

THE DICE GAME



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The invitation had been casual. “Come over Saturday. Dinner, drinks, nothing fancy. We just want to get to know you both better.”

Sarah and I had met them only twice before—once at a mutual friend’s barbecue and once for coffee. They were our age, mid-thirties, easy to talk to, attractive in that relaxed, confident way. Michael was tall, dark-haired, with a calm smile. Elena was petite, dark-eyed, and laughed easily. We accepted.

Their house was warm and modern, soft lighting, low music. Dinner was excellent. Wine flowed. Conversation stayed light until the plates were cleared and Michael brought out a small wooden box and two large, soft, fluffy dice—pink and black, almost comically oversized.

Elena smiled at us. “We should warn you. Our parties tend to get... interesting after dinner. If either of you wants to leave or just watch, that’s completely fine. No pressure. But if you’re curious...”

Sarah glanced at me. I gave a small nod. We had talked about swinging in theory for over a year. We had never done more than flirt with the idea.

“We’re curious,” Sarah said.

Michael explained the rules. Roll the dice. The number determined which deck of cards you drew from—mild, medium, or intense. Each card was a task. You could refuse any card, but if you accepted, you followed through in front of everyone. The group that night was small: just the four of us plus their close friend Daniel, a divorced guy in his late thirties who had arrived after dessert. Five adults, open, tipsy, and increasingly honest.

The first few rounds stayed playful. Elena had to kiss Sarah for a full minute. Michael had to let Sarah feed him a strawberry from between her lips. I had to remove Elena’s blouse and kiss her collarbone. Sarah had to sit on Daniel’s lap while he described what he found most attractive about her. Tension built like heat in a closed room. Clothes loosened. Hands wandered a little further each time. Laughter mixed with heavier breathing.

Then Sarah rolled a high number and drew from the intense deck.

She flipped the card over and read it aloud. Her voice stayed steady, but a flush rose up her neck.

“Choose two men from the group—excluding your own partner—and have full sex with both of them while everyone watches.”

Silence lasted three heartbeats.

Elena’s eyes sparkled. Michael leaned back in his chair, already half-hard in his jeans. Daniel looked at Sarah with open hunger. I felt my pulse in my throat.

Sarah looked at me first. “You okay with this?”

I was hard. I was nervous. I was more turned on than I had ever been in my life. "If you want it," I said, "I want to watch you take it."

She smiled—slow, wicked, and a little nervous. Then she turned to Michael and Daniel.

"You two."

They stood without hesitation.

Sarah rose, walked to the center of the living room where a thick rug covered the floor, and began undressing. She did it slowly, eyes moving between the two men and then to me. Blouse first. Bra. Skirt. Panties. She stood naked in the soft light, body soft and full, nipples already tight. Michael and Daniel stripped just as efficiently. Both were hard, thick, different in shape—Michael longer, Daniel thicker.

Sarah sank to her knees.

She took Michael into her mouth first, sucking him deep while her hand stroked Daniel. The wet sound of her lips filled the quiet room. Elena moved to sit beside me on the couch, her hand resting lightly on my thigh as we watched my wife work. Sarah switched, taking Daniel all the way to the back of her throat while she stroked Michael. She looked up at them both with glassy eyes, spit shining on her chin.

Michael lifted her gently and laid her on her back on the rug. He spread her legs and pushed into her in one smooth thrust. Sarah gasped, back arching. Daniel knelt beside her head and fed her his cock again. She sucked him greedily while Michael fucked her with long, deep strokes. The wet slap of skin on skin mixed with her muffled moans.

I watched my wife's breasts bounce with every thrust. I watched her throat work around another man's cock. Elena's fingers slipped under the waistband of my pants and wrapped around me. She stroked me slowly while we both stared.

Michael pulled out, flipped Sarah onto her hands and knees, and entered her from behind. Daniel moved in front of her so she could keep sucking him. Sarah pushed back onto Michael's cock like she was starving for it. Her moans grew louder, wetter. Elena whispered against my ear, "She's taking them so well. Look how wet she is."

Sarah came the first time with Michael buried deep and Daniel in her mouth. Her whole body shook. Michael kept fucking her through it until she was whimpering. Then the two men switched. Daniel took her from behind while Michael claimed her mouth. Daniel fucked her harder, hands gripping her hips, pulling her back onto him. Sarah's cries were raw and open.

They moved her again—this time onto Michael's lap as he sat on the edge of a low ottoman. She sank down onto his cock, facing him, and began to ride. Daniel stood behind her, stroked himself for a moment, then pressed the head of his cock against her ass. Sarah looked back at him, nodded, and breathed out slowly as he pushed in. Both men filled her. She dropped her head onto Michael's shoulder and moaned continuously while they fucked her in rhythm—one in her pussy, one in her ass.

I had never seen her look more lost in pleasure. Elena was fully stroking me now, her own breathing uneven. Across from us, Elena's free hand was between her own legs.

Sarah came again, harder, body clamping down on both cocks. Michael groaned and flooded her pussy. Daniel followed moments later, buried deep in her ass. They stayed inside her while the aftershocks rolled through her. When they finally pulled out, cum slipped down her thighs. Sarah stayed on Michael's lap, panting, smiling, eyes half-lidded.

She looked at me.

"Come here," she whispered.

I went. She pulled me down and kissed me deeply, letting me taste both men on her tongue. Then she guided me onto my back, climbed on top, and sank onto my cock still slick from everything that had just happened. She rode me slowly, almost tenderly, while Michael and Daniel watched and recovered. Elena knelt beside us and kissed Sarah while she moved on me. I lasted maybe two minutes before I came hard inside my wife, hands gripping her hips, face buried against her breasts.

Afterward we all collapsed in a loose, sweaty pile on the rug and the couches. Someone brought water. Someone else found a soft blanket. Sarah curled against my chest, legs still trembling, and kissed the side of my neck.

"I can't believe I just did that," she murmured.

"You were perfect," I told her.

Michael raised a glass from the other side of the room. "To new friends."

Elena laughed softly. "And to dice."

We stayed late. There was more touching, more kissing, more slow exploration, but nothing quite reached the intensity of Sarah taking both men in front of us. When we finally got dressed and said goodnight, Sarah held my hand tightly in the car.

Halfway home she said, "I want to do that again. Not every weekend. But again."

I squeezed her fingers. "Whenever you want. I'll be right there watching."

She smiled into the dark, still glowing, still a little sore, and already thinking about the next roll of the dice.







