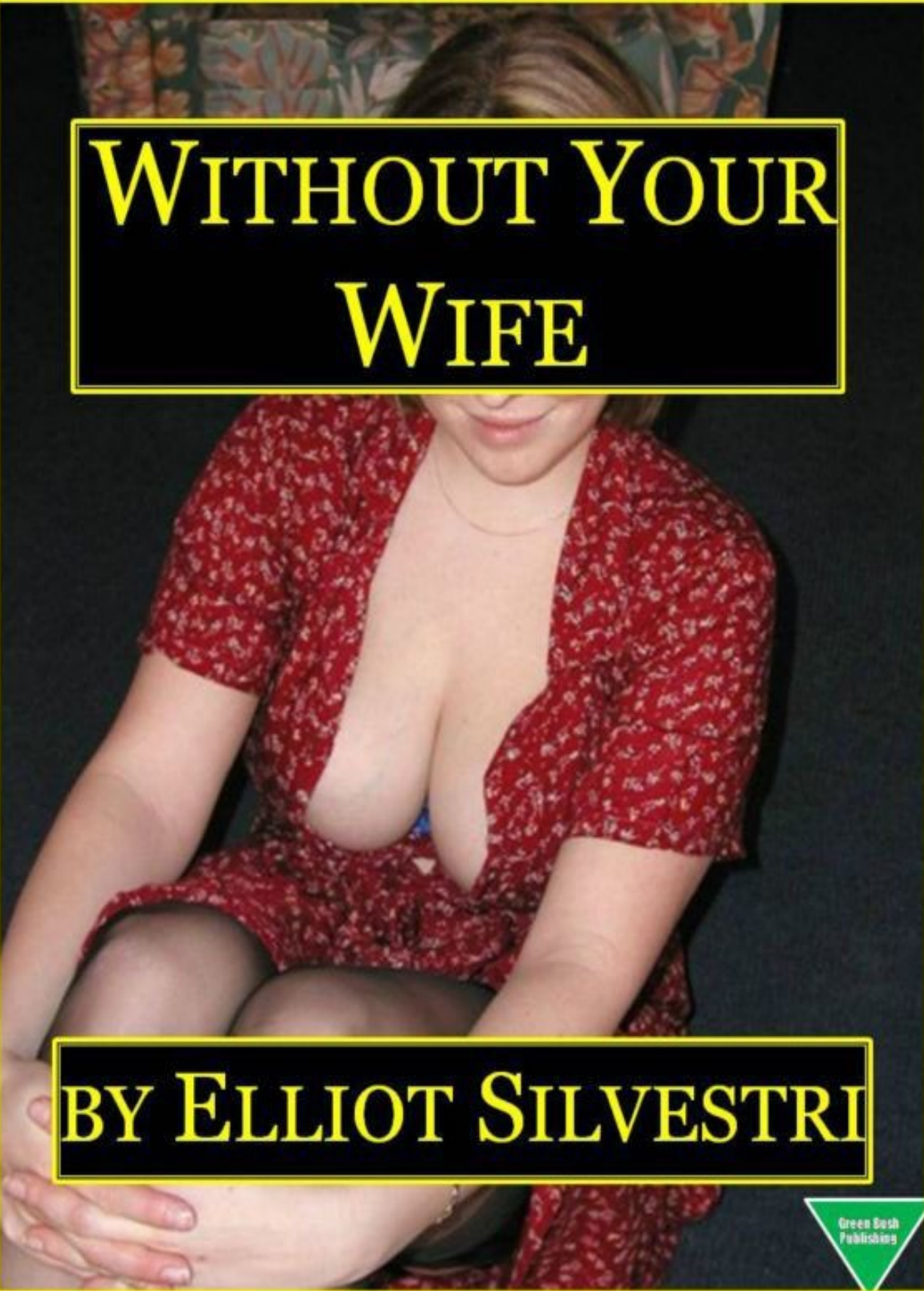
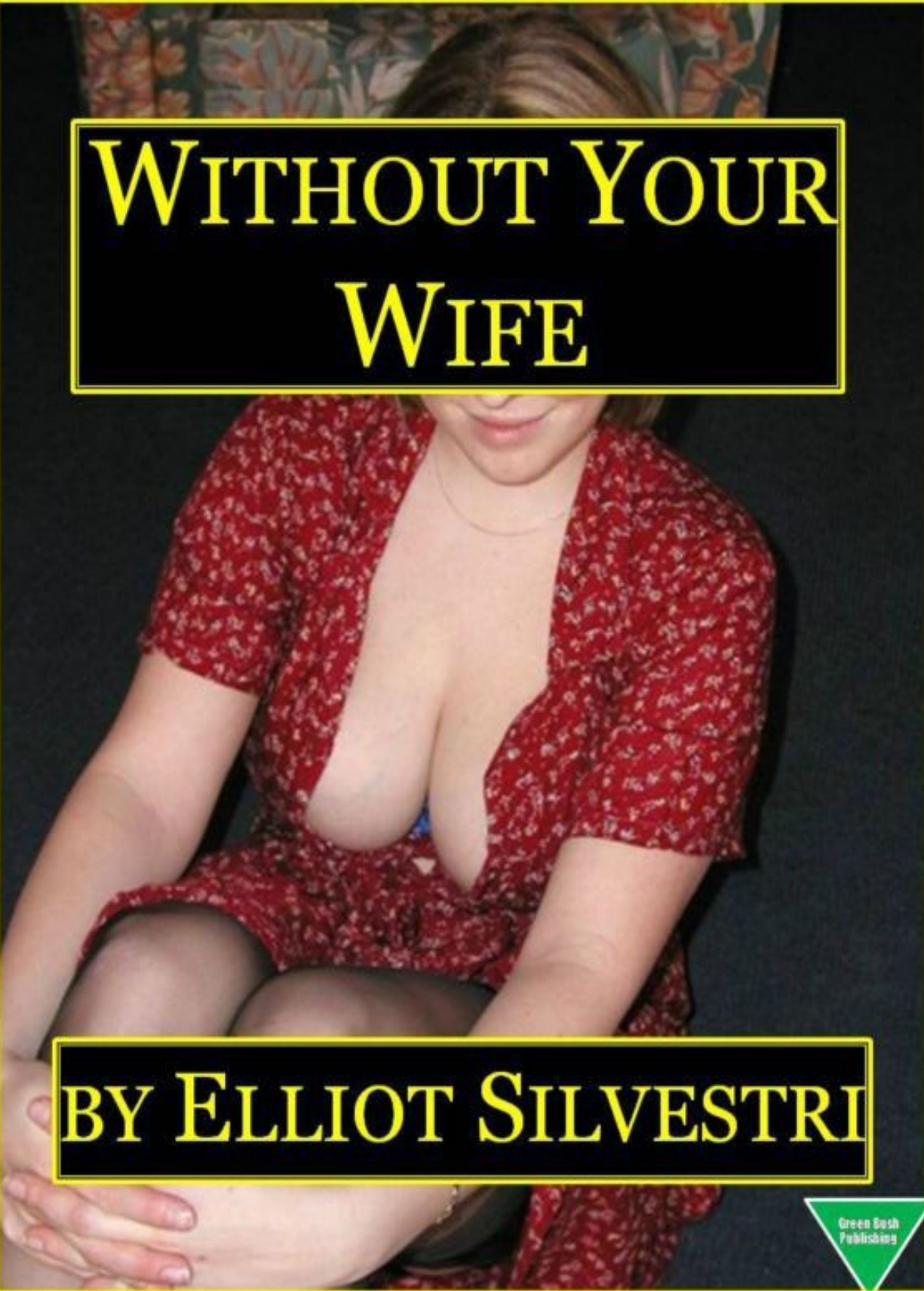


A photograph of a woman with blonde hair, wearing a red dress with a small white floral pattern. She is sitting and looking down, with her hands resting on her lap. The background is dark and out of focus.

WITHOUT YOUR WIFE

BY ELLIOT SILVESTRI

Green Book
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Green Sash
Publishing

Without Your Wife

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Chapter One

“You’ll never guess who I ran into today.”

“Victor Frankenstein.”

“No, Trent Marston.”

“Oh.” He was the old boyfriend who had gotten away. She had always pined for him. “And when you say you ran into him, do you mean that you banged him?”

“No, but I wanted to.” Her grin was mischievous as it always was when their conversation turned to sex.

“Are you going to?” Ben asked his wife.

Mara tried not to smile as she continued cutting carrots for their dinner. “I’m thinking about it.”

Ben snorted. “You’ve already thought about it, decided when and where to fuck him, and are now planning on what to wear when you meet him. The only question is if and when you were going to tell me.”

She paused in her chore and gave him a quick kiss on the cheek. “I always tell you before I sleep with another man.”

“I’m such a lucky man,” he grumbled good-naturedly. “My wife, the town slut.”

After she dumped the carrots into the salad bowl Mara gave him another kiss on the cheek and whispered softly into his ear. “It’s your fault for making me a hotwife,” she told him. “Keep your voice down or the kids will hear you.”

“They’re playing some video game. They’ll be comatose until we turn off the TV.”

The conversation continued as dinner cooked. “There is one little wrinkle in the ironing,” Mara said hesitantly. “He’s married.”

“So. You’ve fucked married men before.” Ben would know. He had watched when it had happened.

“His wife doesn’t know that he wants to do me.”

Ben shrugged. “So have him tell her. If they don’t have an open marriage, well, that’s his loss I suppose.”

“And yours,” she added going back to chopping more vegetables for the salad. Ben stepped behind his wife and slipped his arms around her waist. She ignored him even as he cupped her large breasts and pressed his semi-rigid cock against her round buttocks. He could feel small bumps of metal underneath his fingertips through Mara’s sweater and bra. “You love to fuck me after other men are done with me.”

“That’s part of your charm,” he whispered in her ear.

“Yeah. Right. If he doesn’t tell her, I’m not going to sleep with him,” she said. It was an old mantra of hers. Years earlier they both had to deal with the fallout of her bedding another man who was married and swore he was in an open marriage. That was a surprise to Kevin’s wife...and other girlfriend. The divorce was messy. “I want to sleep with him and I’m even willing to ask her permission if he doesn’t ask her.”

“Really?” Ben asked and rubbed his cock against her body a bit. She continued to ignore his clumsy attempt at seduction. Mara didn’t like direct confrontation and would carry on long, open ended email and text conversations before taking any risk in her sex life. Based on her caution it was a miracle they ever managed to bed other partners and couples as often as they did.

“I really want to fuck him,” she said softly, casting her eyes in the direction of the living room. Their children gave no sign they were listening to their parents’ conversation. “I’m willing to force the issue.”

“Was he that good in bed?” Ben asked. He backed away and stirred the sauce on the stove.

“I don’t know.”

“High school was that long ago that you’ve forgotten?”

“No, I never had sex with Trent.”

Ben snorted in derision. “Right...”

“No, really. I did give him several blowjobs, but that was it. I was an innocent girl in high school.”

That statement caused Ben to laugh outright. “Yeah. Right. Innocent being a relative term here.”

“I wasn’t a slut like a lot of girls in my school.” Mara put on the air of a woman wounded by unjust accusations.

“Yes, you waited to earn that title until after you got married.”

“You got that right, honey,” she agreed. “Let’s hope that little Emma has already earned her slut wings.”

“Little Emma?”

“Yeah...they got married two years ago and she’s ten years younger than him.”

“Really?” Ben took a sudden interest in the other woman. “I’ve never bagged a twenty-five year before.”

Mara pinched him on his ass. “Of course you have. Me! You were the only guy I was fucking when I was twenty-five.” She paused and gave a moment’s thought. “I think.”

“Yeah, but I was twenty-five then too.”

Although they had a running agreement, Mara’s standards of what was acceptable disclosure and consent were slightly looser than Ben’s. Surely, she had Ben’s consent to have a tryst with whatever man struck her fancy as long as she told him before the event. In the chance that Ben was unreachable or the moment of opportunity was about to pass, she merely had to tell him as soon as possible after the fact.

She was aware of what Trent and Emma’s agreement was—it didn’t exist—but she invited him out for lunch anyway. Lunch was always safe. It was easily

disguised as a business meeting. It was casual.

She intentionally booked it next to a hotel she had used before.

“When did you move back to the area?” Mara asked.

“About six months ago. Moved back here for work.”

“I thought you left for good. Ohio not exciting enough for you? And why didn’t you call me right away when you moved back?”

Trent laughed. “Because I’m married now.”

“So?” she asked pointedly.

The look she gave him both excited Trent and made him nervous. “I want to be faithful to her,” he said, trying to dance around the issue. This wasn’t just a casual friends’ lunch. They both knew that. The old attraction was still there as much as he wanted to deny it.

“I don’t want to steal you away from Emma, I just want to get you in bed.” Her gaze was level as she tried to meet Trent’s eyes. Her fork was pointed at the ceiling as he nervously moved his food around on his plate, like a little boy confronted with a misdeed at school.

He cleared his throat and said, “As I remember it we never were in bed together.” It was a half-feint away from her incisive comment.

Emma frowned for half a second and then nodded in agreement. “True. I remember a couple of cars, a garage, someone’s basement, where else?”

“Woods behind the cemetery and in the dressing room of the high school’s theater department, I seem to remember.”

Her eyes narrowed. “I don’t remember ever giving a blowjob in the dressing room.”

His eyes widened and then he tried to recover. “That’s because I ate you out, not the other way around.”

Mara shook her head, her short blond hair making a small halo around her head. "Nope. Never had my pussy eaten in the dressing room either."

Now Trent was alarmed. "Are you sure?"

"Positive."

"Oh. Um. It must have been some other girl."

"Glad to know I'm so forgettable."

"Oh. Well. I've botched this," he commented. "I'm not very good at these games."

She smiled and put down her fork. Mara wasn't very hungry for the remains of her lunch. "I forgive you. You were never very good a flirting. It's a good thing you have a big cock."

Just like a schoolboy Trent flushed bright red and hushed her. "Keep your voice down," he complained.

"Why?" she asked. "No one around here cares. I'd love to give you a blowjob for dessert." She said this in her normal tone of voice.

His blush intensified. "Not here," was all he could think to say.

"Of course not. Next door at the hotel. They have very nice rooms at reasonable rates."

Trent glanced around nervously. "Fine. Just keep your voice down."

Once they got into the hotel room, after Mara made Trent feel more embarrassed and exposed in front of the desk clerk who looked like he hadn't yet graduated high school, Mara fell to her knees in front of him and pulled down his pants.

"Good," she said when she fished his already erect cock out of his boxers, "you're still big."

"Did you expect me to get smaller as I got older?" he asked with half a laugh.

“No, just wanted to make sure I remembered your cock correctly. I sucked a lot of them in high school and you apparently didn’t remember my pussy because it was never in the stage dressing room.”

Before Trent could reply she took his length in her mouth and sucked greedily. The guilt of the moment warred with the lust inside him. Neither won out for the moment. Mara was his long lost lust from high school that he had put behind him because he had grown up and moved on and gotten married. And he didn’t like the idea he was cheating on his wife. His younger, beautiful wife.

But more than that he loved that Mara was happily sucking him off. She was good at it; that he hadn’t forgotten at all. He wanted to fall back on the bed and let her love his cock. He wanted to pull her up, tear off her clothes, and fuck her so hard she’d cry from the beautiful pain he inflicted on her. Yet his guilt kept him from acting. He just closed his eyes and concentrated on the sensations Mara was causing him.

Her forefinger and thumb encircled his ball sack and gently squeezed, separating it from his cock. That was an odd sensation. She backed off his cock and stroked it with her other hand as she looked up at him. Though she was kneeling and performing an act of love upon him, he didn’t feel like he was in control of the situation as all. She was the one with all the power.

“You didn’t used to last this long in high school,” she teased him.

“I’ve had a lot more practice since then,” he replied.

“Want to cum in my mouth or shoot it on my face.”

“Your face?” he asked, a little surprised at the offer.

“Okay, but let me take off my jacket and shirt first, I don’t want them covered in spunk.”

“No,” he stopped her. “I don’t want to cum on your face. I was just amazed you would say that.”

“Why not?” she shrugged and went back to stroking him. She still didn’t release his balls and he realized how much control over his body she had. Her touch was gentle but she was the boss. “Some guys really get off on it.”

Trent didn't want to imagine how many men had cum on Mara's pretty face in the years between high school and now. "I want to cum in your pussy."

She shook her head. "Uh-uh. Nope. I'm saving that for when your wife says it's okay for us to fuck."

"What?"

"I can't be sneaking around behind her back. That's just not nice. One blowjob and then you need to go home and ask little Emma if it's okay for you to sleep with me. She can join us if she likes. I don't mind sharing you." She grinned up at him and squeezed his ball sack a little tighter. "I like girls too. I found that out in college. Is she bi?"

The questions that Mara asked put incredible images in Trent's head. He couldn't answer. Mara knew exactly what was going to happen next. She quickly covered the head of his cock with her mouth and sucked hard. His orgasm erupted and filled her mouth with his hot, sticky cum. There were three hard spurts and she swallowed each one. After the third he calmed visibly and let a few more spurts empty into her mouth. She maintained a strong suction on him until she was sure he was done, only then did she release his cock.

"Argh," he groaned when he was free of her mouth. It wasn't so much a complaint as a relief to be free of her grasp and a celebration of his release of sexual tension. "Fucking hell. You've gotten better at that."

"fellatio?" she asked casually. "Every girl has to have a hobby."

"What?"

She laughed at him and stood up. "Just a joke."

He nodded and put his hand against the wall, then slowly sat down on the edge of the bed. Mara took a few steps into the bathroom and ran the water. There were a few plastic cups next to the sink. She took a drink to wash away the taste of Trent's semen. His flavor wasn't unpleasant, but she didn't especially like the bleach-like odor it always left behind.

When she walked back out into the room Trent was still on the edge of the bed, his cock half erect. He hadn't even pulled up his pants yet. She smiled and

reached for the zipper on the side of her skirt. “Let’s see if you remember what happened in the dressing room,” she said and unzipped the skirt, dropping it to the floor. She was wearing her plain business suit jacket with the matching skirt. Underneath she wore a pair of fancy yellow lace panties. Keeping on her shirt, jacket, and the panties she perched her ass on the edge of the low dresser opposite the bed. Parting her legs just enough to let Trent see the dampness between her thighs she gazed at him meaningfully.

“Wow,” he breathed.

“Take them off and dive in,” she invited him. “Do a good job and you can keep them as a souvenir.”

Mara wanted to surprise her husband with her lack of panties under her skirt but it was her night to get home early, make sure the kids survived the bus ride home from school, get dinner going, and assist with homework. By the time she got all of that done she realized she had changed out of her work clothes and changed over to sweatpants, a camisole, and an ancient college sweatshirt. She had even gone so far as to put on plain white cotton panties. There was little to be done to rectify the situation when Ben walked in as she was finishing dinner.

“How was your day?” he asked.

“Super terrific,” she answered.

That immediately gave Ben pause. It wasn’t often she used their codeword but now he couldn’t wait to put the kids to bed and see what her secret was. That was the problem with the codeword, it hinted but didn’t inform. It was nothing more than a tease and a promise of something that couldn’t be discussed in front of innocent ears.

After all the night’s chores were done and the children were safely ensconced in their beds Ben practically ran to the bedroom where his wife was calmly waiting in their bed reading a book. It was just another ordinary night in the Altman’s house. “So tell me the details,” he said without preamble. “Did you fuck Trent today? You did, didn’t you?”

“No,” she answered calmly trying not to smile. It was a struggle.

“You’re lying,” he accused her.

“Why would I lie about that?” she asked.

“Because you don’t want to get the reputation of a cheating slut who steps out on her husband all the time.”

“I already have that reputation,” she reminded him.

“Oh. Right. I forgot.” He paused and slid his hand halfway up her nightie that only came down to mid-thigh. “So what did you do today?” he asked innocently as he edged his hand toward her pussy.

“I gave Trent a blowjob,” she told him calmly and turned a page.

“Ah ha! I knew it,” Ben crowed.

“No, you didn’t, you thought I fucked him.”

“Well, close enough. I knew I married a slut.”

“I didn’t become a slut until after I married you,” Mara reminded him. “And keep sliding your hand toward my crotch and you won’t get anything tonight.”

“Come on,” Ben pleaded. He liked playing this game with his wife. Already his cock was getting hard. He could smell the scent of her arousal in the air. “Tell me the details.”

With a poorly over-acted sigh she put aside her book and quickly related the story of how she had spent her lunch hour. The only intentional omission was the location of her panties. Sometimes even hotwives needed a little secret.

“You didn’t fuck him then?”

“No, I needed a little leverage to make sure he’d tell everything to his wife.”

“How long before...you know, before we’ll all get together.”

“Hell’s bells, Ben, if I knew that I’d be the best psychic on Craigslist.”

“I’d really like to do his wife,” he said a little too overeagerly. Ben lifted up the

hem of her nightie to expose her boring white panties. She lifted up her hips to let him pull them off.

“You haven’t even met Emma. Or Trent,” she pointed out.

“But my wife’s given him a blowjob, and he’s eaten her precious pussy and trading is only fair.”

“I’ll keep you updated on any changes in status,” she told him as he lowered his face to her smooth pussy. His cock was fully erect now. Just the idea that another man’s face had been between his wife’s thighs was all he needed to be ready to fuck. The only reason to eat her pussy was for her pleasure alone. She was already wet and her nether lips were open and ready to accept his cock. Mara’s eyes closed and she sighed in contentment as Ben’s tongue delved into her moist folds and hunted out her tiny hidden clit. “Make me cum and I’ll let you have sex tonight,” she promised.

Ben’s eager tongue set to work on her little button of pleasure.

Trent hid the panties inside the inner pocket of his overcoat. He thought about them that night when he was fucking Emma. When he came inside her she cried out her appreciation of his technique. He desperately wanted to tell her his secret, to reveal what was hidden in his coat pocket, but his courage failed him at the moment of his orgasm. Afterward he was too ashamed to ask his wife if it was okay if he could fuck another woman. He was too afraid to ask her if she wanted to join him and Mara in bed.

“What got you so randy tonight?”

“Just being with you,” Trent lied to her.

Chapter Two

The text messages between Mara and Trent flew back and forth much to Mara's annoyance. Texting was convenient but it was also a pain in the ass. She felt like she was passing notes back in high school.

Mara: You haven't told her yet?

Trent: I can't. I'm too nervous.

Mara: How will you feel when she finds out that you fucked another woman?

Trent: I didn't fuck you!

Mara: You ate my pussy and I gave you a blowjob. You think she'll care about the difference?

Trent: What'll she say?

Mara: I don't know. You tell me.

Trent: She'll probably divorce me.

Mara: Then we should probably end this now. I'm not going through that.

Trent: But I want you...

Mara: Then be a man and ask your wife for an open marriage.

Trent: I'm so nervous.

Mara: It's been a week. I like sex but hate games. Do you want me to be there when you ask her?

Trent: I don't know if that will make it better or worse.

Mara: You'd better figure it out quick or you won't have my pussy or hers...

Trent: What should I say?

Mara: Ask her what her deepest, sexiest fantasy is and then tell her yours is to fuck another woman with her.

Trent: That'll work?

Mara: Yes.

Mara had no idea if that would work but she was tired of the conversation that had gone on in fits and starts for the past week. Something had to be done to force the issue. After turned off her phone she considered what she would say to Ben if he asked her for her deepest, sexiest fantasy. Five years earlier she would have had a list for him. Most, if not all, of those fantasies had been fulfilled. What was next in her life?

Trent had made himself go three days without sex or masturbating. He needed a special kick if he was going to get over this hump. Three days wasn't much in the grand scheme of things, but for him and Emma it was a long time. Since they had been married he was certain they hadn't gone more than twenty four hours without some sex play of some sort.

It was easy to get Emma naked and in bed. He still wore his pajama bottoms as he played with her body. Though she wouldn't admit it to herself, Emma had a submissive personality in bed. She was happy to go along with anything that Trent, or any of her previous boyfriends, had suggested. Trent didn't fully realize this either, he simply thought his lovely wife was happy to fulfill his wishes.

"Keep your hands by your side," he ordered.

"Yes, sir," she giggled. Trent wasn't a dominant though sometimes he unwittingly played that role. Emma's tits were young and stood up proudly. He took one of her soft pink nipples in his mouth and sucked fiercely. Her breath sucked in at the surprise attack. Before she could protest Trent's hand was

between her legs. A finger penetrated her cunt and his thumb found her clit. That's how she liked to be masturbated, that he had learned the first time they had fallen into bed.

She reached up for his arm, to caress her husband's body, but he stopped her. "No, keep your arms down."

"Okay," she mumbled. Her mind was already focused on her pussy and his fingers. He liked the way she carefully shaved her pubic hair into a nice neat rectangle above her slit. Maybe it was an affectation of younger women, but it turned him on to no end.

He tried to put the thought of Mara's completely bare pussy from his mind. Then he remembered he was doing this to get Emma to agree to let him fuck another woman. Emma was making all the right noises and she was quickly headed toward orgasm. Sometimes it took almost no effort at all to make her cum. Keeping her wanting for the past three days had worked well. Judging the moment to be right he slowed down his efforts and asked, "What's your dirtiest sex fantasy?" he asked. He watched her carefully to judge her response.

"What?" she nearly shouted. "Keep going. Don't stop."

Trent kept her pussy occupied but slowed his stroking more. "Tell me. Tell me one of your fantasies and I'll make it come true." He grinned at his pun. She didn't notice his wordplay.

"Make me cum," she whined.

"Tell me," he ordered. He wasn't shouting but his voice had taken on a serious edge.

She responded like the secret submissive that she was. "Two guys at once," she moaned and grasped at the sheets with her fingers. Her heels dug into the bed and her hips rose up. She wanted faster and harder friction on her pussy and Trent wasn't providing what she needed. "One in my ass and one in my pussy." It surprised her she admitted such a dirty thought.

It surprised Trent as well. She had never voiced any desire for anal sex and he had never asked. But it was good. It was a start. "Really. What two guys?" he asked. The moment he asked the question he knew it was a bad idea.

“I don’t know,” she whined. “Any two guys. You and someone else. Two strangers. Just make me cum.” She was almost crying now. Trent saw no reason to keep her on edge. He roughly rubbed her prominent clit with vigor. She made a noise deep in the back of her throat and shouted with triumph as he pushed her over the edge into orgasm. His hand was soaked with her liquid cum. Wasting no time he pulled off his pajamas and got on top of her. His big cock easily slipped into her open pussy and she wrapped her legs around him, happy to be crushed into the bed under his weight.

“I’m going to make it happen for you,” he promised her as he started thrusting. Emma’s eyes were half closed and she barely heard him.

“Uh-huh. Sounds good.” She wanted some silence so she could concentrate on her pussy and get another orgasm before the other one faded completely away.

“Two guys at once,” he continued. “You’re going to have screaming orgasms. We’ll have to soundproof the bedroom.”

He was talking too much for her to concentrate and her eyes opened. “I suppose you want to fuck two girls at the same time?” she asked. There was an edge to her question. He was traveling dangerously close to forbidden territory. He took the risk and started fucking her harder.

“Of course. Typical male fantasy. You and another girl. It’ll be fucking fantastic.”

Her orgasm started ramping up and she didn’t answer him. She wanted to but she didn’t know what to say.

Trent: She said she wanted to fuck two guys at once.

Mara: Really?

Trent: One in her ass. One in her pussy.

Mara: Adventurous gal.

Trent: I told her I wanted to fuck two women at the same time. Her and someone

else.

Mara: Text me back when you tell her you've got the other girl picked out and it's your old high school girlfriend.

"Emma, about what we were saying in bed yesterday," Trent began.

Emma froze. Just the way he said the words made her nervous. "You mean that fantasy stuff?"

"Yeah. Were you serious?" he asked. He half-chickened out. This wasn't the way to do it.

"Sort of. I mean, fantasies, right? If you don't have them sex is boring, right?"

Ben looked up at the ceiling of the bedroom. He couldn't face her when asking the next question. "What would you say if I found another woman who would be willing to have sex with me and you at the same time?"

For a long time Emma was silent.

"What about my fantasy?" she asked. Then it occurred to her what he was saying. "Have you been cheating on me?" she asked. Anger and nervousness tinged her voice.

"No, but I ran into an old high school friend. An old girlfriend."

"Really." It was more a statement than a question.

"Yeah," was all he could say.

"And?"

"And what?" Trent said; he had lost his courage.

"And what are you asking me?"

"Um...want to have sex with me and my old high school girlfriend? Or can I just have sex with her?"

Trent: She wants to meet you.

Mara: And why does she want to do that?

Trent: I think she's interested but nervous.

Mara: Right....

Trent: What's that supposed to mean.

Mara: Maybe she wants to bitch slap me before she serves you with divorce papers.

Trent: Fuck! What!

Mara: Though I am loath to use the expression: LOL.

Trent: Jumping Jesus on a pogo stick. Stop with the fucking jokes. This is my marriage we're playing with here.

Mara: I'm interested in meeting her. I want to see if she's fuckable or not.

Neutral ground in a public place was always a good idea when meeting a potential new partner. This was a rule that Mara had followed scrupulously since the start of her and Ben's decision to have an open marriage. Sometimes the new potential partner was too much of an unknown. Public places were infinitely safer and offered easy escape if the new person turned out to be psychotic or self-centered or an ass. Mara preferred using Madeline's, a nice coffee house on the north edge of the city, right next to the art district of cheap rents, college slums, and interesting hipsters.

She had waited ten minutes past the appointed time of their meeting and had a sinking feeling in her stomach that wasn't the coffee. It wasn't often that Mara had been stood up, but it happened. Before she gave up all hope she checked her phone one more time for a text or voicemail. Nothing. Lunch at Madeline's wasn't the greatest, but she could manage.

Trent and Emma breezed in five minutes later. Mara couldn't decide if she was happy with their late appearance or annoyed by it. She expected everyone to be punctual.

"Hi!" Trent said with far too much enthusiasm. "Sorry we're late. We got stuck in traffic and couldn't find a place to park." The parking situation in downtown was always terrible, but Mara didn't consider that an acceptable excuse. She said nothing to Trent and quickly evaluated Emma.

His wife was pretty. Long brown hair fell to her shoulders with bangs that just skirted the tops of her eyes. She had a nice, clear complexion only slightly disrupted by a small—but attractive—mole on one cheek. It was hard to tell how she stacked up in her clothing which wasn't revealing but was very well put together and professional, stylish without being excessively slavish to fashion. Next to Trent she looked like his wife. They made an excellent pair. Similar coloring and postures. Had they already taken on the aspects of the old married couple that starts to look alike? After only two years of marriage?

"Hello, I'm Emma," she said extending her hand to Mara. The older woman knew the polite thing to do would be to stand up and shake the girl's hand to properly greet them. She didn't feel like being polite because she had been forced to wait for so long. Instead she remained seated but shook Emma's hand.

"Nice to meet you. Sit down. They have a waitress for this section of the shop. She'll be around in a minute. I've been waiting for you." She stressed the last sentence. The couple sat down opposite her and Mara put aside her petty irritation. If she wanted to bed Trent—and Emma—she needed to make nice.

They made some idle chit-chat while they settled in and the waitress came over to take their orders. Mara kept herself calm and studied Emma. The girl was pretty and seemed a bit nervous which was understandable but not at all angry. This very well might work out.

When the waitress was gone Mara immediately shifted the conversation. "So Trent tells me you might be interested in a three-way with him and me."

Much to her credit the younger woman flushed bright red immediately. "Wow. You get right to the point, don't you?" she asked, trying to avoid the issue and buy time coming up with an appropriate response. "And shouldn't it be you as the one interested in the three-way with me and my husband?"

Mara smiled. It was nice to see that Emma was trying to keep control of the situation, and she showed a bit of spirit by emphasizing her relationship and hold over Trent. “Semantics. And yes, I do get right to the point. No reason to play silly games about what we want. I want your husband. And you seem like a nice person. You’re pretty. I wouldn’t mind sharing a bed with you.”

Although it didn’t seem possible, Emma flushed again. “Wow. Um. I’ve never been propositioned by a woman before. Or been invited to an orgy either.”

“It’s not an orgy, dear, it’s a ménage a trois. Or a three-way. And orgy is five or more people.” This time her smile was genuine. The poor girl was out of her depth but obviously interested. “Are you interested?”

Emma glanced at Trent who had been silent during the exchange. She wasn’t sure what she was expecting when she had agreed to meet Mara. Casual conversation. A long getting to know you session. Drunken banter. Flirting. Whatever she had been expecting it wasn’t this exactly. Trent shrugged at her. “It’s your decision, honey,” he told her, completely wimping out on taking control of the situation. It was obvious to Mara that Emma could easily be controlled. There was something about her personality—she tried to project a strong front but it wasn’t completely convincing—that screamed submissive to Mara.

Before Emma could answer, Mara spoke again. It was a risk, the girl was right on the cusp of making a decision but perhaps she needed a bit of encouragement. “I’m interested in you, Emma. I know we’ve really just met, but Trent has assured me you’re a wonderful, vivacious person, that’s good enough for me. I’m sure Trent has also given you his assurance I’m a nice person with a sparkling personality who is everything you might enjoy in a friend. If you can’t trust the word of your husband, who can you trust?”

It was hard for Emma to speak. Her emotions conflicted within her. She knew what she wanted to say, but everything in her life up to this moment was telling her that wasn’t the right way to behave in polite society.

“I...I trust him...and I’m interested. It’s just...that...it’s strange to be contemplating and planning...this. It’s truly peculiar.”

“If you want peculiar I can take you to a sex club where you’ll see things you’ve only read about on the internet.”

Both Emma and Trent laughed at her joke. “Shall we meet at your place on Friday night?” she asked pressing ahead. “No time to waste, really, is there?”

Emma nodded her consent. Trent covered her hand with his and squeezed it.

“Wonderful. My husband Ben is very excited to meet you as well.”

Her gasp was audible through the coffee house. “I didn’t know you’d be bringing him as well,” she said.

Mara shrugged. “He doesn’t need to be there the first time. But he and I share. And Trent told me a little something about a fantasy of yours...”

The supply of blood Emma exhibited in her face was a testament to her good health. Mara liked that.

As it was Mara arrived alone at their house on Friday. She didn’t want to scare Emma away. It was one thing for Emma to play with her husband and a new lover, it was something again to consider having sex with a strange man for the first time. Breaking one’s marriage vows was an exciting and scary event, even if a wife had her husband’s permission and encouragement. Besides, it would be fun to see how Emma responded to a woman’s touch for the first time.

After the requisite tour of the public areas of their house, small talk, and round of drinks Mara addressed the issue at hand. “Do you have a king or queen sized bed?” she asked.

Trent laughed. “King sized,” he said. Emma looked down at the floor. She was too nervous to say anything substantial. I’m too tall for a queen sized and we had the room for a king so...” he trailed off. He was nervous just like his wife. There was never an easy way of starting things with a new pair of swingers. Mara knew she’d have to be the one to start everything but she liked being in charge.

“Excellent,” Mara said. “Lots of room then. Shall we go see it and get things going?”

Emma stood rooted in place as the other two moved to the stairs. “Coming, Emma?” Mara asked when the younger woman didn’t follow.

“It’s moving so fast,” she said.

“True,” Mara admitted. “But it’s sort of like a Band-Aid. Just rip it off quick and the pain goes away quickly. The anticipation is worse than the event. Of course, the event here is fun.” She smiled warmly. “Do you still want to do this?” she asked kindly.

Her head nodded. “I think so. I’m just scared.”

Mara took two steps back to the brunette and picked up her hand. “Don’t be afraid. I’ll be with you the entire time. There’s nothing to be scared of.”

Emma laughed and half-sobbed at the same time.

“Let me give you a safe word. Red. Can you remember that? All you need to do is say that at any point and we’ll stop. No hard feelings. It’s your choice. I’m not pushing you. Safe words are used to make you safe.”

“I want to,” Emma blurted. “I’m just scared and worried and don’t know what will happen.”

“Of course you’re nervous, that’s what makes it exciting.”

Trent was watching from halfway up the stairs. He was positive everything was going to fall apart, Mara was going to leave, and his wife would hate him forever. Then Mara asked, “Have you ever kissed a girl before, in college or high school?”

Emma shook her head. “No. Never.”

Mara quickly grabbed Emma’s face between her hands and planted a firm kiss on Emma’s lips. The girl was so surprised at the sudden bit of affection her mouth opened to protest. Mara took the opportunity to slip her tongue between her lips. “There,” she said when she broke off the kiss. “Now you have. Let’s go upstairs and make love.”

In a haze of confusion Emma nodded and allowed herself to be led upstairs. Once they crossed the threshold of the bedroom Mara grabbed the hem of her modest dress and pulled it up over her head to drop it in a messy pile on the floor. Underneath the plain blue frock she was wearing a matching set of green

and yellow lace panties and bra; nothing too sexy, practical yet alluring. The lace of the bra was sparse enough that her nipples were visible under the translucent material. Both Emma and Trent gaped at her sudden undressing and what she was now showing.

“You have pierced nipples?” Trent blurted out suddenly.

The little silver balls on each side of her nipples made small bulges and were easily visible. Mara posed and said, “Yes. Do you like them?”

The married couple didn’t say anything for a long, awkward moment. “Um. Wow. They’re...impressive. I’d never had the guts to do that,” Emma said.

“Ben loves them. It’s a long story. I’ll have to tell you later. Take off your clothes.”

Emma giggled nervously. “Right to the point.”

“Yeah,” Mara said and added firmly. “I came here to have sex.”

“Right,” Trent agreed and pulled off his shirt. Emma followed suit and Mara watched as they started undressing. She stopped them after Emma revealed her rather plain red bra and panties. Trent was in his underwear, but Mara’s eyes were focused on Emma’s body. Once she had seen Mara’s mostly nude body, she had found a bit of courage and confidence in herself. After two children Mara was still in pretty good shape, but her breasts weren’t nearly as perky as Emma’s and her tummy had a slight pouch. Being ten years younger, Emma had a slight advantage over her rival, but that didn’t matter to the brunette.

“Stop,” Mara commanded. “Are we here for you or him?” she asked Emma, indicating Trent.

“What?”

“Who gets to be the focus tonight?” Mara clarified. “In a three-way one person usually winds up getting a lot more attention from the other two. It’s better to figure that out from the start.”

“Me,” Emma said confidently. She had put aside her earlier worries with her rising tension and arousal. “I want to be the center of attention.”

“Good,” Mara agreed. “It’s been a while since I made love with a woman.”

Emma didn’t know how long “a while” was to Mara but that didn’t matter since she had never been with a woman. Mara approached her confidently, slipped her arms around Emma’s waist, and lightly kissed her on the lips. The sensation of their still covered breasts pressing together was odd, but Emma forced herself to enjoy it. She opened her mouth and accepted Mara’s tongue.

“That’s fucking hot,” Trent said. Emma wasn’t sure how long they’d been kissing. It had been long enough for Trent to pull off his briefs and stroke himself to full erection. Or perhaps just the sight of his wife making out with his ex-girlfriend was enough to arouse him.

Mara kept her arms firmly around Emma’s waist. Her hands slowly moved up and down the younger woman’s soft skin. “Want a little taste of this?” she asked her old lover.

“Yes,” he replied eagerly.

Both women laughed at him. “What do you think, Em? Should we allow him to join us?”

“Umm...” Emma wasn’t just teasing. She had genuinely enjoyed kissing Mara and wouldn’t mind doing quite a bit more of it.

“You’ll have to wait,” Mara informed him and went back to kissing Emma. She didn’t just kiss, she moved her hands to the back of Emma’s bra and expertly unhooked it and pulled the garment from the girl’s body, dropping it to the floor. The two women never broke their kiss and Mara slipped her hands downward now, hooking her fingers into the elastic waistband of Emma’s panties and pushing them off her hips. Emma helped and happily kept kissing her new lover while standing there nude. It only occurred to her that they were almost the exact same height. Her nipples hardened and pressed against Mara’s lace bra. She imagined her delicate nipples could feel Mara’s piercings through the lace.

“Get on the bed,” Mara ordered. Emma had already entered a state of sexual haze and obedience; whatever Mara ordered she would have done without question. As turned her back on Mara and climbed up on the huge raised bed Mara squealed in delight. Emma looked back over her shoulder, thinking that perhaps Trent had grabbed his old lover, but Mara was merely looking at

Emma's ass. "I love your dolphin tattoo. It's so cute."

Strange as it was, the words were enough to cause Emma to blush. "I got it done in college. Drunk co-eds should never get tattoos."

"It could have come out a lot worse," Trent reminded her. He continued to stroke himself, but slowly and carefully. He didn't want to cum too soon and certainly not by his own hand when two beautiful and willing women were naked—or nearly so—in his bedroom.

"You do know that a dolphin is considered a phallic representation of sex, don't you?" Mara asked.

Emma sighed and rolled to her side. "Yeah. I do now. After I got it done. In college I just thought dolphins were cute and fun. I didn't really consider them to be floating penises."

"You do now," Trent said.

"At least you're well marked," Mara agreed. "Get on your back and spread your legs. I want to taste your pussy."

She did as she was ordered and Mara climbed on the bed between her legs. She wasted no time and simply kissed Emma's thigh, then her lower tummy, then her tiny rectangle of pubic hair, then she lowered her head and sank her tongue into Emma's moist folds. The younger woman groaned and placed her hands on top of Mara's head, gently guiding her to where she liked to be licked and kissed.

Mara didn't mind the guidance. She didn't mind either when Trent got on the bed, pulled off her panties with some assistance, and then pushed his erect cock up into her pussy. Emma didn't notice for a few minutes as Trent slowly fucked Mara. Then the shaking of the bed started to disturb her steadily approaching orgasm. Her eyes fluttered open and she saw Trent making love to another woman and a thrill of violation went through her mind and body.

"Is he fucking you?" she asked Mara unnecessarily.

"Mm-hmm," was Mara's mumbled reply.

"Of fuck. That's wrong. Does his cock feel good up inside you?"

“Yes,” Mara said quickly taking her tongue from Emma’s clit and replacing it with the soft pad of her forefinger. She manipulated the swollen little pleasure bud, swirling slow circles around it.

“Is he going to cum inside you?”

“Do you want him to?” Mara quickly replied.

“No. yes. I don’t know.”

Mara laughed. “Let me make you cum first, then,” she said and proceeded to vigorously rub the girl’s clit as she flicked her tongue up inside her cunt. The idea of what they were doing was too much for Emma to resist and the orgasm easily roiled through her body. Her thighs clamped around Mara’s head and she let out a high keening cry to announce her climax.

When she was done Mara asked, “Tonight is for you. What do you want next? Trent’s cock? I’d bet you’d like that. Or would you rather watch him fuck me some more?”

She had barely come to her senses but this time Emma had a ready answer. “I want to go down on you while he fucks me.”

The idea was amenable to Mara, but she was surprised. “Really? That’s pretty advanced for a novice like you.”

“Fuck you,” Emma giggled. “I just want the same as you. And I’m not some innocent virgin.”

“I can tell,” Mara commented as she wiggled a finger inside Emma’s pussy. The other woman laughed and Mara got out from between her legs to lie next to Emma and give her a kiss. She hardly gave a glance back at Trent as she pulled clear of his cock.

“I taste good,” Emma declared commenting on the tart flavor clinging to Mara’s lips.

“You never say that after I’ve been fucking you and ask for a little head,” Trent grumbled. He was resting on his haunches, his erect and wet cock pointing toward the ceiling.

“That’s because your cock isn’t nearly as soft and inviting as Mara’s lips,” Emma replied sourly. She rolled on top of Mara and kissed her new friend on the side of the neck, then the lips. “Your bra is still on.”

“Take it off,” Mara ordered. Emma kissed her way down a little and pushed her hands under Mara, found the clasp and released the bra. She was fascinated by the small metal rods that went through Mara’s nipples. They were held in place by little silver balls. She kissed her friend’s nipple, and then licked it. Immediately the nipple hardened, wrinkling up to a hard little nub.

“Did it hurt to get them pierced?” she asked, playing with the barbells a bit.

“A little, of course. But it’s worth it.”

“How do you get them off?”

“One ball unscrews. But don’t do it now. I don’t want to lose the jewelry.”

“Right.” She kept licking and playing with Mara’s nipples as Trent and Mara watched her. She couldn’t meet either of their eyes. “I’m afraid to go down on you now,” she finally admitted after a minute of silence.

“You don’t have to.”

She shook her head. “No. I want to. I’m just afraid to.”

“Then close your eyes and just do it.”

Emma nodded and continued kissing her friend’s breasts. Mara placed a hand on top of Emma’s head and gently pushed. Emma followed the non-verbal instruction and kissed her way down Mara’s body, burrowing her tongue into Mara’s bellybutton making the older woman laugh, and then moved down further until she arrived at the slit between Mara’s legs. She inhaled Mara’s musky scent and flicked her tongue out at the top of the slit. She didn’t feel any pubic hair or stubble at all.

“Did you shave recently?” she asked, her eyes still closed. Anything to delay the moment. Anything to stop her from putting her mouth and tongue on Mara’s wet pussy.

Mara shook her head. “No. I get waxed once a month. Go ahead, honey, you know you want to taste my pussy. Just do it. You’ve earned it.”

She took a deep breath and lowered her face just a bit. The taste of Mara’s pussy wasn’t all that unpleasant, it was much like her own, of course. It took a moment to get used to, but then it became natural. She sought out Mara’s clit, found it, and bore down on the tiny little pleasure organ. As she worked on Mara’s cunt, Trent slipped behind her positioned her hips, and thrust his cock into her ready pussy. A thought flashed through Emma’s head that Mara’s pussy juice still covered Trent’s cock. That meant their pussies were bound together in some mystical way.

It felt right and natural to be eating another woman’s sex as she was fucked by her husband. Emma settled right into the act and in almost no time at all Mara had her first little orgasm. Her overactive pussy leaked more lube than would ever be necessary. Emma was a smart girl and stopped licking when she sensed the orgasm.

“Should I stop?”

“Fuck no! Keep going. I usually have three or four. Go! Go!”

Taking a little pride in herself because on her first real effort with another woman she had made her lover cum. She redoubled her efforts and Trent continued to fuck her. She pushed the thought of a second orgasm for herself from her mind and concentrated on Mara.

It was then that Emma learned what it meant of a woman to be truly multiply orgasmic. Emma had always taken pride in herself because she could easily have three or four orgasms in an evening if her lover truly worked at it. Mara was completely different. After the first climax, she came down from her high and Emma applied her mouth to Mara’s cunt again. In little more than a minute she had another orgasm again with a little trickle of pussy juice. It was a pattern that repeated four more times before Mara finally pushed her away.

“Stop, oh stop, that’s more than enough.”

“Wow.” Trent had stopped fucking Emma to watch the impressive show his ex-girlfriend had put on. “I didn’t know you could do that.”

“Happened after college,” Mara explained.

“That was...just so incredible,” Emma declared.

“Keep fucking her,” Mara said. “I want to see you cum and then her.”

Trent hadn’t pulled out of his wife, so he simply began thrusting again. Both were enthralled with Mara’s performance and it didn’t take long for Trent to empty his balls into Emma’s pussy. That was enough to set her off on a second, small orgasm.

“Very good,” Mara complimented them.

Emma disengaged from her husband and curled up next to Mara. “Thank you,” she said.

“For what?” Mara asked.

“Everything. Tonight was just so...it was indescribable.”

“I’d just call it orgasmic and leave it at that,” Mara said.

Trent made to move next to them but Mara held up a hand and waved him away. “Go clean up,” she told him. “Get some water for us. I need a few minutes with Emma.”

He was disappointed, but he hoped that perhaps that Mara was planning something special. As soon as he was out of the room Mara started to quiz her partner. “So, Trent said your fantasy is to have two guys at once. One in your pussy and one in your ass. Is that true?”

Her face was shining with pride. The orgasms had relaxed her and engaged her libido. “Yeah. But I don’t think it’ll ever happen.”

“I don’t see why not. You have Trent. I’m more than happy to loan you Ben. He’s a very nice man and a good lay. Problem solved.” She smiled with great confidence at the younger woman.

In that moment Emma’s expression of anxiety and worry returned. “I don’t know if it’s a good idea.”

“Why not?” Mara snapped. “I’m happy to share Ben and Trent has no right to get jealous.”

“It’s not that....”

“What then?”

“I’ve never had anal sex.”

That revelation caused Mara to giggle. “Oh. Only that?” Her smile immediately reassured Emma. “I can solve that problem for you.”

“You can?”

“Of course. I’ll need to give you a little something and you’ll need a week or so of preparation...”

Chapter Three

Saturday morning dawned early for Mara. The kids were bouncing off the walls in the living room probably because Ben had kept them up late playing video games while she was off bedding Emma and Trent. When she woke her pussy was still sore. It would have been fine if, when she had gotten home the night before, she hadn't told Ben about her adventure with Trent and Emma, but he insisted. And then he had fucked her hard. Twice.

"I wish he had cum in your pussy," Ben said as he came the first time.

"I know honey," she consoled him.

She could have avoided getting fucked a second time, but she was tired and Ben wanted some pillow talk. She foolishly revealed her plan for Emma. The idea alone got Ben hard and he rolled on top of her, his cock already erect. It was just easier to let him fuck her again. Not that she didn't enjoy it.

"I've got errands to run today," she mumbled as she climbed out of bed. She never felt her best first thing in the morning. Ben held on to her wrist.

"Stay in bed five more minutes," he asked her.

"No, you just want to fuck me again," was her reply. His cock was already erect; Ben's typical morningwood. Not that she wouldn't have minded a good fuck...if she wasn't so sore...if she didn't have a hundred chores to accomplish during the day...if she wasn't worried about one of the kids walking into their bedroom.

"Yeah? So?"

Mara groaned in frustration. "I need to get things going today. I've got to meet Emma."

That was a mistake. Ben's grip tightened on her wrist. "Oh. Right. Tell me more."

"No. Gotta get showered. Gotta get coffee."

“Gotta get to Emma and Trent’s and get fucked again.”

His irrepressible nature was hard to resist. Mara grinned. “No. No fucking today. Just a quick visit.”

As it was Mara didn’t make it to Emma’s house until early afternoon. It didn’t matter because the married couple that didn’t have children had only been awake a few hours. Mara was equally jealous and annoyed. When she came into the house Trent wanted to hang around but Mara dismissed him and Emma took the hint, sending her husband off on a few errands.

When he was finally gone Mara pulled a small case from her enormous purse. “This is what I promised you,” she said and opened the case revealing three buttplugs and a tube of KY.

“They look huge,” Emma said with a shiver. Mara couldn’t tell if the reaction was one of excitement or nervousness. It didn’t matter. She had a plan and Emma would follow it. The three plus were, in fact, different sizes and were part of a set. When she had purchased the set Mara was amused to find that when they came in the mail each one was labeled on the base: small, medium, large. She knew there were larger sets, but she hadn’t bothered to purchase the superdeluxe five plug version. What followed large? Extra large, for certain. Then what? Jumbo? Enormous? Gigantic?

“Nonsense,” Mara said, and displayed the small label for Emma. “I’ve used these myself so I know what I’m talking about.” She noted the girl’s alarmed look. “Don’t worry, they’ve been thoroughly cleaned and sterilized. Safety first. Besides, look at this tiny one. It’s smaller than Trent’s dick and certainly is smaller than Ben’s.”

“Right,” Emma agreed and steeled herself for a lecture. She wanted this, she knew, but didn’t know if this was the right way to approach it.

“Now, since you’ve never had anal sex before, you need to practice. We’ll start with the small, of course, and lots of lube.”

“Right. Should I go in the bathroom and try it out?” she asked.

“Of course not,” Mara said standing up from the kitchen table where they had been drinking coffee. She had only accepted the drink to be polite but Emma had

obviously needed it to fully waken. “We’ll do it right here. Pull down your pants and bend over the table.”

Mara was dressed casually in jeans and a polo shirt. Emma was dressed as if she had just rolled out of bed, which was probably the case though she denied it: black yoga pants, no socks, and a yellow camisole under a zip up sweatshirt. “Right here?” she asked.

“Yes. Right here, right now.” Mara put her hand on the table and shook it appreciatively. “This is strong enough to hold your weight and is just the right height.”

“Okay.” It was obviously not okay with Emma, but she obeyed the older woman’s orders. Emma was, after all, a submissive at heart even if she didn’t know it. She lowered her yoga pants and after stepping out of them, pulled down her yellow panties to mid-thigh.

“I love how you style your pubic hair,” Mara said before Emma turned around to face the table. She noted the little dolphin tattoo swimming along the curve of her friend’s ass.

“Thank you.” It was an awkward compliment to take.

“Take the panties off all the way.”

Emma complied and stepped out of them as well. It was strange to be half naked in front of another woman—even one she had recently slept with—in the kitchen of her house about to be violated with a silicone buttplug. She bent over the table and rested all her weight on her forearms. In this position her torso was early parallel to the floor.

“Spread your legs a bit wider,” Mara ordered as she walked behind her friend and lightly spread apart her buttocks. Emma complied and felt completely vulnerable and exposed. “You have cute little ass,” Mara said. It was her second compliment. Emma felt like she was being seduced. She went along with it.

“Thank you.” She wasn’t sure if Mara meant her fleshy buttocks or her anus but didn’t ask her to clarify either.

“Okay, the KY is going to be a bit cool, but you won’t notice it after a moment.”

There was a quick shock of cold on her asshole. She gasped then shivered as Mara's finger pressed against the tightly puckered orifice. "You know you need to relax," Mara said softly. "It won't hurt, I promise."

"I know, it's just so strange and weird."

"You'll love it after we get it in."

Emma giggle. "That's what my high school boyfriend said the first time we had sex."

"Really?" Mara asked skeptically.

"No, not re—" she gasped as Mara suddenly pressed the heavily lubed plug against her anus and then—almost against her will—it was penetrating her where she should not be penetrated. Mara was right, it didn't hurt, but it was strange and felt a little bit wrong.

"Oh, you're taking it very nicely," Mara soothed her. It felt like the plug kept going and going. Then suddenly it was as if it disappeared. There was still some slight tenderness from where Mara had pushed it in, but that was quickly fading.

"Why'd you pull it out so quickly?" Emma asked, confused.

Mara smiled and showed both her empty hands to her friend. "I didn't. That plug is in place." She grabbed Emma's hand and had her reach around to her backside. The flared base of the toy was protruding ever so slightly.

"Holy shit!" Emma gasped.

"Comfortable?" Mara asked.

"Sort of." Her mind was still processing what her body was experiencing. The first time she had used a vibrator was nothing like this. She had been penetrated in her pussy before her first vibe use. This was completely foreign.

"Stand up," Mara ordered. Emma did so and felt the plug moving slightly in her rectum. It wasn't painful, just different. "Walk back and forth a bit," she commanded.

Emma moved. Tentatively at first, then with a bit more confidence. As she did so, the plug started giving her some sensations she had never had before. It wasn't like masturbation, but there was a definite sexual feeling to it.

"Can you feel it inside you?"

"Yes." She moved a bit quicker now, more her normal pace.

"Pain?"

"No." Emma started taking bigger steps and then without warning the plug started slipping out. She awkwardly grabbed at the toy before it could fall to the floor.

Mara clucked her tongue. "That's what I thought. For a girl with a virgin ass, you're kind of large."

That caused Emma to laugh. "I'm a virgin and loose already?"

"Believe it or not, that's a good thing. You can't imagine what it's like to be tight and have some guy shove his cock up your ass."

"Oh. Yeah. I hadn't thought of that." She had the plug in her hand. Her ass felt open and...odd.

"Come over here, assume the position again, and we'll take care of that problem."

Emma did as she was instructed and handed the small plug to Mara. She knew what was coming but said and did nothing but carefully breath and relax. The tube of lube spluttered out a generous amount of the thick gel and then Emma felt the medium plug pressing against her anus. It was already a little open from her experience with the small. She let out a little peep of pain.

"Am I hurting you?" Mara asked. She didn't mean to stop, that was for certain. Emma felt her continue to push the toy forward. It took all her will not to step forward to try to avoid the assault. This might have been why Mara ordered her down on the table. She had no way to retreat.

"A little."

“You know the safeword,” Mara replied and continued pushing.

Emma breathed deeply and willed herself to relax. Her asshole was spreading open in a most unnatural way and she wanted to scream out her distress, but then suddenly the pain was gone. This time she wasn’t so naïve as to believe Mara had backed away. She could feel the medium plug resting nicely in her rectum.

“Much better,” Mara complimented her. “You should have seen how your little ass just sucked it right in as we hit the critical flare point. Beautiful.”

“Wow,” Emma breathed. “This is intense.”

“It should be. Now the true test,” she said.

“What? You aren’t going to put the large in?” Emma started to stand up, but Mara held her down on the table with one hand.

“No, you’re not ready for that. I was going to masturbate you to make sure the plug stays where it belongs during orgasm. When anyone cums their anus clamps down. You’ll be amazed at the intensity of the orgasm.”

“Oh. Okay.”

“Do you want to do it here or in your bed?”

“Bed,” Emma replied, then realized that would involve a walk up the stairs. She was certain Mara wasn’t going to take out the plug for that, but she didn’t want to do it in the kitchen either.

“Good. Walk normally, but carefully, to the stairs and up them. I’ll watch to make sure everything is okay.”

Emma nodded, stood up, and walked carefully. She wondered how necessary it was for Mara to watch her naked ass walk up the stairs and how much Mara simply wanted to ogle her younger Sapphic lover. With that thought Emma took a little pride in her step as an object of lust.

The plug stayed in place for the short journey up the stairs and into the bedroom. “Lay down face up,” Mara ordered. She didn’t have to be told to open her legs. The bed was still unmade and messy. Emma lay down and carefully opened up

her thighs. The plug still didn't move. She took a bit more confidence in her movements.

Mara knelt beside her on the bed and reached for Emma's pussy. There was no reason to resist. She had been looking forward to this. When Mara touched her, it was obvious that her pussy had been lubricating itself for some time. "You're wet," she commented.

Emma giggled again. "Yeah. It's pretty obvious, isn't it?"

"Getting toys shoved in your ass turns you on?" Mara asked as she started manipulating Emma's engorged clit.

"Uh-huh." In only a moment her arousal was rising quickly. Emma was surprised at herself. She knew she'd be turned on by the process, but she didn't think her response would be so fast or so intense. It took hardly any time at all for Mara to give her lover an orgasm.

Emma was embarrassed. She nearly cried at the intensity of the orgasm. Her entire pelvis clenched around the plug causing torturous throbbing to eddy through her body. Tiny tears squeezed out of her tightly closed eyes. The dénouement from the climax took longer than the buildup or the orgasm itself. It was with some satisfaction she realized her plug was still properly in place.

As she slowly recovered Mara moved around the bedroom and went through her dresser and closed. When she could open her eyes again she saw a smiling Mara standing next to the bed holding a pair of panties and jeans.

"Do you like these panties?" she asked holding the plain green cotton trimmed in pink up.

"Yes."

"Do they fit well?"

"Yes."

She now held up the jeans. "How about these, are they snug but not too tight. They can't be loose."

“Yeah. Trent calls them my sexy ass jeans.”

“Good. Put them on. You’ll need to wear the plug for at least two hours a day. We’ll slowly increase the time. Add a half hour a day until you can put the large plug in without pain. Don’t try putting in the large plug for at least three days. Understand?”

“Yes.”

“Excellent. We’ll have you filled with two cocks in no time.”

Emma found the schedule that Mara had set for her tolerable if not completely convenient or without a bit of soreness. There were strange moments at work when she had to wear the plug but needed to remove it in the middle of the day. After finding a much larger purse that problem was partially solved, but she was certain the men at her office were staring at her ass much more than usual.

Without admitting it to Trent or herself she relished the attention she thought she was getting.

Mara called every day to monitor her progress. It was Friday, six days since she started the regimen before she revealed that she hadn’t even tried the large plug yet.

“We can’t have your ass fucked until you can get it in,” Mara said.

“I know,” whispered Emma back.

“I’ll have Trent put it in for you. It’ll be next weekend before we can try getting you double fucked, Emma,” Mara said with disappointment in her voice.

“I know,” she apologized.

“Give the phone the Trent. I need to speak with him.”

After the phone was passed off Mara began without preamble. “I’ll need you to put her on her back, lube up her ass really well, and put the large plug in.”

“Should I do it tomorrow morning?” he asked nervously.

“No, you should do it now while I’m on the phone with you. Put the phone down, get the lube, and do it.”

“Okay.” Trent’s voice was hesitant and she heard their voices in the background as Trent and Emma discussed what needed to be done. Mara waited patiently. After a couple minutes Trent came back on the phone. “She’s on the bed with her ass in the air. How much lube should I use?”

“Twice as much as you think is necessary. You need to get that buttplug in there. Time is wasting.” The necessity of the large plug going into her ass tonight wasn’t that urgent, but Mara wanted to make it seem so. Emma needed to be properly kept in her place and this was the best way to do that.

He put the phone back down. She heard some more vague voices and then a screech of pain. Mara smiled silently behind her phone. “Keep pushing,” she said softly knowing that neither Trent nor Emma would hear her.

When Trent came back on the line he said, “It’s in. She’s crying.” He sounded breathless, as if he couldn’t believe what he had just done to his wife, or perhaps he was amazed her body had accepted the large penetrating object into her anus. It didn’t matter.

“Excellent. Tears are to be expected. The physical connection to her emotions is often difficult to understand. She’s not in any real pain. It’s just a bit of discomfort.”

“If you say so,” Trent replied, uncertainty filled his voice.

“Give the phone to Emma,” she directed.

After a pause Emma’s voice came through the speaker. “Yes?” It shook with her anxiety and there was the threat of her bursting into tears at any moment.

“Are you crying, Emma?” Mara asked crisply.

“No.” Her voice continued to shake.

“Good. Are you in pain?”

“No.” Her voice was slightly more confident now.

“Wonderful. I want you to do two things. First, you need to ask Trent to take a picture of your ass with the plug in it. Then you need to send the picture to me. Can you do that?”

“Yes, ma’am,” Emma replied. The honorific came automatically. Mara couldn’t help but smile as the way Emma was acting like a sub now. It was sweet. She didn’t want to be the mistress of a submissive right now, but it was nice to know that Emma was preferential to that type of treatment. And somehow she knew the correct way to act to a dominant.

“Very good. And when he’s done with that you need to ask him to fuck you.”

“With the plug in?” Emma asked, her voice quavering again.

“Yes. Of course. Can you do that for me?”

There was a pause. “I can do that.”

“Good. I’m going to hang up now. I’ll expect the photos shortly.” Mara disconnected the call.

In short order Trent sent her two photos of what could only be Emma’s ass. Her dolphin tattoo was on display and the large butt plug was firmly in place in her anus. In one of the pictures Mara could just see the hint of Emma’s nether lips. They were open and dripping with her liquid desire. Mara smiled and showed Ben the pictures on her phone.

“You’ve turned that girl into quite a slut in short order,” he complimented her. They were lying in bed together. Ben was reading a book as he typically did every night after the kids were put to bed and Mara had been absently flipping through television channels wondering if she should simply watch a movie when Emma had called. But now she had gotten horny and snuck her hand under the blankets, searching for Ben’s cock.

“If there’s one talent I do have in life...” she said, letting her sentence trail off leaving interpretation open to the listener.

“Are you trying to seduce me, Mrs. Altman?” he asked.

“Not trying, succeeding,” she said after finding his cock erect. She shoved down his boxers and bent her head down to Ben’s crotch. When she was little Mara thought the idea of oral sex was, by itself, a disgusting concept and something that should be barred by law. It was later in life that she learned to give head. Later still she learned to accept the hot, sticky gift that came at the end of every good session of fellatio. And latest she had learned to love giving head to a girl.

Ben’s cock fit nicely into her mouth, much like Goldilocks he was neither too big or nor too small. It was one of the secrets to the longevity of their relationship.

“Can I cum in your mouth?” Ben grunted to her after she had performed on him to the point of near-release.

“No,” she said primly popping his cock out of her mouth and letting it slap wetly onto his belly. “I want to ride you for a while first. Then you can cum in my pussy.”

“I won’t last long,” he told her.

“I’ll get your strap.” Digging around in the nightstand drawer Mara extracted the strip of leather with strategically placed metal snaps. This she proceeded to wrap the device around the base of Ben’s penis separating his cock and balls from his body. When she was done it was tight, but not unduly so; the already engorged organ became a darker shade of red and increased further in hardness. “I’m going to ride that sucker,” she said mostly to herself as she pulled off her nightie top, exposing her breasts to the air.

When she threw one leg over Ben’s hips it was an easy job to settle her moist pussy done on the rigid member. “Feels good, doesn’t it?” she asked him.

“Uh-huh.” Ben was sweating already. The cock strap was holding him back; Mara could tell he wanted to cum, but the pressure of the strap was enough to prevent that just yet. She ground down on him, feeling the leather and metal bits against her labia and clit.

“You’re going to make me cum,” she told him, resting her hands on his shoulders. He reached up and tweaked the rings hanging from her nipples. That caused a ripple of pleasure to roll through her body and focus on her pussy. “Do that again,” she requested.

He grasped the rings between thumbs and forefingers to twist them around a hundred eighty degrees. Mara whined as she converted the pain to pleasure. "Harder."

Taking her permission Ben squeezed on her prominent nipples. She whined again and ground her pussy down on his leather strap. She came with a small gush of liquid. "Let go," she ordered and moved her pussy up and down, enjoying the orgasm as it caused her body to quiver. Her abused tits screamed pain back to her as blood rushed to her sensitive nipples. It only took another minute of up and down grinding before Ben was able to overcome the restriction of the strap and unleash his load into his wife. She felt each pulse of his orgasm. His cock twitched inside her pussy. Each little load that Ben forced out caused him to whimper in pain. The strap was just tight enough to confuse pain with pleasure. "That's good, honey," she encouraged him. "Keep cumming." He nodded and continued to force out his semen until finally the orgasm had abated.

Mara rolled off his body and unsnapped the strap, causing a rush of blood back to his previously restricted organ. "Was it good for you?" she asked him.

"Fucking fantastic," he moaned.

"I thought so."

After a quick trip to the bathroom Mara returned to hear her phone beep about its alert tone. Picking up the phone she checked the message and saw new pictures had been sent by Trent. She opened them up and giggled. "Our friends have been busy." She handed the phone to Ben who inspected each one. They had all been taken by Trent. Emma was on her hands and knees in each one. The prominent base of the buttplug protruded slightly from her ass. The photos showed, in series, her wet and open pussy, then Trent's cock entering it, then a few shots of them fucking, and finally the culminating one of her freshly fucked pussy dripping out a bit of Trent's semen.

"I'm starting to get hard again," Ben said, handing back the phone. Mara laughed and took his soft, but growing, cock in her palm.

Chapter Four

Emma took a swallow of wine and looked over the glass at Ben. He was handsome enough and very vivacious. It was hard for her not to keep looking at his piercing blue eyes. They could properly be described as ice blue, but there was nothing cold about him. Ben was polite and warm and charming. Emma felt a bit out of place since she was younger than the other three adults eating her in dining room and she had just met the man who was going to fuck her tonight.

Mara and Trent were reliving old high school memories and Trent had joined in the conversation. Mostly they talked about their old sexual escapades—limited as they were in high school—and compared those tales to what Mara had been up to with Ben at college. She was getting the impression that Mara was a bit of a slut—which was true—and the older woman didn't mind the label. Emma wished she was as sexually confident as her new friend. It was amazing that they were still married after so many years together and two children and their open marriage. Though they seemed to imply that the open marriage is what had kept them together for so long. That was a dizzying thought.

It wasn't as if Emma was a complete innocent. She had already played in bed with Mara and watched as her husband fucked the older woman. Mara had put a buttplug up her ass and had take control of Emma's body in a way she had never contemplated. As she shifted in her seat a bit, Emma was reminded that she had been wearing the buttplug Mara had given to her right up to the time before the other couple had arrived at her doorstep for dinner. The entire time she had been cooking and preparing she couldn't stop her heart from beating too fast with the realization she was about to embark on a new sex game. One that she had said was her fantasy. It was surreal.

"Okay, I think we need to stop drinking before I say something completely stupid," Mara announced putting down her wineglass. "Besides, we didn't come here tonight to get drunk. I came to get laid. How about you, Em, are you ready to get laid?"

Emma tried her most winning smile and said, "Yes. Of course."

“Great. Who gets the master bedroom and who gets the guest room?” Mara asked and covered Trent’s hand with hers. She didn’t even look at Ben. It had already been decided they would not be with their usual partners for the night. That was only part of the plan though.

Trent spoke up for the slightly distressed Emma. “I think Emma was hoping for something else other than just a change of dance partners, remember, Mara?”

The older woman covered her mouth in embarrassment. “Oh, shit. That’s right. Sorry, honey. I suppose we should all go to the master bedroom first and I... fucking hell, I’ll basically get to watch.”

Ben laughed at her. “You won’t just watch. You’ll direct. I know you, woman.”

She laughed along with him. “That’s probably right.” She stood up and gazed at everyone around the table. “Upstairs to the bedroom,” she commanded. “Pleasures of the flesh await.” Mara led the way and didn’t look back. She expected everyone else to obey without hesitation. And Emma did. She was the first on her feet, but the men moved more slowly. Not wanting to appear too eager or too easily controlled, Emma made sure she was the last up the stairs.

When she walked in the bedroom all eyes fell on her. She knew she was the attraction of the night and that made her suddenly nervous. “Are you wearing your buttplug right now?” Emma demanded.

“No, ma’am.” Emma winced because she wasn’t sure if she should be wearing it. Her wince was also because she didn’t mean to call Mara “ma’am”, it just came out naturally.

“Why not?”

“I wasn’t sure if I was supposed to or not,” she answered honestly.

Mara tilted her head to the side. “Well, an acceptable answer I suppose. Take off your clothes.”

Trent interrupted. “shouldn’t we be running this?” he asked with a grin and pulled off his polo shirt. He was still in good shape even if some of his chest hair had already gone a bit gray.

“No,” Mara contradicted him. “Definitely not.” Her grin was triumphant. Ben pulled off his shirt as well and started unbuttoning his pants. Expectant eyes went to Emma. She shivered once, then started unbuttoning her soft sweater to expose her demure white bra underneath. Trying to act casual she kicked off her shoes and unzipped her skirt and dropped it to the floor exposing her green panties.

Emma had gone the extra step for sexiness and had put on a pair of thigh high stay up stockings that smoothly encased her legs in black nylon leaving a strip of bare skin between the fancy lace of the stockings and the lightly patterned panties. “Oh, leave them on,” Mara commented as Emma reached behind her back to struggle out of her bra.

She looked up confused. Mara was still fully dressed in her comfortable pants and fancy dress blouse. “Keep my bra on?”

“No, no. Take that off. And your panties. But keep the stockings on.”

“Right.” She followed ordered and stood there nearly naked but for the stockings and the small bits of jewelry she normally wore: necklace, two small hoop earrings, her wedding band and engagement ring. These last two items she worried around her ring finger as she stood there nervously. Ben and Trent had finished stripping as well. Trent’s cock was still flaccid but Ben’s was rising steadily. Mara looked at Emma’s two paramours for this evening.

“Which one do you want in your ass and which in your pussy?” she asked Emma bluntly. There was no reason to avoid the issue; it was why they had all gathered.

“Um, I hadn’t thought that far ahead,” Emma said and blushed with embarrassment at having not given thought to a critical portion of the evening.

Ben solved the problem for her. “I’ll take her ass,” he volunteered. “I’ll get her pussy later tonight.”

“Later?” Emma asked.

“We’re spending the night,” Mara reminded her. In the heat of the moment Emma was having trouble thinking clearly. “Trent, get on the bed. Oh, you’re not hard yet. Would you like to help him out, Em, or should I do it?” She licked her lips in anticipation of going down on her old boyfriend.

“I’ll do it,” Emma said. Trent went on the bed and lay on his back. She followed him, crawling over his legs to take his dick in her mouth. Emma knew what was expected of her. She kept her ass in the air as her lips wrapped around her husband’s manhood. It only took a quick inspection of the bedroom for Mara to find the lube she had left behind. It sat on the nightstand next to the bed. People were so predictable, Mara thought. Do all married couples keep their toys in the same place? Next to the lube in the drawer were the three plugs she had given to Emma. There was no reason to take them out right now. Before closing the drawer Mara noted the vibrator and length of clothesline. What games had her friends been up to?

She handed the lube to Ben who proceeded to grease his cock while watching Emma perform fellatio. Mara smiled at him. “You don’t need any help from me?” she asked.

“Not with a new piece of ass waiting I don’t,” he replied.

Trent was just as eager to get down to business as Ben was. It took Emma no time at all to get her husband good and hard. Before Mara allowed Ben to approach the couple she stopped them before Emma could get on her husband’s erection.

“We need to lube you up a little bit before that,” she said. Emma already had Trent’s cock in hand and was squatting over his hips, but she nodded submissively. “Go ahead, Ben.”

Mara’s husband squirted out a generous helping of KY into his hand and scooped half it up with two fingers and applied this to Emma’s ass.

“Cold,” she shivered.

“Don’t worry about that,” Mara murmured.

Ben used a finger to explore Emma’s anus, pushing a bit of lube inside the girl who resisted just a bit as he penetrated her. He only put the first knuckle in but Emma shook with anticipation.

“Is she too tight?” Mara asked.

“Not at all,” Ben replied. “She’s been well trained.”

Trent nodded his head. He took the comment as a compliment for his work with his wife. Leaving nothing to chance Mara scooped up a bit of the lube from Ben's hand and pushed her finger into Emma's anus. It was considerably looser than it had been two weeks previous. "Very good," she said. "This will be easy. Are you ready, Em?"

"Yes." The word was spoken with confidence.

"Then get on Trent's cock. Ben will enter you when you've settled."

The married couple assumed a normal posture for them. It was when Ben approached with his erect cock and started probing at Emma's ass that she lost sense of herself and wondered what in hell she was doing. This was the sort of thing porn actors did because they were paid to. She was a suburban housewife; this wasn't her.

And then Ben pressed his cock against her anus which opened up almost as if commanded and he pushed into her. That was when she realized that her fantasy was certainly something worth all the work she had put in for the past two weeks. "Oh...god," she moaned

"Take it easy. Take it steady," Mara instructed. "He's going to fill you up. It won't be exactly like the plug, but that's okay. Relax, let it happen. He's not going to hurt you. You'll feel them both inside you, and that's normal. Trent, don't move. Just let him get in there."

"Oh, he's in," Emma sobbed.

"Only about halfway," Ben commented.

"Do you want him to go as deep as possible?" Mara asked.

Emma nodded. Her cunt and ass felt impossibly full, though both men were only average sized.

Ben eased back a bit and moved forward. Slowly, steadily, he sank all the way into Emma's ass, up to the tangled mess of the three lovers legs.

"He's all the way in," Mara informed Emma and raised her chin up with a single finger. Her eyes were wild and unfocused. Tiny tears were slipping from the

corners of her eyes. “Are you okay?”

“I’m wonderful?” she replied hazily.

“Go ahead and fuck her, boys,” Mara said. “Slow and steady. You don’t want to break the poor dear.”

Trent and Ben moved their hips back and slowly started fucking their prize. It took a minute to find the right rhythm, but eventually they worked together—one in and one out—taking turns penetrating Emma. She could do nothing at all except brace herself and be used by the men fucking her. It occurred to her that she was nothing more than a fuck toy to them and that excited her. She liked the idea of being used for someone else’s pleasure. It was odd to feel one cock going out and one going in. Emma could feel their cocks rubbing together inside her, separated only by the thinnest of tissues.

The experience took her out of her head. It wasn’t quite surreal, but it was close enough. As her body was used she understood why some women desired to be fucked by two men at once. It took her to a state that was beyond the normal bounds of perception.

When she came, her orgasm took control of her body. Though she knew where she was, it was as if she had stepped outside her body and bonded with some otherworldly being.

Then the moment came crashing down. Ben partly pulled out of her ass and spurted his first shot of cum in her anus, then he was all the way out and the remaining spurts shot all over her ass and lower back. When he was done Trent grabbed Emma’s hips and violently thrust his cock in and out of her pussy faster than she could comprehend. He came too, filling her pussy with his seed. She collapsed against his chest and slowly shook. Her body was not her own and she loved what had been done to her.

“Satisfied?” Mara asked the half-conscious Emma.

“Uh-huh.”

“You’ve got a little something here. Let me take care of it.”

Emma raised up her face expecting her friend to wipe off a bit of dirt or tears

from her cheek. Instead Mara moved behind the girl, lowered her head, and licked up the bits of semen Ben had sprayed all over her back. Mara didn't hurry. There was no need. Emma was resting on her husband and she was giving Ben a treat to watch. She made extra sure to clean Emma's tattoo and then proceeded to lick and swallow all of Ben's spunk. Mara wasn't a huge fan of eating cum, but when she did she preferred it fresh and warm.

"That's fucking hot," Trent said when he realized what Mara was doing.

"You'll get your turn later," she informed him. "You doing okay, Em?"

"Yeah. I'm...wow, I'm dizzy," she said when she tried to sit up. Instead she rolled over, Trent's cock plopping wetly out of her cunt. On her back she relaxed a bit. "That was so...intense."

"I bet," Mara said. "And as much as I love getting my own private sex show, I like to fuck as well." She grabbed Trent's hand and yanked him out of the bed. "I'll be taking your husband for the rest of the evening. You can have mine. Enjoy." She lead an unresisting Trent out of the bedroom and to the guestroom down the hall. With a sly smile Ben got in the bed next to her. Reflexively Emma wrapped her arms and legs around the warm body next to hers. It didn't matter the man she was embracing wasn't her husband. He would do.

"I really enjoyed fucking your ass," he said to her, not being crude but being direct. How else is one to speak with another where intimate sexual congress has just occurred?

"Thank you. I enjoyed it as well," Emma said a bit formally.

"Let me get up. I'll get you a wet washcloth. We'll clean you up a bit."

By the time Ben returned from the bathroom Emma had passed out. That didn't stop him from cleaning her cunt and ass. She seemed to enjoy the attention. Seeing there was little else to do he curled up next to her and fell asleep as well.

In the morning Emma was woke the gentle weight and rocking action of Ben's body on top of hers. It was no surprise to her that her legs were spread and his cock was already filling her pussy. "Good morning," he said.

It was an odd way to be woken, but a pleasant one. “Do you wake up your wife every morning by having sex with her?” Emma asked. Though she hadn’t been mentally prepared for sex, her body was. Her arousal was responding to Ben’s cock. It was a beautiful way to wake up.

“Not every morning. Sometimes.”

“It must be nice.”

“Doesn’t Trent do it for you?”

“No,” she said. A guilty twinge tugged at her heart, but then she remembered that her husband was down the hall fucking his ex-girlfriend. All of this was sanctioned, odd as it was. “I usually wake up first.”

“Uh-huh,” Ben replied vaguely. “Do you mind if I cum inside your pussy.”

“Go ahead,” she told him. “But can you make me cum first?” It seemed a bold request but Ben was happy to oblige. He lowered his head to suck on her tit and snuck a hand between their bodies to toy with her clit.

Being fucked away was the best way to wake up, Emma decided as her orgasm rolled through her body. Once he realized she had been at least partially satiated Ben came inside her tight pussy. She felt every little spurt, every hot drip filling her.

When he was done he half rolled off her body but kept his arms around her. It was nice to be cuddled after sex.

“Give me a few minutes and I’ll fuck you again,” Ben said.

“That sounds good.”

“How was it sleeping with a stranger for the first time in your marriage. Excepting Mara, of course. Women having sex with women doesn’t really count as cheating in a marriage.”

She laughed at that. “Why not?”

Ben looked surprised at her. “Because a woman offers another woman

something a husband cannot.”

“Oh. I guess that makes sense. And I enjoyed it. It was crazy, but I enjoyed it.”

“Good.”

“Have you ever cheated on your wife—wait, not cheated—but have sex with another man while she wasn’t around?”

“Ah. No. I’ve never had sex with another man.”

“Oh, so the same doesn’t apply for men?” she asked.

“Of course not. Bisexual men are relatively rare. Bisexual women are the rule not the exception.”

That bold statement made Emma laugh. “Really. You believe that?”

He nodded earnestly. “At least those who are sexually open. Whenever Mara and I go to The Farm, I’d say almost all the women have some sort of same sex contact, but I’ve seen only one instance of two men having sex.”

“Um. The Farm?”

“It’s a sex club up north a bit.”

Emma’s face lit up. “You’ve been to a sex club?” she asked, half amazed, half shocked.

“Yeah. We’re members.”

“Holy fucking shit. Is there all sorts of crazy stuff going on there all the time?”

Now he laughed at her. “Not really. It’s more of a meeting place for couples who are into having sex with other couples.” He thought a second. “Or groups,” he added.

“That sounds crazy.”

“That’s the dull part. They have a largish bar where people met and drink and just hang out. They do have rooms for the more exotic stuff like bondage and

spanking and such. The Farm has employees that will help you fulfill any fantasy you want—within reason, I suppose.”

“How do you know all this?” Emma asked.

“We’ve been a few times. We’re members.”

“How did you find out about it? How did you become members?” Emma was clearly out of her element but fascinated by the concept and the mere existence of such a place so close to her own home. It was something she had never contemplated being so near her mostly sleepy small city. In truth it sounded like some underground club in New York or Las Vegas.

“Mara and I met another couple. They were members, they invited us. We went. We liked it. We joined.”

“Wow,” she breathed realizing she was sounding like an absurdly naïve schoolgirl.

“Would you and Trent like to go with us sometime? They like to have couples bring guests.”

The offer was made casually but it caused an immediate sinking sensation in Emma’s stomach. The idea intrigued and excited her, but she didn’t know how Trent would react to such an offer. Then again, he was the one who had proposed to her a group encounter with his ex-girlfriend. Without Trent’s desire she wouldn’t be in bed with a near-stranger getting an offer to attend a sex club. The idea excited her enough to reach for Ben’s cock.

“Horny again, already?” he asked.

“Yeah,” she admitted.

“I wouldn’t be averse to accepting a blowjob this early in the morning.”

Without a second thought Emma slipped down in the bed and took his soft cock in her mouth. It tasted vaguely salty and vaguely musky from their earlier sex. For an older man Ben proved he had some endurance and steadily hardened in her mouth. “Mind if I get on top?” she asked. Before he could answer Emma was already sitting up and mounting his cock. It slipped easily into her cunt and

she began a steady motion with her hips, enjoying the sensation of another man inside her body. It was incredibly freeing and liberating especially since her husband was right down the hall and he had given her permission to freely fuck Ben. The thought of her husband fucking another woman mad her excited and she let out a little laugh of pleasure.

“What?” Ben asked. He had been watching her face and her tits. They jiggled delightfully as she fucked him.

“I wonder what Trent and Mara are doing right now,” she said absently, grinding her hips down.

“Probably sleeping if I know Mara. She’s not an early bird.”

“Did they fuck last night?” she asked even though she knew the answer.

He answered her anyway. “Yes.”

“Do you think they’re fucking right now?”

Ben answered too honestly. “No.”

“Should I be loud and wake them up?” she moaned.

“Go ahead.”

“I want to see him fuck her again,” she nearly whined.

“Want to stop and go to the other room?” Ben chivalrously offered.

“Yes. No. I don’t want to get off your cock.” Emma was already breathing heavily. Ben didn’t make it any easier on her when he reached up and tweaked her nipples. It wasn’t something she normally liked but this time she didn’t mind at all. A little pain felt good. “Oh fuck, that’s feels good. Do it again.”

Ben pinched her nipples and twisted them around. She shrieked at the foreign sensation but didn’t tell him to stop because she couldn’t form any words between her cries of pain and the ecstasy that formed between her thighs. For his part Ben didn’t notice. He liked tormenting Mara’s nips and she loved him for it. Holding Emma in place by her nipples he thrust his cock up into her as hard and

fast as he could. It was an odd and vaguely violent fucking. The expressions of pain and pleasure that crossed Emma's face was enough to make Ben cum inside her once again. That was all Emma needed to push her over the cliff to orgasm. He didn't let go of her tits the entire time he came and then further waited until her climax had passed as well.

"What's all the fucking noise?"

The question made Emma turn half around while still straddling Ben's hips. Mara stood at the door with a half-annoyed and half amused expression.

"Just us fucking, honey," Ben replied easily. He finally released Emma's nipples and she gasped in pain as the blood came rushing back to the delicate tissues. Unconsciously she cupped her breasts with her hands to offer them some comfort.

"No need to hide them, Em. I've seen them already. And I know what you've been doing."

Ben spoke; Mara was still mute. "Sorry we woke you, Mara."

She was nude, of course. Her hair was rumpled and her eyes were bleary. She waved her hand at the apology. "S'okay. I had to get up eventually." Her eyes flicked to Emma. "Trent's a great fuck, but he snores like a friggin' chainsaw."

Emma grinned. "Yeah, I should have warned you."

"And then I wake up to my husband fucking another woman."

"Life is sometimes like that," Ben said.

"And I a little horny because of it. Got anything left for me?" she asked, approaching the bed.

Ben shook his head. "Sorry. I already came twice this morning. Emma was acting like a slut."

"Hey!" Emma protested. Her nipples were still sore but she let go with one hand to swat at Ben. The couple laughed at her. Mara climbed onto the bed and unexpectedly reached between Emma's legs.

“You did fuck her good,” Mara complimented her husband. “She’s soaking. And you’re soft,” she added when Ben’s limp cock slipped out of his lover.

“I’m getting old,” he replied.

“So who’s going to fuck me?” she complained and looked meaningfully at Emma.

“I don’t have a penis,” protested Emma.

“You’ve got a tongue and fingers,” Mara pointed out and sprawled on the bed next to her husband. She splayed her legs exposing her pretty shaved pussy. Emma only needed a look at the randy wife to feel her own libido rising.

“Okay,” she agreed and slipped off Ben’s hips to clamber between Mara’s thighs.

The married couple exchanged a knowing look. Mara rested her hand on the back of Emma’s head. “You like being told what to do, don’t you, Emma?” Mara asked softly. Emma started to raise her hand to answer. Her tongue had already explored Mara’s musky cunt, but the older woman used her hand to hold Emma’s head in place. Mara made a noise indicating assent.

“I thought so.”

Chapter Five

Married life and family life made coordination of the Altman's schedule with Trent and Emma's difficult at best. They were able to get together for an evening tryst, the four in one bed with Mara directing because that is what she did best. Emma couldn't believe she was so lucky as to be fucked by two different men on the same night. It was an incredible rush and triumph that she couldn't share with her friends or family, but sometimes keeping a secret was more exciting than sharing it.

Trent had been more than willing to go along with a trip to The Farm as Mara and Ben's guests. He saw it as an opportunity to see his wife fuck other men and further expand his sex life. He would have willingly gone along if Mara had merely told him she wanted him to go, without or without Ben and Emma. It didn't matter to him; he was a thrall of Mara's personality and sexuality.

It was all set. Mara and Emma exchanged daily calls and texts talking about what they were going to do and what was expected of everyone. Though Mara considered Emma her friend and lover, she also considered Emma her submissive even if the girl didn't fully understand her role just yet. And then Mara received the anxious phone call from her new lover.

"Oh, I've got great news. I think. I probably shouldn't tell you but I need to because...well, even if you're not supposed to I need to tell you."

Mara was amused at the younger woman's high strung antics but only had so much patience. "Out with it," she said.

"I'm pregnant!" she announced nearly bursting with excitement. "Trent and I have been trying for so long and now it just happened."

"Congratulations," Mara said automatically.

Before she could say anything else Emma added, "I don't want to have to do this, but we're going to have to reschedule for The Farm. I mean I can't go—"

“Nonsense,” Mara contradicted her. “You’ve never been pregnant before. Just wait until all those pregnancy hormones hit during your second trimester. And you haven’t had any morning sickness yet, have you?”

“No, but—”

Mara continued pretending not to hear her friend’s objection. “Great. You were born to be a mother. And how far along are you?”

“About two months.”

“Perfect. You won’t even be showing. Well, actually, it would be better if you were showing.”

“What?”

“The Farm tends to attract those with...shall we say broad tastes in human sexuality. A pregnant woman in their midst will send a lot of the men sniffing around you like dogs smelling a bitch in heat. You’ll be the star attraction.”

“I will.”

“Undoubtedly yes.”

After the disconnected Mara went to Ben and asked him, “When you had sex with Emma, did you use a condom or anything else.”

He looked up from his book and shook his head. “No. Why would I?”

“She’s pregnant.”

A smile tugged at the corners of his mouth. “Uh-oh. What should we tell them?”

Mara frowned. “I don’t know.”

“I don’t think we need to tell them anything until we know more about—”

“I already did the math.”

“Oh.” Ben paused for a minute. “What about our trip to The Farm?”

Mara's expression brightened. "Oh, we're still going. No reason to cancel that."

A short week later found the two couples driving up to The Farm. For all his bravado Trent kept to himself his general nervousness. While he was certain he wanted to see his wife fucked by other men—and women if possible—he wasn't sure if complete strangers doing it was completely safe, even after his wife's doctor had assured him that they could have a normal, healthy sexual relationship during her pregnancy. That might change during the pregnancy, the doctor warned, but for now Emma was fine to have sex.

Neither of them asked if her having sex with more than one man, or many men, was normal or even a good idea.

Emma was worried and nervous too, but for different reasons. She wasn't so worried about the pregnancy; she simply wanted to have as many adventures as possible before she had the baby that was growing inside of her body. Mara had warned her that her love life with Ben had suffered for a few years after the birth of their children simply because they didn't have enough time to devote to each other. Emma didn't want to waste a moment of her opportunity now.

Mara was simply happy to be going to The Farm. She had something in store for both Trent and Emma that neither was really expecting. Secrets made her happy.

Ben was driving. He knew the way and had an erection for most of the journey. He had no intention of fucking his wife or Emma while he was at The Farm. There were always couples and groups looking for a reliable third, or fourth, or fifth....

"Why do you have a bag?" Emma asked when they arrived and got out of the car. Mara had retrieved a small overnight bag from the trunk before leading the way to the main house. The barn behind the house had lights showing through the few windows that were high on outer walls. It must be a private party because the website made no mention of anything in the barn. That was fine. Mara had other plans for her friends. "You said we didn't need to bring anything."

"That's right," Mara agreed. "You don't need anything. I brought some toys and props. I'm not going to be with you the entire time, you know. All you two need

are your bodies. I brought a padlock for the locker room. Once you get naked The Farm will provide everything. I already spoke with Kim. She's the owner. She's expecting you." The near-darkness of the evening hid most of her sly grin.

Once inside Mara ushered Trent and Emma to the common room where, as promised, there was a large bar along one wall and numerous tables half-filled with ordinary people talking and drinking. Ordinary at first glance and then Emma saw the woman wearing nothing more than a g-string and nipple shields. Then her eyes fell on the shirtless man wearing leather pants. He was sitting down at a table to it was hard to determine what else he was exposing. For the first time she wished she wasn't pregnant. A bracing drink was in order but Mara spoke with the bartender and came away with two beers, a mixed drink she didn't recognize, and a bottle of mineral water.

"Cheers," Mara said handing the water to Emma. The men took their beers and they sat down at one of the tables. A few people greeted Mara and Ben. Before Emma could ask another question Mara said, "I asked Michael to tell Kim we were here. She wants to meet you two. I hope Analise is available tonight. She's really the best employee they have. Steffie's a bit too severe for first-timers, don't you think Ben?"

Her husband barely heard Mara's words. He and Trent had focused on the striking blonde who walked through the common room in nothing more than a blue push up bra and matching panties along with a garter belt holding up her stockings. Mara noted the suspenders for the stockings ran under the woman's panties. "What? Yeah."

Mara laughed. "Men never get tired of looking. You fucked her last time we were here, don't you remember?"

"Of course I do. I was just reliving old memories." He took a wistful pull from his bottle.

Before Emma could stand up and say she had lost her nerve and that she would really like to leave a striking older woman appeared at their table. She wore a black corset leather corset pushing up her breasts into an impressive amount of cleavage, long black gloves, tight black pants, and a very practical set of black leather boots. A red leather crop hung from the belt around her waist and a heavy silver necklace encircled her slender neck. While she was obviously older than

Mara, it was impossible for Emma to determine how old the woman was.

“Kim!” Mara practically squealed and jumped up to give their hostess a kiss on both cheeks along with a friendly embrace. Introductions were made all around. Kim never sat down. “Is Analise available tonight?”

Kim shook her head. Emma was enthralled with her beauty and confidence. She wore almost no makeup and somehow seemed perfect and in control of everything around her. “Sorry. She and Steffie are attending to a private party in the barn.”

“Drat.”

“I have a girl you’ve never used before. Josephine.”

Though Mara nodded, accepting Kim’s decision, she was clearly disappointed. “I just wanted Emma and Trent to have a good time there first time here.”

Kim laughed. “Oh, I can assure you they will. Josephine has worked here for quite some time now. She’s a professional. She’ll make your every wish come true,” Kim said to Emma and briefly glanced at Trent. “Let me take you down to the locker rooms where you can get changed.”

She led the way through the house. Noise filled the air, mostly music, but also the sounds of sex, sometimes violent—Emma knew she heard a whip or similar tool striking soft flesh—and sometimes passionate. After walking down a set of stairs they arrived in the locker room. It looked exactly like a well-maintained locker room at an upscale health club. Nothing overly fancy, but clean and neat. Trent and Emma followed suit as Ben and Mara stripped off their clothes. Mara didn’t let her bag out of her hand and by the time their clothes were carefully stashed away another woman had joined Kim.

“This is Josephine,” she said. The attendant was barely five feet tall even in the high heels she wore along with her fish net stockings and flouncy French maid costume that gave her as much cleavage as Kim, even though the older woman towered over the tiny slip of a girl. Mara noted the black collar around Josephine’s neck edged with red stripes. From one hand dangled a leather crop much like Kim’s; from the left hung a small nylon bag. Josephine quickly transferred the crop to her left hand and stuck out her right hand to politely shake first Mara’s hand, then each member of the party.

Emma felt ridiculous next to Josephine, shaking the employee's hand while she was naked. "Come," Josephine said in a firm, clipped voice to Emma. "I'll take you to the room that we have reserved for you and your husband, yes?" She arched an eyebrow. Just the voice and the eyebrow was enough send a tiny flood of excitement to Emma's pussy.

They followed. Ben and Mara accompanied the other couple to keep them reassured that all was normal. The room Josephine brought them too was large, nearly twenty feet on a side, with a large metal framed bed in the middle. A wooden cabinet sat in the corner, its doors locked. Around the walls were various pieces of equipment, a set of heavy, dark, wooden cross braces, a bench with chains and metal rings, and an overstuffed armchair that seemed almost out of place in the austere room. An assortment of rings and chains hung from bolts driven into the frame of the room. The purpose of each item was clear and obvious.

Trent's cock twitched.

"You wished to have sex with others while your husband watched, yes?" Josephine asked Emma.

It was a hard thing to admit to, but Emma found her voice. "Yes."

"Good, very good." She turned to Trent. "Come," she crooked a finger at him. "You wish him restrained, yes?" Josephine clarified.

This time Emma could only nod.

"What?" Trent burst out. From her bag Josephine produced a heavy leather collar that she displayed for Trent. "I didn't agree to this."

Josephine all but ignored his outburst. "Don't be silly," she said. "It's your wife's desire. You should fulfill it for her. You'll watch her get fucked by a bunch of men. She'll be in ecstasy the entire time. Then, when she's done, I'll release you and you'll get to fuck her. You will not regret it. You will have had the orgasm of a lifetime." She glanced down at Trent's growing cock. "Your lips say no, but your cock says yes. Let's stop playing silly games and move along, shall we?" She held the collar up for him again. "You need to kneel down so I can put it on you."

As everyone else watched Trent got down on both knees and the diminutive attendant buckled the collar around his neck, attached a heavy length of chain to the collar and brought him over to the wall where she locked the chain to a ring in the wall. She displayed the key to the two locks holding the chain in place “You’ll be safe.” She crossed the room and hung the key from a hook near the door. “In case you need to be released.” Trent’s eyes were wild with anxiety and anticipation. “Does he need to have his hands restrained?” she asked Emma.

“I don’t know...” his wife said. “What for?”

Mara spoke up. “You don’t want him jerking off while you get fucked,” she explained. “Yes, Josephine. That would be best. Trent might not be able to resist the temptation.”

“Do I have a choice?” Trent asked when Josephine approached with a set of handcuffs.

“No. Put your hands behind your back.” He did as ordered and she snapped the cuffs into place. When she was done Josephine noted his cock was nearly fully erect. She ran a finger from the base up to the tip, teasing him. “Hmm. It’s possible you won’t last the night to fuck your wife. We will see.”

Trent swallowed hard and watched as she grabbed Emma’s hand, bringing his wife over to the bed. “Ready for the night of your life?” she asked the young woman.

Emma exhaled and nodded her head.

“Good. Put your foot up on the bed.” The bed frame and mattress were low to the ground so it was easy for Emma to do as instructed. This time it was Josephine who knelt down and from under the bed she pulled out a long chain with an attached manacle. This she snapped around Emma’s ankle and locked it with another padlock produced from her bag. Emma noted the manacle was padded on the inside and oddly comfortable to wear. “There. You can move about easily enough, but you cannot reach your husband. The chain is too short.”

Emma nodded and stared at the lock on the chain. Josephine took the key matching the lock and hung it next to Trent’s. “I’ll get your first partners,” she said with a nod and then looked at Mara and Ben who had been watching with amusement and satisfaction. “Are you going to join them?”

Ben shook his head. "No, I've got a few people to meet. But I'll be back." He saluted Trent and quickly walked out the door followed by Josephine.

"this is fucking insane," Trent said.

Mara walked over to him and gave him a kiss on the cheek. She fondled his cock for just a moment, making it jump from her electric touch. "You'll love it, I promise. Every man should see his wife fucked repeatedly and hear her scream in rapture."

Trent had no answer for her so she walked over to Emma who was already seated on the bed. "Is this necessary?" she asked Mara, pointing to the chain around her leg.

"Oh dear yes. Otherwise you'll be too tempted to run away or try to free Trent. I'll stay with you for the first couple of fucks and then you'll be fine."

She gave Emma a kiss on the lips and wanted to do so much more to her, but Josephine returned with a naked couple that Mara didn't recognize. It didn't matter. The woman was full of curves and the man already had an erection. So much the better. She stole a feel of Emma's pussy; it was wet. "You're ready for him, aren't you?" she asked.

Emma's breathing had gone shallow, her breasts had enlarged, her chest was flush, and her eyes were dilated. It was all too easy for Mara to push the girl onto her back. Automatically her legs opened and she waited for her stranger lover.

"Her name's Emma," Mara said, introducing the girl to the couple.

The woman spoke. "I'm Edie, this is Steve. He took a dose of blue V so he's ready for her."

"You like watching your husband fuck other women?" Mara asked, getting up from the bed. Steve took her place and without preamble got on top of Emma, probed for her pussy, and easily slid his cock up into her.

"Fuck yes!" Edie cried. "Don't you love sharing?"

Mara nodded but she doubted Edie saw the motion. Her eyes were already glazed over with lust. With a wave to Trent who didn't see the gesture she left

the room. His eyes were locked on his wife and the stranger with his cock in her pussy.

Trent watched as his wife was thoroughly fucked by the man with the shock of thick black hair. He noted the man's balls were shaved. Steve didn't last very long before he grunted and emptied his load into Emma. Trent whimpered and tried to ignore the pain in his groin. He wanted to join in the fucking but from the stern expression on Josephine's face he knew that wasn't going to happen any time soon.

"Can I clean her pussy?" Edie asked the moment her partner was done cumming inside Emma.

"No," Josephine replied in her stern, clipped tone. "That is to be saved for her husband. You can clean his cock if you wish."

"Get up, Steve," Edie ordered. When he complied after a moment Edie immediately fell to her knees and sucked the combination of semen and girl lube from Steve's cock. Trent watched, fascinated. Emma seemed only half aware of her surroundings.

When Steven and Edie were done they were ushered out by Josephine. "I'll return in a minute. There was a pretty boy up in the common room. You'll like him."

The married couple just stared at each other across the room. Neither knew what to say. Emma dropped her hand between her legs and felt the wetness Steve had left. Then she started to masturbate because Steve had not satisfied her. Trent watched and his breathing slowed. His cock remained hard.

As promised Josephine returned with a boy she introduced as Colton. He didn't have a companion with him and she announced he just had his nineteenth birthday the previous week.

"You're embarrassing me, Jo," he said. His face was a bit red but Emma wasn't looking there. Her eyes were riveted to his cock. It wasn't fully hard yet but it was growing.

"Just fuck the poor girl," Josephine instructed.

Colton was handsome and certainly had the body of an athletic nineteen year old. "Can I suck his cock a little first?" Emma asked eagerly.

"Hell yeah," Colton said and presented his manhood to her mouth. It only took her a minute of fellatio to make his firm enough to enter her wet pussy. "On your hands and knees," he ordered. She had already forgotten about the chain around her ankle. It didn't slow her as she moved into position.

Emma did as ordered while Josephine and Trent watched. Her ass went up in the air and her chest went down to the mattress. He entered her easily and fucked her for a good ten minutes occasionally slapping her ass and grunting in appreciation when she bore down and tightened up her pussy. During the ten minutes she had two nice orgasms. Even though he was a youngster he lasted longer than Steve. When his climax came his cum was thick and copious; Trent saw that when Colton pulled out and exposed his wife's gaping pussy.

"Wonderful," Josephine cried. "Come, Colton, I have another ten men to fuck the girl before the husband can be released."

"You have a wonderfully tight pussy," Colton complimented her as he was pulled out of the room.

Trent had now found his voice. "Can you do this?" he asked. "Can you fuck ten more guys?"

"Hell yes," she sighed. She kept her ass in the air and waited for the next patron.

The urge had been strong before but now Trent was close to tears. Not because his wife was fucking strangers in front of him but because he couldn't yet join her or masturbate while she did so. He could only wait for the next ten to come.

They did so over the next hour. Strangers came in and fucked Trent's wife. Sometimes she screamed in ecstasy. Sometimes she cried tears of joy. Sometimes she cried tears of pain and sadness. Often she just had sex with the variety of men that were presented to her. Occasionally the men commented on Trent's presence, usually they ignored him. Usually while she was being fucked Emma looked across the room and locked eyes with her husband. There was such a longing exchanged between the two that they couldn't express in words. Trent remained silent through the entire process. The only noise Emma made were animalistic grunts of pleasure and the infrequent word of instruction or

compliment.

Finally the tenth man was done, leaving his spunk buried deep in Emma's cunt. She was exhausted but not yet fully satiated. Trent hadn't had a bit of release and desperately wanted his freedom.

"What now?" he asked after Josephine disappeared with the older man who had fucked Emma while his wife looked on with an expression of deep boredom.

"We wait for her," Emma replied. Both were bound; neither could reach the keys tantalizingly just out of reach.

It wasn't Josephine who appeared in the doorway next but Mara. She was still naked, mostly. Her tits were gloriously free but around her waist she wore a harness from which, incongruously, hung a silicone dildo. It took Emma a moment to understand what the purpose of the strange toy was for. It was just odd to see a woman sporting a cock from her crotch. "How did it go?" she asked Emma and ignored Trent. Before Emma could form an answer Mara looked between her legs and saw the sloppy leavings of her partners. "Oh, it went well! You did the entire dirty dozen?"

"Yes."

"Good for you," she praised her friend. "And you enjoyed it?"

The way the question was phrased would have made it awkward if Emma had found the trial painful, but in truth it was an incredibly momentous and superb event in her life. "Fuck yes," she answered.

"Good, good," Mara nodded and looked over at Trent, his cock straining, his eyes full of lust for his wife. "Should I release him so he can fuck you?" she asked, teasing.

Emma nodded too eagerly, too quickly. Mara knew she needed to draw out the moment. "Yes, please."

"Maybe I'd like to fuck you first," she mused, barely moving from the doorway. She rested her hand on the doorjamb not far from the line of hooks holding the keys to Emma and Trent's restraints.

“With that?” Emma asked nervously, pointing at the fake cock dangling just in front of Mara’s thighs.

“Of course. Would you like it in your ass or your pussy?”

“In her ass,” Trent spoke up.

Mara narrowed her eyes on Emma’s husband. “Why there?”

“You can’t shoot cum out of that fake thing. I want to clean her out with my cum. You won’t do it right.” He was pulling at the leash around his neck. His cock was straining. It was huge and his balls looked incredibly full of cum Mara couldn’t resist licking her lips thinking about what Trent could do to her if she just got down on her knees and blew him.

“You’re a pervert,” Mara told him.

“You’re the one who brought us here,” Trent retorted, reveling in the anticipation of the moment. he knew he’d shortly be released and one or both of the women in front of his would soon be fucked.

“Maybe you’d like to be fucked in the ass while Emma watches?” Mara suggested. She walked across the room as she spoke, opened the cabinet, and removed a container of lube. “Lots of guys like to be fucked in the ass,” she told them. “I should know. I just did two guys upstairs. Want to watch, Emma?” She removed a condom from the box and flicked it back and forth between her fingers. “What do you say? Would your husband like it up the ass? Lots of men do, though they never admit it until you make them. I can fuck him in the ass and you can see him shoot his load in the air, you won’t have to take another cock in your pussy tonight. It must be so tender...”

“No,” Emma said. “I want him to fuck me.” Her eyes were half-glazed with lust even as she watched Mara open the condom and roll it on to her strapon.

“You might not get that pleasure tonight. Maybe we’ll have to wait another month or so before we come back here. Patience is a virtue and anticipation only heightens the pleasure.”

She shook her head some more. “No. tonight. Now. Release him.” It wasn’t an ordered, it was a request that she didn’t want to come out as a whining plea.

A smile tugged at Mara's lips. "Maybe I'll fuck him when he's done with you." Moving with exquisite slowness she crossed the room but before she could reach the key hook Josephine reappeared.

Her dark eyes narrowed. "Were you going to free them?" she asked sharply.

"Just Trent," Mara answered casually. "I want to see them fuck."

Josephine's look intensified. Inside Mara quailed but her exterior remained calm. "That's not how we do it around here, you know that. Only trainers and attendants are allowed to use keys."

Mara shrugged, making her breasts bounce. "I was just teasing them. Go ahead and release him, see what happens."

With one last cursory flick of her eyes Josephine grabbed Trent's keys and walked with assurance across the hardwood floor. "Are you ready to make love to your wife?" she asked.

Trent nodded with enthusiasm. "Yes. Can't wait."

"It won't last long," Josephine warned. "Would you like me to keep your hands restrained. It will intensify the moment of climax."

"No," he said.

Josephine shrugged her shoulders. "That is your decision." She inserted the key into the lock that held the leash to the collar he wore. It popped open and the leash fell back against the wall, still held in place by the ring. The small woman took her time fumbling with the next key. Trent found he didn't have the will to wait any longer. He nearly ran across the room to his wife splayed on the bed. Her legs were already open so it was easy for him to get into position to fuck her.

If not for the chain around her ankle and the handcuffs keeping his arms behind his back, and the copious amounts of cum painting the outside of her cunt, it would have been a perfectly ordinary scene of a husband fucking his wife in the missionary position. Her arms and legs wrapped around him; his cock easily slipped inside her pussy. She was so wet and well-prepared that Trent could barely feel any friction against his cock. That didn't matter. At this point the motions were all but rote. The real sex was taking place in their minds.

Their copulation lasted a minute at most. Mara tried to count the number of thrusts Trent made, but estimated that it was less than ten before he started cumming. Both of them cried out and gasped as he came. Emma had a pair of intense little orgasms as she was fucked. Trent would later swear he passed out briefly. He was certain he saw stars. He knew for certain it was the best orgasm of his life, not in spite of his wife's cunt being filled with other men's semen, but because of it.

Neither he or she realized when his wrists were released. They didn't see Josephine leave. He did hear Mara order him onto his hands and knees while he was still in the post-orgasmic haze. Oddly, he didn't shy away from Mara's finger probing at his anus and he didn't mind the slick lubricant being smeared between his buttocks.

"I bet I can get his cock up for you," Mara said as she settled behind Trent. It took a bit of maneuvering and she needed to apply a huge amount of lube to her strapon, but eventually Mara pushed it into Trent's tight ass. He gasped in pain as she entered and stayed in him. "Relax," she told him. "A real man understands what's happening. A real man can handle the pain. A real man loves being pegged."

"Have you done this to Ben?" Emma asked.

Mara held on to Trent's hips while he became accustomed to the toy in his ass. He knew it was wrong, but he managed to push aside the thoughts of being violated and adapt them to feelings of being loved by Mara. "Of course," she replied. "It's a special treat for him."

Judging that Trent was ready, Mara began fucking his ass in short, slow strokes. He gasped and groaned with her every motion. "Stop it," she ordered him. "Emma took two cocks at once, on in her ass and one in her cunt and she didn't complain."

"She was prepared," Trent whined.

"And so were you," Mara replied. "Check his cock," she told Emma.

Emma's eyes flicked to Trent's groin and saw to her amazement Trent's erection had returned. "Oh, that's a fucking miracle!"

Mara shook her head. “Just the male body responding as it should. Get underneath him. He’ll fuck you as I fuck him.”

There was a bit of a struggle as Emma wiggled into position beneath her husband. Trent was forced to slowly lower his body down on his wife as Mara moved with him. It was odd to be sandwiched between two women he loved. It certainly wasn’t how he had ever imagined fucking both of them at the same time. The pain was gone and now he merely felt slightly uncomfortable.

“Hold still, Trent,” Mara ordered. “I’m going to fuck your ass. You don’t need to do anything for Emma. I’ll take care of everything.” She started thrusting her hips into him. The dildo she wielded moved in and out of his ass and to his delight and horror his body responded with pleasure. The straps of the harness cut into Mara’s flesh, but she didn’t let that minor distraction bother her.

This time Trent lasted much longer, perhaps three minutes before his body gave up resistance and a climax erupted out of his cock. The semen shot out and filled Emma’s pussy once again. She gave a little cry of delight and Trent moaned as he lost all control of his body.

Mara looked up when she heard some soft applause. At some point during their love making Ben had returned and was complimented their performance. His cock hung flaccid between his legs, not for a lack of appreciation of their fucking but because he was already spent for the night.

“Did Trent learn how to take it like a man?” he asked.

Mara pulled her fake cock out of Trent’s ass—he groaned in relief—and smiled at the happy married couple. “He certainly did.”

Chapter Six

The two couples were able to meet on a regular basis for the next few weeks but didn't have time to return to The Farm. Mara and Ben explained it was difficult getting one of their parents to stay overnight with the kids without having to create an elaborate explanation why.

Emma's belly slowly started expanding as the baby inside her grew. At first she was leery of the strange changes in her body: the weight gain, the swollen belly, the larger breasts, but both Ben and Trent assured her she was completely enticing in her new state. She certainly didn't lack for sex. Trent was after her pussy every morning and every night. When Ben came over he ignored his wife and lavished all his attention on her. It was still nice to have more than just one body in her bed and so Emma often insisted the four share their oversized bed so she was assured of getting the most sex she possibly could. It didn't matter to her whose cock was in her pussy or whose lips she was kissing.

Mara had been correct. The moment her second trimester started she was horny all the time. One evening when the boys were spent and half asleep she was cuddling with Mara, playing with her older woman's nipple rings.

"I want to go back to The Farm before I get too huge to be fucked," she nearly whined.

"That'll never happen. Ben fucked me the night before I had my first baby."

"Really?"

"Mm-hmm." She was enjoying the attention Emma was giving her tits. "We'll get you back there."

"Soon?"

"Soon," Mara agreed.

There was a pause as Emma continued to fondle her lover's tits. "Tell me why

you got your nipple rings,” she said. “I’m jealous and I can’t get mine done now that the baby is coming.”

Mara laughed at her friend’s conundrum. “Oakly, fine. But you might not want to know what’s coming your way.”

“Why’s that?”

“Trent is going to use and take pleasure in your body in ways you can’t imagine.”

“Really? How is that?”

“The female body is built for pleasure,” Mara opined. “You like how he fucks you now that you’re pregnant, right?” It was hard for Mara to fully concentrate while Emma played with her nipples but arousal also loosened her tongue.

“Yes.”

“Ben fucked me every day and night when I was pregnant. After the baby came that slowed down considerably, but then he discovered...oh shit, he discovered that his wife having a bigger rack wasn’t just a visual treat.”

“What do you mean?”

Mara’s eyes were already closed otherwise she would not have been able to speak her next words. “Ben discovered that he loved the taste of my breast milk.”

“What? You can’t...”

Mara plunged onward, not directly addressing Emma’s question. “After our first started to wean my milk production went down and so did my cup size. Ben didn’t mind nursing a bit himself. He called it his in bed midnight snack.” She laughed a bit. Emma had stopped teasing her nipples but that was okay. “He would nurse from me every night. It was nice. You can’t really understand until you’ve breastfed but it feel so fantastic. I didn’t want him to stop. Ever. You really need to have an orgasm just from having your nipples sucked. Have you had that?”

“No,” Emma softly whispered and glanced over Mara’s shoulder to glance at the slumbering men. Was what she was saying about Ben true?

“I have many times. In some ways a nipple orgasm is better than one from your clit. It just makes you want more. Ben kept suckling on me until I got pregnant a second time—adult nursing is such a turn on—and then that stopped for a while when our second was born.” She grinned and put her fingers over Emma’s, encouraging her to rub and twist again. Mechanically Emma obeyed. “And when our second started weaning Ben was back at my tits, keeping my milk going.”

“How long...?”

“For about two years after the babies stopped nursing. I can’t lie. It was incredibly erotic some nights, just him and I in bed together, him at my breasts, you can’t really fully understand until you’ve nursed yourself.”

“Then what?”

Mara’s mouth twisted into a little moue of annoyance. “He and I got into a stupid fight over nothing. Usual marriage bullshit. We didn’t share a bed for almost a week. By the time we made up my milk supply had pretty much dried up. Ben tried to get it going again, but you can’t imagine how much work it is to nurse. And I’d been doing it pretty much nonstop for five years. I wanted a break.”

“Oh.”

“But I felt a little bit bad. The argument was both our faults. And I loved having my tits sucked.” She opened her eyes and looked at Emma who was staring at Mara’s tits as she played with the rings and nipples. “And I still do. I asked Ben what he’d like as an apology. He asked me to pierce my nipples.”

“Just like that? Out of the blue?”

Mara shook her head a little. “Not entirely. He’s mentioned it before. The idea of metal through flesh...and of course I had my ears pierced when I was six. Ben tried to convince me it was the same thing.” Both of them laughed. “I indulged him. I don’t regret it.”

“Did it hurt to get them done?”

“At little. Nothing too terrible. My nipples must have been toughened up by years of nursing. But I went on a night that wasn’t the best choice. There was a class of sorority girls at the piercers when I was there. Some of them shrieked each time they were pierced.” Mara smiled with confidence. “The piercer complimented me. Said I didn’t act like a childish little girl even though it was my first time. Not a peep. He gave me a discount too. I was sore for a few weeks, but then it was just fine.”

“Wow.”

“We can get yours done in a few years.”

Emma laughed. “Maybe,” she said avoiding the issue.

They were silent for a few minutes as Mara caressed Emma’s tummy and Emma continued to play with Mara’s nipples. “Would you mind sucking them?” Mara asked. “I haven’t had a good nipple orgasm in some time.”

“I don’t know if I could do that. I mean, doesn’t it take a long time or something?”

“No. You’ve already got me halfway there. Just suck and play with them.” She put her hand to the back of Emma’s head and pulled the pregnant woman down to her chest. Emma did as requested. She found the sensation of Mara’s soft nipple flesh and hard ring in her mouth at the same time the strangest of combinations. Still, it wasn’t bad and she didn’t mind doing it. When her fingers reached for Mara’s pussy because she was accustomed to making love to her friend in that fashion, Mara slapped them away. “Nipple only,” Mara said.

The two women passed the time in silence that was broken only by the occasional slurp from Emma until Mara suddenly gasped and clutched her friend to her breast. Her body shook with orgasm and when she was done Emma backed off with a proud smile. “I made you cum,” she announced.

“You did,” Mara agreed, “You’re a very good girl.”

They rested together for a while and then Emma asked, “Did you make Ben get his vasectomy at the same time you got your nipples pierced?”

“No,” Mara answered easily.

“Oh. When then. Lots of guys have trouble with getting snipped.”

“Ben didn’t have that problem.”

“He’s a smart guy,” Emma agreed. “He saw all the benefits of it.”

“Not at all,” Mara said. It was time to come clean. “When I told you after we met that I wasn’t worried about getting pregnant it was because I can’t get pregnant. I had my tubes tied.”

“Oh.” It took Emma a minute to fully understand. Then she started to hyperventilate. Her eyes went round and she peered over Mara’s body to see their two husbands sleeping peacefully. “That means...that’s means...” she couldn’t finish the sentence.

“That means that Ben might be the father,” Mara said for her. “I wouldn’t worry too much about it. The boys are similar enough in body type and general appearance that no one will give it a second thought.”

Tears started seeping out of Emma’s eyes. “Why didn’t you tell me earlier?” she asked.

“Would it have made a difference? Would you have had an abortion and started over? Trent will raise the child as his own. You can get a test if you’re really worried about it...after the baby is born.”

“But Trent wants a baby,” Emma whispered.

“Of his own? Ask an adoptive parent if the child is their own.” Mara kissed Emma’s cheeks, tasting the salty tears. “You can always have another.” Emma nodded and said nothing as Mara’s hand went between her legs and started playing with the pregnant woman’s pussy. “I’ll give you a little present. Roll on your back and I’ll eat your pussy. Bet I can make you squirt.”

It took a while but Mara was true to her word.

When the two couples returned to The Farm a week later Trent was still blissfully unaware of his wife’s dilemma. For all he knew she was pregnant from

his cock alone. Mara insisted that Emma wear a tight, tube-like dress that showed off her swollen belly. The women rode in the back of the car exchanging whispers and stolen kisses as the men sat in the front talking about nothing of great consequence.

The moment they walked through the front door of the main house all attention was on Emma, as Mara had predicted. She was more than flattered and a bit embarrassed. They had barely made it to the common room before they had three offers of sex of any sort she wished. Mara kept charge of the situation and declined all the proposals. "We have something special in mind," she told everyone. Analise was waiting for them in the common room. She greeted Ben and Mara with enthusiastic hugs and kisses, she shook Trent's hand, and gave Emma a kiss on the cheek.

Emma judged Analise to be almost her exact same age. She was beautiful and confident. The sexy Farm uniform she wore enhanced every bit of her curves and Emma felt a bit frumpy next to her even though she had received many compliments from men and women on her way in. The skintight electric blue dress she wore left little to the imagination. There was no need for her to wear panties or a bra. Indeed a bra now was uncomfortable to wear and every pair of panties she tried on under the dress was more than obvious. Mara had ordered her to go bare. Emma obliged.

She was in toward the end of her second trimester and Mara had been right about nearly everything. She was horny almost all the time. She had been looking forward to this evening for a long time.

Once the initial excitement was over the quartet was led to the room reserved for the evening. The men quickly stripped thinking they were going to play a fun game. They were wrong. Emma wasn't at all shy about stripping in front of Analise who asked permission to touch the woman's rounded belly.

"Can you feel the baby move yet?"

"Just started," Emma said proudly.

"You're so lucky," Analise replied. "I'm jealous." Then she noticed the men were naked and she slipped back into her proper role. "On the floor, boys," she ordered. "You're getting bound hand and foot." Analise moved quickly. She was practiced in this part of The Farm's offerings. Ben and Trent found themselves

on hands and knees, locked with manacles to rings. They could move around a bit, but barely. While they were occupied Mara helped put a harness around Emma's hips. It took a bit of adjustments and she found the strap that went between her legs and up the crack of her ass just a bit uncomfortable, but in short order Emma was blessed with an artificial cock that jutted up from her cunt and almost followed the curve of her belly.

It wasn't huge but would be more than adequate for what she planned. Part of the difficulty in getting the harness to fit correctly was getting the short dildo up in her pussy. The fucking she was about to do was going to be for her pleasure as well. Mara, much more practiced in this art, took hardly any time at all to get ready.

Once Analise had the men ready she asked Mara, "Is there anything else I can do for you?"

"Just have the others ready when we're done," she said of handedly.

"Of course," Analise replied. "If you need anything ring the bed. Condoms and lube are on the table." She slipped out of the nearly bare room.

"Okay, Mara," Ben said, "we're both getting pegged at the same time. Is that the big surprise?" He didn't sound upset. His cock was hard enough which gave away his actual thoughts on the situation.

"Part of it," she said. "Come, Emma. You get Ben's ass." They smeared lube along the length of the dildos dangling from their crotches and then painted some between the men's cheeks.

It was no surprise that the women switched partners. That was de rigueur when the couples met up. Emma was surprised at how easily her strapon slipped into Ben's asshole. She wasn't surprised at how enjoyable it was to fuck his ass. Pegging a man made her feel powerful, but she still followed Mara's lead. She snuck glances over at her friend as Mara pounded away at Trent's ass. Emma came first. It was easy to make her cum; it was easy to make herself cum. She came a second time before Mara's breathing suddenly changed and she moaned a little giving away that she had cum.

"Should we stop?" Emma asked.

“Yes,” Mara said pulling her strapon from Trent’s ass. “We’re here for our pleasure.” She unrolled the condom and stood up from the floor where the boys were still held in place.

“Hey,” Ben called out as the two women headed for the door. “No orgasm for us? No reach around? Nothing?”

Emma and Mara exchanged a glance and Emma headed back to Ben. She whispered in his ear. “You might be the daddy. I thought I’d give you two boys something to talk about while we got into trouble.”

“What did she say?” Trent asked the moment Emma stood up.

To his credit Ben gave nothing away. “We’re going to suffer here while they get laid,” he managed to stutter out.

“Oh, we’ll get more than that,” Mara said as they walked out the door.

It was left open. The men were side by side about six feet apart but with their asses facing the entrance. They heard Analise walk back in with her high heels clicking on the hardwood floor. “You boys in pain?”

Together they turned and looked at her over their shoulders. “No,” they both answered, almost in unison.

“Good. Mrs. Altman left instructions that you are to get all the peggings you can stand tonight. No handjobs. No blowjobs. No pussy. If you want to cum, you’re going to have to do it by getting pegged.”

“Fucking hell,” Trent cursed.

“It’s not so bad,” Ben told him. “I’ve done it before.”

“I’ll go get Mrs. Bolton from next door. Her husband is tied up for the moment.” They couldn’t see her grin as she turned and went out the door.

“Is this going to hurt?” Trent asked.

“Only if you can’t cum,” said Ben. “Do you like it up the ass?”

“I suppose I’d better get used to it.”

“If you want to keep fucking Mara, you’d better. I know I have.”

As it was Ben was the first of the pair to cum. He did so as Mrs. Myles pegged him when she grabbed his balls and twisted. Huge, thick streams of his cum erupted from the tip of his cock and fell to the floor. He gasped and groaned as he found sweet release.

When Analise came back in the room and saw what he had done, she told him she would release him from the manacles. “But you need to suck off Mr. Page first.”

Ben sighed and looked at his friend. “This is what it’s like to be married to my wife.”

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he spends too little time reading and writing and too much time on video games and mountain biking. His writing interests include erotica, science fiction, and fantasy, both low and high. He lives a private and secluded life in the company of three cats.

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