

NEW YEAR'S EROTICA

TRADING  
*Game*

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# **TRADING GAME**

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**Approaching fast is the New Year,  
It is time to look to the future,  
And leave behind the previous year's fear.**

**~ Unknown**

# CHAPTER 1

## Brent

Brent's marriage was murdered on a cold Sunday evening.

Relatively speaking it was slow when counting minutes, but it was brutal.

Earlier in the day, Brent had been excited. This is going to be fantastic, he thought. The invitation to the News Year's Eve "Eighteen Gala" was the one benefit he could count for TRN Holding Corporation buying the property management company for which he worked.

Each year, the Gala was open to employees and otherwise invitation-only.

High society.

Posh.

Big times.

If his company had suffered some harsh cuts and reorganization, at least his access to the Gala was assured.

He held the invitation in his hand as if setting it down might see it evaporate.

April looked uncertain. "You're sure I'm not too young to go?"

He had robbed the cradle, so to speak. He had also assured her at least a hundred times over the past month that she was old enough. "Yes, and your dress is perfect."

It was a pink satin cocktail dress showing the garters over black stockings. It had a faux collar choker with a black bow.

She looked down at her legs. "I think this would work better if I was taller."

He didn't consider her tiny frame put her at a disadvantage. "Not everyone is tall."

"Most guys are. No one wants a five-foot blonde with no boobs."

"I did."

Her large smile split her face and she hugged him. Then she pouted. "But what about this charity game?"

He sighed in deep thought. The Gala was free to TRN employees. However, he had wanted to make a good impression on the man running the show. Tucker "Ronnie" Nelson had bought out his company and kept Brent when others were fired.

In his thinking, if Brent showed he was fully engaged in working as a loyal employee, there was no better way than to participate in the charity portion of the party. For five hundred each, he had bought two tickets for that purpose.

Much of the proceeds went to helping disabled veterans get new limbs.

*Will it impress Tucker? He said to his wife, "It's for a great purpose – both for my job and the veterans."*

"But do I really have to spend the party with some guy?"

He didn't know much about it except for what was printed in the charity addendum. "It's a social-building game. Instead of drinking with me, you'll be drinking with another man."

"And you with another woman."

"I'm sure she'll be ugly."

April giggled, then went slack in the face. "What if I get a nerd? Or a slob?"

He shrugged slowly. "I don't think Tucker Nelson sends personal invitations to nerds and slobs. Just saying."

"Well, what if he's some super rich guy? He's not going to like me."

"What man wouldn't like a nineteen year old on his arm?"

She sniffed. "Maybe. Maybe if I was taller."

He knew what was coming next.

She lifted her hands and touched her chest. "Maybe I should get these enhanced."

"And you'd look like a freak."

She pouted.

"You ready? It's time to go."

"Promise me it's going to be okay."

Brent gripped her shoulders and shook her gently. "It's going to be great. Come on."

## CHAPTER 2

### April

She was excited – thrilled to her core. Not only had she gone from high school right into marriage, but her husband had a good job and a nice home.

That he was taking her to the Eighteen Gala was extraordinary as fuck. Her meteoric rise in life was breathtaking. There might be other New Year's bashes around the nation that were lit and hip, too, but that she was even going to one of them was just beyond.

*I just wish I didn't wear glasses. How annoying, she thought.*

She knew she was cute, but when people called her pretty or beautiful, she doubted them.

Bashfully, of course.

She had seen the two press release photos of the Seventeen Gala the previous year and she thought everyone had looked distinguished.

This was not going to be a rave party.

She doubted Brent's assertions she would be able to drink. At nineteen, she couldn't buy or consume alcohol, but he had insisted that private functions with adult supervision meant no prosecution.

*Yeah, we'll see about that. I flash my ID and the laughter begins.*

She asked, "Will they leave without us?"

"No, and don't worry, we're ahead of time."

When she saw his office building she leaned towards the windshield. "There's the bus."

"They're not leaving without us."

She glared at him; he was using that pedantic tone again.

He pulled into the parking lot and parked.

She was busy counting heads inside the bus. The interior was lit and forms could be seen moving inside through the tinted glass. "There's already people on it."

"And we're about to be on it, too. Come on."

She got out on shaking legs, excited and eager to be at the party.

She accepted his hand and let him lead her to the bus. The motor was running, rumbling the deep diesel sound of imminent departure.

Stopping them at the door was an older woman with hair done up like someone's granny. "Brent and... April, right?" She was looking at a pad. She tapped it. "Hold a moment, Brent."

"Is something wrong?"

The woman's eyes came up, widened a little and refocused – as if she were missing glasses. "No, nothing. Just a word of advice. I learned that Tucker "Ronnie" Nelson is a bit stuffy. Do not ever call him Ronnie. Do not call him Tucker unless he asks you to. Call him Mister Nelson and nothing else. Understood?"

"Of course."

"I mean it. Don't get mouthy over drinks and think you can bend those rules. Don't make us look bad or he might fire the rest of us."

"I got it, seriously."

She gave a ghost of a smile. "All right then."

April asked him when they were up in the bus, "Who was she?"

"Christine, my boss."

"Oh..." She frowned. "Does she always treat you like that? Like you're some little kid?"

Her husband laughed quietly. "Never. She just wants to make sure we make a good impression."

The man across the aisle started talking to her Brent after the bus started moving. "This is your wife?" He was a bald man with tiny round glasses.

"Yep, April." He said to me, "This is Danny, our marketer."

She waved at the man. "Hi."

He said, "She's a cutie. I hear the Galas can get pretty wild."

Danny's wife peered around him as if wary and suspicious.

Brent said, "I hadn't heard anything like that..."

Christine was sitting two seats up and turned around, peeking over the backrest. "Oh, I've heard it, too. Nudity, naughtiness..."

Brent was doubtful. "At the Gala? All the pictures are—"

"Just promos. The main Gala event is usually clean, but the charity event is where things get..."

Danny said, "You bought charity tickets, didn't you?"

"Yeah, I splurged. I wanted to make a good impression."

His boss pursed her lips. "Be prepared to see some skin, from what I hear."

April tugged at her husband's arm. "We're in the charity event, right?"

"Yes."

"Should we be in it? I mean—"

"The money's already spent and I really want to show I'm part of TRN now."

"You'll be staring at all the women," she whispered.

He chuckled. "My eyes will be on you. What will you do if you see a naked man?"

"Probably throw up."

## CHAPTER 3

### Brent

The Gala was held at a hotel owned by Turner Nelson. Big and imposing, rising to the sky, it dominated the street like Godzilla strutting through Tokyo.

He squeezed his wife's arm as much for himself as for her.

*Nakedness? Naughtiness? Everyone or just some? And does Nelson really put up with all of it? Or does it happen behind his back? His thoughts didn't provide him any answers.*

He led April off the bus and walked towards the main entrance. The area was cordoned off to the street and three security guards had the unlucky duty on this evening to be working.

They showed ID at the door and were tapped off a pad. Phones and purses were checked in and locked away in portable lockers. Their hands and tickets were stamped with numbers corresponding to the lockers. Another man on the staff then pointed to the elevators. "Second floor. Charity event is on the third floor. Look for Janisha as you enter. Sparkly dress. Big afro. Can't miss her. Make sure you talk to her first."

Brent nodded. "All right."

They waited for the elevator only a second before the doors slid silently open.

He held the door for Christine.

Then they were lifted.

His boss said, "Good luck tonight."

He answered, "Have fun."

She shook her head. "Too nervous for that. Hopefully I'll have more fun next year."

He chuckled dubiously. "Cross our fingers for that?"

Her eyes widened. "You know it."

The doors were open and music assaulted them immediately.

He stepped out behind Christine and looked around. April was at his side and she pointed.

A black woman wearing a slinky dress of sequins was near the elevator. She was dancing around slowly, undulating, and casting sparkles everywhere. She was like a beacon under her impressive hair.

He clasped his wife's hand and walked to her.

Her pretty eyes flashed to his approach. She was surrounded by a few men and women but with more than enough room to shimmy, slink, and sway. She did one turn completely around and looked down at Brent's feet first. Her eyes traveled up his frame in a sweep that was neither salacious nor sneering. She said, "Charity event?"

Brent said, "Yes, you're Janisha?"

Her eyes widened in mockery. "Of course." She stepped to April and held her hands just off her shoulders as if she had touched her to get a good look at her – all without messing up her clothes. "Lovely." She addressed him, "The event starts in an hour and a half on the next floor up. You'll want to go up now and check in with the man in the white tux."

He repeated, "White tux."

She dipped her chin once and retreated. She went back to swaying.

Someone handed her a drink and she winked at Brent.

He said to April, "Well, let's go meet white tux, whoever he is."

She said, "Does any of this seem strange for a party?"

"No, I don't think so..."

They took the elevator up again and stepped out to a guard.

The uniformed man held up a hand. "Tickets?"

Brent flashed them.

The guard turned and pointed to the man behind him. "Check in with him there."

There was nowhere else to go and a couple was just turning from the man in the white tux.

The couple passed them and the woman said, "A full refund?"

## CHAPTER 4

### April

She was almost hiding behind her husband as Brent addressed the older man in the tux.

The man checked a pad and tapped on it. In front of him was a small table holding a white box-thing with the name "Rohm and Howell" on the face. It had a small screen, several lights, and switches.

Next to it were several ampules of a clear liquid and a device that looked like a key fob.

Tux said, "I'm going to take a sample of your blood. Quite painless. Only need a drop."

April panicked. "Blood?"

"Mister Nelson is a bit of a hypochondriac. Please don't tell him I said that."

Whatever the man said, April was certain he had no fear of Mister Nelson finding out. It seemed to be more of a mollification than an admission.

Tux inserted a plastic end onto the fob thing and set it aside. He swiped a cotton swab across the pad of Brent's finger. He brought the fob up and there was a click.

Brent looked at his finger. "Wow, I didn't feel that."

Tux wasn't paying attention. He removed the plastic end and inserted it into the white box.

Moving lights showed through the opening and the display lit up with

information.

A couple came up behind them and waited.

After not much more than a minute, Tux said, "All clear." He moved to do the same to April.

She offered her hand and asked her husband, "It didn't hurt?"

He shook his head. "I didn't even feel it."

Tux muttered, "Local anesthesia. It's just a pin-prick anyway."

April flinched when the fob clicked, but she felt nothing but numbness. She snatched her hand back and inspected her finger.

A moment later, Tux stamped both of their tickets. He said, "Blood analysis is all clear. When you come back up for the event, you'll be going through that door and checking off with the man inside." He tapped on the pad and then motioned for the next couple. "Quickly now..."

They were dismissed and the guard said, "You can go in now or come up later. Drinks, dancing, and music are on both floors."

Her husband looked a little skittish. "We'll come up later."

They rode the elevator back down.

She said, "You never said anything about a blood test."

"I wasn't told there was going to be one."

"Should we ask Janisha about it?"

He muttered, "My thoughts exactly."

She followed him back to the front and the dancing black lady. She gave them a smile as they approached.

She shimmied in her sequined dress, one hand held high with a drink. "Work out okay?"

Brent frowned. "A blood test? This isn't something kinky, is it?"

Janisha flowed forward, taking him by the arm and moving him away from other people. "No, not really."

"We're not expected to—"

"No one is going to force you to do anything you don't want to do. It's a social game." She looked around and licked her lips. "I'll let you in on a little bit of the fun..."

April listened intently.

She said, "The hostess, Marlee, has an app that will pair up the men and women. If the doctor saw two men or two women, he would be asking if they were lesbian or gay. That goes into the app. A random selection are instructed to remove their primary article of clothing."

Brent tilted his head, considering.

Janisha said, "A good third of the participants will be down to underwear, or... sometimes nude. Doesn't happen all the time, but it does."

"Has anyone ever refused?"

The woman looked surprised. "Of course, for one reason or another. Scars, tattoos, unsightly wrinkles..." She glanced to the side. "Excuse me a moment."

April watched her instruct an incoming pair about the event and the white tux doctor.

Janisha returned to them. "Everyone is nervous their first time. Stripping down to your underwear in front of everyone is a tough choice, but Marlee will already be in hers for the announcements." She touched both of their arms. "Just relax and have fun."

Brent wasn't done. "So there's nothing sexual?"

Her eyes got big. "Oh no, not as part of the game. However, what people do based on their own decision is no one else's business, is it? There are rooms up

there and sex has occurred in previous years."

"So we won't be forced to—"

"No. Nothing of the sort. But there's nothing stopping you if you want to. You might see some touching going on – mix drinks with skin and sometimes it happens. Well, it happens every year. Excuse me now, I have some dancing to do." Her smile was friendly and not suggestive.

April wondered, Touching?

## CHAPTER 5

### Brent

He was stroking his chin.

His wife looked worried. She said, "You're going to be touching women's boobs?"

He bent over and laughed. When he caught his breath, he said, "Uh, no."

"I'm glad I'm wearing panties and a bra."

"You probably won't get picked anyway."

She was wide-eyed. "Just the same, with my luck, I'm glad I did. How embarrassing if I wasn't. I'd have to refuse."

He tensed, wary. "It would be best if we didn't refuse."

"Are you kidding?"

"No, I'm doing this to show Nelson I'm a loyal employee. I have to be willing to play his game."

She leaned close. "You're wearing underwear, right?"

He laughed again. "Yes." He pointed. "The buffet just opened. Let's grab it while we can."

They picked barbecued chicken and ate sparingly to the beat of nineties music and the flashing of lights.

Afterwards, he said, "Might as well go up..."

April pouted. "I was just getting used to it here."

"Come on." He pulled her along.

They went back up to the second floor and saw a line at the doctor's table. The guard checked their tickets and indicated the door into the event.

They opened and stepped through into a large and open area much the same as the floor they had just left. Smaller, similar music, and an open bar. Couches, over-stuffed chairs and low tables were everywhere. The drapes on the walls and the lights were all blues and purples.

Low lights. Very cozy.

A few dozen people were already inside.

They were immediately stopped by a guard and their tickets checked. He tapped on a pad to double check and nodded. Taking a stamp, he imprinted the backs of their hands with a large red symbol – a crown over crossed rifles. "Enjoy your evening."

Immediately, they were approached by a woman dressed in panties and bra. She was not skinny – rather on the thick side. "Welcome, I'm the hostess Marlee."

Brent nodded his greeting. "Thank you."

"May I see your tickets?"

*This is a lot of ticket-checking... "Sure."*

The brunette woman seemed unconcerned at her lack of clothing. She checked the tickets and tapped on her pad. "Okay... Got your names entered as registered." She looked up and offered a cheery smile. "Please go use our bar so the bartender doesn't fall asleep. It's unseemly to hear him snoring over the music."

April looked back and forth. "I can drink here?"

Marlee took her into a side hug and bent her head. "Of course you can..."

His wife's smile was relieved.

"If this is one of your first times, maybe you want to stick to champagne, though. Just a suggestion – you can drink whatever you want."

"Okay, thank you."

They went to the bar.

The bartender was wide awake and looking energetic.

*Some story to get us to drink. But that's okay, I guess... Brent ordered his wife champagne. He asked, "What goes good with barbecued chicken?"*

The clean-cut bartender, hair slicked back, swept his arm over an impressive display of hundreds of bottles. "We don't have that here."

Brent blinked.

The bartender laughed. "Anything you want, really."

"Something not too sweet."

"Screwdriver coming up."

Drinks in hand, they moved amongst people talking.

The problem was that Brent didn't know anybody and he didn't see Turner Nelson. Would he expect me to say something to him when I do? Would he even know who I was?

They sat on one of the free couches.

Not long after they did, a man dragged a woman over to them. He was balding, wearing glasses, and clean-shaven. "My, my, what a beautiful young lady. I hope we get paired up later..."

The man's wife rolled her eyes. She was an older version of April. She said, "Don't let him start tickling you; it's just an excuse to get his hands on you."

April wore a frightened look.

The man extended his hand. "Kyle and Donna."

Brent shook his hand. "I'm Brent. This is my wife April."

"April... what a pretty name."

Donna pulled on his arm. "Come on, your drooling is scaring her." She said to Brent, "Sorry about that..."

"No problem. I'm sure my wife is flattered."

When they had moved away, April said, "No, I wasn't flattered. I was scared."

He patted gently on her hand. "Shh... We don't know who that was or how he's related to Nelson. Could be his right hand man checking us out..."

"You sound paranoid."

"I am; we have a mortgage to pay."

"Do you think it's that important?"

"Without a doubt."

She sipped at her champagne. "This is really funny."

"Huh?"

"It's all fizzly." She was watching the bubbles float up through the clear plastic.  
"It's almost like a soda."

He grunted. "I never did care for champagne much..."

"Why not, it's fun. Aren't we supposed to be having fun?"

*Is the champagne affecting her already? Nah, can't be...*

## CHAPTER 6

### April

She tensed as Marlee placed a headset over her head and adjusted the mic to her mouth. She tested it and nodded to the disc jockey.

The music faded out.

Marlee moved to the center of the area and smiled. "Welcome to the Eighteen Gala and Happy New Year's to all of you."

The participants responded with cheers.

April latched onto her husband's leg and squeezed for security.

The hostess held up her pad. "It's time to create our groups for the game. When I call your names, please come stand behind me." She cocked her thick hips and pointed to the edge of the dance area behind her. "I'll call two groups, A and B. A will stand there, B over there."

Tapping her pad, she lifted her chin and looked down at the screen. Names began rolling off her lips – two at a time. She waited after the call for those two to come forward and stand behind her where she pointed.

Brent was called with a woman named Cherie for group B.

April was left sitting alone and now felt the immense uncertainty of the game.

"Dean Powell and April Bosley, group B."

She went frozen as her name was called.

A man stepped forward near her.

Brent was motioning frantically.

She got up and approached on shaky legs.

Marlee indicated the group with her husband in it. She wore the same confident smile as before, despite everyone's attention on her in her panties and bra.

April started to go to Brent.

He whispered to her, "You're supposed to stay with him now."

"Oh." She hadn't paid attention to everything Marlee had said after she had talked about groups.

She looked up wide-eyed at the man named Dean as she moved over to him.

He raised his drink to her and winked.

Many more were called for group A than B.

Marlee finished and turned to face them all. There were still a few left out. She said, "Group A, take your partners to the chairs and couches. Your partner sits on your lap. Group A must share their deepest fantasies with each other."

There was some laughter over that.

Marlee was already turned to group B.

Several helpers came out, carrying multiple small boxes designed for office files. One was placed in front of each person.

Marlee twirled, pad in the air. "Group B is the lucky group this year. Everyone remove your primary clothing. That means if you're wearing a shirt and jacket and slacks, those all come off, but not your underwear. If you're in a dress, the dress comes off. Put your items in the box at your feet."

Right away, the man next to April was shaking his head. "Nah, not me. No way..." He was laughing, but it was nervous.

Marlee nodded in understanding. "Your name?"

"Dean Powell."

"Go sit down."

April looked up at him, still not having moved herself to get out of her dress. She looked over at Brent. He was watching her with warning eyes and removing his shirt. He gave a slow nod to her.

Marlee tapped on her pad. "We have an opening in group B..." She scanned for only a second. "Morgan Schaeffer?"

"Here." A big man stood from the couch from among the few that hadn't been called.

Marlee did a little curtsy. "You're pinch-hitting, looks like. You're now paired with April Bosley. Come join her and remove your primary clothing."

April swallowed. The man was almost a giant. Her eye level was somewhere around his chest.

Morgan approached, but scratched his neck. "Remove my clothing?"

Marlee nodded.

"But... I'm commando..."

Laughter erupted and then cheers.

Marlee laughed too. "That's quite all right, if you aren't embarrassed..."

A woman in group B shouted, "Come on; I'm not wearing anything underneath, either. Come be my support."

Two more men in group B spoke up that they also were commando and willing to strip.

Morgan looked sheepishly at Marlee and April. "All right..."

The hostess tapped on her pad.

April had slid out of her dress and placed it in the box.

A staffer checked the back of her hand and noted the purse check number onto the box lid with a black marker. The box was hurried away.

She tried not to look at the man named Morgan as he stripped.

And failed.

## CHAPTER 7

### Brent

He watched his wife turn to glance at her partner.

Her jaw dropped in imitation of his own.

Brent was blinking and so was his wife.

Morgan had a thick length of man-flesh dangling four inches soft. He put his clothes into the box. He looked embarrassed, blushing and sneaking looks around.

Brent gulped. What does it look like hard? That's twice as thick as me when I'm fully erect. He wasn't ashamed of his six inches by a long shot, but Morgan was easily the thickest man he had ever seen.

He expected his wife to chicken out any second.

She didn't, though she had turned away, completely red in the face.

Marlee watched the last of the boxes getting removed. "All right, group B. Same thing, take your partners to a couch or chair. Lap sitting. Your topics will be to talk about masturbation: how you do it and what you like about it. After you and your partner have shared these topics, you're free to get up and circulate. Get drinks, meet others, but you must stay with your assigned partner. Have fun and Happy New Year."

Brent offered Cherie his arm. She was an attractive woman more his age with auburn hair and a big-eyed smile that was more nervous than friendly. He led her to a chair and sat.

Having a woman he had never met willingly sit on his lap made his pulse race. It

did nothing to his cock, though.

Too nervous.

Was Turner Nelson in the room? Watching by camera? Other than a couple of promo shots, he had never met the man. Would he even recognize him if he was in the room?

Preoccupied with Cherie lowering herself onto his lap, he wasn't watching his wife and Morgan. As her soft skin settled onto his thighs, his cock began to react.

*This is going to be embarrassing. I can't help it... He cleared his throat.  
"Fantasies, huh? Do you want to go first?"*

Her eyes held interest and excitement. "Sure..." She looked up, pursing her lips.

Brent admired her facial features. Even though her breasts were easier to look at, he didn't want to appear like some slavering animal.

Her neck vibrated to her heartbeat and he saw she was nervous about telling.

He patted her thigh. "Let me go first. I think I'd probably have an easier time telling a stranger than my own wife."

She giggled. "Okay."

"I've always wondered what it would be like to be fem-dommed."

She looked quizzically at him. "Like whips and chains and all that?"

He shifted a little. "Not so much the bondage thing, just the whole command and conditioning that goes with it."

"What about the whole dildo thing?"

Brent blushed and breathed raggedly. "Yes."

She smiled. "Kinky. Would she be all up in leathers? Or vinyl?"

He chuckled. "Either, and that would be even better."

"Your wife doesn't know?"

He shook his head.

She looked around.

He did, too, then pointed. "Over there, on the couch. Blonde with the pink and black choker."

"Oh, she's cute. But maybe not the kind to do that. I usually think of tall women."

Brent nodded. "Same here. The taller the better." He focused on his wife sitting on Morgan's lap. They were both looking down at his lap – at his dick, though Brent couldn't see it.

Morgan was speaking.

*He must be telling her about how he strokes it. He swallowed as he watched his wife continue to stare down at the man's lap.*

Cherie asked, "Are you jealous she's sitting on his lap?"

He gulped again, startled from his thoughts. "No, I guess not. It's what we're supposed to be doing..."

"Well, my strongest fantasy is to be tied down and taken by as many men as it takes to make me pass out. Bareback."

"Does your husband know?"

Her face fell. "He looked at me like I was crazy. Pitched a fit about it never happening."

"Aw, that's a shame."

She shifted on his lap and the movement stimulated his cock. "I know, right? I still want it."

His shaft was filling rapidly.

She asked, "If your wife had that fantasy, would you let her? Or, if I was your wife, would you let me?"

Brent tried to consider the question despite the hardening of his cock. He flexed it underneath her and she responded with a quiet giggle.

She murmured, "You would?"

"I... don't know." He started breathing through his mouth. "I guess I would, yes. If that was your greatest fantasy..."

She leaned to him and kissed his forehead. "You're a sweet man. I envy your wife."

"I'm happily married—"

"I am too, except for that fantasy. I just wanted to say thank you for understanding."

Brent suddenly wondered what April's greatest fantasy was. Why had they never talked about it? Would it be something like Cherie's? Or something else?

He looked over to April. She was still looking down, but she held her hand up and was toying with the choker. She was talking now, telling him about how she masturbated, most likely.

The big difference from the last time he had looked was that Morgan's cock was erect. The head of it just poked over his wife's thigh, resting against it easily. The size of the helmet was almost as big as Brent's fist.

He's erect? But Brent realized that so was he and Cherie felt it, too.

She asked, "Is this your first Gala?"

"Yes." He looked at her, away from his wife, wondering why he hadn't been daring enough to go commando. Then he could be having his bare cock rubbing this woman's thighs.

It sounded positively appealing.

## CHAPTER 8

### April

Her heart continued to pound in her chest as she stared down at Morgan's cock. His description of how he oiled and stroked it sounded... fun.

That it was throbbing against her leg was making her moist. Just that she was sitting on some man's lap she just met with his cock touching her was so surreal.

He waved down a hostess. "Refresh her drink...?"

April giggled. "Champagne, please."

"Champagne, and a rum and coke for me, please."

The hostess smiled, took a glance at Morgan's erection, and smiled wider. She vanished.

April glanced over at Brent again. Whenever she looked, he was enrapt with the auburn-haired woman and not looking her way. Her husband's hand stroked the woman's thigh while he listened to something she said.

*I guess touching is okay... At least he isn't groping her boobs. The woman had much nicer boobs than she did.*

She took the proffered champagne and said, "Thank you." She took quite a gulp. The stuff tasted good. It made her feel good, too, and she wanted to be relaxed and have fun.

It certainly was oddly exciting to feel his heat against her.

Morgan downed half his drink and set it on her knee. He said, "You can touch it, if you want."

"Touch it?" She was alarmed at the thought of doing something where everyone would laugh at her.

"Sure, touching's allowed." He gestured behind her. "No one's stopping them."

She twisted around and looked behind her. Sitting next to them on the couch was another couple. The woman was down, moving her head up and down on the man's dick. His underwear was pulled aside.

She gasped and looked around hurriedly. No one else seemed to be paying the couple any attention except for a few admiring looks. She looked back to Morgan. "You... don't mind if I do? It's so... big."

He laughed low. "It's not all that big. Thick, maybe. But go ahead, I won't scream."

She gingerly touched the head of it and ran her finger across the silky smoothness of the helmet.

She snatched her hand away.

He laughed with delight. "I didn't scream..."

"I know, but..."

"Try to put your hand around it."

"There's no way—"

"Try."

April gently took his shaft into her fingers. It felt stiff, hard, and hot. She gripped it with her full hand. She laughed. "Nope. Not even close."

A voice interrupted her musing. "Oh, isn't he a nice one. You are so lucky." It was Marlee. The hostess bent over. "May I try a touch?"

April snatched her hand away. She didn't know if she was allowed to reject the hostess, but why would she, anyway? "Sure, go ahead." It made her feel better to have the older woman take over.

Marlee's hand moved up and down on Morgan's cock. "Very nice, I'm envious." She winked at her and left them alone.

Morgan raised an eyebrow. "Quick flick of the wrist. What a job she has." His hand moved on April's thigh.

She sighed, relaxed from the champagne and his touch. Looking over to her husband, she saw they weren't on the chair. She scanned the room. They were at the bar, ordering drinks. Brent's hand was cupping the woman's butt cheek. She was turned suspiciously towards him and looking down.

April couldn't see what was happening. Was she looking down at her husband's boxers like April had been looking at Morgan? Or was the woman touching him?

She looked back down at Morgan's shaft and gripped it again. Touching was okay and even Marlee had approved.

*Why not? It feels good...*

Morgan shifted a little. "Let's move you a bit. My thigh is getting sore." His hand was cupping her hips. "Hold this." He handed her his drink.

He lifted her, pulled, and used his other hand to position his cock between her thighs. He maneuvered her higher and off his thigh bone.

It did feel more comfortable.

He shifted her just a little more and relaxed. He said, "Squeeze your thighs on that. The pressure should help."

"Help?" April squeezed her thighs together and trapped his hot thickness between her legs. She looked down at the head pointing straight up.

"Yeah, it sort of aches. Squeezing usually relieves the pressure."

"Am I hurting it?"

He laughed. "No, not at all, but you're definitely making it hard."

"Oh, sorry."

He moved his shaft with his hand one last time and wriggled. It moved more fully into her gap and nestled up against her panties. "There we go." He took his drink back. "You can use your hand, too."

She considered it. Not much of his head was above her thighs. Other than tickling the helmet, she wouldn't be able to grip it. She squeezed her thighs together.

He sighed with contentment. "Yeah, that feels better." His hips moved underneath her and his shaft moved a little up and down between her thighs. "Very nice."

"Do you want me to move?" She wasn't sure what he wanted her to do.

"Sure, that would help."

She moved her hips back and forth in fits and starts.

He moved with her until a good, alternating movement was established.

She felt his shaft rubbing very nicely against her panties. She downed the rest of her champagne.

*Yes, very nice...*

## CHAPTER 9

### Brent

He sat back down on one of the couches. Cherie sat next to him.

He frowned and looked around. "You don't have to sit on my lap?" Some other couples weren't.

"Only for the first part. Unless you want me to." Her hand rested on his tented boxers. "Is it all right if I touch it? Your wife won't be mad?"

He had seen April jacking the big man. "No, I don't think so." He didn't want to think about her touching another man, instead dismissing it as the champagne and event. If it was sort of expected...

And he really wanted to get some action on his own, too. Cherie was sexy. His wife was more innocent than anything; he wouldn't have to worry about her getting too frisky. On the other hand, Brent decided he would try to sneak a little more in and have some fun for himself.

She reached into his boxers and fumbled around until she had a grip. "Very nice."

That made him feel good.

A glance told him his wife was sitting differently and moving her hips – basically masturbating the guy with her thighs. Whether or not it was the vodka or his need to go along with the event, he found himself unwilling to upset anything.

Especially if he could get friendlier with Cherie.

Besides, April really looked like she was having fun talking to the guy. She had

been worried she would be out of place and left out. A little fun like she was having might be just the thing she needed.

*Might as well go with it. He watched his boxers move up and down as Cherie stroked him.*

At the other batch of chairs and sofas, Morgan and April got up. They went to the bar.

Brent blinked once again in surprise. Morgan wasn't very long, but the thing was a force of its own for thickness. Soda can? Easily, but not all that long. It had the appearance of being stubby, even if it was an inch or more longer than Brent's.

The thick thing bobbed heavily in the air as he walked.

*I think that champagne has really helped her relax. He hoped she didn't stop now and return to being afraid. If she did, she might take a more direct scrutiny of what he was doing with Cherie and put on the brakes.*

She pulled down his boxers to stroke him easier.

*Will she blow me? That would be nice. Or maybe I can get her on my lap and get it inside her panties. "Want to sit on my lap again?"*

"If you want me to."

"Climb on and face me."

She glanced away, searching, then climbed onto his lap.

He pulled her up and brought her panties up against his erection.

She hummed and made eyes at him. "You naughty boy." She moved her hips, teasing him.

He moved with her to the beat of Republica's song Ready to Go. It was older than the 90s, but the DJ must have included it for the dance mix.

Not everyone was engaged in activity on the chairs and couches. Couples danced, talked, drank, and watched other people.

Brent felt risky, daring, and loose in the permissive atmosphere. He slid his finger down and played with Cherie's panties.

She wriggled enthusiastically and drained her drink. She set the empty aside. It was whisked up in seconds by a hostess.

He finished his off with gusto and placed it in the same spot. He moved his other hand down there to her panties and began pulling them aside.

Cherie froze. "Oh, you're really naughty. Keep it safe, though. We can rub together, but my husband drew the line at penetration."

"Okay." He was dizzy with lust, wrapped in a blanket of need that left little room for thought. His shaft slid through her folds and became wet. He angled and pulled so that the head slid back and forth across her hole.

He wanted nothing more than to pull her down onto him and fuck her right there on the couch. He didn't care that she was married, he just wanted inside her pussy.

She moaned above him and trembled. "You're getting a little close there... but it feels so good." She moved slower and lingered when her hole aligned with the head of his cock. "Maybe just put the tip in..."

Having his permission, he pointed it into her hole and pushed up. The head of his cock popped in and suddenly she moved upwards, away.

"No, I can't. I promised. I'm sorry, Brent."

He wanted to cry. The head of his cock was coated in her juices.

## CHAPTER 10

### April

She was dizzy and the room was swirling. She held Morgan's thick manhood against her panties and humped.

She was feeling sublime.

No worries. No cares. No hindrances.

He said, "That's your husband over there, right?"

She looked, trying to focus through her glasses. The woman on her husband was moving. It looked like they were fucking.

April frowned through her inebriated daze. Are they doing it? Shouldn't I be feeling hurt? Must be the champagne...

The woman lifted off of Brent's erection. They had been doing it.

April turned back to Morgan, at a loss for feelings. Only a dim confusion resided inside and she wondered if Brent's woman was in some way connected to his boss. Had he done it to Cherie or had Cherie done it to him?

Or was it mutual? Did they do it because they instantly loved each other? Or had they done it to go along with the event?

April didn't believe in instant love.

Maybe Brent was trashed, too. Maybe he would regret it in the morning. Maybe it wasn't really cheating because the trading game was supposed to be all about sex.

Maybe he wouldn't regret it because it was just a game for charity.

A harsh word floated over the noise of music so old it must have been from the 80s – long before she was born.

Both of them looked. Others were looking, too.

A man, red in the face and slurring his speech, was bitching out another man for touching his wife.

April looked at him quizzically. Why come to this kind of event if...? Morgan's cock suddenly felt warm in her hand and it sent ripples of heat up her pussy and insides.

There was a scuffle that lasted two seconds before the guard and a couple of male hosts dressed in black shorts, bare-chested, and wearing bowties hauled the drunken man out.

It was over in a handful of seconds. No more.

The music continued to play and people resumed talking.

Simple fuss, neatly dealt with, the party must go on.

She looked down at Morgan's erection.

He said, "Do you want to taste it?"

She did. She really did. However, would Brent allow it? Of course he'd allow it, didn't I just see him doing the nasty with that Cherie woman? Despite her thoughts, she said nothing.

He said, "It's getting a little worn – that lace is kind of scratchy."

"Oh, I-I'm sorry."

"Maybe move them aside? Or take them off?"

A hostess heard. She said, "I can make sure they make it into your box."

April was feeling no pain. The idea was perfect. "Okay." She didn't trust herself

to stand, so she undid the stocking clips and removed the panties.

The hostess accepted them. "Would you like me to take the bra, too?"

Despite feeling nothing, the fear of laughter at her small breasts intervened. "No, that's okay."

The hostess checked the number on her wrist and nodded.

Morgan pulled her back into place.

She shuddered with the sensation of his hot shaft nestled against the folds of her pussy. Her lips swelled and heat wormed inside her hole. She ground against him, the slight movement sending such wonderful tingles up her body.

Her nipples hardened painfully in her bra. She regretted not sending the article of clothing with the hostess.

Morgan said, "You have such a pretty little pussy."

She giggled. "Little is right. I think it's scared of your stick. I can't imagine the pain..."

He laughed. "Nah, nothing to be scared of. I bet with how wet you are the head would pop right in."

"No way." She smiled, though; pleased he wasn't making fun of her.

"No, really, it would. Feel how squishy the head is. It's designed to squeeze inside."

She gently tested the helmet of his cock. It was indeed very soft – not hard like the shaft. "I don't know..."

"It's the shaft that might hurt at first."

"What? The head is thicker than your—"

"But it's harder. Very little give. Getting the head in isn't the problem; it's the rest of it that forces the stretching."

She studied the head. It was thicker than the shaft. She just couldn't see doing it. "I really doubt it..."

"I can show you if you like? See if you can take the head. I know you can."

"You think so?" It sounded like a worthy test. It also made her pussy ache to try. Could she get something that thick into her? He was such a nice game partner.

"Sure, we can go try in one of the other rooms for a little privacy."

There had been a tiny movement of people disappearing into rooms off the main event room.

"What's in there?"

"Just more couches and chairs. Less of a crowd."

She still felt self-conscious over her youth and size. Getting away from all the eyes looking at her and judging her sounded very appealing. "I think I'd like that."

"Awesome. Let's go prove that little pussy of yours can do it."

*Wow, Eighteen Gala sure is a lit party. "Okay. You... might have to help me walk."*

He helped her up and kept a light hold on her to keep her steady. "You okay?"

She nodded. "Yep."

"Do you want another drink?"

The thought made her queasy. She closed her eyes and slowly shook her head. "I think... I've had enough."

"You put away more than I thought you would." He led her to the first side room and peeked in.

She saw only one couple in there: a white man plowing his cock into a black woman.

The woman looked over, frowning, but not saying anything. She kept moving her hips to the man's thrusts.

April was fascinated. The man's pale pink erection was solid and moved fluidly in and out of the dark pussy.

It looked beautiful. Stunning.

Morgan pulled her away to the next room.

Two couples were in there, but only one of them was engaged in a bit of sex – some oral. The other two were kissing and still holding drinks.

He said, "This is good." He sat on the edge of an ottoman and turned her around so she was facing away. "Let me do the work."

She was gripped by her hips and pulled backwards. She spread her feet way out to accommodate his thighs he had clenched together.

She liked how he was doing this with her facing away. She wondered that if she was looking at him, she might think it was personal. Maybe too personal.

He pulled down and she was forced to spread her feet out more. This opened her up in a way that promised the best widened opening for him to try.

Cool air hit the hot moistness as her lips opened up.

She felt a little subconscious over that. Who could see? Would the other two couples laugh? The fear was erased as the hot head of Morgan's cock warmed those folds right back up. The wide pressure moved easily against her lips and nestled inside as he brought her down onto his cock.

She rested there, sitting on the pole without pain. "Are you sure—"

He pulled down on her hips.

The pressure increased dramatically and her lips widened farther, stretching around the head.

He lifted her up and off. He used one hand to guide his cock back and forth

through her pussy lips. It became slick with her juices and his leakage. "There we go..."

Her hips were pulled down again. The helmet of his cock squeezed as her hole was pressed down. As if her hole was a rubber band, it stretched wider and more open as the head began pushing in.

She gasped, "Is it in?" She hoped it wouldn't stretch any more – she was afraid it might hurt.

"Almost. Just a little more..."

The pressure continued until there was a sudden ease in the stretching. She let out a gasp.

His voice was husky. "There you go. You took it in perfectly. You sure are tight, though."

She wondered what he thought of that. "Is that good?" She wriggled around, feeling the soft pressure nestled inside her.

He was panting. "Yeah." He pulled down on her hips.

The stretching returned, but with much more stress this time. Thickness swelled her opening and she groaned with desperation. The stretching was straining her skin. Am I going to rip? Her mouth dropped open and she let out a small wail of uncertainty that grew louder as her pussy expanded around his shaft.

## CHAPTER 11

### Brent

Cherie moved on him, teasing his shaft. He wanted nothing more than to throw her over and just fuck her silly.

There was a fight during Michael Jackson's song Beat It.

Somehow, that seemed the appropriate time to get physical.

Cherie stopped torturing him and watched. Sitting low on the couch as he was, he couldn't see it, but he heard it.

She said to him, "Do you like watching your wife?"

"Huh?"

She smiled down at him. "You know..."

"Know what?"

"Like sexually."

He thought he grasped what she was saying. "Oh, like playing with herself?"

"No, silly, like... watching her have sex with another man?"

"Oh. No, we've never done that."

"Well do you want to?"

"Is this part of the game...?"

She laughed. "No, it's just that I saw that big guy leading your wife into that room over there."

Brent struggled to sit up. "He did? She did? How do you know—"

She got off of him, exposing his cock to anyone who cared to look.

No one cared to look – and it wasn't because he was small: everyone else was busy doing their own thing. People talked, laughed, kissed, drank – and some headed towards the other rooms.

She said, "Let's go see."

He was up, stuffing his cock back into his boxers. "Yeah..."

Would his young wife really let a stranger have sex with her? Had Morgan slipped something into her drink?

He tried to walk normal, but his erection made it impossible.

He heard April before he saw her.

Her low wail rose higher as if she were slowly tipping over a high cliff. A hint of uncertainty and panic was woven into that wail.

Brent stopped, stunned. His eyes grew large as he stood a few feet from them just inside the large room.

April's legs were spread wide as if she were caught in the middle of jumping jacks. One of the thickest cocks he had ever seen was standing up, head engulfed by her stretched pussy. Morgan was pulling down on her hips, forcing April's little pussy down onto his cock.

Brent's dick swelled instantly, tickling to be touched. Full and throbbing, his erection wanted to tear out of his boxers. He became aware of it as Cherie clung to his arm with one hand and reached down his boxers with the other. His cock flexed and twitched to her touch as he watched his wife's pussy slowly slide down Morgan's thickness.

Cherie moved his boxers down. "Wow... that looks so hot. I wouldn't have

thought she could fit that thing inside her." She stroked his shaft as they watched.

Brent's mouth was hanging open. He met his wife's eyes and there was desperation there in her look – a pleading.

April said, "I don't think I can do it."

Morgan grunted. "I think you can. We got the head in just fine. Just need a little lube." He lifted her a bit and worked a hand down there to spread their juices on the middle part of his shaft. He said, "You're super wet; this will be easy."

She wasn't looking at Brent's face anymore, her eyes were locked on Cherie's hand stroking his erection. April gasped, "Okay. Let's try..."

Hearing his wife give Morgan permission to stuff his cock up her pussy made Brent's shaft swell and tingle. He moaned with lust as his body shook and his knees threatened to give way.

Morgan pulled down on her hips and she sank over his cock. Her pussy was stretched wider than Brent thought it could expand. The lips were taut around the man's flesh.

April looked at him with fear. "Am I doing it? I feel so full..."

Brent nodded. "You're doing it."

Morgan was grunting, working her pussy down onto his shaft.

She gasped, "I can't do it. It's too much."

Brent said, "You're doing it; don't worry. This will be good for you – work your muscles a bit and stretch them out." He wanted to encourage her, not support her doubts and insecurities. However, his heart was pounding thunderously with the excitement of seeing it happen.

They had never talked about such a thing. He had never fantasized about it, though he had woken stiff one morning to a dream of his wife taking a bigger cock. He had not told her.

Was he supposed to tell her every single dream?

They were just dreams, and the one had happened only once.

Standing here watching it was completely different from anything he might have imagined. All at once, he owned her. She belonged to him. April was his bride. But seeing her in a mutual test with Morgan – his cock spreading her pussy open – seemed like sporting fun.

Could she do it? He wanted to cheer her on.

Apparently Cherie liked it.

He gasped, "You can do it, baby."

He watched her body tremble with the strain and slowly settle down onto Morgan's lap.

Her lips were tight in a grimace of effort and concentration. Then her mouth opened as Morgan pulled up on her hips. His cock came back into view, coated in juices.

He pulled down again and tilted his hips, driving his shaft slowly up into her pussy.

April's eyes closed and she moaned.

Morgan blew out a breath and chuckled. "Whew, that's a tight fit."

## CHAPTER 12

### April

She opened her eyes and looked down. "Did I do it? Is it all in?"

Morgan rumbled low laughter behind her. "Yeah, I got it in there."

She felt him flex inside her and she jerked with the sudden extra tension on her stretched opening. "Ach!"

He flexed again, but it didn't hurt.

She squeezed back, though it felt like squeezing on a telephone pole. Her husband was getting stroked right in front of her by Cherie. Her pussy clamped again, this time on its own.

Her mouth still hung open in wonder and shock that Morgan had managed to get his shaft into her pussy. But she was also fascinated by the sight of her husband's very engorged erection.

She trembled on the edge of unknown territory – he was obviously excited her pussy was stuffed full of another man's cock. She had only meant to let him try to get the head in – the rest had happened seemingly by accident.

Now that she had taken all of his thickness up into her pussy, she wavered on the edge. Her husband's excitement and approval tipped her over.

She let go of her uncertainty and moaned with satisfaction.

Brent echoed that moan, showing his sexual approval of what was happening to her.

Tightness inside her that had nothing to do with Morgan's thickness threatened to

intensify into pleasure. She wasn't sure she should cum on another man's cock and was afraid it might anger her husband.

What was too much?

Would that endanger the current mood of acceptance? If she surrendered and came, would Brent change his mind? Would that be going too far?

She didn't want to upset the unspoken agreement between them.

She was even glad Cherie was there to stroke him. She didn't hold it against them that they had fucked. Why had they stopped? Embarrassed?

For whatever reason they did stop, April was satisfied. She wasn't sure she wanted her husband having an orgasm with the pretty and better developed woman. He might then prefer the woman over her.

Morgan's hands shook on her hips with desperation. He moved his cock up and down and into her with more effort.

April didn't know what he wanted. Would he pull out and squirt on her? All the porns showed it, but she didn't want to be the target of some guy's ejaculation.

It seemed rude.

However, she wasn't sure she should let him cum in her, either. What if she got pregnant? And yet, it seemed better if he did – it would be a victory of sorts, getting him to surrender inside her.

To defeat his lust and conquer it with her pussy. Was she good enough?

The decision was snatched from her with his grunt of effort and surrender.

Hotness splashed inside her and Morgan pulled down hard on her hips.

She opened her eyes wide at the suddenness of his orgasm. She felt the flexing and the squirts inside her pussy. All at once, she felt right. This was how it should have happened and how it was supposed to happen. Any other way was... wrong.

She ground her hips around and moaned happily.

Brent's eyes bugged out and he panted as if having run a mile.

She became drenched inside with Morgan's orgasm. It was hot and made her slippery on his thickness.

Her husband asked, panting, "Was that good?"

The tightness in her twisted with more intensity. She was close. She looked at her husband dreamily and nodded.

At the same time, perhaps mistaking the target of his question, Morgan said, "Very. She has such a tight little pussy."

A man came closer, stroking himself. His shaft wasn't as thick as Morgan's, but it was longer and just as solid. He answered, too. "That was great. I can't wait to try."

Maybe he was confused, too, but April thought her husband had meant to ask her, not everyone else.

Cherie was smart enough to figure it out and didn't pitch in with her own opinion.

Brent frowned and intervened with the new man. "I'm her husband..." He trailed off as he looked at the length the man had; it was at least three inches longer than his own.

The man extended his hand to shake – the same hand with which he had been stroking. "I know, I'm Corey Fargo, Mister Nelson's PA."

April suppressed a sudden mirthful smile. She could see her husband didn't want to turn down the handshake with the man being connected to his boss.

They shook hands.

Her husband turned unctuous. "Ah, yes, pleased to meet you."

Corey resumed stroking. "I can't wait to try your pretty little wife. I've had my

eye on her the whole night. I'm so glad you participated in the event."

"It's for a good cause."

The man's eyes sharpened, considering him. "Of course it is. If we're not willing to share our bounty, what good are we as human beings? As neighbors?"

April detected a certain sense in what he was saying, as if it should be obvious.

Her husband's face registered immediate consideration. "Yes, you're right..." His eyes, however, were glued to Corey's hand moving on his cock. Then he looked at her, and her pussy. "I'd... I'd be... honored to have you experience... my wife..."

She gasped at the wrenching twist in her pussy. He was offering her gladly to this new man? She looked at his long, straight erection. Where she had wondered if she could adjust to Morgan's thickness, she doubted she could take Corey's entire length inside.

Her husband's words made her wet all over again.

Morgan lifted her off.

Corey took her hands.

## CHAPTER 13

### Brent

His cock felt energized as if plugged in to the wall; it was practically thrumming with vibration and excitement.

He might have been embarrassed to be hard in front of two men that were bigger than him, but his cock wasn't small in the first place.

Where Morgan had presented a challenge with his obscene thickness, Corey had a well-shaped erection that would be the envy of any man. Thick shaft, straight as an arrow, with a well-formed helmet promised his wife a new experience: how deep could it go?

That she was willing to try turned him on even more. This was a new side to her he had never considered.

Cherie whispered, "Thank you for letting my husband try her."

He jerked, startled. "He's your husband?"

She nodded and squeezed his erection.

"But I thought you weren't supposed to...?"

She grinned with mischief. "I'm not, unless he finds someone, too. It's a mutual thing."

"Oh..."

Morgan excused himself with a pat on Brent's shoulder.

Corey was gently laying April back on the large ottoman. His erection bobbed

heavy with promise between her legs.

Nothing could have prepared him for this moment. Acid filled his stomach, even though he had just seen Morgan cum in his wife. At the same time, his cock had never felt more filled.

Never more excited.

He might have expected jealousy and anger - maybe hurt that April was willingly going along with this violation of their marriage.

Instead, he was rewarded with a sensational desire to see Corey's cock slide into his wife's pussy.

Her lips were open from Morgan's stretching, showing her hole ready and waiting for this new effort.

Brent's desire was a force high in his chest – touching his throat. His breath seemed squeezed just as surely as if Cherie's hand was gripping there instead of his erection. That force descended his body until it pushed out along his shaft.

He groaned with the need to see what was about to happen. The force was so strong, he pushed out his hips as the sensation pushed to the tip of his dick. His feet tingled and tickled with the urgency to witness that long cock penetrate his wife.

April was drunk, he knew. Her eyes opened and closed in a daze, focusing on him but infrequently. Also on Corey and Cherie. She was aware - barely.

He wondered if any of this would've happened without the champagne.

Corey moved close, readying himself. April widened her legs out for him.

Brent gasped with relief and anticipation that she did. Would she have done that without the alcohol? Would she have defended her marriage honor like a warrior maiden against this invasion of their marriage agreement? Would she have allowed another man to fuck her if she was sober?

He knew he wanted it so badly that he would've poured an entire bottle of it down her throat if sobriety would've denied this sensual indulgence.

Corey's cock touched her pussy and slid in. There was plenty of lube – cum and juices. The first four inches went in so smooth and easy that Brent let out a gasp of relief.

She looked so beautiful – so perfect lying back and accepting the man's physical expression of appreciation.

He felt his face straining with his smile. The elation inside was as heady as that tip at the top of a rollercoaster.

Corey adjusted and pushed in further. His shaft slid in, disappearing deep into April's pussy. Her mouth opened in expectation of pain, but only that. Nothing came from her in warning – not after having felt Morgan stretch her open.

Cherie stroked Brent's throbbing erection as they watched.

Her husband pulled back and pushed forward, sliding that shaft in and out of view. On the third push, he carefully pressed further. The last bit of his length disappeared – buried to the base.

April's eyes squeezed shut and she let out a low groan of submission. She had taken everything Brent could see. He wanted to laugh and clap and jump.

Corey's butt clenched as he pressed fully inside. He adjusted his position and began fucking her.

The sight of him on her was so magnificent to Brent that he trembled with imminent release. His hips and balls tightened and he grunted heavily, sending his cum flying out of his erection.

April focused on him with wonder and her lips quivered with excitement. Her breathing accelerated into a gasping pant and her eyes widened in shock. Her hips bucked underneath Corey and she flung her head back as her orgasm overtook her.

Brent growled with even more force seeing his wife cum on Corey's cock. His ejaculation was wrenched from him with severe spasms of pleasure.

She responded as well, hearing him derive pleasure from her reaction.

Both spurred each other on to a greater and more satisfying orgasm.

Corey sighed as if in heaven. "What a... phenomenal fuck..."

Brent could not have been more proud of his young bride. She had proven she was mature enough to adapt and sophisticated enough to enjoy taking a thicker cock, and then a longer one. She had shown she was bold and brave enough to explore forbidden experiences.

His love for her welled so strongly inside that he wanted to cry.

Cherie let go of him. "Beautiful, isn't it?"

He nodded, unable to speak. He watched the dashing-looking man speed his thrusts. The man's cock was a smooth blur in and out of his wife.

Corey bent down and kissed April while increasing the effort of his thrusts.

She moaned beneath him and into his mouth as he began trembling.

He broke the kiss and dropped his mouth open. His hips pushed in and his cock disappeared. He strained with the push and let out a quiet yell. His butt relaxed, then clenched and kept clenching. He grunted and heaved with each grunt, squirting his cum deep into April's pussy.

Brent was elated. The man was shooting his appreciation so deep into his young wife that it would be running out of her for hours.

It was new.

It was superb.

It was perfect.

## EPILOGUE

Brent wanted nothing more than for it to go on. The new experience was so exceptional that he knew something had changed.

Something wonderful.

His marriage ended on a cold Sunday evening.

His old marriage.

The rebirth of it into something stronger and more fulfilling promised a marriage of newfound joy and a more intense intimacy.

Their marriage was murdered at the end of the year and reborn better than ever the first day of the new year.

**Thank you for reading Trading Game!**

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