

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



Steve Wright loved his wife, Charlotte. He thought she was the quintessential English Rose. Honey blonde hair, big brown eyes, petite nose, and full, kissable lips. With a swan-like neck and nice-sized breasts, he fell in love with her every time he saw her. Like most women, Charlotte liked nice clothing. She wanted to look and feel pretty. She wanted to be admired as well as desired. Her husband also enjoyed seeing his lovely wife wearing feminine outfits because he was a voyeur.

Nothing excited him more than to see Charlotte in skimpy clothes. Low-cut tops and miniskirts were some of his favorites. He would encourage her to buy a size smaller when purchasing garments and to opt for bright colors and see-through blouses. Steven Wright had an ulterior motive for wanting his wife to wear revealing garb. Watching other men looking at his wife with lustful eyes, trying to see down her low-cut tops when bending or casting sneaky looks up her short dresses, hoping to see if she was wearing panties or not, always excited him greatly. He had a deeper, deeper, complex need. If only he could persuade her to spend time with another man, a little kissing and cuddling, the holding of hands.

He didn't dare think about his ultimate desire, his most exciting scenario, that of his beautiful Charlotte naked and moaning underneath the thrusting loins of a big, macho man. It's best not to think about that - a wild, impossible dream that could never happen. No, just enjoy the flimsy clothing that he could coax her into wearing and leave it at that. It was better than nothing.

What does he know?

\*\*\*\*

Charlotte was looking forward to Saturday night. It was her husband's bowling night, and it was also her chance to have a little fun. She loved her husband. She knew he loved her and provided for her, but somehow...

Well, there was just that little something she was missing. Steven always treated her carefully. In bed, she was like a porcelain doll. Oh yes, he always made her orgasm, usually with his mouth, but it was a fleeting climax, there one second, gone the next. She wished, sometimes, that he would be more forceful, ravish her, not hurt her, just a little roughness, and certainly, she would love deeper penetration. When her hubby had an afternoon bowl match, he would leave at about thirty, and he wouldn't be home before midnight. This gave Charlotte plenty of time to enjoy an evening out with her next-door neighbor, Dorothy, and be back before Steve got home. Not once did he realize his lovely wife was "out of doors." That is not to say that she was cheating on him.

She first decided to venture out when Dorothy, her next-door neighbor, suggested it. Before then, she would stay in, watch TV, and retire to bed by eleven. Talking with Dorothy, they opted to go for a meal, but that soon became boring. "We should go to one of those nightclubs, do a bit of dancing, and pick up a couple of fellows" was her neighbor's idea.

"I couldn't do that," Charlotte replied. "My husband would have a fit."

What does she know?

On Saturday, Steven said to his wife, "Here's some money. Go and buy yourself a pretty dress, something a little cheeky, give the boys a thrill, and take it next door with you. I know you're friendly with her, and I wish the two of you would venture out together later. I don't like the thought of you sitting here while I'm out playing bowls. You never go out."

What does he know?

That same Saturday, the pair of them wandered up the high street, looking in the shops and trying on frocks. Dorothy was full of advice. "Oh! "You must try this," she said. "You'll look very sexy in it."

Charlotte, rather reluctantly and with difficulty, tried on the dress. "Oh no, this won't do. You can see most of my titties, and the dress is so short when I bend over, you'd see my knickers, Steve would never want to see me in this."

What does she know?

Nevertheless, Charlotte did feel very sexy wearing the dress and, after much persuasion by Dorothy, bought the miniscule frock. That Saturday evening, the young duo found themselves in a local nightspot. The place was already fairly busy, with many couples dancing and several single men and women drinking and chatting at the bar. Dorothy soon spotted a group of young men at the bar. Charlotte thought they were a noisy, juvenile lot, but Dorothy was quite excited.

"Mmm," she said to Charlotte, "would you fancy any of them?"

"Not really. I think they're a loud, immature bunch."

Shortly, two of the group approached the girls, and after the good evening greetings, the dark-haired one asked Charlotte if she would like to dance. "Might as well," she thought. "I don't have to take it any further."

Soon, she was on the floor and began to relax. She found her partner quite a good dancer and surprisingly kept his hands where they should be. She noticed Dorothy being hit on, and she soon joined them, towing a young blonde man. Charlotte saw them talking, and Dorothy seemed quite animated, laughing every time her partner spoke to her and then nodding her head as if in agreement. When the music stopped, the girls were escorted back to their table, where Dorothy excitedly told Charlotte that she was going outside for a little air.

"Perhaps I might get lucky," she enthused.

Charlotte gasped. "You mean having sex with that young man you've only just met. You don't know what he's like."

"All part of the fun," Dorothy exclaimed. "Strange new sex makes the fucking much more exciting."

"Won't your husband be angry?" Charlotte pointed out.

"No, actually," Dorothy said, lowering her voice and peering around to check for eavesdroppers. He rather likes me enjoying other men, and when he gets the chance, he enjoys watching, but if he can't, he always wants me to give him all the details. He gets off on it. It's the ideal situation. I get lots of sex, he gets lots of 'one' sex, and we still love each other."

"My Steven wouldn't want me to do anything like that," Charlotte replied airily.

What does she know?

Charlotte watched Dorothy leave with her young beau. "Look after my bag, please. I won't be long."

Fifteen minutes later, she returned, her hair disheveled, her clothing in disarray, and her cheeks flushed red. Charlotte gawked but couldn't hide her curiosity.

"Well, was it worth it?" she inquired.

"Short and sweet," Dorothy replied. "I managed one climax, but he came rather quickly. Still, he had a nice size cock, all of seven inches. I'll have to pop in the toilet and get rid of his sperm."

"You let him ejaculate inside you?"

"Yes, I love the feel of men shooting inside my cunt."

Charlotte winced at Dorothy's use of the vernacular, but even so, she felt a little envious of Dorothy's escapade, her vagina moistening at the thought.

By ten o'clock, Charlotte had danced with several men, feeling their hard cocks pressing up against the mound just above her vagina. A number of times, she couldn't resist raising herself sufficiently so as to direct the end of a hard penis fully against her throbbing clitoris, only to realize what she was doing and hurriedly, shamefaced, move herself away from the tantalizing pressure. There were several margaritas lined up on her table when she returned from dancing, and she had to drink more quickly so as to catch up. She couldn't stop thinking about Dorothy's indiscretions and, indeed, Dorothy had been outside twice more, regaling Charlotte with all the exciting details such that the young wife became quite horny.

Soon, she was feeling very frisky and abandoned and no longer held herself away from the hard-cocked men but indulged shamelessly with their thrusting bodies, allowing her partner free access to her clothed body. The occasional fumbling at her sensitive breasts and stolen kisses only heightened her horniness. "Whatever would Steven think?" She giggled to herself.

What does she know?

Shortly after 10:33, young black people entered the club. As soon as they spotted the two girls, they strutted over and, in no time, were hitting on the young women. Dorothy, of course, immediately took a shine to two of them, and after dancing with both, went straight outside.

"I've never had a black man," whispered Dorothy as she passed. "Certainly not two. My hubby will be thrilled."

Colored men need no encouragement to fuck, and Charlotte quickly came under pressure to "take the air." She'd already had several dances with her black friend and was quite surprised at the size of the cock pressed up against her. She'd heard about how big black men's dicks were, but this black cock appeared huge. Charlotte thought about the pros and cons of having sex with this handsome young black man. she was feeling very horny, and the margaritas she had imbibed had banished any reluctance or shyness.

She desperately wanted to feel the intimacy of a manly body, her breasts ached to be sucked and caressed, and she had an overwhelming need for her vagina to be filled with hot, hard flesh, so she threw caution to the wind and, before she could change her mind, took hold of the young black man's hand and dragged him outside. For a second, she thought of her husband. She did not doubt that he would be horrified if he knew that she was, for the first time, about to break her marriage vows.

"What the eye doesn't see, the heart won't grieve," she reasoned.

What does she know?

At the rear of the club, a grassed area was laid out with tables and chairs, mostly used on hot afternoons. Now, it was dark, the only light coming from four ornamental wall lights. They provided a pleasant,, glowing illumination. Charlotte was glad of the lesser lighting. She was still feeling a bit shy even though she was full of excitement about the coming action. Some movement in the shadows caught her eye, and she quickly recognized Dorothy with the other two young black women. Before she could take any further notice of the three illicit, struggling bodies, her black was pushing her up against a table, thrusting his loins into her belly and kissing her.

The black's obscene pressure on her lower body momentarily took her breath away, but with an excited voice managed to pant. "What's your name?" Charlotte asked. "I can't let you 'do' me without knowing who you are," she giggled.

"Jamal," the young black growled.

He didn't ask her name. It was of no interest to him. He'd fuck anybody, name or not. Jamal pushed his tongue into Charlotte's open mouth. Now that they were starting to enjoy each other's bodies, any remaining doubts had vanished from Steven Wright's wife, and she was relaxed and happy. Her tongue slipped into Jamal's mouth, and Charlotte relished the naughtiness of her cheating. Already, her toes had started to tingle, and she was giving as much tongue as she was getting. His lips now moved to her neck, and Charlotte wriggled with delight, her neck being one of her most sensitive areas. Jamal sucked at the flesh of her neck, and Charlotte realized there would be a hickey there by the morning.

"Oh dear," she laughed. "How am I going to explain that to Steven? He's not going to like that."

What does she know?

Jamal began fumbling with the buttons on Charlotte's dress. She helped him, and the first four quickly came undone. She felt the cool air on her upper body, and then Jamal was running his hands up under her bra and squeezing her breasts, moving his palms over her hardening nipples. Charlotte gasped aloud as the feeling spread across her breasts, and then, much to her delight, the black man bent his head and took her left nipple into his mouth. Steve Wright's wife could not suppress another loud gasp as Jamal's thick lips began sucking.

She groaned into the black's ear, "Bite me, please."

Charlotte always had a latent desire for a little pain, and with her body shaking with lust, she lost all caution and abandoned herself to the black man's cruelty. Jamal bit down on Charlotte's nipple, bringing a moan from her as she felt the pain and pleasure coursing through her body.

"Do the other one," she panted. "A little harder."

The black man did as he was ordered, and Charlotte's upper torso spasmed as she felt Jamal's teeth biting into her tortured flesh. This kind of treatment was exactly what she'd always dreamed about, and now she was reveling in the roughness of the black man's handling. Shortly, his mouth left her breasts, and Charlotte groaned her dismay, but it was short-lived as Jamal trailed light kisses downwards. He impatiently shoved her dress back away from her shoulders, and it fell around her waist. Continuing his kisses down to her belly, he pushed his tongue into her navel and, at the same time, pulled on her dress so that it fell to the ground, billowing around her feet.

Charlotte was naked now, apart from her panties, which were soon following her dress down onto the ground as Jamal ripped them off, eager to get to her leaking vagina. Charlotte, in a moment of lust, slipped her shoes off and stepped out of the discarded clothing. She was now able to open her

thighs and allow the black man free access to her most intimate parts.

"Oh my," she giggled. "Poor Steven would be aghast."

What does she know?

Jamal wasted no time and was soon slurping on Charlotte's plump pussy lips. "Hold your cunt lips apart," the black man grunted, and Charlotte, eagerly, with her fingers, felt for them and pulled the fat, eager lips apart.

Jamal immediately pushed his tongue into her vagina. The sensation was fantastic. If he hadn't been holding onto her hips, she would have fallen over. Nevertheless, Charlotte literally buckled at the knees. The feeling of his thick tongue licking over her pussy lips and then running up and over her distended clitoris was almost overwhelming, and she couldn't stop herself from moaning.

"Oh, God, oh my, oh, that's lovely," she gushed. "Aaaaahhhh, I'm cumming!"

The tingling in her toes rushed through her body and finished up in her vaginal area then the climax exploded in her clitoris just as if it was blowing the swollen end right off. She couldn't remember ever having experienced such an orgasm, even when her hubby used his mouth on her. The combination of the taboo sex with her black lover and the cuckolding of her husband was enough to take her breath away beside her balance. Jamal abruptly stopped sucking and licking at Charlotte's burning cunt, and again she felt disappointed, but the black quickly stood up, pushed her onto her back across the table, and moved in between her thighs. It took just a few seconds to release and drop his trousers, and in the light from the wall lamps, Charlotte could see what appeared to her as a huge bulge in Jamal's boxers, and she couldn't resist reaching out and pulling the offending garment down.

"I want to look at it," she breathed, her voice heavy with emotion. "I don't think I've seen one as large as this," she said wide-eyed. It looks huge to me. Do you think I can get it in? Can I take it all?"

"This cock will slip into you like a hot knife through butter," Jamal proudly exclaimed and stuck his hips out and twanged his dick with his hand so that it slapped up against his belly, which to Charlotte, made it appear even larger.

She gulped, but even so, she was bewitched by the pleasure-giving tool such that she could hardly wait to feel it filling up her wanting pussy. However, she had to feel it and look at it lovingly. The mesmerized young woman bent her head down, took hold of this monstrous, hard, hot flesh, and pressed it to her face. Charlotte could smell the manliness of the black man, could feel the undoubted strength in the throbbing meat, and couldn't stop herself, didn't want to stop herself, from opening her mouth and closing her lips over the fat glans.

She felt quite content kneeling in front of Jamal, just holding his black penis in her mouth, but soon the urge to start sucking overcame her. With tongue and lips, she had the black man moving his hips back and forth, enjoying the naughty wife's soft lips slipping over the outer edge of his glans. A couple of times, he pushed in a little too far and made her choke, but she soon learned to hold the thrusting cock with her tongue.

The black finally pulled his penis from the young wife's sucking mouth and, lifting her, quickly turned her around and bent her forward. Charlotte, realizing what was coming next, laid her head down on her hands on the table and opened her legs. Jamal moved between her thighs and rubbed his spit-wet cockhead up and down between her swollen cunt lips, occasionally pausing, and pressing onto the distended clitoris, bringing gasps of lust from the eager wife.

The black penis, lodged just inside the fat, grasping labia, was giving Charlotte a myriad of small thrills up and down her spine. She badly desired to be penetrated and pushed her bum back, hoping to get the pleasure, giving tool deeper, but the experienced Jamal liked to keep his women waiting and moved away from the frustrated wife.

"Don't be mean," panted Charlotte, "let me have it. You know I'm ready."

"Do you think you can handle it?" her black lover teased.

"Yes, please, fuck me now."

Jamal couldn't wait any longer, and easing his hips forward drove his throbbing, monster appendage straight up into the desperate wife's grasping hungry cunt.

"Oooohhh, aaahhhh," gasped Charlotte, already pressing herself back onto the thrusting prick. "It's lovely, what I've dreamed about forever. Fuck me long and hard, how and what I've always wanted."

"Your old man doesn't fuck you, eh," drawled Jamal enjoying his control.

"Yes, he does, but..." Charlotte trailed off, not wanting to stop her concentration from enjoying the wonderful fucking she was getting, but also, she didn't want to sully her husband's character. What she was already involved in would have him more than disappointed. What does she know? "Mmmm, I love it, love it," Charlotte breathed, catching her voice every time the black man thrust up into her body.

Her feet were tingling, and that delirious, delicious sensation was beginning to envelop her trembling body. She could feel the black cockhead opening up her vaginal cavity and rubbing over the glands lining the walls. Her pussy was producing lots of slippery mucous, and combined with Jamal's pre-cum her vagina was dripping with lubricant. The huge black penis was sliding in and out of Charlotte's stretched, tiny white pussy with ease. She, grunting with pleasure every time she felt the cock bang up against her womb, couldn't help moving her hips in line with Jamal's thrusting and him, croaking out, "Oof, oof, oof," on every movement.

Now, the hot wife was starting to tremble as she felt the lovely pleasure coursing through her body. Her breasts were swollen with sensation, and this gorgeous feeling quivered down her spine, lanced into her belly, over her "mons," and swelled into her cunt. "Oh! Oh! Ahhhh," Charlotte moaned. "It's wonderful, lovely. Oooohhhh, I'm cumming, cumming stronger than I ever have. Go on, do it, fuck, fuck, fuck, oh, oh, aaahhh, aaaahhhh," and then her clit was exploding as the acute feeling shot out the top of the pulsating organ.

She collapsed onto the table, still feeling the after tremors but with black Jamal still fucking, hard and fast into her hot cunt. The limp body of the breathless, bawdy wife quickly responded to the continuing stimulation of her vagina. It was soon on the brink of another heart-rendering orgasm, and Charlotte surrendered herself to the wonderful sensation.

"How do you like that?" crowed the black fuckster. "Are you enjoying it?"

"I've cum twice already," the weakened girl sighed. "The best I've had."

"Good," replied Jamal. "And now it's my turn. You have a lovely tight cunt just crying out for regular servicing, and I and my "bruvvers" will keep you satisfied. Forget your wimp husband, and enjoy a gangbang with us."

"I love my husband, and he can't perform like you, but I don't think he would appreciate your interest in him."

What does she know?

Jamal was now thumping into Charlotte's body, and she groaned under the weight of the black man's thrusts but still appreciated his stamina. "How exciting it all is?" she mused, still trembling from her massive climaxes. Who would have thought I would be enjoying the ministrations of a black stranger? She listened to her lover's moans, and then Jamal cried out his pleasure as his balls tightened and Charlotte felt his penis jump inside her, felt his cock stretch, and then she was relishing the feeling of the black's scalding sperm spewing into her greedy cunt. "Thank god I'm taking the pill," was her last thought.

\*\*\*\*

Charlotte was home and in bed just before midnight. She'd managed to tear Dorothy away from her two black lovers and see her safely indoors. Dorothy was still on a high, babbling non-stop about how thoroughly she'd been fucked and how much she'd enjoyed her double penetration. "My hubby will have a hard-on for days after I tell him," she jabbered excitedly, lust still visible in her eyes.

"Mine would probably divorce me if he ever found out," replied Charlotte wistfully.

What does she know?

Steven Wright arrived home a few minutes after twelve. His mind was totally taken up with his bowls night. His team had won the match, and it was he who had done the most damage to the losing team. He was feeling quite pleased with himself, humming a jolly tune as he let himself into the house. The hall light was on, and this brought him back to the present.

"Charlotte, Darling, are you in?" As there were no more lights on, it was clear she was in bed, and hearing her answer confirmed his reasoning. "Oh dear," he muttered to himself. She'd had another quiet night.

What does he know?

During the next few days, Steve reminded his lovely wife of their forthcoming anniversary. "I've been speaking to one of my work colleagues about our anniversary," he remarked. I thought we might have a meal at a nice restaurant, but then Sid, my coworker, thought a visit to a nightclub for drinks and dancing might be nice.

"That sounds good," Charlotte answered enthusiastically. "We haven't been out for several weeks. I look forward to it."

"Sid says he knows of a great club that has a floor show, and as he's a member, he can get us in for free. Er, by the way, I should mention he's a colored man, and he did say, in a roundabout way, that the floor show is a bit naughty, but he has a white wife. Will that give you any problems?"

Charlotte, on hearing that there would be a black man in their party, felt an immediate tingle in her belly, and she couldn't help but remember the fucking she had received at the hands, or rather the cock, of Jamal, the well-endowed young black. Before she could think, her immediate response was to say, "I've no problem with colored people; I find them rather exciting," and then realizing what she'd said, added hastily, "I mean, they're rather good dancers, and as for the "naughty floor show," the naughtier, the better." She grinned cheekily.



Steven, ever the hopeful one, took his wife's observation to heart and wondered in what respect she meant "rather exciting." Did she mean it in a sexual... before the thought had even entered his head, he dismissed it as wishful thinking, "no way," he reasoned, would she indulge in any sort of naughtiness, not on your life.

What does he know?

"Would you mind if I invited Dorothy from next door?" Charlotte queried. "She's good fun and would liven up any party."

"No, that's a lovely idea," replied her husband, "the more, the merrier."

"She'll probably want to bring her husband," Charlotte continued. "I know he loves to watch his wife having a good time." She laughed inwardly at her little joke, "I wish my husband would like watching me having a good time," she mused.

What does she know?

"I wish I could watch my wife enjoying herself," Steven Wright thought, sighing as he did it.

What does he know?

The next day, Charlotte mentioned the anniversary to Dorothy, and with excited voices, the two of them discussed what they would wear. "As little as possible," laughed Dot. "When is it?"

This Saturday, and I think I'll wear the little dress we bought the other day. It's what Steven suggested I should buy anyway."

"You never know," ventured Dorothy, "he might see you in a different light. Perhaps he likes to watch like my Bill."

"Fat chance of that," grinned Charlotte.

What does she know?

"It's all right if Bill comes along?" asked Dorothy. He would love to see me in the arms of another man. It would be nice to dance close and give hubby a thrill."

"Oh, you," chided Charlotte, wishing she could do the same, but she didn't think her husband would agree.

What does she know?

During the next few days, Dorothy several times nipped into next door, showing Charlotte various items of clothing, and they at last picked out a "bolero" type blouse and a "peasant's" skirt.

"I'm not going to put any underwear on," said the bubbly Dorothy, fully animated. And with my four-inch-high heels, I shall look very sexy, just as Bill likes it.

"You're sure to get hit on dressed like that," proffered Charlotte.

"And so will you dressed like that," echoed Dorothy, and they both hugged each other, laughing happily.

The day of the anniversary party duly arrived, and the four party-goers got ready to celebrate. When Steven saw his wife's frock, he was secretly quite pleased that she had dressed so sexily. Perhaps she was going to let herself go at last, he thought hopefully. "I'd love to see her dancing with another man in that outfit. It's nice and short, and I can see the tops of her breasts, lovely." Charlotte's hubby also cast his eye over his next-door neighbor's spouse; he was sure she wasn't wearing a bra, and he could see no panty line.

"Your girlfriend isn't wearing any underwear," he whispered to his wife. "She looks nice. I wonder, have you discarded any clothing?" he asked, and he winked conspiratorially.

"No, I'm respectfully clothed," admitted Charlotte, "but I have to admit she looks quite stunning and nicely cool."

"I'm happy for you to do the same," sighed her anxious husband. "It's going to be fairly hot in the club."

Charlotte looked at her husband in surprise, "You mean you don't mind if I go braless?"

"And knickerless," Steve added, winking again. "

You old "Roue," smiled his wife. I'll think about it, but you do realize that if I walk across the floor in this dress, I'll be looked at by many watching males. If I walk across the floor in this dress "sans" underwear, those looks are going to turn lustful. Can you cope with that? Not get jealous and cause a scene."

"My darling, Charlotte," her husband chuckled. "If I didn't want anyone to look at you, I would have to lock you up in a windowless room, and that would probably be impossible and, even more, would not be fair to you. You are a stunning woman, and it is quite normal for most men to find you attractive. Additionally, it is perfectly natural for females, including yourself, to want to look attractive and be admired by the male population. I accept the situation, so instead of trying to stop men watching you with lust-filled eyes, I join them and watch also."

Steven stopped talking and, picking up his wife's hand, began raining kisses on each finger. Charlotte giggled, "Ooh, that tickles," and snatched her hand away.

"And I'll tell you another thing," her husband continued. "I like it when I see men lusting after you because it proves to me that I picked the right girl, and it makes me proud to watch other men lusting after you with envious eyes, knowing that you belong to me, and no matter what, you'll always return to me. I love you, and you love me. That's all that matters. You do love me, don't you?"

"Of course, silly."

When the two couples, Steve and Charlotte and Bill and Dorothy, arrived at the restaurant, they were met by Steve's workmate Sid and his wife Poppy. Introductions were made all around, and the six of them were soon enjoying a celebratory dinner, which included three bottles of wine. The venue had a small dance floor, a keyboard, drums, and a saxophone player. There were already a few couples dancing, and as soon as the group had finished eating, they all took to the floor. After several dances, Steve and Charlotte retired back to the dining table, followed by Poppy and the black Sid, as they imbibed more glasses of wine.

Bill and Dorothy soon followed, and the six of them sat quietly watching the other dancers. Shortly, Sid stood up and said, "Who's ready for the next dance?"

Dorothy quickly stood up, and Sid, glancing at Bill, saw him wave a dismissive hand towards the dance floor.

"Why don't you have a dance with Bill?" Steve suggested to his wife, and turning to Bill, he said, "Unless you're too tired?"

He laughed. "Not a bit," replied Bill. No one could pass up the chance of holding such a beautiful woman in their arms.

Charlotte blushed with downcast eyes at Bill's compliment, and they went their separate ways. Steve's rest was quickly cut short when Poppy grabbed hold of his hand and pulled him onto the floor. Again, they all returned to the table, and after another glass of wine and a short rest, black Sid proclaimed that there was time for one more dance, and then they would have to move on to the nightclub. Sid had his eye on Charlotte, and after getting the okay from Steve, he whisked her out onto the dance floor.

"Steve didn't tell me how lovely you are," he gushed as the pair waltzed around.

"Thank you," she murmured, eyes cast down. "

Lift your pretty head," coaxed black Sid. "I want to enjoy looking at you. You really are a beauty."

Charlotte, basking in the flattery of her cunning partner, laid her head on his chest, and his hands quickly went around her waist and pulled her into his crotch.

"Feel that," he whispered in her ear as he pressed his hips into her lower body.

Charlotte couldn't help but gasp as she felt the black man's hard cock pushing onto her lower belly. "How would you like that thrusting into you?" black Sid gloated obscenely.

"I'm not sure my husband would approve," she answered demurely.

What does she know?

"Never mind him," continued sly Sid. "I'm asking you."

Charlotte remained silent, and the black woman laughed out loud, twirling her around and dragging her back to the others. Steve had been watching his gorgeous wife dancing with big, black, ugly Sid.

"Beauty and the beast," he mused, but the scene was part of his ongoing fancy. He saw black Sid's lips moving as he whispered in Charlotte's ear. Saw her smile and lay her face on the black's chest, watching as her dancing partner pulled his wife tight into his crotch. "She must feel his cock pressing into her," Steve thought and felt his penis stir in his pants. Oh, how he would love to see his darling wife naked and enjoying herself under that black bastard. "Fat chance of that happening," he reasoned, but his aching cock gave another twitch.

What does he know?

\*\*\*\*

On the way to the nightclub, Dorothy whispered in Charlotte's ear, "I saw him talking to you. Did he try it on?"

"Yes, he did," grinned Charlotte. "He was quite rude with his insinuations. When he pressed up

against me so I could feel his “thingy,” he asked me if I would like to have him push it in me, so rude, cos I didn’t answer him. What girl wouldn’t want to be filled with something so hot and so big?”

Both girls sniggered behind their hands, but Steve heard them. “What’s tickled you two?” he said quietly but got no reply.

Later, Dorothy suggested that she ask her husband if he would arrange a tryst between Sid and them. I think Bill would enjoy watching Sid and me in action. Perhaps we might persuade Poppy to join us.”

Both girls giggled, which led to a fit of laughter. Steve looked quizzically at them but declined to enquire. Soon, they reached the nightclub. Sid gave the necessary secret password to the two large black bouncers, and all six of them entered. On the left was the cloakroom, and a young colored girl stood waiting to take their outer clothing before issuing numbered tickets in exchange. Charlotte gave her stub to Steven, and then they were ushered into an anteroom where an older black lady was sitting behind a desk. She was wearing a low-cut, dark blue sequined evening gown that sparkled in the light of the ornate chandelier hanging over the exotically dressed woman.

“Good Evening,” she greeted them and then turned to Sid and Poppy. She continued, “It’s nice to see you and Poppy again.” How are you both? And thank you for inviting these lovely guests.

‘What a charmer,’ Charlotte thought, feeling a sense of excitement begin to rise. Then, she noticed the sign attached to the wall behind the woman wearing blue attire.

“Welcome to the Clubs Club.”

Charlotte wrinkled her nose, nudging her husband at the same time. “A strange name,” she mouthed to Steve.

Before he could think further, the blue lady interrupted, “Ah, I see you’ve noticed our sign.” There is a simple answer to why we’ve named our club as it is. The word ‘club’ refers to our members. I would like to point out that this is a member-only club, and to become a member, you must be of African descent. That is, no Caucasians are permitted to join. That doesn’t mean that no white people are allowed in, as you yourselves are proof of that, and indeed, you are very welcome. However, we do have a few minor rules. As our members pay an annual subscription, while guests, of course, pay nothing, we believe it is only fair to grant members certain privileges over our visitors.

The sequined madam leaned back in her chair and cast her eyes over the assembled group.

Firstly, I would like to inform you that this is an “Adults Only” club, and you may encounter scenes suitable only for adults with mature interests. This will mean that you will almost certainly see nudity and some, er, activities of a somewhat more intimate nature, that is, our members and guests may be seen in various degrees of, ahem, undress. loving action.”

“What ‘Salome’ means,” broke in Sid, “is you’re likely to see some light sexual activity?”

“Yes, thank you, Sid. As Sid has just kindly informed you, we permit a certain amount of kissing and cuddling, but we draw the line at any explicit scenes. We do have rooms on the upper floor where members can entertain their guests more sexually.”

The blue sequined Salome pursed her lips as if wondering whether to continue putting the new guests further into the club’s nefarious ways, and then, beginning to smile, and with a lowered voice,

continued, "I don't know whether I should tell you this, but I expect you'll find out sooner or later. We have white guests who like to bring their wives to the club so that they can watch their ladies enjoying the favors of our members.

The rooms upstairs have viewing windows where our white husbands can see what's going on. These windows are, in fact, one-way mirrors. They allow the wives to let themselves go when they think their husbands are drinking in the bar. We can also record the sex so they both can enjoy it in their own homes. It's surprising how many husbands have hot wives and encourage them to entertain our members; these hot wives and their hubbies have, of course, free entry into our club."

Charlotte and Dorothy looked at each other, their mouths agape. Bill grinned at the revelation and squeezed his wife's hand. Steven was wide-eyed and discreetly thinking how he could, perhaps, get his wife to consider the possibilities.

"Now, back to the rules of our club. We have a small dance area, so we must limit access to dancers to "members only." That is, male members can ask lady guests if they would like to dance, but non-male members, unfortunately, will not be permitted to dance. I hope you appreciate the challenges we face with the size of the floor, but I understand that it is only fair to give priority to paying members. It also means that you may find your wife dancing when you cannot. I trust that will not be too much of a disturbance for you. Now, the only other rule that we must have is that guests may not purchase alcoholic drinks at the bar.

This is to comply with licensing laws. However, free drinks are available to all guests, but the club will select these. We supply a lady's cocktail drink that is made to our special recipe, and although it has no great alcoholic content, it is sufficiently strong to give our lady guests a nice warm glow in their tummies. It also gives them a feeling of contentment and relaxes their inhibitions. We don't want any long-sour faces to disappoint our associates, do we?" Salome smiled.

There is also a free drink available for our gentlemen guests, and they will find this concoction a little stronger than the ladies' cocktail. Additionally, it will evoke a pleasant feeling of euphoria, lower one's reserve, and induce a sense of well-being. They will be able to purchase other drinks, but that will have to be through one of our members. I expect Sid will be happy to be the procurer of alcoholic refreshment; don't forget to pay him, and now, if there's nothing further, I suggest you enter the main entertainment room and have a pleasant evening and night."

Leaving the anteroom, the group crossed over to the hall where the restrooms were, and Dorothy and Bill glanced further down the hall, noticing the stairs that led up to the private rooms. The pair looked at each other, knowing they would make full use of these clandestine places. From the hall, they walked through double doors and entered the main relaxation room. Down the left-hand side ran a long bar. In front of this bar, a brass railing about four feet high ran the length of the bar. In front of the railing were several tables and chairs, occupied by single white males and couples.

To the right, more tables and chairs were set up, and black males and white women were using them. In the center of the room, one saw the dance floor, and indeed, it was rather small, holding no more than about fifteen couples. A number of black males were dancing and jiggling with white females, and everyone seemed to be having a grand time. At the far left-hand end of the room, a curtained stage was set up in front of which a trio was playing music. Sid found an empty table in front of the bar, and after settling in, he inquired what everyone was drinking.

Naturally, everybody had free drinks, and soon, numerous glasses filled with a pale blue or pink drink were scattered around. "The pink drink is for the ladies, and the blue, of course, is for the men. Let me tell you that pink contains an aphrodisiac that will make you ladies very horny, and the

blue contains an ingredient which offsets any reticence in males. I have enough drinks to save us from having to reorder, so there are at least three drinks for each person. Charlotte and her husband, Steve, soon began to feel the effects of the drink, while Dorothy and Bill were engaged in an animated conversation, laughing and making observational remarks.

Charlotte kept looking at Dorothy and giggling. Steven relaxed back into his chair and just enjoyed the ambiance. Bill and Dorothy were checking out the black males who were either dancing or lounging about, and Charlotte heard them comparing various males. "How about that one or that one?" she heard Bill say, and it was plain that he was looking to pair his wife up with a black man.

"I'll have all of them," giggled Dorothy, eyes gleaming with lust. "I'm feeling really horny. This blue drink is very potent."

In truth, Charlotte was also feeling frisky, and every young black she saw made her sigh with frustration. She turned to her husband. "Will it be all right if I have a dance?" she said wistfully. "That is, if I'm asked."

"Of course, you'll be asked," replied Steven hopefully. "Someone as lovely as you won't last long without a partner, and with that beautiful dress, there isn't a man who could resist you."

"It's a pity we can't have a dance," Charlotte whispered.

"We can dance any time we like," her husband suggested, "but right now, I want to sit back and enjoy seeing you enjoy yourself." There are plenty of attractive young males out there who will soon be knocking on your door. I want to watch you light up the room and turn all your partners to jelly."

"Well, if you're sure," smiled Charlotte, "you do realize that some of the dark ones can be a little possessive."

Steven sighed. "I've already told you that I can't keep lustful young men away from you, and it wouldn't be fair if I did. Being desired by another person is good for the ego, and it shows me how envious other men are of me."

\*\*\*\*

Just then, two young, well-dressed black men approached the table. One addressed Bill, and the other turned to Charlotte's husband. "Could we have a dance with your lovely consorts, they chorused almost in unison. Dorothy was on her feet almost before her admirer had finished asking. Charlotte was a little more reticent and blushed as the young black took hold of her hand and pulled her to her feet, but secretly, she was quite thrilled. "I hope he won't do anything too wild," thought Charlotte. "I don't suppose Steven would like it."

What does she know?

Steven and Bill sat quietly, both in their thoughts. They were both enjoying the free drinks, and now they scanned the dance floor admiring the mixed couples and perhaps wondering what husbands belonged to, which hot wives knowing that their women folk would soon be opening their thighs and no doubt other parts of their anatomy to rampant black cock. There was an air of suppressed excitement in the room, and a number of white dicks were already stirring at the thought that they would, shortly, be fulfilling their fantasy and that of their white wives with lots of interracial lascivious sexual activity.

Steven idly cast his eyes around the dance floor, trying to spot his wife amongst the jumble of mixed

couples, many already kissing and cuddling, fumbling at their partner's clothing, and in some duos, black naked pricks were being handled by feminine, slim, white fingers. To Steven's surprise, Dorothy and her black lover came into view, and he gawked at seeing that she had released his penis and was gently fondling it. Steven looked at Bill, worried about the cuckold husband's reaction, but quickly looked away, embarrassed when he saw Bill smiling at him.

Steve was a little surprised by Bill's attitude but couldn't bring himself to comment on the obscene action. Bill supplied the answer. "Dorothy and I have an understanding; bluntly, she likes lots of sex, and I like to watch. I'm a voyeur. She's a hot wife. We love each other, and we are very happy with our arrangement. We don't indulge our fantasies at the drop of a hat, but this party tonight gives us a chance to have a good time. We had never been involved with black men before, so when your Charlotte asked Dorothy to come along and we found out about the type of club we were going to, we got very excited. Watching my wife playing sexually with young black men is my ultimate fantasy. fantasy."

"So there you have it. I hope you're not too put out with our lifestyle and that we can still be friends. Have you ever thought about swinging?" Bill grinned.

"Not really. I've always had a fantasy of watching Charlotte getting it on with another man, but I don't think she'd go for it.

What does he know?

I could speak with Dorothy and see if she can find out what Charlotte thinks about your fantasy. Haven't you ever mentioned it to your wife?"

"No, I didn't want to give her the impression that I'd stopped loving her or that I was using this as an excuse to have it off with another woman."

"Let me speak to Dorothy and see if I can't, quietly, get some idea of what your wife thinks about sex. Women open up to each other more readily about their fantasies. You never know. She might fancy a bit of stray. The difficulty would be letting you watch her enjoying herself. She might be a little shy."

"Okay, yes, that might be interesting, but tell her to take it easy."

"Will do. Look out here. They come now."

The two wives approached the table. Their young black dance partners follow close behind. They were both breathing a little heavy, Dorothy more so than Charlotte.

"Having a nice time, sweetheart," enquired Steve of his wife as she sat down. "I saw Dorothy having a grand old time."

"Did you?" answered Charlotte, then bent and whispered in her husband's ear, "Did you see what she was doing with that young black?"

"Yes, and so did Bill. Do you know what he told me?"

I can imagine what he was saying because Dorothy has told me, but they seem like a loving couple and very happy with it.

Steve noticed Bill whispering in his wife's ear and wondered if he was telling her about their recent

conversation. When he saw Dorothy's face light up and glance at him, he guessed that Bill had, indeed, mentioned his fantasy. Meanwhile, the two young blacks had withdrawn slightly and were talking quietly. Then one turned to Steven and asked politely, "Would you mind if we continue to dance with your lovely wife? She is such a good dancer, and I think she enjoys dancing with me."

Before Steve could answer, the second black had also posed the same question to Bill, and he nodded his head in reply. Both wives looked at each other, then burst into laughter and, in between their giggling, informed their husbands that they were going to the ladies' room to freshen up. Dorothy, still giggling, turned to the two blacks and said, almost curtly, "Wait for us at your table, and we'll come to you," and with peals of laughter, disappeared from the room.

\*\*\*\*

Steven was on tenterhooks while he waited for the wives to return. "Would Dorothy convey his fantasy to Charlotte? How would Charlotte react if informed of his fantasy? Would she be happy or annoyed? What if she considered him a pervert? Would their marriage be over? What if she liked the idea? No way," decided Steve. That was the last thing that could have happened. At best, I would be "sent to Coventry" for a month and be refused any sex. Oh dear," he thought. "I should have left well alone."

What does he know?

Steven heard the MC making an announcement but wasn't listening. Then, he heard the band strike up, and several couples took to the floor. Steve acknowledged none of this. He was too worried, wondering what his wife was discussing with Bill's wife. He didn't have to wait long. He could hear the girl's excited chatter as they entered the room. Steve didn't look as his wife reached him.

He did see Dorothy walking over to the black section and saying a few words to her dance partner. Thinking the worst—that is, Charlotte not accompanying Dorothy back to their respective dance partners—Steve reasoned that his lovely wife was not interested in taking his fantasy any further. But almost immediately, Dorothy returned to their table and sat down beside her husband. Steve kept looking at the floor, his face a mixture of guilt and shame.

"Steven," he heard his wife call. "Steven, look at me."

Reluctantly, he raised his head and was surprised to see his wife's smiling face, her big brown eyes sparkling in the half-light.

Is this true, what Dorothy has been telling me? Do you wish our lifestyle were more like theirs? You would like to see me as a hotwife?"

Charlotte looked at her husband inquisitively, waiting for an answer. Steve hung his head again, but his wife quickly chided him.

"No, don't look down, darling," she continued in a slightly softer voice. "I need to look at you so that I can see if you genuinely mean what you say. You want me to enjoy the company of other men, is that it?"

"Err, umm, mmm, err, that is, ahhh," poor Steven mumbled.

Now that his fantasy had been put fairly and squarely in front of him, he found it difficult to admit. He felt rather embarrassed that his private fantasy had suddenly become general knowledge even though, of course, it was exactly what he wanted.



"I would like a clear and concise answer, please," he heard his wife utter quietly. "Tell me, is this what you really want?"

Charlotte, putting it like that, sounded more like an ultimatum, and that wasn't quite how he felt. Summoning up his courage, he looked at his wife and replied, "I'm not sure exactly what I do want. All I know, or to be precise, feel is that something is lacking in our..." and here he dropped his voice down to almost a whisper. "Err, um, our sex life."

There, he'd said it now. Now, it was out in the open.

Charlotte took hold of her husband's hand. "Now that we understand the context, we can discuss the situation at hand."

She was beginning to feel a little excited. Was her husband intimating an open, more satisfying marriage? Was he going to allow his wife a little more sexual freedom? She had to admit to herself that their three years of marriage had been wonderful, but in these last several months, the sex had become less than perfect. Her cheating with that black man when she and Dorothy had visited that other nightclub remained fresh in her memory. Quite often had she recollected that hard, hot, thick black prick thrusting into her trembling, needy body, and for several nights after the occasion, she had enjoyed a good fucking from her husband. Even now, the thought made her cunt shiver.

Of course, she had no intention of telling her spouse, but now, if she understood correctly what Dorothy had told her minutes earlier, Steven was advocating a lot more "cheating." Of course, from now on, it wouldn't actually be "cheating," but with his complete approval. Another thought struck her. When in the arms of another man, would she want her husband watching? Watching her writhing and gasping under the naked, madly thrusting body of a stranger. Would he be happy watching a bigger, better-endowed lover enjoying what was once his personal property? She would have to tread carefully if she wanted this new life to blossom.

She looked into her husband's eyes, still holding his hand. "You know I love you, Steven," she said sincerely. There had never been any doubt in her mind of her love for her husband; he was good and kind, made her laugh, and was a really wonderful friend. Just if the lovemaking had been that bit more exciting, she mused wistfully. "Steven, darling, just so I can understand your true feelings, tell me you love me. I believe you do, but it's nice to be told, and if we are going to expand our relationship, it's essential that you really do love me.

Steven took note of his wife's acceptance of his desire to watch her with other men, but his priority was to profess his undying love, and this he did grandly. Gaining confidence, he fell to his knees and, taking hold of both her hands, rained kisses on them and their sides. "I love you, I love you, I love you," he expressed loudly and clearly, undeterred by the attention he was attracting. Charlotte beamed, delighted with his public show of love for her.

"Now," she continued, "did you enjoy watching me dance with our colored friends this evening?"

"Yes! Yes."

"What if I was to dance a little closer to my black partner, feel him pressing up against my lower tummy, feel his hard penis pushing on my lower parts. How would you feel about that?"

"Yes! "Yes!" repeated her husband, lost in his excitement at the way the conversation had turned.

"What if he tried to kiss me? Would you be happy if I let him?"

"Oh yes, yes," Steven gushed.

"What if I let him push his tongue into my mouth, perhaps even push mine into his?" Would you enjoy watching us sucking on each other's tongues, even swapping spit?"

"Even better," her husband moaned.

"What if he felt my breasts? What if I fumbled at his trousers, trying to feel his penis. What if both his and my hands touched naked flesh? Would you enjoy watching his black hands touching my naked breasts? Could you put up with seeing me rubbing his bare cock, drawing his foreskin back and forth? What if he was larger than you, much larger than you? Could you watch me bend down and take his fat penis between my lips, watch him thrusting into my mouth, watch him make me gag when he pushed in too far?"

Steve was now completely taken over by his wife's salacious talk. His penis was hardening up, and he had to adjust its position in his underpants. Charlotte noticed his fidgeting and smiled.

"Yes, I see you like the scenery so far," she observed, eyeing the small bulge that showed on the front of his trousers. "But seriously, Steven, if you want this new lifestyle, this is the sort of scenario you would see me in."

"I only want what you want. I would love to be involved in all these actions, but only if you're going to enjoy them with me.

A devious thought occurred to Charlotte. What with the copious amounts of aphrodisiac drink she had imbibed and the sexy chat with her husband, she was feeling very horny. You know the young black man I've been dancing with? What if I encouraged him to be more liberal? I don't think it would take much to get him going if he isn't already halfway there. "Would you? Could you?" groaned Steve. "Oh, I can hardly wait."

"Yes, that would be a lovely start to our new life, wouldn't it? But don't forget what I've described; much more can and will happen. Could you enjoy watching me being penetrated back or front by one or more strangers, including our present black friend, being used as a sex toy by several horny men, indulging in orgies, and allowing a succession of men to have their evil way with me.? Could you accept that sort of behavior without any jealousy or causing any trouble?"

"Yes! Yes, a thousand times yes, watching you enjoying yourself sexually has been a long-term fantasy with me."

Both husband and wife fell back against their chairs, their eyes sparkling and their breathing deep and steady as they inhaled and exhaled, lost in thought.

They both know now...

Dorothy had been listening to the couple's tantalizing talk and, turning to Charlotte, expressed her and Bill's congratulations, and then whispering in Charlotte's ear, told her that, knowing she had things to talk over with Steve and knowing the probable outcome, had told their potential black lovers that they would spend the rest of the night with them if they let the girls stay with their husbands until they were ready to come over to the black's table adding with a sultry accent that they could then do what they liked with them. It was at that very moment that the group heard the MC announce the first part of an exciting floor show.

\*\*\*\*

"Would all dancers please clear the floor and take your seats for exceptional entertainment? Those with a nervous disposition are advised to leave now.

There was laughter from the crowd as they made their way back to their seats. As soon as the floor was clear, the lights in the main hall were dimmed, leaving the room almost dark; the only remaining light came from the small wall lamps, which provided just enough illumination to see one's immediate vicinity. There was a hushed murmur when the hall went dark, and a louder buzz ensued when the stage lights were switched on. As the curtains opened, the buzz gave way to a collective gasp. Standing on the stage were two giant blacks, naked except for loincloths. Both stood well over six feet in height, their bodies gleaming under the bright stage lighting.

Broad-shouldered and well-formed, with six-pack chests, they were indeed veritable athletes. Between them, they held two wooden posts about four inches square. They were eight feet in height and were connected with some kind of leather straps. At the base, each post was fitted with cross-members to allow for free-standing. Just above the base, each upright was furnished with small footholds, the use of which would soon be apparent. The emcee took the stage, microphone in hand, and addressed the audience.

"Can we have some lady volunteers, please? Whoever is chosen will enjoy half an hour of exotic sensations, the likes of which they will never have experienced, and which will remain in their memory and that of everyone else for a long, long time. Come along, please. Who's first?

After a few moments, one and then two more ladies walked slowly towards the stage, not quite sure whether they should have put themselves forward. They were escorted through to the back of the stage, where a small flight of steps led up onto the dais. The MC brought them forward to the front of the stage and lined them up.

He turned to the waiting audience. "I'm going to stand behind each one, and when I raise my hand, I want to hear your applause." Whoever gets the loudest cheer will win this most exciting of experiences." He turned to the three damsels. "Ladies," he waved his hand across the trio, "if you are not chosen, ladies, do not be disappointed." You will have plenty of opportunities to indulge in your wildest dreams on many other occasions. So, let us begin."

Of the three women, two were blondes, and the other was a raven-haired beauty of slightly more exotic proportions, and it was she who the audience decided would be the "winner." Turning to the losing blondes, he thanked them and ushered them off the stage. Then, turning to the dark-haired girl, he took her hand and twirled her around to the delight of the waiting throng. The MC whispered in the lady's ear, and after some deliberation, she nodded. Then, the entertainment began.

In the audience, Charlotte turned to her husband, "I'll sit on your lap. I can see everything then."

Steve made himself comfortable, and Charlotte lowered herself onto her husband. "Comfy!", whispered Steve.

"Mmmm," replied his wife as she snuggled back onto him, and Steve placed his arms around her waist.

Back on the stage, the two large black men were gently removing the girl's clothing. First, the dress, then her bra. As her panties were being lowered to the floor, she squirmed with embarrassment but lifted a dainty foot when urged so that the small pink garment could be removed and carefully added to the dress. There was an audible murmur from the crowd as her naked vagina was revealed. It was clean-shaven, and those nearest could discern the pretty vaginal lips already becoming swollen and

turning a ruddy pink. The two black men then removed each white net stocking the buxom, raven-haired woman had worn and replaced the black stiletto shoes on her feet.

The eager spectators cheered as she stood up straight, bringing her shoulders back and thrusting her large breasts forward proudly, the elongated nipples distended and pinky brown. There was a louder cheer as the naked girl was led over to the wooden post apparatus and made to stand on the footrests. Lifting her arms above her head, each hand was carefully fastened into furred manacles on either post, and then her ankles were tied similarly. When the two administering blacks were satisfied that she was secured and comfortable, they drew each post apart, which opened the tethered lady's thighs and brought her hands and arms further out.

There, the naked captive hung, an erotic sight for all eyes to see. A quietness hung in the air as the watchers waited and wondered. They didn't have to wait long. One naked black man left the stage and shortly returned carrying two long-handed whips. The audience gasped as they realized what they were and as the second whip was handed to the other black. One black walked behind the strung-up girl and began lightly flexing the leather thong so that a light crack was heard every time the whip was sprung. The front black also started flexing his whip. At this time, the young woman hanging in the stocks had not been touched, and the waiting onlookers began quietly urging the abusers on. Finally, a nearly silent yelp told the eager watchers that the first blow had struck.

Again, a slight cry was heard, and the spectators held their breath as the whip began lightly nipping at the naked girl's skin. Beginning at the shoulders, the black leviathan at the rear lifted his bronzed arm and flexed the end of the whip so that it just touched the reddening skin of the hanging victim. Gradually, the leather strap was lowered by the wielding African, and small welts began to appear lower on the poor girl's naked body. By this time, the innocent beauty, realizing that the whip was not in any way hurting but was, surprisingly, even making her skin tingle and warm, began pushing her back out, meeting the oncoming blows with relish and wriggling delightfully as each hit landed.

It was a delight to see the full breasts swinging as the young woman gyrated with each cut of the pleasure-giving whip, and her face showed her enjoyment. Steve, with Charlotte sitting on his lap, sat quietly, enjoying the show. "Would you like to experience something like that?" they heard Bill whisper in his wife's ear.

Dorothy giggled for several seconds. "Nah," she laughed. "I like the real thing." She giggled again and, curious, asked her husband, "Why would you fancy watching me getting flogged, you old pervert."

Bill grinned but declined to answer. Steven squeezed Charlotte's waist and grabbed ahold of her ear with his teeth, nipping gently. Charlotte smiled to herself, thinking perhaps her hubby should have asked her the same question. She reflected on her taste for her nipples to be bitten and how that mild pain always turned her body to jelly. "Would she enjoy a light whipping? Yes, I think I would, maybe not so many people watching," she mused. She kept her thoughts to herself.

Up on the stage, the raven-haired, naked beauty was being whipped on her legs. The light thwack could be heard as the blows traveled up the backs of her thighs. In front, the black was aiming the whip end at the girl's fat thighs, and the red welts could be plainly seen. Then, the crowd blaring for more, the whips of both blacks began pummeling the young woman's arse at the back and her tits in front.

Then, one of the black men walked off the stage and quickly returned with two short, handled whips with much shorter hides. Both men discarded the long whips and, taking the short ones in their hands, began laying light hits on the front of the girl, one whipping her nipples and the other landing

delicate cuts right on her cunt lips.

The young woman's body gleamed with the sweat from her body, and she noticeably trembled with the pleasure of pain. Then, to the amazement of the watching crowd, the whipping stopped, and both black men knelt at the girl's feet, one in front, one in back. The man at the back took his whip handle and gently inserted the end into the woman's flooded vagina. The squelching could plainly be heard. Once the handle was well lubricated with vaginal juice, it was offered up to the lady's rear passage, and whilst the front black held her arse cheeks apart, the whip handle was slowly inserted into her bumhole.

The gasping woman shook as the obscene penetration continued. Inch by slow inch, the ten-inch whip handle disappeared up into the palpitating anus until just the end that was being held was visible. There were audible whispers from the onlookers when the front black placed his whip handle at the girl's pussy lips and waited until the fingers of the rear black eased them apart. Then, the penetration began.

The ivory handle of the whip easily slid into the woman's sloppy cunt, and soon it, too, was fully inserted. Now, both handles were being gently eased in and out of the girl's shaking body, and shortly, increased trembling told the audience that she was enjoying a strong orgasm.

The two blacks continued fucking the young woman through two more climaxes and then abruptly removed the invading dildoes and, standing, raised their arms out to the crowd, milking the applause. But the show was not yet finished. Both blacks, with a flourish, removed their loincloths, and there were loud gasps, particularly from envious women, at the sight of two monster cocks standing hard and proud, ready for action. With no further preparation, both black cocks were quickly thrust into adjacent holes bringing loud panting gasps from the excited woman.

On and on fucked the two pricks bringing the lucky girl to more orgasms, and then, finally, as both blacks neared their own climaxes cocks were withdrawn, and long strings of sperm shot across and over the exhausted girl. Tits, belly, and bum were soon coated with hot jism, and it dripped down onto her thighs. Once all three had regained their composure, the raven-haired beauty was released from the apparatus and, grabbing her discarded clothing, left the stage to tumultuous cheering. The two blacks bowed and exited the stage. The curtains were closed, and the stage lights had been extinguished.

\*\*\*\*

Back at the white guest's tables, Charlotte rested quietly, sitting on her husband's lap and leaning against his chest. She could feel his body warmth radiating through their clothing, and she felt warm and content, but inside, her body was a seething cauldron of lust. A slight movement caught her eye, and turning, she saw Dorothy bobbing up and down on her husband's lap.

Looking closer, Charlotte realized, with a sigh, that the pair were indulging in sexual intercourse. She could see, in the half-light, Dorothy's peasant skirt folded up around her waist, and every time Bill's wife raised her body off of her husband, Charlotte would get a glimpse of Bill's penis illuminated by the wall lights shining on the oiled surface. Charlotte nudged her husband and suggested quietly he look at the pair fucking.

"I could do with some of that," she sighed softly. "I'm feeling very horny."

Ever since her tryst with the black Jamal, she had felt extra randy. It was as if a door had been opened in her vagina, which seemed constantly in a needful mode. What with the aphrodisiac drinks, the erotic exhibition on the stage, and particularly the sexual innuendos of her black dance partner,

the urge to fuck was almost overwhelming.

Leaning back onto her husband, she panted, "Squeeze my titties, Darling. They're aching for some touching."

Steven reached up and gently fondled his wife's breasts.

"Harder," Charlotte hissed through clenched teeth. "Pinch my nipples as well. Treat me a bit rough."

"My word," chuckled Steve, "You are in need. I like it."

"Sorry, my love, but all this pink stuff has made me very unsettled; I'm having trouble thinking straight."

"Perhaps you should have gone on the stage tonight."

"Well, I think I might enjoy the whips, but not in front of so many people."

"I'll have a word with someone about fixing something up as long as I can watch," he grinned.

Charlotte fell quiet whilst her hubby continued to rub and caress her breasts, occasionally nipping at the hard pebble nipples, which he could feel through the soft material of her dress. "Mmm," his wife groaned. "That's better. Watching Dorothy getting it from Bill has made me a little jealous. If I hadn't worn this dress, we could have had our playtime."

"You won't mind me asking," continued Steven, "but I thought, I hoped, you and Dorothy might be getting something on with your dance partners. I'm sure I heard her whisper in your ear something about staying the night with them."

Charlotte looked sharply at her husband. "I was going to mention that, but I don't know exactly what Dorothy has arranged. Are you sure about all of this? I don't want to get involved in anything that might harm our marriage. I love you, and even though my sex drive is high, I would willingly forget anything about being a hot wife."

Steven looked at his wife, saw the anxiety in her eyes, and gently brought her back into his arms. "My darling, I've always known that you didn't feel our love life was as exciting as it could be. You're a woman who needs lots of sexual activity, and as I like to watch, our particular bents correspond. We match; you like to perform, and I like to look. Even so, I'm always happy to let you decide what you want. Whatever you want to do I'm happy with. I love you always, and I love whatever you get up to, as long as I can watch," he added, chuckling.

Her husband's assurance that not only was he happy with their new arrangement but positively encouraged it eased Charlotte's mind. Still, she wondered and worried whether her sexual appetite would have any repercussions. Would Steven find anything about her behavior that he might, at some point in the future, find off-putting or, heaven forbid, even disturbing? She decided she would have to tread carefully and be very careful not to discourage her hubby from enjoying their newfound lifestyle.

She wanted to keep the love of her husband and continue to enjoy sexual activity with other men. She adored her husband, loved him, and appreciated the way he looked out for her, as well as his gentle disposition. He made her laugh, made life exceedingly comfortable, and there was no shortage of money. If only she could curb her sexual appetite, everything would be fine. Still, whilst he enjoyed her liaisons, she would continue to use other men for her lust. Then, a thought struck

her: "If she let him organize their extracurricular activities, then she could not upset the status quo."

The more she thought about it, the more she liked the idea, and finally, she became quite settled in her mind that the Wright family could continue to enjoy a happy marriage while also indulging their fantasies. After the erotic floor show, there was a lull in the proceedings.

Dorothy leaned over and whispered to Charlotte, "Toilet?"

"Yes," Steven's wife nodded, and the two of them left the room.

In the ladies' room, Dorothy reminded Charlotte of her promise to their black dance partner, Giggling. She asked Charlotte how she felt about "getting it on" and indulging in some hard "fucking." More important, she pressed, how will her hubby take it? Charlotte recounted her and Steve's recent conversation and also mentioned her idea about letting him believe that any further cheating would be at her husband's behest and not hers.

"Always appear a little reluctant," laughed Dorothy.

Both girls returned to their husbands; Dorothy happily chatted to Bill, and Charlotte once again sat on her husband's lap. For some odd reason, she felt a deeper connection to him, as if she were more closely involved in his thoughts. She leaned back and turned her cheek to Steven, her mouth opening.

"Kiss me," she urged as she pushed her tongue towards him.

They exchanged kisses, tongue-sucking and enjoying the taste of each other. After a little while, Charlotte spoke in a quiet voice. "Steven..."

"Yes, my darling."

"You know Dorothy has arranged for us to..." and her voice trailed off.

"Yes," whispered Steve in his wife's ear. "Go on, what has Dorothy organized?"

"Well..." again, Charlotte's voice dropped down. "Err, she told our black dance partners that we would spend a little time with them."

"Only a little time?" her husband chided playfully.

"Actually, I thought she said something like 'the rest of the night.' "

Steven squeezed his wife's hips and landed another kiss just below her ear. Charlotte wriggled under the sensual touch.

"You know I love you, don't you?" she breathed.

"Yes, and I love you too," her husband replied.

"When the music starts again, we have to join our black friends."

"Have to?"

"Well, you know what I mean. I don't think I want to. I want to stay with you. I don't want to do anything that you won't like."

Steve turned her face so his wife looked straight at him. "Oh," was all he could say. Then, after he regained his composure, "You've had a change of heart?"

I hate to upset you, but I belong to you; I don't want to belong to anyone else.

"My darling, you will always belong to me. We will always belong to each other. By not having the black's company, you will upset Dorothy, and you will definitely disappoint me. I was looking forward to watching you enjoying your young black body. I thought you did as well. If you don't indulge yourself now, you may regret it later, and you will still feel frustrated. This is sex that does not love. The two are separate entities. You can enjoy physical sex with others but have mindful love plus sex with me. Now, unless you are sure you don't want to get involved, I want you to gorge yourself on that black body. Perhaps I might see a little action. If not, you can tell me all about it."

"Well, if you're sure you want me to."

"Feel this," chuckled her husband as he pressed her hand onto his tented trousers.

"Mmmm," hummed Charlotte, "I'd like some of that later."

"If you're not too tired," winked Steven.

"No way," his wife laughed. "I'm too horny for anybody to tire me out. I'm good for all comers."

Just then, the MC announced the next dance, and Dorothy, looking at Charlotte, waved her hand; immediately, the two blacks approached the two wives. As polite as ever, both young men acknowledged the husbands, asked if they might continue dancing, and, at a nod from Bill, the couples left.

"See you later, then," Charlotte smiled.

"Yes, much later," grinned her hubby and then, turning to her black, said, "Give her what she needs. You have my permission."

The young buck opened his eyes in surprise and then replied, "Yes, you bet. She's going to get it good."

Charlotte melted into the arms of her soon-to-be black lover, this time pressing her lower body up against her partner. She was very excited, and her whole body vibrated with lust. Her breasts throbbed with feeling, her nipples pulsing, and she could feel her vagina moistening.

"Oh," she gasped as her partner pushed up against her, his large cock pressing into her lower stomach. "What's your name?" Charlotte asked coyly. "If I'm going to get it good, I would like to know who I'm getting it good from."

"My name is Saul, although I'm better known as Sol. My mate is known as Jon," he said.

As they danced around, Charlotte was enjoying being held by Sol. His strong arms and masculine scent only served to intensify her desire. Secretly, she was quite pleased with the way she had persuaded her husband to believe that it was his will that encouraged this risqué sexual contact. "Now I can let the hair down and enjoy a good rogering," she smiled to herself. As they danced around, Charlotte caught sight of her husband and smiled, waving her hand in greeting.

He waved back, and as an afterthought, she mouthed, "Are you okay?"



Steve smiled and raised his thumb. "Enjoy yourself, and then come back to me and tell me all about it," he called.

The emcee announced that there would now be a short intermission to allow the band to have a fifteen-minute break, and the dancers left the floor. This time, Charlotte, instead of returning to her husband, Sol, took her over to the black's table. Just as the adulterous pair reached their table, Charlotte turned, mouthed "I Love You," and then allowed herself to be pulled down onto the lap of the eager black Sol.

Her husband watched as she closed her eyes and leaned back into the young black's embrace. She was gone. She was no longer his wife. She was lost to everyone except her black lover. For the next few hours at least, she had become Sol's concubine. Nothing else mattered. Charlotte would now look forward to indulging in her and her husband's wildest fancy, that of enjoying the most extreme sex she could stand. Her body trembled, and her heart thumped under her ribs. Sol pulled her back into his embrace and, turning her head with his black hand, kissed her open mouth, pushing his tongue inside.

Greedily she sucked on the invading member, eyes closing in her ecstasy. Her husband, watching the immoral act, felt a sudden pang of jealousy rip through his guts. Only minutes earlier, he had the enjoyment of his wife's body. He was the one receiving her kisses now; she lived only for her black lover, her husband completely forgotten in her need for sexual satisfaction. The jealousy was fleeting. Watching his wife enjoying herself with another man was everything he had fantasized about. He wanted his wife, encouraged her even to give herself up to sensual behavior, Wanted her to abandon herself to erotic delights and allow her body the satisfaction of countless orgasms at the hands and cocks of a multitude of strange men.

Now, here he was, watching his sexually aroused wife acting out his obscene fantasies. There was no time for jealousy. Already his cock was hard in his trousers. he could feel the pre-cum wetting his pants, he badly wanted to jerk off, but just a quick squeeze of his cock through his trouser pocket would have to do. He turned his eye onto Dorothy. By this time, she was down on her knees, sucking at her black partner's bare cock. To Steven's surprise, he saw there was another young black sitting next to Dorothy, and even more surprising, she was handling the second black's naked cock.

Steve couldn't stop watching the trio, and he gulped as he saw Dorothy suck one, then turn to the other and suck the second cock. Both dicks are of excellent length and girth. Steven turned his attention back to his lovely Charlotte. A second young black was also attending to her. His wife was still sitting on Sol's lap, and as Steve watched, Sol moved his hands up onto Charlotte's clothed breasts, squeezing and massaging the small globes.

He could feel the nipples growing and excited them even more by pressing his fingers through the thin material of the dress and pinching the sensitive nubs. Steve could see that his wife loved the contact of Sol's searching fingers by the way she was opening her body up to allow better access, bringing her shoulders back, which pushed her breasts forward. She had laid her head back onto her abuser's chest, and her face had become slack, her mouth hung open, and her eyes glazed over.

Steven watched, wide-eyed, as the second young black, sitting in front of Charlotte, ran his hands up the inside of her naked thighs and under the mini dress, which had risen high enough that her husband could see the small white panties being stretched by the increasingly, excited pussy lips. Steve was sure the dark patch was the wetness exuding from her eager cunt. Charlotte, completely taken over with the pleasurable feelings, eased her bottom forward to allow the searching fingers better access to her lower body, and her sudden, sharp intake of breath told her watching husband that the black fingers of the young man had reached their goal.

His wife's squirming told Steve that her clitoris was now being touched on, and her increased panting confirmed that. Charlotte's husband, watching, saw Sol's fingers busy at the back of his hard-breathing wife's neck. Then he sucked in his breath as his wife leaned away from Sol's body and allowed the top of her dress to fall off of her shoulders. She eagerly slipped her arms out, and the dress fell to her waist. Steven admired the pretty pale blue bra that came into view, noticing how proud and stiff the nipples were, and his mouth watered at the thought of giving them a good sucking.

"Later," he thought. "I'll give her a good going over."

Sol's hands moved round to the young wife's front, then he ran them up and under her bra, pushing the lacey material to just under her chin. The lovely young breasts stood out, naked and insolent, just waiting to be suckled. Sol brought his hands back down and, opening them, ran the flat of his palm up and down over the very ends of the extremely sensitive nipples, then brought his fingers together and pinched the nubs. Steven saw his wife's lips move and then watched Sol flex his fingers even more.

He guessed his panting wife had murmured harder, please. Now Sol, with his hands under the gorgeous titties, offered them forward for his partner to suck on, and he did just that, bending his head lower and drawing them, first one, then the other fat nub, into his mouth. Charlotte groaned, relishing the feeling her body was enjoying, and she couldn't stop herself from gasping out loud. Steven, watching his wife enjoying sexual favors at the hands of two young black men, felt very proud of his wife and thoroughly loved the exhibition she was giving.

Quickly he turned to watch what Dorothy was up to and saw that she was still sucking on one prick, but the first black was round behind her, had lifted the back of her skirt, and was then pulling her panties down. It was just at that time that the sequined hostess tapped Sol on his shoulder, bent down, and whispered something in his ear. Steven saw the two wives and their escorts stand up, and Charlotte hastily adjusted her dress, slipping her hands back through the armholes, but he noticed that the dress buttons were still undone. He wondered what was going on. Surely, they weren't being asked to leave because of any rude behavior. When he saw the hostess approach his and Bill's table, he thought the worse, but his fears were short-lived. Smiling, she leaned in between them.

I thought you might like to know that your lady wives are being taken to one of the private rooms so that they can continue their activities. If you would like to see your lovely ladies in action and being entertained, follow me.

Steven had watched his wife with the others as they walked down to the other side of the room, and as he got up to follow Bill, he saw them disappear through a door on the right side of the stage. As he almost stumbled, so excited was he heard Salome, the hostess, speak.

"Your beautiful wives are being taken into what we call the waiting room. There, they'll wait until they know you are settled, that is to say, until Sol knows you are settled, and I'll come to that in a minute. Your wives will be offered another glass of drink, but this one will be exceptionally strong in aphrodisiacs and will have your ladies in an almost nymphomaniacal trance. They will not be able to resist anything that is done to them."

The hostess had reached the bottom of the stairs, and now she pointed up and said, "Go up these stairs. When you reach the top, turn right and immediately turn right again; you will then find yourselves on a landing containing six doors. Find number four, and you will see that the door opens out from the left. On the right, you will find a switch that lights the cubicle you are in. Inside this small annex, you will find chairs that face a large window, through which you can see into the room.

When you switch the light on, it also activates a small warning light in the “waiting room.”

“Sol will know that you are in the cubicle. Now, when you are settled, switch the light off, and this will change the little red light into a green one. Sol will then know that he can proceed up to the private room with your lovely ladies. A word of warning: do not switch your light back on. Otherwise, those inside the room will see you, and that we do not want. Although the window you are looking through is a one-way mirror, those in the room will only see their reflection, but any light on your side will nullify the appearance. Sol and his companions know you are there.

“Your wives do not. We always feel that wives enjoy themselves more, indulge themselves more, and allow more flagrant handling of their bodies if they think their hubbies are not looking, even when their menfolk have sanctioned or even organized it. One last thing, you will find boxes of tissues on the sill and waste baskets on the floor. Please make no mess and enjoy yourselves.

And with that, she turned on her heel and left. Steve and Bill looked at each other, laughed, then bounded up the stairs like ten-year-olds. Scurrying down the corridor, they quickly found number four, and Bill opened the door, flipping the switch to turn on the light. They found everything exactly as they were told. The chairs, the large viewing window, the tissues, and the waste paper baskets. Seeing the tissue boxes made them both grin. They’d hardly sat down when the door opened, and in walked black Sid.

“Hello, where’s Poppy?” asked Bill.

“She’s doing her thing in another room,” chuckled Sid. “You don’t want to watch her?”

“Nah, I’ve watched her many times.” I want to see how your wives make out. They’re both gorgeous girls, and I think we’re going to see something special.”

So, three men sat down, switched the light off, and, with bated breath, waited for the next round of erotic entertainment to begin. In the waiting room, Sol saw the warning light change from red to green.

\*\*\*\*

Charlotte felt very comfortable lying back on Sol’s broad chest, his arms wrapped around her waist. Although her body was afire with lust and she was extremely turned on, she was content just to enjoy the nearness and warmth of her young black lion. She closed her eyes and let her mouth hang open. She was in her element, relaxed and carefree, ready for some serious fucking.

He whispered in her ear, and she turned her head so that they could tongue kiss. She loved sucking on Sol’s tongue. The sweetness of it sent shivers all the way down to her toes. When he transferred his mouth to her neck, it increased the shivers, and she couldn’t help but wriggle her bottom in his lap. Charlotte took hold of Sol’s black hands and moved them up and onto her breasts.

“Squeeze me,” she breathed, “my boobies need your fingers on them.”

The hot, adulterous young wife moaned as she felt her nipples being pinched. “How she adored the pain pleasure that radiated from her bosom.

“Harder,” she gasped, “pinch them harder, oh, oh!” Lovely, lovely, aaahhh, and as she luxuriated in the intense feeling, she shook with a small climax.

“My!” chuckled Sol, “you’re turned on.”

Just at that moment, Charlotte gave another little jump, startled by feeling warm hands stroking up her thighs. Opening her eyes, she saw a second black sitting in front of her and leaning over her. His fingers were working magic on her skin, and as they rose higher towards her panty-covered pussy she couldn't help but hunch forward and let her legs fall open, allowing the searching fingers full access to her leaking vagina.

When his fingertip came into contact with her throbbing clitoris, she jerked and then pushed back at the invading digit, the more to get greater pressure. She noticed Sol's fingers fumbling at the top of her dress and then felt the air around her shoulders as the dress fell forward, exposing her pale blue bra.

The young black's hands came round to her front, traveled up her body, took hold of the flimsy garment, and dragged it up and away from her breasts, leaving them naked and free, the nipples crinkling with their newfound freedom. Charlotte blushed as Sol's hands came down, palms open, and brushed lightly over the fat, pulsing tips. Up and down went his flat hands, bestowing feathery caresses on her aching nipples. Then his hands were underneath the delectable flesh offering her titties up so that his black partner in crime could fasten his sucking mouth around each burgeoning tit.

Steven's wife cried out shamelessly, "Bite me, please, use your teeth," she urged, "I love it, go on, do it, do it."

The young black man did as he was told and delicately fastened his white teeth around the aching nipple. Charlotte put her hands on the back of his head and pressed him to her hot flesh. She sighed heavily as the black lothario gradually increased the force of his biting, until the ravenous young wife felt a thin pain, as if a fine needle were being inserted into her.

"This is sheer heaven," she sighed.

Then, abruptly, teeth and hands were removed from her trembling flesh. Charlotte turned her head to see Salome, the hostess, whispering in Sol's ear. Her black lover turned to the cheating young wife.

Salome asks, "Would we like to take these goings-on up to one of the private rooms?" Apparently, our love is upsetting the other customers. Would you like that?" he asked, grinning. "What about your husband? Will he be all right with it, especially if he watches you disappear?"

Charlotte gasped; truth be told, she'd forgotten all about her husband. What with her body receiving the attention of her two blacks and her dreaming of more intimate action, she had completely forgotten where she was and who she was with. "Poor Steven," she pondered. "What is he feeling?" But her misgivings soon vanished. She remembered his last words about enjoying herself. "Even so," she mused, "I'm sure he would love to watch me enjoying myself. Ah, well, perhaps next time—I hope there will be a next time."

"Well," inquired Sol, "will he be alright?"

"Yes," responded Charlotte, laughing, "take me away and have your wicked way with me. I'll tell hubby all about it later."

Charlotte, Dorothy, and the four black men strolled down the far aisle and vanished through the door on the right side of the stage. Steven watched them disappear, ruing the idea that he wouldn't be seeing his lovely wife enjoying the sexual antics of her black lovers, that is, until Salome, the hostess, hovered near.

\*\*\*\*

Charlotte and Dorothy followed Sol and his mates into the waiting room, where they were offered further drinks.

"I thought we were going upstairs," claimed Dorothy ruefully.

"We are, we are," growled Sol and then, in a lighter tone, added, "We just have to wait until the room is ready. The lights need to be checked, and fresh towels must be supplied. Additionally, the computer needs to be checked to ensure the cameras are functioning properly as we are filming.

"Oh," replied Dorothy, wide-eyed. "Are we going on TV?"

"Not exactly," grinned Sol, but we thought your husbands might like to see you in action so that a film will be made."

Charlotte wasn't sure if she wanted to be on camera but reasoned at least Steven would see and enjoy the sex. Another moment of doubt entered her mind as she thought about her husband. "Is this really what he wants?" she pondered, and then, remembering their earlier conversation, she accepted the situation for what it was. Her Steven liked seeing her in sexy situations with strangers. She liked to enjoy more exciting sexual moments with any man, so they both complimented each other.

Another idea occurred to her, and the more she considered it, the more it seemed to improve. She still felt uneasy about their new lifestyles, and she began to realize what it was. Even though they both enjoyed each other's sexual activities, these pursuits were basically separate actions. Charlotte enjoyed the physical side. Her husband enjoyed the voyeuristic aspect, but there was still something missing. "Togetherness," she thought.

"We should be in the same room," she thought.

This way, she would be getting the best of both worlds, carnal sex with her lovers and the all-empowering, mindful love of her wonderful husband. This way, she would know for certain that her hubby was quite happy with their new lifestyle, even encouraging it. Charlotte would see his adoring face, perhaps even hold his hand while she writhed and gasped under the body of an unknown man. This way, she would never have any more doubts and could really let herself go and enjoy, without guilt, the more fulfilling sexual pleasures her body craved.

With this satisfying solution in mind, she felt much more relaxed and contented. Now, she could tune her mind and body into the forthcoming sex that was about to happen. Sol's urging to drink the aperitif that he now handed her brought her back from thoughts of herself and her husband.

"Finish your drink," he demanded. "It consists of a strong mixture of aphrodisiac and alcohol mixed with a little pot. It will make you feel really good and horny and will heighten your senses so much that you will abandon yourself to our and your own sexual needs with no shame or guilt. This is going to be a night you will never forget. Come to that, neither will your husband."

Charlotte could already feel the liqueur burning into her belly as she gulped it down, and looking at Dorothy, she saw that she had already finished hers.

"God!" Dorothy giggled, beginning to slur her words, "that's something else. Lovely," and she licked her lips, both at the sweet nectar and at the thought of unrestrained sex with these virile young black men.

Sol led the way up the stairs, both girls needing help as their legs became sloppy with the drugged beverage. Opening the door to room number four, he felt for the light switch and turned it on. Immediately, the room was bathed in a brilliant light. The first thing Charlotte saw was the large, mirrored wall at the far end, followed by the mirrors on either side of the wall. She giggled out loud when she noticed the mirror on the ceiling, thinking she would be able to see herself having sex.

Definitely a first for her.

Sol gently helped her sit up on the side of a white-sheeted divan that graced the room. Dorothy had already pulled her two black men around to the other side and was busy fumbling with their clothing. Charlotte watched as her two black lovers started to undress themselves slowly. She felt her heart flutter as the blacks, naked torsos, were uncovered.

God, she felt wasted. That last drink had certainly gone to her head.

She could think of nothing but raw, no-holds-barred sex. Her whole body was a seething cauldron of unrestrained lust. Sol's ebony chest gleamed in the room's bright glare. Charlotte relished the six-pack abs, the washboard stomach —God! She couldn't wait to be ravished by this hunk of a man, couldn't wait to feel his large, black body pressing her small, white frame into the mattress, couldn't wait to have her pussy filled with thick, black, hot, throbbing cock. Both black men, still wearing just their boxer shorts, moved nearer to the panting, cock hungry wife.

Charlotte tentatively reached out a hand towards the large bulge pushing out the sides of Sol's boxers. Feverishly she fumbled for the waistband catching the back of her hand on the cloth-covered penis. She could feel the heat through the material; it was hot, hot. Charlotte sighed heavily, full of want and trembling visibly.

"Can't wait, eh?" drawled Sol as he pushed his loins forward.

Charlotte looked up to him, her eyes smokey and full of longing. With both hands, she took hold of the waistband and pulled it away and down from the flat, black stomach of her ebony lover. She gasped out loud as the rampant, circumcised penis sprang away from the constraining garment and wavered in front of her wide, disbelieving eyes.

"Mmmm," simpered Charlotte, measuring the black monster with her gaze, "WOW! If Steven could see me now."

The horny wife watched, mesmerized, as Sol pulled his dick away from his belly and then let it slam backup, twanging as it did so, finally coming to rest, standing up and pointing. "What do you think of that," he said proudly and twanged it a second time.

"It's lovely," crooned Charlotte, "so big; I've never seen one this big." Can I get it in my mouth?"

"Take it easy and mind your teeth," Sol grunted.

Steven's white wife bent forward and, with tremulous lips, took the bulbous head into her mouth, her lips parted in a smile. Her tongue, almost with a mind of its own, licked around the smooth head, laved below the sensitive underside, and then sucked heavily, tasting the maleness of the sexy black man. The movement to her right caught her eye. Jon, the second black, had edged towards her and was already pushing his underpants down. Charlotte noticed he was not circumcised, and he had a long foreskin. She looked up at him as he towered above her. Taking hold of her hand, he placed it on his hardening cock pushing his loins towards her face.

"You have a lovely penis," Charlotte groaned.

He grinned down at her. "Do you like it?" he croaked, feeling her soft, cool fingers encircling his prick.

"It's very nice," she huskily replied and, pressing her fingers over the loose skin, drew it back, revealing the almost pale knob end. Sol and

Jon shuffled together, still hampered by their trailing boxer shorts. "Let's get these shorts out of the way," she giggled. "I want you both naked," and leaving hold of both cocks, she hastily took the offending garments down their legs and, as each of them lifted one foot at a time, drew the boxers away and tossed them into the corner.

Now, she had both young blacks naked and hard and panting. Quickly she brought them close to her face and, holding each ebony penis between her fingers, eased her mouth over both ends. Breathing through her nose, she struggled to suckle both at the same time but found the action too difficult. Leaving one, she sucked on the other for several moments. Charlotte smiled to herself as she enjoyed the differing textures of each cockhead. Sol's smooth and slippery, and Jon's, with his foreskin partially drawn back.

She became more excited as she ran her free hand under each pair of balls, even slipping her hand between each black man's thighs and touching their arse. She had a sudden urge to touch their backsides with her lips and, first one, then the other, she turned them and ran her mouth down both spines kissing and gently biting each tight bum cheek at the same time, reaching round and lovingly wanking each stiff penis.

Sol finally turned and, taking hold of Charlotte, said, "Now, it's your turn."

The buttons at the back of her dress were already unfastened. It was a simple matter to push the material forward and off her arms, and Sol gathered the frock and, whilst Charlotte lifted each dainty foot, removed the dress and threw it into the corner. Steven watched his beautiful young wife as her two black suitors stripped her. He had seen, with bated breath, how she had divested her two lovers of their underwear, sighed heavily as he saw her struggling to get both massive cocks into her tiny mouth, noted how she kissed each naked black arse thinking, "She never did that for me."

Now here she was, standing up straight, just in her pale, blue, wispy panties, her bra already taken off and thrown into the corner with her dress. Steve sneaked a look at Dorothy. She was already naked and on her knees, sucking at one black cock then the other. His cock gave a lurch as he turned back to his darling Charlotte, where her blue panties were being slipped down her smooth thighs, and he watched closely as again she lifted each dainty foot and allowed her last piece of delicate clothing to be removed. Catching a movement to his right, he was a little surprised to see that Bill had opened his trousers, yanked his penis out, and was vigorously wanking.

His prick felt constricted in his pants, and nervously he also zipped down and eased his aching cock out through the fly of his underpants. Steven watched his lovely, naked wife as she stood waiting for her two black lovers. Jon lifted Charlotte's hair and began running his tongue and lips gently on the nape of her neck. Meanwhile, Sol was kissing the beautiful young wife, and her husband watched as the negro slipped his tongue into her eager open mouth.

Jon moved his mouth down Charlotte's back, bringing goose bumps up on her fair skin and finally finishing with hickies on her gorgeous backside. The horny fair-haired lovely, continued sucking on the black Sol's tongue, and the combined kissing and sucking soon had Charlotte's toes tingling. Sol now began kissing around her sensitive neck. At the same time, his hands were busy fondling her

delightful breasts and squeezing the pinky-brown nipples. Jon's hands were also busy stroking Charlotte's smooth thighs and easing his fingers through and tickling her pussy.

When Sol began laying kisses on her rounded tummy, those tingles in her feet moved up her legs, leaving her with weak knees and panting. Charlotte almost collapsed as Sol ran his tongue from her vaginal opening, up through the pussy crack, and onto her swollen clitoris. Only Jon holding firmly onto her waist prevented her from falling over. Steven watched as the two blacks gently moved his wife so that she lay on her back on the bed, her knees bent with her feet on the floor. Jon eased himself between her splayed thighs and, bending his head, began feasting on Charlotte's soaked, needy pussy.

Meanwhile, Sol had climbed up onto the bed and was straddling Charlotte's head, her hair laid out in a fan style, her eyes glassy, her mouth drooling. She was fully under the spell of the aphrodisiac drink, waiting and wanting and giving total submission to her virile, black lovers. Focusing her eyes on Sol's naked body, his penis obscenely jutting up in front of her face, she licked her lips and opened her willing mouth, and allowed Sol to place the end of his black, pre-cum, oozing glans onto her lower lip.

No sooner did Charlotte feel the black man's hot, turgid cock touching her quivering mouth than she couldn't resist lifting her head and sucking the hard, smooth penis end into her eager maw. Sol, ever the gentleman, realizing that Charlotte would not be able to keep her head in that position, leaned further up the divan and, grabbing a pillow, placed it under the grateful girl's head.

Now she could suck and lick to her heart's content. Charlotte did just that, running her avid tongue all around the fat cockhead, fluttering the tip underneath the sensitive frenum whilst using her lips to suckle the pleasure-giving penis. Steven watched his wife enjoying the attention of her two black lovers and noticed how she jerked every time Jon, slurping at her flooded cunt, touched a particularly sensitive part of her clitoris.

He noticed how his panting wife lifted her body towards the thrill-giving tongue, wanting, needing the ultimate climax she so desired. Steve took a glance across at Bill's wife, Dorothy. She also was gasping and groaning whilst her two black lovers sucked and ravished her naked, eager flesh.

His cock was leaking pre-cum, and lovingly, he smeared the slippery mucus over and around his corona carefully so as not to ejaculate too early. Such was his enjoyment at seeing his darling Charlotte writhing in pleasure. Snatching a glance at Bill, he saw that Dorothy's husband had removed his trousers and underwear and had slipped slightly forward on his chair, opened his legs, and was sliding his hand up and down a reddened penis, the cockhead glimmering with moisture. Steven suddenly felt encumbered by his clothing and quickly stood up, divesting himself of the restrictive pants.

The cooling air was very refreshing on his lower parts, and now that he had freedom of movement, he jerked vigorously at his distended cock, delighting in his approaching orgasm. He was too far along the pleasurable plane of sensation and could no longer hold back the impending climax. With a mad, fierce rubbing of his penis, he groaned out aloud as that wonderful feeling coursed up the stem of his expanding prick and burst out the pee hole and into the tissues he held at his spurting, exploding penis.

As the sensation of ejaculation faded away, it was replaced with a sense of anticlimax. The thrill of watching his wife enjoying sex with two black men now didn't seem so exciting. His penis had already started to lose its hardness and was beginning to flop. He wasn't so sure about anything anymore. Still, he thought, there's nothing I can do about it at the moment. His mouth felt dry, and



he wished he had a drink.

In the room, Charlotte's body was a mass of exquisite pleasure. Her breasts felt tingly, her tummy was tremulous, and her legs were weak with passion. Her vagina quivered with continuous lust seeping pre-cum which Jon was greedily sucking up. Sol's large black penis filled her urging mouth. Her clitoris, fully exposed from under its protective hood, felt as if it would explode at any moment. She wondered what her husband would think if he could see her now.

Still, she thought, we would have the film to watch and enjoy. God! She couldn't wait to feel a large cock penetrating her body. It was as if she would never be satisfied. Hope these two fuckers are up to it. As if in answer to her prayers, her two black paramours moved away and took hold of the divan and, with Charlotte and Dorothy still lying there, swiveled it round so that the bed now rested across the room from side to side and much nearer the two-way mirror. Steven, watching, became intrigued, also realizing that the two black males had purposely positioned the divan so that the voyeur husbands would have a close-up view of the action.

This piqued his interest, and his previous apathy disappeared. Now as he watched, he saw big Sol's mouth moving in speech, encouraging the girls to stand up, and as soon as they did so, Jon and one of Dorothy's young blacks took the places of the girls, laying down on their backs, cocks rearing up at a lewd angle. Sol now backed Charlotte up against the side of the divan, and Jon, reaching up, took hold of her waist and gently brought her down onto his naked body.

Dorothy was similarly positioned, and the voyeurs watched with bated breath, wondering what would come next. Charlotte lay face up on Jon's muscular body. She was sizzling with desire. Her face, neck, and shoulders were red with passion. Her breasts were swollen and very sensitive, the nipples hard and distended. Her tummy rolled and quivered with unsuppressed lust, and her vagina, leaking wetness profusely, was swollen and the labia fat and open.

Her legs hung down with her feet just touching the floor. God! She wanted fucking and hard. Jon's arms were around her waist, just holding her steady, his hands gently caressing her palpitating belly. Charlotte could feel his penis rearing up between her thighs, and she inched her bottom forward, the better to get contact with the pleasure-giving tool.

"Easy," whispered Jon. "You're going to get it very soon and more. Have you ever been double penetrated?"

Charlotte gasped, her mind reeling with sudden fear. No, she had never before been fucked by two men at the same time, and the thought that her virgin anal hole might be penetrated by a cock as large as either of these black men possessed filled her with apprehension.

"N-no," she stuttered. "Won't you be too big up there?"

"Don't worry, my darling," cooed big black Jon. "You'll be surprised how accommodating your body can be. You will feel no pain, only exquisite pleasure, which you will hunger for every time you get fucked."

When Sol loomed over her, Charlotte thought the worse but was quite relieved when he fell onto his knees and buried his face into her slaving pussy. With fingers and tongue, he skillfully brought Steven's wife to a vagina-wrenching orgasm, bringing sobs and groans from her panting mouth. Steven stared avidly at his naked wife wriggling on top of the second black man.

He could see the fat plum-like cockhead pointing up between Charlotte's eager thighs and watched as she tried to maneuver her lower body onto the swollen cockhead. He saw his wife's black lover

whisper in her ear, wondered what was being said, and then the view of his lovely wife's naked body and her sopping cunt was hidden as black Sol bent down between Charlotte's outspread thighs.

Steve had regained his earlier eagerness to watch his wife's sexual activities, and with his cock now hard, he had seen her naked atop the black, her lovely vagina open and ready for penetration. Then, his view had been cut short by Sol easing his black body down and between Charlotte's gorgeous thighs. Frustrated, he turned his attention to Dorothy, who, naked, lay in a similar position to his wife. Spread-eagled on her black lover's body, face up and groaning heavily. Steven watched his neighbor's wife lying nude and sighing softly, straddled atop her equally naked black lover.

The second black was slurping at Dorothy's drenched vagina, her thighs wrapped closely around her lover's shoulders. All three fuckers were breathing heavily with their exertions, and black male hands were fondling white female flesh. Steve cast an eye in Bill's direction and noticed that his neighbor, eyes riveted on his panting wife, was still pumping away at his modest-sized cock. Steven's penis, now at full hardness, was beginning to ooze pre-cum, and the voyeur husband lovingly spread the slippery mucus over his straining cockhead.

A movement on the other side of the two-way mirror drew Steven's attention, and he watched wide-eyed as the pussy lapping black moved from between Dorothy's legs and allowed the goggle-eyed voyeurs to see the large, threatening penis of the underlying black to penetrate the small, slender body of Bill's gasping wife. Several thrusts, in and out of the grasping cunt, soon had the fat cock covered in slippery girl's cream. Then, to the amazement of the two masturbating husbands, the black dick of the lecherous fornicator was withdrawn from Dorothy's palpitating vagina and eased up to the pinky brown rosette of the horny wife's delightfully small anus.

Gradually, the brown, slippery glans of the searching prick disappeared into the taut little bottom. To the further wonder of the two breathless husbands, the whole of the stiff, erected penis vanished up into the tight-fitting anal canal. Both voyeuristic hubbies continued to gawk as the huge, pleasure-giving tool reappeared, almost slipping out of the overstretched anal cavity altogether, bringing a moan of dismay from the writhing white wife but with superior control, the black, debauched cocksman slipped his thick penis back up into Dorothy's waiting, eager back passage.

Now the movement of the invading prick speeded up, and Bill watched his darling wife enjoying the anal penetration of the massive cock. Momentarily the obscene picture was obscured as the second black positioned himself between the lustful thighs of the trembling, married, white girl, and the watching duo realized, with gasps, that the penis of the black man on top was now being inserted into Dorothy's hungry cunt. So the horny white wife was now in her ultimate pleasure zone, double penetrated by two stiff, black pricks wielded by two young black lions.

Both voyeurs wanting to see cunt and arse accepting deeply, the invading cocks were pleasantly surprised when the top black carefully raised his body, fully revealing the delicious, fascinating sight of Dorothy's lower orifices being filled by two hard lengthy cocks. Now, both blacks began easing their pleasure-giving tools in and out of Dorothy's shaking body.

First, one black penis entered up into her bottom hole whilst the large, fat prick in front was slowly withdrawn. Then the roles were reversed, the arse hole gradually being evacuated and cunt hole being filled. The watching husbands, cocks in hand, masturbated furiously as Dorothy's body thrashed uncontrollably under the invasion into her body of the two fucking blacks, her moans and groans helping to further the voyeur's excitement.

Steve and Bill watched eagerly as the two cocks penetrating Bill's wife began speeding up, sliding in and out of the helpless body of the young woman. In one moment, both black cocks filled the aching,

slippery holes making the white wife's ravished body rear up, lifting the naked, black on top almost slip out of her desperate cunt, but with resolute skill, he quickly pushed back into the hilt. Dorothy's gasping and shaking body informed the frantically wanking husbands that she was fast approaching a massive orgasm. Then with a loud scream, the horny wife convulsed, body writhing with intense pleasure, panting and groaning as climax after climax wracked her tortured body.

Another loud groan to the side of Steven drew his attention, and turning, he saw Bill, tissues in hand, shooting sperm into the wad. Further bodily spasms followed, and Steve watched as a satisfying grin spread across the hot wife's hubby. But the two blacks pummeling Dorothy's squirming body were not finished. They continued pumping in and out of the hot wife, seemingly getting faster as the mucus-oiled cunt and arse became slick and slippery.

Steven took a quick look at his wife but found Sol still knelt between Charlotte's thighs, preventing any picture. Another gasping cry from Bill's wife signaled a further breath-taking orgasm. As Steven turned to watch, the black man, fucking the grasping pussy, suddenly withdrew his plundering cock and quickly climbed up and to the side of the panting Dorothy and the observing duo watched in awe as ropes of thick sperm spat from the climaxing black penis and coated the face and upper body of the trembling white wife.

Almost immediately, the black laying beneath the squirming Dorothy slipped his black prick from her greedy back passage and aimed the cockhead up between the white, satiny thighs splattered strings of glutinous semen over the hot wife's lower belly, vagina, and thighs.

Bill's wife was gently moved off of the lower black, and all three bodies relaxed onto the divan. Steve watched Bill relax into his chair, his softening penis still dribbling spent cum down onto his empty balls. Breathing heavily, he turned to Charlotte's husband. "Wow, that was something else," he panted. "The most exciting moment in my life. How I love watching my horny wife getting fucked with two young, virile blacks is an added bonus. My wife Dorothy loves sex, and I could never satisfy her, so when she comes across somebody, she fancies it's good for both of us. She gets pleasure, and I get pleasure. What's not to like?"

A movement to their left drew both of their attention. It was black Sid, who they'd temporarily forgotten.

"Would you mind changing seats? Bill, I would really like to see Steven's wife, Charlotte, close-up, that's if you don't mind, Steve. She's quite lovely. Her body is exquisite. I'd love to..." Sid broke off, embarrassed by his saucy chat.

Steve smiled. "That's okay, Sid, we're all mates together. Perhaps we can all meet up soon and have a session. Charlotte and I now have a better understanding of what we want to take further, so don't worry about it, and let's get back to what's happening in the room.

Charlotte lay sprawled on top of black Jon, her arms and legs splayed outwards, eyes semi-lidded, mouth hanging open, body trembling with renewed lust. Jon's stiff, fat penis was fully embedded into her swollen, pulsing vagina. Sol had moved from between the young white wife's delicious thighs and was now sitting alongside her palpitating tummy, resting his black hand just above her twitching cunt, his thumb almost touching the distended and reddened clitoris. The observing trio watched, mesmerized by the salacious sight, Steven particularly enamored with his lovely, naked, white wife wallowing between her two black lovers. \

They watched as the large penis, already splitting the young women's pussy lips apart, began sliding out of the tight canal only, at the last moment, for the monster tool to be eased straight back up into

Charlotte's sucking, grasping vagina. Charlotte could not help but whimper as she felt, first, Jon's pleasure-giving penis filling her lower body up but also Sol's caressing thumb now circling her swollen clitoris, and the mewling became louder as Sol bent and placed a mouthy kiss on the aching, fleshy nub. The ravaged wife couldn't help but lift her lower back off the divan to bring her pussy closer to the nuzzling lips and tongue, which were quickly bringing the panting young woman to another body-wracking climax.

To save himself from sliding out of Charlotte's slippery cunt Jon also had to raise his buttocks off the bed and keep his hard cock deeply lodged in her gaping pussy. Charlotte felt another orgasm beginning. The wonderful feeling always started in her toes. A gentle tingling grew more intense as her erogenous zones were stroked and played with. The stronger the tingling, the greater the climax would be. Charlotte had never had any trouble having an orgasm. She had long taught herself ways and means by which she could bring herself to energy-sapping climaxes, knowing just when and where to touch and how firm that touch should be.

Charlotte's tingling grew stronger, her legs began to tremble, and her belly quivered. Jon's black hands were stroking and squeezing her flattened breasts, also gently pinching the elongated nipples. For one strange moment, Steven's panting wife wished she had a third naked male attending to her ravenous body, then her nipples could be sucked and nipped between manly lips and teeth. Something she would have to discuss with her husband about.

"Pinch my nipples," she hissed through clenched teeth, "hard till I cry out."

Jon was happy to do so, and the accompanying pain took the screaming Charlotte right over the edge, and the watching voyeurs gasped along with the howling wife. Steve, for one second, thought his shrieking spouse was in serious trouble but just as quickly realized that she was enjoying a massive orgasm, something he could never give her.

Gradually Charlotte's shaking body slowed down, but the black Jon was still pistoning his huge penis in and out of her spasming cunt, and now the waiting audience watched as Sol moved back onto Steven's wife and positioned his black torso between her twitching thighs.

"Surely not," suggested Sid, looking at Steven. "Are they going to double penetrate her, back and front?"

"I hope not," replied Steve, "As far as I'm aware, she has never had anything in her back passage, either cock up there could be quite injurious."

The watching husbands did not have long to wonder. Almost immediately, they saw Sol's hand maneuvering what his cock was, obviously presumably into Charlotte's lower body. All three gasped out aloud when Sol eased himself up her body and allowed the three husbands to see exactly what the black man had done. Charlotte was just beginning to find herself again. Her last orgasm had taken her breath away. What with feeling Jon's penis slipping and sliding up and down inside her horny cunt and Sol sucking and biting at her straining clitoris, it only took the pleasure-pain in her nipples to bring her to a massive orgasm.

A dreamy smile crossed over her relaxed face as she tried to remember how many times her black lovers had brought her to earth-shattering climaxes, but she could only count to four. Already her toes were beginning to tingle, and her vaginal lips, fat and filled with hot blood, opened out, waiting for the next pleasure-inducing penetration.

She concentrated on Jon's black penis easing up into her belly. She could feel the hard flesh opening up her pussy, rubbing over her cuntal inner flesh, making her whole inside shiver with feeling. Then

felt that same wonderful sensation as the cock was slowly withdrawn, allowing her vagina to close until the fat glans began a slow entry back up into her drenched pussy.

When she felt Sol moving away from her side, she opened her eyes and watched as the black man got between her legs and positioned himself so that his stiff penis lay against her lower belly. Charlotte could feel the heat, and she couldn't resist fumbling her hand down between them and touching the turgid flesh.

"Have you ever been double penetrated?" Sol whispered in her ear.

"N-no," the young wife stuttered. "I think you'll be too big to go in... err... there."

"You've never been butt fucked?" continued Sol, slightly surprised. "Your husband never asked for..." and he fell silent.

"My husband has never been very adventurous in the bedroom," sighed Charlotte. "But he loves me, and I love him. It's only tonight that we both realized our strongest fantasy, and here we are."

Sol pondered on what Steven's wife had told him and then replied. "You've got a lot of catching up to do, then, but don't worry, my lovely." Even though your poop hole is quite capable of taking a cock of my size and enjoying it, we will leave you as an anal virgin. Perhaps next time, we will introduce you to more pleasures of the flesh."

Charlotte relaxed back onto the naked body of black Jon, who was continuing to fuck up into her pussy. Now that she knew she would not have her bum abused, the feeling in her cunt expanded, and she began whimpering and panting, loving the feeling now coursing through her body. She felt Sol's cock leave her tummy and gasped as the fat glans moved onto her straining clitoris, and she gasped further as the penis head moved down between her cunt lips and insinuated itself into her vaginal opening.

"Wha.. What's happening," stuttered Charlotte feeling Sol's dick squeezing into her vagina.

"Shhhh, my little one," coaxed black Sol. "Your pussy is quite capable of taking both our cocks as large as they are. How do you think a baby manages to survive? Relax and enjoy."

Charlotte wasn't so sure. The largest thing she'd had in her tight little cunt was a courgette which had taken her fancy when she was feeling particularly frisky, and Steven had left for his bowls match. She remembered, fondly, undressing and then moving the large, adjustable, free-standing mirror to the side of the bed, sitting down, and eagerly arranging it so that she could look at herself with her legs wide apart. The young wife remembered admiring her lower body in the mirror, bringing it close up between her thighs so that she could see her folded pussy in full, the lips still lying dormant, keeping her vagina shut.

Charlotte admired her secret place in the mirror, thinking how pretty it looked, clean-shaven too. She blushed as she recalled Steven saying how he liked seeing her hairless and how he would spend ages inspecting and playing with her vagina, pulling the lips apart, inserting fingers and tongue into her body, trying to get up her cuntal passage as far possible. Countless times he would bring her to orgasm until her pouting clitoris, stiff and engorged, became too sensitive to touch. She had to push his head away and lie sweaty and exhausted until she had regained her breath.

Remembering the previous dallying had brought her to a strong horniness, and her nimble fingers, strumming on her sensitive clit, had allowed her whole pussy to become wet. It was then that she had considered looking for a penis substitute, and thinking something long, cucumber came to mind.

Looking into the fridge, her eyes were drawn to the courgette, and she found herself back on the bed and in front of the mirror. Although larger than her husband, it was nonetheless somewhat of a disappointment. Having taken it out of the fridge, it was rather cold, and by the time she had warmed it up, she had lost some of her desire; it was more out of curiosity than want that she played at penetrating herself with the green vegetable.

She was still wet and found that she was able to penetrate her vagina with the courgette to a depth of five inches. She estimated the circumference at about the same size. She liked the fullness the vegetable provided and also the fact that it brought her clitty into contact with the rough courgette skin, but it was no improvement on hot, firm, manly flesh. Oh, how she wished her husband was a little larger in that department. She was brought back to the present when she felt Sol's black cock forcing its way deep into her sucking cunt. With Jon's fat dick already ensconced, her pussy opened out, and with a final push, Sol also finished balls deep.

"There..." gloated Sol. "We're both in now. What do you think about that?"

Charlotte wriggled her body gently, enjoying the feeling of Jon's muscular chest on her back and the more pressing belly of Sol on her tummy. She felt snug and warm in between the two black, naked bodies of her scandalous lovers, and now that her pussy was tightly filled, the spread-eagled white wife began to feel the tingling of an approaching orgasm. Both black, thrill-giving cocks were sliding up and down inside Charlotte's stretched vagina, sometimes both together, at other times separately, now vacating the gaping cunt, next opening up the grasping pussy, either way bringing gasps of enjoyment from the cock loving minx.

Then Sol kept his dick up inside the panting wife while Jon gradually withdrew, almost but not quite, before pushing back up into Charlotte's hot little cunt. This time Sol eased his black cock down as Jon slid up, opening and closing the vaginal canal whilst Charlotte started to feel that delicious tingling in her toes, and that delicious tingling moved quickly up her thighs into her quivering belly and then lodged in her pussy. Gradually, that wonderful feeling grew intense, and the watching hubbies heard Charlotte's cry of pleasure as her clitoris expanded and forced the most glorious sensation she had ever experienced into every part of her body.

The two black studs never stopped fucking the small white wife. They continued to ram in and out of the almost lifeless body, which even now was beginning to stir. Faster, each cock ravaged the flooded vagina, and Charlotte could sense another massive orgasm starting again.

"Ahhhhh, it's lovely," she panted. "Fucking lovely. Keep going, oh! Here it comes, oh, oh, aaagggghhhh..." and once again, the beautiful adulteress wife collapsed, legs and arms falling over black Jon's thrusting body.

In the cubicle, Bill rested back into his seat whilst Steven and Sid were busily masturbating, hands almost a blur as mouths hung open. They watched Steven's naked white wife being royally fucked by the two naked black athletes. Again and again, they brought Charlotte to heights of never-to-be-forgotten rapture until they began stiffening up in readiness to ejaculate sperm into the shuddering body. As Charlotte reared up, feeling hot throbbing jets of jism shoot into her cunt, both Steven and Sid groaned in unison as they, also, spurted strings of sperm into clutched tissues.

In the room, all three fucked participants were now resting on the divan. Charlotte lay smiling dreamily, thighs asunder, showing reddened pussy lips still gaping, and black men's seed oozing from the ravaged cunt. Opening her eyes, she turned to Sol and, with a ragged breath, asked, "Can you do it again?"

The two black men looked at each other and smiled. "You're lucky," Sol mused. "You have any number of orgasms, one or two. To go a third time, we need a twenty-minute break. By the time we're ready to go again, you may well have cooled off, so you need a string of men to satisfy you."

Charlotte gasped at the thought of half a dozen men lined up and eager to fuck her and immediately thought of Jamal and his bruvv. Could she ask Steve? Perhaps he could arrange a tryst? The three masturbators in the cubicle saw what appeared to be the end of a very enjoyable hour of voyeurism, and Bill, who had been relaxing after his exhausting climax, opened his eyes and realized that the two young blacks who had been pleasuring his wife had now disappeared. Dorothy was picking up her discarded clothing.

"Well," announced Bill. I think we're nearing the end of our session, so perhaps we should head back down. Thanks, Sid, for bringing us here. It's better than I could have imagined."

"Yes," agreed Steven. "I've long wanted to see my Charlotte enjoying herself, and this first occasion has been wonderful. It's more than I could have wished for."

"I'm glad you enjoyed yourselves," Sid broke in. Now that you've broken the ice, so to speak, you know you'll have an open invitation to enter the club at any time. Your wives will have unlimited access to as many black bodies as they can manage, and you will have the use of the viewing rooms whenever you like. Of course, as this is a black-only club, you will not be allowed to have sex or even join in when your wives are indulging, but I doubt that it will upset you too much.

"I should also warn you that whilst your wives are in the club, they will be expected to, ah, um, entertain certain senior club members as and when required. It also means that you will not always be able to watch your wives in action, but when this does happen, you will receive certain payments that reflect the nature of your wife's involvement. Of course, if you do not wish for your partners to be involved, you will not be allowed to enter the club.

All three men, having adjusted their dress, now happily left the waiting room and returned to their table in the main hall. Almost immediately, fresh drinks were placed in front of them, and having gotten dry throats from the recent excitement gulped down the sweet nectar.

Soon, Salome, the hostess, approached, "I hope you enjoyed yourself," she offered knowingly. "I'm sure your lovely wives did. I expect Sid has informed you about your access to the club at any time and the arrangements concerning the use of your female guests. I would say that your ladies will never be asked to participate in any activity that they do not wish to participate in. Even so, I expect their sexual knowledge and yours will be broadened over and above that which you have been used to. Enjoy the rest of your night, and hope to see you again soon."

\*\*\*\*

Upstairs, Charlotte and Dorothy were chatting with their black lovers, that is, Charlotte's black lovers, because Dorothy's two male companions had left the room. The two young wives were now seated together, with Sol on Charlotte's side and Jon sitting next to Dorothy. All four were still naked, and both girls, even after enjoying their black lovers with several strong orgasms, were still feeling horny. Dorothy had her hand around Jon's lifeless penis, trying to get some semblance of hardness into it but with very little success.

Charlotte, much more inclined to be modest and discreet, sat demurely, wanting to hold Sol's large prick but reluctant to appear too bold. Sitting close to a naked, black, macho male, her heart was still thumping with desire, and she was hoping to experience further sexual activity.

Dorothy was the first to enquire, "What's happening now?" she murmured, looking at Sol. "Are we finished for the night, or can we go again?"

"Still want more sex?" smiled Sol. "You're insatiable, Dorothy. What about you, Charlotte? How are you feeling?"

Charlotte blushed profusely at Sol's question. Even though she had just enjoyed both black men ravaging her small body, she was still quite shy about discussing her sexual needs. "Er, um, ah, well, I liked what we have just done, and it would be nice to carry on, but," she looked doubtfully at Sol's cock and then at Jon's still soft penis cradled in Dorothy's hand. "Err, will you be able to?"

The two young black men looked at each other and laughed. "What do you think, Jon? Shall we introduce them to our other friends?"

"I don't see why not," replied Jon, "and watching the pair of them gasping under our friend's onslaught will no doubt refresh us."

The young, sexy wives stared at each other, wondering what these friends looked like. Dorothy, much the more experienced adulteress, grinned and said, "Yes, bring them on. We'll tire them out as well."

Charlotte giggled and nodded her head. "Whilst we're here, we should get as much as we can," she blurted out and then blushed, realizing that what she had said put her in the same ilk as Dorothy.

"Good," grinned Sol. "Now, if you would like to experience the most wonderful sex it is possible to enjoy, you will have to do exactly as we ask."

Dorothy, always the leader, asked, "What do you mean by the best? How do you know we haven't already had the best?"

Sol laughed. "Dorothy, my darling, it is extremely unlikely that you would have had the pleasure of our friends or, indeed, any of their kind."

The girls, intrigued by Sol's remark, inquired further. Charlotte, this time, leaving Dorothy with her mouth agog, asked, "If they're that good, they must be better than you," and both white wives looked at each other, giggling with their hands hiding their mouths.

Sol, nonplussed, continued, "Have you ever been penetrated by a penis that fucked you so hard and so fast that it took your breath away, also that it filled your cunt much more than even me and Jon did earlier?"

"I haven't," informed Charlotte. "I've only had my husband, and although I love him, he's a lousy fuck." Then, suddenly, she remembered her liaison with black Jamal at the local nightclub. "Oh, I forgot, there has been one other person with whom I dallied, and although he was nice, I don't think he would match your description of your friends." Are they colored, too?"

"Yes, you could say that," grinned Sol, looking at Jon with a knowing gleam in his eye. "I can assure you that if you let our friends fuck you, you will be hooked for the rest of your life."

"Mmmm," breathed Dorothy. "Sounds good. When can we meet them?"

"You can meet them here in about twenty minutes. It will give me time to contact them and have them brought up to this room. I have to tell you that they are a bit kinky and would want you



blindfolded and restrained.”

“Wow,” gushed Dorothy, “I love being tied up.”

“They won’t hurt us, will they?” Charlotte stuttered.

“No, of course not; we wouldn’t let anything nasty happen to you,” Sol smiled. “We hope you will come and see us again. You will only experience extreme pleasure, the like of which you will never have had even in your wildest dreams.”

Again, the two girls looked at each other, now beginning to get excited at the thought of what they had let themselves in for. Jon left the room but shortly returned with two blindfolds that one would wear at night to keep the light away from the eyes.

Our friends would like you to wear these blindfolds because they believe it’s essential to keep their identities private.

“Ooohh,” groaned Dorothy. “Are they film stars?”

“Yes, they are. They have been in several films, so you see, it would be embarrassing for them if this got out. I would tell you that our friends do not associate with everybody, but they were smitten with how lovely you two girls are, and they couldn’t resist asking me if I could set you up with them. Is that OK?”

Again, the two girls looked at each other, giggling into their hands as they took in what Sol had told them. Dorothy was, by this time, seething with excitement. “Gosh, I can’t wait. I’m as horny as ever.”

Charlotte, a little less forward than her pal, smiled but wondered what her husband would think when she told him about their film star lovers.

“Now, if you’re ready for the most thrilling and pleasurable experience you could have, would you please put on your blindfolds, and we can bring your lovers in? First, though, we must make you comfortable and ready you for their pleasure.”

The wives noticed Jon had left the room just before they donned their blindfolds, and both felt a little disappointed that they would not be able to catch sight of their potential lovers; nevertheless, both young women were very eager and pleased that they were going to be fucked by real film stars.

“Now, before we begin, I’d like to turn the bed around and place it against the wall.” It will give us more room.”

The two young wives stood up whilst Sol and Jon repositioned the divan. When the two blacks were satisfied, they ushered the girls back onto the bed, and there they sat, holding hands and blindfolded. Dorothy sat there seething with anticipation. Charlotte sat there seething with apprehension. They didn’t have to wait long. They heard the door open, and shortly after, it closed again.

“Are they here?” uttered Dorothy, almost frantic with excitement. “We heard the door.”

“No, not yet. They are waiting to come in, but they need you to be ready to receive them. We have a couple of small recliners that we would like you to lie on so that our friends can easily access your bodies.

"Hurry up, please, I can hardly wait," squeaked Dorothy, her voice rising an octave with eagerness to be involved with the film stars.

"Let me help you get settled," Sol said softly, taking hold of Dorothy's arm.

He led her over to one of the small recliners, which were shaped like a capital D. The curvature of the D was covered in a padded cushion material, upon which Sol encouraged the lustful wife to lie across.

Now, I'm just going to slip your hands and feet into these ringlets and secure them because if you make any sudden movements, you might startle our stars, and then you won't get the enjoyment you crave. Does that make sense?" Sol asked kindly.

"Yes, yes," Dorothy replied impatiently. These recliners are extremely comfortable.

Charlotte was similarly tethered, face down, her heart thumping in her ribs. Both naked girls were now tied down, their heads resting on the cushioned dais, their bottoms nicely raised, showing their plump vaginal lips nestling between opened thighs and readily accessible. They looked lovely laying there and showing both pussy and anal cavities.

Sol stepped around in front of Charlotte. "Open your mouth, honey. Get me hard again, and then we will bring your new lovers in."

Jon was also offering his ebony penis to the supine Dorothy and both randy wives lifted their heads up and greedily sucked the large, plum-ended cocks into their waiting mouths. After several minutes, both wives' necks were beginning to ache, so they reluctantly let go of the now-hardened black pricks. Sol, with a silent movement of his head, detailed Jon to let the friends in whilst also holding his finger to his lips to suggest quiet. Whilst Jon opened the door, Sol moved round to the rear of Charlotte and, bending, placed a kiss right onto her fleshy cunt lips.

Charlotte moaned her appreciation and then gasped out aloud as she felt his tongue penetrating her vaginal lips. Dorothy was also panting as Jon's tongue pierced her grasping cunt. Whilst moans of passion filled the room, entering through the door, a third black man, leading two large black labrador dogs, appeared. Each dog was placed alongside the bending black men, and it was a simple task to replace the human-licking tongues with those of the canines. Both dogs had been well-trained, so they knew not to make either hot wife aware of any difference in the searching tongues, that is, not until the girls had been brought to massive orgasms such that their perception of what they were enjoying overruled any suspicion that anything had changed.

The dogs, sensing that both women were under the influence of huge sexual dominance, now began pushing their broad, flat tongues into the white wives' vaginas and licking the delicious cream from the inflamed labia. Charlotte had never experienced such superb feelings that now coursed through her flooded cunt and couldn't help moaning out loud, "Oh, oh, oh, ahhh, oooh God, that's lovely, Sol. Your tongue feels, oh, it feels so wonderful. How do you manage to get so far into m-me?"

Charlotte's animal withdrew its tongue from her sloppy, aching pussy and slathered the tip from her arsehole up through her distended labia and up over her hard little clitoris. This brought another long, drawn-out groan from the quivering, young wife who was in a trance. She couldn't believe the feelings running through her. Their breasts, belly, and vagina shook with unrequited lust she badly needed penetration.

Dorothy was also wriggling in the throes of passion as her dog's large tongue was bringing her to never-before-felt heights of sexual feelings. Both girls suddenly had their mouths filled with stiff

cocks as Sol and Jon thrust rejuvenated dicks into hungry maws. With pleasure-giving tongues at one end and large penises at the other, both hot wives were beside themselves with sexual heat, and all reasoning had deserted their vacant minds. The hot animal tongues had long taken the women into a trance-like state, and they did not hear Sol's word of command to the two labradors.

"Up, up," he ordered, and both dogs stopped their licking and reared up and onto the backs of the prostrate women.

They were so intent on enjoying sucking the black men's cocks that the feel of the soft furry underbellies on their naked flesh did not register. Nor when the dogs thrusting cocks entered their saturated vaginas did they have any concern. In fact, the two randy wives relished the feel of the two hot cocks, which were now thrusting in and out of saturated vaginas so fast that the girls' orgasms were arriving almost continuously. Charlotte's body was a mass of feeling. Nothing else mattered but for her to continue to receive the frantic fucking of the wonderful, pleasure-giving cock that raced inside the body.

The magical penis had reduced Charlotte to a brainless body, intent on continuing the mind-blowing sensations coursing through her body. Nothing else mattered but to keep enjoying this wonderful experience. Would any other cock ever again manage to excite as much? Charlotte became frantic with convulsions as several orgasms pounded her body. The dog's rear end was almost a blur, such was the speed of his thrusting.

"Oh God, oh god, oh, oh, aaahhh, oh, wonderful, it's wonderful, oh, don't stop, yes, yes, here it comes again, oh I can feel him shooting into me, so hot, so hot, he's filling me, it's lovely."

Such was Charlotte's delight that she'd lost control. Forgot where she was, forgot who she was. She only knew that this glorious, delirious sensation should continue above everything else; nothing else did matter, could matter. Nothing. "Ch...l....te... Charlotte? CHARLOTTE!" Sol's voice finally reached her.

"Wh...what?" she replied weakly, mouth hanging open, eyes hidden behind drawn lids.

Your lover would like to kiss you. Would you like to kiss your film star lover?"

"Mmmm," slurred Charlotte, still totally under the spell of sexual passion. "Yeah, that would be nice."

"Turn your head to the side so your lover can reach your pretty mouth; our friends love pretty mouths."

Charlotte languidly lifted and turned her head to the side.

"Open your mouth, honey," Sol cajoled. "You'll like this."

Jon was similarly encouraging Dorothy to do the same, and when the randy hot wives felt the tip of each panting dog's tongue, they opened their mouths and sucked the tips of the labradors dripping maws into their hot lips. At a sign from Sol, both black men removed the girl's blindfolds. Both girls stared up into the muzzles of the two fucking dogs, not at first realizing that they were having sexual intercourse with animals. Still, such was their enjoyment, their delight, their total submission to carnal delights that the knowledge they were now involved in the act of bestiality did not faze them for one second.

"What do you think of that," gloated Sol. "You didn't think that was going to happen, eh?"

"We don't mind," grunted Dorothy, still being violently fucked by the labrador. This is an incredibly exciting experience. We wouldn't have missed it for the world."

Charlotte said nothing, but when she pressed for an answer, she replied quietly, "It's very nice; I don't know what my husband will think."

Just then, the Labrador's knot had started to force its way up into Charlotte's cunt, bringing cries of ecstasy from the impaled young wife.

"Ohh, what's happening?" she croaked. "I can feel him...feel him getting bigger. Ooh, it's good, so good... Oh, he's right in," and her body shook with another orgasm.

Whilst crying out her pleasure, she had stopped sucking on the dog's tongue, but now she deliberately sought out the spittle-covered appendage, twisting her head round as far as it would go and reaching up to capture the pleasure-giving tool. Opening her mouth wide, Charlotte sucked at the end of the dog's tongue, and the mongrel, feeling the moist, hot void, dipped its head forward, allowing the young wife to suck more of the lingual member into her wanting mouth. So the bestial sex continued, both women enjoying several orgasms whilst the black labradors hung over their twitching backs, unable to move because of enlarged knots.

Sol and Jon stood watching the show, and when the animals were able to withdraw their spent, bestial cocks from the satisfied wives, the two black men, now completely revived, took their places and quickly buried their rampant pricks into the sperm-filled vaginas of the girls. The two black labradors were removed from the room whilst the women enjoyed further pleasures with their black human lovers. Finally, all sexual activity ceased, and Charlotte and Dorothy were released from their bonds.

"Well, I hope you've had a nice time and that we've entertained you as you expected," said Sol.

"Yes," they chorused.

"We have enjoyed every minute of it. We look forward to more adventures, and just imagine being fucked by a dog that was out of this world," added Dorothy.

Charlotte blushed and hung her head. Although she had been thrilled and satisfied beyond her wildest dreams, she was still a little embarrassed at the way she had let herself go. Steve and Bill, enjoying further drinks and wondering why their wives hadn't appeared, were soon placated when Sol and Jon appeared through the side door, leading the two wives. They were chatting, laughing, and holding hands. They started walking down the room towards the member's seating area when the one called Sol let go of Steven's wife and said something that removed the smiles on the two girls and replaced them with ones showing disappointment.

All four now separated, and the two wives, spotting their husbands, crossed over the dance floor and were soon sitting at the table. Husbands and wives looked at each other, then all began laughing and kissing as they reunited with their loved ones. Steven, taking hold of Charlotte's hand, asked quietly, "Did you have a nice time?"

Charlotte, blushing, giggled, "Yes, we both had a lovely time. I hope you weren't too disappointed at not being able to see us. Still, we will have the recording to watch, so it won't be too bad. She giggled again and lowered her eyes.

"Ah! But you're wrong," her husband smirked. "We saw everything, and it was very exciting, too. We enjoyed ourselves just as much as you did."

"How did you do that?" his wife queried.

"Well, you remember the large, mirrored wall at the end of the room?"

"Yes," replied Charlotte, intrigued by the question.

"It was a two-way mirror; we could see you, but you couldn't see us. We saw everything. A scene I shall never forget."

Both voyeur husbands looked at each other and laughed gleefully. Charlotte and Dorothy looked at each other, blushing profusely, not knowing whether to be ashamed of their sexual antics or relieved that their hubbies were now aware of their obvious liking for black cock.

"You didn't mind seeing us enjoying sexual pleasure with those black men, you didn't think we were too slutty?" Charlotte inquired, looking at both men.

"Of course not," answered Bill. "We loved watching both of you abandoning yourselves to those black youngsters, and wow! The size of those cocks, black and sliding up into your pink pussies was as thrilling a sight as I have ever seen. But Steven, having never seen you in action, must have been very pleasantly surprised.

"Yes," Steven echoed. "It was very erotic seeing you having fun with two virile black men." He lapsed into silence as he pictured his naked wife being royally fucked, but then he continued, "The contrasts between the colors of your naked bodies was so powerful. An aphrodisiac in itself. Thank you for fulfilling a long-held fantasy of mine. Now that I've seen you in all your uninhibited glory, I look forward to watching you again.

"Well, thank you, kind sir," Charlotte said, smiling and bowing her head. "It was a worry not knowing quite how you were thinking, but I'm glad that now you have experienced your fantasy, you are still of the same frame of mind and still eager to see me enjoying other men's lust."

Both Charlotte and her husband looked into each other's eyes, then bent forward, their lips touching in a loving kiss. Dorothy and Bill, watching the loving pair, clapped their hands together and laughed out loud. We shall look forward to more sexual adventures, they chorused.

*The End*