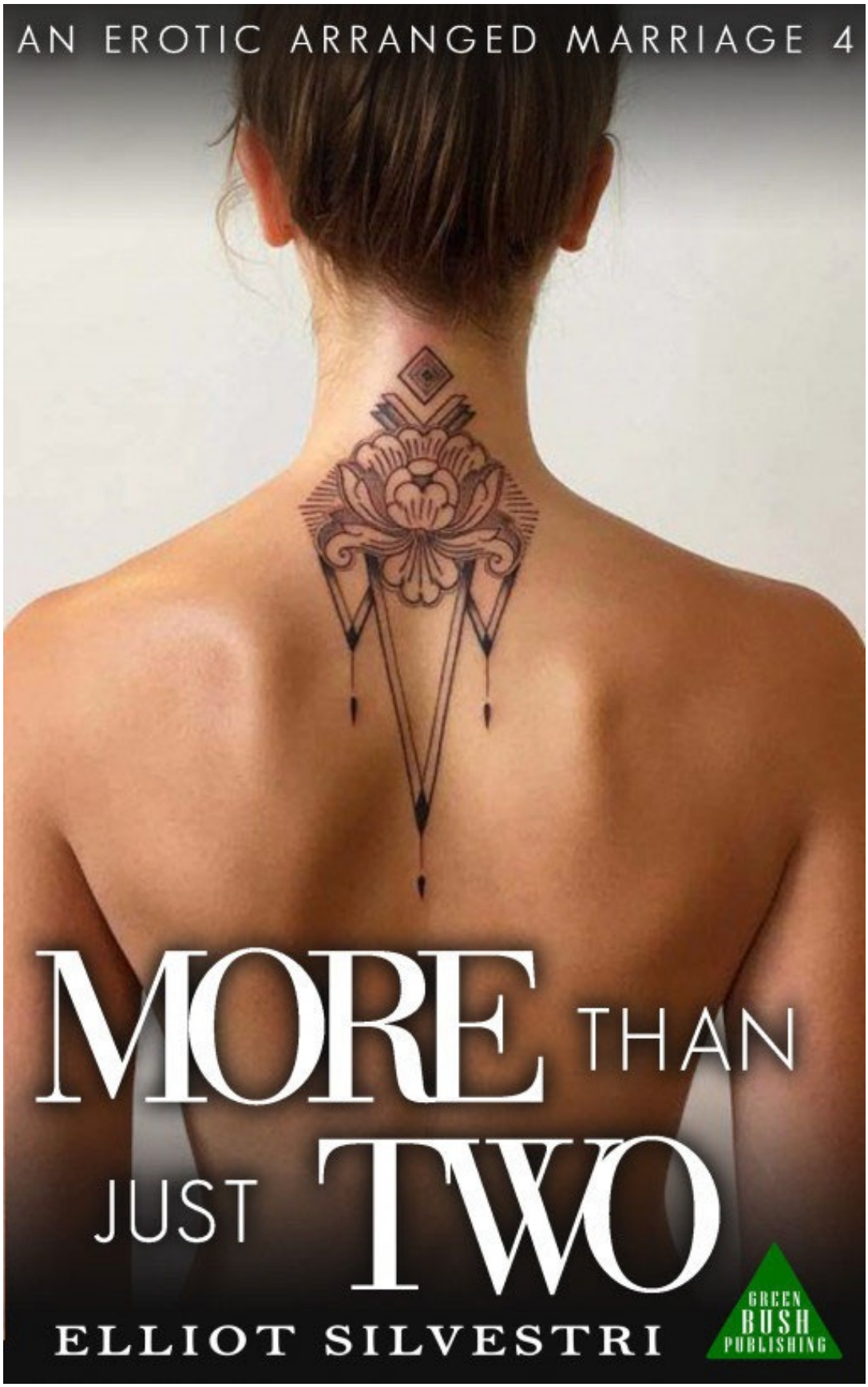
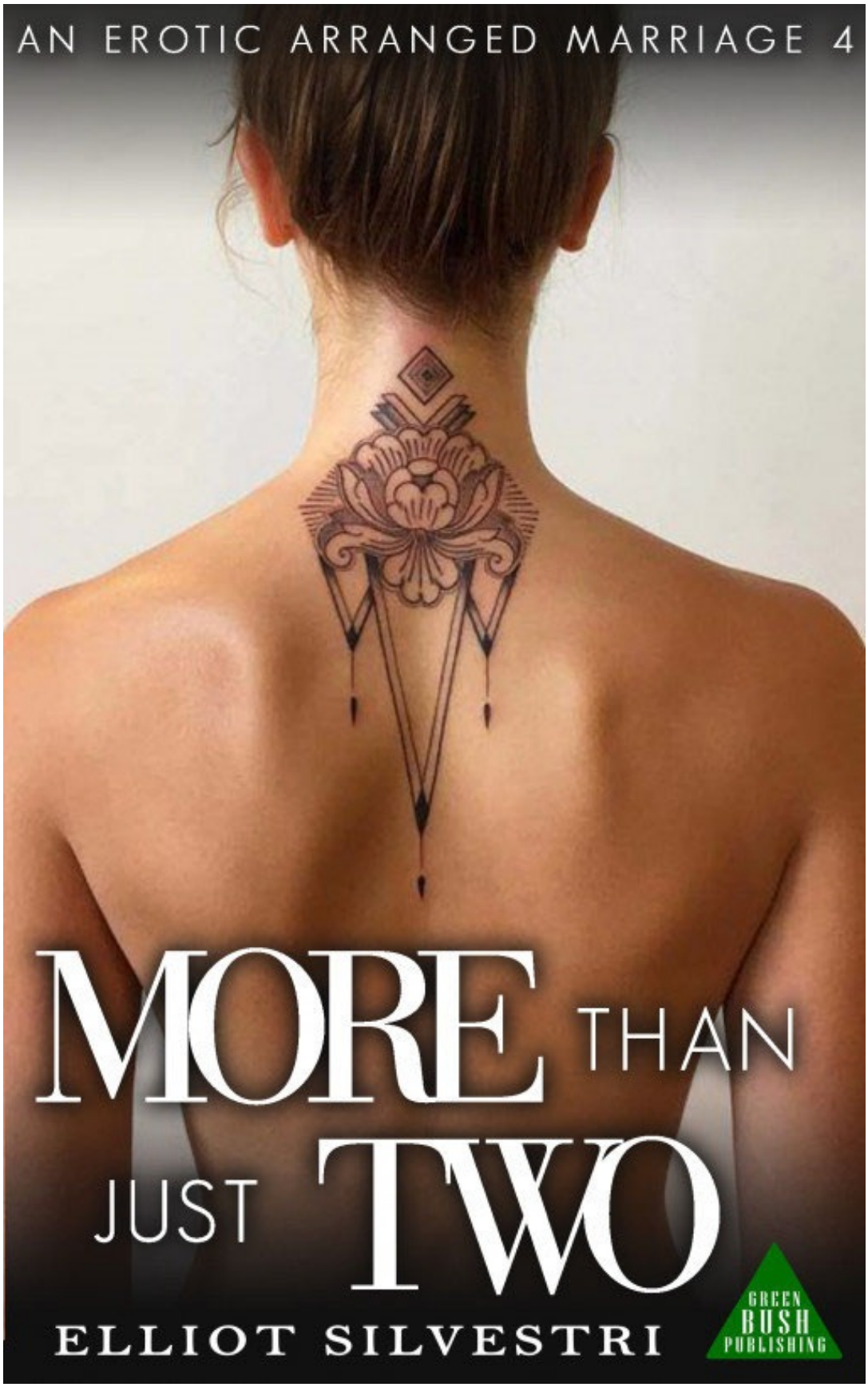

AN EROTIC ARRANGED MARRIAGE 4
MORE THAN JUST TWO
ELLIOT SILVESTRI
GREEN BUSH PUBLISHING


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An Erotic Arranged Marriage 4: More Than Just Two

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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An Erotic Arranged Marriage 4: More Than Just Two

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Chapter Eleven

Lyn walked into the party with a confidence she didn't feel. It was comforting having Bruce next to her, but she could sense he was as nervous as she was. It was like they had a mystical sixth sense of the other person, the sort of sense that only developed after years of being together, of being married.

They had only been married six months and they were going to their first orgy.

But no one called it an orgy, Chelsea had made that clear. It was just a party. Where there would be sex and nudity and maybe perverted acts, but they weren't required to join in. They could just watch.

Chelsea had cautioned them that some of those in attendance liked to be watched, so if they did watch, they might be participating in someone else's kink.

Bruce had said he was fine with that. Lyn had agreed.

The moment after she walked in, Lyn started to doubt her every choice up to this moment. When she had asked what to wear, Charlotte had said party casual, whatever the hell that meant.

When Lyn pressed her on it, Charlotte simply said to be comfortable. And maybe wear something that was easy to take off.

Bruce had gone with jeans and an Oxford button down shirt. That was easy for him. Lyn had debated for hours among all her clothes. Eventually she went with a casual purple sweater that was low cut enough to be sexy and show off some of her cleavage, but not so low cut that it would be inappropriate in a casual get together. She paired it with a comfortable black skirt that Bruce assured her was just the right amount of tightness over her ass. To this she added black thigh high stockings but eschewed a garter belt because that was too much trouble and too cliché.

"Are you going to wear panties?" Bruce asked as he lounged on their bed watching her dress and undress.

For Lyn a bra was necessary under almost every circumstance. Her tits weren't huge, but they were big enough that going braless out in public—even to a munch as Chelsea had called it—wasn't really appropriate...or comfortable. She

was wearing a silk and lace purple bra that helped her cleavage, but she hadn't yet chosen panties.

More than once she had gone out on a date with Bruce without panties. It was a thrill to be naked under her skirt, breaking social norms, and no one but her husband knew.

But this was different, wasn't it?

"I was thinking of a black thong. Keep it simple and classy," she said looking into her underwear drawer.

"No exactly easy to get out of if you want to fuck," Bruce observed.

"You want me to go commando?" she asked. For the briefest flash of a moment she hated him because his clothing choices were easy. She had made him wear underwear that brought his cock forward so he'd have an impressive bulge when called for, but that was it.

"Yes. Why not?"

"Fine!" she slammed the small drawer closed. "Ready to go."

He said yes, but they were both uncertain.

"I'm so glad you're here!" Chelsea said when she met them outside the warehouse at the appointed time. Though they were on the edge of the industrial part of the city, it was being revitalized by the arts community using the cheap rent, along with some bold restaurants and microbreweries. It was the hip, new trendy place to be.

The older woman gave Lyn a kiss on the cheek in greeting while Bruce shook hands with John. Both men nodded and remained silent.

"Are you ready?" Chelsea asked.

"Not really," Lyn answered causing John and Chelsea to laugh. Bruce just smiled.

Unconsciously Lyn touched her silver collar, the one with the lock that could

only be removed by the key that Bruce carried. It was her one bold piece of jewelry.

That and the silver ring that pierced her clit hood. She could feel it pressing heavily against her clit right now. It was throbbing in anticipation of what was to come.

And of course she wore her wedding band. She was a married woman, after all. No engagement ring. Bruce and her didn't go in for that sort of thing.

She half hoped that by the end of the evening she'd be only wearing those three pieces of jewelry.

"Don't worry. Just think of it as a party with nudity."

"And sex," John added.

When they stepped through the large, heavy, metal industrial door, Bruce and Lyn had expected some sort of transformation.

It wasn't. Not exactly.

The space was nicely converted. It had been redesigned to be a restaurant or meeting space. There was dim lighting, music, and a bar along one wall. Lyn could see perhaps a dozen people seated at the tables and bar. For a fleeting moment, it looked like any other party.

And then she realized that half of those in attendance were naked or nearly so.

That made her stomach jump and her pussy to moisten.

Seeing some friends, Chelsea drew Bruce and Lyn over to a table where another couple was already seated.

Chelsea and John were a middle-aged but well-paired couple. On a second, quick glance around the room, Bruce observed that most of those in attendance were middle-aged. He and Lyn were probably the youngest couple there. The couple at the table were roughly Chelsea and John's age. At first Bruce thought that the man was wearing a black tank top, but it was more of a see-through material. Bruce could clearly see the thick nipple rings the man wore. He also

had a black leather collar around his neck. Attached to the collar was a leash of steel links. This was attached to a hook at the table.

Looking closer, Bruce noted the man wasn't sitting at the table. Instead, he was kneeling like a slave. It had never occurred to treat Lyn—his slave—like that, but that wasn't the sort of slavery games they were into.

"Lyn, Bruce. Meet Christine and Dave."

Bruce forced himself to look away from Dave because he didn't want to stare and though this didn't seem to be the place for it, he didn't want to be accused of staring at a man and acting gay. Bruce wasn't gay or even bi. He was fine with that, but he didn't know how to act in this new situation so he overthought everything.

Christine looked like she had come to the party directly from the office. She looked like she worked in one of the tower buildings full of management companies and specialty contractors. Maybe her skirt was a little tight. Maybe her blouse was unbuttoned a little bit too much to be considered business appropriate, but they weren't at an office, were they?

Bruce found himself staring at Christine. She was pretty enough with blonde hair and brilliant blue eyes. Maybe she used a little too much makeup to cover up the fact that she wasn't twenty five any longer, but there was no shame or shyness in her face. Her blazer was open and Bruce stared openly at her cleavage. The white silk blouse she wore clearly showed the fancy lace bra she had on underneath. He imagined what her nipples looked like.

Someone shoved a drink in his hand.

The conversation flowed around him. He didn't follow any of it, which was fine because Lyn conversed enough for the both of them. Dave the slave was similarly silent. Bruce wondered if Dave didn't like to talk or if he had been ordered by Christine not to talk.

Occasionally Bruce would glance around the room. He barely noticed the clothed patrons and partygoers. At least two women were completely naked except for some jewelry, both conventional and of the body piercing variety. One man wore a leather hood, but his cock was plainly visible, flopping around as he walked.

A redhead wore a yellow G-string that hid nothing. The matching bustier she had on hid her tits but created a huge amount of cleavage. In one hand she carried a riding crop and in the other she held the handle to a leash attached to one of the naked women. Two men were chatting with the women. Bruce couldn't figure out their relationship.

Except for the lack of clothing and bits of fetish clothing, everything seemed very normal about the party.

"So what do you think, Bruce?" John asked suddenly. "You've been quiet on this subject."

"Yes, tell me what you think, hon," Lyn purred sweetly.

He foolishly didn't want to admit that he hadn't been following the conversation. He had been staring at the pretty and naked and half-naked women. "Do you think it's a good idea?" Bruce countered. He knew that he should have just outright admitted he had been ignoring them, but he couldn't.

"I think it's a great idea!" Lyn replied enthusiastically and everyone else around the table chuckled. "But I think you should have a say as well."

"I'm fine with it," he said evenly, wondering what he had inadvertently gotten himself roped into. If he only had a little more courage around people he hardly knew...but that wasn't who he was.

"Excellent!" crowed John. "Why don't you show us what you've got, Lyn?"

A giant grin spread across Lyn's face and she stood up from the table. Before Bruce could find his courage and common sense, Lyn quickly pulled up her sweater and took it off, dropping it on the table.

Everyone admired Lyn's large breasts and she looked around the table with confidence. She liked having everyone's eyes on her. She especially liked the shocked expression on Bruce's face and the look of longing admiration on silent Dave's face.

"Nice tits," commented John.

"You haven't seen anything yet," Lyn informed him before unzipping the top of

her skirt and shimmying out of it.

Since she wasn't wearing any panties, the effect on the small group was immediate. There was some scattered applause and a few sounds of admiration.

Lyn posed for a few seconds, showing off her mostly naked body. She was now down to her stockings and bra.

"Oh, what a pretty piercing," Christine said before anyone else at the table spoke.

"Thank you," Lyn said smugly as she cocked her hips back and forth, showing off her bare pussy and the silver CBR ring. "I got it to piss off my mother."

There were chuckles all around the table again. "Not to piss off your father?"

"Ugh. No. It's my mother who is the real problem."

"Does she know?"

Lyn grimaced. "No. I should tell her, but no."

"Turn around," said John. "Show us your ass."

Lyn did so willingly, shaking and rotating her bottom to make it jiggle. She knew that she had a little more to her rear end than was strictly attractive, but in the heat of the moment, she didn't care.

She did care when John put out his hand and caressed her ample ass.

Bruce was about to object, but Lyn was too fast for him. She turned to face the partner of her aesthetician and said, "Like what you feel?"

"I love it."

"You aren't just going to tease me, are you?"

"Hell no."

Keeping her back to him, Lyn asked, "Why don't you help me with my bra so you can really see what you're getting?"

Bruce sat there with his mouth hanging open. He would have said something, but his cock was hard and all the blood that filled it took away the ability in his brain to properly speak.

John stood up and expertly unhooked Lyn's bra. It fell to the floor and she turned around, fully displaying herself to the small group.

"You have wonderfully big tits," Christine complimented her. "What do you think, dear?"

Dave, speaking for the first time, said, "They're perfect. Big and beautiful and perfect."

"Silver tongued devil," Lyn said with a wink.

"He's on his best behavior," commented Christine, "because I promised him a treat if he was good tonight. Maybe you'll be his treat," she commented.

"Oh! I'd love that!" Lyn gushed. Turning to John, she asked, "How do you want me?" In an effort to move things forward and because she was already half-drunk with lust and eagerness, Lyn bent forward onto the table, resting her forearms on the flat surface, pushing her tits forward while raising her ass up, offering it to whomever might want to take her. "Is this good?"

Bruce's jaw dropped as he stared at his wife. He had been expecting something sexual to happen tonight. He wasn't an idiot. But to see his wife so wantonly displaying herself and asking the men—and perhaps the women?—at the table to fuck her was incomprehensible.

That didn't stop Bruce's cock from getting hard. As much as he was surprised at this turn of events, he was just as thrilled for it to happen. He wanted to see his wife fucked—or at least his cock did. It was confusing to say the least.

He could have objected—or said anything at all—but he didn't. Bruce didn't know how to react.

But before anything could really happen, the fun was abruptly interrupted.

"No sex in the bar area. We need a private room."

It was Christine putting an end to the fun.

Bruce was relieved. He wasn't sure how he was going to react.

"Private room?" asked Lyn standing up straight. The men around the table looked at her bouncing breasts. "Where do we get one of those?"

Christine stood up as well. "Follow me." Turning her head to Chelsea she said, "I'm glad you found someone so eager to participate."

Chelsea just laughed as everyone stood up. Bruce was the last on his feet, which made him feel like a sap, but he didn't know what to do or what was going on.

Or rather, he knew what was going on and what was going to happen, he just didn't know if he wanted it to happen or what to do about it.

The private room that Christine led them to wasn't what Bruce was expecting at all. From the bar area where they had gathered she took them through an open doorway and led them down a short corridor. There were other people walking back and forth as well, in the same mode of dress and undress as everyone else.

There were numbers on each room's door. Bruce briefly wondered if they had to be reserved or if it was just for convenience sake.

Christine opened room number four with a key that she tucked back into her jacket pocket. Inside Bruce had been expecting a scuzzy mattress and some bondage equipment on the walls.

That was far from the reality.

There was a bed, a nice large one covered with a clean sheet. There was no headboard, but the iron frame was sturdy. There was a small dresser against one wall which made him curious as to what was inside.

The room was dimly lit like the rest of the club, and the walls were painted the same matte black as everything else. However there was art and decoration on the walls that weren't strictly sexual. Prints of Georgia O'Keefe flowers and open landscapes. It was nice to see that someone had taken some time to think about decor for the club. On closer inspection Bruce saw the hints of nudes and sexuality in the art prints but that didn't retain his interest for long. There was

something more serious to focus on.

“Get a condom,” Christine said quietly to John, sending him to the dresser.

“Want me on the bed?” Lyn asked eagerly. She was already crawling up on the mattress when Christine stopped her.

“No. Let’s put you on the rack. It’ll be easier on everyone,” she said.

From the corner next to the dresser Slave Dave pulled out what looked like an elaborate weight bench. It was much more than that, but it took Bruce a moment to puzzle out what the intent of the bit of furniture was. While the original design might have been a weight bench, it was clearly redesigned and repurposed into a bit of sex furniture. Dave seemed familiar with it and drew Lyn to the elaborate bench.

He adjusted some of the structure. Moving support structures around before having her bend forward over the large padded central bench. With some guidance from Dave, Lyn was maneuvered into position. Her stomach and hips were on the main bench while her forearms pressed on padded rests. Her ass was still up in the air and she willingly spread her legs, giving everyone who cared to glance her way a view of her ass and pussy.

There were straps and other restraints to hold her in place, but Lyn said those weren’t necessary. She simply wrapped her fingers around the grips on the padded rests and looked around the room for Bruce.

Once she caught her husband’s eye, she grinned with an eagerness that delighted him, and said, “Like what you see, honey?”

“Always.”

Lyn nodded and turned her head back and forth. “Where’s John?”

“Right where I should be,” said Chelsea’s partner. He had removed his pants but left on his shirt, giving him a slight Winnie-the-Pooh appearance, but Bruce was more focused on the other man’s cock which was now covered with a condom. John moved in behind Lyn and reached between her legs.

Bruce gasped as John groped his wife. Lyn seemed to enjoy it. No one else in the

group noticed Bruce’s gasp, which he figured was good because this was expected behavior. John wasn't doing anything wrong. If there was a problem, it was Bruce because he was the one who thought this was wrong.

He wanted to stop John from fucking Lyn, but he didn’t. He couldn’t.

“Jesus H. Christ you’re fucking wet,” John commented.

“I want to get fucked.”

“I’ve never felt any woman that wet before.”

“Careful, sweetie,” Chelsea cautioned him.

John ignored the caution and simply sank his cock into Lyn’s proffered pussy. They both groaned as their bodies joined.

Bruce couldn’t believe what he was seeing. He wanted to object. He wanted to jerk off. He wanted to join in. He wanted something for release.

Everyone was just casually watching Lyn get fucked.

John whipped off his shirt and grabbed Lyn’s hips. They hadn’t been fucking for even a minute and already he was slamming into her like a car crashing into a telephone pole.

“Oh fuck! Yes! Harder!” begged Lyn.

“Your wife is a fucking whore,” Christine whispered in Bruce’s ear as he continued to watch.

Her words suddenly woke him up and he realized that he was grabbing his cock through his jeans. Luckily he wasn’t actually masturbating, though he imagined that would have been permissible, considering the circumstances.

“Uh...thanks?”

“I mean she’s a slut,” Christine explained. “It’s a compliment.”

“Yeah. I get it.” He wasn't looking at Christine. He was focused on John fucking his wife. As distressing as it was to see, he couldn’t look away. Lyn was

enjoying herself judging by the moans and big grin on her face.

“Are you okay with this?” Christine asked, sounding genuinely concerned.

“Yeah. It’s fine. It’s our...it’s our first time.”

Christine nodded. “First time is the make it or break it visit. Either she’ll want to come back every weekend or you two will wind up divorced.”

Seeing the sudden look of fear on Bruce’s face, she laughed lightly. “Just kidding. How long have you guys been married?”

“Six months,” Bruce answered, never taking his eyes off Lyn. She was really getting into it now. Little words of encouragement were falling out of her mouth telling John to fuck her harder, mostly, but also complimenting his cock.

Hearing his answer, Christine startled. “You’re kidding me! Have you been together long?”

“Uh...just about a year now.”

“Oh my stars.”

Her extremely mild curse caught Bruce’s attention more than anything that Lyn was doing with John.

“Is that a problem?”

“Uh...not really. But usually couples that join the scene are...they’ve been married for fifteen or twenty years. Or together that long, at least. You’re younger than the average couple here.”

“I figured that out.”

“I just want to warn you that...couples that just jump into the lifestyle, they don’t tend to last.”

“Yeah...I get it. Lyn and I have just been a series of bad decisions since we met.”

Their conversation paused for a few seconds while Lyn made extremely loud vocalizations as she climaxed. This did nothing to diminish the erection in

Bruce’s jeans. He wondered if Christine was getting turned on by the display or if this was just a usual routine for her.

“More…” begged Lyn as she recovered. John resumed thrusting into her.

“What bad decisions?”

“We were set up by our parents on our first date. We had sex on that first date...and anal sex at that. We did a couple of three-ways with our exes.”

“That’s good,” Christine said with encouragement. “That’ll help keep you together.”

“Maybe,” Bruce half-agreed. “We moved in together before we’ve known each other for a year. We do all sorts of kinky things alone...and now in public.”

“Mmm-hmmm,” said Christine. “And you’re married, right?”

“Yes.”

“You got married knowing each other less than a year? Was she pregnant? Shotgun wedding?”

“No. We just eloped. Married at the courthouse. It was easier that way.”

“Avoiding the families?”

“Something like that.”

Abruptly Christine reached out and caressed Bruce’s cock through his jeans. She felt his hardness. He didn’t move away or try to prevent her from fondling him. “I think you like this side of your wife.”

“Yeah...maybe. It’s new.”

“Just go with it. I’m sure you two are meant for each other.”

Just then Lyn climaxed a second time. It was enough for John. He pulled out of her pussy, rolled off the condom, and stroked his cock a few times before erupting all over her ass and lower back.

It wasn’t a scene that Bruce hadn’t seen a hundred or more times before, but only in porn.

For some strange reason he wanted to lick John’s cum off his wife’s ass, but he stopped himself.

“Your turn, Dave,” Christine said, dropping her hand from Bruce’s crotch and going over to her partner. The leash to his collar was dangling down his back and she grabbed this pulling him over behind Lyn where John was exiting.

She handed him a wrapped condom and while he removed the leather briefs that were his only other piece of clothing besides the mesh tank top. His cock was erect and drooling precum. In a practiced motion he rolled the bit of latex down his manhood and grabbed Lyn’s hips.

“May I?” he asked. It was unclear who he was addressing. Bruce looked at the slave, the property of Christine, and wondered if Dave was talking to him or to Christine...or even to Lyn, the subject of his amorous desires in the moment.

It was Christine who answered because Bruce wasn’t going to take any action and Lyn was panting heavily from being fucked and cumming.

“Yes, dear, you may fuck her. You’re been a very good boy this past week. Make sure she cums first, before you, otherwise you’ll be punished.”

“Yes ma’am,” Slave Dave said as he took his cock in hand and aimed it at Lyn’s pussy.

In a flash Christine slapped his hand. “What have I told you about touching yourself for sexual purposes?” she reprimanded him. Christine was angry, but Bruce couldn’t tell if it was real anger or not.

“Here. Let me,” she said in a more relaxed tone. She took Dave’s cock and expertly inserted it into Lyn’s pussy. Bruce didn’t know how to process that at all. Before she stepped away, Christine kissed Dave. It was the sort of kiss that partners shared all the time, but it made for a confusing scene.

When she moved back, Dave firmly gripped Lyn’s wide hips and started pounding away. There was no warm up, just straight into jackhammering.

It was still hot.

Christine stood next to Chelsea and John as they watched. Bruce was off to the side, not knowing what to think, but starting to love everything that was happening. He could see the remains of John's cum slowly sliding off Lyn's ass and back. Dave didn't seem the least bit offended at touching another man's spunk.

It didn't take Lyn long to climax again. Once she was good and warmed up, she could cum again and again. That was one of the many things that Bruce loved about her.

He wondered how long Dave would last. It seemed that Christine kept him on a short leash, literally and figuratively. She was holding the leash to his collar as he fucked Lyn.

Once more Bruce was startled when a hand groped his crotch. This time it was Chelsea, which was better than John grabbing his package. "I see you're both enjoying this."

"Yes…"

"Are you ready to put on a show for us?"

"What?"

"When Dave finishes with Lyn, are you going to fuck her?"

"Uh...sure."

"Cum in her. Reclaim her," Chelsea insisted. "You have to do it." Her lips were pursed and she had an eager expression on her face. "I can't wait to see it."

"Okay. Yeah." Bruce felt like he had no control over the situation, but perhaps that control had been lost long ago. He found it almost impossible to focus with Chelsea rubbing his cock through his pants. It seemed inappropriate that Lyn's aesthetician was molesting him, but he liked being molested and Lyn certainly wasn't objecting.

Dave was pounding away and Christine was all but laughing at his performance.

Lyn was enjoying it and she came another time, which was a beautiful sight to see, and then it was all over.

The slave in his black collar abruptly pulled out, yanked the condom off his cock so aggressively that the latex snapped like a rubber band. He only had to pump his hand twice on his cock before he came, adding his load to what remained of John's all over Lyn's ass and back.

"What do you say!" Christine prompted her husband and slave.

"Th-th-thank you," Dave stuttered out. Bruce figured the man stuttered because he was recovering from his over-eager fucking of Lyn.

"It was my pleasure," Lyn replied, her voice just as shaky. She looked around the small group with an exhausted smile plastered on her face but didn't bother to try to get up from the bench. "I want more."

Before Bruce could step in, Christine pushed her husband aside and put her hand between Lyn's thighs, feeling her pussy. "Oh my. Your pussy is so wet and hot."

"Thank you," Lyn said automatically. "Don't stop doing that," she encouraged the other woman. Lyn might not have been bisexual but she wasn't going to turn down some expert finger banging either.

"I think you'd like some more cock instead of my fingers, wouldn't you?" asked Christine as she withdrew and looked at Bruce.

Lyn followed her gaze and saw Chelsea massaging Bruce's cock through his jeans. She was unfazed by the wanton display.

"Get your cock out, honey," she all but begged Bruce. "Fuck me. Please fuck me."

While this wasn't exactly a gangbang or an orgy, it was damn close. Bruce wondered how many men his wife would fuck, given the opportunity.

"I think he's turned into a statue," committed Christine.

"He's as hard as a rock," observed Chelsea.

“Why don’t you help him?”

That propelled Chelsea into unbuttoning and unzipping Bruce’s jeans. Her act of undressing him was enough to stir Bruce from his frozen state.

“Yeah,” he agreed. “I can fuck you.”

That was questionable. He had trouble getting his shoes off and without Chelsea’s able help he most likely wouldn’t have been able to undress himself.

Somehow he managed to get off his jeans and his shirt. His hardness didn’t diminish at all during the process. He didn’t soften when he saw the other men watching him. Maybe the women undressing him helped with that.

Still, he stumbled a bit when he went to his wife. Christine took charge of his cock and led it to Lyn’s waiting pussy.

She hadn’t been lying. Lyn’s pussy was very hot and very wet. Sinking into her depths was heaven itself. Once he was inside of her, instinct took over and Bruce naturally fucked his wife.

He couldn’t help but think of what her pussy would have felt like if the other men had finished inside of her. She would have been a sopping mess.

He grabbed her hips and fucked harder.

Normally he tried to make sure his wife came first but now he didn’t care. He just wanted to cum. He just needed to cum.

Maybe she came again. Bruce wasn’t certain. He came. He came hard. He liked how Lyn’s ass wiggled and shook with every thrust. He didn’t have enough cum. He wanted to fill her up to overflowing, but that didn’t happen.

He did collapse against her back, not caring about the other men’s cum, and kissed his wife on her neck.

“I love you.”

“I love you too. I want to do this again.”

Then Bruce felt hands on his shoulders pulling him away from his wife.

“Have you ever had a woman make you cum?” Christine asked, putting her hand back to Lyn’s pussy.

“Umm...yes,” Lyn said thinking about Sharon. About how Bruce’s ex had made her cum and how she had made Sharon cum.

“Good girl,” Christine said. “Very good girl.” Her fingers got very busy in Lyn’s pussy.

Lyn didn’t object.

“Your pussy is a mess. Your husband left quite a load in you.”

“I...I know.”

This time Christine didn’t stop rubbing Lyn’s pussy. Everyone watched while Lyn remained bent over the bench while Christine got one last orgasm out of the curvy blonde.

Chapter Twelve

“We need to do that again as soon as possible,” Lyn said the next morning when she woke up next to her husband. It was nice to lounge in bed next to him, feeling the warmth of his body as they prepared for a lazy day. Her pussy was still sore after having been fucked by three men and fingered by too many people for her to remember. Even her throat was a little sore from having sucked off some man whose name she never got. When she was done fellating the stranger, she turned to Bruce who had been watching her the entire time and gave him a blowjob to completion, letting him cum in her mouth and swallowing all of his load.

She liked sex with other men—and women—but she loved it with Bruce and would do anything for him.

“Really?” he asked her uneasily. “I mean...it was pretty intense.”

“Why wouldn’t I want to do it again?”

“Uh…it was really strange and I wasn’t a hundred percent sure if it was something that was good for us,” Bruce replied carefully.

Lyn shook her head back and forth. “I think it was great for the both of us. I mean, I got to fuck...I don’t know...Dave and John and you and I sucked off that guy with the big dick that curved to the side and you. I want to go back and fuck some more men. And Christine made me cum with her hand. That was nice. Did you see how she sucked and licked her fingers afterwards? That was hot. I wish I had gotten a chance with one of the other women, but that’s what next time is for, right?” She beamed and kissed Bruce on the cheek, feeling the stubble of his beard against her lips.

“You’re missing something,” he told her as she reached for his cock underneath the covers.

“No, I’m pretty sure I know where your cock is,” she said as her fingers curled around his hardness. “See? Oh! And you’re ready to fuck this morning. Umm...we might have to do anal because my pussy is still pretty sore. Or would you like a blowjob?”

As much as Bruce wanted to, he found that he couldn’t push his wife’s hand away. But that didn’t stop him from telling her what was bothering him. In the

privacy of their bedroom he found his tongue, something that was impossible in the sex club.

“I wish I had a chance to fuck someone else last night,” Bruce informed her, more than a little grouchily.

As soon as he spoke the words, Lyn realized she had messed up. She had expected to be the focus of the evening. She had intended, one way or another, to get fucked, even if it was just by Bruce in front of everyone else. She had done so much more and, in the process, had completely forgotten about her husband.

She could see he was resentful and it was all her fault.

Taking her hand away from his cock, she apologized. “I’m so sorry. I...there’s no excuse. I was so happy with how things were going for me, I completely forgot about you.”

Bruce grunted and nodded his head. “I noticed that.”

“I’m so so so sorry,” she apologized again. “Is there any way I can make it up to you?” she asked with a clever wink.

“We need to talk.”

“I was thinking about you fucking my ass,” she suggested. “Or any other part of me. Let’s get kinky this morning. My treat!”

“You’re the one who likes anal,” he pointed out.

“You like it too!”

Bruce shrugged. “It’s fine. It’s not my favorite. I like doing it because you like doing it.”

That caught Lyn by surprise. She didn’t know how to react. “Oh. Maybe you think I’m a bad wife or lover or something.”

“No, it’s not that.”

“Then what is it?”

He sighed, knowing this wasn’t entirely her fault, but it felt that way. “Christine said the first visit to a swingers’ club was always the one where young couples tended to end their relationships.”

Lyn looked at him with wide-open eyes. “Do you want to end our relationship?”

“No...but I’m not sure how to think about last night.”

“Well...what would you have done if you were in charge?” she asked. “And I’m asking while both of us know I’m the submissive one. You’re the master. You own my pussy.”

“But it doesn’t always work out that way, does it? You like being submissive...by telling me I’m in charge and you tell me how to dominate you.”

“Then why don’t you tell me how you want to dom me? How would you have offered my pussy to all those men and women last night?”

“Maybe I wouldn’t have offered it at all and just made you watch.”

“You like making me suffer,” she reminded him, reaching for his cock which hadn’t gone soft in the least.

“I do,” he grunted. “At the very least I would have tied you up and spanked you. Made you scream and cry a little.”

“Want to do that to me now?” she offered.

She was still wearing her collar, but didn’t have on her wrist and ankle restraints. That was easy enough to fix because they left them on the bedside all the time. They also left the bindings permanently attached to the frame. In a minute she was fully restrained. The quick clips on the bindings easily attached to the D-rings on her cuffs. Bruce went the extra step and put a restraining leash on the silver collar that Lyn wore all the time now.

All the time except in front of her mother and family.

“Are you ready?” he asked her as he glared down at her restrained body. She was wonderfully curvy with big breasts and generous hips, but as always his eyes went right to her pussy. It was bare—the result of Chelsea’s waxing handiwork

—and the silver ring through her clit hood seemed to sparkle in the early morning light.

“I’m always ready for you,” Lyn told him.

“I’m not going to go easy on you,” he warned.

“Make it hurt. I want it to hurt. It’s my gift to you.”

He started out easy, to fool her into relaxing. The flogger he used had soft falls and he started on her legs and thighs, skipped over her torso and tried it out on her arms.

“I sort of like that,” she teased him. “Harder.”

She gasped in alarm when he smacked her left tit with the flogger. Before she could protest or scream, he smacked her right tit. Both immediately started turning pink and she writhed under the attack.

“Holy shit that felt good.”

“Do you want me to gag you?” he asked harshly.

Her head movements were restricted by the collar and restraint, but she managed a little head shake. “No.”

He smiled. “Good. Because I want to hear you scream.”

She didn’t say a word but tried to lock eyes with him.

Bruce didn’t acknowledge her. He just started beating her body with the flogger. Her tits were already pink and the rest of her torso followed in short order.

“I feel like I’m on fire.”

“What about this?”

He didn’t bring the flogger down as hard as he could, but the blow was still sharp.

He landed it directly on her exposed pussy.

It was the first time she made a noise expressing pain. It was something like a puppy's whine or whimper.

"Fuck!" she declared after the initial blow.

"Like that?"

"Sort of?"

"Good." He followed the first blow with several more. He lost count. Lyn wriggled and writhed around, but she wasn't able to escape his attacks. He landed the falls on her bare mound and her vulnerable labia. It was painful...but it felt good at the same time. She muffled her screams and moans as much as possible. That only served to make the moment more intense. To Bruce, her struggle to maintain control was the most erotic thing he had ever witnessed her do.

"Enough?" he asked abruptly, stopping the flogger. The falls were wet from her pussy's amrita.

"Why are you stopping?" she moaned in complaint.

"Am I hurting you?"

"Yes...that doesn't mean I want you to stop!"

They locked eyes for a brief moment. Bruce then looked down at her pussy. It was red from the abuse it had suffered. It made his cock throb in sympathy.

"You don't?"

"I haven't cum yet."

Bruce blinked. Once again she was in control. He was supposed to be in control. "Can you cum like this?" he asked, brandishing the flogger.

Her smile was eager...and evil. "There's only one way to find out."

Rolling his shoulders Bruce nodded...and resumed his attack on her pussy.

He varied the blows a bit. Soft, then firm. Slow, but then followed by five or six

in rapid succession. He didn’t just attack her pussy, he occasionally strayed to her tits and inner thighs.

She responded the best when he hit her pussy steadily and repeatedly. It was much like sex—because by a certain definition it was sex—where he found a steady rhythm and kept at it. Bruce was familiar enough with Lyn to know that she was approaching orgasm and not to vary anything. She’d get there on her own time.

It seemed to take forever. His cock bounced around each time he slapped her pussy with the flogger. It was uncomfortable because he was hard and he wanted —needed—relief. Lyn was gasping and he kept up the steady tattoo on her sex until she clenched her jaw and groaned hard and low while pulling on the restraints. He slapped her pussy a few more times as the orgasm controlled her body, but when it started to fade, he stopped and moved next to his wife to caress her face and kiss her cheek.

Not entirely unexpectedly, Lyn started to sob after her orgasm had passed. Tossing aside the flogger, Bruce went to caress and console her as she worked through the complex emotions she couldn’t describe.

“Th-th-thank you,” she finally managed to force out of her mouth.

“You’re more than welcome. You’re so beautiful when you cum.”

“You’re a liar, but thank you for lying to me.”

“It’s my pleasure.”

“Your poor cock,” she said, looking down at his manhood. He was still standing erect and ready to go. Precum was smeared all over the head. “You want to cum, don’t you?”

“Yes.”

“Are you going to fuck me?” she asked, excited and terrified at the same time to know the answer. How much abuse could her mistreated pussy take?

“I’d love to,” he said, reaching for her pussy, touching her, feeling her heat and wetness. “This little girl is at her breaking point, isn’t she?”

Lyn only nodded and kissed her husband. She wanted to be fucked, but her pussy couldn't take any more. "Fuck my ass," she offered. "Not my pussy. I can't take it." It killed her to admit her weakness, but she wasn't going to fail her husband.

"I don't want your ass," he said. "I've fucked it before."

"You've fucked my pussy before," she pointed out.

"I'm going to fuck your mouth," he said as if she hadn't spoken.

"Okay," she readily agreed. She wouldn't have minded letting him fuck her ass or pussy, but her mouth was just as good. Maybe it wouldn't be as pleasurable, but it was something she was happy to do for her husband.

She rattled her bindings. "Aren't you going to release me?"

Bruce shook his head. "No. Why would I need to do that? I just need to fuck your face."

Before she could say anything else, he sat up, straddled her body, moved up to her head, and lowered his erect cock to her face.

Lyn automatically parted her lips, allowing him to penetrate her. He was pressed up against the headboard. The angle was awkward. It was hard to get it all the way down her throat, but face fucking his wife was more fun than he anticipated. It felt good and it kept her from running her mouth.

The thrusts made her gag a little, but that didn't stop Bruce from fucking her throat. With her mouth full of his cock, she couldn't tell him to stop.

That was the best part.

The anticipation had been intense. He could have just cum down her throat and be done with it, but Bruce wanted more. He needed to push his wife further. There were agreements to violate and barriers to break.

Just as he was about to cum, Bruce pulled out.

A string of saliva connected the tip of his cock to her lips. Lyn looked up at him not understanding what had just happened and what he was doing.

“Why did—?” she started to ask, but was cut off as Bruce pumped his hand up and down his cock twice and then a third time, and then he came. He shot his load onto her face. The first bit landed on her forehead and slid down into her hair. Each little eruption put more and more spunk on her face. Forehead. Cheek. Nose. Lips. The last little dribbles wound up on her chin and neck.

When he started to go soft, he moved forward again and offered his cock to her mouth.

Like a good submissive, Lyn opened her lips and licked away the little bit of cum hanging from the tip. She savored the bitter taste on tongue and swallowed the last of his orgasm.

“You’re beautiful,” he told her again.

“You came on my face.”

“Yeah.”

“You’ve never done that before.”

“Yeah...first time for everything.” He swung his leg over her body and slipped off the bed.

“Can you get me a washcloth or release me?” Lyn asked. “I don’t want to get any of this in my eyes.”

“Yeah. In a minute.” Bruce grabbed his phone off the dresser, briefly glanced at it to make sure there weren’t any important messages, and then opened up the camera app. “Smile pretty,” he informed her.

Lyn was too shocked to have anything other than a confused expression on her face when he took the picture.

“What are you doing?” she demanded.

“Recording your love for me,” he replied. “Now smile.”

She did so. Reluctantly a smile spread across her face. It was a combination of pride and satisfaction.

When Bruce was pleased with the resulting pictures, he finally released Lyn from the bindings. She quickly rushed to the bathroom to wash off her face. It wasn't that she hated his cum. She just didn't want her eyes to burn with it. That had happened to her once in college when giving a more traditional blowjob and she had vowed it was never going to happen again.

"Why did you do that?" she asked when she walked out of the bathroom, still rubbing her face with a wet washcloth.

"Do what? Make you cum like never before?" He looked pointedly at her still bright red pussy.

"No. Cum on my face. Why did you do it?"

Bruce was sitting on the bed's edge while fiddling with his phone. He didn't reply to her right away because he didn't want her to tell him to stop. A second later he received the confirmation notice. "Because I wanted to post the picture of it to the internet," he said, turning around his phone for her to see.

Lyn didn't know how to feel about the picture for hundreds or thousands or millions of people to see.

But she couldn't deny that it made her excited.

Chapter Thirteen

“I want to go back to the club this weekend,” Lyn said Tuesday as they ate dinner together. Her pussy was back to normal after the beating that Bruce had given it and her lust had returned as well.

He looked at her over his plate. “Really?”

“But I want to go back for you!” she insisted, putting her hand on top of his.

“You want to go back so I can watch you fuck some other men while I watch?” he asked doubtfully. Even though he had gotten to fuck her last and then had punished her the next morning, it was still a sore point for him what she had done.

“No! Of course not! Not unless you want me to do that.”

He squinted at her, not fully believing what she professed.

“I mean it! I want to watch you fuck some other woman. Some other women. As many as you want. I won’t even touch another man. I’ll even fuck a woman—or several if you want to watch that!”

Bruce blinked at her. “Are you being serious?”

“I need to make it up to you.”

“You made it up to me when I flogged you Sunday morning.”

She shook her head. “It’s not enough.”

He turned his head a bit and stared at her out of the corner of his eye. “Are you just doing this so that I’ll let you come back to the club some other time and you can fuck whoever you want?”

“Maybe…” she said with a sly smile.

“I guess you had a good time then.”

Lyn propped up her chin on her hand and rested her elbow on the table. “I just want to have sex with other people. I love you and all that, dear, but I don’t think I could stay married to you if that meant I could only have sex with you the rest

of my life.”

“What if I said you could only have sex with other women?”

The question was pointed and designed to make Lyn rethink everything she was doing.

She hesitated. “If that’s what you want for me,” she said slowly and carefully. “I’m not bi, but if you want me to have sex with other women, I’ll do that...master.”

He took her hand off his and brought it to his lips for a kiss. “That’s what I want this week.”

Lyn was thrilled to be back in the club. This time she didn’t feel like an intruder or someone just playing at being a swinger. This time she was one.

Being naked in front of everyone else who was dressed made her feel free. Not that everyone else was fully dressed; a few were naked like her. More than a few were partially dressed, but being naked except for her collar was exciting. It was made even more exciting because Bruce was holding the leash to her collar. He wasn’t leading her, but was restricting her. That was the thrilling part.

Plus she had her hands bound behind her back.

Bruce was talking to Clara. She was one of the female dommes in the club. Lyn noticed that Bruce had trouble concentrating on the conversation because he was staring at her tits that were on display. Or rather, it was her cleavage that was on display, pushed up by a black corset. The corset was paired with a pair of skintight pants and boots, also black, that made her look every inch of the domme that she was.

Lyn was spending her time looking at the naked man behind Clara. Like Bruce, Clara was holding a leash. This leash went to a ring around the base of the man’s cock. It wasn’t practical; it was ornamental. Lyn wondered how he managed to keep his cock flaccid. She also wondered at the red bar gag that was in his mouth. It didn’t prevent him from making noise, but he couldn’t close his mouth

to speak. It also caused him to drool steadily onto his smooth chest.

“Oh god no,” Clara laughed. “In my real life I’m a teacher. One of my greatest fears is that someday a former student of mine is going to walk through the door to the club and then where will I be?” She laughed gaily. Lyn couldn’t tell if it was nervous laughter or if the idea excited the domme.

“What would you do if that happens?” asked Bruce, truly curious.

“I truly don’t know. There’s only one way to find out and that would be for it to happen.” Clara looked over at Lyn. “I like that your slave is quiet. She made a bit of a splash last week, or so I heard.”

“She’s a good girl,” Bruce said proudly.

“Do you mind if I…?” Clara said, but didn’t finish asking the question.

If he was smart, Bruce would have asked for a clarification. But he was new and nervous and he wanted to see what would happen.

“I don’t mind at all.”

“Thank you.” Clara handed her husband’s leash to Bruce—who didn’t know what to do with a naked man in his control—and then reached out and grabbed Lyn’s tits.

Lyn’s eyes went wide and she sucked in a quick breath, but said nothing and allowed herself to be pleasantly molested by the other woman.

While Lyn had given plenty of men, and a couple of women, access to her pussy, this time was more than a little different. It felt strangely clinical. Clara looked her directly in the eye and Lyn didn’t dare look away. The domme woman’s fingers manipulated her folds and quickly found her clit made prominent by the piercing through the hood, causing Lyn to gasp a little despite herself.

Clara let a little smile of appreciation cross her face, but then pasted her serious domme expression back on.

“Very smooth,” Clara said. “Did you shave your cunt today for me?”

Hearing her most intimate part called a cunt by another woman shocked Lyn. It shouldn't have, but it did. She stared open-mouthed at Clara for several long moments while Bruce looked on. He couldn't deny the erection in his pants, but neither women were focused on him. Even the other attendees in the club were paying them no attention at all.

"Well?" Clara demanded. "Were you born without any pubic hair?" Her finger circled Lyn's clit which only distracted the curvy blonde further. At first she was distracted by Clara's casual violation of her pussy, and then her crude language, and finally her sexual stimulation made her lose focus.

Somehow she managed to stutter out, "N-n-no. Waxed. I'm waxed."

The corners of Clara's lips turned down. "Better than shaving, I suppose. You should really have it laser removed. It's better in the long run."

Before Lyn could answer Clara's finger stopped teasing her clit and it dipped down to her entrance before pushing up inside her.

It felt good, incredibly good, to be violated in that way in front of her husband. It was wrong, but it felt wonderful.

Unconsciously Lyn started rocking her hips back and forth, riding in Clara's finger.

"Don't be offended by this," said Clara to Bruce, "but I think your wife is a slut."

"That's why I married her," Bruce joked.

Lyn wanted to object, but more than that she wanted to keep riding Clara's finger. With her hands bound behind her back, there wasn't all that much she could do. It was all a game they were playing and she didn't want to upset the group by being the one to stop.

Besides, she knew she if she could keep going, she was going to cum and that's what she wanted more than anything else...even though she was supposed to be at the club tonight as bait for Bruce to fuck another woman.

It would have been a nice distraction if Bruce or Clara or Clara's husband would

reach up and tweak her nipples. That would get her racing towards orgasm.

“Was she pierced before or after you got married?” asked Clara as casually as if she were asking about what they did for a living.

“After.”

“She let out her inner slut for you?”

“Yes.”

They both admired Lyn as she continued to rock her hips and ride Clara’s finger. The palm of her hand was now pressed against Lyn’s clit ring and clit with her middle finger penetrating deeply. Clara admired how much amrita seeped out of the blonde’s pussy.

“She’s going to cum soon,” Clara observed. She glanced at her husband behind her. His cock was erect. Bruce still held his cock leash in his hand, but seemed to have forgotten about it. Clara considered asking Bruce if Daniel could pleasure Lyn, but first there had to be more teasing and torture.

“She’s not supposed to cum tonight,” Bruce informed Clara.

That was all Clara needed to hear to pull her hand free of Lyn’s pussy. Lyn groaned in frustration. She wanted—needed—to cum and she knew she wasn’t going to be allowed that. Not right now. Maybe if she was good Bruce might change his mind, but she needed to behave.

Clara held up her hand to admire the amount of amrita Lyn had produced. The small group was silent as they all looked at evidence of Lyn’s lust and slutiness. The ambient noise from the crowd and the music playing in the background filled their ears, but that only seemed to heighten the tension.

Before anyone could say or do anything else, Clara thrust her hand toward Lyn’s mouth.

Lyn had tasted herself before. She had gone down on other women before. The taste of pussy wasn’t something she was unfamiliar with, but to have her own forced on her in front of Bruce and anyone casually watching their little group, that seemed humiliating.

Lyn liked that humiliation.

She opened her mouth and greedily sucked Clara's fingers.

The domme laughed at her.

She then turned to Bruce.

"You don't want her to cum?" she asked.

"She's being punished."

"Understandable. She's a slut, after all. I was looking to reward Daniel. He's been a good boy this past week."

"You want him to fuck someone?" asked Bruce, curious about the dynamics of their relationship since it was similar to the one he had with Lyn.

"That's the idea. I suppose your wife is out of the question since you don't want her cumming." Clara pretended to think a moment and then snapped her fingers. "Would you object to him fucking her in the ass?"

Bruce cleared his throat. It was surreal to be discussing another man fucking Lyn, but it was exciting as well. "I mean, I'm fine with that on principal, but she really likes anal and can cum from it fairly easily."

"Huh! Really?"

"Yeah...we did anal on our first date. She loved it."

Clara laughed. "So she is a slut!"

Bruce laughed along with her. "Yeah. I sort of knew it then."

"Would you mind if he used her mouth?"

The question caused Bruce to blink. "Well...I suppose not. That would be fine. But…"

"Yes?"

Bruce glanced back and forth between the two slave spouses. They had been silent. They had been good slaves as they had been teased and tortured and discussed like pieces of meat. “But Lyn and I agreed I’d get laid first tonight and then she’d get a reward...if she was good.”

“Oh. I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to waste your time,” Clara apologized. “You were just being so friendly and all and this is a nice place to meet new people.”

“No, no. It’s fine. It was great watching you torture her. It was perfect.”

A thought occurred to Clara. “Are you into men? Daniel would be happy to give you a blowjob, or bottom for you. He’s done anal for more than a few men. I love watching him get fucked. Makes me so wet.”

Bruce put up his hands in protest. He didn’t want to seem rude, but what she was offering wasn’t his bag. “No, no. That’s fine. I’m not into men. Just women. Sorry. I’m boring that way. Lyn is the bi slut in our relationship.”

“No, no. That’s fine. Everyone has their own preferences.” Her sly smile returned. “But I’m horny and Daniel isn’t in a position to object. Want to go back to one of the private rooms so you and I can have some very vanilla sex while our slaves watch?”

That didn’t sound vanilla to Bruce at all.

It sounded kinky and fucking hot.

Bruce handed Daniel’s leash back to Clara and they led their slaves down the corridor from the bar area to the private rooms. They had to go all the way to the end of the hall to room eight. It was one of the smaller rooms, but it had a decent sized bed that was covered in clean sheets and, more importantly, it had a variety of hooks and eye bolts where they could chain up their slaves.

Since Lyn’s hands were already restrained behind her back, it was easy for Bruce to force her to stand with her back to a wall and hook her leash there.

“Cuffs or cage?” Clara asked her husband. He looked at her, unable to speak because of the bar gag. She laughed at him. “Oh, you poor thing. You can’t talk. So sad.”

“What cage?” asked Bruce.

In reply, Clara plucked a device off the shelf. At first Bruce thought it was a stainless steel replica of a penis. It wasn’t. He quickly figured out it was a cage for the man’s cock.

“You’re going to put that on him?” asked Bruce nervously.

“Well...no. Too much effort. He wouldn’t be able to jerk off while we fuck, but it’s such a pain in the ass to put it on him.” Facing back to her husband, Clara said, “Turn around.” He did so and she grabbed a pair of standard silver handcuffs off the shelf, quickly put them on Daniel, and then linked them to an eyebolt on the wall.

The slaves were then restrained, giving their owners free rein to do as they wished.

It emotionally hurt both Lyn and Daniel to see their spouses kiss each other. As much as she wanted to look away, Lyn found she couldn’t. She sensed that Daniel was trying to make eye contact with her, but she kept her gaze on Bruce as he unhooked Clara’s corset and peeled down her tight pants.

Her heart was thundering in her chest. Her pussy was drooling, looking to be penetrated. Lyn pressed her thighs together, hoping to get some friction to make herself cum, but it was a wasted effort.

Daniel just shook his head at her and then watched as his wife was fucked by another man.

Clara went down on her knees, opened up Bruce’s pants, pulled out his erect cock, and sucked him for a minute before they went to the bed.

They moved smoothly into the missionary position. Lyn couldn’t see everything, but judging by the noises Clara made and Bruce’s motions, she knew he had penetrated her.

It was only a second later when she realized that they weren’t using a condom.

That just made her pussy hotter and wetter.

The sex only lasted a couple of minutes. Both slave owners were loud enough for Lyn to realize they had both cum.

“That was wonderful,” Clara told Bruce. “Now would you get off me? And would you rather have my husband or your wife eat your cum out of my pussy?”

To Be Continued

Preview

Cream In My Coffee 1: Morning

Ed left his office and went to his secretary's work area. Claris was on the phone with a client giving him reassurance the crew would be done with the job by the end of the week.

Uninterested in the conversation, Ed pointed emphatically into his coffee mug. It was full of plain black coffee he had fixed for himself.

Claris rolled her eyes at him. She was wearing her professional secretary's outfit, nothing overly fancy, just a skirt, white blouse, and blazer. Just enough to deal with the public on the rare occasion someone other than the small staff came into the office. She was slightly worried her clothing was a little too tight, a little too revealing, but Ed never complained.

More importantly she was worried that she was getting too fat for the clothing she had.

Ed reached for her, but she pulled back; she was tethered to the desk by the cord to the phone's headset. Still, she had plenty of room to move around. Almost absently she started unbuttoning her blouse. The blazer wasn't in the way at all.

The bra she wore was lacy, but perfectly appropriate for the office. She hauled out one of her large and swollen breasts. Taking the mug from Ed she placed it on the desk in front of her. Seating herself while still talking on the phone, she aimed her nipple at the three-quarters filled mug and squeezed the soft flesh of her breast.

Five streams of milk erupted from the nipple. She was close enough to the cup that all the milk went exactly where she had intended. She repeated this process several more times, changing the black liquid to a cloudy brown.

"And thank you for calling," she said as she disconnected the call, handed the mug back to Ed and then slipped her breast back into her bra.

“I really wish you wouldn’t do that while I’m on the phone.” She ran her eyes over her boss. Tweed jacket, bright yellow tie that was entirely unnecessary for their private office, and plain black slacks. Everything about his outfit said office drone.

Unlike her body that was pushing the limits of what could be considered sexy and curvy, Ed’s body was lean. Maybe he wasn’t in his physical prime, but for a man well into his forties, he was still incredibly fit and handsome. Not exactly rugged, but he looked better with a bit of scruff on his face instead of a clean shave.

She was well-familiar with that scruff and how it could sandpaper soft flesh.

She wanted to be sandpapered right then and there.

She hated herself for wanting that.

Ed carefully stirred his now-creamed coffee with the plastic spoon he had carried with him.

“I think you like doing it more than you like to admit,” he said to her casually. He noted that she hadn’t buttoned the top button of her blouse but he couldn’t determine if that was because she had forgotten or if it was a deliberate ploy on her part.

He hoped it was a deliberate ploy.

“Now’s not the time,” she told him.

“Why not? The office is empty.” He grinned at her. It was the middle of the morning. The staff that needed to come in had already arrived and left on their appointments. The office was empty but for the two of them.

That was part of the thrill: the danger of getting caught.

She didn’t like that feeling...or so she told herself. She liked it after the fact, after they had gotten away with it. She knew they were eventually going to get caught.

That’s what really scared her.

“Because we’ll get caught.”

He shook his head slowly. “Everyone’s out until at least noon.”

She looked down at her desk and computer. There was precious little to do for the next hour or two other than answer the phone. It was too good a job to risk playing games like this.

But Ed was a part owner of the business.

Shit.

“Not here,” she said.

Again he shook his head. “Why not here?”

He knew why. This was all just part of the game they were playing. A game they had successfully played many times before.

“Too risky.”

She wanted to, but it was too much risk. They were both married, but to other people. He was an owner of the business, but she was just an employee who desperately needed the job.

She knew he wasn’t leaving his wife. She knew she wasn’t leaving her husband and her baby.

The humiliation of getting caught was too much for her.

The risk of losing her job because she told Ed no...well, that was unlikely, but possible. Yes, she was sleeping with the boss, but he was a genuinely nice man who didn’t want to put her on the street.

But more than anything she realized her panties were drenched with her amrita. She wanted to fuck him, but getting caught...she felt like she was back in high school sneaking around on her parents and his parents.

Worse, she could feel her milk welling up in her tits.

Why had she put herself in this position?

“It’s not too risky,” he said, sounding much like that high school boyfriend who was always willing to fuck anywhere and anyplace regardless of risk or circumstances. In the car in the school parking lot. In the woods behind his house. In her family room while her parents were sleeping upstairs. In the changing room of the JCPenney’s where she had her weekend job.

“Anyone could walk in,” she said.

But that was part of the fun.

“Just turn around and show me your ass,” he persuaded her.

She rolled her eyes. Claris knew that Ed liked big tits on women and big asses. She had both. She also felt fat for having both. She hadn’t ever lost all the baby weight she had put on during her pregnancy. Having a two year old at home only made her feel more guilty about not having lost it.

Ed didn’t complain.

At home Ray commented on her weight all the time.

She stood up from her chair and turned away from Ed. She even went so far as to bend over and let her ass stick up in the air. Her forearms were on the desk and she felt dirty and exposed and naked. But she wasn’t naked.

And then she felt his hands tugging upward on her skirt.

“No!” she gasped out loud, cutting herself off, trying to be quiet even though there was no one else around. Her hands went to his, preventing him from pulling her skirt higher.

“Just show me your ass.”

It wasn’t the risk or the nudity now. It was that she didn’t want him to see her underwear.

“No!” she almost shouted now.

He stopped tugging on her tight skirt. “Why not?”

Her face was red with embarrassment. How had she let her life get to this point?

“You won’t like what you see.”

He grinned. “But I love looking at your ass.” He tugged gently but she still resisted.

Claris knew that she could complain and resist all she wanted, but it was going to happen this morning. They were going to have sex. She wanted to, but she was breaking so many promises she had made to herself and to him and to her husband.

Shit.

“First, let me say I’m sorry and I was rushed this morning,” she said and then let go of his wrists.

Ed was happy. He continued to slowly raise her skirt. Eventually the tops of her thigh high stockings were revealed. Yes, her thighs were meatier than she liked, but he liked a substantial woman, and her thighs fit her stockings perfectly. Today they didn’t have lacy tops, but a series of three black circles that denoted the tops, a more modern style than plain lace.

Above the tops of the stockings was her milky white skin. He loved her soft skin and soft flesh. She despised her pale body, especially after months of winter weather. She wanted some color to her skin. He didn’t like tanned women at all, so Ed didn’t complain.

The skirt was drawn up higher and Ed discovered the bottom edge of her panties before he found the crease of her buttocks. He frowned in annoyance and quickly revealed the rest of her panty-covered ass by jerking the skirt all the way up to her waist.

“What’s this?” he demanded.

“I told you that I was in a hurry this morning,” she explained.

This was half serious and half a game. She was never sure which way she should lean during this part of their sex play.

“I’ve told you time and again,” he said in the tone of a boss who was done with the incompetent job his employee was performing, “these are unacceptable at the office. Black silk. White silk. Red silk. Black lace. White lace. Red lace. Those colors only. Those materials only. No cotton. No other colors. Thong preferred.”

“I know.” Claris didn’t exactly sob, but she felt great disappointment in herself for not living up to Ed’s standards.

Yes she was fucking the boss and yes he was paying her well for her job, but it wasn’t just sex and it wasn’t just a job.

She didn’t know what it was.

“And what are you wearing?”

“Cotton bikinis,” she said. “A lot of colors.”

Ed stared at the broad expanse of Claris’s ass that was decorated with purple and orange and green and blue and yellow geometric designs. “Very disappointing. Take them off.”

Claris swallowed and did as he asked. She hooked her thumbs into the top elastic of the panties and pulled them over her ass down to the top of her black stockings. Her bare ass quickly grew goosebumps in the cool office air...or maybe she grew goosebumps in anticipation of what was about to happen.

“All the way,” he said.

There was a bit of a struggle as she got the cotton panties over the top edge of the stockings and her thick thighs, but eventually she got them down far enough where they dropped to the floor.

Ed knelt behind her and lifted first one foot and then the other so she could step out of her panties. She was wearing heels that were appropriate for the office, if maybe just a bit too sexy for a secretary in her late twenties, but that’s what Ed liked.

He held her panties in his hand for a moment, feeling the warmth from them and the moisture. While he didn’t bring them up to his nose to smell her desire, he got her scent anyway. After briefly considering throwing them in the trash can

next to her desk, he instead shoved them in his jacket pocket.

“Are we done?” she asked him impertinently.

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About the Author

Elliot Silvestri has a complicated relationship with erotica and epic fantasy and sexual politics. He has a simple relationship with you: buy his books and he'll keep writing them. He lives in upstate New York, far away from most of humanity and that's a good thing. Feel free to contact him:

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