

# Chloe's Story, Part 4

By ShellyClaire

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*Chloe and Joey attend Derrick's party, where she falls even deeper into her depravity.*

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Part 4 The Party I wasn't sure how little I could get away with bikini-wise, but I knew I had to have something pretty skimpy to please Derrick, and I wasn't going to find that at any local shop. Plus, I was going to have to get Joey to go along with something that probably was going to be very, very close to total nudity. I thought the best thing to do would be to shop on line and get Joey to participate. I found a ton of bikinis on line that perfectly fit my growing sexuality, my burgeoning need to exhibit myself in front of powerful men, but one in particular caught my attention. It was a string bikini that was almost entirely string, except for a tiny sliver that would cover little more than the slit in my vagina and two petite patches that would certainly cover no more than my nipples. I could see myself in it, virtually nude for Derrick, exactly the way he had ordered me to dress. I got Joey to look at it and a few other far less risqué but certainly not modest suits. Joey thought the one I wanted was a bit too much, but he did like one of the others, a string bikini with slightly better coverage. After some discussion about the fun it would be to wear the teeny one I wanted around the house, I ordered it and the another more modest suit that Joey assumed I'd wear to Derrick's party...and that I hoped I would not be wearing. I modeled both for Joey after a particularly hot night out, and though he loved the way I looked in the hot little one I wanted to wear and even agreed that it would be awesome for me to wear it to the party, I could tell immediately that he was not going to consent to this when he was sober. I didn't bring the subject up again, but on the afternoon of the party, I slipped into the outrageous string bikini Derrick would want me in, but covered it with a sarong tied tightly across my bosom. The sarong was sheer enough so that the outline of the bikini was evident on close inspection but not totally out there. I held my breath as I walked out to tell Joey I was ready. I could see that he knew what I was wearing underneath, but apparently the sarong made him comfortable enough to somewhat hesitantly not object. After all, he must have reasoned, he could always have me keep it on. It was one of those wonderfully warm, sultry, late afternoon Indian summer days. The drive and street in front of Derrick's place was packed with cars, many quite expensive, I noticed. I could feel apprehension growing in my chest as I anticipated Derrick's greeting. I had somehow to let him know that the sarong covered exactly what he had ordered and that it wouldn't be there for long. We walked into a vibrant party. People were already dancing to a very good DJ, some of the women quite suggestively. There was a game of Knights and Ladies going on in the pool that was really an

excuse for horseplay. The idea of the game was to “unhorse” the girl riding on the guy’s shoulders, while not at all subtly trying to remove the girl’s top in the process. In the first few minutes we were there, I saw that the tactic was more often than not successful! We wondered about uncomfortably at first, since we didn’t know anyone there. Shortly, though, Amber appeared in a tiny little thong and wet tee shirt. “I lost my top in the pool,” she giggled to Joey. “Come help me find it! Oh, hi Chloe,” she said over her shoulder, while tugging on Joey’s arm. The bitch was just so blatant! Joey looked at me in dismay. “Go help the poor girl,” I said, assuming that this is what Derrick would want me to say. Not at all reluctantly, it seemed to me, Joey walked off with Amber toward the pool, and shortly after Derrick appeared at my side. “Amber should keep Joey busy for a while,” said. “You better be wearing very little under whatever that is you have on. “Maybe you should check and see,” I said sultrily. “It unwraps rather easily!” I had hoped he would unwrap me right there, but at that very moment, Teri appeared at his side. She looked fantastic, much like she had in school. The pounds she’d shed had come from all the right places, leaving her boobs round and full and her hips and butt sensual and alluring. Her waist was again that school-girl waist she was so proud of in high school. I felt dowdy in this stupid sarong and wanted desperately to strip it off. “Nice that you could make it, Chloe. Derrick didn’t tell me he’d invited you,” she smirked, obviously impressed with the way she looked. “I think he actually invited Joey,” I smiled. “He wants to discuss a job with him. I just sort of tagged along. Hope you don’t mind,” I added somewhat aggressively. “Oh, not all, Chloe,” she smirked again, looking first at her own beautifully displayed body and then at my fully covered one. “Not at all!” She pulled Derrick away with the need to “meet someone.” The bitch, I thought. I decided to go see where Joey was. I got two large drinks from the bar and set out to find him. I found Joey sitting at the edge of the pool with a drink already in his hand. Amber had apparently located her top and was again in the pool displaying her ample charms to everyone, but I thought especially to Joey. I sat down beside him. I knew he would never go in the pool. It wasn’t likely that he’d even brought a suit. He was painfully shy about his thin, frail body. “Everybody seems to be having fun,” I said easily to Joey. “Yeah, they do,” he answered. “Amber seems to have developed a crush on you,” I laughed, just as Amber again briefly lost her top. Joy just laughed. “She sure likes to show her rack!” he exclaimed. “Yeah, she does, doesn’t she? There are a lot of hot girls here, don’t you think,” I said, nudging him and nodding at Amber. “Maybe she’s afraid of the competition.” “Yeah, maybe she is and yeah, there are a lot of hot chicks here,” he said, “but none hotter than you!” “Have you seen Teri?” I asked. “She really looks good. A lot better than when we saw her at the reunion.” “She looks like she did in high school,” he said, distracted by Amber’s cavorting in the pool. Some big hulk had just dislodged her from her “mount” and of course her top came apart the instant she hit the water. I thought she was very slow to refasten it. “So I guess Derrick’s got his hot body again,” I said. “I guess he won’t be jealous of you now,” I sighed. “A lot of these guys have really hot wives and girlfriends.” “Yeah, I think a lot of them must have money. You see the cars out front. That’s probably why they’ve got the girls they have.” “What, you don’t think you have a hot wife now?” I pouted sexily. Joey just laughed. “Do you want another drink?” I asked. I really wanted Joey to get maybe just a little less cautious about showing me off. “I’ll go get us a couple more, k?” “Sure. I’ll be right here.” I wondered

back to the bar, and decided impulsively to retie the sarong about my waist. If nothing else, I could at least show my boobs. I saw two guys give me decidedly admiring looks, and as I waited for our drinks, one of them walked up and asked me my name. "That's a pretty sensational top you're wearing," he said, openly staring at my boobs. "Not many girls could wear that!" "Thank you," I said, not at all modestly. I enjoyed his stares and tried to show him so. "You here alone?" he inquired. "No, my husband's here." "You're married?" he asked. "You don't look old enough to be married." "I'm nearly twenty one," I said. "Well, he's a lucky guy. You've got a beautiful smile...and a body to match." "Thank you again," I said hoping to sound mysteriously seductive. "You're kinda cute yourself." I found Joey again and handed him his drink. It was his third, and that seemed enough to make him less startled by my almost bare tits. "Wow!" he said hesitantly. "I didn't know you wore that." I know he did know. He just didn't want to acknowledge it yet. "Do you like it? Do you think I look as hot as Amber now," I giggled. I could see he was uncomfortable, so I decided I'd wait until the effect of the next drink hit before trying to get out of the sarong entirely. As it turned out, I didn't have to wait at all. The big ape who had thrown Amber in the water decided to do some stupid cannonball right in front of me, completely soaking the sarong. "Oh my God," I said, drenched, the sarong now totally transparent and clinging to my body. I looked at Joey in feigned dismay, and took it off to wring it out. Sitting back down, I simply left it by my side to dry. I was finally dressed the way Derrick expected. "Do you want to take a little dip?" I asked. "It's kinda hot. I think I will." "Nah, you go ahead. I'll wait here for you. Guard your sarong for you," he laughed. The drinks seemed to be having a little better effect now. I smiled at him and slipped into the water. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Amber get out of the pool and walk over to the lounge chairs on the pool deck. A few minutes later, I saw Joey walk over near her and sit in one of the chairs beside her. I waved to him to tell him it was okay. The horseplay in the pool was all around me now, and I wasn't in the water a minute before a nice looking guy named Jake came over to tell me he was my "horse," and quickly lifted me up onto his shoulders. And there I was, on complete display. A young blonde with beautiful long legs had just been upended, and that meant it was our turn. A very voluptuous redhead was mounted on the oaf who'd drenched me, and we were now their foe. Between the girl and her horse, they were a good head taller than we were, and it took only a few seconds to dislodge me and send me tumbling into the pool. My horse pulled me over to the side of the pool to wait our next turn as I struggled to pull my top back down over my boobs. Jake was behind me with his arms encircling my waist. The horseplay and, no doubt, the show I'd given while riding on Jake's shoulders had excited and distracted me so that I wasn't aware that Jake had not only pulled my teeny bikini bottom down to my thighs, but that he was about to lower me onto his cock! I didn't resist at all. I'd become very attracted to men who just took what they wanted, it seemed. But still, it was the oddest situation and the oddest thing to do, because once inside me, he did nothing else. "What are you doing?" I asked over my shoulder in feigned consternation. "Why I'm keeping us connected," he replied in mock seriousness. "Oh, I see. That's all. You're just 'connecting' me" "Yep, that's all" I guess he meant it, because we just stayed "connected" that way until it was our turn to joust again. He lifted me off of his cock, helped me pull my bikini back up and boosted me up onto his shoulders. I was happy that we lost so quickly, because now I wanted

to see if we'd "connect" again. We did. His cock was again deep inside me and doing nothing but making me unbelievably hot and frustrated. I was wriggling my ass on him, but he remained immobile until, unable to stand it, I whispered over my shoulder very urgently, "Will you please fuck me!" "Sure baby," he laughed, and began to slowly lift me up and down on his long cock. And then it was our turn to be knight and lady. "Can't we skip it?" I moaned. "Nope," he answered. "It's my duty to be your steed." "I'd rather you be my stud," I groaned as he lifted me off his cock and back onto shoulders. Neither of us made any pretense to winning this time. I was in the water with my bikini top floating around my neck in seconds. I left it that way this time and helped Jake remove my bottom entirely. I desperately needed to be fucked. When I looked at Jake I realized he was, too. "Finally!" I thought. We both moved quickly to the side of the pool. I turned my back to him to allow him back inside me and found myself staring directly at Joey and Amber as Jake's cock slipped into my pussy. Not knowing what else to do, I simply waved at the two of them, and Joey waved back, a big smile on his face. I realized he thought this was all simple horseplay. I relaxed and encouraged Jake to take what he wanted. As Jake's tempo increased and my own response began to match his, I saw out of the corner of my eye, Carla walking toward us and then sit down a poolside and watch us. I was too deep into Jake's fucking and too close to climaxing to let it overly bother me. I wasn't sure she could see what was happening anyway. And then we both reached climax at the same moment, and nothing mattered anymore but the intense pleasure that was overwhelming any sense of worry. As I furtively retied my bikini, as Jake finished with me, it occurred to me that in less than four months three different men had had sex with me. I had gone from an innocent young bride to a shameless slut in that brief time. And I didn't really care. I was becoming what I was. I climbed out of the pool, my tiny bikini covering almost nothing at all now, and walked quite arrogantly by Amber. I was sure she was aware of the appreciative stares I was getting, and I made sure they continued as I toweled off as seductively as possible. I saw that Joey had finished the drink I brought him and was half way through another. The grin on his face told me he was nearing where I wanted him to be. He didn't seem nervous or awkward with my near nudity now. He was back to pride of ownership! Alcohol had become the catalyst for our sex life. I told Joey I was going to get a drink and asked him if he wanted another. He said he did, and I set off for the bar to enthusiastic stares from the guys around me. I was extremely aroused. The sex in the pool had aroused me, and though I had climaxed, I felt curiously unsatisfied. And then, to my erotic delight, I found Derrick there at the bar waiting for me. "Come with me," he said, sternly. "Sure," I beamed, "but first I have to run this drink over to Joey." "Carla's taking care of that," he said to my surprise. He grabbed my hand tightly and pulled me to a room just off the cabana. I was sure he wanted to fuck me as much as I now desperately needed him so deep inside me. I needed that one masterful stroke of his incomparable cock to release the pent up sexual energy inside me. In the room, he turned me toward him, grabbed me by the hair, and shook me. "You stupid cunt," he said furiously. "You fucked that idiot Jake in the pool." "No, I didn't!" I sobbed, frightened that I might lose Derrick now. "Carla saw you, cunt! Your ass and cunt are mine slut! Did you forget that? You fuck no one that I don't tell you to, got it!" he yelled, grabbing my hair and shaking my head again. He pulled me to a table in the center of the room, and pushed me down hard. "Put your tits

down on the table, cunt, and reach back and hold your ass cheeks open," he barked. "I'm going to fuck you in the ass!" "Derrick, please," I gasped, knowing that I would never actually refuse him anything. "What do you think? I'm going to fuck you in your cum-filled cunt, whore? Spread your fucking cheeks, cunt!" "Nobody's ever done that to me. I know it will hurt. Could you at least be gentle?" I pleaded, yet more than willing to accept whatever punishment he deemed fitting. I did belong to him. I hoped my submission would convince him. I pulled myself open as he'd ordered and willingly submitted. Instantly I experienced the most intense, searing pain I'd even experienced. His cock tore quickly and violently into my ass, rending it immediately. I could feel the tearing as with each deep grunt he drove his frightful cock deeper into my now bleeding rectum. I can only be deeply thankful that in his rage and excitement, he brutally emptied himself inside very quickly. He had calmed down some by the time I had apologized and finished licking his cock clean. "You know why I had to fuck you that way, don't you." Derrick said calmly. I nodded my head yes. "You disrespected my property. Your cunt is not yours to give away; it's mine!" "I know it is," I sniffled. "I am so, so sorry. But he just took it. I didn't ask him to," I lied. "I don't care if he took it or you gave it to him. When my cunt gets used without my permission, you will be punished! Every time." "Can you please forgive me just this once?" I cravenly begged. "Just get your ass back out there and make sure everything you do the rest of the night pleases me!" he said, walking out the door. I felt brutalized and humiliated, but grateful that Derrick had apparently forgiven me, or if not, at least had given me the chance to make it up to him somehow during the rest of the night. I found the bottom of my bikini where Derrick had thrown it, pulled it back on, and prepared to rejoin the party. I found my way back to the lounge chair where Joey had been. He wasn't there, but fortunately, my sarong was. I needed to hide inside it. I tied it carefully around me and sat down to await Joey's return. While sitting there, alone, Carla walked up to me. "Looking for Joey?" she said sweetly. I just stared hard at her. "You bitch," I thought, but replied, "Yes, I am. Thank you." "Let's see," she went on cheerfully. "I think the last time I saw him Amber was fucking him! Amber told him that you since you seemed to be having such a delightful time fucking Carl in the pool, maybe she and Joey should take the opportunity and have a wonderful fuck themselves. Isn't that just so sweet and romantic? Haven't seen them since. Oh, by the way, Fuckmeat, Derrick said to take that stupid sarong off!" The last remark startled me as much as the first. I quickly did as I was told, exposing my body once more for Derrick's pleasure. A moment or two later, Amber and Joey strolled back, acting as if nothing had happened. Joey was drunk, I could see that, but otherwise looked normal, and certainly not guilty. Amber, however, was more than half out of her suit. Both of them looked at my exposed body, Amber sneering and Joey grinning. I was about to say something to Joey, when Carla informed me that Derrick wanted to see me for a minute. I asked Joey if he'd mind if I left for just a minute, and he winked at me and said no. I was now intensely aware of just how little of my body was covered, how terribly exposed I was, and while earlier I felt hot and sexy this way, now I felt vulnerable and defenseless. I tried to perk up as I reached Derrick and the people around him. I smiled, said "Hi," and looked at him inquisitively. "This is my new bitch," he said to the guys around him. "A great fuck with a terrific body. Lose the top," he said, turning to me. "Let these losers see what a real man calls his cunt's tits!" Derrick was drunker

than I had imagined, which in an important way pleased and relieved me. It explained perfectly his violent attack on me. It wasn't really Derrick, it was the liquor! I suddenly felt so much better, suddenly so much sexier. I wanted to be his bitch, his cunt...his girl. I slowly tugged my top open to display fully now Derrick's tits. I loved the admiration, the exclamation about the ripeness of my breasts, their heft and size. Derrick invited everyone to examine them closely, and then he told me to remove the bottom of my bikini as well. Naked and aroused, I moaned audibly as various fingers and hands explored the contours of my body, both inside and out. "A dollar a fuck!" Derrick said. "Cheap thrills! Enjoy yourselves!" The entire group slowly moved me to a lounge chair toward the back of the patio, and as the first man mounted me, I turned anxiously to Derrick and mouthed, "Joey...?" "He's being taken care of," he said simply, as the first cock slithered into my belly. "But I'm thinking of inviting him to watch the show. You don't mind, do you," he laughed, watching my hips rise to accommodate the cock penetrating me. "No," I mumbled, hoping against hope that he wasn't serious. He walked away and though I lost count, I thought at least a half a dozen men used me in a very short interval. I was too nervous to climax, but in my heart I was deeply pleased to be all the Derrick wanted me to be, and responded as I hoped he wanted. Derrick had said all holes except my ass were "open for business." I was very responsive to each cock as it filled my cunt. Even the two cocks that slipped unawares to him into my ruined ass were greeted with a feigned groan of pleasure. My mouth seemed to fill quickly. Each time I swallowed, another cock seemed to spurt an outsized spume of semen directly into my awaiting mouth. I knew I was being watched by more than the men fucking me. I saw Teri once laughing and pointing at me. Carla was there with a girl I hadn't seen before. But at least I didn't see Amber and Joey. For one brief second, I hoped she was fucking him somewhere safely away from the spectacle his wife had become. When the last man had finished inside me and I had cleaned the last bit of cum from whatever cock was offered, I struggled off the lounge chair and made my way to the bathroom. There was fourteen dollars in soggy bills on the chaise lounge. I guess I served more guys than I thought. Derrick stopped me in route to the bathroom and told me he was proud of me. It was enough to make everything right again. I cleaned up as best I could, and returned to look for Joey. It was definitely time to go now. I found him by the pool, watching Amber cavorting with two guys in the pool. He seemed happy to go. In the car, I asked him hesitantly about the night. He said that Derrick told him he was very interested in him coming to work for them, and that he'd be making an offer soon. I knew that was not actually ever going to happen, but kept quiet. I told him how hot I thought Amber looked. He agreed, but said she couldn't compete with what he already had. I took a deep breath and told him what Carla had said. Not the part about me in the pool with the bodybuilder, but the part about him having sex with Amber. He just laughed and said they were obviously playing mind games with me because I looked so hot and everyone was complimenting me and not looking at them. And I believed him. And I still do. Thankfully he was too drunk for sex when we got home!