

First Night at the Club



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Elena adjusted the thin black silk of her dress in the passenger seat mirror for the third time. The fabric clung to her curves like a second skin, the deep V plunging almost to her navel, the hem riding high on her thighs. Marcus's hand rested on her bare knee as he drove, his thumb tracing slow circles that made her pulse flutter.

"You look incredible," he said, glancing over. His voice was low, already thick with anticipation. "Every man in that place is going to want you."

Elena's cheeks warmed. At thirty-eight, she still wasn't used to being looked at the way Marcus looked at her—like she was the only woman in the world and he couldn't wait to share her. They'd talked about this for months. Fantasy after fantasy whispered in the dark after sex, growing bolder until the words "swingers club" no longer made her blush. Tonight was the night they finally stepped through the door.

The club sat behind an unmarked black façade on a quiet side street. No neon. No line. Just a discreet buzzer and a heavy door that opened onto soft red light and the low pulse of music. A hostess in a sheer bodysuit checked their membership cards with a polite smile and gestured them inside.

The main lounge was pure decadence—low couches, velvet curtains, mirrored walls, and the scent of expensive perfume mixed with something darker, more primal. Couples and small groups mingled, some already half-undressed, others still fully clothed and watching. On a raised platform near the back, a woman was on her knees between two men, her soft moans carrying just enough to make Elena's thighs press together.

Marcus's hand slid up her back. "Breathe, baby."

She did. Then she took the champagne a server offered and let the cool liquid settle her nerves.

They found a quiet corner couch and sat close, Elena's bare thigh pressed against Marcus's. He kept one arm around her shoulders, his fingers tracing the edge of her dress. Every so often his hand would dip lower, brushing the soft swell of her breast, or higher, sliding under the hem to stroke the lace of her thong. Elena's breathing grew shallow. She could feel herself getting wet already, the thin fabric between her legs growing damp.

A couple approached—tall, dark-haired man in an open shirt, and a redhead in a short gold dress that barely covered her ass. The woman smiled at Elena with open appreciation.

"First time?" she asked, voice warm and throaty.

Elena nodded.

"I'm Claire. This is my husband, Daniel." The redhead's eyes drifted down Elena's body without shame. "You're stunning. Mind if we sit?"

Marcus's fingers tightened slightly on Elena's waist—permission and encouragement in one touch. Elena smiled. "Please."

Conversation flowed easily. Claire's hand found Elena's knee, then drifted higher, slow and deliberate. Daniel watched with dark eyes while Marcus's thumb stroked the side of Elena's breast through the silk. The four of them drank, laughed, and the air between them thickened until Elena could barely focus on the words.

Claire leaned in, lips brushing Elena's ear. "Would you like to come to a private room with us?"

Elena looked at Marcus. His pupils were blown wide, his cock visibly hard against his trousers. He gave the smallest nod.

They followed Claire and Daniel down a hallway lined with closed doors, some of them open enough to reveal tangled bodies and low sounds of pleasure. The room Claire chose was intimate—large bed, soft lighting, a long mirror along one wall, and a velvet chaise.



The door clicked shut.

Marcus was the first to touch her. He turned Elena toward him and kissed her deeply, tongue sliding against hers while his hands pushed the thin straps of her dress down her shoulders. The silk whispered to the floor. She stood in only a black lace thong and heels, her nipples already tight.

Claire stepped behind her, warm hands sliding around Elena's waist, then up to cup her breasts. "God, you're soft," she murmured, and pressed a kiss to the side of Elena's neck.

Daniel watched for a moment, then moved in. He took Elena's face in his hands and kissed her while Marcus's mouth closed over one nipple and Claire's fingers slipped beneath the lace of her thong.



Elena gasped into Daniel's mouth as Claire's fingers found her clit, circling slowly. Marcus sucked harder, teeth grazing, and Elena's knees nearly buckled. Claire's free hand guided one of Elena's back, pressing it against the hard length of Daniel's cock through his pants. Elena squeezed instinctively.

Clothes disappeared in a flurry of hands. Marcus stripped, his thick cock springing free, already leaking. Daniel's was longer, slightly curved. Claire's body was lush—full breasts, soft stomach, the neat landing strip between her thighs already glistening.

They guided Elena onto the bed. Marcus stretched out beside her, kissing her deeply while Daniel settled between her thighs. The first long stroke of his tongue made her cry out. He licked her slowly, thoroughly, spreading her open with his thumbs so he could suck her clit between his lips. Claire straddled Elena's chest, offering her breasts, and Elena took one nipple into her mouth, sucking greedily while Claire rocked against her.

Marcus watched for a moment, stroking himself, then moved up the bed. He fed his cock between Elena's lips. She moaned around him as Daniel's tongue pushed inside her, fucking her with it while his thumb rubbed tight circles on her clit.

The dual sensation—Marcus filling her mouth, Daniel devouring her pussy—sent her spiraling. Claire's soft moans above her only added to the heat. Elena came hard, thighs shaking around Daniel's head, her cries muffled around Marcus's cock.

They didn't give her time to recover.

Marcus pulled free of her mouth and moved behind her, lifting her onto all fours. Daniel lay back against the pillows and Elena crawled over him, taking his cock into her mouth while Marcus positioned himself at her entrance. He pushed in slowly, stretching her, filling her until his hips met her ass. Elena moaned around Daniel's cock as Marcus began to fuck her with deep, steady strokes.

Claire knelt beside them, one hand between her own legs, the other stroking Elena's back. "She's taking you so well," she whispered to Marcus, and leaned down to kiss him.



Marcus's rhythm grew harder. The wet sound of his cock sliding in and out of Elena filled the room. Daniel's hands tangled in Elena's hair, guiding her mouth as she sucked him. When Claire moved behind Marcus and reached around to cup his balls, he groaned and thrust deeper.

Elena came again, clenching around Marcus so tightly he had to still for a moment. Then he pulled out, breathing hard.

They rearranged.

Claire lay on her back. Elena straddled her face, lowering her soaked pussy onto Claire's waiting tongue while Daniel knelt behind Elena and pushed inside her in one smooth thrust. Marcus knelt in front of Claire, feeding his cock into her mouth. The four of them moved

together—Elena riding Claire's tongue, Daniel fucking Elena from behind with long, powerful strokes, Marcus fucking Claire's mouth while his hands roamed Elena's breasts.

Daniel's grip on Elena's hips tightened. He reached around and rubbed her clit in time with his thrusts. The dual stimulation was too much. Elena came with a broken cry, her body shaking. Daniel followed moments later, burying himself deep and pulsing inside her with a low groan.



Marcus pulled free of Claire's mouth and guided Elena off her. He lay back, back and Elena sank onto him, taking every inch, her pussy still fluttering from her orgasm. Claire straddled Marcus's face, and he licked her hungrily while Elena rode him. Daniel recovered enough to kneel beside them, offering his still-hard cock to Elena's mouth. She sucked him clean, tasting herself on him, while she bounced on Marcus's cock.

Claire came first, thighs clamping around Marcus's head, her cry sharp and sweet. Elena followed, grinding down hard as another orgasm ripped through her. Marcus's hands clamped on her hips and he thrust up hard, filling her with thick pulses of cum.

They collapsed in a tangle of limbs, breathing hard, skin slick with sweat. Soft laughter. Slow kisses. Hands stroking hair, shoulders, thighs.

After a while Claire slipped from the bed and returned with cool water and warm towels. They cleaned each other with lazy, intimate care. Elena lay between Marcus and Daniel, Claire curled against her other side, fingers tracing idle patterns on Elena's stomach.

"Still glad we came?" Marcus murmured against her temple.

Elena turned her head and kissed him, slow and deep. “I’ve never felt more wanted in my life.”



Claire’s soft laugh brushed her shoulder. “The night’s still young.”

And it was.

They stayed for hours more—sometimes watching other couples through the open doorway, sometimes joining a third couple for a brief, heated tangle on a nearby couch, sometimes simply lying together in the private room while hands and mouths rediscovered every sensitive place. Marcus fucked Elena against the mirror while Claire and Daniel watched and stroked each other. Later Elena and Claire took turns riding Daniel while Marcus watched, then claimed Elena again from behind while she was still full of another man’s cum.

By the time they finally dressed and stepped back into the cool night air, Elena’s legs were unsteady and her body hummed with a deep, satisfied ache. Marcus’s arm was solid around her waist. He kissed the top of her head as they walked to the car.

“First night,” he said quietly. “But not the last.”

Elena smiled into the darkness, still tasting champagne and skin and the sharp, sweet edge of something new. “No,” she agreed. “Not the last.”