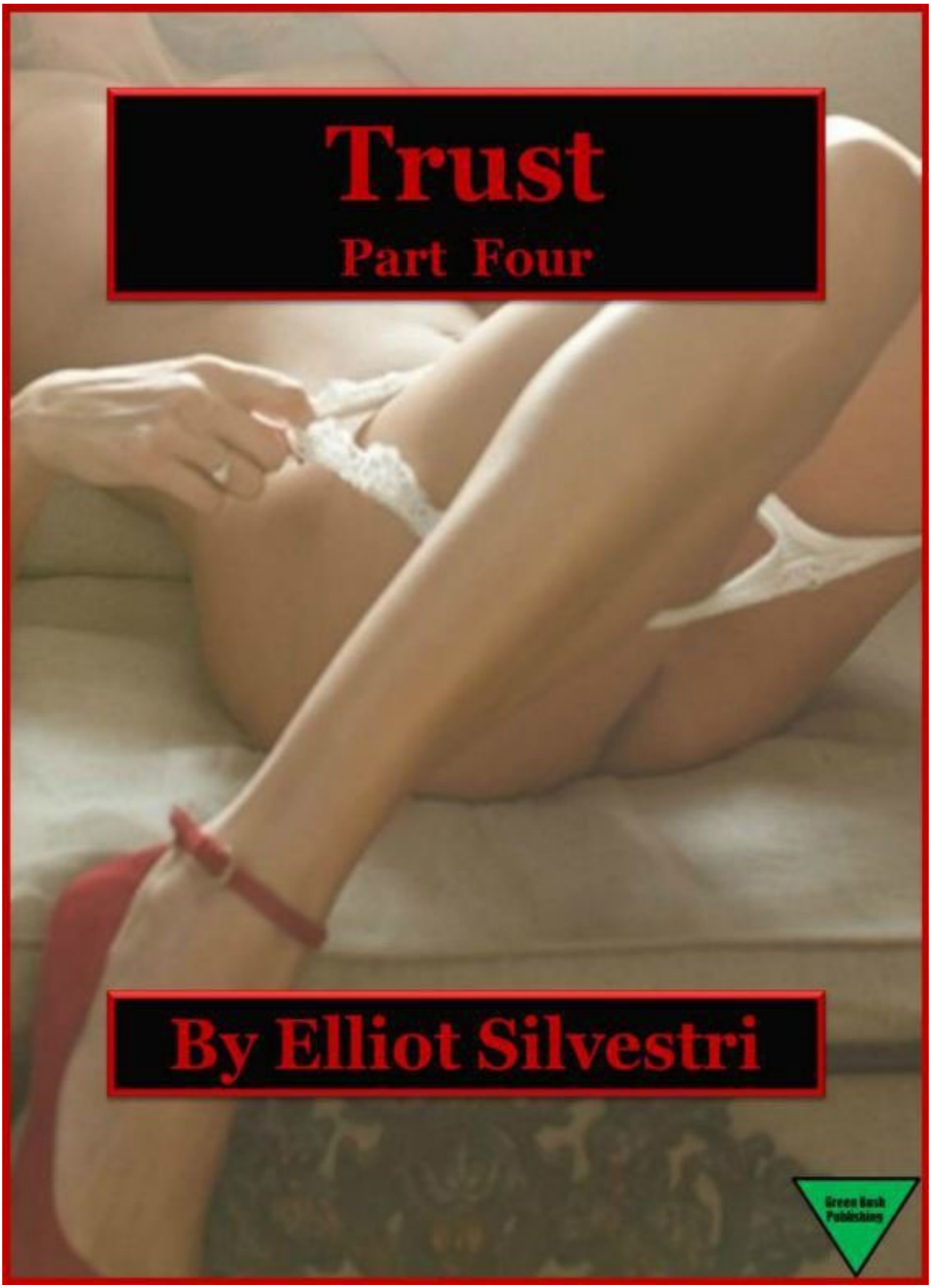
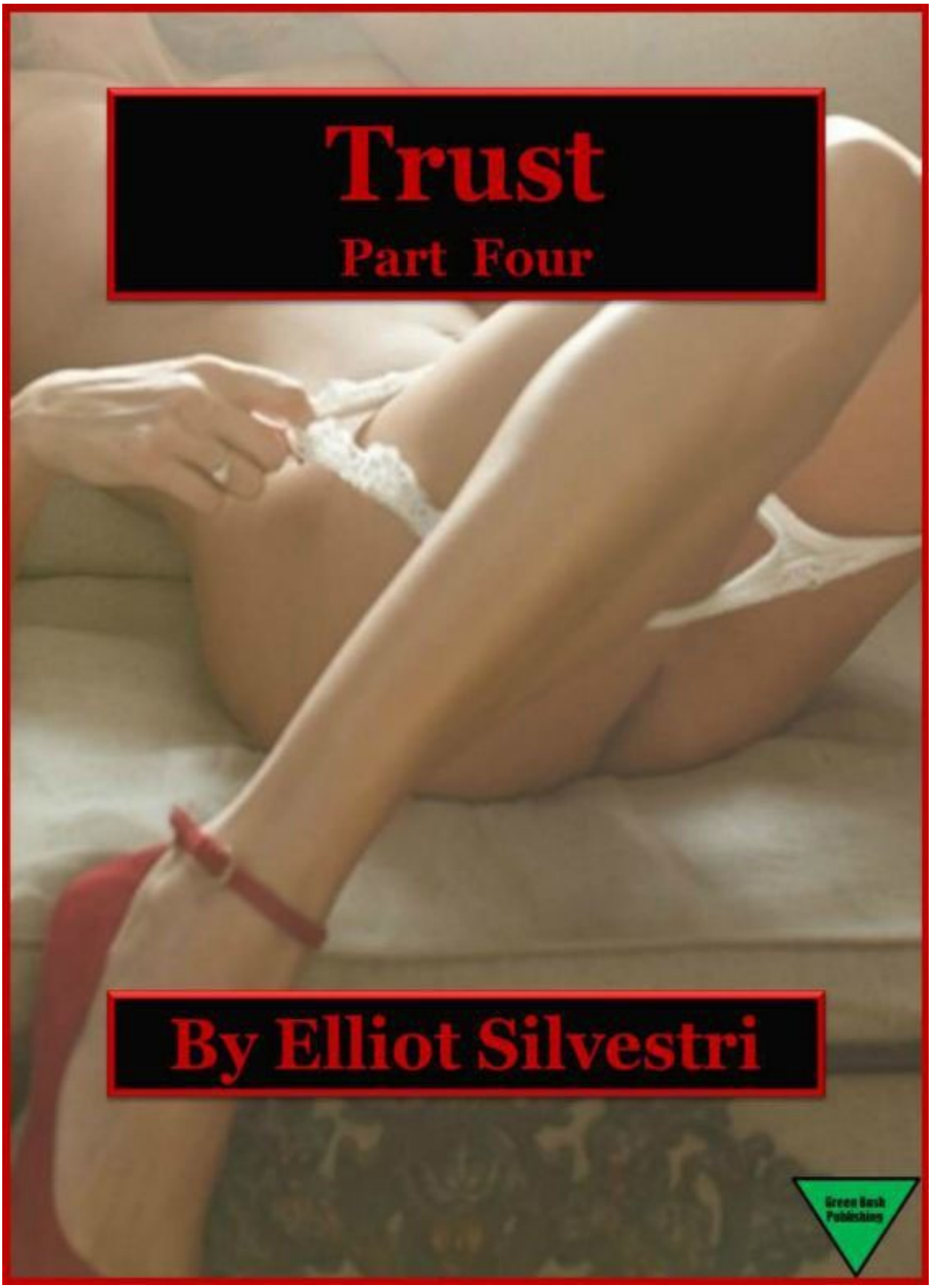

Trust
Part Four
By Elliot Silvestri
Green Bank Publishing


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Part Four – The Farm

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Part Four

The Farm

"Maggie said that love was the flower of life, and blossomed unexpectedly and without law, and must be plucked where it was found, and enjoyed for the brief hour of its duration."

The Rainbow by D. H. Lawrence

"What are you doing next weekend?" Chloe asked Ginny over the phone. She was too excited to wait for a text message.

Ginny was caught flat-footed by Chloe's enthusiasm. "Umm. We haven't planned that far ahead," she said, thinking out loud "I think the kids have something going on with school Friday night. Let me check the calendar."

"Saturday night," Chloe said. "You have to clear your calendar for Saturday night."

"Okay, why?" Ginny asked. There was an activity night for the kids Friday at the school, but nothing else. She was wary of Chloe's sudden need for her to clear the calendar. "Okay, nothing doing Saturday."

"The Farm is having one of its Ladies' Nights," Chloe crowed.

"Am I supposed to know what that means?"

"Oh. Right. You don't know what The Farm is, do you?"

"I know what a farm is."

"Okay, hold on." Ginny could hear Chloe quickly walking through her house for a little privacy. She imagined the redheaded woman furtively looking around as

he she were about to reveal some dread secret. A door closed and then Chloe said, “Okay, The Farm is a sort of private sex club up in the hinterlands.”

“Sex club?”

“It’s not as tawdry as it sounds.”

“Hinterlands?”

Chloe knew that Ginny was teasing her now. “Yes, way out of the city and suburbia all the way out in the country. Apparently it’s in a converted farmhouse and there are actual crops growing in the fields way in the back. From certain rooms you can see cows.”

“That is the hinterlands.”

“But close enough to the city to have enough customers to stay in business. So what do you say? Want to go to Ladies’ Night? They only do it once a year.”

“I thought you said it was a private club.”

“Sort of private. And Trent and I are members.”

“You’re members of a sex club?” The little revelation shouldn’t have surprised Ginny, but for some reason it did. Occasionally Ginny forgot her friend wasn’t just a soccer mom and state worker; she was also a very kinky woman who had slept with more men than the average amateur porn star.

“Yes. Where do you think I meet all the guys I fuck?”

“On the internet?”

“I’m not a girl just out of college looking for a hookup, dear,” Chloe said in her most artificial sarcastic voice. “And you haven’t answered my question. Do you want to go?”

“Um. What exactly does this entail? I’m not all that up on my orgies and sex clubs terminology and etiquette.”

“It’s not an orgy. Well, occasionally there have been orgies there, but this is

something different."

"I'm not sure if I want to go to a ladies' night. I'm not into women as much as you are."

"It's not a lesbian orgy either," Chloe told her. "On Ladies' Night the women are in charge. You have to bring your submissive male partner along to be admitted. There are several different games you can play to tease your partner. Nothing is mandatory. It's very loose and casual."

"And you would be bringing Trent as your partner, of course?" Ginny said.

"Yes. Well, unless you want to bring him. That's fine. I'll bring Sam."

"And there's the problem. Sam is in no way a submissive."

"Oh. Shit. I forgot about that. Last time I went it was just me and Trent." She drummed her fingers on her jaw for a minute. "Do you think we could talk Sam into playing the submissive?"

"Maybe…"

"Yeah, I don't think so either. Shit."

"But you want to go," Ginny said. Indeed, she was curious as to what a sex club looked like and what type of person attended them. She could certainly turn her back on the opportunity, but she didn't want to have the same boring life of everyone else in suburbia. "Maybe I can entice Sam in some way. How strict are they on the rules to this place?"

"Once you're in, the rules are pretty flexible. Getting in is the difficult part."

"How do we get in?"

"Like I said, Trent and me are already members. We can get you in as recommended guests. But what to do for Sam…"

"Let me solve that problem. And let me ask you this: can I have my choice of men once I get there?"

“Honey, that’s half the reason I go: the variety. You can pick and choose to fuck whoever you want…with his wife’s permission, of course.”

The drive up to The Farm was pleasant. It was the end of winter and the sun was setting later in the evening. The group of four saw a beautiful sunset over the Green Mountains in the distance as they drove up north. Conversation in the car was sparse. Everyone was a bit nervous.

“Aren’t you worried about someone else seeing you there?” Sam abruptly asked Chloe.

“What?”

“You’re the one so very concerned about your privacy because you work for the state, but here you are about to do who-knows-what in a public setting.”

“The Farm is a private club,” Trent said from his position in the back seat. He was sitting next to Ginny. His hand was on her thigh. Earlier it had been between her legs and he had been rubbing her pussy under her skirt and through her panties. They had been exchanging kisses like teenagers on a second date. “What goes on there isn’t discussed by anyone on the outside. It’s one of the rules.”

“It’s why we haven’t said anything to the two of you for so long,” Chloe added.

“And no one ever breaks the rules?” Sam asked.

“Not so far,” Trent answered. “I did hear of an incident a few years ago, but it was taken care of and there hasn’t been a problem since. Besides, think about it. If you were to accuse someone of attending a party at The Farm, the only way for you to know is if you were there as well. Accusing someone of the same activities that you did yourself is kind of stupid.”

Sam didn’t feel like pointing out that a determined person could stake out the entrance to the club, record license plates on cars going in and out, use a telephoto lens to take pictures of those in attendance. He didn’t say this because he didn’t want anyone to change their minds. He was enchanted by what they were about to do.

Ginny had quietly listened to the conversation and had been hoping no one would change their mind either. She was eager to strip off her clothes and hopefully have sex in front of completely strangers. She liked her kink and this would be yet another opportunity to indulge in it.

“Turn in here,” Chloe told Sam. She was next to him in the front seat. Since he was driving she couldn’t indulge in the same antics as her husband and Ginny in the backseat, but she had placed an unnecessary hand on his thigh and crotch more than once.

Sam maneuvered the care between two high stone pillars that closed the property off the state highway. The driveway he followed was long, almost a quarter mile, before he arrived at the farmhouse with a large, out of place parking lot in front of it. On the other side of the lot was a large red barn. Once the group got out and stretched their legs Chloe pointed to the barn. “They have parties in there and out on the lawn behind it when the weather gets nicer.” There was a steady breeze blowing. It wasn’t terribly cold, but none of them were dressed for the weather; they were dressed for the party.

“Have you been to a barn party before?” Sam asked. He was from far up north where high school barn parties weren’t the same as a barn party at The Farm. Not exactly the same, but similar in a many fashions.

Chloe knew exactly what he meant. “Here, yes. And I’ve gotten laid at them more than once. But I’ve never been to a barn party at an actual working farm.”

“Really? I have. And, oddly, I’ve gotten laid at them as well.”

“Ha ha,” Ginny said. “I’m freezing. Let’s get inside.”

There were lights on in all the windows of the large farmhouse. Walking quickly up the steps to the front porch the group was led by Chloe who knocked on the door. They were admitted at once by a woman waiting for arriving guests. She was wearing a French maid costume that was almost purely ornamental. Sam couldn’t see her nipples or pussy, but the outlines of both were clearly visible through the satin material.

“We’re here for the Ladies’ Night party,” Ginny told the maid. She gave their names and added, “And guests,” with a nod to Ginny and Sam.

“Of course,” the maid said. “Please follow me.” She turned carefully in her high heels and led the way. Her short skirt didn’t come all the way down to cover her buttocks, letting them hang out just under the hemline. Sam and Trent exchanged knowing glances, admiring the maid’s firm ass that was barely clad in a tiny thong. Garters hung down from a hidden belt and were attached to fishnet stockings completing the fantasy. Ginny caught their exchange and rolled her eyes.

“Boys will be boys,” she sighed.

“Locker room is right this way,” the maid said with a knowing smile. Sam smiled back, then realized maybe the girl was smiling because she knew what the quartet was up to, or maybe she was smiling because she knew that he and Trent had been ogling her ass. “Formal dress for the ladies, please. Sub dress for the men. Party is upstairs in the main parlor. Most of the guests are already there. Enjoy yourselves.”

Chloe and Ginny wore slightly retailored bridesmaid dresses. Ginny had some sewing talent so it was easy for her to alter the dress she wore to her cousin’s wedding to better show off her tits. Underneath she wore a simple corset that pushed up her boobs. She had cut down the neckline so that her nipples were just barely hidden under the top edge of the material. Her ample cleavage helped make the look sexy bordering well into slutty territory. The pink material didn’t exactly complement her skin or hair, but it was what she had to work with. Besides, she had reasoned, it was unlikely the dress was to remain on for much of the party.

Working with the bright green satin material of Chloe’s dress had been much more difficult. “Don’t be coy about it,” Chloe had told her. “It’s not like I’m going to have another opportunity to wear this thing. It’s been hanging in my closet for the past ten years.”

“And it still fits you?” Ginny marveled.

“Barely. You’re going to have to let it out a bit.”

Ginny had snipped the strap that went over Chloe’s shoulder and altered the top of the dress as well; there hadn’t been time for a final fitting and adjustment

before the party so when Chloe put it on, the tops of her areola stuck out a good inch.

“Shit,” Ginny cursed as she tried to adjust her friend’s dress.

Chloe just laughed it off. The corset she was wearing sported a demi-cup and since her breasts were so much smaller than Ginny’s it didn’t look all that tawdry. “Maybe I’ll get to show off my nipple ring earlier than I anticipated.”

“Are you sure?”

“I’m going to be naked in less than an hour. Who cares if I’m showing a little too much from the start?”

When Chloe came to her house for the adjustment and tailoring, Ginny had experienced a small storm of jealousy when Chloe displayed her new nipple ring. When the full story came out that Sam had taken her for it, she was almost livid. The nipple ring had been her notable difference from Chloe, something she could offer Trent—and Sam—that Chloe could not. In the back of her mind she resolved to get her other once done…soon. But she didn’t tell herself when soon was. And she felt a little proud that Chloe revealed to her that her choice of nipple ring was the same as Ginny’s because of how good a friend she had been. “I wanted it to be just like yours.”

When their dresses were fixed and their shoes were in place, Chloe sat down on the bench in the middle of the locker room and gestured to her husband. “Come on, Trent. Let’s get this on.”

Trent was already naked. He had been waiting for his wife to help him out. Sam had stripped down as well, but he was now wearing a pair of black leather shorts and feeling a little foolish when Ginny had handed him a pair of his matching black leather gloves. He liked the feel of leather, but gloves and shorts was a little over the top. He preferred to play his sex games in a suit—with the gloves as well.

In her hand Chloe was holding a brass ring that had a small ring welded to the top of it. The larger ring was almost three inches in diameter; the secondary ring was at most a half inch. “Is this going to hurt?” Trent found himself asking.

“Probably, but they have emergency equipment to cut it off if necessary.” Chloe

suppressed a giggle. Men were often overly careful and hesitant when it came to putting their literal manhood in danger. He stepped cautiously over to her and stood in front while she regarded his cock. “Should we get some ice before we put it on, you know, to make it smaller?”

His cock wasn’t erect. If anything, it was smaller than normal, partly due to the cool temperature of the locker room, partly due to his creeping fear. “Balls first,” he said when she reached out for him.

“I know what I’m doing,” Chloe said. Her voice took on an icy tone. Sam liked it. He liked watching her control her husband’s cock. He didn’t want that for himself, but he liked to see other men put under their wife’s metaphorical heel.

She pushed his shaved scrotum through the brass ring. It fit easily through the opening but as Chloe handled his cock, it started to grow a bit. “Uh-oh, looks like I might need the ice,” she said, teasing.

“No, no,” Trent insisted. “I’m fine. Just do it.”

He wasn’t truly hard yet, but Chloe ran a finger along the underside of his penis to stimulate him a bit more. “I’m not sure,” she said and then pushed the head of his floppy dick into the small space provided by ring. Most of the space inside was taken up by his balls, but somehow Chloe managed to get the head through before Trent truly started hardening. She clucked her tongue because progress had stopped. She had been I in the locker room before. In one corner was a compact refrigerator; when Chloe pulled it open there were a few medical ice packs inside. She grabbed one and on the way back to the bench, she picked up a bottle of lube that had been left on a table next to the door.

“Shit,” Trent cursed under his breath. She applied the ice pack to his package and told him to hold it there a minute. Chloe opened up the bottle and shot a dollop of this slick lube into her palm. Motioning him to take the ice pack away, Chloe inspected his shriveled cock.

“Much better,” she complimented him, but went ahead and slathered the lube on his shaft anyway, stroking him unnecessarily in the process. The shrinkage combined with the lube allowed Trent’s cock to slip all the way inside the cockring. “That wasn’t so hard, was it?” she asked her husband.

“No,” he admitted. His voice was shaky and almost immediately when the

cockring was in place his erection started growing.

“That’s hot,” Ginny whispered to Sam. “Maybe we should give that a try sometime?”

Sam remained silent on the issue and simply watched as Chloe picked up a short leather and metal leash from the back that had held her dress and snapped the latch onto the small ring at the top of Trent’s cockring. “We’re ready to go,” she announced and started leading the way out of the locker room. With a slight tug Trent followed his wife. Ginny and Sam exchanged one last glance.

“You ready for this, big boy?” she teased him.

“Hell yes,” he declared, happily following his wife upstairs into the main parlor.

Upstairs the party was already in full swing, or what passed for full swing when a group of middle-aged couples from suburbia did while waiting for a sex game to begin. The women were mostly dressed in fancy gowns. The men were either naked or wearing next to nothing which Chloe found a pleasant change from what was often seen during party season. Most of the women had drinks in their hands and were quietly chatting amongst themselves. The men were almost silent; many had their eyes on the floor and were simply waiting. There were two men that Sam saw who wore full-fledge chastity devices on their cocks, both were plastic and locked with tiny padlocks. A few had cockrings like the one Trent wore, several with attached leashes. One man had nipple rings and attached chains that ran to his cockring. In his shorts and gloves, Sam felt overdressed.

It was as if they were attending two different parties. The women were ready for a formal ball that seemed a prelude to uninhibited sex based upon the amount of cleavage and bare backs showing on half the women and the amount of thigh showing on the other half. The men looked like they were the goods being sold at an ancient Roman slave auction or extras from a gay orgy porn film.

None of the men were drinking. Sam wasn’t exactly sure why but he said nothing when another maid in the exact same outfit as the one who had greeted them at the door to The Farm came around with glasses of wine for Ginny and Chloe and completely ignored Sam and Trent.

“You’re subs,” Chloe reminded Sam as he looked wistfully at the half empty

serving platter the maid carried away. “You get no privileges.”

“Right,” he agreed softly.

Before their conversation could continue an elegant woman in tight leather pants, a black bustier, knee high boots, and a red whip hooked to a belt around her waist stood up on a small podium in the corner of the room. “May I please have your attention,” she called in a clear voice. In the costume she wore she looked just like a professional dominatrix, but a friendly one with well-coiffed hair and sparkling eyes. It was had to determine her exact age, but Sam guessed she was somewhere in her early forties, but had the body of a woman nearly half that age.

“Thank you,” she called out when the women dropped their conversations. “I believe everyone is here now. Welcome to Ladies’ Night at The Farm.” This pronouncement was followed by the hoots and cheering that quickly settled down. “For those of you who are new or unfamiliar, the rules are simple. Please share the sub you brought along. Indulge as much as you want but don’t be greedy or envious. I’ve taken a look and there are plenty of men here to service your every need. Condoms and lube are available to all. Please use the men, that’s why they are here. I’ve even brought in a few hired hands, so don’t be shy about asking for whatever you need. Men, as always, on Ladies’ Night you are here to serve. If a woman asks you to do something, please consider it an order. If you no longer want to participate, please leave the parlor. Any questions? No. Please begin. I always suggest crossing the room and finding a new face you’ve never seen before.”

There was some clapping and then the guests started milling about the room. Chloe turned to Ginny and pointed out a man with a hairy chest. “I’d like to have him go down on me,” she said but before she could cross the room and make him hers, she was accosted by a familiar face.

“Katherine!” the woman said to her, smiling widely. She was wearing a dress that was far too short for her age and was nearly sheer at the top, showing off the dark circles of her nipples. In her hand was a leash attached to the cockcage that held her husband’s manhood in check. “It’s Francine. I thought I recognized you when you walked in!”

Chloe gasped and tried to work her jaw, but no words came out. Francine didn’t

seem to notice and simply stuck her hand out to Ginny who pretended she was simply at some terrible cocktail party. “Hi, I’m Francine. Chloe and I work together at the office of taxation and finance. Fancy meeting her here. Are you a friend of hers?”

“Yes. I’m Ginny.” The politely shook hands a moment before Francine’s eyes flicked over to the men behind the women.

“And are these your husbands?”

Ginny wanted to step protectively in front of Sam, but she held her ground. This was all part of the game.

Francine looked behind Ginny and Chloe. “Geez your husband has a big cock.”

Despite herself, Chloe smiled, half turned to look at Trent, and admired his manhood. It was already straining under pressure from the heavy brass cockring. Under normal circumstances Trent had a very nicely sized—not huge and not tiny—cock but constrained by the ring he had grown to impressive proportions. His member was slightly purplish at this point due to the restriction of bloodflow back to his body, but that was okay given the tradeoff of a big cock. “Thank you. He’s not normally that big. It’s the cockring.”

“You’re right to use it,” Francine said. “It makes him that much more impressive. Would you mind if I borrowed him later?”

The question wasn’t totally inappropriate at the moment but Chloe was still taken aback. This was a coworker who she just discovered was a member of The Farm and now she wanted to fuck Chloe’s husband. It was a perfectly reasonable request on Ladies’ Night, but Chloe couldn’t help but feel a pang of nervousness and possessiveness with her husband.

“You want to fuck him?” she heard herself asking. She glanced at the man accompanying Francine. He was okay, but not impressive in any sense, and he was wearing a cockcage. Francine had forced her man’s penis into one of the many different types of chastity devices available. This one was clear plastic and curved downward. It was secured around the base of his penis with a sturdy plastic ring and held in place with a small brass padlock He was swollen to the point of completely filling the three inch long curved tube. Chloe felt a little bit of sympathy for him.

“Oh, no, well…maybe. But not right away. I want to watch my husband suck his cock.”

Her answer thrilled Chloe to no end. She wondered what type of reaction Trent was having but she didn’t want to spoil the moment to look at her husband in the eye or check the hardness of his cock.

“Huh. I was thinking that I’d have my husband suck a little cock tonight. Maybe we can come to an agreement.”

Before a full discussion could ensue, Francine looked over at Sam. “And what about this one?”

“He belongs to me,” Ginny said a little too quickly.

“Care to share him?”

It was exactly the question Ginny had been waiting for. “Sure. Do you want to use him by yourself?”

“That depends. What is his cock like?” Francine was clearly relishing the game they were all playing. They all knew it was just a matter of time, a few minutes at most, before they would be using each other’s bodies. At this point it was all negotiation.

“Why don’t you check for yourself?”

Ginny expected Francine to cup Sam’s cock through his tight leather shorts. Instead she grabbed the waistband of the garment, opened up the button fly and reached in. She didn’t have to reach far. Sam’s erect cock popped out and showed off. Francine stroked Sam’s length a few times and he resisted the urge to thrust his hips back and forth in time with her touch. “Very nice. Maybe I’ll take this one for myself.”

“Please do,” Ginny said magnanimously. “I’d like to watch Trent get his cock sucked by your husband.”

“David,” Francine filled in helpfully. “His name is David. Have you ever been with a man before, Trent?”

All eyes went to the burly man wearing a brass cockring and sporting a huge erection. “No, no I haven’t,” he said softly.

“I’m not into watching men have sex,” she confided in the women, “I’d much rather be doing it myself. David is very willing to do whatever you want, though. Do you like watching gay porn?” she asked Ginny.

“I’ve seen a bit of it,” Ginny offered.

Francine nodded knowingly. “Lots of women get off on it. Why? I’ll never know. But that’s fine. That’s their thing. Why don’t I leave David with you and the two of you can direct him and Trent however you like. Do you mind if I take him,” Francine indicated Sam with her forefinger, “for a bit?”

“Go ahead,” Ginny repeated. “His name is—”

“Don’t tell me,” Francine quickly interrupted. “I want a round of anonymous sex. I like not knowing the man I’m fucking.”

“Okay,” Ginny agreed as she literally handed over Sam to the other woman by putting his hand in hers. “Just bring him back when you’re done.”

“Should I leave his key with you?” Francine asked, displaying a small padlock key on a bracelet around her wrist.

After exchanging glances with Ginny whose eyes went wide at the suggestion, Chloe answered for them. “I think we’ll take it just in case. You never know.”

“He’s fixed in case you need to know,” Francine said as she led Sam away.

“Fixed?” Ginny asked.

“Had a vasectomy,” Francine explained over her shoulder. The parlor was a large, rectangular room with many doorways leading off to smaller rooms. Most were the same size as a typical closet. It only took her a moment to find an empty one. Sam gave a backward glance at his wife and companions. David was on his knees in front of Trent, one hand resting on Trent’s hip, the other holding the base of Trent’s cock as the women looked on. Then Francine closed the door.

The room itself was simple: a bed, a small table, a nightstand with three drawers

hiding who knew what, a firm wooden chair, and a floor lamp. There were heavy metal rings attached at various points to the walls around the small eight by eight room and several more on the bed. There was no evidence of any ropes or locks or chains. Perhaps the room's users had to supply their own.

"You told them he was fixed because you expect them to have sex with David," Sam said the moment the door was closed.

"Of course I do," Francine replied. "That's the whole reason we have Ladies' Night. I prefer sex without a condom. I like the feel of a man cumming in my pussy."

"I haven't had a vasectomy," Sam told her.

Francine shrugged. "So what?" She turned around and pointed behind her back. "Help me with the zipper."

Ever the gentleman Sam stepped behind her and lowered the zipper on her red dress that appeared to be a leftover from an overly-fancy Christmas party. What was revealed underneath impressed Sam. He expected everything from fetishwear to nothing at all. Instead Francine wore a simple, longline pushup bra that supported her tits inside the dress. That wasn't noteworthy. What was impressive was the extensive tattooing she had from just below her breasts to just above her hips. "And the bra too," she told him.

"Of course."

When she turned back around she displayed a pair of nicely sized tits that were decorated in an unusual fashion. Her areola were tattooed into Valentine heart shapes. Her nipples were unnaturally dark in contrast to her skin tone to make the hearts more prominent. "You like my tits?"

Sam nodded. "Very pretty."

"I had them done when I turned forty. I was determined not to turn into a boring old woman."

"What about the rest of this," he said indicating her torso that was decorated in a complex pattern of leaves, vines, flowers, and a few butterflies. "Oh, I had that done a few years ago. Makes me feel sexy. Of course I can't wear anything but a

one-piece bathing suit to the beach or pool, but that's a tradeoff I'm happy with."

"Does your husband like it?" Sam found himself asking.

She dismissed the question with a wave of her hand. "I've never asked. I'm only interested if my lovers like it." She paused a moment. "do you like it?"

"Yes."

"Good." She reached up and grasped the back of Sam's neck, pulling him down to her lips for a wonderfully intimate kiss. "I like your tongue," she told him after they broke apart. "It's very strong."

"Thank you."

"Now get down on your knees and prove to me how strong it is." She pushed down on his shoulders and Sam went to his knees to stare directly at her pussy. It was shaved bare and just over the slit on the top edge of her right labia was a tiny tattoo of a rose.

"Very pretty," Sam repeated.

"Thank you again," she said as she leaned back against the wall and pulled his face in close to her cunt. Sam pushed his tongue forward into her, licking at her protruding inner lips, seeking out her clit.

"Oh, no," she moaned. "Stay away from my little button. Just get me wet and then fuck me. I don't want to cum just yet."

He pulled his face back and looked up at her. "I thought women wanted every opportunity to cum that they could."

She lightly touched the side of his face with her fingertips. "Not tonight, dearie. I want you to cum in me, but I want to cum with my husband when I'm done with you."

"How do you want me?" he asked, circling his arms around her thighs and kissing her lightly next to her pussy.

"Most women on Ladies' Night like to fuck out in the open, show off for

everyone else, show that they are in charge of their husbands." She sighed and closed her eyes. "I want you to throw me down on the bed and fuck me raw."

Before the last word was out of her mouth Sam was up on his feet, twirling her around and shoving her to the bed. Francine barely had a moment to take a breath before Sam stepped between her legs and pushed them wide open. His shorts were still open with his cock standing out. He didn't bother to remove them and simply pushed his cock between her legs and let his weight down on her body. Francine had large, curvy buttocks that she happily opened up for him. It was easy to find her hole and push his cock into her pussy.

"Lots of women liked to be used hard by strangers," he hissed in her ear.

"I'm one of them," she agreed.

"How rough do you want it?

"Make it hurt," she whispered to him.

Sam supported his weight on one hand that pressed into the center of her back while he circled his fingers around the back of her neck. "I can really make it hurt," he told her as he thrusted into her as hard as he could.

The sensation of his of his warm gloves on her flesh was new. It made him seem distant and dangerous with more than just a hint of menace. Was he actually going to hurt her or was he just playing along with the game they had created?

With each stroke of his cock Francine grunted. It was hard to tell if the grunts were from pleasure or pain or a bit of both. Sam slowly moved his hand from the back of her neck to the front, gently applying pressure, not enough to make it impossible for her to breathe, but just enough to let her know that he was in control of her body and she had little say in the matter.

Her body wanted to cum to Francine wouldn't let herself give in to such base desire. She wanted to wait. She wanted her husband to make her cum. For the moment she was nothing more than a receptacle for Sam to empty his cock into. It was the cum in her pussy that was the present for her husband. She tried to tell herself she was doing this for him, that he loved it when he found her pussy flooded with another man's spunk. While that was true, she also loved being fucked hard and used as a pleasure vessel.

“Harder,” she mumbled into the soft mattress. Francine’s fingers clawed at the sheet and grasped the bunched up material. She wanted to push her hands down to her pussy, find her clit, and rub until she came and came. But she stopped herself from doing that. Only her husband had the right to make her cum, to witness her cumming. It was the one thing she saved for him.

Sam responded by slamming the full weight of his body into hers. The impact of their flesh sounded like a sharp crack in the otherwise silent room. Francine whimpered a bit from the pain but focused on that, not wanting the pleasure to overtake her. She didn’t want to cum. She wanted to make Sam cum.

“Do you like that?” he asked her.

“Yes. Make it hurt,” she said, her breath was coming raggedly now. She wanted the pain to overtake the pleasure.

“Want me to slap you, spank you?” he asked while still holding her down, making her struggle against him.

His question gave her an idea. “Fuck me in the ass,” she abruptly told him.

“What?”

“Put it in my ass,” she barked at him.

He shrugged. “If that’s what you want…”

It actually wasn’t what Francine wanted. What she wanted was to cum, but that couldn’t happen. Sam pulled his solid cock out of her pussy with some disappointment. He considered disobeying her request and fucking her until he came, but that didn’t seem right. Since she knew her way around the room, Francine wiggled across the bed and pulled open the small nightstand. Inside were a variety of supplies. She pulled out a tube of lubricant and dumped a large dose in her palm then passed the bottle to Sam.

“Be sure to put a lot on your cock,” she instructed him. “I’m pretty tight back there.” He did as she told him and applied a coat of lube to his cock while Francine twisted her arm behind her body and spread the lube to her back opening.

“Do you know what you’re doing?” she asked him as she stuffed a pillow under her hips to give them the angle she preferred during anal sex.

“Yes,” Sam smoothly lied. He had done anal sex before with Ginny and a few other partners, but he didn’t particularly care for it after a few times and since none of the women ever requested it on a regular basis, it was something he never pursued. Francine seemed eager to be fucked in the ass so he went along with her demand. It was Ladies’ Night, after all, so he would do as she asked.

Francine was full of instructions. “Put it in nice and slow,” she said. “I like a little bit of pain during sex, but I don’t want to be torn open either.”

“No problem,” he promised her and wondered if he should put on a condom. Francine didn’t demand or ask for one during straight sex so he said nothing as he pressed the head of his cock against the wrinkled bud of her anus.

“Let me relax a second,” she said and let out a long breath. Since she gave no signal to him when she was done with the breath Sam started pushing forward. All the advice he had ever heard about anal was to let the receiving partner be in charge, but Sam thought that Francine—despite her demanding tone—wanted him to be in charge of the physical aspect of their copulation. She didn’t complain as he started to enter her ass, so he pressed forward.

His cock was incredibly stiff. He was eager to fuck her and cum. Sam would have preferred to cum in her pussy, but this was a nice change. Her ass was tighter than her cunt, which wasn’t surprising, and she moaned deeply as he pushed all the way in. He hesitated before pulling back a bit so he could thrust. “You okay?”

“It feels really good,” she groaned into the mattress. “Go slow and steady.”

“Do you want me to cum in you or should I pull out when I’m ready?”

She paused a second before answering. “You didn’t put on a condom, did you?”

“No.”

“Good. Then pull out and shoot it over my ass and back.”

Sam was ready and so keyed up that fucking Francine’s ass didn’t last all that

long. She moaned and groaned and sighed at everything he did but didn't complain or give him instructions. The moment he felt his peak arriving, he pulled his greasy cock out of her ass and stroked it twice before heavy ropes of cum shot out. Each burst of jism landed heavily on her ass and slid down the slope of her buttocks to coat the tattooed skin on her back.

"Oh, thank you," she moaned politely as the hot cum warmed her. Francine reached back and rubbed the cum into her skin, grinning at Sam as she did so. "Thank you," she repeated.

"My pleasure. Did you cum?"

She shook her head. "Nope. Didn't want to. I'm waiting for your wife and her friend to be done with him first. He likes to fuck me last." She pouted a bit. "Maybe I should have had you cum in my pussy. He really likes it when he finds other men's cum inside me."

"You should have said so."

Again she shook her head. "No. You were going to make me cum. The only one who gets that privilege is David."

Outside in the parlor Chloe watched in fascination as David took all of Trent's long and purple cock into his mouth and throat. It was a beautiful sight watching her husband get his dick sucked by another man. "Do you like that?" she asked Trent.

"Uh-huh," he replied in half a trance. His cock was so hard he was ready to cum, but the ring around the base of his manhood prevented that from easily happening. Trent didn't want to take his eyes off the man sucking his dick. It was the first time this had happened—and so unexpectedly—that he didn't want to miss a moment of it. He wanted it to last forever.

"Do you want to cum?" Chloe asked him.

"Not yet," he said softly as he slowly moved his hips back and forth to get the sensation of fucking David's mouth.

“Would you like to suck his cock?” Chloe then asked him with a touch of teasing.

He couldn’t help but be honest. “Yes, but he’s locked up.”

“I have the key.” Chloe displayed the small key to her husband but made no movement to free David’s cockcage.

Ginny took in everything the three were doing. It was fascinating and disturbing in all the right ways. But she was getting little beyond the voyeuristic pleasure of watching. Ginny had never seen herself as a voyeur; she was an exhibitionist. After glancing around the room and seeing everyone else either completely or partially nude and most of them engaging in some sort of sexual play, she resolved to play as well. She seated herself on the edge of one of the couches that filled the parlor and hiked up her skirt. She then reached her fingers between her legs and slipped them into her pussy. No one was watching but that was okay for the moment; she teased her clit as she watched the little scene play out in front of her.

“Would you like to fuck him first?” Chloe asked her husband.

Trent’s eyes flickered from David’s face concentrating on giving the perfect blowjob up to his wife’s eager expression telling him what she wanted to see. “You want me to do that?” he asked.

She nodded yes. “I want to watch it and see what you do.”

The merest fact that he was being given the opportunity to indulge in an oft-denied fantasy was almost too much to bear. “Are you sure?”

Chloe stepped close and kissed him lightly on the lips while David continued to suck Trent’s cock. “I want to see you suck him, and then I want to see you fuck him. Indulge a girl on Ladies’ Night why don’t you?”

“O-okay,” he said, his voice catching in his throat.

“David, take Trent’s cock out of your mouth and stand up,” Chloe ordered. The balding man did so and looked a bit nervous at the situation. He was the stranger in the mix and he had certainly overheard the conversation between Chloe and Trent. Apparently he was the perfect submissive to Francine because he didn’t

utter a word of protest. Chloe held up the key to his cockcage. “Do you want to be released?” she asked.

“Yes, please.” He said the words almost flatly. For a moment Chloe was unsure if he actually wanted to participate, but looking into his eyes told her the full story. He certainly wanted to do everything to please her, but he was so used to playing the submissive role, he couldn’t actually seem eager to do something he wanted.

She reached for his encased cock, briefly held it in one hand and the key in the other, and then let go of it. “What? No!” David protested.

His protest caused Chloe to fix him with a withering glare. “I’m not going to suck your cock,” she said, her voice in full haughty mode. “Trent is. He should be the one to release you.” She handed the key over to her husband and moved next to Ginny. Out of the corner of her eye she had been watching the blonde woman masturbate and didn’t want Ginny to feel left out. She placed a hand on Ginny’s bared thigh. The two women settled back to watch what the men would do.

Trent’s fingers were trembling as he tried to fit the key into the lock. Since he wasn’t holding David’s cock, it was next to impossible. After a long minute of frustration David grabbed Trent’s forearm and brought the burly man’s hand forward to hold the caged cock. Once Trent realized he had David’s permission to touch as he needed, it was easy to unlock the cage. The brass padlock came off first and then Trent pulled off the curved plastic tube that contained David’s swollen member. It was easily removed with a simple tug and immediately the freed penis stood up and became erect.

“Take off the rings,” David told him. “Do it before it gets too painful.”

To do so Trent had to kneel down and inspect the little device. Around the base of David’s cock were the plastic rings that held the cage in place. They were linked together but it was easy enough to separate and open up the rings allowing David full freedom. His shaved cock and balls stood proudly erect. Bucking the supposed tradition of men who enjoyed having their cocks under chastity, David’s manhood was larger than average and Trent found himself face to face with it. He pushed aside any thought of inappropriate behavior, dropped the key, lock, and remains of the cage to the floor, took hold of David’s cock and

brought it to his mouth.

When his lips encircled the hard shaft of flesh and his tongue tasted the precum that was drooling out of the little slit, Trent found himself in heaven.

It wasn't difficult to suck another man's cock, Trent reflected as he worked his mouth up and down on David's shaft. He simply did to David what he liked having done to himself. While he wanted to take as much of David's cock into his throat as possible, he didn't want to choke and gag on it either. Instead of forcing the large cock down his throat he instead focused on providing plenty of suction and gently stroked David's shaved balls at the same time.

He wasn't sure when David had last done any hair removal; his sack was almost completely smooth. Every once in a while his fingertips would encounter a stray bit of stubble but that didn't bother him. Trent lost himself in the other man's cock and the smooth, silkiness of his balls that gently rolled around inside the sack.

"I'm gonna cum," David abruptly announced. Once the words were uttered Trent became aware of David's cock heavily throbbing in his mouth and the unmistakable twitching that accompanied almost any man's orgasm.

Trent's eyes popped open and he glanced over at his wife and girlfriend. They were half-seated on the opposite couch. Chloe had her hand between Ginny's legs and was gently, slowly masturbating her. Ginny's dress was hiked up to her hips; with her legs spread and her heels were on the edge of the couch, exposing her sex to any who cared to look. Though they had been playing, the two women had been more interested in watching the men have sex. Chloe's fingers were doing little more than keeping Ginny on edge and ready to fuck at a moment's notice.

They both had heard David's announcement and exchanged a nervous glance with one another, but when Chloe met Trent's gaze, she was nothing but confident. "Are you ready for his cum?" she asked.

Trent had tasted he own cum more than once; usually when licking up the semen she had scooped off his chest when Chloe had jerked him off, occasionally when going down on his wife. This should be no different. He half-nodded, not wanting to break the precious seal between his mouth and David's cock, telling Chloe exactly what he wanted.

“Then make him cum,” Chloe ordered. “Make him cum in your mouth and swallow it.”

The words caused a thrill to run down Trent’s spine and he closed his eyes again as he continued to suck and stroke David. Only a few moments later David’s cock erupted in his mouth. The spunk was thick and heavy and salty on Trent’s tongue. It filled his mouth and he had to swallow because he didn’t dare let go of the other man’s cock. The first two spurts were quick and powerful; what followed were a series of smaller ejaculations with more space between each one. Trent was able to savor each one of these on his tongue before having to swallow in order to accept the next little spurt.

Finally it was done and no more semen was forthcoming from David’s cock. Trent let the now semi-rigid staff slip from his mouth and wiped his lips with his fingers.

“Was it good?” Chloe asked him. Ginny wasn’t sure if her friend was teasing Trent or if she was genuinely interested.

His eyes were full of confusion and wonder, but Trent managed to reply. “Yes. It was…great.”?

Chloe let out a throaty laugh and continued to play with Ginny’s pussy. It only struck Ginny at that moment that Chloe was the only one in the large room that was still completely clothed…except for the upper ridge of her areola’s peeking out of her dress.

“I’m glad,” the redhead said. “Do you know what I want you to do next?”

Trent shook his head.

“I want you to fuck David. Can you do that for me?” It almost sounded like Chloe was pleading. Trent knew he didn’t really have a choice in the matter. It was Ladies’ Night. His wife was in charge of their relationship. It was simply expected of him. And the truth in his heart was that he wanted to fuck David. He wanted to explore what was normally forbidden. Trent wanted every new experience that was possible. He wanted to please his wife. He wanted to please himself.

“I can do that,” he said.

It wouldn’t be difficult. His cock was still fully erect and in need of relief.

“Go get some lube,” she ordered her husband. Trent nodded and got up off his knees to walk to the buffet table on the opposite side of the room where a variety of supplies had been laid out: lube, condoms, restraints, chains, clamps, floggers. As he walked Trent’s rampant cock bounced around, but he quickly grabbed a jar of lube and brought it back to the two couches they were using. In his brief absence Chloe had ordered David onto his hands and knees, presenting his ass for whoever cared to use it.

“You know what to do, honey,” Chloe said. “We’re just going to watch. Make it a good show.”

David had done a nearly complete shave. There was no visible hair anywhere on his cock, balls, buttocks, or anywhere in between. For a man well into middle age he was in fairly good shape which made the act of applying lubricant easier. Anal sex wasn’t unfamiliar to Trent. He had done it plenty of times with Chloe, both giving and receiving, but this was his first time with a man—a man he didn’t know—and he wanted to make sure everything went correctly. For his part David simply remained stock-still, his head down and his legs parted.

Trent generously slathered on the lube, coating the space between David’s buttocks and pushing some inside the man’s wrinkled anus. Trent then applied more than was really necessary to his own cock and set aside the jar.

“Ready?” Trent asked as he grasped David’s hips, moving the other man slightly to align cock and entrance correctly. He glanced over at his wife. Chloe was still working her hand in Ginny’s pussy. Ginny had taken to biting the knuckle of one hand and was absently massaging Chloe’s breast with the other. It wasn’t fully apparent if she was aware of what she was doing; her eyes were glazed with lust and her breathing was steady and shallow. Both women wanted to see Trent fuck David as much as he wanted to actually do it.

Since he was so hard and so well-lubed it was easy for Trent to put his cockhead at David’s back entrance and push forward. To his amazement his cock easily slipped in—not as easily as a sopping wet and open pussy, but easily enough compared to fucking his wife in the ass. David grunted slightly as he was penetrated and then shivered a bit as the brass ring around Trent’s cock touched his bare skill.

“All the way in?” he asked with his voice quavering.

“Yeah man. How does it feel?” Trent didn’t know what to say. He felt stupid talking to David at all. After all the women he had fucked in his life it hadn’t prepared him to have sex with a man. He didn’t really know what to do.

“Good. Lay on.”

Taking that as permission to go ahead and fuck, Trent slowly started thrusting his cock back and forth. While his brain told him that it should have been the same as fucking a woman in the ass, it was different. Maybe because of the way women were shaped, maybe because his mind was totally focused on every sensation. Either way, David’s ass wasn’t superior to any woman’s ass, it was just different and that was enjoyable in and of itself.

“Look, he’s soft,” Chloe said.

Ginny’s eyes fluttered open to take in the scene. She had watched Trent penetrate David, but then had closed her eyes. What was going on in front of her was almost too much to take in while Chloe was jilling her off. She looked at Trent’s cock that was lodging in David’s ass. It wasn’t soft at all. It was still rock hard and slowly moving back and forth. Then her eyes flicked over to the meat hanging between David’s legs. His big cock had gone soft after cumming in Trent’s mouth and now dangled between his thighs. It was almost an amusing show to see it jump and move under Trent’s thrusts. She held back the urge to giggle.

“Do you want to get under him and suck his cock, or should I do it?” Chloe asked her but Ginny knew it wasn’t a straight question. She was expecting Ginny to do as she asked. Ginny didn’t mind that at all. Somehow she managed to take her hand off Chloe’s tit and pushed the other woman’s hand away from her pussy.

“I’ll do it,” she said and immediately realized she wanted to do just what Chloe had suggested. She stood up and asked, “Can you help me with my dress?”

Ginny hadn’t bothered with panties when she dressed in the locker room; she had only put on the corset to help support her big breasts. Chloe was more than willing to help her friend undress. She lowered the zipper and folded the dress over the end of the couch when Ginny stepped out of it. Her corset was half-

functional, half for visual consumption. It supported only the undersides of her tits, leaving the nipples exposed and her gold ring winking in the muted light.

Wasting no time Ginny laid down on the carpet, wiggling under David's body. Chloe watched as her girlfriend opened her mouth to take David's cock between her lips. There was the faint flavor of semen on the shaft along with hints of Trent's saliva. She kept her eyes open and saw Trent's rigid tool moving back and forth only inches away from her face. David's cock slowly and steadily firmed up under her ministrations. His balls drew up close to his body and she settled in for a long session of cocksucking; she knew it would take a good deal of time and effort to get him to cum again after already depositing a heavy load in Trent's mouth.

She wasn't at all surprised when David lowered his face to her pussy and gently licked her. Opening up her legs and lifting up her knees was a delight to let him work on her clit so she could have a nice little orgasm.

"Don't let him cum, Ginny," Chloe told her.

"Why not?" she groaned after taking his shaft from her mouth. "I'd like a little treat too."

"I want him to cum in me. You can have Trent."

That seemed an acceptable trade off especially after David sunk his tongue deep into her pussy and used a finger to tease her clit. The burst of orgasm came quicker than she expected and her body shook under David as Trent continued to ball him.

"Is he hard again?" Chloe asked.

"Yes," Ginny moaned.

"Good. Finish up, Trent. You need to cum now!" The order didn't brook any disobedience.

Trent strained and thrusted and grunted, all the while burying his cock deep into David's ass. From her position under David she saw Trent's cock swelling and pulsing and finally the heavy flow of semen pushed beyond the brass ring and forced itself out of his cock, emptying into David who quivered and shook with

delight at being used by the other, burlier man. It was a beautiful sight to Ginny's eyes.

When he was done, Trent collapsed back onto his heels, pulling his still firm cock free of David. "Very good, very, very good," Chloe complimented the pair. "David, since your cock is hard again. I need you to fuck me."

He nodded and carefully, so as not to step on Ginny's prone body, got to his feet. Ginny moved her head and saw her friend had hiked up her skirts to her waist and was already bent over the arm of the couch, her naked ass exposed and waiting for David's cock which Ginny had hardened for her.

David wasted no time and went right over to Chloe, angled his hips, and pushed his cock into her. Chloe moaned in appreciation of his entry. Ginny was impressed. She wouldn't have figured an older man could have a second orgasm so quickly. Whether or not he could remained to be seen, but Ginny was impressed with his eagerness.

Chloe had been waiting to be fucked and anything that David did to her felt good. He simply grabbed her hips and fucked. She needed to put her hand between her legs and rub her clit. Her first orgasm came easily and David barely seemed to notice that she came.

"Beautiful," Trent whispered.

"Come over here," Ginny told him, crooking the finger of one hand and pointing to her pussy with the other. Trent knew exactly what to do and crawled over to her to bury his face between her thighs. When his tongue started licking along her slit she sighed deeply and concentrated on what he was doing to her. Her fingers went to her tits and started pinching her nipples just a little. She desperately wanted to cum and catch up to Chloe who, judging by the amount of vocalizations she was making, was well on her way to a second orgasm. "Harder, faster," she instructed Trent.

He obeyed and slipped one finger up into her pussy, stroking her hidden g-spot behind her pubic bone, while he tongued her clit. It was her perfect combination and Ginny found her head spinning and a pleasant release washing over her body. The orgasm wasn't that powerful, but it was just the first one she told herself.

Trent stayed between her thighs as she finished shaking. “More, again,” she told him.

“Do you want me to fuck you?” he asked a little too eagerly.

“Yes. No. Wait. Clean off your cock.” She hadn’t been disturbed by watching her boyfriend fuck another man; in fact, she found it an incredible turn on, but she wanted his cock clean first before it went into her pussy. Trent knew what to do. He got up from the floor, trotted over to the buffet table—sidestepping a couple copulating on the floor along with way—grabbed a canister of cleaning wipes to quickly sanitize his penis.

“Oh, very good,” Ginny said and waited for him to return. After wiping himself off with a wet towel he was back between her legs but with only a semi-hard cock. “What’s the matter?” Ginny asked, teasing him, but it was a disappointing tease. She wanted his cock as much as he wanted to fuck her.

“Just give me a minute, I need to get hard,” he told her. Even with the brass ring around the base of his manhood, he wasn’t fully erect. He put his face between her legs and started lick to her pussy while simultaneously stroking his cock with one hand. Ginny couldn’t wait that long for him to get hard.

“Make it quick,” she ordered. “If you do a good job fucking me, we can go clean Chloe’s pussy together,” she promised him.

That was good enough for Trent. A few seconds later he was up on his knees and fitting his cockhead into her pussy. Ginny pulled he into her and sighed as he filled her up. “Oh, good boy, good boy,” she sighed as he started fucking her. It wouldn’t take her long for a second orgasm. Once she was riding the endorphin high of orgasm it was easy for her to induce one after the other. It was even easier today with the way the thick metal ring around his cock pressed into her clit every time he bottomed out in her. The orgasm rose up quickly in her and Ginny dug her heels into his lower back to pull him deeply into her body. She grabbed his face and kissed him fiercely. She tasted herself on his lips and wanted more of the tangy and tart flavor. She grabbed his ass, pulling him tight and he finally came in her pussy.

Ginny whined and cried out as his hot spunk filled her cunt. “Yes, yes, yes,” she moaned. “More, more.” Trent thrust his hips forward with every spurt of cum that resulted from his orgasm. Ginny relished every hot spray of cum in her

pussy but eventually he stopped cumming and collapsed on her breasts, breathing heavily.

“Good boy,” she complimented him. “Very good boy.”

Trent said nothing. He was exhausted.

Ginny let her eyes wander over to where Chloe was getting fucked. David was still hard and pounding away at her pussy. With every impact of David’s hips Ginny watched a faint ripple of energy cascaded through her flesh. Ginny was enthralled by the little shaking waves that was shown by Chloe’s skin. The two women briefly met each other’s gaze.

Chloe raised her chin. “Did he cum in you?”

“Uh-huh.” Ginny found herself incapable of more conversation.

“David’s going to cum in me too.”

“Uh-huh,” Ginny agreed. What more was there to say.

“Do you want to fuck him too?”

“Sure.”

Chloe didn’t answer. Her head started to droop down and her hand came out from between her legs to better support her weight. David became increasingly enthusiastic with his thrusting and finally he erupting in her with a strangled cry. The noise he made was gently added to as Chloe came again. Her keening cry was a counterpoint to David’s deep grunts. When she was done Chloe looked over her shoulder and told him to step back. She staggered to the couch. Her legs were trembling and her body was near the point of exhaustion.

“Get up, Trent,” Ginny ordered him.

“What?” Trent was half asleep. That was the problem with men, she reflected. Too easily lulled to sleep by a few orgasms.

“Your wife needs to be cleaned.”

Seeing what Ginny was planning Chloe opened up her legs displaying her red and well-used pussy. From the opposite couch Ginny could just detect David's leavings on the outside of Chloe's puffy lips. Ginny pushed Trent off the couch toward his wife. She followed him, albeit more slowly. Trent was operating on mere instinct now and obeyed because Ginny had told him. He wasn't thinking consciously.

He knelt down between her legs and pressed his face to her wet pussy. When his tongue licked her swollen lips Chloe sighed. His tongue gave her a touch of relief and she loved it when he proved his submissiveness to her by eating her pussy after it had just been fucked. Chloe wasn't exactly surprised when Ginny joined her boyfriend but Chloe needed to lift up one leg to allow them both easy access to her pussy.

"You sure you want to do this, honey?" she asked Ginny.

Ginny didn't reply she just kissed Chloe's pussy, and then pushed her tongue deep inside her friend. Her normal tartness was now a mixture of flavor. The salty pungent scent had to be David's semen that had filled up the redhead. It was certainly different to eat another man's spunk from a woman's pussy, but Ginny had swallowed plenty of semen in her lifetime. This wasn't any stranger than other kinky sexual acts she had performed. Ginny smiled to herself and pulled her head back so that Trent could take a turn cleaning his wife. It was erotic and kinky to watch such an intimate act up close. Her heart thumped heavily in her chest. It wasn't any secret to Chloe or Sam that she was still in love with Trent. Seeing how happily he served and loved his wife made her happy as well.

Ginny pulled back a bit and looked up at her friend with a wide grin on her face. After a few moments Chloe noticed that Ginny wasn't eating her pussy any longer and discovered the blonde's big grin.

"What's making you so happy?" she asked Ginny.

"I love you," she told Chloe.

This small revelation surprised Chloe who thought that Ginny's participation in lesbian activities was done only at the behest of her boyfriend and husband because they liked watching women have sex together.

“You do?”

Ginny laughed and laced her fingers through Chloe’s. “I do. I’m not going to marry you, but I love you.” If Trent heard their words he gave no sign and he pressed his face deeper into his wife’s pussy searching out every drop of David’s semen.

“A platonic love?” Chloe asked.

“Something like that,” Ginny said kissing her friend’s thigh. “What do you call it when you’re in love with your husband, and you have a boyfriend who loves you, but your boyfriend is married to a friend who you like having sex with.” She laughed at the complicated relationship they held.

“I’m sure there’s some fancy term for it,” Chloe said with a sigh as Trent’s tongue sought out her clit. She was going to cum again and couldn’t concentrate on word games at the moment.

“I’m just going to call it modern happiness.”

Chloe said nothing as her orgasm welled up again and she came with Trent’s able assistance.

When Sam walked back into the parlor with Francine he found he wife sprawled on the couch between Chloe and Trent. Chloe was eating Ginny’s pussy, slowly and lovingly while Ginny held onto Trent’s cock, licking and sucking it every so often.

“You look beautiful,” Sam told his wife.

Her eyes fluttered open at his appearance. “Thanks. Want to fuck me?”

“Sure.” His cock was flaccid but just the invitation was enough to start him stiffening. “But you look pretty tapped out.”

“Chloe made me cum,” she said.

“Just Chloe?”

“And Trent. And myself. I think I masturbated.”

“And I missed it.”

“You got to fuck her,” Ginny said, indicating Francine who was standing just behind Sam.

“I did indeed.” He glanced around. “Where’s David?”

They found David waiting patiently at the edge of the buffet table. He walked over to the small group. The parlor was still filled with the sounds of couples and groups in all stages of sex but they had staked out their little piece of territory and no one interrupted them.

“He was under order to wait for me.” Francine clucked her tongue at David’s limp cock. “Why aren’t you hard?” she asked sternly.

“Sorry,” David mumbled.

“Well, who’s going to help you out? You don’t expect me to suck your cock so I can get laid, do you?”

“No…”

Ginny took Trent’s cock from her mouth. “I’m sure Trent will do it for you,” she offered. “Won’t you dear?”

Trent wasn’t surprised by her offer. He found he didn’t mind either. “Sure.” He got up from the couch and got down to his knees once again to suck David’s cock. Sam took his spot next to Ginny who grasped his cock.

“Do you like doing that?” Sam asked Trent. He was genuinely curious. While he had no interest in having sex with a man he did have an abiding curiosity in all things sexual.

David answered for Trent. “Trust me, I’ve had my cock sucked by a lot of people, but I think men do it the best.”

Sam shrugged and allowed his wife to fellate him. It didn’t take Trent very long to get David hard and Sam watched as the couple took to the couch. Francine

laid down first and had her husband get on top of her. They fucked missionary style which seemed very personal and while Sam watched them he felt like a secret voyeur.

“It’s too bad we couldn’t take pictures of you,” Sam said to Ginny, referring to The Farm’s policy against cell phone and cameras inside the house.

“I’ll have plenty of time to show off in front of others, dear. I’ve decided we need to join this little club. Apparently you need the trust of a current member to be sponsored in.”

“Who’s going to sponsor us?”

“Chloe,” Ginny said with a grin. “She’ll sponsor us both. She’s the only woman I trust you to fuck who won’t get attached to your cock.”

Sam lifted up his wife’s head, pulling her mouth away from his cock. “Are you okay?” he asked.

“Yes. Why?” She rolled her eyes a bit as Chloe sucked forcefully on her clit. They looked down at the redhead who laughed because she had distracted them at an intimate moment.

“If you hadn’t trusted me enough to tell me about your need to fuck Trent, and if I hadn’t trusted you enough to go ahead and do it, where would we be now?”

She shrugged her shoulders and sighed as Chloe dipped her fingers into her wet pussy. She needed to cum again and wanted to suck Sam’s cock and use Trent again. Her boyfriend was now kneeling behind Chloe, pushing his cock, still firm from the brass ring, it her. It was an awkward position but he managed a bit of shallow penetration.

“Not nearly as satisfied with life as I could be,” she said and took her husband’s cock into her mouth. It didn’t matter if he came or not. Chloe would make her cum once more and then maybe she’d invite Trent into her pussy if he hadn’t finished in his wife by that point. Sam could watch. Or fuck Chloe if he wanted. Of jack off if she was done for the night. It didn’t matter. There would always be another chance to partake of the other.

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he spends too little time reading and writing and too much time on video games and mountain biking. His writing interests include erotica, science fiction, and fantasy, both low and high. He lives a private and secluded life in the company of three cats.

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