

# **The Cat That Got The Cream**

A Tale of the Black Cats Club #1

By Paul Garland

A No Angels Erotic Short

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## **Foreword**

If you've previously read 'The Bad Crowd', one of my No Angels novels, you'll recognise some of the locations from this short - but this is a standalone book and you don't need to have read The Bad Crowd to enjoy this one. This story is set a year before the start of The Bad Crowd.

If you haven't read The Bad Crowd and enjoy 'The Cat That Got The Cream' then consider picking The Bad Crowd up - it's a good read, even if I do say so myself.

But for now, I hope you enjoy this; the first No Angels Short and the first of a planned three Tales of the Black Cats Club stories.

# Chapter 1

“Are you busy tonight?” Tim asked, leaning around the corner of my office door.

“Not especially,” I replied, slightly puzzled as to why he was asking out-of-the-blue like this on a weekday. We sometimes hung out, not regularly, but even when we did, it was always a weekend thing.

“I wondered if you fancied a beer,” he looked over his shoulder as he walked in, closing my office door behind him. “I need to get out of the house for a couple of hours, that’s all.”

“Sure,” I shrugged, turning my chair to face him. Tim was a good guy. Tall and balding, in his middle-years, he was one of those sensible types but still good company when we did socialise out of work. I’d known him for five years now, ever since I took the job here, in fact he’d been my mentor for the first month.

“Great,” he grinned, “Do you need to go home first or shall we go straight from work? I thought we could check out that new bar on South Road.”

“Yeah, I can go straight from here, but I’ll need to call Mel and just check she’s cool with it,” I picked up my office phone and hit the speed dial for home.

“Awesome,” Tim turned and opened the office door to leave, “I’ll see you at half five.”

“Hey, Tim,” I called after him before he left. Mel hadn’t answered yet. “Is everything okay?”

Tim just waved the question away and gave me a thumbs-up as he walked back to his office. There was definitely something amiss, but whatever it was, I’d get it out of him later no doubt, especially after he’d had a few beers inside him.

“Hey baby,” Mel picked up eventually. “You okay?”

“All good, nothing to worry about,” I reassured her. It wasn’t like me to call her during work hours. “I’m just letting you know that Tim’s asked me out for a quick drink after work tonight. That’s okay, isn’t it? I think he’s got problems at

home and needs a shoulder to cry on. Something like that, anyway.”

“Of course it is, but don’t be too late back,” Mel replied. “I’m working tomorrow night and Wednesday so if I don’t see much of you tonight, I won’t see you until Thursday.”

Mel worked evenings, cleaning the local gymnasium. She’d been doing it with her friend Jess for almost six months, since she’d lost her job at the local pet store when it went bust last year. We couldn’t afford to live on my wage alone - the insurance firm I worked for weren’t the most generous of payers - and I didn’t mind her working a few nights a week because it gave me some alone time on my games console - when the kids weren’t on it, at least. And the few nights she worked were quite well-paid because there was a night-time allowance, so it’d worked out well for us.

“I won’t be late,” I promised. “I’ll have a couple of beers then get a taxi home, okay?”

Mel said okay, told me she loved me and I hung up, trying to find which document I’d been working on prior to the interruption, growing irritated with myself when I couldn’t find it. I was a good insurance salesman, but organisation wasn’t my strong point. I found the paperwork after a few minutes - I’d stuck it in my top drawer for some reason.

I quite often put things in places when I was running on ‘auto-pilot’, losing them, then finding them hours later when I wasn’t actually looking for them any more. It was a good job that Mel was the opposite - she was quite pedantic in that way - everything had its proper place and she was so good at running our home - without her, I’d be lost. I always came home to a great cooked meal, my wardrobe was always full of freshly-pressed shirts and ties and she even set the alarms for me at night so I was never late waking up. Even if we’d spent the night with a bottle of wine and making love until late, she’d still have the presence of mind to set the alarm. I couldn’t ask for a more loving and dutiful wife.

“You okay?” another voice came from behind me, startling me for a moment.

I turned around to see Debbie, the office manager leaning through the door this time. “I’m good, are you?”

“Yes,” she replied, fixing her green-eyed gaze on me for a moment. “I just saw Tim come through and wondered if things were okay.”

“He just asked me if I want a quick drink after work,” I explained. “If you want to come along, that’s fine with me but you’d have to ask Tim - I think he wants some man-talk time.”

“Ah, I see,” Debbie nodded, making her ginger curls bounce on her shoulders. She was a good-looking woman, in her late thirties, a few years older than me, but her hourglass figure and that long red hair turned every male head in the office - but only after she’d walked past, of course, we were all way too frightened of our stern female boss to admire her openly - she’d tear a strip of us if she ever saw us glance at her sizable bust or curvy ass. “No, I’ll leave you two men to your man-time on this occasion,” she said. “As long as everything is okay.”

She hesitated, as though she wanted to say something further, but didn’t.

“Everything’s fine,” I smiled, feeling slightly intimidated by that cool green-eyed stare.

She nodded again and closed the door as she left, leaving me once again wondering where I’d just put something - the stapler this time - before I found it on the floor. Had that been why she’d been staring - wondering why the stapler was on the floor?

I got up and peered out through the door. Debbie was standing at the far end of the corridor, now talking to Tim. She was wearing a black pencil skirt which hugged her hips and thighs beautifully. She was the opposite to my wife in a lot of ways. Mel was shorter and slimmer than Debbie; her curves were much less accentuated but I loved my wife’s modest boobs and smoother hips. Debbie’s hair was dark, not quite black, but a very dark brown - and straight, totally unlike Debbie’s fiery waves.

Tim almost caught me looking at them but if he did, he didn’t say anything, so I quickly closed the door and went back to my desk. I had a lot to do this afternoon. I should really get on with it.

Finishing time came swiftly enough because I’d managed to lose myself in work for the last few hours of the afternoon, so much that I’d almost forgotten about

Tim and our after-work rendezvous.

“Ready for that drink?” he said as he stuck his head through my office door again.

“I am,” I replied, turning off my PC and trying to stretch the knots out of my back. “I’m leaving my car here so I can have a drink. I’ll get a taxi home and get the bus to work in the morning.”

“Sounds like a plan,” Tim nodded sagely.

The pub wasn’t too busy and we found a nice booth in the corner to take our drinks; mine a refreshing beer while Tim was enjoying a whisky and coke.

“So, I wanted to talk to you,” he started as he took a slow but long sip from his glass. “Do you remember Ryan? He used to work with me, a couple of years ago.”

“I remember Ryan,” I nodded, “You two are still buddies, aren’t you?”

“Yeah. He’s getting married next month,” Tim informed me, “It was his stag night this weekend just gone. We went to a place called the Black Cats Club. Have you heard of it?”

“Vaguely,” I said, savoring the beer. “It’s a strip bar, isn’t it? Somewhere out in the middle of nowhere.”

“It’s a bit of drive but not too far,” Tim shuffled in his seat. “I wasn’t sure if you’d know it.”

“I’ve never been,” I added hastily. “In fact, I’ve never been to any sort of strip club. Not my scene really. I’m a married man. I don’t think Mel would be too happy.”

Tim just looked at me for a second and I wasn’t sure if I’d offended him or not until he spoke. “Well, yeah. Not my usual sort of place either, but we were on a stag night and the best man had sorted it for us to go there. It was a good night, to be honest.”

“Maybe Mel would have let me go, with it being a stag night,” I shrugged, “As

long as I promised to be good. Shame I didn't get an invite."

"Definitely a shame," Tim agreed. "It would have made his conversation less - um... awkward... I guess."

I frowned at him. He'd said those last few words quietly, almost as though he was talking to himself but he was considering me again now, chewing his lip as though wondering what to say next - or how to say it.

"What's up?" I leaned forward, speaking quieter, "Did you... do something with one of the girls?"

"I had a lap dance," Tim nodded. "They have lap dancers and pole dancers. The waitresses are often almost naked too - and they're all available for private dances, and sometimes more."

"Wow," I grinned at him, then waved my empty bottle at the bartender, indicating for him to bring a fresh one over. "Was it just a dance - or did you get some 'extras' too?"

"I just had a lap dance," Tim pulled at his earlobe, looking distinctly embarrassed. "There are some really hot women there with amazing bodies. It was quite the eye-opener."

"Stop," I laughed, taking the new beer from the waiter as he brought it over. Tim asked for another whisky and coke. "You're making me jealous," I told him.

"Look, the thing is..." Tim tailed off as the waiter returned with his drink. "The thing is, I knew one of the women there. She didn't see me, or if she did, she didn't recognise me. We were in quite a big group."

"Oh," I said, intrigued. "Anyone I know?"

"That's the thing," Tim said, over the rim of his glass as he gulped down the drink. His eyes met mine as he set it down. "You do know her, John."

My heart sank as it all came together. The reason he'd asked me out. Why he felt so awkward and was acting so weird.

"It was Mel," Tim said. "Your wife."

## Chapter 2

“You’ve got it wrong,” I laughed after a moment. “Mel? Seriously?”

“It was definitely her,” Tim leaned back in his chair as I continued laughing.

“My Mel,” I scoffed, “Who grew up as a church kid. Who made me wait until we were married before she let me have full sex with her. Who won’t even sunbathe in a skimpy bikini in front of anyone - doing what? Lap dancing?”

“Pole dancing, actually,” Tim looked down into his lap, “She’s quite good at it too.”

“Let me get this right,” I was struggling to get my head around it, “My ultra-conservative wife of twelve years, hard-working mother of two kids, who it takes me a full bottle of wine and lot of persuasion to get sex with these days, is secretly working as an erotic dancer?”

“Yes,” Tim said simply. “I know you don’t believe me, I didn’t believe it at first. I thought maybe it was just someone who looked like Mel, but I went over for a closer look and unless she’s got a twin sister, it was definitely her.”

“Are you sure?” I necked the beer and ordered another one by waving at the bar guy. “Come on. Think about this. It’s Mel we’re talking about.”

“I heard her talking to one of the other girls and she even sounded like Mel,” Tim tried his best to convince me. “John, I’m one-hundred percent sure it was her. Same height, same face, same figure, same hair, same voice. It was Mel.”

“Did she see you?” I asked him. Surely, she’d have recognised him, if so. Mel and Tim knew each other fairly well although we didn’t hang around as much these days as we used to in the past.

“No,” Tim conceded, “But I did my best not to be spotted. I didn’t want there to be any weirdness, so I kept out of her way.”

I nodded. It was inconceivable that my Mel, a virgin when we’d met and who’d only ever been with me, could possibly do something like dance in a strip club.

Like I'd just said, she'd only let me have oral sex with her right up until we got married. She'd been brought up in a church family, her grandfather had been a vicar and the family had been regulars at service every week. She'd even sung in the choir for a while. This just wasn't something that Mel would do.

So why did I have a horrible feeling in the pit of my stomach? Mel often came home bragging of cash bonuses which her boss at the cleaning company had given to her as a reward for her 'hard work' this week. It paid fairly well, way more than a usual cleaning job but she'd explained that away as a late hours allowance.

"This is why you asked me out tonight," I glanced at Tim who was watching me for my reaction, "I appreciate it, you know. Even if it's not her, I guess you had to tell me."

"I actually thought you might know," Tim placed his hands on the table, "But I couldn't just ask you right out in case you didn't. Once I started talking and mentioned the club, I could tell you had no idea. Have I done the right thing, telling you?"

"Of course you have," I reassured him, then thought of something. "Was there anyone else there that knows me or Mel? Did anyone else recognise her?"

"No, don't worry," Tim shook his head, "Just me, although, I did mention it to one other person."

"Who?"

"Don't be mad with me," Tim ordered himself another drink as mine arrived, "I told Debbie. I didn't know what to do for the best, so I asked her for advice - with her being a woman and all."

"Debbie? Right," I took a moment to absorb that. "What about Fran?"

Fran was Tim's on-off girlfriend. They'd been together years, never getting married, always splitting up to get back together. Again, Tim shook his head. "No," he replied, "I didn't even tell her I'd been to a strip club. She'd go ape-shit."

"Fair enough."

We sat in silence for a short while; Tim was probably wondering what to say to me while I tried to digest everything he'd told me.

"I've got an idea," Tim said eventually. "But I don't know whether you'd be up for it or not."

"Fire away," I said, looking down at my beer bottle in disbelief that it was empty again.

"When Mel next says she's working - at the, what was it?"

"Cleaning - at the gym," I reminded him.

"Thanks," Tim rubbed a hand through his thinning greyish hair, "When Mel next says she's working at the gym - cleaning or whatever - we go to the Black Cats Club. I'm a member now. You could see for yourself."

"She's working the next two nights," I told him, "Tomorrow night and Wednesday night."

"Can you get someone to babysit the kids?" Tim asked. "I'll drive. It's only a half-hour out of the city. We could go, you can see if it's her or not, then we come back. It wouldn't take that long."

"And if it is her," I declined the offer of another drink as the bartender walked over. I couldn't stay out too late. "What do I do then?"

"I don't know," Tim folded his hands in his lap and shrugged. "That's for you to work out - if you're comfortable with your wife working as a pole-dancer, then... I guess... I don't know."

"Would you like Fran prancing around half-naked in front of a load of strangers?" I asked Tim, already knowing the answer.

Tim didn't say anything, he just shook his head sadly. "Shall we do it then? Tomorrow night? Or you could just grab the bull by the horns and ask her when you get home tonight."

"I think you know Mel well enough to understand that wouldn't be a good idea," I muttered. Mel might be a former church girl and your typical suburban

housewife, but she wasn't meek or submissive - she didn't take well to confrontation either. She was a strong, independent woman and if she was keeping something as serious as this from me, she was doing it for a reason.

"True," Tim replied with half a grin. "So... tomorrow night?"

"I'll sort a babysitter," I said, grimly. "But for now, I better get home. I promised Mel I wouldn't be late."

We shared a taxi home, dropping Tim off first and as I got out and paid the driver, I looked up the path towards my house. The lights were on and I could see Mel doing the dishes through the kitchen window.

How the hell did I face her and act normal, after what Tim had told me?

"You're home," she said, as I kicked off my shoes and joined her in the kitchen.

"I only had a couple of beers," I informed her, "Tim wanted to have a bit of a vent - him and Fran have been arguing again."

"They're always arguing, aren't they?" Mel pulled off the rubber gloves that she'd been wearing to clean the dishes. "I'm glad we're not like that."

"Me too," I said, sitting at the table, trying to switch off the thoughts running through my head.

Mel was drying the plates and putting them away and I couldn't help but watch her. Her slim figure was partially hidden by the baggy jogging bottoms she was wearing but she had a vest top on above it, which showed off her modest cleavage and her toned arms and shoulders. I wondered what she'd worn last weekend at the club and how many men had also admired that same cleavage and trim figure. Her dark brown hair was tied up in a bun on the top of her head now, but I bet she'd let it down loose over her shoulders as she danced for her audience of ogling men.

"John?" she said suddenly, pulling me from my thoughts. "Are you okay?"

She'd stopped and noticed me watching her. I looked into her dark brown eyes and smiled. "Yes," I replied, "I'm just admiring my gorgeous wife."

“Okay,” she turned away for a moment but looked at me over her shoulder. “You just seem a bit... odd, I guess. Are you sure you’re okay?”

“Busy day,” I shrugged, “Maybe the beers have hit me a bit harder than they normally would. I’m kinda tired.”

“Early night then.” She patted me on the shoulder as she walked past into the living room where I could hear the kids playing. I decided if I was going to talk to her about it at all, I’d do it in bed, so an early night was a good idea.

The rest of the evening went without incident. It was a school night so the kids were asleep in plenty of time for me and Mel to watch some TV before retiring up to bed ourselves well before midnight.

“So how’s work been going lately?” I asked, as we climbed into bed. I’d decided to gently probe, rather than just ask right out and offend her by such a ridiculous suggestion. I also didn’t want her to be mad at Tim for making such a ludicrous claim.

“Busy,” she looked sideways at me but I didn’t detect any worry or uncertainty in her face or voice. “But okay. I’m always with Jess, so we share the duties and it’s good to have her to talk to. Makes the hours go faster, you know?”

“It’s hard work, cleaning,” I nodded, “So anything that makes it more pleasurable is good.”

Again, she glanced at me as I emphasized the word ‘pleasurable’ but yet again, she didn’t seem at all concerned by my sudden curiosity about the job.

“Who wants to talk about boring work anyway,” she moved closer to me. “I thought that tonight, maybe we could... you know, if you’re not too tired, that is...”

“Hmm,” I pretended to ponder for a moment, “I am kind of tired and you need your energy seeing as you’re working late the next two nights... but, I think I could manage a bit of a cuddle and a kiss?”

“Okay,” Mel smiled and switched off the bedside light, then she slid herself over me and sat on my lap. I was only wearing my boxer shorts and she was just in a t-shirt nightie so I could feel the heat of her pussy against my growing erection.

Then she shifted, rubbing it against me and took off the top so she was totally naked. Her modest but perky breasts were just visible in the almost-darkness of the bedroom.

“I like this,” I commented, “It’s almost like you’re giving me a lap-dance or something.”

That did get a reaction. She went totally still - only for the briefest of moments - but it was there. A definite freeze at my mention of lap-dancing. But very quickly, she regained her composure and suggested I take my shorts off.

I slid my hands beneath her and tugged them down, then she reached down, raising my erection upwards so she could slide down on to it. I looked down, enjoying the darkened view of her small, stiff nipples and the small neat landing-strip of fine, dark pubes between her legs until she lowered herself fully down onto me, her lips meeting mine as she began moving up and down on my cock.

As she’d sat on my lap, a fleeting image of her doing this to someone else, some random stranger, rubbing herself on his lap and feeling his erection the same way she’d felt mine. I had to remind myself that Tim had only mentioned her as doing pole-dancing. Not lap-dancing. Or anything else, for that matter. But had she?

I tried to push the thought from my mind before it put me off what we were doing but for some strange reason, it only seemed to turn me on more - the thought of my cute, innocent little wife performing sexually-suggestive dances for other men - men she didn’t know - and getting paid for it.

“I’m going to cum,” I announced, as surprised as she was when my cock spurted inside her within minutes of her getting on top.

“That was fast,” she giggled.

“I’m sorry,” I apologised, “Maybe it’s because I’m tired.”

I felt somewhat disturbed that the thought of her pole-dancing had turned me on. It shouldn’t. What was wrong with me?

“So do I get to cum too?” Mel asked, rolling away and parting her thighs in front of me.

“Okay,” I sighed comically, but in truth I was glad for the distraction from my troubled thoughts.

I went down on her, ignoring the taste of my cum - I’d done this before, it didn’t bother me too much. I knew it would gross some men out, but not me. Mel had a gorgeous pussy. A small tight slit, with just a tiny landing strip growing from the top but with the lower part totally shaved. She’d not always kept it this way. She’d let her pubes grow naturally but had started shaving it when she first got pregnant then had kept it like this as she thought it was cleaner and felt nicer. I didn’t mind at all, it certainly made going down on her a whole lot nicer and being licked to orgasm was her favourite thing.

After I’d used my tongue to make her back arch and her voice cry out, I settled next to her and took her in my arms. I’d always loved Mel. Ever since I first saw her that day at college. But if it turned out tomorrow that my Mel was a pole-dancer, would I still feel the same?

## Chapter 3

“Hello John”, Debbie walked into my office the next day without knocking. “How was your drink with Tim last night? I hope you’re not hungover.”

“We only had a couple,” I informed her. “It wasn’t a late one.”

“I haven’t seen him yet but did he tell you what was up?” she considered me with those pale green eyes of hers.

“He did,” I stared coolly back at her. Up to this moment, I’d forgotten what Tim had said last night: that he’d told Debbie; asked her for advice.

“And?” I could tell that Debbie didn’t want to be the first to broach the subject, just in case Tim had changed his mind. She didn’t want to drop him in it.

“He thinks Mel is working as a pole-dancer at some club out of town,” I came out with it. Perhaps Debbie might be able to offer me some advice too. “He’s quite sure it’s her, but I can’t believe it. Something like that would be very out of character for Mel.”

“Did you ask her about when you got home?” Debbie closed the office door behind her and came over to sit on the edge of my desk. She was wearing some dark grey trousers today that showed off her feminine figure to perfection. She twiddled a strand of her curly red hair in her fingers as she waited for me to answer.

“No,” I said, after a moment or two. Should I have asked her? It just didn’t seem the best way of doing things. “If Tim’s wrong, she’d have been really offended. I don’t want any tensions between my work colleagues and home, you know? So, I thought it best to find out for myself.”

Debbie raised a finely-shaped eyebrow at that. “You’re going to visit this club? Is that wise? It seems risky.”

“Tonight,” I replied. “Tim’s coming with me. I haven’t worked out exactly what I’ll do if it is Mel, but I’m hoping that it’s not. It could just be a woman that looks very much like her.”

“I see,” Debbie had the strand of hair in her mouth now, chewing it as she thought. “In my opinion, the more direct approach might have been better. I don’t like sneaking around, but it’s your call, not mine. Let me know how it goes and if you want to talk at all, you know where my office is.”

“I do,” I smiled at her, grateful for her understanding. Again, for some unfathomable reason, I was hard in my pants and by the time she left me, I was tempted to pull my cock out and relieve myself under my desk but of course, I didn’t.

I received an email from Tim, confirming that everything was fine for tonight. He said he was too busy to leave his desk for even a moment but I wondered if he was actually just feeling slightly awkward. I know I would have. He’d also saved a job too - instead of having to organise and pay my niece to babysit, he’d offered to bring Fran over for a few hours. The kids loved Fran and I knew they’d be cool with it.

The end of the day came around quicker than I expected. I’d thought it’d be one of those long-ass afternoons because of the slowly-growing nervous tension gnawing away in my stomach but because it was so busy, the hours flew by and I was soon pulling up on the driveway at home.

“Mel?” I called out to her as I walked in. She was already getting ready upstairs and told me to come up and talk to her before she went to work.

“Good day?” she said from where she was sitting at her dressing table, carefully putting on some make-up in front of the mirror.

“Reasonably good,” I shrugged, sitting on the edge of the bed behind her. I’d often wondered why she always made herself up to go to a cleaning job, but her explanation had always been that she likes to look presentable wherever she goes. As always, she was wearing a plain long-sleeve t-shirt and trousers, but obviously, if she was working at the club, she’d get changed when she got there. I wondered where she kept her pole-dancing outfits, if she had any, that was.

“Apparently there's quite a lot of work to do tonight,” Mel looked at me through the mirror, “So I might be an hour later than usual, but Jess says our boss is going to pay us extra if so.”

“Okay,” I replied, trying not to imagine what a lot of work meant in the pole-

dancing world, “I’m going to a meeting tonight. Debbie’s called Tim and I - she’s taking us and the team to the pub, so it doesn’t sound like anything super-important.”

“Oh,” Mel turned to face me. “What about the kids?”

“Sorted,” I reassured her. “Tim’s going to bring Fran over when he picks me up. She’s said she’ll look after them.”

“Very organised of you,” she turned back to the mirror, finalising her lipstick. “I’m sure the kids will like that. They haven’t seen Fran for a while. Give her my love, won’t you?”

Mel left to go wherever it was she was going and once I was in the bedroom on my own, the reality of what I was going to do suddenly hit me. I was going to sneak to a strip club and potentially catch my lying wife dancing half-nude for other men. If it was her - what did I do? I hadn’t given this much thought. I was literally winging it - crossing each bridge as I came to them.

I got changed into a fresh shirt and trousers, dressing up smartly and Tim and Fran turned up soon afterwards, bang on the time we’d agreed. Tim was a stickler for punctuality and things like that.

“Hi,” Tim’s lovely girlfriend said as I opened the door. She was way too good for him. She always had been. Her shoulder-length blonde hair was shiny and lustrous, her blue eyes twinkled in the golden light of the low evening sun outside.

“It’s nice to see you,” I said, accepting the hug she offered and I kissed her on the cheek while giving Tim an enquiring look over her shoulder. He shook his head, signifying that she didn’t know why she was really babysitting tonight. “Thanks for coming over.”

“Nice to see you too,” she smiled, looking past me for the kids. Tim and Fran had never had children, so she always seemed to enjoy their company. “When Tim told me about your work meeting and Mel working, I said I was happy to help out. Where are they?”

I pointed her in the direction of the front room and when I’d watched her curvy figure walk through, I turned to Tim.

“We’re really doing this, huh?” I said quietly.

“We are,” he glanced upstairs as he joined me inside for a minute. “Mel’s gone to work okay? No last minute issues?”

“Nope,” I shook my head. “Although I’m nervous, I don’t mind admitting. I’ve never even been to a strip bar, so I have no idea what to expect.”

“You’ll enjoy it,” Tim replied, putting his finger to his lips to remind me to be quiet. “Remember, not a word to Fran.”

“Got it,” I winked at him then went to say goodbye to her and the kids before joining Tim outside in his car.

“I’m sure this will all turn out to be a mistake - Mel won’t be there - it’ll all be okay,” I said, fastening my seatbelt. “But if it’s not a mistake and it is her - I have no idea what I’ll do.”

“We don’t have to go,” Tim said, before turning the ignition. “We can call this a bad idea and just go to the pub for a couple of hours instead.”

“No,” I pointed out through the front windscreen. “I need to know. Otherwise it’ll just rattle around in my brain and even if I ask Mel myself, I’ll never know if she’s lying or not. No. Let’s go. Let’s do this.”

“The Black Cats Club better get ready,” Tim grinned at me. “We’re on our way.”

## Chapter 4

When we arrived at the club, I had no idea what to expect. I'd seen films with strip bars, I'd seen them on TV, I had friends that had been to them but nothing quite came close to preparing me for the strange, sexually-charged atmosphere that hit me the moment we walked in.

From the outside, the red-brick, double-story building looked reasonably unassuming and harmless. The sign on the front was lit in blue neon; the words Black Cats and then a strange silhouette of the said creature with an impossibly long tail curving beneath the logo and wording. There were no windows to see through to the interior - just one single set of small black double-doors with a hard-looking bouncer on either side.

Inside was a different story to the innocent exterior. The entranceway was brightly lit and a lovely middle-aged eastern lady took our names, carefully checking Tim's membership number, before allowing us access through to a much-dimmer hazily-illuminated room beyond.

A pulsing bassline vibrated through me as I followed Tim through a crowd different to what I'd expected. I thought its customers would exclusively be the wealthy and fashionable but there was a mix of people of all ethnicities, classes and even genders, which surprised me. I hadn't anticipated the number of female patrons who were sitting admiring the dancers who were situated on two podiums at the very far end of the room.

We stopped for a moment while Tim looked around and I took the opportunity to take in my surroundings. The room was darkly decorated and the lights were mainly small halogens that spotlighted the tables where people sat but the two podiums were highlighted with much brighter lighting allowing me to see the two ladies that were currently dancing. Neither of them was Mel. One was a lithe blonde, wearing little more than underwear while the other was an exotically-shaped vixen with chocolate hair almost down to her waist.

To one side of the bar was a sign marking the V.I.P. area; the corridor leading to which was guarded by another bouncer standing in front of a velvet rope barricade.

“We get a drink first, then I’ll take you through,” Tim said as he led me to the bar where we ordered a bottle of beer each.

“Take me through to where?” I asked, having to raise my voice louder than I wanted to in order to be heard over the throbbing dance music.

“V.I.P.” he pointed to the bouncer I’d noticed before. “The stag night was held there and I believe Mel only works that side. It’s probably why she thinks she’s safe from being seen by anybody she knows.”

“Does it cost money to get in?” I half-shouted as we made our way over to it.

“I’ve got it covered,” Tim called back. “Don’t worry about it.”

We took our beers and weaved through the mixed crowd towards the V.I.P. area. I couldn’t help but look at the two podiums. Only one had a pole, which the chocolate-haired vixen threw herself around acrobatically. She was wearing a tight pair of sparkling hotpants which must have been made out of some sort of industrial fabric to resist tearing at the crotch when she spread her legs wide to helicopter around the chrome pole.

As we got close enough to the blonde, I saw that she was stunning. Her golden hair was in ringlets that bounced around her shoulders as she danced, swaying her hips in rhythm with the booming bass sound coming from the ceiling-mounted speakers. As we walked past, she loosened the back of her skimpy bra top and a perky pair of smallish breasts slipped out. The guys standing around the podium whooped in delight and in response, she cupped them and tweaked her small nipples for them before carrying on with her routine.

“I’m allowed one guest, right?” I heard Tim say to the bouncer as we got there. The beefy character, tall and dark-skinned with a mohawk and a nasty glint in his eye, looked Tim up and down, staring at the membership card in Tim’s hand, then gave me a similarly close examination.

“Go through,” he grunted, one giant paw unclipping the velvet rope to allow us through, closing it behind us as soon as we moved past him.

“Are you ready for this?” Tim asked me.

“No,” I answered honestly as we walked through the corridor and out into

another section similar to the main area we'd just come from. The haze from a smoke machine hung in the air, making the moving spotlights cast coloured beams around the luxuriously seated room. Another bar was off to one side and then central to the room was a small stage with a pole in the centre.

A petite woman danced sexily around the pole, hooking one leg around it and leaning back so that her modest bust strained against the diamante-studded bra she was wearing. She was the same height, same body shape as Mel and from a silhouette, I'd have been certain it was her. But this woman had a short white-blond bob. It wasn't Mel with her lustrous waves of almost-black hair. I sighed in relief, feeling my legs wobble slightly as the tension flooded from me.

"Would either of you gentlemen like a dance?" I heard a voice from behind and I froze as I turned. The woman on the stage wasn't Mel and the woman behind me wasn't either but I recognised the throaty voice straight away and I saw enough of her face out of the corner of my eye to stop me turning fully around in case she recognised me.

It was Jess. Mel's best friend and supposed cleaning colleague. Which meant - if Jess was here - perhaps Mel was too. But where?

Tim smiled at Jess over my shoulder but I simply shook my head as a response and guided him away closer to the stage, hoping to find somewhere to sit down where I could also partially hide from Jess. We found a booth not too far from the stage but on the opposite side of the room. Hopefully, Jess wouldn't follow us over but if she did, I'd be able to see her in time from here and make a hasty exit to the toilets or somewhere.

"That's Mel's friend," I explained to him as he sat next to me with a quizzical look on his face. "Jess."

"Oh, right," Tim replied, a look of understanding washing across his face. "That was close then. Anyway, at least we have a good view of the stage from here. For when Mel comes on, you know?"

"I thought you were wrong," I admitted. "I thought - I hoped - that Mel wasn't going to be here and when I saw the dancers and none of them were her, I thought you'd made a mistake. But now I've seen Jess..."

"It's definitely Mel," Tim put his hand on my arm, "If you're not prepared for

this, we can leave at any time, remember? It's no big deal if you can't cope with it."

"I can't leave," I leaned back in my chair, looking around to make sure Jess wasn't nearby, "I need to know for sure. I have no idea what I should do if I see Mel, but I need to know for sure one way or the other."

"I get where you're coming from," Tim nodded. "I'd be the same if it was Fran."

I kept an eye on Jess as she strolled around the tables on the far side of the room. Mel's friend was good-looking even though her features were a bit too angular for my tastes. She had a long straight nose and slightly tilted eyes but there was something about her that was still attractive. Her hair was what I'd noticed out of the corner of my eye - a reddish-brown on top but with the tips dyed blonde, it was quite distinct and suited her tanned complexion. She was wearing a small strappy top that barely covered her average-sized breasts and a pair of denim cut-offs that showed off her curvy legs well.

"Something I haven't asked," I leaned towards Tim, "Because I didn't want to make you feel awkward before - when you were here and you saw Mel - did she strip off at all? Or was it just like... pole-dancing in skimpy clothing, but keeping the clothing on and..."

Tim interrupted me. "It's okay. You don't have to feel awkward. This is a strip club. All the dancers get naked to some degree or other."

"And Mel?"

Tim's eyes went down to the floor and I knew from his body language what he was about to say. "I feel bad, but yeah, she stripped and I saw most of it."

"Stripped?" I was struggling to speak for some reason. "As in, what? Topless?"

Tim finally looked up at me. "She went topless and removed her bottoms too but she still had her thong on when I left. I felt bad watching, so I went to the bar until she'd finished her spot."

"You can tell me the truth," I urged him to tell me more. "You don't have to lie to spare my feelings."

“I’m not lying,” Tim shrugged, “But she does get totally naked, John. She doesn’t just pole-dance. She does private dances for people too. I left before she started circling the room, like your friend Jess is right now.”

I looked across the room and saw Jess walking away towards a darkened corner of the room, a customer following her. They went behind some sort of partition wall, disappearing from view.

“Is that what Jess is doing now?” I pointed. “Giving that guy a private show?”

Tim nodded. “Yes. They’re the private booths where you go for a one-on-one dance.”

“And what happens in these one-to-one dances?” I asked, starting to feel sick at the thought of Mel doing such a thing.

“You sit down. Keep your hands to yourself. Then the girl gets naked and dances in front of you. She puts her breasts in your face, real close, grinds her pussy on your legs.” Tim looked a little surprised. “You’re not this naive, John. You know what goes on in these places, surely?”

“Well, I’ve heard stuff, but I don’t know for sure,” I shrugged. “Guys exaggerate.”

“There’s other things happen too - much dirtier. Over there-” Tim pointed towards a doorway behind us, “Are the special rooms. You have to be invited or pay a special fee to go, but in there all kinds of things happen with the girls. The Crowes - the family that manage this place - have kinky parties there. I’ve heard there’s a bondage dungeon and a special orgy room amongst others.”

“But Mel doesn’t get involved in that sort of stuff,” I replied, “She’s just a pole-dancer, lap-dancer, whatever. Right?”

“I think to work in the V.I.P. area you have to be one of the Crowe favourites,” Tim screwed his mouth up as though he didn’t want to tell me any more, “And the girls that go back there are the Crowes’ favourites too, so I don’t know. I wouldn’t want to say without knowing for sure, but...”

My brain couldn’t process this. I didn’t even know for sure that Mel was here but it was likely with Jess being here. If she was, I just hoped she only worked as

a dancer. I could handle that. Somehow, I could find a way to get my head around it.

I watched the girl with the white-blond hair twirl around the pole, trying to work out what I'd do if and when Mel replaced her, then I stopped in shock as she let go of the pole to stand at the front of the stage and put her hands behind her back to undo the sparkling bra she was wearing.

At the same time, I saw Tim next to me also freeze, his bottle halfway to his lips.

"John," he said slowly. "Look."

"I know," my voice croaked.

We'd both realised that the woman on the stage, now removing her bra to reveal a perfectly-shaped pair of 34B breasts, was wearing a wig. We'd both got a clear look at her face as she looked out into the lights at the customers baying for her to take it off - take it all off - and the face belonged to my wife.

It was Mel.

## Chapter 5

“Don’t stare,” I nudged Tim in the ribs as Mel began to dance around the pole again, this time in just her tight silvery shorts. “That’s my wife.”

“I know. Sorry,” Tim apologised. “She’s got a great body. You should feel kinda proud.”

“I don’t know what to feel,” I rubbed my hands across my face hoping this was a dream but when I opened my eyes again, Mel was still there, gyrating sexily, her nipples erect as she arched backwards again.

“The guys can’t take their eyes off her,” Tim pointed out somewhat tactlessly. I scanned the room and he was right. Every man there was watching my Mel. Admiring her small but perfect breasts. Then they started throwing things onto the stage - small black plastic shapes.

“What are they doing?” I asked Tim.

“They call them Pussycats,” he replied. “Tokens. You buy them from the bar, they cost a tenner each, then you give them to the girls in exchange for a private dance, or you can just give them to them as tips or to show your appreciation. The girls cash them in with the management at the end of the night. It’s how they make the extra money.”

“No sticking notes in the girls panties here then?” I said, feeling a bit of relief about that. The idea of men pawing at my wife appalled me.

“Yeah, cash isn’t allowed,” Tim nodded. “I think it’s the management’s way of keeping tabs on how much the girls are earning. I don’t know if they take a cut or whatever.”

Mel stopped twirling for a moment as we watched and then she smiled at the crowd. She actually looked really hot with the white-blonde wig. I’d always wondered what she’d look like as a blonde but I never imagined this was how I’d find out. I didn’t know what to do. Should I go up there and stop her?

“How long do they dance for?” I asked Tim, who was still paying too much

attention to Mel than I liked.

“I think she’ll be done soon,” he nudged me and I looked back to Mel who was now facing away from the crowd and bending over to show off her behind in the tight shorts she was wearing and then wiggled her ass cheeks, making the men at the front of the crowd whoop in appreciation and several more of the pussycat tokens landed on the stage near her feet. Then she provocatively pulled her shorts down slightly, revealing more and more of her butt. For a horrifying moment, I thought she was going to take them off but as her round ass cheeks came into view, she pulled them back up just as quickly, turned around and did a bow to the audience.

“Thank you, Mia,” boomed a female voice from the speakers above us.  
“Everyone put your hands together for the beautiful Mia.”

The crowd clapped as Mel A.K.A. Mia picked up the tokens from the stage, did another bow and then disappeared into the hazy dark on the far side of the room.

I looked around and saw who was talking - the middle-aged but still good-looking oriental woman who had been on the front door was now walking around the room with a microphone.

“She’s the owner’s wife, I believe,” Tim informed me as she walked in front of our booth and onto the stage.

“If you want to see more of Mel,” the lady continued over the microphone, “She will be going around the room soon. A lap-dance in your chair costs one token. A private dance in the privacy area costs two tokens and don’t forget - tonight is The Cat That Got The Cream Night and for the very first time, maybe the only time, Mel is our Cat for the evening. It’s twenty tokens if you want to take part. Expensive but Mel is definitely worth it, wouldn’t you agree? Next on the stage in about twenty minutes is the sexy Jezebel, so if you want a dance with her, you’ll need to grab her now when she does her final trip around the room.”

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Jess emerge from the private area where she’d gone with the customer a while earlier, now wiping her hand across her mouth. She hadn’t... no. Had she? Maybe Jess was Jezebel. I told myself to stop thinking about Jess. She was more important. What did I do next?

“What is Cat Got The Cream Night?” I poked Tim, who’s attention was fixed on

the oriental hostess, even as she dismounted the stage and headed off towards the bar.

“I don’t know,” he shook his head, “But if Mel’s involved, we should find out. I’ll ask someone, if you want to know, although it might be something you don’t want to know.”

“What do you mean?” I asked but Tim had already gotten up.

“I’ll go get us some more drinks and try to find out what’s happening,” he said. “Watch out for Jess and Mel coming around the room if you don’t want to get caught.”

Luckily, Jess seemed to be busy enough talking to men well away from us but I wasn’t sure where Mel had gone. I was so glad she hadn’t taken her bottoms off but after the hostess said something like if you want to see more of Mia, I was now wondering if she went further during the private dances. This Cat That Got The Cream event was worrying me too. The expression meant someone who looks extremely happy, so I assumed it was some way of her earning more of the pussycat tokens - a special dance or something along those lines - but either way, I grew increasingly concerned until Tim finally came back, two drinks in hand.

“Okay, so the Cat Cream thing is some sort of private business that they do in the back,” Tim pointed towards the door behind us. “Down there - in those special rooms I told you about.”

“No,” I whispered. “You said that’s where they do the orgies and things like that.”

“I’m not saying it’s anything like an orgy,” Tim put his hand on my shoulder, “So don’t panic and do something crazy. It might just be a dance for a load of horny guys where - I dunno - maybe she gets totally naked and does something... dirty. I just don’t know. No one would tell me. All the guys I asked said it’s something you’re either in-the-know about or you’re not.”

“Like just for the extra-special V.I.P. guests?”

Tim nodded. “Yes, I’d imagine so.”

“I can’t let her do it,” I sighed. “I’ve seen enough.”

“Why?” Tim leaned in to catch my attention as I scanned the room for Jess and Mel again. “She obviously enjoys it. She’s safe here. There are bouncers everywhere. She’s just dancing, making money, having fun.”

“I’m glad you see it that way,” I snorted. “You’d not be saying that if it was Fran dancing in front of a hundred men with her tits out.”

“I guess but it’s not like Mel’s cheating on you per se,” Tim added.

“Are you sure?” I narrowed my eyes at him. “I saw Jess come out of the booths earlier wiping her mouth like she’d just sucked a dick. What goes on in those booths, Tim? I bet it’s sometimes more than just a private dance.”

“Well, I have heard stories...” Tim sighed, then leaned back in his chair, taking a drink and thinking for a moment. “What do you want to do?”

I shook my head. “I don’t know. I don’t want to create a scene.”

“Damn right you don’t want to,” Tim looked at me with a serious expression. “The people that run this club - they’re not people to mess with. The bouncers - they don’t play around either. It would get messy, that’s for sure. Maybe the best idea is for us to get out of here, then you tell Mel tonight that you know and you ask her to quit, if it bothers you. That seems like the obvious answer.”

I still couldn’t believe it. I’d come here, worried about Tim’s story of seeing Mel being the truth - I suspected it to be true once I’d seen Jess - but to then actually see Mel and it to be confirmed right in front of my eyes - seeing her dance topless in front of hundreds of strangers, it was almost too much to take in.

“I need to know what this Cat That Got The Cream is,” I replied after a moment. “And I need to know if she’s sucking guys’ dicks in these private dances. How do we find out?”

“Why?” Tim countered. “What are you going to do if you find out she is? Are you going to leave her? Get a divorce? Is it worth it? Let’s just go. Ask her later about it and tell her to quit. Forget that all this ever happened and get on with rebuilding your relationship. Personally, I think the less you know, the better.”

“He’s probably right,” said a familiar voice from my left and I stared in shock as Debbie sat herself down next to me, a tall cocktail in hand. “Hello boys. Fancy

seeing you here.”

“Debbie?” I knew my jaw was hanging down in shock and I snapped it shut. “What the fuck are you doing here?”

“I come here sometimes,” she smiled, taking a sip of her drink. “I have done for a long time. I usually come with my husband but occasionally I come alone too.”

“Why?” I asked, still stunned at this turn of events then I saw Tim looking down at his shoes. Why wasn’t he as shocked as me? “What’s happening here?”

“Shall I tell him?” Debbie asked my colleague, “Or do you want to?”

“Go ahead,” Tim looked up at me with a stricken look.

“Tim’s been coming here for a while,” Debbie revealed. “I know he told you it was some pal’s stag night last weekend, but the truth is that he’s been slipping out to the Black Cats for a while, enjoying the girls, living it up. I’m not judging. Me and hubby come here for the same reasons. So when you say ‘why’ I come here, it’s because I like the girls. Some of them are stunning. It’s quite the turn on to have a beautiful young girl dance naked in front of you, isn’t it Tim?”

Tim just nodded and took a long pull of his beer.

“I bumped into him a month or so ago,” Debbie continued. “The difference is with our Tim and me is that my partner knows I come here. The lovely Fran, however, it seems has no idea that her wonderful husband comes here and that I found to be unacceptable. So, Tim and I have an arrangement now.”

“An arrangement?” Tonight was getting weirder and weirder by the minute.

“That’s for Tim and I to know. It’s our secret,” Debbie winked at me. “Let’s just say there’s more to Tim and Fran than meets the eye.”

“Come on,” Tim implored Debbie, “Don’t go telling him everything. That’s not fair.”

“Neither is knowing your best friend’s wife is working secretly as a lap dancer,” Debbie chastised him, “And taking almost a month to get around to telling him.”

“You said you’d only known since the weekend,” I angrily turned to Tim who put his hands up in defence.

“I lied,” he apologised, “I wanted to tell you - I just didn’t know how to. Debbie threatened to tell you herself last week, so she forced my hand. Part of me just wondered if you were better off not knowing.”

“Whereas I thought you deserved to know,” Debbie added, “But when it comes to knowing everything - like Tim said, there are some things you might be better off staying ignorant of.”

“I do need to know everything,” I replied. “I can’t trust Mel to tell me the truth, can I? She’s already proven herself to be a liar by telling me she was working as a cleaner.”

“I guess we’re going to be here a while longer yet then,” Debbie replied. “I’ll order us another round of drinks. You’re probably going to need them.”

I looked at her. Her pale green eyes twinkled in the dim light as I pointed to the empty beer in my hand for her to get another. “Why are we going to need them? What are you up to?”

“Let’s just say I’ve got a plan,” our boss smiled.

## Chapter 6

While Debbie was ordering drinks at the bar, I rounded on Tim.

“So if you’ve known for weeks but didn’t tell me,” I hissed, “What else haven’t you told me?”

“What do you mean?” he replied, a look of chagrin still on his face.

“Mel. How many times have you seen her dance? You told me you left before she got naked. Is that true? Or maybe you’ve even had her dance for you. Does she know that you know about her working here?”

He scratched his chin uncomfortably. “Look, I’m sorry but I’m trying to do the right thing by you now. I’d have told you earlier but it wasn’t easy. I didn’t want to be the guy who ends up splitting a family up, you know? I thought it was better to just keep it to myself. I was hoping she’d see sense and quit. That everything might work itself out.”

“You’re not answering my questions.”

“Okay. No, no and no,” Tim crossed his arms across his chest. “She doesn’t know I know. I’ve always been able to avoid her. If she’s ever seen me and recognised me, she’s never said anything at least, but I don’t think she has. So, no, I’ve never had a private dance from her but to answer your other question, I’ve seen her pole-dance several times, obviously. I was just trying to spare your feelings.”

“So you’ve seen everything?” I asked, my heart sinking even further.

Tim nodded. “I don’t know what to say. Other than she’s got a great body.”

Debbie returned with a tray full of drinks, including several beers lined up for us.

“How about you?” I asked her. “Have you seen Mel dance? Seen her nude?”

“Oh, yes,” she nodded casually. “Several times. Although I didn’t know it was your wife until Tim told me. She’s very beautiful. Not the best dancer but a gorgeous body. I’d love to be as slim and petite as her.”

“You mean you’d love to fuck her,” Tim said and I stared at him in shock.

“I wouldn’t say no,” Debbie replied then grinned at me. “Oh, John, stop being so naive. Some married women like to experiment, you know? I’ve never made a move on your wife and I never would. Not without your permission, anyway.”

“I don’t understand what’s going on,” I buried my head in my hands. “My wife’s a lap dancer and my boss is bisexual. This is too much.”

Debbie and Tim both laughed out loud at that, even though I hadn’t meant it to be funny.

“So what’s this plan you mentioned?” Tim asked.

I sat upright and exhaled loudly. This should be interesting.

“I ask her for a private dance,” Debbie said simply “Then while we’re in the privacy booths, I ask her what you want to know - does she do extras for the men back here? What is this special event later? And anything else you want to know.”

“They do dances for women?” I asked incredulously.

“Of course they do,” Debbie gestured around. There weren’t as many women in the V.I.P. section as there were in the main bar but there were still quite a few. “Why would these women be here if not?”

“I assumed they were wives and girlfriends,” I responded.

“Some are, I’m sure,” Debbie giggled at me. “But there are plenty of women like me. Bisexual.”

I had no idea how I was going to look Debbie in the eye at work after tonight but I had more pressing issues to worry about.

“And how do you ask her for a dance without drawing attention to us?” I pointed to me and Tim.

“Like this,” she smiled at me and got up, walking away and towards where I saw Mel emerge from the bar area. Jess was dancing topless for someone at their

table, but her back was turned to me so I couldn't see her breasts, but the guys around her all seemed to be enjoying it from their leering faces.

"Is she really going to do this?" I asked Tim as we watched our red-haired boss approach my wife. They'd never actually met - Debbie very rarely came out on work parties or social events. I saw them chat briefly, Mel's smile reflecting Debbie's and then the two of them walked to the private area and disappeared around the corner of one of the partitions.

"I think that answers your question," Tim replied, looking just as surprised as me.

"Hello, gentlemen," someone tapped me on the shoulder and I turned to see Jess standing right in front of me.

What the fuck? I realised my mistake as I looked across the room - the girl who I'd taken to be Jess was still dancing topless for the same group of guys, but it wasn't her. It was someone with the same figure and hair, but no - the real Jess was standing right in front of me, a look of surprise - and horror - on her face.

"John?" she managed to say after a few moments.

"Hi Jess," I closed my eyes. What did I do now?

"What are you doing here?" she stood right in front me, blocking my view of the room. Was she trying to stop me from seeing Mel maybe?

"My friend invited me on a night out," I pointed at Tim who grinned awkwardly at her. "I should ask you the same question. I thought you were working with Mel tonight. Cleaning."

"This is my other job," Jess replied quickly. "I don't tell everyone about this one. How long have you been here?"

"Long enough," I groaned. I didn't have the fight left in me to lie. "I saw Mel on the stage, if that's what you're wondering."

"Shit," she looked over her shoulder, probably to see where Mel was. "We should talk, I guess. Privately. Come with me."

She took my hand and eased me up from the seat. “Where?” I asked.

“I’ll take you into the privacy booths,” her blue eyes stared into mine. “For a talk. It’s quieter there.”

“I don’t have any tokens.”

“For fuck’s sake, John. Quit being an idiot and follow me. This is serious,” Jess paced away and I followed her, telling Tim I’d be back shortly.

I was worried we might bump into Debbie and Mel coming out as we walked into the privacy area but we didn’t. Jess took me around the petitions into a small secluded square which was nicer than I’d imagined it to be. A leather sofa was here and purple voile panels were suspended from the three surrounding partitions, making it nice and private. The loud music was also quieter and softened by the partitions so it was easier to speak.

“Seriously, what are you doing here?” Jess asked me, once she’d sat me on the sofa and perched herself on the arm.

“Tim saw Mel and recognised her when he was here last weekend,” I explained. “He told me at work but I didn’t believe him, so he insisted I come and see for myself.”

“What are you going to do?” Jess responded anxiously. “Please don’t make a fuss. If you’re going to break up with her, do it when you both get home. I need this job, John. I’m broke. I can’t afford any shit that could cost me my job.”

“You’re the one who got her the job here, aren’t you?” I replied, getting annoyed now. “You know she’s married. This is your fault.”

“She told me you were broke too,” Jess shook her head. “She’s known about me being a dancer for ages. She asked me if I could get her a job here. She knew it’s an easy way of making money and she told me she really wanted to do it. I asked her if you’d be angry and she said you’d never find out and made me promise to trust her about that.”

“Whatever,” I dismissed Jess’s story but she moved, sitting next to me on the sofa. She took my hand.

“Please, John,” she squeezed my fingers. “Mel loves you. You’re her entire world. This - it’s just an adventure. It’s her bit of release. And she’s doing it to make some money and make a better life for you and your family. Please don’t make any rash decisions. Have a think about it.”

“What does she do when she brings guys back here?” I asked. “Is it just dancing or does she do the ‘optional extras’ thing?”

“You’d be best asking her that,” Jess’s eyes avoided mine.

“What about you?”

Jess took a deep breath and raised her eyebrows. “Well, I don’t have to answer that question either but seeing as you’re asking... sometimes, I might get offered money to do certain things and it’s hard to say no.”

“I see,” my heart literally couldn’t sink any lower. If Jess did stuff with guys, then Mel probably did too. “And what’s this Cat’s Got The Cream thing that Mel’s doing later?”

Jess’s eyes went as wide as I’d ever seen anyone’s eyes go. “Shit, John. I can’t do this. You need to talk to Mel. But please, let the night finish. Don’t cause a fuss. Go home, think. Talk to Mel when she gets home later. Please.”

“Show me your tits,” I said suddenly. “Show me your pussy too while you’re at it. In fact, you can suck my cock too while we’re here.”

“What? Have you lost the plot?” Jess stood up.

“Why not?” I asked, my temper finally getting the better of me. “I find out my wife is basically a sex worker, getting naked, giving guys hand jobs or sucking their dicks - whatever it is you get up to back here - and I’m just supposed to be fine with it? Go home, John. Take some time to think, John. Talk about it, John. Really?”

“I know it’s not easy, but-” Jess began.

“Get naked and suck my cock and I’ll think about it,” I shrugged and stared her in the eye. I didn’t know what I was doing but I needed something - some way of venting my annoyance and frustration.

“Fine,” Jess reached behind her back and the strappy top came off. “If you promise to not cause a scene. But don’t ever think I’m ever forgiving you for this.”

Her tits were pert, bigger than Mel’s but only of an average size. Her nipples were large and dark. Then her denim cut-offs followed and when she stood up I could see that her pussy was totally shaved, totally bare around the small pink slit between her legs.

“I’m not sucking your cock, John,” she folded her arms beneath her breasts, pushing them up. “I’ll dance for you, but I’m not sucking my best friend’s husband’s dick. It’s just not right.”

I was erect. My cock was rock hard and pressing against my pants inside my jeans. But for some reason, I was glad she refused to suck it. Then I noticed she was shaking. Was she scared?

The stress and tension seemed to suddenly drain from me. “I’m sorry,” I apologised. “I don’t know what just came over me. I’m so angry and confused.”

Jess picked up her clothes and wriggled back into them. I watched her, enjoying the sight of her nakedness until she’d done and then she sat next to me again. “It’s okay. I guess I understand. So what are you going to do?”

“I just want to know everything,” I replied after a moment to think. “If I know everything that goes on - what she’s been doing, what she does and more importantly, why - I can begin to process it all. After that, I don’t know, Jess. I really don’t. But I promise, I won’t cause a scene.”

“The Cat’s Got The Cream Night starts soon,” Jess took my hand and squeezed it. “And I’m due on stage in a minute. I need to go, but I think the best thing is that you talk to Mel - in here. Like me and you just have. She needs to be the one to tell you. Not me.”

“Okay,” I said, feeling strangely calm now that some of my anger had been let out during my weird outburst.

Jess took my hand and led me out of the privacy area. “I’ll find Mel and tell her everything. Then I’ll tell her to come to your table. Go and wait for her and please, promise me you’ll do what you said - be calm - no fuss.”

“I promise.”

Jess smiled but I could tell she was worried as I left her to rejoin Tim and Debbie who was now also back at the table.

“You’re back,” she smiled at me and I could tell she had stuff to tell me. “Are you okay?”

“What happened?” Tim moved in close. “Is everything okay?”

“Jess is going to tell Mel that I know. I’ve promised to stay calm. Mel is going to come over here and she’s going to take me to the private area where we can talk properly, like adults.”

“Wow,” Tim said softly. “This is crazy. Debbie, you should tell him what she told you.”

“I hope you’re ready for this,” my brazen boss grinned at me. “Because it’s wild.”

“I’m ready,” I assured her. “Just tell me. Then I’ll know if Mel is telling me the truth when I talk to her after.”

“Okay,” Debbie took my hand, like Jess had, and gripped it so tightly it almost hurt. “Mel wouldn’t tell me if she does optional extras with men, but she got naked and rubbed her tits in my face. I wanted to suck her nipples so bad, John, but I didn’t because she’s your wife. Then after the dance, I asked her what the special event was and she told me.”

“Are you sure you want to know?” Tim stopped Debbie for a moment before letting her continue when I nodded.

“It’s a bukkake party,” Debbie whispered to me.

“Buk- what? What’s a bukkake?” I had no idea.

“I think I should be the one to answer that,” Mel replied from behind me.

Debbie looked over my shoulder and I turned past an alarmed Tim to see my wife, hands on her hips, glaring at me.

“You’ve got some explaining to do,” she growled, then strode away towards the privacy booths again.

“I think she wants you to follow her,” Debbie smirked. It was almost as though she found this whole thing amusing.

“Good luck,” was all Tim said.

“Thanks,” I stood up and followed Mel who was waiting for me halfway across the room.

It was time to sort this out.

## Chapter 7

“I’ve got some explaining to do?” I retorted as soon as we were in one of the privacy booths. “Me? Are you kidding?”

“You’ve followed me here,” Mel surmised, anger evident in her dark eyes as she stood in front of me. I couldn’t help but admire her audacity. She’d always had a certain feistiness in her nature, but I didn’t think she’d ever have the courage to dance naked in front of total strangers and then confront me when caught in this way. That was what she was trying to do, I realised, catch me off guard. “You said you had a work meeting but you followed me here.”

“I didn’t follow you,” I corrected her. “Tim comes here sometimes and he recognised you. When he told me I didn’t believe him, so he told me to come here and see for myself.”

“That bastard. I’ll...” Mel growled but I cut her off.

“Don’t blame Tim,” I stopped her, “He almost didn’t tell me because he didn’t want to cause a problem between us but after wrestling with his conscience he decided he had to.”

“And who’s the tart you’re flirting with?” Mel’s eyes flashed fire at me again. “That redhead bitch with the smug face. I bet she’s loving this. She just had me dance for her, making me tell her stuff. I knew she was suss.”

“That’s Debbie, my boss,” I shook my head. “There’s nothing going on. Flirting? You’re imagining things. She’s here because she comes here from time to time and joined us when she saw us. There’s nothing more to it than that.”

“Whatever, you’ve ruined everything,” Mel pouted, some of her anger visibly slipping away.

“You mean I’ve ruined your little hobby?” I pushed ahead in the conversation. “Spoiled your little bit of fun every week getting to show your tits and ass to a room full of pervy men and then sucking their dicks and god knows what else.”

Mel flinched at my words, like I’d physically struck her. “I’m sorry. It’s just I

was... all of this... I was doing it for us. I know that sounds lame but it's true."

"Go on," I gave her the chance to try and dig her way out.

"You probably won't believe me," she sat down, adjusting the strap of the sparkly bra top she was wearing again after taking it off earlier while dancing, "We were tight on money. We haven't had a holiday in how long? And when Jess told me she was doing this and how much money she was making, I asked her if she thought I could do it."

"She told me you asked her to get a job here," I nodded.

"I didn't think I'd have it in me to do it," Mel explained, "I've only been with you. But I thought, 'Why not?' I'd try it once and if I chickened out or simply hated it, then I didn't have to do it a second time. But once I got up on the stage and danced and the guys started throwing their tokens at me and asking me to show more, I grew in confidence. It's been good for me. I've become so much more confident and... if I'm honest, it's a turn on to be desired; to be wanted and fancied and seeing how I can turn guys on - it's a big ego-boost. It's made me happy, doing this."

"Well, I'm glad you're happy," I shook my head with something that felt like disgust.

"But even so, I was doing it for the money," she insisted, "You'd be surprised at how much I can make doing this..."

"Jess says she's broke," I pointed out. "It can't be that good."

"Jess spends all of the money she makes on blow, wine and shit she doesn't need," Mel replied. "I've already saved nearly eight grand. I can show you my bank account if you don't believe me. And this thing I'm doing in a minute - the Cat That Got The Cream event - the guys are paying 20 tokens each. If I get ten guys involved, that's another two grand. It'll take me to ten grand which is what I was aiming for. I said to Jess 'I want to make ten grand and then I'm going to quit' - ask her, she'll tell you the same."

"And what are you going to do with the ten grand?" I asked. "Run away? Leave me?"

“No!” she objected with a hurt look on her face. “No. I want to take us on a holiday. Somewhere amazing. Our dream holiday that we always talked about but never did and probably never will, until now. That’s what I wanted for us. I was doing this - for us.”

“And look what’s happened,” I shrugged, “You’ve fucked it all up. Why didn’t you talk to me? Why didn’t you mention this to me before you started - why did you have to do it all in secret?”

“Because you wouldn’t have let me do it,” Mel replied simply. “Would you?”

“Probably not,” I conceded.

I didn’t know what to say or where we went from here so I went back to what I’d asked just before she’d turned up. “So you were going to explain to me what this thing is you’re doing - bukka-whatever-it’s-called and what it involves.”

“You don’t know what bukkake is?” Mel seemed surprised. “Okay, if you don’t like me showing my tits and ass to people then you’re not going to like this.”

I looked at my watch. “By my timekeeping you’ve got about five minutes to tell me.”

Mel cursed. “Shit. Okay, I might as well tell you. If I don’t, that red-haired bitch will, no doubt.”

“Before you do,” I paused briefly. “Just tell me the truth about something else first. When you bring men back here - into these booths - what do you do? Be truthful. Jess wouldn’t tell me if you’ve given handjobs and blowjobs but she didn’t deny it either. And you didn’t - when I just mentioned it a few minutes ago.”

“If you want the truth,” Mel rubbed at her eyes. Was she crying? “Yes. Both.”

“How many?” I asked, feeling crushed.

“I don’t know. Too many. I’ve lost count. They pay me two tokens for a private dance. Another for a handjob. Another two for a blow job. But that’s as far as it’s ever gone, I swear.”

“Okay,” I nodded, trying to absorb everything and failing. “And what is this bukkake thing you’re supposed to be doing next?”

“It happens in one of the special backrooms,” Mel said very quietly, “It costs twenty tokens for the men to participate and I get to say yes or no to them, so I have some control over it - plus Dwayne, one of the bouncers is in there to protect me. I get totally naked, dance for them and then...”

Mel went quiet and just stared at me, like she couldn’t bring herself to carry on.

“Just tell me,” I said firmly. “Whatever it is. Do you fuck them?”

“No!” she objected strongly again. “They get their dicks out and I let them all cum on me. That’s what Bukkake is - it’s a Japanese term for a sperm party. Lots of men, one girl, no actual sex - they just get to wank off and cum on me. Jess has done it and she says it’s not too bad. A bit icky but you’re allowed to shower off immediately after and you can easily make a couple of grand from it.”

“No actual sex?” I raised an eyebrow. “What about sucking their dicks? Do they get to touch you - finger you?”

“Well, yes, if that’s what they want but I have control over it, like I said,” Mel explained further. “I can say no at any time if they try to go too far.”

For some reason the image of Mel covered in other men’s cum entered my head and my own cock twitched in my pants in response.

“Well, you’re not doing it,” I said in response to the uncomfortable mental image and how it was unexpectedly affecting me. “Get changed and let’s go.”

“No,” she folded her arms and stood up in front of me. “I’m doing this. Whether or not you like it. I made a promise. It took me ages to convince Mr Crowe that I wouldn’t back out and I’m not going to let him down.”

“Mr Crowe?”

“The boss,” Mel gave me a look, “And trust me, you don’t want to piss him off. You’ll likely end up with your feet in a block of concrete watching the fishes swim past in the river. He’s not someone you cross.”

“So I’m just supposed to let my wife get spunked on by a load of strangers and be all right with it?” I asked, amazed at her attitude. “You’re going to throw your marriage away for two grand?”

“After everything I’ve already done,” Mel tilted her face close to mine, “Lied to you. Showed my tits and ass to hundreds of men. Let them grope my tits while dancing for them. Stroked their dicks, big, small, medium-sized, made them cum all over my hand. Even let them cum down my throat. After all this that I’ve already done, I’m assuming our marriage is probably dead anyway. I’ve got nothing to lose. At least if you kick me out, I’ll be another two grand richer. Almost enough for a deposit on a flat for me and the kids.”

I just stared at her. This wasn’t the Mel that I knew. What had happened to her?

She was wearing a small bag around her waist. I guessed it was where she kept her tokens. “How many tokens are in there?” I asked.

Mel frowned, not expecting the question. “Um, about twenty, twenty-five maybe.”

“Give them to me,” I held out my hand.

“What for?” her pretty brown eyes were moist. She definitely had been crying.

“If you’re going to do this bukkake thing, then you’re not doing it alone,” I thrust my hand out again. “I want in.”

“You want to make sure I’m okay?” Mel shook her head. “I get it but you don’t need to. That’s why Dwayne’s there. I’m safe.”

“I want in,” I repeated, not moving my hand.

“Fine,” Mel said reluctantly. “I don’t have time to argue. It’s supposed to be starting now. You better follow me.”

She counted out twenty tokens as she spoke then turned and walked out of the booth.

I followed her as she walked briskly out and across the room towards the doorway that apparently led towards the secret rooms.

“It’s time for the Cat That Got The Cream,” I heard the oriental woman’s voice ring out over the tannoy speakers again. “If you’re attending, please have your tokens ready by the rear door.”

I realised I’d lost sight of Mel but I could see a short queue forming so joined the back of it, the tokens feeling slippery in my sweaty hands.

I saw Tim and Debbie’s concerned faces and I tried to signal to them that I was okay then the next thing I knew I was at the front of the queue and then the man Mel had referred to as Dwayne - the beefy guy with the mohawk - took the twenty black cat-shaped pussycat tokens and I followed him down a winding corridor and towards whatever lay in front of me.

## Chapter 8

I counted the men once I was inside one of what looked like three or four 'special' rooms that were at the end of the darkened corridor. Besides me and Dwayne, who stood by the door, guarding it from the inside, there were another eleven of us. Eleven men who were all going to shoot their loads on my lovely little wife, if what she'd told me was true.

Mel wasn't here yet. I looked around the room. It was decorated brightly, the walls a mish-mash of green, brown and blue, like some sort of forest. Large exotic plants were dotted around the room, giving the appearance of being in a garden. In the centre was a large four-poster bed - was that where this would all happen? I'd never felt so out-of-place in my entire life. This sort of thing just wasn't me.

"Hello boys," said Mel's voice and I saw her come strutting out from behind one of the large plants at the far end of the room. There must be another door back there. "Welcome to the Paradise room and the Cat That Got The Cream. I've never been the Cat before, so I hope you won't mind me being a little nervous."

It was hard to take my eyes off my wife. She looked beautiful. She'd removed the blonde wig and let down her dark hair, which rolled in tresses down her shoulders and back. She was wearing the same as she had on the stage earlier - a diamante-encrusted bra top above a pair of tight silver shorts and some sexy stockings.

"Are you ready?" Dwayne asked from behind us and as I turned to look at him, I heard Mel reply that she was good to go and then he pressed a button on the wall. The lights dimmed and some slow, sensual jazz-type music began to filter through speakers on either side of the room.

Then Mel began to dance. She started off simple, twisting her hips and snaking her arms slowly in time to the rhythm and then she reached behind her and slipped the bra top off - much quicker than it'd taken her on the stage earlier.

The atmosphere was electric. Several of the men took a step forward and Mel walked around to the front of the bed, just a few feet away from them so I hurriedly stepped forward too. I had no idea what I was doing - but I was caught

up in this now. I knew I couldn't stop it - I just had to see it through, whatever that entailed.

Mel's small nipples were erect and I noticed that her arms were covered in goosebumps as she cavorted sexily in front of us. It wasn't cold in the room so the bumps were either from nervousness or perhaps arousal or maybe a mixture of both.

"Do you want to see more?" she purred and the room gave their assent in a quiet chorus of grunts. When I turned to look at my fellow watchers, I noticed that two of them were already totally naked and most of the other men were joining them now, peeling off their shirts and unbuckling their trousers.

"That's it," Mel encouraged them. "Get those big dicks of yours out. Let me see them."

Again, I looked to my side even as I noticed Mel turn away from us and start to ease down her shorts like she had earlier. Over half of the men were fully naked now, their clothes tossed behind them and their cocks in their hands, stroking them while watching my wife strip.

Mel didn't tease this time. The shorts came down past her butt, then down her thighs, revealing she had no panties on beneath - and then she kicked them off her feet before turning to face us, fully naked apart from the stockings which somehow stayed up around her upper thighs.

Everyone was naked now, apart from Dwayne and me. Mel slid her hand over one breast then down past her belly to between her legs, where she teased herself as her eyes met mine.

"What's the matter with you, sir?" she asked me, as though I was just another punter and not her husband. "Everyone has to get naked. That's my rules."

"Sorry," I mumbled. What was I to do? I couldn't refuse. All I could do was leave - which wasn't an option - or I had to join them. I quickly pulled my shirt off, realising that I'd never been naked in front of a bunch of guys before - this was going to be weird, then I kicked off my shoes and dragged down my trousers and shorts together.

My cock was rock hard. I hadn't noticed and it took me by surprise as I saw Mel

look down. "Nice dick, sir," she smiled as she walked over to me and took it in her hand. "Would you like to be the first one to give the cat her cream?"

Mel started wanking me and I suddenly felt the weight of everyone's eyes. Every man in the room was wishing they were me and for some reason that turned me on so much I felt like I might cum straight away. "N-n-not yet," I managed to stammer and took a step back for a second. What the fuck was happening to me? I should be feeling nauseous - disgusted - horrified. But I wasn't. The filthy, heavy atmosphere had somehow taken me under its spell and all I could do was watch as Mel gave me a look, shrugged and then moved to the man next to me, a short, dark-skinned guy with a dick an inch or so longer than mine.

"Hello," Mel purred, taking his dick in her hand and stroking it. Then she dropped down to her knees and put it so close to her face I thought she was going to suck it, but she didn't. Instead, she rubbed it on her cheek, looking at it lovingly as it grew harder and bigger.

Another man, a tall bodybuilder type, stepped next to the shorter guy and thrust his own smaller, shaved dick towards her face. Mel didn't hesitate this time, she opened her mouth and I watched - struggling to believe this was actually happening - as my wife wanked off one strange dick while sucking another.

This wasn't my Mel. I kept trying to tell myself that but here she was. She left the first two men and another three crowded around her, offering her their cocks. Two of them were average, much like mine but one was huge, dwarfing everyone else in the room.

"Now this is a lovely big cock." I couldn't believe the words coming from my wife's mouth. She took hold of it, her hand barely fitting around it and jerked it quickly and expertly, making the guy it belonged to moan in appreciation of her skills.

She knelt down again and now everyone was crowding around her at once, blocking my view, so I stepped closer, trying to position myself between them as they cycled in and out of having their dicks sucked or wanked by my wife.

As I watched, one of the men crouched down and cupped his hands around tits from behind, squeezing them for a moment before reaching down and touching her pussy which I saw made Mel quiver slightly as he found her clit.

I looked down at my dick to see it throbbing and I knew if I touched it, I'd probably cum. Why the hell was this turning me on?

The big bodybuilder guy said something to the other men which I didn't quite hear and when they moved aside, he lifted Mel up effortlessly in one arm and carried her over to the bed. Once he deposited her there, my wife obediently got onto all fours as he instructed and then took him in her mouth as he joined her on the bed.

"No," Mel said, taking his dick out of her mouth just as another guy joined her on the bed, climbing up behind her and quickly aiming his cock at her pussy before I could stop him. "No fucking," she said, firmly and he stopped immediately.

"Follow the Cat's rules," I heard Dwayne reiterate in his gruff voice and realised he was standing right behind me, watching everything. "Anyone tries any funny business and they're out - no refunds."

I was glad he was there. I wouldn't have fancied getting between these eleven horny-as-hell men and my wife if things got out of hand.

They were like animals now, taking turns to shove their dicks in her mouth, while the others felt her tits and two of the men took turns in shoving their fingers inside her pussy - my pussy - which I saw was sopping wet from the juices on their fingers.

Then the first guy came. I saw him step up onto the bed and stroke his cock over Mel's curvy ass, only two or three strokes, and then jet after jet of thick white cum suddenly shot out, landing on her butt cheek and running down the outside of her thigh.

Again, a moment of reality staggered me. I'd just seen a man cum over my wife - my wife that had never slept with anyone apart from me.

Mel seemed to take the first guy's ejaculation as some sort of sign to progress things onward. She rolled onto her back, letting her legs slide off the bed and spread them wide. Had she changed her mind? Was she going to let someone fuck her? Surely not?

The bodybuilder came next. He held his dick right over her face and rapidly

jerked his short cock, so fast that his hand was a blur and then another stream of cum hit my wife, this time all over her forehead, some landing in her dark hair.

As he moved away, another guy replaced him and I was shocked at how I hadn't noticed this one before. He looked in his eighties, frail and thin and totally bald apart from a tuft of grey hair above each ear. His dick was long and his balls were covered in wiry thin pubes but that didn't stop Mel taking him in her mouth and sucking him with gusto until a minute later, he pulled out and shot a third load of cum, this time right onto her cheek and mouth.

"That's it, boys," Mel said, not looking disturbed by the spunk on her face at all, "Give me your cum. I want it all over me."

I tried to catch her eye but she was instead focused on the guy with the huge dick who was now standing between her legs with his dick just inches from her pussy. For a moment I thought he was going to try putting it in, but he didn't. He stroked slowly but firmly and then Mel reached down and helped him, wanking him faster and actually letting the end of his cock rub against her small pink pussy lips a couple of times until finally he also came, his sperm jetting up over her pussy and landing near her belly button where it trickled down her side towards her hip.

There were three guys on each side of her now and a moment or two later, she had a dick in each hand and one in her mouth. Another man replaced the well-endowed one, taking Mel's earlier actions as an okay to rub his own dick lightly over her pussy crack as he stroked himself off.

Then I realised something - I actually wanted him to put it in. I wanted to see her get fucked. What the hell was wrong with me?

He didn't though. His cock jumped in his hand as I watched and another line of pale fluid flew across her pussy and lower belly, some landing in her thin, well-trimmed landing strip. The guy in her mouth moaned and I saw him yank it out to cum across her tits just as one of the dicks she was stroking did the same. Another cock quickly replaced both and a repeat happened - two loads of cum onto her tits and then I realised that most of the men had done now. Only me and two others remained, one of whom she started sucking again; the dark skinned guy who'd been the first to get his dick out and another guy who I hadn't noticed before with a long beard and numerous tattoos. He was enjoying fingering her

pussy with two fingers, quite roughly, while tugging on his smallish dick and I couldn't help but to assist him in pleasuring Mel. I knew how to make my wife cum and slid my hand over her cum-covered pussy mound until I found her clit, swollen and sticking out and then I pressed my thumb onto it and worked it in small circles.

I saw her eyes open and without taking the cock out of her mouth, she glanced down and smiled when she realised it was me, then her back arched upwards off the bed and she moaned gutturally as she orgasmed.

The dark guy in her mouth came just as she did, some of his cum going in her mouth but the rest spraying out on her chin and throat. The bearded man ramming his fingers in and out of her also came. He lifted his dick up and I was shocked at the volume of cum from this guy, watching it arch all the way over her pussy onto her chest, splattering into a pool between her already cum-glazed breasts.

"That just leaves you," she giggled at me. I looked around. Most of the men had got dressed and left and the last couple were now putting their clothes on.

"It does," I smiled, feeling an odd sensation pass over me; almost like I'd taken some sort of drug - it was like a sensation of lightness, like I was walking on air. It must be the adrenaline or something. I'd never felt anything like it.

Mel took my dick in her hand and pulled me onto the bed. I let her suck me, enjoying the exquisite sensation as she took my entire length into her mouth and just held it there for a moment, her tongue gently gliding against me inside.

"Okay, you can fuck me now," she said suddenly. "I want you to fuck me. I'm so fucking horny."

I looked around to see that everyone had gone, except for Dwayne who was still watching despite me being the only guy there.

"I thought you said no sex," the bouncer murmured, walking over towards the bed.

"This is John," Mel explained, "My husband."

Dwayne's eyes lit up. "Wow. I had no idea. Nice to meet you." He extended a

hand, then changed his mind as he realised my hand was covered in several men's cum from when I'd rubbed Mels pussy.

I moved, positioning myself between my wife's thighs. "Do you mind?" I hinted to Dwayne to leave us alone.

"I have to stay," the big man shrugged. "Club rules. I'll turn my back though."

Once he turned away, I lowered myself down, trying to ignore the sticky mess on Mel's skin as I let my body rest on hers. My cock slid effortlessly inside her extremely wet pussy and I even made myself kiss her, despite the cum on her lips and chin as I began to fuck her.

For some reason, I didn't care about the cum. The events I'd just witnessed were unreal - incredibly intense, hot and horny as hell. It was as though I'd watched a professional porn scene play out in front of me - with the twist being that the female pornstar was my wife.

I rammed my cock into her fast and hard, surprised at how long I was lasting when just minutes before, I'd felt like I might shoot my load at the slightest of touches.

"Dwayne," I heard Mel say, "You're so bad."

I opened my eyes and looked to the side to see that Dwayne had turned back around and was not only openly watching us fuck but also had his own rather impressive cock out and was stroking it.

That was the straw that broke the camel's back. For whatever reason, having someone watch me fuck my wife tipped me over the edge and I rammed myself hard into Mel one final time, enjoying her moan as I did so and felt my cock nut deeply inside her.

"Oh god, yes," Mel whimpered as I rolled off of her onto the sticky bed next to her. "I needed that."

I was lying there with my eyes shut trying to get my breath back when I heard Dwayne's low voice say, "Do I get a freebie?" I opened them and looked across to see Mel nod and take him in her mouth.

I was too spent to stop it. She'd already made twelve guys cum, including me, so what difference did one more make? I watched lazily as he straddled her face and proceeded to face-fuck her until he also groaned and came. He didn't pull out though. I saw Mel gulp and swallow and then smile at him as he withdrew his shrinking dick.

"Fuck," Mel sighed. "I'm tired but that was a lot of fun."

"It was," I said, surprising myself because I was telling the truth. I'd enjoyed it. I couldn't deny it.

## Epilogue

“How are you feeling today?” Debbie poked her head around my office door the following day.

“I’m fine,” I smiled. I’d been dreading this moment. After Dwayne had finished last night, he’d escorted us to the shower cubicles where both Mel and I had a shower and got cleaned up. I’d needed to as I’d managed to cover myself in a lot of cum when I’d laid on top of her during sex.

Once dressed, Mel had cashed in her tokens while I rejoined Tim, Debbie and Jess at the booth in the V.I.P. area. They’d been eager to know what had happened and I told them a story I’d made up - that Mel had gone through with it - there was no denying that, they’d seen the guys troop out one by one with happy looks on their faces - but I told them that only half of the guys had cum on her. It was my way of trying to mitigate things. I said that the other half had cum in their hands and then I went on to tell them that I’d fucked her at the end - but I didn’t mention Dwayne. It seemed futile, but I didn’t want them thinking Mel was a total slut.

There had been an awkward silence for a while. I think it was difficult for Tim or Debbie to quite know what to say or do. We had another round of drinks and then left, all separately because Jess took Mel and I home.

Again, in the car, Jess was quiet and obviously felt out-of-place and in an uncomfortable situation until Mel decided to fix the situation by telling her about Dwayne and all the other parts I’d left out - namely how much she’d enjoyed it.

Jess seemed to brighten up even further when Mel said that I’d enjoyed it too.

“Really?” she looked over her shoulder at me in the back seat and I admitted that much to my own surprise, yes, I’d enjoyed it.

But now, the day after, here was Debbie, my boss, checking on me - the day after the most surreal night before.

“Last night was pretty wild, huh?” she entered my office and sat down on the edge of the desk, crossing her legs and revealing the creamy white skin of her

thighs.

“Unexpectedly so,” I grinned.

“So what’s happening with you and Mel?” Debbie asked. “I didn’t get a vibe from you last night that you were mad or angry or - I dunno, you seemed - strangely cool, to say what you’d just been through.”

“When we got home,” I told my boss the truth, “We chatted. She told me that she’d started doing it for the money - it pays well, obviously.”

“I did the math,” Debbie nodded. “Twenty-four tokens is over two grand. Plus whatever she made from the dancing earlier. Not bad for a night’s work. Even if she did have to let a dozen guys cum on her face.”

She was being provocative. I knew that. I’d worked for Debbie long enough, so I ignored it. “She’s saved up over ten grand now,” I added, “Enough for us to have our dream holiday - the main thing she wanted to do this for.”

“Nice,” Debbie shifted closer to me, sliding her ass along the desk. “But what’s happening? I mean, are you staying together if she quits the club or whatever? If you’re not staying together and you need some time off to work it all out, I can arrange for you to take some leave. Anything you need. You only have to ask.”

“She’s not quitting,” I announced. “Because she also told me how much she enjoys the club. She loves the attention and the buzz she gets from performing just as much as she enjoys the money.”

“And you’re okay with that?” Debbie wrinkled her forehead at me.

“I am,” I admitted, “Because I realised last night that I kind of like it too. It’s made Mel insatiably horny. We got in last night and fucked two more times. That’s three times in one day and night. We haven’t fucked three times in twenty-four hours for over ten years.”

“You surprise me, John,” Debbie nodded approvingly as she stood up, smoothing down her pencil skirt. “I never had you down as the kinky type. I’m intrigued. We need to have a proper talk about this sometime. Not in work hours, if you know what I mean?”

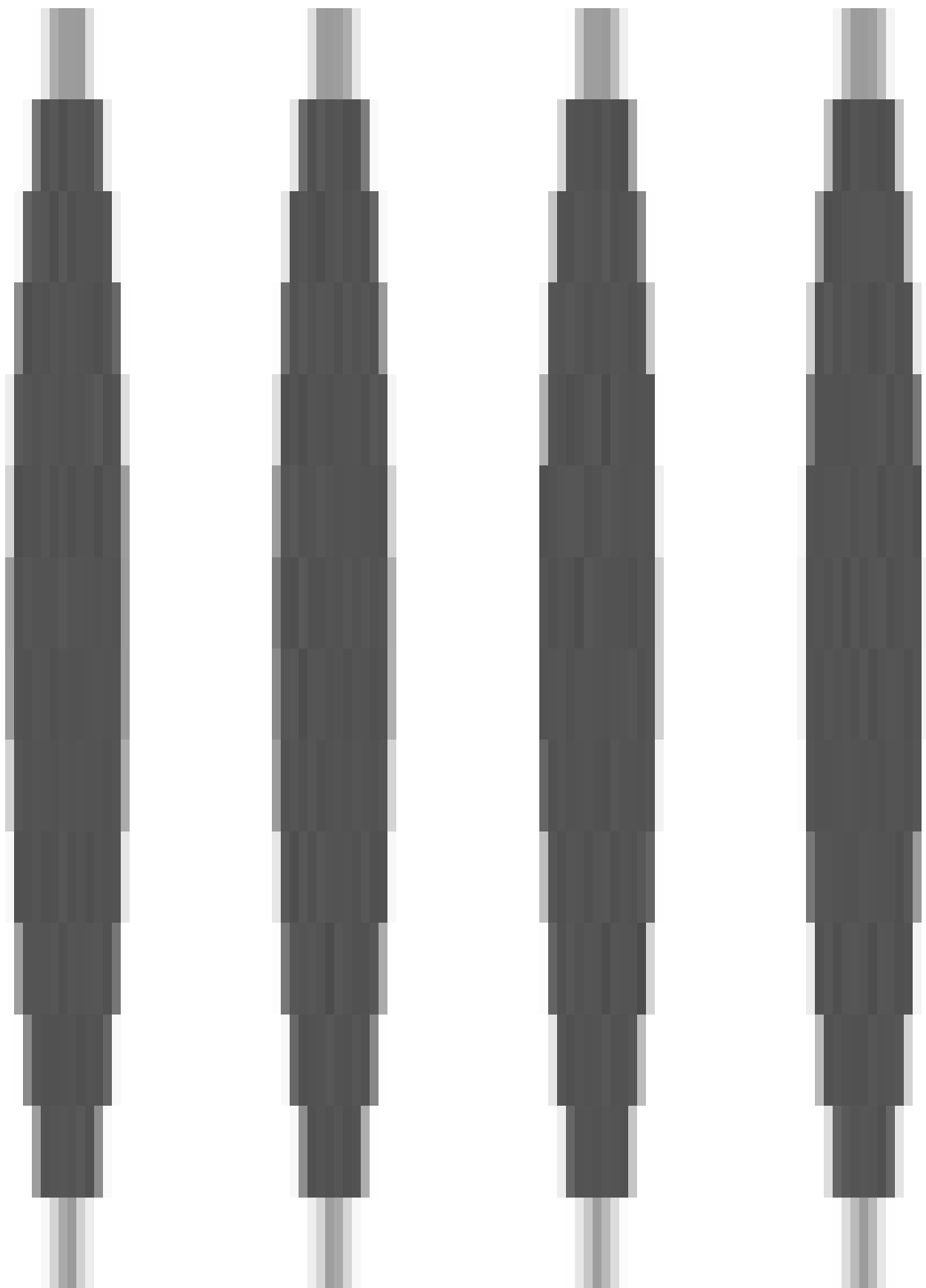
“Perhaps we can have a drink at the club sometime,” I flirted back. What in the world was happening here? Could things get any more weird?

“That sounds perfect,” Debbie smiled at me as she made to leave.

“Can I ask you something before you go?” I called out as Debbie reached the door. When she turned to me and nodded, I continued, “What was that thing you were talking about last night? With you and Tim and Fran - something about an arrangement?”

Debbie just grinned wickedly, opened my office door and walked out but as she did, she murmured over her shoulder, “That’s a story for another day, John.”

I watched her go. This obviously wasn’t the end of our bizarre adventures surrounding the Black Cats Club. It was just the beginning.



**To be continued in...**

***A Tale of the Black Cats Club #2***

## **Cat Got Your Tongue?**

■

A No Angels Erotic Short

By Paul Garland

**Coming soon!**

## **A Note to the Reader**

I just wanted to say thank you very much for purchasing my book, and reading it right to the end! At least I hope you did, and that you didn't just skip forward!

By purchasing the book, you're helping to support me in writing future novels - make sure you follow me on my social media channels and website or join my mailing list (you get a free book!) to stay updated about those future projects.

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Thanks again, for buying and reading my books, it's really appreciated!

Until next time,

Paul

## About the Author

Paul Garland is a Sheffield, UK based author of erotic novels and short stories, guaranteed to keep you turning the lust-filled pages until the early hours of the night.

Paul has been writing since the turn of the millennium but only turned to the erotica genre in 2018 with his Cerulean Erotica Presents series and No Angels series of books which rapidly gained him a following. In 2020, he began 'The Cuckold Collection,' a brand new series and has yet another as-yet-untitled series in the works for later this year.

His website is here. It's got his blog and a link to all of his books.

His mailing list is here - <http://eepurl.com/dJ6j8I> - sign up for the latest news on new releases and special offers. Every person that signs up receives a free book (email to let him know you've joined though) so do it today!

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