

# A New Means of Control

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Jen whacked the strap-on against Melody's upended ass. This was a strange situation she found herself in. Her husband was due home any moment, the kids were away for the night and her best friend was bent over the bed, her naked pussy dripping before her. The leather straps slightly chaffed her skin around her waist but the double-ended dildo was comfortably ensconced within her cunt. Melody's ass wiggled impatiently.

"What's wrong? Why are you teasing me?" The voice was plaintive.

She hesitated, unsure of what to say. "Because Mike should be home any minute. He'll be pissed."

"But not jealous?"

Jen wondered about that sometimes. "He says he doesn't have a problem with exploration if I don't end up worshipping the other person afterwards."

"You do tend to over-glamorize it."

"How would you know?"

"He's told me."

"Ah." Gripping the latex cock in her one hand, she fingered the wet sloshiness of Melody's cunt. With a quick thrust, she split Melody in two, impaling her best friend to the hilt. The force of their bodies becoming flush with each other sent tremors of pleasure shuddering through each other. Melody let out a long moan, and Jen leaned forward over her, her hands dancing up over Melody's neck and getting good grip on her brown ponytail.

Melody hissed and pushed back against her. Jen reveled in her power over the submissive Melody.

"You act like you've done this before."

Melody giggled. "I have. With Angel."

The revelation was not so surprising. The pair had lived together during their late teens. It made sense that this wasn't Melody's first feminine submission.

“Were you the top or the bottom?”

Melody reached back, stroking Jen’s thighs. “I’m always the bitch.” Her words send a rush of fluids into Jen’s cunt, pouring down around the impaled dildo. The renewed juices threatened to dislodge it, but the straps prevented any unintentional movement. “I wish I could kiss you.”

Jen released her hair, her hands moving to couple Melody’s girlish breasts. She wasn’t as endowed as Jen, but the nipples were found easily enough, twisting beneath the attention Jen provided.

Melody moaned again. “Fuck me, bitch! What are you waiting on?”

Jen didn’t know why she hadn’t begun to move. She had never been in such a domineering position before. Sure, she had raped her husband before, holding his arms down while riding him to oblivion, but never to another woman. Bisexuality made her uncomfortable, but here she found herself – the masculine force in the encounter. It was thrilling as well as kind of frightening.

Regaining her confidence, Jen coiled a nipple between her finger and thumb. “Patience, you little whore. You’ll get this cock and Mike’s.”

Melody rocked back onto the strap on. “Ohhh, I can’t wait! Fuck me Jen!” There was no sense of play, only deathly seriousness.

Jen realized that if she didn’t, Melody would just fuck the unmoving dildo. Leaning forward, she hissed into Melody’s ear. “Fine, bitch, I’ll fuck your hole.”

Gripping Melody’s hips, she began thrusting her hips like the guys she had watched do to her so many times. The sensation wasn’t terribly wonderful for her, the dildo inside her slid little and only marginally touched her g-spot. Only when she forcibly slammed the cock into Melody’s cunt did her clit and g-spot get some sensation.

As the minutes passed, she realized it would take time, but she would cum as long as her legs and hips held up. Melody, on the other hand, was already cumming. Her face buried in the mattress, moaned louder with each thrust. “Oh, god! Yes, Jen! I’m cumming! Fuck me! Fuck me!” Her ponytail bounced around, defying two attempts by Jen to grasp it. Finally she got a good grip, yanking it tight while continuing to slam the strap on into her. Tugging the hair, Melody’s head arched back, and a long howl let loose from her thin lips and gaping mouth.

Jen wasn’t close to climax as she had found herself far too interested in making Melody cum to concentrate on herself. Melody collapsed forward and Jen let the hair slip away from her grip. Panting softly, Melody turned her head, sweat dampening her hair.

“That was wonderful...”

The sound of footsteps on the stairs met their ears. “Christ, what the hell is going on in here? I could hear you both fucking two blocks away!” Mike walked into the room, the sight of the pair of them obviously interesting him. “Shit! Where’d you get that at?” he asked, referring to the strap on.

“Melody brought it.”

“I see she’s also taking it.”

Melody extracted herself from the strap on and spread herself seductively on the bed. “I hope you didn’t mind a little extracurricular activity between Jen and I?”

Mike rolled his eyes and sat down on the bed. “Only if I get a sample as well.”

“We’ll see,” Jen replied, embarrassed that her husband had discovered her being the dom. This wasn’t how she normally acted. No, she liked abusing women during sex, but it had always been a fantasy, since finding feminine subs were difficult to find. Not that she ever went looking... At least not that Mike knew.

Mike stripped off his shirt. “So do I?” Leaving the sampling question out in the open, he walked into the bathroom and closed the door.

Jen sighed. She thought back to the last female friend she left him fuck. He seemed to have enjoyed fucking Christa immensely, but never really commented on it after the fact. To return the favor, he let her fuck some little boy she worked with at the nearby movie house. There was conflict after that when she had revealed her every thought about the encounter to him, and she discovered that he didn’t want to know about it. To spare her feelings, he had kept his feelings to himself about fucking Christa, but unknown to her she didn’t return the favor. “Do you want to fuck Mike?”

Melody’s eyebrows raised. “Why don’t you fuck him while he fucks me? That way neither of us will be left out.”

“Always the equal opportunity provider, aren’t you?”

“I have to keep my friends happy.”

Mike finished in the bathroom, walking out in his work pants. He dried his hands on the towel on the rack while looking back at the pair on the bed. “So?” Jen could see the bulge in his pants.

Melody rolled over onto her back, spreading her legs wide, beckoning to him. “It’s okay with me...”

Mike looked at Jen, who gave him a non-committal look. It was up to him, not her. She knew this would happen, she had done everything but plan this moment. Melody was always so tempting, with her little ass, her sensual lips and tips. She always wore tight, revealing tops, tight jeans and tended to be touchy feely when first seeing her friends. Mike had wanted to fuck her since they were first introduced. Jen had too, only she didn't allow herself to know that little fact until Melody had kissed her the week before, a long lingering passionate kiss that ended with Melody's fingers embedded in Jen's sopping wet pussy.

The past week was too weird. Trouble had come between Nick and Melody, their relationship had found the rocks again. A need was within Melody and Nick would not fulfill it. And so she had turned to Jen and the next thing she knew, they had a date to fuck. Only her husband didn't know it. But he did now.

Jen walked up to Mike, kissed him deeply while extracting his rock hard cock from his pants. His hands massaged her naked breasts, moving downward to where the strap on prevented his fingers from exploring further. As they broke their kiss, she whispered into his ear. "Fuck her sweet and hard. For me."

His eyes were confused, but they quickly cleared when he saw Melody's seductive flesh open and willing for him. Jen felt a pang of jealousy, but she knew her husband had never been popular, never been considered handsome, never experienced the heady sexual days of youth. She knew with sadness, that she had been the first woman that had ever wanted him physically – the first to ever fuck him like they meant it. There had been few since, Melody being only the second since their marriage. To her, this was a gift.

She reached up into the wooden sex box, drawing out the small bottle of Astrolube that they kept for the rare occasion that he wanted to fuck but she didn't, or even the times when her cunt wouldn't cooperate. The bottle was nearly full. It didn't happen very often. She opened the lid and heard Melody moaning. Mike's voice also joined in the sounds of fucking. Bodies wetly slapping. Moaning, both feminine and masculine, filled the air. Pouring a small amount into her hand, she lubricated the strap on dildo. It wasn't massive, not like the big fucking dildo Mike had bought her as a joke three years before. No, it was a little larger than his own, but not by much.

Looking up, his ass was undulating in the air before her. His hips thrust into Melody, each pummel causing her to cry out. "Fuck! Fuck!" she whispered. Mike was beginning to get into a rhythm. Once he got going, got his cock past the Threshold as he called it, he could fuck for hours. So much so that it left her unable to walk the next day. She had to be careful once he passed the Threshold.

Their bodies had merged - a writhing mass of fucking flesh. Melody cried out that she was cumming, but Jen knew her husband wasn't even close yet. When it came to threesomes, he would break away from either party, allowing both to enjoy his cock before he would come. Only today he wouldn't get the chance.

She smiled, moving up onto the bed behind him. Touching the curve of his ass, he paused for a moment, repositioning himself. Was it her imagination or did he actually spread himself wider, giving her a better shot at his ass? He leaned over Melody further, kissing her breasts and neck. Their lips met, their tongues entwined and jealousy took hold of Jen.

She hated it when he kissed other women in front of her. Obviously, he couldn't help himself. It was the one thing he desired more than fucking other women. He always wanted to kiss them.

Sliding forward, her angered form grabbed both sides of his waist and slammed the cock into his ass. It went in harder than she had expected, as she had anticipated no resistance. He yelped beneath her, her body pressed tightly to his. Melody was still cumming beneath them both.

“What are you doing?” he hissed, pushing back against her. The dildo slid in further.

“I'm going to fuck you. You're going to feel what it's like to be fucked.”

She slowly worked the cock out of his ass, not all the way, but then she slammed it back in. Needed more lube. She poured it liberally between his ass cheeks as she began to fuck him. Once properly lubed, she stopped and addressed him again. “Now, you're going to fuck her while I fuck you. You're going to be the one moving, so get to fucking.”

Strangely, the words made her feel empowered. Her husband now lay below her, his cock in one of her best friends while a strap on was in his ass. As he thrust into Melody for his pleasure, the cock in his ass slid outward. As he drew out of Melody to prepare to penetrate her again, he pressed back hard against the dildo and pushed it against her engorged clit. The sight of him acting as a go-between, taking pleasure from both, while giving pleasure to both, was intensely arousing. He moaned with every movement, his fingers clawing at the bed sheets as he slowly picked up the pace. Soon he was bouncing between them like a ping-pong ball.

“That's it! Work that ass. Work her pussy!” she found herself yelling. Melody shouted that she was cumming again.

“Jen! She's so tight!” he screamed as Melody wrapped her arms around him, drawing her body up to his. “I don't know how long...”

Jen began bucking into his bouncing ass, meeting his every reversing thrust. Her hands gripped his hips, fucking him instinctively like a man. The roles had reversed and she found it liberating. For once in her fucking life, she was in the commanding position. She was in master's seat. She was in absolute control.

“Oh, god!” he cried. “I can’t stop it. I’m cumming!”

Melody shrieked and threw her head back, her hands grabbing onto Jen’s breasts, tugging and twisting at the hard tight nipples. Suddenly they were past the point of no return.

It rushed up on her like something out of a tornado. The storm had been building on the horizon without her knowledge for some time. Her orgasm hit her like a sweeping whirlwind, driving her upward into frenetic pleasure. Her clit exploded, sending a wave of shuddering joy throughout her body. In the distance, her husband’s voice shouted out once and somehow, she felt his orgasm through his ass, through the dildo and into her pussy. The strap on dildo became a living extension of her body. For one brief moment, she understood exactly what it was like to own a cock.

Her vision swirled and she fell forward, the trio toppling like dominos. For a long time, all she heard was the sound of rushing water in her ears. Hands explored her body, and she smelled Melody as she kissed her way up to meet her lips. Melody lay over her, her slick sweated skin sliding over her own. The sensation was delicious. Her husband followed Melody, join her as they stroked and kissed her breasts and neck. Every now and again, the pair kissed and she found herself with the urge to fuck her husband again. “Are you alright?” Melody whispered.

“I don’t know.” She reached down between her legs, feeling the latex cock strapped to her body.

Maybe she had just found another means of control.

End