

The Suburban Wives Club – Excerpt

Gail went into the kitchen and spoke with Horace to help her bring two more lounge chairs from inside. While Horace did that, she went and got an expensive bottle of rum out the fridge along with two glasses. She wore a summer shirt tied below her breasts showcasing her mid-section and jeans shorts. Gail was often vain when it comes to showing off her pair of legs however she can.

She walked gingerly out of the kitchen backdoor to join the circle of women chatting in her yard. Gail placed the rum bottle on the table then handed Jolene a glass, leaving the other beside the bottle. Horace came out of the kitchen dragging two chairs with him. He arranged one between Monica and Gail, and the other he kept beside Mary.

He slapped his palms together when he was done and turned to Gail. “I’ll be inside if you need me, darling.”

“Thanks, honey,” she kissed his cheek. “I and the girls are going to be just fine with ourselves here.”

Horace waved at them before returning to the kitchen and shut the door behind him.

“I hope you ladies won’t mind some rum?” Gail went around filling their glasses. “If any of you need ice, I’ve got enough in the fridge. Just say the word.”

“I can use some ice, thank you,” Mary said.

“Okay. Gimme just a minute.” Gail returned to the kitchen and was back later with a pack of ice cubes in hand and gave it Mary, then went back to refilling the women’s glasses before doing the same to hers.

“I’m so happy you decided to come over,” Gail said to Jolene after returning to her chair.

“Are we expecting someone else?” Jolene indicated the other empty chair.

“Yeah, it’s for Hailey Rossen. She lives on Melvin road. You know of her?”

“Vaguely,” Jolene said. This got Monica laughing.

“You sure know how to keep away from people, Jolene.”

Jolene couldn’t think of what to say to that.

“Oh, let her be, won’t you, Monica,” said Gail. “Jo is a good girl. She’s just been too good all her life.”

“I was like her once,” Mary said somewhat sympathetic for Jolene. “I, too, used to be a sort of ‘into-myself’ type of girl. But that changed when someone unexpectedly brought me out of my shell.”

“Your husband?” Jolene asked?

“I wish,” said Mary. “But not really. The ‘someone’ and two of his friends stole into my home one night when my husband and I returned from a company party.”

“They robbed you?” Monica asked the question.

Mary gushed with laughter. “Well, yes, they did. But later that was before they gave me the best damn fucking I’ve ever gotten from any man ever in my life.”

The women broke into laughing uproar, except Jolene who looked somewhat perplexed by what she just heard.

“You mean they . . . *raped* you?”

“That was what it seemed at first,” Mary explained. “But, I don’t know, except in the midst of that I was getting some great fucking. Later on, I found out it was all planned. Like Gail here, I’ve got a neighbors who’d been trying to see about getting I and Donald, my husband, to join their cuckold circle.”

“Cuckold circle?”

“Oh, come on, Jo,” Gail said impatiently. “You aren’t that naïve not to know what being a cuckold means, do you?”

Jolene answered with a shrug. “I’ll be honest with you ladies. I never had a clue of any of that. Not until what I saw from you two days ago.”

“What was it you two did?” Monica asked, leaning forward in her chair. “Wasn’t that when we saw at the Fountain Shop?”

“Yes, but afterwards,” Gail said, taking over the conversation. “I was feeling kinda bored with myself that day. But that was when Jo and I ran into two black gentlemen right when we were about leaving the Drive-Thru and followed them to Culverton where they lived. Jolene took a backseat and watched while I had fun with both of them.” She laughed when she was done.

“Damn,” Monica gasped. “You had two, and Jolene here did nothing besides watch?”

“Come on, Monica,” Jolene retorted indignantly. “I’ve never done stuff like that before. But I’ll admit afterwards I couldn’t help thinking about it. Which brings me to what I wanted to talk to you about,” she said to Gail. “That evening,

I got to thinking about everything and it sort of got me feeling strange with myself for no reason. I got all dressed up and ready for when Marty got home.” She chuckled as she recounted the event. The other women were smiling, too, waiting for her to continue. “I wore this sexy black see-through dress he’d bought me months before, but I seldom wear. He came into the bedroom and I think I heard his jaw hit the floor when he saw me. It’s been a long time since we had crazy sex like that.”

“Did you tell him about our adventure?” Gail asked.

“No way in hell. Are you kidding? He’d have blown a fit if ever he knew.”

“But he should know,” Mary suggested. “If this is what you deserve, then you can’t deny him not knowing. The way mine happened, I never could have stopped or control it. The black men fucked me all night, but before that they tied my Donald to a chair and made him watch. Somehow I got to loving it and even wanted them to stay over. For Donald, it took him a while to get over that night.”

“Me, I thought I was smart keeping mine on the down low,” said Monica and everyone looked at her. “The guy you and Gail saw me with at the Drive-Thru, his name’s Simon and we’ve been seeing each other and fucking for months now. But I never knew Daniel knew about us already.”

“How did that happen?” Gail asked.

“I really don’t know. Somehow he’d figured something and hired someone to follow us. That morning he showed me photos of Simon and I in bed, then told me to bring Simon so he could meet him face to face. I tell you, I’ve never been as afraid as I was that day. I called Simon up and I told him everything when we were at the Drive Thru and brought him home with me.” She stopped to sip of her

drink. “But then things got strange. Daniel had me wear this corset outfit he’d bought.” She paused to let her next words sink in. “Then he told me and Simon to go ahead and fuck each other.”

“What?” Jolene blurted.

The three women again broke into laughter while Jolene looked at them like she was the sanest person there. Gail looked past where Mary was sitting and saw their fourth companion coming to join them.

“Hailey!” Gail called out. All three women stopped their laughing to see who she was referring to.

Gail went to welcome Hailey Rossen who was coming down the narrow pathway that separated the main house from the garage. Both women hugged each other and then Gail led her to come join the rest of her friends. Hailey wore a sleeveless blouse and jeans shorts, looking ten times younger than the other women.

“What’re we having here,” Hailey said when she got done hugging each woman. “Is this some female sorority thing going on I never knew about? How are you, Jolene? Haven’t caught sight of you in a while.”

“Sorry,” Jolene said as everyone returned to their chair. “I’ve been too busy writing a shitty novel I can’t finish. Funny thing is I’ve dropped it and right now I’m working on another.”

Gail picked up the bottle of rum and handed Hailey her glass. “Hope you care to join us wives here, Hailey.” She filled Hailey’s glass then refilled everyone else’s glass before turning her attention to Jolene. “What’s your new novel you’re working on about?”

Jolene blushed. “Crazy as it may sound, it’s something erotic. Something to do with a woman—a *white* woman—getting fucked by several black men, and loving it.”

“Sounds like you’re writing about me,” Mary exclaimed, to which everyone cheered accordingly. “But you’ve got to do personal research on that. You’re going to have to try some black cock for real to know what it’s like. No fun writing something you haven’t tried, know what I mean. You missed your chance when you didn’t get to enjoy some with Gail.”

“Black cock is a whole lot different from getting fucked by a white cock,” Monica asserted, to which the other women except Jolene nodded accordingly. “Trust me, I should know. Daniel’s come to realize and accept it, too. Simon knows how to handle my body like none of my former white lovers can. Don’t you agree, Hailey?”

“Oh, sure. Definitely,” Hailey answered. “Ted and I have been swingers a long time, though we’ve kinda slowed down ‘cos it’s pretty dull when there aren’t many black men around. He loves seeing me play with one.”

“And that’s one of the reason why I called you ladies over,” Gail said, assuming her matronly role like only a madam would. “There’s this idea I’ve been fretting with lately. I couldn’t make heads or tails of it, not until that day at the Drive-Thru when Jo and I saw Monica with her man. The thing is, we all know what we’re about, but more so, we know what we want. I’m talking sex here, mind you.”

A burst of chuckles passed among them.

Gail continued, "We all love our husbands. We all love the life that we have with them, and none of us wants to throw that away for nothing or nobody. Am I wrong here?"

Everyone nodded in agreement, including Jolene.

"As much as we love our men, we need to face the reality of what we want for ourselves. If its love we want, we can get that plenty from our men. But we're never going to get the best sex from them. That's just a fact wives like us need to realize. Now, we can choose to be content with that and live well enough alone, or we can decide to come together like good friends we are and do something about it. I for one would love to do something about it, and if you ladies are like me, then you know this is something you all need too."

"Exactly what are you getting at, Gail?" Hailey asked, even though she had an inkling of idea as regards to what her friend was talking about.

"I'm talking about us coming together like a horny wives' soccer team, if you will, and having fun as only horny housewives can," Gail replied excitedly. "I'm talking about us pooling together our resources of handsome black men around and sharing them amongst ourselves. Not just the men, but our homes as well. We can have group sessions in each of our homes, share our experiences, and just do stuff that horny women like us should. What I'm talking about here is for us to start a sort of suburban wives club."