

Chapter 11 – Wild Temptation After Divorce

Dear Diary,

Tonight I am meeting up with Stacy's friends. She said their names were Garrett and Mazy. She told me that all three of them went to high school together. That both of them were bi s*xual and all three of them have had s*x before. She said it was an awesome experience. I think I have found my people. They're going to show me how to come out of my shell, I just know it. I confessed to her that I've never really experimented s*xually. That I barely know how to give a blow job. She told me to stick with her. She'll open me to a whole new world. I am afraid, but extremely excited.

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"So where are we going tonight?" I asked Stacy.

"First, we are meeting Garrett and Mazy at Roma. It's the best Italian food around. It's owned by a little old Italian couple. Their children and grandchildren run the place. It's so authentic. You will just die, I swear, their food is orgasmic."

I giggled at her. She was so over the top. I loved it.

"Secondly, we are going shopping. Because that outfit," she said, pointing at me, "is not going to work for tonight."

We were already on our way to the restaurant. She was driving, weaving in and out of traffic. I scowled down at myself. I thought I looked cute. I had on a peach sundress with white heels. My hair was in a high ponytail, with some strands hanging framing my face.

"What's wrong with my outfit?"

"Nothing, if we were going to Sunday brunch. You look pretty. But darling, we want you to look smoking hot. You just got a divorce. You're young, you have a gorgeous figure, a complete hourglass with a slim waist. You're what? A big B, small C cup, you need to show those perky br*ast off. The best way to get over one man is to get under another. Trust me on this."

"If you say so, plus, I am over him. The anger and hate I feel, there will never be a second chance for us."

"Well, see if you were over him, you'd be indifferent. There would be no anger and hate. Should you see him next time, and there might be one in the future, you never know. You should be able to look at him and remember fond memories. You would be able to say hello, and not want to kill him."

I looked at her. She's been through this before.

"Someone hurt you?"

"Yes. My first love. We met Freshman year in high school, dated all four years. Prom night our Senior year, I had to use the bathroom. He told me to hurry, he had a surprise for me. I don't think I have ever peed so fast in my life. I now take my time. Anyway, I don't think he thought I would be so fast either. As I was walking back from the bathroom, I passed a classroom that was slightly ajar. I heard people arguing. I peaked in, because I am a nosy b*tch, and I wished I had minded my own business. My best friend at the time was crying and loudly telling him that she was pregnant. He had told her there was no way that he had used a c*ndom with her. My world shattered. The boy I loved had cheated on me with my best friend. My best friend had betrayed me. I must have made a noise, because they both looked over. You should have seen the look on their faces. He looked so panicked and she looked destroyed. I lost my sh*t. I had screamed at them, and asked how long they had been f*cking behind my back. I mean, I gave it up to him, all the time. Why was he cheating? He said it had happened one time at a party I couldn't go to, because I was sick. She looked at him with disgust and said that's when it started, but they had been f*cking for three months, and that he had confessed that he loved her and was going to leave me for her. He claimed that that wasn't true, that it was the one time. I didn't know who to believe. I completely cut them out of my life. I felt anger, the betrayal, the hate. I left right after graduation. Went to college with Mazy and Garrett. I saw them last year when I went home for Christmas. I was out shopping for presents with my mother. I felt nothing. There was no anger or animosity. They had a little girl with them. She looked just like him. I smiled when they saw me. Both had gotten pale, I saw longing in his eyes. She saw it too, and I saw the hurt pass over her face. I just turned away from them and continued shopping. That's when I knew I was over it. So, when you get to that point, you'll know when you are."

"You are amazing, Stacy, I am so glad I met you."

She beamed at me as she parked the car.

Mazy and Garrett were so fun and nice. Garrett was tall, with black hair and brown eyes. He had a squared face with a chiseled jawline. He was buff as he*ll. He wore a black short-sleeved t-shirt, and when he stood to pull out mine and Stacy's chair, I saw he was wearing Khaki slacks that molded themselves to his massive thighs. I had to swipe at my mouth to make sure I wasn't drooling. I heard him chuckle and I think he noticed. Mazy was freaking gorgeous. She had wild red hair and sparkling green eyes. There was a smattering of freckles across her cheeks and nose. Her body was like a grecian goddess. She has large br*asts, a curvy waist and wide hips. She was in a low cut, emerald green dress. When she stood to hug Stacy, I checked out her a*s. Jesus, it should be illegal to be this s*xy. I looked at the three of them, I could not compare. I was pretty, but I was not s*xy. I didn't think so at least.

“Garrett, look at her, she is so exotic. All that long black hair, you could grab on to and use as an anchor as you f*ck her from behind. She’s got great t*ts, I’d love to taste them. And her body is to die for. Where did you find her, Stacy?”

I was taken aback at her blatant description of me. I could feel my cheeks heat.

“Oh, Jesus, she blushes,” Mazy whispered. Her eyes roamed my body.

“Down girl. Don’t scare off my new friend,” Stacy laughed.

“You are very beautiful,” Garrett said.

“Thank you.” I said, primly, which had him chuckling again.

“God, you guys. Stop,” Stacy squealed.

They both burst into laughter.

“Sorry, Savvy, right?” Mazy asked.

“Yes, I am Savvy, and you two are Mazy and Garrett.”

They both nodded.

“We didn’t mean to tease you. But Stacy did say you were gorgeous. We couldn’t help ourselves,” Garrett said.

The rest of the dinner was great. We talked, they got to know me, and after telling them my story, Garrett wanted to go to Montana and kick Brian’s a*s. I thanked him, but told him that it wasn’t necessary, I just wanted to move on. Mazy said that she would definitely help me do that. Then she blew me a kiss and I blushed instantly. That made her laugh and she told me I was a breath of fresh air.

Afterward, we went shopping at Mazy’s boutique. She sold high-end clothing for both men and women. She designed all the pieces on display and also did underwear. I looked at the prices and almost swallowed my tongue. The cocktail dress I was looking at was fifteen hundred dollars. I slowly backed away from it.

“You should try it on. I think it would look fabulous on you,” Mazy said.

“No way, I can’t even afford to breathe on it.”

“Nonsense.” I winced as she ripped the dress off the hanger and handed it to me. She also gave me a pair of black heeled sandals that tied up the back of my leg to the top of my calf.

The dress was red, tight and short, even on my 5'5 frame. It was strapless with a sweetheart neckline. It was beaded with red sequin that was patterned following the heart-shaped bust. It showcased my br*asts and made them look great with a deep cleavage. It hugged my curves and ended mid-thigh. With my high ponytail, I looked exotic. I walked out of the dressing room, and all three of them whistled.

“Holy f*ck you are hot,” Garrett said. I could see lust in his eyes as he looked me up and down. Both Mazy and Stacy stared at me with interest as well.

“That dress is now yours, and so are the shoes. It’s all on me. Come over to this jewelry case and pick out some earrings and put these bangles on,” Mazy said.

She handed me some gold bracelets that I put on, and then I picked out a pair of gold dangle earrings.

Chapter 12 – Wild Temptation After Divorce

Dear Diary,

I’m a sl*t and I love it. Okay, maybe not a sl*t, but last night I had the time of my life. I learned something about myself last night. I like to be watched, and I like to watch. Who would have thought that, not me? I unfortunately didn’t have sex with anyone, but I did put on a show. My first experience at a Florida nightclub was amazing.

“What is this place?” I asked my companions as we got out of Stacy’s car. A man opened the passenger door for me and I put my small hand into his gigantic one. My eyes went wide at the size of him. If the Rock and Andre the Giant had a baby, it would be that guy. He had to be over six and half feet and his muscles had muscles. He was so beefy, he couldn’t even bring his arms down to his sides. I would not want to get in a confrontation with this man.

“It’s called Club Zero. You have to come with a member to enter. The three of us are members. If you want to be one, you can buy a membership tonight after the festivities. I highly recommend becoming a member. This club here is one of ten clubs that is attached to the membership. Club Zero is the tamest of the ten clubs. We thought we would introduce you slowly to a different kind of nightlife,” Garrett explained to me.

“What’s so different about this club from any other nightclubs?”

“You’ll see,” Mazy sang out.

There was no line, the man that opened my door escorted us to the nondescript door that was the club's entrance. You wouldn't even know this place was a club. There was no sign indicating it was Club Zero, just the number 0 on the front door. The building was three stories and an ugly solid gray. There were only windows on the third floor. There was no music to be heard or lights indicating there was entertainment there. It looked like some huge concrete box.

When the man opened the door, you could hear music, but it was faint. I followed Mazy, who held my hand, and Stacy followed me and I held her hand. It was dark with red lighting leading down a narrow hall. We went up a set of stairs where another man stood. This one was smaller than the outside man, but he was still massive. The eerie red glow of the lights made him look sinister.

"Welcome to Club Zero. Anything goes, as long as you wear the right protection. No glove, no love. Once you buy a room, that room is yours for as long as you like. You can watch or be watched. You can touch anyone in the cages. If you f*ck out in the open, you are opening yourself up to be touched by anyone. Play at your own risk."

I gulped. What have I gotten myself into? Mazy squealed and Garrett chuckled. I felt Stacy squeeze my hand. I looked at her, and she gave me a smile.

"You okay?" She asked.

"I think so."

We walked in after he opened the door. The nightclub atmosphere was amazing. I saw people dancing, sitting in booths making out, drinking and talking with friends. The music was loud and thumping. We made our way around the room. The lights were dim with that soft white lighting and blue and red strobes popping off. The dance floor was packed. We found a booth and a table. We ordered drinks. I got a Malibu Breeze and bought the table a round of shots. I noticed a thick book in the middle of the table and I picked it up and flipped it open. I slammed it shut immediately. Mazy laughed. Stacy opened it up. Inside were pictures of various people doing scandalous things to each other.

One woman was on all fours with a d*ck in her mouth and one in her p*ssy. Another picture showed two men going at it. Another showed a woman with each man in a hole, and one of those men had a man behind him. There was a picture of a woman in a room by herself with legs open and a toy stuffed in her.

"What is this place?" I asked Stacy again.

"It's a s*x club. They all are. You can have s*x out in the open, or you can buy a room in the back. People can watch you, or you can watch people. You need a membership to go back there. Right now you can only stay out here. If you want a membership, it is two hundred and fifty a month, or you can buy a yearly membership for two grand. I do the yearly. I am also a shareholder of the club. I own one percent."

“Really? That’s all?”

“That’s all? Honey, there are ten clubs. Each club brings in over a hundred grand a night, from Thursday to Sunday. During the week it’s smaller, about half, but still, it’s a lot of money. From the alcohol, food, and room purchases. Each club has a different price for the rooms. Your membership only covers you getting in the door at all the clubs.”

“Wow.”

I was still thinking about what she said as we took our shots and drank our drinks. We danced and I even made out with Garrett. The drunker I got, the more my inhibitions lowered.

“You know what, I want to become a member!” I shouted to my friends. They cheered, and brought me to a man in a gray suit and a crisp white shirt. He held a tablet in his hand.

“Hello, my friend here wants to become a member,” Mazy said to him.

He nodded, typed something onto the tablet and handed it to me.

“Put all your information in here. Swipe your card down the side here,” he told me, and showed me where to swipe. Garrett handed me my credit card after I typed in all of my information. All of us girls gave him our important stuff, he didn’t seem to mind. I swiped my card for the yearly membership. I gave it back to Garrett and then gave the tablet back to the guy. He checked everything. He pulled a card from his pants pocket and swiped it on the tablet. Then he handed me the card. It was black, and etched in the middle was the word member in gold, and a four-digit number in silver at the corner of the card. I looked closely. They were the last four of my credit card numbers.

“This is your membership card, it’s etched in gold because you are a yearly member. Don’t lose it. It has all your information on it, including the card you used. From now on you pay with this card for anything in any of the clubs,” the man said. I nodded and handed it to Garrett.

We danced a little more and then Garrett grabbed us all, and we went towards the back wall where a beautiful woman stood in a black evening gown. Her hair was slicked back, and she had black satin gloves that went to her elbows. Her makeup was dark and dramatic. Garrett flashed all four of our cards. He then pushed aside a curtain and there was another door. He scanned one of our cards on the scanner to open the door and the door swung open. We walked through a long corridor. Mazy and Stacy were giggling. I didn’t know where we were going, and I started to get a little anxious. There was an elevator at the end of the hall. The doors were open and we stepped inside. There was a down arrow button and an up arrow button. Garrett pushed down. Then he pushed me up against the wall of the elevator and attacked my mouth.

I moaned into his mouth. He was a great kisser. The elevator dinged, he gave me one last peck, and then we were stumbling out of the elevator. My mouth dropped. Everywhere I looked, there were men and women having s*x. Nakedness was everywhere. There were women and men in cages. One man in a cage was getting a blow job by another man that was standing outside the cage. A woman in a gold cage was bent over her hands on the floor as a man railed her from behind. This was so bizarre. I didn't want to look, but then I did. We walked to a room. I saw Garrett use a card to pay for it. It must have been his. It didn't have gold lettering. We walked in. The room had a bed to one side and a lounging couch in the middle. One of the walls was complete glass. I could see everyone and I assumed they could see us. I walked around and noticed there were eyeholes in the other walls. I stared at a set and then the covering of the back must have been removed, because all of a sudden, I was staring at a set of blue eyes. I gasped, and I could see amusement in those eyes. I turned to tell my friends, but gasped again. They were already naked and all over each other on the bed. Holy h*ll. Did they want me to participate? I wasn't sure I wanted to. But as I stared at them, I was getting so turned on. I walked over to the couch, in front of the couch was a table with packaged lube and s*x toys. I opened a s*x toy that was shaped like a C. There was a button, and it started to vibrate. Holy f*ck. I was so turned on by watching Garrett thrust into Mazy and Mazy eat out Stacy. I pulled the top of my dress down, my br*ast popped out, I ran the vibrating toy over my sensitive nipples. I inhaled sharply at the sensation. I moaned and saw Garrett look over and smile. His eyes roamed over me. The lust in his eyes made me feel wanted. He started thrusting harder into Mazy. I stood up and took my dress off and sat back down. I ran the toy down my body as he watched. I got to my thong covered p*ssy that was soaked and moved the toy over my covered cl*t. I gasped. I quickly moved my thong aside, and I put the toy in me and lined the other end up with my cl*t. I f*cked myself as Garrett stared at where the toy was. He mouthed the word, f*ck. He threw his head back and shouted as he came. Watching him c*m did it for me and I screamed with my orgasm, just as Stacy and Mazy did theirs. I couldn't believe I had just done that. We all smiled at each other. For two hours we ate, drank, and I masturbated while I watched them f*ck. I hadn't forgotten the eyes that watched us. I made sure to put on a show for those eyes. I hoped the person behind those eyes had just as much fun as I did.

Chapter 13 – Wild Temptation After Divorce

Dear Diary,

So I found out that the guy that I ran into at the grocery store last week lives in the same building as me. Stacy told me the building has a fantastic gym on the top floor of the building. It's surrounded by glass, giving the people working out a beautiful view to look at. So I checked it out. When I walked in there were only a couple of people. Stacy was right, the view was amazing. I didn't look at anyone in the gym, didn't want to be categorized as a creep, so I minded my own business. I warmed up with a five-minute walk around the indoor track. Then, I lifted some weights for forty minutes, and ended with a five-mile run. The gym had unisex locker rooms with showers and bathroom stalls. One side of the huge locker room was for the men, the other the women. After I had taken

a shower, I walked towards the locker I was using wrapped in a towel when I saw Mac. He saw me and smiled. He had a towel wrapped around his waist and, dear God, he was beautiful. Not an ounce of fat was on him. He was ripped, had the eight pack and the V pointing to his c*ck. I wanted to see that c*ck so badly. We were both just standing there, eye f*cking each other. I came to my senses, and I noticed we just happened to be the only two in there. So why not strike up a conversation, and I was so f*cking happy I did.

“Oh, hey. Mac, right? I didn’t know you lived in this building.”

“Savvy, good to see you. Yes, I’ve lived here for two years. How do you like the area?”

“I love it. Going on my second week of being here, and I am happy to say I am so glad I picked this place to start over.”

He smiled at me and walked over. I ate up his body with my eyes. I could see a bulge behind the towel and I swallowed. It twitched, and my eyes flew up to Mac’s sparkling green ones.

“I am really glad you picked this place too. So, I know you are staying with a friend and you’ve met me. Anyone else in the building you’ve met?”

“Um, no. But my friend Stacy introduced me to her friends Garrett and Mazy. We went to club Zero over the weekend.

“I know Stacy, nice girl. Wow club Zero. Did you become a member? I’m a member too.”

“You are? Yes, I did the yearly. I am really excited about exploring the other clubs.”

“Hmm, really? Maybe we can go to a club sometime?”

He said this as he raised a hand and brushed his fingertips over my left shoulder and down my arm. I could feel the arousal start in my belly and zing to my cl*t. His fingertips grazed my wrist, and then he grabbed my hand and brought it to his mouth. He nibbled on my knuckles. My cl*t throbbed. I must have made a noise because he smirked and then sucked my pointer finger in his mouth.

“Holy sh*t,” I whispered. I felt that in my p*ssy. I am so wet right now. I looked down, and I saw his towel was tented.

“Want to help me with that?” He asked. I so did.

“I don’t have any protection with me,” I said, quietly.

“How about you let me eat that p*ssy of yours, and then you can gobble my c*ck,” he teased, then he bit the tip of my finger. I yelped, my eyes going wide. I nodded. What was I doing? Did I really just agree to have oral s*x with this guy? He was a complete stranger. Sure, I knew his name, and thought he was s*xy as f*ck, but I didn’t know him.

Wait, why do I need to know him? People have random s*x all the time. Why couldn’t I?

I let him draw me close, and then his mouth was on mine. I whimpered as our tongues dueled. He gathered me in close and rubbed against me. I couldn’t believe I was standing there, making out in the middle of the locker room, where anyone could just come in. He walked me back towards the lockers. When my back hit them, he dropped to his knees in front of me and ripped my towel off. I gasped as the cool air hit my skin and my n*pples pebbled.

He groaned and leaned forward, taking a n*pple into his mouth and started pulling on it hard. My hands found their way into his hair and I held him there. It felt so good. He moved to the other n*pple and gave it some attention. Then he kissed down my torso. He put his hands under my a*s and stood up. I squealed. He put my legs over his shoulders and pinned me to the lockers. His face was buried in my p*ssy. He started giving me long licks from my entrance to my cl*t. He wouldn’t stop moaning as he licked me and the vibrations were wreaking havoc on me. I was getting wetter and wetter and the wetter I got, the more Mac moaned.

“You taste so f*cking sweet. I’ve never tasted such a sweet p*ssy. F*ck gorgeous you are a treat,” he said, and then dove right back in.

He f*cked me with his tongue. His tongue was long and fat and filled me up. My moans and cries echoed around the locker room. I did not care at that moment if anyone came in and saw us. He was going to town on me and I screamed as an orgasm ripped through me. I couldn’t help but grip his hair and hump his face. It was so good.

He lapped at me as I came down from the bliss that just went through me. He then slowly lowered me, and he smiled. He looked so gleeful.

“That was amazing. I’ve never experienced anything like that before.”

“Really? Your ex didn’t do that to you?”

“No, never.”

“Well, he missed out, because doll, you taste delicious.”

I blushed at his compliment. Then I looked at his erection that was poking out of the towel now. Holy sh*t he was big and girthy. I gripped him in my small hand and squeezed him. He moaned and threw back his head. I hoped I could give as good as I got. Just as I was about to kneel, he stopped me.

“Next time, beautiful. I have to get going. Thank you for giving me the pleasure of tasting you. He leaned down and pecked me. I could taste myself, and it was a turn on. When he pulled back, I licked my lips and he groaned. He put his forehead against mine.

“Next time,” he whispered. Then he was gone. I watched him walk away.

I stood there for a minute in a daze. I just had the best oral orgasm. I honestly couldn’t believe myself right now. Never have I ever done anything like that out in the open. This place was changing me, and I think I liked it.

I hurriedly got dressed in a pair of cotton shorts and a t-shirt, and went back to Stacy’s apartment. She was finally up. She had made breakfast, which consisted of scrambled eggs, bacon, toast and orange juice.

“Hey, I didn’t know you were already up. Did you hit the gym?” She asked.

“Yes. And I also got my p*ssy eaten out, before coming back.”

Her mouth dropped open. She stood there with a plate in her hand and a glass of orange juice in the other and stared at me.

“Tell me.”

So I did. She screeched in delight as we sat and ate.

“Oh my God. Mac the Greek God that lives on your floor ate you out this morning in the gym locker room? You sl*t! I am so f*cking jealous. I have eyed him for forever.”

“Oh, no! I am so sorry. I didn’t know you liked him. Now I feel like a sl*t.”

“What? No babes, oh gosh no. I don’t like him like that. I mean he’s hot, and I wouldn’t mind a roll in bed with him, but I am not harboring any feelings for him. No, girl, you’re fine.”

“Oh, thank God. I so do not want to be the other woman.”

She smiled at me and gave me a sympathetic nod.

“So what do you do on Sunday’s?”

“Well, sometimes I go to the movies with Garrett and Mazy. Or we go to the beach.”

“Oh, can we do that? I have my bikini.”

“Yes! I’ll text G and M and see if they want to come.”

I was excited. I ran to my room and started to get ready. A day in the sun was exactly what I needed.

Chapter 14 – Wild Temptation After Divorce

Dear Diary,

Best decision of my life. The sun was magnificent in Florida. Here it is the beginning of September and it's seventy-seven degrees. In Montana or Nebraska, I'd be freezing right now. I watched Mazy, Garret and Stacy play in the ocean as I sunbathed. I smiled at their antics. Brian would be complaining about how hot it was, or he was getting sand in his a*s. God, I haven't thought about him for two weeks. Am I getting over him so fast? Did the pain make me hate him so much that I no longer feel anything for him? Or is simply out of sight, out of mind, that is mending my heart and self confidence quickly. With all the compliments my friends have given me and Mac worshiping me this morning, I feel beautiful, and s*xy. Not just mere pretty and cute. I am liking this new me.

"Savvy, come play with us!" Stacy yelled.

I giggled and stood up, wiping the sand off my butt. Garrett smiled at me as he beckoned me to him. I wore my yellow bikini. It had eyes on the b*obs and a smile on the bikini bottom. It was the smiling emoji in bikini form. The girls squealed when they saw it and Garrett said it was cute. It made my naturally light brown skin pop. I had my hair down, it flowed around my waist. I was thinking of cutting it again, just to match the new me with a new look, but Garrett said to wait. I asked him why.

"I wanna wrap it around my fist a couple of times when I f*ck you."

My mouth had dropped when he said that. He roared with laughter and the girls giggled uncontrollably. I had said that I thought he and Mazy were together, but they informed me they were not attached to each other.

Stacy told me that their group dynamic was friends with benefits.

"We are young, in our twenties. We are well off and we play hard. No need to settle down just yet."

I wasn't raised like that, so the concept was enticing to me. I was always raised to find a man, and fall in love, have babies. But I tried that, and look how that turned out. So, I was going to embrace this new fun life.

I jumped on Garrett in the water. We wrestled, hands skimming everywhere. I was getting so turned on, and I could see from the bulge in Garrett's shorts, so was he.

“I f*cking want you shortcake, let me in that pretty p*ssy,” he growled in my ear. I moaned as goosebumps broke out along my neck.

“How bad do you want it?” I teased.

He ground against me and I wrapped my legs around him and ground back. He moaned and latched on to my mouth.

“You ever have s*x in public, Savvy?”

“No,” I whispered.

“No one can see us out here in the water and the waves help with the pleasure. I’m clean, baby. I get tested regularly. I know you’ve only been with that jerk of a husband. Are you on birth control?”

“Yes, and I am clean too.”

“Will you let me go raw in you? I only go raw in Mazy and Stacy. They’re clean. Mazy and Stacy have been lovers for a while. Neither of them are f*cking with anyone but me.”

“Okay,” I barely got out. He heard me though.

He kissed me hard. I was shaking with nerves. I haven’t slept with anyone else but Brian in the past three years. I wasn’t even sure I could orgasm on a d*ck anymore. My previous lovers were all about their pleasure.

Garrett’s fingers on his right hand brushed the sides of my br*ast and over my torso until he went beneath my bottoms and plunged a finger in me. I squeaked and he chuckled. We continued making out and I f*cked his hand. He put another in me, stretching me out. He had to. I saw the size of his d*ck this weekend, it’s f*cking massive. He told me he was ten inches long, and said it came from his Samoan side. He had us girls laughing so hard. He said he could prove it, and texted his dad and uncle to send him a d*ck pick. I was surprised when they did. My mouth dropped open when he showed us. I couldn’t believe they did that. He said it was okay, as he deleted the pictures. He was telling the truth though, his dad and uncle were hung like horses.

A third finger was plunged into me, and I burst. I screamed and he swallowed it.

“That’s it baby girl, such a good girl giving me your cream like that,” he whispered to me.

Oh God, he was a dirty talker. I felt the walls of my p*ssy flutter around his fingers.

“Oh, we like that don’t we? Well, you’re going to love it when I stick my thick, long, and hard c*ck into you and make you scream my name. I wanna hear you scream it, Savvy. D*mn, baby, you’re so hot and wanting. You’re so wet.”

He took his fingers out of me and I felt him fumble with the tie on his shorts, then he moved my bottoms aside.

I felt the head of his thick c*ck. Oh, God. It was so big. He pushed in a little and I felt myself stretch. He kept pushing, and the burn was delicious. I whimpered.

“Shhh, it’s okay baby girl. Daddy’s got you. Just a little bit more. F*ck you’re so tiny and tight. You’re squeezing my c*ck so well. Just. A. Little. Bit. More,” he panted. Then he thrust and he bottomed out.

“F*****CK! He shouted. I quickly looked around as I was impaled on him. No one was paying us any attention.

“You’re such a good girl, Savvy. You’re taking my c*ck so well. So f*cking good. Yes, f*ck, yes,” he chanted, as he plunged in and out of me, the waves helping him rock. I was a moaning mess. My lips were against his neck as I sucked, and he shuddered. He held my hips still, and he just f*cked the ever loving daylights out of me. I felt so full and then it happened. It turns out not only can I orgasm on a d*ck I can f*cking clamp down and strangle it.

“GARRETT!” I screamed, and he smashed his mouth on me. I could hear him grunting, his hips barely moving because my p*ssy held his d*ck hostage as it squeezed him so hard and long. When I was finally coming down, Garrett went wild. Over and over he thrust.

“Sh*t, baby, your p*ssy is so good, d*mn Savvy, yeeeeesss,” he groaned as he emptied himself inside me. Gripping my hips so hard, that I knew I was going to bruise later. I did not care.

Our breaths mingled as we kissed, both of us coming down from our bliss.

“Savvy, that was f*cking amazing. I don’t think I have ever c*mmed that hard in my life.”

“Yes, me too,” I said, my head lying down on his shoulder. He cradled me to him. Then I helped him fix his shorts as he made sure my p*ssy was covered again by my bottoms. Still wrapped around him, he held me, hands clasped under my b*tt as we made our way out of the ocean.

Chapter 15 – Wild Temptation After Divorce

Dear Diary

I have the keys to my new condo. I am so freaking excited. Stacy, Mazy and I went furniture shopping. I got everything from couches, to tables for the bedroom, dining room and living room. Lamps, a new bed, a couple of comfy chairs and then we got all the linens and towels. Food was the last thing we got, and I cooked dinner to thank them. That was

the good news for the day. The bad news is my money is dwindling. I haven't been frugal like I should have been, but it's hard when you're having fun. I need to find a job, or some way to make money. I've scoured the job sites. There is nothing for a nutritionist or personal fitness. I have no idea what I am going to do.

"Ready to go to Club Uno?" Stacy asked, as she walked into my living room. She and I gave each other extra keys for convenience and in case of emergencies. "Hey, why aren't you dressed?"

I had my hair and makeup done, but then after checking my account, I wasn't sure I should keep going out.

"I'm almost broke, Stacy. After buying the condo, I had enough money to last me for six months. But as much as we've eaten out in the last two weeks, and going out for fun. Plus, buying everything for the condo, I have maybe a month of living left in my savings. I didn't realize how expensive everything was going to be."

"Well, then Club Uno will be perfect."

"What do you mean?"

"At Club Uno there are numerous games that are played. It's basically a casino. Except in this place, we don't play with money. We play with dares. Remember, Savvy, the people at these clubs are very well off. You can dare anything. The more dares you do, the more money you make."

"What do the dares consist of? I mean what if someone dares another to kill someone?"

"No, the dares are all legal and with consent. You will need a box of c*ndoms."

"Ohhhh, yeah I bought a lot of those." I got up and went to my room and opened my closet. On a shelf were boxes and boxes of c*ndoms. I grabbed a box and ripped it open.

Stacy walked into my room and started to laugh.

"Did you buy out a store?"

"Well, after f*cking Garrett, I realized I needed to be prepared for anything anywhere."

"Oh, that's so true. I always have at least five c*ndoms on me," she said, waggling her purse at me.

"Okay, well, I guess I should let you pick out my outfit then, because I need money."

For the next half hour, she had me trying on almost every dress in my closet.

“Yes, that’s the one,” she said, excitedly.

“It’s not too fancy?”

“No, casino night is fancy.”

That’s when I looked at her. She had on a floor-length dress that was almost the same as mine. Where mine was in a peach color, hers was a red wine. Both of our dresses were satin with spaghetti straps. She had on black heels with red bottoms and I had on silver strappy heeled sandals. My hair was curled and hanging to my waist with one side pinned up with a silver rose hair pin that sparkled with face diamonds. Stacy’s hair was curled with the front of her hair pinned back on top. We both looked stunning.

“Let’s go, girl. I am ready to party and have some fun. It’s just us tonight. Mazy and Garrett went to Paris.”

“What? Paris?”

“Yeah, they both work for the same modeling agency. They are on the runway tonight.”

“Wow, such glamorous lives they lead,” I was in awe of my friends.

We pulled up at Club Uno forty minutes later. We flashed our cards and I put mine back in my clutch and also had my lipstick and ten c*ondoms. I just wanted to be prepared.

I swear we walked into a high-end casino. Everyone looked so elegant. There were poker tables everywhere, along with every other gambling table. We were each handed a number, mine happened to be 13. I blew out a breath. I hope it was my lucky number tonight.

“Ladies, welcome to Club Uno. Pick a table and enjoy,” said a woman, with huge breasts spilling out of her tiny dress, her red hair piled on top of her head. She had long legs, and could have been a runway model herself, she was that beautiful.

Stacy and I split up, she went to one of the poker tables and I went to a roulette table. A woman in a black thong and purple pasties was walking around with a tray of drinks. I grabbed a flute of champagne and took a drink. Oh, yum. It was peach champagne, my favorite. The table I was at filled up with seven other members. There were four men and four women seated, and a man dressed in a dealer’s uniform, standing next to the roulette wheel holding the tiny white ball.

“Ladies and gentlemen, I will spin the wheel to see who goes first. Please hold your numbers in front of you. If you are picked to be the darer, please choose a number and dare that person. If you are the one that is dared, you must perform the dare. The more

dares you perform, the more money you will receive at the end of your play night. If you fail a dare or refuse to perform one, your night has ended. You will notice that some of the numbers are blacked out on the wheel. The only numbers shown are the ones at this table. Good luck and enjoy,” said the dealer.

He spun the wheel and dropped the tiny ball. As everyone watched the ball, I looked at my companions. They were all good-looking. Some looked to be my age, two of the men were older, maybe in their fifties, and there was an older woman too. She also looked to be in her fifties.

The wheel started to slow and I watched as it started to slow down. It landed at number eight.

Number eight was one of the men in his fifties. He looked around the table and his eyes landed on number 12 who was a young muscular guy, with sandy colored hair and green eyes. He was handsome in that Brad Pitt sort of way, when Brad was in his twenties.

“Number 12, I dare you to kiss the woman to your left. I want tongue. The kiss must last at least fifteen seconds.”

Number 12 looked at the older woman and smirked. He had no problem completing the dare. The wheel was spun again. It landed at number 2. She was the older woman that had just got kissed.

“Number 13, I want you to suck on number 1’s left n*pple.”

I looked at number 1. She was Asian with long black hair straight as a pin. She had on a white cocktail dress. Her br*asts were tiny, but you could tell her n*pples were prominent. They were poking through her dress, either from being chilled or she was turned on. I smiled at her as I walked around the table. Her dress was strapless so all I had to do was shimmy her dress down until her br*asts popped free. I leaned down and first swirled my tongue around her n*pple, and then I sucked into my mouth. She panted and moaned, her head falling back. I heard some of the men swear and the women chuckle. When I was done, I helped her right her dress and sauntered back to my seat. The game went on like that, the ball landing on numbers, and dares becoming bolder and bolder. I have been dared three times. The men loved to see the women make out, or touch each other. One woman dared one of the older men to kiss one of the younger guys, and they did it. Our first quitter was one of the older guys. He was dared to give the other older man a blow job. He was out at that request. He collected his winnings and left the casino. We lost two more fifteen minutes later when number 7 dared number eight to f*ck number 10, neither of them wanted to go that far. That left five of us. Number 7. Myself, number 12, number 2 and number 1. Three women and two men. The ball landed on number 12 again.

“Number 1, I dare you to eat out number 13 until she c*ms.”

My eyes widened. So did number 1's. She nervously got out of her chair and walked over to me. I turned in my seat. I helped her lift my dress to my thighs. I wasn't wearing any underwear. I didn't see the point. I didn't want to soak a pair after Stacy told me that the dares were s*xual in nature. She hesitated. My heart was pounding. She leaned forward and then stopped. A whoosh of breath left me.

"I can't," she said. I was a little disappointed. I've never been with a girl before. I was curious. She left after apologizing.

Number 12 quit after number 2 dared her to f*ck herself with a dildo. She said she was bored and quit. I had a feeling she had her feelings hurt that no one was dared to f*ck her. She flounced off after that. Leaving myself, with two men, number 7 and number 2.

The wheel spun and landed on number 7. Both of the men left were around my age. Number 2 was the sandy-haired guy and number 7 was a very good-looking black man, almost too beautiful to look at, with a trimmed goatee, honey colored eyes and a bald head. He was lean with a decent amount of musculature. He wasn't massive, more like a slim male model with cut muscles. I was hoping he would dare me to do something to him.

"Number 13, I dare you to suck my c*ck while number 2 eats your a*s."

Holy f*ck. I looked at number 2 and saw pure lust in his eyes. I opened my clutch and took out a c*ndom and held it up with a raised eyebrow. He nodded. I walked to him, he eagerly unbuttoned and unzipped his pants. I hiked up my dress to my hips. Number 2 dropped to his knees enthusiastically.

I opened the c*ndom and put it on the tip of number 7 hard c*ck. It was long and just the right amount of girth that I wouldn't hurt my jaw. I then rolled it down a little with my hands and then the rest with my mouth. Number 7 inhaled sharply and number 2 got to work eating my a*s out. It was foreign to me, I've never had anyone do that or anything back there. I concentrated on number 7 d*ck. I bobbed my head and he gave little thrusts. I gagged when he hit the back of my throat.

"Shh, open up little girl, breathe through your nose. That's it." I did what he said. I took a deep breath and swallowed him.

"F*ck yes, that's it. D*mn girl, you have good suction. D*mn, yes." He thrust harder and I moaned. He gathered my hair in his fist and helped me bob on him. Number 2 plunged his tongue in my a*s, and I squealed around number 7, making him jerk and moan.

"Do that again," he growled out, and number 2 did, resulting in the same action. Number 2 flicked his tongue against my back entrance. It felt really good. I brought my hand to my sopping p*ssy and started to rub my cl*t.

“F*ck, f*ck, f*ck!” Number 7 roared, and I felt his c*m feel the c*ndom. I came off smacking my tongue to the roof of my mouth. Luckily, I had grabbed the non-lubricated c*ndoms. The rubbery taste in my mouth was a little unpleasant, But nothing a drink wouldn’t fix.

I stayed bent over and number 2 continued to tongue f*ck my a*s, and I rubbed my cl*t furiously. Suddenly my orgasm hit me, my legs shook as number 2 moved to my p*ssy and lapped up my juices.

I was a little dizzy standing up. Number 7 steadied me.

“Thank you sweetheart. That was f*cking amazing.”

I beamed at him. The lights in the room flashed, indicating the night was over. I went to the money cage with my four white dare tokens and turned them in. My mouth dropped. I had no clue that each token was worth two thousand dollars. I saw if I had gotten a red token like Stacy had, I would have gotten ten thousand dollars for just one.

Chapter 16 – Wild Temptation After Divorce

Dear Diary

I went and got a full check up two days ago. I’ve been in Florida a full month. Garrett has come over four times since he’s been back from Paris and has f*cked me until my eyes have crossed. I like this friends with benefits thing. I was happy to receive an email today that said I have a clean bill of health, and I am not pregnant, not that I thought I was. Today I went back and got my birth control shot. I signed up for some self-defense classes. Stacy said she’s been taking them since she was a teenager and showed me who to go to. I wish we could take the class together, but the only time slots the instructor had was during work time for her. So, I am on my own today. I opted for one-on-one training since I’m by myself. Here goes nothing.

I walked into a massive building. It was open and airy. No walls. Except in the way back, it looked like a staff area. There were several classes going on. Some with toddlers and little kids, others with teens and young adults. I even saw one with older people. Good for them. There was a bean-shaped desk as you walked in, and a perky brunette manned the desk. She had her hair in a high ponytail, her face was round and pretty with almond-shaped eyes and her eyes fascinated me. They were violet.

“You are so pretty,” I said, as a greeting.

“Thank you, so are you. You have flawless skin. I am so jealous. Are you a model?” She asked.

I laughed, flattered. “No, I’m actually in between jobs right now, so I thought with all my free time, I’d take some self-defense classes. My name is Savvy James. I signed up for one on one training with Lea Johnston.”

“Okay, Savvy, I’ll buzz her, and she’ll come to the front. I think she’s in the staff room.”

“Thank you.”

I watched some of the other classes going on. I was pleased to see I was dressed appropriately in leggings, a sports bra and tennis shoes. I had my hair braided down my back.

“Hi, are you Savvy?”

I turned to my right and a gorgeous woman a little shorter than my 5 ‘5 stature, with rainbow-colored hair in a bun and blue eyes, smiled at me with her hand out. She was older, maybe in her late thirties or early forties.

“Yes, Hi. Are you Lea?”

“I am. It’s nice to meet you. I hear Stacy recommended my self-defense gym to you? I love that girl. She found me and my partner’s house for us, right on the beach.”

“Yes, she’s become one of my very good friends. She found me my condo. We live in the same building. She’s been introducing me to the Hollywood nightlife.”

“Let me guess, the s*x clubs?”

“Um, yes,” I said shyly.

“Don’t be embarrassed. I met my partner Amory at Club Sechs. Which means six in German.”

“What happens at the sixth club? I’ve only been to Club Zero and Club Uno. I’ve enjoyed myself at both places. But I have a feeling the higher the number, the more I’m going to learn, that there is more to s*x than I know anything about. I’ve learned so far that it can be fun and not just one on one.”

“You’re right, the higher the number the more you will learn. Club Sechs is the auction club. You can participate by being a buyer or being bought. You have to identify what kink you are into so the host can let those that are buyers know if you are what they want to bid on.”

“Kink? I don’t know what that means.”

“Oh,” she said, with a raised eyebrow. “You’re an innocent one. The auction would go wild. There aren’t many around here that are as innocent as you are. The daddies will love you. Okay how do I explain kink, I didn’t know I was going to give you a different lesson than what you came for today,” she giggled.

“Sorry.”

“No, it’s okay, I am teasing. So there are different things or kinks or fetishes that people are into. Like being tied up, or whipped, or spanked. There are voyeurs or exhibitionists. That means someone that likes to watch or be watched. Some like to dress up as babies and have someone feed them and change their diapers, or rock them to sleep. It’s a form of age play. There are a lot of kinks out there. You could use the internet for research, but you might run the risk of going down a rabbit hole.”

“Oh, wow. So what kink do you like, if I can ask?”

“I am a mommy. Amory is my little girl. It’s a dom/sub relationship. I take care of her, and she lets me do whatever I want with her within reason. Sometimes, she gets punished for acting like a brat. I like her to act young. She lets me dress her up and take care of all her needs. She’s called my Little. Even though she’s twenty-two, I prefer she acts like she’s ten. It’s part of the BDSM world. It’s called age play. I know it sounds wrong, but it’s all consensual, and I am not attracted to children. I just like my partner to act that way. We live our lives that way. I recommend researching it. You’d make a killing in the DD/LG world. DD means daddy dom and LG is little girl. You have the right body type. You’re slim with some curves. You have a small to medium bust. You could play anywhere from thirteen to seventeen. At the auctions, you get fifty percent of your purchase price. And like I said with your innocent look, you’d make a killing.”

“That’s fascinating. How long would one play that role?”

“Well, for me and Amory, for right now, 24/7. But that’s something you and your daddy or mommy would decide. Well, now that’s explained, let’s start your self-defense.

For the next two hours, Lea showed me how to protect myself with different defense moves. Then she showed me some offensive moves. She was extremely knowledgeable. She told me she had retired from the Marines. Did twenty-two years. I thanked her for her service. She was very gracious. I really liked her, and I was so glad Stacy recommended her. I rushed home, showered and changed into some sleeping shorts and a tank. Then, I facetimed Nicole.

“Hey!” She squealed when she answered. “How have you been? D*mn girl, you look good. Happy.”

“I am, thank you. Nic, I have so much to tell you.”

I told her about Stacy, Mazy and Garrett. I told her about the clubs and all I'd done. I also told her about the one time in the gym with Mac.

Her mouth dropped several times.

"Oh, my God, girl. Look at you finding yourself. I am so proud of you. I am also proud that you aren't wallowing in self-pity and mourning over that jerk."

"I've honestly not thought about him all that much. It's like being out of sight, out of mind. But now that you've brought him up. Have you heard from him? Are they together?" Why did I care?

"He's called me once a week since you've been gone. Begging me to tell him where you are at. Of course, I would never do that. He swears up and down that it was only that one time they f*cked and that it was a total set up. He even told me she tried to kill herself."

"Holy sh*t seriously?"

"Yeah, he said he had cut all ties off with her. Then she told her little girl that he didn't want anything to do with her, so the little girl went over to your house to ask why. Well, he took her home to give that woman a piece of his mind and he said he found her in the bathroom. She had slit her wrists."

"Awfully convenient that he found her in time."

"That's what I said. He even mentioned how the doctor told him she slit her wrists all wrong. I think it was for attention."

"Sounds like it."

"He said he's going to counseling to work on his issues. He told me he wouldn't give up on you. That once he fixes himself, he's going to find you and show you how much he loves you."

"Well, good luck to him, I guess. I'll never go back to him, Nicole. He hurt me so badly. He broke promises, the things he said to me, I could never forget."

"I know sweetie."

"Let's talk about something else. I learned something new today. Do you know what kinks are?"

"Um, yes. Not all of us are as innocent as you are."

I stuck my tongue out at her and she laughed.

“Do you have any?”

She smiled and nodded.

“Care to share?”

“Funny you say that. That’s my kink. I love to be shared. I like to be the filling between two guys. Feeling, four hands on me, two tongues, two mouths. Have a d*ck in my mouth, p*ssy or a*s.”

Jesus, the image she was painting was turning me on.

“I’ve obviously never done anything like that. Sounds fun.”

“If you ever try it, make sure you’re prepared. If I were you, with the way you are going, you might want to do that. Buy a couple of different sizes of a*al plugs and lube, and stretch your back hole out girl. You’ll thank me for the advice later.”

“I’ll do that, thanks,” I laughed, but really I think I will.

“Have you told your parents yet?”

“No. But I think it’s time I should. I am just afraid of what papa will do.”

“What could he do? He’s in Spain.”

“You know my dad. He knows people.”

“That’s true. Get ready to beg for your ex’s life.”

“Ugh, I know.”

“Alright girl. Call your parents. I love you.”

Chapter 17 – Wild Temptation After Divorce

Dear Diary,

Dodged a bullet. My parents didn’t pick up. I will try again later. For now, I am going to enjoy the week ahead. I can’t wait for the next club. Stacy said it’s very different. I am super curious.

“Okay, this is Club Deux. It’s different from the other clubs because it’s a stimulating club. No p*nis vagina s*x whatsoever. You are in for a wild ride,” Stacy said.

My friends and I walked into a neon pink building, with electric blue lighting on the outside. It was strange. The windows were completely blacked out. I felt like I was walking into an adult s*x store. It was a tall building with large windows. Once inside, though, the lighting was extremely dim. The only lighting was the floor lighting along the sides. It added an eerie glow to the surroundings. I followed Mazy’s lush form. I couldn’t help watching her hips sway side to side in her red mini skirt. She has a great a*s. She pushed aside a black curtain and pushed through another door. There were chairs with at least thirty people sitting in them. They were all in what looked like waitstaff uniforms. White button-up, short-sleeved shirts, black slacks or skirts. The women wore black nylons and black pumps, the men in black dress shoes. All were extremely attractive.

“Welcome to Club Deux. Please pick an expert. He or she will take you to their room. They will direct you from there,” said a man with white hair and a white beard with crystal blue eyes. He had a velvet maroon smoking jacket on with black slacks. He had a cane with a silver wolf’s head.

Mazy chose a woman with long black hair and green eyes, Stacy chose an Asian man with eyes so black, I couldn’t see the whites of his eyes. Garrett chose a red-headed man with a long Viking beard. I looked around the room.

I was so curious and nervous about what this club was all about. What if I didn’t like what was about to happen? Could I just leave? Will I get any money back? No, I was here to enjoy myself and learn some new things about myself. Stacy, Garrett and Mazy would not put me in a situation I would be uncomfortable with, right?

That’s when I saw him. He was tall, at least a foot taller than me. He had tattoos covering his muscled arms. I wondered if he had them all over? His black hair was slicked back, and he had the bluest eyes. They almost glowed. His lips were full and lush, his jaw was sharp and defined. He looked like a yummy biker without his leathers on.

I walked up to him and held out my hand. He stood and smiled at me. Then we walked through a door in the corner of the room. He took me down a long corridor without saying a word. I bit my bottom lip with nervousness. We stopped at another door, and he opened it to reveal a room with a massage table. The walls were a dark blue, the lighting was dim and sensuous. There was a table with various bowls and implements. A small box that was plugged into an outlet sat on a stool. There were three stacked, squared cubbies.

“Please take off your clothes and shoes. Put everything in a cubby. Then, take the blindfold off of the table and I will help you tie it around your eyes and head. Then lie down on the bed face down, putting your head on the headrest.”

His voice was deep and soft. He said everything very gently. It was a contrast to what he looked like. I had no reservations as he turned his back and started fiddling with stuff on

the table. I did as he said. After I was undressed, I grabbed the blindfold and held it to my eyes. He came behind me and tied it behind my head.

“This club is all about sensation. I will use my hands and tools to give you a s*xual release. You might also feel an emotional release and that is okay. I have had many clients c*m and cry. I am going to guide you to lie face down now. Enjoy.”

He helped me lay down. I’ve had massages before, so I knew how to lay my head. I hope this guy had good hands.

Music played softly and I felt myself relax a little. I could hear him moving around, the clinking of glass, a small hum. Then I felt warm oil drip down my spine. His hands were next, and he used just the right amount of pressure as he kneaded my muscles, turning them into absolute jelly. H*ll even if I don’t have an orgasm, this is worth the yearly pass. I moaned a little and I heard him let out a quiet chuckle. His fingers dug into the muscles of my back and I felt the tension of the last month melt away. He then worked my glutes and yeah I think I had a mini orgasm. He worked down my legs and finally the bottoms of my feet. He moved to my shoulders and worked there. Holy f*ck, he had magic hands. He worked down my arms and then massaged my hands. I felt my toes curl. He then asked me quietly to roll over. He started at my head after he took out my bun. Massaging my scalp and I wanted to weep at how it felt, it was so good. He moved to my neck, then my shoulders. He massaged my breasts and I started to pant. He rolled my n*pples and I moaned. F*ck, I was going to have an orgasm just from him playing with my n*pples. My back arched and I moaned long and loudly with my first orgasm. He hummed and moved to my stomach. Doing a circular motion with his hands. He massaged my hips, legs, and feet again.

He moved from me and I wanted to whimper at the loss of contact. I felt him come back.

“You’re going to feel a cold sensation. Don’t be alarmed.”

I sucked in a breath as he laid an ice cube on my collarbone and moved it slowly down between my br*asts. I couldn’t help but squirm a little and he chuckled. He slid the cube over my right n*pple, circling it. I sucked in a breath. F*ck, I can feel that in my cl*t. He then slowly moved the cube to my left n*pple

“Ahh,” I moaned out, arching my body. Then I felt his warm tongue lave my left n*pple and suck it into his mouth.

“Oh, God!” I came again. This was f*cking incredible.

He must have gotten another cube as he sucked on my n*pple. He moved it down my stomach, making me suck in. He moved to my other n*pple and slipped it into his mouth and drew hard on it. Then he quickly took the ice cube and slid it between my p*ssy lips, rubbing it on my cl*t and slipping the cube inside me. I went off like a rocket. I know I squirted a little because I could feel my juices spilling out of me. He cursed, and then put

his mouth on my cl*t and lapped at me as he plunged his fingers in and out of me. I came again, and I heard him grunt. Being blindfolded was heightening my senses, making me extra sensitive. He left me again. I sighed with relief at the break in orgasms. Having them back to back in quick succession made me a little dizzy.

“I am now going to pour hot wax on you. I will start with one dot, and then I will see how you like it, and we will go from there.”

“Okay,” I panted out.

I held my breath, and then I felt a slight burning sensation in the middle of my cleavage.

“Ahhh, oh God.”

“How was that?”

“Again, do it again,” I demanded.

He did this time over one of my n*pples. I sucked in a breath and my body arched. I felt my p*ssy clench, and I curled my fingers into my palms, making a fist.

“More, please,” I begged.

This time he poured a line from my other n*pple down my torso and over my p*ssy.

I screamed and exploded. My hips left the table and humped the air.

“Oh, God! Yes, yes, yes,” I chanted as he kept pouring the wax over my body.

When he was done, he took a wet cloth and cleaned me up.

He then went to the end of the table, and grabbed my ankles. He yanked me down towards him. He threw my legs over his shoulders and he went to town on my p*ssy. He grunted and groaned. Sliding his tongue up and down, lapping at me, sucking on my lips and making sure he tasted every inch. He sucked my cl*t into his mouth and flicked it mercilessly until I was c*mming again and then he f*cked me with his tongue until I came down from my orgasm. He kissed my cl*t softly.

“Such a good girl. So sensitive. You’re one of my best clients.”

I knew I was blushing from his praise. He grabbed my hands and helped me sit up. I felt him kiss me as he untied the blindfold.

“You’re so beautiful. I enjoyed myself watching you c*m. I have never come in my pants during one of my sessions, and you made me do it twice. Thank you.”

I smiled at him, “No, thank you.”

He kissed my hand and left the room. I dressed slowly. My body was so relaxed, my mind was mush. When I left the room, I followed the hall back to where I picked my yummy-looking biker friend. The room was empty except for the gentleman with the white hair. I pulled a hundred dollar bill out of the back pocket of my skinny jeans.

“Will you give this to the man that I had tonight please.”

“Most certainly. That’s very generous of you.”

Chapter 18 – Wild Temptation After Divorce

She’s been gone for one month now. I wonder where she’s at, what she is doing, and who she is with. Has she found someone else? I close my eyes as images of her wrapped around some unknown man flit through my brain. No, she would never do something like that to me. We’ve only been divorced for a little while. She loves me. She would not move on so fast. Unlike me.

I looked to my right, Sherry was asleep next to me in my marital bed. F*ck I am a weak man. When she came home from the hospital I ignored her for a few days, but then the guilt ate at me. I caused her to do this to herself. At first, I went over to her house to check on Emmy, to make sure she was being taken care of. I was surprised CPS hadn’t come to take her from Sherry. I don’t know what story she told, but she kept her daughter.

As the days and nights went by, I found myself spending more time at Sherry’s place. I don’t know if it was because I was lonely but I kept going over to her house to check on them. Then she started to come over to my house, and we would talk. We didn’t really talk about anything, mostly, how was your day, or what do you have planned for the weekend. Mundane things. Last night, apparently Emmy was with a friend. Sherry showed up at my house. She had brought over a casserole and we ate dinner together. I had opened up a bottle of wine and then one thing led to another and I had her bent over my kitchen table, ramming her from behind. Why, oh why did I do that? Afterward, we showered together. I thought, f*ck it, and f*cked her again in the shower, and then one more time in my bed.

I was doing so good. I had started seeing a counselor. I talked to Savvy’s friend Nicole, and told her everything I was doing, hoping she’d relay it to Savvy. Now, I had just thrown all of my progress out the window in one stupid, lust filled night.

I closed my eyes and turned my head straight and sighed. I was f*cked. How was I going to get Sherry out of my house without hurting her feelings? I don’t want to start a relationship with her. It was a moment of insanity, that was all. I want my wife back. Savvy and I belong together.

A hand touched my chest and my eyes snapped open.

“Hey, lover. Hungry? I can go make us some breakfast, or we can go out to eat?” Sherry said, in a husky voice. Her hand started to trail down, but before she could get to my c*ck, I grabbed her wrist.

“Sherry, last night was a mistake. It shouldn’t have happened.”

She sat up quickly, holding the sheet to her chest.

“What do you mean? Last night was amazing. You loved it, I know you did.”

“I’m not saying it wasn’t good, I am just saying it shouldn’t have happened. I love my wife, Sherry.”

“Ex-wife, Brian. EX! You and I are happening. I want this to happen. We are good together. Emmy loves you. You can be her daddy. We can have another baby. We didn’t even use anything, I could be pregnant now!” She said, triumphantly.

F*CK! She was right. I am such a dumba*s. What is wrong with me? My only excuse is I haven’t used a c*ndom in four years. I haven’t had to. There was no need to because, I was f*cking married to a gorgeous woman, that I eventually wanted to have kids with.

I looked at her, “We need to get the morning after pill. I will go to the pharmacy and get it.”

“Are you f*cking with me right now? No. I won’t take it and you can’t make me,” she sneered at me. She jumped out of bed and dressed quickly. I did the same. She hastily left my room and I chased after her.

“Sherry, be reasonable. I don’t love you. I don’t want to have a baby with you.”

“Well, you should have thought of that before you nudded in me!” She then opened my front door and slammed out of it.

Son of B*tch! What was I going to do? I called work and canceled for today. At this rate I was going to get fired. I have called in one too many times in the last month. But I just couldn’t face any clients today, I would not be able to give them my all.

I stormed out of my house and went over to Sherry’s. I banged on the door until she threw it open.

“What Brian? Come to tell me more how much you don’t love me and don’t want a baby with me?”

I crowded her until she moved back and I could shut the door behind me. I grabbed her by the throat, turned, and slammed her against the door.

“Brian, you’re hurting me,” she wheezed.

“Listen here, and listen well. You and I are going to the pharmacy together to get the Plan B pill. You will take it in front of me. Then after, we will go our separate ways. I don’t want to ever see you again. I don’t care what you tell Emmy, but after today, you both will be out of my life.”

I turned and looked around, spotting her keys on the coffee table. I let go of her, grabbed them, and turned back around.

“Let’s go.”

“Brain please. Don’t do this. We can be happy together. I will make you happy. I will cook and clean for you. You can do whatever you want to me s*xually. You can f*ck me in the a*s, f*ck my mouth as rough as you want. We can bring others to our bed. It would be wild and fun. You’ll never have to look for another with me as your wife,” she begged, as I dragged her to her vehicle.

“I. Don’t. Want. You!” I gritted out, putting my face into hers. “I have a wife I want. She’s gorgeous and kind. She would never manipulate another person for her own satisfaction. She would never steal another woman’s man.”

“I didn’t steal you. You always chose me over her.”

“Because I thought you needed my help! I didn’t want to f*ck you.”

It was a lie. I did want to f*ck her. The s*x dreams I had about her proved that. But I never wanted to act on it.

She started to cry as we drove to the pharmacy. I held her hand as we went in and bought what we needed. I also got her a bottle of water to help her swallow the pill.

When we got back into her vehicle I made her open the package and take it right in front of me. She sobbed the whole time. When we got back to her house, I just left her vehicle and went into my house. No way was I going to be stuck with Sherry for the rest of my life.

Sherry

The moment I watched Brian walk into his house, I jumped out of my vehicle and ran into mine. I ran to the front bathroom, stuck my fingers down my throat and vomited up my stomach contents. When I was done I flushed the toilet and smiled. If I am pregnant, this baby will guarantee that Brian marries me. I walked to my bathroom and brushed my teeth. I washed my face and redid my makeup. I hummed and went to the kitchen. I heard my front door open and Emmy's voice rang out.

"Mommy, I'm home."

"Hi baby girl, did you have fun at your sleepover?"

"I sure did. What did you do, mommy?"

"I had a sleepover with Uncle Brian."

"You did?" She said, with a big smile. "Does this mean you are best friends again?"

"Yes it does, baby girl. We should make him some cookies. What do you think?"

Chapter 19 – Wild Temptation After Divorce

Dear Diary

Hello Mac! Yep, that's right. I ran into Mac. We just happened to open our doors at the same time as I was leaving my condo.

"Mac, hi!" I said, cheerily. He was in a towel. My eyes ate up his torso and chest. The man was seriously built.

"Hey beautiful. Long time no see."

"Yeah, I haven't seen you around lately," I said, leaning against my door. "Do you always walk the halls in a towel?"

He chuckled. "No, but I ordered food, and wanted to grab it before I jumped into the shower," he said, pointing at the bag that was to the left of him against the wall.

I blushed, I did not see that bag at all.

"So, what have you been up to?" I asked. God, could I feel any more awkward at this moment. Keep your eye's on his face, Savvy. Stop letting them wander. God, I wanted to taste his chest, and stomach, and c*ck. He was talking Savvy, listen!

“So, yeah, It’s hard but rewarding work. I work three days on, three days off, two days on then two days off. I like the schedule. The only downside about being a firefighter is my dating life. Not a lot of women can handle not being the center of my attention. I sleep at the station when I’m on duty.”

Oh, so he’s a firefighter. Yeah, no wonder he’s so fit.

“Wow, that’s a really great job. I bet it can get scary sometimes.”

“Yeah, it can. So, what are you up to?”

“Oh, I’m about to go grocery shopping. I’m making garlic chicken and asparagus tonight for dinner. My friends all have something to do tonight, so I am on my own today. I didn’t want to go out to eat by myself.”

“Well, why don’t I take you out to eat? Or, you can cook me dinner tonight, and we can watch a movie.”

“Like a date?” Oh, jeez why did I just ask that. Way to go Savvy, he could just be asking as a friend.

“Yeah, like a date. I’d like to get to know you better.”

Breathe girl. Play it cool. “Yeah, I’d love to cook you dinner. How about you come over at five?”

“Sounds great, beautiful. I’ll see you then.”

He picked up his sack and went back inside his condo. I checked the time on my phone. It was 11 a.m. I had time to shop, buy some new lingerie, and get a pedicure. Garlic chicken takes about an hour to cook. Thank God I just got waxed two days ago. I have a little landing strip, but smooth everywhere else on my body.

Three hours later I walked back inside my condo. I put my groceries away and ran to my room. I stripped and jumped into the shower and washed my body and hair. I got out and dried off. I didn’t bother with make-up. I didn’t really need it anyway. My skin was flawless. I just put on some lip gloss. I let my hair air dry. I went into my bedroom and picked up my new lingerie set. I read the care directions. I hand washed it and then hung it to air dry, to put on for later. I got my robe out of my closet and grabbed my phone. Time to face the music.

“Hola, mi hermosa hija,” my mother sang out as she answered. (Hello, my beautiful daughter.)

“Hola, mami, ¿cómo estás?” (Hi, mommy, How are you?)

“All’s good here. Papa is just coming in now. When are you and Brian coming for another visit? We haven’t seen you in a while.”

“Or better yet, come without Brian,” my dad yelled.

“Oh, Manny, Leave the girl alone.” My mother scolded my dad.

“Mom, put it on speaker so dad can hear what I have to say.”

“Oh, this sounds serious. Okay, you’re on speaker.”

“I divorced Brian. He neglected me for another woman and then cheated on me with her.”

The moment I was done speaking my father swore up a storm, his anger coming through the phone hit me, and I teared up. He wasn’t mad at me. No, he was berating Brian, and telling me that I should have never married him in the first place. That he knew Brian wasn’t worthy to even breathe the same air as me. I loved my father so much.

“How are you, my daughter?” My father asked.

“At first, I was heartbroken. But now I am doing well. I moved and left Montana. I live in Florida now.”

“Ohhhh, Florida. Such a beautiful place. We will come visit,” my mother said.

“I’d like that. I live in a two bedroom condo close to Hollywood Beach in Hollywood Florida. I have a beautiful view of the beach too. I think you two would love it.”

“How did you pay for that?” My mom asked.

“With the money papa gave me for our house, after the wedding, that Brian was too stubborn to use. I never told him you gave it to me, papa.”

“Good girl. So, are you working there as a personal trainer then?”

“No, there are no openings anywhere for that. But don’t worry. I am good on money.” I did not need to tell my parents how I’ve been making that money. I still had four grand left from Dare night. Plus a little in savings to hold me over.

“Okay, well I am sure you’ll find something soon.”

“Well, I have a date tonight, so I need to get going.”

“You be careful, hija,” my papa said. Then I heard kissing sounds.

“I love you both.”

“We love you too.”

After hanging up I had about an hour and a half before Mac came over. I got the chicken ready to put in the oven, then I cut and washed the asparagus and seasoned them. For dessert I went simple with just some cut up strawberries in homemade whip cream.

I went to my bedroom and felt my lingerie, it was dry. I put it on my body and looked into my full length mirror. It was a delicate light pink. Against my light tanned body it looked amazing. The cups of the bra were sheer lace with little pink flowers over the n*pples. The panties were barely there. The same sheer lace over my mound. I turned around. The string of the panties went between my cheeks, and there were strings under the cheeks to plump them up. Making them more rounder. Not that I needed a lot of help with that. My a*s was really round and perky.

Over that I put on a gray knitted quarter sleeved dress that ended mid thigh. I then rolled black sheer thigh high stockings.

I went back to the kitchen and put the chicken in the oven. I got a bottle of wine out of the fridge and opened it, letting it breathe.

I didn't have to cook the asparagus until ten minutes before the chicken was done, so I sat and picked my e-reader. I was reading a book about this girl in highschool that was betrayed by her boyfriend. Four really cute new guys come to her school. They are all best friends and they all fall in love with her. There were a lot of spicy scenes.

The alarm on my phone went off. I was reading a particularly spicy scene and I was all hot and bothered. I got up and started to saute the asparagus in garlic and butter. The timer went off for the chicken, and I got it out to rest. I plated the food and just as I was setting it on the dining table, there was a knock at my door.

I opened it to find Mac there. He had a single pink tulip in his hand. He looked at me with his sparkling green eyes and his devastatingly handsome smile.

“Hello, beautiful.”

“Hi,” I breathed out.

I opened the door wider and he came in looking around.

“Our layouts are similar but opposite. My colors are brown and cream, I like the black and white look.”

“Thanks. Dinner's ready.”

“Here, for you.”

I took the flower. I got out a small vase and put it in there. I smiled as I put it between us on the table.

We talked and got to know each other. I told him I was an only child, my parents lived in Spain. My dad was Spanish and my mom was Scottish and French. I told him about why I moved here. He told me he was one of six boys. He was boy number three and twenty eight. He's lived in Florida for six years, but in the building for two. He is originally from Las Vegas, Nevada and left there because of a bad break up. His fiancée of three years cheated on him with his best friend.

"Oh, that's rough. I am so sorry," I said.

"It's okay. We were probably too young at the time to get married."

We had finished the bottle of wine, and I got another out as we sat on my couch, and I refilled both of our glasses. He had dessert and handed me a bowl.

"I love strawberries and cream. I can't believe you made your own whip cream," he said.

"It's easy, some heavy whipping cream, a splash of vanilla. I added a little bit of sugar, but I've made it without and it tastes just as good. Do you want to watch a movie?"

"Yeah."

I turned on my T.V. and booted up my Apple T.V.

"What are you in the mood for?"

"Anything."

I smiled mischievously and put on 50 Shades of Gray.

"What's this about?" He asked.

"You're kidding me? Please tell me you've heard of 50 Shades of Gray."

"Um, no."

I laughed a full belly laugh.

"Well, my hot a*s neighbor, you're in for a treat."

He grinned at me. We both finished our desserts.

An hour later, he was glued to the movie. I could see the bulge in the black slacks he had on. He had kicked off his shoes at some point.

I slid closer to him and lifted his arm so I could cuddle into him. He shot me a lust filled look.

“You’re playing with fire, gorgeous.”

“I like the heat, Mr. Firefighter.”

He shifted and grabbed me. I straddled his lap. Our mouths collided. Our kiss was wet and hot. Our tongues tangled. He wrapped his fist around my hair and pulled a little. The slight sting made me moan and I bore down on his erection. My dress had ridden up. The hand not occupied in my hair, kneaded my left a*s cheek.

“You’re so f*cking hot, Savvy,” he rasped out, and then went back to kissing me.

He turned us and laid me down on the couch. He ground into my panty soaked p*ssy. I gasped. He felt so huge right now.

“I need to get inside you,” he growled.

He sat up and ripped off his green polo. I moaned at the sight of him. I sat up and took off my dress.

“F*ck, so d*mn s*xy.” He came prepared and took out a c*ndom from his pocket. He took his slacks off and I swallowed the saliva in my mouth.

I had forgotten just how huge he was. The glimpse I got in the locker room did not do him justice. He was long and thick, his c*ck was veiny and he was hairless, so it looked a lot bigger.

He bent down and slowly slid my panties off of me. I unclasped my bra, letting it fall to the floor.

“So gorgeous,” he said, reverently. He circled a finger around a n*pple and watched it pebble.

He then laid on top of me and worshiped my br*asts. Sucking each n*pple into his mouth, flicking his tongue against them. He then took a hand and moved his fingers through my wet folds, tickling my cl*t with his finger tips.

“Ahhh, please, Mac. I need more.” I begged. His touch was so soft. I could feel my wetness increasing.

He inserted a finger, then two. Pumping his hand as he sucked on my n*pples. I spread my legs wider. His thumb pressed on my cl*t and I came hard.

“Yeeesss,” I screamed. I humped his hand. He kissed me hard.

He then notched his c*ck at my entrance and plunged.

“Oh, God!” I moaned.

He groaned and stilled. Letting me adjust to him. He kissed me lightly.

“You okay?” He asked.

“Yes,” I whispered.

“Good, hold on.”

He then brought his hips back and plunged forward. He increased his speed and thrust harder and harder. He suddenly shifted and sat up, holding on to me. He had me straddle him.

“Ride me, beautiful.”

Oh, I rode him. Up and down, I moved my body. He held on to my hips and helped me. He was thrusting up as I was coming down. I rotated my hips and he grunted and moaned every time I did that.

“That’s it, baby. So good, so f*cking good. You like my big c*ck stretching that tight, hot cunt of yours, don’t you.”

I moaned and he smacked my a*s.

“Don’t you,” he said, again with another smack.

F*ck I love this.

“Yes, Mac. God, yes, I love your big c*ck.”

I rode him faster. I could feel my orgasm building, the wet sounds my p*ssy was making on his c*ck were driving me wild.

“Yes, baby, you feel so good. Best p*ssy ever,” he moaned, as he held me down and I could feel his c*ck pulsing as he emptied himself. He brought his thumb to my cl*t and I lost it. I threw my head back and screamed as I came over and over. It was so long. My body quivered and then I collapsed onto him.

Chapter 20 – Wild Temptation After Divorce

F*cking Savvy James. She came out of nowhere and hit me hard. When I first ran into her at the grocery store, she took my breath away. She was a baddie. Petite and fit but with

great curves. She had a tight a*s in the white capris she was wearing and her t*ts in the yellow tank top. F*ck, I've jacked off to her image a couple of times before I saw her again in the gym.

But that first meeting. She was so freaking adorable. Her word vomit had me chuckling. Then later that week when I saw her in the gym and I got to taste that f*cking pretty pink p*ssy. She was addicting. I couldn't get enough of her. Just thinking about her as I lay in my bunk at the fire station, I am getting f*cking hard. Groaning I squeeze my d*ck to get a little relief.

"Why are you groaning? I'm trying to sleep down here."

I rolled to my stomach and looked underneath me at my bunkmate Jack. I smiled and winked.

"Remember that girl I've been telling you about? The one that I said would make a great partner for us?"

"Yeah, Savvy right? Have you got a picture yet? I wanna see what she looks like. Or maybe I can come over and you can introduce us?"

"No, I haven't gotten a picture. And you should come over and meet her. I haven't told her about us. Maybe we can do it together?"

"Maybe. Anyway, why were you groaning? Need some help getting to sleep?" He asked, with a lustful smile.

"I'm groaning because I can't stop thinking about her. Her laugh, her voice, her tight a*s body. Her f*cking taste and that wet hot, tight heat of hers."

Jack jumped up from the bottom bunk, and came face to face with me as I turned to my side, and grinned at him.

"You had her? Without me?"

"We had a date two nights ago. And things just sort of happened. She's f*cking perfect Jack. She's funny and smart. You'd really like her."

"Have you told her anything about our lifestyle? Have you told her about me? It's okay if you haven't, it's a lot. But, why didn't you tell me you had a date with her?"

"Hey, I'm sorry. It was a spur of the moment thing. I should have called and told you. I'm sorry. Forgive me?"

“Of course, you know I can’t get mad at you. I love you,” he said, and kissed me. I kissed him back and then smiled. We did love each other. We just wanted more in our relationship. We wanted a third.

“No, I didn’t tell her anything yet. I didn’t think I should spring that on her during our first date. But she’s into the nightlife scene. She’s a yearly member at our clubs.”

No one new that Jack and I were co-owners with his sisters of the ten hottest s*x clubs in Hollywood Florida. His sister’s Jade and Jamie ran the clubs. Jack and I were silent investors and we frequented the clubs ourselves when we had a weekend off. Which we had one coming up. We work as firefighters because both of us wanted physically demanding jobs. We weren’t the type of men that lived off of our riches either. We liked adventure and firefighting was nothing if not an everyday adventure.

Jack and I met when I moved to Florida. I was heartbroken, a little lost and jobless. I had five hundred dollars to my name. Jack was surfing and I had taken a break from job hunting and sat on the beach. I have known I was bi-s*xual all my life, so when I saw Jack coming in from the water, I practically swallowed my tongue. He is huge at 6’6, muscular with tattoos all over his chest, shoulders and biceps. His black hair was short on the sides and long on top. He had it in a top knot and was taking it down.

“You stare at me any harder, and I’d think you’d want my d*ck in your mouth,” he had said to me, when he dropped his surfboard next to me. I had apparently sat next to his stuff. I hadn’t noticed.

“Maybe I do,” I said to him. He had frozen. The next thing I knew we were in the bathrooms and I was sucking his massive c*ck. Not my finest or cleanest moment. But we’ve been together ever since. We started as friends with benefits for two years and then four years ago we decided to be with each other as boyfriends. We recently have talked about finding a third. We both wanted a female companion. And we both have been actively looking for someone. We also have just decided to move in together. He lived with his mom. When their dad died, the girls and he moved in with her. She had taken the death really hard. They were married for thirty years when John just collapsed and died. Doctors had said he had a massive heart attack. But she was better now and even started to date again. So the girls and Jack decided it was time they moved out. He will be moving his stuff into my place in two weeks. Both of us switched weekends with a couple of our buddies so we could move him in. We couldn’t do it this weekend because it was his mom’s birthday.

“Does she now? A little freak in her huh?”

“Let’s hope so,” I said, chuckling.

“So how was she?”

“F*cking magnificent. She’s fit and soft. Her t*ts are just the right size to fill my palm. And her a*s, Jesus Jack. Her a*s is so supple and round. Her squat game must be impressive. She’s got this long luscious black hair and these beautiful honey colored eyes, and her lips are full and plump. ”

“D*mn, I really need to meet her.”

I held up a finger and got my phone out. Thank God we exchanged numbers.

Hey beautiful, what are you doing this weekend?

My Savvy: Stacy, Garrett, and Mazy are taking me to Club Drei. They won’t tell me what the theme is though. All they told me was I had to wear a masquerade mask. I’m actually out shopping for one now.

You’ll have so much fun. Send me a picture of what you are wearing with the mask on. I bet you’ll be the best looking girl there.

My Savvy: You’re such a sweet talker. I’ll make sure to do that. TTYL

“She’s going to Club Drei this weekend. Wanna go?”

“F*ck yeah I do. How will we find her? We got to get to her before anyone else,” Jack said.

“She’s going to send me a picture of whatever outfit she’ll wear with her mask on.”

“Perfect. I can’t wait to see her. From your description of her, she sounds beautiful.

“She’s not just beautiful, she’s exotic and s*xy as f*ck. I don’t think she knows it either. She’s got a little bit of shyness in her. I like to make her blush. When she’s nervous she word vomits,” I said, chuckling.

“You sound half in love with her.”

I looked at him, “She’s perfect Jack. You’ll fall fast too.”

“We’ll see. Now, go to bed before we get a call.” He kissed me again, and then slid in his bed.

He was a s*xy man, and I couldn’t wait to see Savvy and him f*ck. And I definitely couldn’t wait for the three of us to find satisfaction with each other. The picture of it had my c*ck rock hard. I wish we weren’t at the firehouse. I’d have Jack suck me off. But, since we got caught last time, the chief scolded us, and said if he caught us again, he would write us up. He technically should have written us up when he caught us, but he has a husband, and he also has a soft spot for us. We were the favorites, mostly because

Jack can cook like a dream, and I make a mean homemade mac n cheese. That's about as far as my cooking talent goes.

I closed my eyes, and as I fell asleep, a whiskey eyed, raven haired vixen crept in and took the dream over. When I woke up as the fire alarm blared, my c*ck could hammer rocks. F*ck it was going to be hard getting into my gear.