

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a red top and white shorts, is sitting on a wooden chair. She is looking towards the camera. A man with tattoos and a collar is kneeling in front of her, looking up at her. The background includes a potted plant and a window with a flower box.

The Femdom Swingers Club

Erotic Novel

Lexi Loverli

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Harrison waited quietly, standing naked on his knees. Finally, he heard Claire's high heels echo sound as she approached. Claire entered the room, beautiful with blonde hair and deep blue eyes. She wore a strapless dress that seductively hung on her firm breasts and ended an inch below her round ass exposing toned thighs and long shapely legs in high heels.

Holding a flogger, Claire stood in front of her husband, looking into his eyes for a few seconds, and then she quietly said, "turn around and stand up."

Harrison immediately complied, standing with hands behind his back.

"Hands up," Claire ordered while swirling the flogger tails in the air.

"Wham," the flogger tails sounded as they cut through the air and slammed on Harrison's ass.

"One," Harrison announced.

Claire lifted her arm and came down fast and hard.

"Two."

Claire smiled with satisfaction and whipped again. "Three," Harrison said as tears of pain started to form in his eyes. It was challenging to keep the arms up, but Harrison knew that Claire would punish him with more whiplashes if he lowered his arms, even if it was of a second.

Harrison stood with hands up, waiting for more. Claire paused, running her palm over Harrison's red butt, taking her time leisurely, making Harrison suffer longer, and then, she smacked again.

Harrison winced when he felt the flogger tails hitting his sore ass, "Four," he shouted and breathed deeply.

One more whiplash and it would end.

After the fifth whiplash, Claire stepped in front of Harrison and pointed her index finger down. Harrison dropped down on his knees, bent, and kissed Claire's feet in high heels.

"Lick," Claire whispered, watching with a conquering smile as her husband enthusiastically licked her soft, smooth feet, making sounds of desire.

"You may thank me," Claire said mockingly.

“Thank you for teaching me obedience,” Harrison shouted, devoutly attending to Claire’s feet, oblivious to his wife’s scathing tone.

Claire let Harrison enjoy her feet for several seconds. She knew that he craved more, but cruelly, she turned and walked out of the room without a word, leaving Harrison unsatisfied with his open mouth and erect cock.

Harrison got up slowly, licking his lips, disappointed. He took a long shower and went to the porch to breathe fresh air. With a sigh, he lit a cigar, smoking and reminiscing about his life and how it had changed so profoundly.

It all began one day when Claire excitedly called, “Harrison! New people are moving into the house. Come see.”

Harrison knew what Claire meant by ‘The House.’ The next-door house had been on the market for over six months.

“Okay,” Harrison sighed and joined his wife in the front yard.

Harrison and Claire lived in an exclusive neighborhood. Pine trees and wild bushes surrounded the large houses. They could see the next-door circle driveway only from their front yard where they were standing, watching the movers walking back and forth from the track to the house. A tall woman dressed in tight blue jeans and red pumps instructed the movers, and her red hair ponytail swang elegantly in rhythm with the move of her long legs in high heels.

A BMW glided into the driveway, and a man came out and talked to the red hair woman. From a distance, Claire could notice that the man had an unusual haircut, short on the sides and thick hair on the top. The woman said something to the man, and he rushed into the house.

“We have new neighbors,” Claire said, smiling with delight.

“Oh, well,” Harrison responded, uninterested, and went back inside the house.

Claire and Harrison met in high school. Claire was a year younger and knew of Harrison like everyone else in school. Harrison’s father owned a kitchen cabinets factory, one of the biggest employers in town. Quite a few

parents worked for Harrison's father, and the kids in school treated him with respect.

Harrison drove a red Mercedes and was popular with the girls at school, but Claire didn't even dream of dating him. Not that she wasn't pretty, she just wasn't the type that liked partying. So instead, she spent reading fiction books, watching romantic movies, and hanging out with Betty, her best friend. Claire's parents were medical doctors, and as the only child, they pampered her and provided whatever Claire wished for.

After Claire graduated from high school, she went to college, where she ran into Harrison on the way to one of her classes,

"I know you from somewhere," Harrison said when he saw Claire for the first time.

"Yes, I am Claire. We went to the same high school," Claire reminded politely.

"Oh, yes," Harrison said and walked away, unimpressed.

Claire decided to step up her appearance. She went on a shopping spree, bought sexy clothes, changed her hairstyle, and strutted around the campus in high-heeled shoes.

The next time they ran into each other, Harrison was impressed, "Claire, right?"

"Ah-ha," Claire said and continued walking.

Harrison looked at her swaying butt, appreciating the long shapely legs in high heels exposed by the mini skirt Claire wore.

It took couple more encounters until Harrison asked her out. On the first date, they reminisced about high school and mutual acquaintances. Harrison liked that Claire was pretty and from a good home in the same town. He was sure that his parents would approve.

Claire liked Harrison. He was kind and wealthy. She could imagine the comfortable life she would have as his wife.

By the end of college, they decided to get married. Neither one was in love, but they loved each other and knew it was a suitable match for their

families.

Harrison started to work with his father managing the cabinets factory. Unfortunately, his father died from a sudden heart attack two years later, and Harrison took the reins.

Claire was a dedicated wife making dinners and keeping the house clean and organized. She loved her life, nourishing the front yard flowers she planted, having lunch with friends, playing tennis twice a week with Betty, taking a dip in the backyard pool, and leisurely lying in the sun reading or daydreaming.

Harrison was a man of habits. He came home every day around six o'clock after the factory closed and had dinner with his wife, listening to her adventures of the day, mostly gossip she heard from friends. Their love life became dull over the years. They made love once or twice a week more out of an obligation rather than desire.

Claire was content with her life but a bit bored. Having new neighbors was an exciting distraction. Claire often worked on the flower beds in the front yard, and she watched the neighbors' house. There was a flurry of activities with people working inside the house in the first few days, and then it became quiet. Occasionally, the BMW left the garage but returned an hour later, probably from grocery shopping.

Two weeks after the neighbors moved in on a Tuesday evening, Claire went out to check the flowers and noticed a few cars were parked on the circular driveway. Interesting, she thought. It was a lovely warm evening, and after dinner, Claire decided to read a book on the front porch. Harrison was working in his office, busy as usual.

Sounds of voices interrupted Claire's reading. She got up and went down to the edge of the front yard to watch what was happening. Four couples said goodbye to the red hair woman. Claire noticed the women dressed nicely were fit. They wore high-heeled shoes. Some men had the same haircut as the neighbor, with sides shaved and hair on the top.

The silence returned after the cars left, and Claire went inside. Something about the visitors piqued her curiosity. They didn't seem like old friends, she thought.

After that evening, Claire made a habit of reading on the front porch in the evening. And on Friday evening, she saw four cars on the circular driveway again. She was sure these cars weren't the ones she saw on Tuesday, and she patiently waited to see who would come out of the house.

When she heard voices again, she rushed to the edge of the front yard to look closer. She saw four couples. This time all the men had that unusual haircut. Some women wore black leather mini dresses, and all the women had high-heeled shoes. These couples did not look like those she saw on Tuesday, and Claire was puzzled and curious to know what was going on over there.

Claire told Betty about the new neighbors, but Betty did not think much of it, "Perhaps a business meeting," she offered. Claire doubted that explanation and kept watching the house.

The following Tuesday, Claire again saw four cars parking in front of the house. Anxiously, Claire waited till they came out, and again, these four couples were not the same couples she saw last time.

On Friday, the scene repeated, but Claire thought she had seen one of the couples previously, but not the other three.

Over the weekend, Harrison took her out for dinner, and they chatted about the factory and other not-so-exciting subjects. Then, finally, Claire decided to share with Harrison what she saw at the next-door neighbor's house.

"Very interesting," Harrison said to Claire's surprise, "They must have a very active social life."

"Don't you think it is strange that it always happens on Tuesdays and Fridays?"

"Hmmm, yes, but some people are creatures of traditions."

"Yes, that might be true, but don't you think that it is peculiar that there are always four couples?"

"Yes, that is odd," Harrison agreed. He couldn't come up with any explanation but suggested, "Why don't you introduce yourself to the new neighbors and see how it goes."

"Introduce myself?"

“Yes, make some cookies to welcome new neighbor’s gift.”

“Hmmm, that sounds like a good idea,” Claire thought out loud.

Harrison smiled lovingly at the view of his pretty wife in deep thoughts for something so simple and then changed the subject.

On Monday morning, Claire, dressed in tennis attire, drove the short distance to the new neighbors' house. She held a plate full of cookies and rang the bell.

The door opened a moment later, "Oh, Hi, I am Claire Cobb, your next-door neighbor, and I just wanted to welcome you to the neighborhood."

"Well, hello Claire Cobb, I am Destiny," the red hair woman said with an amused smile, "Please come in."

Claire followed Destiny to the living room. It was a nice room with two love seats and a couple of chairs, but what struck Claire the most was the appearance of Destiny. She wore a short black silk robe that reached just above her knees and walked in high heel slip-in shoes. Her big green eyes were alert, and her long red hair was loose and framed a beautiful face with a Roman nose and luscious lips.

"Please sit down," Destiny invited.

"Oh, thank you," Claire said as she put the plate on the coffee table.

"It is so nice of you to bring over cookies; they smell delicious. I think that it would go well with a cup of tea," Destiny said and called, "Dino, come over here. We have a guest."

A tall, muscular man appeared in the living room. "This is Claire Cobb, our next-door neighbor," Destiny introduced.

Claire and Dino exchanged greetings, and Destiny ordered, "Dino, make us some tea."

"Sure, Destiny."

Destiny turned to Claire, "I see you play tennis," making small talk.

"Yes, I am on my way to play tennis with my friend Betty. We play every Monday and Thursday."

"How nice, it keeps you in good shape," Destiny said, examining Claire with intelligent green eyes.

"Yes, it sure does."

Dino appeared silently with a tray of two cups of tea, placed it on the table, and left.

Destiny lifted the saucer of one of the cups. "Would you like some sugar?"

"One, please," Claire said, watching Destiny as she delicately picked a cube of sugar with tweezers and dropped it into the cup.

"Milk?"

"No, thank you."

Destiny picked the other saucer, added some milk, stirred, and then leaned back on the sofa, looking at Claire with an amused smile.

"Have you lived here long?" Destiny asked as she took a delicate sip from the cup.

"We lived here for five years. It is a very nice neighborhood, quiet and private."

"Yes, private it is," Destiny said and looked at Claire with a laughing expression.

Claire blushed but recovered quickly, "And where did you move from?"

"Oh, we moved from Emerson hill, not far from here, but we needed a bigger house, and this one comes with a nice pool."

"Yes, most houses on this street have a pool," Claire contributed from lack of having anything else to say.

"Are you working?"

"No, I am a stay home wife, my husband work for both of us," Claire giggled.

"Really? What business is your husband in?"

"He owns a kitchen cabinets factory."

"How interesting! He must employ a few people, I would assume."

"Not a few. My husband is one of the biggest employers in this town."

Destiny seemed to have all she needed to assess Claire: " Well, thank you very much for the cookies."

Claire got the hint, "You are welcome, and thank you for the tea."

They both got up and walked to the front door. Destiny opened the door, “It was very nice meeting you, Claire. We would love to meet your husband.”

“I am sure that he would like that too.”

“How about having an after-dinner drink with us sometime?” Destiny offered.

“Yes! That would be lovely,” Claire exclaimed.

“Would Saturday night at eight o’clock work for you?”

“Yes, absolutely!”

“We’ll see you on Saturday night then,” Destiny said with a smile.

“Yes, you will,” Claire replied happily and dashed out, hoping that Betty wouldn’t be mad at her for being late to the tennis game.

After a couple of tennis matches, Claire and Betty had lunch in the exclusive tennis club.

“I met the next-door neighbors today,” Claire said out of the blue.

“Nice, how are they?”

“I hardly saw the husband, but Destiny is impressive.”

“What do you mean impressive?” Betty inquired with curiosity.

“Well, Destiny is beautiful and carries herself confidently as if she is regal, and I felt that she read my thoughts.”

“Very interesting. I haven’t heard such a description from you about anyone else.”

Claire smiled and didn’t respond. But after a pause, she announced, “She invited us for an after-dinner drink.”

“And you accepted,” Betty stated that rather than asked. Claire nodded.

“What about Harrison?”

“Oh, he’ll come along,” Claire said dismissively. Betty and Claire smiled at each other with understanding and then chatted about different subjects.

On Saturday evening, Claire and Harrison walked the short distance to their neighbors’ house. Claire wore a yellow summer dress and black high heel

pumps. The tight yellow dress accentuated her tan complexion and shapely legs.

Destiny opened the door smiling, "Hello neighbors, come in."

They walked to the living room, and after a short introduction, Destiny asked, "Harrison, what is your favorite drink?"

"Vodka martini," Harrison said as he ogled Destiny. She was a beautiful woman dressed in a green mini cami dress. Her hair fell on creamy smooth shoulders, and Harrison could tell that she didn't wear a bra since he could see the shape of her nipples protruding from the thin fabric of her dress.

Destiny radiated confidence and sexuality, and her green eyes examined Harrison as he took the drink that Dino prepared.

"It is a beautiful night," Destiny said, "Let's sit outside."

They walked out to the pool area and sat in lounge chairs.

"Claire told me you own a cabinets factory," Destiny conversed casually.

"Yes, my grandfather started it."

"It must be difficult to be responsible for the livelihood of your employees, isn't it?"

"It is challenging during an economic downturn, but fortunately, that did not happen for some time."

"Yes, the economy seems to be good in recent years," Destiny said, and then abruptly, she got up, peeled off her dress, and naked, she jumped into the pool, swimming a few strokes, and then floated on the water face down.

Claire and Harrison were mesmerized. Destiny looked like a mermaid with hair covering her back, a porcelain round ass, and her long legs shimmered in the low lights.

Destiny turned in the water and looked at them, "Come on, you guys, get into the pool."

Dino undressed and joined Destiny. They swam a bit, splashing water and laughing, and then reached the other end of the pool and stood in the shallow water looking at Claire and Harrison.

Claire looked at Harrison, "It looks like fun. I am going in," she said, taking off her dress, bra, and undies and jumping into the water. Harrison smiled at the number of clothes articles his wife had to take off. Destiny had nothing under her dress.

"Jump in, Harrison," Destiny called when Claire reached the other end.

Harrison stubbornly stayed in his chair.

"What's wrong with him," Dino asked.

"Oh, he is such a conservative man," Claire explained apologetically, but she loved being naked in the water, standing next to Dino, watching his erect penis. It has been a while since she saw another man gentiles.

"You guys stay here," Destiny said and swam fast to the other end of the pool.

"She'll get him into the pool," Dino said with a smile.

"You think so?" Claire doubted.

"Just watch her."

Destiny reached the other end of the pool and leaned on the edge, "Would you get me a towel, Harrison? It is right there in the cabinet behind you."

Harrison got up and grabbed a towel. As he turned, Destiny emerged from the pool.

Harrison gasped at the view of Destiny with round breasts and pink erect nipple perkily pointing up. She had a creamy hairless vagina, with two pink lips swelling out. Harrison was absorbed in the scene of Destiny's naked body and forgot that he held the towel.

"The towel, Harrison," Destiny reminded.

"Oh, yes, sure," Harrison handed her the towel. Destiny wiped and then wrapped the towel over her shoulders and looked at Harrison with big green eyes,

"Are you embarrassed that I'll see your cock erection?" she said, pointing blanc.

Harrison blushed, "I guess so."

“Do you think it is fair that you see me naked and I don’t see your erect penis?”

“It is your choice to be naked,” Harrison said defensively.

“That is true, it is my choice, but it can be your choice,” Destiny said, and after a short pause, “Take off your shirt.”

“What?”

“You heard me,” Destiny said, challenging Harrison with sparkling eyes.

Harrison wasn’t sure what was happening, but he took off his shirt.

“Okay, Harrison, I’ll turn around, and you undress, and then we both jump into the water.”

Destiny did not wait for an answer. Instead, she turned and faced the pool waiting patiently and hiding a smile when she heard Harrison saying meekly, “I am ready.”

“Give me your hand,” Destiny instructed, then jumped into the water, pulling Harrison with her.

They swam, and when they reached the other end, Claire hugged her husband with relief.

“Dino, get the water ball,” Destiny ordered. Dino obediently got out of the pool, fetched the ball, and threw it into the water.

“Let’s play volleyball, Claire and Harrison, against Dino and me,” Destiny announced as she threw the ball to Dino. Claire was quick to swim and block Dino from throwing the ball and jumping up in the water. Dino threw the ball, but Harrison hit it before it reached Destiny, and they both swam to get it, laughing joyfully.

Harrison loved the game, especially when his chest rubbed Destiny’s tits. He felt exhilarated and free naked in the water and loved the laughing ring of his wife when she chased the ball.

“Okay, now girls against boys,” Destiny announced, giggling.

Destiny and Claire threw the ball to each other and were better swimmers than the men. One time, Harrison jumped in front of Destiny and hit the ball, and Destiny couldn’t catch it. So they both started to swim to get the

ball, but Destiny grabbed Harrison's penis, slowing him down, and got the ball and threw it back to Claire, laughing joyfully.

“That wasn’t fair,” Harrison complained, smiling shyly.

“Life is not fair,” Destiny retorted and watched Dino trying to prevent Claire from throwing the ball to her. Claire had a blast. She loved to brush her legs on Dino's erect penis and cheerfully laughed when she missed the ball. When Dino received the ball, Claire jumped at him, pressing her tits into his chest with glee.

After playing for some time, Destiny got out of the pool and sat in a lounge chair, “Wow, that was fun,” she announced. But unfortunately, it was the other end of the pool, and Harrison had no choice but to stay naked as he came out of the pool and sat in the lounge chair.

“Dino, get us drinks,” Destiny ordered. The three watched Dino go inside the house and return with fresh drinks.

Harrison sipped the martini and couldn’t take his eyes off Destiny, who talked with Claire about fashion dresses. If Destiny noticed Harrison ogling her, she didn’t show it.

Suddenly Destiny turned to Harrison, “Did you enjoy the water volleyball?”

“Hmmm, yes, it was fun,” Harrison replied.

“You know Claire,” Destiny said with a mocking smile, “Harrison didn’t want to be naked because he was concerned that I’d see his erection.”

Claire burst into a laugh, “Is that true, Harrison? You should be proud to have a hard penis, shouldn’t he, Destiny?”

“Yes, men should be proud to have an erection. But, you know some men cannot get their penis up,” Destiny confided as if revealing a secret.

“Fortunately, Harrison has no problem in that department,” Claire announced proudly.

Harrison was uneasy with the conversation, and his penis hardened, bulging out erect. He changed the subject with the first thing that crossed his mind and said,

“Claire told me that you have parties every week.”

“Harrison!” Claire yelled, embarrassed.

“That’s okay, Claire, no worries.” Destiny said evenly, “And yes, I do host every week the Fem Club.”

“The Fem Club?” Harrison repeated, dumbfounded.

Claire attentively listened as Destiny smiled politely, “Yes, it is a swingers club.”

“Swingers club?” Harrison repeated like a parrot, trying to grasp what he heard.

“You know what swingers are, don’t you?” Destiny asked casually.

“I think so. These are couples that exchanged partners.”

“Yes, something like that, but the Fem Club is a swingers club with a twist.”

“A twist?” Harrison repeated, feeling dumb.

“Yes,” Destiny explained patiently, “In the Fem club, the women make all the choices, and the men obey.”

“Obey?” Harrison couldn’t stop repeating what Destiny said.

Destiny smiled and then jumped up and said, “Let’s take a shower, Claire, come with me. Dino, you show Harrison.”

They walked to the other side of the pool and grabbed their clothes.

When Destiny and Claire walked to the shower, Claire eagerly asked Destiny x, “Is Fem for Femdom?”

Destiny burst into laughter, “Yes, it’s a Femdom Club, and the boys serve the girls.”

Claire did not respond. It was a new territory she wasn’t familiar with, and she decided to let go of questioning Destiny for the time being.

After a short while, Dino and Harrison sat in the living room dressed with a glass in their hands, waiting for the girls, who showed up several minutes later. The two girls had their hair in a ponytail and looked refreshed and happy.

“Dino put on some salsa music,” Destiny said as she sipped wine and looked at Harrison, amused at his facial expression.

Destiny and Dino danced while Claire and Harrison watched as the music played.

“Come on, guys, join us,” Destiny called.

“Oh, I don’t know how to dance,” Harrison said apologetically.

“I’ll teach you,” Destiny giggled and pulled Harrison by his hand.

Harrison stood confused and embarrassed. “All you do is follow me, one, two, three, one two three,” Destiny explained as she moved her feet, demonstrating.

Harrison started to move to the rhythm of the music, and Destiny smiled at him, “That’s good, now count one, two, and swirl me.”

Harrison got the hang of it and started to enjoy the dance. He glanced at Claire dancing with Dino, who led her effortlessly.

The next tune started from the pre-recorded disk. Harrison danced and swirled Destiny with a happy smile, and Destiny taught him a couple more moves. Harrison got it quickly.

“You are natural, Harrison,” Destiny complemented, and Harrison beamed proudly.

After a few dances, Destiny instructed, “Harrison, why don’t you dance with your wife.”

Harrison smiled at Claire and confidently led her, swirling her and moving side by side. They both smiled happily, “Harrison, Destiny made you a dancer. I can’t believe it.” Harrison smiled broadly and swirled his wife, dancing with ease and confidence,

A slow dance started, “May I have this dance with Harrison,” Destiny asked Claire.

“Of course,” Claire smiled, looking at Dino, who quickly came and offered his arms.

Destiny wrapped her arms over Harrison’s shoulders but kept a distance. She looked into his eyes, probing, “Would you want to join the Fem club

with Claire?” she asked as they both moved in rhythm.

“Hmmm, I don’t know much about it.”

“I think that you will enjoy being an Obee.”

“Obee?”

“Yes, Obee is a male that obeys females.”

“I don’t know about that,” Harrison expressed a sincere doubt.

“I think you would like it, especially when the females take care of your erection,” Destiny said with sparkling green eyes.

“They do?” Harrison was baffled and uneasy.

“Yes, they always do. That is the reward for being obedient.”

“I see,” Harrison replied as his penis hardened like a rock.

They continued to dance in silence. Destiny observed Harrison’s reaction and particularly his gentle response to the conversation.

A salsa tune started after the slow dance ended, and Harrison danced with Destiny, enjoying it tremendously.

After that, Destiny took a break. Harrison felt energized by the newly founded skills and dance with Claire. They both smiled at each other and loved the new intimacy that emerged during the evening.

It was getting late, and Claire announced they had a great time, but it was time for bed. So they hugged each other and said goodbye at the front door.

On the way home, Claire inquired, “What did Destiny talk to you about during the slow dance?”

“She asked if I want to join the Fem Club with you.”

“And what did you say?”

“I said that I don’t know much about it.”

“But you didn’t say no, did you?”

“No, I didn’t say no.”

“Good,” Claire said with relief.

As they entered their home, Harrison couldn't hold his desire. He picked Claire up and carried her upstairs to the bedroom. Claire laughed joyfully, "Harrison, are you horny or what?" she teased.

Harrison lay his wife on the bed, pulled out his erect penis, and lifted her dress, tearing her underwear. He impatiently entered his stiff cock into his wife's wet vagina and pumped with energy and enthusiasm until he came with a loud groan.

Claire was happy to see the old Harrison, like in the good times when they started to go out.

After a short break, Claire undressed, "Harrison, take off your clothes," Claire said as she took Harrison's penis into her mouth, sucking it with cravings she hadn't felt for a long time. Harrison undressed while Claire sucked his penis, never let go.

They made love again, and it was incredible. Claire was exhilarated and had the best orgasm in years, and as she climaxed, she kissed Harrison's face with many small kisses of gratitude.

Then, exhausted, they lay side by side, relaxing in comfortable silence.

Harrison closed his eyes and instantly fell asleep.

Claire's head buzzed with thoughts. Then, finally, she got up and opened her laptop, searching for information about Femdoms.

It looks interesting, Claire thought, and I should thank Destiny for the fantastic lovemaking we had tonight.

As usual, Claire met Betty for a tennis match on Monday and then had lunch.

“How was your visit to the new neighbors on Saturday night?”

“It was a lot of fun,” Claire replied with a dreamy look.

“Could you elaborate,” Betty demanded.

“We played water volleyball in the pool and then danced salsa in the living room. It was a lot of fun,” Claire said, omitting the fact that they were naked in the pool.

Betty looked at her friend and knew that Claire was hiding details, but she didn’t push and switched subject, telling Claire about a mutual acquaintance that left her husband.

After lunch, Claire decided to stop by Destiny’s house on the way home.

“Hi Claire,” Destiny greeted her with a warm smile as if she expected her, “Come in.”

“I just wanted to thank you for our wonderful time on Saturday night.”

“Oh, we enjoyed it too. Sit down,” Destiny invited as they reached the living room as if she knew that Claire had more on her mind than a thank you.

Destiny poured wine into two glasses and gave one glass to Claire, “Cheers,” she said, smiling.

Claire sipped and looked at Destiny dressed in a blue silk robe and high heels sleepers.

“How was your tennis game?” Destiny inquired politely.

“It was good,” Claire said, and after a pause, “Destiny, I was wondering if Harrison and I could join the Fem Club.”

“You two would fit well, and I am sure you would enjoy it, but you are not ready for that yet.”

Yes, I figured that much, but how do you become ready?”

can tell you, but I don’t want you to be offended.”

No worries, Destiny, feel free to say anything.”

“Claire, you are pretty and have a nice body. I like that your boobs and crotch are white, contrasting to your tan complexion, but you need to get rid of that bush covering your vagina.”

“Oh, that shouldn’t be a problem,” Claire exclaimed with relief.

“I can recommend someone that does a great job,” Destiny said as she pulled a business card from her pocket and handed it to Claire, “Just tell her that I sent you.”

“Not a problem,” Claire said.

“The other thing you need to do is a bit more complicated. You’ll need to transform Harrison into an Obee.”

“How do you transform someone to be an Obee?” Claire asked with curiosity, her blue eyes sparkling with interest.

“I can teach you,” Destiny said with a smile.

“You would do that?”

“Well, Claire, to be honest, I have an ulterior motive. You see, it costs money to participate in the Fem Club gathering.”

“I don’t think that money would be a problem for us,” Claire immediately countered.

“I am sure that it wouldn’t, but I am not sure that you want to undergo obedience training. It takes dedication and consistency. You’ll have to perform daily obedience lessons and other training.”

“If you teach me how to do the lessons and training, I am willing to do it,” Claire said with determination.

“Claire, let me give an example of an Obee, and then you can decide if you want to go ahead.”

“Okay.”

“Sit there in the chair and watch quietly,” Destiny said, then called, “Dino, over here.”

Dino appeared in the living room and looked intently at Destiny as if Claire did not exist.

Destiny sat comfortably on the sofa and ordered, "Undress."

When Dino was naked, Destiny continued, "On four." Dino went down on all fours.

Destiny gestured with her index finger to come closer, and Dino moved on all fours until he stood in front of Destiny.

"Kiss," Destiny said, pointing her index finger down. Dino bent and kissed her feet.

"Take off my shoes."

Dino used his teeth to grab the shoe's heel and removed it with a swift head motion.

Destiny then placed a barefoot under Dino's chin, "Up."

Dino stood on his knees with hands on the back, looking into Destiny's eyes with admiration.

Destiny lifted one leg and ran her foot over Dino's face. "Lick," she ordered.

Claire watched with awe how Dino licked Destiny's sole with long tongue movements.

Destiny lifted the other leg and rubbed Dino's penis, "Your penis is hard, Dino, are you ready for me?"

Dino stopped his licking ritual for a second, "Yes, Destiny."

Destiny exchanged legs, massaging Dino's penis with one foot while Dino massaged the other with his tongue.

After a short while, Destiny clasped Dino's penis between her feet, "Fuck my feet."

Dino moved his erect cock between the smooth, soft soles of Destiny's feet and moaned with pleasure.

"You want to come for me?"

“Yes, Destiny,”

Destiny slapped Dino’s face with a loud thump, “I didn’t hear it.”

“I want to come for you,” Dino shouted.

“Faster,” Destiny ordered. Dino complied, and his moans grew louder.

“You want me to count for you, don’t you?”

“Yes! Yes,” Dino shouted, excitedly thrusting his penis between Destiny’s feet.

“You may touch your penis when I count one and shoot on my feet.”

“Yes, yes,” Dino couldn’t wait for the moment he could ejaculate.

“Ten,” Destiny paused, “Nine.” Dino’s breathing became short and loud.

Claire watched them, amazed. Destiny sometimes paused long and occasionally short, and then she counted, “Two,” put her feet down, and looked at Dino, who could hardly contain himself, “And one!”

Dino held his penis, aimed down, and ejaculated all over Destiny’s feet with a loud groan.

Destiny watched Dino silently for a few seconds and then said quietly, “Clean.”

Dino bent down and licked her feet with no hesitations. Destiny met Claire’s stare and smiled. She then bent and patted Dino’s head and ordered, “On all fours, get out of here.”

Dino moved on all fours, grabbed his clothes on the way out, and disappeared from view.

Claire looked at Destiny, “That was amazing, Destiny.”

“It is just a simple example of obedience. You noticed that Dino always looked at me, never glanced at you.”

“Yes, I did notice that.”

“And did you notice that he held his hands on the back?”

“Now that you mention that, yes, I saw that.”

“An Obee is not allowed to touch a Fem unless the Fem gives him permission.”

“I see,” Claire said with a smile. She liked this kind of game.

“A Fem is always in control. It seems simple, but it is not. Once you make the rules, you must always keep them.”

“I understand, but I am not sure Harrison would be that obedient.”

“I can assure you he would be, but it depends on how serious and consistent you are with the lessons and training.”

Claire just looked at Destiny silently.

“I want you to think about what you saw and if you are ready to commit and be in a continuous controlling situation. Then, if you decide that you want to go ahead and train Harrison to be an Obee, come by on Thursday after tennis, and we can talk more about it.”

“Sure, Destiny, and thank you.”

“And one more thing,” Destiny said sternly, “I want you to understand that once you become a Fem, your relationship with Harrison will change profoundly. There is no way back. It is irreversible.”

Claire looked a bit puzzled, “I hope it changes for a better relationship.”

“It is up to you to make it better. You are in control. You decide what to do and how to do it for a better relationship. It might work wonderfully, but I must warn you that it might not.”

“I understand, and I appreciate your honesty.”

“You are welcome,” Destiny said, hiding a smile.

Claire went home and continued the daily routine. During dinner, she looked at Harrison and wondered how obedient he could be and how she would like it.

The next day she called and made an appointment to remove the genital hair. The woman on the other side of the line was very accommodating once Claire mentioned Destiny’s name.

Claire read more about femdom relationships and watched porno movies of females punishing and making love to submissive males. She tried to visualize her life when she would have total control of Harrison. It was a fuzzy image but exciting and challenging.

By Thursday, Claire was confident that she wanted to be a Fem. And after lunch with Betty, she drove to Destiny's house decisively and with determination.

“Come in,” Destiny invited with a warm smile. Claire noticed that Destiny wore a cami dress with high heel pumps this time. They sat in the living room looking at each other in silence for a few seconds, and then Destiny crossed her legs, poured wine into one glass, and handed it to Claire, “I guess you decided to go ahead and train your husband,” she said.

“Yes, I want to do it,” Claire said decisively.

“A daily lesson is an elementary act of dominance.” Destiny started as if she were lecturing a student. “The male is naked, and the female is fully dressed, wearing high heels, and administers five whiplashes with her choice of a whip.”

Claire listened attentively. It didn’t sound too tricky.

“I recommend to all the Fems to use the lesson time as punishment time. So, for example, if the Obee violated any rules you set up, you punish him for that violation after the obedience lesson. Disciplining an Obee is what we call training.”

Destiny smiled at Claire’s puzzled expression and continued, “A rule is something you decide on. For example, when I call Dino, I don’t want to hear, ‘I’ll be right there, or ‘be there in a minute,’ I want him to drop anything he was doing and show up immediately.”

“I see,” Claire smiled broadly, “I think that it would be my first rule. I hate when I call Harrison, and he procrastinates and stays at his desk to finish something.”

“Exactly,” Destiny agreed, “As you develop Femdom skills, you’ll create more rules to make your life comfortable.”

“Yes, comfortable!” Claire mimicked excitedly.

“It so happened that today after the obedience lesson, I’ll punish Dino for a violation, and you’ll see how I do it, but remember, every female is different and chooses different ways to train her Obee. But one thing I recommend to all Fems, when punishing, in contrary to the lesson, you should be naked in high heels and reward your Obee afterward.”

Claire looked at Destiny in awe but didn’t say a word.

“Any questions?” Destiny asked with a slightly amused smile.

“I’ll keep my questions after seeing what you do.”

“Very well. Would you please sit quietly in that chair? Then, after I finish with Dino, I’ll explain how to work it out with Harrison. Okay?”

“Okay!” Claire said with enthusiasm and sat comfortably in the far chair in the living room, sipping wine.

“Dino,” Destiny called at the foot of the stairs, “Lesson time. Now!”

Dino came down immediately and tore his clothes as he walked to the living room. Destiny threw a legs restraining bar on the floor in front of him, “Put it on,” she ordered.

Dino bent and tightened the velcro strips over his ankles at each bar end, then stood with hands on the back, looking at Destiny intently.

Destiny picked up a cane whip. It looked like a thin rod with a comfortable handle at one end.

“Hands up,” Destiny ordered, and as Dino complied, Destiny lifted her arm, and with a swing, the cane made a swish sound cutting through the air and hit Dino’s ass.

“One,” Dino said.

“I couldn’t hear you. Let’s start again,” Destiny said and whipped again. “One,” Dino shouted.

Destiny paused for a few seconds, then lifted her arm and smacked again.

“Two,” Dino shouted.

By the time Destiny reached the fifth stroke, Dino had winced with tears of pain.

Destiny stepped in front of Dino, “You may take off the bar,” she said quietly. Dino complied and then stood with hands behind his back. Claire noticed with surprise that he had a full erection.

Destiny looked at Dino for a few seconds in silence, then she pointed her index finger down.

Dino dropped down on his knees, bent, kissed Destiny’s feet in high heels, and shouted, “Thank you for teaching me obedience.”

Destiny hit Dino's ass lightly, and he repeated, shouting, "Thank you for teaching me obedience."

"Get up on your knees."

Destiny bent and ran her palm on Dino's face, looking into his eyes, "What did I tell you to do with the door when you go to the bathroom?" she asked quietly.

"Keep the door open," Dino replied.

"And what happened with the door last night?"

"I closed it half away."

"Is half away close is an open door?" Destiny asked quietly.

"No, I am sorry, it was just a reflex."

"A reflex!" Destiny exclaimed as she stepped back and looked at Dino angrily, "A reflex that caused you to close the door."

"Yes."

"We must eradicate this reflex, don't we, Dino?"

"Yes, Destiny," Dino said submissively.

It was silent in the room, and then Destiny slid the straps of her dress down her arms and let it fall on the floor. She stood naked in high heels, tall, beautiful, but cold, unattainable.

"On four," Destiny hissed as she picked up a leather snake whip. She twirled the whip in the air, making a whisking sound, and then lowered her arm, landing the whip on Dino's back. Dino jerked from the impact and made a low sound of pain. Destiny continued relentlessly, whipping his back and ass.

"Tell me, Dino, what do you do with the door when you go to the bathroom."

"I keep it open," Dino replied with a crying voice.

Destiny whipped him harder and shouted, "Always."

"I always keep the door open," Dino shouted, hoping to appease.

Destiny stopped whipping. She stood behind Dino and banged his ass with the heel of her shoe, "Lie down," she ordered and then stood between Dino's legs, placing the pointy tip of her pump over his testicles.

Destiny stood silently for a long pause and then whipped Dino again while stepping forward, smashing his balls.

Claire cringed from the ear-piercing screams of Dino's cries. But Destiny was unfazed, "Is your reflex eradicated?" she asked quietly after Dino's screams subsided, her foot ominously touching the testicles with no pressure.

"Yes, yes, Destiny," Dino said, sobbing loudly.

"We need to ensure that, don't we, Dino?"

It was difficult for Dino to answer, but he obediently said in a weak voice, "Yes, Destiny," knowing that more was coming.

Destiny lifted her arm, whipping Dino as she stepped forward, crashing Dino's balls again.

Claire winced from the ear-piercing screams.

The sounds of Dino in pain did not soften Destiny, "Is it eradicated?" she asked quietly.

"Yes, yes, I'll keep the door open always. Always!"

Destiny stepped slowly on Dino's testicles, "Are you sure?" she said, pressing harder.

"Yes, yes, I am sure," Dino cried.

"Are you sure?" Destiny repeated, stepping harder.

"Yes!" Dino yelled as loud as he could.

Destiny put all her weight as she pressed down on Dino's balls, "Are you sure?"

"Yes!" Dino screamed his lungs out.

Destiny lifted her foot and stepped in front of Dino. He lunged at her feet, sobbing heavily, licking her feet in high heels, "Yes, yes, yes," he yelled.

Destiny looked down at Dino sprawling on the floor, licking her feet frantically, and after a few seconds, she said, "Get up on your feet."

Dino stood up and looked at Destiny's eyes with a pained expression. Destiny ran her palm affectionately over his face, "You'll be a good Obee, won't you?"

"Yes, Destiny."

"And you keep the bathroom door open, won't you?"

"Yes, yes, I'll keep it open!"

Destiny pulled Dino's head into the chest, "Take it," she whispered. Dino lunged at Destiny and sucked her breasts with hunger, drawing comfort from the affection Destiny provided.

Destiny caressed Dino's head affectionally and repeated, "You keep the door open, won't you?"

"Yes, Destiny," Dino said eagerly and returned to sucking her nipple.

Destiny smiled with satisfaction at Dino's reaction, ran her palm over his chest to his crotch, and stroked his penis.

Destiny felt the hardness of Dino's cock in her palm and was satisfied. She then lifted his head from her chest and kissed him.

Claire watched them with awe and couldn't believe how passionate the kiss was.

Destiny disengaged. She put one arm around Dino's neck, and with the other hand, she guided his hard cock inside her. As Dino's cock entered her vagina, Destiny made a loud moan and then wrapped her legs around his waist, "You may hold me," she said.

Dino held Destiny's buttocks and thrust his penis hard and fast while Destiny rested on his waist and wrapped her arms around his neck. She moaned aloud and yelled when Dino forcefully banged hard.

Claire watched and could tell Dino was in a trance, moving his penis fast in furious motions while Destiny incited him with loud moans and yells.

"Give it to me, baby, yes, yes, yes," Destiny shouted.

Dino violently banged as if he punished Destiny, and suddenly, he stopped. He pressed his penis deep into Destiny's vagina, made a groaning sound like a wounded animal, and released his load into the heat of Destiny's body.

Destiny was quiet, hugging Dino's head and kissing him gently all over his face, "Let go of me," she finally said in a low voice.

They stood facing each other with Dino's hands on the back and Destiny's arms around his neck. Destiny waited until she felt Dino's penis softened and ordered, "Get down and lick off your cum."

Dino dropped to his knees and licked Destiny's vagina lovingly. Destiny ran her fingertips through his hair and ordered, "That's enough. You may thank me now."

Dino went down, kissed Destiny's feet, and shouted, "Thank you for teaching me obedience."

Destiny seemed satisfied, "Get out," she ordered in a low voice. Dino, tuned to Destiny's whims, left the room, moving on all fours as fast as he could.

Destiny poured a glass of wine and took a big gulp. She then picked up her dress and walked out of the living room, saying behind her back, "I'll be right back."

About ten minutes later, Destiny returned to the living room. She looked refreshed with a change of clothes, wearing shorts and a loose top, and put her hair in a ponytail.

Destiny picked up the restraining bar, cane whip, and a pair of leather handcuffs, "Here is your starter kit," she said with a smile handing it to Claire.

"Why do you need the restraining bar?" Claire wondered out loud.

"You don't want him to move when you whip. It will put you in a less controlling situation if you have to chase him."

"Oh, I see."

“Now listen up, Claire, you need to give the obedient lesson every day. I mean every day. I gave you handcuffs for the first few times until Harrison gets used to having his hands on the back.”

Claire listened intently, nodding her head in understanding.

“You call Harrison and tell him it is lesson time, whip him five times, and make him count. If he doesn’t count, then it becomes six whips. You get the idea?”

“I think so,” Claire said with a smile.

“Good! After you finish whipping, make him kiss your feet or lick them and say, thank you for teaching me obedience.”

“Got it.”

“I would recommend that you’ll have sex with him after the lesson with hands tied on the back. It takes some getting used to fuck without using the hands.”

“Okay.”

“After a few days, you can assess how obedient he is and don’t use the handcuffs.”

Claire looked at Destiny, silently absorbing the instructions.

“You should talk to Harrison a day before you start the lessons and explain what would happen. Remember, Harrison must do it out of his own will. Otherwise, it wouldn’t work.”

“I understand.”

“Good, you are all set. Let me know how it works out.”

“Sure will. May I ask you something?”

“Of course.”

“Why do you want Dino to keep the bathroom door open?”

Destiny laughed, “You see, Claire, by stripping privacy, you shed off all of his resistance and dignity. He is not embarrassed or restrained in your presence. He has no pride left, and he gives away control to you. However,

this rule is good for an advanced relationship. I wouldn't recommend it for the beginning."

"I think that I learned a lot today. I can't wait to start giving obedient lessons," Claire said with a cheerful smile.

"Good luck," Destiny said as she got up, signaling Claire that her time was up.

They hugged at the front door, and Claire walked home in deep thoughts and pondered what would be the best way to approach Harrison.

“Harrison, I wanted to talk to you about something,” Claire said during dinner.

“Shoot.”

“You know the Fem Club that Destiny mentioned to us?”

“Yes, what about it?”

“I would like to join. It sounds like a lot of fun and might spice up our life.”

“Okay, I don’t have a problem with that,” Harrison said with the image of Destiny’s naked body running in his head.

“Well, Harrison, we cannot join until you become an Obee.”

“And what does that mean?”

“It means that you need to obey whatever I order,” Claire said, point blanc.

“Hmmm,” Harrison made an uncommitted expression.

“We could start with an obedient lesson, and if you don’t like it, we won’t do it.”

“That sounds fair. What is an obedient lesson?”

“It is what they call an Obee session, you are naked, and I spank you five times while you count each spank.”

“That’s it?”

“Well, almost, after the spanking, you have to say thank you for teaching me obedience,” Claire said, omitting the small detail about kissing her feet.

“Okay.”

“Say it.”

“Now?”

“Yes, say it.”

“Thank you for teaching me obedience.”

“That was very good. We can start tomorrow after work.”

“Okay.”

Claire got up and hugged Harrison, "You are my sweet baby," she said and kissed him. Harrison smiled and kissed her back.

"I have some work I need to do," Harrison said with a sigh.

"Sure, honey, go ahead."

Claire chose a tight mini dress, nothing underneath, and new high heel pumps for the obedience lesson the following evening.

"Harrison, lesson time, come over here," Claire called.

Harrison showed up in the living room and looked at his wife with appreciation. She looked sexy in high heels and generous cleavage.

"Undress, for me, baby," Claire said as she picked up the cane whip and watched her husband.

Harrison smiled and undressed with no hesitations.

Claire handed him the restraining bar, "Tie it to your ankles," she ordered confidently.

Harrison naked and Claire dressed, holding a whip, clearly defined the roles they agreed to play.

Claire handcuffed Harrison's wrists and then whipped through the air, making a swish sound with each movement.

"You remember what you need to do?"

"I think so," Harrison meekly responded.

Claire swung her arm, and the cane hit Harrison's ass with a loud swish sound.

"Ouch!" Harrison cry. Claire smiled with satisfaction. She felt good and in control and waited for Harrison to count. After a few seconds, Claire stepped in front of Harrison and ran her palm over his face, "You didn't count, baby. Now we need to repeat the first count, don't we?"

Harrison did not say a word, but his penis hardened and proudly stuck out erect.

Claire hit again. This time Harrison said, "One."

Claire stepped in front of him and ran her fingertips over his erect cock, "I want to hear it louder," she said in a quiet voice.

Harrison nodded, and when Claire hit again, he counted, "Two," loud and clear.

Claire smiled to herself. It is working, she thought happily and hit again. After Harrison counted to five, Claire removed the retraining bar and stood in front of Harrison, pointing her index finger down.

"I want you to kiss my feet and thank me," she ordered.

"What?"

Claire did not respond. She whipped Harrison's ass as hard as she could, hearing his scream of pain with contentment.

"Do what I order," she shouted and hit him again.

Harrison felt helpless with tied hands, "Okay," he succumbed, dropping down and kissing Claire's feet.

"I don't hear anything," Claire said with another hard smack.

"Thank you for teaching me obedience," Harrison said in a weak voice.

"Louder!" And cane made another swish sound on its way to Harrison's butt.

"Thank you for teaching me obedience," Harrison shouted.

"Again!"

Harrison repeated.

"Again!" Claire made Harrison repeat several times until she was satisfied.

"Get up," Claire ordered, dropping the whip on the floor.

Harrison stood up with an erect penis. Claire smiled and gently stroked the hard cock, looking into Harrison's eyes,

"You did very well, Harrison. I am proud of you."

Harrison felt new emotions running through his body. It was a feeling of gratification and a desire to please Claire.

Claire stepped back and slowly removed her dress, standing naked in high heels.

Harrison looked at her with awe. Claire looked like a goddess with a beautifully smooth, hairless crotch.

Claire smiled at Harrison and played with her clit, “You want to kiss?” she teased.

Harrison couldn’t speak. He just nodded with excitement.

Claire grabbed Harrison’s cock and pulled him after her to the sofa. She leaned on the arm of the couch and lifted her legs, spreading them wide.

“Come and get it,” she giggled.

Harrison bent and licked those delicate lips with hands tied on the back, then thrust his tongue up and down her vagina frantically.

Claire moaned loud the way Destiny did and watched Harrison with joy. She could tell that he was aroused to the max, and she gently lifted him by the hair and guided his erect cock inside her warm wet vagina.

Harrison acted swiftly. He shoved his cock in and banged with strenuous, almost furious movements. Claire yelled with delight, enjoying Harrison’s energetic motions.

They moved in sync. Harrison moaned and groaned, and Claire yelled and screamed, “Yes, yes, yes!.”

Claire came first. It was an incredible climax, and a few seconds later, Harrison ejaculated with a loud sound of “Ohhhh.” It was an orgasm Harrison had never felt before.

Panting, Claire hugged Harrison and uncuffed him. Harrison hugged her and kissed her passionately. They stood embraced in silence until Harrison's penis softened and slid out.

Then, Claire held Harrison's hand and led him to the shower without a word. They washed each other, wiped, and then went downstairs for dinner, which they both ate with a good appetite.

The next day was Saturday. Claire and Harrison didn’t talk much but smiled at each other with newly founded understanding. Then, at lunchtime, Claire

exclaimed, "Harrison, I forgot to tell you, we are going out tonight with Betty and Mike. It is Mike's birthday."

"Oh, no," Harrison said. Harrison didn't like Mike, a stockbroker that always talked to Harrison about buying stocks.

"It is a dance club. It will be fun," Claire comforted with a hug.

"Mike is always pushing me to buy stocks," Harrison complained.

"Oh, poor baby, what if I give an obedience lesson before we go out?" Claire giggled.

Harrison smiled, "Yes, that would help."

That evening Harrison counted adequately and kissed Claire's feet with enthusiasm.

Claire stripped and bent over for him. They both climaxed to new highs.

After a shower, they dressed and went out to meet their friends. They felt comfortable and chatted happily with Betty, Mike, and two other couples.

Mike did not annoy Harrison for the first time, and Harrison wasn't sure if it was because he felt good or because Mike toned down.

After dinner, a band played dance music. Claire turned to Harrison, "Dance with me," she said with a challenging smile. Harrison led her on the dance floor, swirling her with ease. They smiled at each other intimately, enjoying their new closeness.

"Where did you learn to dance like that?" Betty demanded when Harrison and Claire returned to the table.

Claire burst into laughter, "I told you about the dancing at Destiny's house, didn't I?"

"Oh, yes, Destiny," Betty sarcastically said but looked at Claire with an envious stare.

Claire and Harrison made love when they came home and fell asleep instantly. On Sunday, they went to the beach and lay lazily in the sun in comfortable silence.

In the evening, Claire called Harrison for the obedient lesson.

Claire felt confident and in control, "I won't tie your hands today," she said with an amused smile.

"Okay."

"Put your hands up."

'Swish,' the whip sounded. "Ouch," Harrison cried, but he kept his hands up, and his penis hardened.

After five whips, Claire stepped in front of Harrison and pointed her index finger down. Harrison understood. He dropped down and kissed Claire's feet lovingly. Then, he said thank you for teaching me in a loud, clear voice.

Claire smiled with contentment, "Lick," she ordered quietly.

Harrison responded enthusiastically, licking Claire's velvety feet in high heels without hesitation or embarrassment. Instead, Harrison felt good at Claire's feet as if subservience was natural.

While engrossed with Claire's feet, Harrison felt Claire's dress landing on his head.

"Take it off for me," Harrison heard Claire's quiet voice. Harrison held the dress down, and Claire stepped out of the dress. Something erotic and arousing happened when he bent at Claire's feet and helped her out of the dress, and Harrison felt his hard penis jerking.

"Get on all fours," Claire ordered and watched Harrison intently as she stepped back and sat comfortably on the sofa.

Harrison stood on all fours looking at Claire, craving to touch her.

"Come here," she ordered, watching Harrison as he moved on all fours toward her.

"In here," Claire said, tapping on her clit and spreading her legs wide. Harrison lunged at her, licking and sucking those delicious vagina lips with moans of pleasure.

Claire leaned on the back of the sofa, enjoying Harrison's rapid tongue movements, and then she ordered him up on his feet and grabbed his cock, rubbing the penis head over her wet vagina, gently spreading the lips open.

“Keep your hands on the back,” Claire reminded Harrison as she saw him heavily breathing, ready for action.

Harrison nodded, and Claire inserted his penis head inside her, keeping the rest of his cock outside. She rotated the penis, teasing Harrison to see if he kept his hands back.

Harrison made loud sounds of torture. He was fired up and wanted to move freely, but he let Claire control his movements submissively.

Claire loved the newly found power she had over Harrison. She pulled the penis out of her vagina and ran her thumb in circles over his sensitive penis head, enjoying the sounds Harrison made with heavy breaths. She then lifted her legs, removed the shoes, and ordered, “hold my ankles.”

Harrison held her ankles, spreading the legs wide.

Claire inserted the penis head again, “Lick,” she whispered, curling her toes and letting go of the penis.

Harrison shoved his penis quickly and started to pump, frantically licking Claire’s soles.

“Yes, yes, fuck me,” Claire yelled as they both moved in synch. Harrison's cock sent vibrations through Claire’s body. She loved how he fucked her with ferocity and excitement, tingling her feet.

They climaxed together. Claire cried with happiness. She discovered new highs she hadn’t felt before. And after a short break, she said, “Let go of my legs, hug me.”

Harrison bent and hugged and kissed Claire with a passion he hadn’t felt for a long time, and Claire reciprocated. There were new emotions they both felt that created an intimacy that had never been there for them.

They lay on the sofa, kissing and caressing each other for a long time. No words were necessary.

“Did you enjoy the birthday party?” Betty asked during lunch after the tennis match.

“It was nice. Mike looked happy.”

“Yes, he was. I think he made a bundle in the stock market,” Betty laughed.

“That would do it,” Claire smiled.

“You and Harrison looked like a newlywed. What’s going on?”

“Oh, nothing much,” Claire fended off.

“Claire!” Betty admonished. She knew that Claire was hiding something.

There is no way that Claire could tell Betty about their obedience games,

“Oh, we just decided to jump-start our relationship.”

“Really?” Betty did not buy it.

“Yes.”

“Okay, Claire, one day you will come to me with the real story,” Betty said bitterly.

Claire didn’t respond and changed the subject.

After lunch, she stopped by Destiny’s house.

“How are the lessons going?” Destiny inquired.

“It is going very well,” Claire gushed, “Our sex life improved significantly.”

“I am glad to hear that. I take that Harrison likes to be obedient.”

“It turns him on,” Claire smiled happily, “And I don’t need to use the handcuffs anymore.”

“Very good. You keep the lessons every day. Try to do it at the same time if possible.”

“Okay. So you think we are ready for a club meeting?”

“We call it a club session. I think that you are on the right track. Let me know on Thursday how it worked. I would recommend that you stop making love after the lesson until Thursday. Okay?”

“Yes, sure.”

“And practice moving on all fours.”

“Hmmm, yes, sure.”

“Is there a problem?” Destiny sensed that Claire wasn’t comfortable.

“Well, if I don’t reward him with sex, how do I practice moving on all fours.”

“You make him move on all fours before the whipping.”

“Okay.”

“I’ll see you on Thursday,” Destiny said, hinting that the conversation was over.

That evening Claire called Harrison for the lesson and ordered him to get on all fours.

“Come with me,” Claire said and walked to the guest room with Harrison naked on all fours behind her.

Claire stopped in front of a large mirror she had prepared earlier, “Stand up,” she ordered.

Harrison was quiet and responsive to her commands and stood in front of the mirror looking at Claire, who positioned herself behind him.

“Hands up,” Claire hissed, and then the whip cut through the air with a loud swish sound and hit Harrison's ass.

Harrison winced and counted. He watched Claire lifting her arm as she prepared for another smack. Something was exciting about watching Claire whipping; by the time he counted five, his cock was hard as a rock.

Claire pointed her finger down, and Harrison dropped down, licking her feet and thanking her for teaching obedience. Then, after a few announcements, Claire turned and left the room without a word, leaving Harrison with his tongue hanging out.

Claire repeated the same routine in the next couple of days. Harrison was disappointed but didn’t question Claire’s motives.

On Thursday, Claire visited Destiny.

“You made him move on all fours?” Destiny asked.

“Yes, we started in the living room, and then I walked to the guest room with Harrison behind me on all fours.”

“And how did he respond to the whipping after that?”

“I think that he responded well. His cock was super hard,” Claire giggled.

“Sounds good to me, Claire.”

“So, can we join the club?” Claire asked anxiously.

“I need to check Harrison myself and explain the rules of a club session. I usually do the obedience lesson with prospective club members and do the whipping to Harrison. Is that okay?”

“Oh, sure, no problem.”

“Could you come over after dinner on Saturday night?”

“We could, but I would like to invite you to our home. I’ll make a nice dinner for the four of us.”

“You would do that?”

“It would be my pleasure.”

“Okay, what time do you usually have dinner?”

“Around six o’clock.”

“Very well, Claire. We’ll be there at six o’clock.”

“Great!” Claire smiled broadly.

Claire did not tell Harrison about the Saturday night plan right away. Instead, she made a plan for dinner at their favorite restaurant on Friday evening.

After the obedient lesson, they went out for dinner.

“I want to talk to you about something,” Claire said during dinner.

“Oh-oh,” Harrison said with a smile.

“I invited Destiny and Dino for dinner tomorrow night.”

“That sounds great, Claire.”

“Yes, I know, but there is a caveat.”

“Claire, just tell me what’s on your mind,” Harrison said impatiently.

“You know about Destiny’s Fem Club I want to join, right?”

“Yes, right.”

“So Destiny wants to check on you and see if you are ready.”

“If I am ready,” Harrison repeated sarcastically.

“Yes, she wants to give you the obedience lesson.”

“Is that it?” Harrison smiled, amused at the thought of Destiny whipping him.

“That’s all she told me, but you know how Destiny is. There might be more.”

“I am sure there will be,” Harrison said confidently, thinking Destiny had something else under her sleeve.

“So, do you have a problem with that?”

“Do you?”

“I don’t, but I want to make sure that you behave because I want to join the club.”

“I’ll do my best,” Harrison said, laughing lightheartedly.

Claire looked at Harrison and smiled affectionately, “Let’s go dancing after dinner,” she said. And it was not a suggestion or question.

Harrison nodded, smiling. Claire was in control and decided what to do, which was okay with him.

They went to a nearby nightclub, had a couple of drinks, danced, kissed, and had fun. After that, Harrison couldn’t wait to get home. He hadn’t had sex with Claire for the last few days and was horny.

As they entered their house, Harrison picked up Claire and carried her upstairs, enjoying the ringing of Claire’s laughing. But when they reached the bedroom, Claire took control.

“Put me down,” she ordered. She then stepped back, “Undress.”

Harrison tore his clothes as quickly as he could while Claire slowly stripped her dress. He watched his beautiful wife, naked in high heels, and as Claire pointed her finger down in a silent commanding gesture, Harrison dropped at her feet and licked them with desire.

“Kiss up to my kitty,” Claire whispered. Harrison liked the game Claire played and slowly kissed her legs and thighs until he reached her vagina, which was already wet. He sucked those delicate lips enjoying Claire’s moaning sound.

It was Claire who couldn’t hold it anymore, “Fuck me,” she cried between moans and stepped back, falling on the bed with a laugh as Harrison jumped on top of her and, without preliminaries, shoved his stone- cock into her moist inviting body.

They kissed passionately, changed rhythm in sync, and reached climax. Then, they lay side by side, panting, calming down slowly.

Harrison began again after a short break, kissing and arousing Claire with his fingers over her clit.

“Again?” Claire laughed joyfully.

“You starved me. It is time for payback.”

“I should starve you more often,” Claire announced, laughing cheerily.

Harrison did not reply. He thrust his stiff cock into Claire’s vagina forcefully and banged hard.

“I like payback,” Claire whispered in Harrison’s ear, mewling with delight.

The doorbell rang at six o'clock the following evening. Harrison rushed to open the door and gasped when he saw Destiny. She wore a purple dress that clung on her waist, split at the navel, and covered each breast separately, ending with a bow tie at the back of her neck. The lower part of the dress was flowy and short, showing her glorious long legs in purple high-heel pumps.

"Are you going to invite us in?" Destiny asked, amused at Harrison's stare.

"Oh, yes, of course, please come in," Harrison said, noticing Dino for the first time, standing silently behind Destiny.

They walked into the living where Claire greeted Destiny with a hug and offered a glass of wine.

Destiny sipped the wine and looked around the room, "What is that?" she asked with curiosity, pointing at a device with old radio tubes.

"Oh, that is my stereo amplifier," Harrison quickly explained.

Destiny nodded and scanned through the CDs on the shelves above the stereo equipment, "It is all classical music," she commented.

"Oh, yes, Harrison is a big fan of classical music," Claire said in a complaining tone.

Destiny smiled gently and turned to Harrison, "Could you play for me a piece that you like?"

"Sure," Harrison said and pulled a CD from the shelf.

"I am going to prepare dinner," Claire announced in protest. Harrison's music bored her.

Harrison turned on the stereo equipment, and the music sounded from two large loudspeakers.

"What are we listening to?" Destiny asked with interest.

"This is Tchaikovsky piano concerto number one."

"Could you explain the music to me?" Destiny said, her green eyes sparkling.

Harrison explained, "You hear that this is the orchestra introducing the first subject," then a pause, "And now the piano responding to the orchestra and makes variations of the tune." Harrison continued with enthusiasm.

Destiny sat on the sofa and nodded her head, listening with interest.

Claire's voice sounded from the dining room at the end of the first movement, "Dinner is ready!"

Harrison paused the CD player and smiled at Destiny, "Did you like it?"

"Yes, it is a beautiful piece."

"One of my favorites. Perhaps we can continue later and listen to the rest of the concerto."

"Oh, that wasn't the end?"

"No," Harrison smiled kindly, "It was just the first movement which is longest, but there are two more movements a bit shorter."

They reached the dinner table, and the conversation changed to other subjects. Harrison enjoyed watching Destiny's beautiful face as she laughed cheerily, smiled, and made small talk with Claire. Dino was quiet and made short comments now and then.

At the end of the meal, they moved back to the living room, and Destiny took charge, "Harrison," she called, "Did Claire explain to you that we practice today a club session?"

"Yes."

"We'll do today a dry run so that you would know what to expect and what is expected from you."

"Okay," Harrison said, feeling all eyes staring at him.

"First, when you walk into the clubroom, you undress and wait on your knees for your Fem to get you."

"Okay," Harrison mumbled.

"Do it now, you and Dino," Destiny said while sitting comfortably in a chair.

Dino got up, stepped to the other side of the room, and undressed. Harrison watched and followed suit.

Destiny winked at Claire, who sat beside her, smiling at the view of the two men standing on their knees naked at the far wall of the living room.

“Claire, I am going to get Dino,” Destiny explained in a low voice, “You stay here until I return, and then you’ll go and get Harrison.”

“Got it,” Claire smiled with delight.

Destiny got up and stood in front of Dino. She pointed her finger down, and Dino went on all fours. Destiny turned and walked back to the chair, with Dino following her on all fours. When Destiny sat in the chair, Dino stood on his knees next to her.

“You do it now,” Destiny said to Claire.

Claire approached Harrison, pointed her index finger down, and walked back with Harrison following her on all fours. Then Harrison stood on his knees next to her chair. To his surprise, Harrison did not feel embarrassed moving on all fours and being naked in front of the two fully dressed women.

Destiny observed Harrison and then continued, “The first thing that we do in the clubroom is the introduction of the participants, and each couple performs their obedient lesson for the view of the others. However, the show is only for the Fems, and the Obees are not allowed to watch.”

Harrison and Claire watched Destiny as she ordered Dino to lock the restraining bar on his ankles and raise his arms. When Dino was ready, Destiny got up from the chair and looked at Claire, “Order Harrison to stand on his knees in front of you, with head between your legs.”

Claire felt ecstatic. She slapped Harrison's face with her palm to get his attention, “Get in here,” she ordered, widening the gap between her legs.

Harrison silently stood on his knees, looking straight at Claire's crotch while Claire patted his head and rubbed her clit that peeked from the short dress teasingly. She loved being dominant and playing with her husband as Destiny did.

“One,” Harrison heard Dino counting, then another swish sound, “Two,” Dino announced. There was a pause, and Harrison could see what was happening a minute later; he heard Dino continue counting to five and then the familiar thank you for teaching me obedience.

Another pause. And then Harrison heard Destiny's voice, “In the club session, Claire would give the lesson to you, Harrison, but today I'll do it. So get on all fours and come here.”

Harrison turned and moved on all fours and stopped in front of Destiny, who stood tall on high heels tapping the whip on her palm.

“Claire, order Dino to get between your legs,” Destiny said while looking into Harrison's eyes.

Claire merrily complied. “Dino, come here,” she ordered.

“Yes, Miss Claire,” Dino replied and moved on all fours stopping in front of Claire.

Claire lifted her dress and gently pulled Dino's head between her legs, “Lick,” she whispered, sitting comfortably, ready to watch Destiny giving an obedient lesson to her husband.

Destiny ordered Harrison to tie up the restraining bar and stand with hands in the air and stood next to him, lifted her arm, and whipped his ass.

“One,” Harrison announced cheerfully, happy that the whiplash wasn't painful.

Destiny hid a smile. She lifted her arm and whipped again. The cane hit Harrison's ass at the same spot. It stung, inflicting pain. “Two,” Harrison said through his teeth.

“I couldn't hear it well,” Destiny said as she ran her palm over the sore ass.

“Two,” Harrison shouted. Destiny let it go. She stepped back and whipped again. The cane landed on Harrison's ass over the red line of the previous two whiplashes. Harrison made a loud “Ouch” and immediately corrected himself, shouting “Three.”

Claire, humming with pleasure, watched with interest how Destiny used the cane and how Harrison reacted.

And then Destiny hit again over the same red spot on Harrison's ass, inflecting sharp pain. Harrison screamed "Four" and reflexively lowered his arms briefly.

Destiny stepped in front of Harrison, who quickly put his arms up, "Did you lower your hands, Harrison," Destiny asked sweetly.

"Yes, Destiny," Harrison admitted.

Destiny slapped his face hard, "In the clubroom, you call me Miss Destiny."

"I am sorry, Miss Destiny," Harrison quickly reacted.

"Tell me, Harrison, did I tell you to lower your arms?"

"No, Miss Destiny."

Possessively, Destiny ran her palm over Harrison's cheek, looking into his eyes, "We'll have to count to seven now, don't we, Harrison?"

Harrison bit his tongue and submissively replied, "Yes, Miss Destiny."

Destiny stepped back and continued to whip. Each smack was more painful than the previous, but Harrison was determined to show Destiny how good he was and kept his hands up while counting aloud.

"Very good," Destiny complemented after the seventh whiplash, "You may lower your arms." Harrison smiled proudly, and Claire sighed with relief, grabbing Dino's hair and gliding his tongue up and down her vagina.

Destiny ordered Harrison to remove the restraining bar and pointed her index finger down. Harrison dropped to his knees and bent at her feet, thanking her, licking her smooth, creamy feet with apparent pleasure.

"Get up on your knees," Destiny ordered when she was satisfied with Harrison's thank-you ritual.

Harrison stood on his knees, hands on the back, watching Destiny with awe as she undid the bow tie at the back of the neck and let the dress fall clinging to her waist, revealing round, firm breasts with perkily pink nipples teasingly pointing up. She smiled at Harrison and shook her hips, sliding the dress down her long legs till it fell on the floor.

Standing naked in high heels, Destiny looked Harrison in the eyes and said, "During club sessions, the Fems are responsible that each Obee will come

at least once, and often, the Obees get to come more than once. But, of course, each Fem does it the way she likes.”

With Dino's head between her legs, Claire watched and listened as Destiny approached Harrison, bent, getting closer boring her eyes.

“You want to come for me, don’t you, Harrison,” Destiny said in a low, conspiring voice.

Harrison's heart beat fast, and his erect cock jerked, “Yes, Miss Destiny,” he managed to answer, lost in the green of Destiny’s eyes.

Destiny turned around, clasped Harrison's penis between her legs, straightened up, and pulled her ass cheeks. Without further instruction, Harrison lunged at her, licking the ass crack and those delicate lips that swelled out from her vagina. Then, he moved his penis between the smooth legs that pressed his cock like a vice.

“Fuck me, Harrison,” Destiny whispered as she ran her fingertips through Harrison’s hair sending electric sparks through his body.

At that moment, Claire slid forward in her chair, “Get in my ass, Dino,” she said. Claire made low sounds of contentment as she felt Dino’s tongue circulate the rim of her butt opening while watching Destiny handle her husband effortlessly.

Harrison loved Destiny’s scent and the taste in his mouth. He sucked the vagina lips and moved his penis excitedly, feeling waves of prickles progressing his penis as it brushed Destiny’s legs.

“Faster,” Destiny cried, pulling Harrison’s head forcefully into her ass, “Yes, just like that.”

Harrison was in a trance, and nothing existed in the world at that moment but Destiny’s voice.

“I’ll count down for you, and when I reach one, you come for me,” Destiny's soothing voice sounded in Harrison's ears like magic words.

Destiny did not wait for Harrison's acknowledgment. Instead, confident in her power, she started to count, “Ten, nine, eight.” Sometimes she paused short and sometimes waited long between the counts.

When she counted “Three,” Harrison breathed with short and exciting intakes. Destiny spread her legs, giving Harrison better access to her private parts, and after a minute, she stepped back, turned, and grabbed his hard penis with her hand, stroking gently.

“Two,” Destiny counted, stroking faster with more pressure.

“And, One!” Destiny removed her hand and watched.

Harrison groaned, and his erect penis jolted in free air. The penis head pulsed as the slit opened and closed rapidly, and then a jet of semen spurted out right into Destiny’s waiting hand.

Claire thought that Destiny was fantastic the way she made Harrison ejaculate, and she pulled her ass cheeks and directed Dino to stick his tongue deep inside her asshole, smiling with indulgence.

Destiny looked at Harrison with a conquering smile. She brought her hand covered with his semen in front of his face, “Clean,” she said in a quiet voice.

Harrison did not move.

Destiny did not like it. She grabbed Harrison's hair with the other hand and kicked his testicles hard. Harrison screamed from the pain, but Destiny ignored his cry. Instead, she pulled up his head by the hair and kicked again, inflecting sharp pain.

Harrison got the message, and when Destiny put up her semen-covered palm in front of his face again, Harrison bent his head and took one lick, then another and another until Destiny’s hand was clean.

“Get on all fours,” Destiny ordered when she was satisfied with Harrison’s clean-up. She then turned to Claire, “We are going to the bathroom. You take care of Dino any way you like.”

“I sure will,” Claire smiled happily.

“Let’s go,” Destiny said as she kicked Harrison’s ass lightly.

Harrison walked on all fours to the guest room, the closest bathroom to the living room. Destiny picked up her dress and the tote bag and followed Harrison into the bathroom.

“Take a shower,” Destiny ordered, watching Harrison getting up and into the shower stall.

After rinsing his body, as Harrison turned off the water, Destiny stepped into the shower wearing a strap-on dildo.

“We need to clean your rectum,” she said with a cheerful smile as she rubbed soap lather on the dildo.

Harrison looked at her, speechless.

“Turn around, put your hands on the wall,” Destiny instructed. And then she shoved the dildo into Harrison's butt hole.

Harrison gasped with surprise but relaxed as he felt Destiny's breasts pressing on his back and her palm wrapped over his hardening penis.

Destiny pumped the dildo and stroked Harrison's cock, simultaneously rubbing her nipples on Harrison's back.

Harrison was aroused. His penis hardened like a rock, and he moaned in a low voice clenching his fists.

“I know that you want to come for me again,” Destiny talked into Harrison's ear, “But I won't let you yet.”

Destiny removed her hand from Harrison's cock, paused for a second, and then pushed him onto the wall with the dildo deep inside his ass.

“You want to join the Fem Club and be a good Obee?” Destiny asked, pressing her body on Harrison's back, pushing until Harrison's head turned sideways.

“Yes, I want to,” Harrison said weakly, but he enjoyed the pressure of Destiny's breasts on his back.

“There are two basic rules you need to follow, obey any of the Fems during club sessions and no talking to another Obee. Do you understand?”

“Yes.”

“Repeat the two rules,” Destiny demanded.

“Obey the Fems in the session and no talking to another Obee.”

Destiny was satisfied with Harrison's reply and moved back, releasing the pressure. She grabbed Harrison's cock again and started to move the dildo rapidly. Harrison responded instantly, his penis hardening like a rock, and his breaths got shorter with low moans.

Destiny's hand worked magic on Harrison's penis, stroking and twisting, and when she felt that Harrison was ready, she pushed the dildo deep, kept it still, and stroked Harrison's penis head with gentle rotating motions.

"Come for me," she whispered in his ear, "Give it to me now, all of it!"

Harrison made a short cry and ejaculated for the second time. Destiny changed her stroking pattern and moved her hand over the entire length of Harrison's penis after he ejaculated, making Harrison tremor with pleasure.

And then it was over. Destiny pulled out the dildo and unfastened the harness. She handed it to Harrison. "Get out, clean it, and wait for me on your knees," she ordered sternly.

Harrison waited in the bathroom, watching Destiny taking a shower. Finally, Destiny got out and wiped herself with her back to Harrison. When she finished, she turned around and said, "Dress me."

Harrison picked up the dress. Staying on his knees, he held it open as Destiny inserted her legs. Destiny picked up the dress from her waist and tied it behind her neck. "Shoes," Destiny said quietly.

Harrison grabbed her pumps and held one shoe as Destiny gallantly slid her foot into the shoe, and then he repeated for the other foot. Harrison desired to serve Destiny and didn't feel humiliated by how she treated him. Instead, standing on his knees, he enjoyed watching her admirably.

Destiny examined herself in the mirror and pulled a hairbrush from the tote bag, combing her red hair gently, then fixing a bit of eye mascara, behaving as if Harrison did not exist. When she finished, she walked out of the bathroom and said behind her back, "On four, Harrison."

Harrison followed her obediently to the living room, where Claire was sitting on the sofa with a dreamy look while Dino was licking her feet.

"Is Dino good?" Destiny inquired with a smile.

“Ah-ha,” Claire responded without getting into details of how she made Dino follow her on all fours to the sofa, where she inserted his big cock inside her and had an orgasm that made her vagina drip. Claire smiled at the memory of how she had Dino wipe dry her vagina and then stroked his cock and counted down. Dino was obedient and ejaculated all over her crotch and then licked it off clean. Claire just loved to order him what to do.

“Good,” Destiny said, bringing Claire back to reality, “I think we finished our tasks today. So, Harrison and Dino, you may get dressed. The session is over.”

Dino moved on all four to his clothes, and Harrison followed suit. The men dressed and joined the girls. They had another glass of wine, and Destiny made small talk as if nothing had happened earlier.

Suddenly, Destiny turned to Harrison, “Can we listen to the rest of the concerto?”

“Yes, Miss Destiny,” Harrison said.

“You don’t need to call me Miss. You do that only during a club session.”

“Oh, okay, Destiny,” Harrison smiled as he turned on the amplifier.

“Dino,” Claire called, “Let’s dip in the pool.”

“Sure,” Dino said as Destiny nodded at him with approval.

“Sit next to me,” Destiny said after Claire and Dino left, patting the seat next to her on the sofa.

Harrison started the second movement and sat next to Destiny, explaining the piano variations.

Destiny pulled her hair behind her ear, “Talk to my ear, Harrison,” she said.

Harrison moved closer, talking into Destiny’s ear, inhaling her scent pleurably. Destiny grabbed Harrison’s hand and placed it on her thigh, listening with interest as Harrison interjected an explanation each time a new theme or variation started talking in a low voice into her ear. It was a fantastic feeling of intimacy for Harrison, with his palm resting on Destiny’s toned thigh.

Destiny hugged Harrison and kissed him quickly when the music ended, playfully inserting her tongue into his mouth, "That was wonderful, Harrison, thank you," Destiny said sincerely.

Harrison was stunned. It was a brief touch that he didn't have a chance to respond to, but it made him quiver. He recovered quickly and said grandiosely, "Oh, not at all," thinking how different and affectionate Destiny's manners were.

"Let's see what Claire and Dino are up to," Destiny interrupted Harrison's thoughts getting up on her feet.

They went out to the pool, watching Claire and Dino swimming side by side, chasing a water ball.

"Dino," Destiny called, "Time to go home."

Dino got out of the pool immediately. Claire stayed in the water and said, "Harrison, why don't you see them out and then come back here."

Harrison nodded. Destiny and Dino said goodbye to Claire and walked to the front door with Harrison.

"It was a great evening," Destiny said and hugged Harrison, "I'll see you soon at the Fem Club."

Harrison said goodbye politely to Dino, trying to hide the erection he got from Destiny's hug, and then went back to the pool.

"Hop in," Claire chirped. Harrison stripped and jumped into the water.

Claire stood in the shallow water, waiting for Harrison. She hugged him and checked his penis, and Harrison was hard again, to her satisfaction. Claire inserted his cock inside her and wrapped her legs around Harrison's waist and arms around his neck. She looked into his eyes, smiling,

"Did you have a good time tonight?"

"Yes, it was nice."

Claire swirled her groin, brushing Harrison's penis with her vagina, "What did Destiny do in the bathroom?"

"Oh, she just explained to me the rules of the Fem Club."

“What rules?”

“Obey the Fems and no talking to other men.”

“That’s it?”

“Yes.”

Claire looked at her husband and knew he was hiding other details, but she didn’t push. She had her secrets about what she did with Dino.

“I hoped she let us join the club,” Claire said, riding Harrison's penis up and down.

“Oh yes, she accepted us,” Harrison said with confidence.

“how do you know?”

“Because she said to me, see you in the Fem Club when we said goodbye.”

“Really!” Claire cried happily.

“Yes.”

“Oh, Harrison, I am so happy. I want to see what the club is all about. I am sure that it will be a blast.”

“Well, I think you got your wish.”

Claire did not respond. She moved her body up and down Harrison’s hard penis, hugging him tightly. Harrison countered her moves, silently making love. They passionately kissed and moved in sync until they reached the climax with moans of pleasure.

Harrison stood panting, recovering from another orgasm, and then Claire held his hand and got out of the pool. They walked hand in hand upstairs to their bedroom and took a shower without a word as they felt a new level of closeness enveloping them.

Claire kissed Harrison, “Goodnight,” she said and turned, lying on her side.

“Goodnight,” Harrison reciprocated as he wrapped his arm around Claire's waist and pressed his chest into her back.

Claire clasped Harrison’s hand and interlaced fingers. Then, she closed her eyes and instantly fell asleep.

On Monday, Claire knocked on Destiny's door after lunch with Betty.

"Come in," Destiny invited with a broad, friendly smile. Claire smiled back and walked in gingerly.

"Sit down, Claire," Destiny invited, "Would you like to drink something?"

"No, thank you, I just stopped by to see how you liked the session on Saturday night."

"I enjoyed it very much. I think that you and Harrison are ready for a club session. I have an opening tomorrow evening. Would you like to join us?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Great, you'll need to register on my website and pay by five o'clock today. Unfortunately, we don't accept payments at the door."

"Oh, no problem, Destiny."

"Here is my business card," Destiny handed Claire a gold business card, "The website is there."

Claire put the business card carefully in her pocket and got up. "I'll take care of the payment today."

"Great, I'll see you tomorrow at seven o'clock, and do not give the Obee lesson tomorrow. And oh, I almost forgot, dress comfortably, no undergarments."

At the door, Claire hesitated for a second and asked, "Who are the other couples?"

"I can't tell you that, but I can tell you that a couple can schedule only one session in a month, and you would meet new couples every time."

"Oh, okay," Claire said, remembering seeing different people when she watched Destiny's house from the front yard.

Claire looked up Destiny's website at home, registered, and paid immediately with excitement. As soon as Harrison walked in that evening, Claire rushed at him, breaking the news excitedly.

"Wonderful," Harrison replied with a smile, wondering if it was not too soon to get involved with other couples, but he kept the thoughts to himself.

Claire was absorbed with thoughts about Fem Club and almost forgot about the obedience lesson. But she called Harrison much later in the evening, and her whiplashes were light. The following morning she reminded Harrison to come home early and was restless during the day, waiting for time to elapse.

Finally, the time had come. Claire wearing a black strapless mini dress and high heel pumps, knocked on Destiny's door, noticing three cars parked on the circular driveway.

Destiny opened the door with a warm smile, "Welcome," she said, and then instructed, "Come with me."

They walked to a side door that led to stairs down the clubroom. At the bottom of the stairs, Destiny instructed, "Harrison, wait for me here, and you, Claire, come along."

Destiny led Claire to the last empty chair of the four chairs arranged in half circle. "This is Leona," Destiny introduced the girl that sat on a chair next to her. Destiny handed Claire a glass of champagne. "There is more wine, champagne, and food over there," Destiny said, "Feel free to serve yourself."

Harrison stood at the entrance and looked around. The clubroom was a large basement, and four chairs divided the space into two halves. There was a small stage in front of the chairs, and behind it, another chair facing the four. There were shower stalls and toilets on one side, and on the other sidewall, a table with bottles of wine and champagne and an assortment of Hors d'oeuvres.

Harrison turned his head to the other half of the clubroom and was amazed. So many whips were hanging on the walls, chains dropping from the ceiling, and the floor was cluttered with various benches, stools, and thick pads.

"Harrison, come with me," Harrison heard Destiny's voice. He followed Destiny and stopped next to a shower stall. "Undress and wait on your knees here," she said, pointing at a spot on the floor. Harrison nodded while

Destiny stood, watched him undress, and instructed him to hang his clothes on the hooks on the wall and left.

Harrison looked around. A few feet away, he saw other men standing on their knees with hands on the back, and he noticed Claire sitting on the far chair talking to the girl next to her, holding a champagne glass.

Claire sat comfortably in the chair, sipping the bubbly, and talked to Leona, who seemed the same age as her.

“How do you know Destiny?” Leona asked, her brown eyes bored into Claire’s eyes.

“Oh, I am her neighbor. I live up the street.”

“Really! I was Destiny’s neighbor at Emerson Hill,” Leona exclaimed.

“This is my first Fem Club session,” Claire confessed shyly.

“Oh, that is wonderful. Welcome to the club. You are going to love it here. Nice women and obedient men. First-class club.”

Claire wanted to ask her more, but Destiny's voice sounded, “Good evening, everyone.” Claire turned her attention to Destiny, who stood on the low stage dressed in a see-through corset and leather skirt.

“We’ll start first with the introduction. Andrea, please stand up,” a brunette girl with big boobs stood on her feet and smiled at the other women.

“Andrea, please introduce your Obee,” Destiny continued.

Andrea walked to the sidewall and returned with a man moving on all fours behind her. Andrea then sat on the chair and ordered the man to stand on his knees. She pulled his penis and said, “Everyone, this is Victor.”

“Very nice,” Destiny commented and continued, “Carol, please stand up.” A dirty blonde woman stood up, went to get her Obee, Neil, and introduced him to the women.

Next was Leona, who returned to her chair with her Obee, Alf. Finally, Destiny presented Claire, and Harrison obediently moved on all fours and stood on his knees next to her as she introduced him to the other women.

“We’ll start with obedience lesson,” Destiny announced, “Fems, please have your Obee in front of you.” Destiny scanned the room as each woman

ordered her Obee. Claire looked at Leona, who pulled her floppy skirt and had Alfi licking her clit. Claire followed suit, lifting her dress, and had Harrison pleasure her.

“Andrea, please give your lesson,” Destiny said and sat in the chair behind the stage facing the others with Dino between her legs.

Andrea stepped on the stage with Victor on all fours behind her. She then threw the restraining bar in front of Victor, who obediently tied his ankles and stood on his feet with hands up. Next, Andrea picked a flogger with red leather tails and administered five whiplashes. Victor counted loud each whiplash, grimacing from the pain. And then Andrea stepped in front of Victor, ordered him to remove the restraining bar, and pointed her finger down. Victor kissed her feet in high heels and thanked her.

“Very nice, Andrea,” Destiny commented as Andrea walked back to her seat with Victor behind her on all fours.

“Carol, please come up,” Destiny said, sitting comfortably on her chair and smiling pleasantly.

Carol and Neil stepped on the stage. Carol used a long snake whip. Claire watched with interest as Carol swirled the whip in the air and lowered her arm. The black leather tail wrapped around Neil’s torso with a thumping sound.

Carol stepped back a bit and repeated. The whiptail hit Neil's ass, wrapped, and the edge of the tail hit his testicles. Neil made a crying sound and bent but kept his hands up.

Carol stepped back a bit more, rotated the snake in the air, making ‘swish’ sounds, and lowered her arm. The tip of the whiptail hit Neil’s ass but didn’t wrap around. Carol stepped back again and repeated. This time only the end of the tail hit Neil’s butt. Neil made a louder cry. Carol smiled contentiously and rotated the snake fast in the air for the fifth time. She lowered her arm and bent forward. The whiptail smacked across Neil’s ass, leaving a faint red mark.

When Carol pointed her finger down, Neil licked her feet frantically, shouting, “Thank you for teaching me obedience.”

“Excellent, Carol,” Destiny complimented.

Claire took a big gulp of champagne and pulled Harrison forcefully between her legs. It was a fantastic performance, and Claire made a mental note to purchase a snake whip.

Leona went up to the stage and used a rope whip. It looks to Claire that the rope inflicted sharp pain as Alfi winced and cried with every whiplash.

Claire went next and used the cane whip. When she returned to her seat, she asked Leona, “What kind of whip did you use?”

Leona smiled at Claire, “It is a Sisal rope with a wooden handle, my favorite whip. You should try it.”

Claire nodded. She had learned a lot by watching the lessons and made another mental note about the rope whip as she heard Destiny’s voice again.

“Fems, please keep your Obees in front of you.” And after a short pause, she continued, “I would like to introduce a new device that I added to our clubroom, and I’ll demonstrate it for you.”

Dino brought a bench to the stage and lay on top of it on his back. Destiny showed a wide leather belt that she wrapped around Dino's neck. The two ends of the belt had cuffs that Destiny tied to the ankles and then adjusted the length until Dino lay with legs pulled back. His penis and ass were in free air.

Destiny put on a strap-on dildo and shoved it into Dino’s ass without additional explanation.

“One obvious usage of this device you can see,” Destiny explained, stroking Dino's cock, making it solid hard. “But what I like about this position is the freedom to fuck the Obee any way I like.” Destiny pulled out the strap-on and unfastened the harness. She then took off her leather skirt, stood in front of Dino, and inserted his erect cock into her vagina.

“As you can see, I can go up and down, rotate, and push in swirling,” she said, demonstrating the moves. “And what I like most about it is that I can turn around and do the same in the other direction.” Destiny then stood with her back to Dino and inserted his cock into her vagina, lifting her arms and exhibiting the position with broad groin rotation.

The women watched Destiny smiling at each other, "I like that," Carol said to Andrea. "Yes, we should try it," Andrea responded with a laugh.

"Okay, Fem, that is it for demonstration. Feel free to serve yourself drinks and food and have fun," Destiny concluded.

Leona pushed Alfi out of her vagina and turned to Claire, whispering in her ear, "You should try Alfi's cock. It is amazing."

Claire looked at Alfi with renewed interest. His penis was about the same length as Harrison's, but it was much thicker, with blood vessels swelling rigidly throughout the entire span of the penis.

"Sounds good, Leona," Claire replied.

Leona smiled and got up, "Harrison, come with me," she ordered with a commanding voice.

Harrison was puzzled and didn't move. Leona impatiently slapped his face with her palm, "On four!"

Claire looked at Harrison with a slight smile, "You know the rules, Harrison, don't you?"

Harrison nodded and followed Leona on all fours. They stopped in front of a chair that looked like exercise equipment with a long back and a short seat. Leona sat down, pulled her dress up to her waist, and adjusted the seat until Harrison's face was at her crotch height.

"You want to taste my kitty?" Leona teased.

Harrison's stare was fixed on Leona's vagina, and he did not respond. Leona slapped his face hard. Finally, Harrison got the hint and said, "Yes, Miss Leona."

Leona smiled and pulled Harrison's head between her legs, "Long licks from bottom to top," she instructed.

The new experience excited Harrison, who followed Leona's instructions with delight.

"Suck my clit and look at me."

Harrison complied, looking into Leona's brown eyes with desire. Leona tested different than Claire, and it was arousing.

“I think your cock would fit my ass, don’t you think?”

“Yes, Miss Leona.”

“You need to prepare my asshole for your cock, Harrison,” Leona said as she slid down and lifted her legs over Harrison’s shoulders.

Harrison dutifully licked Leona's ass opening. It was a different and exciting experience, and Harrison's penis was hard as a rock. His breaths got shorter.

“Stand on your knees,” Leona instructed, adjusting the seat higher with her ass in front of his penis. She bent and grabbed his cock, stroking it and feeling its hardness.

“You are ready, aren’t you?”

“Yes, Miss Leona,” Harrison said, straining to keep the hands behind his back.

“Okay, Harrison, you may use your hand and stick your cock inside me. Do it slowly.”

Harrison was aroused and eager. He inserted the penis head and slowly moved it in.

“Oh,” Leona moaned happily, “The perfect size for my ass.”

Harrison started to move out and then back in. “Give me your hand, Harrison,” Leona said, leaning on the back of the chair with closed eyes. She placed Harrison’s thumb on her clit, “Massage it and move faster.”

Leona made loud puffs as Harrison thrust his penis forcefully, rubbing Leona’s clit.

“Faster!” Leona cried as her groin moved up and down at the rhythm of Harrison's cock. Then, with excitement and loud puffs, Leona peeled the top of her dress, exposing small breasts with long erect nipples, and removed Harrison’s hand from her clit, leaning forward, pulling Harrison’s head to her chest.

Harrison instinctively and hungrily sucked the erect nipple while moving his penis as fast as he could.

“Yes, yes,” Leona cried excitedly, “Give me your milk, Harrison.”

Harrison couldn't last any longer and ejaculated with a shout. Leona stopped moving. With her eyes closed, she pressed Harrison's face into her chest, mewling quietly.

And then she released Harrison's head, opened her eyes, and smiled, "I knew that your cock would do it," she said as he waved her hand, and a couple of seconds later, Destiny showed up, "Harrison, come with me," Destiny said.

Harrison pulled out of Leona's ass, got on all fours, and followed the long legs in high heels. Destiny led him to the shower stall, ordered him to shower, and then to stand on the knees and wait.

Claire looked around after Leona and Harrison left. She spotted an arm leather chair with a low back in front of a large mirror. "Come with me, Alfi," she said confidently and walked to the chair with Alfi on all fours behind her.

"Get on your knees," Claire said as she placed one foot on the chair's seat and stretched open her vagina, rubbing her clit with her index finger. Then, she looked at Alfi, "In here, Alfi."

Alfi did not disappoint her. He licked and sucked devotedly. It took only a minute for Claire to drip with excitement. Finally, she ordered Alfi to stand on his feet and grabbed his cock. Claire never felt a thick cock like Alfi's and carefully inserted the penis head between her wet lips.

"Push-in," Claire instructed, and Alfi complied, slowly shoving the thick cock into her wet vagina.

What a feeling! Claire was beside herself. Alfi's penis stretched her vagina's walls sending vibrations through her body. Claire lowered her leg, turned around, and bent, holding the chair's arms with her hands.

"Fuck me," she cried.

Alfi stood with hands on the back and thrust his penis into the moist lips entering quickly. He moved his thick cock slow, in and out.

For Claire, it felt like a haven. "You may hold my waist," she said, preparing for more. Alfi held her, and with a swift movement, he banged.

Claire's head was flying out of her body. She moaned loudly, and her body jolted, "Give it to me. Now!" she shouted. A second later, she felt Alfi's warm jet inside her. Then, clouds enveloped her, and Claire couldn't stand on her feet. She turned and dropped on the chair with a thumping sound.

Alfi went down on his knees and licked his cum from Claire's vagina as Claire put her head back, stretching her neck with bliss surrendering to the pleasures Alfi afforded her.

A minute later, destiny materialized next to Claire, "Are you okay?" Destiny asked with concern.

"I am great!"

"Good, perhaps you want to get a drink and have something to eat," Destiny said, turning to Alfi, "Alfi, come with me."

Claire watched Alfi moving on all fours to the showers area. Then, finally, the clouds evaporated, and Claire got up slowly and walked to the buffet table, testing some of the offerings.

"Claire," she heard a voice next to her. Carol was sipping champagne and smiling at her, "How is it going?"

"Nice," Claire replied, looking around. Harrison was on his knees watching the room when Andrea approached him, and then he got on all fours, following Andrea.

"This is my first time here," Claire confided to Carol.

"Really! Come with me. I'll get you a real treat."

Claire walked with Carol to a bench where Victor lay with the belt that Destiny introduced to them.

"Hop on, Claire, I am going to get Neil. Be back in a second."

Claire smiled. She stroked Victor's penis, waiting for Carol wondering what would happen next.

Carol returned with Neil behind her on all fours. "Make Miss Claire's kitty ready for Victor," Carol ordered Neil, who obediently stood on his knees licking with enthusiasm Claire's vagina.

Carol watched them with a smile and asked, "Are you ready for Victor?"

“Ah-ha,” Claire said, aroused by Neil’s touch.

“Go on, sit on Victor’s cock,” Carol said, giggling.

Claire inserted Victor’s cock inside her vagina and heard Carol instructing Neil something. Neil got between Claire’s legs and sucked her clit while Claire moved up and down Victor’s hard cock. Neil latched at her clit, never detaching, moving up and down, and swirling with Claire.

It didn’t take long before Claire had a second orgasm. It was as intense and powerful as the first one with Alfi.

Carol smiled at her, “Are you good now?”

“Oh yes,” Claire said.

“Okay, let me finish with Victor. Neil is already fine,” she quickly added. Claire nodded understanding and watched Carol fit the strap-on harness and fucking Victor while stroking his cock.

Claire looked around and saw Andrea playing with Harrison on the other side of the room. She walked closer. Harrison lay on a thick pad with hands behind his neck. Andrea rode him and hit his chest with a short rod that ended with leather tails. Harrison moaned and jerked with pleasure when Andrea hit him.

Claire stood a few feet behind Harrison's head and watched.

Andrea increased the pace riding faster and hitting Harrison’s chest, and then stopped rotating her groin rapidly, yelling at Harrison, “Are you coming?” Until Harrison shouted that he was coming, his groin jolted as he ejaculated with a shout.

Andrea pulled out and sat on Harrison's face, “Clean your filthy cum,” she shouted angrily. Claire assumed that Harrison was doing an excellent job since Andrea looked satisfied. At that moment, Andrea noticed Claire. She smiled at her while pulling Harrison by his hair into her crotch.

“Hi,” Andrea said.

Claire just smiled at Carol and kept watching her husband licking off Carol’s private parts.

After a short while, Andrea had enough. She got up and approached Claire, "Let's have a drink," she said.

"What about him," Claire said, pointing at Harrison.

"Oh, don't worry about it. Destiny will take care of him," Andrea said and walked away.

Claire nodded with understanding and joined Andrea at the buffet table. A minute later, Carol and Leona joined them.

"So, how was Alfi?" Leona asked with a naughty smile, gulping wine.

"Amazing!" Claire replied with a broad smile.

The girls, fully dressed, chatted, exchanging stories of their experiences.

Claire asked no one in particular, "Why the men move on four?"

Carol laughed and explained, "It is hard to move on the knees, and you don't want them on their feet hovering over you."

"I see," Claire said, and suddenly, a ding dong sounded.

"What is that?"

"It is the end of the session," Carol said, giggling, "Time to get your husband home."

The four men were waiting naked on their knees.

Leona first approached the men, "Alfi, get dressed," she ordered. The other girls followed suit and ordered their Obees to get dressed. Claire noticed that Destiny wasn't around. She just had the men ready and left.

The couples climbed upstairs, where Destiny waited, hugged them, and said goodbye.

Claire and Harrison walked the short distance to their home silently.

Harrison went to his office without a word, and Claire went upstairs, took a shower, and went to bed, her head spinning with thoughts. Harrison came to bed an hour later, and Claire pretended she was asleep.

Claire heard Harrison getting ready for work in the morning but kept her eyes closed. Then, right after he left, she jumped out of bed and opened her laptop. First, she scheduled a date for the next Fem Club meeting four

weeks ahead. Then she searched for an adult book store and found one she liked.

After breakfast, she drove to the adult store. It was a vast store with traditional selections and special sections for males and females. Claire went on a shopping spree. She bought a flogger, long and short snake whips, Sisal rope, and a riding crop, and at the females' section, she bought sexy dresses and high heel shoes.

Claire spent the rest of the day in the pool area. She lay in the sun leisurely, thinking about what had transpired during the club session. Claire didn't know what to expect, but the experience exceeded her wild dreams. She also thought about how other girls used Harrison, and uneasy feeling crippled her. It was a kind of contempt feeling toward Harrison.

Claire brushed those thoughts away. Harrison did what he was supposed to do, and she talked him into it. Claire sighed and started to prepare dinner.

Harrison went to work and dived into business, trying not to think about what happened last night. He enjoyed the sexual encounters he had, but it wasn't extraordinary, and he wondered how Claire felt.

When Harrison arrived home after work, Claire kissed him lightly and tried to behave as if everything was routine. Harrison played along and did not talk about the experience last night.

Claire called Harrison for the obedience session and showed the flogger, "I think you will like it for a change," she said with a smile. Harrison smiled back out of courtesy, but the flogger whips turned him on, and by the fifth smack, his penis was hard as a rock. Claire did not take advantage of Harrison's erection, and after he kissed her feet, she walked away to the kitchen and set the table.

The next couple of days passed the same way. Harrison and Claire felt that something subtly had changed but continued as if everything were the same.

On Saturday night, Harrison took Claire for dinner, and when they returned home, Harrison started to make out. They made love on the sofa in the living room. Harrison was excited and energetic, had a great time fucking his wife, and came with a loud moan of joy.

Claire enjoyed Harrison's touch, but her orgasm was dull. Something was amiss. Claire couldn't point out what it was, but she knew something had changed deep inside.

On Sunday, Claire used the Sisal rope whip. When Harrison kissed her feet, she said, "From now on, I want to be ready at seven o'clock sharp."

"Okay, Claire," Harrison was quick to agree.

Claire walloped him with rope, "You be here naked on your knees at seven o'clock."

"Okay, Claire."

For some reason, Claire did not feel satisfied. She hit Harrison again, "Repeat what I said," she demanded.

"Be naked on my knees at seven o'clock."

Claire looked at her husband, kissing her feet in high heels for a few seconds in silence. Then she turned and, without a word, went upstairs.

Harrison got up and went to his office, wondering what had happened to his wife. She looked upset, and he couldn't figure out why.

The next day, Harrison was ready for Claire's obedience lesson. Claire administered five whiplashes and then left without a word.

Harrison was a couple of minutes late for the lesson the following day, and Claire couldn't understand her rage. But, for some reason, she was furious at Harrison.

"You are late," Claire accused with a hiss and picked a short tail snake whip. Without waiting for Harrison to put the restraining bar, she started to flog him. It was not the usual whipping. Claire hit Harrison hard and fast, relentlessly.

"You never late for me," she shouted as the whiplashes rained on Harrison.

Claire took a break, "Kiss and apologize," she screamed angrily.

And as Harrison was at her feet, she whipped him again, "Never make me wait for you," she shouted and kicked, smashing his balls.

Harrison fell on the floor with excruciating pain, but Claire continued to whip him until she got tired and punted his balls again, looking at Harrison sprawled on the floor with disdain.

Harrison breathed with relief when he heard Claire's footsteps going upstairs. But a minute later, Claire returned and threw clothes on him. "You stay downstairs tonight," she said and went back upstairs.

It took Harrison a few more minutes to get up. Then, finally, he picked up the clothes that Claire threw at him, went to the guest room, and lay on the bed, thinking of what had happened. He saw Claire so angry and vicious, and he couldn't think of anything he did that caused her to be so furious. Yes, he was late, and yes, she had to wait for him, but that did not amount in his opinion to the harsh reaction that Claire displayed.

Claire lay in her bed, calming down. What happened, she asked herself. She couldn't explain the fury she felt and how she responded. Claire felt exhausted. Mentally and physically. She closed her eyes and drifted off.

When Claire woke up, it was late morning. She stretched leisurely in bed all by herself and liked the silence without the sounds of Harrison getting ready to work, waking her up early. Smiling mischievously, Claire decided to keep Harrison sleeping downstairs and have the bedroom upstairs for herself every night.

In the evening, Claire skipped the obedience lessons. Instead, she went out to meet friends and left a note to Harrison, 'Stay in the guest room.'

Harrison came home after work. There was no dinner and no Claire. He read the short note and mumbled to himself, "I'll be damn," but he did not want to upset his wife and stayed downstairs. Then, late at night, he heard Claire walking into the house and going straight to their upstairs bedroom.

The next day, Harrison came home and heard Claire in the kitchen. He said Hi, got ready, and stood on his knees at seven o'clock. Claire walked into the living room and picked up the cane whip.

"Stand up, hands up," she said in a low voice, and after five whips, Harrison dropped down at her feet, kissing and thanking her.

"Let's have dinner," Claire said after a short while.

Harrison got dressed, and they sat at the table, “How was your day?” Claire asked, making small talk as if nothing had happened. Harrison replied politely, and Claire continued and gushed about her friend who bought a new car and other subjects.

They finished dinner, and Harrison went to his office to work. A few minutes later, Claire showed up, standing at the office entrance, “Keep the guest room door open at night.”

Harrison looked at his wife with surprise appreciating how beautiful and sexy she was. She wore a white mini dress that hugged her curves sensually and accentuated her tan complexion and long shapely legs in high heels.

“Did you understand?” Claire demanded impatiently.

Harrison realized that Claire indirectly instructed him to stay in the guest room. He didn’t like it but replied warmly, “Yes, of course.”

Harrison tossed and turned in his bed that night and couldn’t fall asleep. What happened to Claire, and why did she want him to sleep in the guest room? Harrison saw her image in his mind, so beautiful and desired. He realized he had feelings for her no matter what she did.

The next evening was business as usual with an obedience lesson and dinner. After dinner, Claire went upstairs, and Harrison did some work and went to bed. He was tired from lack of sleep.

Harrison woke up in the middle of the night with a startle. He wasn’t sure why he woke up, but then he opened his eyes and saw Claire, wearing a silk robe standing next to his bed and looking down at him.

“Hi,” Harrison said with a smile.

Claire did not reply. Instead, she took off the robe and let it fall on the floor. In the low light, her gorgeous body shimmered and radiated sexuality. Claire stood motionless, allowing Harrison to absorb the view.

Harrison felt his cock hardening rapidly. Claire was incredibly sexy, and he wanted to touch, kiss, and make love to her, but he did not move, knowing well that it would spoil the moment if he made a mistake.

Finally, Claire acted. She lifted the cover quickly and hid a smile when she saw Harrison’s erect penis. Then, Claire sat on Harrison's stomach, reaching

with her hand back and stroking his cock without a word.

Harrison started to moan, breathing heavily. Claire slid forward and lifted Harrison's head into her crotch. Harrison lunged at those delicate vagina lips, kissed and licked up and down with excitement, craving for more. Then, as if Claire read his mind, she turned around, exposing her ass for Harrison's enjoyment.

Claire leaned forward and took Harrison's cock into her mouth. Harrison's moans grew louder, and he licked Claire's asshole frantically and down to her vagina, closing his eyes and surrendering to the sensations Claire bestowed on him.

Harrison shouted joyfully as Claire turned around and inserted his hard cock inside her warm, inviting opening.

Claire smiled with satisfaction hearing Harrison's sounds of enjoyment and rode his hard penis with the increasing pace. Harrison countered and lifted his groin in synch with Claire. They moved harmoniously faster and faster until Claire climaxed and sat still, pausing with quick puffs.

Harrison looked at his beautiful wife as he reached the edge of his climax when Claire stopped.

Claire bent down and kissed him, "Did you miss me?" she whispered in his ear while starting to rotate her groin, her vagina sending sparks to Harrison's sensitive cock.

Harrison did not reply. He just moaned and let Claire make him come and ejaculate with a cry while she swirled her vagina over his stone-hard penis.

Claire straightened up, sitting on Harrison's cock. She looked at him for long seconds, then got up, put on the robe, and silently left the guest room.

Harrison covered himself again, closed his eyes with images of Claire sitting on him, and dozed off. He woke up a short while later and opened his eyes wasn't sure if it was a dream or reality that had just happened.

A new routine emerged for Harrison and Claire. They were sleeping separately and having sex whenever Claire desired. Harrison kept the guest room open, hoping that Claire would visit him. But he never knew when it would happen. Sometimes Claire came down two consecutive nights, and sometimes, Harrison waited for a few days. But whenever Claire came to his room, Harrison had a blast.

Claire wasn't consistent with obedience lessons either. Some days, Harrison stood naked on his knees for a long time, waiting for Claire, who did not show up. But he was always ready at seven o'clock. And when Claire whipped him, his penis erected with anticipation for a night visit.

The same happened with dinners. Some days they had dinner together, and other days there was no dinner, and Harrison made a sandwich for himself.

Harrison could not understand what was happening. He didn't dare to ask and was appreciative of what he got, but slowly he started to resent the new reality. An uncomfortable feeling developed, questioning why he had to wait for Claire every evening for obedience lessons and why he had to wait for Claire to have sex.

Life continued with the new routine for a few weeks, and then on Monday evening, Claire announced that they were going to Destiny's the next day.

"It is a Fem Club session, Harrison, and I expect you to be on your best behavior," Claire said as if she were lecturing a five-year-old.

"Okay," Harrison said, even though he did not care much for the club sessions, but he knew it was important for Claire.

On Tuesday evening, Claire and Harrison walked to Destiny's house.

Destiny greeted them warmly, "Welcome again. I don't think I need to show you what to do this time," she said with a smile.

Claire smiled broadly, apparently happy, and said, "No, Destiny, I'll take care of everything."

"I am sure you will," Destiny laughed and gestured politely at the door to the clubroom.

When they reached the clubroom, Claire instructed, "Undress, Harrison, and wait for me here," and walked away. As she approached the chairs, a

young girl smiled at her, “Hi, I am Chloe,” she said and shook her hand.

“Hi,” Claire said and sat beside her, looking at Chloe curiously. Chloe was young in her early twenties, dressed in an expensive sparkling dress and ankle strap shoes with super high heels.

“It is my third time at Destiny’s, and I am so excited to be here,” Chloe gushed with a cheerful smile.

“Oh, how nice, it is my second time,” Claire replied politely.

At that moment, Destiny's voice sounded, “Good evening, everyone. We will start with introductions.”

Claire looked up and saw Destiny in a strapless leather dress talking from the small stage.

“Ruth, please introduce,” Destiny continued.

A short woman, a brunette with black rim glasses, stood up and called in the directions of the four men standing naked on their knees, “Ron, on four, come here.”

Ron, a fair skin man, approached Ruth on all four. Ruth looked like a librarian but had complete control of her Obee. She pointed her finger down, and Ron kissed her feet passionately until Ruth ordered, “Up on your knees.”

“I am Ruth, and this is Ron,” Ruth introduced themselves and sat down, pointing her finger for Ron to continue to treat her feet.

“Nice,” Destiny said, “Sara, go ahead.”

A tall blonde woman got up and walked to the men's area. She patted a tall man’s head and then walked back to her chair with the man behind her. As she sat down, the man stood on his knees next to her.

“I am Sara, and this is Tim,” the blonde girl said with a smile.

Claire could tell Tim was tall and big, and she wondered what his dick’s size was.

Chloe got her Obee and introduced him, “This is Calvin, everyone,” she chirped with a wide smile.

Claire introduced Harrison and then looked at Calvin. He was at least ten years older than Chloe.

“How did you two meet?” Claire asked Chloe.

“We met at a bar, and Calvin gave me an offer that I couldn’t refuse,” Chloe giggled, looking fondly at Calvin, who licked her feet.

“Interesting,” Claire said absently.

“Yes, and then Calvin introduced me to Destiny, and she taught me how to make him a good Obee.”

“I bet she did,” Claire said, watching Tim standing on his knees next to Sara.

“Yes, I made him a good obedient boy, didn’t I, Calvin?” Chloe said.

Calvin lifted his head from Chloe’s feet, “Yes, Chloe,” he said with a loving smile.

Destiny’s voice sounded, “Fems, please have your Obee in front of you. We’ll start with obedience lessons shortly.”

All the men situated themselves between their partner’s legs, and Destiny called, “Ruth, please come up.”

Ruth walked up to the stage, holding a flat wooden stick similar to a ruler. Ron walked on all fours behind her. Ruth did not bother with the restraining bar, and she ordered Ron on his feet and hands behind his head.

Ron stood on his feet quietly, and Ruth tapped the wooden stick a few times on his ass, then raised her arm and came down hard. The wood hit Ron’s butt with a thumping sound, and Ron shouted ‘Ouch’ from the pain and counted one.

Claire watched with interest. Ruth looked like a lovely librarian, but she sure was a cruel Fem. And Ron was sobbing heavily when Ruth got to the fifth whiplash. Ron’s reaction didn’t faze Ruth. She stepped in front of him and pointed her index finger down. Ron went down, lay on his stomach, and crawled to Ruth’s feet, and with tears running all over his face, he licked Ruth’s feet and thanked her.

“Excellent lesson,” Destiny commented with an amused smile. And then called Sara to come up to the stage.

Claire watched Tim intently. His penis was semi-soft as he stood tall with broad shoulders. Sara used a belt whip, a wide leather belt with a handle.

“One,” Tim counted as the belt hit his ass. He didn’t show any signs of pain, and Claire knew that Sara smacked him hard, but his cock hardened. Claire watched with delight as Tim’s cock elongated with each whiplash, and by the fifth, he had a rock-hard cock. Claire had never seen such a humongous penis and decided at that moment that she had to feel it inside her.

The next couple was Chloe and Calvin. Chloe used a short-tail snake whip and hit Calvin viciously hard. Calvin seemed to enjoy it and thanked Chloe with excited licks of her exposed feet in ankle-strapped high heels.

Claire used the cane whip again, and it was an uneventful act. As Claire sat down in her chair, Destiny’s voice sounded again, “Well, Fems, I have no demonstration today. So feel free to mingle.”

Claire jumped on her feet and darted to Tim and Sara, “Could I have Tim for a few minutes?” she asked Sara as a matter of courtesy since she could order Tim to go with her.

“Of course,” Sara smiled warmly.

“Come with me, Tim,” Claire said and walked to one of the thick pads.

Chloe saw what happened and took the opportunity, “Harrison and Calvin, come with me,” she said happily. Chloe led them to a small square bench and ordered Calvin to stand on his knees on top of it. “You, Harrison, stand up,” Chloe ordered. Chloe adjusted the height of the bench and then grabbed Calvin’s and Harrison’s cocks, in each hand stroking them in tandem.

“I like to have two cocks fucking me,” Chloe confided to Harrison, stroking gently and feeling the hardness of his penis.

Harrison was speechless. He watched Chloe as she turned and guided Calvin’s erect cock into her asshole.

“Harrison, step closer,” Chloe ordered.

Harrison stepped forward, hands on the back, and Chloe inserted his penis into her vagina, moaning with pleasure.

“Move it, you two,” Chloe cried excitedly, wrapping her arms around Harrison’s neck.

Calvin pumped his penis fast. Harrison felt it through the thin membrane that separated them and did not like it. As he moved his penis, it bumped with Calvin’s unpleasantly for Harris, but enjoyable for Calvin.

Chloe loved it. She moaned and shouted, “I love it! Move faster, make me come.”

Calvin came first with a groan, and shortly after, Chloe placed her palms on his ass, stopping him with a loud moan. Harrison couldn’t get excited enough to reach a climax and was happy that Chloe had come, and it was over.

Destiny materialized next to them and ordered the men to shower. On all fours, Harrison saw Claire and Tim lying on a pad. But it was only a glance from the corner of his eyes.

Claire led Tim to the pad, ordered him to lie down, and sat beside him, stroking his cock. Claire was amazed. She could stroke Tim’s cock with two hands, and there was still an uncovered area. Tim's penis was the longest Claire ever imagined that existed. It was arousing, and she felt her vagina getting wet from anticipation.

Claire ordered Tim to put hands behind his head and stood on her knees above his cock. She inserted the penis head, holding her breath. Then, she slowly sat down, feeling every inch of the cock inside her. It was a fantastic feeling with a bit of pain. Tim's cock reached deeper than ever before. Claire repeated slowly up and down one more time and sat still on top of Tim, enjoying the feeling, looking around the room with a domineering smile.

Destiny waited for Calvin and Harrison to finish the shower and ordered Calvin to stand on his knees and wait. She then turned to Harrison and called him to follow her.

Harrison followed Destiny to the far corner of the room. On the way, he quickly glimpsed and saw Claire sitting on top of Tim.

Destiny stood with her back to Harrison in front of the wall and said, "Unzip me."

Harrison reached up and unzipped the leather dress. Destiny pushed the dress down and fell on her feet. Without further instructions, Harrison removed the dress from Destiny's feet, wondering what was happening. He watched Destiny spread her feet wide and put her palms on the wall, curving her back, exhibiting a glorious round ass and long legs in high heels.

Harrison stared at Destiny's behind, mesmerized.

"You may touch," Destiny's voice sounded like magic.

Harrison ran his hands over Destiny's legs, going up to her thighs. Destiny's creamy legs were smooth and velvety, a pleasure to touch. Next, Harrison moved his hands and ran them over her round ass, moaning with delight. Then, without instructions, Harrison kissed Destiny's smooth ass ending at her vagina lips, sucking with joy. Destiny's scent was arousing, and she tasted sweet, and Harrison was hard and ready.

"Fuck me now, Harrison," Destiny said in a hoarse voice, wondering which hole Harrison would choose. She smiled at herself when she felt Harrison's penis head entering her moist vagina. "Slowly," she said with a moan.

Harrison moved slowly in. He stopped, ran his palms over Destiny's flawless back, and then moved out, savoring the feeling. His penis was hard as a rock, and his body was tense. He repeated the slow movements a few times with a slight increase in speed.

"Stop, I want to feel you," Destiny said and swirled her butt, brushing Harrison's penis inside her.

Harrison moaned louder, and after a short while, Destiny gently pushed him out and turned around, "Hands on the back," she ordered, extending her arm down. She clasped his erect penis with her palm and massaged Harrison's penis head with her thumb in circles, looking into his eyes.

"You like?" Destiny teased.

“Yes,” Harrison said, his voice shaking.

Destiny wrapped the other arm around his neck and pulled him closer. Her lips touched his lips, and her tongue penetrated his mouth, feeling like wildfire. This time it was not a brief kiss. Instead, their tongues tangled, switching from one mouth to the other in a passionate kiss.

Abruptly, Destiny disengaged and rubbed Harrison’s penis over her wet vagina. Harrison wanted to hug her and kiss her again but refrained. Instead, he kept his hands on the back, giving complete control to Destiny.

Destiny inserted Harrison's penis head inside her, keeping him at bay, “Are you ready for me?” she asked, looking into his eyes.

“Yes!”

Destiny let go of Harrison’s penis, and Harrison thrust it quickly with a loud “Oh,” feeling the moist warmth enclosing him. As he started to move in and out, Destiny lifted one leg. “Hold my leg,” she whispered in his ear. Harrison supported her thigh with one hand and pulled her into him with the other hand over her round ass.

They moved in sync. Destiny meowed in Harrison’s ear as he moved faster, arousing him to the limit.

“You want to come for me?” Destiny whispered in Harrison’s ear, brushing her erect nipples over his chest.

“Yes,” Harrison shouted, huffing loudly.

“You give me everything you have?”

“Yes!”

“Everything?”

“Yes! Yes!”

“Move faster.”

“Faster.”

Harrison moved as fast as he could, and suddenly he heard Destiny, “Now, Harrison. Give it to me now!”

And Harrison exploded. His penis rapidly pulsated as he shot the load inside Destiny with a loud cry. At that moment, silence descended upon him. The world shut down. Harrison quivered and hugged Destiny tightly with closed eyes. It was an orgasm he had never felt before.

Destiny stood still, letting Harrison calm down, then kissed him lightly and said gently, "Let go of my leg."

Harrison returned to reality. He opened his eyes and looked at Destiny with awe as he let go of her leg. Then, without a word, Harrison kissed Destiny's neck, down to her breasts, and finally licked her vagina lovingly with gratitude.

After a brief moment, Destiny pushed Harrison away, "Stay here on your knees," she said as she put on the dress.

Harrison nodded and stood on his knees, leaning on the wall, still stunned at what had happened.

At the other side of the room, Claire rode Tim's cock. She slowly got used to the feeling and moved a bit faster as the faint pain subsided. It was arousing, and Claire felt warmth propagating in her body. She sweated and removed her dress, pulling it over her head, moving faster.

Tim lay motionless with closed eyes, and suddenly he felt Claire's breasts pressing his chest, "Move it slowly for me," Claire said, lying on top of Tim. She moaned with pleasure feeling the long strokes of Tim's penis inside her. And then she wrapped her arms around his shoulder and pulled sideways. Tim understood, rolled his penis inside Claire, and lay over her.

Claire smiled at him, "Fuck me, Tim."

Tim started gently and slowly increased the pace. Claire moaned loud as she felt electric waves traveling through her body, and then she held Tim's butt, stopping him as she reached the climax. Her body jolted uncontrollably.

Claire closed her eyes and felt the sensations encircling her body. Tim stayed motionless in tacit understanding waiting for Claire to return from her high.

“Lie next to me,” Claire said after a while. She then turned and pulled Tim's head into her chest. While Tim sucked her nipple with enthusiasm, Claire stroked his penis in long movements. Finally, when she sensed Tim was ready, she rotated her palm over his penis head with increasing speed until Tim ejaculated all over his stomach.

Claire lay down exhausted after a short while. She said, “You may go to the shower now.”

Tim left silently, and Claire lay on her back, recovering from the experience she had just had.

“Are you okay?” Claire heard Destiny’s voice. She opened her eyes and smiled, “Yes, I am fine.”

“We are close to the end of the session. You might want to have something to eat or drink,” Destiny said and walked to Harrison, who stood quietly on his knees, ordering him to the shower.

Claire got up and dressed. At the buffet table, she saw Sara smiling knowingly at her. “You had a good time?” Sara asked.

“Great time,” Claire replied with a smile and gulped champagne eagerly.

The other women joined them, talking and laughing about their experiences until they heard the sound of the bell.

On the way out, Destiny hugged Claire, “Did you enjoy it tonight?” she asked with concern.

“Very much,” Claire replied with a broad smile.

“Glad to hear that,” Destiny said to Claire but ignored Harrison as if he wasn’t there.

Claire and Harrison walked silently to their home and their respective rooms.

The next day, Harrison had a hard time concentrating at work. His head was buzzing with images of the night before. Harrison couldn't understand why the encounter with Destiny was so different from any other experience he had. He went over every second he spent with Destiny, trying to analyze his feelings, and there was an incident that bothered and hurt him. It happened when they left Destiny's house. Destiny warmly hugged Claire but ignored him as if he did not exist.

Harrison also thought about Claire and wondered if she enjoyed sex with Tim. He pondered when Claire would sleep with him after that experience. Harrison felt jealous and admitted that he had feelings for his wife and loved to have sex with her.

Claire slept late that morning and woke up thinking about her experience last night. It was incredible sex, but only as an affair. Claire wouldn't have sex like that regularly. And as a reminder, she still felt the faint pain deep inside and didn't like it.

Claire couldn't recall seeing Harrison during the club session and wondered how Harrison enjoyed last night. Finally, she got out of bed and went outside, taking care of her flowers. Garden work always relaxed her.

They went through the obedience lesson in the evening and then had dinner. It was a quiet evening. Harrison and Claire did not talk much and split into their rooms after dinner. This routine repeated for the next week. Harrison kept the door open, waiting for Claire to come down, but she never did.

"I am leaving Friday," Claire said one evening during dinner.

"Leaving where?"

"To the Enclave."

"Oh," Harrison said. The Enclave was Claire's family's yearly gathering. Claire loved to be there with her parents, meet her uncles and aunts, and have a good time with her cousins, and Claire didn't bother to ask Harrison if he wanted to come. Harrison went with her one time, and that was his last.

When Harrison arrived home on Friday, the house was quiet. Claire left a note that she'll be back next week. Harrison walked through the empty

house and felt good. No obedience lessons or waiting at night wondering if Claire would show up.

He made a sandwich and played a symphony, listening and sipping a vodka martini. When the music ended, he took a shower and went to bed. In the morning, he made some coffee and thought about the day. An idea struck him. He picked up the phone and texted,

‘Hi Destiny, I have tickets for a concert tonight, and they are playing the piece you heard at my place. Would you be interested in going?’

Two hours passed, and the phone buzzed, ‘What time?’

‘It starts at eight, but I thought it would be nice to have dinner at the concert hall restaurant.’

This time the reply came right away, ‘Pick me up at six.’

Harrison jumped on his feet with glee. Then, suddenly, the world looked brighter, and he anxiously waited for the evening.

Dressed in a navy blue suit and sky blue tie, Harrison rang the bell at six o’clock. He waited patiently until the door opened a minute later. Harrison gasped at the view of Destiny. She had her hair in an elegant bun and wore a black evening gown showing a modest but sexy cleavage and creamy bare shoulders covered with a delicate shawl. A black pearl necklace adorned her long porcelain neck with matching earrings.

“Hi, Harrison,” Destiny said with a slight smile.

“You look stunning,” Harrison blared sincerely.

Destiny’s smile broadened, “Let’s go, Romeo,” she laughed.

Harrison opened the Mercedes door for Destiny, appreciating the long legs in black suede pumps as she regally sat in the car. They drove in silence, and Harrison said, “I hope it is okay with your husband that I take you out on Saturday night.”

“Dino is not my husband,” Destiny said without elaborating.

“Oh,” Harrison said, feeling embarrassed.

“And where is Claire tonight?” Destiny countered amusingly.

“She is at her family gathering. They do it every year.”

“And you hate it,” Destiny completed the sentence.

Harrison laughed, “Yes, I hate it.”

They broke the ice and talked, Harrison, explaining the concert program, and then said, “I want to tell you something, but don’t be offended.”

“Harrison, you are an Obee. You cannot offend me,” Destiny sounded admonishing and condescending.

Harrison was quiet for a moment. He realized his subservient place in Destiny’s world, not an equal. But then he looked at her, so beautiful and sexy, and accepted his calling.

“I just wanted to tell you that the orchestra pauses between movements, but people clap hands only at the end of the last movement and not between movements.”

“Good to know,” Destiny said, looking straight ahead.

They arrived at the Concert Hall and went to the restaurant. Harrison could swear that every man turned and ogled Destiny as they walked to their table, but Destiny walked gracefully, pretending she did not notice the stares.

After they ordered, Destiny made small talk and asked Harrison about cabinet making. Harrison explained to her excitedly while Destiny listened, sipping wine.

“Sounds to me that you should add countertops,” Destiny commented.

“It is interesting that you mentioned it,” Harrison said, looking at Destiny appreciatively, “I just bought the building next to our factory for that purpose.”

They finished dinner and walked across the street to the concert hall. The music began and grabbed their attention. Destiny commented that the music sounded different from what she remembered in the intermission. Harrison laughed lightly and explained, “Every conductor plays the way he understands it, and the live sound is more vivid than stereo sound.”

Destiny nodded in understanding, and they returned to their seats.

People stood up and clapped hands at the concert's end, and Destiny joined in, smiling with delight.

“I enjoyed the concert,” Destiny said on the way home.

“I am glad to hear that,” Harrison replied as he drove the car out of the parking garage.

Harrison stopped in front of Destiny’s house, got out of the car, and opened the door for her.

“Come in,” Destiny said, running her palm over Harrison's cheek. It wasn’t a request, and Harrison obediently and excitedly followed Destiny into the house.

When they reached Destiny’s bedroom upstairs, Destiny peeled off her dress and handed it to Harrison, “Hang it in the closet,” she said. Harrison watched Destiny with awe. Her round firm breast teasingly aimed up with erect pink nipples, and she wore a tiny black thong under the dress.

Harrison obediently hung it in the closet, and when he returned, he saw Destiny sitting in front of the vanity mirror, taking off the jewelry.

Destiny undid the bun and let her long hair fall over the creamy slick shoulders and back. She then looked Harrison through the mirror and ordered, “Undress.”

Harrison tore off his clothes and, with an erect penis, he watched Destiny brushing her soft hair. Destiny handed the brush to Harrison without a word , and he gently combed her hair, enjoying it tremendously.

When Destiny was satisfied with the state of her hair, she got up and turned, looking into Harrison’s eyes, “Hands on the back,” she said quietly.

Harrison dropped the hairbrush and stood with hands on the back, looking at Destiny with anticipation.

“Take off my undie,” Destiny said softly.

Harrison dropped on his knees and pulled, using his teeth, the thin string of the thong on one side, then the other side, and slowly pushed the thong down to her feet. It was erotic and arousing, and after he removed the thong from Destiny’s feet, he couldn’t help but lick

her feet in high heels affectionately, silently thanking her for the opportunity to serve.

Destiny stood still for a moment, watching Harrison at her feet, and then stepped away and sat on the bed. She lifted her legs and ordered, "Take off my shoes." Harrison clenched the shoe heel with his teeth and removed one shoe and the other. Destiny smiled at him kindly and lay on the bed on her side, "Lie next to me," she invited.

As Harrison climbed on the bed, Destiny turned around and put her hand back, stroking Harrison's cock.

"You may touch," Destiny said, guiding Harrison's penis inside her. Harrison pushed the entire length of his penis deep inside the warm vagina and kept it motionless while he ran his hands over Destiny's ass and back. He tenderly brushed her soft hair down to her back and over the smooth round ass.

Destiny lay still and let Harrison enjoy the feel of her body. She hid a smile when she finally felt Harrison moving his cock inside her and pressed her butt into him.

Harrison slowly increased the pace hugging Destiny's waist. Suddenly, he felt Destiny sliding forward, separating. Destiny turned and lay on her back, wrapped her arms around his neck, and kissed him. Her tongue danced with his tongue sending electric sparks. Harrison closed his eyes, absorbed with the inciting passionate kiss.

"Fuck me," Destiny whispered in Harrison's ear, breaking the kiss for a short pause. Harrison entered her again and resumed the kissing moving his penis slowly.

Destiny wrapped her legs around Harrison's waist, "Fuck me," she repeated in his ear. Harrison placed his palms on the bed and pulled

up, looking down at Destiny's beautiful face. He was aroused to the max and started to pump.

"Oh," Destiny moaned, countering Harrison's moves. Their bodies moved in sync until Destiny wrapped her arms around Harrison's neck, pulling him down, hugging him tightly, "Faster," she whispered in his ear and breathed with arousing mewling. Harrison thrust his cock and obeyed. His breaths became shorter and louder, and he felt as if the room was spinning around him, and then he heard Destiny's whisper in his ear, "Now, Harrison, give it to me, now!"

Harrison exploded emotionally. His penis throbbed at the rhythm of his heartbeat. He shot the load into the welcoming, warm abyss of Destiny's body, and his groin jolted uncontrollably. He wasn't aware of his screaming when he ejaculated.

Destiny held Harrison tight until the throbbing of his cock subsided, and he breathed regularly. Then, she unwrapped her legs and pushed his shoulders up, looking into his eyes with a slight smile. Harrison smiled back and rolled off her.

"You may stay the night, but leave first thing in the morning," Destiny said.

Harrison lay on his back and replied, "Okay," with gratitude, feeling drained with no energy to do anything except close his eyes and drift off.

Destiny slid closer to Harrison and lay her head on his chest, "Good night," she said in a sweet voice.

Harrison hugged Destiny feeling the warmth of her body and his heartbeats. "Good night," he reciprocated. He was careful not to move, worried that it would disturb Destiny, and he did not recall anything after that as he fell into a deep sleep.

Sunlight penetrating through the window woke up Harrison. At first, he did know where he was, and then he heard a sound and looked in that direction. Destiny wearing a silk robe and towel over her head came out of the adjacent bathroom.

“You are up,” Destiny said with a friendly smile.

Harrison smiled back, the memories of last night emerging in his mind, “I guess I am.”

Destiny walked out of the bedroom, saying behind her back, “Good, get dressed and leave.”

The harsh reality surprised Harrison, but he justified it in his mind, remembering that Destiny said he should leave first thing in the morning.

A few minutes later, Harrison walked into his home and took a long shower. Then, he dressed casually and happily whistled while making himself breakfast. It was nice to be by himself. He listened to music, then sat on the porch smoking a cigar, reflecting on his life and how it had changed in recent months.

A resolution started to form in his head. He thought about all aspects of such a move, and it became clear that he must make a move on Monday morning.

Harrison told his secretary that he would return in a couple of hours. He drove downtown with determination and walked into King Reality's office.

“Good morning,” the receptionist greeted, “How may I help you?”

“I am looking for an apartment downtown.”

At that moment, a cute young woman came out of the office, “Welcome to King Reality. I am Gina King,” she said in a British accent.

Harrison shook hands with Gina and explained that he was looking for an apartment to buy.

“What is your price range?” Gina asked.

“It is open.”

“Open? I haven’t heard this answer before,” Gina said, smiling at Harrison, “Why don’t we go to the conference room, and I’ll show you a few apartments, Mr.?”

“Harrison, Harrison Cobb.”

“Are you the Cobb from Cobb Cabinets?” Gina asked.

“Yes, I am.”

“In this case, I have a couple of apartments that you’ll fall in love with,” Gina announced, “How soon do you want to move in?”

“The sooner, the better.”

“I see,” Gina said, pondering for a moment, and then she smiled brightly, “Let’s go. I’ll show you the apartments.”

They drove a short distance, and Gina explained to Harrison that she wanted to enter the apartment through the parking garage.

The first apartment Gina showed him was spacious on one of the upper floors. Harrison was impressed.

“If you like this apartment, you’ll love the next one I am gonna show you,” Gina said with that cheerful smile.

They took the elevator to the top floor and entered a beautifully furnished apartment. Harrison looked around and immediately spotted a stereo system he hadn’t seen before.

“I’ve never heard of this brand before,” Harrison said, touching the buttons of a slim and attractive-looking stereo amplifier.

Gina laughed lightheartedly, “This is B&O, Bang & Olufsen high-end equipment, popular in Europe but never made it to the US.”

“Could we listen to it?”

“Of course,” Gina said and turned on the amplifier’s radio.

Harrison continued to check the apartment while the music was playing. It was a beautiful place with Danish-style furniture, a magnificent view of the city, and the privacy of the top floor.

“I’ll pay the asking price cash today if I get it with the furniture and the stereo.”

“I’ll have to make a call, the owner is a Dutch CEO that came for one year with his family, and he is back home now.”

“Okay, let me know.”

“Wait! I am calling now. They are only six hours ahead.”

Gina talked on the phone for a couple of minutes and said, “Mr. Vanderlyn said that he would agree, except for the furniture of his son’s room and the kitchen.”

“It is a deal,” Harrison said decisively.

Gina smiled broadly and called the office to prepare the paperwork. When they returned to the relator's office, Harrison signed the purchase agreement and called to arrange the wire transfer of the funds.

“It looks good, all we need is Mr. Vanderlyn’s signature, and then I’ll record it in your name,” Gina said happily, “I’ll call you as soon as it’s all done.”

The following early afternoon, Gina called, “You can come and get the key anytime, Mr. Cobb. The movers already took everything they need in the morning.”

“Wonderful!” Harrison said with exhilaration. Harrison packed his office, music, and clothes in the guest room. He didn’t go upstairs to get other clothes, mostly formalwear. In fact, he did not go upstairs since Claire left on her vacation.

Harrison left a note to Claire and looked around one last time, saying goodbye to his life there. And that evening, the first evening in his new apartment, Harrison opened a bottle of wine. He finished it, staring out at the view of the city while listening to the sound of the new stereo, feeling exhilarated and relieved.

Claire walked into the house holding the suitcase and felt something eerie in the air. She dropped the bag and walked to the kitchen, looking around as if she knew a clue would be there. She immediately spotted Harrison's note on the kitchen counter and approached it slowly until it appeared in front of her eyes.

Dear Claire,

I decided to move out to reassess our mutual feelings and life together.

Harrison

Claire read the note several times, and her heart sank with shock and fear. It was not the outcome she envisioned for her marriage, and she felt as if Harrison pulled the rug under her feet. The confidence and security that she thought she had by having a husband vanished instantly.

Her first thought was to call Harrison and tell him that he could not do that on his own without talking to her. But then, she reconsidered her emotional state. It was not a good idea to speak with Harrison. Claire picked up the phone and called,

"Betty, Hi, it is me. I need to talk to you."

Betty heard the emotional tone of Claire's voice and replied, "Come by. I am at home."

Sitting in Betty's spacious living room, Claire looked at Betty and started to cry. Her shoulders were shaking, and tears were running down her face.

"Harrison left me," Claire cried, grabbing a facial tissue that Betty handed her.

"What do you mean by left me?" Betty was confused. She always thought that Claire had a good marriage.

“He packed his stuff and is gone, moved out!” Claire screamed.

Betty hugged Claire to comfort her, and at that moment, Mike entered the living room. Betty waved him to go away. Mike saw Claire sobbing, nodded in understanding, and disappeared.

“Did he say anything before he left?” Betty asked.

Claire cried louder and handed Betty the note Harrison left on the kitchen counter. Betty read the short message. She knew Harrison well. He wasn’t the type that would rush to change his life, and he loved Claire.

“Why don’t you tell the whole story, Claire,” Betty gently said, handing Claire a facial tissue.

Claire was distressed. She hid her recent life adventures from Betty, but she needed to open up and talk at that moment. So Claire told Betty how she and Harrison joined the Fem Club and what it entailed.

Betty wasn’t shocked or judgemental. Instead, she listened attentively and said, “I understand, Claire, people want to try new things in their life. Nothing wrong with that.”

“Maybe I took it too far. I was horrible in the last couple of weeks.”

“You might, but that is not the reason Harrison left. There must be more profound discontent that Harrison felt.”

“What am I going to do?” Claire wailed.

“First, you do not contact Harrison,” Betty said with a decisive tone.

“I don’t?”

“No, let him be. He needs it, and if you contact him, it will repel him.”

“So, what am I gonna do?”

“You should have an affair to take your mind off Harrison for a little while.”

“An affair? With whom?”

“With Steven, the tennis instructor at the club. He ogled you frequently, and I can spread the word that you are separated. That will light some fire under his ass.”

“Are you serious?” Claire looked at Betty, astonished.

“I am. And if you want Harrison back, you’ll do that.”

Claire seemed to relax a bit. She stopped crying. She felt relieved after telling Betty everything that had happened. “I need to think about it,” she said in a small voice.

“Of course, I don’t mean you do it right away, but you should have a plan.”

“Yes, you are right. I don’t know what I would do without you.”

“You would survive,” Betty said with a smile, “If you want to stay here the night, you are welcome.”

“I think I better go home. I feel much better after we talked,” Claire said as she got up and hugged Betty, “Thank you so much, Betty, you are the best.”

“What are friends for,” Betty said modestly.

After Claire left, Betty went upstairs.

“What’s going on?” Mike asked, looking up from the business magazine he read.

“Harrison moved out,” Betty informed him shortly.

“Son of the gun,” Mike commented with a smile.

“Mike!” Betty admonished.

“Harrison is a responsible man. He wouldn’t move out without a good reason,” Mike countered.

“No, he wouldn’t,” Betty agreed.

“So why did he leave.”

“I don’t know.”

“You just spend two hours with Claire, and you don’t know?”

“Mike, drop it.”

“Just tidbit, Betty,” Mike begged.

“I can’t tell you anything.”

“You don’t trust your husband,” Mike tried another angle to get some information.

Betty sat on his lap and wrapped her arms around his neck, kissing him, “You know I love you and trust you, but this is the private life of Claire,” she said and stuck her hand inside his pants, stroking his cock, “Why don’t you ask me things that I can do,” she whispered in his ear.

Mike forgot about Harrison and Claire as Betty went down on her knees and took him into her mouth.

Claire left Betty's house feeling calmer. She knew that Betty was right about calling Harrison and was happy that she didn't rush and called. Claire decided to play it cool and let Harrison live alone for a while. She hoped that he would eventually miss her and come around.

The following two weeks, Claire spent most of her time at home working in the yard, taking care of her flowers, and planting new ones. Betty called her daily, and they talked on the phone for hours. Claire smiled when Betty said that people in the tennis club asked about her.

One day Claire visited Destiny, "I have to cancel next Tuesday Fem Club. We can't make it," Claire told Destiny.

"Why not?"

"Because I don't have a partner. Harrison moved out."

"I am sorry to hear that," Destiny said and then, after a pause, "You know Claire, it is much easier for a woman to find a partner than for a man."

"What do you mean?"

"You can find another man and train him quickly if you want to participate in the Fem Club sessions."

"Yes, I guess I could."

"Well, good luck to you," Destiny said, wrapping up the conversation, thinking of whom she could offer Claire's spot for next Tuesday's Fem Club session.

Claire felt stronger as time passed. She changed her weekly routine, and every morning, she swam laps in the pool, went to the tennis club every other day, and the other days she went to the gym to exercise.

As Betty predicted, Steven, the tennis instructor, always appeared snooping around when Claire played tennis. Claire smiled at him and waited for him to make a move. One day, Steven watched her playing, and after the match was over, he approached her and said, “You know Claire. You can improve your backhand swing significantly.”

“Really? How?”

“I can teach you that in half an hour,” Steven said with a secretive expression.

“Would you?”

“Yes,” Steven said and pulled out from his pocket a beaten-up calendar book, “I can do it tomorrow at four o’clock,” he said and looked at Claire with anticipation.

“Okay, I’ll see you then,” Claire said and walked away, hiding a smile.

Steven was a good tennis player, and Claire admitted that her backhand improved. After they finished the game, Steven approached her hesitantly, “Claire, you know, there is a play at the theater Saturday evening, and I was wondering if you would be interested in going.”

“Are you asking me for a date?” Claire said with a humorous tone.

“I guess I am.”

“I don’t think that you want to date me. I am a domineering woman, and you might not like it.”

“I would like it,” Steven said eagerly, looking at Claire’s long shapely legs with cravings.

“Okay, Steven, we can try, but not Saturday night. We can do happy hour on Tuesday.”

“Oh, that would be great!” Steven gushed happily, “I look forward to meeting you on Tuesday.”

Claire smiled lamely at him and left, thinking she had made a mistake starting an affair with someone she was not interested in.

Steven talked about tennis champions and their lives on Tuesday evening while Claire was sipping wine, tuning off, totally bored.

“You want to fuck?” Claire interrupted Steven's monologue abruptly.

Steven stopped talking. He was speechless, looking at Claire with astonishment but a desire that he couldn't hide.

“Well?” Claire asked, smiling slightly at Steven's reaction.

“Hmm, yes, sure, I would like that,” Steven mumbled.

“Okay, but you have to do what I tell you,” Claire laid out the rules.

“Sure,” Steven replied, dumbfounded.

“Do you know where I live?”

“Yes.”

“Let's go,” Claire got up impatiently and strode out. She didn't look back, drove straight home, and changed into black lingerie. A minute later, Steven knocked on the door.

Claire let him to the living room. Steven followed her, licking his lips at the view of her long legs in high heels and her round ass peeking from the short lingerie when she walked. Claire stopped in the middle of the room and turned. Steven stopped before her, appreciating Claire's pretty face and gorgeous body.

“Undress,” Claire said, looking into Steven's eyes with authority.

Steven took off his clothes but left on the underwear. Claire picked up the cane whip and hit Steven's ass, “I said undress,” she hissed.

Steven took off the underwear and stood naked with apparent unease.

Claire walked behind him, pulled his hands back, and handcuffed him. She then whipped Steven again with the cane and grabbed his penis, stroking it several times, feeling the hardness of his erect cock.

“You didn’t tell me that you have a small penis,” Claire accused Steven talking into his ear while clasping his penis tightly in her palm.

Steven was lost. No other woman ever talked to him this way. Finally, he coughed uncomfortably, “No one complained about it before.”

Claire laughed, “Really?” she mocked, “Maybe they were polite, or maybe you didn’t have sex with other women.”

Steven was quiet, looking down. Claire stepped back and whipped him hard, “Which is it, Steven?” she said with another whiplash. Steven stood still and didn’t reply. Claire got angry and smacked Steven hard, “Which is it?” she repeated, then whipped him relentlessly.

Steven broke down from pain and humiliation, “I didn’t date many women,” he finally admitted.

Claire stopped whipping. She stood in front of Steven and slowly took off the lingerie. Steven watched her intently, and his penis hardened like a rock at the view of Claire’s naked body.

Claire stepped close and brushed her erect nipples on his chest. She felt revengeful for the pain that Harrison inflicted on her and took it on Steven. “You think that your petite cock can satisfy me?” she humiliated, enjoying it tremendously.

Steven looked at her silently with a pained facial expression.

“Get down on your knees, small penis,” Claire ordered as she pointed her finger down. Then, Claire spread her legs and pulled Steven's head between her legs, “Lick. Show me that you can satisfy me, and I’ll let you fuck me with that pathetic penis.”

Steven lunged at those delicate pussy lips. He felt anger, but cravings overpowered him, and he tried to please Claire, treating her vagina with enthusiasm.

Claire enjoyed Steven's touch. She patted his head, making low sounds of pleasure, feeling the moisture building up. After a while, Claire freed Steven’s hand and ordered him to lie on the floor. She then sat on his cock, twisting her vagina back and forth, “You like it?” she asked with an amused smile.

Steven was aroused. He watched Claire’s tits bouncing lightly, moaning quietly. Claire bent over him, brushing his chest with her nipples. She kissed him tenderly, lay on top of him, and whispered in his ear, “Fuck me.”

Claire enjoyed Steven’s reaction. He moved his cock fast with ferocity and excitement as if trying to show Claire his penis was worthwhile.

“Yes, Steven, yes, fuck me hard,” Claire incited as Steven’s moans grew louder, and he banged harder until he couldn’t hold it anymore. Then, with euphoria, he ejaculated, feeling exhilarated emotion he hadn’t felt before.

Claire didn’t let Steven calm down. Instead, she slid forward and lifted his head into her vagina, “Make me come,” she demanded. Steven did his best, but Claire wasn’t satisfied. “Stick your tongue out,” she ordered, gliding her crotch back and forth, forcefully holding Steven's head tight until she climaxed.

Claire got up and put on the lingerie, “Come with me,” she said to Steven, who lay on the floor watching her with awe. They went to the guest room, and Claire ordered Steven to shower. Steven was obedient, and Claire watched him with her arms folded under her breasts.

“Here,” Claire said, handing Steven a fresh towel. They returned to the living room, and Claire hissed, “Put on your clothes.” Steven obediently dressed, looking down, avoiding Claire's stare.

Claire walked Steven to the front door, hugged him, and kissed him tenderly, “I had a great time, Steven.”

“Yes, me too,” Steven mumbled, totally confused.

A couple of days later, Steven saw Claire playing tennis. He waited till she finished the game and then approached her, “Hi Claire,” he said with a shy smile. Claire looked him in the eyes, and after a pause, she said, “Be at my place seven o'clock tonight,” and walked away, not waiting for Steven's reply.

That evening Claire made Steven walk on all fours to the bathroom. She enjoyed the training. It was fun and easy without emotional ties. When she walked him out, she kissed him and said, “I don't want you to talk to me in the tennis club. I'll text you.”

“Okay,” Steven readily agreed. He loved being with Claire. She aroused and made him climax to new highs he had never had such experience.

Claire texted Steven sporadically, sometimes day after day and sometimes with a gap of a few days. Finally, after several more visits, Claire talked to Steven about the Fem Club and explained the rules and rewards. Steven liked what he heard and said he would be willing to participate. But when Claire scheduled a

session, she got a reply that denied her request. Destiny added a note saying that she needed to check her new partner.

Claire invited Destiny to check Steven. Destiny sat in the living room corner and watched Claire giving an obedience lesson to Steven.

While Steven kissed Claire's feet after the five whiplashes, Destiny ordered, "Steven, come here."

Steven was confused and didn't move, but a smack from Claire's whip brought him to reality, and he did what Destiny ordered, "Yes, Miss Destiny," he said and moved on all fours standing in front of Destiny.

"Lick," Destiny ordered, pointing her index finger down. Steven bent and licked Destiny's velvety feet in high heels. Destiny watched him for a moment and then called, "Up on your knees."

Steven stood on his knees with hands behind his back as Claire trained him. Destiny lifted his head with a finger under his chin and looked into his eyes. Like most men, Steven lost it when he looked into the green of Destiny's eyes and succumbed to her authority.

"So, you want to participate in the Fem Club sessions?"

"Yes, Miss Destiny."

"Do you know the rules?"

"Yes, Miss Destiny, obey the Fems, not talking to other Obees."

"Very good, Steven," Destiny complimented. She leaned back in her seat and kicked Steven's testicles hard, watching his reaction intently. Steven bent from the pain, making an "Ouch," but kept his hands on the back.

Destiny ran her palm over Steven's face affectionately, "I want you to come for me. You want to come, don't you?"

Still recovering from the pain, Steven replied, “Yes, Miss Destiny.”

“Take off my shoes,” Destiny ordered. Steven bent and clenched his teeth on the high heel, removing one shoe and the other.

Destiny looked at him with approval and ordered, “Lie down on the floor.” She then brushed her feet over Steven’s penis, hiding a smile as she felt his cock hardening.

“Look at me,” Destiny ordered as she bent and grabbed Steven's cock with her hand, her eyes hypnotizing Steven, who started to moan loud. Destiny stroked Steven’s penis with increasing speed and then instructed, “I count down. When I reach one, I want you to come for me.”

“Yes, Miss Destiny.”

Destiny started to count down, “Keep looking at me,” she said, stroking and twisting her palm over Steven’s penis head. Steven’s moans grew louder, and he was aroused to the limit looking into the green eyes of Destiny.

“Five,” Destiny counted, “Are you ready for me, Steven?”

“Yes, Miss Destiny,” Steven yelled, his cock jerking reflexively.

“Four,” Destiny slowed the stroking, “I want you to give everything you have, Steven,” she said with sparkling eyes.

Steven did respond, but his crotch jolted with excitement.

“Three.”

“Two!” Destiny twisted her palm slowly over the penis head, feeling the throbbing.

“And.... One!” Destiny announced as she removed her hand from Steven’s cock and watched with a smile as the penis jerked in free air, pulsated, and shot a stream of semen that landed on Steven's stomach and chest.

Destiny dipped the sole of her foot in the pool of semen and then placed her foot in front of Steven's face, "Lick," she said quietly. Steven lifted his head and licked obediently.

Claire watched the scene and was impressed by how Destiny controlled Steven with ease and authority met Destiny's eyes, smiling as Destiny nodded, signaling to Claire that it was over.

"Steven," Claire got into action, "Take a shower now."

Obediently, Steven got up on all fours and left the room.

"Congratulations," Destiny said, smiling at Claire, "You trained him well."

"Thank you," Claire said, smiling back with the tacit understanding of two Fems.

"His penis is on the smaller side, but he will do. So I'll schedule you for next Tuesday," Destiny said as she got up.

"That would be great," Claire said happily, walking Destiny to the front door.

Claire was delighted. She missed the fun of the Fem Club, and now she could join again. And as she anticipated, the club session on Tuesday was a blast. When they left Destiny's house at the end of the evening, Claire asked Steven, "Did you enjoy it?"

"Yes, it was a lot of fun," Steven gushed with the memories of the two encounters he had running through his mind.

"I am glad to hear that," Claire said and linked her arm with Steven's, pressing her tits into him affectionately.

Claire got used to her new life. The pain of the separation from Harrison had subsided, but Claire thought of Harrison often. She wondered where and how he lived and, most importantly, if he thought about her and their relationship. It was challenging to cope

with the reality that he had left her. Clair hoped Harrison would be back one day, but helplessly, she could not do anything about it.

Harrison had a new daily routine. It was peaceful living, and he was content being by himself. Harrison was thankful that he hadn't heard from Claire. He needed time alone and enjoyed it. But after a few weeks, Harrison started to feel lonely and frequently reminisced about his good time with Destiny.

Harrison decided to contact Destiny and invite her to another concert. But Destiny did not reply to his text. A week later, Harrison texted her again, asking her to dinner. And again, Destiny did not respond. Finally, Harrison realized it was not a coincidence and couldn't understand why. Desperate, he tried another text, but there was no reply to no avail.

Destiny's silence amplified the loneliness feeling, and Harrison was obsessed with thoughts about Destiny. Then, one day, he drove to her house in a spare car.

"Harrison, what a surprise," Destiny said sardonically, standing at the doorstep.

Harrison looked at her with a renewed appreciation and desire. He couldn't help staring at her beautiful face and sexy posture. Destiny wore a black silk robe that hung on her firm breasts and exposed the shape of her nipples, poking through the silk material. She leaned on the door with one arm up, pulling the robe over her firm thighs, exhibiting long legs in high heel sleepers.

"I just wanted to check how you are doing because you did not respond to my texts."

Destiny standing at the door, smiled kindly, "I am doing fine, and how are you?"

"I am fine, but I couldn't understand why you did not respond," Harrison persisted, "I thought that we had something going on between us."

“Of course, we had something going on. You were my client.”

“I was your client?” Harrison asked, dumbfounded by the characterization of the client.

“Yes,” Destiny said impatiently, “You and Claire were paying clients.”

“Paying? I never paid anything,” Harrison erupted with surprise.

“Well, Claire paid for the Fem Club sessions. I thought that you knew that.”

“No, I didn’t know,” and then after a pause, “I guess she paid with her own money. She has a trust fund from her parents.”

“Whatever,” Destiny irritably replied, anxious to end the conversation, but she saw Harrison's pained expression and cravings and said, “Wait here,” and closed the door. A minute later, Destiny opened the door and handed Harrison a business card.

“My website is on the business card, and if you want to see me, you can schedule a private session.”

“Oh, Okay,” Harrison said, looking at the business card as if it was a life savior.

“Goodbye, Harrison,” Destiny ended the conversation and closed the door.

Harrison stood looking at the closed door for a few seconds and then left. He drove in the familiar street passing his old home and wondered how Claire lived her life. Memories of his life streamed in his head, but he brushed them aside and looked at the business card with a hopeful smile.

When Harrison returned to his office, he looked up Destiny’s website. There were two tabs, one for Fem Club and the other for private sessions. Smiling, Harrison registered, scheduled, and paid

for the first available date, Saturday evening. And an hour later, Harrison got a confirmation email that Destiny would be at the provided address on Saturday evening at seven o'clock.

The rest of the week elapsed slowly. Harrison thought about the upcoming meeting with Destiny every day until, finally, the time had come.

Harrison rushed to the door when he heard the knock at seven o'clock. Destiny smiled at him and ran the back of her hand over his face, "It's so nice to see you, Harrison," she said sweetly.

"Nice to see you too," Harrison mumbled as his penis hardened at the view of Destiny in a tight turquoise color mini dress and matching ankle-strapped high heel sandals.

Destiny walked in, passing Harrison, who held the door as if he needed support to stand up.

"Nice place," Destiny said, looking around the living room, then sat down on the sofa, dropping her handbag on the floor, and crossed her legs in a sexy posture. Harrison was a bit overwhelmed and stood looking at Destiny as if waiting for something.

"Harrison, I would love to listen to another concerto that you like," Destiny suggested to break up the ice.

"Oh, sure," Harrison said excitedly and rummaged through the CDs until he found the one he wanted, "This is a violin concerto," he said and started the player.

The sound of violin playing filled the room. Destiny gestured to Harrison to sit next to her, lifted her long hair behind the ear, and demanded, "Explain it."

Harrison sat next to Destiny, softly talking into her ear, telling her that the violin started solo and played the themes, then the

orchestra joined. Destiny grabbed Harrison's hand and placed it on her toned thigh, listening attentively.

When the first movement ended, Destiny smiled at Harrison, “You may touch me, honey,” she said, gently squeezing his hand affectionately.

Harrison was delighted. He hugged Destiny with an arm around her shoulders while Destiny held the other hand on her thigh, listening to the music and Harrison’s explanation.

“That was a beautiful piece. Who composed it?” Destiny asked when the concerto ended.

“That was Bruch, not famous, but had an ingenuity moment when he composed this one. I am glad you enjoyed it.”

Destiny got up from the sofa and looked outside at the view.

Harrison wasn’t sure what to do. He stayed seated, ogling Destiny’s long legs and round ass.

After a moment of silence, Destiny said quietly, “Why don’t you show me your bedroom, Harrison.”

Harrison jumped on his feet, “This way,” he said. Destiny picked up her handbag and walked after Harrison. When they entered the bedroom, Destiny pulled out a flogger from her bag. She stood with spread legs in high heels rotating the flogger in the air, “Undress for me, Harrison,” she said in a quiet voice.

As if hypnotized, Harrison undressed and stood in the center of the room naked with an erect penis.

Destiny approached him, held the end of the flogger tails in her hand, and threaded the flogger over Harrison’s back, pulling him into her, “Did you miss me?” she asked, her green eyes meeting Harrison’s eyes, challenging.

“Yes,” Harrison said with shaken voice, lost in the green of Destiny’s eyes.

Destiny pulled the flogger tighter and kissed Harrison tenderly, her tits pressed to his chest. Destiny’s tongue fired sparks in Harrison’s mouth, and Harrison spontaneously hugged Destiny and kissed her back. It was a short kiss, but Harrison’s had a tremor running down his spine.

Destiny gently pushed Harrison away and dropped the flogger on the floor, “Keep your hands on the back for me, honey,” she said and slowly sank, kissing Harrison’s chest and then down his stomach until she reached the penis head. Then, sitting comfortably on her high heels, Destiny gently held Harrison’s testicles and kissed his penis head lovingly.

“You like?” she asked, looking up at Harrison.

Harrison almost jumped out of his skin. It was an incredible sensation, “Yes,” he replied. Destiny smiled and took the penis head into her mouth, swirling her tongue over it. Harrison moaned with pleasure, and his penis jerked reflexively.

Destiny ran her tongue over Harrison’s penis head for a while longer. Then she bobbed her head a few times and pushed the entire length of Harrison’s cock inside her mouth, effortlessly gliding the penis into her throat. Harrison screamed from the sensations as Destiny stuck her tongue out and licked his balls while keeping his penis in her throat.

“You like?” Destiny asked again as she pulled the penis out, licking the penis head like an ice cream cone.

“Oh, yes, yes!”

Destiny slid the penis down her throat again and kept it deep inside while sliding the strings of her dress down her arms until the dress

fell on her lap. Harrison looked down at Destiny's exposed breasts as electric currents were propagating from his penis up his body.

Slowly, Destiny straightened up. The turquoise dress slid down to her feet. She stood face to face with Harrison, her green eyes boring into Harrison's eyes, "Take off my dress," she whispered erotically.

Harrison dropped down on his knees, and Destiny possessively laid her palm on his head for support and lifted one leg. Harrison took the dress off her foot and then the other foot.

Destiny stood tall, naked, and her gorgeous body was glowing in the bedroom's light. She looked down at Harrison on his knees, picked up the flogger, and silently pointed her index finger. Harrison lunged at Destiny's feet in high heels, kissed and licked, making sounds of joy and gratitude. Harrison missed the subservient feeling he hadn't experienced for some time. It aroused him. And he was thankful for the opportunity.

Destiny ran the flogger tails gently over Harrison's back, "Did you miss the obedience lessons?" she asked quietly.

Harrison shivered from the flogger touch, "Sometimes," he replied noncommittally and suddenly felt a whiplash. The flogger tails hit his butt hard.

"I think you did," Destiny said confidently and whipped again. Harrison did not reply and licked Destiny's feet lovingly.

"Count," Destiny ordered and hit again. Harrison counted to five, and his cock jerked and hardened with each whiplash.

Destiny did not wait for Harrison to thank her, she turned and sat on the bed, lifting and moving her legs as if she rode a bicycle, "Take off my shoes," she ordered. Harrison moved on all fours looking and the vaginal lips that slightly opened and closed with

the legs movements. And when he reached the bed, Destiny placed her feet on the floor.

Harrison removed the high heel sandals while kissing the feet with shaking hands.

Destiny lifted Harrison's head with her barefoot under his chin, "Come lie next to me," she said and lay on the bed.

Harrison climbed on the bed beside Destiny, adoringly looking at her beautiful face.

Destiny smiled and turned around, "You may touch," she said quietly.

Harrison patted her soft hair and ran his hands over her silky back to her smooth round ass. He hugged her, pressing his chest into her back, wrapping his hands over the round breasts, rolling the erect nipples between his finger. Harrison savored every second of his freedom to touch Destiny. It was a heavenly feeling.

"That's enough," Harrison heard Destiny's voice and obediently removed his hands. Destiny put her hand back, stroked Harrison's penis, then pulled him and rubbed the penis head over the vagina lips. Harrison felt the moisture of Destiny's vagina, and he eagerly pressed his body into her. Destiny hid a smile and guided him into her vagina opening. Harrison moved his cock deep inside in slow motion enjoying it tremendously.

After a few slow moves, Harrison was aroused and moved faster, breathing heavily. Destiny was keenly aware of Harrison's state and rolled off uncoupling. She then lay on her back and rubbed her clit, "Kiss," she said in that quiet voice.

Harrison delightfully slid down and licked those delicate lips savoring the scent and taste of Destiny. He moaned with pleasure,

and Destiny's mewing reenergized him. Harrison felt a desire to please Destiny the best he could.

Destiny aroused from Harrison's treatment, and she was ready, "Get on top of me," she said impatiently.

Destiny looked into Harrison's eyes above her. She ran her palms over his hair, down his back, and then held his butt, pressing him into her crotch, "Are you ready to fuck?" she asked with a slight smile poking his butt hole.

"Yes!" Harrison yelled and unexpectedly felt Destiny's finger sliding into his asshole.

"Get in," Destiny said, moving her finger inside his rectum. Harrison entered Destiny's wet vagina quickly. He started to move at the pace of Destiny's finger. It was a slow pace that gradually increased in speed. Sweat formed on Harrison's forehead, and huff and puffs loudly.

"Are you ready for me?"

"Yes!"

Destiny removed her finger from Harrison's ass and held his buttocks, "Fuck me, baby, fuck me hard!"

Harrison banged with all the power he could muster. Then, he felt the familiar silence descend, surrounding his head. Harrison closed his eyes, and in a trance, he moved as fast as he could.

"Now, baby, give it to me now!" Harrison heard Destiny's voice through the fog that enveloped him. He screamed and ejaculated, his penis pulsating rapidly. He let go of his arms, landed on Destiny, and lay motionless on top of her.

Destiny patted Harrison's head affectionately, letting him calm down, then she spanked his butt playfully, and Harrison rolled off,

lying next to her. They stayed motionless for a few minutes, and Destiny said, “Let’s take a shower.”

In the shower, they washed each other, smiling in comfortable silence. Harrison's penis hardened again, and Destiny, tuned to her client’s needs, rubbed soap lather on his erect cock, “You want to clean my ass, baby,” she said mischievously.

Destiny did not wait for an answer, turned around, and bent in an inviting posture. Harrison delightedly entered her tight butt hole and pumped fast to the sound of Destiny’s moans until he came for the second time.

After the shower, they lay in bed, and Destiny placed her head on Harrison’s chest, “Good night, honey,” she said and closed her eyes. Harrison hugged her lovingly and felt happy but exhausted as he drifted off.

The morning sun woke Harrison from a heavy sleep. He put his arm on the side, but there was only unoccupied space. Alarmed, Harrison got up and looked around. Destiny was not in the bathroom or any other room that Harrison had walked through frantically.

Disappointed, Harrison made a coffee and ran the events of last night through his head. It was spectacular lovemaking, he admitted. Harrison liked when Destiny called him honey and baby. His penis hardened from the memories, and he decided to make another private session soon. But when he got into Destiny’s website, the first available date was Saturday, three weeks ahead.

Time went by slowly. Harrison thought about Destiny frequently. He analyzed in his head Destiny’s behavior and realized that he was only a business transaction for her but hoped that things would change and Destiny would come around and perhaps date him.

When Destiny arrived on Saturday evening, Harrison suggested having dinner in a nearby Italian restaurant. Destiny readily agreed, and they walked to the restaurant with Destiny linking her arm with Harrison's like a loving girlfriend. Destiny asked about the new kitchen counter business during dinner, and Harrison explained what was happening. It was an enjoyable evening, and when they returned to Harrison's apartment, Destiny asked to listen to another piece.

Sitting on the sofa, Harrison hugged Destiny affectionately and explained the music. When it ended, Destiny got up, and without a word, she walked to the bedroom, peeling off her dress on the way. Harrison hurried after her, and when he entered the room, he saw Destiny lying naked on the bed, lifting her legs in the air, "Take off the shoes, baby."

When the shoes were off, Destiny spread her legs in an inviting gesture, and Harrison buried his face between her legs, inhaling her scent and kissing her excitedly. Destiny moaned loud and then lifted Harrison's head, pulling him up. They made love, and it was a blast. And when Destiny whispered, "Give it to me, baby," Harrison came with fireworks exploding in his head.

They fell asleep with Destiny's head on Harrison's chest. It was an intimate time that Harrison cherished. But when Harrison woke up in the morning, Destiny was gone. Harrison loved his time with Destiny and wanted to schedule another session immediately. He logged into the website and was disappointed. The next available appointment was a month ahead. Harrison cursed himself for not planning it earlier and impatiently waited for time to elapse.

The next time Destiny came, they listened to music and made love. Then, after taking a shower, Destiny sat on the bed and said, "Harrison, I have a proposition for you."

“What is it?” Harrison curiously asked.

“Dino needs a break sometimes. I am looking for someone to sit in for him, and I wondered if you would like to temporarily take his place every other Friday until I find a permanent solution.”

“You mean, be your partner for Fed Club session?”

“Yes, that is what I mean,” Destiny smiled at him, “And there will be a reward waiting for you after the session ends.”

Harrison smiled broadly. He liked the sound of the reward, “I think that I would like to do that.”

“Good,” Destiny said, expecting this reply, “Be at my place at six-thirty next Friday.”

They made love again, and then Destiny put her head on Harrison's chest, and they fell asleep instantly. But, as usual, Destiny was gone in the morning. Harrison wondered how and when she got up, but it didn't matter. He would see her again on Friday.

Destiny was all business on Friday evening. She explained to Harrison that he needed to watch her at all times and wipe the benches with sanitizer when she signaled him, “And obviously, if one of the Fems orders you to do something, you obey, but from my experience, it doesn't happen very often.”

Harrison nodded in understanding, undressed, standing on his knees next to Destiny's chair, watching the couples coming in.

It was an exciting evening. Harrison enjoyed watching other couples fucking in various positions while he worked with Destiny, moving on all fours and wiping benches and mats.

Harrison stayed downstairs after everyone left at the end of the session, waiting for his reward.

Destiny came down and picked a short snake whip, "Let's start with obedience lesson," she said and started to flog. Harrison counted, and Destiny checked his penis after every count and was satisfied with the progress of his hardening cock.

After the thank you, Destiny undressed and sat on a sling swing hanging from the ceiling. She swung smiling at Harrison and laughed cheerfully, "Come and get it."

As Harrison approached her, Destiny stopped swinging and pointed her finger down. Harrison dropped to his knees and kissed her vagina. Destiny turned back, separating from Harrison with a laugh, and then swung forward, hitting Harrison's face playfully, "Get it, baby, make me wet," she said. Harrison started to lick again, enjoying Destiny's scent, when Destiny swung back and stopped, "Come and get it," she laughed.

Harrison moved on his knees with cravings and kissed her delicate vagina lips, but Destiny didn't let him enjoy for too long and swung back again. She played, swinging back and forth until Harrison's cock was hard as a rock.

"Fuck me now, baby," Destiny incited, sitting on the swing with legs spread wide. Harrison stood up and swiftly entered her, holding the swing's ropes. It was an arousing game as Destiny swung back with a laugh when Harrison forged forward.

Finally, Destiny held Harrison's waist, "Fuck me hard, baby, I am ready for you," Destiny incited. Harrison moved fast. Destiny swung lightly back, but she held Harrison's waist and let him push in immediately. Harrison breathed with short, loud intakes and reached his limit. He erupted with a shout, his body jolted, and his cock throbbed as he shot the load inside Destiny.

Destiny wrapped her legs around Harrison's waist and patted his chest affectionately, "You did well tonight, Harrison," Destiny

complimented.

“Thank you,” Harrison said, still panting, looking into Destiny’s green eyes with an erect penis inside her.

“Did you like your reward?”

“Yes, very much.”

“And what about the obedience lesson?” Destiny inquired.

“I could live without it.”

Destiny laughed and pushed Harrison away, “Take a shower now. I’ll see you in two weeks,” she said and walked out of the clubroom.

Harrison showered, dressed, and went upstairs to the first floor. It was quiet and empty. Harrison wondered if he should go upstairs to say goodbye or stay the night but thought better of it. He left, closing the door gently behind.

Two weeks flew by, and Harrison arrived for the Fem Club session. “It would be wild tonight,” Destiny warned him.

Harrison did not think much of Destiny’s comment and went downstairs to prepare for the session. But after the obedience lessons, the floor flourished with activities. One Fem with a strap-on cock fucked an Obee and spanked him with a paddle. She spanked with each forward movement and shouted, “You get it?” The Obee screamed from pain and pleasure and responded, “Not yet,” which made the Fem angrier, and she spanked harder. It was a fascinating vicious cycle.

Two men fucked another Fem, who gripped a handle hanging from the ceiling. The Fem screamed with joy, and another Fem whipped the two Obees who shouted with each whiplash. The other couple

occupied one of the floor mats. It was loud in the clubroom, and Harrison was distracted.

“What are you doing?” Harrison suddenly heard Destiny’s voice. As he looked up into her cold green eyes, Destiny slapped his face.

“I am sorry,” Harrison said.

“Clean the mat,” Destiny hissed.

The rest of the evening went by quickly, and Destiny came down to the clubroom after everyone left, “Stand here,” Destiny barked and threw a restraining leg bar on the floor.

Harrison fastened the bar on his ankle, his heart beating fast.

Destiny lowered a chain from the ceiling, tied Harrison’s hand, then pulled the chain up until he touched the floor with his toes. Harrison watched Destiny stripping, standing helplessly with arm up in the air, and hardly touching the floor.

Naked in high heels, Destiny approached Harrison and held his face with her hands, her eyes boring into his, “Tell me, Harrison, what did you do when I signaled you to clean the mat?”

“I am sorry, I was distracted.”

Destiny banged Harrison’s testicles with her knee. Harrison screamed from the pain, and his head fell forward, but Destiny held his head up by the hair and kicked him hard again. Harrison screamed louder, and tears of pain formed in his eyes.

Destiny paused and then held his face with both hands again. Her eyes were cold as ice, “You were distracted,” she said with contempt, “We need to remedy that distraction, don’t we, Harrison?”

Harrison forced himself and said, “Yes, Destiny,” with a pained expression.

Destiny walked away and returned with what looked like a snake whip, but it was thick at the handle and tapered down toward the end with an uneven rough surface.

Harrison watched Destiny with apprehension. It was the first time Destiny punished him, and he prepared for the worse.

Destiny lifted the whip and hit Harrison's ass and then repeated and flogged his back, "Are you still distracted?" she shouted.

Harrison did not respond. The pain was excruciating, and he couldn't get away, not even a single step.

Destiny continued to rain whiplashes one after the other, repeating angrily, "Are you still distracted?"

Harrison finally shouted, "No, no!" but it did not make a difference. Destiny was in a trance, lifting her arm and hitting Harrison without a pause. Harrison's head dropped down. Red marks covered his back and ass. And then, Destiny stopped breathing heavily, feeling exhausted and drained.

Destiny lowered the chain and freed Harrison's hands, "Remove the restraining bar," she said quietly.

Harrison painfully bent and removed the bar. Destiny watched him, and when he straightened up, she hugged and kissed him affectionately, "You are not distracted, are you?"

"No, Destiny," Harrison replied obediently, enjoying Destiny's tender touch.

"Let's take a shower," Destiny said softly. She held Harrison's hand and walked upstairs to her bedroom. Destiny gently rinsed Harrison's back in the shower, hugged and kissed him, saying, "Stay the night here. I'll reward you tomorrow morning."

Harrison nodded with a shy smile, and after the shower, they went to bed.

Harrison tried to lie on his back, but it hurt. Destiny noticed Harrison's attempt to get comfortable, "Lie on your side," she said softly and slid up, pulling Harrison's head gently into her chest, "Take it, baby," Destiny whispered.

Harrison sucked Destiny's pink nipple with hunger while Destiny patted his head, "Suck it, baby, till you fall asleep," she whispered, "You'll feel better in the morning."

Harrison closed his eyes and sucked Destiny's breast. It had a relaxing and comforting effect on him, and after a short while, Harrison drifted off with the nipple in his mouth.

Harrison opened his eyes and saw a porcelain back covered with red curls. He smiled from the memory of falling asleep last night and ran his hand gently over the soft red hair. To his surprise, Destiny turned around with a smile, "Hey," she said, "Did you sleep well?"

"Like a baby," Harrison smiled back, delighted to see Destiny's beautiful face next to him.

Destiny extended her arm down and touched Harrison's penis with her fingertips. Harrison shivered from her touch, and his cock jerked. Destiny laughed when she felt Harrison's cock reaction and then kissed Harrison lightly, "Are you ready for your reward?" she asked, stroking his penis.

"Yes!" Harrison said excitedly. His back and ass were still sore, but the sharp pain had subsided.

Destiny was aware of the condition of Harrison's back, and she turned and stood on all four on the bed, stretching her butt up, "Come and get it," she said, laughing.

Harrison did not waste a second. His penis was hard and ready, and standing on his knees, he shoved his cock inside Destiny's warm and inviting vagina and started to bang fast.

Destiny, standing on all fours, bent down, laid her head on the bed, moaned aloud, and yelled, "Harder, baby, fuck me hard."

Harrison felt like a conquering man in the view of Destiny's submissive position. He pumped his cock as fast as possible, sensing the waves leading to the climax, and then he shouted, "I am coming." Harrison shot a jet of semen, standing motionless, panting with a throbbing penis that lasted for a long time.

When the throbbing subsided, Destiny got up and went to the bathroom without a word, closing the door quietly behind her.

Harrison stood still, recovering from the high he had. Then, finally, Harrison lay in bed, relaxing with satisfaction.

The bathroom door opened suddenly, and Destiny, wearing a silk robe, walked in quickly, blared, "Leave now, I'll see you in two weeks," and disappeared.

Harrison wasn't surprised. He got used to the change in Destiny's manners. Slowly, Harrison got up and went down to the clubroom to collect his clothes. As he entered his car, the uncomfortable pain in his back refreshed the memories of last night. Harrison realized that for Destiny, men were objects and did not count in her world. Even when she was affectionate, it was affection for an Obee, not an equal. And while Harrison thought that Destiny was sincere when she showered him with kisses and rewarded him with incredible sex, he knew deep inside that for Destiny, he was and always be an Obee.

Claire trimmed the front yard flowers on Saturday morning when she noticed a familiar car parking in the circular driveway of Destiny's house. She got closer and could swear that it was Harrison's car. Obsessed the discovery, Claire worked intently in her flower garden, watching Destiny's home. The front door opened about an hour later, and Harrison walked out slowly.

Claire's heart beat fast, and her head was spinning. Did Harrison stay overnight at Destiny? Did he have an affair with Destiny?

Claire rushed home and picked up the phone,

"Hello," Betty's voice greeted calmly.

"Betty, you won't believe what I just saw!" Claire erupted, speaking rapidly, and continued not waiting for Betty's response, "Harrison came out of Destiny's house this morning!"

"Hmmm, interesting," Betty said for lack of a better reply.

"Interesting?" Claire shouted, "I think not."

"Calm down, Claire. You don't know what he was doing there, and don't imagine things."

"Betty, Destiny is a sexual predator. There is only one thing that Harrison can do at her house."

"Well, maybe, but even if it is true, what is the problem with that?"

Claire was caught by surprise at Betty's assertion. Harrison could do whatever he wanted. Didn't she have sex with Steven?

"I guess you are right, I shouldn't be upset, but I am," Claire said in a shaking voice.

"Claire, you have a good relationship with Destiny. Why don't you talk to her and find out what was happening."

"Yes, I could do that," Claire said, pondering.

“Let me know how it went,” Betty said, wrapping up the conversation.

“Okay, Bett, thank you.”

“You are welcome.”

Claire hung up and thought about how to approach Destiny. She knew she had no right to question Destiny, but Claire couldn’t help but feel she must know why Harrison stayed the night.

At noon Claire walked to Destiny’s house and rang the bell.

“Hi Claire, how are you?” Destiny greeted warmly.

“I am fine,” Claire replied, and then after a pause, she said abruptly, “Destiny, I saw Harrison coming out of your house this morning.”

Destiny got offensive, “So?”

“So I was wondering why he stayed the night with you.”

“Don’t you think that it is my private affair? You have no business snooping around.”

“I do have the right,” Claire raised her voice, “Harrison is my husband.”

“Was,” Destiny corrected her.

“No! he is! We never filed for a divorce,” Claire said, tears forming in her eyes.

Destiny looked at her and suddenly realized, “You still love him, don’t you?”

Claire burst out crying, and tears ran down her cheeks.

Destiny hugged affectionately, “Why don’t you come in, and we’ll talk.”

They sat in the living room, and Destiny explained to Claire what Harrison was doing, “I have no strings attached to Harrison,” she tried to comfort Claire.

“I know that, but he must have feelings for you,” Claire said as if complaining.

“Claire,” Destiny said firmly, not beating around the bush, “Do you want Harrison back?”

Claire was quiet for a moment, and then in a small voice, she admitted, “Yes, I do.”

“Okay then,” Destiny chirped, “Let me help you. Here's what you should do,” Destiny said and laid out a detailed plan.

“You think that it would work?”

“I am sure it would work, Claire. And don't worry about Harrison's feelings for me. It is just infatuation, and he is smart enough to realize it eventually.”

“Okay,” Claire said, feeling encouraged, “Thank you.”

“You are welcome,” Destiny said with a warm smile.

Claire walked back home feeling better. She was thankful that she had a good friend like Betty and gratified that Destiny was helping her. She thought about Harrison and Destiny's plan. It would take some time, but it could work well.

On Friday, Harrison arrived at Destiny's house, ready for work. He watched Destiny closely, and when she waved him, he moved quickly on all fours and wiped clean the places she pointed.

Harrison was busy cleaning a bench when he heard a voice, “Harrison!” He turned and saw Rita, a short cute brunette with small tits, pointing her finger down. Harrison bent and kissed her feet in high heels. He remembered Rita from the obedience lessons

because her partner was tall and skinny, and Harrison thought they were an odd match.

“I want you to fuck me,” Rita said, looking down at Harrison and kissing her feet.

“Yes, Miss Rita,” Harrison replied appropriately.

Rita sat on the bench and ordered Harrison to stand up. She stroked his penis, making it hard, “I like your penis. It would fit well in my holes,” Rita said.

Harrison wasn’t sure what Rita meant, but he pleasantly replied, “Yes, Miss Rita.”

Rita lay on the bench and lifted her legs, “Hold my ankles,” she ordered and then grabbed Harrison's penis and shoved it into her vagina. “Move slowly,” she directed with “Oh,” of pleasure as Harrison complied.

“A bit faster,” Rita said with excitement. Harrison moved as instructed when suddenly Rita shouted, “Stop!” Then, after a pause, Rita continued, “Stick it in my ass.”

Harrison pulled out, and Rita grabbed his cock again before he could move and pushed it into her asshole, “Slow,” she ordered.

Harrison moved mechanically. It wasn’t exciting enough to climax, but he enjoyed looking at Rita, who moaned and yelled instructions, “Faster, yes, just like that.” And then “Stop!” Rita grabbed Harrison’s cock and entered it back into her vagina, “Move fast!” she cried with excitement, “I am almost there.”

It took two more rounds of ass and then vagina fucking until Rita came with a scream of joy.

Harrison stood motionless, waiting for her to calm down. At that moment, Destiny materialized next to Harrison, “Pull out, baby,

and take a shower. I'll clean this bench," Destiny whispered in his ear.

Harrison moved on all four, took a shower, then continued with his chores, watching Destiny and cleaning when she waved him.

After the session was over, Destiny came down to reward Harrison.

"You didn't come yet, did you?" Destiny asked with a knowing smile.

Harrison smiled back, nodding no with his head.

Destiny undressed and pointed at one of the mats, "Lie down for me, baby."

Harrison lay down on his back, and Destiny climbed on top of him in a sixty-nine position. Harrison licked her vagina lips and thrust his tongue enthusiastically, enjoying Destiny's palate, moaning delightfully. His moaning grew aloud as Destiny sent electric currents sucking his penis.

After a short while, Destiny straightened up, sat on Harrison's face, and gently stroked his cock.

"You want to fuck, baby?" Destiny asked, twisting her palm over the penis head.

"Yes!" came the muffled reply from underneath.

Destiny got up, turned, and stood on her knees above Harrison's erect cock, "Look at me," she said and slowly dropped down, letting Harrison's penis penetrate her in slow motion.

Harrison looked into the green eyes and breath loudly. He was aroused and ready. Destiny had the entire length of his cock inside her and then rode it at a measured pace. It was erotic and provocative, and Harrison felt his cock throbbing involuntarily.

"Are you ready for me, baby?"

“Yes!”

“You give everything you have?” Destiny teased, moving up, stopping, and then down slowly.

“Yes, yes!” Harrison couldn’t take the sensations. Destiny drove him crazy.

Destiny sat on his cock, put her palms on his chest, swirled her vagina teasingly, assessing the right moment, and whispered, “Now, baby, give it to me now.”

Harrison exploded. He shot a strong jet inside Destiny with a jerking groin and scream.

Destiny looked at Harrison with a victorious smile. He was like playdough in her hands.

When Harrison relaxed, Destiny bent, pressing her tits into his chest. She kissed him and then straightened up, keeping his penis inside her.

“Harrison, I found a replacement for you, someone that would come regularly,” Destiny said softly.

“Oh? Does it mean that I won’t come on Fridays anymore?” Harrison asked meekly.

Destiny rubbed his chest affectionately, “Yes, that is what it means,” she said firmly.

“I see,” Harrison said, disappointed, his penis starting to soften.

Destiny got up and put on her dress, “Turn over Harrison,” she ordered as she picked a long tails flogger. Then, standing tall in high heels, she gently ran the flogger tails over Harrison’s back.

Harrison quivered from the sensations, but suddenly, he heard Destiny’s voice “Count!” and felt the sting of the flogger hitting his ass.

Destiny paused, running the flogger over Harrison's back, and then hit again. "Two," Harrison counted.

Destiny repeated, and after five whiplashes, she dropped the flogger on the floor and walked out of the clubroom without a word.

Harrison, lying on his stomach, watched Destiny's long legs in high heels gracefully moving until she disappeared from view. He then got up slowly, looking around, knowing that this would be his last time in the Fem Club.

Harrison sat in his car in deep thought, trying to understand what had transpired during reward. First, Destiny was affectionate when she made love to him, and his orgasm was spectacular. But then Destiny taught him obedience, reminding him that he was an Obee and nothing more. Harrison understood deep inside that being an Obee was the true facet Destiny viewed him. No matter how lovingly she treated him during lovemaking. It was tough to accept this reality, but he admitted that there was little hope to change Destiny's attitude toward him.

With a sigh, he turned on the engine, drove around the circle driveway, and went up the street, passing by his old house. There was light in the bedroom windows, and Harrison wondered what Claire was doing. He then shook his head as if to clear out these thoughts and drove away.

Claire knew this would be the last Friday Harrison would serve Destiny. She wished Harrison would take it lightly and move on with his life.

Claire had already ended her relationship with Steven. And she did not miss the Fem Club sessions at all. Initially, it was fun to go to the Fem Club with Steven, but after several times, the excitement waned. Claire wasn't sure if she had enough of the Fem Club

because of Steven, who bored her, or because she grew out of it, and it wasn't appealing anymore.

Claire thought about the next step in Destiny's plan and hoped it would work out, and when she met Betty, she told her about Destiny's suggestion.

"I think it is a great idea," Betty reacted positively, "Rest assured that I'll take care of it."

"Thank you," Claire said with gratitude.

"You are welcome," Betty replied with a broad smile, happy to help her friend.

Harrison was working the computer in his office when Wendy, his secretary, walked in and announced, "There is this obnoxious guy on the phone that wants to talk to you."

"Why obnoxious," Harrison asked, amused at Wendy's characterization.

"Because he doesn't want to give me his last name."

"So what does he say," Harrison asked, entertained by Wendy's facial expression. Wendy was an excellent secretary but a solemn person.

"He said his name is Mike, and if I tell you the code word Betty, you would understand."

Harrison laughed loudly, "Put him on, Wendy, I know the guy, and I agree with you. He is obnoxious."

"Mike?" Harrison said to the receiver.

"Hi Harrison, how are you, buddy?"

"I am fine, Mike. What are you up to?" Harrison cut through the chase.

"Well, Harrison, you know my birthday is coming up in two weeks, and I wanted to invite you."

"You want to invite me?"

"Yes, you have been to my birthday parties, didn't you? And we do it in the same place as the last one."

"Did Betty put you up to this?"

"You know Harrison, I like you, and I want to invite you," Mike avoided the question.

"Mike! Did she?"

After a pause, Mike said, “She mentioned you, and I thought it would be nice to have you.”

“Mike, I am sorry, but I have plans for that Saturday,” Harrison declined.

“Harrison, you must come to my party,” Mike declared.

“No, I don’t,” Harrison smiled. No one could tell him what to do.

“Harrison, you don’t understand. Betty is like a dog with a bone. She won’t let this go. I’ll have to call you every day, and if that won’t work, I’ll come to invite you in person. Do you want me to come and make a scene in your office?”

Harrison burst into a laugh again. He knew what Mike meant about Betty's determination and conceded that it was a lost battle.

“What time?”

“Seven o’clock.”

“Okay, I’ll be there.”

“You are the best, Harrison. A true friend, God bless you,” Mike gushed with relief.

“Yeah, yeah,” Harrison said and hung up, smiling.

Harrison entered the restaurant on Saturday evening with apprehension. He strolled toward the table where Betty and Mike were sitting. Mike saw him and jumped on his feet, “Hey Harrison, good to see you. Come sit here,” Mike greeted, trying to make Harrison comfortable. He then turned to the waitress, “Vodka martini for my friend here.”

Harrison sat down and looked around. Two other couples chatted cheerfully with Claire, who sat diagonally across from him. Claire looked at him, and their eyes met, “Hi, Harrison,” Claire said with a slight smile, her blue eyes sparkling mischievously.

Harrison nodded hello and looked with appreciation at Claire's blonde hair that ran in waves over her smooth back. Only two spaghetti strings supported the lavender mini dress that clung to her firm breasts with modest cleavage, but it was incredibly sexy.

Claire returned to the conversation with the other couples, and Harrison sat sipping the martini, looking around. He smiled when he heard the ringing of Claire's laugh. Mike and Betty engaged Harrison in conversation, and then people talked from one side of the table to the other. Harrison enjoyed the company. It had been a while since he spent time with friends.

At the end of the meal, the waitress brought a birthday cake, and everyone sang, "Happy birthday to you, Mike." As the singing ended, Claire met Harrison's eyes and mouthed, "Dance?" Harrison nodded silently, saying yes, and they both got up and went to the dance floor.

Harrison loved to dance with Claire. She swirled elegantly at his lead and laughed cheerfully. Harrison smiled and enjoyed the moment.

At the table, Mike signaled to the waitress, "Could you ask the band to play a slow dance next?" he asked, handing her two twenty-dollar bills. The waitress smiled and dashed away on her mission.

"That was very thoughtful of you, Mike," Betty said.

"Oh, that was for us. I want to dance with you," Mike replied modestly.

Betty hugged him affectionately, "Did I tell you that I love you?"

"Not today," Mike faked a severe face. Betty laughed and kissed him lovingly.

On the dance floor, the tune ended, and a slow song started. Claire wrapped her arms around Harrison's shoulders, keeping a distance. They danced for a few seconds in silence, and then Claire looked into Harrison's eyes, "How have you been, Harrison?"

"Good, good," Harrison mumbled.

"Where do you live?"

"I live in an apartment downtown."

"You rented an apartment downtown?" Claire was astonished.

"No, I bought an apartment downtown."

Claire looked at Harrison, speechless. She knew that Harrison wouldn't spend money unless he truly loved something.

"I want to see the apartment," Claire finally said decisively.

"Sure, I would love to show it to you."

Claire got closer and ran her fingertips on the back of Harrison's head and then whispered in his ear, "Tonight."

"You want to see the apartment tonight?" Harrison couldn't believe what he had just heard.

"Yes," Claire talked into his ear, hugging him tighter.

Harrison did not reply. He sniffed Claire's hair. The scent brought many memories, and he brushed his cheek with Claire's. In mutual understanding, they danced silently, with their cheeks touching lightly.

Claire pressed her tits lightly into Harrison's chest and hid a smile as she felt the growing bump in his pants. She knew that Harrison felt the implicit intimacy the dance created for both of them.

After the dance, Claire was all business, "Let's go, Harrison, I'll follow you with my car."

Harrison smiled and nodded in agreement. Claire hadn't changed, she was charming, and it was impossible to say no to her.

They said goodbye to everyone and left. Claire parked in the garage guest parking, and the elevator whisked them up to Harrison's apartment.

"Give me a tour," Claire demanded as they walked in. They ended the tour in the living room, and Claire sat on the sofa, crossing her long legs, "This is a beautiful place, Harrison. Congratulations."

"Thanks, would you like a glass of wine?"

"That would be nice, and can you put on Chopin's second piano concerto?"

"Since when do you like classical music?"

"Since I took a music appreciation class," Claire giggled, "And thank you for leaving the stereo in the house."

"I have here a good stereo system. I bought it with the apartment," Harrison said, handing a glass of wine to Claire.

"Okay! Let's hear it."

Harrison looked for the CD and put it on. The music filled the room, and Harrison stood beside the stereo equipment, unsure what to do.

"You can sit next to me. I don't bite," Claire said facetiously.

"Hmm, yes, of course," Harrison mumbled and sat on the sofa, ogling Claire's long shapely legs.

They listened to the music for a couple of minutes, and then Claire ran her palm over her sculpted thighs erotically, getting Harrison's attention, "Are you horny?" she asked out of the blue.

"Why do you ask?"

“Why don’t you answer?”

“I guess I am,” Harrison admitted shyly.

“Pull it down. I’ll take care of you,” Claire offered point blank.

Harrison smiled. It was typical of Claire to get to the point directly with no restraints. And Harrison pulled down his pants, revealing an erect penis.

Claire bent and took him into her mouth. She bobbed her head slowly and then at an increasing pace. Harrison moaned and patted Claire’s head, enjoying the feel of her soft hair. Claire sucked Harrison’s cock, never touching it with her hands. She was tuned to Harrison’s sounds and knew how to push his buttons.

Harrison surrendered to the pleasures Claire bestowed on him. He relaxed with closed eyes as the warm waves traveled through his body.

Claire stopped moving her head. Instead, she wrapped her lips around the penis head, brushed the mushroom head’s base, and ran her tongue over the penis slit, concentrating. As she felt the throbbing, she sucked the penis head like a pump until her mouth filled with semen. Claire continued to suck and get every drop, enjoying the sound of Harrison's joyful screams as his penis jolted and throbbed in her mouth.

When the throbbing subsided, Claire lifted her head and looked at Harrison, “Feeling better?”

“Much better,” Harrison smiled back. Claire wrapped her arm around Harrison’s neck and placed her leg over the softening cock.

They sat in a comfortable silence until the music ended. “Nice recording,” Claire commented and then jumped up on her feet, “I need to go now,” she said and walked quickly to the front door.

“Wait, wait,” Harrison yelled, pulling up his pants.

Claire already reached the door and turned, “Wait for what?”

“Oh, I don’t know, maybe a goodbye hug?”

“Save it,” Claire said shortly, opened the door, and disappeared.

Harrison stopped on his track, looking at the closed door dumbfounded.

“Claire! Come in,” Destiny smiled at Claire and stepped back from the door. Claire walked in and sat on the sofa in the living room, looking at Destiny, smiling fondly.

“So, how did it go?” Destiny asked, sitting down and smiling with anticipation.

“It went well,” Claire's smile broadened.

“You gave him head?”

“I did.”

“No hands?”

“No hands.”

“Did he come?”

“He sure did, and rather fast.”

“That is excellent, Claire. Now all you need to do is wait for his call and play hard to get.”

“You think he will call?”

“I am sure he will,” Destiny said confidently.

“You know something weird,” Claire said, expressing her feelings, “There was a moment that I wished I had a whip to discipline him.”

Destiny laughed blithely, “It is not him. It's you, Claire. You are a Fem, and you get the urge to interact with an Obee now and then.”

“You think so?”

“I know so, and I could offer you a remedy for that urge.”

“How?”

Destiny opened her laptop and showed Claire photos of four men naked, locked in chastity cages, “I offer Obee sessions for women.

“This is Oscar,” Destiny showed a close-up picture of a young man, “And this is Bruno, Marcus, and Jared.”

“Why are they locked in a chastity cage?”

“Some women preferred it this way, they don’t want the temptation, but you’ll have the key for the chastity cage. And it is all up to you and what you want to do.”

“They like to be disciplined?” Claire was wondering out loud.

“These are hardcore Obees. Sometimes they commit violations deliberately to get punished.”

“Harrison is not like that!” Claire defended her husband out of the blue.

“No, Harrison is what we call a soft Obee. He likes occasional whipping when he is ready.”

“Is this your website? I didn’t see Obee’s sessions there.”

“No, you won’t see it unless I enable it, and I do it for selected individuals only. If you like, I’ll enable that, and you think about it.”

“Okay,” Claire said absently.

“Heads up, you’ll need to take a shower here before the session and use the soap I provide. My Obees accustomed to a certain scent.”

“Oh, that’s fine,” Claire said, getting up, feeling an urge to get out of Destiny’s house.

“Let me know how it goes with Harrison,” Destiny said when they parted at the front door.

“Sure will,” Claire replied and left hurriedly. When Claire reached home, she changed into a bathing suit and swam laps in the pool to clear up her mind wondering if Harrison would call.

As Destiny predicted, Harrison called in the middle of the week.

“Hello,” Claire answered the phone.

“Hi, it’s me. How are you doing?”

“I am fine, Harrison,” Claire said, waiting for Harrison’s move.

“I had a good time last Saturday,” Harrison tried small talk.

“I am glad.”

“So, Claire, I was wondering if you would have dinner with me on Saturday evening.”

There it was. Claire smiled, “I am sorry, Harrison, but I already have plans for Saturday evening.”

“Oh,” Harrison sounded disappointed.

“Maybe another time,” Claire put in encouragement and hung up.

Harrison looked at the phone with astonishment as the line went dead before he could respond. Fear crawled through his spine. Was Claire involved with someone? Harrison rummaged through the roller of business cards, found Mike’s card, and picked up the phone,

“Hi, Mike?”

“Hi buddy, how are you?” Mike's cheery voice boomed in Harrison’s ear.

“I am fine. I wanted to see if you could meet me for a drink?”

“Of course, I can, anytime after the stock market closes,” Mike laughed as if it was a funny joke. However, Mike did not seem surprised by the unexpected call from Harrison, even though it was the first time Harrison had called him.

“How about six o’clock at the Richmond?”

“You got it, buddy.”

Harrison was half through the Vodka martini when Mike showed up.

“Hey, Mike,” Harrison greeted, “What do you drink?”

“Make it the same as yours,” Mike said with a broad smile tapping Harrison's shoulders in a friendly gesture.

Harrison waited until Mike got his drink, took a sip, and asked, “So Mike, I was wondering if you know anything about Claire's life.”

“You know, Harrison, Betty doesn't share with me the private stuff that's going on between her and Claire, but I sometimes overhear phone conversations.”

“Do you know if she dates anyone?” Harrison got to the point quickly.

“I know she went out with someone, but I don't know if she is currently dating anyone.”

“She went out with someone?” The news punched Harrison in the heart, “Who is he?”

“He is a tennis instructor at the club. But she broke up with him a couple of months ago.”

“I see,” Harrison said, “But you have no idea if she has someone else.”

“No, I don't, but I do know that she has feelings for you,” Mike said, looking into Harrison's eyes.

Harrison chuckled, “Yea, right.”

“It is true,” Mike defended his proclamation.

“I miss her,” Harrison confided.

“Yes, I can understand that. Claire is a special woman; many men would love to have her.”

“Yeah, right, make me feel better,” Harrison said sarcastically.

“Hey, I am sorry, but I did not leave her,” Mike countered unsympathetically.

“You don’t know the whole story,” Harrison lashed out.

“I don’t, and I don’t want to know, but it seems you want her back. And if I were you, I would work my butt off to get her back,” Mike said, gulped the last drop of his drink, and got up. “I need to go now. Good luck, Harrison.”

“Thanks for coming here,” Harrison said politely.

“You bet,” Mike said and headed out.

Harrison ordered another Vodka martini and thought about Claire. The good news was that she didn’t date anyone. And if she did, it was a reasonably new affair since Mike said she broke up with the tennis player a couple of months ago. So finally, Harrison concluded that he would pursue a different approach and hoped he would win over and restore a new life with Claire.

Claire hung up the phone after fending off Harrison. She had never forgiven Harrison for how he left her, and the anger, while subsided over time, was still there. She swiftly opened her laptop and logged in to Destiny's website. It would be good to vent the anger and punish someone.

The website provided a new tab, Obee Sessions. She looked at the pictures of naked men with penis locked in chastity cages. They were all nice looking with a fit bodies, and their penis size was listed. Claire didn't care about their penis. She had no intention to have intercourse, and she chose Oscar because he was fair skin and whiplashes would show better. Oscar was available the next day at two in the afternoon, and Claire scheduled, paid, and chose loud from the choices of quiet, loud, or very loud yells.

The next day, Claire walked to Destiny's house with anticipation.

"Hi Claire," Destiny greeted and led her to a guest room with a marvel shower stall. Destiny handed Claire a new soap, "Use this soap and make sure to rub it well on your private parts."

Claire came out of the bathroom in high heels wearing a silk robe she had brought, and spotted Destiny waiting for her.

"Here is the key," Destiny handed Claire a silver necklace with a key pendant, "Let's go," she smiled warmly.

"I don't know how to use the key," Claire complained.

"Oh, don't worry about it, give the key to Oscar. He knows how to use it," Destiny said while they walked downstairs to the familiar clubroom. The large room seemed eerily empty but serenely quiet. Claire looked around and saw Oscar standing on his knees at the center of the stage, facing the single chair.

"Sit down," Destiny instructed Claire, pointing at the chair, and then she turned to Oscar, patting his head, "This is Miss Claire."

Oscar bent and kissed Claire's feet, "Please to meet you, Miss Claire."

Claire did not respond. She looked down at Oscar and then up at Destiny. Destiny smiled at Claire, "The bell will ring ten minutes before the end of the session," she said and left.

Claire looked at Oscar at her feet for a few seconds and then unfastened her robe and lifted her legs over the arms of the chair, "Get in my ass, Oscar," she said quietly.

Oscar obediently lifted his head from the feet and started to lick Claire's butt crack.

"Stick it in my asshole," Claire directed, enjoying the tickling sensations. Oscar licked her butt opening, stuck his tongue as deep as he could, and then licked up and down the ass crack reaching Claire's vagina.

Claire lifted her leg, and with the sharp heel, she banged Oscar, who stumbled and fell on the floor.

"Did I tell you to touch my pussy?" Claire asked sternly.

o, Miss Claire."

"That's right. I didn't. And did you touch my pussy?"

"I did, Miss Claire. It was an unintentional accident."

"Accident!" Claire exclaimed, "We need to make sure that accidents like this won't happen again, don't we?"

es, Miss Claire," Oscar replied obediently.

Claire got up and looked at the vast selection of whips on the wall. Then, after lengthy considerations, she picked a paddle with a silicon flap.

“On your knees, here,” Claire called Oscar, standing in front of a low square bench. She removed the necklace from her neck and threw it to Oscar, “Get it out.”

Oscar's penis was semi-hard. Claire grabbed it, slid the bench underneath the penis, and then lifted her leg and stepped on the penis with the pointy toe of her shoe. Claire pressed the center of the penis, smiling at the view of the penis head sticking out from under her shoe.

“We don't want any accidents, do we?” Claire asked and spanked Oscar's ass. The paddle's flap made a thumping sound when it hit, and Oscar yelled from the pain as his body jerked forward, smashing the testicles into the bench.

“No, Miss Claire,” Oscar managed to answer.

Claire lifted the paddle and smacked Oscar's ass repeatedly, watching the penis hardening under her shoe. She enjoyed hearing Oscar's cries. It energized her, and she beat him hard.

Oscar's butt got red, and he breathed heavily, yelling with each whiplash. Suddenly Claire noticed a wet spot on the bench. Oscar's pre-cum.

“What is this, Oscar? Did I permit you?” Claire shouted angrily with a hard flog.

“No, Miss Claire, I am sorry,” Harrison replied painedly.

Claire lifted her foot, “Clean,” she said quietly, watching Oscar licking the bench. Claire grabbed a restraining bar and stepped next to a chain with a large ring at its end hanging from the ceiling.

“Come over here,” she called and then threw the restraining bar on the floor, “Put it on.”

Oscar stood with legs spread by the bar, and Claire lowered the ceiling chain and ordered Oscar to hang on to the ring. She then selected a long snake whip and ran it up and down, getting its feel.

Claire returned and stood behind Oscar, rotating the snake whip in the air, enjoying its swish sound, and then bent forward, lowering the rotating tail. Oscar screamed as the whiptail wrapped around his torso, inflicting stinging pain. Claire smiled with satisfaction, swirled the whip again, and bent forward, enjoying Oscar's screams. Then Claire stepped back and repeatedly hit Oscar's back and ass brutally until his body turned red.

Oscar cried and sobbed but hung on to the chain, accepting the punishment with loud sounds of pain and pleasure. When Claire stopped and ordered him to remove the restraining bar from his ankles, Oscar dropped down and kissed Claire's feet, thanking her for teaching him obedience.

The whipping aroused Claire. She picked a dildo, lay on a wide bench, lifted her legs, and ordered Oscar to "Get in my asshole." While Oscar devotedly treated her butt opening, Claire inserted the dildo into her vagina and moved it slowly up and down. "Get in deeper," Claire shouted at Oscar as she pumped the dildo faster. Claire moaned and thrust the dildo rapidly until she came with a sigh of relief.

Oscar was busy licking and sucking Claire's asshole, careful not to reach her vagina, when he heard Claire's voice, "Oscar, do you want to taste my pussy?"

"Yes, Miss Claire," Oscar quickly responded.

"Stand up," Claire said as she lowered her feet and leaned on her elbows. She looked at Oscar's erect penis, "Stroke your cock," she ordered. Oscar complied immediately, and Claire continued, "I'll count down, and you come when I reach one. Do you understand?"

“Yes, Miss Destiny,” Oscar replied, stroking his cock with loud puffs.

“And I want you to shoot on my pussy. You got that?”

“Yes, Miss Claire.”

Claire counted down from ten, and when she reached one, Oscar was still stroking and did not come. Instead, it took several seconds longer until he ejaculated all over Claire's vagina.

“You may taste my pussy now,” Claire announced with a smirk.

Oscar bent and licked off his cum, then ran his tongue between the wet vagina lips in rapid movements. Claire crossed her legs over his head, pressing his face into her vagina, mewling with pleasure, “Make me come, Oscar,” she yelled with excitement.

Oscar couldn't make Claire climax, and Claire pushed him away after some time. Then, she returned to the whip selections and picked a cane whip.

“Bend over, hands on the bench,” Claire ordered.

Oscar stood, holding the bench with his butt up. Claire lifted her arm, and the cane made a swish sound as it came fast and smacked Oscar's red ass, “Did you come when I counted one?” Claire asked quietly.

“No, Miss Claire.”

“That's right, you disobedient pervert,” Claire shouted and hit again and again, relentlessly, until she got tired of hearing Oscar's screams and dropped the cane on the floor, “Get down and apologize,” she barked.

Oscar dropped down fast and licked Claire's feet, submissively apologizing for his shortcoming.

Claire looked down at him for a few seconds, and then, in disgust, she turned, picked up her robe, and walked quickly out of the clubroom. When she reached upstairs, she rushed to the bathroom and grabbed her clothes, then dashed out of Destiny's house, saying goodbye to Destiny behind her back.

After a long shower in her house, Claire lay in bed thinking about her life. Something fundamentally had changed, and she couldn't pin it down. Finally, exhausted, she fell into a deep sleep.

Harrison was restless, and on Saturday night, he decided to go out to a bar, thinking that he might have a good time or even meet someone new. But as he walked in, he recognized one of his employees and quickly turned around and left.

This incident amplified his desire and need to get back with Claire. Harrison drove aimlessly and suddenly found himself in his old neighborhood. He passed by Claire's house and saw no lights anywhere. It looks like Claire was out somewhere. Harrison sighed and drove back to his apartment, feeling lonely and defeated.

On Monday evening, Harrison called Claire.

"Hello," Claire greeted as if she didn't know who the caller was.

"Hi, Claire, it is me."

"Hi, Harrison," Claire replied politely and waited.

"Claire," Harrison said, "I need to talk to you. Would you meet me sometime for dinner or a drink?"

"You can talk now."

"I prefer face-to-face. Would you do that, please?"

Claire paused silently and fired quickly, "Thursday, seven o'clock at the Richmond." And the line went dead.

Harrison smiled. Ironically Claire chose the same place he met Mike to find out about her. But Harrison was ecstatic. Finally, he would have a chance to square things with Claire, hoping it would work out.

Harrison sat at the bar on Thursday evening and anxiously watched the entrance. It was seven-fifteen, and he had already finished one drink and ordered a new one fearing that Claire stood him up. But five minutes later, Claire walked in, sauntering in ankle-strapped high heel shoes. Claire looked fabulous and sexy with a tight pink

crop top that reached her navel and revealed a flat stomach. She wore a black floppy mini skirt with pink polka dots accentuating her long legs, and her tits bounced lightly with each step she made in those high heels.

Claire approached Harrison and smiled politely, “Hi, Harrison.”

Harrison jumped on his feet, “Hi Claire, I reserved a table in the bar. It is right there,” he said, grabbed his drink, and walked with Claire to the table for two. They sat across from each other, “What would you like to drink?” Harrison asked, looking at Claire's pretty face. Her blonde hair was in a bun with a few curls dropping on the side, and her eyes were deep blue in the bar lighting.

“A glass of red wine,” Claire said quietly, observing Harrison. He seemed a bit nervous and jumpy.

Harrison waited until Claire took the first sip of the wine and then cleared his throat in preparation and said,

“Claire, first, I want to apologize for the way I left the house.”

“It is a little late for that, don't you think?” Claire countered stingingly.

Harrison was caught by surprise. He didn't expect a bitter response. But, for lack of a better reply, he lamely said, “Better later than never.”

Claire did not respond, assessing him with a penetrating stare.

“Well, I mean, I should have done it in person perhaps and not while you were gone.”

“Or maybe you shouldn't have done it at all,” Claire said sulkily, her eyes returning a cold stare.

“Claire, I was under tremendous stress and did not like what was happening to our life,” Harrison tried to explain and get some

sympathy from Claire. But the opposite happened.

“Our life changed, but you willingly agreed to it,” Claire said coolly.

“Yes, I did agree to the change, but you took it to an extreme that I did not foresee or expect.”

Harrison's words hit her. Claire's blue eyes softened a bit, and she admitted that she did take her role as a Fem to the extreme.

“I may have taken it to the extreme, but you could have talked to me about it, not just leaving abruptly.”

“I apologize for that, but please try to understand. It wasn't easy to talk to you. I was afraid you'd punish me if I said something you didn't like. Believe me! I didn't feel free to speak my mind.”

Claire looked at Harrison and started to realize that he did not have much choice when he left,

“I understand what you say, but I became a Fem, and this is the reality. I cannot go back to how it was,” Claire challenged.

“I don't expect you to go back, and I love you the way you are now,” Harrison open his heart to Claire.

“Well, that is nice to hear,” Claire said sarcastically.

“Claire, I want to have a family. I want to have kids. I love you and want you to be their mother.”

Claire felt as if a knife had stabbed her heart.

“You... you, want to have kids?” she asked in a small voice, feeling defenseless for the first time.

“Yes, I do,” Harrison said affirmatively.

“And you want to get back together?”

“Yes.”

“I’ll have to punish you if you misbehave. You understand that, don’t you?”

Harrison smiled broadly, “Of course I understand. You are a Fem.”

Claire jovially laughed, her eyes sparkled mischievously,

“Let’s make a baby now,” she said excitedly.

“Now?” Harrison was confused.

“Yes, rent a room here,” Claire said, laughing.

Harrison looked at Claire’s blue eyes, and understanding sunk in, “Wait here. I’ll be right back.”

Claire smiled sweetly, “I am not going anywhere, honey.”

Harrison rushed to the hotel counter, got a room, and ran back to the bar, “Got it,” he said, waving the card key with a happy smile.

“And I thought that you are not resourceful,” Claire joked as she got up and linked her arm with Harrison’s.

They took the elevator silently to their room. Claire loosened her hair in the room and sat in front of a mirror, brushing her hair.

Harrison stood and watched his beautiful wife, his penis erect from anticipation.

“Undress,” Claire said quietly, not looking at Harrison, concentrating on her hair.

Harrison took off his clothes and dropped to his knees as he sensed it was what Claire expected of him, awaiting his wife’s next clue.

Claire continued to brush her hair as if Harrison wasn’t there, and then she got up and stood in front of Harrison, pointing her index finger down. Harrison bent and kissed her feet, feeling the desire to please Claire and win her over.

Suddenly, Harrison felt Claire's skirt landing on top of his head. Harrison smiled and gently removed the dress from Claire's feet. It was silence in the room, and then Claire spread her legs and said quietly, "Kiss."

Harrison lunged at Claire's crotch. He kissed the vagina lips tenderly, inhaling the familiar scent with joy. Claire caressed her husband's head possessively, watching him with a slight smile, "Did you miss me?" she asked amusingly.

"Yes, a lot," Harrison replied, sticking the tip of his tongue into the narrow gap between the vagina lips, moving up and down with sounds of desire and delight.

Harrison's treatment aroused Claire. She felt the moisture building up, crafting her vagina for a welcoming feat. Claire held Harrison's face with two hands, lifted him on his feet, and kissed him. With tacit understanding, she put her arms up, and Harrison pulled the crop top over her head and threw it behind him while kissing and sucking Claire's erect nipples.

Claire lifted Harrison's face from her breasts and kissed him again. She then stepped back and stumbled over the bed with a ringing laugh. Harrison climbed over her as Claire wrapped her legs around his waist. Harrison's erect penis brushed the wet vagina opening and easily slid in.

Claire hugged Harrison's head tightly and whispered in his ear, "Welcome home, baby."

Harrison felt memorable emotions. He hugged his wife, his penis deep inside her, motionless, and felt the boundaries of their resistance melting away as they became one entangled body, "I love you, Claire," Harrison said from the bottom of his heart.

Claire did not reply verbally, but she moved her groin, massaging Harrison's penis with her vagina, erotically provoking.

Finally, Harrison responded and moved his penis out. At that moment, Claire banged his ass with her feet, and Harrison shoved in his penis quickly. After that, Harrison entered a trance. He pumped his cock at an increasing pace, feeling Claire's feet banging his behind in sync with his movements. Harrison moved faster and faster, and the fog enclosed his head. He shouted undiscerned words, his groin jolted, and his penis pulsated as he shot a massive load into his wife's pink abyss.

Claire hugged Harrison tightly, feeling his high emotions. She enjoyed the lovemaking but did not climax yet. Instead, Claire let Harrison vent out, giving her husband the pleasure and satisfaction he sought. Then, Claire slowly unwrapped her legs and kissed Harrison tenderly, "Are you good, baby?" she asked softly.

Harrison did not reply. And with renewed excitement, he moved his penis inside the wet vagina, arousing Claire. Harrison leaned on his palms, looking down, meeting his wife's blue eyes challenging him.

Harrison reacted rapidly. He moved faster in a furious rhythm. Claire held his buttocks, pushing him in with every forward move, moaning loudly. And as Harrison mustered all of his strength and banged, Claire screamed, "Yes, yes, yes!" Her arms dropped to her sides.

Claire surrendered to the orgasm that flushed her body. She felt weightless with waves carrying her, floating on clouds.

Harrison stopped, looking down at his wife's pretty face. She looked like the cat that swallowed the canary with closed eyes and a content smile. After a while, Harrison tried to roll off, but Claire hugged him, "Stay inside, baby," she said and kissed him. Harrison

kissed back, their tongues tango from one mouth to the other. They kissed passionately, and Harrison felt his penis hardening again.

Claire pushed Harrison sideways, and they rolled with Claire sitting on top. Harrison looked at Claire's breasts bouncing as she rode him with closed eyes. Claire swung faster, stopped, and wiggled her vagina, sending sparks into Harrison's cock. Then, suddenly, Claire opened her eyes and met Harrison's stare, "Are you ready for me, Harrison," she said, boring her blue eyes into his.

Harrison didn't reply. He pulled Claire into him, feeling her tits pressing his chest, and moved fast. They both breathed heavily in each other ears. "Give it to me," Harrison heard Claire's voice in his ear. His groin jolted, and he ejaculated, feeling the tremor of Claire's body as she climaxed with him.

"I am exhausted," Claire declared, after a short pause, rolling off Harrison, still panting.

Harrison smiled. He felt the same. Claire took his hand and interlaced her fingers with his, turning on her side and pulling Harrison into her back.

"Good night," Claire said.

"Sweet dreams," Harrison replied and closed his eyes, drifting off.

Hours later, Harrison woke up. The sun was shining through the window. He looked at Claire sleeping peacefully next to him and felt the happiness he wished to have. Gently, Harrison brushed the soft blonde hair, thanking his good luck. At that moment, Claire opened her eyes and met his stare, "Good morning," she said sweetly.

"Good morning," Harrison smiled at her, and his penis erected reflexively. As if Claire sensed it, she extended her hand and grabbed his erect cock, "Someone is wide awake," Claire giggled,

and she pushed Harrison down playfully and climbed on top of him. They made love again, rolling over, each taking control of the other until they climaxed together.

“I need to go back to work,” Harrison said when they relaxed from their high, kissing Claire gently.

“Okay, baby,” Claire said, dozing pleurably.

Harrison took a shower, kissed Claire again, and left. Claire stayed in bed for a few hours longer, showered, dressed, and drove home with a smile.

Later in the evening, Harrison called.

“Hello,” Claire greeted as if she didn’t know who it was.

“Hi, Claire,”

“Hi,” Claire was polite but not overly welcoming.

“You know, there is a new restaurant with a Tiki bar and a live band playing on the weekend,” Harrison informed her.

“Hmm, interesting.”

“I thought that it would be nice to go there.”

“It might be,” Claire responded unexcited.

Harrison was exasperated, “Would you like to go with me there?”

“Maybe.”

“Claire! I am inviting you for dinner tomorrow evening. Do you want to go or not?”

“Pick me up at seven,” Claire said and hung up.

When Harrison arrived on Saturday evening and got out of his car, Claire opened the door and rushed out of the house. Harrison opened the car door for her, wondering why she came out hastily.

But looking at her smiling face, Harrison brushed his thoughts, “Good to see you, Claire,” he said sincerely.

Claire looked at him amusingly, “Let’s see the new restaurant,” she chirped as she sunk into the comfortable seat of the car.

They had a great meal, chatting amicably, drank wine, and danced. It was an enjoyable evening, and Claire had a lot of fun.

When Harrison drove her back to the house and parked the car, Claire turned and kissed lightly on his lips, “I had a wonderful time, Harrison,” she said and then, after a pause, “But I don’t think that it is a good idea for you to come in.”

Harrison looked at her, disappointed, but didn’t have time to respond. Claire quickly opened the car door and jumped out, “Good night,” she said and dashed into the house.

Harrison was astonished. He stayed in the car for a couple of minutes, looking at the closed front door of the house, and then drove away.

Claire watched through the window when she reached her bedroom and waited until Harrison drove away. Then she opened her laptop, scheduled a session with Oscar on Monday, and went to bed.

Destiny greeted her with a friendly smile, “Hi Claire, how are you?”

“I am fine, thank you,” Claire smiled back and walked to the guest room to take a shower.

“Oscar is ready for you,” Destiny called, leaving the chastity key chain on the counter.

When Claire got out, dressed in a robe, she didn’t see Destiny and didn’t pick up the chastity key. Instead, she walked quickly down to the clubroom, looking for Oscar.

Oscar was on his knees next to the chair, and Claire sat in the chair, pointing her finger down. Oscar devotedly licked her feet in high heels.

“I want you to make me come, Oscar. Get in here,” Claire said, rubbing her clit. Oscar worked hard attending to Claire’s vagina, but Claire couldn’t climax. Finally, frustrated, she stopped Oscar, “It takes too long to make me come,” she hissed, accusing Oscar of his shortcoming.

“I am sorry, Miss Claire,” Oscar apologized.

“You need to learn how to please a Fem,” Claire snarled, picking up a flogger.

“Yes, Miss Claire.”

Claire whipped Oscar enjoying his screams until she got tired of looking at Oscar’s red back and raw ass. Then, she dropped the flogger and walked out of the room, looking around as if saying goodbye, for Claire knew deep in her heart that it was her last time in the Fem Club.

Claire took a shower and dressed, smiling at Destiny, who waited for her, “How was your session?” Destiny inquired.

“It was good.”

“And how are things going with Harrison?”

“Going well,” Claire smiled.

“You stopped the pill?”

“I did when you told me.”

The two women smiled at each other with mutual understanding, “Well, best of luck to you,” Destiny said politely.

“Thank you for all your help. I couldn’t make it without it.”

“Oh, don’t mention it,” Destiny said modestly. And as if she knew she wouldn’t see Claire again, she said, “Goodbye now.”

“Goodbye, Destiny,” Claire said softly and walked out of Destiny’s house.

Harrison spent the rest of the weekend at his apartment listening to music and thinking. Then, slowly, it became clear to him why Claire didn't want him in the house, and on Monday morning, he picked up the phone and called.

"King Reality," Harrison heard the receptionist's voice.

"May I speak to Gina."

"Who is calling?"

"Harrison Cobb."

"One moment, please."

"Mr. Cobb! How nice to hear from you," Gina's cheery voice came to life

"Hi Gina, I am looking to buy a house, and it has to come with a pool," Harrison did not beat around the bush.

"Of course, Mr. Cobb, I'll be happy to help you. Is it a family home you are looking for?" Gina asked with keen business intuition.

"Yes, exactly."

"Let me check around. I'll be in touch soon."

Harrison put down the phone, smiling with satisfaction. He didn't doubt that Gina would come up with a suitable place, and a few hours later, Gina called back.

"I found a house for you, Mr. Cobb," she announced proudly.

"Really? Could you tell me more about it?"

"It is a brand new home, on a secluded lot, and it comes with a nice pool," Gina said excitedly.

"Hmmm, sounds interesting."

“Would you care to look at it? I can show it to you tomorrow any time.”

“Yes, I would be interested,” Harrison said evenly, not showing his excitement, “Could we meet at ten o’clock.”

“I’ll text you the address, and I’ll see you tomorrow at ten,” Gina chirped.

“Okey-dokey,” Harrison put down the phone with a smile. He liked doing business with Gina.

The following day he met Gina and toured the house, checking the kitchen, upstairs bedrooms, and the pool. Harrison liked the place and the way it was situated in a cul-de-sac. He went upstairs again to look at the master and three other bedrooms.

“I like the house,” he announced.

“Oh, good!” Gina chirped with excitement.

“I want to think about it and see it again tomorrow. Would that be possible?”

“Of course, Mr. Cobb.”

“We’ll do it at the same time as today.”

“Very well, Mr. Cobb. I’ll see you tomorrow at ten o’clock.”

Harrison walked through the house again the next day to ensure that the place was ideal for him, Claire, and their future kids.

Finally, Harrison was satisfied with what he saw. He picked up the cell phone and called Claire.

“Hello,” Claire answered while trimming a flower stem in the front yard.

“Hi Claire, do you have a minute? There is something important I want to show you.”

“You mean now?”

“Yes.”

“Harrison, I am working in the front yard, and I am not presentable.”

“It would be only me who sees you, and I love you in any form and shape.”

Claire laughed cheerfully, “Well, you know where I am, don’t you?”

“I’ll be there in fifteen minutes,” Harrison said and hung up. Then turned to Gina, “Gina, I am going to get my wife now to show her the house, okay?”

“Not a problem, Mr. Cobb. I’ll leave soon after you so that you will have privacy with your wife. Just lock the house when you leave.”

“Will do,” Harrison said from the window of his car as he sped out.

Claire looked up from the flower bush when Harrison drove in, “That was quick,” she commented.

“Fifteen minutes. Let’s go,” Harrison smiled at the view of the unpresentable Claire. She wore short pants, sneakers and a T-shirt. Her long legs reflected the sun rays, and the T-shirt hung on her breasts, revealing two protruding bumps of her nipples.

“Where are we going,” Claire asked as she entered the car.

“You’ll see,” Harrison said with a smile.

“I know I’ll see, but what is it?”

“It is a surprise. Can you hold on ten minutes without bugging me?”

“I guess I could, but I don’t want to,” Claire said obnoxiously, enjoying Harrison’s irritation.

Harrison did not reply and drove as fast as he could. Claire was silent, for she figured she wouldn't get the information she wanted.

Harrison stopped in front of the house and got out of the car impatiently, anxious to show Claire the house. Claire got out of the car, slowly looking around with curiosity, "What do you want to show me?" she pretended as if she didn't understand.

"This house."

"Why?"

"Because I want your opinion before I decide to buy it," Harrison said, wishing that Claire stop asking and look inside the house.

"You want my opinion?"

"Yes."

"That's a new one," Claire humored.

"Claire! Could you walk inside and see the house?"

"If you tell me why you want me to see it," Claire stubbornly insisted on torturing Harrison.

"I want to buy this house for our future family and us," Harrison finally sput it out.

"That is very thoughtful of you," Claire said, hiding a smile, and walked into the house.

"I love it," Claire declared after walking several times upstairs and downstairs while Harrison looked at her anxiously.

"Great!" Harrison breathed with relief, "I am going to buy it."

Claire wrapped her arms around Harrison's neck and kissed him, "You do that, baby," she said gleefully.

They left their future home, and on the way, Harrison handed Claire Gina's business card and explained that Gina would call her

to sign the purchase papers.

A couple of days later, Claire heard from Gina and signed the papers, but she had not heard from Harrison since he showed her the house. Claire wondered what Harrison was up to until he finally called on Friday.

“Hi, Claire.”

“Hi.”

“I reserved a room today for us at the Richmond,” Harrison said as if conspiring with Claire.

“Really? And you call me on Friday afternoon.”

“Claire, I reserved the room Today. When am I supposed to call you?” Harrison played the innocent.

“You could call a day earlier to ask for my opinion, or my opinion is good only for house buying?”

“Oh, no! I love your opinions. It is good for everything!” Harrison was quick to defend.

“I’ll have to punish you for calling so late, or we can meet tomorrow evening,” Claire laid down the rules.

Harrison smiled. He loved how sharp Claire was, “I’ll take the punishment,” he conceded.

“I’ll meet you at the bar at eight o’clock,” Harrison heard Claire’s voice, and the line went dead.

Harrison sipped a Vodka martini waiting for Claire. His face lit up when he saw her entering the bar walking in high heels with tits bouncing every step.

“Hi Harrison,” Claire greeted with a smile, dropping her tote bag on the floor.

“Hi, what would you like to drink?”

“The usual.”

Harrison ordered a glass of red wine, and they looked at each other smiling, sipping their drink leisurely, feeling intimate and secretive. Then, after a couple of minutes, Harrison broke the silence and asked, “Shall we go?”

“Ah-ha.” Claire smiled and got up.

In the room, Claire pulled out of her bag a flogger and rotated it in the air, “Undress,” she ordered, looking straight into his eyes.

Harrison smiled at her, took off his clothes, and when Claire pointed her finger down, he dropped down, kissing her feet.

Claire lifted the flogger and hit Harrison’s ass hard, “Lick!” she ordered. Harrison licked her velvety feet lovingly. He enjoyed being at her feet, obeying his wife with anticipation.

Claire stepped behind Harrison and hit him again, “Did you miss obedience lessons?” she asked.

“Sometimes.”

Claire flogged him a few times, “Straighten up,” she ordered and reached from behind his back, stroking his erect cock.

“You are not hard enough for me. Bend down!”

Claire swirled the flogger in the air and lowered her arm, hitting Harrison's ass hard. Harrison screamed from the sting.

“Get hard for me,” Claire shouted as she whipped Harrison a few more times and said, “Let me see.”

Harrison straightened up, and Claire checked his penis, “It is getting better,” she said and stepped in front of Harrison, slowly removing her dress. Harrison, on his knees, watched her intently.

His penis hardened as a rock at the view of his wife's gorgeous naked body.

Claire wrapped the flogger tails over his head and pulled him between her legs, "Get me ready for your hard cock, baby."

Harrison moved swiftly, sucked her clit, and licked those vagina lips up and down with excitement he hadn't felt for a while. Claire moaned with pleasure getting soaking wet. She lifted Harrison by his hair, kissed him, and guided his penis into her. Standing on the feet, they hugged and moved in sync until Harrison couldn't hold it and came with a shout.

Claire hugged lovingly and whispered, "Get down, make me come."

Harrison dropped to his knees and sucked her clit, licking it with the tip of his tongue, and moved his finger inside her vagina until Claire shivered and screamed with ecstasy.

They lay on the bed, hugging and kissing. Then Harrison got on top and made love again, drawing pleasure from each other. But, this time, Harrison swiftly moved, and Claire countered him until they both came with euphoria.

"I am tired," Claire announced when they relaxed after their high. Harrison kissed her, "Good night," he said gently.

Claire grabbed his hand and turned, "Good night," she whispered.

Harrison pressed his chest onto Claire's back and buried his face in her hair, inhaling her scent, falling asleep instantly.

The morning sun woke them up, "Let's get breakfast," Harrison suggested.

"I didn't bring clothes to change."

“Oh, wait here, I’ll be right back,” Harrison giggled and left the room. He returned after a few minutes holding a shopping bag.

“For my sweet wife,” he said, handing the bag to Claire.

Claire pulled two dresses, short pants, and a pair of shoes out of the bag.

“What is this?” Claire asked with delight.

“I reserve the room for the weekend, and I thought you might need extra clothes to change.”

Claire laughed happily, hugged, and kissed Harrison affectionately. She then stood in front of the mirror and put on the dresses one after the other, “They are beautiful and the right size!” Claire announced excitedly.

“A man must know his wife’s size,” Harrison said modestly.

“I’ll have to punish you double tonight,” Claire said sternly, smiling and kissing him again.

“You do that, honey,” Harrison laughed joyfully.

The rest of the weekend passed like a dream. They went out to eat, strolled in the park, and at night they went dancing. Sunday, they spent in their room. They ordered room service, watched a movie, and made love, leaving the rest of the world in the rear mirror.

Claire returned home on Monday just in time for a tennis game with Betty. After two matches, they had lunch. Betty was curious,

“How is it going with Harrison?”

“It is going well. We are on our second honeymoon.”

“Really? Isn’t that nice,” Betty said, “And what about that Fem stuff?”

“I think we reached a balancing act, and occasionally I play the Fem role. Harrison seems to like it now and then,” Claire explained, omitting the fact that she was in control all the time.

“Hmmm, that sounds like a reasonable arrangement,” Betty commented and moved on to other subjects.

Claire felt exhilarated in the renewed relationship with Harrison. She missed having someone to go out with, love, and sometimes ordering around. She was lying in the sun the next day when the telephone rang, “Hi Harrison,” she answered the phone with a smile.

“Hey Claire, I need your opinion about something,” Harrison's voice boomed with excitement.

“Really? Since when do you need my opinion?”

“Since I met you.”

Claire laughed, “Okay, Harrison, what is it?”

“I have here three options for a cruise, three, four, or five days luxury cruise, and they all leave on Friday at noon.”

“Hmmm, exciting options,” Claire teased, “What exactly are you asking?”

“Which is the best choice, in your opinion?”

“What difference would it make if you get my opinion?”

“Claire!” Harrison shouted, “Could you tell me what you prefer, a three, four, or five nights cruise?”

Claire smiled. She liked playing verbal games with Harrison but knew when to stop, “Four nights,” she replied.

“Thank you,” Harrison breathed with relief, “I’ll pick you up Friday morning.”

“Okay, baby,” she said as she closed her eyes, letting the sun's rays warm her body. Then, the phone rang again, and the doctor's office reminded her of the next day's appointment for a physical.

Dr. Marion Debree was a short woman with a pleasant smile. She examined Claire, listened with the stethoscope to her breathing, and said, “You are fine, Claire. Is anything bothering you?”

“Not really. I am just late.”

“When were you expecting your period?”

“Two weeks ago.”

“We can do a quick test. It takes five minutes.”

“Sure, that would be great.”

“Okay, stay here, and the nurse will take care of it for you,” Dr. DeBree said and left the examining room.

Fifteen minutes later, Dr. DeBree returned, smiling, “Claire, you are pregnant. However, it is very early, and you must be careful.”

Claire gasped and covered her open mouth with surprise and happiness.

Dr. DeBree paused and then continued sternly, “No alcohol or drugs. The nurse will give the recommended list of food to eat.”

Claire looked at the doctor, still shocked by the news, and did not say anything.

Dr. DeBree tapped on her shoulders affectionately, “Congratulations, Claire, and I'll see you next month,” she said, smiling at Claire, who was still speechless.

Claire contemplated when to tell Harrison about the pregnancy. But she knew Harrison would notice that she didn't drink the wine she liked during the cruise, leaving her no choice.

On the first day of the cruise, Claire opened her laptop in their comfortable cabin and called Harrison.

“What do you think about this furniture for the living room?” Claire asked, showing Harrison pictures of the sofa and chairs.

“I like it,” Harrison said. He didn’t care as long as Claire was happy.

“And how do you like the bedroom furniture?” Claire showed him a white bedroom set.

“I like it,” Harrison repeated. Claire hid a smile. She knew Harrison did not care, and it was all her choice.

“And what about this baby room furniture,” Claire asked, getting to the point she was trying to make.

Harrison was attentive, “Is this baby boy or baby girl furniture?”

“It is natural color. We don’t know the genre yet.”

“What do you mean we don’t know yet?” Harrison looked at Claire intently, and then it dawned on him, “Are you...” He didn’t need to finish the sentence seeing Claire's broad smile nodding her head. Harrison jumped on his feet and lifted Claire hugging her tightly, “Really? I can’t believe it. I am so happy.”

And then Harrison recovered from the initial surprise and fired words at Claire, “You don’t drink wine now and don’t lift anything heavy, and you need to eat good food, and I don’t want you to stress about house furniture or anything, and....”

“Harrison, stop!” Claire shouted and cut Harrison’s stream of instructions.

Harrison stopped in mid-sentence and looked at his wife with admiration as she continued in a quiet voice,

“I know what I need to do. And don’t think that you won’t get punished when I am pregnant.”

“You can punish me as much as you want,” Harrison said grandiosely, still having difficulty digesting the news.

Claire hugged them lovingly and whispered in his ear, “And you’ll get what you wish for.”

*** THE END ***

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