

The Wives Club

by Don Jetman

Katherine stared into the full-length mirror as she tucked a stray strand of hair back into place. She liked the way she looked, slim and supple, with a summer's tan that had only just begun to fade. Her reflection would have been unrecognizable only a few months ago. "It's almost indecent," she thought to herself as she lowered her eyes, taking in the image of what she had become.

The dress was barely a dress at all. Not much more than a scrap of thin, black fabric, it clung to her as though she was soaking wet. Try as she might, she found it impossible to adjust so that her breasts and sex were covered at the same time. Finally she compromised, hoping the neckline would stay put along the tops of her nipples, knowing that with each step she took, the moist folds between her legs could be seen flirting with anyone who watched her. And they would watch. She could almost feel their eyes on her already, from her silky blonde hair, to the black six-inch heels. "Hooker shoes," she thought. Sighing, she took a step back, turned at the waist, saw the dress rise over her hip, and felt the cool air rush between her bare legs. "It's what they want," she said to herself. "It's what they all want."

Katherine was never a social butterfly, but when her husband was transferred to the city, she went willingly, anxious to make a new life there, ready to do whatever it took to be a proper executive's wife. There were dinners and parties, plenty of opportunities to explore the social circle of other wives who seemed to dress and talk with a sophisticated flair that constantly impressed her. They took her in, accepted her, and made a place for her in their world.

But that was months ago. By the time she found out, it was too late. They were kind to her, and allowed her time to fit in. Before long she dressed like them and began to talk like them. She became one of them. When they let her in on their secret, they remained friendly, but firm. She would have to do her part, for her husband's sake, for their future here. She was shaken, unable to believe what they told her. But they comforted her, showered her with sympathy, and drowned her with compliments - she had come such a long way, had become so much like them. It wouldn't be so bad. She'd see. Not so bad at all.

She knew she would have to take her turn, like all the rest. All twelve of them. Twelve wives for twelve executives. Except, that one night each week, it was one wife for twelve executives. Once each week, one of the twelve men who worked together so relentlessly by day would offer his wife to the others during a night of unbridled sexual carnage that would test his loyalty to the firm, and his wife's capacity to ensure sexual satisfaction for her husband's peers. The husband would dutifully hand his wife over to them, then watch as she serviced them throughout the night. There were few rules. Nothing was forbidden, nothing was too perverse. The husband could not actively participate, but would have his turn the next week with the wife of a co-worker. No one was to be

physically hurt, the woman was to submit to any sexual whim or act, and the men, every last one of them, must be completely satiated by morning.

Her first time was terrifying. They weren't shy about using her, and she did her part stoically. She was paraded in front of them, her husband at first leading her, then releasing her hand so she could show herself to the line of men who waited patiently, hungry for her tantalizing flesh.

"Katherine, we want you naked." It was her husband, telling her in a quiet, halting voice to bare herself in front of everyone. For some reason, she found it easier to look into the faces of the men before her than to meet her husband's eyes. Then, as if in a trance, she dropped the dress to the floor. One of the men approached her and cupped her breasts, kneading them softly as her nipples hardened embarrassingly in his hands. Soon many hands were on her, stroking her belly, ass, and thighs. She let them play with her, closing her eyes, giving in to the sensations that quickly overwhelmed her.

They carried her to a large bed at the far end of the darkened room. Some held her arms, some her ankles, stretching her until she lay naked and spread-eagled in the midst of them. So many hands were on her, warming her from shoulders to thighs with their caresses.

She whimpered when the first man entered her. Until then, before and during their marriage, her husband had been the first and only man to have her. Suddenly, an unknown stranger was the second. There were so many after that, most feeling no different than her husband as they slid inside her. But a few were very different, filling her so completely, satisfying her like she could have never imagined. She tried her best to take her mind elsewhere, to merely "do her duty", to get through the night. But the men were young, and good-looking, fit and alive with sexual energy. Midway through the night, she began to open her legs a little wider for them, until finally, covering her mouth with her hand, she came as a strong young Adonis plowed the wet slit between her legs until he exploded inside her. She left limp and exhausted, sleeping soundly as her silent husband drove her home.

A year had passed, and she had taken her share of her Wives Club duties. By now she found it impossible to tell her husband how much she looked forward to those nights. He could tell she did more than merely cooperate, much more in fact. And she puzzled over his thirst for constant sex immediately following each of her long, steamy nights when she gave herself enthusiastically to his friends. "If he only knew how much I want them," she mused as she watched the hem of her dress again rise to scandalous heights in the mirror before her. "If he only knew how I'm screaming inside for their bodies - all those men, so urgently hard, just for me. What would he think of me?"

As they drove to the imposing house where the weekly rituals took place, she stretched her legs, letting her dress ride up to her hips, then spread her legs slightly, watching her husband for a response. There was something delicious about teasing him, showing him her bare legs and pussy, knowing he knew everyone would have her before the night was through, everyone except him. She caught him looking, and saw the bulge

in his pants. No wonder he was so hungry for her the following day - he must have liked watching his friends do all those nasty things to her, all night long.

The beginnings were always awkward for her. As much as she had been used by the group of men, she always felt embarrassed at first when her husband led her into the cavernous hallway. These were men who, on any normal night, might invite them to dinner, or socialize in any of a dozen innocent ways, always with family, always friendly and respectable, but inevitably leering discreetly when family looked the other way. Regardless of the company, she always felt much like property to them, more an object of potential recreation than the wife of a co-worker.

The clothes they provided tonight were more revealing than ever. She had tugged the top of the tiny black dress higher as they walked to the mansion, trying to make sure her nipples stayed covered. She knew the hem rose high enough to expose flashes of her pussy lips with each step, and as they entered, the men's stares confirmed it. They talked among themselves as they surrounded her, slowly leading her away from her husband, exchanging remarks about her body and how much "this one" seemed to love letting them use her.

"I'm not my husband's wife tonight," she told herself. "I'm a thing, a faceless toy for their pleasure." She shuddered as the image overwhelmed her. Then the first sign of her juices coated her sex, leaking to her inner thighs, cool, slippery, and glistening, a certain sign she was not only a toy, but a willing one for any and all men that wanted her, on this night or any other like it.

Once inside the thickly carpeted room, her husband took his place on the large, throne-like chair raised several feet above the floor on an isolated, fenced platform at one side of the room. There he would remain, wrists and ankles fastened within the leather straps, able to watch, but forbidden to use or even touch his lovely wife. Quarantined to this elevated, confined space, he could look down on the proceedings, taking in every detail of Katherine's submission to the men, from the first glimpse of her nude body displayed before them, to her inevitable sighs and moans as her body convulsed in a long, continuous series of orgasms that rivaled any he had witnessed in their own bedroom. Katherine knew he was present, but it was somehow easier for her to become the willing receptacle these men expected with her husband secured at a distance, conveniently out of reach.

Once again, from his place above her in the darkness, came the mandatory words from her husband. "Katherine, we want you naked." Without looking at him, she lowered the dress, let it fall to floor, and stepped out of it. As was the usual ritual, she passed before the line of men, stopping in front of each of them for a minute or two, allowing them the fondle her as they wished. In return, as each man pulled at her nipples and fingered her between her legs, she would open his fly and take his cock in her delicate fingers, bringing him to full erection, fascinated by the impressive size of some of them. She had never thought of her husband's penis as small, but comparing some of these men to him had begun to make her feel cheated. Although sex with her husband had always been

satisfying to Katherine, the sight of their erections, the impressive weight and girth of a few of them as she held them in her hands was impossible to ignore or forget. As time passed, she handled her husband's erection less and less, preferring to fantasize about how some of the largest men might feel in her grasp before entering her. She recognized the beginnings of an addiction, but by this time had slipped too far into the depths of her fantasy to escape, or even care.

Not far from the end of the line where the last man toyed with her, heavy draperies concealed the space beyond. In the past they were drawn open to reveal a huge bed. The men would carry her to it, then continue to use her trembling body, filling her deeply from the front and behind with the very same immense erections she held so vividly in her daily fantasies as she masturbated during her soothing afternoon bath.

But on this night, the drawn curtains revealed a much stranger sight. In place of the bed sat a giant statue of a formidable demon. Towering ten feet above her, it sat on its haunches, grinning grotesquely. She felt the men's hands on her, gripping her arms and legs, lifting her, then carrying her toward the imposing structure. As she grew nearer, she could see that the heavy thighs of the thing formed the seat of a huge chair, its bulging belly a backrest of sorts. Between its thighs, thrust obscenely into the air, was a long, thick, rubber phallus. It swayed slightly when they positioned her over it, but stood ready, as if threatening to invade her.

Katherine prepared herself to take the thing inside her as they lowered her, not caring whether they stared as she greedily welcomed the first cock of the night into her hungry slit. To her surprise, the men brought her forward, and a hand positioned the slippery tip at the entrance of her anus. She gasped, then cried out softly in surprise as they lowered her carefully onto it, filling her bowels with the full length of it. There was little pain - she had taken many of the men in her ass, and knew her possession was not complete until they used her there as well. This sensation was different though; the weight of her body held her fully penetrated, impaled by the unforgiving violator. It entered her so deeply, creeping upward, invading the very core of her body as her firm ass slowly settled onto the lap of the polished mahogany statue, consuming her naked body as a writhing addition to the bizarre display.

Still holding her arms and legs, the men arched her back against the demon's round belly and spread her legs over the edges of its thighs, leaving her in a half-reclining position - her legs stretched wide, her cunt thrust forward and yawning open, glistening with her steaming juices. Although each of the men had envisioned what she would look like astride the monster, none could have imagined how helpless she appeared, how totally resigned she was to surrender herself to them, to please them at all costs. Her slim, tanned body appeared to be a true prisoner of the monster, squirming impatiently for relief in the lap of her first powerful master of the night.

Then, each of them took his turn. Stepping up between the demon's bent legs, they thrust cock after cock into the gaping crevice between her smooth, firm thighs, each of them emptying himself completely into her as

she urged them on, begging to be taken, to be filled with their sperm, to be used like a common whore. Possessed by both a living cock from the front, and the thick, unyielding presence from behind, her senses reeled from the double invasion. She was delirious with excitement, infinitely consumed, and strangely empowered, all at the same time. Her orgasms came often, and grew in strength as the men dug into her again and again, often shaking the giant statue with the force of their thrusts. She didn't muffle her cries this time. She gasped and moaned loudly with each orgasm as her astonished husband watched quietly from his chair.

When the men were completely spent, they rested and drank, admiring Katherine's trembling body as it hung, wet and used, on the frame of the giant. Later, they went to her again, this time caressing her satiny skin, rolling and coaxing her clit until it responded and she climaxed for them one last time. She thrashed wildly as they held her in place, her hips thrusting upward as a constant stream of semen poured from within her, falling in thick strings to the floor below. She whimpered once more, shuddered, and slept.

Her husband glanced at her often as he drove her home. He had helped her into the dress as best he could, but it refused to hide the sweat and semen that covered her from head to toe. Tiny pools of liquid lay in the hollows above her collarbones, and her thighs were drenched with semen that continued to pour from her, puddling on the seat of the car. She murmured now and then, drifting in and out of a coma-like sleep. As he drove into the night, playing back the images and sounds that would be with him forever, Katherine dreamed of an endless line of men, all eager to service her, all with thick, long cocks that jutted and throbbed, waiting desperately to fill her. Her husband stood patiently at the back of the line. Knowing he would have to wait his turn, she smiled, took the meaty weight of the next man's cock in her hands, and guided it between her legs.