



My Husband's Party Games

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By

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If you aren't as kinky as your husband, your marriage isn't going to last. If you're kinkier than your husband, he'll love you like no other.

CHAPTER 1

"What? Sex games? You've got to be kidding me." I shook my head.

My husband Archer frowned at me. "Loosen up, Faith."

"Loosen? I thought this was just going to be a friendly party?"

"It is. But we'll throw in a sex game for the end."

"No way." *Are you crazy? Sex?*

"Relax, would you? It'll just be a bit of fun."

"Having sex with other people is not my idea of fun." *I'm not a slut.*

My husband gave me a dirty look. "Is that why you seem so frigid? Sex with me is technically sex with another person?"

"What? No—"

"Rather play with yourself because it's more pure?"

I wanted to slap him. "I didn't mean it that way."

"Oh?"

"I meant outside of our marriage. And I'm not frigid."

My husband is a good-looking guy. *Why did he have to have wandering eyes? What's wrong with me?*

He gave me a look of disbelief. "You can't imagine touching another man, can you?"

"Of course not. Don't be gross."

"What's gross about touching?"

"Nothing, you know what I mean."

Archer crossed his arms and lifted his chin. "No, I don't. What's wrong with touching another man?"

I coughed and lifted my eyes to the ceiling. We had chewed over this once before when I found him looking at hotwife porn. "Because we're

married. Married people don't play sex games and wives don't run around touching other men."

"A lot do."

"A lot of sluts," I said with some heat.

"Yes, of course. Sex is dirty."

I groaned in frustration. "I didn't say that."

"But touching other men is dirty."

"Totally."

"So sex is dirty."

Why don't you get it? "We made a commitment to each other."

"And I think you touching other men is just fine."

"What, are you going to line up fifteen guys and have me wank them all? Will that make you happy?"

He raised his eyebrows, made a considering pout with his lips and said, "That's a start."

I threw up my hands and laughed.

~ ~ ~

The truth was, I had a secret fantasy of being taken and ravished – even if by someone not my husband. There was no way I could tell him that; he'd probably arrange it and wank while it happened.

I wasn't about to put my marriage on the line so he could get off by seeing me with another man or just so he could blow a load on some blonde's tits. What was I for?

Fantasies are too dangerous, even for the one you love most: telling him would destroy everything. *I can't tell him, ever.*

Nope. When I had found him looking at hotwife porn, I was at first shocked, thinking he was looking at other women. Then I saw that he was looking at special kinds of pictures with captions. He had been embarrassed and apologized, but I had been curious.

When he was at work, I went through his history and looked at the pages he had been at. The pictures were graphic and some of them were gifs – moving pictures. I had become hot looking at them and reading the captions. I had even fingered myself in frustrated lust at what I was seeing.

No way could I ever admit that to him. I loved him; I wasn't going to risk ruining our marriage by engaging his kinky fantasies.

No matter how hot it made me.

Some things have to be denied. Some passions have to be crushed. Some fantasies can never see the light of day.

I wasn't frigid, I was being smart. I would have the perfect marriage where everything was clean: no fantasies allowed. Not his and not mine, either. Fair was fair. I was going to be the perfect wife: shopping and being a homemaker.

We were in our new condo. It wasn't much more than a glorified apartment, but it was what we could afford on his manager's salary at the organic foods chain. We spent quite a bit in decorating it with wallpaper and extras that made it seem rich.

My income had gone to hell. I had been writing children's picture books when the rules got changed and my income dropped over ninety percent. I was looking for other avenues of income now. That was the polite way of saying I was unemployed and there wasn't any work to be had.

When Archer told me he wanted to throw a party for our new place, I agreed. What fun it would be to show off that in such a depressed economy, someone was actually moving up.

But an end-of-party sex game? What was our place supposed to be? The Playboy Condo?

~ ~ ~

I watched Archer run down his list of friends. He said, "Twelve people, not including us."

I glanced around. "I don't think we have enough chairs."

"We'll get a couple of office folding chairs."

"I don't like the sex idea."

"You've told me. I'll be putting it to a vote anyway, so don't chafe at all that ice in your panties."

I sighed heavily.

He heard it and said, "It's going to be a vote. If everyone is as prudish as you, there won't be any game." He was still looking at his list.

"I'm not a prude."

"Of course you are. The very idea of even talking about a sex game and your thighs clench shut in prune-faced horror."

He wasn't looking at me, but I realized I was doing exactly that. The fact that he was right made me more certain than ever to oppose his idea. It was only fair. "I don't want naked people all over the house."

He looked up at me with patience and understanding. "Of course you don't; you might find it's actually fun."

I steamed.

~ ~ ~

I rode Archer's cock in our bed. I liked being on top, despite my fantasy of being taken.

That suited my husband just fine as it gave him an opportunity to run his hands all over my skin. I loved that.

He was grinning that wicked smile of his. "You might get to see some cock at the party."

I sighed. "I don't want to see anyone's cock."

His hips moved under me. "Oh, come on. Aren't you even curious? Benjamin might play. Ever seen a black cock? Or I bet you like Terence."

"No. And I don't want to see either of those."

"Yep, you have a thing for Terence, don't you?"

Terence was an old friend of Archer's, and nice-looking, at least. "Nope." I tried to block any images out of my head, but I couldn't. It was Duke that I thought was sexy. Muscular with spiky hair, Duke looked like a total panty-shredder. *What would his cock look like?* I gasped, riding him a little faster.

Archer smiled wide. "Oh? What's this, then? Thinking of the black cock?"

"Um, no. Not interested." I wasn't. As nice as Benjamin was, it just wasn't my thing.

"Who then?"

I tried to banish Duke from my mind; it didn't work. "No one." It was a secret that wasn't ever going to come out. Only by carefully avoiding the fulfilling of fantasies could anyone ever truly live a happy life.

My husband thrust up into me and I closed my eyes, imagining Duke underneath me. I shivered with desire.

He said dryly, "Don't think of my dick, either. Just think of me as a dildo. Cleaner that way."

But thoughts of what Duke might feel like up inside me brought on an orgasm so sudden that I gasped in shock. It was a quick one, though, and not very satisfying.

My husband chuckled. "See? Mention dildo and you cum. Mention dick and you're all turned off."

I coughed in indignation and laid myself on his chest. At this point, he could do the work. He did, moving his hips to slide his cock in and out of me as I lay on him.

I said, "I love you."

He stroked my back. "I love you, too."

CHAPTER 2

I turned on his computer. He was gone an hour already to work. With the laundry in, I had nothing to do.

I could try to figure out something else to write, but I didn't have the patience to write anything other than children's books. A few simple sentences with a moral message and some pictures... It was work, but I didn't have to flesh out real stories with characters and a plotline.

Little girl finds dinosaur egg. It hatches, she raises it and they become friends. Easy.

But a real story? No way.

I browsed to his history and began looking at some of his hotwife sites. I began clicking thumbnails, reading the captions that went with the sexy pictures. I loved the moving ones where the wife says to her husband, "Don't worry, the flirting is all harmless" and the moving gif is of the wife being passionately fucked.

I fingered myself. At least here at the computer, I could live out my secret fantasy. I especially liked the ones where the wife was forced to have sex with a friend or group of friends.

I would spend hours doing this, almost every day.

~ ~ ~

Archer was at his lists again. "Got the chairs, Terence will be bringing the pizzas—"

I grimaced. "I hope it's not Pizza Hut or something like that."

He looked up. "No, he assured me he would be getting Danny's Naturals. No chemicals or GMOs."

Thank God for small favors.

He went back to his list. "Six cases of diet soda for those that drink it, two extra five-gallon water bottles for the cooler, six twelve-packs of stout, and game dice."

I made a face. "Everyone's going to vote no."

"Only you will, dear."

That made me mad, because he was right that I would. "We don't need to play sex games."

He tapped the paper. "Neither do we need beer. Or pizza. Or anything, for that matter."

"I only need you."

"Maybe. A dildo would be better, wouldn't it? No fantasies? Just mindless—"

"Stop it."

"It's what you were thinking about when you came last night."

"It wasn't." *I can't tell you what I was thinking about.* If I told him it was the idea of Duke's cock, it would be one short slippery slope until he was banging some blonde and our marriage was over. If I tell him my fantasies, he'll take it as license to explode with his own. Blondes and bimbos. Where would it end?

He mumbled dryly, "Mm hmm."

"What kind of party game are you going to try to get everyone playing? Something juvenile like strip poker?"

His grin was saucy. "More juvenile; Spin the Bottle with a few twists."

My tone was very, very dry. "Twists?"

"One person spins and rolls the two dice. The dice tell him what he has to do to the person the bottle points at. Either can refuse, but the one who refuses has to remove an article of clothing."

I rolled my eyes. "How ninth grade."

His smile didn't lessen. "It'll be fun."

"I won't be playing."

"Don't be such a frigid ice-witch."

"No one else will want to play, anyway."

He gave me a look. "How about you play if they do or you can laugh at me if they don't?"

"Why should I agree to that?"

"You're telling me no one will want to play. I'm challenging you. If you're so right, Miss Perfect, then you have nothing to worry about and you can elbow everyone, point at me and laugh when they all turn the idea down."

I pouted. "I don't want to laugh at you."

"Then don't laugh, whatever. If you're right, prove me wrong."

"By agreeing to play?"

"Only if everyone else does. In other words, don't be an icy drag on the rest of the party."

I couldn't lose, though I had nothing to win except bragging rights. "Whatever."

~ ~ ~

I'm not a vain woman; I don't wear makeup except for eyeliner and lipstick. Sometimes a little eyeshadow, but I have to be in the mood. Never caught the fever as a little girl to put so much makeup on that you couldn't tell who I was.

I did spend time with my hair, but that's only because hair can make or break a person. Without a little bit of flair to my hair, I wasn't very pretty. With what I did in styling my hair, I got smiles from men. Took several extra minutes every morning in the mirror; the smiles were worth it.

My husband looked in on me as I checked my hair. "Quit primping; you look great."

"I'm not primping."

He rolled his eyes.

I sighed. Men would never understand. They came out of the shower, ran a brush once through their hair and immediately thought all women should be able to do the same.

He snickered. "How many cans of hair spray have you gone through today?"

I scowled. "Three quick blasts, just like normal."

"Uh huh."

"Don't you have something to do? Like polish the stupid bottle for your game or something?"

"The game you're going to play?"

"You mean the game no one will want to play, except maybe Terence?"

He chuckled. "Are you still going to be in the bathroom hiding and messing with your hair when they arrive?"

I put a fist on hip. "No."

The doorbell rang.

Archer gave me a dubious look and said, "Why don't you get that?"

I sighed in disapproval at him. "Fine, I will."

He grinned like a Cheshire cat.

I passed him, and went and answered the front door.

Terence stood there with a stack of pizza boxes; he was barely peeking over the top of them. "Hey, Faith."

"Oh my goodness, come in. We aren't going to fit more than three or four of those in the oven. How many are there?" I shut the door behind him.

"Seven."

"Ugh, leftovers for days."

"I wanted to be sure. Can I set these down? The bottom one is hot."

I pushed at him towards the kitchen. Terence was a nice guy with a sly streak. I liked him, but was wary of him. Who knew what sly men would do?

He settled the pizzas down on the table and began fiddling with the oven.

I slapped his hands away, feeling jealous of my new kitchen equipment. "I'll do it."

His frown was petulantly indignant. "I know how to work an oven."

"Just keep your paws off. Here, you want to do something? Slide those racks down."

I watched him tug out the spaced racks and stack them differently. He put them all on the very bottom of the oven.

I said, "Those don't go there. There are slots for them."

"If we use the slots, we won't be able to fit more than three pizzas in here." He began stacking pizza boxes directly in.

"They'll burn that way."

"They won't."

Are all men so difficult? I wanted to kick him.

He stood and brushed off his hands as if just finishing an arduous task. "There. All but one."

"I told you they wouldn't fit."

He sighed very slowly. "I got six in there."

I shook my head. Men would never understand when they've been beaten. I left him in the kitchen as voices neared the front door.

It was Benjamin and his wife.

I smiled. "Benjamin, right?"

The tall black man smiled a gentle and open smile that indicated he was used to being happy. "That's right. This here's my wife, Richelle."

I shook his hand, then hers. She was a short little thing with long, wavy hair. With slightly darker skin than her husband's, the whites of her eyes shone prettily in her face.

Richelle said, "Pleased to meet you."

"Come in."

Behind them, coming up the walkway was Mary Marie, a sexy-looking woman who worked with my husband and caused me worry.

I had met her before when I visited Archer's store. My greeting was so very neutral. "Hi Mary."

She looked at me like competition. "Hello." Her greeting was a little airy and she looked around as if already dismissing me.

I let her in without any further interaction. *Screw her. Why did Archer have to invite her? Just to rub it in my face? Will she be the first one to say yes to his dumb sex game?* Suddenly, I didn't feel certain I was right about everyone declining.

~ ~ ~

I ate a slice of pizza. It was actually very good for being a supposedly wholesome, non-GMO food.

They were all here and interacting: Skinny little Whitney and her hunk of a husband Duke; single Natalie with wild gray strands in her blonde hair; homely Hillary and her very handsome husband Hugh; the happy black couple Richelle and Benjamin; the sexpot Mary Marie; and sly Terence.

I didn't like that Mary Marie had already claimed a spot on the arm of the recliner my husband sat in. *Bitch.*

I couldn't spare too many glares; Natalie was talking to me. "Any luck in the book market?"

I had told her and showed her my book-writing career that was now no longer a career. "No. I haven't really looked – too depressing."

She patted my knee. "Maybe things will change."

"I'd have to find a publisher, really. Or go another electronic route other than Amazon."

"Well?"

I sighed. I didn't tell her I spent a lot of hours looking at my husband's porn sites. "I know."

"Chin up, girl. If you don't knock, doors won't open."

"I know."

She leaned closer to me, her fine wrinkles at her eyes becoming more apparent. "If you're afraid of opportunity, you'll always be stuck, going nowhere."

I made a face.

She leaned back. "Who wants to live their lives stuck doing nothing?"

Mary Marie touched my husband's shoulder.

Get your damn paws off him you hairy ape. I glared, then turned back to Natalie. "I'm not a nothing."

"Oh, I didn't mean you were. It just seems like most people now just want to coast through life and then they wonder where it all went when they're old."

Was I doing that?

Natalie said, "We wake up one day wondering why all that time passed and we didn't do anything memorable. And we find ourselves asking that more frequently." She was looking across the room at nothing.

I felt sorry for her. She was close to fifty, but still a great-looking woman for an old gal. I hoped I looked that good when I got to her age. But that was fifteen long years. It would be forever until I was fifty. There was plenty of time to relax in life and I could worry about having fun later.

CHAPTER 3

"Faith?"

I turned to Terence in the kitchen. "Hmm?" I was not immediately suspicious.

He was smiling, his mischievous face attractive and suggestive. "Is Archer serious about the game-thing?" He stood close to me.

I became immediately suspicious. "Why?"

"I want to know."

I squinted at him. Then I grabbed a glass and poured myself a drink. *A good bourbon might settle my fears.* "He thinks he is."

His smile didn't falter but his eyes looked down and to the side. "But, is it really going to be a sex game?"

I twisted my mouth. *Terence, do you ever think about anything else? And do I really want to see your cock?* A little tingle ran through me that annoyed the hell out of me. "I'm sure you're the only one who'll want to play."

He raised an eyebrow at me.

I said, "Oh, and that harpy Mary Marie. She'll do anything to flash her tits at Archer."

Terence frowned.

I took a sip of my bourbon.

His words were a shock and I almost spit up the bourbon I was swallowing. He said, "I don't think I'm interested in playing something along those lines."

Wow, maybe I'll win the bet after all. In fact, maybe I will elbow everyone and laugh at my husband. Now the only one I had to worry about

was Mary Marie. Natalie would shake her head and beg off. I couldn't see Benjamin and Richelle playing a dumb sex game. Whitney was iffy and though I fantasized about what Duke's cock might look like, I figured he would gruffly put that idea down. Hillary was too ugly to want to play and I wagered her husband Hugh would respect her enough to stand with her against any dumb sex games.

I smiled at Terence. "I don't know where he gets his ideas." Actually, I did. His porn sites were pretty suggestive.

He shook his head and raised his eyebrows. "I don't know, either. A bit odd, don't you think?"

"Very. This kind of thing isn't just embarrassing, but destroys friendships and marriages. I couldn't stop him, though."

He frowned, a playful look in his eyes. "You need to put on some cowboy boots and ride him around the room. Put the whip to him."

I giggled.

"I'm not kidding. A woman needs to know how to shut her man down."

I laughed. "That's a little surprising, coming from you."

"Is it, now? Why's that?"

"I figured you'd be the one all cavalier and doing anything wild and risky."

"Oh?" His one eyebrow climbed high. "I come off like that, huh?"

I nodded.

He chuckled. "I'm just a happy guy."

"I thought for sure you'd want to play hoping you could get a peek at me and the other gals."

He blushed. "Oh, well... Uh..." He looked totally lost.

I laughed delightedly. It was refreshing to see Terence not so confident. I felt strengthened inside, knowing the game plan was going to fail.

~ ~ ~

I watched Archer glance at the clock. It was nine, his appointed hour of bringing up the game.

He stood and raised his stout. "I hinted to everyone we might have a game. My wife was a little hesitant, so I told her we'd all put it up for a vote."

Mary Marie was looking on with relish.

I wanted to pull her hair.

Benjamin was all smiles. "What's the game?"

My husband winked. "I thought it might be fun to play something sexy."

Mary Marie said, "Huh?"

Natalie tilted her head. "What's this?"

I cleared away paper plates in preparation for shutting down the evening.

Archer said, "A variation on Spin the Bottle."

Natalie giggled.

Duke said, "Whoa, dude, really?"

My husband continued. "Got a couple dice here and a little list of activities. Person spins the bottle, rolls the dice and has to do something to that person for thirty seconds. If either refuses, an article of clothing is lost."

Richelle looked stunned. "Do something? Like what?"

"There are three actions and three targets. The actions are lick, fondle with the hand, and fondle using your crotch."

Mary Marie coughed.

"The three targets are crotch, chest and lips."

She said, "We're supposed to play naked games?"

Archer shook his head. "Not at all. You're fully clothed. Not a single article of clothing has to come off."

She stood. "I don't think I'm into this."

Archer seemed surprised, but smiled. "That's all right. Like I said, we're putting it to a vote. If we don't get at least four people, it isn't worth playing."

I couldn't believe my luck. The only two people I was sure would play had both expressed rejection. I smiled so large Natalie nudged me.

She whispered, "Excited for a game? Good for you."

Huh? No... I closed my mouth with a snap and pursed my lips. Then I realized my legs were clenched shut. I cast a mean glare at my husband.

He was holding up the empty wine bottle he had saved and said, "So, who's in?"

Duke gave a serious look. "Dude, games rock. We're in." His wife Whitney looked ready to play.

I frowned. Duke would let his wife get naked? Whitney doesn't strike me as the type.

Richelle said, "That sounds like fun." She looked around as if wondering if anyone would tell her she couldn't play because she was black.

Benjamin grinned and shrugged. "If the boss says it's okay..."

Natalie raised her hand. "I'm in."

I felt the room collapsing in on me.

The one person I was sure would say no, said, "Hell, yes." Everyone looked at Hillary.

Hugh chuckled. "Let's party."

Oh my god, they all voted for it except the two people I thought would.

Mary Marie got up. "Well, end of the night for me, I guess."

Terence jabbed her. "I'll walk you out."

She gave him a considering look and then a little smile.

Archer began moving the coffee table.

CHAPTER 4

I sat, stunned, on the floor in a circle.

Everyone was cheering Richelle; she had won the dice roll.

"Spin it!" a few called out.

Archer handed her the other die. "And roll."

She looked around with wide, white eyes. "The bottle first?"

"Any way you want."

She shook the two different colored dice and dropped them.

Archer said, "That's a lick, and chest."

Richelle said, "I'm just licking clothing, right?"

"Right. Go ahead and spin."

She looked around with a bashful look and then spun the wine bottle.

She said, "I hope I don't get no woman."

Natalie and Hillary laughed.

I can't believe this is happening.

The bottle spun around and began slowing.

Several were making noises of expectation.

The end of the bottle pointed mostly at Benjamin.

The tall black man chuckled. "Get over here and start licking."

Richelle scowled. "What makes you think I want to lick your chest?"

"Come on." His smile was on the edge of laughter.

Richelle flipped her hand, her voice high in pitch. "Go on. Who says I have to? Maybe you can lick your own chest?"

He chuckled deeply. "Come over here, woman."

She looked at Archer. "If I don't want to, he has to remove clothing?"

My husband shook his head. "Er, no. You do. And it's his choice of clothing."

She coughed in the same high pitch as if someone had cut in front of her at the grocery store. "You're kidding."

My husband held up the stop watch. "Thirty seconds or clothing."

Benjamin's grin was huge. "Git over here, woman. Lick this chest."

She gave him a dire-looking glare, but crawled over. "Is that a clean shirt?"

"You know it is."

The other players were laughing.

I found it amusing, but tried to quell my smile. I shouldn't look like I was having fun to Archer.

Richelle licked his chest.

Her husband made a sound of disappointment. "Aww, you can do better than that."

She slapped his shoulder and kept licking.

"Give it some effort, girl."

Natalie snorted.

Richelle glared at him and slapped his shoulder again.

"I can barely feel it."

Richelle stopped and said, "Ooo honey, don't tempt me or I'll bite."

He guffawed.

Archer said, "Time."

Hillary was sitting next to Richelle.

My husband said, "Hillary, your spin."

She picked up the dice and tossed them. She grabbed up the bottle and held it to her bosom. "What did I get?"

Archer said, "Fondle using crotch...and chest."

She gasped. "I have to? Oh my gosh."

"No, you can refuse. Spin and see who you get."

Homely Hillary spun the bottle.

I wasn't sure what a handsome man like Hugh saw in her, but they appeared to be happy.

The bottle wobbled around and stopped on Duke.

Hillary was staring at him with large eyes.

Archer said, "What will it be?"

Duke was nodding his head. He laid down and said, "Well, let's do it."

She giggled and then moved over to him. She climbed over, her face turning red, and said, "How do I fondle using my crotch?"

Archer was grinning. "Rub."

She turned redder and laughed. "Um, okay." She began moving her hips around on Duke's chest. The young man had a pleased smile on his face and he held her hips as she did it. His eyes were staring right into the thick cameltoe of her jeans.

I looked at Whitney. She had a hungry look on her face. *She likes this?*

Archer called time and Hugh was next.

Hillary parted from Duke and both were trying to suppress smiles.

I was at a loss, but realized that they were having fun. *Well, at least Archer isn't embarrassed.*

Hugh took the dice and tossed. He spun the bottle.

Archer said, "Fondle with hand, and face."

Several gave disappointed sounds.

The bottle stopped on Natalie.

She was sitting next to me and sat up straighter, smiling. But she leaned over to me and whispered, "Great. Fondle face. How exciting."

I chuckled.

Hugh actually looked at Hillary first and then said, "Maybe I'll refuse?"

Natalie coughed. "I'm not that old."

Archer said, "Article of clothing, then."

Hugh didn't have a chance to reverse his decision.

Natalie was bouncing. "Off with the pants!"

Laughter erupted.

Hugh said, "Now wait a minute..."

"Off with the pants. Off with the pants."

I giggled beside her. Surprising myself, I said, "Those are the rules, Hugh."

Benjamin thrust his chin. "Git those slacks off and pass the bottle."

Hugh laughed. "Well, I was going to say I'd fondle her face, but, all right." He stood and removed his slacks.

Natalie, Hillary, Richelle and I cheered, arms in the air. Then we broke down laughing at our simultaneous hooting.

I realized I was having fun and tried to compose myself. I had to show a disapproving face to Archer.

My husband was next. He tossed the dice. "Hmm, lick and face."

Natalie said, "Watch him get a guy."

Hillary snorted.

He spun and the bottle stopped on Duke.

Duke laughed. "Pucker up dude." He made a kissy face towards Archer.

My husband shook his head, looking mortified. "Uh, aren't you going to reject?"

Duke pointed at his lips. "Plant it right here. Come on."

"Er, no."

Duke cackled. "Lose the pants, guy." He slapped his knees.

My husband shook his head but was smiling. "All right." He removed his slacks.

Duke wasn't done. "Nice pattern on your boxers, dude."

Everyone laughed.

Archer said, "Yeah, yeah, yeah. It's your turn."

Duke took the dice and tossed. He spun the bottle without waiting.

My husband said, "Fondle using hand and chest."

The bottle stopped on Benjamin.

The black man screwed up his face. "What? What's with my chest? Are those dice cursed or something? Got some voodoo magic on it?"

Duke was crawling over.

Benjamin's eyes went wide. Outrage tinged his desperate words. "What? Get away. Get out of here. No way you groping my chest."

I couldn't stop laughing.

Archer said, "Duke, he declined. Choose his clothing."

Duke cackled. "Pants!"

Natalie said to me, "Pants again. If he gets me I'll decline."

I clapped my hand over my mouth.

She winked.

Richelle's eyes were huge. "Um, honey? Maybe you want to let him?"

Benjamin stopped and then laughed. "Oh..."

Duke said, "Too late. Pants."

The black man was shaking his head and waving his hands. "No, wait —"

"Pants."

We started chanting.

Richelle was giggling. "Well, take them off, then."

A very wide-eyed Benjamin stood. "Uh..."

Duke thrust his chin. "Do it, dude."

Benjamin said in mock anger, "Who you callin' a dude?"

We watched him remove his jeans. He wasn't wearing underwear.

The women cheered as his circumcised dick swung beneath his shirt.

Hillary's hand was over her mouth, but she was staring.

I even looked. He wasn't huge like in all the porn pictures, but he had a good size and shape.

My husband said, "Whitney, you're next."

The skinny girl grabbed up the dice and tossed them. Her hands were shaking.

"Fondle using crotch, chest."

The bottle stopped on Hillary.

Whitney shook her head and stood. She was undoing her jeans before anyone called pants.

"Pants," said Natalie, then broke down in laughter.

Whitney slid off her jeans and exposed little bikini panties.

Benjamin was nodding. "Yeah, now that's where it is."

Duke chuckled and elbowed his wife. "Hey, Whit, look. Ben's getting a woody."

Laughter went around the room and several looked at the big black man. He wasn't getting one.

Archer smiled and said, "Natalie?"

She tossed the dice and spun the bottle.

"Fondle with hands, and face."

The bottle stopped on me.

Natalie gave me a wry look. "No offense, but why couldn't I have gotten maybe your husband or one of the other men?"

I said, "You don't really want to fondle my face, do you?"

"Um, no." She looked around. "Um...pants?"

Duke called, "Pants."

Archer said, "It's my wife's choice, actually."

I knew what she wanted. "Pants."

The group cheered.

Natalie removed her jeans, revealing nice legs for an older woman.

Duke was nodding. "Very nice."

Whitney rolled her eyes. "Yeah, I know. I'm too skinny."

Benjamin said, "You look good, girl. Don't worry."

Archer said to me, "All right, dear. Your turn."

With a sudden tremble in my hand, I snatched the dice and tossed them.

"Fondle using hand, and crotch."

Natalie cheered so loud beside me I flinched. The whole room was cheering.

I blushed.

She nudged me. "Spin it, honey."

I did. I held my breath the entire time it took for the bottle to stop. It pointed at Hugh. I dropped my mouth open.

The handsome man chuckled and looked at his wife. She said nothing, just watched.

I crawled over to him. "Do you want to decline?" I figured he kept looking at his wife because she might draw a line somewhere.

He looked back at me. "If I do, I'll lose my underwear... Um..."

I waited.

Archer said, "Make the call, Hugh."

Hugh nodded at me. "All right, go ahead."

The women cheered, though Hillary did not.

I sat on my shins and began massaging his underwear. He began hardening about ten seconds into the grope. I felt his shaft and squeezed gently at it, my face burning the entire time. My chest heaved and my heart thumped hard in my chest.

He was getting excited under my hand. He chuckled, but was looking down with surprise as his underwear tented up.

Natalie was hooting. "Make him hard, baby."

I wanted to hit her with a pillow.

Archer said, "Time."

I snatched my hand away, but instantly felt disappointed. Stroking him through his underwear had been fun. I moved back as Benjamin took up the dice.

Archer said, "Fondle using crotch, and crotch."

Benjamin chuckled. Whoever got him would have his bare dick on them. He spun the bottle. It stopped on Archer.

The man scowled heavily. "I'm gonna take that bottle out back and beat it. Fuck no, I ain't grinding dicks with you no matter how much I like you."

My husband laughed with relief. "Uh, remove your shirt."

Benjamin was frowning. "Yeah, that's right. Off comes my shirt. Ain't rubbing no cock together." He was down to his t-shirt and socks. Everyone could see his dick now that his shirt wasn't hiding it.

Hillary was giggling uncontrollably.

My husband said, "Richelle?"

"Gimme those dice." She snatched them from her husband and dropped them.

"Fondle using mouth, and crotch."

She gasped. "Oh, honey."

Benjamin chuckled.

She gave him a look of mock irritation. "Don't you be hoping I get you, now. You go on."

The bottle spun and stopped on Whitney.

Benjamin laughed louder.

Richelle looked at Whitney's panties and her eyebrow rose to the level of disbelief.

Duke chanted, "Pants, pants, pants."

The black woman shook her pretty head. "Nuh uh."

Whitney said, "Pants it is." She winked at her.

Richelle stood and removed her jeans, revealing pink panties with white heart outlines on them.

Duke said, "Aww, those are adorable."

Richelle snapped, "Shut up." But there was not a speck of heat in her voice.

Duke snickered.

Archer said, "Hillary? Your turn again."

She tossed the dice and spun.

"Fondle using crotch, and crotch."

The bottle stopped on Benjamin.

The man nodded, smiling. "Now we're talking."

Hillary looked like she was going to pass out. She looked at Hugh and I thought she would decline. But she crawled over to Benjamin.

He laid back and let her climb on.

I could see her hands shaking as she leaned on his chest.

My husband said, "Go."

Hillary began moving her thick hips.

Benjamin began hardening.

I found myself breathing heavier, watching.

CHAPTER 5

By the time my husband called time, my mouth was open in a pant. *Wow, that looked hot. Maybe his stupid game isn't so stupid after all.*

Natalie gripped my arm. She said, "I better not get a chick this time or I'll beat that bottle myself."

Hillary still hadn't removed any clothing, but she looked like she was having a good time.

Archer said, "Hugh?"

He tossed and spun.

"Lick, and crotch."

Hugh covered his face.

The room erupted in laughter.

He said, "Oh god, it better not be Benjamin." He looked.

The bottle was pointing at Archer.

My husband's mouth was pursed shut and his look said Hugh better say something.

Hugh said, "Uh..."

Archer blew out a fast breath. "No, no, no..."

Everyone laughed.

Hugh looked very relieved. "Well, now." He rubbed his hands together.

Duke said, "Have him remove his boxers."

The women applauded, cheering.

Hugh shrugged. "Boxers it is."

Archer frowned, then sighed. He removed his boxers.

Hugh passed him the dice and bottle.

My husband rolled. "Lick, and face." He spun. It slowed and stopped, pointing between me and Benjamin.

The black man's face started shaking in rejection. "It ain't pointing at me."

I leaned, looking at the bottle. "Hmm."

"Naw, it ain't. Don't be licking your lips over me. Spin that sucker again."

Duke said, "Yeah, it's too close to say. Spin it again."

My husband spun it again. This time it pointed at Richelle.

Benjamin was pleased. "There you go. You can lick her face all you want."

Richelle gave him a look. She said to Archer, "Come here, honey. Plant one on me."

My husband gave Duke the stopwatch. "Keep time."

He crawled over to Richelle and they hugged on their knees, bodies close together. He kissed her to the click of the stopwatch.

Natalie nudged me.

I was too busy watching my husband kiss the pretty black woman.

Benjamin wore a big smile on his face and he looked happy.

Richelle half-moaned, half-mumbled something.

He likes his wife being kissed? I blinked. *Why do I feel like I'm having fun?*

Duke said, "Time."

Archer broke the kiss and moved away.

Richelle gasped in a lungful of air and watched him.

My husband pulled back and revealed an erection.

I clasped a hand over my mouth. *Oh my god, he got hard kissing her.*

Benjamin growled in approval. "Now that's how you do it, Archer. Good man."

Whitney was staring at my husband's erection.

I studied her face, but felt nothing angry in myself. *Well, better than if Mary Marie had stayed. I would be clawing her eyes out right about now.*

Archer resumed his place and ran a hand back over his hair. "Um, Duke? Toss and spin."

Duke grinned like a party-guy with a handful of teenage tits.

My husband said, "Fondle—"

Duke interrupted him. "Using hand and on the crotch. I see it."

The bottle pointed at me.

Natalie nudged me. She whispered, "Be brave, girl. Don't say no."

My mouth was open, but I wasn't sure what to say. I saw all eyes on me.

Duke was already crawling over.

Natalie nudged me again.

If I said no, I'd lose my pants, for sure. But did I want him rubbing my pussy? I did, but... "Um..."

Duke stopped and looked disappointed. "Aww. Get your pants off then."

Several groaned in disappointment, and I felt like a stick in the mud.

My husband said, "Get them off, dear."

But... I wasn't going to say no. Was I? I stood and removed my slacks. I was wearing a black camisole underneath with stockings.

"Nice," said Duke.

I had never intended anyone to see it but Archer later tonight as a consolation for his games failing. But they weren't failing, were they?

Whitney rolled the dice and spun the bottle. She glanced at Benjamin.

Archer said, "Fondle using hand, and chest."

She looked disappointed.

The bottle stopped on me.

Whitney made a face that said she was horribly disappointed.

I laughed and so did Benjamin.

She shook her head.

Duke stage-whispered to me, "Panties."

Whitney slapped at him.

I giggled. Perhaps I was feeling the bourbon. "Panties." I tossed my thumb over my shoulder. "Off with them."

The men cheered.

This is so stupid; why am I having fun?

Whitney looked around, then stood and slid down her panties.

Benjamin rumbled low in his chest. "Yeah..."

She blushed and sat back down. She was shaved bald and her pussy lips were large and puffy.

Duke was grinning proudly.

My husband said, "Natalie, your spin."

She tossed the dice and spun. She nudged me, rubbing her hands.

Archer said, "Lick and face."

She slumped a little.

The bottle ended on Hugh.

She straightened and beamed a bright smile.

As she crawled over, Hillary made a noise.

Hugh glanced at her quickly and said, "Um, maybe not."

Wow, what a prude. She can rub her crotch all over Benjamin's bare dick but she can't let Natalie kiss her husband?

Natalie coughed and resumed her spot. She leaned over to me and whispered, "I want to cram the bottle up her ass. Can I?"

I covered my mouth.

My husband said, "Clothing?"

Natalie turned her head slowly, looking to Hillary. With the pregnant finality of calling out the generator room in *The Thing*, she said, "Underwear."

Hillary drew in a deep, indignant breath and held it. Her lips were pursed out in an angry pout.

Hugh slid off his underwear from a sitting position. Whatever erection I had given him was gone now.

I took the bottle and spun it. Tossing the dice, I wondered what I'd be doing. Again, my hands shook.

Archer said, "Fondle using hand, and crotch."

I said, "Again?"

He shrugged. "There are only three variables on each dice."

The bottle stopped on Hillary.

Natalie snorted and nudged me. "You go, girl."

I looked at a horrified Hillary. Knowing if I refused, I would lose clothing, I started crawling towards her.

Duke hooted.

Hillary's eyes went wide in panic and she shook her head.

I said, "Pants." I settled back into position.

Natalie whispered, "Smooth."

Hillary shrugged out of her jeans with a scowl to me and Natalie, but smiles to the men.

Benjamin reached for the dice. He blew on them and rolled. Grabbing up the bottle, he gave it a fierce look and shook his finger at it.

Archer said, "Lick, and crotch."

The big man smiled. He said to the bottle, "You treat me right now, you hear?" He gave it a kiss.

Duke snickered.

The bottle spun and ended on Natalie.

Benjamin clapped his hands together and said, "The game's getting fun, now."

Richelle slapped his shoulder and gave a pouty smile.

He crawled over. "Lean back, woman."

My friend leaned back, moving her legs out. I could see her arms shaking.

Benjamin said, "Don't you worry none." He looked back to Archer. "I won't mind if you give me a few extra seconds. Or more."

Archer chuckled. "Go."

The black man's mouth devoured Natalie's panties. She gasped and clenched up, holding her breath. He worked his tongue over her panties and bit at them, pulling them out.

We could see flashes of her trimmed hair.

She let out a slow exhale that was ragged with excitement.

Richelle sniffed. "You can do better than that."

Benjamin hummed and chuckled into Natalie's panties.

She began panting.

I began panting, too.

"Time." My husband clicked the watch.

Benjamin got in a few more licks, then wetly kissed her panty-covered clit before pulling away. "There. Give that clitty some loving."

Natalie made a small noise of pleasure and disappointment.

Richelle was shaking her head. "What was that? You know how to do it properly."

He frowned at her. "Why you gotta ride me, woman?" His smile was amused.

She took the bottle and dice. She shook and rolled. "I better not be tongue-lashing someone's pussy." She spun.

"Fondle with crotch and face."

She appeared pleased.

The bottle stopped towards me.

She frowned. "What's with this bottle? You want me sitting on your face, honey?"

I shook my head. "Um, no."

She looked me over. "Take off your blouse. Let's see the rest of that lovely lingerie."

I laughed quietly. I removed it to the approving stares of the men.

Richelle just raised an eyebrow and looked it over.

Archer said, "Go, Hillary."

The woman took the dice and bottle. She rolled and spun, looking excited.

"Crotch fondle and crotch."

The bottle pointed at herself. She rolled her eyes and spun again. This time it pointed between Hugh and my husband.

Duke was leaning around it, looking. "I'm gonna have to say Archer."

Hillary crawled over to him, grinning madly.

Ugh, don't rub off on him.

My husband settled down and she climbed over him.

I watched her rub her panties all over my husband's dick for thirty seconds. She was into it, moving with obvious lust. *Why did she have such a hangup with Hugh? He's too handsome for her and she knows it?*

When she crawled off, Archer's dick was hard.

At least you could've not gotten excited.

Hugh kissed his wife's cheek and took the dice.

My husband composed himself, sitting Indian-style with his dick standing up.

I saw Richelle staring at it.

Archer said, "Fondle with hand, crotch."

The bottle pointed to Duke.

As eager as he had first appeared, he shook his head.

Hugh chuckled. "About time you lost your pants."

It was Archer's turn. He rolled fondle with hand and face. The bottle pointed to Natalie.

She coughed and said, "No." I detected a bit of eagerness in her voice.

My husband raised an eyebrow. "Sweater."

She was wearing a pullover and took it off.

Duke spun and got fondle with crotch and crotch. The bottle pointed at me.

I wasn't sure what to do, but it sounded more fun than being a stick in the mud again. I was silent. *Will he reject me?*

He crawled over.

I slowly leaned back and opened my legs. Gone was the embarrassment of earlier. But I was still very nervous.

Duke got on me and began rubbing after my husband's direction.

I felt as if the room became fuzzily-quiet. My mouth was open in shock at what I was doing and was allowing. But here was the man of my fantasy, rubbing his bulge on my panties. I could feel the friction on my pussy and tendrils of tension spread through me. I was leaning back on my elbows, but dropped down onto my back. I rotated my hips a little, getting a better position and feel of his moving crotch.

My husband said, "Time."

No, way. That was what? Ten seconds? I looked up, disappointed as Duke pulled off. He winked at me.

Natalie was chuckling, helping me up.

I rose up, breathing heavily, and sat in the chair behind me. I grabbed my glass of bourbon and drank.

CHAPTER 6

Whitney's turn had her fondling my husband. He leaned back and let her stroke him using both hands. His cock looked fat in her little fingers.

Natalie spun and rolled, and got fondle using crotch, and chest. She seemed disappointed, but got Hugh again.

Hillary scowled, but I could see her biting her tongue – not wanting to have her husband remove any more of his clothes.

I wondered if she knew just how forcefully to spin that bottle so she got Hugh.

He laid back and let her climb over him. She settled on his chest and began rubbing herself back and forth on him. He was looking at her panties and up at her, smiling.

We watched his cock harden and rise.

Whitney was almost drooling.

My turn had me paired to Natalie, licking her crotch. I said, "No."

My friend winked at me. "Lose the panties, dear."

I wanted to. I didn't want to. *Can I just get up and quit the game?* But I didn't want to quit. I slowly removed my panties.

The men were smiling appreciatively.

I guess this isn't so bad.

Benjamin kissed the bottle again and spun. He got Fondle using crotch and chest. He smiled large until the bottle ended on Hugh. He pointed at the bottle. "I'm going to beat your ass."

We laughed.

Hugh said, "No."

"Git outta your shirt, then."

Hillary didn't look pleased, but not overly upset.
Richelle spun and dropped the dice.
My husband said, "Lick and crotch."
We all erupted in cheers as the bottle slowed.
It was pointing between Hugh and Archer.
Duke leaned around, looking. "I gotta say that's Hugh—"
Hillary suddenly reached forward and nudged the bottle to the right.
"That's definitely Archer."
Natalie snorted. "Cheat."
Richelle said, "That's all right. Archer's very fine." She looked at him with eager eyes. "Unless you want to say no."
My husband looked at me and everyone else. He said nothing.
Richelle crawled over to him. "Kneel up here."
He did and I watched the black woman grip his dick and suck it into her mouth.
Benjamin groaned. "Yeah, suck that white dick, baby."
I felt surprised at how easily I accepted her lips sliding up and down my husband's erection. She looked beautiful with his cock in her mouth.
She sped her head movements and her hair swung over and obscured what was going on. My husband was gasping and sighing with pleasure.
Duke said, "Time."
Richelle grunted, but kept sucking.
Benjamin chuckled heartily. "Suck him down, baby."
Duke laughed, "Hey, time."
She pulled off with a loud smack and licked her lips, still gripping his erection. "I'm gonna land a world of hurt on you, Duke." She dipped down and gave my husband one last suck into her mouth. She stroked as she pulled off.
We were cheering.
She said, "I knew this game would have to get fun sometime."
Archer was panting and trembling. His cock was full, hard, and sticking straight out.
I hope she liked his dick; I know I love it.
Hillary spun. She got fondle using hand and chest. The bottle stopped on her husband, Hugh. She laughed and spent thirty seconds rubbing his chest.

Hugh spun and rolled, getting fondle with hand and crotch. The bottle ended on Whitney.

Hillary held her breath, but said nothing. Hugh crawled over and began fingering her exposed pussy.

Whitney had a satisfied look on her face, and her legs were shamelessly spread wide.

Natalie whispered to me, "I bet Hillary wouldn't let him do that to me."

"Probably not."

Whitney was moaning softly at the end of the thirty seconds. She said, "That ends too fast. Why can't it be a minute?"

Archer shrugged. "I suppose it could be, if everyone wants. Does everyone want to extend it to a minute?"

Natalie said, "Yeah, thirty seconds goes by too fast."

Nods and agreement went around the circle.

My husband nodded. "A minute it is, then."

Whitney was still sitting, legs open. "Get back here, Hugh."

Duke and Benjamin laughed.

Hillary scowled. "Your turn is over."

Whitney pouted and closed her legs.

Archer spun and got fondle with hands, and chest. The bottle ended on Natalie.

Surprisingly, my friend said, "No." She grabbed the waistline of her panties and winked at my husband.

He chuckled. "Lose the panties."

Even though Whitney and I were panty-less, I saw him looking at Natalie's pussy with a spark of interest in his eye.

You like Natalie? I didn't know. I wasn't all that bothered by it, though I felt better about him with Richelle.

Duke took his turn and got fondle using crotch and face. The bottle ended on Hillary.

I was in for another surprise when she clenched her blouse and said, "No."

Really? Why? You liked him earlier. Or is it that you don't like blowjobs?

Duke shrugged. "Panties."

She made a face and looked as if she was going to get up and huff, but she removed them.

Whitney spun and rolled. There was hunger in her eyes.

Duke said with awe, "Fondle with crotch and crotch." He looked at her naked pussy.

The bottle ended on Benjamin.

The big man's eyes grew wide and he scrambled up, grabbing the bottle. "Whoa, whoa, whoa. Hang on, let me tip the bottle." He was stuffing a bill into the neck. He kissed it. "Yeah, that's how we do it."

Everyone was laughing.

Whitney moved to him quickly and pushed him back.

Duke whistled.

Benjamin's cock grew hard as she settled over him.

The stop-watch clicked. Archer said, "Go."

Whitney gripped his hardening cock and rubbed it all around her pussy.

Benjamin hissed, watching her with rapt attention.

She put the head of his cock at her hole and settled. Her white pussy lips spread around his dark helmet.

He opened his mouth in shock and groaned. "Oh yeah, girl. Do it. Fine, white pussy."

I watched, amazed, as Whitney settled down on Benjamin's cock. His shaft disappeared inside her stretched hole.

Duke clapped. "Fuck yeah."

Whitney lifted and settled, her pussy sliding up and down the black shaft. Benjamin gripped her skinny hips and began pumping back. He grunted with each thrust, driving his cock up into her. She quietly ground down against him, her face intense with concentration.

Her husband was stroking himself, watching with wonder as his wife and Benjamin fucked right in front of him. "Dude, this game rocks."

All of us laughed but Hillary.

When time was called, Whitney pulled off slowly.

Benjamin sighed. "Man, even a minute is too short."

She smiled at him and went back to her place.

Benjamin whispered to me, "Hey, we got any alcohol and paper towels or something?" He was motioning. "To clean off with? Don't want to be mixing lady-juices."

"Oh, sure." I went up and brought back some rubbing alcohol and paper towels.

Natalie spun and rolled. She got Richelle and fondle using hands, and chest. She said, "I hate this bottle."

Richelle said, "Nuh uh."

"Off with the panties." My friend giggled.

The black woman removed her panties. She was shaved bald, just like Whitney. But her pussy was small and not loose-looking.

I spun, wondering what I would be doing. The dice turned up. I got lick and chest. The bottle pointed at Duke.

With a smile, he said, "No."

I knew what he was doing. I smiled right back. "Off with those briefs."

He nodded his head, his smile going brighter. He winked at me.

Next to me, Benjamin reverently took the bottle. He was petting it and whispering. "Yeah, now you treat me good. Got the money in you and you're all ready to grant me wishes."

Richelle was cracking up.

Natalie was shaking silently in laughter on my right side.

He spun the bottle and got Hillary with fondle using crotch and crotch. He lifted the bottle high. "Thank you."

Hillary licked her lips. She didn't say anything. Neither did Hugh.

Benjamin stood and held out his hand to her. "Come here, woman. Let's do this on the couch."

She took his hand and was helped up. Her face was lit up with wonder and she didn't even look at Hugh.

Benjamin settled her down and crawled between her legs.

My husband started the watch. "Go."

The big man thrust his cock forward, driving it deep into Hillary's pussy. He sighed happily. "Oh, fuck yeah." His hips pressed in, and his balls ballooned as he stuffed it all the way into her. Hillary whimpered in pleasure and then Benjamin began ramming his cock into her. He said, "This is it, this is it. Fuck yeah. You want some fine black seed in you?"

Hillary whimpered. Her flesh was jiggling to the pounding and she clawed at Benjamin's broad back.

Archer clicked off the stop-watch, but said nothing. Everyone was watching.

Benjamin grunted fiercely with each thrust, driving as deep as he could. The couch creaked with their movements and Hillary cried out in a gasping

rush. Her knees were up and flailing to his pounding. They began to quiver as she cried out.

Whitney pouted. "Save some for me."

Hillary grunted through an orgasm, squealing with each grunt.

I hope I don't sound that stupid when I cum...

Natalie leaned over and whispered, "What are those goofy noises?"

Benjamin plunged deep and held it there. His mouth opened in a flash of white teeth and he growled out deeply. His hips made short, hard thrusts into Hillary. "Yeah, take it. Take it. Agh."

I watched with hanging mouth as he pulled his cum-slicked cock out of Hillary's pussy. Grabbing the paper towels, I rushed over to catch the river of cum that began leaking out of her.

Benjamin was panting and smiling. "Love this game."

Richelle was holding the bottle. "Sit down. It's my turn." She gave a sly glance to my husband.

I handed a paper towel and the alcohol to Benjamin, my heart beginning to race at his wife's looks towards my husband.

CHAPTER 7

Richelle spun the bottle and rolled the dice.

Archer said, "Fondle using hand—"

The black woman looked indignant. "The fuck it does. It says crotch and crotch." She reached out and stopped the bottle to point at Archer. She was smiling. "You ever had black pussy before?"

He shook his head.

I should be jealous, right? Why don't I feel it?

Benjamin chuckled. "I think she has a hunger for trying out a white cock."

Archer said nothing, but was looking at her with a mixture of surprise, satisfaction and his own version of hunger.

Better her than Hillary. I got up. "Let me get a sheet for the couch." I did and spread it over, tucking it in.

Richelle was standing and removing her blouse and bra. She had tiny little boobs on a thin frame. But her face was beautiful. She looked expectantly at Archer.

My husband glanced at me and back to her. He got up and went to her.

Benjamin clapped quietly. "Good choice, Richelle."

Richelle gave him an eyebrow. "I watched you with a white woman, now you're gonna watch me with a fine white man." She pushed Archer to sit on the couch. She climbed over him, straddling. "You ready, baby?"

My husband nodded.

She looked over at Benjamin. "You ready, honey? Ready to watch me slide down this delicious cock?"

Her husband grabbed his mostly soft shaft. "Yeah, do it good."

Hillary left the circle to go use the bathroom.

Richelle gripped my husband around his neck and lowered her pussy onto his erection. Her black lips stretched around his shaft and she slid down and sat on him. She let out a relieved sigh. "That's a mighty fine one you have." She began moving.

Hugh moved over to Whitney and grinned at her. He began fingering her pussy. She spread her knees out and let him.

Benjamin looked back and forth and moved over to Whitney to help Hugh. Their fingers moved in and out of the skinny woman's pussy.

Duke came over and sat between me and Natalie. "Want company?"

I laughed. *I guess the game got sidetracked? Or had it?* "Yes." I tried to pay attention to Richelle riding my husband, but they looked comfortable enough that my attention turned to Duke. *I bet you didn't know I have a fantasy about your cock.*

I grabbed Duke's cock just as Natalie did. We giggled. He moved both arms, grabbing each of us and rubbing fingers over both of our pussies.

The sexual tension had gotten to me. Throwing all caution out of the window, I gave in to the fun. Maybe I would never do this again. Maybe I would. I couldn't imagine myself being so wild again, even if it was fun.

Natalie pushed Duke back. She moved her head down to his cock as his hands came away from us.

I twisted over and we competed licking up and down his shaft.

Natalie took him into her mouth and I looked over at my husband. He had stood, bent Richelle over the arm of the couch and was hammering her from behind. She was looking at her husband, groaning happily. "I should have tried white cock long ago."

Benjamin was lying on his back. Whitney was over him, sitting facing his feet. She was rubbing his mostly hard dick at her pussy. Hugh was stroking his erection, watching.

Hillary came back in and dropped into the recliner with a sigh. She didn't say anything about Hugh.

Natalie pulled off and I placed my mouth over Duke's cock. It was smaller than I had imagined it might be, but I had imagined him being huge. I sucked up and down, feeling energized at the newness of his private skin.

Through it all I heard Richelle's moans begin to give way to Whitney's.

I pulled off his cock and looked up. The skinny woman was on her back on Benjamin's stomach. His cock was inside her. Hugh was crouched over

both of them, trying to stuff his cock into Whitney's already filled pussy. I watched in amazement as the head of Hugh's cock squeezed in and his shaft slid on top of Benjamin's and into her stretched hole. Whitney quivered between them, crying out half in pain and half in pleasure.

The two cocks, one white and one black, moved slowly in and out of Whitney's pussy. The girl was gone, her head flopping and her moans high and breathy.

Duke pushed me back.

I was startled for only a second.

He was climbing over me.

Natalie got between us and sucked his shaft for a few seconds. Then she stroked it and aimed it at my pussy.

I opened my legs wider, realizing I was about to get my fantasy. Maybe before I had thought I would never do it or couldn't, but now that the object of my dreams was coming closer, I readily accepted it. I lifted my hips.

Duke was smiling. "I've wanted to bone you for a long time."

His words sent shivers down my spine. *Why didn't you tell me?* I felt his cock press into my hole and stretch it open. Then his thick shaft was sliding in, filling as it went, until he was pressed against me. I felt his breath against my forehead as his cock reached full penetration.

He groaned with relief.

Why didn't you tell me? We could have been doing this for months, or years. I panted, pulling on him, relishing the feel of my pussy filled with his cock. It felt good – a little different than my husband's, but not by much.

Duke quivered a little above me and then began sinuously moving his hips, forcing his cock in and out of me with easy moves.

I panted, rolling my head. I was being fucked right here on my living room floor. "Yes, violate me."

He drove harder, his hips slamming into mine. He said with curiosity, "You like it hard?"

I moaned. "Fuck me, harder. Harder. Violate me right here. Right in front of my husband." My own words drove me to a dizzying height of lust as my fantasy became reality. I cried out as Duke pummeled my pussy silly.

But, suddenly he pulled out.

I whimpered with loss.

He moved over and pushed Natalie down. He wiped his erection and then crawled between her legs.

Hey, what about me?

Natalie giggled. "What's a young guy like you wanting with an old gal like me?"

He chuckled. "Mature women need cock, too."

"Bring it on—" She gasped as his cock speared her.

I leaned up and looked over at Whitney. She was still sandwiched in between Benjamin and Hugh. Their cocks moved in and out of her pussy together.

Hillary was watching, rubbing slowly at her clit.

My husband had laid Richelle down and he was pushing forcefully between her legs. Her dark legs were splayed out, the thigh muscles working as she moved her hips to my husband's thrusts. They were kissing.

I felt good for Richelle; she had obviously liked my husband and I saw something good in her spreading for my husband's white cock.

I might have been mad if he had done anything with Whitney, and definitely felt good that he hadn't done anything with Hillary. Most certainly, I was relieved Mary Marie had left. No, Richelle was okay. I even felt comfortable with the idea that he could have her again.

The trio was breaking up and caught my attention. *Had they cum?* I didn't hear anything... But the noises all mixed in a way that left me dizzy. *Maybe they had?*

Whitney sat on the floor as Benjamin and Hugh cleaned off. Cum began running from her gaping pussy. She was playing with her lips, stroking her fingers slowly up and down with a satisfied smile.

Who would have thought she was a slut? I always thought she was shy and quiet.

Duke noticed and pulled off. "Hey, you two. Give me a hand here."

Natalie and I were looking at each other with confusion.

He said, "Someone needs to get violated." He was motioning to me.

I closed my legs tight; I didn't want to do multiple people.

Duke grinned at me. "Get her up and lay her on the coffee table." He moved to carry it back over to the center area.

Both Hugh and Benjamin smiled, taking my arms.

Wait!

My husband was still fucking Richelle on the couch, his balls slapping loudly against her ass.

I panicked. My fantasy was about being forced, but only by Duke.

They manhandled me to the coffee table and laid me back on it. Benjamin held my left arm and pulled open my left leg.

I gasped as Hugh gripped my right wrist and Natalie pulled open my right leg.

Duke was standing between my parted legs, stroking himself. "Now, what was that about violation?"

My husband was gasping fast and groaned loudly. I knew he was shooting his cum deep into Benjamin's wife.

Duke was grinning. "I'm going to fuck you right now, right in front of your husband and there's not a thing you can do about it."

I panted in a panic, wondering if I really wanted my fantasy to come true. *Do I really? Right in front of Archer?*

I groaned loudly in lust as Duke's cock roughly slid into me. With my arms and legs held, I was totally helpless. I couldn't focus – I was seeing spots.

His thrusts creaked the coffee table and he growled above me. "How do you like that? I think your married pussy loves getting violated."

I moaned louder, out of control of my emotions.

His words were punctuated by hard thrusts. "Do you like being forced in front of your husband? Do you like my cock in your pussy while he watches?"

The cascade of images I had seen over the weeks since I had discovered his hotwife fetish rolled over me and burst inside my mind in a confusion of discovery and exultation. The captions made sense now, not just in causing heat and lust, but in defining my limits by shattering them.

I was aware of nothing but my helplessness as hands held me down and my pussy was roughly violated in front of my husband.

It was so wrong and so right. It was nothing like I had fantasized; it was better.

His sliding cock moved in and out of me, violating me in front of everyone. I don't know if I felt sexual tension from the others, but I felt it building in me, coming with force. I couldn't help myself; I ground my hips up and down. The words that came through my clenched teeth surprised me with how fierce they were. "No! Fuck me. Fuck me."

I was aware of no other noise but my own harsh breathing.

Pulses of grinding need moved through my limbs. I squirmed, even though held down. Duke's cock filled me and pushed the need higher with

each nasty thrust. I wanted more; I needed more. I growled, "Harder."

I think I heard the coffee table beneath me crack. But it was all lost as a foggy field of fever swept me into an embrace of release that left me not knowing which way was up. My eyes were squeezed shut and I was almost mewling like a kitten through my clenched teeth. My legs trembled as if electrified as I tumbled over and over through waves of satisfying convulsions.

The waves slowed.

I felt a hard thrust and the hot wetness of Duke's orgasm flooding my pussy.

My thoughts began to return, and with it my senses. My backside hurt from the rough pushing on the table. My skin felt warm and on the edge of clamminess from the heated lust. I heard my panting, and then the first words.

Natalie said, "Wow, I didn't know she had this in her."

My husband's voice was stunned. "Neither did I."

Benjamin said, "Get out. How could you not know?"

"She never said anything."

Richelle said, "What a shame. That was special."

I closed my eyes as they released my arms and legs. *Yes, it was very special. Like none before.*

EPILOGUE

I reasserted my control. I took refuge in the strength and security of my mind. After satisfying that fantasy of mine, I was determined to never go there again.

I didn't want Duke; I was satisfied that I had lived the fantasy, but who knew what the young man got up to? Was he as much a slut as his wife? I wasn't going to risk picking up that kind of reputation.

Natalie prodded me to pursue that lifestyle, but I refused. She was in awe of me for some reason that I couldn't fathom. Maybe she wanted that for herself. But she could accomplish it on her own; I wasn't going to be a vicarious vessel for her.

Archer's love for me seemed to heat up for a few weeks after, but then cooled back to normal and I read confusion in his attitude towards me.

Hey, I didn't want to be a slut with Duke.

He talked about us getting together with Benjamin and Richelle, but I told him I wasn't into being intimate with a black man. I wasn't racist; it just wasn't my thing. I told him I liked Richelle, though.

I went back to my normal life and reveled in the comfort of knowing I was in control.

It wasn't long before I was on my computer, seeing the hotwife sites in a whole new light. A very warm light. The captions meant even more to me now - knowing the sensations behind them. Yes, I felt the heat when I went to the sites, and I went every day. And the new heat began to grow.

I have been there and seen it firsthand. I had been a hotwife.

Thank you for reading My Husband's Party Games. As you can see, I don't have a "street team" that gives me a dozen 5-stars on the day of release. All reviews are greatly appreciated!

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