

# JOHNNY IN PERSEUS

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## CHAPTER ONE – INITIATION

Life was nothing special for me. I did my job, came home, and tried to have a social life. I worked as an office worker for an advertising agency, but nothing interesting ever happened. My days were spent answering emails, forwarding emails, reading emails, deleting emails and sending emails. When I'd go home I'd watch television every night while eating a pathetic dinner, lamenting my complete inability to find love. I had friends, but they were as busy as I was with work, so I didn't see them very often. But one time when I was with a friend, he told me about something that would make my life much more than it was. He told me about a secret society that he was sure I'd be interested in.

"So, I heard that there's this weird club in the old town," he said, "but it's not like the Freemasons though... It's this strange hyper-sexual massage parlour and sex club that's only for a few people. It's basically a playground for the rich and famous but I heard a very small amount of normal people get picked every year."

"Oh, that sounds weird. But it seems cool. How do you get invited?" I replied.

"You know how those porn studios do castings? Where they get loads of people to show themselves off and they pick the best ones? I heard it's something like that."

"I'm not asking for me, but what if somebody wanted to go to one of those castings?"

"I have a friend of a friend who might know; I'll ask them."

And with that, my friend left and set up the casting. I still couldn't believe the existence of the club, one that I didn't even know the name of, but two days later I got a letter from them – the secret massage parlour was called Perseus. An odd name, I thought. The letter read...

"The contents of this letter are strictly confidential. Please do not share this with anybody – the existence of Perseus must remain confidential under all circumstances. Following a recommendation from a trusted member of Perseus, the board would like to invite you for an initiation to see if you are a good fit for the club. Please bring a drink and change of clothes. Expect nudity and intimate sexual contact throughout the

initiation. We can be found by walking through the unmarked entrance in the metro station in Pegasus Square. Do not be seen. We will meet you at 12:00 tomorrow.”

This was a serious letter. Shock and excitement rushed through my body. “They want me,” I thought. The next morning, I got off the train at Pegasus Square. The unmarked entrance was in a small indent into the station wall; hard to see from a passing train. I moved from the brightly lit station to a dim and cold tunnel which extended for at least one hundred yards. The sound of passing trains vanished as I got closer to the light at the end of the tunnel. I reached the reception of Perseus.

At the counter was an attractive girl. Her exclusive-looking badge said ‘Anna’. To my despair she was fully dressed, but I could tell she was a hot woman. She had long and thick blonde hair which stuck the curves of her breasts. Her blue eyes glistened in the warm lighting. I was falling in love with Anna, but I knew there was much more to Perseus than her.

“I’m here for an initiation, or whatever they call it.”

“Johnny, we have been expecting you,” she said, her red lips eloquently moving to the sound of the words. “A friend of yours recommended you, and I am sure you’ll get in. Only thirty new normal people are allowed into Perseus every year. When you’re ready, head through the red door over there.”

The red door was beautifully detailed. Clearly Perseus was an old institution, and one backed up by a large amount of cash. I thought I might be let into Heaven. I took a deep breath and walked through the door.

The room beyond it was comparatively blank. The room just featured a large grey leather sofa, and on the other end was a desk with two judges, one male and one female. Both were the ultimate depiction of human beauty.

“Johnny... Please, could you take all your clothes off except for your underwear?” The man asked.

I did as I was asked. I took my t-shirt off, revealing my chest. Next, my shoes, socks, and jeans. I threw them to the side.

“Nice abs,” said the woman. “Agreed,” confirmed the man. A smile wrapped around my face. The man continued, “Okay, let’s get this over

with. Could you take off your pants, please? I am sure my colleague here will be quite excited..."

My heartbeat rose fast. I couldn't believe what was happening. The Perseus staff wanted to see my cock. The arousal was getting to me, and it was fully erect and throbbing. I lifted the elastic of my black Calvin Klein boxers and lowered it around all eight inches of meat. I could feel it getting even bigger, and it was starting to hurt. I bent over and took off my pants completely. I threw it to the side like my other clothes.

I could see the female judge staring at my penis, like she was begging for it to be inside of her. The man wrote notes, presumably giving details of my body. I was scared and felt objectified, but it just made me hornier. Another throb on my cock caught the attention of both of them. A little bit of precum tainted the tip of my cock.

"Well Johnny, you're clearly ready for the next step in your initiation," the man pointed out. He picked up a phone. "Could you please send the other new people in please?"

Through a door three people came in, a man and two women. All of them were spectacular, but I was drawn to one of the women in particular. She was a busty and short brunette girl. Her tits were amazing, like two rugby balls had been attached to her chest. Her black lace bra gave me a tease of them, but I wanted more. Her thong was similarly lacey, and I could see through it to the bush below. I wasn't usually into hairy pussies, but I thought I could make an exception for her. The other girl looked at me lustfully, an ebony with small breasts and a small butt – my ideal type. She had a red leather bodysuit on, but I wanted it off as soon as possible. My inner pervert was going mad.

I was confident in my own body, but the other man made me feel self-conscious. He was a Latino, roughly my height. He had a massive six-pack and his muscles could probably rip me in half. But that wasn't the problem – the issue was his cock, which was a full eleven inches or so. His testicles were massive too, and completely shaved. I felt like I had blown it. I didn't shave at all, and I felt my body was just not good enough for Perseus.

Still, the judges continued. The woman asked the other people to get naked, and as they revealed more of their bodies, she got out two large inflatable mattresses and buckets.

“This is a massage parlour after all,” she instructed, “so I’d like all of you to have the best oil massage you’ve ever had. Feel free to have happy endings – it’ll help you in the long run. Johnny, you go with Emma.”

Brilliant, I thought. Emma was the shorter girl who I had been turned on by. And as I turned around to her naked body, the excitement of being skin-to-skin with her went too far. I felt a tingling deep in my stomach. My penis started to throb. I could feel it. A hot load of semen rose up my urethra and shot out onto the bed and onto Emma. I looked at the pool of cum on the bed, then at the white streak on Emma’s leg. I had never suffered with premature ejaculation but it had happened, and at the worst time. With a BPM of probably more than 100, I looked to the judges and whimpered, “This doesn’t usually happen, I’m so sorry, have I blown it?”

“That depends on what your new friends think,” said the male judge.

I looked to Emma. She was initially shocked by my outburst, but she started to feel turned on. She used her index finger to collect the cum on her leg, and she put that finger into her mouth. She slowly licked it off, keeping it on her tongue. She walked up to me and went in for a kiss. My cum passed from her tongue to mine. I felt humiliated but turned on. The rest of the people there were stunned. Crucially, Emma was into me, and that’s all that mattered.

We quickly got ready for the massage. The female judge took a large bottle of massage oil from the cupboard and poured it into the buckets. There was loads of oil in there, but there was also my load on the floor. Emma turned to the other girl and asked her if she wanted to lick the cum up with her. They agreed and the two laid down on the bed. The ebony girl’s pointed tongue took the first lick, followed by Emma. They were enjoying their meal a lot, and both the Latino man and myself were in awe at what was going on. This was the best moment of my life so far. The man came up to me and suggested we got started with the massage.

I dunked my hand into the bucket of oil. It was warm and gooey. I lifted my hand out of the bucket and trails slowly dripped from my hand. The man and I both slapped our girls’ asses with our oiled hands, and started

rubbing. Soon Emma's back was glowing and shiny with the golden oil. Once she'd finished eating my cum, she turned around and laid on her back. She looked at the bucket, then at me. I knew what to do. I got another handful of oil and rubbed it on her massive tits with both hands. Her breasts moved freely when I touched them. Her nipples were erect like my cock, and for a few seconds I played with them like a toy. I moved downwards with the oil, coating her stomach with the liquid. She looked at me again. She wanted her vagina oiled.

Her pussy was one of the best I'd seen. Everything was perfectly shaped and coloured, from her clitoris to her labia. A trimmed bush spread out of that region. It was so thick yet so tame; I could have played with it all day. But I decided that I needed to focus on her love hole, and I wanted to do it well. I got a small bowl out of the cupboard and dipped it in the oil. I slowly poured it over her vagina and body with my right hand, and with the left I massaged it into her skin. I started to play with her clit. Emma yelped slightly, and I let go. Clearly it was a good feeling though, as she pulled my hand back onto her vagina. I stroked faster, and inserted two fingers from my other hand into her pussy, massaging her g-spot. I became faster and stronger, and soon she was breathing deeply and her vagina was pulsing. She was near orgasm, I knew for sure.

As I had predicted, she suddenly became warmer and I felt a goo coming out of her pussy. Her white cream oozed out of her hole and dripped onto the bed. I went in for another kiss, and it was more passionate than last time. We were connected, at one with each other.

"My turn," she told me.

Swiftly I was on my back and she was sat next to my cock. She submerged her hand in the oil and eagerly started pushing it into my body and legs. I certainly like being massaged, but I wanted her to go a bit further. Despite the incident earlier I was totally horny and I wanted a piece of her. Almost like she could read my mind, she poured the oil from the bowl onto the tip of my penis. It flowed downwards like a fountain and spread in a pool around the base. With one hand she stroked my penis up and down, and with the other scooped up the oil at the base and started playing with my balls. I was in love with her, and I was even more in love when she moved her face towards my balls.

She looked at me deeply and used her tongue to lick the bridge between my anus and scrotum. With her touching three things at once, I wondered if I'd be able to cum again. I looked to the female judge, and asked "Since I came, I don't know what to do if I need to again."

"Don't worry," she calmly explained. "I have a pill for you to take. It's not for public use, but it'll help you. It makes your body make semen in no time at all. In a few minutes your balls will be full. Plus, it makes you cum harder and for longer. And then once you do, you won't need to wait again. It'll be like someone put a hosepipe in you ball sack."

I took the pill and my body worked overtime to get me ready for Emma. I laid next to her ready for round two, with my balls bigger than usual, presumably full of cum for Emma's pussy. But before we could get back to business, the male judge announced "You have proven you are great at massages, but now I want you fucking each other. If you both combine into one group, I want to see you getting laid. Impress me and you're in."

I knew what I had to do. Not fucking this up would get me a place in a secret society I was determined to join. The other two walked up to Emma and I. The man laid on the bed and told Emma to mount him. Shit. The girl I wanted was having sex with another man. But that wasn't all bad, at least I got the ebony. She told me her name – Lucy – before laying on the bed next to the other man. Lucy instructed me to sit on her face. Weird, I thought, but when I found out she took inspiration from Emma for licking the bridge, I was completely fine with it. And with her hand she grabbed my cock and started stroking. This was the interracial cock worship I had always dreamt of, but it didn't last long. I told her that I wanted to fuck her, and she agreed without hesitation.

I lubricated my penis as well as her vagina. But before I could get started, a judge gave me a cock ring and vibrator, and a vibrator for her too. Instinctively I put the vibrator in her clean butt and turned it on. I looped the cock ring around my base and balls, but I needed help with the vibrator. I'd never had anything in my anus before but obviously I was going to give it a go to impress the judges. I moved over to her and asked her to put the vibrator in my anus. She slowly inserted it into my butt, with the vibrator extending the walls of it. The experience felt weird but when she turned it on the vibrations on my prostate were heavenly. She gave my buttcheek a quick kiss before I got back into position. She

brushed her glossy black hair behind her head and signed to me to insert. I brushed the tip around her private area before putting it into her vulva. "Oh God!" Lucy cried as it went in. I slowly put it in, an inch every few seconds. It was slow but it was amazing. Her canal got tighter and tighter, before I hit a barrier. I thought "is this really the womb already?" and then it hit me.

"Hey, Lucy, have you ever done it before?" I asked.

"Nope. This is my first time."

I was shocked for two reasons. Firstly, I'd be taking someone's virginity. And secondly, how could a 20-year-old girl as amazingly beautiful as Lucy be a virgin? But it wasn't the time for an interview, it was time to have a fun time with Lucy and secure my place in Perseus. I broke through the barrier – luckily no blood – and went as deep as I could. I could feel her vagina pulsing, and it was beautiful. I went back, and forward again. I was thrusting into her and our eyes were locked as I was doing it. Backwards, forwards, backwards, forwards – the rhythm was as engaging as her pretty face. I grabbed her small tits and squeezed them, getting faster with my thrusts. The bumps and ridges in her pussy teased my cock, which was throbbing every time I thrust into her.

I looked to my left and locked eyes with Emma. We were fucking different people but we wanted to fuck each other, I was sure. Then, out of nowhere, the Latino man, who I think was called Bennett, pulled out of Emma. He told Lucy to let him go underneath her. I knew where this was going – double penetration. He lubed up his cock and Lucy's butthole and put it in quickly. I could feel his penis thrusting, and it was a weird feeling, but I liked it. I joined in and Emma started rubbing Lucy's clit and her own. All of us were having sex together, and we were in our own little world. No longer were we working to impress two judges, we were trying to make each other as satisfied as possible. Soon, Bennett and I felt Lucy getting more turned on, and I felt a jet of squirt rushing to get out of her.

I pulled out and the squirt sprayed all over me. I was soaking but turned on. Emma rubbed the squirt around my stomach and licked a bit off her finger. Emma really was something else. I put my cock back into Lucy and thrust harder, faster and deeper than before. Bennett and I were going mad over Lucy. I felt sorry for Emma, who wasn't getting anything. Bennett had been going pretty fast and he was ready to cum. His cock

pulsated and a load filled up Lucy's anus. He pulled out and I stared at it dribbling out of her onto the bed. It turned me on even more, and soon I was ready to cum too.

I wanted to make a scene, though, so I decided I'd pull out at the last minute and cum in her mouth. The familiar feeling started in my body. My muscles tensed, the cum started flowing through my cock. I hastily pulled out and aligned myself with her face. Knowing what I was going to do, Lucy opened her mouth. Emma laid down next to her and opened hers too. Now I needed to spread my cum between two amazing girls. I used my hand to stroke my penis a little and out came my second load, right in Lucy's mouth. I quickly pointed it at Emma's and she got some too. But, to my amazement, the pill had worked. I couldn't stop cumming. Both girls got an extra load. It was filling their mouths up. Bennett was speechless.

I couldn't hold in position. I fell over. Cum squirted onto Lucy's chest, and then my own. Finally, it stopped. Lucy and I had long streaks of sperm on ourselves. Emma immediately went to lick the cum on me. Once it was all eaten, she gave my cock a quick lick. A little more cum dribbled out, and Emma laughed. She turned around and we watched Lucy rubbing my cum on her body like the oil earlier. Whether or not I got into Perseus, my day here was good enough.

But then it was time for the results.

"Well, you have all impressed me greatly," said the unnamed female judge. "You're all in!"

The four of us celebrated. I high-fived Bennett, Emma and Lucy kissed and the judges looked proud. I'd done it. I finally achieved something in my life.

## CHAPTER TWO – INSIDE EMMA

The beeping of my alarm woke me early in the morning. The 06:00 start was unusually early for me, but I had to wake up for my first day in Perseus. I was still unable to believe what had happened at my initiation session last week. It was unlike anything I had ever experienced before, but now I was in Perseus I expected experiences like that to happen again.

As I was getting dressed I got a notification from Perseus.

“We will be welcoming you at 10:00 today, and you will be able to meet key members of staff and other members of Perseus.”

I felt a strange feeling in my stomach; a realisation that Perseus was real and I was a member of it rushed through my head. I was terrified but felt terrific. Later that morning I got off the train at Pegasus Square, went through the unmarked entrance, down the tunnel and back to reception. Flashbacks of last week’s events gave me a warm feeling, as did seeing Anna again.

“Welcome to Perseus, Johnny,” she remarked. “Now, you may know the rules already but I shall tell you them again before you get started. Perseus is under absolute secrecy, you must not tell anybody about Perseus in any capacity – as far as the general public is concerned, none of this is real. Beyond that door is the plaza, and this has a (mostly) strict no-clothes policy. Behind you is the locker room, you can use that to keep your stuff safe. I have been proactive and booked you in for a massage, and you can meet your masseuse, Alisa. That’ll be in about half an hour.”

Following Anna’s advice, I stripped off in the locker room and put my clothes into my locker. Unlike the embarrassment I felt last week, I felt confident and strong when I took my clothes off. I wanted everybody to see my body. The thought of what would happen soon gave me small boner, and I was proud to show it off. I walked through the door and entered the plaza.

Perseus is named after Greek mythology, and the plaza was definitely something that wouldn’t be out of place in it. The floor and walls were white marble, and in the centre was a large fountain, topped by a statue of a naked man and woman holding each other. The walls had lovers doing all sorts of sex acts, while in the centre there was a statue of a

man and a woman doing cowgirl sex. The roof had a large circular skylight, and as we were underground I wondered how there could be one without people above finding out what was below. I then realised that the fountain in the square above *was* the skylight, and that made me even more grateful for the brilliant construction of the plaza.

On the right was a small restaurant serving beautiful meals to those wanting them. On the left was the entrance to the brothel, where members can pay to have sex with top prostitutes from around the world. Ahead of me was the massage parlour. Dotted around the plaza were members and staff, and all of the former were naked, as I was.

Seeing all of these beautiful people, including Emma and Lucy from last week, made me horny. The semi from earlier turned into a full and hard erection, and I started to feel embarrassed, contrary to my earlier confidence. A male member of staff walked over to me. He had flawless skin and curly blonde hair. He looked like a character from Greek mythology. He was certainly more beautiful than me.

“How is it so far?” He asked.

“I know it’s my first time here but I’m really embarrassed about my boner. It’s weird, I felt so confident earlier,” I described.

“It’s normal for people to feel this way when they’re new here. There’s nothing to be worried about – remember that boner is a reminder that this is a free space to explore sex with anybody you want. You can go up to anybody here and ask for sex and they’ll probably say yes. There is no such thing as crossing the line here – you can do anything you want as long as others agree to it.”

The words of wisdom from the man helped calm me down. It was about time for my massage, and out of the entrance came the woman I assumed was Alisa. She was a thin girl, with a large butt and breasts. She was a redhead, and Alisa’s hair was vibrant and curled near the tips. She was wearing her uniform, but clearly she had just performed a massage, as oil had got into her shirt and it stuck to her skin. It was slightly transparent and through it I could see her big nipples. My heart fluttered when I saw them, and I was now desperate for that massage. Alisa looked at me and walked across the plaza to greet me.

“Hey, Johnny, I’m just going to get cleaned up and I’ll be ready in a few minutes. If you want you can go into my massage room and get comfortable while you wait.”

Alisa’s speech was soft and cute. I walked into the massage parlour and was greeted by yet more beautiful architecture. As I walked to Alisa’s room, I peeked through a window into another massage room. In there I could see a female member getting a massage from another woman. Hot, I thought. The masseuse proceeded to remove her t-shirt, revealing her perky breasts. She spread oil on herself, got on top of the girl she was massaging, and both engaged in 69. I couldn’t stop staring. I wanted to have that with Alisa, so when I got comfortable and she walked into the room, I knew what I wanted to ask her. I wanted to fuck her.

Alisa started her massage with my legs. She worked upwards before both of them were oiled. She moved to do my torso next, and as she did she brushed by my penis. That reminded me of what I wanted to happen today, so when she was finished and asked me to flip over to do my back, I instead asked her...

“Look, Alisa, since I saw you earlier I’ve found you so fucking hot. In the room opposite I saw them having sex and I just felt that if I didn’t ask you for the same I’d waste the opportunity. So, Alisa, will you?”

Alisa didn’t speak. She went into autopilot – clearly she had done this with other people before. She picked up the bowl of massage oil and started pouring it down her chest, making her shirt go see-through and revealing her boobs once again. They were huge, but it was her nipples that caught me by surprise – they were pink. Alisa was one hell of a specimen and I couldn’t look away.

“You want me, don’t you?” she whispered in my ear to turn me on.

“Yes...” I whispered back.

She grabbed my hand and made me cup her boob. I squeezed it. She grabbed my balls. We stared at each other. I signalled her towards my cock, and she understood. She moved close to it, gave me a wink, opened her mouth and let it glide in. The tip touched the back of her throat. Alisa started sucking. She spat on my penis and used it to get it as sloppy as she could. Beautiful squelching sounds resonated around the room, and

she'd moan whenever I hit the back of her throat. She sucked faster and faster as long as I played with her hair. I was ready to cum.

"I'm going to cum" I exclaimed. She immediately stopped. Had I done something wrong? She got up and walked back to the bowl of massage oil. Using it she coated the gap between her breasts with it, and with that I figured out what she wanted to do. She positioned her boobs around my cock and started to titfuck me. Up, and down, the pair bounced, putting me in a trance-like state. She pushed them together to make the gap tighter.

"When you cum I'm going to suck you dry" she said, seducing me more. And I believed her. She bounced her tits faster and the friction made me once again ready to cum. I told her again and she got into position, putting her mouth over my cock. I had been taking those pills from the initiation, so I expected a total mouthful to come out. My legs started to tremble as the tide was coming. Hot sperm shot out into her mouth. She coped for a little while, but eventually waterfalls of cum flowed down my shaft as she couldn't hold any more. I am sure she wanted to swallow it, but she just couldn't do it. She gagged and coughed, and all of my cum dropped out of her mouth and onto me, making a puddle.

"I'm so sorry," she apologised. But I didn't mind. That was my best ever massage. I thanked her and began to leave, but before I walked through the door she grabbed me and kissed me on the lips.

"I know I'm just staff here but all of that reminded me why I'm here. You're amazing, and I just want to make up for what happened. Is there anything I can do?" She exclaimed.

I replied, "Alisa, you're a beautiful girl. You don't need to make up for it, to be honest I found it pretty hot. Tell you what, if you really want to do something, I didn't get to see your pussy. Why don't you take your leggings off and let me take a look?"

She jumped on the bed and lowered her black leggings, revealing her smooth legs and shaved pink pussy.

"Do you mind if I kiss it?" I asked. Alisa agreed to it. I moved my head towards it and didn't know what to expect. I extended my tongue into her hole, tasting the sweet juices she'd been making as she got wetter from the earlier titfuck. I put it in as far as I could and started to move it around.

Her aroma was sweet and arousing. It could be a perfume. I used my hand to start to rub her clit, and this made her wetter. She was soaking, and at this point I thought it was time to fuck her properly. I got up and stuck it in. I thrust hard and fast – as I did she cried and screamed my name. Her pussy wetter than ever, my penis was flying deep inside of her. Once again it was time to cum. The great feeling happened again, and cum flowed into her pussy. She felt warm inside, but inside she was almost full up. My cock was forced out and I began cumming on her vagina, as cum flowed out of it.

Alisa dropped down. “Thank you” said Alisa. My job was done. I kissed her pussy, then her lips and left to get cleaned up.

Not long after, I saw Emma hanging out by the fountain. I was smitten with her at the initiation, and gazing at her hairy vagina reminded me of the unfinished business we had. With my newfound confidence, I opted to be blunt.

“Emma, one thing I regretted at the initiation was not being able to get inside you. So, I was thinking, because this is a sex club, could we go and do it?”

“Fuck yes. I desperately wanted you that time but I had to have Bennett. He was great, but I wanted you as well. Plus, I thought we had better chemistry.” She answered.

Emma led me into the brothel area. The walls turned to a seductive red, and we passed multiple rooms on either side of the corridor, each with a sex worker waiting outside or providing services inside. Emma dropped me off in an unused room.

“Wait here, I’m going to get ready. I’ll be back in a few minutes.” She informed me.

I waited a few minutes laying on the bed, dreaming of what I’d want to do to her. I heard the door opening, and through the entrance, Emma walked in wearing shorts, fishnet stockings and a black transparent crop-top on top. My penis throbbed at the sight of her. She was beautiful. I tried to speak but she put a finger over my mouth, before revealing there was a hole in her shorts, letting me fuck her with them on. Before that, she tied my arms to the bedframe. In control, Emma mounted me, facing me as

she bounced up and down. But in reality I was bored. I was drawn to her hair down there, and she'd covered it up.

"Emma, you look great, and sexy, but I won't lie when I say that I love your hairy pussy and I really want to see it." I told her.

Emma understood what I wanted. She took off the shorts and fishnet stockings, and got back on board. Now I could properly appreciate her vagina up close. The bush rose up from her opening in a triangle shape, but the pussy itself was well trimmed. The best of both worlds. I wanted to reach out and play with it, but as she'd tied me up I'd need to wait for that. Emma's bounces got faster. Every time she fell on me it was like a drug; inside her vagina was soft and wet, I could feel it throb and pulse like it knew what I liked – and clearly Emma liked it too.

Emma leaned forward and gave me a kiss. There were so many things I wanted to say to her but I just couldn't. I was in love, but I knew I couldn't fall in love here. There was no point getting attached to one girl when there are so many to choose from, I thought. Still, she was amazing, and I decided to make the most of this opportunity.

Until then I had been lying on the bed, enjoying what Emma had been giving to me. I decided to thrust, so both of us were moving together. This made each movement faster and stronger. Our skin clapped as we banged together. Emma would moan, getting louder and more confident each time.

"I love it!" she shouted.

"Harder!" she shouted after the next thrust.

I stared at her boobs under her crop top. The slight transparency teased me and turned me on more. When she went upwards I'd sometimes glimpse the bottom of them. The pair bounced back. I wanted to touch them so much.

"Can you untie me please?" I asked politely.

"You'll have to try harder than that..." she replied, wanting me to be more forceful.

"Untie me." I said with conviction.

"Better, but try again."

“Untie me and I’ll fuck you rougher than anyone ever had before, you little slut.” I said in a raised voice, slightly worried I went too far.

“Good work Johnny.” Emma responded.

But Emma wasn’t interested in a rough fucking, at least not yet. She placed her vagina on my face as she untied my hands. I couldn’t resist – I gave it a small lick. Emma gave out a loud moan. Clearly she liked it. I licked again. Another moan, more piercing than the last. For the third, I wanted to go the extra mile. I forced my tongue inside as far as I could, then moved it around in there with agitated movements. I was eating her out, and every time my tongue made contact with the walls she screamed. We made such a loud noise, it could probably be heard down the corridor, or even in the plaza.

Untied, I reached for her boobs. I could barely see them as her bush got in the way (not a bad thing in fairness) but I could certainly feel them. With both hands cupping them, I gave them a cheeky squeeze. They reacted to every movement I made; they were like water balloons attached to her chest. I used my fingers to pinch her nipples. She yelped as I did this but it only made her wetter. I could taste her nectar and I could smell it too. I wanted the moment to last forever, but unfortunately it needed to end.

Emma reached orgasm. No cum, no squirt. That may come across as disappointing, but it was far from it, because Emma wanted me to cum as well – it was time for round three. Emma jumped off my face and got ready for doggystyle.

“My ass is waiting for you.” she said as I got up.

Following her orders, I got ready for anal. There was a bottle of lube by the bed which I applied generously to both my penis and the entrance to her butt. Softly I pushed it in. It was overwhelmingly tight. I pulled out and applied even more lube, but still it was too hard to move around.

I had an idea. The lube bottle had a pump on it. I positioned the end of it inside her butt and squeezed the bottle to get lube inside her. With several pumps ready, I tried again. It glided in and moved freely. I wanted to keep the promise I made earlier, so I decided to fuck her extra hard. I thrust quickly and vigorously. Emma screamed with pleasure as I rearranged her insides. I thrust to a rhythm, almost to the beat of a

fast song. This continued for several minutes. Unsurprisingly people had heard the noise we were making and as I looked her from Emma's butt, I could see two people watching through the door. I like to put on a show. I smacked Emma's butt cheeks. First, the left. Then, the right.

I would have invited the two onlookers to join, but I didn't want to. I was with Emma, and she was mine – at least for a little while. This was our time and I didn't want to ruin it.

But with this aggressive fucking came the need to cum. I could feel my balls tingle, and as I had expected the flood of cum started. The white stuff pushed me out of her butt. Emma looked back at me, disappointed. I had enjoyed what we'd done so far, but I didn't want it to end. I was so glad I still took those strange pills. I decided to go in again.

My cock, larger than before, entered her butt again. I could feel the warmth of my own cum. As I pushed my penis in some dribbled out and poured over her pussy and onto the bedsheets. I heard a small pop coming from her pussy. The cum in her ass lubricated my cock, so I could pump and thrust even faster. I had a drink of water and went for it. My heart was beating faster than I could ever remember as I pumped. I was like an engine, or a vibrator turned up to maximum.

The clapping sound echoed around the room. I was in my own bubble. As much as I liked Emma, she had become a massive, realistic and hot sex toy. Now was not the time for Emma and I – right now it was all about me. Every time I got my cock in her as far as possible, cum splashed out over my body and hers. As I would pull out I could see my cock was red and her butt was gaping.

The screaming was getting louder. I pushed her face into the bed, but as I did she started to squirt. I stopped to look, and when she was done Emma was breathing quickly and deeply. She stared at me lustfully with her hair messy and her face red. Aggressively, she pushed me onto the bed. She knelt above me and started frantically rubbing her clit. She started squirting even more. I opened my mouth and stuck my tongue out – I wanted to taste it. Knowing what I wanted, she positioned herself to get the stream into my mouth. Her squirt filled it up. I gave it a taste before gulping it down. She looked surprised, but her plan was not complete yet.

Emma, wanting me to cum a second time, got a fleshlight out of one of the drawers. She put lube in it and put it on my dick. She was servicing me as she moved it up and down, getting faster every time. I was ready to cum again. My penis started to throb. The cum rushed up through me and into the fleshlight. I was relieved, but Emma wanted to do one more thing. With the sperm in the fleshlight, she moved it to her face. I stared as it flowed onto her face and into her mouth. With the other hand she rubbed it around, including on her tits. She swallowed the cum in her mouth and went to lie down next to me. We cuddled as we fell asleep together, happy in the knowledge that we'd never be the same.

## CHAPTER THREE – THE HAREM

I woke up a few hours later. I left the bed, looked at Emma, who was still fast asleep, then walked through the door. It was the evening. Through the skylight in the plaza the warm sunlight broke through. The whole space was coated in a golden haze. The plaza was emptier than earlier, presumably because of people leaving for the night, or the sexier option that they were all away, doing it with each other. Looking to my right, Bennett and two women were chatting by the fountain.

Both girls were Asian. The first was Nancy, a British-born Japanese woman. Her pale skin was broken up by an impressive tattoo of skull and crossbones. Her pierced nipples were attached to two medium-sized breasts, and Nancy's face was decorated with aggressive-looking black eye shadow and black lip gloss. Additionally, Nancy had an amusing tattoo on her shaved vagina – a small arrow pointing downwards towards her opening with text that read 'insert here' – at least she was honest about it. She was somewhat muscular. She did not have a six pack but clearly was a strong lady, and certainly not someone I'd like to see the bad side of. Despite her beauty Nancy came across as scary, but being crude, if I got her juicy cheeks clapping while tugging on her long, smooth black hair which reached her butt, I wouldn't mind.

The girl next to her was called Aubrey. She was shorter than Nancy by a significant amount and was much more subtle than her as well. Her golden skin was less curvy and without a piercing or tattoo in sight. Aubrey had done a good job dyeing her hair a glossy white shade, and that hair dropped to her neck. Aubrey had a nice landing strip near her vagina, and with any luck I'd be landing there at some point during my time in Perseus.

I decided to join the girls and Bennett, to see what they were up to.

"Johnny, how have you been doing?" asked Bennett.

"Alright, what about you?" I replied.

"Oh, amazing – earlier on I slept with one of the waitresses at the restaurant. I'll tell her about you if you want, she's a great girl if you're interested. Actually, I've been meaning to ask – I know at the initiation I might have stolen your chance with Emma, I hope you didn't mind."

“Oh, not at all. In fact just now we were dealing with our unfinished business, she’s one fiery girl. It’s totally fine.”

I’d said it was fine but it wasn’t. Emma and I wanted each other on that day, and Bennett had ruined it. Still, I guess that at a free sex club people having sex with each other wouldn’t be unusual.

“Hey, I’ve had an idea,” Bennett said. Clearly his idea was very good, because I could see him getting a boner as he explained it. “Have you ever heard of a harem? Basically it’s where a few girls fight over a man who they really like, and I guess from that we can have group sex or something like that... Johnny, how does that sound?”

As much as I resented Bennett, his idea sounded like just the thing I joined Perseus for. “Deal.”

“Girls, are you in?” He asked.

The girls agreed, but we still needed one or two more. In the corner of my eyes was Lucy, the girl whose virginity I took at the initiation. I walked over to her. She was wearing a black thong and a green coat, which was open. She wore nothing else. I walked up to her.

“Hi, it’s Johnny, from the initiation. Do you remember me?” I asked.

“Of course, nobody forgets their first time.” She replied.

“About that – you’re a hot girl, how come you hadn’t done it before last week?”

“It’s complicated. My family never let me have boyfriends, and I’m scared of commitment anyway. I still wanted sex though, so when I heard about Perseus I just had to join. What have you been up to so far?”

“Loads. Today’s only my first day, but I already fucked my masseuse, Alisa, and Emma, the other girl at the initiation.”

Lucy got closer to me and wrapped her hands around me. “You sound like you’ve been up to your neck in pussy. But I’ve been up to my neck in dick as well. Just now I had ten men in a bukkake. I was cleaned out with cum. You should have been there.”

“That sounds hot. I do wish I was there. Bennett and I are setting up a harem, and we’ve got two girls already. Are you interested?” I asked.

“Yeah, absolutely. In fact I met a girl earlier who said she'd be into that, I'll invite her too.”

Brilliant. Now we had four girls for two men. Bennett sat me down and we came up with a plan. We set up the room we were going to use. Alongside the three girls we know, another one joined us who we were not familiar with. She was called Amina. She was a stunning Arab girl – her curvy body was accentuated by smooth black hair that wrapped around her tennis ball tits and ended just underneath them. Her butt was loose, making it bounce as she moved. Her brown eyes twinkled in the light and made her so pretty. I was glad Amina was here for the harem, and hopefully I'd be with her again soon.

Bennett and I had place four tables all pointing outwards from a central point. Our plan was that all of the girls would lie down on them and we'd share them, fucking them one at a time. But first, we wanted to take advantage of the situation to get in the mood. And with the calibre of women on offer, that wouldn't be a difficult job.

First, Bennett asked them to oil each other up and play with each other. They followed his every word and we watched in awe and lust as they pleased each other with their shiny bodies. Bennett was turned on by this hugely and he had chosen to deal with his erection manually. He used his right hand to stroke his penis. He wanted to make the moment last so he was slow, and honestly the anticipation of being with the girls was getting to me. I got my right hand and wrapped it around my penis. I moved downwards, and back up again. I stroked faster than Bennett, and while I wished I was doing the girls it was good to get some relief from my painful boner.

Amina and Aubrey were scissoring vigorously, and it made me horny. Suddenly, Amina cried and squirted over Aubrey, but they kept going. The sight of it made Bennett and I reach the point of no return. Cum shot out of both of us at almost the same time, collecting on our chests. Nancy and Amina both saw this and licked it up. Amina gave me a look of lust before going for her first lick, and at that point I knew it was time to get them ready to be fucked properly.

I ordered the girls onto the tables. I don't usually like being forceful but I thought that the situation somewhat justified it. Bennett penetrated Nancy and I chose Amina for my first woman of the event. She was laying

face-down, and I could see her beautiful round bottom in all its glory, still oiled up. I gave it a slap and stared as the ripples moved across her skin. I peeked into her crack – her butt was clean and tight, and her pussy was a dark brown colour, shaved to perfection. I could have just looked at her and would have cum, but I knew I needed to seize the opportunity, so in I went.

Her juices coated my dick as I inserted it. It was guided in as I felt the dots, bumps and ridges inside of her. Amina moaned as I moved inwards. I pulled back, then in again. I started my thrusts slow this time around.

“Johnny, I know you like to go fast but can you go slow for me? It feels so much better for me,” she requested.

I took her advice and chose not to speed up. I gradually thrust in and out, making the most of every time, bathing in the glorious feelings my nerves were making. The warmth of her comforted me and her moisture made the experience easy. Both of us got goosebumps, emotionally invested in our first sexual encounter.

Bennett, on the other hand, did not go slow with Nancy. Clearly his almost violent thrusts pleased Nancy, who was clearly into rough sex. The pair sweated and made quite the noise, with both Bennett and Nancy moaning with happiness. Drops of sweat formed on Bennetts head and flowed downwards, dropping onto Nancy’s butt. Bennett would then rub them into her skin.

The liquids Amina were making started to accumulate and dripped out of her vulva onto the floor, making a small puddle of love nectar. I saw Aubrey, who was looking at me, waiting for someone to penetrate her. I pulled out of Amina and moved over to Aubrey. She turned over so she was facing upwards. I used my hands to squeeze and play with her tits, while Aubrey used her hands to guide my cock into her. The inside of her vagina was hot, and I wasn’t sure why. But it was very wet too, which was good.

“Come on Johnny, do me hard...” She instructed.

I banged her hard as she requested. Her extraordinary wetness made a beautiful squelching sound, like walking through mud but ten times better. I could have replaced my CD collection with the squelching. Aubrey is a small girl and my eight inches were filling her up – she was

wet but it was still hard to thrust in her. Worse was that I was too long for her – admittedly not a bad problem to have, but still it was hurting her.

“Fuck!” she cried. She was enjoying the sex but couldn’t handle the pain anymore. “Johnny, I had a douche earlier, please can we do anal instead?”

Anal hadn’t even crossed my mind but I was eager to try it now she had suggested it. I got some lube and prepared both of us. I lined up my tip with her butthole and slowly pushed through. I felt the ring squeeze as I tried to get into her, but still I managed to force it wide open enough for me to be fully inside her. The lube did a great job, it was as easy to fuck her ass as any other girl’s vagina. As I sped up, her moans got louder and distinctive. She must have been living the dream in that moment.

By this point Bennett had moved over to Lucy. She had chosen to sit up as she was penetrated, and the two hugged as they fucked. Her sitting shortened her vaginal canal, making his eleven inches feel like even more. As I gazed at Lucy’s smooth back bouncing, I felt pulsing in Aubrey.

“Johnny, I’m going to cum, hard...” She informed me. And soon enough, squirt began to pour out of her vagina, dripping onto the floor. I wanted to taste some of it, so I knelt downwards and had a lick. As I did, the tip of my penis dropped into the puddle underneath her. Noticing, I scooped some up and massaged it onto my cock, using it for lube with Nancy.

“Before you fuck me,” she started, “turn around.”

I turned around and Nancy moved on the table. I didn’t know what to expect, but then I felt her moist tongue licking my ass. The saliva coated it. I was surprised by her doing this – Nancy was not a usual girl. I turned around and went in for a facefuck. I inserted my penis into her mouth and she sucked up the squirt lube from Aubrey. I felt her tongue move as I thrust. Her hot eye shadow smudged. I could feel the tip of my penis reaching the back of her throat – she’d gag a little every time I’d do this.

On the other side, Bennett was fucking Amina. He had got on top of her and was doing anal sex with her. She looked at me as he did this. I knew I was going to be with Amina again here at Perseus, and she did too. Bennett was ready to cum. He pulled out of Amina and gave her back shots, reaching as far as the bottom of her neck. And at roughly the same

time, I came in Nancy's mouth. The ejaculation filled up her mouth. She opened it wide and gargled the semen before swallowing it.

As much as I had enjoyed the event I was relieved it was over. The pressure of having to pleasure four women is grand and frightening, but I was still annoyed I didn't manage to last long enough to spend some quality time with Lucy – that'll have to wait for another time.

## CHAPTER FOUR – THE FOUNTAIN (A SEXY CABARET)

Over the first week of being in Perseus I had done so much. Monday, my first day, was so riveting. It boosted my confidence and made me feel like a new man. Whenever I was free, I'd visit Perseus. On Tuesday I spent some more time with Emma. On Thursday I saw three girls having a threesome. On Friday I slept with a celebrity. And over the whole week, I'd had more sex than in possibly my entire life. I felt I'd made a lot of progress there, and clearly so did the directors of Perseus.

I got a text from Perseus, telling me to visit the office the following day. I didn't know what they wanted from me. Was it bad? Was it good? I wouldn't know until I arrived, so nervously I approached the door to the office on a cool Monday afternoon. I pressed the buzzer to access the room. The door was tall and wide, with a beautiful Victorian-style frame surrounding it. I heard a noise and the door unlocking. Frightened I pulled open the door and walked up the stairs. The office area was a completely different style to the plaza, seemingly being styled in the image of a sex-crazed Bond villain.

The wallpaper depicted various sex acts, each more experimental than the last. The rails to hold on to while climbing the stairs were gold-plated. Reaching the landing at the top of the stairs was a waiting area and a reception. The waiting area consisted of two chairs and a glass coffee table; the base of it being a sculpture of a man and woman having sex. Indeed, all over the room were depictions of sex. On the table was a lamp, and its base was a naked woman standing up and holding the glass lampshade. The black tile floor was interrupted by a mosaic artwork of a vagina. A large painting was hung on the wall showcasing a harem – a man was in the centre of a circle of girls sat around him. The one directly in front of him was performing oral sex, and the girl behind him was licking his buttocks.

On the other side were three black and white 'bodyscape' photographs. The one on the left was a close-up of an attractive woman's vagina. On the right, the photo showed her pushing her breasts together. The central photograph was of her stomach, with what appeared to be semen on her. Sat at the reception was the attractive staff member I met on my first day

at Perseus. "The director would like to see you now, Johnny" he said. I walked through the door to the main office and was greeted by the founder of Perseus, known only by his nickname, Frost.

Frost was an attractive and eloquent English man. Clearly he was very wealthy and powerful, and Perseus was a passion project for him. Sex wasn't a way to make money for him, he just enjoyed it enough to create a secret sex society. Like most people here Frost was completely naked. His body was shaved throughout and I got to see it as he sat down at his desk.

The room had a window behind his desk that looked down upon the fountain in the plaza. Behind me were two television screens, one on each side of the door, and both were showing artistic porn on a loop. To my left was a naked woman, Frost's assistant. She was a Latino with sensual curves, curly black hair and sexy red lipstick.

"Hazel," he said. In a power move (either over me or her) he clicked his finger and pointed at his penis. Without speaking she got under the glass desk and started to suck his dick. I was speechless. Even though she was clearly there only to serve him I was still uneasy about the idea. Still, at least I got to see her doing it.

"You've made quite a splash here, Johnny," Frost said. "We only let a handful of normal people in here every year but clearly you are a very capable man when it comes to sex. You are clearly committed to Perseus. You really wanted to be accepted, didn't you?"

"Yes..." I replied.

"Of course, when you came early in your initiation when you saw Emma I thought nothing would come of you but I spoke to Emma the other day and told me how much it meant to her. I know we're not meant to catch feelings here but Emma really likes you, and she'd almost certainly say yes if you wanted to be in a relationship with her."

Delighted, I stopped to think. What does Emma see in me? I'm not the most amazing guy here but clearly she thinks highly of me. The fact that she told the owner this must mean something...

"I'm glad. But is this all you called me for?"

Frost chuckled. "No, of course not. I don't usually talk to the people who come here so if I just wanted to say someone had a crush on you there would be much simpler ways to do it. I actually called you up here because I have a little idea that you might be interested in."

"What's that?" I asked.

"Every year I like to put on a show, literally. When I built the plaza I wanted it to be a meeting area for everybody; a community in itself. The show as you can expect is a sex show, and each year I put a different spin on the idea. Last year it was a period sex show (as in a different time period, like a period drama, I'm not into girls on their periods). They were all dressed up in old clothes, like you'd see on Bridgerton. The year before that we did a human centipede of sex, which is hotter than it sounds. But this year my idea is to use the fountain. Well, part of it is."

"What do you mean?"

"The show is meant to be a bit of a cabaret, or a variety show. I have two events lined up. In the afternoon is a show... Think Starlight Express but it's loads of girls dancing and then having sex in the fountain. In the evening we'll be doing our version of the Olympics and that's going to be pretty hot. A bit fetish-driven, but I'm sure you'll enjoy it."

"Well, those both sound interesting."

"I know," continued Frost, with his assistant getting faster, "and that's why I brought you up here. I need help setting up the events and just as importantly I need stars. You're perfect for both – you know a lot about fucking, and you are well-known around here. Now, I have someone else working on the Olympics but if you want to help with the sex show you're more than welcome to. So, are you interested?"

In truth, I was a bit sceptical. I never enjoyed shows that much, and I didn't know how well this would turn out. I also didn't think I was capable of doing what Frost wanted, and nobody wants to embarrass the owner of Perseus. Frost noticed my silence. He used his foot to tap Hazel's butt. She lifted herself up and inserted my penis into her. She then moved backwards and forwards, pleasuring both Frost and me. I didn't know how she managed that manoeuvre but the sex was excellent.

"What about now?" Frost asked.

"I'm not sure..." I replied.

Frost got up and instructed Hazel to get on the table. He then started facefucking her, aggressively thrusting into her mouth. Her lipstick bled with the saliva getting onto it. I stood up and inserted my dick into her and started fucking too. With both of us top and tailing her, she must have been enjoying it. Frost soon came, ejaculating in her throat and making her choke a little. She sat up as I kept on thrusting. With her hands she massaged her clit. I help her closer to me and I came too, filling her up too. I pulled out and she kept masturbating, before squirting on me. She then went for a kiss and I was sure a little bit of Frost's cum entered my mouth.

The experience was brilliant, and in the heat of the moment I agreed to help with the sexy cabaret. "Fine." I told Frost.

"Brilliant!" He exclaimed as Hazel recovered from the sex. "Thanks for helping. I'll tell Anna; you can help her set up the shows."

The truth is that I wasn't truly convinced by the idea. It seemed unintelligent and pointless. I didn't really want to be involved in something that didn't really need doing. I only said yes because I enjoyed the sex with Hazel.

The process of setting up the shows was actually quite simple. I'd go up to people in the plaza and ask if they'd be interested in taking part, and more often than not they'd agree. Frost's expectations weighed me down but I was determined to not annoy him and sabotage my time here. Two weeks later, it was showtime. Everything was set up – the dancers had their routine ready and costumes designed, and the people who'd have sex in the fountain all knew what to do. For once I felt everything would be okay and Frost would be impressed, perhaps hiring me again.

13:00

Showtime. Over a dozen women climbed into the fountain. The bottom level and top level of the fountain were both occupied by the troupe, and the dancers were all wearing identical outfits bar the colouring. They wore small white crop tops with no bra underneath (that was intentional and a part of the routine). Below they only had a clear vinyl skirt – those on the top level had a pink one and those on the bottom had lime green.

All of the women were beautiful but each was a different type of woman. Lucy, Aubrey and Nancy were all dancers and as you may remember are all quite different women. I wanted Hazel, Alisa and Anna to join in but she refused unfortunately. The music started and the girls started dancing. The routine was energetic, tight, and angular at first. This coincided with the music, which was electronic and bass-heavy. The first half of the dance was a showcase in their skill as dancers, but naturally their outfits being so revealing turned myself and everybody in the room horny. Luckily I'd be able to do something about it with the upcoming sex show.

The routine was designed to show off the amazing bodies of the dancers. My favourite move was when all the girls kicked their legs up in sequence, showing off their vaginas wet with sweat. Beautiful. Another highlight was when they turn around, bend over and show two small but fast twerks. But unfortunately the first song was over and the second one begun. This half of the routine attempted something different. The first half was erotic because of the costumes; this half was erotic by design. The music was slower and more sensual, as were the moves. They showed sexualised movements, mimicking several sex positions. In one move the girls would kneel, brush their hands on their vaginas, and lick their hands directly afterwards. In another they'd turn around and bend over and then point at their vaginas, on display for everyone to see.

With the second song over, it was time for the sex show. For every woman in the fountain would be one man, and luckily I was one of them. Lucy and I had agreed earlier to be partners earlier. I positioned myself behind her, and all at once the men started doing the women doggy-style. Looking down I watched myself thrust inside of Lucy, masked slightly by her pink vinyl skirt. Her black skin contrasted with the white fountain. Her body was slightly wet from the exercise she'd been doing and the water she danced in. The slight curve in her back showed me how attractive she was.

On the level below was Nancy, who was being fucked by Bennett, obviously. Still, they were enjoying themselves, as I was. Aubrey was being penetrated by a tall black man who I hadn't met yet. He seemed to be really into it, and I can imagine Aubrey's short height and his large penis would be an interesting match.

We were all enjoying ourselves. What I didn't expect though was for Frost to climb on top of the fountain and give an announcement.

"I bet you've been enjoying watch our lovebirds doing it," he started "but this is actually a competition. I want this show to be exciting, so the men had better get thrusting faster because the first girl to cum will get a special reward for later, which I'm going to keep a secret until then."

Weird, I thought. He hadn't told me about a surprise. I didn't know what it was but I thought I might as well try to win. I sped up my thrusts and Lucy started to scream. The feeling of my large cock expanding inside her must have been overwhelming. Unfortunately every other man here had a similar idea and everybody was banging as ruthlessly as they could. Luckily, I had an advantage. The pills I took to increase my stamina weren't too common, and most of the men didn't have it. Therefore they'd cum soon and have to slow down, whereas I could keep going no matter how much semen came out. Indeed, I came and filled up Lucy, but I stayed hard and kept on going.

I began to feel more confident – Lucy's breathing became heavier. Within an instant I felt a jet flow through her and it pushed my dick out. She squirted all over me and in the fountain. Exhausted we both crashed and lied down in the water. But it didn't matter – I had won. Now I just needed to find out what the prize was.

17:00

For the second show, the 'Olympics' attendees were instructed to go to a large hangar-like room where multiple challenges were set up. Ten girls had been selected for the challenges, which were set to each be more erotic than the last.

I was told that part of my prize was that I'd be able to help out with the challenges, the first of which was oil wrestling. I was chosen to oil up two of the contestants, Aubrey and Emma. Using a pot of oil I rubbed it into the girls, a hand for each girl. They helped me by positioning themselves so I got as much of them oiled as I could. It was arousing to feel their bodies move and be pasted in oil, making their skin shiny and stunning. I even slipped my fingers in their vaginas.

Once the oiling was done they were let loose. On the mat, with loads of members of Perseus watching them and the other pairs of wrestlers,

they went for each other. They'd slip and slide as they'd try to pin each other down for twenty seconds. They could also automatically win by making the other cum. For this, a dildo was thrown in to be used as an erotic weapon. Emma grabbed it first, successfully inserting it into Aubrey and getting a few thrusts done before Aubrey wriggled free. She jumped on Emma and pinned her down as she frantically rubbed Emma's clit. Aubrey was a light girl though; Emma soon flipped her onto her back and began doing the same things to Aubrey.

I was expecting the game to last a while, but it turns out when I'm enjoying myself time passes faster. I was enjoying looking at the two women play with each other, and clearly other women and men were too. Out of the fifty or so people watching, at least a dozen were publicly masturbating. I admit I had a boner watching the show, but I was far too nervous to act upon it. A woman standing on the opposite side had stuck her left hand down her pants and was messing around with her genitals, visibly pleasing herself. I could even spot a wet patch soaking through her panties. I had chosen to be fully clothed for the games solely to mask my erection (plus I was feeling cold), but now I was wondering if I should have been a bit of an exhibitionist and gone naked.

To my left was a man, completely naked, holding his penis in his right hand pumping. His eyes were locked on Aubrey and Emma as they 'fought'. Despite pumping for himself, his left hand was inserted deep into the vulva of the girl next to him, and she was using her hands to rub her clitoris and finger the man's butt. Some proper mutual masturbation...

Aubrey and Emma started to scissor each other – I felt even hornier. At this point my boner was pushing against my jeans and it was getting painful. I'd need to let it out and eventually do something about the erection. The man masturbating reached orgasm; he twitched and hot white sperm shot at the girl in front. I found this surprisingly exciting. I took a breath and decided to overcome my fear and masturbate in front of everybody. But first, I'd need to get ready.

To the side of the room was a box of condoms, which I got one from so that I wouldn't need to clear up after myself as much. I went back to where I was standing and lifted my t-shirt up, revealing my bare chest. I dropped it on the floor. I unbuckled my belt and dropped my jeans, leaving just my grey underwear as the only barrier between my dick and the eyes

of everybody in the room. I inhaled and pulled at the elastic of my pants, wrapping it around the tip of my hot erect penis. A few people looked at me with my jeans and pants around my ankles, but oddly I felt confident. This was a dream sex community, I think all of them would appreciate a good penis, and I'd like to think that's what I gave them.

Anyway, I ripped the condom packet. I'd chosen a normal-size condom, even though I'd better suit a large one – I wanted the tighter feeling. I aligned the teat of the condom with the tip of my cock and unrolled it, getting as much of my dick inside it as I could. Then I leaned over and pulled out a packet of lube from my jean pocket. I ripped the packet like the condom and squeezed a bit onto the top of my penis, then using my hand to spread it evenly around the shaft. With the preparations complete, the second game was about to start.

This one involved a selection of lucky men. Their job was to lie on the ground and do nothing, because the challenge for the girls was to use their bodies to make them cum as quickly as possible. As Aubrey and Emma mounted the men, I couldn't help feeling a little jealous. Truthfully I would have liked to have been the man getting ridden by Emma. I know I'm not meant to catch feelings but I just couldn't help it. Anyway, both girls started to dance on the dicks of the men they were fucking, as was the case with the other contestants. To not feel too jealous, I moved over to another set of contestants. Among them was a girl I hadn't met yet, tall, blonde and very skinny, her ribcage clearly visible. She didn't have much of a butt or boobs, but her face was among the prettiest I'd ever seen. A true angel.

For my wank I chose to focus on her. I grabbed my penis and moved my hand up and down. The lube made it glide, providing little friction at all. The sensation was invigorating, and the feeling of being watched was a double-edged sword. I felt embarrassed but empowered at the same time. I started to massage the head of my penis. This part is more sensitive and with this I distracted myself from the action, instead focusing on the amazing feeling.

But then another distraction came, one I wasn't expecting. I felt something poking at my butt. I turned around and there was Nancy. I tried to speak to her but I got nothing back, and she just slid her index finger into me. I'd never had a finger inside there before but as she massaged

my prostate, I felt things I'd never felt before, like my whole body was being wanked. Nancy got faster and so did my pumps. They were quicker and had greater range than before – I went from the absolute end of my penis to as close to the base as possible. Staring at the mystery girl I was in my own world, even though I was clearly in the real world. As I touched myself I imagined having sex with that woman, and the way I'd thank Nancy for what she was doing to me.

I temporarily lost control of myself. My face contorted as if I was having a stroke. I struggled to stand up. Nancy propped me up and as she did I got to the stage I was waiting for. Inside my butt was a tingling sensation. My legs started to go weak. I felt an uncontrollable twitching and soon the familiar throbbing reached my penis. I kept on stroking as hot ejaculation exited my penis and filled the condom, creating a warm coat of cum around the head. Nancy pulled out and left me alone.

With the job done, it was time to clean up. With my penis slowly shrinking, I dashed to a toilet. I pulled off the condom, tied it and dropped it in the bin. I dried my cock with paper and left the toilet. Outside I met the attractive black man I saw earlier who drilled Aubrey in the fountain. He introduced himself as Ty – I'm not sure what that was short for.

"Johnny, right? Nice to meet you"

"You too," I reciprocated, "but how did you know my name?"

"Easy – you're pretty much a celebrity here. Everyone knows you. You're like the sex king. Every girl here wants you, trust me..."

"Really? I don't get that many people coming up to me."

"They're probably just scared. If you asked any of them they'd certainly say yes but don't let the power get to your head, it's happened here before and it did not end well."

Good to know, I thought.

"So what have you been up to," I asked Ty, "and how did you join here?"

"Well I've been here for about a year. I'm actually a friend of the boss here, so he let me in no questions asked – I guess I'm lucky to have powerful friends. I don't come here that often, just when I'm feeling turned on or if I'm between girlfriends. Like you, Frost asked me to be in the show – did you find it fun?"

“Oh, I definitely did.”

“So Johnny, what do you want to do here?”

“Well,” I started to answer, “just have a good time I guess. I really like sex, and I guess this is the best place in the world to have it. But you know, there’s something that’s been bugging me.”

“What is it?” Ty enquired.

“There’s a girl, Emma, you might have seen her around. We had sex recently and for some reason I’ve caught feelings for her and nobody else here. There’s something about her, but I can’t put my finger on it. What do you think?”

Ty gave an answer I didn’t want. “Look, this is a community for loads of people to have sex with each other, not fall in love with each other. You have feelings for Emma, but how do you know she’s got them for you? When she’s being boned by some twelve inch dick and licking the bits of another girl, are you sure she’d thinking of you? Just have fun here, leave relationships out of it. You’re here to get your dick sucked, not your life fucked.”

Beautiful rhyming aside, Ty had a point, albeit one I didn’t want to hear. In a way I knew Emma wouldn’t want to be exclusive with me, and I definitely hadn’t been exclusive with her. I made a deal with myself – either try to make something out of Emma and I or do nothing about it and move on. I knew she liked me, but did we like each other enough?

“Anyway Johnny, I have an idea for the two of us. I know a lot of these girls are model-level, but I think there’s a handful who would want to be actual models. I feel we could make some money by starting a photography studio and selling sexy pictures of the girls here.”

What a brilliant idea, I thought. I knew about photography from a course I’d done, and wouldn’t complain about seeing more girls naked. Ideas rushed through my head. I had to agree to the idea, but so did somebody else.

It is at this point I should explain a clause in the contract with Perseus. The club is kept absolutely secret. No discussion of it is permitted outside of the walls of the club, or you can be thrown out. For the same reason, no photographs can be taken of the club or of any members inside it.

Therefore, we had two options: take the models elsewhere to photograph them, or ask Frost for permission to take photos in Perseus. We chose to cover all bases and meet Frost to discuss the plan. In his office, Ty started off the meeting.

“Frost, Johnny and I are planning to start an erotic photography studio and while we’re going to do it outside of Perseus, we wanted to ask if we could also do some studio shooting in here.”

“I’m sure you understand,” Frost responded, “that we need to maintain the secrecy of this institution for obvious reasons, and I can’t realistically let people take photos in here.”

“I think perhaps the risk of this would be lessened if you got a cut of the money we make?”

“That improves it. I think I’ll give it a try, but on some conditions. Firstly, make sure there is no location data in the photos. Secondly, don’t let anything that can be recognised be in the photo. And finally, if anything gets out both of you are going to be removed from Perseus. Do I make myself clear?”

With the bribe secure, Ty and myself agreed to the deal.

## CHAPTER FIVE – IN THE MEADOW

Tuesday. Myself and Ty had got everything ready for our photography studio. We'd started a website, arranged some models, got our equipment ready and had it all moved to the shooting location, a beautiful meadow a few miles out of town, and far from the gaze of the general public.

I had met the model before. Andrine was the Swedish girl I'd focused on when I was pleasuring myself the other day. I was totally sold on her angelic face and I just had to have her for the shoot. Andrine got out of her sports car wearing a cute red summer dress and came up to me.

"Andrine, are you looking forward to the shoot?"

"I've modelled before so this should be easy."

"You sound confident. Have you modelled nude before?"

"Yes, but not in erotic photography. I'm really comfortable in my body; I don't think I'm too arrogant to say that I'm a beautiful woman. So what's the plan for today?"

"We've got an outfit for you to put on, and Ty is setting up the picnic scene now. Once everything's ready I'll take the pictures and you can take off your clothes, but I'm sure you know that already."

With the plan set out, the shoot was ready. I got the outfit out of the boot of my car, a white crop top and a black skirt. Andrine wouldn't be wearing anything other than that. I gave them to Andrine and she changed in front of us – I think she wanted us to look. She unzipped her loose summer dress and it dropped to the earth below. She stepped out and took off her bra and pants too, leaving her shaved body exposed to the light wind. She took the outfit and put both parts on, and Andrine finished by sitting down on the cloth with her legs closed.

The first photo I took was of that. Nothing special really. Next, I asked her to open her legs. Her vagina was partially visible, and it was beautiful. Next she opened her legs further and we got a better look. For the following photo and lifted her legs up and her pussy was squeezed between her thighs, peeking out.

Ty asked her to take her crop top off. She revealed her small breasts and I took more photos. Soon her skirt was off too. Her body was revealed to

the camera and I took a dozen photos of her in different poses, each one sexier than the last.

There was a bottle of milk as part of the set. Andrine opened the bottle and poured the milk over her body; ripples forming over the bumps and crevices of her chest. A few drops reached her special area and dripped off her clitoris onto the cloth below.

Next, Andrine had agreed to use a dildo. She got the dildo out of the bag. The sparkly pink dildo was pushed into Andrine's vagina. The expression on her face was one of extreme pleasure, but it was just acting. To be fair the whole thing was acting, but to the audience it would look realistic. Andrine started thrusting herself with the dildo vigorously – a layer of pussy juice formed around the entrance, making the movements easier and the skin glossier, which was great on camera.

Ty gave me a look of approval. He was enjoying this as much as I was. With Andrine's masturbation getting faster, her displays of pleasure were getting more realistic. When she was turned on Andrine was fiery, almost scary, like a cheetah. There were points when I forgot to take photos because both Ty and myself were staring at her, mesmerised. Without inhibition she looked upwards and let out a cry. White cream began to flow out of her and onto the cloth. Another photo opportunity.

Ty asked her to have a drink of what came out. Andrine used her other hand to get about a teaspoon's worth of cum and licked it clean off her hands. We'd taken about one hundred photos in total and now I left Ty to select the best ones to upload to our new website. As part of our promotion plans the set was also uploaded to Elite Babes, where loads of people would be able to see and enjoy what we'd created.

One week later our website had been quite established and Frost was much more receptive to our demands, seeing its money-making potential.

"That industry is hard to get into," Frost said in his office, with Hazel giving him a shoulder massage, "but amazingly you've pulled it off. I guess Andrine did most of the work in that regard, but that's by no means an insult to you. What do you plan on doing next?"

“I think we’re going to do another shoot first,” I explained, “and then maybe even a video. I’m going to let viewers make suggestions for both of them, unless you have any ideas you’d like to share.”

“My beautiful assistant Hazel was talking to me the other day. I know it come across that I treat her like shit but actually she’s into that. You know, a kink. I asked her if she’d want to model and she was really into that idea. So, do you want to give it a go?”

“Mr Frost,” she asked “Do you know what they’d want me to do?”

That was the first time I’d heard Hazel speak. Her voice was smooth. She’d probably be a good singer – why she’s some sort of sex slave to a millionaire I’m not really sure.

Ty explained to Hazel the idea for the shoot. We wanted Andrine again but she wanted to do something different – something controversial. Our plan, he explained, was for both girls to go out in public and secretly expose themselves while disguising as tourists. A sexy idea, I thought. Hazel was on board and two days later we met in the town centre. The square was the one directly above the Perseus plaza and it was weird to think what happened below us in absolute secrecy.

Hazel had come wearing tight ripped jeans and a lacy crop top. Andrine wore a t-shirt with no bra underneath and a shorts. First we asked the girls to sit on the wall of the fountain and kiss each other. They leant in and grabbed each other’s cheeks. Andrine’s crimson lip gloss bled onto Hazel’s mouth; which was hot for both myself and Ty. Next we went to an alley that people didn’t walk down, and here both women lifted up what they had on top and exposed their tits to the camera. The contrast was breath-taking – Andrine’s were small and unassuming, while Hazel’s were big, boisterous and had huge nipples. I asked them to move face to face and lean into each other. Their boobs were pushing up against the other’s pair, and without asking them to the two girls went in for another kiss. Maybe they were into each other?

In a cute café down the road I pointed the camera underneath the table, where Andrine pulled her shorts so we could see her completely transparent red underwear. Opposite the café was an apartment block where Hazel happened to live. In the empty stairwell Andrine and Hazel leaned over and exposed their buttocks. Ty wanted them to go a little

further, so he pulled their pants down and we took photos of both of their vaginas. They found it quite funny, luckily. With this, we had reached the end of our planned shoot. Ty was going to go back to Perseus, and I was going to go home, but Andrine and Hazel had something different in mind. Hazel took us to her apartment. Inside it was furnished in a modern, minimalist style, with furniture that must of cost a lot – maybe that's why she was Frost's assistant. Instinctively both girls stripped. Andrine pushed Hazel onto the bed naked and pushed her tongue far up her pussy and went crazy. I couldn't believe what was going on, and neither could Ty.

We got the camera out and began shooting again, which the girls wanted us to do. Hazel dragged Andrine onto the bed and they locked their legs together and rubbed. They scissored dangerously fast. Sweat grew on their bodies as they started into each other's eyes, presumably focusing solely on the feelings down there. This great photoshoot had turned into a spectacular one. Andrine was first to finish. Hazel quickly followed, with a little shot of squirt erupting onto Andrine's chest.

Breathing deeply, Andrine looked at us and said "did you get that boys?" We had. This was going to make us loads of money.

I wasn't sure what spurred Hazel and Andrine to fuck on camera for us. Maybe they just were in the mood. Perhaps they'd planned it beforehand. Either way, the shoot got twice as many views as our first shoot. Seeing the shoot, Frost even gave Hazel a pay rise. I guess we all benefitted from that shoot!

## CHAPTER SIX – A BIT OF ROMANCE

My previous reservations about pursuing a relationship with Emma were broken when she unexpectedly invited me on a date the following night. The restaurant was an expensive place near Pegasus Square called The North Star. The evening was wet, with light rainfall setting the cosy mood for the night. Puddles reflected the traffic lights and the tapping on the roof of my car was a relaxing soundtrack. I opened the door and stepped out and into the restaurant. Like many expensive restaurants it was clean and dark. The black walls contrasted with the marble flooring and the scarlet cloth on the seats. The cute waitress directed me to the table – a window seats looking out at the city streets.

I was sat by myself, tucking into the bread on the table and inspecting the menu before Emma arrived. There wasn't much to choose from but all of the options sounded delicious. However, I didn't have much of an appetite tonight (for food) so I thought I'd instead buy two or three starters to eat from.

While biting into the bread I felt a tap on my left shoulder – it was Emma. "Hey" she said, sitting down in the opposite chair.

"You look amazing." I'm no good at flirting in a setting like this but she really did look amazing; she was wearing a silky black dress and red high heels. I felt a bit annoyed I didn't try harder – I was just wearing a black formal shirt and black jeans.

"You look great too." Well, at least she liked what I was wearing.

We chatted a little until we ordered and ate. The conversations we had were intimate; we learnt a lot about each other that night. For example, I never knew that she moved out of her parents' house at 17 and joined Perseus by being personally invited by Frost. It made me want to ask others how they were asked to join or initiated. I told Emma some new information too, such as the photography we'd done before or how I was infatuated with her the moment I saw her – she found the latter cute.

Ultimately, we agreed to go to my house for her to spend the night at mine. Not just for sex, although I was sure we'd have it. Personally, I just wanted a romantic evening with the girl I really wanted to impress. In the car Emma turned to me and asked me a question.

“What was it like when you first met me?”

“At the initiation? When you were naked?” I questioned.

“Yep.”

“I thought ‘you’re so beautiful and hot’ – it was like my perfect woman walked through the door. I knew I wasn’t meant to get feelings for anybody at Perseus but for you I did almost immediately. I know it sounds cheesy but I want you so badly.”

Emma did not reply but she smiled. I continued.

“I think it peaked when we had sex for the first time. When I want to fuck somebody I look for somebody crazier than me and you absolutely were. You’re mad in bed. When you sat on my face my boner was so hard it hurt. When I was properly doing you all I could focus on was you, even as people were looking. And when you drunk my cum out of the flashlight... Holy shit. I could have kept going for hours.”

“With men,” Emma responded, “I think I like to shock them. I do some crazy shit when I’m turned on. I guess if you ever need somebody to satisfy you, I’m always ready.”

“Thanks. And when I was going really fast that time we had sex, what did it feel like?”

“It sort of hurt, but in a good way. It was like a jackhammer was inside me; I could barely move. That fuck was so rough. I haven’t had anything like it since.”

We arrived at my house. It’s small but cute, just like Emma. I opened the black door and before I could even turn the lights on Emma had grabbed me by the neck and stepped in front of me. She moved in for a kiss and I joined in. Her soft lips touched mine; her lipstick slightly sticking. Our mouths danced as the rest of our bodies stood still and enjoyed the moment. All we focused on was the kiss. Emma leaned slightly back and I wrapped my arm around her silky dress as her tongue entered my mouth and touched mine.

Our hearts synchronised as our heart rates raised. I could feel blood moving to my cock and it started to grow, getting straighter and harder the longer the kiss continued. My jeans made my cock grow downwards into my trouser leg, which Emma touched – immediately I throbbed.

Emma was having a similar experience. Leaning backwards, her pussy lubricated itself. Her underwear grew a wet patch, which I felt as I used my other arm to explore under her dress. I used my thumb to caress her clitoris and I used my middle finger to push as far as her pants would let me into her hole. I pushed them away and stuck the finger to the wet void. Trying to turn her on I pulled it out and gave it a lick. Delicious. She pulled my hand towards her mouth and licked it too.

“Come on you horny fuck,” she told me, “let’s have a bath together.”

I’d never shared a bath before, but I was on board. I ran upstairs and turned the tap on. I rushed back downstairs to find Emma struggling to unzip her dress. I did it for her and I pulled it down, revealing black underwear and a beautiful leather corset. She turned to me and I felt that same burning desire as the first time I saw her.

I was next to be undressed. As she unbuttoned my shirt I played with her tits – beautifully round and soft – and then she pulled my jeans down and this revealed my penis (I had gone commando), hard, throbbing and lightly wetted by precum. She inserted the whole thing in her mouth and sucked.

She had been salivating. It coated my cock as she played with it, moving her tongue around to get the best reactions out of me. However, eventually the bath was ready, so I stopped Emma and we ran upstairs. Emma removed her corset and underwear revealing her body. I stepped in the warm bath and Emma joined, sitting directly in front of me and leaning against my body. I pressed my hands against her tits.

Without speaking she passed me a bottle of shampoo, nearly empty. I emptied what was left onto her scalp and massaged it into her hair, encasing it in white foam. Next we needed to wash it off; Emma dropped underwater to clean off the shampoo. Her back brushed my penis as she did this.

Next Emma asked me to clean her body. She poured body wash onto her chest. I rubbed the blue gel in, trying to get as much of her as I could tinted by the liquid. I massaged it into her breasts – as I did this she moved her head to kiss my neck.

Emma asked me to stand up. We stood next to each other in the bath. Emma poured more body wash, this time into her butt. I massaged it

thoroughly, and down her legs too. Emma took the body wash from me and began to clean my body. She got everything she could – my chest, my back, my butt, my legs, and eventually she reached my cock. At this point I did not know what would happen.

Emma laid out her hand and poured body wash onto it – far more than she'd need to clean it. But the meaning of this became clear when she grabbed the shaft and used the lotion as lube, pumping my penis vigorously. I felt my balls tense as the feelings grew stronger. Emma took the opportunity to kiss me as she wanked me, our tongues touching in the heat of the moment and the steam from the bath.

I opted to return the favour. I slipped two fingers into her pussy and pulsated to the rhythm of Emma's pumps. We were both focused on pleasuring each other, but admittedly we needed to be in some interesting positions for it to work – I was in a bit of pain.

I suggested we fuck in a more comfortable position. I laid down in the bath and Emma lowered her wet, glistening body onto my penis. I could feel her hairy crotch through my very thin pubes as Emma jumped up and down on me. The shower gel had turned to foam now and stopped being a good lubricant. I suggested I go and get actual lube, but instead Emma almost emptied the bottle of body wash onto my penis and jumped straight back on.

I grabbed her breasts and used them as stabilisers. The water splashed around the bathtub as white foam emerged from where I was entering her. I felt like cumming, but as soon as I told her she told me to jump out of the bath?

'Was it really disgusting?' I thought. My questions were answered though, when we jumped on the bed after drying ourselves. Emma started to edge me – she'd pump a few times, then stop, then start again. It began agonising, having every opportunity to orgasm ruined. But eventually, she let me cum – and it was spectacular. It had all built up, ready to explode, and the cum shot high into the air and rained onto my body.

Emma cleaned me up, and during this I asked her "What crazy things are you going to do to me next time?"

"Maybe I'll piss on you," she jokingly said. I wasn't into that I thought but I'd be open to give anything a go. But before we could find out the date

was over. Emma slept the night and left in the morning to go to work.  
What a night we had.

## CHAPTER SEVEN – PERSEUS (NOT FOR LONG?)

Despite our rocky beginning, Bennett and I had managed to become great friends even outside of Perseus. We went to bars together, saw a race together at the local track, even had a threesome which I fondly remember. I got a call from him and he asked me to visit his house. I obliged, albeit not sure what he wanted. I got out of my car and walked up the driveway. His house was small but the garden was pretty (a great analogy for Emma then). I knocked on the door and not long afterwards he opened the door wearing only pants and holding a bottle of wine.

“You must be glad I’m not the postman!” I said.

“Actually she’s really hot, I wouldn’t mind her at all.” Bennett objected.

“Smooth bugger. Anyway, why don’t you have any clothes on?”

Bennett invited me in. His house was nothing special. None of the furniture matched each other. It was bought and used with little care for feng shui. He led me through and sat down on a bench in his back garden. The back garden was as nice as the front, with a hot tub, bench, picnic table and flowerbed all surrounded by trees. Bennett signed for me to sit down with him.

“So I brought you over here because I thought it would be fun to have a stripper round.” He explained.

“A stripper? I haven’t watched one of those for years.” I said.

“Well, now’s your chance. She’s actually a friend of a friend so she’s going to give us a special rate.”

“Is she hot?” I wondered.

“Of course.”

However, it wouldn’t be a while until she arrived, so Bennett started to tell me about a sexual experience he’d had a few weeks before.

“So I met her in a club and I took her home, as you do. Neither of us were even drunk,” he explained, “we were just totally into each other. Anyway we got in the hot tub and she just got on top of me, pulled my pants off and fucked me right there.”

“That’s so awesome” I exclaimed.

"It turns out she was one of the celebrity members of Perseus (not that I knew who she was) and she got me that initiation where I meant you. Sadly she left before we started. Anyway, we were fucking in the hot tub..."

As he told the story the hotness got to me a little. I had a boner. Worse, Bennett could see it.

"Wow, I didn't know I could give people boners so easily," he joked.

"Sorry-" I replied before he cut me off.

"You know it's alright around me, we're friends."

"What?"

Bennett told me something I'd never expected a man like him to say. "You can have a wank in front of me. It's not gay, I've done it before."

"Sorry, I just-"

He cut me off again. "Do you want to masturbate, just in general?"

"Yes." I couldn't lie to him about it. I would have gone to the toilet to do it but he's not a man you can say no to easily.

"Then I think we should do it. Live a little."

I had no idea what to think. On one hand I wanted to, not only to get rid of the boner but also to see what it would be like. I just didn't want it to be gay. I'm straight, after all. But before I could think, Bennett had taken his pants off and threw them into the hot tub. He began to pleasure himself in front of me without a care in the world.

Fine, I thought. I took off my clothes too and laid them to one side. I sat back down and started to stroke. I'd never masturbated in front of a man like this before and I did not know how to take it. It was terrifying and exhilarating at the same time.

One thing I noticed was his method. On the upwards strokes he'd rub his palm around the head, something I didn't usually do. But before I could examine his methods further the doorbell rang. We both dashed to the door and opened it wide, completely naked. On the other side was the stripper. She wore a long coat. Her hair was short and brown. Her pale

face had a beauty spot just above her thick lips. She was stunning, almost too stunning to be a stripper.

“Well it looks like you two are excited” She said. And she was right.

As she walked in she took off the coat to reveal a sheer bodysuit. Her whole body was being hugged by tight fabric that we could see through. We sat on the sofa in the living room as she danced slowly and seductively. Both our penises were hard. The stripper took advantage of that. She sat on my lap and rubbed herself over me. Her heat was enchanting, and getting close to her meant I could get a better look at those partially obscured tits.

I felt moisture though. I looked down and saw a hole in her bodysuit. She'd clearly cut it for her pussy. The stripper noticed me looking at it and without hesitation mounted me properly and began fucking. Bennett didn't want to be left out. He ripped the hole to make it larger and went straight for her butt. We both fucked her, feeling the fabric on our skin – it was an odd feeling. But in this moment I got a call despite my phone being on silent. I set it to ring after three consecutive calls so clearly it was important. I answered it.

“Is this Johnny?” the lady on the other end said as I pulled out of the stripper.

“Yes”.

“Can you come to Perseus immediately please, we have urgent matters to discuss.”

“What is it, Hazel?”

“Just get here please.”

Hazel was blunt, and I was worried. She put the phone down. I had to leave immediately, as much as I was enjoying the time with the stripper and Bennett.

Waiting in the reception area for the offices I was scared. Had I done something wrong? Soon enough I'd find out, as I was invited in by Frost personally. He sat me down, fully clothed this time. Clearly this was not a laughing matter. I was glad I had come dressed too. Even Hazel was dressed, in a sexy yet smart black dress.

“It has come to our attention,” Frost started, “that somehow the anonymity of Perseus has become compromised.”

I was shocked.

“Now as you know there are celebrity clientele here; people who will not want others to know about their sexy escapades. They could lose relationships or their careers. We are currently examining the suspects for revealing information about Perseus and I’m afraid to say you’re one of them.”

“Why?” I said frightened.

“Well, that photoshoot of course. Now it isn’t definite that it’s your fault, but I have asked Hazel to take you to her office and do a thorough investigation. Is that clear?”

I nodded, unable to speak. Hazel led me to her office. Hers was smaller but equally well decorated as the other office. She sat at her desk. Behind her was a photo of various models wearing different seductive outfits. But this was not a time to get horny.

Hazel asked some difficult questions. I knew I hadn’t leaked any information, but what about Ty? Weirdly Hazel asked me to take her to the place I’d met Ty. I had met him outside the toilets after finishing my wank during the cabaret. We went into the toilets themselves but instead of asking more questions she wrapped her arms around me and dug her mouth into mine. We made out. Her lips were soft and she smelt beautiful, having put some nice perfume on earlier.

“Can you promise me something?” She asked, breathing deeply.

“Yes, I can.” I answered.

“I’m not going to do the investigation. I knew it wasn’t you. I just really wanted to get some special time with you. Now, I’m going to take you somewhere secret. Never tell anyone about the place or this happening.”

“I won’t.”

She took me back to the offices, where everyone had left. She opened a hidden door in her office and it led to a bedroom and en suite bathroom.

“What is this?” I questioned.

“My hours are really tough so Frost built a little place for me to stay when I couldn’t get home easily. And it’s our little hiding place. As part of me being here he gets to use me for his own pleasure when he wants. I know I should be horrified by it but it turns me on. And now, you get to do things for me...”

I was intrigued. What did she have in store for me?

“Get your cock out.” She told me.

I followed suit. I stripped for her and she stripped too. She laid on the bed and directed my head between her legs. I knew what I had to do. I extended my tongue into her hole and sucked up her juices. But that isn’t what she wanted.

“My butt, dickhead.” She rudely told me.

And so I repositioned to lick her butt. I couldn’t get in far because it was tight but she was enjoying it. She stared at me as I did it. Her pussy got wetter. I leaned my nose into it to take a sniff. Some pussy juice got on it but that’s what I wanted.

Without asking she forced me away and made me stand up. She handcuffed me and pulled me into the bathroom.

“Piss on me.” She told me.

I had never done this before. I didn’t know whether I should. But because of the anxiety of earlier I had drunk a lot and needed to anyway. Hazel got on her knees as I pissed on her. The clear water squirted onto her and splashed off. She giggled as it happened. The piss collected on the floor of the shower. Hazel rolled in it; it covered her entire body. She then laid face down and looked at me.

“Piss in me.”

Okay, this was definitely getting weird. But I didn’t have a choice really – if I didn’t do as she said I could be kicked out, and that would be far worse than what Hazel wanted me to do. I dropped down and inserted my penis into her vagina and forced some more out. It felt weird. The warmth surrounded my penis and was only staying in because of how tight she was.

Hazel turned so her back was to the floor. As she turned the seal was slightly broken and a little bit of my juice poured out, but nothing major. I was nearly out of piss but clearly Hazel wasn't – she began to piss on me, the jet reaching my belly button. I had to admit to her it was turning me on but I didn't want to admit it to myself. It still felt odd.

I pulled out and the piss in her gushed out onto the tiles of the shower. I wanted more though so I went straight back in and fucked her. I came, as did she, and after we cleaned up I noticed a message on my phone from Amina.

“Hey Johnny, it's been a while since we last met – how do you fancy a threesome? I met this girl Liz the other day; she's heard about you and really wants to do it, so if you're in send me a message.”

Amina had attached an image to the text. Amina was being cuddled naked by Liz, who was short and curvy with tattoos and a buzzcut. The hair wasn't what I usually go for, but why would I turn down a threesome?

## CHAPTER EIGHT – LIZ AND AMINA

“Damn, you two are hot!” is what I wrote in my reply to Amina’s request for a threesome.

“So, are you down?” She replied.

“Totally. When and where?” I texted her.

“I can easily book one of the brothel rooms if you want.”

“Deal” I responded eagerly.

The brothel rooms were where I had my exciting encounter with Emma some time ago. If that was anything to go by my time with Liz and Amina would be just as good, if not better.

“Come in the next hour if you can. We’ll be waiting.” She beamed to my phone.

She’d attached another image. It was a surprisingly high quality photo of a pussy, just not hers. It had to be Liz’. It was trimmed but not clean shaven, and Liz had taken the time to have it pierced – I wondered how it would feel when our bodies were touching. That piercing must have been painful though; it went straight through the lips.

Worries aside, an hour later I knocked on the door to the room Amina had specified. I had been feeling cold so I had broken Perseus’ no-clothes policy and worn enough clothing to warm me up just a little. Liz opened the door wearing nothing but bondage ropes around her chest. However, I was drawn first to her breasts – they were enormous. The largest I’d seen so far at Perseus. Underneath them was a large tattoo of a corn snake. An odd choice of snake I thought, considering corn snakes are harmless to humans.

“Why the corn snake?” I asked her.

“Corn snakes kill by choking their prey to death. I like being choked.”

“I see...”

Good reasoning, I thought, although I’m still certain it was an explanation she came up with after realising the tattoo artist had unknowingly drawn a harmless snake on her body.

That's enough about snakes though. On the bed Amina was sitting naked against the headboard, a vibrator against her clitoris. I doubt she'd even noticed me by the time I got to her, as she was clearly in her own world about to reach orgasm. I didn't want to interrupt. Cries erupted from her as she got wetter, the climax invigorating her whole body.

"Did you enjoy that?" I asked her.

"Yes, sorry, I was just passing the time while we were waiting for you."

"You don't need to apologise," I reassured her, "but even if you did I'll be forgiving you not long from now."

Liz smacked me on the bottom and jumped on the bed. "Don't worry Johnny, I'll be punishing Amina more than enough." Liz did a fake bite at Amina. I think I like being around Liz.

"So what do you two plan on doing to me?" I asked, pretending to be worried.

Liz got up and walked over to me, wrapping her arms around my waist and placing her hands on the legs of my trousers. "Well, I'm dominant, Amina's a sub, so what are you? Tell me, Joh-"

She stopped herself as I insert my finger into her vagina and explored. She was wet.

"Switch." I told her.

Liz took the message. "Lie on the bed." I did as she asked.

"Amina," she said, "Sit on his face."

Amina did as she said, sitting on my face. Her butt was right above my mouth, so I gave it a lick.

"Oh my god," Amina cried, "I didn't know I put my butt there, I'm sorry."

"Don't apologise, I've never done this before."

I couldn't see much because her back was in my way, but I could imagine Amina's sexy brown skin starting to sweat with every lick. Liz rewarded me for my work. She inserted my whole penis into her mouth and sucked it. I felt the back of her throat as she deepthroated my dick.

"Fuck!" I couldn't help myself, it felt so good. So erotic. So naughty.

“Are you enjoying this?” Amine asked me.

“Obviously.”

Amina and I had got into a rhythm. As she moved up I'd move down, so neither of us was doing most of the work. Liz was minding her own business, clearly enjoying herself based on her smooth moans and strokes of my leg with her hand. Amina's legs were wrapped around my sides. But sadly, it had to end.

“Get up Amina.” Liz ordered.

And she did just that. As Amina got off me I could finally see the girls again. Amina was lying down, resting her head on my leg. Amina stood to the side of the bed. And in the centre was my penis, glistening with Liz' saliva and my precum.

“What now?” I asked tentatively.

Without speaking Liz used her foot to stroke my penis, pushing it down from its standing position: fully erect and throbbing. I'd never got a footjob before but I wasn't going to turn it down. Amina stuck her toe in my mouth – clean, thankfully, but I wasn't excited by that. I'd try to be dominant, I thought. Perhaps I could get a nice view...

“Hey,” I began to order Amina, “finger Liz.”

Like a good little sub, Amina went straight over to Liz and prepared to explore her vagina. I got excited and waited while Liz's foot glided over my cock. But the good show I expected didn't happen.

Liz slapped Amina away. Clearly she didn't like being the sub instead of Amina, who gasped in shock.

“Oh, what a naughty girl I've been,” Liz acted, “I guess I need to be punished.”

Amina stood for a second wondering what to do. But once she had figured it out, she looked at me, winked, turned Liz sideways so I could see her profile, and gave her a fierce smack on her butt.

“I'm sorry, keep going!” Yelled Liz the naughty girl.

Another slap.

“Again!” Cried Liz.

Two more slaps, one for each cheek. Red marks appeared on the buttocks. Amina's punishment had made me hornier than before, a Liz noticed.

"Don't you have something to say?" Liz asked me. "Perhaps you need to punish me as well."

Indeed I did, albeit solely for my own gratification. I stood up and pushed Liz onto the bed. I ordered her into the doggy position. I got onto the bed too and stuck my cock in Liz' mouth, ready for a facefuck. Amina was into the idea too – she'd put on a strap-on dildo. Together we'd top and tail Liz.

Amina started to thrust before I did. I felt them push Liz into me more, so I started to fuck as well. Looking at Liz' back and Amina's tits we destroyed the rebel. Every time the large dildo filled up Liz she'd scream, and her makeup bled as I fucked her face.

Amina smacked Liz again: clearly Liz had done something really wrong to be punished in this way! Once again I felt the tip of my penis reaching the back of Liz' throat. Every thrust struck a nerve. I lost myself in the moment, fucking more and more vigorously and passionately. I almost forgot Amina was even there – that is until she asked to swap.

Amina dropped the dildo and laid on the bed in front of Liz. She went in and started to lick Amina where it counted. Amina immediately flinched – I had a suspicion she'd be enjoying the next few minutes. Meanwhile, I lined up to enter the dragon. But Liz turned to me...

"In the butt please, I'm not on the pill." She told me.

I was surprised she wasn't on it. I would have thought it would be sensible in a place like this. But the worries were short-lived; Liz' butt looked ripe for shagging. But no matter how much lubed I used I just couldn't get it in. She was just too tight. I still wanted to fuck her though, so for the first time in Perseus I chose to use a condom during sex.

There were a bunch of condoms on a table to the side (condoms were required if you were going to sleep with a sex worker here). I got my usual size and unwrapped it around the shaft. I could feel it compacting my penis, but it was a good feeling. I made my entrance to Liz and started to fuck.

Her vulva was unlike any I'd seen before. It felt simultaneously dry and wet – I didn't feel lubricated but I didn't feel stuck either. The walls had more pronounced bumps and ridges than any girl I'd done the deed with. It was as interesting an experience as it was hot.

I sped up, our skin crashing into each other with every thrust. And each time Liz would be pushed even more into Amina, but it made Amina more pleased anyway. All three of us were in heaven. I was giving my dick a good workout, Liz was getting filled up, and Amina was having a sensory overload in the best way possible.

Forwards and backwards, I sped up again. Amina's cries were becoming more loud and frequent. She was ready to cum. Sure enough, she started to squirt, the jet pushing Liz away and covering her face. Liz turned around and willingly licked the squirt off Amina. Liz truly was something else.

Amina pulled herself towards me and signalled for me to enter her. Her vagina's wetness helped me glide in, with one blissful motion. Liz got up and was attaching the strap-on to herself – double penetration for Amina I thought. But that isn't what Liz had in mind. She pushed me onto Amina. I felt something pushing into me – the strap-on! Liz was pegging me. Humiliating? Perhaps, although I had been fingered by Nancy a while ago. However, as the black dildo caressed my prostate it certainly felt good.

Being pushed into Amina, my thrusts into her were slow and not very deep, but I was clearly hitting the right places, as she was in her own world. I imagine if I called her name she wouldn't hear. On the other hand, Liz was fucking me quickly and vigorously, perhaps seeing it as revenge for the punishment she got earlier. Liz was possibly the most kinky woman I'd met at Perseus – I would absolutely make sure I met her again.

All our hearts were beating, all of us were sweating, and each of us moaned with each other. All three of us were little sluts working hard to pleasure ourselves and each other, but it couldn't last for too long. The massaging of my prostate made me finish much quicker than usual. Deep inside Amina the condom filled up with my white goo as my breaths became deeper.

I pulled out. Amina looked disappointed, but when Liz started to pull the condom off her look changed to one of intrigue. Liz pulled it off slowly,

keeping an eye on the cum inside of it. Carefully she lifted it away, without a spillage to talk about. Slowly she moved it over her vagina and then squeezed it out so it drizzled her area.

“Lick.” She ordered me.

I moved into place and licked her cum-coated cunt clean. This was the first time I'd tasted my own produce – surprisingly good. I could understand why girls liked sucking me off.

“Good work...” Liz reassured me after the final lick.

Amina turned my head sideways and began to kiss me. Her smell entered my nose, a beautiful and relaxing scent. Liz repositioned herself to kiss me. All three of us kissed each other, our lips exploring all they could of each other's. Amina grabbed my cock and started pumping. She wasn't done yet as it turned out. I laid flat on the bed, staring at the two beautiful women. Liz also helped out pleasuring me; she was licking the same butt she'd been fucking earlier on. I was tired out, but both of their contributions got my cock throbbing and not long after that another ejaculation.

More cum spewed out of my penis, and both girls took no time to think about licking it up. Now all of us had tasted my cum, but now it really was time for me to go. I thanked the two girls, took a selfie with Liz and Amina, and left. But before I could even clean up, Frost called me from across the room.

I followed him to his office. His lovely assistant Hazel winked at me as I sat down. Frost noticed my wet penis.

“So, what have you got up to?” He asked me, clearly excited by it.

“I've just been with Amina and Liz,” I answered, “we did some pretty kinky shit.”

“Yes, Liz can be like that...”

“Do you know her?” I asked.

“Yes. I even kicked her out...”

“Wait, if you kicked her out,” I asked with worry, “why is she here?”

“The board let her back. Anyway, I need your help with something.”

I wanted to ask why she'd been let back in and what got her kicked out in the first place, but Frost clearly wanted to move on.

"You know those initiations?" He continued, "Well, we have one tomorrow and the usual judge has gone off sick."

Before finishing his sentence, Frost instructed Hazel to clean me up with some wipes. The cold wet cloths soaked up all the juices from earlier while I listened to the rest of what Frost was suggesting.

"You've 'explored' a lot of Perseus so to speak, so I think you'd be quite a good fit."

"What would I have to do?" I asked.

"Exactly what the judges did at your own initiation. Make sure they're good-looking enough, good in bed and at massages, and help out if they need any help – not with the sex, that is."

I agreed to do it. Frost gave me a box of files, presumably holding the details of the people I'd be judging. However, intentionally or not, he also gave me files of some current members of Perseus, including Liz, mine and Frost himself. That would be an interesting read, but one for another time.