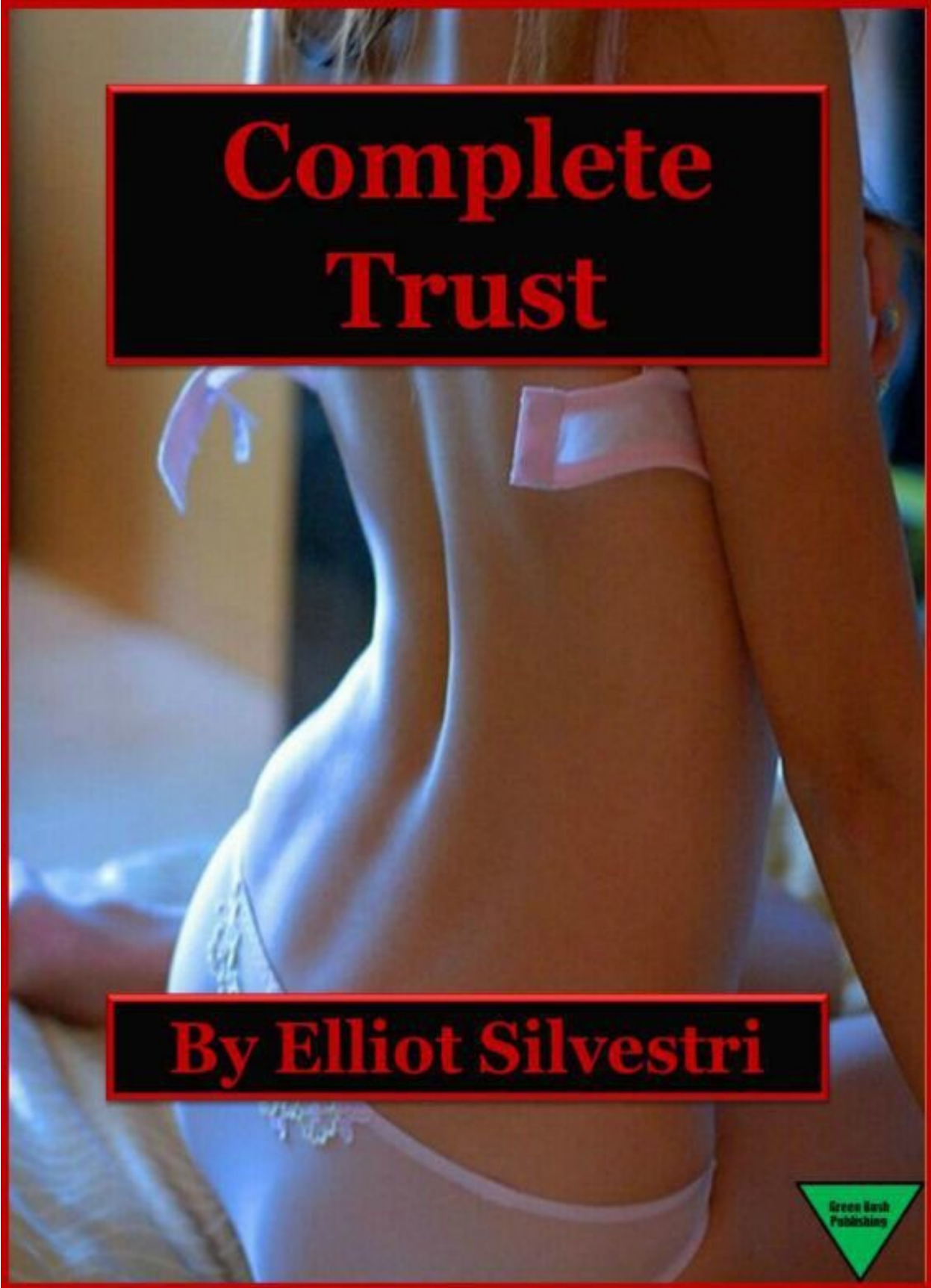
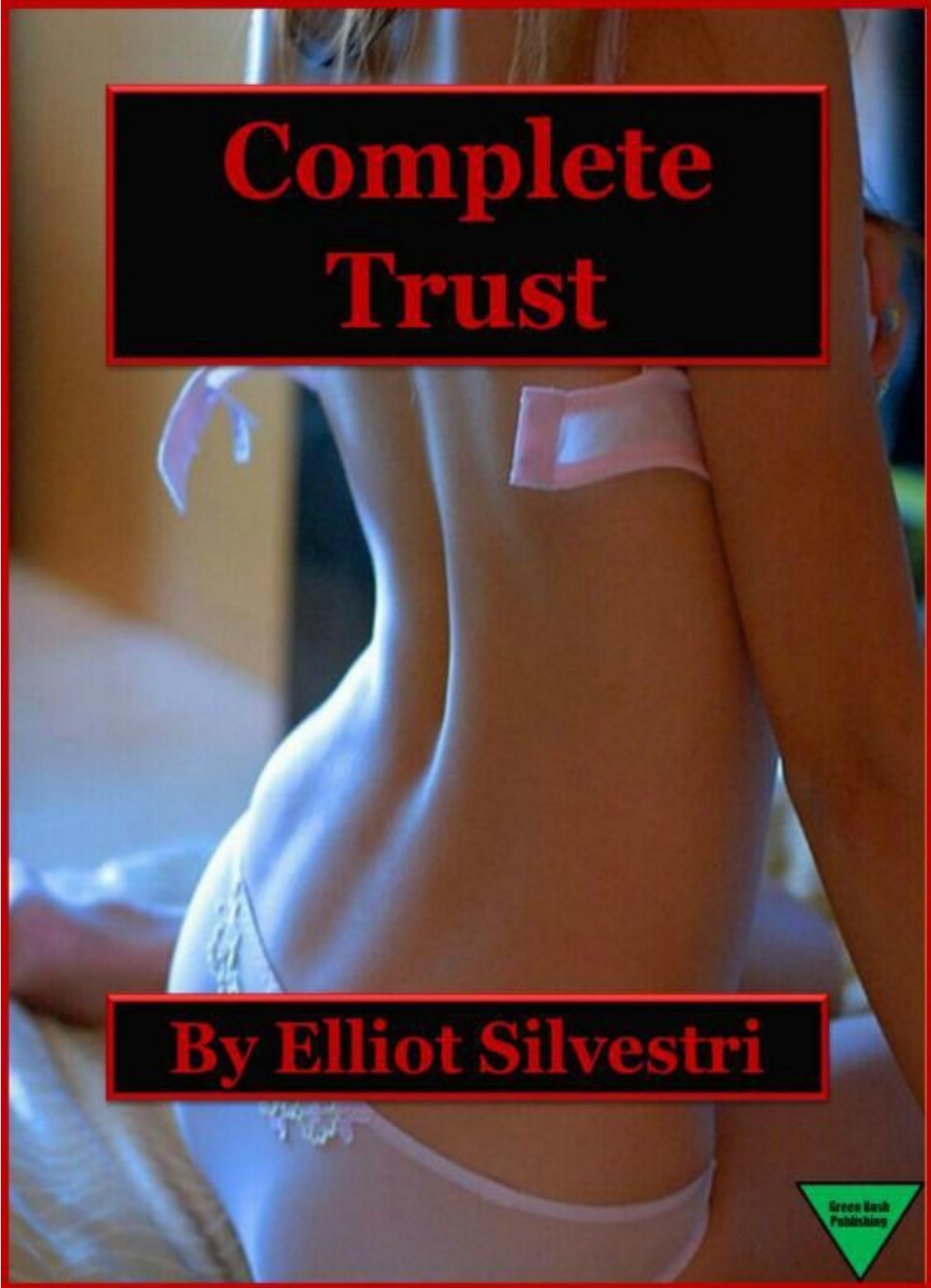




Complete Trust

By Elliot Silvestri

Green Bush
Publishing



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Smashwords Edition

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Part One

The Green Mountains

“One must be poor to know the luxury of giving.”

Middlemarch by George Eliot

“Look at them. They’re cute.” Chloe pointed across the small restaurant at the couple in a booth. They were holding hands across the table and laughing. “They’re in love,” he added.

Sam watched the two for a minute and then nodded. “Puppy love.”

“It’s still love.”

“It won’t last.”

“Isn’t that a good thing? For you and me, I mean.”

Sam looked up from his plate. “Because...?”

“Because of what they’re going to do.”

“Aren’t you worried about them?” He asked.

She shook her head. “No. Why?”

“They used to date in high school,” he reminded her. “And you’re the one who said they’re in love.”

Her smile wasn’t quite condescending, but almost. “You haven’t done this before, have you?”

His smirk back said almost everything. “You already know I haven’t.”

Seeing that she was starting to upset him, Chloe backed off.” Just relax,” she told him. “Nothing terrible is going to happen.”

He wanted to snap at her that she wasn’t about to have her spouse cheat on her, but that wasn’t the case. “Sorry,” he apologized.

“You’re awfully jumpy for a guy out on a date with a sure thing.” Her smile was conspiratorial and she pressed her foot against the inside of his knee under the table. It was quaint and subtle.

He stared blankly at her for a moment. “Really?”

Chloe laughed. “Of course! Do you really think I’d let my husband fuck another woman if I wasn’t going to get something out of this too?”

Sam nodded. “That doesn’t seem...normal. it seems fair, but not normal.”

“When I hit thirty, I decided that I liked sex too much to limit myself to one man the rest of my life. I told Trent what I needed and off we went.” Her eyes went dreamy. “It’s worked for us I have to say.”

“So is it true that women hit a sexual peak at thirty?”

“More like a sexual plateau for me. I need sex now more than ever. What about you?”

“Umm...I think I’m the same since high school.”

She raised her eyebrows to the edge of her red hair. Sam hadn’t yet decided if she dyed it or not. “Really?”

“Yeah, five or six times a week is good for me,” he laughed.

“Sounds good to me,” she agreed. “But no changes? You’re not bored with Ginny or wanting to try something new?”

“This is new,” he offered.

“I’m going to show you some new things tonight,” she promised.

“I hope so,” he said playing along.

“They’ve left,” Chloe pointed out. Sam’s eyes snapped back to the booth where their spouses had been. It was empty and he started to get up to follow them. Chloe grabbed his hand and anchored him to their small table. “Give them a few minutes,” she stage whispered to him. It wasn’t necessary. The restaurant was busy enough to hide their conversation from the wait staff and other diners. Besides, their conversation had been largely innocuous. “I want to sneak in and watch them fucking,” she said at a much lower volume.

“You do?” He was surprised.

“Yeah. Don’t you like watching other people have sex?”

“I’ve never seen it in person,” he admitted.

She asked, “Just in porn?”

“Yeah.”

“In person is better.”

They finished their meal. It felt odd to Sam to be out on a date with a woman who wasn’t his wife. But then again it was odd for his wife to be out on a date with another man who was married. When the bill was paid they walked back to their rented cabin together. Chloe grabbed his hand and to the common viewer it must have looked like they were just another married couple taking the weekend in Vermont to see the foliage. Their cabin was within walking distance of the small town’s center. It wasn’t unusual for two couples to rent the large log cabins together. And it was damn near impossible to tell who was married to whom.

“Be quiet when we go in,” she told him. “I want to peek in on them.”

“How do you know they’ll be, uh, having sex?” Sam asked.

“My husband and your wife left alone for five minutes? I’ll be surprised if they made it past the living room.”

The front door swung open silently with their key. Stealth wasn’t exactly necessary. Ginny’s moans of pleasure filled the air accompanied with satisfied grunts from Trent. Chloe giggled.

“They’re noisy.” She slipped off her shoes and led the way. There were two bedrooms in the back of the cabin. One door was wide open, the other partially shut. Showing ninja-like stealth Chloe snuck up to the doors, checked which bedroom was being used, and carefully peered around the corner. Sam joined her a moment later.

He saw his wife astride Trent. That didn’t surprise him; he expected that. What surprised him was the stiffening of his cock as he watched.

Ginny wasn’t fat or even overweight, she was just a woman who was slightly shorter than average and tended to carry any extra weight in her ass. Sam didn’t mind that; Sam loved that in his wife along with her big tits. He couldn’t see them now. Right now all he could see was her ass going up and down on Trent’s cock. He couldn’t really see the other man’s dick, but he could see his impressively-sized ball sack that was completely devoid of hair. Sam felt a twinge of jealousy. Was it because of the other man’s big balls or the foreign cock inside his wife?

“I want to grab his balls and lick them,” Chloe whispered to him as she reached back and cupped him between the legs. She took a step back and pressed her body against his. “Let’s go.”

They slipped away to the other bedroom. If the other couple had any inkling of their presence no indication was given. Trent and Ginny continued to grind and moan in peace.

Chloe surprised him by whirling around, pressing her body against his, pulling his head down and kissing him. Her lips were softer and hotter than his wife’s. It was odd and different to be kissing someone else so intimately after so many years with Ginny. It wasn’t bad; it was just different.

His body responded automatically. It was just then he realized how easy it was for other men to cheat. A different warm body and a willing participant was all that was needed. His cock was hard and it was so easy to picture himself fucking her in a few minutes.

His hands went around her body and felt her back. He didn’t detect a bra strap and let his hands slide down her back to her ass. Like any woman’s it was soft and round. Best of all she didn’t complain as he groped her.

Chloe's hands were around his waist. She was the one to break the kiss. "What are you waiting for?"

Sam looked at her blankly. "What do you want me to do?"

She tilted her head to the side and gave him a look of annoyed frustration. "I want you to take off my clothes and fuck me.

"Oh. Right." Sam took his hands from her ass, then put them back in place, and then started pulling up her dress. It wasn't anything fancy, just a typical black dress, short sleeves, knee length, casual enough and not too dressy for a weekend in Vermont. Next to her Sam felt underdressed in his jeans and polo shirt. Two seconds later it didn't matter. Her dress was off, pulled up over her head and tossed to the floor. Chloe, as Sam had guessed, was braless. Her tits were smaller than Ginny's. Ginny had pale brown nipples; Chloe had tiny pink nipples that topped her breasts. They weren't perfect, but they were nice. Nice than Sam deserved he told himself.

"My eyes are up here," she told him. He realized he was staring at her breasts. Ignoring her words Sam went down to his knees and kissed her breast, then took her nipple into his mouth.

"Uhh," she moaned as he lightly bit her tender flesh. Sam slipped his hands down from her back to her sides to over her hips. Throwing away all caution he moved his hands back to her ass and cupped her cheeks. By now he shouldn't have been surprised. She was wearing a tiny G-string that barely covered her pussy; the tiny string disappeared between her buttocks. Sam didn't let himself get distracted by that. He hooked his fingers into her panties and pulled them all the way down.

Chloe elegantly stepped out of the tiny panties and smiled down at him. Sam's eyes had moved from her tits to her pussy. It was impossible to tell if she was a natural redhead. Her pussy was completely shaved. That didn't matter to Sam either. He pushed his face into her pussy, inhaled her scent, and pushed his tongue along the length of her slit.

"Ohh," Chloe changed the tone of her vocalization. "The bed." She stepped back and fell to the mattress, spreading her legs wide open allowing him access to her cunt. Sam knew just what to do and wrapped his arms around her thighs, keeping her open as he delved his tongue deeply into her pussy. "Yes," she moaned.

Her pussy was musky and sweet at the same time. Every woman was different and Chloe had a more prominent inner labia than Ginny, but Ginny's clit was larger and easier to find. But that didn't matter at the moment because Chloe was fully aroused and pulled Sam's face to her cunt holding it exactly in place where she needed it. His tongue went to work on her tiny clit and they were both rewarded a minute later. Her orgasm was announced by a series of short gasps and she abruptly sat up making Sam lose contact with her pussy.

"Oh shit," she said. "You made me so wet." There was a small spot of moisture on the bedspread. They both ignored it. "Get your clothes off," she ordered. "You need to fuck me."

Sam didn't need to be told twice. He was no longer thinking about his wife in the room next door getting fucked by a man he barely knew who was her high school boyfriend. All the higher functions of his brain had stopped. Sam stood up and pulled off his clothes without looking away from Chloe's open and wet pussy. She posed for him, waiting.

The moment his clothes were off he was on top of her. His cock was already erect. There was no need for her to stimulate him. Chloe pushed herself further back on the bed and he climbed on top of her. As he positioned himself she grasped his cock and started guiding it into her pussy.

"Wait," Sam said. It was the stupidest thing he had ever said in his life. "I should get a condom."

Chloe shook her head. "No. I won't get pregnant."

He looked at her, not understanding. "You won't?"

"No. I've had my tubes tied."

"Oh." He paused. "What about...?"

"I'm clean. And I trust you are too?"

"Yeah."

She pulled him forward by his cock. It sank easily and deeply into her pussy. It was hot, very hot; much hotter than Ginny's. Sam was overly excited. He fucked

her hard and fast. She pulled her knees up and allowed him to pound into her. It wasn't a loving round of sex, it was pure animal lust. Two people fucking for the first time, giving themselves completely over to their needs and thinking of nothing else but their own needs.

Even though she had already cum once, Sam was disappointed he didn't make Chloe come again before he emptied his balls deep into her cunt.

"Oh fuck oh fuck!" he shouted as he came. It was wonderfully good and he felt an immediate stab of guilt when he was done cumming. He stayed atop her for a minute, both of them breathing heavily as they recovered from the vigorous exertion of sex, before he rolled off her body and he looked up at the ceiling. He couldn't manage to meet her gaze.

"That was very nice," she complimented him.

"Thanks," he said accepting the compliment. It made him feel even worse than before, yet he was strangely satisfied as well.

"Do you hear that?" she asked him

Sam only heard silence. "No."

"Trent and Ginny. They're quiet now. Do you think they're done?"

Sam didn't have to give that any thought. "Unlikely," he said in a soft voice. "When Ginny gets really worked up she needs more and more sex. They're probably just taking a break."

"I'm like that too," Chloe admitted. "Once I get started I need to fuck three or four times a night. Unless I'm exhausted I usually have to get out my vibrator because Trent can't fuck that many times a night."

"Oh." There was an uncomfortable pause as they lay on their backs staring at the ceiling. Sam noticed Chloe absently tugging on her small nipples. Was it a nervous habit or did that turn her on? "I'm sorry I came so quickly," he apologized.

She laughed a little. "Don't be. It's fine. We've got all night and tomorrow as well. But..." she let go of her nipple and put her hand over his flaccid cock. It

was sticky with his semen and her lubricant. Chloe absently pulled on it for a moment. “When do you think you’ll be ready to go again?”

He chuckled a bit. “Can’t you even give me a minute to recover?”

“Nope. I’m still horny. Don’t make me get out my vibrator!”

He wasn’t sure if it was a threat or a promise if he couldn’t perform. “I won’t. Just give me a few minutes.”

“Did you enjoy it?” she asked.

Sam wasn’t sure what she was talking about at first. Did she really mean having sex with her? Wasn’t that obvious? Didn’t he cum in her? “The sex? Yeah. It was great.”

She scoffed at him. “Well of course it was great. It was with me. I mean did you enjoy cheating on your wife?”

It was odd the way she phrased it but he gave it some consideration. “Um. Not really. I feel guilty.”

“It’s not really cheating,” she pointed out to him, changing the premise to her original question.

“What?”

“The four of us know what we’re all doing. It’s not cheating. It’s like playing Monopoly and putting \$200 under Free Parking. It’s not in the rules, but lots of people do it anyway. And no one complains.”

“Among the players.”

“True. I suppose if you went to an official Monopoly tournament there might be officials who say you can’t do that. But I’m playing by my rules anyway. It’s my marriage, I can make up any rules for it I want.” Her words were fierce, strident.

“You’ve given this some thought,” Sam commented mildly.

“You could say that. I’ve also had one ugly confrontation so there’s that as well.

Are Trent and Ginny complaining about what we're doing?" she asked him.

He replied warily. "No..."

"Are you and I complaining about what they're doing?"

Sam gave some thought to the pang of jealousy he felt when he saw Ginny on top of Trent's cock clearly loving every minute of what he was doing to her. He then gave some thought to how quickly his cock had stiffened upon seeing their lovemaking. Did he get hard because he saw two people fucking or did he get hard because his wife was being sexually pleased by someone else? "No, we're not complaining about it."

"Good. Everyone is happy then," Chloe clarified. "Are you ready to fuck again?"

Sam felt whipsawed by the sudden change of conversation. He looked down at his limp cock. "I'm ready to go again. But I might need a little help."

"I'm from the government. I'm here to help," she told him and quickly moved down his body to take his soft flesh into her mouth.

Chloe knew exactly what to do when sucking cock. She was obviously no stranger to fellatio. For the briefest of moment's he wondered if she'd be put off by the taste of her pussy and his cum combined on his dick, but it didn't stop her at all. She licked the length of his shaft and then engulfed the head in her mouth, running her tongue around the ridge several times. He steadily stiffened as she continued to suck him. Chloe didn't waste time playing games like looking up at him, seeking his approval as she sucked, or tossing her hair this way and that. The entire focus of her fellatio was on his cock. She concentrated on the head and especially the underside, seeking out all his most sensitive regions.

There was a certain practiced skill in what she did. It dawned upon Sam that this was probably a routine she had done many times before. Was it with her husband or other men she had slept with? The entire time she kept one hand firmly wrapped around the base of his cock, but with the other she fondled his balls and stroked behind them. It was a motion that made him quickly hard, trying to make him cum again but too soon. He pushed her away slightly.

"I don't want to cum too fast," he explained.

She nodded and rested her cheek on his thigh for a moment as she gently stroked his length. “You like this?”

“Hell yes.”

“I like sucking cock.”

“I can tell. How many guys have you gone down on?”

After he said the words it struck him that the question was terribly rude. She laughed at him. “Um, let me think. Probably around forty or so. Maybe more. Not a terrible lot for my lifetime, I suppose. What about you?”

“Me?” he went into partial-panic mode and opted to make a joke. “I’ve never given any guy a blowjob.”

She just shook her head at him. “How many women have you gone down on?”

“Five,” he answered too quickly.

“Five?” She raised her eyebrows at him. “You came up with that number awfully quickly.”

Sam went on to tick off each of his partners on the fingers of his right hand. “Ginny, of course. Katie, my high school girlfriend. Lori, my first girlfriend in college. Tammy, my other college girlfriend. And Shana, the one girlfriend I had after college.”

Chloe started stroking him more vigorously. “You don’t know how to count,” she told him.

“Hmm?”

Right before she took her mouth back on his cock she said, “Six. Me.”

“Ohh,” his moan of contrition changed to a moan of satisfaction as she applied her tongue to his cock once more. Her hands were just as busy as her mouth and Sam was startled when her fingers started reaching back further. She wasn’t just stroking the root of his cock, she was now actively seeking out his asshole.

“Don’t tense up,” she told him when she took his cock out of her mouth for a short moment.

“I don’t want to cum in your mouth,” he lied, implying too much stimulation to his anus would push him over the edge again.

Chloe acquiesced. “You liked my pussy that much?” she asked.

“Uh-huh.”

Her hands pulled away from him and she started climbing up his body. “That’s good. I liked your cock inside me too.” She knelt over his hips and grasped him with one hand, angling his stiffness into her pussy. “Does Ginny like being on top? Do you want me to fuck you like your wife does?”

“Uh-huh,” he agreed pleasantly.

“Do you like sleeping with another woman?” she asked, but she wasn’t waiting for an answer. “Do you like watching my tits?” He nodded watching her small breasts bouncing pleasantly. “Do you like it when I play with myself?” One hand was squeezing her nipple; the other went down to where they were joined and burrowed into her slit to play with her tiny clit. Sam was amazed to see her body shake a bit with a small orgasm. “Did you like that?” she asked. “Do you want to cum inside me again?”

“Yes,” he grunted and grabbed her hips to fuck her hard. She had little say in the matter as he plunged in and out of her rapidly before his cock jumped and squirted his semen deep in her pussy once more.

Sam woke up with Chloe’s hair in his face. His arms were wrapped around her and he knew immediately this wasn’t his wife he was holding, her hair was too long and thick, her body wasn’t the correct size and shape. The shudder he made upon waking must have awoken her too. His cock was hard like it usually was first thing in the morning and was pressing on the back of her thighs.

“Go ahead and put it in me,” she told him. “Or do you want to see what Trent and Ginny are doing?”

She had just lifted up her leg allowing Sam to enter her pussy—he hadn't managed more than three or four lazy strokes—before Ginny sauntered in. Sam immediately froze, forgetting that being in bed with Chloe was sanctioned by his wife and her husband. She was naked, her heavy breasts bouncing with every move of her body. "Hi!" She said brightly—too brightly for the early hour. "What are you two up to?" Seeing the deer in the headlights look on their faces she at once realized what they were doing. "Ohh. Right. Want me to leave?"

Sam couldn't believe she was being so blasé about the situation; but then again, this had been her idea from the start.

Before he could answer Chloe spoke up. "No, I think we should just get up. Save ourselves for later."

"You don't want to finish?" Ginny asked. Sam couldn't take his eyes off her pussy partially hidden by a tangle of blond curls.

"I'd love to finish, but sometimes the anticipation is better than the finish, don't you think?"

Ginny nodded. "Sounds good. I'm making breakfast. Come and get it when you're ready. Bring your blue balls with you, Sam." She whirled around and slipped out the door.

"Should I stop?" Sam asked. His cock was still hard inside her.

"I don't want you to, but I think you should." Sam nodded and awkwardly pulled out of her. "I didn't know your wife had a nipple ring."

"You should ask her about it."

"I will."

Chloe walked out to the kitchen in the robe thoughtfully provided by the cabin. It wasn't the first time she and Trent had stayed in the little lodge before. It was essentially a weekend getaway lodge for those people looking for something beyond an ordinary bed and breakfast or the airport in. Amenities were short, but it was homey and very private. Ginny wasn't completely naked in the kitchen; she was wearing an apron. The single garment didn't hide anything from the rear. The apron string that went around her waist was tied right above her curvy

hips accentuating the shape of her ass. She was cooking eggs at the stove and when she turned around and showed that the apron's bib did little to hide her big tits. Mostly. Depending on how she moved the apron did protect her a little, but Chloe was still able to make out the little gold ring that went through the tender flesh of Ginny's left nipple.

"How do you want your eggs?" Ginny asked her, spatula in hand.

"Unfertilized."

It took Ginny a moment to understand the joke, then she laughed. "I should hope so. Where's Sam?"

"He's slow getting out of bed in the morning," Chloe reported. "Over easy."

Ginny nodded in agreement. "Trent too. I think I wore him out."

"I'm here," a grumpy Trent reported as he staggered into the kitchen and sat down on the closest chair. He was barrel-chested and starting to work on a gut, but was in good shape for a man rapidly approaching middle-age. Unlike his robed wife or the nearly-naked Ginny he had opted to dress for breakfast: boxers and a t-shirt emblazoned with a college logo. After running his hand through his curly brown hair, he yawned and asked, "Coffee?"

"Over there," Ginny indicated the pot on the counter.

"Too far," he complained. His eyes hadn't left his girlfriend's ass since the moment he walked in the kitchen.

"Big baby," Chloe said. "I'll get it for you."

"Thanks."

After Ginny started serving the eggs Sam finally wandered in, bleary eyed and looking little better than death. He was wearing a robe making Ginny the most underdressed of the group. "Breakfast?" he asked.

"You look like you need it," his wife said handing him a plate. "You're going to need to keep up your strength for tonight." She winked at him.

“I’m going back to bed after breakfast,” he announced. “Alone.”

“No you’re not, dear. We’ve got a big day planned. Leaf peeping and shopping at the farm stands.”

“I don’t wanna go,” he whined.

“And then how are you going to explain to your children and in-laws what you were doing up here all weekend?” Ginny asked with a knowing smile.

“Shit.”

The actual trip wasn’t nearly as bad as Sam would have predicted. The drive wasn’t far. The farm stand was actually the front of an apple orchard that wasn’t over-crowded. They opted not to pick apples, but bought them right from the stand.

“Do we really need a full bushel?”

“Yes.”

“What’s with the apple butter?”

“You slice up the apple and dip it in the butter. It’s more like a caramel.”

“What’s wrong with eating plain apples? Can’t we do that?”

“No.”

“Honey and maple syrup and cider donuts? Is any of this actually healthy?”

“the apples.”

“But you’re dipping them in butter!”

“Stop complaining or we won’t stop at the vineyard.”

It was a tiny vineyard that bottled its own and the prices were incredibly cheap compared to what they would pay back home. Chloe bought a case.

She glared at her husband who looked askance at her. “What? I liked it when I tasted it.”

“Buying a case makes you look like a lush.”

“Fine, I’m lush. A frugal lush.”

There was barely enough room in the car for all their purchases but they made it back to the cabin without a major complaint. It was a perfect autumn day: bright sunlight on the leaves, cool temperatures that were deceptive because of the warm sun. “I can’t wait for it to get cool enough tonight for the hot tub,” Chloe commented as they started unloading.

“Hot tub?” Ginny immediately perked up from her dozing in the back seat.

“You didn’t know the cabin came with one?” Chloe asked. “It’s pretty private. But it’s too hot right now. I want to wait for the evening and then get in. How about you?”

They brought their booty into the cabin. Chloe had barely walked out of the kitchen when she encountered Ginny returning from the bedroom. Once again the short blonde was naked. “Oh. I didn’t expect you to be...um...”

“Naked? Yeah. I hate clothes if I don’t need to have them on then they’re gone.”

Chloe found her eyes riveted to Ginny’s nipple ring. “Well, this is kind of convenient, actually. You know that Trent wanted us to put on a show for him, right?”

Ginny’s previously upbeat demeanor took a downward turn. “Um. Yeah. I know...about that though—”

Before she could finish the thought Chloe interrupted. “Don’t chicken out on me now. I promised Trent and I kind of need to do this because of a little indiscretion a few months back.”

“Indiscretion?”

Chloe was no stranger to nudity, but she was a little befuddled by the fact she was fully dressed and Ginny was naked. “Yeah, I fucked a guy I told Trent that I

wouldn't. So this is how I have to make it up to him. Having sex with his high school girlfriend."

"Oh. No one really consulted me on this." Which wasn't entirely true. Trent had told her he had a special request for the weekend but he hadn't specified what that request was going to be. She simply went along with it because she wanted to fuck Trent again. She was certain whatever request he would make was something she'd be happy to do for him. She hadn't really expected it to be having sex with his wife while he watched. And while Sam watched as well, presumably.

"I'm asking you now," Chloe asking with a sad smile. "Is there some reason you don't want to have sex with me? Am I too ugly?"

Chloe wasn't supermodel beautiful but she was attractive enough for a middle-class wife living a busy life in the suburbs taking care of her only child and trying to keep her job on track. "Um...no, that's not it. You're very pretty." Ginny wanted to reach out and touch Chloe's red hair which was wavy and thick and fell nearly to the middle of her back. Ginny's hair might have been Norwegian blond, but it was very thin and fine and she had never managed to grow it much more than down to her shoulders. "It's just that I've never, you know, never had sex with another woman before. I'm not sure I can do it."

"Sure you can," Chloe encouraged her. "I'll do everything, you just need to lay back and relax. You don't want to be one of those women who wondered about what opportunity she had in her life and let it pass her by, do you?"

"But I'm not a lesbian. I'm not even bi."

"All women are bi," Chloe told her softly. "You just need to let yourself realize that. If you hate it we can stop. I'll owe you one, okay?"

Ginny found herself nodding. Chloe didn't give her a second to reconsider. "Trent! Ginny and I are going to put on that show I promised you." Chloe grabbed her hand and dragged her friend out to the living room. Sam was sitting on the couch absently flipping through the limited television channels. Trent came in from the kitchen carrying a wineglass.

"Great! Let me get comfortable." Trent plopped down on the opposite end of the couch from Sam and set his drink on the table. "Go ahead."

Sam said nothing and simply watched as Chloe pulled his already naked wife to the middle of the room. He turned off the television. This was better than anything on basic cable.

“Let’s start with some kissing,” Chloe whispered to her new partner and wrapped her arms around the other woman’s waist, pulling her close. Despite herself Ginny allowed it to happen and opened up her lips when Chloe pressed her mouth on hers. Chloe was the aggressor and pushed her tongue into the blonde’s mouth. Ginny reflected as they kissed that it wasn’t bad, just strange, not what she was used to. Chloe’s kiss was much softer than Sam’s or Trent’s. There weren’t any whiskers to deal with. The kiss was very nice and she put her arms around Chloe.

“Take of my clothes,” Chloe said quietly, kissing the side of Ginny’s neck. The blonde loved that. She pulled clumsily at what Chloe was wearing. It was too slow for Chloe and the slightly taller redhead helped Ginny. In a moment she was down to just her panties; her shirt, jeans, socks, shoes, and bra were all in a heap on the floor.

Not knowing what to do next Ginny felt herself propelled backward into one of the two large, overstuffed chairs that took up the rest of the space in the room. She fell on her butt in the seat and Chloe got down between her legs, pushing her knees apart. Ginny was surprised a woman was so eager to go down on her, but there was no reason to protest. For her part Chloe wanted to fondle the little ring in Ginny’s nipple, but that could wait.

She planted a few kisses on the inside of Ginny’s thighs and then moved in to her target. Although she had been reluctant to put on this performance, Ginny went along with it. Chloe knew what she was doing and the moment her lips and tongue met Ginny’s labia, Ginny’s eyes closed and she moaned in spite of herself. It didn’t matter who was going down on her, she reflected, as long as that person knew how to pleasure her.

Chloe knew exactly what she was doing. It was far from her first time with a woman. Her clever tongue sought out and found Ginny’s prominent clit making the blonde gasp in surprise. “Oh, yes,” she found herself saying. Her pussy opened up and her moisture started weeping out. Ginny dug one hand into the chair’s arm and the other she tangled in Chloe’s thick hair, moving the other woman’s head around to exactly where she wanted her tongue to lick.

Normally Ginny needed a good pounding of a fuck or strong stimulation of her clit with fingers before she could cum. When Chloe slipped a pair of fingers up into her cunt and sucked on her clit at the same time she found herself tilting over the cliff of pleasure. Chloe's fingers found the exact right spot inside her pussy and she found herself gasping for breath as she came. The orgasm washed right over her and she was embarrassed at it having happened so quickly. Once it was over she found herself laughing, proud to have accomplished this task as her boyfriend and husband had looked on.

It was slightly uncomfortable to look down between her legs and meet Chloe's eyes. "Did you enjoy that?" she asked.

"Yes," Ginny answered honestly.

"Good. Stay there. I'll be right back." The redhead hopped up off her knees and dashed to the bedroom.

"What's she doing?" Sam asked Trent. The burly man just shrugged.

Less than a minute later Chloe reappeared. Her panties were off and projecting up from her crotch was an erect penis. For a moment Ginny couldn't believe what she was seeing and thought briefly that Chloe was a hermaphrodite. "It's a Feeldoe, a fake cock," she explained to Ginny as the men looked on. "I'm going to fuck you with it."

Her legs were still splayed open. Ginny wanted to close them and protect herself, but she also wanted Chloe to use that strange tool on her. "How does it stay there?"

Chloe had been walking carefully, now she stopped, put one leg up on the empty chair and pulled the device out of her pussy. It was almost boomerang shaped and incredibly realist in in shape and color. It sort of looked like two fake dicks connected at their bases, but the slightly smaller one was oddly hooked and curved. "This part kind of sits behind my pubic bone. Once you learn to put it in correctly, it's pretty easy to use and keep inside. You okay with this?" she asked as she put in back in her pussy.

Ginny glanced once at Sam and then Trent. Sam's pants were bulging where his cock wanted to get out. Trent had already opened up his pants and was stroking his cock inside his boxers. She couldn't disappoint either one of them. "Yes.

Let's do it."

Instead of getting back down on her knees Chloe instead offered her hand to Ginny, helping her up off the large overstuffed chair. They then walked slowly back to the bedroom, ignoring the men, Chloe because she was concentrating on keeping the Feeldoe in place, Ginny because she was nervous. The men glanced at each other and quickly followed their wives.

"Lay down on the bed," Chloe instructed. The covers were already pulled back exposing just the fitted sheet on top of the mattress. Ginny nervously got on the bed and lay on her back. "Nervous?"

"A little," Ginny admitted.

"Don't be. I've done this before."

"With other women?"

Chloe tried not to laugh at the question. "Yes, of course with other women. But if you want just consider this as having sex with a vibrator. I'm not really penetrating you. Sort of, but not really." She paused and considered her next words. "You have used a vibrator before, haven't you?"

"Yes." Ginny sounded offended by the question. "Of course."

"Good. It'll be like we're sharing a dildo, a vibrator. Okay?"

Ginny nodded and glanced at the door as the men silently entered to watch what was about to happen. Chloe ignored them and climbed on the bed, getting on top of Ginny, and kissed her once again. Ginny was good with that. She liked kissing Chloe. As she lowered her weight onto Ginny Chloe's breasts mashed into Ginny's. Although Chloe was used to that sensation, it was new for Chloe. It wasn't something that was terribly exciting, but it felt nice to have a woman's soft flesh against her skin rather than a man's hard, hairy chest scratching against her nipples.

What did distract her was the hard bit of plastic or silicone or whatever the hell it was made out of. The Feeldoe was pressing into her stomach and didn't feel at all natural. She pulled back from Chloe's eager lips. "It's digging into my stomach," she complained.

“Oops. Sorry. Here, let’s put it where it belongs.” It took a moment for the women to sort out the positioning of their legs and then Ginny found herself responding as if Chloe were a man. She reached between her legs and grasped the Feeldoe to position it correctly so she could be properly penetrated. Chloe supported her weight on her knees and one hand as she helped Ginny with the faux phallus. It felt smooth and pleasant under Chloe’s fingers, and eventually, after a small giggle fest, they managed to find Ginny’s opening. The Feeldoe slipped easily inside her.

“Ooh!” she exclaimed as Chloe quickly pushed all the way inside her friend. “That’s...wow...that’s different.”

“Mmm-hmm,” Chloe agreed as she started thrusting. The way she did it was different from a man’s thrusts. Their pussies came together and Ginny quickly found herself gasping in pleasure. The way the Feeldoe went into her and how Chloe moved her hips wasn’t at all like a man did. It was better. She had to spread her legs wider than when she was with Trent or Sam.

“Oh god. Oh fuck.”

“Like that?”

“Yeah.”

She wanted to buck her hips against Chloe, make her fuck her harder, but Chloe was in charge. She relented as Chloe pressed her weight downward, holding Chloe in place, and allowed herself to be fucked. Chloe abruptly leaned back and said, “Put your legs up to your chest.”

Ginny do so, taking a minute to keep the Feeldoe properly in her cunt, and brought her knees up to her big tits, mashing them down. Once in position Chloe leaned back down on the blonde and started thrusting with real strength. Ginny’s hands went to Chloe’s ass and thighs, pulling her closer and tighter. It didn’t take her long to quickly get to the edge of climax.

“I’m gonna cum,” she whined.

“Hold off,” Chloe told her. “I want to get there too.” She glanced up at the men. Ginny’s eyes were closed and missed the fleeting look. Sam was watching in awe. Trent had his hand down his unzipped pants and was masturbating along to

the sight of the women in the throes of passion.

She could have made herself cum in a few seconds if she had wanted to, but Chloe delayed the inevitable as long as possible. She kept her fingers away from her clit and allowed Ginny to grab and caress her as she wished. Chloe was right on the edge as well but she wanted to show off for her husband. She wanted to show him she could easily be in charge of whoever she was fucking, and if she took on the male role, so much the better.

After a minute she managed to catch Trent's eye that had been riveted to the joining of the two women's pussies. "Want to cum, honey?" she cooed.

"Yeah," he managed to say softly.

Ginny echoed his wish. "Yeah, I want to cum. Make me come." Her eyes were screwed shut and she was in her own world trying not to cum before she was given permission by Chloe. The redhead kept herself from laughing but she wanted to call out in triumph that she was controlling the both of them at the moment.

"Can you make me cum first, Ginny?" she asked.

"How?" Ginny whined.

"What makes you cum?" Chloe teased. She didn't need anything special to cum right now, but she wanted to make her latest lover work for that sweet relief.

"Being held down. Spanking. My clit." Ginny managed to verbalize all this while forestalling her climax.

"Rub my clit," Chloe ordered.

Ginny nodded and reached between their legs. She gave a couple of weak rubs on Chloe's well-hidden pleasure nub and Chloe started to hyperventilate. That was enough permission for Ginny and she let the wave of pleasure take over her body. Once she started pretending Chloe found it easy to let the orgasm just develop on its own. Soon she was cumming along with her friend. The two women's vocalizations made Sam want to pull out his cock and jerk off but he held back. It wasn't something he could let himself do. Trent had no such compunctions and now had his cock out of his pants and was rubbing at full

speed.

By then Chloe had recovered from her little death and she saw what her husband was doing. “Trent, stop,” she ordered.

“But—” he protested.

“No. Stop. You need to save it for later.” She glared at him and he stroked a few more times before finally letting go of his cock where it continued to stand erect. “You’re going to save that for later, right?”

“Right,” he reluctantly agreed.

“You can only cum in me or Ginny, right? That’s what we agreed.

He nodded.

The little exchange wasn’t missed by Sam and Ginny, but they said nothing after a looking in each other’s eyes for a moment.

“That was wonderful,” Ginny told her lover.

“Thank you,” Chloe said and kissed her once more before helping the blonde lower her legs and carefully pulled the Feeldoe out of Ginny’s cunt. A moment later it was also out of her wet pussy.

“Can I go down on you?” Ginny blurted out.

Chloe was slightly taken aback. “You don’t have to.”

“I want to,” she said as she shifted her position. “Don’t say no because I won’t be able to work up the courage again.”

Knowing that her husband wouldn’t want her to say no and there was no reason to refuse, Chloe collapsed to her back and opened up her legs. “Have at it,” she told her friend.

Warily, not knowing exactly what she was doing, Ginny moved down between Chloe’s legs and contemplated another woman’s pussy close up and personal for the first time. Pushing aside all previous conceptions, she closed her eyes and

kissed Chloe's pussy. It was already wide open from having used the Feeldoe and her orgasm. The taste was not unlike her own pussy and it wasn't bad. She reminded herself that she was doing this for Trent and Sam. After she licked Chloe's pussy a few times and completely forgot that and started to enjoy herself. She enjoyed giving head to Sam and Trent and this was really the same thing. Except it was with a woman. And eating a woman's pussy wasn't the traditional role of a wife, but once she admitted to herself she was enjoying showing off for boyfriend and husband, it wasn't difficult at all to throw herself into the role.

Ginny wrapped her arms around Chloe's thighs and licked and sucked until Chloe was writhing and bucking about. Her actual orgasm was short and quick, but that satisfied them both. Ginny pulled her face back and wiped her cheeks and chin in satisfaction. "Good?"

"Very good."

"I'd really like to fuck you now," Trent said. It wasn't clear who he meant, but his hand was on his cock again. Chloe just shook her head.

"No, not right now," she told him.

"Why not?"

"Because Ginny and I are going to the hot tub," she said. "I promised her. You two are welcome to join us." With a shared nod between the women they got off the bed and headed toward the cabin's back door that opened onto a small patio where the hot tub sat in the corner.

Ginny didn't hesitate at all about walking outside naked. It was her preferred state of being and there were plenty of trees and other cover around to stop prying eyes. It was early evening and the sun was low, but there was still plenty of light streaming through the many colored leaves. Chloe wasn't sure if running around outside in the buff was a good idea, but she moved quickly outside to help Ginny uncover the tub. She was familiar with the controls; the water was already warm, all that was needed was for her to turn on the bubbles and adjust the temperate. Ginny was already in the tub before Chloe could follow her. Ironically she was the one who spent more time exposed and naked than the avowed nudist.

Once she hopped in the tub she felt better and less exposed. The water was high enough to float Ginny's large breasts and Chloe stared at her friend's bobbing flesh and the little nipple ring that alternately appeared and hid. "Where are the guys?" Chloe asked.

"Maybe they think getting naked in a hot tub is gay?" Ginny suggested. "Maybe they're doing man-on-man stuff right now and we're missing it?"

Before Chloe could reply the pair came out the back door wearing their clothes but no socks or shoes. Chloe put up a warning hand. "Skin only," she warned them. "No swimsuits or underwear."

Seeing their wives in the tub the two exchanged a quick glance, stripped down, and hopped in.

"This is nice," Sam commented. "I've never been a big fan of hot tubs, but the cool air makes a nice contrast."

"It would be better with a little wine," Chloe commented.

"It would be even better with a little sex," added Trent.

Chloe settled back in the bubbling water across from Ginny as the guys jumped in with more splashing than was entirely necessary. "It's a hot tub, not the local swimming hole," Chloe complained as she got a face full of water.

Trent snickered. "You said hole. Giggle."

She rolled her eyes and splashed at him. "Don't be such a child."

Her reaction just made his grin wider. "But you said..."

She turned away from him and spoke to Ginny. "So tell me about your ring. I've been curious about it ever since I first saw it."

It was hard to tell from the heat and steam of the tub, but Ginny actually blushed a bit. "Really? Um...yeah."

"Yeah what? Tell."

Ginny looked away, more than a bit embarrassed at this point. Trent and Sam were looking at her expectantly. Sam knew the story; he wanted to hear her tell it. The ring wasn't a surprise to Trent; she had told him about it in their texts and emails before this weekend. The only one completely out of the loops was Chloe. A long silence filled the air as they waited expectantly. The silence was filled only by the bubbling of the tub and vague noises filtering through the woods around the cabin.

"Trust," Sam finally said.

"Trust you?" Ginny asked. "I've fallen for that trick before."

"No," he sighed. "Trust, the game exercise."

"What's that?" Chloe asked.

Sam took his eyes off the constantly bubbling water in front of him and briefly looked at Chloe. "It's sort of an intellectual exercise. It's part of game theory. You share a secret with a group of people you implicitly have to trust. If that secret gets out then you know you can't trust them anymore."

"Sounds complicated."

A shrug accompanied Sam's explanation. "Sort of. The important part is you have to make yourself vulnerable to others as a show of trust."

Chloe looked to Ginny again. "So who, besides us, know about your little ring?"

"Just the guy who pierced me."

"Your doctor?"

"I take it you whenever I have an appointment."

"It doesn't close up?"

"In a couple of hours? No."

"Why did you get it?" Chloe's question got to the heart of the matter.

Ginny looked at Sam. "Can I tell her?"

Sam nodded. “You have to for the trust to work.”

“I nursed our second baby a really long time. That’s where my boobs got really big. Owen was a big boy and nursed forever. Sam was upset that once Owen stopped nursing my boobs would go back to normal size. I told him the only way to keep them big was for someone to keep nursing and Owen was starting to wean himself.”

“How does this get to a nipple ring?” Trent asked.

“I’m getting to it. So...” she glanced shyly at Sam and then focused on a tree in the distance. It was easier to tell the story that way. “Sam opted to keep me lactating by nursing from me.”

Chloe’s eyebrows went up. “Really? Trent wouldn’t touch my tits until all my milk was gone. Did you like it?”

Sam answered before Ginny could formulate her reply. “It’s not bad. Tastes a lot like cantaloupe juice.”

“I think she meant me, honey,” Ginny said softly. “And yeah, I did like it. It would get me really turned on and we wound up having sex almost every morning and every night because to keep up my milk supply—”

“You had to keep nursing,” Chloe finished.

“Good times,” Sam said remembering those days fondly.

“Okay, so...nipple ring?” Chloe prompted.

“Right. After a couple of years of that I was exhausted and I started to say no. Sam still insisted that he continue—”

“I liked it,” he interjected.

“—so I asked what I could do to get him to stop.”

“I told her get both of her nipples pierced and that would make me happy.”

“I was at the piercer’s the next day. I must have been the only one there no in

college or covered in tattoos.”

“You do look like a soccer mom,” Trent commented.

“Thanks.”

“Wait a second,” Chloe interrupted. “You said you wanted her to get both nips pierced. She’s only got one.”

Sam looked over at his wife. “Well? Finish the story.”

Ginny sighed and rolled her eyes. “Fine. Okay. There I was at the piercing parlor in my work clothes: heels, skirt, suit jacket, and my pin striped Worthington shirt that I love—”

“Get on with it. “

“And all the women—girls really—there are half my age. It was right after work and the college students must have just gotten out of class. My turn rolls around. I go into the back and take off my jacket and shirt and bra. I tried to be casual about it, like I did this all the time. The piercer was no dummy. He knew I was nervous and scared and after he got me to admit that and that it was my first time he asked me why I wanted my nipples pierced.”

“What did you tell him?” Chloe was enthralled by the story.

“I half lied. I told him I was celebrating my birthday and wanted to surprise my husband. I told him I wanted to prove I was still young and sexy. He bought it. I think he heard the same story before. It was actually pretty non-sexual considering he was handling my breasts and nipples. It was very clinical; like a doctor’s office. So I had already picked out my jewelry and he marked where the needle was going in. He put these special clamps on and then tells me he’s going to do it on three. One, two, three. Just like that.”

“This is the best part,” Sam added.

“I don’t really remember the needle going in. BUT he said one and then he shoves the needle in. Wasn’t the first time a man lied to me while he had his hands on my tits. And then it’s through and I look down and see the needle. It still doesn’t hurt. He’s pretty fast and puts the ring on quick. Then it hits me. My

nipple feels like it's on fire and I can't believe what I've done and...I kind of swoon and almost pass out."

Sam cleared his throat.

"Okay, fine. I did faint."

Trent and Ginny both laughed at her reaction.

"And..." Sam prompted.

"And they wouldn't let me leave unless someone came and picked me up." She looked at Sam. "So they called Sam for me." Her face was definitely flushed red now. It wasn't because of the hot tub steam.

"And I came down to Lark Street to get her. She explains her whole plan to me in the back or the parlor. I told her I needed to see the ring first before I'd drive her home." He grinned. "It was cute. I liked it. I still do."

Chloe was puzzled. "Why didn't you go back and get the other one done?"

"Like hell I'm going through that again. The first one hurt like hell and made me pass out. I've given birth twice and that didn't hurt nearly as much!"

"But we do have a gift card for one free piercing," Sam added.

"It's been sitting on my dresser for how long now?" Ginny asked him.

"Hoped springs eternal."

"Do you like it?" Chloe asked.

"After the six month healing process and the ordeal...?" Ginny toyed with the little gold ring decorating her nipple. "Yeah. It makes me feel sexy. And I have a secret that only a very select few know about. And it turn me on when it gets played with during sex." She looked meaningfully at Sam and then Trent. "You should get yours done, Chloe. I know that Trent would like it."

She shook her head to an almost violent degree. "No way. I'm afraid of needles."

"She's never given blood because of that," Trent confirmed.

“Getting through one pregnancy was hell.” Chloe flicked her eyes over to her husband. “Your turn, Trent. Time to tell your secret to everyone.”

“What secret?” He asked with an innocent face.

“Let’s show them,” she said standing up out of the tub.

“But I like the tub,” Ginny fake-whined.

“Then you’re going to miss one hell of a show,” Chloe said as she extended her hand to her husband. “I made a vow to fuck all three of you this weekend and my husband is next on my list.”

“But you can fuck him any time,” Sam pointed out.

“Not like this and not in front of an audience.” She stepped out of the tub and Trent followed. After exchanging shrugs, the other couple followed.

Back in the cabin Trent and Chloe had gone into the bedroom where she had dropped her suitcase. They were toweling off when Ginny and Sam walked in. “So what are you planning?” Ginny asked, curious.

Tossing her towel to the floor Chloe went to her bag. As they watched she pulled out another toy. This one was a harness and dildo.

“How many sex toys do you have?” Ginny marveled.

“A lot,” Chloe grinned. “Can you help me get this on?” she asked Ginny. “It’s hard to get the straps just right by myself.” She glanced over at a patiently waiting Trent. His cock was swelling just a little. It wasn’t erect yet. It would be shortly. “Assume the position on the bed, honey.”

As Trent obeyed, Ginny kept moving her eyes back and forth between Chloe’s straps and Trent’s body. He crawled on the bed on all fours and patiently waited on hands and knees. Sam said nothing.

There was a strap around Chloe’s waist, one each for her thighs, and one between her legs. The harness sported a purple dildo held neatly in place. It was the second time that day Ginny had seen her friend wearing a fake cock. Once she was ready Chloe pulled a condom out of her bag, ripped the package open

and rolled it on the strap-on. “A little bit of lube never hurts,” she said pulling a bottle of lube from the suitcase.

“I want to know what else you have in the bag,” Sam said.

Chloe grinned and said nothing. She then squeezed a dose of lube into the palm of her hand, reached between Trent’s buttocks, and smeared it across his anus.

“Are you really going to do this?” Ginny asked.

“Of course. We’ve done it before. I’m just showing off now.” She got on the bed and knelt behind her husband. “Ready, honey?”

“Yeah.”

“Tell them why you like this,” she instructed.

Trent’s face contorted a moment as Chloe started to insert the dildo into his ass. He relaxed once the head had made its initial penetration. “Like a lot of guys for a long time I was obsessed with anal sex. Took me a long time to ask Chloe if she would do it for me.”

“And I told him yes...once I got to fuck him in the ass first because doing that shit was going to hurt.” She started now to slowly rock her hips back and forth.

“But I was obsessed. At first I kept begging and she kept saying no.” His face went blissful a moment as Chloe sank the entire length of her cock in him. “But I really wanted to fuck her in the ass. I needed to do it. So I finally relented, ordered her the strap-on, and said I was willing to give it a go.”

“Yeah you did. Tell them what happened next.”

“When I allowed her to peg me...I loved it.” He was a bit ashamed to admit it, but it was the truth.

“You sure did, baby.” Chloe started to move her hand off his ass to give Trent a reach around, but stopped. “Ginny, why don’t you get under him, and suck him off. He’s been a good boy lately. He deserves a special treat.”

Ginny found she couldn’t refuse. When she looked at Trent’s cock, it was

rampant. After a quick nod of approval from Sam, she lay down perpendicular to Trent and put his cock in her mouth.

“I can usually make him cum just by fucking his ass,” Chloe said. “Get ready to swallow his load.”

Her mouth was full of cock so Ginny just nodded. Because of the odd position and angle she couldn’t give Trent a proper blowjob, so she just held onto his cock and sucked happily on the head. She could feel the impacts as Chloe continued to fuck her husband in the ass. It wasn’t violent, but loving. With her free hand Ginny played with her pussy, wondering if Sam would take the hint and join in on their little orgy. Instead Sam went into intellectual mode.

“Does fucking him get you off?” he asked Chloe.

She glanced over at him. “Yeah. There’s a little nub inside the harness.”

“How often do you do this?”

“Whenever he’s bad or whenever I’m in the mood to be in charge.”

“More than once a month?”

Chloe was getting frustrated with Sam’s questions. “Look, either shut up and join in or watch the show. I want to get off too.”

Seeing he had upset her, Sam closed his mouth, much to Ginny’s relief, and watched the threesome in front of him. Chloe had a good grip on Trent’s hips and she started to increase the pace of their thrusting. Her head was back and her eyes were closed; obviously she was enjoying herself which surprised Sam. He would have thought a woman wouldn’t have enjoyed pegging all that much. It had to have been something Trent only took pleasure in. That was far from the fact of the matter. For his part, Trent was almost stock still, his burly body easily took the brunt of the impacts from Chloe and he said nothing at all during the fucking. It was as if he was just there for his wife to use as she pleased. Only then did Sam’s eyes fall on his wife’s curvy body. She had one hand on Trent’s cock, holding it in her mouth as she elegantly sucked, and the other was between her legs, playing with her pussy. Sam was torn between joining the trio on the bed and watching the sex show seemingly put on for his own personal enjoyment.

He didn't have long to debate the issue. Trent started grunting and Sam could just see his cock pulsing as he came. Ginny's throat worked as she swallowed Trent's thick semen. As he watched Sam experienced a thrill of jealousy. His wife wasn't all that enthusiastic about giving him blowjobs and when she it was rare that she would allow him to cum in her mouth and swallow. But since she was so happy under Trent's body he couldn't deny her the pleasure.

Chloe had stopped thrusting. "You done cumming, honey?" she asked Trent.

"Yeah," he moaned.

"Okay, hold still now. I still need to get off." She had an evil tone in her voice. Her thrusts now increased in speed and force.

Ginny let go of Trent's cock and crawled out from underneath her boyfriend. "Wow," she breathed as she watched Chloe fuck him with abandon.

"Did you cum?" Sam asked her.

"No."

Ever the gentleman, if a somewhat overly cerebral one, Sam reached between her legs to find that her pussy was wet. Knowing what he was going to do, Ginny pressed her body against his in the chair next to the bed. The position of their bodies was awkward, but that didn't matter at the moment. Sam wasted no time on subtlety or soft caresses. He rubbed her clit for all he was worth and was rewarded with his wife crying out loudly and cumming all over his hand.

Seeing Ginny cumming made Chloe jealous. She clamped her eyes shut and thrust for all she was worth, focusing on the little nubs and ridges inside the cock harness and not worrying about Trent's pleasure or safety.

In short order she was cumming as well. She put on a display for her friends, crying out and letting her body shake. When she was done she collapsed backward into a kneeling position, the fake cock slipped free of Trent's ass. Sam politely applauded.

"Thank you," she said taking a little bow. Her skin was shining with a thin sheen of sweat. "Give me a minute. I need to run to the bathroom and clean up a little."

She staggered off to the bathroom and Trent collapsed to his side. His cock was softly flaccid between his legs, covered with Ginny's saliva and his own cum. Sam had a hundred questions for him, but didn't know if any of them were appropriate at the moment. Luckily it was Ginny who spoke first. "Did you actually enjoy that?" she marveled. "I mean, I know you came and everything, but do you really like it?"

Trent had trouble meeting her gaze. "Umm. Yeah. It's kind of hard to describe, but it feels really good when Chloe does it." Then he quickly added. "Not that I want to have sex with a guy, that would be gay—"

"Right," Ginny softly agreed.

"But I do like it what she does to me."

There was a long moment of silence. They could hear water running in the bathroom. Finally Ginny spoke again. "Can I do it to you sometime?"

"Sure you can," Chloe answered for Trent. She walked back in the bedroom without the harness or dildo. "But what do you want to do for the rest of the evening?"

Dinner was a quick, light affair consisting of Chinese takeout and immediately afterwards Trent and Ginny retired to their shared room. "I thought she'd want to go back to the hot tub," Sam commented as they finished clearing the table. Chloe snickered at his suggestion.

"You obviously aren't hung up on your high school sweetheart. They haven't had a chance to fuck like this in twenty years." And right on cue they heard the sounds of Ginny breathing heavily and sighing as Trent undoubtedly was doing something unusual to pleasure her.

"She'll be back to the hot tub before the end of the night," Sam said confidently. "She loves baths and hot water. I had to install a bigger hot water heater in our house to keep up with her."

"Is that so?" Chloe asked, disinterested. "I'd love to chat with you about home renovations and repair, but I'd rather have sex."

"Do you want to join them?" Sam asked nervously running his hand over his

short-cropped black hair. It was an effort to mask his steady balding. It was much better than trying a comb over.

She shrugged. “Kind of. But I promised him as much time with her as possible. They’re already in the middle of another session. Might as well leave them alone. Wanna go fuck in the other room?”

“Umm...sure?” if he had been in high school, or even college, he would have marveled at his good fortune in finding a woman completely devoid of self-consciousness and was eager to get in bed with almost any man.

Her laugh hid her nervousness. “You don’t sound so sure. Have I turned you off or scared you away?”

Now Sam felt self-conscious. “No, no. Not at all. It’s just that I can’t believe it’s that easy to have sex with someone I barely know.”

She shrugged again. “I like sex. It’s very low stakes with you. And you have been polite and a good lay, so why not?” The noise from the lovers’ bedroom increased. “Besides, I can’t watch TV over the sound of that.”

Sam grinned. They walked to the bedroom, threw off their clothes, and threw back the sheets to the bed. In short order Sam was on top of her pushing his cock inside her ready cunt. “Missionary style. Very traditional,” she commented with a grunt as he sank all the way into her.

“Traditional for adultery?” he asked but the joke sounded off and flat.

“Hardly adultery or cheating if the other ones know about it.”

“Yeah,” he said not really following the conversation. He was more focused on his cock and enjoying the sensations of a pussy different from his wife’s.

“Want to switch things up?” she asked.

“You want on top?”

“No, I want to fuck you in the ass.”

He paused in his thrusting. “Umm...are you serious.”

She grinned up at him. “Yes. I want to put on my strap-on and peg you. Want to give it a try?”

“I’ve never done that before,” he said, dodging the question.

“There’s a first time for everything.” She was obviously excited at the idea and grabbed his ass. He could feel her fingers stretching and probing toward his anus. “No one needs to know but us. Don’t tell me no one’s ever given you a blowjob and stuck a finger up there at the same time? No? It’s fantastic, just ask Trent.”

“He’s pretty busy right now,” Sam said as another set of intense moans came from the other room.

She fixed him with a steely gaze. “Look. I promised myself that I was going to fuck all three of you this weekend. I’ve already laid Trent and Ginny; you’re all that’s left. Please let me do it?”

The fact that she was practically begging him made him reconsidered. What could she possibly be planning other than a little kinky game of her own? “Can I put one condition on it?”

“Maybe. What?”

“Can I take some nude pictures of you?”

She sighed. “I have a semi-public job working for the state,” she began, but changed her mind halfway through. “But okay as long as you don’t include my face or post it to the internet.”

It took Sam five seconds to find his cell phone. Chloe willingly posed for a series of five pictures she made him show her before she allowed him the phone back. It took her less time to get the strap-on harness and dildo in place around her hips and roll on a condom.

“New condom for each guy I fuck,” she commented as he looked questioningly at her fake cock. The bottle of lube was produced and she started to grease up the shaft and head. “How do you want to do this? On your hands and knees or on your back?”

“Which is better?” he asked not knowing how to choose.

“Back. That was I can see your reaction.”

The height difference in the bed was perfect. She discovered she could stand on the floor and that would put her at the perfect height to fuck his ass. There was some maneuvering and careful placement of legs before they were ready. Sam was scared, but curious and eager as well. Chloe waved the lube bottle at him. “Want to do it yourself or want me to do it? Some guys say it feels like a proctologist being a little too eager, so I suggest a lot of lube.”

“You do it,” he said. “You’re the expert.”

She carefully daubed a generous amount of the slick lube around, and then across, and then finally up inside his anus. Sam tensed up when her finger pressed on his sphincter and then pushed through the ring of muscle, but it wasn’t unpleasant, just something he hadn’t become accustomed to yet.

“Ready,” she asked him, but didn’t give him a chance to respond either way. “Hold up your legs with your hands behind your knees,” Chloe instructed. When she pressed the head of the dildo up against his ass, he tensed up and she wasn’t able to progress. “Relax,” she all but whispered to him. “Just relax.” He got the impression she had done this a few times before with other men besides Trent. Once he was able to release the tension in his ass, the condom-covered dildo went easily into him. “There,” she said. “Easy as that. You like it?”

He nodded but was unsure if he actually liked it or not. His asshole felt stretched out and there was an uncomfortable feeling of fullness.

“It takes a little getting used to,” she said. “Let me help.” She started to thrust her hips and they locked eyes. “There’s lots of nerve ending in the ass. That’s what makes this feel good once you get used to how different it is.”

“Okay,” he agreed. He looked down at his body and to his amazement he saw his cock steadily getting harder. Chloe followed his eyes.

“Perfectly normal. Let me help you enjoy this a little more.” Her hand still had plenty of lube on it. She grabbed his dick and started stroking it. That was when Sam realized she was right, it was very enjoyable once he relaxed and got used to being fucked instead of fucking. He gasped and clutched at the sheets,

wanting to cum, wanting the torture to end, but also wanting it to go on forever.

It couldn't, of course. When she rubbed the underside of his cock just behind the tip with her thumb he was pushed over the edge. His anus contracted tightly around the dildo in his ass and he came like he had never before. His spunk shot up through the air and landed on his belly and chest. There were three powerful spurts followed by five weaker ones. He was straining and squirming as his orgasm at last came to an end.

"Good, no?" she asked him and carefully eased the cock out of his ass. Sam sighed with relief when it was gone and tried not to shudder with the sudden emptiness. "You've made quite a mess, haven't you," she said and licked her lips. Without taking off the harness she crawled up his body and started cleaning the semen from his skin with her tongue. It was a most pleasant way to end his first time being fucked by a woman.

Waking up the next morning Sam felt surprisingly like himself. It didn't matter that the woman who was in bed with him wasn't his wife. He rolled on top of Chloe not giving her the option of saying yes or not to his need to have sex.

"What's got you all worked up this morning," she mumbled as he pushed inside her.

"Nothing. I just want to fuck."

"Lay on then," she said, settling back to receive him.

They each had time for one last fuck that morning before having to pack up their belongs and vacate the cabin. It was Trent and Ginny who lingered the longest; one last embrace, one last kiss, one more uncomfortable grope in front of their spouses.

When they were finally off and away in their separate vehicles Sam asked his wife, "Did you enjoy yourself?"

"Yes. Immensely." She gave her answer a moment's more consideration. "Did I ignore you too much? Did you get along well with Chloe? I was too caught up with Trent and everything...I wasn't sure what else happened."

"No, it was fine. It was good very good. I can't wait to see them again."

It was a two hour drive home. They dissected their entire weekend over the journey.

Trent and Chloe's car was nearly silent. They had done this before. Not with such close friends, but they had seen the other fucking acquaintances and strangers. "Are we going to see them again?" Chloe asked abruptly.

"Yes. I've already set the date with Ginny."

Part Two

The Capital

“This love which I had thought was a joke and a plaything—it is only now that I understand that it is the moulder of one’s life, the most solemn and sacred of all things.”

The Adventures of Gerard by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

Text exchange.

Ginny: Check out this link.

Chloe: Before I do, should I brace myself? Is this porn? Can I open it at work?

Ginny: Not really. Sort of. Maybe. Somewhere around the erotica/softcore threshold.

Ginny: Better use your phone and not a work computer.

Chloe: Holy shit. Is that you? You didn’t!

Ginny: I told you I was an exhibitionist.

Chloe scrolled through the website that Ginny had sent to her. It was one of those weblog sites that allowed the user to post pictures and comments. The pictures were mostly of Ginny and in the pictures she was mostly nude. That didn’t shock Chloe; she had seen more explicit stuff. In none of it was Ginny doing a full gyno spread. It was largely soft focus and amateur artsy stuff. The shocking part was that Ginny was showing her face in many of the pictures and she was completely recognizable.

Chloe: Okay...why?

Ginny: Why what?

Chloe: Why do you post these pictures and why are you sending me the link?

Over the past few weeks the two women had grown a fairly close friendship. They were different in personality and background, but they shared one critical common interest: Trent. Both had slept with him and both were, in varying intensity, in love with him.

Ginny: I just wanted to let you know the type of person I am.

Chloe thought that it was fine sharing that information with a close friend. It was another matter entirely to share it with the entire world. It was an open website. No password needed. Anyone could see Ginny in her birthday suit.

Chloe: I know the type of person you are. You don't have to tell the world.

She continued to scroll through the pictures, intrigued and vaguely aroused. Her phone was halfway hidden in her lap, under the desk like a high school student, so none of her passing coworkers would see she was browsing pornography during work hours.

Ginny: I like telling the world. You know that I'm an exhibitionist.

Chloe: True. And I can't wait to see your body again in person. And make it do those wonderful things...

With that comment she knew that she was making Ginny blush. The blonde woman liked showing off her body, but she was still a bit shy about being forthright with exploring her sexuality. Chloe knew Ginny was bi; she just needed to become accustomed to the idea a little more.

Ginny: Stop. You're making me blush.

Chloe: I'm making me wet.

Ginny: Back to the main topic. I sent you the link because I want to post the pictures Sam took of you.

After a pause Chloe responded.

Chloe: You know about that?

Ginny: Yes. Of course. So? Can I? I'll obscure your face.

Chloe: Can I see the pictures before you post them?

Ginny's reply was instantaneous.

Ginny: Of course.

Ten minutes later Ginny sent the slightly edited and photoshopped pictures to Chloe's phone. When she saw them Chloe started to feel a bit light headed. She knew what she looked like naked but had never really seen pictures of herself before. Ginny had obviously done something to them because they weren't exactly like what she remembered Sam showing her. She knew that Ginny worked for some printing company and she must know how to make plain pictures look extraordinary. Except for two shots where her face was oddly cropped out and one where the blur tool had been used to obscure Chloe's face they looked like semi-professional boudoir glamor shots.

Chloe: Okay. Go ahead.

Ginny: Do you feel that?

Chloe: Feel what?

Ginny: That tenseness in your tummy where you're turned on and nervous at the same time. A little bit scared. A little bit excited.

Chloe: Yeah...?

Ginny: That's what it feels like to be an exhibitionist.

Chloe: It's a bit scary.

Ginny: Are you still wet?

Chloe: Yes.

Ginny: Want to take some pictures with me and we can post them together?

Chloe: Yes.

A few minutes later the pictures were on Ginny's website and Chloe was looking at them. Everyone in the world could see her naked if they wished. Chloe started to feel a bit of pride in the way her body was on display. She could never tell any of her coworkers or friends about it. But she could tell Trent. And Sam. A smile crept across her face as she quickly messaged them both with the link and then turned her phone off

"Completely different view than at the cabin," Chloe said as she looked out the broad expanses of windows that lined one wall of the hotel room. The view wasn't exactly spectacular, but it was impressive. The hotel was one of the bigger ones in the capital and being in the downtown there wasn't much of a view: just the capitol buildings and the riverfront. Since it was snowing lightly the view was somewhat obscured.

"We should have gone to the city," groused Trent.

"A two hour drive and the fighting the crowds just for a chance to scream 'Happy New Year' in the middle of Times Square?" Asked Ginny. "No thank you. Besides, did you come here for the lame New Year's Eve party or the sex?" She reached behind her back and deftly unzipped the top of her dress. Shimmying her shoulders the red dress quickly fell to the floor in a neat circle around her feet.

"I came here for the view," quipped Trent as he kept his eye on the blonde woman's body. She was completely self-assured in just her bra, panties, and stockings.

"I came here to photograph the sites," Sam commented mildly as he pulled out his camera and snapped a few pictures of his wife as she posed for him in front of the open windows. They were high up enough that it was unlikely anyone would see them through the window and weather, but not impossible.

"Is that on photos or video?" Chloe asked.

"Pics. I'll do video later." He turned the camera toward her and took a few snaps. "Why don't you take off your clothes?" Sam asked her.

In spite of her self-assurance at being naked in front of other people and having sex with near-strangers, Chloe was nervous, even scared, of having her naked body photographed, and for good reason. She had a nice job with the state and this was the sort of thing that, after a series of scandals in the capitol, had gotten more than a few workers relieved of their duties. But she couldn't deny her need to express her desires either.

"Why don't I help her take off her clothes?" Ginny asked. This was the blonde woman's forte; put a camera in front of her and she was eager to get naked. Mix in new friends who were sexually adventurous and strange things started happening to her. Chloe didn't object so Ginny kicked off her high heels—they were better designed for a party than for sex—and padded across the room.

Chloe greeted her with a kiss, an intimate kiss, one exchanged by lovers, not friends. In her heels she was a few inches taller than Ginny, but the blonde didn't mind. Her hands reached behind Chloe and unbuttoned her dress. It fell to the floor. Sam's camera was busy recording the event on pictures, not video. When he took pictures of his wife he felt like an artist; when he did video he felt like a cheap pornographer.

The women kissed again and Chloe felt Ginny's hands all over her body. Her bra came off and then Ginny was on her knees pulling down her stockings.

"Leave on the panties," Sam said as he took more pictures. He glanced over at Trent who had been silent and for good reason. The other man's cock was out and he was slowly stroking it during the show. "Move more in front of the window. I want to get your outline against the skyline."

Chloe did as she was told, followed closely by Ginny. They continued to kiss and Sam took his pictures.

"Want to go down to the party?" Chloe abruptly asked.

Ginny shook her head. "No. I want to have sex."

"Sex and then the party?"

"Maybe more sex," Ginny said with a laugh pulling the other woman away from the window and toward the bed. She was still wearing her bra, panties, and stockings. The two women fell onto the bed as Chloe wiggled her fingers under

Ginny's waistband.

"Slow down," Sam instructed.

"I'm wet," Ginny whispered to her friend.

"I know," Chloe replied. Her fingers had already burrowed into Ginny's slit.

"Take off her panties," Sam said. "Leave on the stockings and bra."

He felt like he was in charge. Chloe did as he said, but she simply wanted to sink her tongue into Ginny's sweet and musky pussy. "You didn't shave," she said, disappointed.

Ginny shook her head. "No, I like my curls."

With a shrug Chloe dismissed her concern. "That's okay." And then she plunged her face forward into Ginny's pussy. Allowing her head to fall back on the pillow Ginny closed her eyes and enjoyed what Chloe was doing. Her tongue snaked into Ginny's pussy and sought out her clit and every hidden fold of her labia. Almost immediately Ginny started to hyperventilate. She didn't want to cum too soon but her anticipation of the evening was almost too much. She wanted to clamp her thighs around Chloe's face to keep her from going to face, but at the same time she wanted to open her legs wide and allow her lover to do with her as she wished.

In the background she heard Sam clicking away with his high end digital camera. It was a present she had given him a year before; it was as much for him as it was for her because it allowed him to take better pictures of her to post on her website. Ginny just barely managed to keep her composure and flung her legs apart letting Sam get all the pictures he wanted. Chloe took that as a sign she should work harder and slipped a pair of fingers into Ginny's cunt.

They curved upward, stroking at Ginny's oh-so-sensitive g-spot and it was too much to take all at once. Ginny came with hard gasps and convulsions running through her body. Chloe couldn't hold on and allowed her friend to flop around as much as she needed to experience the full effect of the orgasm. When it was all over Chloe looked up wickedly at Ginny and asked, "Feeling better?"

Somehow the blonde managed to regain her composure before answering. "Yes.

Thank you very much.”

“I don’t suppose I could interest you in going down on me now?”

Ginny swallowed. This was the moment of truth. It was fine to have done it once before in Vermont in front of her husband and boyfriend to prove that she was game for anything and not a prude who could receive head from a woman, but not give it. Then she realized she didn’t care what the rest of the world, her family, or even her husband thought. She was doing this for herself.

Taking Chloe’s face between her hands she pulled her up on the bed and kissed her lips with an unstrained savagery. Chloe returned the kiss and the two women moved their tongues back and forth enjoying the intimate moment. Ginny tasted her own pussy on Chloe’s lips and wanted to taste Chloe’s. She rolled the redhead over and squirmed down between her legs.

Once again facing Chloe’s pussy, Ginny hesitated for just a moment, then planted a warm kiss on the redhead’s mons. “I wish you wouldn’t shave,” she commented. “I’d like to see your pretty curls.”

“I don’t shave,” Chloe said. “I get a waxing once a month.”

“Oh, doesn’t it hurt.”

Chloe’s knowing smile was back in place. “A bit, but it’s more than worth it. Don’t you think?” She rested her hand on Ginny’s cheek and gently brought the other woman’s face closer to her pussy. Knowing what was expected and wanting to fulfill every expectation, Ginny closed her eyes and licked along the length of Chloe’s slit, stopping to tease her clit, and then going back down to fill her hole with her tongue.

She wasn’t really sure what she was doing so she simply did to Chloe what she liked having done to herself. Chloe made all the right noises and moved in the right way, but it was a while before it occurred to Ginny what was needed. Once her fingers were firmly inside Chloe’s cunt and stroking the series of ridged behind her pubic bone, Chloe came in an unexpected manner. Her pussy overflowed with wetness.

“Oh god oh god oh god, I’s so sorry,” she apologized when her orgasm had subsided. There was a moisture stain on the bed sheets and Ginny was wiping

the excess liquid away from her cheeks.

“Sorry for what?” Ginny asked, confused.

“I sometimes cum like that if it’s a really good orgasm. You made me squirt. Well, you made me have a really strong dribble. It wasn’t much of a squirt.”

“Oh, that’s girl cum?”

“Yeah,” Chloe’s cheeks were flaming red with embarrassment and she felt like she had put Ginny on the spot, but her neophyte lesbian lover didn’t seem at all perturbed.

“It’s fine.”

“Do you mind if I get a couple of after shots?” Sam asked, moving in with his camera. Her legs were still open and those weren’t the types of pictures on Ginny’s website, but maybe they had a private collection as well. Chloe nodded and Sam moved his camera between her thighs, taking pictures of her wet and open pussy, the wet spot on the sheets, and even snapped a couple of her remaining dew on Ginny’s face.

“Shall we get dressed and go down to the party?” Trent asked. He hadn’t cum, he was putting that off as long as possible, but he had tucked his cock away into his pants. The bulge was very noticeable behind his zipper.

“You really want to go down to that lame party?” his wife asked. “Wouldn’t you rather get laid?” She eyes Ginny knowingly.

“I want to escort the two of you down there knowing you’re not going to be wearing panties while we mingle.”

“I want to wear my special panties,” Chloe almost whined. She knew she was acting like a petulant child and it was amusing up to a point.

Seeing how her friend was acting, Ginny chimed in. “And I don’t want to wear my bra,” she insisted.

“Why not?” Sam asked, exasperated. Ginny was famous for her declarations of braless Sundays and other bra-free holidays.

She fixed him with a look that told him he was missing the obvious. “It’s one less layer of material,” she told him. “I want my ring to show through if possible.”

Sam doubted that would occur. The velvet material of her red dress was fairly thick and her ring was small and thin. It was unlikely anyone would see she was wearing a nipple ring even if the observer was looking directly at her tits. “You need the bra for the dress to look right,” he reminded her.

“But my panties,” Chloe wailed, teasing with a playful grin. She ran to her small overnight bag and pulled out the pair of panties in question. She quickly pulled them on, revealing the thin black material to be practically sheer with a teardrop cutout in the back that exposed most of the cleft between her buttocks. Sam nodded approvingly and took a quick picture as she displayed herself, but then said. “Nope. Decision’s been made. No panties for you both, and you must wear bras. We’ll be the height of propriety at the party.;

After some half-hearted protests and sulkiness the women complied and the quartet headed down to the hotel sponsored New Year’s Eve party. Sam didn’t make a comment when he noticed out of the corner of his eye Trent lifting up the hem of Ginny’s dress to cup her naked buttocks on the elevator ride downstairs. They passed the minute long ride making small talk. The entire ride Ginny was hoping someone else would get on forcing Trent to either pull back his hand or risk having his girlfriend’s pussy be exposed to strangers. She hoped he wouldn’t pull back his hand, but the trip ended without an interruption.

The party in the main ballroom was typically loud and boisterous. It was still hours away from midnight and the revelers seemed intent on being deaf from the loud music or dead from over-inebriation. Still, they joined the party, sipping at the drinks and dancing a bit as they mingled through the crowd.

The ballroom was a large L-shape and the music was less-deafening on the short leg of the L, beside the bar away from the band’s small stage. “Not my kind of party,” Sam commented to Ginny.

She nodded in understanding. Loud parties weren’t exactly her idea of a good time but she was willing to give it a go on New Year’s. Instead of talking to her husband, she instead turned to Trent. “Want to grind on the dance floor?” she asked over the loud music and indicated a group of younger partygoers doing

exactly that.

He smiled but shook his head. “Not for me, I think. But we can dance if you want.” She nodded and without a word to Sam or Chloe they went to the hardwood floor designated as the dancing arena.

“They’ve left us alone,” Chloe said with a wink. “What kind of trouble do you think we can get up to?”

“Lots,” he said and abruptly grabbed her by the wrist, pulled her tight to his body, and kissed her fiercely. She responded in kind to the impromptu makeout session and was taken aback when he just as suddenly pushed her back, speaking directly into her ear over the loud music, “Go cut in with them, but dance with Ginny, not Trent.” He pulled his camera out of his jacket pocket and pointed.

Chloe licked her lips and nodded, wondering where this game was going to eventually wind up. As she walked with a confidence she didn’t feel she noted that Sam’s camera was hardly out of place. Most of those in attendance were using camera phones, not the fancy high-end digital Sam had, but someone taking pictures would hardly stand out. Trent and Ginny saw her approached and started to welcome her into their little intimate dance party, but then Chloe abruptly turned her back on Trent and seemed only to have attention for Ginny. The two women danced in an overly familiar manner, not lewd, but certainly borderline. They were too close and their hands wandered inappropriately over their bodies. Even so, their actions were hardly noticeable. Sam took pictures from a distance.

In the middle of the dance, Chloe forgot who she was, where she was, and what was proper in a public setting. She pulled Ginny close and kissed her, not like a sister or even a drunken friend, but exactly like a lover. Sam continued to take his pictures. Ginny and Chloe’s tongues danced back and forth. Chloe allowed her hands to slip down to the top of her friend’s buttocks. It was when the music momentarily paused between songs that Chloe’s eyes opened and she remembered where she was. And then she saw the other woman across the ballroom.

Whirling around Chloe marched back to Sam and told him, “We’re leaving.” Sam wanted to protest but he had seen the same look on his wife’s face too many times to bother saying anything.

“What’s the matter?” he asked as they burst out the double doors of the ballroom and into the relative quiet of the carpeted hallway. A few people were moving toward the exit or the bathrooms. She looked around and made a beeline for the elevators. Trent and Ginny could fend for themselves and come upstairs when they were ready.

She didn’t answer his question until they were safely inside the elevator and the doors were shut. “I saw a woman I work with.”

“So?”

“I was kissing Ginny! You saw us kissing!”

“Ohh. Is that sort of thing more than frowned upon at your office.”

She nodded. “Yes. Shit fuck! I knew this was a bad idea. I’m not even drunk enough to blame the booze.”

“But your coworker doesn’t know that.”

“What?”

“Did she even see you?”

“I don’t know.”

“Who was it?”

“Her name is Francine. She’s been there forever and the supervisor loves her.”

“Is she the sort to report what she saw?” Sam asked. “Does it even matter? This isn’t really something that’s illegal or will get you fired.”:

“You don’t work for the state. Yeah, it might not get me fired, but she can make my work life hell if she wants to.”

“If she wants to,” he repeated for her. “If it comes up—which it may not you don’t know if she saw you or not—you can just say you were a little too drunk and leave it at that.”

“I’m not some twenty two year old bimbo out to turn her boyfriend on by kissing

a random girl in a bar!”

“So let her wonder. Say whatever she saw it was obviously wrong. It was across the room from her and a drunken, sloppy hug from a friend is hardly something to get worked up over.”

Chloe nodded and stared at the elevator doors as they opened. “Let’s just get back to our room so I can settle down.”

Out on the dance floor Trent and Ginny were puzzled by Chloe’s behavior but didn’t immediately follow her. They finished their dance and wandered to the bar. “Where do you think she went?” Ginny asked.

“Upstairs to fuck your husband,” he said softly enough so that no one else in the area would hear him.

“But why?”

He shrugged. “Want to join them?”

Her grin was wide. “I want to take off my dress and dance naked on top of the bar, but I think that might get me kicked out. Yeah, let’s go join them.”

On the elevator Trent spun Ginny around and once again lifted her dress so that her ass was showing. His back was to the wall and hers was to the doors. They kissed as the elevator went up to their floor but, disappointingly again, the elevator didn’t stop so someone could see her bare ass. When she stepped out of the lift she gave him her naughtiest smile. “Ever go streaking?” she asked him.

“Didn’t people stop doing that in the 70s?” he asked.

Ginny didn’t reply but quickly pulled her dress over her head and tossed it to him. She then dashed down the hallway in her high heels, bra, and stockings. Trent wished he had a camera with him to photograph her retreating, jiggling ass as she fled. He followed her at a much more leisurely pace. When he rounded the corner to their room she was standing at the door, still bare-assed, quietly knocking.

“Is no one home?” he asked her.

If being naked in a hotel corridor bothered her, Ginny gave no indication. “I can’t tell if they’re in there or not,” she said calmly.

“Perhaps you should have taken your purse and the keycard in it,” he told her.

Ginny tilted her head to one side. “Normally I’d put it in my pocket, but I seem to be short of those right now.”

“But you look good in that outfit.”

The only thing her outfit covered was her tits and that was hardly dignified.

“Thank you. But would you mind opening the door?”

“Oh. I forgot. Sorry. Sure. Let me get the card out of my wallet.” He took his time extracting his wallet from his back pocket and then rifled slowly through all the various cards he carried. “I’m sure it’s in here somewhere.” She nodded affecting an attitude of nonchalance. He didn’t offer to give her back her dress. “Ah. Right here. It took him two attempts to open the door and even then Ginny didn’t immediately slip inside. She walked with dignity.

The moment the door was closed Ginny grabbed Trent’s hand and put it between her legs. Trent didn’t need to be told to explore her pussy but he was delighted to find that her pussy was incredibly wet, sopping in fact. “Did all that dancing get you excited?” he asked her.

She shook her head and kissed him. “No. Being naked in the hallway. That turns me on. Want to fuck me?”

“Yes. And you were always the one suggesting we go up to the quarry for skinny-dipping, weren’t you?”

She nodded and pulled his fingers out of her pussy to better lead him to the bed around the small corner of the hotel room. “I certainly was. And if you’ll remember I only ever made the suggestion when there were other people. I love being naked in front of others. Especially strangers.”

She stopped when they got around the corner to see what was going on in the bed. Chloe was sitting on the bed naked and with her legs open wide. Sam was kneeling on the floor, still fully clothed except for his shoes. His face was

between Chloe's legs as he ate her pussy. Chloe's eyes were closed and she was playing with her nipples.

"You should have opened the door," Ginny said to them.

Sam didn't lift his face from between her legs. Chloe's eyes fluttered open, barely. "Thought you were other people. You had a card."

"I was naked."

"You like that," Chloe said.

"So?"

"Are you going to fuck my husband or not?" Chloe asked and lay down. Sam's tongue was distracting her too much and it was hard to sit up while trying to fully enjoy his busy tongue. "I'm going to fuck yours."

Trent spun Ginny around and ordered her onto the bed, hands and knees. He quickly stripped down and presented his cock to her as he stood by the bedside. "Suck," he ordered.

She did so happily, taking his big cock into her mouth. It wasn't erect yet, but it only took her a minute to bring it to full attention. Clearly Trent was ready to go. With her saliva still on his cock he got on the bed behind her and easily slipped inside her pussy.

Chloe looked over at the bed occupied by the other couple and complained to her lover. "They're fucking already. I need your cock."

"It's not a race," he told her.

"Maybe not for you," she said. "I can come easily twenty or thirty times tonight. What are you good for? Maybe three at most?"

Sam saw no reason to give her a strip show and quickly pulled off his clothes. His cock was already erect and it was easy to sink into her bare pussy. She practically purred with contentment when he was inside her.

"Oh, thank you," she moaned as he went all the way deep into her cunt. "More,

faster, harder.” Sam glanced over at his wife and Trent. They were in the same doggie style position and seemingly oblivious to the couple just on the other side of the room also fucking. His body was one top her hers; she was supporting most of his weight and incredibly she craned her neck around so they could kiss. It was entirely lovely and passionate. It made Sam want to fuck Chloe all the harder for it. He started slamming his hips into his partner as hard and fast as he could.

“That’s it,” she encouraged him. “Perfect!”

Fortified by her words Sam kept up the breakneck pace and before he knew it he was cumming deep and hard within her.

“Yes, yes, yes,” she moaned with each spurt he deposited. She seemed disappointed when his orgasm was over but kissed him anyway. “That was good. You made me cum. Wanna watch them now?” Her voice was low, almost whispering, which was strange because Sam was sure that his wife would love to know she was being watched while having sex.

“Yes.”

He stayed on top of her as they turned their heads and watched the other couple. Ginny was breathing heavily and her eyes were clamped shut. The noises she made while they fucked were familiar to Sam.

“She’s going to cum soon.”

Trent didn’t need to do anything other than keep thrusting his hips until his orgasm started. That was enough to push Ginny over the edge and she yowled her delight in the moment. The pair collapsed to the bed with satisfied grins on their faces. It was then Chloe took an opportunity to tease her husband.

“Honey, Trent, guess what?”

“What?” he mumbled.

“My pussy is full of cum.” She practically sang the words and pushed Sam off her at the same time. “I need your help.”

Trent glanced at the woman underneath him and then rolled off her. Ginny was

somewhat put out. “What’s going on?” she asked. Sam shrugged from his position now next to Chloe.

Trent got on the bed between his wife’s legs and lowered his face to her cunt. She threw back her head and enjoyed the sensation of his tongue cleaning her used pussy. “It’s a treat for him,” she told her friends. “He likes to clean me up after I get fucked.” Her hand intertwined with Sam’s and she leaned over to kiss him lightly. “He likes it when I do this, don’t you honey?” she asked him, with her other hand lightly running through his hair.

Sam dropped her hand and got off the bed to grab his camera. Chloe smiled into the lens as he took a few pictures of her leaning up, letting his cum slip from her pussy where Trent could lap it up. She was proudly showing off her breasts as her husband ate another man’s cum from her pussy

“Wow,” Ginny breathed.

“You like that?” Chloe asked. It was unclear if she was asking Trent or Ginny or both. Trent merely nodded his head as he continued his feast between his wife’s legs.

Ginny said, “Yes. That would be fantastic to have someone come clean me up after a guy came in me.” She looked meaningfully at her husband. “Want to help me out, Sam?” She had been lying on her side and now rolled to her back, opening up her legs exposing her pussy. There was a hint of semen leaking from between her swollen labia.

He shook his head, but did deign to move toward her with the camera, taking a few pictures of her pussy. “No thank you,” he said politely. She allowed him to take the pictures knowing full well they wouldn’t be posted on her website. Sam often took inappropriate pictures of her that wouldn’t be included in her special collection. It was just easier to allow him the privilege of taking the pictures and then deleting them rather than have the long argument every time he got a little too trigger-happy with the camera.

“I’d be happy to do it,” Trent piped up from his subservient position between Chloe’s legs. Chloe shoved his face back down where it belonged.

“When you’re done with me, you can clean out your mess from her cunt,” Chloe told him. “Until then, you’re mine.” She kept her hand on top of his head as he

licked and sucked her.

Sam moved forward with his camera. Chloe lifted up one leg allowing him to get pictures of Trent's face as the other man cleaned his wife's cunt. She looked bravely at Sam as he took the pictures. Trent pretended he wasn't being observed.

"You aren't going to do nasty things with these pictures, are you?" she asked Sam, a little nervous about what she was allowing him to do to her.

"I'm going to send them to your email," he told her. "You can do with them as you please."

She nodded and relaxed a bit. It was fun to show off, but it was also nerve-wracking.

"Does it turn you on to have him clean you like that?" Ginny asked her.

Her eyes were half-shut but the question brought her back to reality. "A little bit. I mean, it feels nice and all, but it's not going to make me cum. But look at his cock," she said, pointing. Trent's cock wasn't rock hard, but it was certainly swollen and ready for play. "It turns him on. Sometimes all I have to do is let him fuck me, let him clean me, then he's ready to fuck me again."

"I think I'm done," Trent said pulling his face back from Chloe's cunt. There were smears of her pussy juice on his cheeks but no evidence of his semen. She reached between her legs and felt her pussy. "Good job," she told him. "But you're only half done. Go clean Ginny now."

Sam was surprised Trent obeyed. The burly chested man crawled from one bed to the other and buried his face in Ginny's pussy. He seemed just as eager to clean his own spunk from Ginny as he was to clean Sam's from Chloe.

"How often do you do this?" Sam asked Chloe as she got off the bed and to pour herself a glass of water. She hated the cottonmouth feeling that always seemed to occur the morning after imbibing a single drink. The only way to fight it was to drink twice as much water before going to sleep.

"Make me clean my pussy?" She shrugged. "Whenever the mood strikes me. He loves it though."

“You’re the dominant in the relationship, aren’t you?” he asked her.

The question threw Chloe for a minute. “What do you mean?”

“Some relationships are pure fifty-fifty partnerships, others have one dominant partner and one submissive, to varying extents. You’re the dominant. What you say, goes. Whatever wish you want fulfilled, he’ll do what you want.” Sam stated this matter-of-factly, but the words rang true to her.

“I guess so, but I’ve never thought of it that way.” She looked at her husband kneeling laying between Ginny’s legs. Sam took a few more pictures in the silence. “I guess I do get my way when I really want it.”

“Whose idea was it to open up your marriage?”

“Mine,” she said confidently. “Although I know he had been cheating on me with other women.”

“Really?”

“He always had a libido in overdrive. I knew he slept with other women when we were dating.” Their conversation was quiet now, they moved slightly away from the other couple. “He probably waited a good year after we got married before he slept with another woman, but I knew that was going to happen.”

“Huh. I would have expected you to be the one to be the first to cheat and the one to make the demand to have outside lovers.”

“Oh, that was my demand all right. I literally caught him in our backyard fucking a neighbor. That was literally the last straw. The next day I went out and propositioned a guy I had been flirting with for years. Best sex of my life. At that point. Once we were done being angry at each other we decided, on my suggestion,” she added with a nod of understanding herself better, “that it be okay to have outside contact with other people.” Her smile told him everything else Sam needed to know. “It made our marriage better. Obviously.”

Sam grinned. “I can see that.”

Before he could ask another question Chloe burst out with an angry admonition to her husband. “Trent! No! Not yet.”

Lost in the conversation Sam hadn't been watching the other couple. Trent had finished cleaning Ginny's pussy to her satisfaction and had either invited him up for a second round with her or he had taken the initiative to fuck her. "But—" he started to protest.

"I said no. I promised Ginny a special treat."

The look on Ginny's face was one of surprise, but she didn't give anything away to Trent. She quickly figured out that Chloe was up to some new game. She pushed Trent off her. "Let's get on with it then," she said to her friend.

Chloe took control of the situation. "Trent, on your back. Ginny, sit on his face." While she waited for them to comply she turned to Sam and softly asked. "Do you mind taking some more pictures?"

"Sure."

"You don't mind if I take advantage of your wife, do you?"

"Not at all."

She casually approached the pair on the bed. Trent was already on his back and Ginny had lowered her nether regions to his face. Trent didn't need to be told he was expected to eat her pussy and started immediately licking her well-groomed slit. "Does she taste good, honey? Getting the last of your cum?"

Ginny was trying to keep her composure, but now Trent was trying to pleasure her and not just remove his cum from her pussy. "I like what he's doing," she sighed to Chloe.

The redhead didn't say anything. She simply got on the bed with the other two, straddled her husband's hips, grabbed his cock, and aimed it at her pussy. She slowly sat down on his hard length. Ginny was somewhat perturbed Trent's wife was taking what Ginny perceived as her cock for the weekend, but didn't complain. The two women were on top of Trent, facing each other. Chloe only slowly rocked her hips back and forth, up and down to keep her husband's hard cock stimulated. She reached out and pulled Ginny toward her, giving the other woman a kiss. "Ever share a man like this?" she asked the blonde.

Ginny shook her head. "No." It was hard for her to concentrate. Trent's tongue

was rubbing right on her clit and his arms were clamped around her thighs so she couldn't really move. Chloe moved her hand to Ginny's heavy breast and toyed with her nipple ring.

"I'm really jealous I can't get one."

"You can get one," Ginny sighed.

"I'm too scared." Chloe lowered her mouth and sucked Ginny's prominent nipple and ring into her mouth. The odd combination of flesh and metal between her tongue and palate was completely foreign and intriguing. Ginny didn't complain. It was hard for Ginny to concentrate with Trent's tongue in her snatch.

"Uh-huh," is all Ginny could say.

"Want to eat my pussy?" Chloe asked her.

"Uh-huh," Ginny repeated.

"After Trent comes in it?" Chloe purred. Ginny's eyes snapped open. Her face vacillated between intrigued and horrified. Chloe smiled. "Just say yes. It'll be an adventure."

Slowly Ginny nodded her head. Chloe smiled and kissed her friend. "Now all we need to do is make Trent cum in me. Did you hear that, Trent? Ginny wants to eat my pussy after you cum in me. Do you like that idea?" He couldn't verbally answer with Ginny sitting on his face but the eager thrusts of his cock up into Chloe's pussy told her everything. "I think he does."

Once again Chloe had seduced her into performing an act she never would have conceived of on her own, and Ginny was intrigued by what she was about to do. Yes, she had gone down on Chloe before. That wasn't the problem. And she had given head to a few men in her time, even going so far as to swallow her fair share of semen as well. But this was different. This was kinky and perverted.

It turned her on.

"Help me make him cum," Chloe told her. Ginny didn't know what to do so she simply reached down low, behind Chloe's back, and squeezed Trent's ballsack. He wasn't expecting that and jumped under her. "Oh, he likes that," Chloe

giggled and ground her hips down. Together the two women continued to abuse Trent's body. He was well-prepared for the evening and in short order his cock was switching and pumping semen deep into Chloe's pussy. She rolled up her eyes and enjoyed her own orgasm along with his.

"Stop," she said. "Enough," and rolled off his body. Chloe fell to the mattress and opened up her legs, displaying her pussy to Ginny. The other woman hesitated a minute. Chloe's pussy was oddly beautiful, slightly puffy and red from use, wet with the mixture of fluids from her and Trent. It was bare, of course, the way that Chloe liked it, not a pubic hair in sight. Ginny was intrigued and excited by what Chloe was offering. But it still seemed like a kink that was outside of her comfort zone. Chloe smiled up at her friend. "Please?" she asked politely.

Ginny was a sucker for good manners. Removing her pussy from Trent's face she crawled between Chloe's legs and lightly kissed the other woman's mons. "I've never done this before," she said in a fake-innocent voice.

"Yes you have," laughed Chloe.

Ginny glanced at Trent, then her husband, and then back to Chloe's pussy. "Well, never exactly like this, with a pussy full of guy-stuff." She didn't want to disappoint her lovers and set about eating Chloe's pussy like she had before.

It wasn't at all bad. Chloe's strong musky scent was prevalent, but the semi-familiar flavor of Trent's semen was also there. It was thick on her tongue and not at all unpleasant. It pleased her to do this for Chloe. And Trent. And Sam who stood back and happily took some more pictures of Chloe's well-used pussy being eaten by his wife. It was impossible for Sam to say how much spunk Trent had shot into Chloe, but she spent many minutes cleaning up her friend's pussy. It was a good show, but Sam started to grow bored with the process.

"Ginny, turn your face and look at me," he said.

When she moved her head and grinned into the camera, Sam snapped off a few more pictures. His wife's face was smeared with Chloe and Trent's fluids. In the background was Chloe's wide open pussy. "Are you going to put these on your site?" he asked her.

"Maybe," she taunted him and went back to her friend.

It was apparent at this point that Ginny was simply giving oral pleasure to Chloe whose eyes were closed as she moaned under Ginny's tongue. Sam didn't interrupt this time but waited until Chloe was on the brink of orgasm again before he started taking more pictures, capturing her as she worked up to the climax, during it, and then finally as she recovered.

"Beautiful," he told her.

"Is this your C-section scar?" Ginny asked, running her finger horizontally across Chloe's mons at the edge of her pubic bone.

"Mm-hmm. It's why I'm still so tight. That's what Trent tells me." She laughed out loud and looked over at her husband who had watched the entire process.

"Your pussy is so soft and smooth," Ginny complemented her.

"I can take you for a waxing if you want," Chloe offered. "You'll look just like me."

Ginny shook her head. "No way. Too dangerous. Too scary."

That made Chloe laugh. "And I said the same thing about getting my nipple pierced."

Sam wasn't sure if sleeping arrangements were discussed, but he woke up in the middle of the night with Chloe's hand draped over his hip as she softly snored. That wasn't the sound that had woken him. He looked across the room at the other bed. Trent was fucking Ginny as her legs were bent nearly to her chest. He was pounding happily away and his wife was making all the right noises, encouraging her lover. Sam watched for a minute, then rolled over, curled up next to Chloe, and went back to sleep.

Chloe was woken by the light streaming through the window. They had forgotten to close the blinds in the night and she was woken at an ungodly hour. The light was excessively bright because of the low angle of the sun, their high position in the hotel, and the sparkling new snow that covered the sleeping city. She got out

of bed and went over to the window to close the blinds.

“Don’t move,” Sam told her as she stood in front of the window struggling with the cords.

“Why?” she mumbled.

He found his camera and turned it on, checked the settings, and took a pair of pictures of her body outlined by the open window, exposed to everyone outside.

“Really?” she asked, somewhat exasperated with his obsessive picture taking.

“I might never have another opportunity to get such a perfect picture.”

“Uh-huh,” she said noncommittally.

“Want to come back to bed and fuck?” he asked after glancing over at the pair sleeping in the other bed.

“We’re awake,” Ginny mumbled.

“Trent’s not,” Chloe noted. “Getting him up in the morning is like waking the dead.”

“Want to join us?” Sam asked his wife as he pulled Chloe back into their bed.

Ginny considered his offer. “Sure.” She looked at the pair snuggling in bed and felt a quick pang of jealousy. She knew she shouldn’t feel that way, after all she and Trent had been fucking at every opportunity and it was only fair that their respective spouses got the same opportunities, but she had been so wrapped up in reuniting with her high school boyfriend, it was jarring to see her husband casually kissing and fondling another woman.

Right after the jealous pang ripped through her psyche, Ginny came to her senses and realized it was an erotic opportunity to see her husband happy with another woman. “Sure, I’ll join you,” she said crawling in bed with them. “You’ve never had two women at once, have you?”

“No,” he admitted, “I haven’t..”

“Neither have I,” added Chloe. “But I’m willing to.”

“That’ll have to wait for another day,” Ginny said. The two women exchanged smiles as they met each other’s eyes. Both reached for Sam’s cock at the same time and their fingers became tangled. “Well, he’s my husband, I should get a say what happens to his cock,” Ginny pointed out with a hint of laughter.

“I thought we were sharing him?” Chloe asked.

Sam tried to stifle a small laugh.

“What’s so amusing, chuckles?” Ginny asked him as she wrapped her hand around his thickening cock and moved down his body. Giving blowjobs wasn’t her favorite way to pleasure her husband, but she wasn’t going to let Chloe upstage her at the moment.

“I never thought I’d have two women fighting over me,” he said with some enthusiasm.

“Why not?” Chloe inquired.

Ginny sighed and blew a few stray strands of hair out of her eyes. “He was a megageek in high school. And college. I saw the diamond in the rough and took advantage of that.”

While Ginny was talking Chloe had wiggle down the bed far enough to take the head of Sam’s cock in her mouth while Ginny held it.

“Hey!” Ginny protested.

“You snooze, you lose,” Chloe said but not quickly enough. Ginny pushed her rival away from Sam’s cock and proceeded to suck on him.

“Ladies, please, there’s plenty of me to go around,” Sam insisted.

“No, there isn’t,” Chloe contradicted him as Ginny continued to suck the life into his cock. “You’ve only got one cock and between the two of us, we have two pussies. I don’t see how you’re going to please us both at the same time.”

He wagged his fingers in her face. “I’ve got plenty of fingers to use. Plus a very

talented tongue.” His eyes flicked down to his wife. “Perhaps not as talented as hers...”

“I still don’t think you can please the both of us at the same time,” Chloe said.

At that moment Ginny took a quick break from sucking his cock. Chloe swept in and all but swallowed his entire length. “I agree. Men aren’t nearly as good in bed as women learn to be.”

Sam was done arguing. “Okay. You win. Go ahead and blow me.” He rested his head back on the pillow, deciding to enjoy whatever treatment they gave him.

The two women exchanged glances of disbelief. “Fucker loses the argument and we have to give him a blowjob?” Ginny complained.

Chloe shrugged but didn’t want to take her mouth off Sam’s cock. She tasted just a hint of his precum and wanted to make him cum. Still... “Why don’t you suck his balls,” she suggested to Ginny. Ginny thought that was a good idea. It took some time to get the placement of their heads correct, but when she sucked all of her husband’s balls into her mouth he gave a shudder unlike ever before.

“Oh, that’s going to make me cum,” he whined.

That made Chloe laugh. When she paused to chuckle, Ginny moved and started sucking his cock. By silent agreement the two women started working together, alternating on his cock and his balls to make Sam cum.

“What do we do when he cums?” Ginny asked her friend as she stroked Sam’s cock with her hand a few times.

Chloe let his balls slip from between her lips. “You can do whatever you want, but I’m cleaning him up when he’s done.”

At that Ginny nodded. Should she try to get Sam to cum in her mouth and swallow his thick spunk? Or should she share with Chloe?

As it was, she didn’t have to make the decision. Sam’s balls suddenly tightened when she was sucking on them and Chloe had his cock in her mouth. Ginny felt the strong initial throb of Sam’s orgasm and nearly choked on a sob when she realized it was Chloe who would get the spoils of Sam’s climax.

But Chloe wasn't selfish. She pulled her mouth off him the moment she realized what was happening, replaced her mouth with her hand, and stroked him firmly, making his cum burst from the tip in thick white ropes. Sam grunted hard with each stroke, with each burst of his orgasm. The semen splashed over his cock, Chloe's fingers, and onto Sam's belly. It was impressive by any measure.

When he was done the two women looked at each other and giggled. "What to finish the show?" Chloe asked, but didn't bother to wait for an answer from Ginny. She lifted her sticky fingers to her mouth and licked off the spunk. Ginny immediately grabbed Chloe's hand away from her tongue and licked the other woman's fingers as well, getting much of Sam's leavings on her tongue. It was a familiar pungent flavor, not at all unpleasant, if a little heavy on the palate.

"Mmm, breakfast," Chloe commented and lowered her mouth to Sam's cock. Ginny knew she couldn't let the opportunity go to waste, so she helped Chloe clean off Sam's now super-sensitive cock. He jerked and gasped when their tongues and lips rasped too heavily on his cock, firing off nerves he didn't know he had. When they moved down to his stomach and licked up what remained there, he settled down.

"Holy shit that was fucking fantastic," he told them when they were done. The women glanced at him and exchanged an almost chaste kiss over his cock.

"Tell us what you really think," Ginny said. She couldn't believe what she had just done for him. Hopefully he would be able to give her an equally erotic present in the near future.

"I don't want to be a wet blanket, but while that was a nice way to start the morning, it was hardly much of a breakfast," Chloe said. "I'm starving."

"Should we wake up Trent?" Ginny asked.

Chloe shook her head. "Nope. I know what he wants for breakfast. I'm ordering. Who wants what?"

After breakfast was ordered from room service, Ginny's mental and sexual gears were put into motion. The other two used the bathroom and put on robes, but she just sat naked on the bed staring out at the sparkling snow dropped on the city overnight. When she spoke to them, she did so with confidence.

“I want to let the delivery guy into the room. While I’m naked.”

Sam snorted as he tried to contain his laughter. Chloe’s eyebrows went up in surprise.

“That’s a complete cliché of hotel room etiquette,” Chloe pointed out.

“Sounds hot to me,” Sam said. “You going to proposition him too?” Though he was flaccid and spent, Sam’s cock had a vague twitch at the notion of his wife exhibiting her naked body in front of a perfect stranger...and possibly winding up in bed with him.

Chloe shook her head. “I don’t think that’s a great idea, honey?”

“Why not?” she fired back. “You’ll be here. I’ll be safe.”

“I’m sure it’s something that the bellboy has seen before,” Sam said. “Not you specifically, but if he’s worked here for more than a week, I’m sure he’s been propositioned by more than one person. And has seen more than his share of naked bodies.”

“I’m doing it anyway,” Ginny declared.

“Want us to hide in the bathroom?” Sam asked.

“Yes.”

“Won’t Trent be confused when he wakes up and sees you banging the bellboy?” Sam asked.

“Who said I’m going to have sex with him?”

Sam said, “I did. Or at least you’re going to proposition him. Right?”

She rolled her eyes at him. “Sure. Why not?”

The knock at the door with the muffled call of “Room service,” came five minutes later. Ginny ushered the other two awake occupants of the room into the bathroom and admonished them to silence. They left the door open a tiny crack so they could watch the proceedings.

“Coming,” Ginny called and flung the door open to reveal her naked body to the delivery boy. Except it was a delivery girl who looked barely old enough to be in college. There was an awkward pause as the two women sized each other up. Ginny was the first to recover. “Hello. Please bring it in.”

“Would you like to put on a robe, ma’am?” the delivery girl asked. She was dressed in the hotel’s uniform: polyester black pants, purple polo shirt with a nametag reading Cecelia. Her wide brown eyes popped a little bit at Ginny’s nudity and she would have ducked her head and hidden behind her straight black hair if it hadn’t been pulled back in a neat ponytail.

“No, that’s fine,” Ginny said turning around to display her shapely ass to the girl. “Just put it on the table.”

Cecelia did as she was instructed, keeping her eyes down. She noted the sleeping lump under the blankets but failed to notice Sam and Chloe trying not to giggle in the bathroom. She presented Ginny with the bill to sign, keeping her eyes focused directly on the blonde’s face. Ginny added a generous tip to the bill and caught Cecelia’s hand as she gave back the receipt. “I’m sure you probably get a lot of this, but you’re very cute and my...boyfriend is still asleep. I’m horny and I’m wondering if you’d like to spend a few minutes in bed with me?”

Even to her ears the attempt at seduction sounded stilted and forced but she plastered a smile on her face and tried to at least sound sincere.

“I don’t think that’s a good idea, ma’am,” the nervous delivery girl said.

“Why not?”

“I...uh...I don’t think I should be having sex with the guests,” the girl stammered.

“I won’t tell if you don’t.” She tilted her head the other way. “Don’t you find me attractive?” Ginny couldn’t believe how far she was pushing this. The other two should have been satisfied by now, but the thrill was too much to resist.

“Very much. But I...um...I have a boyfriend.”

“So do I,” Ginny said. “I can wake him up and he can join us if you like.”

“No thank you.” Cecelia started to edge toward the door, keeping an eye for any sudden movements from Ginny.

“Well, you know where you can find me if you’re in the mood later on,” Ginny said as the girl slipped out the door. She imagined Cecelia was running down to the kitchens to report that the crazy lady in room 918 had tried to seduce her. That idea make her pussy wet.

Once the door was shut Chloe and Sam burst from the bathroom laughing to the point of tears. “I didn’t expect you to through with the proposition,” Sam chortled.

Ginny pretended to take offense. “She was cute and I set about to do what I wanted. You didn’t think I was going to do it, did you?”

Chloe embraced her friend and gave her a kiss. “You’re a far braver woman and I.”

Their loud celebration woke up Trent from his near-comatose slumber. “What did I miss?” he asked.

The other’s only laughed.

As they ate their breakfast in various states of undress they talked about Sam’s trust game.

“It’s not a game,” he told them.

“Okay, right, whatever,” Chloe said. “You already know my secret trust. And Ginny’s because she’s can’t keep her clothes on.”

“True!” the blonde woman crowed.

“So we need a piece of trust from you and Trent.” The two women flicked their eyes back and forth between the two men who suddenly took special interest in the walls and in chewing their food.

“If you don’t tell them, Trent,” Chloe warned, “I will.”

“It’s not really a secret. And I don’t intend to act on it.”

“Out with it,” Ginny demanded.

Trent opened his mouth but nothing came out. They waited expectantly. “I can’t say it.”

“Oh good god,” Chloe complained. “Do you want me to say it?”

He half-shrugged. “If you want...”

“If you can’t trust your wife, who can you trust?” she asked him rhetorically.

“My girlfriend,” he said, indicating Ginny.

Chloe’s face soured. “Fine then, I’ll help you out.” She turned to Ginny and Sam. “Trent’s bisexual. He wants to have sex with a man.” Ginny’s eyes widened and she looked at Sam who sat stock-still.

“Do you want to suck off another guy or what exactly,” asked a very curious Ginny.

“Umm...” He looked for help from his wife.

“Tell them,” Chloe ordered.

“Yeah, suck off another guy. See what it’s like. See what rolling around in bed is like with a man.” He looked down at the table and refused to catch their eyes.

“So more bi-curious than full-on bisexual,” Ginny said.

“I guess...”

“Want to suck Sam’s cock?” Ginny offered.

Sam startled. “Um, wait a second—”

“Just offering,” Ginny said innocently.

“Not right now,” Trent quickly added.

“See, that wasn’t so hard,” Chloe said. “We’ll find you a nice man to play with while I watch. How does that sound?”

Most men over thirty didn't blush in embarrassment, but Trent did an excellent job of showing how well his face could turn red. "Fine," he mumbled.

"And what about you, Sam," Chloe asked. "Fess up. We need to know."

Sam tried to be casual about it. "I've only slept with five women," he offered.

Ginny scoffed. "Everyone knows that already. You have social issues, big deal. Come on, out with it," she insisted.

Sam glanced at his wife, then turned to Chloe. "Okay. I have a sadistic streak in me. I like to hurt women while I'm having sex with them."

If she had been standing Chloe would have taken a step back. "Oh." She looked repulsed.

It was Trent that came to his rescue. "It's not that unusual to have fantasies about violent, rough sex," he offered.

"I like to tie Ginny's hands behind her back and fuck her as hard as I can," Sam added to see what the reaction would be.

Chloe turned to Ginny. "Is that true?"

For her part, Ginny was very brave in her answer. "Sort of. I only let him do it once in a while. He also likes to spank me. I'm not really into pain or being tied up."

"I see."

"I like spanking her," Sam confirmed. "I like it when her ass turns bright red."

The conversation had taken a disturbing turn.

"Well, none of that's going to happen today," Chloe said brightly. "How about we finish breakfast and have another roll in the sack?"

Text exchange:

Chloe: I wonder if Cecelia ever came back...

Ginny: I don't know. I wonder too.

Chloe: Would you have done it?

Ginny: Fucked her?

Chloe: Yeah...

Ginny: Of course. I told you I would have.

At seeing those words Chloe wondered what might have happened. But then she turned back to her computer and the many pictures Ginny had emailed for her approval. The attached note simply stated: Which ones can I use?

They were all well-done. Ginny's face appeared in many of them as did Chloe's body, along with the men's cocks and bodies on occasion. For the most part the pictures were beautiful and erotic, occasionally a bit beyond risqué and all the way to raunchy. Chloe was excited to see that she would be featured on Ginny's website. It also mad her nervous because of what she was considering.

Chloe: I'm looking at all the pictures you sent me.

Ginny: You like them? I'm going to add one or two a day for the next month I have so many.

Chloe: Can you change some?

Ginny: Sure. I thought I cropped or blurred your face in all of them, though.

Chloe hesitated to type the next words.

Chloe: Can you put my face back in some of them?

Ginny's reply was almost instantaneous.

Ginny: OMG YES! Which ones?

Chloe: All of them?

Ginny: Really? I thought you were nervous about being found out. That you wanted to stay private.

Chloe: I do but...you're right, it's exciting and thrilling? Besides, the ones where we're kissing and you've blurred or cut out my face look plain weird. And who's going to see them? There's more porn on the internet than lolcats.

Ginny: I've got the originals. I'll send them to you to make sure. Are you scared?

Chloe's hands were shaking. She had trouble typing.

Chloe: Yes.

Ginny: Don't be.

Chloe: There's still that woman at my office who saw us together at the hotel party.

Ginny: Has she said anything to you?

Chloe: No. But I don't really talk to her all that often. And I've been avoiding her.

Ginny: Pfft! She probably didn't see or recognize you. I'm so excited about this. We're going to look beautiful together!

Although she shouldn't have, Ginny felt a bit guilty about meeting up with Trent in a hotel during the middle of the day. True, she hadn't told Sam about her planned tryst and she was pretty sure Trent hadn't said a word to Chloe about it either which wasn't really the rules of their marriage agreements, but they both planned on telling their respective spouses that evening. Ginny felt guilty right up to the point where she knocked on the door underneath the number plate that Trent had texted her. After he opened the door, she pushed him inside, fell to her knees, pulled his cock out and started sucking on it. Right then all the guilt disappeared.

"Eager?" he asked Ginny as she fellated him.

Ginny looked up at him with her pale blue eyes and just nodded. Trent casually began removing his clothes, letting her do as she wished with his cock. To a limited degree Ginny helped him strip, but she refused to take his cock out of her mouth. Shortly he was left naked and she was still on her knees in her work clothes.

“I liked you like that, still dressed and sucking on me.”

She opened her eyes again but said nothing because her mouth was still full. Ginny liked fondling his balls when she sucked on him. Trent always shaved them before they had sex. She liked the velvety feel of his scrotum skin in her mouth, the way his balls tightened up when he was about to cum. She wondered what she could do to convince Sam to shave like Tom and trim back his own pubic hair.

“Do you want me to cum in your mouth?” he asked in a shallow voice.

Ginny now had one hand wrapped around his shaft and the other cupped his balls. She shook her head no.

“Then you’d better back off for a minute or I will.”

As it was, Ginny wouldn’t have minded swallowing his thick, salty cum. It was wrong, she knew, but she much more enjoyed another man’s cum in her mouth over her husband’s. It wasn’t that she didn’t love Sam, she just had a need to have other men’s cum in her mouth.

“Ready to fuck me?” she asked. Ginny walked the rest of the way into the room. They had barely made it past the small entry hall, she then hiked up her skirt and pulled her moist panties to the floor. “Don’t mess up my clothes,” she told Trent. “I have a quick meeting to go to after this.”

He didn’t do as she asked. When she crawled on the bed with her naked ass in the air he got behind her and sank his cock deep in her pussy without a word. She was effectively held down by his much larger body and had to hold up both of their weights as he rested his chest on her back.

“Making me work for it?” she asked him.

Trent didn’t say anything as he started to fuck her, but his hands were also busy

unbuttoning her shirt and pushing down her bra, letting her heavy tits hang free. She could have collapsed to the bed, refusing to hold up his weight, but there was no fun in that. He mauled her breasts as he fucked her from behind.

“Hell yes, that feels good,” she mumbled as she focused on her breathing. She wanted to cum but not too quickly. They had a little more than an hour and she wanted to use every bit of that time for her pleasure.

Trent twisted her nipple ring and she sucked her breath in, half from annoyance, half from excitement. “You like that?” he demanded of her.

“Yes,” she barked out. He twisted harder and pinched the nipple to her other tit. It was too much and she came. Her pussy spasmed and her arms trembled but she managed to keep them from collapsing.

“You cum so easily,” he teased her. “Not like in high school...”

“Fucking hell. I was a little girl back then. I didn’t know what I liked.”

“I went down on you for an hour and you couldn’t cum.”

“I didn’t know how back then.”

“You know how now, don’t you?” He pinched her nipple again.

“Oww. Fuck. Quit it. I don’t like that.”

“I thought you said you liked to be spanked and abused by Sam,” he asked but let go of her nipple anyway.

“I do. By Sam. From you, I like your cock inside my pussy. Or your tongue.”

He started humping her again, slower this time. He didn’t want to cum too quickly and spoil their afternoon. “But you’ve always been a horny, girl, haven’t you?” he asked her as they continued. “You couldn’t wait to get your clothes off every time around me when we were in high school, and now...” he paused and looked at his naked body and her largely clothed one. “Well, now you just like to fuck apparently.”

“I do like to fuck more now,” she agreed as she closed her eyes and focused on

his cock in her pussy. He leaned up and grasped her hips with his hands, controlling her body better but no longer having access to her tits. "Because I know how to make myself cum." She leaned forward, changing the angle of his cock inside her, resting her upper chest on the mattress and reaching between her legs to find her clit. "Want to see me cum again?" she asked.

"Yes!"

Ginny rubbed her clit harder. She liked a good amount of pressure on it. His cock was hitting her hidden g-spot just right so it was easy to make her body shudder and her pussy grip his cock extra tight as she came again.

"Did you like that?" she sighed.

"Hell yes," he breathed. Trent leaned back a bit more and admired his cock going in and out of her puffy pussy. Seeing how far he could push her, he laid the pad of his thumb on her small puckered anus. Ginny inhaled sharply at the new sensation.

"Want me to?" he asked her.

"Umm..." she mumbled into the mattress. She was undecided. It felt good but she wasn't sure she wanted her ass violated right then.

Taking her noise as a sign he pressed his thumb harder into her anus. Ginny tensed up. Trent found the sudden strength of her anus a challenge he wanted to conquer. He pressed harder.

"Oww. No. Stop. Not today. I need lube for that."

Trent was disappointed, but removed his thumb. "What do you want to do today?"

"I want you to cum in me," she said.

"That I can do."

He started fucking her harder and faster. Each time his abdomen slammed into her ass Ginny let out a little noise. "Uh, uh, uh, uh," she found herself repeating. She wanted to reach back between her legs and rub her clit or grab his balls, but

she restrained herself. She wanted him to make her cum by feeling his hot spunk flooding into her pussy. He took control of her body and she let it. It was freeing and wonderful.

When he started cumming Trent slammed his hips into hers and held her each time her spurted as if he were trying to force his cum deep into her body. The roughness and the flood of hot cum in her pussy made Ginny cum one more time. She was pleased when they collapsed together on the bed.

“That was good,” she told him.

“Thank you,” he replied as he kissed the back of her neck.

“There’s something I should tell you,” she said carefully.

“What? That you love me?” he teased.

That was a contentious issue between them Ever since they had reconnected on Facebook and sent increasingly suggestive and explicit message to each other, their old high school romance had been an ongoing topic.

Their high school was too large, over five hundred students in their graduating class. It was easy to constantly meet new people. When they had dated their senior year they fell in love according to their definition of love at the time. Since their life paths were different, they wound up going away to separate colleges to far for easy trips and eventually they broke off all contact.

After finding each other again after nearly twenty years, they both admitted to having been deeply in love at the time and still felt a physical and emotional connection.

Are you in love with me? Trent flat out asked her shortly before they decided to tell their spouses about their burgeoning relationship.

Yes, but not like I was in high school, was her reply.

What the hell does that mean?

Indeed, what did that mean? Ginny was in love with Trent, but it was a complex love, different from how she loved Sam or her children, but it couldn’t be

denied.

It means I love you, but not puppy love or the kind of love where I'm going to leave my husband for you.

Trent considered that answer for a long time before he replied to her. That's a hell of a thing to say.

Her answer was short and sharp. I love my life. I love my husband and kids. And I love you, but in addition to them, not in place of. You can be added to my life, but you can't replace a part of what I already have.

And he would have to be satisfied with that.

"Well, I do love you," she said without a hint or sarcasm or irony. "But it's something a little more pedantic than that."

"Okay, what?"

"I'm not on any birth control."

Trent tried not to hyperventilate. "Okay...what does that mean and why are you telling me that?"

Ginny stared at the wall as she spoke, she couldn't meet his gaze. "My doctor said my ovaries are getting old and probably aren't producing any more eggs. It's unlikely I'll ever have another baby. I want another baby. Sam knows that. We've sort of been trying for the past few years. Obviously nothing's happened."

"And you're telling me this now because..." The realization of what she was saying suddenly struck him hard. "Do you want me to get you pregnant? How many times have we had sex?" His mind was reeling.

"I'm not pregnant," she told him calmly. "Settle down. But I'm not going on birth control either. I'm not going to get a diaphragm or IUD. You should know that. There's a chance I could get pregnant and regardless of who's it is, I'm keeping it."

"Do you want me to use a condom?" he asked.

She shook her head, rolled over, and kissed him. “No. No I don’t. I like the way it feels when you cum in me. I’d love to carry your baby. But it really wouldn’t be yours.”

Trent sat up trying to take in what she was telling him. “Chloe can’t get pregnant. She’s had her tubes tied. Another pregnancy would kill her. We’ve talked about adopting, but we’re happy with the one we have.”

“Uh-huh,” Ginny said, rubbing his back.

“It’s funny,” he said. “We spent all that time and effort in high school trying to keep you from getting pregnant and now we have this.” He laughed without mirth. “What are the chances of you getting pregnant?” he asked.

“Slim, very slim. Doctor said probably one in a five hundred chance between now and when I hit menopause.”

“Oh.”

“Want to get me pregnant?” she asked.

“What?”

“Want to fuck me again?” she asked more directly. “I’m still horny.”

“Umm...sure.”

“You don’t sound sure,” she said as she got off the bed and finished unbuttoning her shirt and removing her bra. Her heavy tits swung free and Trent was mesmerized. They were definitely bigger than in high school and more beautiful with the single nipple ring. “You like what you see?” she asked.

“Uh-huh.”

She unzipped her skirt and got back on the bed naked, crawling up his body. “You like to eat pussy that’s full of cum, don’t you?” she asked pushing him to his back and moving further up until she was sitting on his burly chest.

“Yes,” he said looking at the neat triangle of dark blonde pubic hair that topped her pussy.

“Well eat me out then, clean me up, and we can fuck one more time before we have to go home.”

He pushed her butt forward so he could reach her pussy with his tongue, but she stopped him. “Oops. Wait a second.” She rolled off his body and dashed to her purse to extract her phone. “Need to record the moment,” she told him sitting back on his chest. With his face framed by her soft thighs she took a couple of pictures of him as he stared at her pussy.

“I’m not the exhibitionist,” he told her as she took the pictures.

She handed him the phone. “So take a couple of pictures of my just-used pussy and I’ll post them on my website.”

He did as she requested. It was a pretty pussy. There was no reason to refuse. Once his tongue got busy in her cunt it was surprisingly easy to make her cum again. After she came she turned around, facing his feet, and let her pussy hover above his nose as she sucked his cock back into life. Once he was hard again she slithered down his body and put his manhood inside her body. The second round of sex lasted much longer than the first, almost right up to her deadline to leave in time for her meeting. When he came inside her he tried not to think that she might get pregnant. She didn’t have time to take a shower before she left; Ginny simply pulled her panties back on and told him, “I’ll be a little surprise for Sam.”

Part Three

The Home

“Imagination is at the root of much that passes for love.”

The Trespasser by Gilbert Parker

As much as possible Chloe pushed aside the fact that the pictures of her naked and having sex were on display on the internet. True, she knew she didn't really need to worry about a friend or coworker stumbling across them, but that possibility was always out there. If they did find them, she was determined to discover how and why they were searching out nude pictures of her.

She and Ginny had become friends, which had surprised Chloe since they, on the outside at least, were so completely different. Then again, they had both fallen in love with Trent so maybe they weren't all that different from each other.

“Ginny! Guess what? Trent's going to be out of town for most of next week on a business trip. It's a last minute thing. What to come over to my place and have sex?”

The sudden burst of information caught Ginny off-guard. She finished chewing and swallowed the carrot in her mouth. Chloe had caught her making dinner.

“Umm...”

“Don't say no!” Chloe insisted.

Ginny steeled herself. “Hon, you know I'm not into women like you are,” she said softly.

“I know, but...”

“I appreciate the invitation, though.”

Thinking quickly, Chloe said, “How about you and Sam then? If there’s a cock involved would you be more interested?”

That made Ginny laugh. “I suppose it would. But I can have his cock anytime I want. You’ll probably want him all to yourself.”

“Not when I have a naked woman in my bed. I’ll share equally. I can get a man anytime I want, getting a beautiful woman is harder. You’ve made it easier.”

Her words made Ginny suck in her breath. Being called beautiful made her nervous and self-conscious, partly because she knew that Chloe was doing it specifically to get her back in bed. She changed the subject. “Why is Trent going to be out of town? Isn’t there supposed to be a storm coming next week?”

“A little snowstorm won’t stop this meeting. He’ll be training others on his company’s new software. Blah blah blah. Boring. He’s going to be gone from Thursday to Tuesday. Find a babysitter. Is Friday or Saturday night better for you?”

Already Chloe had assumed that Ginny would automatically want to have sex with her. And Sam. Truth be told, Ginny was tempted. Making love with Chloe was completely different than having sex with Trent or Sam...or any other man for that matter. Still, she didn’t consider herself to be bisexual.

“I’ll check with the in-laws. Um, how do you know that Trent isn’t going to be unfaithful to you while he’s gone?”

The shrug was practically audible over the phone. “I don’t. I’m not too worried. Even if he does, so what? It’s not like I’m going to make a big deal about it.”

“Right. But what if it’s a guy?”

They had talked about this before. Both suspected Trent was more than a little interested in having sex with a man, but was either too nervous about it or perhaps thought that doing so would somehow compromise his masculinity. Somehow the rules for men having sex with men were somehow different than women having sex with women. Even though Ginny had had sex with Chloe several times now she still considered herself straight. She knew that Chloe called herself bisexual before they had met. It was Trent who was the enigma. Was it fair to call him bisexual even if he hadn’t had sex with another man? Did

it matter?

“Then he has sex with a guy and he tells me all about it.” Chloe was incredibly blasé about what her husband might be doing and how it might impact their marriage. Ginny shivered. She wasn’t sure if she could as easily deal with the situation if Sam had done the same to her.

“Okay...”

Chloe chuckled. “Don’t get too caught up in what the world thinks, Ginny.”

She lay across Sam’s lap, naked as usual. He didn’t have any of their toys out except for the thin leather driving gloves he wore. Sam’s fingers traced a path down along her spine and then rested on her curvy buttocks. This was the one time when Ginny didn’t mind having a little extra weight. She was certain that the bit of excess fat in her ass somehow cushioned the blows that Sam would rain down on her tender flesh. Often she wondered what it would feel like if she was skinnier. Would it be more painful? Would it be more pleasurable? Both?

The first two spanks came in quick succession, one on each buttock. Ginny didn’t make a noise. She was used to this. The pain level was incredibly low. Sam didn’t follow with a series of slaps; he waited.

“Very pink,” he said to her.

“Thank you,” she replied taking his comment as a compliment. Her very pale skin was one of the things that had attracted Sam to her in the first place.

“Would you like a picture?” he asked. “The fingers are very well defined.”

“Yes, please.”

Sam picked up the camera from the bed and took a couple of quick pictures of her lightly abused ass and then showed her the best of the series. Ginny admired the way the two handprints on her ass stood out in stark contrast to her very white skin. She could feel the heat he had caused in her flesh and savored it. “Oh, yeah. That’s going on the website.”

“You should have made a living as a nude model. That way you could be naked all the time.”

“Are you done?” she asked, shifting her weight a bit, wondering if he was bored with their game.

“No.” Without warning he abruptly spanked her in rapid succession. She wasn’t sure of the count before he stopped. As usual, her body responded without her wanting it to. Her pussy moistened. Tears started to leak from her eyes. Her lust started to rise. She could never decide if she hated the fact a good spanking excited her or if she loved it. It wasn’t an autonomous response she would have chosen for herself, but it pleased Sam and that was good enough for her. She could feel his hardening cock inside his pajama pants. He rested a moment, admiring her now red ass, as she gasped and tried not to cry.

“I love your ass,” he told her.

“I know,” she said, trying not to sob.

Two more hard slaps came down on the very edge of her bum, in the crease between buttock and thigh. Then he was shoving her off his lap and onto the bed. His pants came down to his knees as he knelt behind her and shoved his cock into her slick hole. “Yes,” she moaned as he invaded her.

“You like that?” He grunted at her. It wasn’t much of a question. She didn’t answer it.

Their copulation lasted only a few minutes. It was late. They had to work the next morning.

When they were done and Sam rolled off her, Ginny said, “Chloe invited us over to have sex with her when Trent goes out of town.”

She didn’t even have time to ask the question when Sam said, “Yes!”

“Okay then.”

Sam wasn’t at all nervous about going over to Chloe’s for the night with his

wife, even if Trent wasn't going to be there, but he was a bit concerned about what he wanted to do with her. "What if she says no?" he asked Ginny

"Then she says no and we move on to other things," she sighed with exasperation. They'd already been over this territory a hundred times leading up to the drive over to Chloe's house. She was getting tired of it. "It's not like she's going to throw you out of the house and tell you never to come back. She's too horny for that."

"But maybe this pushes her limits?"

"Like it did mine?" she asked sarcastically. "If you hit a limit, so what? Do you want to have sex with her or not? Do you want to just spank her and leave her hot for Trent?"

Ginny could be forgiven for much of her irritation. Her boyfriend was out of town and she was going to get to witness her husband play with her boyfriend's wife. She could join in if she wanted, but that would hardly satisfy her. Ginny liked taking off her clothes to exhibit herself in front of others. It was unlikely this was to be an overly exciting time for her, but she couldn't tell her friend no and she certainly couldn't tell her husband no. They had both put up with too much of her infatuation with Trent over the past few months. She acknowledged that she was still in love with him on more than one level—which she knew was silly because there was no way she was going to leave Sam for Trent—and that had to be hard on both spouses especially since Trent returned her affection equally.

Parking outside Chloe's place Sam grabbed their overnight bag from the trunk. Strictly speaking it wasn't necessary but it served to transport and easily conceal the toys they were bringing along.

Chloe greeted them at the door in her soccer mom outfit: yoga pants and an oversized sweatshirt. "Hi. Come in. Trent left this morning and the little one's over at a friend's house for a sleepover." She paused. "I hope we don't get interrupted in the middle of the night with a panicked phone call of him looking for Mommy." She grinned. "Where do you want to begin?"

"We brought a bottle a wine," Ginny said stepping inside and looking around at her friend's house for the first time. They had become so intimate with each other over the past months it was odd that they hadn't visited each other's houses

yet.

As Chloe gathered wine glasses she spoke. "Where are your kids?"

"Over at grandma and grandpa's," Sam answered.

"Getting spoiled," Ginny added. Sam uncorked the wine and poured, emptying the contents into the three glasses, making them all a little over-full.

"Trying to get me drunk?" Chloe asked picking up her big glass. "You don't need to, you know," she said with a wink. "I'm easy."

"Maybe not after what I want to try tonight," Sam said with a leer taking a swallow of his drink.

"What's that?" Chloe asked with a nervous shiver up her spine. This wasn't the first time she had planned on fucking someone without Trent in the room or house, but it was the first time she was doing it in semi-secret in her own house and bedroom. She had implied to Trent she was going to get laid over the week while he was gone but had refused to give him any details. She had specifically told Chloe not to give away their secret either, but she wasn't sure the blonde had kept her promise.

Sam tried to keep his face neutral. Chloe already had an idea. She knew that Sam liked sex a bit rough and he had admitted to being a sadist. She wasn't sure how much of that she could endure. "Wouldn't you rather it be a surprise?"

"Should I get really drunk in case it scares me?" she asked.

"No. You don't want to dilute the emotions and sensations," he told her.

"Definitely not." Chloe glanced over at her friend who had removed her shirt and was standing in the middle of the kitchen in her bra and jeans while drinking her wine. Chloe did a slight double take.

"I know you aren't big on wearing clothes..." she began.

Ginny suddenly realized what she had done and started hyperventilating. "Oh shit. Sorry. I was just getting comfortable." She grabbed her shirt from the back of the chair where she had set it and started pulling it back on.

Sam snickered and watched his wife attempt to struggle back into her shirt. “She does the same thing at home. As soon as she walks in the door, off come the clothes.”

“Ha ha,” Ginny said scornfully. “I wait until I get to the bedroom.”

“You do now that the kids are older,” Sam said.

Chloe spoke up. “You don’t have to put your shirt back on. I mean, we’re all going to get naked pretty soon, right?” she asked, nodding at both of them. “Besides, look at this.” Chloe set down her wineglass and unzipped her sweatshirt revealing a plain white tanktop underneath. “Whoops. Not that.” She proceeded to pull off the shirt revealing a lacy white bra. It was smaller than what Ginny was wearing because she had much smaller breasts, but it was the exact same design. “Twins,” she declared.

“I can see that,” Sam said admiring her display of cleavage. “Nice tits.”

“Not her boobs, you idiot,” Ginny said as she unbuttoned once again her partially buttoned shirt. “Her bra. It’s the same as mine.” Ginny removed her shirt for the second time in two minutes and displayed herself to her husband.

Sam’s reaction was understated. “Twins. I see.”

Ginny shook her head. “Men. Sometimes...”

“Why don’t you take off the rest of your clothes?” he asked them both. Ginny shrugged and quickly did as he asked, shedding her shoes, socks, jeans, and bra in that order. Her breasts hung heavy in the cool air making her nipples harden and the gold ring through her left nipple stand out proudly. Chloe was slower to take off her clothes. First she took a large swallow of wine, then followed Ginny’s lead divesting herself of the yoga pants and bra in short order. The women were wearing different colored underwear. Ginny’s was bright green and Chloe’s was a demure pink.

“Not perfect twins,” Sam commented pointing at their choice in panties.

Neither woman said anything. Chloe felt a bit out of place being nearly naked in her kitchen, but it that’s the game her friends wanted to play she was happy to go along with it. Ginny stopped her from taking off her panties. “Not yet,” she said

placing a hand on her friend's arm as she was about to push her panties off her hips.

"Where do you want to play?" Sam asked.

"Where?"

"Is there room in your bedroom or is there more space in the living room or elsewhere?" Sam had looked around the house a bit as they walked in. The kitchen wasn't appropriate, but the living room looked a little too formal and full of furniture to be the best place to get out their toys.

"The bedroom," Chloe said. "We've got a lot of space up there."

"Lead the way," he commanded.

Feeling a bit silly parading around in her house in just her small pink panties, Chloe led them out of the kitchen, through the hallway and up the stairs. Sam grabbed his bag as they went out of the kitchen and admired the sway of Chloe's ass as she walked up the stairs. "Beautiful view," he commented as they went up the stairs. The middle of the house was dominated by the large entry hall and stairway. The two-story room had a series of large fixed glass windows in one wall that afforded a nice view of the expanse across the modest valley that was once farmland.

"Thank you," she told him. "You should see it in the fall when the leaves are changing."

"I wasn't talking about the windows," he said. She blushed a bit at the compliment and her cluelessness; outside the windows it was pitch dark. Ginny brought up the rear; Chloe wondered how often Sam commented on her ample ass.

Upstairs in the master bedroom there was plenty of room for the three of them. Chloe and Trent had opted for a huge king sized bed. One wall was dominated by a massive chest of drawers. The opposite wall contained mirrored glass on the outside of the three closets. A bathroom door was visible in the corner. The bed only took up half the space in the room. Most of the room was empty except for the rug over the hardwood floor. "Very nice," Sam said. "Shall we get right to work?"

“Work?” asked Chloe. “We aren’t playing?”

“You might think its work when we’re done,” Sam commented. “Ginny, over there, I think,” he said indicating the open space next to the bed as he pulled a long, thin cane from the bag.

She nodded and walked to her assigned position as Sam tested the cane’s flexibility.

Chloe looked at them with wide eyes. “You aren’t going to actually use that on her, are you?” she asked. “It’ll hurt like hell.”

“It won’t hurt that much,” Ginny said as she bent over a the waist and rested her hands on the bed.

“Would you please remove her panties, Chloe?” Sam asked as he stepped into position next to and slightly behind his wife. It was an unusual request. Ginny certainly could have done it herself, but Sam wanted to see the other woman’s reaction, how eager she was to see Ginny’s body abused. Chloe had no compunction about taking off another woman’s clothes, especially her panties, and did so willingly for Ginny. The panties easily slipped down Ginny’s round thighs and the blonde woman elegantly stepped out of them as Chloe knelt on the floor. She backed up a few paces holding Ginny’s panties in her hand, as Sam took a few practice strokes, lifting the cane up high, then lowering it to the exact center of Ginny’s ass, much like a golfer would line up a long drive down the fairway.

“Ready?” he asked his wife.

“Of course.”

The cane whipped through the air with a faint whistle. There was a small crack of impact when the cane met flesh. Chloe was expecting a cry of pain to accompany the blow, but Ginny was silent. She looked at her friend’s face and saw her lower lip tremble ever so slightly.

“Good,” Sam complimented her. “Again.”

This time the whistle was higher and louder. The crack of impact was followed by an ever so slight, “Ahh!” of pain.

“You know I don’t like to hear you like that,” Sam said.

“Sorry, dear.”

“Once more then,” he said. The cane sliced the air again and this time the impact was followed by silence. “Very good. Please look at this, Chloe.”

The redhead took two steps back and looked at Ginny’s proffered ass. There were three stripes across it. Two made a neat X across the expanse of both buttocks while the third was a simple stripe in the crease between buttock and thigh. The red lines were raised and angry.

“Would you like me to take a picture, dear?” Sam asked.

“No.”

He looked at Chloe, a bemused smile on his lips. “She likes to parade around naked, but doesn’t like to have evidence of what I do to her on her website.”

Chloe was puzzled, but then realized every picture she ever saw of Ginny on her exhibitionist site never featured any sort of evidence of what she saw before her eyes at the moment. Ginny turned around. There were tears in her eyes but she wasn’t crying. “It’s his fetish, not mine,” she said proudly.

Sam took his wife in his arms and kissed her kindly on both her cheeks. “You did wonderfully, dear,” he told her.

“Thank you,” she said softly. There was a touch of pride in her voice. Chloe suspected that Ginny must have enjoyed the beating more than she let on.

“Did you like that?” Chloe asked, puzzled.

Ginny tilted her head to this side. “What do you mean?”

“Well, it obviously hurt, but you aren’t crying and you let him do it. I was just wondering.”

“Feel his cock,” Ginny told her.

“What?”

Ginny grabbed Chloe's hand and placed it over her husband's crotch. Underneath the material of his pants Chloe could feel his rigid member along with an impressive heat and a vague throbbing. "That's why I do it," Ginny said by way of explanation.

"Are you ready?" Sam asked her, gently removing Chloe's hand.

"Oh...no, I don't think so."

"You really don't have much say in the matter," Sam said firmly. "I'll give you a minute to prepare yourself or we can begin immediately, but we will do this." His voice wasn't demanding or commanding. It was conversational and Chloe was certain she didn't have any option but to say yes.

"I...I can't do it with the cane," she almost sobbed.

"Of course not. The cane is not for beginners. I have just the thing in my bag." Sam stepped away and put the cane away, bringing out a flogger. The handle was no more than a foot long, heavy wood wrapped with a leather grip. From out of the handle extended a dozen or more inch wide strips of soft suede leather. It didn't look at all intimidating. "This is for beginners. Feel how soft the leather is."

He held it out for her to touch and she inspected the leather strips. They were soft, almost velvety. She swallowed and nodded her head.

Ginny turned her around. "Place your hands on the bed, It'll better expose your ass," she said as she knelt down behind her friend and lowered her pink panties for her. "Widen your stance just a bit," Ginny instructed. Sam smiled as he saw the redhead's pussy lips just barely peek out between her legs and buttocks.

"Will it hurt?" Chloe asked. Her legs and hands were trembling slightly. It was exciting to do this with her friends, but it was unknown so she was scared as well.

"A tiny bit," Ginny said. "No more than a friendly swat. You've been spanked in bed before, haven't' you?"

"No."

“Oh.” Ginny paused. “Sam knows what he’s doing. When he’s done it won’t be worse than a slight sunburn. On your bum. And it fades fairly quickly.”

Chloe nodded and was about to speak when she felt the flogger land gently on her upturned buttocks. “Oh. That wasn’t bad at all,” she said with relief.

“That was the practice blow,” Sam said and then wound up fully to let her had the full effect of the flogger.

Chloe’s cry was loud enough to have woken the neighbor’s if the closest one hadn’t been more than a half mile away.

“It wasn’t bad,” Sam said sadly.

“I’m sorry,” Chloe said. Tears were welling up in her eyes and she tried not to sob. “I wasn’t ready.”

Ginny was right there, next to her friend, with a soft kiss on her cheek. “Shh. Shh. You can surely endure more than that.”

Chloe nodded and said. “I know I can.”

Sam handed the flogger over to a slightly surprised Ginny. “Here, I want to watch you flog her.”

Showing great composure Ginny took the implement from her husband and held it in her hand. She was used to being on the receiving end of the weapon, so it felt strange in her hand. Still, it was simple to use and she certainly knew how it was to be employed. After a questioning glance, to which Sam replied with a single nod, Ginny brought back her hand and slapped the leather strips on her friend’s ass.

Chloe yelled in pain again.

“Oh my god, I didn’t mean for that to hurt, Chloe!”

“Then you weren’t doing it right,” Sam said angrily.

“I mean...” Ginny tried to find the words but failed. She looked at the bright red blotch left on Chloe’s ass. It didn’t look bad at all. “Did it really hurt that

much?” she asked.

To her surprise, Chloe had to admit that it did not. “No, not really. I guess I was just expecting it to be much softer than what Sam did. You startled me.”

“Want me to kiss it and make it better?” Ginny jokingly asked.

Teasing her back Chloe said, “Yes.”

With a rueful chuckle Ginny bent forward and planted a soft kiss in the middle of the soft pink spot she had left on Chloe’s buttock. Even the momentary contact of her lips revealed the heat that was coming off the tender skin.

“Okay,” Sam interrupted. “Get back to business.”

“How many lashes should I give her, sir?” Ginny asked, saluting him with the flogger.

“Just keep going until I say stop.” Sam pulled off his shirt and unzipped his pants before getting on the bed. “Chloe, I’d like you to give me a blowjob while Ginny beats you. Is that okay?”

“Do I have a choice?” she asked.

Sam shook his head. “No.”

With a little shrug Chloe acquiesced and started removing his pants. The next slap of the flogger occurred when she had tugged his pants to his knees. This one she endured in silence. “About one every thirty seconds or so,” Sam said to Ginny as he helped Chloe get his socks off. He then sat on the edge of the bed with her hands on either side of his legs. His cock was already hard and when Chloe took it into her mouth it got bigger and harder, much to both of their pleasure.

The next few swats Chloe accepted with hardly any noticeable flinch. On the fifth blow she let his cock slip from her mouth. “How much more of this?”

“Until I cum,” Sam told her.

“I meant the spanking.”

He grinned at her, pleased with himself. "Until I cum."

"Shit."

"You don't like it?"

"I'm not used to it. It's not my thing. Fuck!" She was interrupted by Ginny landing another swat.

Sam pushed his cock against her lips and Chloe opened up and started sucking again. "Come over here, Ginny."

His wife moved the few steps across the room to stand next to Sam. "Are you enjoying this?"

Her eyes were sparkling and dilated. There was a faint sheen of sweat on her body from the exertion of wielding the small whip. "I don't mind it," she admitted.

Sam stuck his hand between her legs, feeling up into her pussy. "You're wet."

"I'm always wet around you," she said, teasing and lying at the same time.

"What got you wet, being caned or whipping Chloe?"

She knew the answer he wanted to hear. "Whipping her."

"Check between her legs."

Chloe's eyes met Sam's and he merely gazed down at her, unconcerned with her fate or suffering. She had given plenty of blowjobs in her life and knew that he was nowhere near cumming. She sucked harder and brought one hand into use, balancing herself on the other as she stayed bent over so Ginny could continue to abuse her ass.

For her part, Ginny did as ordered and felt between Chloe's legs, inspecting her pussy. Her mood was elevated now and checking her friend's pussy for signs of lust didn't bother her at all. She took more time than necessary to ascertain exactly what physical state. Ginny was certain to run her fingers from Chloe's clit to the bottom of her slit and sank her fingers deep into Chloe's cunt.

When she was done she held up her wet and sticky fingers. “I think she likes it,” Ginny reported.

Sam gestured for his wife to come closer. He grabbed her hand and put her fingers into his mouth, tasting Chloe’s flavor. “You do like this,” he said to the woman sucking his cock.

Chloe didn’t know what to say and so she just continued to suck on Sam’s cock.

“She lied to me,” Sam said. “Well, half-lied. She said she didn’t mind it. Keep going, Ginny. Let’s make her scream.”

“From pain?”

“From either getting her ass beat or from cumming. Whichever happens first.”

Chloe was overcome with the desire to masturbate while she sucked on Sam’s cock and was flogged by Ginny. She knew that wasn’t right because she liked sex to be gentle and playful, but she couldn’t deny the stirrings within her and the moistening of her pussy. She would have done it as well, she had jilled off—and more—in front of these two before, but it simply wasn’t possible as she was standing up, bent over, one hand balancing her weight, and the other holding Sam’s cock as she sucked it. Without realizing it, she opened up her stance and wiggled her hips a bit, hoping the stinging lashes would somehow find their way to her naked and wet pussy.

Enduring the lash and sucking a cock at the same time was more difficult than she would have thought. She had been with two people at once before, having her pussy fucked or sucked while performing oral on a second partner. This was different. It wasn’t all about pleasure. It was about fight through the pain to find the pleasure. She liked sucking cock; she was alarmed at how much she was learning to love having her tender skin flayed by the lash.

After a particularly hard blow from Ginny, Chloe let Sam’s cock slip from her mouth so she could moan out loud.

“Do you need to cum?” Sam asked. His voice was distant as if he didn’t care what happened to her.

“Yes,” she moaned.

“But I haven’t cum yet,” he pointed out.

Her voice now sounded like a little girl whining. “I know...”

Sam sighed in exasperation. “Fine. Spread your legs open a little more so Ginny can use the flogger on it.”

Chloe’s eyes went wide. “You can’t be serious!”

It was Ginny who replied. “Yes. It’ll sting for sure, but when you cum...” she deliberately trailed off.

“What?” Chloe asked looking over her shoulder at her friend who had been happily beating her ass a minute earlier.

Ginny shrugged. “Some of the best orgasms I’ve had because Sam was slapping or caning or whipping my pussy.”

“Really?” Chloe couldn’t believe that. She wasn’t into whips and chains. Then again, Ginny didn’t seem that type either, but she was admitting doing it for Sam’s pleasure. And she couldn’t deny the pleasure she was feeling at being mildly whipped. How bad could it be? “Okay. Do it.”

Her answer alarmed Ginny. It had been months of playing with the flogger before she had been ready for Sam to use it directly on her pussy, and now Chloe wanted to try it the very first time she was being flogged? Looking at Sam with his eager eyes and raging boner, Ginny understood. Sam was getting off on his submissive wife paddling the ass of a much more dominant woman. His breathing was low and shallow. He was on the brink of cumming himself.

Ginny waited a few seconds after Chloe opened up her legs more, then she felt between Chloe’s thighs. Her pussy was hot and wet and inflamed with lust. Ginny wanted to make her friend cum. The first swat on her pussy caused Chloe to jump a little and put her mouth back on Sam’s cock. With the next she moaned deeply in her chest. The blows came faster and faster; Chloe’s head bobbed up and down in Sam’s lap. Ginny felt her arm begin to tire when Chloe brought up her head with a keening wail. Her orgasm was announced with a shriek and Ginny dropped the flogger to cup her hand over Chloe’s bright red pussy. It was hotter and redder than Ginny’s had ever been; she was jealous of her friend.

“I haven’t cum yet,” Sam said, disappointed in the current state of affairs.

“I’m sorry,” Chloe panted.

“Don’t move,” he told her as he got up from the bed. Chloe remained in position bent over at the waist, hands on the bed, awaiting the next torture. Sam simply walked behind her, adjusted her hips, and pushed his cock into her wet and hot pussy.

“Ohh,” she groaned. There wasn’t any real pain when he entered her, just a vague soreness on the outside. Her tender labia were extra puffy and engorged with blood. She knew her pussy must be bright red, with her ass to match, but Sam’s cock in her pussy didn’t hurt. She had been over-fucked before and knew the soreness of a chaffed vagina; this wasn’t that sensation. It was only when he shoved his cock all the way in and impacted her tender lips was there pain. Inside her cunt it was slick and ready to receive him. It didn’t matter all that much because Sam only lasted a minute before he came inside her.

After he pulled out, Chloe collapsed to her knees. Sam staggered the two paces to the bed and collapsed on it. Ginny was turned on by the lusty display she had just witnessed and wanted to get off herself, but she couldn’t stand to see her friend suffer. She helped Chloe up to the bed next to Sam and then went to the bag, extracting a bottle of balm

“What’s that?” Chloe was hyper-aware of everything around her following her trial.

“Just some aftercare balm,” Ginny told her. “It’s got aloe and some anesthetic to soothe and cool your skin. Trust me, it’ll feel good. I’ve used it myself.”

After Chloe nodded, Ginny poured the balm in her hand and started spreading it over Chloe’s red ass. She moved her hand down to Chloe’s pussy as well knowing it would help there too.

“That feels good,” Chloe mumbled into the mattress.

“Mm-hmm,” Ginny agreed. “I just have one question. Now that the two of you got your rocks off, when’s my turn?”

“How do you want to get off?” Asked a very satisfied Sam.

The question caught Ginny off-guard. Her automatic answer would have been to ride Trent's cock but that wasn't possible at the moment since he was three hundred miles away.

"I don't know," she admitted. With a willing man and woman available, the possibilities were bountiful.

"When you do know, tell me and we'll make it happen." Sam's reply was smarmy, but was also his right given that he was playing the strong dominant that night.

She turned to Chloe. "Where do you keep your toys?"

Chloe didn't hesitate to point out the drawer. She was curious to see what Ginny would choose. Sam and Chloe watched as Ginny opened the drawer and startled when the contents were revealed. She wasn't shocked at what she found; she was surprised at the quantity of the contents.

"You could open up your own sex shop," Ginny commented.

Chloe laughed. "I don't think I have that much in the drawer."

"You've got so many vibrators in here you could make a rainbow out of them."

"Do you like vibrators?"

"Doesn't every woman?" Ginny's eyes lit up. "Is that a Hitachi Magic Wand?"

"It certainly is," Chloe answered with a bit of pride. "Have you ever used one before?"

"No."

"It's not for beginners," Chloe warned her.

Ginny lifted it out of the drawer. The large appliance was advertised as a personal massager but most women knew it to be a powerful vibrator guaranteed to make the most frigid ice queen experience her very first orgasm that would melt her mind. "I'm no beginner." It was over a foot long with a tennis ball-like attachment at the head. A long electric cord ran out the bottom when Ginny

pulled it all the way out.

“It doesn’t run on batteries?” she asked.

“Oh, honey, no. Once you plug it in you’ll know why.”

Taking that as a challenge Ginny brought the toy into the bed and built a backrest with a mound of pillows. Chloe helpfully plugged in the massager and trotted into the bathroom, returning with a slightly dampened washcloth in her hand.

“What’s that for?”

“You’ll want it, trust me,” Chloe said.

“Um...okay, I’ll see.” Ginny took the magic wand back from the redhead, reclined back on the mound of pillows, brought up her knees and parted her legs revealing her pink pussy to Sam and Chloe who both looked on in interest. Sam rolled to his side to watch his wife. Chloe lay on her stomach at the foot of the bed. She was too afraid to sit on her bottom after the flogging she had received.

After figuring out the simple controls to the wand, Ginny turned it on, pretended she wasn’t alarmed at the large amount of vibrations running through her fingers and down her arm, and carefully applied the soft plastic head to her mons. She was too afraid to press it directly to her clit—that would have been overpowering. Still, just lightly applying it to the little patch of curly blonde pubic hair was more than enough to send powerful waves desire through her body.

“Oh fuck,” she moaned, carefully controlling exactly where she placed the vibrator.

“Told you,” Chloe chirped.

“This is gonna make me cum,” she groaned, too afraid to press it harder to her pussy but enjoying it too much to pull it away at all.

“It sure will,” Chloe agreed.

Ginny wanted to put it in her pussy. She liked being penetrated. It didn’t always make her cum, but she loved the way a good cock or a nicely shaped and sized

vibrator filled her up. The magic wand, however, was far too large and she feared the damage it would do to her. There was no need because she knew it would take that long for an orgasm to take control of her body.

“Want the washcloth?” Chloe asked as she watched her friend manipulate the powerful device just across the top of her pussy.

“Why?” her question was breathy, almost quiet.

“You put the cloth on you pussy and then you can put the vibrator directly on your clit,” Chloe explained. “You’ll love it.”

She moved between Ginny’s legs and draped the warm, wet washcloth over her pussy. While it was disappointing to see her sex covered, Chloe knew that her friend would thank her. She even resisted kissing Ginny’s pink slit but did help Ginny guide the strong tool back into place, moving it lower than before, making sure the head was directly on top of Ginny’s clit.

The blonde almost pulled back fearing the sensations would be too much. As it turned out, they weren’t. They were nearly perfect. The washcloth dampened and spread out the vibrations enough that her clit wasn’t in pain. Ginny pushed aside her lust and put off her orgasm as long as possible. The way the strong vibrations ran through her pussy made her want to cum again and again, but she wanted one strong one. The almost jackhammer like intensity right on her clit was making her go numb and her legs were starting to tremble when abruptly her hips started thrusting upward, jerking oddly and she screamed so unexpectedly she scared even herself.

The orgasm was intense. Easily the most intense she had ever had in her entire life. It was long and rolling and took complete control of her body. Her legs flailed around and she gasped for breath. When it was over she didn’t even have the energy to turn off the vibrator, she just let it flop from her hand and shake on the bed until Chloe grabbed it and turned it off.

Sam was softly clapping his hands in appreciation. “Don’t mock me,” Ginny said, extraordinarily grumpy for a woman who just had a powerful orgasm.

“That was the most beautiful display I’ve ever seen,” he told her.

“Wow. Just wow,” Chloe added.

Ginny reached between her legs to remove the washcloth and noticed it was sopping wet, as if it had been dunked in a sink of water. “Shit. What happened? Did I pee myself?”

Now she was embarrassed. She knew she had lost control of her body during the orgasm, but had it been that powerful that she couldn’t control her bladder?

“No, that’s just girl cum,” Chloe said as she took the washcloth away from Ginny. The amount of liquid in it surprised even her. “A lot of girl cum,” she added and looked between Ginny’s legs. The washcloth had prevented the female ejaculate from spraying all over the bed, but it had still managed to soak the sheet between her legs, coat her inner thighs, and keep her pussy perfectly wet as well. Chloe ran a finger along Ginny’s inner thigh, scooping up some of the clear liquid, and tasted it. “Yup. Girl cum. Have you ever squirted before?”

Ginny shook her head.

“That’s fucking hot,” Sam commented. His cock was hard again. Although he had been stroking himself while his wife used the vibrator, it wasn’t hard just because of that. Her squirting and the scent that filled the air brought about his lust once again. “Can I fuck you?” he asked her as he got up on his knees and showed her his rampant erection.

Her first instinct was to say no because her tender pussy had been so well-used by the vibrator. But then she realized her lust hadn’t fully abated. She wanted to have Chloe watch as Sam fucked her; maybe that would make her a bit jealous. “Yes,” she heard herself saying.

Sam yanked her off the pile of pillows and quickly climbed on, sinking his hard cock all the way into her pussy. It was perfect, Sam thought, her pussy was slick and easily penetrated. Her walls closed in and grasped his manhood. She was eager to be filled. The magic wand was satisfying but Ginny liked a cock in her pussy just as much as a good vibrator on her clit.

They rutted like animals as Chloe watched in silence. There was no love making here, just an animalist need to fuck.

It was so short a period that Chloe was surprised when Sam gave out a grunt and thrust his hips firmly into his wife a few slow times, then rolled off her, done. Chloe looked between Ginny’s thighs at her now red and sore pussy. A bit of

Sam's jism leaked out from between her puffy labia. Chloe licked her own lips.

"Want me to clean you?" she found herself asking.

Sam answered for his wife. "Yes."

They slept together in the large bed, a tangle of limbs with Sam in the middle. When he woke up in the early morning—light was just starting to stream through the windows—he looked at both women, and then climbed on top of Chloe. Since he was sporting morningwood there wasn't much difficulty in pushing inside her pussy. Chloe accepted his need to fuck and let him use her body. Ginny half woke up, saw what they were doing, watched a minute, then rolled over and went back to sleep. When Sam was done he also went back to sleep, leaving Chloe awake and alone. She got out of bed, slipped on a thin robe, and went downstairs to start breakfast.

After getting coffee brewing and arranging ingredients for eggs she was shortly joined Ginny who paraded downstairs stark naked. It shouldn't have surprised Chloe, but it was odd seeing another woman naked in her home.

"Morning. Is the coffee ready?"

"A few more minutes."

Ginny nodded and perched herself on one of the stools that ran along the breakfast bar next to the kitchen. Her heavy tits hung down almost to the counter. Chloe couldn't take her eyes off the twinkling gold ring through Ginny's nipple.

"Is your butt sore?" Ginny asked.

The question shouldn't have surprised Chloe, but it did. "No," she answered, to her great relief. "It doesn't."

Ginny nodded. "The balm performs miracles."

"When should we expect Sam to get up? I don't want to make too much if he's going to sleep until noon."

“Oh, he’ll be up soon. You can count on that.”

“Why?”

“Two willing women who have agreed to fuck him? I’m surprised he’s not downstairs yet.”

Chloe poured two cups of coffee and asked Ginny if she wanted sugar or cream.

“Nope. I like my coffee like I like my men, strong and black.”

Chloe’s eyes went wide. “Really?”

Ginny burst out laughing and shook her head. “Nope. I’ve never fucked a black guy. I’m boring that way. Middle class white guys only. What about you?”

“Does Jewish count as exotic?”

Ginny shook her head.

“What about a guy who claimed to be half Italian and half Egyptian?”

“Was that the truth?”

“I don’t know.”

“Sure. Why not. You win on the exotic guys.”

They heard footsteps on the stairs and a moment later Sam came in wearing a pair of black pajama bottoms and nothing else.

“You brought pajamas with you?” Ginny asked, incredulous.

“Yes. Of course. I have couth.” He smiled at them and Chloe poured him a cup of coffee. “Take off your robe, come around to this side of the bar, and the both of you put your hands on the counter so I can do a little inspection.”

Chloe wasn’t prepared to sex play this early, but it sounded like fun so she dropped her robe to the floor and assumed the position next to Ginny who had already obeyed her husband’s orders. Sam took in the view, a pair of curvy asses pointing at him, waiting.

“What are we doing this morning?” Chloe asked.

From the pocket of his pajamas Sam pulled out a paddle, slightly smaller than a ping pong paddle and displayed it to them. “You each get a paddling,” he told them. “The first to cry out loses.”

“What does the winner get?” Ginny asked, confident of her ability to outlast her friend in the spanking department even with the stripes from last night still outlining her ass.

“A surprise,” Sam told her. “Ultimately, I’m the winner, but someone else might join in the spoils as well.”

Chloe felt her pussy moistening and found she was eager to play this game.

The handle Sam held was made of a round wood and no more than eight inches long and an inch in diameter. Attached to it was the striking surface but it was made of a rectangle of thick leather. It was flexible and painful if used correctly. Chloe was scared but eager to see what was going to happen. Ginny was used to this sort of treatment—when she indulged Sam’s kink—and knew exactly what to expect. Or so she thought.

He admired their asses a moment and then brought the paddle down on Ginny’s ass. Her flesh quivered slightly with the light crack that filled the air, but she was otherwise silent.

“Very good,” he complimented her

Ginny smiled. She was confident she would win this competition.

The paddle then struck Chloe’s ass. She was less experienced in this sort of game and her ass was still a bit pink from the previous night. Right away Ginny knew something was wrong. The paddle didn’t make the same satisfying snap when it hit Chloe’s ass. Ginny looked over at her friend’s braced body and there was barely a mark on her butt. She made a quick glance at her own rounded posterior and there was ample evidence of the blow Sam had landed on her. The splotch of pink was already starting to turn red. “Hey,” she protested. “You didn’t spank her nearly as hard as me!”

“Really?” Sam asked. “I’ll have to correct that.”

He adjusted his stance, moved slightly toward Ginny, and landed another firm slap on her ass, this time on the other cheek. Ginny endured it happily.

When Sam wound up and spanked Chloe's other buttock, the slap was as light as the first one.

"No fair!" Ginny said taking her hands off the counter, breaking the rule that Sam had set. "You can't do it that way!"

"Can't I?" Sam asked. Chloe understood what was happening. Sam was making it so that she would win the competition. For just a moment she took pleasure in that, but then realized that he must have something more evil planned if he was intentionally throwing the game. "Put your hands back on the counter or you'll automatically lose."

"I'm going to lose anyway!" Ginny protested. She was truly angry. Chloe was certain that she wasn't playing a little game with her husband. Something else entirely was going on.

"You think you can't take as much as her?" Sam questioned. "Are you really so weak? I thought you could endure anything."

His words weren't completely flat, but something was amiss. Ginny wasn't truly afraid of Sam, but something was going on Chloe didn't understand.

"I can," she said proudly.

"Good. Prove it."

With a scowl Ginny turned back to the counter and placed her hands on the cool tile. Chloe hadn't moved the entire time and simply waited for the next spank to her upturned ass.

The beatings continued on their unequal settings. Chloe could see and hear that Ginny was enduring much more than she was. The spanking wasn't exactly pleasant, but it didn't bother her either. In a certain way, it felt good. Her buttocks were being stimulated and this transmitted through to her pussy. She couldn't wait to see what the reward for the winner was. On the other hand, she could see that Ginny was suffering terribly yet Chloe's competitive self wouldn't let her call the game off.

Sam paused for a moment, putting his hand between Ginny's legs first, and then checking Chloe's pussy. Sam was please that both women's pussies were moist and ready to fuck. "Are we going to stop for a little fucking?" Chloe asked.

"No," Sam said and swatted her ass again. "Not yet." He swatted Ginny again. "What's the count?" he asked her.

"Twenty one," she told him without hesitation. It hadn't occurred to Chloe to count the number of spanks she had received. Her ass was nearly on fire now, but when she glanced over her shoulder and compared her butt to Ginny's, it was the blonde woman whose ass was nearly bright red. A quick glance over at Ginny confirmed that she was struggling to endure the unfair game. She was biting her lip and her eyes were watery. She wasn't crying. Not yet.

Chloe had to look away. She couldn't deal with what Ginny was going through. Chloe was playing a fun sex game, maybe pushing the boundaries of what she thought she would do in her life, but Ginny was suffering near-abuse levels.

Sam increased the speed of his spanks along with the intensity, but only on Ginny. Chloe wondered why the other woman didn't just give up. Certainly whatever Sam had planned for them couldn't be nearly as bad as what she was going through at the moment. Did Ginny have an incredibly competitive nature as well? Did Ginny actually like to be beaten like this? Unconsciously Chloe reached out with her hand, moving it the six inches across the countertop, and intertwined her fingers with Ginny's. They met each other's gaze a moment, and then Chloe had to look away.

The spankings continued. Chloe opened up her legs a little more wondering if the paddle could reach her pussy lips. Ginny closed her eyes and hung her head. After five more swats she started letting out a little puff of breath with each blow. Chloe knew the game was soon to end.

"Aaagghhh!" Ginny suddenly screamed. It was an odd moment because Chloe had just endured the latest spank. Maybe it was the long seconds of anticipation before she had to endure the paddle again that made her give it. "Stop it. Fine. Chloe wins. Give me my punishment." She turned around as clasped her hands to her butt.

"Well, I have to reward the winner first," Sam said with a devious smile. Chloe took her hands off the counter and stood up. Her butt hurt but it wasn't really

painful; the discomfort would fade quickly. Reaching into the other pocket of his pajama bottoms Sam pulled out a silver chain about a foot long. At first Chloe thought it was a choker necklace but then she was the ends of the chain.

“What’s that?” she asked but she was pretty sure she already knew.

Ginny answered for her. “Nipple clamps on a chain. It’s not bad. I kind of like it from time to time.” She thrust her chest out a little more stepping forward so that Sam could attach the tweezer-like clamps to her nipples.

He looked at her with a slightly puzzled expression. “Who said they were for you?” Sam then moved over to Chloe, opened up one clamp with his right hand while holding her breast with his left. She didn’t know what to do so she simply stood there and allowed Sam to attach the clamp to her nipple. It didn’t hurt at first until he tightened up the ring squeezing the arms of the clamp together. That caused her to suck in her breath at the flare of pain.

“Hurts?” he asked her.

“A little,” she admitted. It wasn’t really bad, but certainly nothing she desired.

“Let me put the other one on,” he said applying the clamp to her other tit. She was ready the second time, but the pain was no less.

“What the hell kind of reward is this?” she asked getting annoyed and a little light headed from the clamps.

“This is just the start,” Sam said. “Why don’t you sit down on the stool,” he suggested.

That sounded like an excellent idea to Chloe until her ass touched the cool seat. The flare of pain from her butt matched the pain in her nipples. She looked down and saw the chain swinging back and forth between her small breasts and wondered if she had actually lost the competition.

“Get down on your knees, Ginny,” Sam said. “And eat her pussy. It shouldn’t be hard to make her cum. She’s halfway there already.”

Ginny glared at her husband for a moment and then followed his order. Chloe happily opened her legs up for Ginny and welcomed her tongue into her pussy.

For someone reluctant to play Sapphic games, Ginny was extraordinarily good at them. When she started to relax Sam hooked the chain between her tits with a finger and gently lifted it, relieving some of the pressure.

“Do you like that?” he asked her.

She wasn’t sure if he meant the clamps or Ginny’s tongue. It didn’t matter. “Yes. It’s good.”

“Very good,” he replied and gently pulled out the chain forcing her to lean forward so the clamps wouldn’t pull harder on the sensitive flesh. “Sit up straight,” he ordered.

The reason why was obvious, to hurt her, to cause pain. Chloe wasn’t big into pain but she felt compelled to obey. She leaned back and felt her tits pulled forward and lifted up by the clamps and chain. There was pain in her ass. There was pain in her tits. And there was Ginny’s lovely tongue bathing her pussy with sweetness. It was all too much to take in and in spite of herself Chloe found a powerful orgasm building and then releasing her from her worldly concerns.

“Was that good?” Sam asked her when she was done.

“Uh-huh.”

“Ginny, go get the balm for her ass.” Ginny stood up, wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, and disappeared upstairs. Chloe shuffled to her feet to take the pressure off her ass and Sam let the chain free to bounce off her chest. “Ready to take off the clamps?” he asked.

“Yes. Please.” He laughed at her causing a thrill of fright to run through her soul. “You aren’t going to take them off?” she asked very worried for her pretty tits.

“Oh, I’m going to take them off. It’s just that taking them off when they’ve been on for a while...well, you might get another dose of pain.”

“Okay...” she wasn’t sure what he meant, but stepped forward and allowed him to grasp the clamps in both hands. He loosened the retaining rings and pulled them free of her distressed nipples at the same time. Blood rushed back to her tits and she nearly fainted from the return of sensation. He was right. It was more painful than putting them on.

“Good, good,” Sam told her softly and reached between her legs. “A little pleasure to relieve the pain.” His fingers found her pussy and clit and he rubbed her vigorously. She was so keyed up by the new experiences that she came again quickly and easily. “Better?” he asked.

“Yes,” she admitted and felt a little guilty when Ginny returned with the bottle of healing balm. She had caught Chloe and Sam in each other’s arms. There was no reason to feel guilty, she told herself, but the guilt made the fading orgasm even better.

Ginny said nothing and simply opened the bottle, squirted some on her hand, and rubbed the thick liquid into Chloe’s abused ass. It soothed her and she waited patiently as Ginny worked it into her skin. “Here,” she said when Ginny was done. “Let me help you out.” She took the bottle from Ginny, dumped some of the balm into her hand, and knelt down behind the blonde. Her ass was bright red and she wondered how Ginny endured the pain. When she touched Ginny’s heated skin, it was like touching a sunburn but the balm soothed the anger and calmed Ginny’s irritable mood. When she was done Chloe gave a little kiss to her friend’s bum and asked her, “Which one of us should fuck Sam for all his hard work?”

“You should,” Ginny said. “I can fuck him anytime. You don’t get the opportunity all that often. Neither does he.”

“Here or in the bedroom?” Sam asked.

“You want me to just bend over the table so you can take me like a cheap date?” she asked.

“Sure.”

Chloe shook her head at him. “Nope. You’re going to take me to bed like a proper lady.”

When Ginny returned from her lunch break she wasn’t initially alarmed to see her coworker Harry sitting at her desk behind her computer. He barely glanced up when she walked into the semi-private office. She shared a space with four other employees and it wasn’t unusual for a computer to be borrowed when not

in use. Her company's IT department wasn't always on the ball when it came to maintaining their equipment.

"Hey Ginny," he said.

"Going to be long?" she asked. Except for the two of them the office was otherwise empty at the moment.

"Nope. I'm done. But I do have a word of advice for you," he said. Harry was a nice guy, a few years older than her with a receding hairline but an impeccable sense of style. He almost always wore a suit to work and today was no exception; his suit was black with faint gold pinstripes that he paired a white shirt and a yellow and green tie.

"What's that?" she asked.

"You shouldn't leave personal websites up on your computer before you leave for lunch," he said neutrally.

Ginny tried not to hyperventilate. She had been checking her exhibitionist site in the morning. The view to her computer's display was blocked to all the others in the cramped office and she got a private thrill out of doing naughty things on her company computer when she was supposed to be working. This was the first time she had ever been close to getting caught. "What do you mean?" she asked trying to play dumb and get extra time to think of how to get out of this more than slightly uncomfortable moment.

"I'm not judging, Ginny, but...wow," was all he said as he pivoted the computer screen so she could see it from where she stood. It was the picture of her going down on Chloe. Or one of them. She forgot how many were in that series. Ginny felt her knees going weak. "I wasn't trying to pry but I have to say," his eyes glanced up from the screen, "I wouldn't have gathered you to be the type of woman to have a nipple ring."

Her first instinct was to claim the pictures weren't her, that they were of a woman who looked just like her. But the moment the thought formed in her head she knew it sounded like a complete load of bullshit. "I, uh, I don't know what to say..."

Harry winked at her. "I'm a purveyor of the finer erotic websites on the internet.

I hope you don't mind that I looked through most of yours."

She started to breathe a sigh of relief. "Oh thank god," she sighed. A thought occurred to her. "How much did you look through?" she asked too quickly.

His grin told her everything and her heart sank through the floor. "I'd say about half of what you've got up here. I never would have guessed all of this about you." He shook his head sadly.

"It's not what you think," she blurted. It sounded incredibly stupid to her ears.

"That you like to take off your clothes and semi-anonymously show the world your body. Do you get off on it?"

She wanted to avoid the question. "Okay, it sort of looks like that," she admitted.

"You've got a nice body," he continued. "But I never, ever would have guessed that you were bi as well."

Her face was bright red now and she sank down into one of the spare chairs. "Oh shit. This is going to ruin me."

He shook his head. "Your secret's safe with me," he said. "I'm not going to say anything to anyone...if you tell me one thing. You can trust me. Does showing off your body get you wet?"

She hesitated to answer. His question was crude and uninvited. But then again she had let him find her secret website and he had made a promise not to tell anyone else if she answered the question honestly. How would he tell if she was answering honestly or not? Of course, he already knew the answer—why else would she have such a website if not for some prurient delight?—so he knew what her answer should be. She had to answer honestly otherwise he would do... what? Reveal her secret to the office?

"Yes," she said so softly he barely heard her—she barely heard herself. "It gets me wet. It makes me want to fuck." That was probably a little too much information.

"Do you want to fuck right now?" he asked her.

“What?”

“Do you want to fuck right now?” he repeated. “I’ve looked at half of your naked pictures. They’ve made me hard. Don’t you like doing that to guys?”

“Yes.”

“So do you want to fuck right now?”

She swallowed and forced out her answer. Her panties were wet and she was too nervous to stand up. “Yes.”

“Show me your tits,” Harry said. His voice was calm; it was as if he was asking her to pass him a pencil.

Slowly she complied. Ginny simply unbuttoned the top three buttons on her blouse exposing her bra, and then she pulled down the tops of the bra’s cups to display her nipples. The bra was a rather plain one: white cotton with an underwire, no lace, and full cups. Her little gold ring was on display for the long moment that she showed off for Harry, then her nerves failed her and she pulled her bra back into place and quickly buttoned up.

“Very nice,” he complimented her. “Are your panties wet?”

“Yes,” she said, a bit proud of herself now. There was nothing more that Ginny like than showing off her body for other people. She loved to be naked. She loved for other people to take pleasure in seeing her body. She had more than enough messages from her website to know that many of the men who monitored it—and some women as well—masturbated to her images. That got her off even more than being naked in front of other people.

“Let me see.”

“I’m wearing pants,” she pointed out. “I can’t just pull down my pants here in the middle of the office.” She could have, but the risk would have been extremely high. The office was half-empty due to lunch and it was unlikely her officemates would return any time soon.

“Sure you can,” he encouraged her.

“I can’t.”

“Do you want to?”

Her mouth was dry. “Yes.”

He looked around at the small office a moment, then smiled. “Let’s go to the supply closet,” Harry suggested.

It sounded like a cliché, but it wasn’t really. The supply room at their company wasn’t just a little closet, but took up half the space of the building. There were more than enough places to hide for a few moments of privacy if they wanted. The idea of being caught scared Ginny...but she’d already been caught at least once today.

“Okay.”

After locking her computer Harry led the way out of the office and through the hallways. They moved quickly because they didn’t want to get caught walking together though Ginny was sorely tempted to take his hand as they went to their secret rendezvous.

In the warren of the passages in the supply closet Harry quickly led the way to an out of the way spot behind a pallet of copy paper. “Drop your pants,” he told her once they were half-hidden from passersby.

After quickly checking left and right, Ginny lowered her zipper and pulled down her slacks along with her panties to display her little blond triangle of pubic hair. She smiled at him. “You like it?” she asked.

“Very nice. Better than in the pictures.” He pulled out his cell phone. “Can I take a picture?” he asked politely.

She didn’t hesitate this time. “Just of my pussy. No face.”

“Of course.” He knelt down and quickly clicked off a few still images of her moist cunt. “I can’t tell if you’re really wet or not,” he said.

He meant it as an opening gambit to see how far he could push her. Ginny surprised him and grabbed his hand, pressing it to her sex. His fingers felt her

copious moisture and he pushed his middle finger up inside her pussy. “You are wet,” he said.

“I know,” she moaned. She wanted to ask him to get her off, but that didn’t seem prudent at the moment.

Pushing aside his lust, Harry stood up and said, “Thank you.”

Ginny couldn’t help herself. She saw Harry’s boner through his pants and her compassionate nature took over. Without pulling up her clothing, she went down on her knees and quickly unbuckled his belt, pulling down his pants before a word of protest could be uttered. When his cock popped out of his boxers she immediately started stroking it. The head went into her mouth and she sucked eagerly. Harry was already very worked up; his cock was drooling precum. It was salty on her tongue and she savored the unusual flavor. While she never considered herself an expert on cocksucking, she did give in to her enthusiasm and Harry let himself be overtaken by the moment. The blowjob didn’t last more than two minutes before he was erupting in her mouth.

Ginny showed that she didn’t want to be caught by an inadvertent Monica mistake and swallowed every drop that Harry offered to her. His breathing was ragged and shallow as he spurted again and again in her mouth. The thick cum he left behind was hard to swallow, but Ginny didn’t mind.

When he was finally done she stood up and started pulling up her own pants to hide her naked ass. Harry moved quickly, pressing her up against the cases of copy paper and thrust his hand between her legs.

“Don’t,” she protested but her heart wasn’t in it.

“I can’t let you go unfulfilled,” he said.

He rubbed quick and fast and hard. Her orgasm took less time than his. She bit down hard on her lower lip so she wouldn’t cry out while she came. When she was done he licked her scent from his fingers. “We’ll have to do this again some time.”

Text exchange:

Ginny: I just gave a guy in my office a blowjob.

Sam looked at the message on his cellphone only half believing what his wife had texted him.

Sam: Are you making up a story to get me hot?

Ginny: He made me cum with his hand.

Sam: You are making up a story.

Ginny: No, I'm not. How does it make you feel that your wife is a slut.

Sam: To be honest, it's pretty fucking exciting.

Ginny: Want me to fuck him?

Sam: Right now?

Ginny: No, in the future.

Sam: Yes. But I still don't believe you.

Ginny: What will convince you?

Sam: Pix or it didn't happen.

It took a few minutes, but Ginny forwarded Sam the pictures Harry had taken of her wet pussy. He wasn't entirely convinced, but he was happy with the pictures.

Text exchange:

Sam: Whatever happened to your husband last weekend? Did he get laid?

Chloe: Ha. Nope. He just went to his meetings and jerked off to porn.

Sam: That's kind of sad.

Chloe: Can't win all the time.

Sam: Does he know what you did?

Chloe: Hell yes.

Sam: And what did he think of that?

Chloe: We had the best sex when he got home and I told him everything.

Sam: Did you like me dominating you? Spanking you?

Chloe's reply took a long time to come back.

Chloe: It scared me.

Sam: But did you like it? Did you get off on it?

Her reply was quicker this time.

Chloe: Strangely, yes.

Sam: I want to do it again with you.

Chloe: You do?

Sam: Does that surprise you?

Chloe: No.

Sam: What's your answer?

Chloe: Would you be upset if I said no?

Sam: I'd be upset.

Chloe: When do you want to meet?

He met Chloe just inside the lobby of the office of taxation and finance. When she walked across the slightly boring and far too industrial reception area she didn't expect Sam to embrace her, grab her ass, and kiss her deep, like greeting a

long lost lover. She responded appropriately to his passion, but quickly got him out of the office. It was unlikely anyone passing through at the moment would know Sam wasn't her husband, but there was no reason to let the world know. It was the middle of March. Winter hadn't left the capital city yet, but the season was almost over. Coats were still needed, but Chloe and Sam left their unbuttoned as they dashed across the parking lot for his car.

The hotel was just a mile down the road. It had two primary sources of income: state workers spending the night after traveling from field offices, and state workers having illicit liaisons with other state workers. When they closed the door behind them, Sam immediately ordered her to strip. This time there was no romantic kissing or display of passion. Chloe nodded and proceeded to remove her clothes. When he watched her with almost disinterested eyes.

When she was done she displayed herself with outstretched arms and a slightly bent knee to hide her pussy. "Do you like what you see?"

He nodded and sat down on the bed. "Lay across my lap."

A thrill of fear ran through Chloe's psyche. "Are you going to spank me?"

"Of course."

She looked around a moment. He had brought his work bag with him into the room, but it was still zippered shut. It was impossible to tell if he brought it with him out of habit or if something else was planned. "I don't see a whip or leather gloves or a paddle," she commented.

"Would you like me to use one of those on you?"

Chloe shook her head. "Just saying. That's all."

"Do you like me to dominate you?"

She nodded now. "Yes. Never thought I'd admit that."

"Most people want someone else in charge during sex," he said. "It lets them avoid admitting they like certain deviant acts."

"You think that's how it is with me?" she asked, a bit offended.

“You tell me. Either put your clothes back on and leave, or lay across my lap and let me spank you.”

It was harder to get on his lap than she would have thought. The physical act was easy; the emotional toll was the difficult part. The pain from the spanking was slight. He didn't hit her that hard nor did he do it very long. She quickly understood the spanking was just to show her who was in control. She liked the feel of his hard cock against her side through his pants as he spanked her.

“Get up, open up my bag, and take out the clamps.”

This was harder. In his bag shoved up against the pile of papers were an assortment of chains and leather restraints. Chloe sorted through them before finding the nipple clamps connected by the short chain. It was the same one she had worn little over a week earlier in her house. When she started to bring the device over to him, he stopped her. “Put it on yourself. Make sure the clamps won't easily slip off.”

Applying the clamps didn't hurt that much, but sliding the retaining rings up to the correct location so the tweezers would stay on was the hard part. The pinching was awful but when they were finally in place and not slipping off, Chloe looked up at Sam with a semi-satisfied grin that hid part of her pain.

“Good. Put the bag next to the bed and get back on my lap.”

She obeyed. The spanking recommenced. It was actually more enjoyable with the clamps on but once Sam started, it felt like he wasn't going to ever stop. Chloe whined a bit and then out of frustration she moved her hand back to stop him from hitting her again.

That made him angry. “It took you that long to think of the solution, did it? Wrong decision.” He grasped her wrist with one hand and rooted through his bag with the other. The handcuffs weren't police grade, but they were effective enough when he slipped them around her wrists neatly keeping her hands bound above the small of her back. She could attempt to move her hands down to block the spanking, but at this point she didn't dare.

“Ready?” he asked her.

“Uh-huh,” she said. The spans continued. Her gaze fell upon the open bag next

to the bed. There were all sorts of toys left inside he hadn't used yet. She shivered and wondered which was next.

"Are you enjoying this?" he asked her.

"Sort of." It was hard for her to admit.

He spanked her a few more times. "But you tried to stop me. You blocked me with your hands."

"I'm sorry," she said, a few tears starting to leak out of her eyes. She was glad he couldn't see her crying. That would have been too humiliating especially since she wanted him to fuck her before they parted.

The next few slaps were harder and then he abruptly stopped. "Stand up," he ordered as he pushed her from his lap. It was a struggle to get to her feet with her hands cuffed behind her back, but she did so with a modicum of dignity. He reached into the bag and pulled out a wide strip of leather. Her knees started to buckle when she saw what it was.

"You aren't going to put a collar on me, are you?" she asked.

"Yes, I am."

"I'm not a dog, an animal," she insisted.

"I never said you were. I think you are more beautiful if you wear this."

The words were what she needed to hear, but she was still reluctant to comply. "I'm not sure if I want to."

"It's not like you have that much say in the matter. I want you to wear this while I fuck you. If you don't want to wear it...then I suppose we can leave."

She didn't want that. She wanted to have sex and so she nodded in agreement. "Okay, I'll do it."

It was peculiar to think that she could have just said no and he would have let her go. It was even odder to realize that he wanted her permission before putting the collar around her neck.

“Scared?” he asked.

“Yes.”

“Good.”

She was trembling as he stood close, put the heavy leather around her neck and buckled it in place then quickly added a tiny padlock into place so she couldn't remove the collar without his permission. Not that she could have at the moment with her hands behind her back. Once the collar was in place, she felt herself calming down. It was as if anything that happened to her now wasn't her fault. She had no control over the events so it was best just to let him use her body as he would and enjoy the ride for as long as it lasted.

Sam took another short length of chain from the bag and attached it to her collar. He then lifted up the chain between her nipples and hooked the second chain into place. It was short enough that it pulled up on the nipple chain but not to a painful degree. “You look very pretty.”

“Thank you.”

“Can I take your picture?”

She wasn't into exhibitionism as much as Ginny, but she knew that Sam would be discrete. He might share the pictures with his wife and they might wind up on her website, but other than that it would be for his enjoyment only.

“Sure.”

He pulled out his cellphone and took a few pictures of her pink ass, her chained nipples, her defiant chin just above her collar, and then several of her torso. He didn't take one of her pussy or whole body.

“What are you going to do to me next?” she asked. Chloe was surprised at how eager she sounded.

“What do you want to do?”

“Get fucked?” she asked hopefully.

“Not yet.”

Sam pulled a pair of thin leather gloves from the bag. They were black leather driving gloves, completely innocuous except for the fact she knew he was going to use them to spank and slap her. He had probably used them on his wife already. They might have been the same ones he had used a week ago.

“Should I bend over or get in your lap again?” she asked. She wanted to feel the pain. She could almost taste the anticipation and the way the fear heightened everything she felt.

“Neither. Open up your stance a bit. I need to get to your pussy.”

That wasn't what she had been expecting. She liked that; he was able to surprise her at almost every turn. She moved her feet apart making her pussy easily accessible. Instead of striking her he instead caressed her sex for a few moments, inspecting her. She wondered how much of her he could feel through the gloves. It was a slightly different sensation than being groped by a bare hand. It wasn't bad at all.

When he was done Sam held up his fingers, showing her the moisture her pussy had left behind. “You’re enjoying this,” he told her.

“Yes.”

“Let me know if the pain is too much.”

“Okay.”

“The nipple clamps not too bad?”

“They’re fine.” Her tits had actually gone numb but she wasn't going to tell Sam that because he would wind up removing them and the blood rushing back to her nipples was too much to endure at the moment.

He lightly slapped her pussy. It didn't hurt at all. She'd felt more powerful impacts from getting fucked missionary style.

“Harder,” she told him.

“I was hoping you’d say that.”

Each slap that followed was stronger and more intense. She endured each happily with a smile. It wasn’t quite like getting fucked, but it wasn’t bad at all either.

“Are you going to cum from this?” he asked her between spanks but didn’t give her time to answer.

“If you want me to,” she said quickly.

“I want you to.”

“Harder,” she told him and bent her knees a bit to let him hit her clit just the right way.

It took almost a minute more of slaps before her clit was overpowered and an orgasm thrilled through her body. She collapsed to the floor with tears flowing freely. “I’m sorry, I’m sorry,” she kept repeated.

“Why are you sorry?” he said. His voice was dispassionate. He stood over her and she was scared.

“Because I came and you didn’t.”

Hauling her up bodily Sam positioned her so that her torso was on the bed and her knees were on the floor. He got down behind her, unzipped his pants, pulled out his cock, and shoved it in her pussy. She was so slick there was no resistance at all. He fucked her hard and fast. It actually hurt, not from his cock treating her cunt roughly but from the cloth of his suit rubbing against her sore ass and the way the bedclothes pulled on the chains to her nipples. It was uncomfortable the way he pressed into her hands, already twisted behind her back. As they fucked one of the nipple clamps came free and she sucked in her breath with the unexpected surge of blood back into her delicate flesh. Sam didn’t even notice her pain.

When he came he grunted a few times and that was the end of it. He pulled out and tucked his manhood away. “Get up and get dressed,” he told her and only then did he see one of the clamps was dangling free. He took in the sight of her looking disheveled and liked it.

“I can’t get dressed until you free my hands,” she told him.

“Right,” he agreed and pulled the key to the cuffs and the lock on the collar from his pocket. She turned around and showed him her manacled hands. He unlocked the metal cuffs and watched as she carefully removed the clamp from her right tit. She hissed fiercely when the blood rushed back in.

“Do you like wearing them?” he asked.

“It’s...different. Very different. I’ve never done anything like this before.”

“Really? Even with all those men you’ve slept with?”

“Yeah, well, I’ve just had straight sex pretty much. Kinky stuff not so much.”

He watched as she put her clothes back on. She didn’t ask him to remove the collar. She didn’t know if it was permitted to make such a request. When everything was back in place she stood before him, her clothes slightly askew and a few hairs were flying away stray, but she was presentable for public. “Are you ready to go?” he asked her.

She pointed to the collar, not wanting to say the words and somehow anger him.

“What?” he asked.

“This doesn’t go with professional dress,” she told him.

“You don’t want to wear it home?”

“No.”

“You’re not going home. Not right away at least.”

“Where are we going?”

“I’ll take off your collar once we get there.”

She swallowed and nodded. They left the motel room, got in his car, and drove into downtown. When he parked on the street she knew what he was planning. She wanted to say no, that it was wrong, that she wasn’t that type of woman, but what type of woman was she. At this point she didn’t really know. A week ago

she would have claimed there was no way she could have taken pleasure in getting spanked and fucked while her hands were cuffed behind her back. Today that wasn't true.

She followed Sam into the storefront parlor and sat down nervously on one of the plastic chairs in the waiting area while he went to the counter. "I have an appointment."

The woman at the counter had dyed black hair, four rings in each ear, one stud in the side of her nose, tattoos on her neck and arms where he shirt sleeves stopped. "For you or her?" the girl said tilting her head at Chloe.

"For her."

The girl's dark eyes flicked to Chloe. "Nice collar," she said. "Very bold statement."

"Thank you," Chloe said softly.

She then addressed them both. "If this is part of a sex or dominance game for the two of you, be aware she had to sign a release form. We aren't going to be held liable for your stupid games."

Chloe spoke up. "We aren't playing a game. We've talked about this for a long time."

The dark-haired girl shrugged. "All right. It's your body."

The process didn't take very long at all. It hurt much less than Chloe expected. She was glad she had worn a plain white cotton bra this morning. It was lightly padded and that gave her some comfort. Sam paid with the gift card that had been in his wallet for years.

"Haven't seen one of these in a while," the dark-haired girl said as she ran it through their card reader. She shrugged when the transaction went through. "But it works. What the hell do I care?"

"Is Trent going to be upset?" Sam asked as he drove her back to the state employees' parking lot so she could get her car.

Chloe shook her head as she rooted through her purse for a Tylenol or aspirin, anything to take the edge off. She folded the aftercare sheets into neat quarters and shoved them into her bag. In the bottom hidden between folds of the lining she found a couple of pills. The writing had been rubbed off them but Chloe didn't care and popped them in her down to dry swallow them down. "He'll say I look like Ginny now. We'll be twins."

Sam gave her a gentle kiss before she got out of his car. Chloe wanted to linger but she also wanted to rush home to Trent to show him her new ornamentation. She had already forgotten about Francine's eyes that had followed her out of the office when she left early that afternoon. Chloe hadn't seen Francine follow her discretely to the reception area and greet Sam with an unchaste kiss.

Part Four

The Farm

“Maggie said that love was the flower of life, and blossomed unexpectedly and without law, and must be plucked where it was found, and enjoyed for the brief hour of its duration.”

The Rainbow by D. H. Lawrence

“What are you doing next weekend?” Chloe asked Ginny over the phone. She was too excited to wait for a text message.

Ginny was caught flat-footed by Chloe’s enthusiasm. “Umm. We haven’t planned that far ahead,” she said, thinking out loud “I think the kids have something going on with school Friday night. Let me check the calendar.”

“Saturday night,” Chloe said. “You have to clear your calendar for Saturday night.”

“Okay, why?” Ginny asked. There was an activity night for the kids Friday at the school, but nothing else. She was wary of Chloe’s sudden need for her to clear the calendar. “Okay, nothing doing Saturday.”

“The Farm is having one of its Ladies’ Nights,” Chloe crowed.

“Am I supposed to know what that means?”

“Oh. Right. You don’t know what The Farm is, do you?”

“I know what a farm is.”

“Okay, hold on.” Ginny could hear Chloe quickly walking through her house for a little privacy. She imagined the redheaded woman furtively looking around as

he she were about to reveal some dread secret. A door closed and then Chloe said, "Okay, The Farm is a sort of private sex club up in the hinterlands."

"Sex club?"

"It's not as tawdry as it sounds."

"Hinterlands?"

Chloe knew that Ginny was teasing her now. "Yes, way out of the city and suburbia all the way out in the country. Apparently it's in a converted farmhouse and there are actual crops growing in the fields way in the back. From certain rooms you can see cows."

"That is the hinterlands."

"But close enough to the city to have enough customers to stay in business. So what do you say? Want to go to Ladies' Night? They only do it once a year."

"I thought you said it was a private club."

"Sort of private. And Trent and I are members."

"You're members of a sex club?" The little revelation shouldn't have surprised Ginny, but for some reason it did. Occasionally Ginny forgot her friend wasn't just a soccer mom and state worker; she was also a very kinky woman who had slept with more men than the average amateur porn star.

"Yes. Where do you think I meet all the guys I fuck?"

"On the internet?"

"I'm not a girl just out of college looking for a hookup, dear," Chloe said in her most artificial sarcastic voice. "And you haven't answered my question. Do you want to go?"

"Um. What exactly does this entail? I'm not all that up on my orgies and sex clubs terminology and etiquette."

"It's not an orgy. Well, occasionally there have been orgies there, but this is

something different.”

“I’m not sure if I want to go to a ladies’ night. I’m not into women as much as you are.”

“It’s not a lesbian orgy either,” Chloe told her. “On Ladies’ Night the women are in charge. You have to bring your submissive male partner along to be admitted. There are several different games you can play to tease your partner. Nothing is mandatory. It’s very loose and casual.”

“And you would be bringing Trent as your partner, of course?” Ginny said.

“Yes. Well, unless you want to bring him. That’s fine. I’ll bring Sam.”

“And there’s the problem. Sam is in no way a submissive.”

“Oh. Shit. I forgot about that. Last time I went it was just me and Trent.” She drummed her fingers on her jaw for a minute. “Do you think we could talk Sam into playing the submissive?”

“Maybe...”

“Yeah, I don’t think so either. Shit.”

“But you want to go,” Ginny said. Indeed, she was curious as to what a sex club looked like and what type of person attended them. She could certainly turn her back on the opportunity, but she didn’t want to have the same boring life of everyone else in suburbia. “Maybe I can entice Sam in some way. How strict are they on the rules to this place?”

“Once you’re in, the rules are pretty flexible. Getting in is the difficult part.”

“How do we get in?”

“Like I said, Trent and me are already members. We can get you in as recommended guests. But what to do for Sam...”

“Let me solve that problem. And let me ask you this: can I have my choice of men once I get there?”

“Honey, that’s half the reason I go: the variety. You can pick and choose to fuck whoever you want...with his wife’s permission, of course.”

The drive up to The Farm was pleasant. It was the end of winter and the sun was setting later in the evening. The group of four saw a beautiful sunset over the Green Mountains in the distance as they drove up north. Conversation in the car was sparse. Everyone was a bit nervous.

“Aren’t you worried about someone else seeing you there?” Sam abruptly asked Chloe.

“What?”

“You’re the one so very concerned about your privacy because you work for the state, but here you are about to do who-knows-what in a public setting.”

“The Farm is a private club,” Trent said from his position in the back seat. He was sitting next to Ginny. His hand was on her thigh. Earlier it had been between her legs and he had been rubbing her pussy under her skirt and through her panties. They had been exchanging kisses like teenagers on a second date. “What goes on there isn’t discussed by anyone on the outside. It’s one of the rules.”

“It’s why we haven’t said anything to the two of you for so long,” Chloe added.

“And no one ever breaks the rules?” Sam asked.

“Not so far,” Trent answered. “I did hear of an incident a few years ago, but it was taken care of and there hasn’t been a problem since. Besides, think about it. If you were to accuse someone of attending a party at The Farm, the only way for you to know is if you were there as well. Accusing someone of the same activities that you did yourself is kind of stupid.”

Sam didn’t feel like pointing out that a determined person could stake out the entrance to the club, record license plates on cars going in and out, use a telephoto lens to take pictures of those in attendance. He didn’t say this because he didn’t want anyone to change their minds. He was enchanted by what they were about to do.

Ginny had quietly listened to the conversation and had been hoping no one would change their mind either. She was eager to strip off her clothes and hopefully have sex in front of completely strangers. She liked her kink and this would be yet another opportunity to indulge in it.

“Turn in here,” Chloe told Sam. She was next to him in the front seat. Since he was driving she couldn’t indulge in the same antics as her husband and Ginny in the backseat, but she had placed an unnecessary hand on his thigh and crotch more than once.

Sam maneuvered the car between two high stone pillars that closed the property off the state highway. The driveway he followed was long, almost a quarter mile, before he arrived at the farmhouse with a large, out of place parking lot in front of it. On the other side of the lot was a large red barn. Once the group got out and stretched their legs Chloe pointed to the barn. “They have parties in there and out on the lawn behind it when the weather gets nicer.” There was a steady breeze blowing. It wasn’t terribly cold, but none of them were dressed for the weather; they were dressed for the party.

“Have you been to a barn party before?” Sam asked. He was from far up north where high school barn parties weren’t the same as a barn party at The Farm. Not exactly the same, but similar in a many fashions.

Chloe knew exactly what he meant. “Here, yes. And I’ve gotten laid at them more than once. But I’ve never been to a barn party at an actual working farm.”

“Really? I have. And, oddly, I’ve gotten laid at them as well.”

“Ha ha,” Ginny said. “I’m freezing. Let’s get inside.”

There were lights on in all the windows of the large farmhouse. Walking quickly up the steps to the front porch the group was led by Chloe who knocked on the door. They were admitted at once by a woman waiting for arriving guests. She was wearing a French maid costume that was almost purely ornamental. Sam couldn’t see her nipples or pussy, but the outlines of both were clearly visible through the satin material.

“We’re here for the Ladies’ Night party,” Ginny told the maid. She gave their names and added, “And guests,” with a nod to Ginny and Sam.

“Of course,” the maid said. “Please follow me.” She turned carefully in her high heels and led the way. Her short skirt didn’t come all the way down to cover her buttocks, letting them hang out just under the hemline. Sam and Trent exchanged knowing glances, admiring the maid’s firm ass that was barely clad in a tiny thong. Garters hung down from a hidden belt and were attached to fishnet stockings completing the fantasy. Ginny caught their exchange and rolled her eyes.

“Boys will be boys,” she sighed.

“Locker room is right this way,” the maid said with a knowing smile. Sam smiled back, then realized maybe the girl was smiling because she knew what the quartet was up to, or maybe she was smiling because she knew that he and Trent had been ogling her ass. “Formal dress for the ladies, please. Sub dress for the men. Party is upstairs in the main parlor. Most of the guests are already there. Enjoy yourselves.”

Chloe and Ginny wore slightly retailored bridesmaid dresses. Ginny had some sewing talent so it was easy for her to alter the dress she wore to her cousin’s wedding to better show off her tits. Underneath she wore a simple corset that pushed up her boobs. She had cut down the neckline so that her nipples were just barely hidden under the top edge of the material. Her ample cleavage helped make the look sexy bordering well into slutty territory. The pink material didn’t exactly complement her skin or hair, but it was what she had to work with. Besides, she had reasoned, it was unlikely the dress was to remain on for much of the party.

Working with the bright green satin material of Chloe’s dress had been much more difficult. “Don’t be coy about it,” Chloe had told her. “It’s not like I’m going to have another opportunity to wear this thing. It’s been hanging in my closet for the past ten years.”

“And it still fits you?” Ginny marveled.

“Barely. You’re going to have to let it out a bit.”

Ginny had snipped the strap that went over Chloe’s shoulder and altered the top of the dress as well; there hadn’t been time for a final fitting and adjustment

before the party so when Chloe put it on, the tops of her areola stuck out a good inch.

“Shit,” Ginny cursed as she tried to adjust her friend’s dress.

Chloe just laughed it off. The corset she was wearing sported a demi-cup and since her breasts were so much smaller than Ginny’s it didn’t look all that tawdry. “Maybe I’ll get to show off my nipple ring earlier than I anticipated.”

“Are you sure?”

“I’m going to be naked in less than an hour. Who cares if I’m showing a little too much from the start?”

When Chloe came to her house for the adjustment and tailoring, Ginny had experienced a small storm of jealousy when Chloe displayed her new nipple ring. When the full story came out that Sam had taken her for it, she was almost livid. The nipple ring had been her notable difference from Chloe, something she could offer Trent—and Sam—that Chloe could not. In the back of her mind she resolved to get her other once done...soon. But she didn’t tell herself when soon was. And she felt a little proud that Chloe revealed to her that her choice of nipple ring was the same as Ginny’s because of how good a friend she had been. “I wanted it to be just like yours.”

When their dresses were fixed and their shoes were in place, Chloe sat down on the bench in the middle of the locker room and gestured to her husband. “Come on, Trent. Let’s get this on.”

Trent was already naked. He had been waiting for his wife to help him out. Sam had stripped down as well, but he was now wearing a pair of black leather shorts and feeling a little foolish when Ginny had handed him a pair of his matching black leather gloves. He liked the feel of leather, but gloves and shorts was a little over the top. He preferred to play his sex games in a suit—with the gloves as well.

In her hand Chloe was holding a brass ring that had a small ring welded to the top of it. The larger ring was almost three inches in diameter; the secondary ring was at most a half inch. “Is this going to hurt?” Trent found himself asking.

“Probably, but they have emergency equipment to cut it off if necessary.” Chloe

suppressed a giggle. Men were often overly careful and hesitant when it came to putting their literal manhood in danger. He stepped cautiously over to her and stood in front while she regarded his cock. “Should we get some ice before we put it on, you know, to make it smaller?”

His cock wasn’t erect. If anything, it was smaller than normal, partly due to the cool temperature of the locker room, partly due to his creeping fear. “Balls first,” he said when she reached out for him.

“I know what I’m doing,” Chloe said. Her voice took on an icy tone. Sam liked it. He liked watching her control her husband’s cock. He didn’t want that for himself, but he liked to see other men put under their wife’s metaphorical heel.

She pushed his shaved scrotum through the brass ring. It fit easily through the opening but as Chloe handled his cock, it started to grow a bit. “Uh-oh, looks like I might need the ice,” she said, teasing.

“No, no,” Trent insisted. “I’m fine. Just do it.”

He wasn’t truly hard yet, but Chloe ran a finger along the underside of his penis to stimulate him a bit more. “I’m not sure,” she said and then pushed the head of his floppy dick into the small space provided by ring. Most of the space inside was taken up by his balls, but somehow Chloe managed to get the head through before Trent truly started hardening. She clucked her tongue because progress had stopped. She had been in the locker room before. In one corner was a compact refrigerator; when Chloe pulled it open there were a few medical ice packs inside. She grabbed one and on the way back to the bench, she picked up a bottle of lube that had been left on a table next to the door.

“Shit,” Trent cursed under his breath. She applied the ice pack to his package and told him to hold it there a minute. Chloe opened up the bottle and shot a dollop of this slick lube into her palm. Motioning him to take the ice pack away, Chloe inspected his shriveled cock.

“Much better,” she complimented him, but went ahead and slathered the lube on his shaft anyway, stroking him unnecessarily in the process. The shrinkage combined with the lube allowed Trent’s cock to slip all the way inside the cockring. “That wasn’t so hard, was it?” she asked her husband.

“No,” he admitted. His voice was shaky and almost immediately when the

cockring was in place his erection started growing.

“That’s hot,” Ginny whispered to Sam. “Maybe we should give that a try sometime?”

Sam remained silent on the issue and simply watched as Chloe picked up a short leather and metal leash from the back that had held her dress and snapped the latch onto the small ring at the top of Trent’s cockring. “We’re ready to go,” she announced and started leading the way out of the locker room. With a slight tug Trent followed his wife. Ginny and Sam exchanged one last glance.

“You ready for this, big boy?” she teased him.

“Hell yes,” he declared, happily following his wife upstairs into the main parlor.

Upstairs the party was already in full swing, or what passed for full swing when a group of middle-aged couples from suburbia did while waiting for a sex game to begin. The women were mostly dressed in fancy gowns. The men were either naked or wearing next to nothing which Chloe found a pleasant change from what was often seen during party season. Most of the women had drinks in their hands and were quietly chatting amongst themselves. The men were almost silent; many had their eyes on the floor and were simply waiting. There were two men that Sam saw who wore full-fledge chastity devices on their cocks, both were plastic and locked with tiny padlocks. A few had cockrings like the one Trent wore, several with attached leashes. One man had nipple rings and attached chains that ran to his cockring. In his shorts and gloves, Sam felt overdressed.

It was as if they were attending two different parties. The women were ready for a formal ball that seemed a prelude to uninhibited sex based upon the amount of cleavage and bare backs showing on half the women and the amount of thigh showing on the other half. The men looked like they were the goods being sold at an ancient Roman slave auction or extras from a gay orgy porn film.

None of the men were drinking. Sam wasn’t exactly sure why but he said nothing when another maid in the exact same outfit as the one who had greeted them at the door to The Farm came around with glasses of wine for Ginny and Chloe and completely ignored Sam and Trent.

“You’re subs,” Chloe reminded Sam as he looked wistfully at the half empty

serving platter the maid carried away. “You get no privileges.”

“Right,” he agreed softly.

Before their conversation could continue an elegant woman in tight leather pants, a black bustier, knee high boots, and a red whip hooked to a belt around her waist stood up on a small podium in the corner of the room. “May I please have your attention,” she called in a clear voice. In the costume she wore she looked just like a professional dominatrix, but a friendly one with well-coiffed hair and sparkling eyes. It was hard to determine her exact age, but Sam guessed she was somewhere in her early forties, but had the body of a woman nearly half that age.

“Thank you,” she called out when the women dropped their conversations. “I believe everyone is here now. Welcome to Ladies’ Night at The Farm.” This pronouncement was followed by the hoots and cheering that quickly settled down. “For those of you who are new or unfamiliar, the rules are simple. Please share the sub you brought along. Indulge as much as you want but don’t be greedy or envious. I’ve taken a look and there are plenty of men here to service your every need. Condoms and lube are available to all. Please use the men, that’s why they are here. I’ve even brought in a few hired hands, so don’t be shy about asking for whatever you need. Men, as always, on Ladies’ Night you are here to serve. If a woman asks you to do something, please consider it an order. If you no longer want to participate, please leave the parlor. Any questions? No. Please begin. I always suggest crossing the room and finding a new face you’ve never seen before.”

There was some clapping and then the guests started milling about the room. Chloe turned to Ginny and pointed out a man with a hairy chest. “I’d like to have him go down on me,” she said but before she could cross the room and make him hers, she was accosted by a familiar face.

“Katherine!” the woman said to her, smiling widely. She was wearing a dress that was far too short for her age and was nearly sheer at the top, showing off the dark circles of her nipples. In her hand was a leash attached to the cockcage that held her husband’s manhood in check. “It’s Francine. I thought I recognized you when you walked in!”

Chloe gasped and tried to work her jaw, but no words came out. Francine didn’t

seem to notice and simply stuck her hand out to Ginny who pretended she was simply at some terrible cocktail party. “Hi, I’m Francine. Chloe and I work together at the office of taxation and finance. Fancy meeting her here. Are you a friend of hers?”

“Yes. I’m Ginny.” The politely shook hands a moment before Francine’s eyes flicked over to the men behind the women.

“And are these your husbands?”

Ginny wanted to step protectively in front of Sam, but she held her ground. This was all part of the game.

Francine looked behind Ginny and Chloe. “Geez your husband has a big cock.”

Despite herself, Chloe smiled, half turned to look at Trent, and admired his manhood. It was already straining under pressure from the heavy brass cockring. Under normal circumstances Trent had a very nicely sized—not huge and not tiny—cock but constrained by the ring he had grown to impressive proportions. His member was slightly purplish at this point due to the restriction of bloodflow back to his body, but that was okay given the tradeoff of a big cock. “Thank you. He’s not normally that big. It’s the cockring.”

“You’re right to use it,” Francine said. “It makes him that much more impressive. Would you mind if I borrowed him later?”

The question wasn’t totally inappropriate at the moment but Chloe was still taken aback. This was a coworker who she just discovered was a member of The Farm and now she wanted to fuck Chloe’s husband. It was a perfectly reasonable request on Ladies’ Night, but Chloe couldn’t help but feel a pang of nervousness and possessiveness with her husband.

“You want to fuck him?” she heard herself asking. She glanced at the man accompanying Francine. He was okay, but not impressive in any sense, and he was wearing a cockcage. Francine had forced her man’s penis into one of the many different types of chastity devices available. This one was clear plastic and curved downward. It was secured around the base of his penis with a sturdy plastic ring and held in place with a small brass padlock. He was swollen to the point of completely filling the three inch long curved tube. Chloe felt a little bit of sympathy for him.

“Oh, no, well...maybe. But not right away. I want to watch my husband suck his cock.”

Her answer thrilled Chloe to no end. She wondered what type of reaction Trent was having but she didn't want to spoil the moment to look at her husband in the eye or check the hardness of his cock.

“Huh. I was thinking that I'd have my husband suck a little cock tonight. Maybe we can come to an agreement.”

Before a full discussion could ensue, Francine looked over at Sam. “And what about this one?”

“He belongs to me,” Ginny said a little too quickly.

“Care to share him?”

It was exactly the question Ginny had been waiting for. “Sure. Do you want to use him by yourself?”

“That depends. What is his cock like?” Francine was clearly relishing the game they were all playing. They all knew it was just a matter of time, a few minutes at most, before they would be using each other's bodies. At this point it was all negotiation.

“Why don't you check for yourself.”

Ginny expected Francine to cup Sam's cock through his tight leather shorts. Instead she grabbed the waistband of the garment, opened up the button fly and reached in. She didn't have to reach far. Sam's erect cock popped out and showed off. Francine stroked Sam's length a few times and he resisted the urge to thrust his hips back and forth in time with her touch. “Very nice. Maybe I'll take this one for myself.”

“Please do,” Ginny said magnanimously. “I'd like to watch Trent get his cock sucked by your husband.”

“David,” Francine filled in helpfully. “His name is David. Have you ever been with a man before, Trent?”

All eyes went to the burly man wearing a brass cockring and sporting a huge erection. “No, no I haven’t,” he said softly.

“I’m not into watching men have sex,” she confided in the women, “I’d much rather be doing it myself. David is very willing to do whatever you want, though. Do you like watching gay porn?” she asked Ginny.

“I’ve seen a bit of it,” Ginny offered.

Francine nodded knowingly. “Lots of women get off on it. Why? I’ll never know. But that’s fine. That’s their thing. Why don’t I leave David with you and the two of you can direct him and Trent however you like. Do you mind if I take him,” Francine indicated Sam with her forefinger, “for a bit?”

“Go ahead,” Ginny repeated. “His name is—”

“Don’t tell me,” Francine quickly interrupted. “I want a round of anonymous sex. I like not knowing the man I’m fucking.”

“Okay,” Ginny agreed as she literally handed over Sam to the other woman by putting his hand in hers. “Just bring him back when you’re done.”

“Should I leave his key with you?” Francine asked, displaying a small padlock key on a bracelet around her wrist.

After exchanging glances with Ginny whose eyes went wide at the suggestion, Chloe answered for them. “I think we’ll take it just in case. You never know.”

“He’s fixed in case you need to know,” Francine said as she led Sam away.

“Fixed?” Ginny asked.

“Had a vasectomy,” Francine explained over her shoulder. The parlor was a large, rectangular room with many doorways leading off to smaller rooms. Most were the same size as a typical closet. It only took her a moment to find an empty one. Sam gave a backward glance at his wife and companions. David was on his knees in front of Trent, one hand resting on Trent’s hip, the other holding the base of Trent’s cock as the women looked on. Then Francine closed the door.

The room itself was simple: a bed, a small table, a nightstand with three drawers

hiding who knew what, a firm wooden chair, and a floor lamp. There were heavy metal rings attached at various points to the walls around the small eight by eight room and several more on the bed. There was no evidence of any ropes or locks or chains. Perhaps the room's users had to supply their own.

"You told them he was fixed because you expect them to have sex with David," Sam said the moment the door was closed.

"Of course I do," Francine replied. "That's the whole reason we have Ladies' Night. I prefer sex without a condom. I like the feel of a man cumming in my pussy."

"I haven't had a vasectomy," Sam told her.

Francine shrugged. "So what?" She turned around and pointed behind her back. "Help me with the zipper."

Ever the gentleman Sam stepped behind her and lowered the zipper on her red dress that appeared to be a leftover from an overly-fancy Christmas party. What was revealed underneath impressed Sam. He expected everything from fetishwear to nothing at all. Instead Francine wore a simple, longline pushup bra that supported her tits inside the dress. That wasn't noteworthy. What was impressive was the extensive tattooing she had from just below her breasts to just above her hips. "And the bra too," she told him.

"Of course."

When she turned back around she displayed a pair of nicely sized tits that were decorated in an unusual fashion. Her areola were tattooed into Valentine heart shapes. Her nipples were unnaturally dark in contrast to her skin tone to make the hearts more prominent. "You like my tits?"

Sam nodded. "Very pretty."

"I had them done when I turned forty. I was determined not to turn into a boring old woman."

"What about the rest of this," he said indicating her torso that was decorated in a complex pattern of leaves, vines, flowers, and a few butterflies. "Oh, I had that done a few years ago. Makes me feel sexy. Of course I can't wear anything but a

one-piece bathing suit to the beach or pool, but that's a tradeoff I'm happy with."

"Does your husband like it?" Sam found himself asking.

She dismissed the question with a wave of her hand. "I've never asked. I'm only interested if my lovers like it." She paused a moment. "do you like it?"

"Yes."

"Good." She reached up and grasped the back of Sam's neck, pulling him down to her lips for a wonderfully intimate kiss. "I like your tongue," she told him after they broke apart. "It's very strong."

"Thank you."

"Now get down on your knees and prove to me how strong it is." She pushed down on his shoulders and Sam went to his knees to stare directly at her pussy. It was shaved bare and just over the slit on the top edge of her right labia was a tiny tattoo of a rose.

"Very pretty," Sam repeated.

"Thank you again," she said as she leaned back against the wall and pulled his face in close to her cunt. Sam pushed his tongue forward into her, licking at her protruding inner lips, seeking out her clit.

"Oh, no," she moaned. "Stay away from my little button. Just get me wet and then fuck me. I don't want to cum just yet."

He pulled his face back and looked up at her. "I thought women wanted every opportunity to cum that they could."

She lightly touched the side of his face with her fingertips. "Not tonight, dearie. I want you to cum in me, but I want to cum with my husband when I'm done with you."

"How do you want me?" he asked, circling his arms around her thighs and kissing her lightly next to her pussy.

"Most women on Ladies' Night like to fuck out in the open, show off for

everyone else, show that they are in charge of their husbands.” She sighed and closed her eyes. “I want you to throw me down on the bed and fuck me raw.”

Before the last word was out of her mouth Sam was up on his feet, twirling her around and shoving her to the bed. Francine barely had a moment to take a breath before Sam stepped between her legs and pushed them wide open. His shorts were still open with his cock standing out. He didn’t bother to remove them and simply pushed his cock between her legs and let his weight down on her body. Francine had large, curvy buttocks that she happily opened up for him. It was easy to find her hole and push his cock into her pussy.

“Lots of women liked to be used hard by strangers,” he hissed in her ear.

“I’m one of them,” she agreed.

“How rough do you want it?”

“Make it hurt,” she whispered to him.

Sam supported his weight on one hand that pressed into the center of her back while he circled his fingers around the back of her neck. “I can really make it hurt,” he told her as he thrust into her as hard as he could.

The sensation of his of his warm gloves on her flesh was new. It made him seem distant and dangerous with more than just a hint of menace. Was he actually going to hurt her or was he just playing along with the game they had created?

With each stroke of his cock Francine grunted. It was hard to tell if the grunts were from pleasure or pain or a bit of both. Sam slowly moved his hand from the back of her neck to the front, gently applying pressure, not enough to make it impossible for her to breathe, but just enough to let her know that he was in control of her body and she had little say in the matter.

Her body wanted to cum to Francine wouldn’t let herself give in to such base desire. She wanted to wait. She wanted her husband to make her cum. For the moment she was nothing more than a receptacle for Sam to empty his cock into. It was the cum in her pussy that was the present for her husband. She tried to tell herself she was doing this for him, that he loved it when he found her pussy flooded with another man’s spunk. While that was true, she also loved being fucked hard and used as a pleasure vessel.

“Harder,” she mumbled into the soft mattress. Francine’s fingers clawed at the sheet and grasped the bunched up material. She wanted to push her hands down to her pussy, find her clit, and rub until she came and came. But she stopped herself from doing that. Only her husband had the right to make her cum, to witness her cumming. It was the one thing she saved for him.

Sam responded by slamming the full weight of his body into hers. The impact of their flesh sounded like a sharp crack in the otherwise silent room. Francine whimpered a bit from the pain but focused on that, not wanting the pleasure to overtake her. She didn’t want to cum. She wanted to make Sam cum.

“Do you like that?” he asked her.

“Yes. Make it hurt,” she said, her breath was coming raggedly now. She wanted the pain to overtake the pleasure.

“Want me to slap you, spank you?” he asked while still holding her down, making her struggle against him.

His question gave her an idea. “Fuck me in the ass,” she abruptly told him.

“What?”

“Put it in my ass,” she barked at him.

He shrugged. “If that’s what you want...”

It actually wasn’t what Francine wanted. What she wanted was to cum, but that couldn’t happen. Sam pulled his solid cock out of her pussy with some disappointment. He considered disobeying her request and fucking her until he came, but that didn’t seem right. Since she knew her way around the room, Francine wiggled across the bed and pulled open the small nightstand. Inside were a variety of supplies. She pulled out a tube of lubricant and dumped a large dose in her palm then passed the bottle to Sam.

“Be sure to put a lot on your cock,” she instructed him. “I’m pretty tight back there.” He did as she told him and applied a coat of lube to his cock while Francine twisted her arm behind her body and spread the lube to her back opening.

“Do you know what you’re doing?” she asked him as she stuffed a pillow under her hips to give them the angle she preferred during anal sex.

“Yes,” Sam smoothly lied. He had done anal sex before with Ginny and a few other partners, but he didn’t particularly care for it after a few times and since none of the women ever requested it on a regular basis, it was something he never pursued. Francine seemed eager to be fucked in the ass so he went along with her demand. It was Ladies’ Night, after all, so he would do as she asked.

Francine was full of instructions. “Put it in nice and slow,” she said. “I like a little bit of pain during sex, but I don’t want to be torn open either.”

“No problem,” he promised her and wondered if he should put on a condom. Francine didn’t demand or ask for one during straight sex so he said nothing as he pressed the head of his cock against the wrinkled bud of her anus.

“Let me relax a second,” she said and let out a long breath. Since she gave no signal to him when she was done with the breath Sam started pushing forward. All the advice he had ever heard about anal was to let the receiving partner be in charge, but Sam thought that Francine—despite her demanding tone—wanted him to be in charge of the physical aspect of their copulation. She didn’t complain as he started to enter her ass, so he pressed forward.

His cock was incredibly stiff. He was eager to fuck her and cum. Sam would have preferred to cum in her pussy, but this was a nice change. Her ass was tighter than her cunt, which wasn’t surprising, and she moaned deeply as he pushed all the way in. He hesitated before pulling back a bit so he could thrust. “You okay?”

“It feels really good,” she groaned into the mattress. “Go slow and steady.”

“Do you want me to cum in you or should I pull out when I’m ready?”

She paused a second before answering. “You didn’t put on a condom, did you?”

“No.”

“Good. Then pull out and shoot it over my ass and back.”

Sam was ready and so keyed up that fucking Francine’s ass didn’t last all that

long. She moaned and groaned and sighed at everything he did but didn't complain or give him instructions. The moment he felt his peak arriving, he pulled his greasy cock out of her ass and stroked it twice before heavy ropes of cum shot out. Each burst of jism landed heavily on her ass and slid down the slope of her buttocks to coat the tattooed skin on her back.

"Oh, thank you," she moaned politely as the hot cum warmed her. Francine reached back and rubbed the cum into her skin, grinning at Sam as she did so. "Thank you," she repeated.

"My pleasure. Did you cum?"

She shook her head. "Nope. Didn't want to. I'm waiting for your wife and her friend to be done with him first. He likes to fuck me last." She pouted a bit. "Maybe I should have had you cum in my pussy. He really likes it when he finds other men's cum inside me."

"You should have said so."

Again she shook her head. "No. You were going to make me cum. The only one who gets that privilege is David."

Outside in the parlor Chloe watched in fascination as David took all of Trent's long and purple cock into his mouth and throat. It was a beautiful sight watching her husband get his dick sucked by another man. "Do you like that?" she asked Trent.

"Uh-huh," he replied in half a trance. His cock was so hard he was ready to cum, but the ring around the base of his manhood prevented that from easily happening. Trent didn't want to take his eyes off the man sucking his dick. It was the first time this had happened—and so unexpectedly—that he didn't want to miss a moment of it. He wanted it to last forever.

"Do you want to cum?" Chloe asked him.

"Not yet," he said softly as he slowly moved his hips back and forth to get the sensation of fucking David's mouth.

“Would you like to suck his cock?” Chloe then asked him with a touch of teasing.

He couldn’t help but be honest. “Yes, but he’s locked up.”

“I have the key.” Chloe displayed the small key to her husband but made no movement to free David’s cockcage.

Ginny took in everything the three were doing. It was fascinating and disturbing in all the right ways. But she was getting little beyond the voyeuristic pleasure of watching. Ginny had never seen herself as a voyeur; she was an exhibitionist. After glancing around the room and seeing everyone else either completely or partially nude and most of them engaging in some sort of sexual play, she resolved to play as well. She seated herself on the edge of one of the couches that filled the parlor and hiked up her skirt. She then reached her fingers between her legs and slipped them into her pussy. No one was watching but that was okay for the moment; she teased her clit as she watched the little scene play out in front of her.

“Would you like to fuck him first?” Chloe asked her husband.

Trent’s eyes flickered from David’s face concentrating on giving the perfect blowjob up to his wife’s eager expression telling him what she wanted to see. “You want me to do that?” he asked.

She nodded yes. “I want to watch it and see what you do.”

The merest fact that he was being given the opportunity to indulge in an oft-denied fantasy was almost too much to bear. “Are you sure?”

Chloe stepped close and kissed him lightly on the lips while David continued to suck Trent’s cock. “I want to see you suck him, and then I want to see you fuck him. Indulge a girl on Ladies’ Night why don’t you?”

“O-okay,” he said, his voice catching in his throat.

“David, take Trent’s cock out of your mouth and stand up,” Chloe ordered. The balding man did so and looked a bit nervous at the situation. He was the stranger in the mix and he had certainly overheard the conversation between Chloe and Trent. Apparently he was the perfect submissive to Francine because he didn’t

utter a word of protest. Chloe held up the key to his cockcage. “Do you want to be released?” she asked.

“Yes, please.” He said the words almost flatly. For a moment Chloe was unsure if he actually wanted to participate, but looking into his eyes told her the full story. He certainly wanted to do everything to please her, but he was so used to playing the submissive role, he couldn’t actually seem eager to do something he wanted.

She reached for his encased cock, briefly held it in one hand and the key in the other, and then let go of it. “What? No!” David protested.

His protest caused Chloe to fix him with a withering glare. “I’m not going to suck your cock,” she said, her voice in full haughty mode. “Trent is. He should be the one to release you.” She handed the key over to her husband and moved next to Ginny. Out of the corner of her eye she had been watching the blonde woman masturbate and didn’t want Ginny to feel left out. She placed a hand on Ginny’s bared thigh. The two women settled back to watch what the men would do.

Trent’s fingers were trembling as he tried to fit the key into the lock. Since he wasn’t holding David’s cock, it was next to impossible. After a long minute of frustration David grabbed Trent’s forearm and brought the burly man’s hand forward to hold the caged cock. Once Trent realized he had David’s permission to touch as he needed, it was easy to unlock the cage. The brass padlock came off first and then Trent pulled off the curved plastic tube that contained David’s swollen member. It was easily removed with a simple tug and immediately the freed penis stood up and became erect.

“Take off the rings,” David told him. “Do it before it gets too painful.”

To do so Trent had to kneel down and inspect the little device. Around the base of David’s cock were the plastic rings that held the cage in place. They were linked together but it was easy enough to separate and open up the rings allowing David full freedom. His shaved cock and balls stood proudly erect. Bucking the supposed tradition of men who enjoyed having their cocks under chastity, David’s manhood was larger than average and Trent found himself face to face with it. He pushed aside any thought of inappropriate behavior, dropped the key, lock, and remains of the cage to the floor, took hold of David’s cock and

brought it to his mouth.

When his lips encircled the hard shaft of flesh and his tongue tasted the precum that was drooling out of the little slit, Trent found himself in heaven.

It wasn't difficult to suck another man's cock, Trent reflected as he worked his mouth up and down on David's shaft. He simply did to David what he liked having done to himself. While he wanted to take as much of David's cock into his throat as possible, he didn't want to choke and gag on it either. Instead of forcing the large cock down his throat he instead focused on providing plenty of suction and gently stroked David's shaved balls at the same time.

He wasn't sure when David had last done any hair removal; his sack was almost completely smooth. Every once in a while his fingertips would encounter a stray bit of stubble but that didn't bother him. Trent lost himself in the other man's cock and the smooth, silkiness of his balls that gently rolled around inside the sack.

"I'm gonna cum," David abruptly announced. Once the words were uttered Trent became aware of David's cock heavily throbbing in his mouth and the unmistakable twitching that accompanied almost any man's orgasm.

Trent's eyes popped open and he glanced over at his wife and girlfriend. They were half-seated on the opposite couch. Chloe had her hand between Ginny's legs and was gently, slowly masturbating her. Ginny's dress was hiked up to her hips; with her legs spread and her heels were on the edge of the couch, exposing her sex to any who cared to look. Though they had been playing, the two women had been more interested in watching the men have sex. Chloe's fingers were doing little more than keeping Ginny on edge and ready to fuck at a moment's notice.

They both had heard David's announcement and exchanged a nervous glance with one another, but when Chloe met Trent's gaze, she was nothing but confident. "Are you ready for his cum?" she asked.

Trent had tasted he own cum more than once; usually when licking up the semen she had scooped off his chest when Chloe had jerked him off, occasionally when going down on his wife. This should be no different. He half-nodded, not wanting to break the precious seal between his mouth and David's cock, telling Chloe exactly what he wanted.

“Then make him cum,” Chloe ordered. “Make him cum in your mouth and swallow it.”

The words caused a thrill to run down Trent’s spine and he closed his eyes again as he continued to suck and stroke David. Only a few moments later David’s cock erupted in his mouth. The spunk was thick and heavy and salty on Trent’s tongue. It filled his mouth and he had to swallow because he didn’t dare let go of the other man’s cock. The first two spurts were quick and powerful; what followed were a series of smaller ejaculations with more space between each one. Trent was able to savor each one of these on his tongue before having to swallow in order to accept the next little spurt.

Finally it was done and no more semen was forthcoming from David’s cock. Trent let the now semi-rigid staff slip from his mouth and wiped his lips with his fingers.

“Was it good?” Chloe asked him. Ginny wasn’t sure if her friend was teasing Trent or if she was genuinely interested.

His eyes were full of confusion and wonder, but Trent managed to reply. “Yes. It was...great.”?

Chloe let out a throaty laugh and continued to play with Ginny’s pussy. It only struck Ginny at that moment that Chloe was the only one in the large room that was still completely clothed...except for the upper ridge of her areola’s peeking out of her dress.

“I’m glad,” the redhead said. “Do you know what I want you to do next?”

Trent shook his head.

“I want you to fuck David. Can you do that for me?” It almost sounded like Chloe was pleading. Trent knew he didn’t really have a choice in the matter. It was Ladies’ Night. His wife was in charge of their relationship. It was simply expected of him. And the truth in his heart was that he wanted to fuck David. He wanted to explore what was normally forbidden. Trent wanted every new experience that was possible. He wanted to please his wife. He wanted to please himself.

“I can do that,” he said.

It wouldn't be difficult. His cock was still fully erect and in need of relief.

"Go get some lube," she ordered her husband. Trent nodded and got up off his knees to walk to the buffet table on the opposite side of the room where a variety of supplies had been laid out: lube, condoms, restraints, chains, clamps, floggers. As he walked Trent's rampant cock bounced around, but he quickly grabbed a jar of lube and brought it back to the two couches they were using. In his brief absence Chloe had ordered David onto his hands and knees, presenting his ass for whoever cared to use it.

"You know what to do, honey," Chloe said. "We're just going to watch. Make it a good show."

David had done a nearly complete shave. There was no visible hair anywhere on his cock, balls, buttocks, or anywhere in between. For a man well into middle age he was in fairly good shape which made the act of applying lubricant easier. Anal sex wasn't unfamiliar to Trent. He had done it plenty of times with Chloe, both giving and receiving, but this was his first time with a man—a man he didn't know—and he wanted to make sure everything went correctly. For his part David simply remained stock-still, his head down and his legs parted.

Trent generously slathered on the lube, coating the space between David's buttocks and pushing some inside the man's wrinkled anus. Trent then applied more than was really necessary to his own cock and set aside the jar.

"Ready?" Trent asked as he grasped David's hips, moving the other man slightly to align cock and entrance correctly. He glanced over at his wife. Chloe was still working her hand in Ginny's pussy. Ginny had taken to biting the knuckle of one hand and was absently massaging Chloe's breast with the other. It wasn't fully apparent if she was aware of what she was doing; her eyes were glazed with lust and her breathing was steady and shallow. Both women wanted to see Trent fuck David as much as he wanted to actually do it.

Since he was so hard and so well-lubed it was easy for Trent to put his cockhead at David's back entrance and push forward. To his amazement his cock easily slipped in—not as easily as a sopping wet and open pussy, but easily enough compared to fucking his wife in the ass. David grunted slightly as he was penetrated and then shivered a bit as the brass ring around Trent's cock touched his bare skill.

“All the way in?” he asked with his voice quavering.

“Yeah man. How does it feel?” Trent didn’t know what to say. He felt stupid talking to David at all. After all the women he had fucked in his life it hadn’t prepared him to have sex with a man. He didn’t really know what to do.

“Good. Lay on.”

Taking that as permission to go ahead and fuck, Trent slowly started thrusting his cock back and forth. While his brain told him that it should have been the same as fucking a woman in the ass, it was different. Maybe because of the way women were shaped, maybe because his mind was totally focused on every sensation. Either way, David’s ass wasn’t superior to any woman’s ass, it was just different and that was enjoyable in and of itself.

“Look, he’s soft,” Chloe said.

Ginny’s eyes fluttered open to take in the scene. She had watched Trent penetrate David, but then had closed her eyes. What was going on in front of her was almost too much to take in while Chloe was jilling her off. She looked at Trent’s cock that was lodging in David’s ass. It wasn’t soft at all. It was still rock hard and slowly moving back and forth. Then her eyes flicked over to the meat hanging between David’s legs. His big cock had gone soft after cumming in Trent’s mouth and now dangled between his thighs. It was almost an amusing show to see it jump and move under Trent’s thrusts. She held back the urge to giggle.

“Do you want to get under him and suck his cock, or should I do it?” Chloe asked her but Ginny knew it wasn’t a straight question. She was expecting Ginny to do as she asked. Ginny didn’t mind that at all. Somehow she managed to take her hand off Chloe’s tit and pushed the other woman’s hand away from her pussy.

“I’ll do it,” she said and immediately realized she wanted to do just what Chloe had suggested. She stood up and asked, “Can you help me with my dress?”

Ginny hadn’t bothered with panties when she dressed in the locker room; she had only put on the corset to help support her big breasts. Chloe was more than willing to help her friend undress. She lowered the zipper and folded the dress over the end of the couch when Ginny stepped out of it. Her corset was half-

functional, half for visual consumption. It supported only the undersides of her tits, leaving the nipples exposed and her gold ring winking in the muted light.

Wasting no time Ginny laid down on the carpet, wiggling under David's body. Chloe watched as her girlfriend opened her mouth to take David's cock between her lips. There was the faint flavor of semen on the shaft along with hints of Trent's saliva. She kept her eyes open and saw Trent's rigid tool moving back and forth only inches away from her face. David's cock slowly and steadily firmed up under her ministrations. His balls drew up close to his body and she settled in for a long session of cocksucking; she knew it would take a good deal of time and effort to get him to cum again after already depositing a heavy load in Trent's mouth.

She wasn't at all surprised when David lowered his face to her pussy and gently licked her. Opening up her legs and lifting up her knees was a delight to let him work on her clit so she could have a nice little orgasm.

"Don't let him cum, Ginny," Chloe told her.

"Why not?" she groaned after taking his shaft from her mouth. "I'd like a little treat too."

"I want him to cum in me. You can have Trent."

That seemed an acceptable trade off especially after David sunk his tongue deep into her pussy and used a finger to tease her clit. The burst of orgasm came quicker than she expected and her body shook under David as Trent continued to ball him.

"Is he hard again?" Chloe asked.

"Yes," Ginny moaned.

"Good. Finish up, Trent. You need to cum now!" The order didn't brook any disobedience.

Trent strained and thrust and grunted, all the while burying his cock deep into David's ass. From her position under David she saw Trent's cock swelling and pulsing and finally the heavy flow of semen pushed beyond the brass ring and forced itself out of his cock, emptying into David who quivered and shook with

delight at being used by the other, burlier man. It was a beautiful sight to Ginny's eyes.

When he was done, Trent collapsed back onto his heels, pulling his still firm cock free of David. "Very good, very, very good," Chloe complimented the pair. "David, since your cock is hard again. I need you to fuck me."

He nodded and carefully, so as not to step on Ginny's prone body, got to his feet. Ginny moved her head and saw her friend had hiked up her skirts to her waist and was already bent over the arm of the couch, her naked ass exposed and waiting for David's cock which Ginny had hardened for her.

David wasted no time and went right over to Chloe, angled his hips, and pushed his cock into her. Chloe moaned in appreciation of his entry. Ginny was impressed. She wouldn't have figured an older man could have a second orgasm so quickly. Whether or not he could remained to be seen, but Ginny was impressed with his eagerness.

Chloe had been waiting to be fucked and anything that David did to her felt good. He simply grabbed her hips and fucked. She needed to put her hand between her legs and rub her clit. Her first orgasm came easily and David barely seemed to notice that she came.

"Beautiful," Trent whispered.

"Come over here," Ginny told him, crooking the finger of one hand and pointing to her pussy with the other. Trent knew exactly what to do and crawled over to her to bury his face between her thighs. When his tongue started licking along her slit she sighed deeply and concentrated on what he was doing to her. Her fingers went to her tits and started pinching her nipples just a little. She desperately wanted to cum and catch up to Chloe who, judging by the amount of vocalizations she was making, was well on her way to a second orgasm. "Harder, faster," she instructed Trent.

He obeyed and slipped one finger up into her pussy, stroking her hidden g-spot behind her pubic bone, while he tongued her clit. It was her perfect combination and Ginny found her head spinning and a pleasant release washing over her body. The orgasm wasn't that powerful, but it was just the first one she told herself.

Trent stayed between her thighs as she finished shaking. “More, again,” she told him.

“Do you want me to fuck you?” he asked a little too eagerly.

“Yes. No. Wait. Clean off your cock.” She hadn’t been disturbed by watching her boyfriend fuck another man; in fact, she found it an incredible turn on, but she wanted his cock clean first before it went into her pussy. Trent knew what to do. He got up from the floor, trotted over to the buffet table—sidestepping a couple copulating on the floor along with way—grabbed a canister of cleaning wipes to quickly sanitize his penis.

“Oh, very good,” Ginny said and waited for him to return. After wiping himself off with a wet towel he was back between her legs but with only a semi-hard cock. “What’s the matter?” Ginny asked, teasing him, but it was a disappointing tease. She wanted his cock as much as he wanted to fuck her.

“Just give me a minute, I need to get hard,” he told her. Even with the brass ring around the base of his manhood, he wasn’t fully erect. He put his face between her legs and started lick to her pussy while simultaneously stroking his cock with one hand. Ginny couldn’t wait that long for him to get hard.

“Make it quick,” she ordered. “If you do a good job fucking me, we can go clean Chloe’s pussy together,” she promised him.

That was good enough for Trent. A few seconds later he was up on his knees and fitting his cockhead into her pussy. Ginny pulled he into her and sighed as he filled her up. “Oh, good boy, good boy,” she sighed as he started fucking her. It wouldn’t take her long for a second orgasm. Once she was riding the endorphin high of orgasm it was easy for her to induce one after the other. It was even easier today with the way the thick metal ring around his cock pressed into her clit every time he bottomed out in her. The orgasm rose up quickly in her and Ginny dug her heels into his lower back to pull him deeply into her body. She grabbed his face and kissed him fiercely. She tasted herself on his lips and wanted more of the tangy and tart flavor. She grabbed his ass, pulling him tight and he finally came in her pussy.

Ginny whined and cried out as his hot spunk filled her cunt. “Yes, yes, yes,” she moaned. “More, more.” Trent thrust his hips forward with every spurt of cum that resulted from his orgasm. Ginny relished every hot spray of cum in her

pussy but eventually he stopped cumming and collapsed on her breasts, breathing heavily.

“Good boy,” she complimented him. “Very good boy.”

Trent said nothing. He was exhausted.

Ginny let her eyes wander over to where Chloe was getting fucked. David was still hard and pounding away at her pussy. With every impact of David’s hips Ginny watched a faint ripple of energy cascaded through her flesh. Ginny was enthralled by the little shaking waves that was shown by Chloe’s skin. The two women briefly met each other’s gaze.

Chloe raised her chin. “Did he cum in you?”

“Uh-huh.” Ginny found herself incapable of more conversation.

“David’s going to cum in me too.”

“Uh-huh,” Ginny agreed. What more was there to say.

“Do you want to fuck him too?”

“Sure.”

Chloe didn’t answer. Her head started to droop down and her hand came out from between her legs to better support her weight. David became increasingly enthusiastic with his thrusting and finally he erupting in her with a strangled cry. The noise he made was gently added to as Chloe came again. Her keening cry was a counterpoint to David’s deep grunts. When she was done Chloe looked over her shoulder and told him to step back. She staggered to the couch. Her legs were trembling and her body was near the point of exhaustion.

“Get up, Trent,” Ginny ordered him.

“What?” Trent was half asleep. That was the problem with men, she reflected. Too easily lulled to sleep by a few orgasms.

“Your wife needs to be cleaned.”

Seeing what Ginny was planning Chloe opened up her legs displaying her red and well-used pussy. From the opposite couch Ginny could just detect David's leavings on the outside of Chloe's puffy lips. Ginny pushed Trent off the couch toward his wife. She followed him, albeit more slowly. Trent was operating on mere instinct now and obeyed because Ginny had told him. He wasn't thinking consciously.

He knelt down between her legs and pressed his face to her wet pussy. When his tongue licked her swollen lips Chloe sighed. His tongue gave her a touch of relief and she loved it when he proved his submissiveness to her by eating her pussy after it had just been fucked. Chloe wasn't exactly surprised when Ginny joined her boyfriend but Chloe needed to lift up one leg to allow them both easy access to her pussy.

"You sure you want to do this, honey?" she asked Ginny.

Ginny didn't reply she just kissed Chloe's pussy, and then pushed her tongue deep inside her friend. Her normal tartness was now a mixture of flavor. The salty pungent scent had to be David's semen that had filled up the redhead. It was certainly different to eat another man's spunk from a woman's pussy, but Ginny had swallowed plenty of semen in her lifetime. This wasn't any stranger than other kinky sexual acts she had performed. Ginny smiled to herself and pulled her head back so that Trent could take a turn cleaning his wife. It was erotic and kinky to watch such an intimate act up close. Her heart thumped heavily in her chest. It wasn't any secret to Chloe or Sam that she was still in love with Trent. Seeing how happily he served and loved his wife made her happy as well.

Ginny pulled back a bit and looked up at her friend with a wide grin on her face. After a few moments Chloe noticed that Ginny wasn't eating her pussy any longer and discovered the blonde's big grin.

"What's making you so happy?" she asked Ginny.

"I love you," she told Chloe.

This small revelation surprised Chloe who thought that Ginny's participation in lesbian activities was done only at the behest of her boyfriend and husband because they liked watching women have sex together.

“You do?”

Ginny laughed and laced her fingers through Chloe’s. “I do. I’m not going to marry you, but I love you.” If Trent heard their words he gave no sign and he pressed his face deeper into his wife’s pussy searching out every drop of David’s semen.

“A platonic love?” Chloe asked.

“Something like that,” Ginny said kissing her friend’s thigh. “What do you call it when you’re in love with your husband, and you have a boyfriend who loves you, but your boyfriend is married to a friend who you like having sex with.” She laughed at the complicated relationship they held.

“I’m sure there’s some fancy term for it,” Chloe said with a sigh as Trent’s tongue sought out her clit. She was going to cum again and couldn’t concentrate on word games at the moment.

“I’m just going to call it modern happiness.”

Chloe said nothing as her orgasm welled up again and she came with Trent’s able assistance.

When Sam walked back into the parlor with Francine he found he wife sprawled on the couch between Chloe and Trent. Chloe was eating Ginny’s pussy, slowly and lovingly while Ginny held onto Trent’s cock, licking and sucking it every so often.

“You look beautiful,” Sam told his wife.

Her eyes fluttered open at his appearance. “Thanks. Want to fuck me?”

“Sure.” His cock was flaccid but just the invitation was enough to start him stiffening. “But you look pretty tapped out.”

“Chloe made me cum,” she said.

“Just Chloe?”

“And Trent. And myself. I think I masturbated.”

“And I missed it.”

“You got to fuck her,” Ginny said, indicating Francine who was standing just behind Sam.

“I did indeed.” He glanced around. “Where’s David?”

They found David waiting patiently at the edge of the buffet table. He walked over to the small group. The parlor was still filled with the sounds of couples and groups in all stages of sex but they had staked out their little piece of territory and no one interrupted them.

“He was under order to wait for me.” Francine clucked her tongue at David’s limp cock. “Why aren’t you hard?” she asked sternly.

“Sorry,” David mumbled.

“Well, who’s going to help you out? You don’t expect me to suck your cock so I can get laid, do you?”

“No...”

Ginny took Trent’s cock from her mouth. “I’m sure Trent will do it for you,” she offered. “Won’t you dear?”

Trent wasn’t surprised by her offer. He found he didn’t mind either. “Sure.” He got up from the couch and got down to his knees once again to suck David’s cock. Sam took his spot next to Ginny who grasped his cock.

“Do you like doing that?” Sam asked Trent. He was genuinely curious. While he had no interest in having sex with a man he did have an abiding curiosity in all things sexual.

David answered for Trent. “Trust me, I’ve had my cock sucked by a lot of people, but I think men do it the best.”

Sam shrugged and allowed his wife to fellate him. It didn’t take Trent very long to get David hard and Sam watched as the couple took to the couch. Francine

laid down first and had her husband get on top of her. They fucked missionary style which seemed very personal and while Sam watched them he felt like a secret voyeur.

“It’s too bad we couldn’t take pictures of you,” Sam said to Ginny, referring to The Farm’s policy against cell phone and cameras inside the house.

“I’ll have plenty of time to show off in front of others, dear. I’ve decided we need to join this little club. Apparently you need the trust of a current member to be sponsored in.”

“Who’s going to sponsor us?”

“Chloe,” Ginny said with a grin. “She’ll sponsor us both. She’s the only woman I trust you to fuck who won’t get attached to your cock.”

Sam lifted up his wife’s head, pulling her mouth away from his cock. “Are you okay?” he asked.

“Yes. Why?” She rolled her eyes a bit as Chloe sucked forcefully on her clit. They looked down at the redhead who laughed because she had distracted them at an intimate moment.

“If you hadn’t trusted me enough to tell me about your need to fuck Trent, and if I hadn’t trusted you enough to go ahead and do it, where would we be now?”

She shrugged her shoulders and sighed as Chloe dipped her fingers into her wet pussy. She needed to cum again and wanted to suck Sam’s cock and use Trent again. Her boyfriend was now kneeling behind Chloe, pushing his cock, still firm from the brass ring, into her. It was an awkward position but he managed a bit of shallow penetration.

“Not nearly as satisfied with life as I could be,” she said and took her husband’s cock into her mouth. It didn’t matter if he came or not. Chloe would make her cum once more and then maybe she’d invite Trent into her pussy if he hadn’t finished in his wife by that point. Sam could watch. Or fuck Chloe if he wanted. Or jack off if she was done for the night. It didn’t matter. There would always be another chance to partake of the other.

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Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he spends too little time reading and writing and too much time on video games and mountain biking. His writing interests include erotica, science fiction, and fantasy, both low and high. He lives a private and secluded life in the company of three cats.

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