a few seconds, we found our nerve again. I asked, "So... that couple that asked for me in the Gold Room...?"

Bailey winked at me. "They think you're sexy."

I laughed. "Me? I'm old and married."

"You've still got it going. Some people really dig on that. Not everyone is into hot eighteen year olds."

"I don't know if I could work in there..."

"Don't like getting touched?"

Heat spun around and moved up my pussy. That image of being fucked on a restaurant table thrilled up my spine and made my nipples hard. "Uh, well..."

"I can recommend you to Gerald, if you want?"

This was moving too fast for me. "I don't know, I'd have to talk to my husband, first."

She touched my shoulder and shook it. "Of course you do, that's the first step. If he isn't onboard then it's not for you."

I felt a little defensive. "It's not like I need permission for everything—"

"I understand, Sheila. I'm married, too, you know."

I watched Chip blow out a stream of smoke lost in whatever thoughts ran through a bouncer's mind.

I almost felt Donovan's card burning a hole in my pocket.

Yes, I was going to have to talk to my husband.

CHAPTER 9

John

After Midnight...

Sheila came home looking different – more lively and... cautious.

I was up in bed, waiting for her. I always waited for her. I put aside the gun magazine I was reading.

She squinted at it, freezing as she was undressing. "What's that for?"

Duh. "To read."

"But why a gun magazine?" Her eyes held much suspicion.

I decided to spring the idea on her. "I was thinking about getting a gun."

"John, that's just plain stupid."

Ire twisted inside of me. "Why is it stupid?"

"Because we don't need one."

"How do you know? Do you think the world is safe and there's no criminals—"

"We can call the cops."

I tried out one of the cartoon captions I had seen. "911 takes thirteen minutes. A 1911 takes two seconds."

"Guns are dangerous." She finished stripping.

"They are only dangerous in the hands of criminals. A gun can't just jump up off the table or out of a holster on its own and just shoot someone."

She got into bed. "I think it's silly."

"Safety is silly? Our family's safety is silly?"

She gave me a look that told me she was going to stop arguing, but that she was only stopping because I would go on and on about it.

I sighed. "Anyway, did you know you can carry a gun in Texas with a license?"

"You? Carry a gun?"

"I'm thinking about it."

"Is using the complex laundry room that dangerous?"

It was my turn to give her a look. "So how was work?"

She turned towards me and grabbed my boxers.

A smile spread across my face. Often, she was too tired to play around after work, but grabbing my boxers was her signal that she wanted to play.

I slid them off. "Anything interesting happen?"

"What would be interesting?"

I laughed. "You tell me; how would I know?"

She grabbed onto my shaft and began stroking. "What if I told you a couple slipped me their number?"

My dick swelled to hardness. "That's... an interesting thought. Tell me about it."

"They came from the Gold Room. They requested me."

"The other room didn't have enough servers?"

"No, they didn't have me. They specifically wanted me."

I liked the sound of that. "Did they flirt with you or something?"

"Nope, just small chat. And they gave me a one hundred and fifty dollar tip."

Surprise sifted up my back and my eyebrows tightened as they lifted high.

"Wow, really?"

"I guess they liked me. Anyway, they suggested I move to the Gold Room."

"Where the touching is allowed?"

"Right. I... talked to Bailey about it after our shift."

"Ah, that's why you're late?"

She nodded.

"Go on." I was enjoying her hand motions.

"She said it's not just touching in the Gold Room."

"What happens in there?"

"She said that even more intimate things happen, like handjobs and lapdances – in private rooms."

My dick flexed. "Sounds like a strip club."

She squeezed my dick. "And how would you know? I was thinking more like a brothel."

I pursed my lips to the side. "A bunch of sleazy men—"

"No, John. That's the thing. The Gold Room is super high class and couples go in there."

I grunted my concession of her point.

She took a breath, looking at my dick, and went on slowly. "Did you know that Diesel escorts her to the events that happen outside of Club 40?"

"No..."

"He acts as her driver and bodyguard."

"Sounds like a stripper arrangement."

"Yeah, but remember, these are tux-wearing people. High class parties. Very wealthy. Very secret."

I grunted again.

"Did you know that she has sex with other men and her husband is there watching and protecting her?"

My dick flexed again and jerked in her hand. I gasped. "He watches her?" The very idea was creepy and yet... at the same time was making my dick swell so hard I thought it was going to split open. There was something intimately sexy in the image of my mind where a husband could stand there and watch another male form moving on his wife.

Watching their bride gasp and move underneath another man?

Naughty. Nasty. Fun.

Very... sexy.

Her whisper was a little choked – possibly with uncertainty. "How do you feel about that? Have you ever thought about me with another man?"

Everything tightened in a rush of overwhelming imminence. My erection ejaculated several fast strings of cum as I gasped frantically at the swiftness of the orgasm that erupted from within.

Her face lit up in a surprised smile of discovery as she watched my cock pulse and release. "You like that idea, huh? Maybe I should apply to the Gold Room."

I groaned with lust. I whispered a word without much thought, "Yeah..."

CHAPTER 10

Sheila

A Week Later...

I arrived at the club early, according to Bailey's suggestions.

She had warned me.

I was prepared.

That my husband had no idea what this involved made me feel just a little guilty and very, very nervous.

This was something of a career decision for me – one of my own. I knew I had my husband's support, even if he didn't have all the details. There was time to tell him later.

Gerald was a nice man. His silver hair was the only indication of any kind of age in his face. Very faint lines supported it, but not enough. Premature color shift to older age?

He was standing, talking on his cell phone –but since his door was open us servers knew we were welcome to sit and wait.

So I did.

He was talking to someone about a medical exam waiver. His adamant voice brooked no argument. "Absolutely not. All our members pass the exam or don't receive—No, I don't care—No, it's not going to work that way—We maintain the highest—Then buy your own club, sir." He clicked off and exhaled his irritation. He looked at me and shook his head. "Some people think money means rules

don't apply to them."

I made a face of understanding.

He sat down in his leather chair. "So what brings the beautiful Sheila into my office?" There was something in his eyes that said he knew what this was all about.

I had gotten to know him and his wife, Salina. They were a hard-driving couple as owners of the club, but they were extremely nice when it came to employer-employee relations. We were treated like close friends and even maybe... children. I said, "I'm interested in moving to the Gold Room."

His smile wasn't practiced. It simply spread like the sun in an otherwise dark office that was sublimely lit with lamps. "Shut the door; let's talk."

I did so and sat back down.

He came around the desk and pulled a chair over in front of me. He sat and connected his fingers like businessmen do. "The Gold Room is the heart of Club 40. You are aware of exactly what goes on in there?"

"Bailey told me..." I let it trail off.

He nodded, lips pursed with approval. "Good. No surprises there. We have a couple of married women, but not a blonde one. I think you'll do great in there."

"There's that much demand for married women?"

"Not everyone, no. But there is a segment that definitely loves talking, flirting, and having sex with married women. Can you handle that?"

"I think so."

"We need to be sure. You must be able to perform to the satisfaction of older men, younger men, women, all races, and despite their looks. Fortunately, most of our members are extremely wealthy and ugliness doesn't seem to go hand in hand with it. Most of the members are at least plain-looking and no different than most other plain people you might meet on the street. Not all our members are going to look like Jamie Dornan and be Fifty Shades kind of sexy."

I didn't laugh.

He squinted. "Never saw the movie?"

"No, and didn't read the book, either."

He laughed lightly. "Good. Some women come in here thinking they're the next Anastasia..."

I was unmoved. "I met a couple, Donovan and Julia. They suggested I move up ___"

"Nice couple. They mentioned you to me a couple of weeks ago and then again last week, I think. You served them out in the restaurant?"

"Yes, last week."

He nodded. He pulled out his phone and tapped.

I waited patiently.

Salina came in and lifted her eyebrows. "Ah, the married one. I knew she'd come around." Her wink was friendly. She went about fiddling with a small camera on a tripod. She said, "I'll be here during this part of the interview, filming. Just to keep everything on the level." There was a light hint of warning in her voice that didn't feel particularly directed at me, but meant for me and not her husband. Something practiced.

Gerald stood and began removing his clothes. "You must be ready to perform at a member's whim. You can refuse, but it doesn't look good to the members. Understood?"

I nodded.

"Also, all sex inside the Gold Room must be protected. Condoms at all times. It was hard enough getting all this past the county and city – we won't threaten our business by looking the other way. If you engage in sexual activity in the club without a condom, you will be terminated."

I gulped.

He let his lips form into a slow smile. "The only exception to that rule is this office." He indicated his dangling cock. "Show me what you can do with your mouth."

Bailey had prepared me. I moved without hesitation, but made it look slow and sexy. I dropped down and wondered what my husband would be saying about all this. I gripped his thickness and took it into my mouth. I imagined it was John's and gave it the kind of intimate attention I would my husband.

Gerald chuckled. "You suck like a married woman. You have to act as if the first taste on your tongue drives you wild with lust. You want to impart to the member that his dick is the best thing you've ever handled. It keeps them coming back. It makes for great tips to take home."

I sucked harder and faster. I gave it effort and licked, nibbled and sucked his cock while his wife filmed it.

She muttered from the camera, "Much better."

The oddity of her commenting on my oral massage on her husband caused a flare of heat in my pussy. So strange, yet so sexy.

Gerald nodded down at me. "Always make a lot of eye contact. All right, get your clothes off." He sat down in the chair and stroked his erection. It was a nice size, bigger than John's.

I stripped and couldn't stop tremors from rattling me.

Salina murmured, "It's natural to be nervous the first time..."

He motioned me towards him when I was naked. His eyes critically roamed over my body. "Some gym time might not hurt, but otherwise you look good for your age."

Shame shaded my face.

Salina said, "Don't worry, girl. You look fine."

Gerald gripped my hips and pulled me to his erection.

I let him guide me.

I knew this was part of the interview; Bailey had told me they all go through it. The male servers were tested on Salina.

I felt the hot touch of his bare cock on my pussy lips. I gasped with the thrill that spread through my body. I had only had sex with John since I had been married.

The pressure increased just a little, then my wet and excited lips parted for Gerald's cock. The push went upwards, spreading me open – skin into skin.

After that initial touch, everything seemed to lose the hyper-sensitive expectations. The motion of his cock penetrating me became normal.

Still salacious, but otherwise natural.

I sank down on him, feeling his thickness stuff my pussy inside as I slid onto him. I settled all the way down and wondered what my husband was doing at that moment. I thrust my hips as the heat built inside me. I fucked Gerald on the chair in his office while wearing my wedding ring. I gasped and grunted, moving with effort as the man's cock moved inside me. His stiffness hit the walls of my pussy in sexy places.

Gerald gasped, too. He squeezed my hips and pulled me down onto his cock. "Yeah, very nice. Married pussy is always so good."

I groaned in lust, feeling that swelling well of heat roll through me at his words. I clamped on his stiffness, relishing the feel of the thick shaft buried inside me.

My body wanted to enjoy it more; my mind kept remembering Salina was recording it.

If Gerald was aware of it and feeling anything uncomfortable about it all, he didn't exhibit it in any way I could tell. He thrust up into me as if I were his bride on the honeymoon. His cock moved in and out of me, faster and faster, until he panted with exertion. His breathing came in heaves and he finally gasped, "Oh yeah... fucking great married pussy."

I felt the hot spurts blossom inside of me, scalding my walls and coating his shaft like lava lubricant.

My mouth dropped open and I gasped for air as the realization hit me that another man had just cum inside me while my husband was at home hoping I would be successful at the interview.

It almost pushed me to the edge. Almost.

What shocked me even more was the bold and gentle kiss Gerald gave me – right in front of his wife. He said, "More practice tomorrow."

Salina half giggled and half smirked. She said, "Okay, go get cleaned up and suited up. Don't bother with panties; they frustrate our members."

I didn't feel cheap. I didn't feel used. I didn't feel glorious. I felt strange that something so sexy came across as so normal.

But it settled into me easily that it really was just a normal, natural function. Should I force myself to feel differently for the sake of... what? Propriety?

I changed into my uniform, head held high with pride.

CHAPTER 11

John

That Night...

I waited all day to have her home to talk to her. Her text had simply said, "I got the promotion." I knew better than to pester her because she wasn't allowed to have her phone with her.

I stared at the selfie of her wearing her uniform she had given me weeks ago. I fondled my cock, wondering what I would do in her presence if I were a customer.

That she had made me cum imagining her underneath another man had given birth to a lurking beast inside me – both ravenous and ashamed. I was too scared to admit it, though I pushed her to go for the Gold Room. That she had taken the job at the Club became a newfound revelation that my beautiful wife was indeed capable of being enticing to men. That made me incredibly proud and very happy for her that she could find the confidence to field flirtations from other people.

I didn't just humor her about her beauty and attractiveness; others proved it to her every single working day. The Gold Room was going to be a big step from being just a sexily-dressed waitress into one that could be touched.

The very thought made my heart quiver and hammer with an intensity that lifted my flaccid cock and filled it with lust. I didn't want to share my wife; I wanted to show her off. Yet... this strange beast in me hungered for a little more. It wanted that extra bit of sexiness that touching could bring.

My imagination produced visions of men caressing her butt under her tutu. This brought my hand to myself to spread the pleasure – to rub the image up and

down on my shaft and stroke the feeling inside to maximum pleasure.

I found myself masturbating like I hadn't since I was a teenager.

Doing that was dangerous with kids around, even if they were safely asleep and in their room. As a parent, I couldn't feel safe closing the door and potentially missing something that might affect their lives – a fire? A nightmare?

I compromised by getting into bed when they were both sound asleep. The door was open, but I played with myself under the covers.

It felt naughty.

It felt stupid.

I was a grown man.

I took my hand away.

My wife is getting touched... And my hand was back, stroking and urging my dick to ooze satisfaction.

I let it go with disgust and grabbed my gun magazine. Over the next few hours, my dick swelled and shrank as I struggled to read articles and reviews and stamp down on my wandering imagination. The fleshy bastard had a mind of its own and was out of control. I tucked it between my thighs and squeezed, trapping it there.

I flipped to the dog-eared article about the gun I was considering. My wife would not approve, but she knew she couldn't deny the portion of the money she had given me for my personal use. She was at work, moving amongst people with one thing on their minds: sex. I found myself moving my hips and rubbing the erection between my thighs.

Fortunately, Sheila opened the apartment door and came in.

I dropped the magazine with relief and released my trapped dick. It sprang up and tented the covers.

She stopped in the door, catching sight of my predicament.

Who cares? I was a man, she was my wife, and I was happy to see her. That was that. I grinned like a Cheshire cat.

She wriggled one knee back and forth as she leaned against the door. "What's that for?"

I blew out a breath. "Been waiting for you all night. I'm anxious to hear how it all went."

She looked down and bit her lip. Her knee stopped moving playfully. A quick flash of her eyes as she looked at me told me something was on her mind.

"What is it?"

She swallowed and moved to the bed. She didn't look at me as she removed her clothes.

"You said you got the promotion?"

"Mm hmm." Off came her bra.

I saw no marks on them. "Did you work the Gold Room?"

"Yes." She stripped off her panties.

"So was it all Bailey cracked it up to be? Touching and flirting?"

She laughed, nervously. "Mm hmm. I think maybe five different men grabbed my ass."

I panted a hectic laugh. "Yeah? That's awesome."

She shook her head and grabbed my erection. "How can you say that?"

"I guess... I think it's sexy."

"Did you know they told me I couldn't wear panties?"

I gasped as a surge of lust swept up my dick. I cried out as the sensitivity went from numb to nasty.

She giggled. "You... like that?"

I hyperventilated heavily. "I g-guess so."

Her voice was quiet and subdued. "There's something you need to know..."

I panicked. "You're not leaving me, are you? Met someone—"

Her retort was sharp. "Never."

I almost felt like collapsing. "Oh..."

She had stopped stroking, now she resumed. "I was interviewed by both Gerald and Salina."

"Right?"

"They asked questions and pointed out what goes on in there."

"Right?" Where's this going? I know all this.

"They even had me strip naked..."

I felt the smile broaden my cheeks. "Really?"

"That's okay?"

"Well, I guess so. Make sure you look good. Do they expect you to get naked in the Gold Room?"

She checked my expression. "No, I keep my uniform on at all times."

I nodded.

"But..."

"Yes?"

"People have sex in there – using condoms. Any handjobs or blowjobs someone might pay me for require condoms."

My heart had been slowing down. Now it burst with fresh thundering. I could barely breathe. It sounded nasty and sexy. My cock certainly decided it liked hearing that. The image of my wife leaning over to blow some man even with a condom sounded too awesome to be true.

I saw spots before my eyes.

I could barely get a breath in.

She said, "Gerald had me blow him to prove I knew what I was doing."

I cried out in alarm as my cock almost exploded. I tore her hand away before it could tip to orgasm. Slowly, it receded. "You... you... blew him?"

She nodded. "Are you mad?"

"N-no... no, I suppose not." I laughed nervously. "I just hadn't thought..."

"You didn't think it would be any more involved than flirting and touching?"

I breathed, "Yeah."

"There's more."

"Wh-what?"

Her hand gently gripped me again and she stroked my very hard erection up and down while considering her words.

I panted and pumped my hips as her hand worked me. I was eager to hear what had happened.

Her eyes flashed to mine a couple of times and looked away. Her hand didn't stop. "He, uh..."

"What?"

"He had me... ride him."

"What? Ride?" My mind did not want to process the obvious.

"He had me sit on his lap and he put his cock inside me."

My eyes felt as if they were going to pop out of my head with pressure. I lifted my hips and blew a huge eruption of cum into the air as a massive surge of lust swept up my dick and expelled my sentiment. I humped and grunted as strings of cum slung into the air from the end of my dick.

Sheila squealed in surprise and pulled back.

I grabbed my dick and forcefully jacked it hard and fast – working the rest of the sneak-attack orgasm out of me. Once it was started, there was no going back and I might as well finish it.

She was giggling as I settled down. "I wasn't sure you'd approve of that..."

I was still flabbergasted. "I... uh... didn't think I would have either." I collapsed, exhausted, onto the bed. I looked at her in a new light – one filled with wonder and worship. "You really did it with him?"

She nodded.

"Where was Salina?"

"Recording it."

"She was? Whoa..." I pondered that. "Why would they want to record it?"

"Maybe in case I ever said he raped me."

I lifted my chin slowly in understanding. "Oh... I get it. Yeah..."

"He said I need to return tomorrow for some more practice."

My dick, still hard, twitched and sent forth a tiny burst of cum.

She giggled again. "I'm glad you like the idea of other men fucking me."

I chuckled, unsure if I did or not, though my dick sure thought so. I looked down at her pussy in amazement. My wife had another dick in there today! Whoa. Incredible.

She said, "I like the idea, too, I think."

"What?"

"Of other men fucking me. Ever since Bailey told me she gets all the dick she wants and her husband approves, I've had these incredible daydreams..."

My breathing became labored again as my heart thundered with excitement. "Y-you have?"

She nodded. "I kept imagining her husband watching her have sex with other men."

I coughed and cleared my throat. "Well, it sort of sounds like fun, I guess. If that doesn't sound strange..."

"You would watch me have sex with another man?"

I had a lot of trouble clearing my throat this time. "Well, I would, I suppose. That isn't strange, is it?"

She looked up in the air, unfocused. Finally, she said, "No, I don't think it's strange at all. If you wanted to watch other men have sex with me, I'm okay with that."

I was almost giddy with excitement and fear. It was as if I were on the knife-edge of a high ridge overlooking a canyon on both sides. The exhilaration was dizzying, yet the danger was daunting. Could I really watch her have sex and risk losing her? Would she cease to love me? Yet it sounded so amazingly hot that my dick was refusing to wilt to its usual post-orgasmic flaccid state.

I gazed at her in total wonder that she could so blithely admit she had fucked another man and not seem disturbed in the least.

A wound opened inside me right next to the pride. She had done the incredible, but had she even thought of me?

She answered me, sort of. Her finger pushed at my erection. "I thought when you came you usually got soft."

"I do..."

She got up and moved over me. "Do you think you can get it in? I've been sort of really looking forward to this all day."

I watched her pussy move over me and wondered what it would've been like to see it descending over the dick of another man. I surged upwards and grabbed her, throwing her over and down onto the bed. I frantically stabbed my erection into her, feeling the velvety familiarity of her pussy.

Did it feel different? Changed? Strange?

No, it felt like it always had.

Yet, another man's cock had been in her, moving in and out...

I humped like a madman who had been decades in prison. I fucked her so hard she flopped on the bed.

A look of wondrous joy came over her face and tears leaked from the sides of her eyes. With all the movement, they made wandering trails up and down the sides of her head and cheeks. She didn't always cum from regular penetration, but she sure did this night not twenty seconds into my desperate onslaught.

She bucked her hips under me, turning her head to scream into the pillow so as not to wake the kids. Her fingers dug furrows in my back and her ankles pulled on the backs of my thighs. Her grunts were almost guttural and her convulsions almost sharp enough to knock me off of her.

When I finally came, we were both exhausted and spent. I spewed my cum into her in rapid pulses and my balls began to ache from working too soon after the last orgasm.

I moaned like a dying zombie and fell over onto my side.

She panted heavily, chest heaving and smile beaming. With a feminine flip, she was on her side and running her hand over my vibrating chest. She traced some pattern with her fingers and said, "Bailey had said that sex was best with her husband right after she had been with someone else..."

I was in no position to argue.

Something new was in our life.

Something exciting and fun.

CHAPTER 12

Sheila

On a Busy Saturday in July...

I moved among the people, ignoring the center stage where the large vinyl platform invited people. Oral sex and fucking were normal in the Gold Room, but not universal.

People danced and drank, some naked, some clothed, some partially. People also ate, but not as many as out in the regular restaurant. There was a raised line of separated booths along one wall where people could eat if they wanted to. Between them and the "Pit of Action" was a ring of small drinking tables mixed amidst vinyl chairs and couches.

Dinners were served at the booths only. This created a small area around the steps where people who were not eating would talk to those who were having dinner. This area was where I became accustomed to being fondled – as if I were a pleasant diversion from the conversation.

One of our males servers, Danny, was stopped at the steps by one of the female customers. The male servers all had to have one thing in common: a large dick. They were dressed in less than the female servers – their costume consisting of a couple of chest straps leading up to a collar with a bowtie and down to a satin cloth covering that was easily pulled aside.

Poor Danny was getting stroked by a female member while he was holding a tray of finished dishes. He was saying, "Let me put these away. I'll be right back, really."

Getting around them up to the tables rewarded me with two gropes. This was all usual and I was used to it. But the one man at the top of the steps was a dashing

looking younger man who ran his finger up and inserted it into my pussy.

This had happened before, too, just not as often. I gasped as the invasion drove a spike of heat up my pussy. One thing I had discovered, there was something amazingly hot about a total, handsome stranger suddenly exploring my body in the most intimate of ways.

It made my heart beat hard. It made me wet. It made my breathing difficult.

He released me though and brought his finger up. He sucked it off as he looked me in the eye.

I smiled weakly as my knees fought to remain rigid.

That's when I caught sight of the members at the table where I had been headed. My face lit up in a smile and I moved beyond the handsome member.

He was done, anyway. Touches like those were brief affairs – not like asking me back to one of the tiny private rooms for a blowjob or lapdance.

Donovan and Julia were beaming at me from the booth.

The woman said, "We're so glad you made the move to the Gold Room."

Donovan was settled back, resting with that relaxed male posture that said he commanded the room, even if he didn't. He was wearing a white shirt with a loose tie this time.

I clapped my hands together. "Where have you been? I haven't seen you since... that night out in the restaurant."

He shifted his head off to the side. "In China for the last two weeks on business."

Much had happened in those two weeks. Gerald had indeed kept calling me back in for practice, until I figured out it wasn't really practice. He and I fucked almost every working day before my shift. Salina had assured me it was nothing unusual and he would eventually move on to another server.

Julia ran her hand up my leg and curled towards the front of my thigh. Men usually curved around to the back to cup my ass.

I had been touched by a few women before, and always found it more exciting than a male touch. I wasn't a lesbian or bi, but something about the lighter, softer touch really got my engine going. I guess because it was so unexpected and different.

There seemed to be more... class to a woman's touch. Delicate, rather than a grope.

Donovan said, "You haven't called or texted..."

I felt a little ashamed. "I... didn't want to bother you."

Julia laughed. "No bother. If we're busy, we just get your text later." Her fingers slid up and over my mound, making my clit tickle and tingle.

He said, "We really would enjoy you making contact..."

I swallowed, happy that they thought of me as more than just a dumb waitress. Still, though, I was a waitress. This couple was far above my pay grade. "I'll text you..."

Both smiled so happily that I knew I had made the right response. "Can I get you dinner tonight?"

Donovan took the lead. "We'll both have the chicken dinner—"

"With rice?" I was shaking – Julia's hand was still resting up over my pussy. The heat from her fingers and my skin was intense.

The broadening of his smile was delightful. "You remembered."

It wasn't hard, and I didn't even really need my scratchpad, but habit was habit. "I'll get this in right away."

"Come back and chat, after, if you aren't busy."

"I just have one drinks table," I turned, "but I can see it from here. I'll come back."

Julia withdrew her hand.

I got the order in and checked on the couple at the drinking table. They were still good but would be having more, and I told them to raise their glasses when they needed refills.

Donovan slid out of the circular booth and motioned me in. They sandwiched me in between them, close.

She said, "So who is Sheila?"

"I'm just a server..." I felt a little uncomfortable as if I was being put on the spot, but Julia's face was inquisitive.

He asked, "Who are you outside of the club? Tell us about yourself."

That was easy. "I'm married – his name is John – and I have two kids—"

"How old?"

"A six year old boy and a girl that just turned three."

Julia ran her hand up my leg to the bare skin above the fishnets. "What are their names?"

"Johnny and Karey."

Donovan said, "We have a fourteen year old daughter, Anne."

This surprised me a little. I figured most members wouldn't be the family type. "Is she a bear to handle? I mean, being fourteen and all?"

That got laughter from both of them.

He said, "Not at all; she's perfect. She quilts."

Julia giggled, "Perfect if she would vacuum all the little thread snips she makes. I end up picking them up all over the house."

Donovan tilted his head in assent. "Sure, not exactly perfect, but I meant no trouble at all."

I said, "I worry about what mine will get into when they get older."

He said, "Expect more out of them. Praise them when they do good things. They will be eager to continue being worthy of your respect."

It sounded simple; maybe it was.

Julia ran her fingers over my pussy lips.

I parted my legs to give her better access.

That invited Donovan to do the same and then I had two hands caressing my pussy. I labored through several breaths.

She said, "What do you do in your off time? We'd love to have you over."

My heart was doing little flips in my chest. "Not much... of anything... We really don't know Houston all that well."

He asked, "You're new here?"

"Yes. For this job."

His fingers moved inside and probed deep.

I moaned breathily at the surge of sensation swirling up inside me.

Julia joined him with a couple of fingers and moved them slowly in and out.

I gasped and trembled, feeling the building twist of excitement.

The man at the drinking table I was serving raised his glass.

I exhaled. "I have to go take care of that table."

The hands were removed – not fast, not slow. Donovan slid out immediately.

I scooted out and stood.

His hand came up and cupped my face, turning it slightly. His lips touched mine in a delicate kiss, then he let me go.

I almost stumbled down the steps, my head swirling with the experience. For the

last couple of weeks, I had been touched, groped, delivered several blowjobs in the private rooms and been fucked bareback regularly by the boss. None of it, with the exception of Gerald, had produced much heat or arousal.

Donovan and Julia touching me and his kiss had left me dizzy and mentally off balance.

Would John approve of me texting them?

I cornered Bailey at an opportune moment shortly after she had been bent over the observer rail around the central pit and fucked roughly by an Oriental member. She held an empty drinks tray up on her shoulder.

I poked her. "Hey."

"Hmm?"

"What do you say when someone asks to meet you outside of the club?"

She looked at me strange. "You know what to do; tell Gerald and he'll arrange a private—"

"No, I know that. I mean not for a function. Just... being friendly and... whatever."

Her smile crinkled a few of her freckles. "Like they say, what happens outside of the club is your business—"

"I've heard that, too. But I mean, what do you do?"

"Oh... I see." She shrugged. "Depends on who it is. Depends on whether or not they want Diesel around, really. I don't go visiting anywhere without him."

"So never alone?"

She looked scandalized. "No, never. Who knows what kind of people are out there? As nice as they might be in here..." Her eyes flashed around the large room at the moving people and lights. "Oh... the Davis couple?"

I nodded.

"They're so nice..." She bit her lip. "I'd still bring my husband, if it were me."

"I don't know if John can handle that..."

"Does he know about you and Gerald?"

"Mostly. He thinks it ended and that I had practiced enough."

It was her turn to poke me. "Don't ever not tell your man exactly what is going on. You're setting yourself up for disaster if you keep secrets."

"But—"

"No buts. You make sure you tell him every little detail – even if you think it's unimportant. Not only do they appreciate and like it, but they become more supportive."

I sighed and nodded. I didn't like keeping secrets from John. I looked out over the members and servers. The thump of the music matched my pulse – probably by design – and the lights swirled provocatively. I swayed my hips in a little dance and smiled at the sudden feeling of familiarity and comfort.

Bailey said, "Uh oh..."

"Hmm?"

"I see that look."

"What?"

"You're starting to like your job."

"I've always liked it..."

Gerald joined us.

Bailey said, "But I mean really enjoy it, not just be accustomed to it."

He said, "She got the look?"

My friend nodded.

He smirked playfully. "Took you a little longer than most."

I felt a pang of panic. My job income was critical. "Is this a good thing, or a bad thing?"

He chuckled. "You worry too much, Sheila. We're glad you're liking it."

I grumped, "I'm just not sure about my husband..."

He touched both our shoulders. "I'll let you two ladies talk – just don't ignore the members."

She said, "We won't." After he left, she asked, "Would you like a little orientation to outside meetings?"

"Orientation?"

"If you're worried about your husband..."

"Oh. Yes, I am. What kind of orientation are you talking about?"

"If you want, we can test out how far your husband goes in accepting what you do."

"How?"

"You could bring him over and have him watch you and Diesel do things..."

"Me and Diesel?"

She giggled. "He really liked you."

"Oh. Oh, really?" I looked at her askance.

"I'm not jealous. I know where his heart remains. It's like the Davis couple. I'm sure Julia knows exactly how secure she is no matter what Donovan says to you – or does to you."

I nodded thoughtfully. "That's true. She has never looked jealous..."

"So what do you think?"

"About them?"

"No, coming over and having John watch—"

"Oh... Do you really think that's the best way?"

Bailey said, "That's how it worked with Diesel. That way it wasn't around a bigger crowd where things would be embarrassing if it got ugly."

"I'll ask him tonight."

CHAPTER 13

John

That Night...

I circled the ad for the gun safety classes. I would call in the morning. I debated leaving the page open so Sheila could see it when she got home, but decided against it. I didn't want to spark an argument over it and have it ruin our moods.

She came in with her phone out, thumbing. "Hi." She didn't look at me.

"Hey."

She smiled at the chime of a text. Finally, she looked at me. "I'm texting this couple... We met a couple weeks ago in the main restaurant."

"Oh?" It sounded interesting.

She put the phone aside for a moment. "John, I have something to admit."

I sat up in bed and waited patiently.

She sat on the edge without removing her clothing. "Remember how I said Gerald wanted me to practice with him?"

I swallowed, hard. It had been difficult at first to wrap my mind around, but found it easier to accept as the days passed. Eventually finding it strangely sexy. I had sort of wished they had practiced more.

She said, "We didn't stop, exactly."

That really got my interest, but a little worm of worry began wriggling. "What's going on?"

"Salina said her husband makes sure the female servers know what to do and might practice a little with them to be sure, but..."

"Yeah?" I hoped she wasn't going to say she had fallen in love with him.

"She said he sort of stays with a particular server for a while, then moves on to another."

"Okay?"

"Well, he and I haven't stopped practicing. Except his wife said it isn't practicing any longer. He's... using me... for pleasure now."

I digested that with a frown of thought. "So, sort of like how the men in the club might—"

"Except that Gerald does it bareback and I have avoided having outright sex with any of the members in the club."

I knew Gerald had done it bareback. The idea of him testing her was saucy and salacious enough to raise my dick. That he might actually do her for pleasure made me feel better about it. Again, the pride roared to life inside me and vanquished the worm of worry. "I... Well, what do you think of it? Do you like it?"

"I'm more worried about what you'll think of me."

I touched her hand. "I think you're wonderful and sexy. If I was the boss, I'd be fucking you, too." I had said it – I was proud of her fucking another man.

"You're sure? You've never felt bothered or jealous that men and women hit on me all the time at the club?"

"Nope, never. I feel excited for you. Happy."

Her smile was whimsical and satisfied. She gave a little nod. "I love you."

"I love you, too, Sheila."

Her phone chimed again. She picked it up and looked at it. Her eyes turned

smoky. "They're flirting with me. Well, he is." She got up and removed her clothing.

My dick started getting hard. "Are they nice?"

Her look was intense. "Extremely. They have a fourteen year old daughter."

"Oh yeah?"

She got into bed, holding the phone, but she saw my erection tenting the covers. "Do you... want to make love to me while I flirt with him?"

My dick jumped and twitched. I began panting rapidly. "Ha, yeah, that sounds hot..." I climbed over her.

She held the phone, moving her thumbs and fingers.

I couldn't see what she was texting. I lowered down her form and began licking her first. She was wet and hot. I moved my tongue around her clit and flicked it.

Her gasps and squirms and the chimes from the texts made my dick ache.

I asked, "What's he saying?"

She was breathing heavy. "He's telling me what they'd do to me if I came for a visit."

"Is it nasty?"

She exhaled long and low. "It sounds so good..."

I moved up her body.

She said, "Put it in slow and deep and fuck me really slow. That's what he's describing."

I did so, happy that I could stoke her imagination with my dick while she sexted with this man. It was nasty and fun.

She gasped, "Okay, now do it forceful on the thrusts in, but keep it slow."

I did and watched her mouth open and her lips tremble. She kept texting him and getting responses.

She whispered, "Now do it faster..."

I began pumping her fast and deep.

She moaned and her hips moved with mine. Her eyes were on the screen. "Yes, fuck me, do it. Oh Donovan..."

I blew my load in a hot explosion of surprise lust. I grunted and heaved at her, filling her insides with my sexual approval. My thrusts were full, my erection bulging, and my senses overwhelmed with satisfaction.

I felt connected to her in a new, special way that included some other man.

It was intense.

CHAPTER 14

Sheila

A Dry Day in Late July...

"Here's a list of numbers." I handed the babysitter the paper after the speech of instructions.

Brenda was a twenty-something woman who had no job and sat for several people around the area. She came recommended. She snatched the paper and said, "Sure thing." She stuffed it into her wristband. Her smile was fake, but meant to assure me she knew what to do.

All business.

That was fine, I guessed.

She had appeared very at ease around both Johnny and Karey. No stiffness or uncertainty in how to deal with them.

John shuffled nervously behind me.

I turned, nodded to him, and said, "All right, let's go."

The ride to Bailey and Diesel's home was mostly silent.

Wondering what his thoughts were, I asked, "Are you okay about this?"

He sounded a little irritated. "Yes, for the hundredth time."

"You're just a little quiet, is all..."

He made several faces trying on different looks of patience until he answered,

"I'm just... thinking about seeing it, I guess."

"Are you scared?"

A few expressions flashed across his face before it stiffened just so slightly. It meant that he was covering the whole truth. He said, "No, I'm not scared."

"We can turn around..." I wanted to give him every option to stop all of this if he felt uncomfortable. I loved the man; I didn't want to hurt his feelings.

"No, I... want to... experience it. I should, anyway; you're my wife."

"This won't be any different than the things I do with Gerald..."

"I know." He nodded dismissively.

I didn't like seeing him conflicted. "Are you sure you're okay?"

He got hot. "Stop asking!"

That stung. I was only trying to make sure he was comfortable.

He blew out a breath. "I really want to be here, okay? I want to do this with you. It's just totally new for me, okay? I'm sorry I'm being quiet."

I hadn't been trying to turn this into an argument, so I looked out the window and stayed quiet.

He exhaled loudly again. "I'm sorry."

I wasn't sure if that was directed at me for his outburst, or that he felt odd about it being new. I said, "I'm okay."

He was silent.

Knowing he needed just a little more, I looked over at him and gave him the best leer I could that mimicked a smile. It was fast – just enough to assure him I wasn't mad.

He accepted it and his hands relaxed on the wheel.

Diesel answered the door to their small house. Behind us, a big motorcycle rested on the walkway in view of the front window and door. Bailey's car sat in the driveway.

As before, the tall guy was wearing his jeans and leather vest. His graying beard was as trimmed as before, but his eyes were different this time. Instead of suspicious, they were alight with delight. He grumbled, "Hey, you two..."

I swallowed. Knowing he had some little thing for me was flattering, but also maybe somewhat a little embarrassing. It's no different than Donovan! I tried to persuade myself of the similarity.

Bailey bounced into view behind him. "Hey guys!"

Their home was an older tract home that was designed before the functional McMansions that came along in the 80s and 90s. Simple in layout, it was cluttered with their belongings. Bailey was not the tidiest housekeeper – and judging by the crabgrass taking over the front lawn, Diesel wasn't much of a yard man.

Nevertheless, we were guests and thankful that we even knew someone we could visit – even if us all getting the same day and time off was a chore.

Bailey took charge from the start. "Now John, we're going to have your wife do some of the things she's already done in the club."

Diesel chuckled.

She slugged his arm. "Don't pay attention to him. Just try to absorb everything as it happens. Let it flow through you like—"

Her husband guffawed.

Her face colored and she fumed at him, "This is serious. You went through this, too."

"And what the gal said back then was ridiculous, too." He looked at my husband. "Look, Sheila's going to demonstrate what she does and I'm the lucky dummy." His eyes bugged out and he grinned like a happy kid.

My husband laughed.

I fumed alongside Bailey. Men! We try to be serious and everything's a joke to them. She and I shared a look.

Bailey cleared her throat. "Because things happen in the blink of an eye at the club, we figured—"

Diesel said, "Yeah, yeah, Sheila, suck me."

I dropped my mouth open in outrage, but then snapped it closed. Pretty much things did happen just that spontaneously.

I dropped to my knees and worked his jeans open.

He helped a little and his thing flopped out. It was impressive. I gripped it with no thought at all. That I had come so far in being able to see and touch other men's dicks wasn't lost on me and I demonstrated to my husband how far I had come.

I said, "Normally I roll a condom on first..." I shrugged at John. Then I took Diesel's cock into my mouth and began licking and sucking.

I kept looking over at my husband.

His mouth was open and his eyes were large and glued to my face.

Bailey came up beside him and gripped his arm from the side. "He's been so looking forward to this... He's wanted to get his dick in your wife's mouth since we met."

My husband laughed, but his eyes never left me.

I looked up at Diesel. He was gazing down at me with a warm sparkle in his eyes.

He really did have a big one when it was fully hard. I wondered how Bailey got it all inside her, because that was next for me. It made me warm and wet to think that I would easily slip from blowing to fucking as a show for my husband.

I hoped he was okay with it.

Bailey came over to me and pushed the back of my head, urging my motions. She said to John, "Sometimes the man's wife helps, just like this."

I heard the smile in her voice.

She said, "Watch while I make your wife choke on my husband's cock."

With that, my head was pushed hard. I went with it, taking as much as I could and as far as I could. I had only had one wife do this to me at the club, and she had been more forceful – almost mean, but not quite.

I gagged on the thick head of his dick as it hit the back of my throat.

Diesel groaned happily.

I tried to look at John out of the corner of my eye. He was licking his lips and gulping as he watched. He was also shifting back and forth on his feet. However, he said nothing and that encouraged me. If he hadn't blown up now, he probably would be able to handle it all.

Bailey teased him, "Doesn't your wife look good sucking my husband's dick?"

John's gasp was barely audible. "Y-yeah."

She pulled on my hair gently. "Okay, honey, that's enough. My husband wants to split your pussy open."

I giggled as I came off. She was being cruder than I normally heard her, probably mimicking what the members said in the club for my husband's benefit.

She said, "Let's take this into the weight room. I have a yoga mat in there." She led us a short walk along the hall. A weight bench rested inside the room with a black yoga mat on the floor.

Diesel stripped off his clothing and reverently hung his vest on the end of the barbell. He got down on the mat on his back. His dick stood straight up.

I removed my jeans and panties, only. I said, "Normally, I'd be in a tutu..."

I don't think John cared. He watched from the door and Bailey stood beside him.

She said to him, "I love this. I can't wait for your hotwife to fuck my husband in front of you." She leaned against him and bit her lip.

I suppressed a laugh and straddled Diesel's hips. I squatted until I felt the tip of his cock press upwards against my pussy.

Bailey whispered, "Doesn't that look hot?"

John half choked, "Yes."

She reached over and began to rub his slacks. "Yes, I think you do like it." She tugged at his belt.

I wriggled my hips and got the angle right. Then I let my weight do the rest. I felt my pussy split open and begin settling onto his shaft. The invasion felt heavy and thick. I was stretching.

Bailey took out my husband's dick and began stroking it.

I was okay with that because it was Bailey. I would not otherwise have allowed some other woman to just play with him. With her? It was okay. I pushed my hips down as I watched her stroke my husband.

Diesel's cock slipped further up inside me, stuffing me full with his thickness. Where I had once thought that taking another man's dick was nasty and sexy, now it was just something that happened. It felt nice and I liked it, but it had lost its forbidden feeling with me.

Really, it wasn't very different from shaking a man's hand. Or, so it seemed from how my job had influenced my opinion of it all.

I felt the head of his cock nudge the end of my canal. I lifted and adjusted, then sank again.

John moaned lightly. "Wow..."

Bailey kept jacking him. "Nice, huh?"

I moved faster, up and down, riding his shaft and enjoying it in my little way.

My husband panted, watching while his dick got stroked. His eyes were all on me though, and I blushed at his look of worship.

I fucked Diesel until he grabbed my hips and began fucking back. He grunted and forced his cock up into me. "Fuck, I'm going to cum."

I froze. "Are you clean?" I could not risk losing my job because of a failed STD test.

Bailey laughed. "He is. Duh."

"Oh, sorry... I wasn't thinking..."

"No, that's okay. You did it right. Job comes first and having sex without a condom in this business..." She made a face. "You have to be damned sure you can trust they're not lying."

Diesel groaned, "Feels too fucking good... Ungh!" His hips lifted so far that I almost fell over. I latched on as I felt his cock swell inside me and pulse. Scalding hot jets of cum coated the walls of my pussy as he heaved under me.

I didn't cum very often with Gerald. Maybe four times? But sitting on Bailey's husband while he unloaded bareback inside me was something different. In a half a second, a wave of tension twisted up inside me and let loose with a half-baked orgasm. It was a fast one and partial at best. I trembled and shook on his thick pole while his cum ran out of me.

Bailey was ecstatic. "Wow, honey, that was a tribute if I ever saw one. You better thank her."

Diesel grunted, "Huh?"

"She came. That gets harder the longer we're in this business. We get used to just doing it because it's expected..." She asked my husband, "Do you want me to finish you off with my mouth?"

He looked at me dumbfounded. "I... uh..."

I snorted, despite the tiny tingles from the small orgasm radiating out from my clit. "It's okay. Let her."

Bailey bounced down to her knees and took him in her mouth. All I could see was the back of her head as my husband cupped it and she sucked him. His eyes rolled up in his head and he began groaning louder.

Diesel rumbled underneath me, "I never get tired of seeing that. Though the guy is almost always wearing a rubber. This is much nicer."

I clambered off of him.

My husband quivered and began emitting a series of stifled coughs – jerking his hips forward into the redhead's mouth.

She sucked him down until he was done. Then she turned to show her husband her mouth. "All gone."

Diesel laughed. "That's my girl." He looked at me as I dressed. "We need to do this again."

I rolled my eyes. I liked Diesel and I loved Bailey, but taking the time and trouble to arrange all this just because he liked me...

It just didn't seem worth the time.

CHAPTER 15

John

Mid-August...

I brought in the box and sack.

Sheila was off today, so I had gone out to the gun store to acquire my pistol.

She looked at me and then my purchases. "What's all that?"

"My gun."

Her mouth dropped open and she put down the cable guide. "John!"

"I told you I was thinking of getting one."

She coughed in annoyance. "You didn't confirm this with me."

I went into the bedroom and left her in the living room. She immediately got up and followed me.

She had a look on her face like I had cheated on her. "Why did you do this?"

"It was my money. I didn't think it required your permission."

"Money I gave you from my work."

I started breathing heavier in anger. "Don't pull that. We agreed you would give me a small amount as my own, just like I gave you when I worked. I didn't demand family meetings over your purchases."

"This is different."

I laughed in scorn. "Exactly how?"

"This affects the whole family."

"It sure does. It involves me being responsible and looking out after our safety. And I did it with my own money, not the household money." I took the revolver out of the case.

She flinched. "Oh my god, John!"

"Relax, it's just a gun."

"Guns kill people!"

"In the wrong hands..."

She shook her head. "I'm telling you, someone is going to get hurt out of this."

I thumbed the latch and opened the cylinder. "It's empty, okay? No one is getting shot."

"Then why have it? It's stupid."

"It's not stupid. It's like having car insurance – you hope you never need it." I opened the cartridge box and began loading it.

"What are you doing?" There was panic in her voice.

"Loading it?" I rubbed in the obvious.

"But why?"

I let my head droop in weariness and dropped the pistol onto the bed. "Because it's no use if it's not loaded. Do you think I bought it to throw at someone?"

She blew out an angry breath. "Someone is going to get hurt—"

"Only bad guys. And hopefully never."

"Keep it away from me."

I put it on the nightstand on my side of the bed.

"Why are you putting it there?"

Feeling very agitated now, I snapped, "Do you want me to tape it to the ceiling?"

She shook her head, rubbed her forehead with four splayed fingers, and stomped out of the room. From the living room, her voice drifted plaintively, "What about Johnny?"

I nodded to myself.

It was a few hours later when he got home that I took him into the bedroom and sat down on the bed with him. "I need to talk to you about something serious, son."

"Like what?"

I picked up the gun and opened the cylinder, emptying the rounds. I set them aside and spun the cylinder to make sure it was empty. "This is a gun—"

"I know."

"Listen very carefully. This one is not a toy. It is never to be touched or played with, understand? If you ever do touch it, you won't be able to sit for a week after I'm done spanking you."

He looked down and played with his hands.

I said, "Are we clear on that?"

He nodded.

"Should you ever touch it?"

"No."

"Unless I am the one who gives it to you. Here, you can feel it. It's unloaded. But this is the only time, understand? And make sure you never point the barrel at anyone unless you intend to shoot him."

I let him hold and heft it. He handled it carefully, as if unsure about what it might do.

That was good. A healthy fear was what was needed.

Sheila grabbed hold of the door. "Oh my god, John! What are you doing?"

"Explaining to him that this is not a toy and never to be touched unless I give it to him." I took the pistol away and spoke to him. "Listen, Johnny. Always consider real guns loaded. Always. And if you play with one, someone is going to get hurt. So don't touch. Understand?"

He nodded as if he had been scolded.

That didn't make me feel great about it, so I said, "When you're old enough, we'll take you out and buy you one of your own. But it'll be when you're older and you've shown me you can be responsible, okay?"

"Okay..."

"And being responsible means not even looking at it, okay?"

"Okay."

I messed up his hair. "All right, get out of here."

Sheila let him go by. Her hand was up clutching the top of her blouse. There were tears in her eyes. "What if—"

"He won't."

"What about Karey?"

"I'll talk to her, too."

"I don't know, John..."

"There are plenty of things in the house they know not to touch; this will be one of them."

Her phone rang in the living room. She blew out a breath of frustration and went

to answer it.

I heard her talking to what sounded like someone from work.

I took out my own phone and called the circled number in the back of the magazine. I scheduled my participation in the gun safety course.

Before I was done, Sheila came back in and sat on the bed, listening.

I clicked off.

She said, "What was that?"

"I scheduled myself for that gun safety course so I can get a license."

"Oh, that's good."

I blinked at her. A few moments ago she was all panicked; now she wasn't. How a woman could change so fast was mind-numbing. I shook my head.

She said, "I got a call from Gerald."

"Yeah? He misses you and wants you to come in for a quickie?" I poked her teasingly, though I felt a touch of jealousy over the man taking what was mine.

She blushed. "Uh, no. But he said that I've been requested for an event."

"Oh? Like what?"

"Some of the members are throwing a business party and they've requested three servers. He said they wanted me because I was married."

"Oh? When?"

"This Friday night."

"But you're working then..."

"Not when there's an event. That's why they cost so much and the pay is so much better."

I grunted my acknowledgment.

She bit her lip. "Um..."

"What?"

"Would you drive me? Be my driver escort?"

I jerked, startled. "Oh... Me? Sure, of course."

"Sex goes on at these parties, John. Are you going to be okay seeing men grope me and maybe have sex with me?"

I took a deep lungful of air. "Well, I watched Diesel do you..."

"You seemed okay with that. Or was it because you were distracted by getting blown?"

I laughed. "No, the blowjob was just a nice finish. I wasn't distracted."

"So you're okay with it?"

"Sure. I'll be there for you. I guess we arrange with the babysitter?"

She nodded.

"And this is where the real money is made?"

"Yes, if I'm willing to do the things they want."

"And you might hold back because I'm there?"

She bit her lip, looking at me with a measure of apprehension.

I bounced my head, acknowledging I understood. "Just tell me what I need to do and I'll be the perfect escort."

She settled a little more comfortably next to me. "Well, the driving part is obvious. You'll need to dress up for it."

"I have plenty of suits that are going to waste now. Not a problem."

"Okay, also, you'll be the one who is with me or watching me at all times. If someone approaches me for something sexual, you'll need to be there chaperoning me."

"All right."

"Most importantly, you'll be enforcing the condom rule. Condom or no sex."

"Okay."

"Unless..." she paused for emphasis, "they have a current Club 40 membership card. No expired cards. They pay more for no condoms."

I shifted on the bed. She was discussing something sexual almost like the guy had described the class to me several minutes prior. Matter of fact. All business. "So only current members can pay more for no condoms?"

"Right. Absolutely not a single exception, no matter how much money is offered. If someone gets pushy about it, we get out of there."

"Okay."

"You really have to be watchful, John."

"I get it."

"My job rides on it. If I pick up an STD, I'm through with Club 40."

"Understood."

She gave me a hug and a peck.

CHAPTER 16

Sheila

Thursday Night before the Event...

Donovan and Julia showed up early in the evening. I was talking to a male patron when I caught sight of them. "I might have a table to tend..."

"All right." The man was short, well-dressed, and confident. His eyes were sharp and sure. "I'll be seeing you tomorrow night, then?"

I clued in. "Oh, you're going to the event?"

He gave a curt nod. "I'm not the host, but a few of us requested you."

I touched his shoulder. "I'm flattered, really."

He winked. It held so much more than just a twitch of the eyelid that I felt warmth suffuse my body.

I moved to the drinking table where Donovan and Julia had sat. "Well, hello Julia, Donovan." I was genuinely pleased to see them. I would have to say, they were my favorite customers. "Having drinks? Not dinner tonight?"

Donovan lifted his chin. "Two vodkas on the rocks, and we thought we might take our drinks and you to one of the private rooms."

I rarely went to the private rooms. A few had asked for lapdances. Some blowjobs and handjob. Most of the patrons who used the private rooms wanted the younger gals or Danny.

Even Bailey rarely used them as she was more likely to be available for action in the Pit – and she was a couple of years older than even me.

I clapped my hands in delight. If ever I wanted to actually go to one of the private rooms, it would be with these two. "I'll get your drinks right away."

Donovan winked and pinched my butt. I felt Julia's hand stroke down the clothing over the small of my back.

Minutes later, drinks in hand, they led me to an open room. They were tiny little things – more like closets really. The facing wall was mirrored and in the larger rooms were a small platform bed along the mirror and a single chair. The bed and chair were upholstered with vinyl.

A twist of the locking mechanism gave us privacy. I sat on the bed and waited.

Donovan took a gulp and set down his glass on the small shelf by the door. He began undressing. He said, "Texting has been fun, but I'd really like to become better acquainted with you."

Julia's hand was stroking my leg. "Much better acquainted."

I bit my lip during a smile and stayed quiet.

She said, "You're so beautiful."

I knew better than to ruin their fantasies by disagreeing with them. I simply said, "Thank you..."

"Really, you are. It's so sexy to see an older married woman serving here."

Donovan had gotten naked. His cock hung limp, but was filling and swelling as I watched. That he was getting hard for me struck me as a compliment and I enjoyed the new sensation.

I asked, "Can I touch?" It was best to make sure in case they had some strange kink.

He purred, "Please do. It would be the answer to my fantasies of you."

I gripped him and he hardened even faster. The softness was replaced by stiffness as his manhood climbed. He wasn't as big as Diesel, but he really had a nice one. Perfectly shaped and formed, the circumcised head was thick and

beautiful. I stroked him for a moment, then reached in and pulled a condom from my pouch.

He sighed. "Do we have to use that with you?"

I felt really bad having to disappoint him. "Yes, Donovan. I'm really sorry, but I would be instantly fired if we didn't."

He let out a longer, more defeated breath.

I tried to make him feel better. "Would you like it in my mouth? Or...?"

Julia's fingers were probing my pussy and I was really looking forward to pleasing her husband.

His breathing had accelerated as I had rolled the condom over his dick. "I really wanted to feel you... be inside you..."

I settled back and opened my legs for him without words. I made sure my smile was inviting. I wanted this to be good for him.

His eyes roamed over my body, even though I was in uniform.

Julia whispered, "Isn't she pretty?"

He moaned and bent down over me.

I felt the latex touch at my pussy and the parting of my lips. For this man, and for his wife's fingers, I had gotten wet.

The handsome man slid that sheathed thickness into me and I felt his heat through the condom. He moved in and out, getting comfortable. He bent his head down and kissed me.

That was a bit of a surprise for me as none of the customers had really expressed desire for a full kiss.

Julia's fingers found their way between us, startling me. She massaged my clit and spread her fingers down to rub over my lips as her husband slid in and out.

I sighed contentedly, feeling as good as I could despite the condom. I was

enjoying it.

Donovan panted at me, "Are you sure I can't slip this thing off? I would love to feel you – really feel you."

I touched his face. "I would love it too, but..."

He nodded in dejected acceptance.

I said, "But what I do off premises is up to me."

He slowed and stopped thrusting. He glanced at Julia.

She murmured, "Why not? Go ahead."

He looked back down at me underneath him. "Would you want to come over in your off time?"

"As in off the clock, so to speak? I'd love to."

His mouth split into a wide gesture of joy. He began pumping again, slow and even. His voice was a breathy whisper, "I so look forward to that. We'll text later about it, agreed?"

"Agreed."

Julia made a noise of delight.

Donovan sped his thrusts, becoming more powerful and insistent.

I gripped his moving butt and pulled.

He filled the condom.

He also filled me with happiness and hope.

CHAPTER 17

John

Her First Event...

I felt natural in my suit among the upper crust of Houston society.

Other than the Club 40 stickpin in my lapel, I could easily pass for a rich snob. Except that these men and the few women weren't snobs by any means – even the one dominatrix treated me cordially when she saw the pin.

I wasn't sure how I was supposed to act, so I just smiled and didn't initiate any conversations on my own. I fit right in by copying the other two drivers who were also wearing suits and pins.

We were off limits to all – not having membership cards. We were even off limits to the non-club guests. That was fine by me as I had a job to do.

The caterer worked well with my wife and the other two girls. Sheila was the older of the three. The other two were very young, one white girl with blonde hair and a black girl with very dark skin. This event was not a naked event, so the three girls wore their Club uniforms.

Initially, I thought there was just really nothing to this whole driver-escort thing. I stood around and stood around some more. It wasn't until well after a few speeches, toasts, dinner, and more toasts and general hand-shaking that the business people began to unwind.

For a while, I stood by the same pillar as the dominatrix where we watched everything quietly. Very little chat between us. I was willing, but she was focused on the crowd. I let her chat with me at her own pace.

She asked about working for Club 40, assuming my stickpin meant I knew anything. I told her what I could based on what Sheila had told me.

People began making moves on the servers, though not Sheila at first.

When it happened, I was unprepared. A man grabbed her, not roughly, and began steering her away. Her look over her shoulder at me brought me upright from my casual lean and moving to catch up.

I handled the situation as if asking for insurance particulars. "Club card?"

The man produced a current Club 40 card. His name was Roger Swift

I nodded.

There were four other men in the room with him where he had led us.

Sheila swallowed and said, "A hundred dollars for handjobs or blowjobs, condoms required for those without a card. Two hundred and fifty for sex. Four hundred for sex without a condom, but only for card holders."

None of the men seemed to care and I was probably the only one who knew she was nervous.

She indicated me and said, "Pay him."

Roger said, "He's your husband?"

"Yes."

"Perfect." His grin was predatory. He showed me his card again and gave me \$400. Another man did the same, and the one next in line, too. The last man didn't have a card and gave me \$300.

I handed that one a condom. "Do you need change?"

"Nah, it's good. Keep it."

The other men had already removed their clothing and were stroking themselves. Sheila had taken off her uniform. She was being circled like prey by a pack of wolves.

This had me concerned.

Turns out I was worrying for nothing.

This separate room of the penthouse suite was lavishly lit with recessed lighting in colors of tans and ambers. The bed in the suite wasn't used. They pulled over an ottoman and laid her across it.

Roger immediately thrust into her and sighed as if he had jumped into a cool pool on a hot Houston day. He looked at me when he did it. He gave a few deep pumps, grinning at me as he did it.

I had seen her take Diesel's cock bare and that had been thrilling at first before I became comfortable with it. In this case, seeing the man's shaft inside my familiar wife and knowing nothing about him was strangely arousing. He thrust into her, staring at me as he did, and used her for his pleasure.

I got hard.

The other men were jerking themselves around her.

Roger pulled out. "John, go next."

I thought he meant me.

He meant the guy with the condom.

John stopped stroking his sheathed dick and stuck it into my wife. Sheila played along gamely, making all the regular moves and sounds, giving them the feel for their money. John humped on her fast and hard, until he grunted and finished.

Roger slapped him on the back as he pulled out. "Was that your first married woman?"

"Yes..."

"I'm telling you, Club 40. Or the Leopard Lounge. Get a membership. The Lounge has more married women."

Another man was between Sheila's legs, playing at her clit using his cock. He,

too, looked at me while doing it. He teased her pussy, inserting a little and pulling back. He beckoned me closer. "Come over here."

I did.

He held her hips, looked me in the eye, and sank his cock into my wife's pussy. He breathed, "So fucking good..."

I agreed without saying anything; my cock was leaking.

The guy slid in and out, making sure I could see the wetness from my wife's pussy on his shaft. He said, "What's your name?"

"John."

The other John chuckled weakly, exhausted.

"Well, John, how do you like watching your wife get fucked?"

"It's... exciting."

He moved faster, making deep plunges into her pussy. "Yeah? Good. Because I'm going to cum in your wife. A lot. I'm going to plant my seed deep into her pussy. Does that make you hard?"

I chuckled, not wanting to admit it, except that it was true. "Uh, yeah, it is."

Sheila was blushing, watching me. She gave me a proud smile of approval.

The man sped up, ramming into her until he began gasping. "Oh yeah... I'm... cumming..." He held her hips pulled towards him and just twitched as he released inside Sheila. "Ah..." He pulled out slowly.

I had thought I might be upset at the sight, even if I had seen it with Diesel, but I wasn't. Not at all. It really seemed to be the most natural thing to witness.

Roger slapped the guy on the back. "All right, who's next? Roland? How about you? Get in there and seed this married woman's pussy."

The man was eager. He was older and balder, but still retained a fringe of trimmed dark hair around his pate. He didn't spare much of a look at me; his

attention was almost all on Sheila. He slapped his bare cock down on her pussy. "Did you wear a wedding dress when you got married?"

She lifted her head. "Yes?"

"Was it white? With all the lace?"

"Yes."

He inserted the head of his cock into her and held it there. "Did you imagine on your wedding day, in your nice white gown, that you would be taking other men's cocks?"

She made a half giggle. "No."

He pushed forward and slid it all the way in. "How does it feel? Does it feel good in there?"

She groaned lightly with real pleasure. "Yes..."

He fucked his cock in and out of her. "I wish I could've fucked you in your wedding dress."

Roger and a couple of the men laughed.

Roland said, "Would you have liked that?"

Sheila began humping her hips. "Yes."

He grunted, humping quietly for a moment. Then he sped up, gasping. "Do you like being my married whore? Does it feel good?"

"Yes." She clung to him as he fucked her.

He growled. "Agh, I'm cumming!" He grunted through several convulsions deep inside her. "Ah... I hope you get pregnant..."

Sheila gasped and let out a low moan.

He pulled out.

Roger clapped him on the back, too. "Good job. All right, Dean, you're up."

Dean was a tall man who was on the very thin side.

I thought the man's diet must only consist of a single leaf of lettuce every day.

Dean had a very thick and veiny dick. It looked like he worked it with the pump, often. On his skinny frame, it looked very out of place. He pressed it to Sheila's pussy and slid right inside in one push. The ridges and veins disappeared from view easily, smoothly. With all the cum in her, I imagined it was very easy going.

Roger stood by me while Dean fucked her. He said to me, "An extra hundred, for you, if you kiss her afterwards."

"Sure."

He gave me the hundred and winked. He said, "I'm going to give her a facial."

I dropped open my mouth and he laughed, clean, neat, and low.

He stood over her face and jacked rapidly.

Sheila gave me a questioning look and I gulped back my hesitation.

I had fallen neatly into that little trap, but ruining the customer's fun was probably not something I should do to my wife's work efforts.

Dean growled and fucked, driving his skinny hips into my wife's. His thick pole was a solid horizontal connection between the two of them, guiding his moves in a straight line: cock into pussy. It was a smooth glide in and out and I continued to ooze in my boxers.

I hoped the leakage didn't show through on my black suit slacks.

Roger stood over her face and panted faster. His cock erupted, sending a few long squirts out, and then a whole rainfall of drops directly onto her face.

Sheila was game and took it all. She licked off what fell on her lips.

Dean contorted, his back arching up and his muscles cording like a caricature in

a comic. The man just had not an ounce of softness or fat on him. He gritted his teeth and unloaded, draining his balls into my wife. He gasped, "Can you feel it?"

She was panting. "Yes."

He pulled out halfway. His thick, veiny shaft swelled and pulsed with each ejaculation. He held it there for four pulses, then pulled out to send the rest onto her pussy. A stream of cum burst out and ran out of her.

John chuckled, "Wow, look at her."

Roger squeezed and shook off his cock onto my wife's face. He grinned with much satisfaction. "You can kiss your bride, now."

I hesitated for only a second, though I was not eager. I just didn't want to hurt her business.

She gave me a surprised and wondering look as she sat up and turned her head towards me. The cum river out of her pussy increased, forming a very large puddle on the leather ottoman.

I kissed her, cum and all. I could taste it on my tongue and lips – salty and cooling.

She whispered almost so low I couldn't hear it, "Sorry."

I squeezed her shoulder to let her know it was okay.

CHAPTER 18

Sheila

On Her Birthday...

I rang the doorbell of the Davis home. The house was incredible and safely tucked away in an exclusive, gated community. The one story home was surrounded by older trees of some type of oak. Despite the muggy heat, the air around the home was much cooler.

Julia let me inside into a wash of air conditioned air. I let out a sigh of relief.

She said, "Bad out there, isn't it?"

I groaned.

She gave me a light hug. "We have an indoor pool if you want to take a refreshing dip."

I sighed. "I think I'd like that."

Donovan came into the entry, looking cool, confident, and calm. He gave me a kiss on the lips. "So glad you could make it."

Julia took my arm. "Come; I'll show you the pool and get you a suit. We have several for just this occasion."

"Thank you."

She led me downstairs to a split level type design. The one, large room was dominated by a small pool. Coming up the stairs was a wet girl who was drying her hair.

Julia said, "Oh, I didn't know you were down here. Sheila, this is my daughter Anne. Anne? This is our friend Sheila."

The girl was gawky and adorable. Her porcelain skin was unblemished and pale. Her voice held all the innocence of a young teenager. "Hi."

I gave her my bright smile. "Hello."

She kept going, interested only in things that interested young teenage girls. "Back to my project!"

Julia whispered, "She quilts."

I nodded. "I remember."

She gave me a suit from a wicker chest of drawers and I went for a swim.

After, I was given a robe in exchange for the wet suit. She had my clothes perfectly folded in her arms. She led me back up onto the ground level and through the expansive living room to the long hall on the other side.

I was almost getting tired walking – the house was so big. The walls in the hall and bedrooms were papered in a deep plum and all the accents were silver.

Donovan was in the shadowed master bedroom in a silk robe waiting. His smile was joyous. He rose and greeted me in an embrace that included a kiss.

The cool air on my skin made goose bumps as his warm tongue caressed mine.

Julia slid off the terrycloth robe I was wearing and I stood naked. I was startled – the door was still open. "What about Anne?"

She made a dismissive gesture with her hand before shutting the door. "She knows we have women visitors, sometimes."

"Oh, this happens...?"

Donovan knew what I meant. "No, actually, we had a particular maid last year, but she had to stop coming because her husband didn't like it. Since then..."

Julia finished for him, "We've been waiting for the right person: you."

He undid his robe and slid it off.

I became wet.

The shuffling sounds behind me told me Julia was stripping.

He gripped my shoulders and turned me facing away from the bed. He gently pushed me down and opened my knees.

Julia's eyes were alight and eager. She got down and sent a lick up my pussy lips that drove shivers all the way up my spine. Not a second later, her husband joined her and they fought to deliver licks and nibbles to my pussy and clit.

I had certainly felt the wonderful sensations of oral attention from John and that was good. This was different. If one tongue felt good, the startling shock of two tongues felt five times as good. Moving at different speeds and angles, their tongues made my body wind up tight with a tranquilizing tension.

I couldn't move. I could only moan.

They kissed each other as their hot tongues wrestled over my aching clit. It was exquisite.

Julia begged him, "Make love to her, Donovan."

Yes! Please do! I was in no condition to talk. I opened my eyes with much effort and looked down my body.

They had pulled back. Donovan was starting to climb up while she was stroking his erection. He nudged and pushed me farther back on the satin bedspread.

His wife let go and he sank towards me, adjusting his cock for the right angle. I felt it touch me and I sighed.

No condom.

I didn't want a condom. Not with him. Not ever.

He pushed the head inside and breathed quietly. He pushed a little farther and his eyes opened wide.

Julia murmured, "Does she feel good?"

Donovan was trembling as he held himself up on his arms. His voice shook with emotion. "Very good." He opened his mouth as if stunned and slid more of his cock into me.

The stiffness slid up inside me, advancing and filling my aching hole. I closed my eyes as his hips pressed against mine and signaled he was all the way in.

I was surprised by his mouth. The heat from his face was my only warning before we were kissing as hot as newlyweds. The double penetration of his cock in my pussy and his tongue in my mouth drove my head in circles of dizziness and lust.

He pulled up, ending the kiss.

Julia's face moved between us and our lips met. I enjoyed yet another strange sensation: kissing a woman's mouth while her husband made love to me. I was tentative with her at first until that melted away in the heat waves emanating from my pussy.

Her face smelled of some expensive cream and hints of her shampoo were deep and rich in my nose. I explored her as much as she explored me – all the while, my pussy was being turned inside out with deliberate, deep strokes.

It was there that the tension became insurmountable and threw me over into a tumbling series of explosive releases. I clutched his hips with my ankles and huffed convulsively as each wave blew through me.

Julia was smiling and stroking my head.

Donovan sped his thrusts, moving with more command and decision. His steel shaft swelled inside me and he groaned with anticipation. Hot spurts plastered the walls of my pussy and drove ripples of victory throughout my body.

I had made him cum – drawn it from him using my body. I took it as a great compliment, especially considering he had a beautiful wife with which to begin.

She stroked my face and hair. "I do hope this is the start of a very long and lasting friendship, Sheila..."

My response was a delighted smile of warmth and acceptance.

• • •

I entered our apartment.

John was on the floor picking up Karey's toys. "Hey..."

"Is she napping?"

"Yeah, 'bout a half hour ago. How was your... visit?"

I winked at him. "Let's go into the bedroom."

He followed me and shut the door. He started stripping when he saw me doing it. "That good, huh?"

I couldn't keep the smile off my face. I felt as if a whole new world was before me – one of close friendship with people who really cared. "They offered money; I wouldn't take it."

He said, "Nice of them, I suppose."

"I could tell they really want to be friends and not customers, though they were willing to settle for paying."

He embraced me. "So you got some birthday sex, yeah?"

I nodded. "It was very... nice."

"Did you use a condom?"

"No..."

His face registered surprise.

I said, "He's clean; he's a member. And... I didn't want him to have to use one."

He began panting with excitement. "You wanted him to feel you?"

"Yes. Is that okay?"

He growled and threw me down on the bed. "Yeah."

"And I wanted to feel him, too."

He dropped onto the bed and pulled me over him. I thought he wanted sex, but he pulled me up to his face. His tongue reached out and feasted on my throbbing pussy.

I cried out quietly with the surge of tingles and tickles. My nipples hardened instantly and began to ache. I rubbed my hand over them, spreading the pleasure around as his tongue dragged across my clit and lips. I felt the move of his tongue inside. I was staring into his eyes, feeling an immense bond between me and my husband as he licked where my lover had just been.

He stopped. "I can taste him in you."

I quailed with disappointment. "I'm sorry—"

"No, it's not bad. It's... very different..." He panted louder, then threw me over.

I didn't know if he was mad or not.

He flipped me over and entered me roughly from behind. His hands were clamps of steel on my hips and he thrust with hard snaps of his hips against mine. My entire body jerked from the ferocity of his inward thrusts. His pulls back were only enough to give him room to hammer his cock back into my pussy.

I groaned as the slapping sent quivering sensations vibrating up my pussy and back. My breasts jiggled violently from the thrusts and my brain began to feel pummeled.

He never fucked me this hard. It was very masculine and dominating. My pussy

was savagely assaulted as if what he was doing was totally in his right.

And indeed it was.

I thrust back against him, feeling that worn tension begin to spiral tighter. I panted as harshly as him. "You like me fucking Donovan?"

He groaned with warning and thrust harder.

My hair whipped back and forth and I made more effort in pushing back against him. "Fuck me. Fuck me and remind me I'm yours."

He groaned louder and thrust faster, harder. His balls were wet with our juices and Donovan's. They slapped against my clit like little spans.

I could barely speak past my gasps. "That's it, punish my pussy." A hot spike speared up my pussy and unraveled explosively, making me cry out and my arms collapse as the first surprise wave knocked me into a harsh and fast orgasm.

John pulled harder on my hips, heaving into me. I felt the sweat from his abdomen against my butt – his thighs slick against the back of my legs.

I was thrown forward and down onto the bed with his final lunge. His cock swelled and pulsed in me, sending hot spurts spattering where Donovan had emptied inside me less than an hour before. He grunted savagely, grinding his hips hard against my ass as he finished cumming.

I gasped and clawed at the bed. Numbing tingles exploded everywhere inside me as his brutal battering of my pussy teased my post-orgasmic sensitivity.

He slowed and stopped, then dropped down wetly and heavily onto my back. His chest thundered against me and his breath was steamy against the side of my face. His whisper was harsh and exhausted. "Happy birthday."

I closed my eyes and let the relaxation take me away. I murmured, "Thank you..."

CHAPTER 19

John

Late September...

I adjusted the lapel pin.

Diesel said, "Almost makes you feel like you're working for them, right? Some people mistake us for employees. I've had to fight off a few women because of it."

I watched my wife, Bailey, and a Club server named Candy move among the tuxedos of the private party.

Chip stood by us, listening with one ear and watching the girls with both eyes. He was a quiet sort.

I stood much like him, arms in front, hands clasped in such a way that my left arm covered the bulge of my concealed revolver in its shoulder holster.

Diesel carried his in the belt behind his back. Once a biker always a biker? Habits die hard? I didn't know.

I said, "I haven't been so lucky."

The big man grunted a laugh. "You know, we can keep all this close between us. No need for extra tit and ass on the side."

"Huh?" I looked at him quizzically.

He shrugged one shoulder. "I know some of the driver guys do this hoping to score. No need with us. We're both married to hot women..."

"Oh, yeah."

"And I'd certainly love to play with Sheila again."

I said, "I'm flattered."

He guffawed. "No, I mean it. Wouldn't you want to have some of Bailey? We could make it an occasional sexy trade. Just fun and—"

"Sheila said it was more trouble than it was worth."

He looked hurt and confused.

I grunted. "Maybe that didn't come out right. The struggle to make time to get us all together seemed more trouble than it was worth."

His face relaxed in understanding. "I get ya." He was quiet for a moment. "That's a real shame; I was hoping we could become closer..."

"With their line of work... time is a priceless luxury."

He grunted sourly.

"I'm not being negative, but I don't know if we had the time if it would work."

"Why not?"

Chip chewed on a toothpick. If he had any input, he wasn't offering. His eyes stayed on the girls.

I explained, "I sort of like having her come back from seeing that Donovan guy. It was also hot seeing her take a bunch of guys at the last event she did, but..."

"What is it?" The big biker shifted towards me with curiosity.

"I... can't help but feel guilty... a little... as if we really shouldn't be doing this."

He pushed my shoulder. "Aw, man, don't be laying that heavy shit on yourself. There's nothing wrong with what they're doing. Don't get into the whole this is right or this is wrong thing. They're using what they have as God intended. Nothing wrong with that."

"Nothing wrong with being a whore?"

"They're better than whores. But if you have to view it like that, consider this: God used whores throughout – saving people, helping people, marrying His prophets even. You think the Big Man upstairs would use whores if He didn't think they were people, too?"

I didn't say anything to his questioning stare.

He went back to watching Bailey. "They're using their gifts. They enjoy doing it. Let it be."

I grunted my acknowledgment. "I guess so..."

"That's what I was meaning though when I suggested we get closer. We don't have to just do this with strangers. Love your neighbor as yourself and all that. We could share something much stronger than what happens here."

"Yeah..." But the time issue...

"I hope you don't take it personally or get all pissed and shit, but I'd love to have Sheila on my cock regularly. I'd desperately love for you and Bailey to hook up —"

"I'll talk to my wife, but I'm not making any promises." I swallowed my doubt. "Bailey likes me like that?"

"She thinks it would be fun, though she's not pushing for it. It's more me; I just can't get your wife's pussy off my mind. I ache for it."

I laughed.

He turned serious and his voice lowered. "I need it, man."

I held up a hand. "All right, all right. I said I'd talk to her about it. You wouldn't mind loaning Bailey to me in exchange?"

"Naw, I'm perfectly good with that. Shit, I went through it all when she and Gerald fucked for months. He couldn't keep his dick out of Bailey's pussy. Now I know what he felt. I need to have my dick in your wife, John. As often as I can."

"Enough to take her from me?" It was half meant as a joke.

"No, no, don't go there." His face drew down with severity. "I want your dick there. I want mine there. I want to be part of you and her inside her."

"I don't think we'd both fit."

He chuckled. "I'm just a simple biker. Sometimes finding the right words is difficult."

I laughed. "Bullshit. You're no dummy."

"Whatever, but it wouldn't be the same if she wasn't with you. Look at it this way," he pointed to the men and the girls, "all those guys envy us. They want what we have. They dick a married woman like Sheila and Baily and Candy because that's the closest they'll get. Maybe their wives are prudes. Maybe they have an image issue being as wealthy and powerful as they are, but they want it. This is as close as they'll get and that's why we're here."

Chip cleared his throat. "Yep, pretty much."

I said, "What?"

His eyes stayed on Candy – his girl for the evening. "I'd love to dick both of your women."

Diesel laughed. "Why don't you?"

"Bah, coworkers and all that - just not a good idea. But I envy you two." He spared us a look for a second, then stiffened. "Time to work."

The men were at that stage of their party to get sexual.

We moved forward to begin checking cards and collecting money.

After, we watched seven men rotate and fuck all three wives for over two hours.

What struck me as new and different was Sheila's face: when she made a man cum, she smiled – and it was radiant. I knew then that she enjoyed making men cum as if it were a reward for running a race.

A prize.

An accomplishment.

I felt the pride and shared silently with her the satisfaction of each successful orgasm. She was in her element and she was good at it.

I saw it and it was good.

CHAPTER 20

Sheila

Later That Night at the Club...

I giggled with Bailey as we exited the club arm in arm. It was standard practice to return the uniform after an event so they could be cleaned by the laundry company.

She said, "Diesel told me he pestered your husband..."

I sighed with exasperation. Did no one understand the time factor involved? "How many times would we get together? Once a month? Is that worth it?"

She squeezed my arm. "Diesel thinks so. He really likes you."

"I have the Davis family—"

Her voice dropped so suddenly it silenced me. "I know, but think about it. He's my husband and I want to see him happy, too. It wasn't bad, was it?"

"No, not at all. It was fun—"

"Did John say something?"

"No, he liked it."

She squeezed again. "Think about it, okay?"

I blew out a longer breath. "Yeah..."

Chip was down the aisle a ways, waiting for Candy behind us.

My husband and Diesel followed just behind her.

I let Bailey go as her car was closer.

Not much more than five feet separated us when that walker we saw occasionally came across an aisle and into our parking lane.

Gray hoodie.

His hands were stuffed into his pockets. He said in a querulous voice, "Amber."

I looked behind me, but it was obvious he was directing it at me. "Excuse me?"

"Remember me, Amber?" He pulled back his hoodie.

I had no clue who this guy was. "Are you a club member? Or were you at one of the events?"

His face turned angry in a crumpled grimace of hatred. "You know who I am and exactly what you did to me!" He pulled a gun from his other pocket and aimed it at me.

Time seemed to stand still.

I heard the pounding of my heart in my ears.

The hole at the end of the boxy gun looked like a cavern, even from ten feet away.

I couldn't move – but maybe because time was moving so slowly. I felt as if I were stuck in a pit of muddy quicksand. My limbs twitched, but didn't move.

I registered Chip moving at a run from behind the guy. His gun was out and coming up to aim.

I heard a shout from behind me.

I was shoved sideways like a ragdoll as an explosive burst detonated against both ears in a ringing concussion of air.

I fell to the ground as the guy spun and twisted.

His gun went flying.

My head hit the cool pavement and I felt gravel bite into my skin. My head rang as if struck by an enormous bell.

A minty taste flooded my mouth and I heard nothing.

Diesel flew past me and tackled the guy before he hit the ground. His fist came up and descended, four or five times. I couldn't hear any of it but it seemed like I felt the thuds against my chest.

Suddenly, everything rushed in, moving fast and in a confusing way.

Bailey was down on me, shouting a frantic question. "Are you all right?"

Chip was holstering his gun, jogging towards Diesel and the guy.

From over Bailey's head, I saw the smoking barrel of my husband's revolver. He lowered it slowly and I caught sight of his face – stunned, stricken, and staring.

Chip pulled Diesel off. "He's down, man. Enough."

Bailey said, "Someone call 911!"

The big bouncer's voice was loud with command. "No!" He looked at all of us. "The wound is bad. He'll bleed out. Let's not be in any hurry."

I tried to sit up. "Wh-what?"

"It's better that way. Besides, knowing Howie at the front door, he's already on the phone."

I croaked, "Who was Amber? Why did he think—"

Chip squatted near me. "Who knows? Who cares? Some nut just tried to kill you and he was put down. That's all that matters. Maybe you reminded him of her."

John was down on his knees and took me into a warming hug. "You're safe."

Sirens were in the dim distance and grew louder as they got nearer.

EPILOGUE

Sheila

Thanksgiving Weekend...

The money was good. So good that we were building up quite a bank account. Another attempt at a home would be in our future and we both knew it.

I was on my knees, dicks everywhere. One in each hand and trying desperately to make sure the other three were taken into my mouth for some attention. I jerked rapidly and switched dicks when I thought another needed a bit of focus.

The host I kept either in hand or in mouth.

It was another penthouse business party to celebrate some acquisition of mining land and the re-opening of an old mine on the claim.

I didn't care.

What I was most concerned with was the celebration. Whatever the reason, I was here to help these men and a couple of women enjoy themselves. I handled the men; Danny from the club was doing a strip tease for the ladies.

I looked back on my short history as a server: from initiate newbie to now, I had grown and progressed with both confidence and skill.

There were no doubts in my mind: I could make men cum. It was a success that transcended what I had with my husband. Such was expected with the one you married. But beyond that was an ability to provide entertaining pleasure to men in such a way as to guarantee happy, smiling faces by manipulating their dicks.

I knew it; I was better than football.

It wasn't arrogance that had me realizing it. No, it was a joy at bringing a man to such a point that he had no choice but to surrender his orgasm to me.

I paced my hand pumps to the thumps of the techno music drifting through the suite. I moved my mouth with ambition and appetite, anticipating that moment when I felt the swelling of manhood.

The host said, "Yeah, I'm close. Are we ready?"

One man said, "Gimme a minute." He pumped his own cock near my face.

I was being paid for a bukkake party.

All five men were panting heavily. They were close to varying degrees.

The host was gritting his teeth.

I said, "Bring it, baby. I want to feel it on my face."

I didn't look over at my husband; we would have our own fun time afterwards. But I knew he was there – I could feel that close bond through the ring of naked men.

The host grunted and his face crumpled with strain.

I turned my face to him as the first squirt flew. I couldn't help it; I was smiling. I jacked two of the other men faster. Before the host was finished painting my face with his cum, another dick began squirting. And another. The last two came close together, adding warm splashes and drips down my ecstatic face.

I giggled in joy at the smashing success. All five were pleased and satisfied, getting exactly what they had paid for.

Personally, I had received the best compliment I could ever receive by being the woman that had caused it. Exultation spiraled upwards inside me, different from an orgasm but just as satisfying, if not more.

I laughed, elated. Cum ran from my face as symbols of my victory. No longer was I shy and uncertain of my sexuality. I was so much more than I had been. I felt the swell of fulfillment inside me. Yes! Fuck yes! This is the real me!

Thank you for reading Club 40! All reviews are greatly appreciated.

If you liked this story by Laran Mithras, be sure to check out the following similar titles:

Hunting for Love – two divorced people engage their kink together

Young Bride, Hotwife – on the run, an older man encourages his young wife to mature

Honey, Those Campers Are Cute – four young campers find a sexy wife irresistible

Melting My Ice Queen – a husband concocts a stupid plan to melt his wife