



Mardi Gras Publishing Presents...

*Disbury Me*  
Secrets Inc.  
Justine Paper

## Mardi Gras Publishing, LLC

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*Secrets Inc.,  
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## *Chapter One*

Josh looked through the window and saw Gwen. Her naked body was displayed, seemingly for him with her front facing the window. Her back arched as her lover pumped from behind her. Gwen's breasts moved with each thrust. He had her lovely ass bent over on her bed. His eyes were closed, his face strained to fight his climax. She, however, appeared bored, not enjoying her boyfriend's attempts at pleasure, until she saw Josh watching from outside her apartment.

All at once her face tensed; her nipples grew tight. Her hands clutched the covers. He could not hear her, but he saw her mouth move. The man behind her followed her orgasm with one of his own. She appeared unconcerned with him and locked gazes with Josh.

Josh kept watching.

He had never been into voyeurism, not beyond an occasional porn tape. This woman's fantasy was to be fucked in front of everyone, an exhibitionist. Josh doubted that she had ever admitted it, not even to her boyfriend. He knew it though. It wasn't the way she would open her curtains before having sex or the way she would sunbathe topless. He knew because his line was one of the ancient ones, and he had given Gwen a special flyer. A magical piece of paper that let Josh see into her deepest desires.

Knowing a woman's private fantasies could be construed as a violation of her privacy. Josh couldn't worry with that. He was part of an old order, trying to build their ranks. Few even knew about the old lines of power. He was certain Gwen knew nothing

of her heritage. She was meant to be with him though, even if she had another man's cock in her now.

Most couples found each other, but some too late to have children. Secrets Incorporated came into being to revive the old lines, to help couples find each other in this lifetime while young enough to produce children with power in their veins.

Gwen stared at him, those dark brown eyes holding his gaze. He mouthed the words 'I love you' then turned from the window before her boyfriend noticed anything. This was not the right time to make his move.

Josh walked across the small courtyard to his apartment. His bedroom window faced hers. The back of each apartment faced the back of the others. There were six in all, two buildings with three apartments each. The office sat on one end and a pool on the other.

It was early, and this Saturday promised to be sunny. Josh hoped Gwen stuck to her regular routine. When her boyfriend left for work, she would go outside and sunbathe right below his balcony. He had a plan for his little Gwen this Saturday.

The apartments were usually quiet. No children lived there. Three apartments had elderly occupants, only one ever venturing outdoors. She was a wonderful woman named Margaret, who never seemed bothered by Gwen. For all her nudist behaviors, only one older man complained, but no one paid him any attention.

Gwen acted like a nice girl. Her only improprieties were topless sunbathing and "forgetting" to close her curtains while having sex. She never partied, no drugs, and only started dating her current jerk a week before Josh moved into the complex. She worked as a veterinarian's assistant. He had gotten to know her, spent time learning about the woman who would some day be his wife. He also considered Gwen a friend.

He opened the door and stepped into chilly air conditioning. Josh went to the dial on the wall and adjusted it. The last thing he needed was Gwen getting too cold if he managed to get her up here.

As he went through his apartment, he started cleaning. He worked as a pharmacist in town. It was a boring job, but it paid well. It also provided him a few luxuries.

Luxuries that had lured Gwen over on several occasions when she wanted to watch his large flat screen television. Nothing ever happened, not yet. It was his plan to lure her upstairs again, but this time he would irritate her into it.

Josh padded across the deep carpeting to the tile in the kitchen. In the top drawer was a bag of balloons. He opened them, pulling out the first, a red one, and stretching the opening over the spout of the faucet. He turned on the water, watching the liquid slosh, stretching the sides of the balloon. A strange drop shaped ball formed, and he pulled the balloon free, tying the end. He repeated the procedure until he had a sink full of water balloons.

At eleven o'clock, he stepped onto the balcony near the kitchen. There she was, just settling onto her lawn chair below him. Her hair was wet. She must've showered after her boyfriend which made this game all the better. With any luck, that bastard would never touch her again.

"Hello, Gwen." He called down to her.

"Hi, Josh."

She gave him a little smile, a secret smile. He had watched her, and it made her climax. He'd done that, not the man working up a sweat behind her. Josh had brought her to orgasm without even touching her.

"What are you doing?"

"Just standing up here...watching."

Fifteen minutes passed, and she untied her top. Instead of seeing those tanned breasts with dark brown nipples, she lay on her stomach giving him a view of her back. She loved to tease him, too.

Josh stepped inside and took two water balloons from the sink. He dropped the first down, landing perfectly in the middle of her back. The balloon burst, causing Gwen to give a short startled scream as she jerked upright.

"So, that's what I have to do to look at your breasts."

"You asshole."

Her anger was genuine until she looked around at the balloon then caught his stare. What he loved the most was the way she danced around, those large breasts swaying as she fussed at him with pretend fury.

He took the second balloon and tossed it. This one missed, splashing on the concrete below and getting her feet wet. She cut her eyes at him, gave him that look that said he was in trouble. He enjoyed her trouble.

"You've seen my boobs, now cut it out."

"But I want to get your panties wet, so I can be the one fucking you in front of the window instead of that little dicked boyfriend of yours."

Her mouth opened, closed, then finally she commented. "You wish."

"Yes, I do."

Josh stepped back inside and retrieved two more balloons. Gwen had resumed her position on the chair, only breasts upward for his viewing pleasure. Now was when the fun would start. He took a balloon and tossed it down, aiming for that pretty blue cloth covered crotch of hers. It hit the target, nailing those lovely privates.

"Cut it out, Josh."

"Gee, I'm sorry. I'll kiss it and make it better for you."

"Leave me alone. You know I have a boyfriend."

"I know you don't like him. I know you are only with him because you're afraid of being alone. I even know that you caught him cheating on you last weekend."

She got up, a mix of anger and surprise in her expression. "I don't know what you're talking about."

He tossed another balloon, hitting her breasts, causing a sweet wet smack. Her nipples were hard, and the bottom of her bathing suit soaked. She had her hands on her hips, not bothering to cover herself.

"Stop it."

"Come up here and make me."

Josh pulled another balloon from the sink.

"Don't you do it."

He tossed it down. She started running toward his back steps as the balloon busted on the concrete. She left her top and towel below. It was perfect. He had a half naked woman heading to his apartment.

Gwen didn't knock, only thrust open the door. Her tan skin was wet; dark nipples trembling slightly with each breath. She had applied eyeliner before sunbathing beneath him. It was something she never did, at least not before he watched her fuck this morning.

Her face was full of mock fury, but her body slowed as the door swung open as if she just became aware that she was half-naked in his apartment. Her bare feet shifted on his carpet, and she glanced at the hallway, probably measuring off her retreat.

"I got your panties wet."

"So." She play punched him in the arm.

"You're dripping on my carpet. Take them off."

"No." A mischievous smile crept across her lips, full of sin. There were some lovely things he would like to do with that mouth.

"I've seen that hot little snatch before, now show me again. Or do you enjoy being dripping wet?"

"Can I have a towel?"

Josh stepped to the kitchen and retrieved a small hand towel. He came back swinging it, noticing the cynicism on her face. She might not be won as easily as he had hoped. Then again, she was expected to put up a fight.

"Come a little further inside. The least I could do is dry you off."

She took a tentative step forward. Josh didn't bother closing the door. He knew she didn't want him to. Besides, no one would be out today. He could have his way with her and ease her into her fantasy.

He started drying her arms, and she let him. His small towel went over her breasts. He let the towel shift, rubbing her nipple with the tips of his fingers. Her breathing changed, became ragged.

"You're very beautiful, Gwen."

With slow motions, he lowered the towel to her drenched bikini bottom. He put the towel high in his hand, drying her then sliding his index finger along the indentation hidden in blue cloth.

"I shouldn't be here."

"There are lots of things we shouldn't do, but they feel so right." He put his face near her ear, hot breath filling it. His arms wrapped around her and dropped the towel to the floor. One hand slid into her bikini bottom; the other tickled her breasts. "I'm going to take off your bottoms. I want to see you, all of you. I want to watch the cloth peel off that fine ass."

Gwen stiffened. This would be the deciding moment. Would she give into her fantasies, or would she run because good girls never told their secrets? Good girls were not supposed to have fantasies. He hated society's rules. Maybe Gwen had the stuff to shake them.

She didn't move as he reached for her hips, pushing the wet fabric down, down. He lowered with them until her fine ass was in his face. With her bottoms around her ankles, he let his teeth graze that ass, and Gwen jumped, started to step away. Josh had her bottoms at her ankles, trapping her.

"Don't," he whispered to her ass. "I know you like to be watched. There's nothing wrong with it. I like to watch. It wouldn't be so bad if we entertained each other."

Her thighs tightened, and he slid his hand along the soft skin, creeping toward her mound. He wouldn't force her, but when her thighs opened automatically, he went higher, outlining her sex then cupping it.

"Do you want the door opened or closed?"

For a minute, he didn't think she would answer. "Closed...for now."

He kicked the door closed with his foot. Carefully he helped her take the bottoms off her ankles. There she was naked, smelling of coconut and want. She was at a pivotal point; now, he had to push her.

"Come with me."

She started toward the bedroom, but he pulled her to the chair in the living room. This was a woman who had never given into her wants, only that of whatever man she had dated. Whether she realized it or not, today would be about her.

"Sit on the chair for me. Will you?"

Gwen sat on the beige chair, her tan body a beautiful contrast. Her breasts quivered, breathing more rapid than after running up the steps. The best part was her eyes. The deep browns were wide, a mix of anticipation and desire.

"I'm not afraid of my fantasies. I want to share one with you." He put his hands on her knees, spreading her legs. He moistened his lips and crept toward her dark curled mound. "I want to watch you come for me. I want you to lie here and do this." He parted her pussy lips with his finger and found her rosy clit. With a delicate touch, he circled it, pressing lightly until she moaned. He loved the sound of her moan. A slight womanly scent followed. He had to taste it but not yet. This wild mare had to be broken first. Instead, he licked his fingers and stuck two inside her mound. She gasped.

"I shouldn't."

He withdrew his fingers. "You should and you will. Now, entertain me."

It took all of his willpower to move across the room to the couch, but he did. She had a fantasy, and he would fulfill it. She only sat there though; legs spread wide, hands on her thighs.

"I know what you need."

Josh stepped to the bedroom and retrieved cherry scented lubricant. He purchased it specifically for this occasion but thought it would come in handy later. Of course, it was more than lubricant. The extra ingredients had come from a special spell he discovered.

As he returned to the living room, he saw Gwen off the chair, reaching for her bottoms. She was leaving. So many years of never admitting her fantasies had made it hard for her to accept them.

"Back on the chair," he ordered.

She looked up at him, eyes wide. He wasn't sure what he should do at this point. Her fantasy didn't include being dominated but to unlock her inner power, he had to unlock the things she put away for fear of being different.

"I have something special for you."

Wordlessly, she returned to the chair. He again spread her thighs, exposing her pretty pink pussy. He wanted to taste it though, that pure woman taste before contaminating her.

"I told myself to wait, but I've wanted to eat that pussy for so long." This time he looked her in the eyes when he said it, wanted her to see he had no shame in his lusts. "I wanted to get you in my convertible and eat your pussy while driving down the road, letting every big rig driver get his jollies by watching you buck under my tongue."

"What else have you wanted?" Her first response came with a husky quality creeping into her voice.

"There's this club I want to take you to. It has a special area away from the dancing and drinking. Down there, anything goes." He smiled fighting the urge to bury his face in that pussy.

"What would we do there?"

"You will suck my cock while we order, then I will fuck you on the table, letting all watch that wanted to." He couldn't keep the smile off his face. "After dinner, I have a perverse present for you. Something only a woman could handle."

"Tell me." Her thighs trembled ever so slightly.

"It's a surprise. A naked surprise."

"I have a boyfriend."

"Dump him. I wouldn't want any guilt. You don't love him anyway. I promise you this, you will love me."

Josh grabbed the cordless phone from the table next to her and put it in her lap. She reached down, picking it up, staring as if she didn't know what it was. Apparently, she needed a little nudge.

Between her legs, that was the way to give her what she wanted. Josh pushed her thighs wide and gave into his desires. He kissed each of her inner thighs, moving upward to her fat pussy lips. Each he sucked into his mouth, only to open them for the real prize inside. The clit. He loved how it puckered out, its pretty deep pink. He kissed it softly, then harder, pulling it, suckling, burying his face into her thatch of brown fur.

"Josh, wait. I'm dialing, I'm dialing."

He heard the phone, but he couldn't stop now. He had a fantasy now, too. It would be too perfect for her to come while on the phone. This became his goal. He stuck his tongue into her tight little pussy, fucking her with it, tasting her juices. Her thighs trembled. She pushed down at him, tried to dislodge his face from this heavenly place.

"I need to speak to Greg," she said breathlessly.

This was his chance. He nipped at her clit, and she moaned. That sweet bud seemed to pulse, grow stiff with desire. He licked hard, lapping her juices. Her pussy was glossy slick. A little more and she wouldn't be able to stop. He pushed his face hard into her; harder licks, nips, grazes from his teeth.

"I'm breaking up with you, Greg. Don't ever call me again."

Gwen dropped the phone and moaned, body moving, hips grinding against him. She gripped the chair with both hands as her orgasm rocked through her. Sweet womanly tastes kept him licking even after her orgasm had stopped.

A voice broke through his fervor. He looked at the floor then at his "accidental" exhibitionist. She hadn't hung up the phone. Her now ex boyfriend had heard everything. Josh enjoyed that, too, especially since the bastard had cheated on her.

"I guess this means you'll date me now."

Gwen nodded, still breathless.

"Good. I took the liberty of picking out a special dress for you to wear. Why don't you shower for me, and we can start our day."

## *Chapter Two*

Gwen noticed the shower door was glass, without frosting or those distorting crinkles. His apartment had two bedrooms, two baths. The one he took her to was off his bedroom. The toilet was separated by a door, but nothing else. Josh even had his bed positioned to watch her in the shower.

"How many times have you done this?" She was not sure she wanted to know but had to ask.

"Everything is first. I planned out our entire day, down to moving the bed. No other woman has even used my shower." He smiled that naughty boy smile that made her cream. "I have gotten blow jobs in public. I like it. Not where there are kids around or anything, but I like others seeing me get pleasure. I think you like it, too."

Never had she admitted how much she enjoyed others watching her naked body. It did not matter if it was a man or woman, as long as they saw her. She wanted to be wanted, desired. She was not exactly experienced, so her escapades consisted of occasionally sunbathing. She found that she often made love in front of windows. Her ex had scolded her several times for this. She had never met a man who knew her desires or embraced them so.

"Get on the bed for me." He retrieved that odd red vial from the living room and opened the cap. "You still owe me a show."

She obeyed him, relished the idea. She spread her legs before he even asked. His nimble fingers opened her pussy; spread her lips, and this she also enjoyed. She was vulnerable, naked, but he didn't rush things.

He raised the vial above her clit and let four drops fall onto it. Her body immediately heated. The scent of cherries filled the room. Her nipples throbbed with want. She didn't know what had been in that vial, but it seemed to have put her into a heat, a sexual madness.

"Come for me."

Josh sat on the foot of the bed, she at the head, still open, air hitting her privates and making the oil he had placed grow hotter. Her body ached to be touched. She had never masturbated for a man but always wanted to. It was something she had been told was wrong, especially by her boyfriend.

"Touch yourself. Believe me, this is the tamest thing you'll be doing tonight."

She complied, barely making contact with her pussy, touching the hairs. It felt good though, so she slid her fingers closer to the wet folds. He watched, licked his lips as her fingers slid into her moist hole. That was nice, but not as nice as the way he ate her pussy. She liked that and tried to use her fingers to imitate what he had done with that wicked tongue of his. It felt good. She even liked the sight of her hands touching her. Her body was so open, so exposed. This was what she had always wanted, what she longed for. She rubbed her pussy harder, touched her nipples with her other hand.

"Come for me, Gwen."

Josh pulled out his cock. It was huge, hard; so very hard. He stroked it, squeezed his balls. A drop of dew clung to the tip, making her ache to lick it away.

"Fuck me," Gwen moaned, surprised by the need in her.

"The first time I fuck you, it will be with twenty people watching you come. Would you like that? All those people watching that hot little body of yours come."

That's all it took. She did come, her hips quivering. The release did not satiate her though. She wanted his cock buried in her. It was depraved, but she did want a room full of people seeing her fucked.

“Good girl,” he said smiling.

He stood, his cock still hard, poking from his unzipped pants. He pulled a box from under the bed and handed it to her. He had planned today. The box had a single bow on it. She opened it and found an off-white dress.

Gwen pulled it out and held it in front of her. The material was thin, slinky. She could not tell where the front was until she saw the tag. This dress had two strips in front, designed to display her breasts outer edge and keep her nipples barely concealed. The back also only had the straps but went to a low V at her ass. It was also slightly see through.

“You want me to wear this tonight?”

“I won’t embarrass you. I promise. The place where I’m taking you...well... that’s very appropriate attire.”

## *Chapter Three*

She showered then slid the dress over her body. It fit her tightly. She looked in the mirror and saw her nipples clearly visible through the fabric. Josh had also made it clear that she was not to wear underwear. The only items he wanted her to wear with the dress were thigh highs and heels.

Just wearing such a sexy outfit aroused her. She wanted to get fucked, but Josh would not allow that yet. He had plans for their first night, wicked plans she loved but would never have spoken out loud.

“Ready.” Josh stood in the bedroom, wearing a suit, every part of his body covered.

“Why aren’t you half naked?” She tensed as her pussy warmed again. Whatever oil he had put on her worked as some aphrodisiac.

“I will be, when I have you at dinner.”

He tossed her the keys, and they were off. He wanted her to drive. As soon as they were on the interstate and away from town traffic, he slid the straps of her dress down, letting her bare breasts be seen, not that they weren’t seen through the dress. He then made good on his word, licking her pussy.

Gwen found herself driving near taller vehicles. Josh sensed this, leaning back, spreading her. She would swerve, almost come, but he wouldn’t let her. He was a terrible tease, not letting up until he directed her off the interstate.

They pulled into a parking garage. He told her to go lower, circling down to the D level. There sat a guard in a pillbox, a yellow arm blocking the rest of the garage. He stepped out and took a look at them.

"I'm Josh. I have a special reservation."

"Yes, sir." The guard handed Josh a card then raised the yellow bar.

"What's that all about?"

"Has there ever been a time you felt like you didn't belong? Like maybe you were special?"

"I don't know. I guess."

"Well, Gwen, you are. You are my mate, and I'm going to show you your magic."

He told her to park in an underground lot one level down from the guard. There were several other cars parked there. She found a space not far from a door in the concrete building.

"This is the place."

Josh came around and opened her door. Together they walked to the door, which was marked "Exhibition Level for Secrets, Inc." She remembered the name from the flyer that had been slid under her door. Josh had to have gotten the same flyer because he had asked to see hers, not that she would ever call such a place.

Another odd thing struck her. There were strange images engraved in the glass and around the door. A few she knew were pentagrams, others looked like moons, and some were odd interconnected lines.

They stepped inside a cool dark space. A beautiful older woman greeted them from a hostess desk. She was dressed and suddenly Gwen felt stupid for her immodest clothing.

"Are you sure this is the right place?" she whispered.

"Positive."

After the hostess confirmed their reservations, she led them through the next door. That was when she knew they were in the correct place. A stage sat in the middle of a variety of restaurant style booths. On the stage, a woman was fucking herself with a

dildo. Rhinestones had been glued on her body, creating a sparkling effect as she orgasmed under the lights. Her breasts were small, hardly bigger than a man's, but the way she moved was beautiful.

"Oh my. I had no idea places like this existed." Her clit pulsed again, immediately aroused by the open display.

"Relax. I've been told the food is excellent."

The hostess seated them in a booth to the side. Except for the show on the stage, the place looked like a regular restaurant. She looked around and found most people just eating and talking. A few were engaged in carnal acts, love for all to see.

"What would you like to eat tonight?"

"I don't know. Why don't you order for me?"

She had always wanted to be displayed doing the primal things others pretended they never enjoyed. Let the world watch them. Here, here she thought it was okay and reached over to unzip his pants. She paused there, just before reaching inside to pull out his cock. She needed his approval. Josh nodded, and she brought the half stiff cock from his pants.

Gwen stretched her mouth wide, bringing the shaft as far as she could into her mouth. It grew rigid and took her a moment to adjust to the feeling of it in her mouth. She brought it out, rolled her tongue across the head, then sucked.

The waitress came to the table. Gwen saw her and slowed. Josh acted as if there was nothing out of the ordinary going on, except for the occasional deep exhale when she lapped at the head of his penis. The waitress looked down. Instead of a look of disgust, she licked her own lips.

"Talented girlfriend you have there. I hope to see more of you later."

With that the waitress took the order and left. Josh tensed, grabbed the back of her head, and pulled her up. She had never seen a man more turned on. He pushed the menus out of the way and patted the top of the table.

"You want me there?" She felt her pussy grow wetter. She had always fantasized about this.

She slid from the seat and sat on the table. Josh circled her, pulling at the straps of her dress until both her breasts were visible to everyone in the room. She looked around, caught a few watching, waiting to see what would happen next. Josh placed his lips on her nipple, suckling the tip. More people began to look at them; at his head at her chest, her other breast so exposed. Josh switched sides, licking the other nipple gently then giving small bites to the underside of her breast. Damn it felt good, and she stifled a moan.

Gwen was his prize. As he pushed her back onto the small table, another sensation grew in her, a tingling beyond sexual. It was as if someone tapped a spring, a trickle of power, confidence. She had no idea how to describe it.

"You're finding your magic. I can feel it." He said these things from her breasts, taking his time, using her like some exotic dish. "Enjoy becoming."

She had no idea what that meant, nor did she care as he went lower, kissing her ribs. She knew he would eat her pussy. That had been his focus during their play. Few men would go down, but all wanted a woman to suck them. It felt so good to have his mouth there, so she let him have his way with her. He lifted the thin material of her dress, pushing it over her ass. Never before had she felt so vulnerable yet alive as his mouth attacked her pussy, sending thrills over her skin.

More eyes were on her. Some had stopped eating to watch her, watch her body being manipulated. One man stood next to his table and pulled out his cock, jerking off to their performance. She looked down at Josh's head, his eyes closed, mouth hungrily licking her slit.

"Fuck me, please," she begged.

Her calls attracted more attention, and she loved it. Josh pulled down his pants, brought his hard cock from the fabric and slid it into her pussy. He was so large, so thick pushing into her folds. Her body strained, stretched to meet his girth.

Gwen brought her hips up, tried to meet him, but he was so damn big. Pleasure grew in her core immediately. She fought the orgasm as he slammed his cock into her.

She tried not to come. All at once it hit her, surging through her body. Her vision sparkled. For a minute, she thought she was floating. Every inch of her skin tingled.

“Josh,” she cried out, wanting the room to know the man’s name that could do this to her.

The orgasm brought tears to her eyes. She sunk her nails into his shirt, wishing like hell it was his skin. Her thighs gripped him as the longest, hardest orgasm rolled through her. He wasn’t far after her. Hot seed filled her pussy, and still her orgasm stole her breath. For a moment, she thought she would pass out; then, her body slowed, quivering like jelly beneath Josh.

## *Chapter Four*

Her thighs were so wet from their coupling. She sat there, finishing her dinner and wondering what Josh would do to her next. He had promised a surprise, a naked surprise. The suspense pricked her spine.

After their lovemaking, a waitress cleaned the table and put a candle on the top along with bread and wine. Fifteen minutes later their food arrived, and it was very good. Gwen also noticed the stage empty, no more masturbation to enjoy. What a pity.

"The candle is lovely," she commented unsure what to say.

She looked at the white candle, stared at the dancing orange and yellow. At once the flame drifted toward her, released from its wick and dancing across the table toward her. She watched it float on nothing but air.

"What the hell?"

This made Josh laugh, and the flame that was suspended in midair, dropped to the table, going out in the remains of her dinner. If she had not witnessed it, she never would have believed it.

"I told you that we were awakening your magic."

"At the time, I was a little too preoccupied to listen."

He glanced at his watch, almost as if timing their dinner. "You won't believe me if I tell you."

"I'd like to know."

"Do me a favor. Stare at the candle and think of a spark, the smell, the look. Try it."

Gwen did. It sounded stupid, but part of her thought that something in his words held the truth. She watched the candle, thought of a spark, then a flame. She could almost smell a match being struck, and then the tip of the candle burst into flame.

"Josh?" She was frightened now.

"Centuries ago, there were people with magic, special people. Unfortunately, others hurt them. Some were burned as witches, others were murdered in their sleep, and all because outsiders didn't understand. At some point, our people scattered across the globe." He sipped his wine, seemingly disturbed by his fantastic tale. "Every generation more of the magic dies. There have been a few to realize this. Instead of hoping fate brings us our correct mate, several of us went in search of our true loves. That's why I've found you. Tapping into your deepest sexual fantasy, taps into that primitive part of your brain, the side that remembers the lives before. I'm awakening you, so we can have a life together and strengthen our kind."

"I don't know if I can accept that." It was too impossible to believe, even if she had manipulated the candle.

"That's okay. You will."

He smiled as three people came to the table, two women and a man. The woman reached out to him, and Josh handed his jacket, tie, and then his shirt. She finally got to see her Josh naked as he stripped off his pants. He was muscular and lean. She could hardly wait for what they would do next.

"What's going on?"

"You're going to be center stage."

One of the women started undressing, along with the man. The second woman simply collected their things, like a strange hat-check girl. The naked woman had clamps on her nipples, and the man sported a cock ring holding his erection in place.

"These are the rules," started the dressed woman. "No clothing allowed on stage. You may wear your stockings and heels. Nothing more. Josh, I've got the hot oil ready, and it's on stage."

"Josh?"

"Trust me."

The naked couple led her to the stage. Josh followed but didn't climb the steps, only sat in a chair closest to it. He was naked, his erection pointing straight up as if being naked there were only natural. The man and woman led her up to the pole then raised her hands above her head. It did not occur to her to protest until she felt the cold metal around her wrist and the colder pole at her back.

"I'm not sure about this."

Music played, and her clit throbbed again, yearning, wanting something forbidden. It was as if Josh cast a spell over her. Suddenly, it was okay that two strangers dipped their hands into the oil and came to her. She arched to their touch as hot oil dripped from their hands and onto her naked flesh.

Four hands, both pairs belonging to strangers but she welcomed their touch. She was not sure why except that it pleased Josh. He watched her; the entire room watched her nipples grow slick with the sweet smelling oil. The couple rubbed her ass, took great lengths in coating her breasts. The woman slid between her thighs, rubbing oil from her ankles up to her pussy. Even there the woman rubbed then motioned the man to apply more oil. She spread Gwen's pussy open as the man dropped hot oil, some of it hitting her clit. More than just a drop or two fell. He kept putting more until her slit filled with it, and it ran down onto the other woman.

Josh watched all this. It was as if she were being prepared for him, presented like some slave in a foreign world. This was a foreign world to her, but she found that she liked the way the people stared at her, the oil, watched, almost wondering aloud what the woman would do between her thighs.

Her skin glistened in the lights. The couple was not finished with her yet. The woman rubbed her breasts over Gwen's. The stranger's nipple clamps were hot on Gwen's naked chest. She also noticed the strange woman was shaved, her naked pussy displayed next to Gwen's furry one. The woman coated her body in oil using Gwen's flesh. She spread her naked pussy open and pressed it to Gwen's furry one, rubbing more oil between them. While this happened, the man oiled her ass, dropped oil into

her asshole. For a moment, she thought the stranger would fuck her. His hard cock stayed at her crack, almost wanting inside, pushing against her but never into her.

Through all this, Josh smiled, enjoying the strange display of flesh. She was so aroused by the skin touching her. The mix of male chest, cock and balls combined with the soft female breasts and bare pussy. She watched it all, watched what was being done to her. Then, Josh stood and walked up the stage.

The woman went to him, oiling his cock with her hands then sliding his cock between her breasts. No jealousy entered Gwen's mind. Her body was on fire with desire, and even their display made her pussy damp with want.

"Present her to me."

The strange man stood behind her, raising her while the woman reached from the side and spread open Gwen's pussy to Josh. Four hands held her, presenting her to Josh. The idea, the very visual of a stranger's hands touching her pussy, opening her, shot maddened lusts through her body.

Josh slid between her thighs, pushing that cock back inside her. She moaned. That sweet precipice calling her, the hands, the bodies. This was not what she should do, but she loved handing over control and living out her secret fantasies. She came instantly, but that did not hurry Josh's game. The woman lifted Gwen's breast slightly, offering it to Josh, and he suckled while moving in and out of Gwen's pussy. He acted unaware that her body trembled with the aftermath of such amazing sex.

Gwen looked at the woman, who only watched Josh's mouth hungrily enjoying her body. She looked as far as she could behind, not seeing the man but feeling his cock against her back, his muscled arms holding her in place for Josh.

Josh pumped her, in and out, harder, faster, and Gwen felt herself going over the edge again. She wanted something to hold onto, but there was nothing. She was suspended in her most intimate moment for the room to see, for Josh to enjoy. Men and women watched; some moved closer to watch her pleasure. Strangers limiting her movements aroused her. She liked them as Josh fucked her hard. His balls slapped

against her ass; his hips pressed into her. The feeling pushed her over the edge again and again as sparks filled her vision.

She thought Josh would come this time but no. He pulled out though, her juices covering him, a sheen coating his balls. She had no idea what he was up to until he nodded to the strangers.

“Let’s change positions.”

The man lowered her cuffs, bringing her hands to the floor and her down on her knees. The woman rubbed her back as the strange man pushed her knees farther apart. This time it was his hands that first touched her pussy, spreading her. Josh said something, and the strange man’s hands shifted to her ass, her oiled slick ass.

He rubbed her ass cheeks, spreading them as Josh pushed his cock into that part of her. It was uncomfortable, but the oil helped the large cock slide into place, slide into her. She heard the strange man grunt in approval, and Josh began his rhythm. The woman reached down, touching her breasts as Josh fucked her asshole.

The pressure was too much, too hard. His body pressed into hers, gave a short blissful retreat then pushed back into her ass cheeks. As the oil distributed through her, his pace increased. She could feel his hipbones against her, his chest against her back while the strange man kept a hold on her cheeks, helping Josh fuck her harder.

Again, Gwen looked at the strange woman. Her attention was at her ass, but the rest of the room watched. She was on her knees facing them, unable not to see them seeing her. They liked what they saw. They enjoyed her.

The pressure built too much. Her clit throbbed with it. Again, she leaned toward that pleasure spot where pain crossed, but she liked it. She raised her ass to greet him. The room nodded in approval. That one nod finished her. She couldn’t fight the climax that made her body buck. The man couldn’t hold her ass; the woman let go of her breasts. Josh must’ve felt her orgasm because he too came, shooting his load over her ass and back.

Gwen felt herself fall forward, but the room had changed. For a minute, the universe greeted her, not just a room, not just twenty faces silently urging her to

orgasm. The stars seemed to applaud her efforts, and Josh appeared; then, the world fell back into place. At that moment, she understood. She let out one more moan, and the room brightened then turned very dim. She was magic and Josh her mate.

"I love you, Josh."

The cuffs fell away from her hands.

"I love you, too."