



Butterfly (Play Date Collection #1)

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Category: Dark Erotica

Description: When your husband is a man who likes to share his toys, it's not a big deal when he shares you with friends, right? Especially when those friends are people you already play games with.

All my Husband ever asks of me is to be his good girl and I always do what my Husband requests of me.

This story is just a quickie. It is for mature readers 18+. It contains FMf, Ff, submission, dominance, light bondage, spanking, sex toys, bad language, and a whole lot of steam. If you are reading this for the plot, you've come to the wrong place.

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I pulled into the driveway of my one-story cottage, smiling to myself as I thought about the toys I'd just purchased for Husband and I to use later tonight. My excitement grew as I imagined using the weighted nipple clamps, to feel their delicious pull with every breath. Just thinking about it had me getting a little wet.

Gathering my bags, I looked in the rear-view mirror and saw a car parked out front, but don't really think anything of it. It was a busy street for visitors, and I figured that they were probably friends of my neighbors. As I reached for the door handle, my phone buzzed with a text message.

Husband 3: Did you wear the lingerie I picked out this morning? The red one with the buckles?

Me: Yes, Husband.

Husband 3: Good girl. Make sure you show it to your friends ;) Have fun xx

Friends? Not likely. Most of my girlfriends would have a heart attack if they knew about the things we got up to in the bedroom. They all thought that I was as vanilla as tea and biscuits on a Sunday morning.

Wondering what Husband meant, I got out of the car. That's when I heard the music coming from my house. I glanced back at the car parked at the top of the driveway and then back at the house. It suddenly clicked. Husband had sent someone here to play with me.

A wave of excitement and nerves washed over me. My heart rate sped up and my

pussy began to throb, wetness pooling in my panties at the idea. Who did he send? Have I played with them before? Is there one? Two? Wait. He'd said friends, plural, hadn't he? I quickly pulled out my phone and checked the message again. Yes! Friends, more than one. Oh my God. My nipples tightened as my breasts swelled from arousal, rubbing against the fabric of my lingerie, making my breath hitch.

Did this mean I was going to play without him? We hadn't done that before. Was it someone we had already played with? Would they give him all the details? Only one way to find out. I rushed up to the front door eager to get it open and be inside. Juggling my bags, I slid the key into the lock. Just before I swung it open, I took a deep breath and savored the feeling of not knowing what I was about to walk into, or who I would be playing with. And how excited that made me.

I turned the handle and walked through the door. Stepping into the hallway, I saw Mason and Eva sitting on my cream, suede lounge in the living room to my left, the T.V. on a music channel. My eyes widened in surprise. There was a slightly awkward pause as I realized I didn't know how to move forward. I didn't expect it to be them.

Mason was one of my husband's golf buddies. We'd had dinner at their place. We played couples' board games with them! They didn't know anything about our sex lives. Which left me questioning: Did they know why they were here? What I wanted them to do to me? I was just about to say something, anything to break the tension, when Eva raised one delicate eyebrow.

"Your husband said you had something to show us."

I nodded my head, instantly dropping my gaze toward the ground, still feeling slightly awkward but not wanting to disappoint Husband. Apparently I hesitated a second too long. Eva stood and gestured for me to walk further into the room. I made it about halfway before she started towards me with her wavy, blonde hair flowing past her shoulders. I came to a stop as she edged behind me. The warmth of her hands

as she placed them on my upper arms sent a shiver down my spine as she slid them down until she held the handles of my shopping bags. Bags that were full of sex toys. I blushed and closed my eyes, realizing she had probably seen what I had purchased; in a bid to stop her from taking them, I clenched my hands around the handles.

“Let go,” she whispered into my ear; her breath made my skin curl in the spot between my neck and my shoulder.

Husband calls it my Love Bite because it’s the place he loves to bite that makes me want more. It took me a moment, but my excitement to continue with this scene overrode my embarrassment, and I released my grip on my bags. My eyes snapped open as a thought occurred to me. Will she use my new toys on me today? The idea of Eva sucking on my nipples after removing my new clamps had me clenching my thighs together. My lace thong become wetter, as I silently thanked Husband for picking out my sexiest lingerie. He always looked after me.

Eva placed my bags on the floor near the wall, out of the way. Then ever so slowly, she brushed my hair over my left shoulder and unzipped my blush rose dress. The cool air caressed the skin between my shoulder blades as the zipper moved down my back. Standing there with my eyes averted downward, I could sense Eva eyeing Mason over my shoulder as he watched her slowly undress me. I’m a submissive and an exhibitionist. This scene is my fantasy, and Husband knows that. He knows me. He knows that at this moment my breathing will become fast. My breasts will grow heavy with need. My pussy will drip with arousal, and I will fall into a space of obedient pleasure.

And fall I did.

As she pushed the dress off my shoulders, she pressed her mouth against my neck. Kissing. Sucking. Biting. I dragged in a breath, feeling myself growing warm everywhere. The tiny hairs on the backs of my arms stood on end as a shiver ran

through my body. Her hot mouth worked my Love Bite into a frenzy; the need to lean back into her and hold onto her nearly overwhelmed me. My dress fell to the ground, leaving me in nothing but my red silk bra with buckles wrapping around my ribcage, red lace panties, and black stilettos.

She placed one hand on my hip to hold me in place facing Mason, as she used the other to turn my head to the right, kissing me. Applying pressure on my chin, she forced my mouth to open while squeezing my hip with the other hand. I moaned, opening my mouth to her willingly. The kiss deepened, our tongues sliding along one another, lips pressing together, her taking from me and me giving to her.

I wanted so badly to feel Eva flush against me, but I didn't dare move. And I especially didn't want to stop the show for Mason. Each direction pulled at me. Stay as I was, letting Eva have me exactly how she wanted me. Or turn to face her so that our breasts, bodies, and thighs could press and rub against each other; giving Mason a show that he wouldn't forget. I decided to stay as I was, hoping to please both Mason and Eva together. I wanted Eva to feel me submit to her. I wanted Mason to see me submit to her. To see her kissing me. To see me wanting his wife to dominate me.

Eva slid her hand from my hip, along my waist, and then flattened it out on my stomach. Pulling, she made me lean my back against her chest. The hand grasping my chin skimmed down the column of my throat, closing tightly for just a second, making my heart beat hard, before continuing to the silky edges of my bra.

She hooked her ring finger under the edge of my bra strap, slowly moved her hand down my chest, and slid her hand inside of my bra, palming my breast. Her fingers just grazed the underside enough to lift me from the cup. Squeezing and massaging, she kissed me harder, causing the heat in my core to flare out through my pelvis. An overpowering need to feel my hands washed over me. My hands found her thighs and squeezed, finger tips pressing into her flesh. My hold on her helped to keep me upright, instead of melting into a puddle of delicious pleasure at her feet as she took

control of my body.

Eva pulled away from our kiss and leaned in close to my ear. “Go show Mason your lingerie,” she whispered then gave me a little push forward.

I gazed at Mason and hesitantly walked towards him. He studied me as I moved closer, his body still. Was he not turned on from his wife stripping and kissing me? Feeling a little lost at his lack of interest, I stopped directly in front of him. Unsure as to what to do next, I darted my gaze back toward Eva, nervous flutters in my stomach threatening to take away my pleasure.

She raised her hand in the air and made a twirling motion. Sucking in a breath, I slowly started to spin around, letting Mason look at me. Letting him see all of me. Just as I turned my back to him, I felt him move. His legs spread so that they were on either side of mine as he leaned forward on the couch. Then his hands gripped my hips; they were warmer than Eva’s.

Mason kissed my lower back just above the dip. The way his tongue slid down my lower back was sinful. I sucked in a breath. His warm breath on my wet flesh was burning me up. Pulling on my hips, he dragged me down to sit on his lap.

He mimicked Eva from earlier, sweeping my hair across my right shoulder.

Kissing.

Sucking.

Biting my neck. My whole body trembled under the intense wave of pleasure from having my Love Bite toyed with again. His hands trailed from my hips to my stomach. I reached for his thighs and clenched. My legs trembled as his right hand slipped beneath the waistband of my panties, rubbing over my hip bone. Swirling my

hips, I ground my ass into his lap trying to force his hand further down. My eyes widened as I felt his rock-hard cock pressing between my ass cheeks. Stopping my movements, he grabbed hold of my hips almost painfully, I loved it.

“Are you enjoying this?” He asked me between bites and kisses, his teeth raking lightly against my over-sensitized flesh. “Your husband giving you to us? Having us wait for you in your home? Playing with you? Using you for our own enjoyment?”

“Yes,” I whispered. “I’m enjoying it.”

“Good. We plan on getting to know this body intimately. Your husband has told us all about your little spots, all the places that will have you moaning. We are going to have you begging to come because you are not to come without permission. Do you understand?” I nodded my head. “Good. Lean back and put your legs on the outside of mine.”

I leaned back, Mason’s chest supporting me. The warmth of his body surrounded me as his arms held me to him, stopping me from moving away. I lifted one leg and then the other, letting them dangle on either side of his. Mason widened his stance, spreading my legs so that if I were naked, I would be on full display, wet pussy dripping onto him.

Eva had come to stand in front of us. As I gazed up at her, she took her dress off, her eyes hooded as she watched me draped over her husband, legs spread. Mason’s hand slid further into my panties. He rubbed his hand back and forth, his fingers playing either side of my clit, never quite touching. I was so tense. Thighs shaking. Labored breathing. So hot I was burning up.

I could feel myself soaking through my panties, sure that Eva could see it. She made eye contact with me and leaned forward, but instead of kissing me, she kissed Mason over my shoulder, her breasts in my face. Those round, pale globes hung like fruit

from a tree, ready to be plucked. I took a deep breath, inhaling her perfume. It was light and floral, subtle and sweet. Leaning forward I placed an open-mouthed kiss just below her collarbone, causing Eva to moan into Mason's mouth. I placed my hands on her hips, her flesh warm beneath my palms. Angling my head, I ignited a trail of fire across her skin as I placed more open-mouthed kisses on a path towards her nipple, being sure to swirl my tongue and take light nips with my teeth along the way. I positioned my lips over the white, lace bra covered nipple and sucked her into my mouth, holding onto her hips as she moved her body and tried to fill my mouth even more.

Mason's hand moved further down, one finger slowly tracing from my wet pussy to my clit. I had started to relax, falling into the moment; my legs spread further apart, wider, allowing him more access to explore me. Mason's finger circled my clit, pulling the hood tight and then releasing. I flexed my hips and attempted to follow his finger to get the pressure right where I wanted it, but he dipped his fingers down to push slightly into me, making me moan around Eva's breast.

I reached up and unclasped Eva's bra, pulling it down her arms and dropping it on the floor. I instantly had my mouth sucking on her pert pink nipple while my hand continued playing with the already wet one. I sucked, nibbled, stretched, and then sucked again while rolling her other nipple firmly between my finger and thumb. Eva moaned as I bit down and twisted each nipple at the same time.

I started to hook my fingers into Eva's panties to slide them down her legs, when she suddenly stepped away from me. In my moment of loss, Mason pulled my arms behind my back, using my own weight to pin them between our bodies.

"Ahh ahh ah no, not just yet. First, we are going to have a little fun with you. Lift one of your legs and put it near your other one."

Without hesitation my body followed his command. My right leg lifted, shifting over

to join my left draped over his thigh. My breathing was deep and even as warmth curled in my tummy. The dark dominating tone in Mason's voice was so different from his normal lighthearted self; it had me sinking into myself, letting my baser instincts take over, for submission to rule me.

"Now lift your hips," he commanded as Eva stepped in between his legs and knelt.

I lifted them as best as I could in my current position. Eva leaned forward, dropped a kiss on my lips, and then tugged my red lace panties down my thighs. Past my knees. Over my black stilettos. And then dropped them next to her bra.

Mason pulled tighter on my upper arms. "Now put your right leg back where it was."

I sucked in a breath and made eye contact with Eva. I'm about to be pinned down and bared wide for her. They're going to play me like a violin for their own enjoyment. Make me move, touch, feel, cum for them; however they want, as often as they like. Yes, I definitely wanted that too. I took a breath and lifted my leg, drapping it back over his right thigh, spread wide and on display for Eva.

My breathing came faster as I watched her looking at me. I could feel my wetness dripping from my pussy and I knew she could see it. Her breathing increased, mouth falling slightly open as she gazed down at me.

Mason started to kiss my neck again, working his way up to my jaw. My eyes closed and I turned into him, finding his lips, kissing him. His mouth was sure and commanding. He took from me everything I offered, his tongue moved firmly against mine, causing my body to melt into his.

Then I felt Eva's hair tickling my thighs. Her breath on my clit. My breath hitched, but Mason didn't let me move away; his arm pressed firmly across my body and held me in place. Then her mouth was on me. Hot and wet. Her tongue was moving up and

down, swirling around my clit and dipping into my pussy. Her breath was both warm and cool. I moved my hips with her, trying to get more of her, following her tongue. I moaned into Mason's mouth. There was no point in fighting against this; they had me exactly how they wanted me. They took everything from me, and I couldn't deny that I wanted to give it to them. I could feel my insides burn to life, a raging inferno begging to be sated.

One of Mason's hands snaked its way up my flat, smooth stomach, fingertips trailing over my ribcage and only stopping to pull my bra down. He started to play with my nipple, tugging and teasing. Hot lines of pleasure streaked from my nipple to my clit which was begging to be licked just the right way.

Throbbing with my heartbeat, becoming firmer with the torture of being stimulated from too many hands and mouths. I needed to see Eva between my thighs, her golden hair flowing over them. Pulling my mouth away from Mason, I took in a breath and looked down at Eva. She watched, eyes focused on me as Mason played with my breast while her tongue rhythmically flicked across my clit. Her hands found my inner thighs, pushing them wider and forcing my ass back into Mason.

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He hardened under me as I moved in time with Eva's mouth. With each tilt of my hips, my ass ground harder into Mason, his hardness pressing into my ass cheek. His free hand applied pressure across my hips, trapping me in place. My hands, pinned between our flexing bodies, grabbed onto his shirt and twisted it in my fists, needing desperately to find an anchor to reality in this moment of fantasy-filled pleasure.

His free hand slid between our bodies and unhooked my bra, pushing the straps down as far as they would go. Exposing my breasts. I laid on him, all but naked, legs spread with his wife between them. Every fiber in my body screamed as I grew closer to being ripped apart by the pleasure coursing through me.

Eva closed her mouth around my clit and sucked. At the same time, she slowly pushed two fingers into me. A moan escaped my lips and I tried to push my hips up so that she would go deeper, but Mason held me down, stopping me from moving.

My thighs quaked; I was so close. I was ready to beg for more when Eva stood suddenly, her fingers still in me, moving in and out. She leaned over to kiss Mason, letting him taste me on her mouth. I could barely move; I needed to cum that badly.

Eva whispered in my ear, "Stand up and take your bra off." I obeyed. I stood there in nothing but my stilettos, naked and trembling. Needing to cum.

"Your husband told us you have restraints. Go lay them out on your bed and then assume your husband's favorite position. Wait for us there."

Nodding my head, I turned to walk away, attempting to cover my ass with my hands. I felt a bit shy walking away naked in front of two of my friends.

“Stop!” Eva demanded. Instantly, I halted, wobbling a little in my shoes. “Why are you covering yourself? Did I give you permission to cover your ass?”

Suddenly, she stood behind me, her breasts pressed into my back and grabbed my hair, pulling until I was looking at the ceiling. A prickling pain shot through my body and a wave of pleasure washed over me.

“N.....no,” I gasped out.

“No, I didn’t. Continue to your room. Do not cover yourself and remember the number five.”

She let me go and stepped away from me. Hanging my head I continued to the bedroom, hands by my side, heels clicking on the floor boards. I went straight to the box that held all of my things, taking out my black and purple velvet buckle restraints. Wrists and ankles connected by an o-link; I lay them on the bed and then crawled to the center, turning to face the door. I knelt with my knees spread wide and sat back on my heels; my hands interlocked behind my back and dangling between my feet, waiting.

A minute later, Eva and Mason entered the room. Eva was only in her panties, her smooth pale skin drawing my eyes as I watched her hand caress her own breast while she observed me in my waiting position.

Mason came to stand directly in front of me but didn’t touch me. I glanced up at Eva as she swept my hair to my right shoulder.

“I want to watch you reach into Mason’s pants. Then I want to watch you pull his dick out and suck it. I want to see you take it all. I don’t care if it makes you gag. The whole thing,” she demanded.

Nodding, I took a deep breath and reached up, pulling the button through the hole and sliding the zipper down. I pushed his pants down his hips, taking his briefs with them. His dick jutted out pointing directly at me, thick and hard. I leaned forward, letting my breath flow over him. My mouth opened wide, I took as much of him as I could, wrapping my tongue around him as I pulled back, before repeating the action until I knew that my lips wouldn't catch on his skin. I forced my throat to relax, flattening my tongue and slid his dick until it was at the back of my throat until my lips were wrapped around his base. The tip of his dick sat in that sweet spot, just before gagging, yet making it a little difficult to breath.

His hand threaded through my hair, holding me in place as he pulled out of my mouth and slid back in, slowly fucking my throat.

Eva knelt on the bed behind me, wrapping her hands around my front and holding my breasts. She rolled my nipples back and forth, making me moan and rock my pelvis to find relief that wasn't there.

“Are you enjoying sucking my husband's dick? Enjoying him fucking your throat?”

I tried to answer but could only manage a slight nod.

“Good girl. I'm going to put your wrist restraints on you now. Nod if you're okay with that.” I nodded my head, feeling my heart rate kick up a notch, the heady excitement giving me a rush like no other.

Eva reached next to me and grabbed one of my wrist cuffs, unlinking them from the o-ring, and slid it onto my arm before pulling the strap through the buckle tightly. The velvet was cool against my wrist. Before I had a moment to fully absorb the sensation, she grabbed my other wrist and slid that one on too. Using the clips that dangled from the outside of the cuffs, she locked them together, pinning my arms behind my back.

“Your safe word is Red. If you want to stop, all you need to do is say Red. Nod that you understand,” she requested as she tugged down on my restraints, pulling my hands to my ass.

The position had my chest arching forward and my knees spreading further apart for balance. A burn in my thighs ignited at being pushed to maximum stretch to hold myself steady. That, combined with the pleasure of Mason’s dick gliding in out of my mouth at his own rhythm, and the control that the restraints took away, was almost my undoing. Using her other hand, Eva roughly rubbed my nipples and then slid her palm down my stomach and plunged a single finger into my wet pussy.

“Fuck, you really are enjoying this aren’t you? Being used by us with permission from your husband,” Eva questioned, awe filling her voice.

I nodded yes, trying to suck Mason’s cock harder as he continued sliding in and out. I closed my eyes as I rocked my hips and attempted to fuck Eva’s hand so that I could cum. Instead of playing with me, she took it away, making me whimper in frustration.

Eva reclined on the pillows, watching us. “Come here.” Mason released me and I turned and crawled towards her on my knees, arms behind my back.

“Take my panties off.” I furrowed my brow in confusion. How could I do that with my arms restrained? I looked to her hoping for more direction, not willing to ask in case talking without permission got me into more trouble.

She saved me. “With your teeth.”

I felt instant relief and bent forward from the waist, raking my teeth lightly along the skin in the hollow of her hip as I captured the waistband of her white satin panties. She sucked in a breath and I smiled to myself. I dragged her panties down her hips towards her thighs and she lifted her body to help me. As my eyes drew level with her

pussy, now covered only by a thin landing strip of hair, I just couldn't resist teasing her. I loved Husband, more than anything, but another woman's body was like candy to me. I let go of her panties and placed a hot, open-mouthed kiss on her clit, letting my tongue quickly swirl over her before dipping down and running my tongue along her outer lips and trying to push into her. Her quick intake of breath cut off as a loud clap filled the room. Hot fire suddenly spread across my left ass cheek. Mason's hand rubbed at the burning hand print that was sure to form.

"She said to take her panties off, not lick her pussy. Take her panties off with your teeth. Now."

I nodded with a slight tear in my eye as I slowly worked Eva's panties off, Mason helping with slipping them past her ankles. The commanding tone of his words both shamed me and pushed me deeper into my submissive zone. Once Eva was lying naked, she spread her legs to me.

"Since you were so eager, you can lick my pussy now. Make me cum, and I might let you cum before we leave."

I eagerly moved between Eva's legs and placed my mouth on her. At first I was gentle, licking in long slow movements, letting her warm up. As I felt her start to move under me, I concentrated on her clit. Flicking it with my tongue, sucking it into my mouth, grinding my tongue into it, and occasionally, very gently biting it. I wished I could put my fingers inside of her to see how wet I was making her, but with my arms restrained behind my back that was impossible. I knew that if I could slip one finger inside, she would burst apart as she came, the penetration of my fingers pushing her over the edge.

In my concentration, I didn't feel Mason move from behind me, but when I looked up from between Eva's thighs, I could see Mason kneeling on the bed by her head, his pants and briefs pushed down below his nicely toned ass and Eva's lips wrapped

around his dick. She was moaning and really thrusting her hips underneath me, so I opened my mouth over her clit, and pushed my tongue down flat and hard, letting her grind into me, letting her take control. I could feel how close she was; feel her throbbing in my mouth, drawing tight and so deliciously wet. She tasted sweet like peaches. I wasn't sure one playdate would ever be enough now.

With a hard sweep of my tongue over her clit, Eva arched up, cumming in my mouth. She grabbed my hair and released Mason, holding me in place as she drew out every bit of pleasure that she could from my tongue and rode her orgasm with a moan. I could feel her pussy contracting against my lips as her voice echoed around the room.

Once she let go of my hair, I sat up, my lips covered with her wetness. Mason watched me as I sat back on my heels. Stepping towards me, he grabbed a handful of my hair at the base of my neck and used it to pull and tilt my head up, and then he kissed me. Tasting his wife on my tongue. The kiss was bruising and strong. His tongue swept into my mouth, collecting every piece of Eva from me. My thighs trembled from the force in his kiss, wanting to feel that power pushing into me.

I heard the box with my toys in it open and close. Then Eva was strapping something to my thighs. I felt smooth plastic on my clit and realized that she had found my purple butterfly vibrator. She adjusted the straps on my thighs to hold it in place so that the vibrator was barely touching me, and then she switched it on. Mason let go of my hair and stepped out of the room. Oh god, it was so good. But not enough. It wasn't touching me properly, vibrating just out of reach. I tried to wiggle my hips forward to make contact, but stopped instantly when I got a spank on the same ass cheek as before.

“Do not move. If I wanted it touching you, I would have put it on firmly,” Eva stated.

I dropped my head in submission, not sure if it was more in apology for having moved or if it was acquiescing to the situation I was in. At that point, I was

whimpering. I was so hot and so wet. I just needed to cum. Mason came back into my view and I could see that he had taken all of his clothes off. He stood at the edge of the bed, pulling on his dick slowly, watching me as I fought to stay still. My gaze drifted from his face down to his chest, traveling down his defined six pack, and finally to his V. My mouth hung slightly open. Who knew he was hiding all of that beneath his clothes?

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“Do you like what you see?” he asked me, catching me blatantly staring at his body.

I snapped my gaze back up to his but instantly dropped them to his chest in submission. My eyes widened as I realized he didn't have a tan line. I nodded my head yes. Holy hell yes! My hair was swept to the side and over my right shoulder, Eva's fingers tracing from behind my left ear, down my neck, and along the front of my collarbone, eliciting a shiver from me. The pulsing of the butterfly had me sitting up as straight as I could, trying to be as close to the vibrations as possible without pushing past Eva's rule. Her hand rested around the base of my throat for a second before moving up my neck, the pressure of her grip increasing the higher she went.

When she reached my jaw, she held it firmly, tilted my head to the side a little, and then nibbled on my left ear lobe, sucking my pearl stud earring into her mouth. My eyes fluttered shut. Every piece of me melted into her; melted into the almost painful grip she had on my jaw, into the slip and slide of her mouth on my ear, into the hand that had crept around to rest across the butterfly's strap on my right thigh.

Eva released my ear only to press herself hard up against me, her thighs came to rest on either side of mine. Her breasts pushed into my back, their soft roundness filling me with so much need that I was ready to do anything she asked if I could just suck them into my mouth one more time. As her body wrapped around mine, her right hand dipped to my inner thigh, squeezing at the juncture to my pelvis. My breath came in so sharply, I could taste her perfume on my tongue. I was so aroused that I felt wetness running down my inner thighs. My pussy walls clenched, trying to find something to grip, to pulse around. Eva's fingers were so close, playing lightly with my outer lips, running her fingers just below the butterfly all the way back to my slit as she coated them in my arousal.

“Look at Mason. Check out his body while I fuck you with my fingers. You do not have permission to cum,” Eva stated, her warm breath flowing over my neck causing me to shiver. “Nod that you understand.” I nodded my head once.

Opening my eyes, I looked at Mason. As I watched him, Eva’s hand dipped further down, two of her fingers playing with my open pussy. A small pleading moan slipped out of me as I rocked my hips, watching Mason as his eyes followed his wife’s hand. My gaze dropped down to his dick in his hand to see that it was at full length, thick and hard. I hoped he was going to fuck me. I dropped my head back onto Eva’s shoulder and relaxed into my position, my knees spreading further apart and my pelvis tilting up. My hands touched the bed between my stilettos, and I realized I could reach Eva from this position. Having learned my lesson from touching without permission from earlier, I turned my head towards her.

“May I touch you, Miss?” I whispered, hoping that she liked the title.

She paused for a second before turning to face me and dropping a quick hot kiss on my lips. “Yes, you may.”

I instantly lifted my bound hands and found her inner thighs. I dragged my nails along the underside until I reached her pussy. Twisting my hands until I found her clit, I ran my thumbs over it slowly. Once she was rocking into my hands, I reached the fingers of my right hand further down to run my index finger along her slit. My breathing paused as I realized she was as wet as I was. She loved this scene, loved using me, loved dominating me.

A small smile appeared on my lips with the satisfaction of knowing I was pleasing her, and with a quick glance at Mason, I knew that I was pleasing him too. The hungry look in his eyes, as he watched my pussy being fucked by his wife’s fingers, told me everything I needed to know. I pushed my finger into her letting her fuck it as she rocked her hips back and forth to the same stride that she was sliding hers in and

out of me.

“More,” She demanded in a whispered voice.

I complied by slipping a second finger in and felt her pussy clench tightly around them, causing me to rise right to the edge of my orgasm. As if she knew how close I was, the hand around my jaw moved down to cup my breast and then pinched my nipple, trying to push me over the edge. Oh God, no. I was going to cum. No, no, I can't, I don't have permission. I can't. My hands stopped moving, my breathing became quick and labored. I could feel tears pricking my eyes as I started to lose my battle. I needed to cum. I needed to feel...

The vibration was gone. I opened my eyes, and saw that Mason was pulling the vibrator away from me, stretching the straps; Eva's fingers slipped from me and mine slipped from her as she moved her body away from mine. She held me by my shoulders, until I was sitting upright on my own. A sob escaped me as I realized they knew I had almost cum. I had almost broken the rule.

“Look at me,” Mason said with a sex roughened voice.

I opened my eyes and peered up at him; my chin quivered in frustration. His eyes were bright, and I tried to focus on them, calming the many emotions struggling within me.

“You were going to cum, weren't you?” he asked me, his voice cutting through me.

I dropped my gazes and nodded my head. Mason grabbed my chin between his thumb and forefinger, pinching and tilting it up, forcing me to look at him.

“Answer me.”

“Yes,” I whispered.

He raised one eyebrow at me. I looked at him in confusion and then realized he wanted what I had given Eva.

“Yes, Sir, I was going to cum. I didn’t want to, but I was going to break the rule,” I stated as I looked him directly in the eyes, my voice barely above a whisper.

A tear ran down my cheek, my orgasm so close to the surface had my emotions strung out. I felt so humiliated from getting caught and being forced to own up to it. Mason’s eyes warmed at the title, and I knew I had given him what he wanted. He let go of my chin and swiped his thumb over my cheek, removing my tear.

“Since you are genuinely sorry for almost breaking the rules, we are going to let you cum.” I almost started sobbing in relief before he continued. “But you still have your punishment from earlier to receive.”

I scrunched up my forehead trying to remember what I needed to be punished for, not certain about what it was.

“I told you to remember a number, what was it?” Eva asked from behind me.

I released a heavy breath as I answered. “Five.”

I already knew what the five represented, my ass cheeks still simmering from the early smacks for misbehavior. I was about to be spanked for covering my ass without permission. My pussy clenched in anticipation. Who would issue the punishment? Eva, her delicate hands leaving fine tipped finger prints? Or Mason, his large strong hands spanning an entire ass cheek? Both had spanked me already, and I couldn’t decide who I wanted more. Mason pulled on the straps of the butterfly to drag it down my legs enough that I couldn’t feel it at all, and then he leaned forward, holding

me by my upper arms.

“Stand up and lean forward over the edge of the bed.”

He gripped my arms tighter and helped me to get my feet under myself on the floor, heels clicking as they landed. He positioned me so that I stood between him and the bed, my back and ass pressed tightly against his hot, hard body. His erection pressed into my lower back, a firm promise I really hoped was for me. Mason placed a hand between my shoulder blades and applied pressure, pushing me down while keeping a firm grip on my left hip. I tilted forward, being sure to keep my knees straight, and flattened the upper half of my body onto the bed. My breasts pressed into the embroidered quilt cover; the pattern rubbing against my beaded nipples caused pleasure to flow down through my core. Eva gathered my hair and turned my head toward my left shoulder, draping my hair across the bed and forcing me to gaze into the mirror on my dresser.

From this angle, I could see myself bent over with Mason standing behind me, his hands on my upturned ass rubbing and kneading, pussy on full display, and Eva kneeling by my head, running her fingers through my hair. The only noise in the room was our breathing and the gentle buzzing of my butterfly.

I was in heaven. I was so wet from my almost orgasm that I felt it running from my pussy down my thigh as I watched us all in the mirror. It reached the strap of the butterfly and pooled, causing a wet spot. I watched Mason's eyes as he trailed a finger from the edge of my pussy, down the wet trail, and stopped at the strap. To be able to feel his hands touching me but not able to see what he was doing in the mirror had all of my senses firing. Every nerve ending in my body was concentrated on his fingers toying with the edges of the straps, my mind only half focused on the image in the mirror.

The movements of Mason's fingers changed from kneading and stroking to firm and

purposeful. He pulled on the straps, dragging them back up my thighs, but he put his hand between the butterfly and my clit and cupped my pussy. He placed the other hand back between my shoulder blades and looked at me in the mirror.

“You are going to receive your punishment for covering your ass as you walked away. Five smacks, and you will count each one, watching me the entire time. I am going to put the vibrator hard up against you the whole time, and when I am done, I am going to fuck you. You have permission to cum once I’m inside of you.”

And with that his hand was removed and the butterfly was in full contact with my clit. My eyes closed as I felt it connect. It teased the top of my slit as it vibrated relentlessly, bringing my orgasm right to the edge again. I bit my lip, my hands clenched into fists near my lower back. No, I could hold it, I could wait. I would wait. My thighs trembled with the effort, but I pushed my orgasm back; I would not cum without permission. When I had myself under control, I opened my eyes and looked back up at Mason in the mirror.

Eva leaned down and dropped a kiss on my shoulder blade. “Good girl. Ready?”

“Yes, Miss.”

My left cheek lit up with a sparkling fire, Mason’s large hand almost covering it entirely.

“One.”

Another smack landed a little bit lower, causing heat to spread further down on the same cheek.

“Two.”

I watched as Mason rubbed his hand into my tender cheek, looking down at his own hand massaging me, then glanced back up at my face. I could feel myself sinking down into my submission; all control removed from me, and I knew that my face was glazed over with passion. He must have been satisfied with what he saw because my right cheek suddenly received two spanks in a row.

“Three,” I breathed. “Four.”

My pussy was tingling, the burn from my ass ran down to my slit and up into me. My core clenched, looking for something to pulse around, to cum around. The vibrator was drilling into me, sending fingers of pleasure into my pelvis, my whole pussy warm and wet to its very core. The last smack was delivered to my left cheek, the burn so delicious I was almost lost to it.

“Five,” I whispered through numb lips.

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Mason's left hand gripped my hip and his right guided his cock to my pussy. In one smooth stroke he seated himself all the way, his pelvis cradling my stinging ass cheeks. The feel of Mason's hard dick stretching me open, pushing against my cervix, was so much more than I thought it would be. The sudden entry had me catching my breath on a gasp; a tear ran down my cheek and my mouth opened in a silent scream as wave after wave of pleasure exploded through me. My mind's eye was watching my pussy clench and spasm around Mason, watching him pump into me, stretch me. Mason continued to fuck me right through my orgasm, his cock coated in my juices as he thrust in and out of me with so much force my whole body was rocking. The pounding of his body into mine was the only sound in the room as I came back to myself. A firm hand between my clit and the butterfly stopped the vibrations from driving me insane.

"Shhh, it's okay. Let Mason make it better. Feel him sliding in and out of you, slick with your cum," Eva whispered to me, rubbing her hand over my cheek.

She knelt over me, leaning down and kissing the side of my mouth. I opened to her and she slipped her tongue in, more gentle this time. When she backed away, Mason pulled his hand back and let the butterfly come into contact once more. I whimpered, thinking he was leaving me alone with the vibrator, my eyes seeking his in the reflection, when he reached for my wrists resting on my lower back in their cuff. He tugged on my cuffs, using them to hold my body in place as he slid back into me. A shiver racked my entire body at the feeling of being tenderly fucked with my arms tied and restrained.

"You were a good girl and took your punishment well. I'm releasing your cuffs. Don't forget you have permission to cum, as many times as you like."

I felt the catch between the cuffs release, separating them from each other. He lowered my arms to my back and continued to thrust into me, making my body rock into the mattress as I adjusted to being unrestrained. I managed to get my arms flat to the bed when Mason picked up his pace, sliding in and out of me harder, holding my hips in a firm grip. My hands gripped the quilt, scrunching it between my fingers. My whole body rocked with his motions, the side of my face still pressed into the quilt. The butterfly kept pace with each of his thrusts, brushing backwards and forwards over my clit. The tendrils of pleasure from my first orgasm all started to twine together; goosebumps broke out over my body from the new burn after such an intense orgasm.

I pushed myself up enough that I could lift my upper body and turned to face Eva, who was kneeling in front of me. I grabbed her thighs and stretched up so that I could suck on her right nipple, letting Mason's movements pull her breast from my mouth, only to recapture it with my teeth, stretching it with each rock of our bodies. Eva moaned and slid her fingers through my hair, grabbing my head and holding me to her as her knees separated, opening her pussy to me. My pussy was vibrating all around Mason's cock as he pounded into it, almost pushing the breath out of me with each thrust.

I made a decision right then; I wanted to cum again while they were both fucking me. I squeezed her thighs and pulled myself back from her, causing her to look down at me. I tilted my head away from her asking to be released. Her eyes lit in understanding and she released me. Smiling at her, I reached up and placed my hand just below her breasts and pushed her back slightly causing her to lean back on one hand. I trailed open-mouthed kisses from her ribcage to her belly button, stopping to suck her piercing into my mouth. I swirled my tongue around the metal balls and clenched my hands around her thighs again, causing her to moan. I let out a moan of my own when Mason clenched a still tender ass cheek. The pain flashed a line of pleasure right to my overstimulated clit.

I dipped my head down further, running the tip of my tongue in a swaying path down to her clit. At the contact of my mouth on her pussy, Eva's free hand came up to cup the back of my head. I sucked and licked her clit, rolling it around on my tongue and drawing it into my mouth with gentle sucks. Mason's hands clenched on my hips at the sight of my face buried in his wife's pussy, her hand holding me in place so that she could grind herself into my mouth. He slid his palms up to my waist, his grip firm and strong. His fingers brushed my ribcage and then were tracing the crease on the underside of my breasts. I could feel him leaning over me, his driving thrusts pushing my thighs into the edge of the mattress, forcing the vibrator to grind into me as it sent electric currents through me. My breathing was coming in short sharp pants, my pussy starting to tighten on Mason's cock; I was almost there, again, just a few more seconds.

I opened my mouth wide and flattened my tongue as far down onto Eva as I could, and then drew it up in one smooth stroke. As I reached her clit, I sucked the little nub into my mouth, wrapping my lips around it. I continued to suck on it, rubbing my lips together over her, treating it like a nipple, constantly sucking and pulling. Eva was thrusting into my mouth, trying to force more of herself into me, when I felt my orgasm rush to the top and over the edge.

I let go of her clit but kept my mouth there for her; a moan passed my lips as my pussy clenched around Mason's dick, more wetness spreading between our pounding bodies. The tightness that had been building inside of me released as the prickles of pleasure turned to a wave, coating my entire body.

Eva pulled on my hair, forcing my head back and my shoulders to arch, watching my face as I orgasmed on her husband's dick. Mason continued to thrust into me, his rhythm fast and smooth, like he could do this all day. Fuck. I'd let him do this all day.

Instead of my orgasm melting away, the relentless buzzing of the butterfly drew my clit up tight and hard, overstimulating my core. My pussy continued to squeeze and

throb around Mason as my orgasm extended deeper within me. My mouth hung open on a silent moan, my breathing locking up. Oh God, this, I can't, please, yes...

Mason stopped moving inside of me and just watched me in the mirror. My brain registered that he was staring into my eyes as I continued to cum almost painfully, but my body didn't care. I was blissing out on this moment, this perfect scene. Being used for someone else's pleasure. Being the entertainment. Mason slowly thrust into me again before reaching down and switching off the butterfly. As soon as it turned off, it was like a switch had been flipped in me and my head sagged towards the bed. Eva leaned down and turned my face to hers, kissing me; her tongue slid against mine, sweeping in and stealing herself from me. It made me smile, her kiss so similar to Mason's after I had gone down on her. Mason's pace slowed, his hands coming to rest on my hips once more. His fingers tickled down my overstimulated thighs and caused me to jerk, but then I felt him undoing the straps of the vibrator as he gently removed it from my body. Eva pulled back from our kiss.

"Did you enjoy that?" Her fingers tucked my hair behind my ear.

"Yes, Miss," I replied, wishing to ask for more but suddenly unsure whether that was allowed.

I closed my eyes, not wanting them to see the need in them. If they desired to give me more, take more from me, I would let them, I knew I would. But I couldn't ask; it wasn't my place to ask. Eva stroked my hair as Mason pulled out of me. My pussy was suddenly empty, clenching open air as it adjusted to the sudden departure of Mason's dick. The cool air of the room was a shock to my wet and heated skin. When fingers started to trace the outside of my pussy lips, a shiver wracked my body.

"Such a pretty pussy, don't you think, Eva? All pink, wet, and used," Mason asked with a husky voice.

My breath was locked up tight, hoping he would slide just one finger in, that he would pump me with his hand, working in a second, and a third. My body started to push back on his finger, trying to force it in, when Eva tugged lightly on my hair.

“Ah ah ahh, none of that. I want to taste that pretty pussy again. Up on your knees,” she commanded me.

I took a deep breath, wishing steel into my rubbery bones, and pulled myself up into a kneeling position with my hands on my thighs. Eva lay down directly next to where I had been lying and looked at me expectantly. When I hesitated, unsure if she really wanted me to kneel over her face, she leaned up on one elbow and grabbed me by the chin.

“You still have permission to cum; do you want me to take that away?” Her tone was firm and stern as she questioned me.

“N...no...Miss,” I whispered. It wasn’t ending. It wasn’t over. I was going to get more. They were going to take more.

“Good, now bring that pretty pussy over here and kneel over my face.”

Eva lay back down, her face tilted towards the ceiling, but still watching me out of the corner of her eye. I rose up on my knees and crawled towards her, slowly sliding my knees to press into the tops of her shoulders. I looked down at her, upside down between my thighs, and watched as she gazed at my pussy with hunger. I lifted myself over her face until I could feel her warm breath against the folds of my slit. As I hovered above her, letting her take her time looking at my wet pink flesh, I felt a trickle of my cum start to run down the inside of my pussy. I tried to clench my core, but felt a finger chase the line of wetness back up into me. Eva removed her finger, brought it to her lips, and sucked it clean.

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Oh. My. God. Instantly, I was beyond aroused again. My clit a hard little bundle waiting to be touched. Licked. Sucked.

Eva reached up and placed both of her hands around my inner thighs, drawing me down onto her mouth. She was intentionally breathing through her mouth, heating me from the outside. Once she had me settled where she wanted, she started to slowly lick me from just below my clit all the way to my slit. On the first flick of her tongue, I felt a rush of heat travel from my pelvis to my stomach, my breasts drew tight and firm, nipples pebbling. I was pooling with arousal, barely able to stay upright as my need to grind down onto her face had me spreading my legs further and sinking down. Eva hummed in approval, the vibrations from the sound tickling my skin.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Mason get onto the bed between Eva's thighs. He ran his hand up and down his cock, using the cum from my orgasm as lubricant. He reached for Eva's right leg, lifted it up, and positioned the tip of his dick at her entrance, her leg straight up in the air over his shoulder. I was watching his hand lining himself up, his dick shining with my juices, when he stopped moving. I glanced up and when we made eye contact, he sunk himself into Eva, until there was no space between their bodies.

Fuck.

Eva moaned, a deep guttural sound. Her tongue pushed into my clit giving off faint vibrations like when she had teased me with the butterfly. Mason started to thrust into Eva, and as her body rocked her mouth moved beneath me. I suddenly felt her tongue on my asshole, warm and wet, barely there at first. But as Mason's thrusts became stronger, the movement gave Eva the extra access, which she took full advantage of.

She reached up and over my thighs, grabbing onto my ass cheeks, simultaneously pulling them apart, while pulling me forward and down onto her mouth.

My hands braced my body on either side of her hips, my face inches away from her wet, dick filled pussy. Her tongue probed my ass, at first just licking and sucking, but then penetrating me. With the stretched position I was in, I wasn't able to put up any resistance, not that I wanted to. I wanted her to tongue fuck me.

My senses were on overload. Everywhere was wet. From me. From her. From watching Mason's dick disappearing into Eva's pussy. The musky smell of sex and sweat. The cool air brushing against all of my heated skin. The sound of bodies pounding together. Everything about this moment was designed to torture me. To turn me on. Teased, used, and teased again.

My fantasy come true.

My orgasm was building again. I was pushing back onto Eva's face; I needed her mouth on my clit. Eva opened her mouth and let me slide myself onto her tongue, which she held firm against my clit, using her lip to apply pressure for me to grind against. I was rocking on her face, not caring that the force might be too much for her. All I cared about was my orgasm. My eyes zeroed on Mason's cock, watching as it became wetter and wetter with each thrust. I lifted one hand and placed two fingers in my mouth, swished my tongue over them, and then placed them firmly on Eva's clit, rubbing circles in time with Mason's thrusts, pulling backwards and forwards. Her hips started to jerk under my hand, my fingers getting slick with the juices being forced out of her from Mason's movements. Eva's mouth began to close as her orgasm got close, the slide of her teeth my undoing.

I tried to keep my fingers moving on her clit, tried to concentrate, but all I could think about was the wet slide of her tongue, the hard grind of her teeth. My hips were pumping backwards and forwards over her face as I came with a loud cry, my fingers clenching the quilt and Eva's inner thigh. The pain from my nails digging into her

thigh sent Eva over the edge.

Her orgasm was hard and fast, her mouth moaning into my pussy as my arousal smeared across her face. As my body started to slump down onto Eva's, I pulled forward enough that her face was free and lifted my right knee to roll onto my left side. I kept my head on her thigh, watching as Mason continued to fuck her. It was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen, his cock pounding into her. Wetness flowing down her outer lips and onto her thighs. I wanted to lean in and lick her clean.

As if he knew my inner thoughts, Mason grabbed my hair, tilting my head to look at him. His eyes glinted as he took in my blissed-out face, knowing I was ready and willing to be used however he wanted. Mason pulled out of Eva and placed the tip of his dick on my lips. Not needing to be asked, I opened my mouth and let him fuck my throat as I lay with his wife's thigh cushioning my head. The sweet musky taste of Eva on my tongue, mixed with the taste of Mason's precum was like nectar to me. I wanted every drop. Eva sat up to watch the show, see her husband's dick disappearing into my mouth and down my throat. I was so relaxed from my orgasms that Mason was pushing past my limit, but I wasn't gagging. My mouth filled with saliva, Mason's cock getting wetter and wetter. I moaned as he increased his pace and lifted my head by my hair from Eva's thigh. Eva's leg snaked out from under me; she came to kneel beside me and started to knead Mason's balls. He groaned, cock twitching in my mouth at the sensation. I kept my tongue relaxed, making it possible for him to bury his dick all the way, my nose pressing into the skin at the base of his cock. Mason continued his movements until Eva gave a light tug on his balls.

"My turn," she said and pulled his hips to face her.

She pumped his dick for a few seconds and then slid him into her mouth in one smooth stroke. She sucked his dick with all the experience their almost decade long relationship had given her. Her tongue rubbing up and down as her lips sucked and pulled. It was mesmerizing to watch. Mason reached with his hand and cupped Eva's head, taking the lead in their positions. When I felt pressure on the back of my head, I

leaned towards Eva, who moved to the side a touch. Over the tip of Mason's dick, our mouths met. Tongues coming out to roll and rub together around his knob, trying to get as much of Mason into our mouths as possible. I abandoned his cock for his balls, leaning down to lick and suck all around the base of his dick, palming his sack in my hand. I massaged his balls, which were drawn up firm and tight. I could feel Eva bobbing up and down on his dick behind me, so I leaned under and sucked one ball into my mouth. Mason's six-pack clenched as he sucked in a breath.

Eva released Mason's dick and started to stroke her hand quickly up and down. Her face appeared on the other side of Mason's dick and she sucked his other ball into her mouth, still pumping his dick. I leaned backwards and placed my mouth right against the tiny slit in his dick, licking and playing with the hole. I heard him hiss, and then I opened my mouth to suck him into me. Mason started to thrust into my mouth as Eva pulled away from him. She came to sit beside me, watching me.

"Your husband gave Mason permission to cum in your mouth," my heart started to pound at her words. Really? He was okay with that?

"But he said you could make the choice in the end. Would you like Mason to cum in your mouth? To swallow him?"

Closing my eyes, I took a breath through my nose. I nodded my head. Yes. I wanted Mason to cum in my mouth.

"Good girl. Open wide and let him fuck you until he finishes," Eva said, as she crawled to sit behind me.

She pulled all of my hair to behind my back, holding it in a low ponytail with one hand. With the other she reached forward and fondled my breasts. Pulling and twisting my nipples. My mouth relaxed open at the sensation, letting Mason in deeper. He reached forward and held my face in his hands, really fucking my mouth in earnest. His aggression made me wet and needy all over again. My eyes started to

water and I wasn't sure how much longer I could take it. I didn't want to disappoint him. Before I had to say something, he pulled out of my mouth and started pumping his dick hard and fast.

“Open your mouth, tongue out,” he demanded.

I instantly complied, eager to have my mouth full of his cum. Mason closed his eyes to slits, just enough to see me as cum released from his balls and flowed into my open and waiting mouth. His face was a tight mask of concentration as he continued to pull on his dick, dragging out his own orgasm. I sat still holding my position with my tongue out and mouth full. Eva got off the bed and walked out to the lounge room as Mason recovered and stroked my hair. When she returned she was carrying her phone. She aimed the camera at me and snapped a picture before humming her approval and typing away.

“You may swallow now. Open your mouth when you're done,” Mason stated as I looked back up at him.

I closed my mouth and swallowed several times to make sure I had gotten it all, then reopened my mouth and stuck my tongue out.

“Good girl,” he said and then sat down next to me, placing his hand on my knee and rubbing.

I dropped my head to his shoulder, my breathing still a bit ragged. Eva sat down on my other side and linked our hands together. We all just sat together for a moment, basking in the glow of post-orgasmic pleasure. A sudden vibrating noise filled the room. Eva picked up her phone, opening the message that had appeared. She aimed it so that we could all read the conversation she was having with Husband.

Eva: She only got 7 spanks. And here is a thank you for sharing her with us.

She had sent the picture she had taken of me kneeling with Mason's cum in my mouth, looking well fucked and flushed. I smiled as I thought of the reaction he would have had at seeing that. Would he be impressed? Turned on? Would he want to fuck me when he got home?

Husband: You're welcome, she's a good girl. Would you two like to stay for dinner and board games? I should be home in about thirty minutes.

Eva turned to look at me. "What do you think? Do you want us to stay after all of this?"

I took a moment to think, assessing whether this play date had affected my feelings towards them. I realized that it had, but in a good way. I felt closer to them, like they were more a part of me now. Of us.

"Of course I want you to stay," I said as I leaned towards her and placed a gentle kiss on her lips.

I got up off the bed and walked towards the door. Just before I slipped through, I turned back to them.

"I'll go grab some towels and we can all get cleaned up, together or separately, I don't mind." I winked as I stepped backwards away from them.

The last thing I saw was both of them smile and turn to look at each other. I smiled happily, trying to think of a way I could thank Husband. Then a new thought popped into my head. Did this mean we would play with Eva and Mason from now on? I really hoped so.

The End