

## The MILF Club

### Part 1

When Alex invited me to his party I accepted without reservation. He had a reputation for throwing the best parties in town, although I did not believe some of the darker rumors. "And bring that cute wife along too." He added as he walked away. I knew that Sherry would be thrilled as well since we had not been out in quite a while.

"Sure." I replied to his receding back.

Later that day I ran into Bob in the hallway. He was one of the first people to talk to me when I started working for the company about 9 months ago and someone I considered a friend. "So, Alex finally invited me to one of his famous parties." I informed him.

"You mean infamous," he chuckled, "enjoy yourself Peter."

"I will." I assured him. "Sherry and I have not been out for quite a while, what with all the over-time we have both been doing lately."

"Wait. You're taking your wife?"

"Sure, why not?" I asked.

"Well, sometimes his parties get pretty wild I hear." he replied.

Sensing some concern I pressed him. "I thought they were really well put on affairs, catered and all. Haven't you been to a couple? What happened?"

"Oh, yeah, the ones I went to were top-shelf; good food and booze. They got a bit rowdy later in the evening, but nothing out of control. A gal got thrown in the pool - by her date I think. The normal amount of drunkenness, some groping, but," he trailed off.

"What?" I prompted.

"I've heard that sometimes things go a lot further than that." he said.

I hesitated, thinking about what he had said. Neither my wife nor myself were exactly angels when we were younger. Sherry and I dated back then on and off and I was at a couple of pretty wild toga parties with her and she has told me about a couple of other wild nights that I wasn't present for. So I felt that we could probably handle just about anything that could happen at a party where a bunch of my coworkers would be at. "I think we'll be OK. Alex wouldn't have invited her if he was planning strippers or something. Besides, we can always leave if we get out of our comfort zone." I reasoned.

"OK, just don't say you weren't warned."

"Oh, you are just jealous that you weren't invited this time." I teased.

"Just keep a eye on your wife. Some of his friends have roaming hands." he cautioned. "I always do." I answered confidently.

That night when I told Sherry about the invitation she was ecstatic. I had told her about Alex's high-end parties before and she had been hoping that we would eventually be invited to one. She had even suggested that I "buddy up" to Alex in order to speed things up, but I told her indignantly that I would not kiss up to anybody just to get invited to a party. Actually I had tried to socialize with Alex a number of times, but he was pretty cool towards me, so I had given up.

"Why did he invite you now, out of the blue?" Sherry wondered.

"I don't know for sure, maybe it has to do with the way I handled that big problem in our current project." I speculated. "I had a number of people who have been there a lot longer than me say that they could never have found and fixed the problem that quickly."

But whatever the reason we were invited and it was only 4 days away. That didn't leave us much time to arrange a sitter, especially one that could potentially stay overnight if necessary (like if we got too wasted to drive home and had to sack out in one of Alex's 3 extra bedrooms). Alex had said to dress casually, but Sherry insisted on buying something new.

Finally Friday night was upon us and when Sherry came down the stairs she was stunning. Even at 28 years of age and after having two children she still managed to maintain her figure and weighed only a few pounds heavier than on our wedding day. She had on a peach silk shirt with a plunging neckline that showed plenty of her 34C cleavage thanks to what looked like a minimal, frilly bra. For the rest of her outfit she had on tight-fitting designer jeans that fit her curvy bottom well. I didn't see any panty lines when she turned around in response to my twirl gesture, so I knew she must have had on thongs. "I thought you didn't like thongs. Said they were too uncomfortable."

"I don't and they are, but the panty lines are horrible in these," she answered as she looked over her shoulder at her ass, "and I really like the way these look on me now."

"I do too." I said as I put my finger on her ass and making a sizzling sound. "You are one hot babe!"

She slapped my hand away playfully, "I'm glad you approve." she giggled.

"Oh yeah, you are definitely going to turn some heads."

"I only want to turn yours." she replied as she headed towards the door to go pick up Beverly, her youngest sister, who was going to sit for us.

"Which head?" I asked.

"Both!" she fired back as she headed out the door, putting a smile on my face. This was going to be a great night.

We could hardly believe what a big house Alex owned. We knew it was in a nicer neighborhood, but it still surprised us given that he was only a mid-level manager at my company. "Too bad it's still a little too cool out to use the pool." Sherry commented. I grunted my agreement, a picture of my wife in a little bikini flashing through my mind.

Alex answered the door and flashed us a big smile. "Hey glad you could make it! Wow," he said looking Sherry up and down, "You are as beautiful as Dave said."

Sherry blushed. "Thanks." was all she could stammer.

"OK," he continued, "Here are the house rules: eat and drink as much as you want, but no drugs. If you can't drive home you are invited to crash here -- I have plenty of beds."

"No problem there." I replied.

"The last one is this: we have boys nights and girls nights. On boys nights the party games are a little more male oriented and the girls can't refuse to play one if their date wants them to and vice versa on girls nights." He explained.

"OK, a little different, but I'm in." I said looking at my wife.

"Which is it tonight?" she asked.

"Oh no, you have to agree with the rules first." he answered.

"All right, I agree." she relented.

"Then I can tell you that we flipped a coin earlier and it is boys night."

"Figures." Sherry retorted.

"No worries," I said as put my arm around her shoulders, "We are going to have a great time."

"I'm sure we all will." Alex said and led us out of the foyer.

It looked like the party was just getting started when Alex ushered us into the main spacious living room. He introduced us to some of his friends that I didn't know and showed us where the food and drink was located. He was a great host.

People continued to flow in and we had a good time. The food was fabulous and the bar well stocked. Most of the games were pretty tame. There were only a couple that I had to "order" Sherry to play. One was kind of a 'Truth or Dare' poker game. It was like strip-poker but instead of removing clothing (darn), you had to take a card from a small deck of note-cards. There was one deck for 'boys' and another for 'girls'. Each card had either a question on it that you had to answer truthfully, or a dare that you had to perform. I was a pretty good poker player, but my wife wasn't, so I thought it could be a fun game. Two other couples that we had only met that night also decided to play.

The game was fun, but not quite as risqué as I was hoping. It was enlightening to find out that Sherry had once lost at strip poker (I'll have to ask her about that one sometimes) and it was fun to watch her get kissed by one of the other women, oops, girl. It was only a quick kiss, but it made my cock twitch. All and all everybody seemed to have fun and even Sherry seemed to enjoy it by the time it was finished.

We mingled for a while and got separated. While I was looking for my wife I ran across a game room. Inside three guys were starting up a trivial pursuit game and asked if I wanted to play. Some people think this is a lame game, but I like it and I'm pretty good, so I sat in with them. It turned out they were good friends of Alex and came to most of his parties. Brian and Johnny came stag and Marc's date left early, so they decided to start up a game. They seemed like decent guys and time passed quickly.

By the time Sherry found us I was in the lead by one pie-wedge and only needed two more to win. "Hi babe, come over and give me some luck".

She came over and stood beside me and saying, "You could find a Trivial Pursuit game in a desert."

So she stood there sipping some wine and chit-chatting with everybody as I played and occasionally rubbed her ass on the QT. Then I got onto a hot-streak, answering five questions correctly in a row and getting my next pie-wedge. "Only one to go." I announced.

"No fair" objected Brian, "You have a good luck charm."

"Nah, it's skill man, pure skill." I replied.

"Oh yeah? Then you won't mind if your wife comes over and stands by me?" he asked.

"No problem. But it won't help your game." I answered. "Go ahead." I said to Sherry and gave her butt a pat.

"Well!" she said in a fake huff, "Then I think I will just go over there" and walked around the table to stand by Brian.

After he got few questions wrong Brian said "Hmm, maybe she's only lucky for you, Dave."

"No man, you gotta rub her butt, like a genie bottle." Marc quipped. Everybody laughed -- I had been busted. On his next turn, just before he rolled the dice, Brian put his hand behind my wife and gave her ass a quick pat, saying "For luck." If Sherry had been sober she would have swatted him in the back of the head, but she just giggled and tousled his hair. And damn if he didn't get a good roll!

After that they all wanted her to stand next to them on their turn and they all patted her on her bum. She in turn flirted with them, subtly at first, like just resting her hand on their shoulders or brushing the back of her hand on their faces. But she would not stand next to me since I said I did not need her luck. Actually I did not exactly say that, but I went along with the game.

As the game went on the flirting slowly got more intense. The guys started resting their hands on her back between rubs of her ass and moved them down over time until they pretty much stayed on her butt all the time and the rubs turned into caresses. Sherry did nothing to discourage this, and in fact did the opposite. I had not seen this side of my wife since we were in college, and it was starting to get me aroused, so I let it continue. If I had not been drinking pretty good myself I probably would have stopped it.

I finally won, despite their 'lucky charm' and my wife came over and gave me a big wet kiss for being the winner. "What if someone else had won, would you have rewarded them the same way?" Brian wanted to know.

"Maybe." was my wife's answer.

About that time Alex came in and said "Looks like you guys had a good game."

"Yeah, I killed them." I bragged. This resulted in some groans and protests from the other guys. Alex pulled me aside and dragged something out of his pocket.

"Does this look familiar?" he asked. I looked down, and there was my PDA.

"Shit man, I thought I had lost that. Where did you find it?"

"In the bathroom at work. You should really be more careful." he replied.

"Yeah thanks." I said as I put out my hand for it.

"No really. When I turned it on to see who the owner was, I saw this -" he said as he turned it on. "Recognize any of those files?"

I squinted at the small display, looking at the list of filenames. Oh, hell, I DID recognize them. They were classified files from the DOD project I was working on for the company. How did they get on there? "What the fuck..." was all I got out.

"Yeah, it looks pretty bad, man. If security had found this and seen the files on here, you would be in shit up to your eyeballs for quite a while." he calmly stated. "Now imagine if they found that the files were copied on here from your PC and your login ID? And to top it off what if the name and phone number of a known foreign agent was also found in this same PDA? Yeah, not only would you be fired, you'd probably wind up in a federal jail for 10 or 20 years."

"What the hell are you saying? You know I didn't put those files on there." I stammered.

"Oh, I know, and I'd be willing to give you your PDA back and help you erase the file access logs at work, but you have to do me a favor." he said.

I narrowed my eyes. "What is you want Alex?"

"Me and my friends just want to party with your wife a little bit and I want you to help."

"What?!?" I hissed at him.

"It's that or I give the PDA to security and you can kiss your ass goodbye. Maybe after you are in jail we will party with her anyway, whether she wants to or not." he said with a hard edge to his voice that I had not heard before. He wanted me to think he was serious, and I did.

"What exactly are you planning and what kind of 'help' do you want from me?" I demanded.

"First, dial down your volume and tone, or it's over right now." he warned.

I took a deep breath, followed by another to get my emotions under control. "OK, I'm sorry, but I don't respond well to threats." "I don't care what you think, just get it under control. Now, I'm not going to lay out everything right now; you'll find out in due time. Just follow my lead and convince Sherry to go along. It's important that she think everything that happens from now on is your idea and what you want. Do you understand?" I nodded.

"OK, now here's what I want you to do..." and he explained the first part of his plan. True to his word he did not give me a lot of details, but from the outline it looked like I would have to play a game to win our escape from the party and get my PDA back. My wife would be the prize, but I was to make it look like I was instigating events and convince Sherry to willingly participate. He and his "posse" would steer things in the "correct" direction and he gave me a few signals to watch for, things like when to agree and when to say no. He did make it clear though, that if I won the game the party would be over, otherwise a new game would start and the "stakes" would go up.

I tried to think of a way out, some detail that he had not thought of, some clever maneuver I could pull. But the alcohol had slowed my thinking and Alex did not give me any time anyway; he kept things moving so that I was always lurching from one disaster to another the entire evening.

We went back to the group where Sherry was chit-chatting and flirting with the other three guys. At the time I did not know what had gotten into her, even the wine did not explain her behavior. I found out later that they had put some kind of female viagra in one of her drinks that Brian had scammed from a clinical trial somewhere. I can tell you that shit works!

Anyway I said "How about another game?" to a chorus of boos and "No way"s.

Sherry came up to me and whispered in my ear, "Let's go home and fuck." When she talks like that I know she's extra horny, but I had to stick to Alex's plan.

"You guys aren't afraid I'll kick your asses again, are ya?" I taunted as instructed.

"Nah, it would just take too long the way you play." That was Brian.

"Bullshit! You guys take too long to answer; I get like 80% of them correct." I boasted.

"Oh, Yeah? I bet you can't do better than 50%!" he answered.

"OK, I tell you what, just go ahead and pull the next ten cards and I bet I can answer 8 of them correctly."

"All right," Brian said, "but let's make it a real bet then."

"What, for money?" I asked.

"Nah, I got enough money. What I really need is some honey." Brian snickered. What a lame setup, but Sherry didn't seem to notice.

"OK, then, how about I bet my wife?" I said as casually as I could, as if I offer my wife to strangers all the time. Sherry's jaw dropped and I held up my hand to stave off the objection which was forming in her alcohol slowed brain.

"Hey, I want in on this too, what do you have in mind?" Marc piped in with the rest quickly following suit.

I acted like I was thinking about it for a second with my wife glaring at me. "You each take turns asking me a questions from the category of my choice. Sherry will still be the 'lucky charm' like before, except if I get the answer wrong she will have to kiss you for ten seconds. If not, she just goes on to the next player. We go around two times and if I answer eight correctly then I win and you guys have to admit that I'm the best and you all suck." I offered.

"Hey, that's twelve questions, so you have to answer, um, ten to get 80%." Marc interjected.

"Actually that's 83.3% genius, but OK, ten." I answered.

"If you get to pick the category, then she has to sit in the player's lap, not stand beside him." Brian threw in.

"And if you lose the game, then what?" Alex finally spoke.

"Well, then I guess I'd have to admit I sucked." I replied. "Everybody in?" I asked.

"Hell no." Sherry objected.

"You don't get a say -- house rules, remember?" I said. "Oh, don't give me that look, it's just a little harmless fun. Don't be a killjoy." Surprisingly she just rolled her eyes and said "OK, if that's what you want." The implication being that I was delaying getting home to a hot fuck, but I had no choice.

"Let's get going then," Brian said. "I get to go first." He patted his leg as he looked at Sherry and although she hesitated slightly, she stepped over to him and sat down sideways in his lap.

I picked Science since that was my best subject and Brian took the next card from the deck. As I considered the question Brian started flirting with my wife. At first she pretended not to notice, but as he got a little more aggressive she began to fend him off with a combination of moving his hands and flirting back. So this was their strategy, to try and distract me. I did my best to ignore it and managed to answer the question correctly.

So Sherry moved over to the next player, Johnny. He tried the same tactic, but I answered quickly and got that one correct as well, so Sherry shuffled over to Marc. His question was easy, so he hardly got to flirt with Sherry at all before she had to move over to Alex. After he asked his question, though, he turned up the heat by kissing my wife's neck and nibbling her ear. She loves that and kind of melted into him at bit. Without missing a beat he reached across her and started running his hand up and down her opposite arm, brushing his forearm, oh so gently, across her tits. She didn't seem to notice or care, but I did! Then I noticed that his other hand was stroking her thigh just above her knee, but moving up.

"Hey, you going to answer?" Brian asked.

Shit! I was having problems focusing on the question, but I couldn't let Alex keep groping my wife, so I guessed and blurted out an answer.

"Bzzzt. Wrong!" said Alex. "Somebody time us." Then he turned Sherry's head towards his and starting kissing her deeply. All the men quieted down, and even seemed to be holding their breath. The sound of their kiss seemed to fill the room. The entire time Alex's hands kept roaming and she did nothing to stop him. In fact, she put her hand behind his head at one point.

"Times up!" Marc said in loud voice. "Get me a crow bar to separate these two."

Sherry broke away from Alex, looking a bit flushed. From embarrassment or excitement I couldn't tell. Then she walked around behind me and sat back down in Brian's lap again.

After getting a card and asking his question he wasted no time in following Alex's lead and openly started groping my wife. This was not playful flirting anymore and Sherry was busy trying to fend off his advances, although she was clearly fighting a losing battle. From my vantage point I could see that although she had her legs clamped together he was still making progress up her thigh and would soon reach nirvana if I didn't answer the question soon. The problem was, I didn't remember what it was and he refused to repeat it, so I had to give up on that round. As he kissed my wife he didn't let up on his assault one bit, and Sherry was doing a poorer job thwarting him so by the time his ten seconds were up he was squeezing a tit with one hand and had the other one up to her pussy, although I don't think he could do much with her thighs clamped together as tightly as they were. Someone called "Time!" and Sherry leaped up out of his grasp, looking very flushed and flustered.

I was down by two now and could not afford to miss another, and although I suspected my odds winning this game were not good, I determined to not let their man-handling of my wife distract me anymore. Certainly whatever they had planned for the next game it would be worse for her than what they were doing now, so I had to avoid that if I could.

Johnny was up for his second round and once he asked the question he, of course, attacked Sherry. Two things were in my favor: 1. Since he was across the table I could not see what was going on below her waist, and 2. He was not as aggressive as the others so she was able to fend him off more successfully. This allowed me to concentrate and answer the question correctly.

I only had two questions left, however Marc was the next player and from what I could tell he was the pervert of the group. Sure enough about five or ten seconds after starting to work on Sherry she squealed and tried to jump off his lap. He pulled her back down but in the brief instant that she had partially stood up I could see what her objection was -- he had unbuttoned the bottom two or three buttons on her blouse (there were only five) and was stroking her bare midriff. This completely unhinged me and I blurted out an answer, but as soon as it was out of my mouth I knew it was wrong.

"Ha! You lose!" Brian exclaimed as Marc took his ten second prize. Sherry either really liked the way he kissed or had given up because she was not fighting him anymore. Fortunately he did not try to undo the last few buttons on her blouse and satisfied himself with trying to push his hand down the front of her jeans. Due to how tight they were however, he did not succeed and he did not have enough time to attempt to unbutton them. When they finished she got up and walked over to me looking a little glassy-eyed and breathing heavy. All the kissing and groping was starting to have an effect on her, apparently, although I expected her to have more control of herself.

"All right, admit it then, you suck." Brian said triumphantly. I glanced at Alex and he gave me the 'no' sign, so I knew that was not what I was supposed to do. But I didn't know what to say at this point either.

"Maybe you'd like another chance?" Alex asked, but it was clear how I was to answer.

"Yes I would." "OK then, let's play the same game again, except how about we raise the stakes, eh?" Alex offered.

"How about we play for your wife's clothes?" Marc said with a nasty little smile. The others quickly agreed, of course, but even though Alex was signaling 'yes', I hesitated. "Well..." I stammered, to which Alex signaled 'YES!'

I had no choice, "OK." I said quietly.

That got Sherry's attention. "What?!" she demanded. "Don't worry, I won't lose this time." I assured her.

"You don't have to lose the game to get me half-stripped." she complained.

"Trust me." I said, hopefully with more confidence than I felt. "Besides you've gone to the beach in a bikini showing the same amount of skin as you would in your underwear." I reasoned.

"This is not the beach!" she objected.

I stood up, wrapped my hands around her, gave her a hug and kissed her. Then I looked her in the eye and said softly "I love you, but please just do what I ask now and trust me." She still looked uncertain, but answered me by stepping over to Brian and sitting in his lap. This brought a smile to Brian's face.

"But before we start we need to clear up a few things." Marc stated. "First, shoes, hose and jewelery does not count. So how many items do you have on Sherry?"

"Four." she answered

He continued. "Good. Second, the winning player gets to choose which piece of clothing to remove and also gets to remove it. And third, since this is a tougher challenge we will spot you another question, so now you have to get only nine out of twelve. OK?" Everybody nodded yes, including me. It only occurred to me a few seconds later that they only moved the goal posts so that should I lose, my wife would be completely nude. If she had figured this out as well, she gave no clue.

The game proceeded as before, except that they wasted no time in pawing at my wife. I got the first two questions correct. The question that Marc asked was one I just didn't know, so I guessed -- wrong. Marc selected her blouse and this time was allowed to completely unbutton and remove it.

Now Sherry was moved over to Alex, all eyes on her skimpy bra and creamy tits barely covered by it. I knew I needed to do better, because the more clothing she lost, the more difficult it would be for me to concentrate. Now Alex had much better access to my wife's tits and took advantage of it. He was almost putting his hands inside her bra and probably would have if I hadn't answered the question quickly; and wrong as it turned out. Alex just smiled and told Sherry to stand up. Then he unbuttoned and unzipped her jeans. He looked straight at me as he eased them down past her hips, revealing her skimpy black thong. As he continued to push them down her legs he leaned over and looked directly at her barely covered snatch. Blushing, she stepped out of her new jeans. Now wearing only a sexy bra and a small thong Sherry headed around me to the next player. As she passed behind me she leaned down and whispered in my ear "Enjoying yourself?" I wished I could tell her why this was happening, but I couldn't.

When she tried to sit down in Brian's lap, however, he made her straddle him, face to face. At first I thought it was to make it easier to kiss her, but as soon as the question was read he grabbed an ass cheek in each hand and pulled her into his crotch allowing him to grind his hard-on into her almost exposed pussy. A small involuntary (I hoped) groan escaped from my wife. Somehow I had to finish this game, and without Sherry losing any more clothes, so I tried not to let Brian's antics distract me and I thought about the question. It was difficult though as my own arousal was starting to build. On the one hand I was disgusted with what was happening and how we were being manipulated (literally and figuratively), but on the other I was getting turned on. All I could do was press on, so I dug deep into my memory and dredged up the correct answer. Brian was visibly disappointed as Sherry moved on to Johnny. It was no surprise that he too had her sit facing him, and she didn't even try to avoid it at this point.

The question was difficult though, and I got it wrong. "Now, now," he mused, "tits or pussy, tits or pussy?" Everybody but me gave him their opinion. After thinking about it for a few seconds he reached out and unbuttoned my wife's bra, revealing her succulent 34C's to this group of testosterone charged men. She tried to hide them as she stood up and moved over to Marc, but that didn't last long. As soon as the question was asked he was all over her like a bum on a baloney sandwich. She was actually doing a pretty good job keeping his hands off her tits until he reached down and apparently, although I couldn't see, tried to get his hands into the front of her thong.



When she reached down to grab his hands he latched onto one of her tits with his mouth and started sucking on it. She loves this and will really juice up whenever I suck on her tits and flick her nipples with my tongue. Her response now was not much different. I watched my wife's eyes narrow and her mouth open slightly as this stranger suckled on her breast. Her struggles began to weaken and Marc took advantage by freeing one of his hands and grabbing her other tit with it. He was twisting her nipple with that hand and I think he hit pay-dirt with the other one down the front of her scanty undies because her eyes suddenly popped open and her whole body twitched visibly. I didn't know how much longer she would last before she orgasmed, so I gave up on the question, which I had forgotten anyway, just to end the game. I had to pick one humility over the other and I thought that full nudity would be preferable to cumming in front of these guys.

Marc reluctantly stopped his assault on my wife when I repeated my concession, Sherry's tit slipping out of his mouth with a lewd pop, his saliva glistening on it. "All right darlin, get up and be prepared to be stripped." he told Sherry.

He had to rearrange his pants to stand up, but then again, to my shame, I was in the same condition. Her small sexy thong was a bit off kilter, evidence that Marc had indeed managed to get under it. But the big surprise was the fact that it was soaked to semi-transparency! It even looked like some pussy juice had leaked down her inner thighs. My wife almost never produces that much lubricant, unless she is extremely turned on. I would have thought that her embarrassment would have precluded that. Maybe I didn't know her as well as I thought.

Marc slipped his thumbs into the string-like sides of her underwear and slowly slid them over her hips and down her shapely legs. Once they were down to the floor Sherry helpfully stepped out of them. What else could she do? She just stood there staring at me helplessly with this 'save me' look in her eyes. I was ashamed that I could do nothing to ease her humiliation and looked down at the table.

"As long as you are dressed, um, undressed for the part," Alex spoke up, "why don't you go get us some drinks."

"Like this?" Sherry gasped, motioning at her nude body.

"Sure," he answered, "everybody else has gone home, we're the only ones here." Then everybody gave her their drink orders, except me since I wanted to sober up. Maybe that would help me think of a way out of this. But Alex would have none of that; he insisted that Sherry get me a beer and a glass of wine for herself. When she looked at me for confirmation I smiled weakly and nodded my consent. With that she turned around and headed for the bar, which was down the hall and around the corner.

When she was out of the room Alex informed me that since I lost the second game, we would have to play another one, except the stakes, of course, would be going up. It would also be based on a different board game. This time it was a strategy game that was slightly modified. Basically it was an 18th century sailing game where I played the authority being pitted against the other four playing pirates. Normally the pirates plundered gold and jewels and hid in safe harbors while the authority tried to catch them and put the treasure back where it came from. The authority had a faster ship and was able to use some routes that the others could not, so in theory the game was balanced, but it depended a lot on the players

They had replaced the treasure markers with new versions that had a picture of a hand, a mouth, or a hard cock. They had also put pictures of a woman's mouth, tits, and pussy on the safe harbors. The rules were that if they could get a 'treasure' token to a 'safe harbor' they would have one minute to use their corresponding body part on my wife. If someone else was already there, they got ejected and had to return to the table. There were more hands than cocks and only one pussy safe harbor, but the possibilities made my head spin and my cock throb.

Alex made it clear that I was again to convince her that the entire thing was my idea. I also had to 'prepare' her for the game. To win the game we had to play through 30 rounds without Sherry cumming. Since I only had 15 seconds to move my ship, and they had 15 seconds (they all move at

the same time), each round would take about 30 seconds, which meant the game would run for 15 minutes.

Depending on how often they got to safe harbors, that could easily be too much for my wife in her current aroused state. If she made it though, we would be free; if not, then they got to have their way with her for the rest of the night, and I had to watch but would get no relief myself.

When Sherry returned she had the drinks on a small tray and circled around the table handing them out. As she passed each man her ass, tits, and pussy were grabbed, squeezed, and prodded. When she finished she stood nervously by me drinking her wine.

There was an awkward pause and Alex broke it by announcing that I wanted to play another game. Sherry didn't say anything, but her eyes were like lasers that bored smoking holes through my soul. I coughed and said as enthusiastically as possible, "Yes, but don't worry, I picked a strategy game, and you know how good I am at that. I'll smoke their asses this time."

She didn't look convinced. I stood up and motioned her over towards the other side of the room where Alex had folded down the futon there. I was hoping I could whisper the truth to her once I was away from the other guys and let her know what was really going on, but Alex followed us.

"The stakes are a little bit higher this time, but I promise you it will be OK. Just do exactly what I say." I told her as I sat her down on the futon. Alex handed me a silk blindfold. "OK, I'm just going to put this blindfold on you." I said as I wrapped it around her head and started tying it. "Why?" she asked.

"To help you relax and add a little mystery to the evening." I answered. Then I pushed her down onto the futon until she was laying flat on her back. "Just relax" I tried to say in a soothing voice.

Now the hard part. I lifted her near arm and flopped it back so that her palm was up and lying by her head. Then I took the silk scarf that Alex handed to me and began to bind her hand to the frame of the futon. She reflexively tried to jerk her arm away, but I held on to it firmly.

"What are you doing?" she exclaimed. I leaned into her and used my sincerest voice. "I love you very much. I know you are confused and your emotions are in a jumble, but please trust me. I know what I am doing, and this is how I want it done. Just let all of your doubts and concerns go and just live the moment." Her arm relaxed and I tied it down. Alex did the same thing on the other side and gave me a thumbs-up sign.

Now the harder part. I leaned over and kissed her deeply while stroking first her arms, and then her tits. I pulled away and kissed my way down her neck. Alex was still close, so I still could not tell her what was going on, but at this point maybe that was better. She would need to take my advice and just let go if she was to survive the rest of the night, especially if I lost the game.

"I love you very much. No matter what happens, I'll always feel that way. You are the sexiest, hottest woman I know. I'm the luckiest man in the world to be married to you." As I said this I slid my hand down her trembling body to her dripping pussy. I ran my fingers through her well trimmed pubic hair, across her hot mound, and slid a finger into her. I pumped in and out a few times, stroking her g-spot each time before removing it and running it up her slit and finally over her clit, making her jump. My wife groaned at my withdrawal. Her body was covered by a thin sheen of sweat, her nipples were as hard and distended as I've ever seen them, and her pussy gaped open slightly showing the inner pink folds. Hot damn she was the sexiest woman I've ever known! I wanted to jump her right there; my cock was so hard it hurt. Turning my back on her and walking over to the table was one of the most difficult things I have done in my life.

The first few rounds of the game were mainly just maneuvering while I tried to figure out what they were up to and vice versa. On the fourth round I decided to get aggressive and sent Marc's ship back to his starting port. The other three took advantage and tried to grab some treasure. Brian got a hand and Alex got a mouth. I managed to stop Johnny from getting anything, but now I had to concentrate on Brian and Alex.

The next turn I caught Alex and I had a choice of taking his treasure or sending him home. I took the mouth token and put it back on the island it came from. This allowed Brian to get to a tits harbor and Johnny got a mouth token. Brian smiled, stood up, and went over to the futon where my wife was tied down and blindfolded. He started playing with her tits causing her breath to catch. I couldn't watch since I had to execute my next turn, but I could hear my wife's occasional soft moan.

I managed to keep the other three at bay for the next turn, but Marc snagged a mouth token and Alex got another hand. On the following turn I managed to intercept Marc and confiscate his token, but Johnny managed to get to the mouth harbor, so he went over and started kissing Sherry while Brian continued his assault on her tits. I tried to keep an eye on them to make sure they didn't cheat, but it was difficult to split my attention without making errors in my play. It seemed I was damned no matter what I did. With only two players I was able to keep them both out of a harbor for the next round, but after that Brian's ship was back in play and I kind of lost track of Alex. The next thing I knew his ship was in the pussy harbor and he was off to finger fuck my wife!

Alex must have been doing a good job because her moaning was louder and more frequent as he pushed first one, then two, then three fingers in and out of her hot hole while stroking her clit with his thumb (OK, I peeked -- I couldn't help it). The squishing sounds and the moaning was making it hard to concentrate, and as a result Johnny managed to get into a tits harbor with a mouth token. He joined Alex with my wife and started sucking on her already hard nipples. This sent Sherry into a near frenzy, her head was rolling back and forth and she was struggling against her bonds. I think the only reason she had not orgasmed yet was because of the embarrassment of being in front of these four strangers.

Most of the game went on like this, just one or two of them with my wife at any one time, and a couple turns nobody was there. At one point Marc got into a tits harbor with a cock token. It was surreal watching him climb up on top of my wife, press her tits together and fuck them.

Near the end of the game I was starting to hope that we could win. I had managed to keep down the stimulation of my wife so she had not climaxed yet and I had a handle on their individual strategies. Then they did something that I didn't expect: they started working together.

Johnny and Alex sacrificed themselves a couple of turns in a row which allowed Brian to get a mouth token into the pussy harbor. I was crestfallen; surely he would be able to make her cum with his mouth.

He casually walked over to the futon, gently spread Sherry's legs, knelt down and ran his tongue the entire length of her hot slit. Sherry let out a guttural sound and pushed her pelvis up to meet his lashing tongue. I had to hope she could hold out, even though she didn't know she had to, and continue the game. We could still win -- there were only four rounds left. They continued to work together and after two more rounds although Sherry had not cum yet, she must have been close. Then it happened: Marc got a cock token to the pussy harbor. No!

He stood up, pumping his hand in the air and hissing "Yes!".

He walked over to my wife on the futon and stripped off his pants and underwear. His cock was hard and standing out from his body slightly. It looked a little bigger than mine, both in length and girth. Sherry's legs were already parted, but he pushed them apart even further and climbed up onto the futon between them. He wasted no time in penetrating her and sank to the hilt in one stroke, she was so wet.

She squealed at the sensation of finally being filled with a hot, hard dick. He started with full, slow strokes, but after a few of those he started speeding up. By the time half his time was up (30 seconds), he was hammering into her at a ferocious rate and my beloved wife was meeting his thrusts.

We were all mesmerized by the spectacle and the game was temporarily forgotten. Well before the one minute was up Sherry's body when rigid and she had a groaning, wailing orgasm. Marc just rode her through it and then stopped and pulled out of her when she stopped shaking. She just laid there gasping for breath, her body wracked by small post-orgasmic tremors, her body glistening with sweat.

Her nipples were still hard and sticking out as much as I have ever seen, and her cunt: engorged is the best description. In other words, fuckable as hell.

All the guys stood up and Brian said "Now the real party starts." As they walked towards my wife on the futon Alex pulled me aside and suggested that I call the sitter and tell her that we would be staying the night. I walked out of the room to make the call. I didn't want risk Bev hearing anything that might make her suspicious.

I told her that we were too smashed to drive home and would be crashing here. She said she was OK with that and I told her we'd see her in the morning. As I returned to the game room I heard the sounds of sex as I got close to the door: Sherry moaning, a man grunting, sloshing noises of a cock pistoning in and out, and bodies slapping together. When I entered the room my wife was still on her back on the futon, but the mask was gone and she was no longer tied down.

Alex was fucking her with a steady pace while she sucked Brian's dick. Marc and Johnny stood nearby slowly stroking their hard dicks. When someone shot his load it was always on her belly, tits, face, etc., but never in her. I guess they wanted to keep her pussy and ass from getting too sloppy. Yes, they fucked her in the ass too. They kept at it for hours, switching off when they came or got tired. Even so, their individual stamina was amazing. Of course they were all only in their early 20's except for Alex who was my age. They took short breaks during which I was tasked to get everybody water to keep them hydrated, and to clean up Sherry with a wet towel. That was the only time I was allowed to touch her though, my hard cock did not get any relief that night.

The highlight, or lowlight depending on your view, was when they got her airtight: Marc in her pussy, Johnny in her ass (he had a long, but skinny cock), and Brian in her mouth. Alex was already worn out by that time. As Marc and Johnny established an alternating rhythm she could not concentrate on Brian's dick, so he just fucked her mouth like it was another pussy. Since they had all cum at least two or three times already they lasted an amazing long time. Sherry became exhausted and they were literally holding her up and just using her as a cum dump. Eventually they all came, Marc and Johnny inside her and Alex on her face.

When it was all over it was 3am and they had all violated each of her holes multiple times and dumped at least ten loads of sperm in and on her. Sherry had multiple orgasms throughout the entire ordeal, at one point having them almost continually for a while. I lost count of the total, probably double what they guys had. No wonder she was exhausted. I guess she took my advice and just rolled with it, living the moment and not worrying about whether it was right or wrong or the consequences afterward.

My last task was carrying my wife to a bedroom and tucking her in to a comfy bed -- to sleep. I settled down besides her, holding her gently, but sleep would not come. My head was full of images of my beloved getting gang banged, and I had to admit it, participating and enjoying it at times. I wondered how this would change our lives and our relationship. I worried that she would hate me for apparently setting the entire thing up and enabling the others.

I suddenly woke up. Light was streaming in the window. Sherry was still sleeping beside me. What time was it? I looked at my watch; 8am. Good, not too late yet. I got up slowly so as not to wake up my wife and navigated my way to the kitchen. I rounded up some juice and a couple of bagels and went back up to the bedroom where my wife slumbered. I didn't run into anybody else yet.

I gently woke Sherry up. She was still a little groggy, but I managed to get her to drink and eat a little. Then I guided her to the bathroom and into the shower. She was still not all with it so I got in with her and washed her down. Normally when I do this I get hard, and this time was no exception. When she noticed she got down on her knees and started to guide my cock toward her mouth. I stopped her and told her that she did not need to do that, but she said she wanted to, so I let her. I had to admit it was a nice release for me, but I worried about her. Would she be a submissive sex toy from now on? Did she think that's what I wanted? (Well, that was a fantasy of mine, but in reality I don't think it would be good for her mental health.)

After the shower and blow-job I went downstairs and found her blouse and jeans, but her underwear

was nowhere to be found, so she just had to go without them. On the way out I saw a manila envelope with my name on it on a small table by the front door. Inside I found my PDA, some instructions on how to permanently erase the security logs at work showing the files being copied to my PDA, and a DVD. A post-it note on the DVD read "Watch me ASAP". I just put the envelope under my arm and helped my wife out to our car.

Sherry just sat looking out the window as I drove. I was trying to think of what to say, but I didn't know how to start.

"Peter," she started.

"I'm sorry." I blurted out. "I never wanted that to happen."

"I know." she said.

"You do? How?"

"I know you better than that. I realized when I was getting the drinks that you were acting completely out of character, even half in the bag. I figured that they must be coercing you somehow and that it must have been pretty strong to get you to go along with their scheme." she explained.

"If you call the threat of losing my job and going to jail strong, then yeah." I replied.

"I knew it had to be something like that. Thank you for what you said to me when you tied me down on the futon. It really helped me get through it." She sounded kind of odd, but given what she had just been through, maybe that was to be expected, wasn't it?

"Are you OK?" I asked. She looked away but it appeared to me that she was on the verge of crying. "Honey, what's wrong? I meant what I said, I'll love you forever no matter what."

"How can you say that?" She blurted, "I acted like a complete slut. I enjoyed it. I CAME, hard and more times than I could count. I can't imagine what you thought, but I don't know if I can bear it."

"Are you kidding? I told you to let go and enjoy it. I knew it was better than getting brutally raped. And to be honest, it turned me on and disgusted me at the same time. It was very confusing, but what I'm not confused about is how I feel about you. I know now that you did what you did because you trusted me when I let you know it was the only way out. That's real dedication, that's real love, and I love you now more than ever."

At which point she threw her arms around my neck and clung to me the rest of the way home, murmuring how much she loved me and how we could overcome anything together. When we got there Sherry went straight up to bed and I looked after the children who were just getting up. I was just glad that night was behind us. Hopefully no permanent damage had been done.

## Part 2

I told the children that mommy was not feeling well and to let her sleep. Throughout the morning I kept thinking about how I could have avoided the events of the previous night. Just when I think that I should have tried to beat Alex into submission I remembered hearing that he was into some kind of martial arts and went to the gym several times a week to train and spar. Besides, I was never alone with him, we were always with the other three guys and I'm sure that they could have easily subdued me. No matter how I turned it over in my head, I just couldn't see any way out other than what actually happened. At least it was behind us.

When I put the children down for a nap after lunch I checked on my wife to see how she was doing. She was already up and getting dressed when I walked into our bedroom.

"How are you?" I asked.

"Sore, but OK." She replied and picked up the envelope that Alex had left for us by the door. She reached in and pulled out the DVD and said "I'm almost afraid to see what's on here. I don't know what Alex is up to, but I suppose we better find out."

"No time like the present." I said as I took it from her and popped it into the DVD player in the bedroom. I pressed the 'Play' button and after a second or two Alex's smiling face appeared on the TV. "Hello friends! Watch the next 10 minutes or so of video, but watch it all because I'll have another message for you at the end that's vital for you to hear. Remember, watch it all, your future depends on it." That last sentence was delivered with a more serious tone. Sherry and I looked at each other with that 'Oh shit' expression that's unmistakable on anyone's face.

The screen went blank and then was replaced with a video of five men sitting around a table, one of them had a woman in his lap and the two were kissing passionately. The man's hands were all over the woman and she did not appear to be doing much about it. In fact, she appeared to be enjoying it. 'Fuck!' I thought, 'that's last night!' Sherry looked at me startled and said "What?" I guess I said that out loud.

"This is video from last night, look." I pointed at the screen which had changed to a closeup of the kissing couple, and it was clearly Sherry and Marc.

"Oh, no" was all she could manage.

The scene shifted to me proposing to bet my wife on the outcome of the game and agreeing to betting her clothes. The next few scenes were of Sherry losing her clothing and getting pawed at by the guys in between. The scene suddenly changed to me and Alex tying her down, already blindfolded, and me fondling her until she was trembling with sexual tension. This was followed by several more scenes showing the guys fondling, sucking, and licking her while she was tied down and blindfolded, culminating in Marc mounting and fucking her.

The last half of the video was a montage of quick 15 and 30 second clips from the rest of the night. In all of them she looked like a willing participant and several showed her climaxing. When the last scene faded to black we were both too stunned to say anything. Then Alex's face appeared again, this time with a smirk, not a smile.

"I should have your attention by now. I hope you enjoyed the video, but keep in mind that this was just a teaser, I have many more hours from multiple angles. This is one of the best amateur adult videos I've ever seen and would make a lot of money on the Internet."

Sherry looked at me in horror.

"If you don't want this to happen," the on-screen Alex continued, "you need to listen to me very carefully. First off, you can't buy me off. I can make far more by selling this video than you could ever raise, even if you sold everything you have. However, if you join my MILF club, and agree to follow the rules, I would be inclined to not release it. I'll just hold on to it for safe keeping. Now, before you agree to join, there are a number of rules you must learn, but I'll just give you the most important one right now. Rule number one, the one that can override the rest: you must always follow all my instructions to the letter on club matters, no matter what, and no questions asked. Any refusals and/or violations of the rules will result in punishment, which I'll get into a little more later. Now I'm going to put my phone number up on the screen and I want you to pause the DVD and call it now."

A phone number appeared in large numbers and I called it.

"Ah, right on time, Peter. I'm sure you have questions, so go ahead." Alex answered the phone.

"What the hell is this?" I barked back.

"I thought I made that clear in the DVD: you both join my club, 'willingly', or I release the video you so kindly helped me make. I have all the release forms you signed, by the way." He stated calmly.

"What the hell? I didn't sign any 'release forms'!" I protested.

"Sure you did," he replied, "and don't try to claim they are forgeries, they will pass any inspection. And don't take that tone with me again unless you want your video released on the Internet and complimentary copies sent to your families and all your friends. Yes, I know who they are all, thanks to the downloaded data from your PDA." he shot back.

"OK, OK" I sputtered, "I'm just having problems processing all this."

"I'll forgive you...this time. Now I'm on my way over, but while I'm in transit I want you to watch the rest of the DVD. Then have it with you when I get there, and have Sherry answer the door in a bathrobe and nothing else." he said and hung up.

"He's on his way over. He said we have to watch the rest of the video." I told Sherry. "I think we better do what he said, or our lives will be ruined. He has the names and addresses of all our friends and family and he'll send that video to them as well as release it to the Internet if we don't." She opened her mouth, then closed it and turned to the TV. I pressed the 'Play' button on the DVD remote.

The phone number remained on the screen for a few more seconds and then was replaced by Alex's face again. "Now, just so that you understand what can happen if you don't follow the rules, here is an example. The husband of this couple told someone about one of our events. We taped their punishment; pay attention or something like this could happen to you. Play it to the end."

The picture of Alex faded to be replaced by a scene of two people sitting on a small sofa. The man looked familiar, but I don't think I had ever seen the woman before. They looked to be about the same age as and Sherry I, and they looked scared. "I know it was you Dick, that blabbed about last month's event. We warned you about that. This is a serious infraction of the rules." Alex said off camera. It looked like the the man, Dick, was going to say something, but then changed his mind and looked down.

"We can't let that just pass, so we are giving you a choice of punishments. One: we publish your videos on the Internet and send them to your friends and family." This evoked an even more frightened look from the woman. "Two: we take you door-to-door and you offer your wife to every one of your neighbors to use as a sex slave for an hour, or three: we take you to a private men's club that we know and sell your wife to all the men there until they tire of her."

The man and the woman looked shocked, which after what I guessed they had already been through, was saying something. But as horrible as each of those choices were, there was only one clear choice. "Well, which will it be?" Alex asked.

"Three." Dick said with a quiet voice.

"What? I can't hear you." Alex taunted.

"Three." He responded with a loud breaking voice.

"OK then, let's get you ready." A dress was thrown on the floor in front of the woman. "Put this on." Alex ordered. The woman stood up and looked briefly around, questioningly. "Right here, right now. We've already seen everything you have." Alex responded. The woman then stripped out of her clothes and put on the summer dress -- sans bra and panties. All she had on now was the dress and her sandals.

"Here, drink this, it'll help you relax." Alex said as he handed her what looked like a glass of wine. She gulped it down.

The scene changed to the interior of a car; the couple was in the back and the cameraman was in the front passenger seat. It sounded like Alex was driving and the car was already in motion. "It will take about 20 minutes to get there. In the meantime Dick, I want you to bring Barb to the point of climax, but don't let her go over the edge and don't fuck her. Just use your fingers and mouth." Alex said over his shoulder.

Dick started kissing her and feeling her tits through the dress. Alex must have been watching through the rear view mirror. "That's not going to cut it, Dick. Push that dress down and start sucking on those tities." Dick did as he was told and pulled the top of her dress down exposing her breasts. The he leaned over her and started sucking on them. "That's better. Now pull up the bottom and start fingering that twat." Alex instructed, and Dick complied.

After a few minutes of this Barb's breathing started getting heavy just as the car stopped, probably at a light. "Hey get a shot of the kids in the car next to us." Alex said and the camera panned over and zoomed in a bit to show the car next to theirs waiting for the light. In it there were at least four teenagers talking excitedly and pointing at Dick and Barb in the back seat. Alex and the cameraman laughed, "Hey, it looks like they like your show...no don't stop or cover up. You need to get used to being watched."

"But they are just boys." Barb complained.

"They're young men and they need to learn somehow." Alex smirked. The light ended and they started moving again just as Barb started making sounds like she was going to cum.

"Stop, stop." Alex shouted. "Let her cool down for few minutes now."

The rest of the trip was compressed into a few clips, but as far as I could tell this went on for the entire time, Dick getting her close to climax by fingering her or licking her pussy, then stopping her just before the point of no return. When they arrived at the club they parked in the street and walked to the a side door where there were several doormen who seemed to be expecting them because the small group was admitted immediately.

Now the scene changed to the inside of the club. It was dark and smoky, but the video was surprisingly clear. Dick and Barb were on small stage with another man who was talking into a microphone. "Men, we have a special treat for you tonight, but I'll let Dick here explain." He handed the microphone to the beleaguered husband. "Ah, my wife here," he started a little roughly and then cleared his throat. "My wife here is a cheating slut, and for that she needs to be punished."

He didn't sound too convincing and was obviously reading from a note in his hand, undoubtedly written by Alex, but I don't think the men in the audience cared. "And I may as well make some money at the same time, so I'm going to sell her holes to you at a bargain rate, especially for such a nice blond housewife like this." He said as he pulled her dress up over her head and tossed it aside. She was now standing there buck naked, except for he sandals, in front of 20 or 25 horny men.

"Here's the deal," he continued, "Her mouth is \$5, her pussy \$10, and her hot ass is \$20. Don't injure or mark her permanently, but use her well and as many times as you like, as long as you have the green. She is clean, but I have a box of condoms here in case you want one. They are optional though and personally I'd like to see her go bareback only. If you like your whores messy, that's OK, but I'll clean her up as requested. Now form up a line and let's get this party started." As he finished, a padded platform about waist height was pushed out onto the stage right behind Barb.

What commenced next was an orgy like neither of us had ever dreamed really happened in real life. She was treated as a cum dump for what was probably the next few hours, although it was edited down to about 5 minutes of video. The raw sex as arousing in a way, but it was also frightening and degrading, which was probably the whole point. Man after man paid his money and then fucked her mouth, pussy, or ass. The audio was just as disturbing and filled with slapping, sucking, moaning, and grunting.



Most of the time there were multiple men using her at once, with others standing around waiting their turn and calling her a 'whore', 'slut', 'MILF', and every other degrading name you've ever heard and more. Her husband was not given a towel to clean her up with so when they requested a cleaning he had to use his tongue. He may have consumed more of their sperm than she did. Amazingly it looked like she orgasmed a number of times during the ordeal.

Finally it was over and Dick helped his disheveled wife up off the platform and onto her wobbly feet. He looked around and asked for her dress, but that seemed to have disappeared. Even her sandals were gone. Then he asked for a place to wash her up, and they told him there was a hose out back. I could tell he didn't want to do that, but Alex and one of the bouncers led the pair out a back door.

The scene shifted to a small alley. It was still daytime and Barb stood there naked as the day she was born, her blond hair a stringy mess and sperm all over her body, some some dried and crusted and some still dripping. In the background a few bums were laying on the ground, watching the scene play out in front of them. Maybe this was a regular sight in this particular alley. A few feet away her husband was holding the end of a hose that had water streaming out of it.

"Go on. Hose the bitch down." Alex ordered. "I can't let her back in the car all covered in cum."

Dick obeyed and sprayed his wife with the cold water. She stood her ground, probably too tired to move. After she was soaked, he walked over and scrubbed off the sperm and rinsed out her hair as best he could with just his hands. When he was finished he asked for a towel. "Does it look like I have one in my pocket?" Alex replied. "Just use your shirt." So he took off his shirt and dried her off as best he could. "OK, lets go." said Alex.

"Like this?" Barb spoke for the first time since entering the alley.

"What you are still shy after that?" Alex chortled, "Well the dress is gone, someone probably took it for a souvenir, but don't worry, the walk back to the car is short."

"Can I give her my shirt?" Dick asked.

"Give me that!" Alex demanded and grabbed the wet shirt from the startled husband. "Hell, no, this thing is soaked." he replied as he threw the garment over his shoulder and started striding down the alley towards the street. "Come on you two, unless you want to try to hail a taxi, but I wouldn't advise that in this neighborhood, especially the way you are dressed, or rather not dressed, my dear."

The couple hurried to catch up. When they got to the street they turned and walked a half-block to the car. Several horns were heard, probably in response to Barb's nudity. They got in the car and the scene switched to the interior again. Dick and Barb were in the back seat again and Alex started talking. "Well now we made a little money today. But after paying the club it's cut, and deducting for the dress, condoms, and travel expenses, your take is a whopping twenty dollars. Congratulations Dick, your wife is now a real twenty dollar whore." Alex said as he handed the humiliated couple a twenty. The screen faded to black.

We were so shocked we just stood there looking at the blank TV screen for several seconds. There was no way I could allow Sherry to go through something like that. No way. Then I heard a car pull up into the driveway. "Oh shit, that's Alex. Hurry, get out of those clothes and into your bathrobe." I said quickly.

"Why?" she asked.

"That was part of his instructions on the phone -- hurry, you have to answer the door." Fortunately she had only put on sweats and was out of them quickly and running down the stairs with her robe streaming behind her and me following. The doorbell rang just as she got to the bottom of the stairs. She raced across the living room and stopped in front of the door. She paused just long enough to close her robe and tie it shut before she opened the door. I stood a few steps back.

Alex greeted her by stepping into the doorway, pulling her to him and kissing her passionately. As he held her tight with one hand, he untied her robe with the other and reached in to fondle her boobs. She had to be embarrassed to be doing this in the open doorway, especially with someone who was not her husband, but she knew enough that she had to play this Alex's way or there would be trouble. It seemed like an eternity, but he probably only held her like this for ten or fifteen seconds before releasing her.

My wife stepped back, her robe parted a good four inches in front and hanging loosely from her shoulders. Alex stepped inside and I closed the door behind him. "No, don't tie it." he said, responding to Sherry's attempt to close and retie her robe. I was glad the children were still napping.

"Welcome to the MILF Club, you are currently the sixth active couple. Yes, sometimes couples retire from the club -- with my approval."

Clever. He knew that someone with no hope of ever getting free had nothing to lose and was capable of nearly anything.

"Now where's the DVD? I don't see it in your hand." he said.

"Oh shit, I forgot it upstairs." I said and ran up to get it out of the player in our bedroom. When I came back down, he had my wife bent over the arm of the couch, her robe flipped up over her back.

Alex raised his hand in the air. "Not following my instructions completely" SLAP! He brought his hand down hard on my wife's bare ass. "Is a rules violation." SLAP! "And will result in punishment." SLAP!

I hung my head because I knew my wife was paying the price for my screw-up: I was supposed to have the DVD ready for him when he arrived. He put his hand back on her ass and gently caressed it. "That was a level 1 punishment and what you saw on the DVD was a level 10. Punishment levels depend on the specific violation. The more serious the violation, the higher the level. Repeated less-serious violations can cause the punishment level to be increased above what it would normally be." Alex explained. Then he handed me a piece of paper, grabbed the DVD and headed out the door saying "I'll be in touch."

The heading on the paper he handed me said 'Welcome to the MILF Club'.