

Exchange

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The hand felt secure on the back of her neck. The fingers massaged gently, not hard nor soft, nearly absentmindedly. Michele was joyously ambivalent to having others touch her body. Especially women. They were always gentler than men, even gay men. They moved up into her hairline, beneath the long brown hair that sweated underneath. The dampness was caused by the closeness of the dance floor. Michele couldn't dance, but she enjoyed watching the others bounce and flail to the terrific bass beat. The lights danced and spun, reflecting off her eyes and the glistening bodies before her.

She longed to join them, but she knew that she'd be a threat to the well being of anyone around her. When she danced, people got hurt. And the fingers raking her scalp, pulling her hair, was far more pleasurable.

The woman she didn't know, but then, maybe it wasn't a woman after all, she was terrified to look. She was afraid the woman would be hideous, but the sensation of physical contact was electric.

Her husband was out there, bobbling like a fool. He was as bad a dancer as she, but he didn't care what he looked like or how many people he mangled. Catching a glimpse of him, Michele saw that he was grinding his crotch into the mini-skirted leg of a tall brunette. Her arms were around his neck with her bulbous breasts pressed against his chest while her head tilted back, facing the ceiling. The woman's eyes were closed.

The sight aroused her, knowing her husband was pleasuring himself on another. His cock would be hard, and when the night ended, he would fuck her like no one else

could, rough, violent and demanding. She lived for the nights when they went out alone, without the kids, without responsibility.

The fingers in her hair moved down her back, gently stroking the exposed skin revealed by the opened back dress. The owner of those fingers drew closer, and a scent of apple cinnamon drifted over her.

“I think that’s your husband out there, occupied with the brunette.” The voice was decidedly feminine indicating that she was correct in her assumption.

“Yes,” Michele whispered. “That’s James, my husband.”

“He’s dancing with my woman.”

“Yours? You own her?” Michele still did not turn to face the woman who whispered into her ear.

“As much as I can.”

The woman’s arms slid around Michele’s waist, coming to rest against the softness of her belly. Michele’s pulse quickened and a warm squishiness formed between her legs. She wasn’t wearing underwear, as James would rip them from her on the way home. At this moment, she wished she did because a thin rivulet of wetness ran down her leg.

The thought of it surprised her, she had never been aroused by a woman before. And this one had done little more than touch her neck and back. The woman moved closer, becoming like a second skin to Michele. Lips touched her neck, grazing softly and gently. “My woman desires a man tonight…”

“Does that bother you?” Michele blurted out. Too quick, her desire broadcasted to the woman who embraced her. Her breath had become ragged.

“Yes, it does. But my woman desires cock. I cannot refuse her. It looks as if your man desires her in return.” Her breath was hot in her ear. “Does that bother you?”

Michele could scarcely keep from hyperventilating. It took her a long time to force her lips to speak the answer that had instantly formed on her tongue. “No. It doesn’t. I know he’ll fuck me hard when we leave here.”

“Ah, a nasty little tongue you have there.”

Michele looked unconsciously to her left, seeing the woman who held her for the first time. She was a beautiful red head, cut severe and with soft white skin and dark eyes. A small diamond nose ring punctuated the image. Michele nearly came right there.

Michele turned quickly back to the dance floor, watching the music continue. The redhead's right hand slid slowly down, moving beneath the thin waistband of the satin skirt she wore.

"What are you doing?" Michele whispered at the violation.

"What we both want. My woman wants your man. I want you... Its an even exchange."

"What about me?"

The redhead's fingers slid over Michele's lips and into the fluid that now ran freely down her legs. "Oh, I believe that you will get what you desire."

Gasping, Michele looked to her husband, his hands now beneath the woman's blouse, her lips and tongue entwined with his. Yes, it would be an even exchange tonight. Both parties would be satisfied.

"It's time we leave, don't you think?"

Michele could not disagree.

End