
AN EROTIC ARRANGED MARRIAGE 5
CONSEQUENCES
ELLIOT SILVESTRI
GREEN BUSH PUBLISHING


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An Erotic Arranged Marriage 5: Consequences

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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An Erotic Arranged Marriage 5: Consequences

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Chapter Fourteen

After rolling off Clara, Bruce prided himself in not reacting to her question like he was an amateur at this sort of thing.

“Do you like humiliating your husband?” he asked.

Clara combed her brown hair back into place with her fingers. “Very much so. It’s the best part of having him as my slave. He’s not into men at all, so he finds it particularly humiliating to have to clean my pussy.” She grinned. “He hates it.”

This surprised Bruce. He wasn’t surprised that Daniel and Clara played much like he and Lyn did. He knew that lots of men were into being cuckolded and that went hand-in-hand with creampie eating, but if Daniel hated it, why did he go along with it?

Now was not the time to ask that question.

“I should make him clean your pussy,” Bruce said carefully, “but I think I want to watch my wife go down on you. Do you mind?”

“No. Not at all.” Clara spread her legs a little wider and ran a finger down the carefully sculpted edge of the thin line of her pubic hair. “I’ve found that women are generally better at cunnilingus than most men. Let’s see how your wife is at it.”

Bruce nodded and levered himself off the bed. Lyn watched as he approached her. She had hoped that the sex would have lasted longer, but she was supposed to be the submissive here.

Unhooking her chain from the wall he softly asked Lyn, “Are you okay with this?”

“I’ve eaten pussy before,” she replied just as softly. “And swallowed your cum.”

She started walking toward Clara's spread legs. Bruce stopped her. "You don't have to."

Lyn kissed him on the cheek. It was a somewhat unbalanced kiss because of their height difference and her hands were still bound behind her back. "I want to do this. For you."

She didn't hesitate to kneel down on the bed between Clara's legs. Bruce moved quickly to the side. There was no way he was going to miss this.

Bruce found it impossible to describe the pride he felt when Lyn's mouth went right to Clara's pussy. The two women barely knew each other. Was that better or worse? Bruce had just fucked Clara, but somehow barely knowing a new sex partner seemed normal.

Lyn started by licking from the bottom of Clara's slit all the way up to her clit where she sucked the little organ making Clara gasp in appreciation.

After running her tongue through Clara's landing strip, Lyn got down to business and stuck her face into the other woman's pussy, pushing her tongue deeply into her hole before sucking out whatever liquid she could.

Lyn definitely tasted her husband's cum, but the flavor of Clara's pussy was almost overpowering. After she sucked as much cum as possible into her mouth, Lyn swallowed and started licking again. It was a strange thing to do, but it was also oddly enjoyable, especially when Clara started talking.

"She is a good little pussy licker," Clara all but cooed. "A nice carpet muncher. Maybe she's secretly a lesbian." She ran her fingers through Lyn's hair.

"I hope not," Bruce laughed.

"I'd be happy to let her go down on me anytime," Clara moaned. "Suck my clit, slave. Suck it. I need to cum again."

Lyn did as she was told. She was good at doing what she was told. There wasn't as much cum to eat as she wanted, but once she was sure that Clara's pussy was as pristine as possible, she refocused on the brunette's clit. It didn't take that much effort to make her cum again.

When she finally lifted her face from between Clara's legs, she saw Bruce smiling down at her with approval.

There was no way to stop him from bending over and kissing Lyn. She loved the reality of him tasting Clara's pussy on her lips.

"I need you to suck off my husband now," said Clara, breaking up the little love-fest.

For just a moment Lyn looked at Clara in confusion, but the request was simple enough. "You want me to blow him?" she asked, licking her lips.

"Yes."

"Sure."

Bruce was a little bit alarmed and a little bit pleased at his wife's casual attitude at the request. They barely knew the other couple and they were getting exceedingly intimate with them.

There was no reason to stop anything now. Bruce helped her roll over and get to her feet. Clara watched from the bed and Bruce guided Lyn to Daniel.

She got down on her knees and contemplated the other man's cock for a moment.

He was almost exactly the same size as Bruce, except his erect cock curved slightly to the left and jutted almost straight out rather than upwards like Bruce's. All of that didn't matter. It was still a handsome cock, though Lyn was positive she preferred her husband's over any other man's.

That didn't stop her from opening her lips and putting it in her mouth. The way that Clara had fastened his leash to the eyebolts in the wall made it impossible for him to bend over or kneel down or lower his body in any way, really. His hands were as restrained as hers were.

That didn't stop the two from quickly figuring out the best way to have sex, even as limited as they were.

Lyn bobbed her head back and forth on Daniel's cock. He stiffened and grew, but

not by much. There was no reason to hold back, so he thrusted his hips forward, fucking her mouth.

It was crude and oddly erotic at the same time. Bruce enjoyed watching his wife get face fucked by this near-stranger.

“He’s going to cum quickly,” Clara reported from where she was lounging on the bed.

“How do you know that?” asked Bruce.

“He hasn’t cum in sooo long,” she laughed. “And Daniel isn’t known for his endurance. Can she handle swallowing his load? It’ll be a big one.”

Bruce nodded. “She can do that.” He turned back to his wife. “Did you hear that, honey? Daniel is going to cum in your mouth and you’re going to swallow it all.”

Briefly Lyn glanced up at her husband and seemed to nod her head, acknowledging his request.

“Not all of it,” said Clara.

Bruce turned back to her. “Why not?”

Clara licked her lips. She was obviously living out some fantasy. “She needs to snowball at least some of it back into his mouth.”

“Did you hear that, hon?” asked Bruce.

“Mmm-hmm,” Lyn mumbled around Daniel’s dick.

Clara slid off the bed and went to her husband, standing on the other side of the copulating pair. “Of course we’ll have to take out his gag,” she said, reaching behind Daniel’s head and manipulating the straps holding the red bar in place between the slave’s teeth. “I don’t want to hear a word out of you, Daniel. Do you understand that?”

Daniel’s eyes were closed but he nodded. Or at least he seemed to nod. Bruce couldn’t tell. The poor slave looked like he was on the edge of cumming or

maybe of having an aneurysm.

The straps came free from behind Daniel's head and Clara removed the gag.

He moaned.

He might have moaned because he was close to orgasm.

Clara kissed him on his cheek.

"Fuuuuucck!" he cursed.

Bruce looked down and saw his cock twitching. Lyn had backed off so that only the head of his member was in her mouth. With every twitch of Daniel's cock Bruce knew the other man was pumping more and more cum into Lyn's mouth.

She didn't stop sucking.

He couldn't tell if his wife was swallowing any of it or not, but she didn't complain as Daniel groaned throughout his orgasm. Bruce didn't know what to do other than to stand there and watch approvingly.

He had mixed feelings about this scene, but they were too deep in it now to change their minds.

When Daniel stopped moaning, Lyn let his cock slip from her mouth. Keeping her lips parted she looked up at Bruce and showed him the cum she still had on her tongue. It looked like a lot. Bruce didn't have a good way to judge.

Since her hands were still bound, it was hard for her to get off her knees. Seeing her struggle, Bruce helped her to her feet.

Lyn didn't hesitate. She got on her toes and Daniel, ever the obedient husband and slave, bowed his head. Their respective spouses watched them kiss. Lyn pulled back a tiny bit and opened her mouth just enough so that Bruce could see her passing Daniel's cum back to him.

Bruce was fine with cum eating, he just wasn't sure if he could have done it so readily as Daniel, especially right after cumming.

“That’s fucking hot,” Clara declared, her hand going to her pussy and rubbing absently. “It took a lot to train him to take his cum back, but it was worth it, don’t you think so?”

Bruce nodded. “Yes. You’ve got him well-trained.”

Shyly, Lyn nodded as well after breaking the kiss. She didn’t dare speak. Not yet. She wanted to please her husband and so she waited for instructions from him.

Instead, he just kissed her. There was the vague flavor of Daniel’s cum and Clara’s pussy, but all Bruce cared about was how wonderful his wife was.

Chapter Fifteen

“You know, this is more of a reward for me than anything else,” Lyn informed her husband as he finished fastening the last restraint holding her wrist to the specially designed table.

Once again they were back at the sex club. Their now routine presence was noted by many of the other regulars. While he had been reluctant to go every week, Lyn had talked Bruce into it. Once she had taken the role of a proper submissive and slave, it was easier for him to assume the role of dom and owner. Watching her fuck other men and women was more fun and more exciting than he had started off believing. As a couple it was a good thing to have a hobby in common.

“Because you’re going to get fucked by anyone and everyone at the club tonight?” he asked, a knowing smile on his face. Before she could answer, he ducked his head and kissed her.

The table she was bound to had been specially built by a member of the club. It was a sturdy table built at roughly waist height, covered with easily cleanable fake black leather that was padded. Hooks and bolts at every corner made it easy to restrain a person. It was nearly eight feet long with one half of that length cut into a wide V-shape allowing the victim’s legs to be spread wide while also allowing easy access to the victim’s pussy or ass or cock.

Lyn was bound face up. Naturally she was naked, which was her preferred state. It had taken nearly a month to schedule this special night for her because of the table’s popularity.

The victim was bound to the table and any member attending the club that night could use him or her in almost any manner. An elaborate backlit sign was bolted to the wall near the table. It was a repurposed restaurant menu board. The word “Menu” was part of the wooden frame. Special markers were needed to write on the back lit glass surface. Before she had been tied down Lyn had written up her own menu.

Straight sex - condoms required

Anal sex - condoms required

Oral sex - condom optional

Manual sex - condom optional

Please cum on my face

Flogging appreciated

Freebies: nipple pinching, cumming on my tits

Every item was followed by a price in dollars. Oral sex was a dollar. Straight was two. Anal, three. Manual was also a dollar. Cumming on her face was three dollars. Flogging was listed as five dollars per minute. A large tip jar was set on the table under the menu board. The tipping wasn't mandatory—the club didn't want to deal with the legal issue of prostitution—but to fuck the slave without leaving some cash was considered the height of rudeness within the club.

The prices on the menu were just suggestions. Most people left more than the listed amount. All the money wound up in the club's general fund.

Bruce glanced at the board and shook his head. "You should have gone higher for your services," he said.

"I'm a generous soul."

"At these prices, like those for a two-dollar whore, you're being overly generous." Chelsea and Jon laughed at Bruce's assessment.

"They're pretty affordable," said John. He wasn't in his slave gear tonight and was dressed casually. The crowd hadn't arrived at the club yet. Bruce and Lyn had to get there early to set up. "I might fuck her once or twice."

Using her index finger because her wrists were firmly held down on the table, Lyn indicated the tip jar. "You need to pay first," she laughed.

John looked at the prices and pretended to be shocked. "Two dollars! Maybe I'll

come back later and get a discount. You discount after sloppy seconds, right?”

Chelsea slapped his shoulder. “We’ll see you later, Lyn. We have other plans tonight.” And with that they exited the room.

“Are you excited to see your wife get fucked silly and all for a good cause?” Lyn asked him. The waiting was the worst part. She couldn’t wait to get fucked by a hopefully endless line of men and women.

“Umm...yes, but…”

Lyn’s eyes narrowed. “But what?”

Bruce licked his lips and grinned down at her. “I have other plans too.”

“What?!”

“Don’t worry,” he reassured her and pointed to the ceiling where a security camera was bolted. It wasn’t just for show. “I’ll watch the whole thing on video.”

Lyn glared at him. “This wasn’t what we agreed to!”

“Yeah...but you’re my slave, so I get final say.”

She opened her mouth to protest. “This is why couples get divorced,” she said grimly.

“Husbands strapping their wives down to be fucked by strangers for a fundraiser? I doubt that’s a major reason behind divorce,” he smiled back at her. “Don’t worry. I got you a chaperone.”

With those words, he left her alone in the room.

For just a second Lyn started to panic. She was tied up and naked and alone in a room in a sex club.

Then she remembered this was exactly where she wanted to be. She could hear the music from the bar area. She could hear voices from elsewhere in the club. There weren’t many people here yet.

This was what she wanted.

She was a kinkster and a pervert.

Her mother would be so mortified if she knew what Lyn was up to at this very moment.

While lost in her thoughts, Lyn missed the other woman entering the room.

“Hello! You’re looking very attractive and eager tonight,” she said.

Even though this was what she wanted and she was in the middle of a sex club, Lyn still startled at the sound of the other woman’s voice and unconsciously tried to cover herself. That was impossible. She was spread-eagled on the table and could no more cover herself than she could get elected president of Russia.

“Oh! Um...thank you!”

“Your husband—Bruce was it?—asked me to babysit you. My name is Ana.”

“Babysit?”

Ana winced. “Sorry. I probably shouldn’t use that term. Some people get sensitive. Chaperone. I’m here to chaperone you.” The slightly built woman in the black dress with red flowers didn’t look directly at Lyn’s naked body. She first looked her in the face and then looked up at the menu board. She smiled. She had a brilliant smile that was set off by her olive skin and dark hair. “Judging by what you’ve put on the board, I’m not going to have to do much work tonight.”

Lyn laughed nervously. “Isn’t it every woman’s fantasy to get fucked by an endless line of men?”

A wan smile crossed Ana’s face. “Well, it was mine until I did it. I’m going to be honest with you. After the fourth or fifth guy, I started getting sore. I couldn’t walk the next day. Tell me if things get too intense and we’ll stop everything, okay?”

“Okay,” Lyn readily agreed. “But one question first. How much money did you make when you did this?”

Ana laughed. “I don’t remember, but I stopped—I had to stop—before I had fifty bucks in the bucket.”

Bruce had reserved room number one for the night. He waited anxiously in it until Christine arrived with her husband Dave in tow. The moment Christine walked into the room Bruce jumped up off the bed and practically ran to greet her.

She smiled at his eagerness and embraced him, giving him an intense kiss. He pushed his tongue into her mouth. Bruce didn’t know if that was appropriate to do in front of her husband, but pretty much everything that happened at the club was inappropriate. He figured Christine would tell him if he was pushing the acceptable limits.

“It’s nice to be greeted by someone who is so glad to see me,” she said.

Bruce backed up and laughed at himself. “Sorry. I didn’t mean to act like an over-eager puppy.”

“Oh. No. That was fine. I was talking about feeling your cock when you kissed me. It felt like a bar of steel.”

Bruce actually blushed. He was glad for the dim lighting in the private room. He laughed ruefully at himself.

“I feel like I’m cheating on my wife.”

“Well, you are. Sort of.” She smiled at him. “Shall we get down to it?”

When Bruce had asked her if she’d spend the night with him, he never expected her to say yes, but the women at the club were different from the women in the world. Or maybe they were exactly like all the other women in the world, but in the club they could be free to act as they truly wanted.

What he had asked wasn’t anything all that kinky. Just sex while her husband was forced to watch. Bruce was fairly certain that watching his wife have sex with other men was one of Dave’s kinks, so it was easy for Christine to say yes.

“Yes. Let’s!” he said far too eagerly and he reached for her again, but Christine stepped back and held up a warning hand. “Why don’t we let Dave do all the heavy lifting here.” She glanced at her husband who was dressed casually in jeans and a dress shirt. “Help me undress, dear?” she asked.

Silently Dave stepped forward and lowered the zipper on the back of the purple dress that Christine was wearing.

Though he had seen her naked many times before Bruce couldn’t wait to see her unclothed again. He had been hoping for an elaborate unwrapping ceremony, but was disappointed when Dave swept the dress off her shoulders allowing it to fall around her feet.

She was wearing nothing under her dress. Her tits stood up proudly, capped by light brown nipples and were already hard. She didn’t wear panties which immediately revealed the dark blonde curls on her mound shaved into a neat landing strip. Bruce’s eyes were momentarily distracted by the small ring through her belly button and he couldn’t remember if she had been wearing one like it when he had last seen her. It didn’t matter.

A second look told him that she wasn’t completely naked. Christine was wearing thigh high stockings that only made her seem more naked. Only a woman with Christine’s confidence could wear an almost modest dress and nothing on underneath it.

She posed a moment and then asked, “Do you like what you see?”

“Fuck yes.”

She laughed. “I was hoping that you would.” When Christine took a step forward, Bruce hastened to undress himself. His fingers fumbled with the buttons of his shirt before she reached him and brushed aside his hands.

“Here, let me.”

“Sure…”

“Unless you’d like Dave to undress you,” she suggested with a glance over her shoulder at Dave who was watching intensely, but saying nothing.

“That’s okay,” Bruce said quickly.

“I think he’d like to,” Christine whispered in his ear as she began unbuttoning his shirt.

“You’ve already started,” Bruce pointed out.

“Uh-huh,” she agreed and then kissed his neck before whispering as softly as possible. “Would you like Dave to suck your cock and make you hard?”

“I’m already hard,” Bruce pointed out as she helped him remove his shirt.

“Okay, I’ll confess,” she said right before she kissed him, pushing her tongue into his mouth. Her tits pressed against his chest. She ran her fingers down his back. “I want to see him suck your cock. It'll be so hot. It’ll turn me on so much. Feel how wet I am just thinking about it.”

Christine grabbed his hand and pressed it between her thighs. She was sopping wet and Bruce automatically penetrated her with his middle finger. Christine gasped at the unexpected fingering, but she didn’t push him away; she grabbed his wrist and kept it in position.

“Will you do that for me? Don’t cum in his mouth. Just make him be a good cocksucker for a few minutes.”

Bruce just wanted to fuck Christine. Maybe fuck her in the ass. He had just assumed he was going to get a blowjob from her. She had told him she wanted Dave to watch. Having him participate wasn’t their agreement.

But he found he couldn’t say no, not with his fingers in her twat.

“Sure…”

When he said that single word she shivered so violently that Bruce was positive she had an orgasm. Maybe not, but she had come precipitously close to climaxing. “I need to fuck you,” she hissed in his ear before falling onto her knees.

He struggled out of his shirt as Christine opened up his pants and hauled out his throbbing cock. She didn’t even bother to get his pants all the way off. She just

shoved them down to mid-thigh before gobbling up his cock.

Christine proved to be incredibly adept at sucking cock. She didn't need to warm up at all. By no means did Bruce have an enormous cock, but he had never had a woman immediately deep throat him. It was an exhilarating feeling.

After that quick trick, Christine backed off and started bobbing her head back and forth on his length, enjoying giving head as much as he was enjoying getting it. Bruce closed his eyes and focused on the pleasure.

Snap! Bruce's eyes opened when Christine snapped her fingers. He looked down and saw Dave crawling over to his wife. She was pointing at the floor next to her.

Bruce didn't know what to do, so he did nothing. He froze.

Christine backed all the way off Bruce's cock. "Your turn," she said to Dave.

Though he had agreed to this, Bruce never thought it would happen so quickly.

Either Dave was extremely well-trained by Christine or he wanted to suck Bruce's cock more than Christine had implied. There was no hesitation on the other man's part. When Christine angled the cock toward her husband's mouth, he opened up and started sucking.

It wasn't the worst blowjob Bruce had ever received. In truth, it was very enjoyable. Either Dave was a natural or he had done this before.

Bruce had his suspicion as to which it was.

"So fucking hot," Christine breathed as she watched from inches away. She had one hand between her thighs, gently rubbing her pussy while the other held onto Bruce's balls. Dave had one hand on Bruce's thigh as he fellated the taller man. The whole scene made Bruce feel like a Roman emperor using his pleasure slaves. He felt more dominant in the moment than he ever had with Lyn.

Without wanting it to happen, Bruce could feel himself rapidly approaching his peak. It wasn't just that Dave was so good at sucking cock, it was the whole situation.

But Bruce didn’t want to cum in Dave’s mouth.

He pushed the other man away.

“What’s the matter?” asked Christine. She wasn’t exactly angry, but she was surprised and confused by Bruce’s actions.

“I want to fuck you,” he told her and grabbed her hands to help her to her feet. “Get on the bed.”

The pretty blonde took the three steps necessary to walk to the bed. Bruce pushed her onto her back and got between her legs.

There was no foreplay, unless he was counting getting his cock sucked by the couple as foreplay. He had already felt her pussy earlier so he knew she was wet.

Even so, he struggled to find her entrance. Her pussy was hot and he could feel her wetness but somehow he couldn’t properly part her lips and penetrate her.

Christine came to his rescue, taking hold of his cock and guiding it into her pussy at just the right angle. Once he had that little problem solved, he shoved his cock all the way into her. She replied with a surprised grunt.

“Did I hurt you?” he asked the moment after her exclamation of shock.

“No. It felt fucking great! Fuck me! Fuck me hard!”

Bruce could do that. He had already forgotten about Dave and he just plowed into Christine as hard as he could. He knew that he wouldn’t last very long. He had already been on the edge while getting sucked by the two of them.

He pushed aside any thought of Christine’s pleasure and just fucked her the way he wanted. Their flesh slapped together so violently for just a second it sounded more like a fistfight than copulation.

When he came, it hurt. He hadn’t felt an orgasm that painful since he was a teenage boy with too much time on his hands and too much privacy in his bedroom.

Christine wrapped her legs around him and held him as deeply as possible in her

pussy. “Ooohhh, that was fucking perfect,” she cooed in his ear. “You’re filling me up with your cum. I love that feeling.”

Those words snapped open Bruce’s eyes and he struggled against her legs to pull free of her body. She had her ankles locked behind his back so getting off her proved to be more difficult than he had guessed.

“What’s the matter?” she asked him.

“I came in you!”

“I know. It was great!”

“I forgot to put on a condom!”

He couldn’t believe he had been so stupid. Lyn would never forgive him.

“I’m clean. I’m not going to get pregnant,” she told him with a roll of her eyes. “How stupid do you think I am?”

Hearing her words, Bruce forced himself to calm down. “Sorry. I just...condoms are mandatory, right? I know club policies.”

She laughed at him. Even Dave, at the foot of the bed where he had been watching the other man ram his wife, grinned at Bruce’s reaction.

“They’re only club policies because they need to be. In private rooms...things are a little different.” She unhooked her legs from behind his back, but pulled Bruce close for a kiss. “Make Dave eat my pussy,” she whispered. “Humiliate him.”

Bruce pulled back and looked at her in confusion.

Christine nodded and smiled at him. “Please,” she asked. She wasn’t begging. If anything, she was demanding.

Giving a little nod, Bruce rolled off the blonde’s body and looked to the foot of the bed where Dave managed to wipe the grin off his face right before Bruce glared at him.

“Your wife has a sloppy pussy,” Bruce declared. “You need to clean it for her.”

Dave looked at him in confusion. Moving with a confidence he didn't feel, Bruce grabbed Dave by the shoulder and arm, pulling him up between Christine's thighs, all but forcing Dave's face into her used pussy.

"Clean that cunt!" Bruce barked, getting into the role that was expected of him. He put his hand on the back of Dave's head and forced it into her pussy. "Eat all my cum and make her fucking happy!"

While he didn't want to get violent, Bruce was surprised at how forceful he had become. It was scary. Luckily, Dave started licking and sucking his wife's pussy.

It was much hotter than he thought it would be. Christine moaned a little and clutched her husband's head to her sex. They were both enjoying this process much more than made any sense to Bruce, but maybe that was just how they preferred to run their sex life.

Dave made her cum. Christine was loud when she came. Her body twitched and she tightly gripped Dave's head with her hands. When she was done cumming, she collapsed back on the bed. "I needed that," she declared.

"That was fucking hot," Bruce said.

Christine opened her eyes just enough to look at him. "Glad you enjoyed the show. Want to fuck me again?"

Bruce laughed. "Sure. Anytime."

"How about now?" she asked.

Bruce blinked. "Uhh...I'm just going to point out that I just came and my cock is...well…" he pointed to his flaccid organ.

A sly smile spread across Christine's face. "I can help you with that."

"I'm sure."

"Or rather," Christine corrected herself, "Dave can help you with that."

Bruce looked askance at her. Christine's husband's face was still buried in her pussy, and he gave no indication that he had a problem with doing as she asked.

“He doesn’t have to,” Bruce said quickly.

Christine caught and held his gaze. “I want to watch him do it for you,” she said evenly. Once again Bruce had that feeling that he was being manipulated and controlled by the woman he was supposed to be dominating. Worse, he went along with it. “Besides, your cock is all messy from fucking me. It should be cleaned.

“I don’t—” Bruce started to say carefully and slowly, but Christine cut him off.

“I want to see him bring you back to life,” she informed Bruce. “He’ll get you nice and hard and then you can fuck me again.” She smiled like a demure schoolgirl, lowering her chin and looking at him through her eyelashes. “I love being on top to please my man.”

He could have stood up and walked out. He wasn’t required to do any of this.

But then again, the upside was that he’d get a blowjob and would get to fuck Christine again. The downside...there really wasn’t a downside that he could think of.

Other than having a man suck his cock.

And Dave had already done that once.

Christine patted the space on the bed next to her. “Just lay down and let Dave do all the work.”

Mechanically, Bruce moved to the bed next to her. She rolled to her side and Dave moved over to lay between Bruce’s legs.

Christine spoke in a low, soft tone. “I like watching men have sex. Fucking each other. Sucking each other’s cocks. To me, nothing is hotter.”

As she spoke, Dave took Bruce’s softness in his hand. A moment later Bruce felt his manhood surrounded by Dave’s warm mouth. He closed his eyes and let his mind drift off. This was just a cleaning and blowjob. It meant nothing.

Once again Dave proved that he was adept at sucking cock. He didn’t spend more than a moment or two licking Bruce’s cock. Surely the other man had to

taste his wife's pussy and Bruce's cum. That had to be weird.

As weird as it was to Bruce's mind, it didn't seem to bother Dave. And it didn't bother Bruce's cock, his automatic sexual response. He started getting hard.

"Do you like that?" Christine purred in his ear.

"Uh-huh," Bruce allowed himself to answer.

"It's so fucking hot. My husband is a good little cocksucker. I taught and trained him well. Maybe if he's very good I'll let him fuck your little wife tonight. She's still strapped down on the menu table, isn't she? I wonder how many cocks are going to be shoved into her sweet little pussy. And down her throat. And maybe even up her ass. You'd like to watch that, wouldn't you? Seeing your wife violated? It's the best. I remember watching Dave getting his ass fucked on that table. Best sex of his life." She laughed and then Bruce groaned. "Are you enjoying his mouth?"

"Uh-huh."

"Are you hard enough to fuck me?" she asked.

"Uh-huh."

Christine moved, pushing her husband aside again, but this time she straddled Bruce's body. He opened his eyes when she grabbed his cock and aimed it at her pussy.

Her big, soft breasts moved as she adjusted her position. Bruce found himself temporarily transfixed by them.

And then she was lowering herself onto his cock. She moaned a little as he filled her up. "Twice in one night," she said once she was in position. "What is your wife going to think?"

"I think I'm not going to tell her," Bruce grinned up at her as Christine started rolling her hips, enjoying the sensation of having his cock in her pussy.

Christine shook her head. "No. Tell her. It's hotter to tell her than to keep it a secret." She paused to moan a little. "Let me fuck you and then we'll take Dave

to her room. We'll watch as he fucks her. You'll tell her you fucked me. Twice. That'll be so fucking hot."

Bruce just grunted. While he agreed with her, he didn't want to agree with her.

It would be perfect. And he wanted to see his wife fucked by someone else. It would be better if it was a stranger, but watching Dave shoot his cum into her or on her would be almost as good.

They fucked in relative silence for a minute. Bruce was partially mesmerized by the swaying of Christine's full breasts. He loved watching her face as she concentrated on how his cock felt in her pussy. He wondered when the last time her husband had fucked her. For all he knew, they went at it like rabbits every night...or maybe the only sexual relief they had was in the club.

It didn't fucking matter.

When she came it looked like she was in pain. Bruce appreciated that. He loved the sound she made when she peaked. It was halfway between a yowl from torture and a triumphant cry of pleasure.

It was just enough to push him over the edge. He pumped his cum into her pussy as she continued to shudder from her climax. Or maybe he gave her a second climax. It didn't matter. After came he was completely spent. There was no more sexual energy left in him.

There was no way for him to tell if Christine was sated. She had that look in her eyes of a woman nearly driven mad by lust. Or maybe she was just plain crazy in the first place. She was staring down at Bruce like she needed to be fucked again. His cock was still inside her, but he could feel himself slowly shrinking. For some reason, it scared him that she would still be on top of him while needing sex.

Fortunately, Dave came to his rescue. He made some noise, clearing his throat or shuffling his feet. That was enough to pull Christine out of her state and look at him.

He took the initiative. "Do you want me to get you something to clean up with?" he asked.

For just a second Bruce was certain that Christine was going to tell him he didn't need to get anything. He could just use his tongue and mouth. Again.

"No," Christine said curtly. "I want to feel Bruce's cum in me. I want it to leak out and make a mess. Isn't that what you want, darling?" she asked with a twisted grin on her face.

"Of course."

Her eyes flicked downward to Dave's crotch. He was still fully dressed in jeans and his dress shirt, but the bulge he had in his pants was obvious.

"You want to get laid, don't you, dear?"

"Yes," he answered quickly. To say anything else would be a lie.

"Let's go find Bruce's slutty wife," said Christine as she threw her leg over Bruce and got to her feet. Her state of undress wasn't a problem in the club; it was encouraged. She grinned down at Bruce who had to focus and not hide his cock with his hands. There was no need, but he still felt so exposed.

"Ready, hon?" she asked.

Once again Bruce didn't know who she was talking to. He stayed silent.

Luckily, Dave replied. "Always."

The two of them left the private room together. Bruce hesitated just another moment. He hadn't been dismissed, but the couple obviously had other plans that didn't necessarily include him.

And yet he was curious. He had to see what Lyn had been up to.

She couldn't have been up to all that much. He had left her tied to a table and ready to be fucked.

Grabbing one of the robes that were left in every room as a convenience to the club members, he walked as quickly as he dared to his wife.

By the time he arrived in the room, he wasn't exactly shocked at what he saw,

but to actually see it happening was an odd thrill and a gut punch at the same time.

Lyn was still spread-eagled on the table. Dave was between the open legs and was already hammering away at Lyn's pussy. Dave's pants were down so Bruce got a good look at the other man's naked ass. His shirt was still on. It almost looked like he had run into the room and threw himself at Lyn.

For her part, Bruce's wife had a dazed and euphoric expression on her face. She looked exhausted and elated. Her body was sweaty and covered in other fluids that had to be cum. Ana, the woman that Bruce had gotten to be Lyn's chaperone, was standing next to the head of the table, quietly whispering into Lyn's ear.

The crowd in the room wasn't exactly shoulder to shoulder, but Bruce quickly estimated there had to be a dozen people watching. They were in all states of dress and undress, male and female. Assuredly some had already had a turn with Lyn. That was the point of the gangbang table.

Unable to help himself, he glanced at the large jar intended for payments and tips. While not exactly overflowing, there were many bills stuffed into it. Bruce was vaguely elated and proud of his wife. It was a strange personal achievement, and not one that could be bragged about to casual friends, but it was a measurement of how far they had come as a couple.

Glancing back to the table, he was taken aback when he saw Ana kiss Lyn. It wasn't a forced kiss and it wasn't a passionate one either, but in the context of their situation it was incredibly intimate and erotic.

And all the while Dave was fucking away at Lyn. Judging from her moans she either loved it or was suffering the greatest pain in her life.

"Cum," she begged. "Please cum. Finish me off."

"I'll finish you off," Ana promised. "Anything you need."

The women shared another kiss.

Bruce shouldered his way through the small crowd so that he could kneel down next to the table. He turned Lyn's head his way and kissed her.

For just a second she resisted, not knowing what was happening. Then she saw her husband and returned his kiss.

“I fucking love this,” she confided in him.

“I know.”

“Make me cum,” she moaned.

He wondered how many times she had already cum. He didn’t know how to make her cum. Dave was already fucking her and while Lyn appreciated having her nipples played with, it was hardly her favorite.

“Just finish her off already, David,” Christine said with contempt. “If you don’t make her cum you’ll just embarrass yourself.”

Dave nodded and fucked Lyn harder. She cried out in pain...and pleasure.

And came. That was all Dave needed to do what apparently all her other lovers had done this night. He pulled his cock out of her well-used pussy, stripped off the condom he was wearing, and pumped his cock a few times with his hand before adding his load to the semen all over Lyn’s belly and tits. There was evidence of it on her face as well. He couldn't see it, but Bruce wondered if her ass had been as well-used as her pussy obviously had been.

Bruce was impressed with how much the other man came. Christine must have been keeping him on a short leash. Or maybe the man just came in buckets. Either way, the display was impressive.

Lyn was still shaking with pleasure from her orgasm and didn’t have any other reaction other than a few spasmodic quivers.

Ana caught Bruce’s attention. “She’s been a very good girl tonight,” the chaperone reported. “I’ve lost count of how many times she’s cum, but at least twenty. Possibly thirty or more.”

“Uh-huh,” Lyn vaguely agreed.

“And she’s earned $87.96 for the club.” Ana picked up the jar and shook it at him.

“Wow,” he said flatly. “Is that...is that impressive?”

Ana gave a little shrug. “It’s not a record breaker, but anything above fifty is damn good.”

“Why is there loose change?” he asked, puzzled. The menu just listed straight dollar amounts.

Ana rolled her eyes. “Some guys and couples like to put random amounts of change in the jar. It’s a weird tradition. Sometimes it’s twenty cents and sometimes it’s sixty nine cents.”

“That’s crazy,” he said as if anything that they were doing was completely sane and normal.

Ana shrugged. “You’re the ones who wanted to be here,” she pointed out.

“Oh, honey, it was great,” Lyn moaned. “This was perfect. I want to do this forever.”

Bruce chuckled and shook his head. “Sure, dear, sure. Are you certain you don’t need a little rest?”

“Maybe…” she hedged.

“She’s out of customers anyway,” said Ana, pointing at the list on the menu board. She had written the names of the men—and a couple of women—who had signed up for sex with Lyn. Each one had been crossed out when they were done. Bruce blanched at the sheer number of partners that Lyn had had this evening, but he knew what she had signed up for.

Ana ceremoniously crossed out Dave’s name at the bottom of the list and smiled at Bruce. “Care to take your turn?” she asked.

“I think she’s exhausted,” Bruce declared and placed his hand over his wife’s pussy. “And she’s hot and swollen too.”

“I used plenty of lube on her,” Ana informed him.

“Please…” begged Lyn. It was unclear if she was begging to be fucked or

begging for him to let the wonderful torture stop.

Bruce gave her another kiss. “I think you need a break,” he declared. “No more cock for you tonight.”

“Oohhh…”

“Besides, I fucked some other woman and I couldn’t get it up for you again if my life depended on it.”

Lyn laughed a little as he reached for the cuff to release her.

Chapter Sixteen

Lyn steeled herself and walked from the bathroom to where Bruce was playing a video game in the living room. She ignored all the noises and explosions on the television and stood in front of the screen.

“We need to talk.”

Bruce had craned his neck to the side to look around her but when she said those words he pressed the pause button.

“Uh-oh. Nothing ever good has come out of a woman saying those words to her husband,” he said, trying to make the moment lighter. He quickly searched through his memory for some transgression he had recently committed. Not one occurred to him. If anything, he had been a particularly attentive and well-behaved husband, especially considering how recently he had allowed her to participate in a gangbang he didn’t get to witness.

“Don’t be a jackass,” she said firmly.

“Sorry,” he apologized. Obviously something serious was up and he gave it his full attention. He even turned off the television—but kept the game on pause—to make it seem like she had his full attention. “What do you want to talk about?”

“Don’t make a joke,” she said in warning.

“I wouldn’t think of it.”

“I’m pregnant,” she just blurted out.

Bruce was certain his heart had stopped and due to the lack of oxygen going to his brain he was starting to hallucinate. He couldn’t breathe. He wondered if he was dying. He felt no pain, but how does dying actually feel?

And then he felt his heart beat again. He wasn’t dying.

The rush of oxygen to his brain gave him sudden clarity.

“This is going to sound like a stupid question,” he said evenly, “but are you sure?”

“Of course I’m sure!” she snapped at him. “I track my periods. I just took two fucking pregnancy tests!”

“Did you pass?” he joked and immediately regretted it.

Lyn took two quick steps into the space that separated him and slapped Bruce across the face. “Yes I fucking passed. Don’t make a joke out of this!”

Bruce grabbed her wrists and pulled her down to the couch, while twisting his body, pinning her under his body. Before she could react, he kissed her. “I’m not making a joke out of it.”

Her eyes narrowed. “You were.”

“I’m not now.”

Lyn’s sour expression didn’t change. “This wasn’t how I imagined...this.”

“This?”

“Being pregnant.”

“Oh. How did you imagine it?”

“I didn’t imagine it at all!” she howled.

Bruce shrugged. “Neither did I.”

They stared at each other.

“Life’s funny that way, isn’t it?”

“Yeah…”

“I just have one question,” he said with some trepidation.

“What?”

“Umm...we’ve been visiting the club a lot lately and—”

“You’re the only one I’ve fucked without a condom,” she cut him off.

“Well...that’s good news then, isn’t it?” he said with a grin and let her up. “Fuck!” he cursed. “Now we’ll have to start acting like responsible adults. Parents and shit.”

Lyn pushed him off her and sat up. “My mother’s going to be thrilled,” she said sourly.

“Why do you sound less that elated?”

“My mother just wants grandchildren. And now I’m giving those to her. Fucking hell.”

“There are options,” Bruce offered.

“Yeah, but not really.”

“Oh. You don’t seem the type to be pulled in by all that religious bullshit.”

“I’m not but...but...maybe I want this. I didn’t know I wanted it, but I want it and __”

And in that moment Lyn couldn’t hold it in anymore. She burst into tears.

Bruce held her.

Chapter Seventeen

“And that, in so many words, is why you haven’t seen us in ten years,” said Lyn.

Ana shrugged. “People come and go. Life changes. Marriages and partnerships end. New ones begin. You had a baby. Of course things changed.”

Bruce and Lyn both nodded. “Except we had twins,” Lyn said.

Ana’s eyes went wide. “Oh really. Well. No wonder you two didn’t have time to come to the club for...well, ten years.” She laughed.

“Well, we didn’t exactly give up on the club right away,” said Bruce.

Ana nodded. “We came a few more times.”

“Actually, Lyn came a lot more than a few times,” Bruce said with a wink.

Lyn rolled her eyes.

“We visited four more times and then...well, morning sickness hit me hard.”

“I’m so sorry to hear that.”

“It wasn’t an easy pregnancy,” said Bruce.

“That’s an understatement,” complained Lyn.

“We got through it,” he said.

Somehow it seemed perfectly normal to be discussing this with Ana, whom they had met ten years ago at the club. It was as if no time at all had passed. The members of the club didn’t judge others. They simply enjoyed each other’s company.

“Raising twins couldn’t have been easy,” Ana said.

“It fucking isn’t,” Lyn muttered. “Did you know parents of twins have a higher than average divorce rate?”

“I didn’t know that.”

“It’s no fucking fun at all. My tits were sore for a year because of the way they nursed.”

“And it wasn’t the fun sort of sore nipples,” interjected Bruce.

The small group around them chuckled.

Lyn punched her husband lightly in the shoulder.

“Anyway, we needed time to sort our lives out. And then we had our jobs.”

“And moving to a new house,” added Bruce.

“And fixing it up,” said Lyn.

“And then you went back to school for your master’s.”

“And then the kids were in Kindergarten.”

“And then...just everything else.”

“We didn’t have time.”

“And we started resenting each other and our situation.”

“It’s a miracle we stayed together.”

“We finally had a minute to breathe. My parents took the kids for a week and we had a proper vacation.”

“We fucked so much that week we could barely walk out of the hotel.”

“That’s when we realized that we needed to get back here.”

“And so here we are.”

Ana’s head had whipsawed back and forth between the two as they summarized the last decade of their lives. When they were done, she just laughed. “It sounds like you’ve had quite the last ten years of living.”

Bruce shook his head. “Not really. Just a normal life that we’re trying to make

more exciting now."

"Anyway, we're back," said Lyn. "And looking for trouble. I love what's been done to the place."

While the club was mostly the same in terms of structure, it had been slowly improved over the years. Better lighting and decorations. The bar had been upgraded and the place had been painted. The tables and chairs were all new. But the real test would be the private rooms in the back.

"I remember when I first met you, Lyn," said Ana.

"You do?"

"It was my first time chaperoning."

Lyn's eyes narrowed on her husband and she punched him in the arm again. "You let an amateur babysit me the first time I was gangbanged?"

"The only time you were gangbanged," he corrected her.

She punched him again. "Don't correct me. You aren't helping yourself."

"In your husband's defense, everything went fine," said Ana.

"That's not the point!" Lyn whirled on her husband and held a finger up to his face. "You couldn't find someone with a little experience?"

"I tried!" he protested. "It was tougher than you think!"

"I bet!"

"Sounds like someone needs to get laid," Ana dryly observed.

Lyn turned to attack the woman, but then realized she was being a bit ridiculous. The club was a safe space. Everything had gone perfectly that night ten years ago. And, truth be told, she did need to get laid.

Or at least get laid by someone else other than her husband.

"You're right," she admitted to Ana. "Who wants to fuck a middle-age mom's

ass?" She slapped herself on the right hip to emphasize her point. This offer was called out to the small group gathered in the common area. Laughter went up. Such an offer wasn't the usual way people at the club found new partners, in fact, such a thing was frowned upon, but this night Lyn was lucky. Two men shot their hands up into the air. They had been listening to the conversation between the trio and they had been admiring the curvy blonde's tits as she moved and drank and conversed. By no means did Lyn have a perfect body. While it was very nice, she could certainly stand to lose a few pounds, but most of her excess weight was in her ass and tits which went a long way to attracting the right sort of men.

"Really Tim?" asked Ana. "And you too, Brad?"

Tim shrugged. "She offered." He was shirtless with a pair of leather pants. Only in the club would his look not be ridiculous. Lyn was intrigued by the many tattoos that decorated his torso.

"Fine," Ana scoffed. "No special treats for you tonight. Go fuck her."

"Go fuck my ass, she means," Lyn corrected. "I'm only doing anal tonight."

"Nice," was Brad's reaction.

"Fine," Ana all but cursed at them. "Go fuck a slut. You two won't be double teaming me tonight."

Lyn was excited. It had been too long since she had had a new lover and now she'd have two. This was just supposed to be a night back to the club to see what it was like after all these years, but it was turning out to be much better than she and Bruce had anticipated.

"Where to boys?" she asked, taking their arms in hers, placing herself in the middle, letting them lead her away.

Bruce looked at his wife's retreating ass. It was full and bore a red mark from where she had smacked herself. If he hadn't been married to her, he would have chased after that ass for a chance to fuck it, but as it was he was married to her and Bruce had had Lyn's ass as much as he wanted over the years.

"You look like you want to go fuck her," Ana said.

Bruce looked back to the woman he had been talking to, the woman he had watched suck off someone else earlier. “Uh...sort of. I mean...we came here together but I’m looking to get laid with someone else, if possible.”

Ana sidled up to him. While she wasn’t exactly his type, Bruce wasn’t going to be that picky. Ana might have been a bit older than him, but she had a perfectly bangable body. “I can help you with that.”

It happened automatically. His cock got stiff in his pants right away. This was what he had missed about the club, the ease of sex with others. It wasn’t about finding a life companion, it was about having fun and fucking.

“Sure!”

He allowed her to lead him.

In Bruce’s defense, it had been years since he had been in the club. The argument against him was that he should have remembered the place where his wife had been gangbanged ten years previous.

The woman bound to the table had long dark hair. She was tied face down. The table was familiar but there had been changes made. The woman was bent over and a man was fucking her. She pulled on her restraints and moaned loudly. The man was slightly overweight but his muscles were still well-defined from when he had been younger and had more time to take care of his body.

Bruce and Ana watched for a minute as the young woman was plowed by the older man. Like any woman who had asked to be tied up and fucked by whoever wanted a chance with her, she was loving all the attention.

“Her name is Carla,” said Ana. “I helped set this up for her. Want to fuck her?”

He spied the menu board exactly where it had been ten years ago. Inflation was a bitch.

Straight sex $5

Anal $10

Oral $3

Oral (giving) FREE!

“Do men really go down on these women?” Bruce asked Ana.

“You’d be surprised.”

He nodded. “You’re probably right.”

Carla turned her head. Previously she had been facing away from the door where Bruce had entered. Now he could see her face clearly. She hadn’t turned to allow Bruce or anyone to see her. She had done it because she was on the verge of orgasm. Probably she was on the verge of orgasm again. She was breathing heavily and her eyes had that glazed look. Her fingers tightly curled around the built-in grips of the table.

For no reason whatsoever, Bruce wondered what her tits looked like. They were well hidden under her body. From what he could see of her ass, it was perfectly round and inviting. There was a running tally on the menu board. She had already taken on a dozen men and had earned over a hundred dollars. Bruce hoped that Lyn didn’t see that total.

“Want me to put your name on the board?” asked Ana. “You’ll be up next.”

“She looks so young,” Bruce said right as Carla screamed loudly. She was cumming. Maybe she wasn’t a beautiful woman that would turn heads on the street, but when she came she was beautiful.

Bruce wanted her.

“I think she’s twenty eight. You’re right. She’s young. Probably too young for you.”

“I shouldn’t,” he agreed. “I mean I came here with Lyn, after all…”

“She’s fucking Tim and Brad.”

Bruce had forgotten that. More than likely the two men were happily using Lyn’s ass. Probably taking turns. There was music playing all throughout the club. It would be impossible for Bruce to hear his wife’s cries of passion.

Thinking about her getting fucked made him harder.

Ana rubbed the front of his pants. “You want her,” she declared.

It might have appeared that way...and Ana wasn’t completely wrong.

“Sure,” he agreed. “I want her, but—”

Before he could say anything more, Ana abruptly kissed him. Her hand was pawing at his crotch.

He broke the kiss. “But I don’t have any money with me.”

“I’ve got you covered,” she said, pulling away and all but running to the tip jar. She dropped in a bill she had tucked away from a hidden pocket in her tiny outfit. When she returned she had a condom in her hand.

Bruce couldn’t figure out why he was resisting. Ana went down on her knees and opened up his pants.

Looking way, Bruce focused on the man fucking Carla. He was almost done. That meant Bruce would be up next. The man grabbed Carla’s hips and slammed into her as hard as he could.

“Fuck me,” Carla grunted.

The man did. He grunted once and shook.

The expression on Carla’s face fell. “You were supposed to cum on me,” she complained.

“Sorry,” the man muttered and backed away. He still had a condom on his dick which was slowly shrinking. Bruce saw the cum in the reservoir tip.

“Who’s next?” called out Carla. This amused some of the small crowd who were

watching her get fucked.

“Next!” demanded a woman who Bruce figured had to be the chaperone since she was holding the tip jar.

“We’ve got next,” Ana called and pulled Bruce forward.

Somehow, while he had been watching, she had rolled the condom on his cock. He felt a little ridiculous with his cock hanging out of his pants as he shuffled forward, but the moment he was in position he dropped his pants to his ankles. That was a little better.

Carla looked over her shoulder at him. She had a butterfly tattoo on her right shoulder. It was pretty. “Hey handsome. I like older men. Can you make me cum?”

Bruce hoped he didn’t look that much older than her. Maybe he did. “I’m going to make you scream,” he said as he slipped his cock between her thighs. It was easy to find her pussy. She had been well-used and well-lubricated before he wandered onto the scene.

His cock sank all the way in.

“Oh...nice,” was Carla’s comment before she turned back away and let him get down to business.

She was hot and wet and even with a condom on fucking the bound woman was enjoyable. He noted on her left buttock she had a bouquet of wildflowers tattooed on her pale skin. As he gripped her hips and started thrusting he looked down at her crease.

The light brown pucker of her asshole beckoned to him. As inviting as her pussy was, he couldn’t help but wonder.

Looking around the room, he managed to catch Ana’s eye.

“How much did you tip her?” he called out to Ana.

Ana was talking to a man who was naked except for a leather harness around his chest. Ana teased his impressive cock with her fingers. “Enough. Why?” she

called back.

“I want to fuck her ass.”

“Go ahead. She’s been paid for.”

“Wait!” cried out the woman with the tip jar. She grabbed a bottle of lube and poured what seemed like a ridiculous amount of the clear liquid onto Carla’s ass. “Just to be safe. And pull out before you cum,” she instructed Bruce. “Shoot your load on her ass.”

Bruce nodded as he withdrew from Carla’s pussy and aimed at her rear entrance.

“Don’t put it back in her cunt,” the chaperone warned.

Bruce nodded again.

“Oh shit,” Carla said when Bruce started pushing in where no man should go.

“I hope not,” giggled the chaperone.

Since Carla didn’t make any other objections, Bruce pressed on. She was tight, but not too tight. He couldn’t tell if she was used to anal or not, but he didn’t care.

“Fuck yes!” the young woman declared. “My clit! My fucking clit!”

Bruce had no idea why she was complaining about her clit when he was buried in her asshole.

Ana was smarter than he was. She moved next to him, abandoning her flirting with the man in the leather harness, to reach under Carla’s body. She started rubbing. “Is this what you need, dear?”

Carla moaned consent.

It was almost too much for Bruce. He kept pounding away at her ass. It only took a minute before Carla came. Her asshole tightened up on his cock when she came. It almost hurt to stay inside her. She started sobbing with pleasure. Ana stopped rubbing her clit.

Bruce couldn’t plunge his cock into her asshole any longer. He pulled out and stripped off the condom. He only had to pump his cock a few times with his hand before he shot his load all over the ass and lower back. He aimed for the wildflower tattoo for no other reason than it was there and made a decent target.

Stumbling back, Bruce pulled up his pants while those in attendance gave the performance a smattering of applause.

“Who's next?” called out the chaperone.

“Here!” said a man. He was older than Bruce and out of shape, but he was naked and had a hard cock covered with a condom. That was good enough for Carla.

When his pants were back in place, Bruce moved out of the room. Ana followed.

“Where are you going?”

“To find my wife.”

“Why?”

“I want to see who is drilling her asshole,” he replied.

There were more private rooms in the club than Bruce remembered, but eventually he located Lyn. She was on the smallish bed between Tim and Brad.

Brad’s cock was in her mouth. Tim’s cock was in her ass. She looked blissfully happy. Still, she stopped fellating Brad when Bruce walked in.

“Hey baby,” she greeted him.

Seeing her in such a state started to make his cock stiffen.

“Hey. How’s it going?” It was a stupid thing to ask, but it was all he could think to say.

“They want to make me airtight,” she said.

Bruce blinked. “Airtight?”

“All three holes filled,” Ana helpfully supplied.

“Oh.”

“Want to help?” Lyn asked.

There was only one answer to that question. “Of course.”

It took a minute to get everyone realigned. Tim laid on his back on the bed, his cock went into Lyn’s ass first as she laid with her back on his chest. Then Brad got on top of her, pushing his big cock into her pussy.

Bruce was the last to get into position. Ana’s head was near the edge of the bed. It was easy for him to stick his cock into her mouth. Together the three men started simultaneously fucking her.

“I remember the first time I went airtight,” Ana said dreamily as her hand rubbed her pussy. “One of the best days of my life.”

Lyn didn’t say anything; she couldn’t. Her mouth was full of cock. It didn’t matter. She was ecstatic. She had already cum and was ready to cum again. She couldn’t wait for her husband to cum down her throat and watch the other men finish inside her.

Maybe it was all carefully arranged, but it was still what she wanted.

End

Preview

Cream In My Coffee 2: Noon

The conference was more work than Claris had anticipated. She had expected some light work Friday afternoon when the groups gathered, some social interaction, then drinks, and then going back to her room for a good night's sleep for the very busy anticipated Saturday contracts day.

Friday turned out to be a hell of a lot of organizational work and the social hour was mostly older men with big guts guzzling cheap beer. She was glad when everything was done for the night. Her tits were aching and all she wanted to do was go to bed and sleep.

She had barely had a moment to talk to Ed about anything. He was busy either glad-handing his peers or making her do the necessary work of the conference.

It wasn't the sexy times she had been looking forward to with Ed.

She wasn't even sure where his room was.

Frankly, she didn't care.

When Claris got to her room she stripped off her clothes and went to the shower. Her tits ached because they were overfull of milk. The hot water helped, but it wasn't what she needed.

What she wanted was all her milk to be drawn out so she could sleep in relative comfort.

With little Elaine still nursing from her erratically as a mother-daughter bonding exercise, Claris was happy to occasionally use her breast pump to keep up her supply.

And with Ed nursing from her on a regular basis at the office there was little risk that her milk supply was going to dry up.

She didn’t want it to dry up. She wanted Ed to keep nursing her forever.

Or at least until they ended their affair.

She tried not to think of what they had as an affair, even though that was exactly what it was. She tried not to think about it that way because that meant she had to think about Ray having his affair with Alex. He didn’t know that she knew and she wanted to keep it that way.

The shower had been enough to get her tits to stop aching. She wanted to save as much milk as possible for Ed; she didn’t want to use her pump and drain them.

After drying off she was frustrated because the only thing she really brought with her to sleep in was fancy lingerie in anticipation of spending the night with Ed. She did have a large t-shirt that she planned on using for the drive home or if she needed a spare bit of clothing. Putting that on she got into bed and was ready to sleep.

That’s when the knock came at the door.

She was immediately reminded of a high school class trip where seniors were running up and down the hotel hallway randomly knocking on doors.

Claris waited it out.

There was a second knock.

With a groan of frustration, she forced herself out of the bed to lumber over to the door. Peering through the peephole, she saw Ed waiting expectantly.

“Fuck,” she cursed to herself. It was unlikely anyone saw him in the hallway. It was further unlikely that anyone would care, but she wasn’t sure if she wanted him in her room right then. She was more interested in sleep than in sex.

That’s what she told herself.

Still, she couldn’t not open the door to him.

“Hey,” she said after sliding the latch free of the door.

Ed quickly looked her up and down. Claris wasn't ashamed of her body, but she still wished that she had lost the baby weight from Elaine. While maybe her curves looked good to some men, she was more interested in having her old body back,

Except for the larger tits.

The larger tits and the milk in them.

"That's what you wear to bed?" he asked her, not stepping into the room.

"When I'm sleeping alone," she said, not looking for witty repartee.

"I can fix that for you," he said with a grin. "Do you know that it doesn't come down low enough?"

She could just barely feel that her ass was exposed. Not that it mattered. Ed had seen much more of her body.

Without a further word, she turned around and walked back into the room. Though he hadn't been invited, Ed followed. Her full ass was too tempting to resist.

Her ass and her everything else.

"What are you doing here so late, Ed?" she asked, sitting down on the edge of the bed.

He politely stood in front of her. If he stepped forward she was at the perfect height to give him a blowjob.

"You know why I'm here."

"To fuck me?" she asked. Before the meeting she couldn't wait for this moment, but now she was too tired and this was going to be a glorious night's sleep in a giant, comfortable bed all by herself.

"No. To play with your tits. And your milk."

She sighed. They had been whispering to each other what was going to happen

when they got to the conference. She had been so looking forward to this night, but now that the moment had arrived, she found her preference was to sleep and wait for Saturday night.

“I’m not up to it,” she begged.

He wasn’t having any of that.

“Take off that t-shirt. I want to see your tits. And I think you promised me a little show first.”

While she liked how he took charge, she wasn’t sure if she was up to it. “It’s so...clinical,” she said, trying to find a way to get him out of her room.

“I want to see your milk. I want to taste it. I want to drink it. All of it. I want to fuck your tits. I want all of you. I want it now.”

He took a step forward. His crotch was only inches away from her face. She could smell his masculine scent, not all that different from Ray before he showered after work, mixed with alcohol. Was he drunk?

She should have been drunk.

His hands went to the sleeves of the oversized shirt and he started pulling it upwards.

Claris didn’t resist because she wanted him to do it.

She enjoyed sitting in front of Ed while she was naked and he was fully dressed. She felt vulnerable. Sexy. Horny. Everything she wanted.

“You promised,” he reminded her. “Did you bring it?”

Claris nodded. “Yes.”

It was in her suitcase. She had to get up to get it. She didn’t want to get up because that would mean she had to stand and wouldn’t be as submissive and vulnerable under Ed’s gaze.

Still, it was what he wanted and what she had, in a lust-addled moment,

promised him.

Feeling his eyes upon her, watching her every move, was thrilling. Maybe her body wasn't perfect, but he was still in lust with it and that was good enough. Getting the temporary object of his desire from her suitcase she went through the awkward motions of prepping the small machine. Luckily there was an outlet in the light next to the bed. Modern hotel conveniences worked to her favor.

He watched, fascinated, as she plugged it in, attached the tubes and bottles and other pieces of the apparatus. When she was done she pressed the power button and the pump buzzed to life. Putting the large collection cones to her tits, she carefully aligned the openings with her nipples. Once they were attached, the pump's noise mostly abated. The buzzing was still going on in the background, but it was much quieter.

There was a slight hiss of air being cycled as her nipples were drawn forward into the collection cones. Claris was used to the process. She didn't get any special thrill from using the pump. Except tonight, having Ed watch her, excited her in a way that she could elucidate. The sensation of being pumped and drained was boring, but having Ed watch it...now that was exciting.

There was a steady rhythm to the pump. Claris put back her shoulders and allowed her tits to be projected forward, so that Ed might have a better view. While it looked like it should hurt, having her nipples stretched out as far as they possibly could, it didn't hurt at all. It might have been because her nipples were toughened from years of using the pump and being nursed by little Elaine...and Ed.

It shouldn't have turned her on, but it did.

"Holy shit! Are you in pain?" Ed asked.

Smiling, Claris just said, "No. I sort of like it. It's...comforting."

After less than a minute, the pump wasn't just pulling on her nipples. It was drawing out the milk. The first couple of squirts were hardly that. Just a few drops that clung to the skin of her nipples. On the pump's next cycle there were many heavy drops and then, on the third cycle, her breasts responded in the way they were supposed to. Streams of milk shot out of her nipples, filling the end of the collection cones and then it drained down into the bottles attached to the

pump.

Because she was so used to this process, her body did exactly what it was supposed to do. The milk flowed easily and steadily with each cycle of the pump.

“That’s...that’s amazing,” Ed breathed enthusiastically.

Claris shrugged. “I’m used to it. It’s pretty dull.”

“It’s fucking hot!”

“You have a strange definition of hot. Besides, you’ve nursed from me before. This is just a mechanical reproduction of that.”

“I know but...it’s like in porn watching a woman use vibrator as opposed to getting fucked. I don’t get to see it a lot.”

Ed was staring and his tongue had been loosened by lust and alcohol.

“Do you watch a lot of porn?” she asked, not exactly mocking him, but there was more than just a casual tease in her voice.

Realizing what she was implying, Ed managed to get a hold of himself before he answered. “No more than the average man,” he said, straightening up. He had been leaning forward to watch her more closely as she sat on the edge of the bed with the pump humming away.

The problem with standing up straight was that his erection was obvious. The bulge drew Claris’s attention. She reached out and cupped his manhood through his pants. “Want me to blow you while the pump works?” she offered.

Ed shook his head. “No. I want to watch this. I don’t want to be distracted.”

She laughed at him.

“What?”

“I used to babysit this boy back in high school. He was like...three years old when someone started building a new house across the street. Little Jimmy

would spend the entire day just watching the construction equipment working. Easiest babysitting gig of my life."

"I don't get it." Ed was flummoxed.

"Boys are easily fascinated by toys," she explained to him.

He nodded. "Does it hurt?"

"No." There's a little pressure, but I've got tough nipples."

"Sexy nipples," he corrected her.

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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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