

# Conversation

Keith J. Bowers

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Published by Keith J. Bowers  
[kjbowers1@hotmail.com](mailto:kjbowers1@hotmail.com)

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“So, you enjoy coming to these places?” Steve nonchalantly asked. He leaned up against the side door of the van, looking over at the man who stood nearby. Steve didn’t know his name and likely neither did Marie.

The man was taller than him, wore a black tie and shirt with polished wingtips. His hair was short and spikey and looked to be no more than twenty-five. “Yeah, they’re interesting, but you know, you gotta have variety. I don’t always come here - sometimes I go to Club Paradisco, sometimes to the Firehouse in downtown Philly.” Steve didn’t think he was all that handsome, but Marie did and that was all that mattered.

“This is the first we’ve been to,” he told the guy.

He adjusted his shirt collar, loosening it up. “Your decision or hers?”

“The decisions is always hers, I merely made the suggestion.”

The man laughed, repositioning himself. “Yeah that’s the way it always is, isn’t it? The men want to fuck around, the women have to be persuaded and by the end of the night, they’re the ones getting fucked and the husbands aren’t.”

Steve smiled at him, knowing that he spoke the truth, before looking back at Marie, who’s face was pressed into the seat cover of the van. She was on her toes, her skirt pooled around her waist, her naked ass being impaled by the guy Steve was speaking with.

The night air was cool and with a slight breeze. The parking lot was empty, as the club had finally closed around two. All around them, people were leaving together in pairs, all of them I knew were bound for after hour parties. It had been our first time at a club of this type. Even though they were in shadow, there were catcalls of various intensity.

The man began slowly fucking Marie while Steve continued to watch. This was for her benefit, as a method of convincing her to return. He hadn’t met anyone that wanted to fuck him, but then he was the shy one of the couple. It was interesting to watch her be fucked.

A thought occurred to him. “Am I bothering you by being here?”

The man laughed. “Not really, it’s keeping me grounded.” He thrust his hips deep into Marie, his balls slapping her outer pussy lips. She moaned and pushed back against him. “Keeps me from shooting off too soon. I mean, she’s a delicious fuck. You’re very lucky.”

“Yeah, everyone wants to fuck her.”

They had met only hours before in the sex club, the man having approached Marie, buying her a drink while he was out on the dance floor. By the time Steve had returned, the man was whispering into her ear while her hand slowly masturbated his cock through his open pants.

Marie hadn’t the courage to pursue it further and so eventually the club had closed. As they walked out the door, Steve grabbed the man and led him outside, quickly discussing his wife’s desire, but unwillingness to pursue it.

Minutes later Marie was in the position she was currently in, bent over the seat being fucked from behind by a man she barely knew. Maybe she knew his name, maybe not. Its not like Steve cared, she wouldn’t be seeing him again.

“It’s too bad you didn’t find anyone. There’s a party over on the west side, but for each guy you have to have a girl to get in.” His pace had quickened, and Steve watched as the guy’s cock slid in and out of his wife’s sloshing cunt. Marie’s moans echoed through the van and her hands tried to grip the cloth interior, but they kept slipping.

“How’d you get in the club? I thought it was couples only.”

“Yeah, well, the woman I came with also ran off with a lipstick lesbian and her girlfriend. She’s a friend of mine and we do it to get in these clubs. We have to act all lovey-dovey, but that’s the price of hooking up at these places.”

“So if it wasn’t for Marie, you’d be going home alone too?”

“It’s possible. Nothing’s guaranteed. But if nothing else, I got to watch two lesbians go at it on the bar in there as well as some stud take this really hot chick in the corner.”

Steve remembered the scene with the lesbians, he had stumbled into it while returning from the bathroom. “Yeah, it was quite interesting.”

The guy gripped Marie’s hips, lifting one of her legs and resting it on the floor of the van. The position opened her up wider, spreading her cunt and allowing a deeper penetration.

“This is her favorite position,” Steve told him as he began fucking her in earnest. He slammed her hard and fast, using his open palm to slap her ass. Marie cheered him on, meeting every thrust with a muffled moan.

“I can tell,” he said as he grabbed her around the waist, closing the space between them. “I’m going to fire off here soon. Does she like it in or out?”

“She like to feel it burn inside of her.”

“Oh she will,” he rasped out as he bent over her, fucking her with utter abandon.

Marie cried out. “Fuck! Give it to me, fuck me! Fuck me!” Her arms braced her body by pushing against the driver’s seat. Steve could see her wetness running the entire length of her legs, making them shine in the streetlights. The guy roared, pounding into her as he came. “Yes! Yes! Yes,” Marie shouted in the car.

As the pair came together, Steve looked around, seeing several heads turn quizzically his way. He smiled and shrugged, hoping that one day he’d be the one doing the shouting.

Steve walked over to the driver’s side, opened the door and slid into the seat. Marie looked up at him, her face flush in the interior light. She blinked unknowingly at him. The guy backed up, extricated himself from her and adjusted his pants.

“Hope I was able to relieve some of her tension,” he said as he buttoned his fly. Marie laid her head on the seat and tried to get in. The man helped her into the passenger seat and shut the door. He touched her disheveled face and said: “Don’t forget that with all the passion you have, there is another who has as much as you. Don’t let him go wanting.”

Marie leaned her head against the window, trying to regain her breath. The man waved once to them as he walked slowly to the car.

“Hmm. I never asked for his name,” I told her. “Did you?”

Marie didn’t answer, as she was already asleep. Steve started the car and put it in gear. The road home was long and quiet.