



PROCRUSTES' GAMBIT



BY
VALERIA DELECTA

Prologue

You may be a King of Whites, or a Bishop of Blacks or even a Queen of Reds, but life has no rules on colors except one: White plays first. From then on, nothing is taken for granted as people unlike pawns don't always stick to their colors and tend to change or at least they try to. This is the beauty of their game. Freedom, Death, and Eros are the colors of the game and its pawns are in the middle of an epic battle in this erotic novel.

Prelude: Forbidden Moves

“There are only two kinds of people: those in love and those in agreement. It’s true that this world belongs to those in agreement, but only those in love truly live it,” the undertaker whimpered as he climbed onto the stool and slipped the noose around his neck.

He wore his formal tailcoat, hat, and spotless gloves. A crimson rose replaced his usual handkerchief in his lapel. He glanced at her photo and carefully put it in his pocket, feeling for his will in the other. Unconsciously, he took a deep breath, one he wouldn’t need for long.

“This is my last gift to you, my love,” he whispered into the cold, indifferent darkness that enveloped him. The stool wobbled when he took his last uncertain step. As the noose tightened around his neck, a wild joy filled him. He knew she would touch his body again, even if only as a corpse, to take the rose and the little money he left for her.

However, things didn’t go as planned...

The spring of 1997, laced with rose petals and promises of a bright future for a world emerging from a winter of deprivation and economic austerity, was stepping into a summer of abundance and financial extravagance.

The key turned, and a tired Nicolas entered his house.

“Why are you late?” she asked him.

“Good evening to you too,” Nicolas replied with sarcasm.

“You didn’t answer me, and it won’t end well for you,” she warned him.

“I had to finish my work,” he justified himself.

“Don’t you mean you had to finish with your mistress?” she retorted.

“Why don’t you go to hell, you crazy woman? I can’t stand it anymore! Don’t make me...”

Nicolas burst out as he turned his back to undress, but he didn’t make it.

He felt something heavy fall on his head, and everything went dark around him as his legs buckled. Before he collapsed to the floor, he heard his children screaming and crying.

He woke up where he had fallen. Above him, his little ones were crying and trying to tend to the wound on his head.

“Daddy, why do you provoke her?” his daughter whispered as his son helped him up.

Nicolas didn’t respond.

He staggered to the bedroom, pulled out the vacation suitcase, and began tossing his clothes in. Half an hour later, he was walking out and heading toward his car just as she was turning the corner.

When he saw her, he froze for a few seconds before sprinting. He threw his suitcase onto the back seat, got in, and started the engine as she reached out and ripped off the rear windshield wiper.

He hit the pedal and, after driving aimlessly for over half an hour, he stopped to look around, realizing he had ended up high on the mountain with a breathtaking view below. The metropolis adorned with its lights resembled a pirate’s chest.

“Twelve years wasted in lies...” he murmured, feeling the blood trickle down his neck, ruining his expensive shirt. He laughed before breaking into tears, weeping until he fell asleep.

The next morning found him freezing. He tidied up as best he could and drove to work earlier than usual. The phone at his desk rang, but he ignored it. He collected his belongings in a box and waited for the HR manager to arrive, sneaking into his office just behind him.

The HR manager, a grumpy and ill-tempered man, raised his head, scrutinizing Nicolas.

“What do you want? Don’t you see I’m busy?” the HR manager asked sternly.

“Were you played again by the office whore, you old fart? What happened, you teddy bear? Didn’t you get a hard-on last night? Everyone knows about your blue pills and laughs behind your back,” Nicolas retorted.

“What did you say?” the HR manager screamed.

“I said that the slut you’re cheating on your wife with tells us everything. She fleeces you and spends it on other guys, and you’ve become the laughingstock of us all,” Nicolas shouted, glancing at the employees gathering at the door.

“You’re fired! Go to accounting and get out!” the HR manager shouted, flushed.

“What’s all this fuss?” came the boss’s voice from behind.

“This old geezer screws your mistress too, and the bitch tells us everything—how she fleeces both of you to spend it on real men. You’ve both become the joke of the company,” Nicolas replied. The boss couldn’t hold back and charged him.

Nicolas sidestepped, and the boss smashed face-first into the wall.

Nicolas stepped on the fallen boss’s chest, preventing him from getting up.

“Stay down, scum. You let the whore peg you, and now you act like a man?” Nicolas snarled, looking back at the other employees, who didn’t dare to intervene.

“You’re fired!” the boss panted.

Nicolas returned to his desk, waiting for the call from accounting. In half an hour, he left the company carrying a box and a hefty paycheck for compensation.

A disliked colleague mocked him for the wound on his head, and Nicolas rewarded him with a strong head butt that left him unconscious on the floor with a broken nose.

“I owed you that for a long time, asshole,” he hissed before stepping outside and breathing in the polluted morning city air.

As he got into his car, he saw in the mirror his wife dragging their children by the hand and entering the company’s premises. He started the engine and vanished into the city streets. From then on, no one who knew him saw him again for an entire year.

Chapter One: Adultery Rituals

The winter of 1999 was pure hell. You'd think that if you stopped focusing on your work, an invisible hand would grab you, and you'd end up like many others—stuck like flies on flypaper, on stocks that weren't worth their paper, or dancing around like moths, dazed by the burnt-out bulb of a bright future that had just gone out.

"Times have changed; they used to give piggy banks to kids; now they give them Barbie credit card games..." Phoebe used to say to her friends.

"I don't know what's all about you're talking, but those stocks that keep rising and the consumer loans they grand to everyone, scare me. Stocks are out of control when even kiosks go public to raise funds, and consumer loans are available unconditionally to anyone without screening. Loan money should be for new businesses, not for fun. Eventually, the bill will come due, and there will be a reckoning. This means, there will be much mourning and crying because he who lends to slobs, either is laying eyes for their house or their wife. Thanks, but no thanks. Money punishes those who don't respect it..." Nicolas used to say to his own friends.

And so, each of them went about their lives in a city that never slept, because it was in a constant frenzy. You'd say that wherever you listened, even in the bustling center, you'd hear bodies groaning, heads breaking in fights, and politicians laughing at people's hopes without realizing the disaster that had occurred. People have a hard time confronting disaster and always blame luck or others, especially the bearers of bad news. They prefer to go on as if nothing happened, as if everything that's falling apart around them is temporary and soon all will fix on their own, so they can resume their revelry from where they left it. All of them continue their journey like an abandoned ship in the storm until they crash into the reef of reality and sink. Thus, a sickly eroticism lingered in the air, a smell of rot mixed with the irrational expectation of easy prosperity, so tightly bound that you'd say only the dead weren't partying in this bankrupt metropolis that never slept but where nothing was fruitful in its sleeplessness.

Two years had passed since Nicolas disappeared, and now, in a neighborhood near the port, he was chatting on his new computer. This was his favorite hobby after work. He claimed to be self-employed, but he was in fact another unemployed looking for a job. "Which area do you live in?" asked the fifty-year-old woman with the nickname Freya, pretending to be forty, on Nicolas' private channel.

"I'm looking for company, Freya, not for a relationship... How are you doing?" replied Nicolas.

"You're probably married, and I'm wasting my time!" Freya responded, annoyed.

"Far from it, Freya. I'm 31, single, and too young for mistakes. I have a career ahead of me and no desire for such troubles, and I live in the next neighborhood," explained Nicolas.

"Send me your photo..." Freya requested, starting a game that ended with Freya knocking on Nicolas' apartment door at one in the morning.

"Good morning, I'm Freya..." she said shyly, and Nicolas made way for the middle-aged woman dressed to the nines to come in.

“Will we continue with nicknames, or will you tell me your name?” Nicolas asked indifferently, as he offered her a drink.

“I’m Mary,” she replied softly.

“Did your curiosity get satisfied, Mary? You could have waited until tomorrow for us to have a drink and know each other.” Nicolas mentioned.

“I’ve already had a few to find the courage to come...” Mary responded.

“Have you ever cheated on your husband before, Mary?” he asked, and Mary burst into tears and got up to leave. At the door, she hesitated, as if expecting Nicolas to stop her, then tried to open it but found it locked.

“It’s locked...” Mary complained, and Nicolas went beside her, unlocked it, and opened it.

Mary looked at him, stepped outside, and Nicolas closed the door behind her, stifling the urge to burst into laughter.

Two minutes later, the door was knocking again, and there stood Mary.

“I forgot to say goodnight...” Mary said, and Nicolas left the door open, turned his back, and went to sit by the window with a view of the harbor.

He heard the door close and lock, and he smiled.

“It’s my first time cheating on him...” Mary admitted behind him.

Nicolas didn’t answer and Mary sat in the armchair opposite him and they stayed there, gazing at the view silently for a while like boxers in their corners of the ring.

“I’m a pervert and I like to humiliate and hurt my women, so we’ll make good company tonight, and you can leave whenever you feel it is time,” Nicolas stated.

“You didn’t tell me if you like me,” Mary said, with more confidence now.

“I opened the door a second time, didn’t I?” Nicolas asked back.

“Do you have a girlfriend?” Mary asked, getting up and approaching Nicolas.

“No, but something tells me I’ll get one soon,” Nicolas replied, pulling her to sit on his lap.

Mary was panting, and Nicolas, with his head resting on her chest, could hear her heart pounding as she stroked his head.

Nicolas lifted his head, and she kissed him tenderly on the lips.

“I’ve never kissed another man. I want you... please,” Mary whispered.

Nicolas grabbed her head and gave her a sloppy French kiss that lasted until Mary trembled on his lap, lifted her head, and froze.

“Oh, my God!” she screamed, and Nicolas let her enjoy it before they resume their kissing with more passion.

“I like you a lot. Do you really want to be my girlfriend?” Nicolas asked.

“I feel so good around you, and now I want you in me,” Mary replied.

“And then? Tomorrow? The day after? Will you still want me then?” Nicolas asked again as he slid his hand under her skirt, making her shiver.

“Tonight, tomorrow, the day after, and as long as you want me!” Mary assured him, placing her hand on Nicolas’ crotch.

Nicolas smiled as Mary’s eyes widened.

“What monster is hiding in here?” Mary exclaimed in surprise as Nicolas gently caressed her damp panties.

“Your monster, if you become my girlfriend,” Nicolas replied.

“What are we waiting for, then? I’m sizzling; come and take me!” Mary moaned.

“We’re waiting for your wedding crowns,” Nicolas replied bluntly.

“What?” Mary jumped up as if doused with a bucket of ice water.

“I want the entire package, Mary. You won’t get whatever you want from me, leaving what you don’t like,” he said coldly.

Mary gathered herself, straightened up, and left without saying a word, not even goodnight.

From the balcony, Nicolas watched Mary get into her expensive car in a furious state and drive off, crashing into a parked car during the process.

For the next two days, Nicolas was fishing for lonely hearts in the chat, ignoring the insulting messages and open provocations in public IRC channels from an enraged Mary, who was chasing him, advertising him rather than defaming him in practice. At some point, Mary noticed Nicolas engaging with another girl in their favorite IRC channel, and all hell broke loose. She started cursing the unfortunate young woman publicly, surprising the other chatters who did not expect such behavior from the nickname Freya.

That same evening, Nicolas was noting job ads, sending out his resume via email. For two years, he struggled with depression and a very nasty divorce, and after recovering, he had remained unemployed for a long time and nearly broke.

He took one last look at his emails and was getting ready to go to bed when he heard a knock at his door. He got dressed and opened the door, suspecting of who it might be.

Mary entered, angry and ready to put a fight.

Nicolas let her vent until she stopped talking.

“Did you bring what I asked for?” he requested.

“Will you be only mine?” Mary retorted.

“Will you be obedient and do whatever I ask with no hesitation?” Nicolas asked back.

“What does that mean by that?” Mary asked for details.

“It means I’m not looking to be the boytoy of a married woman, living on the fringes of her marriage as a supplement, nor will I waste my time with you when I can find someone much younger and single; no matter how much I like you, I want everything, and I want it on a platter. If you’re serious about what you’re looking for and want a meaningful relationship with me, fine. If you don’t have that intention and didn’t bring what I asked for, you get up and leave right now so we don’t waste our time,” Nicolas set the rules.

“I brought them and I want you in my life. Please take care of me because I’ve never done this before,” Mary pleaded as Nicolas approached her.

Mary lunged and hugged him, and they began French kissing in the sloppy way.

“How long has it been since... Mary?” Nicolas asked.

“It’s been a year since he last touched me...” Mary admitted as Nicolas slowly undressed her.

“From now on, you become completely mine, and you’ll constantly prove that to me,” Nicolas said, as Mary let out a sigh of admiration.

“Yes! Completely yours! Take me now! I need you, my love...” Mary hastily surrendered with longing.

“Don’t rush and come here,” he said, pulling her to his bed.

“Come on, my love, I can’t stand it,” Mary whimpered.

“Bring me your wedding crowns and your ring,” Nicolas demanded, and Mary rummaged through to her bag, with trembling hands, and handed over her wedding crowns and ring to Nicolas.

“Please...” Mary pleaded.

“Let’s make a good start,” he commanded, tying her wedding ring to the ribbon of her wedding crowns with a ring hitch knot and laying out the crowns on the bed, taking care to

arrange the wedding crowns' white satin ribbon in symmetry between them, forming an isosceles triangle with the attached wedding ring on its apex.

"But why?" Mary asked.

Ignoring her question, he took Mary by the hand and brushed their lips. Next, he lifted her in his arms, laying her on his bed, taking care to place each buttock over a wedding crown and took a step back to admire.

"You asked why. Because I love rituals, and this one is the adultery ritual I designed for you. This way, you are going to desecrate your holy matrimonial vows to be faithful to your husband and family, denying yourself the excuse of an adventure or weakness instead of the conscious commitment to the sin of adultery. That will prove your loyalty only to me," he explained.

"This is what I want," Mary admitted.

Nicolas smiled, took the wedding ring and shoved it inside her vagina along with the white satin and he positioned himself between her legs, presenting her with his manly prowess

"I am not used. Please be gentle..." Mary begged before the biggest and fattest manhood she ever met or saw in her life, and from that moment on, she screamed and wept in agony and pain.

Nicolas paid no attention and took what he wanted from her.

"Please, slow down; it hurts so much, it is so big... my love," she implored with tears in her eyes and Nicolas stood still in her for a while.

"Do you love me, Mary?" asked with tenderness.

"I've fallen for you, Nicolas, and the thought that some stupid bimbo might get to you first drove me crazy," Mary confessed.

Nicolas reached under the pillow and pulled out a velvet box. Mary couldn't hide her joy and excitement when Nicolas presented it to her.

"It may be a cheap ring because I'm unemployed and broke, but it would make me happy if you accept to be mine," he proposed to her.

Mary darted her finger, and Nicolas quickly slipped the tin ring on it.

"But how? How did you know?" Mary wondered.

"How did you know to bring your wedding crowns with you?" Nicolas replied, and Mary hugged and kissed him, but Nicolas broke off the kiss and resumed their relentless lovemaking, while she resumed crying and screaming in pain. Nicolas ignored her pleas until both of them finished in screams.

Afterwards, Nicolas got up and ogled at Mary's body while she was half-conscious.

He took out his camera and began taking pictures from different angles until Mary woke from her stupor, at which point he quickly hid the camera.

Mary turned and looked around, her gaze settling at last on Nicolas, who was smiling at her.

"I flew with you... it's unbelievable how much it hurts, but I felt everything! We flew together, my love," Mary said, and moved to make space for Nicolas to lie down beside her.

"I have no complaints. It was good for a start, Mary, but I need to teach you quite a few things," Nicolas said curtly.

"What things?" Mary wondered.

"My kinks and how to enjoy offering your pain to me, in particular. Sleep now and first thing in the morning go to the bakery for bread and prepare us breakfast and lunch," Nicolas explained and gave his orders.

Mary didn't speak and curdled in his arms, while Nicolas didn't miss the chance to tease and torment her by pinching her hard until they fell asleep.

At dawn, Mary woke up feeling lively and affectionate, but Nicolas stopped her.

“Enough! Make us breakfast for I am hungry and then we have to go for shopping,” he told her, and Mary obeyed.

“My jaw hurts,” Mary complained as they got into her car.

“Stop whining because when we get back, your ass will hurt too, and tomorrow I’ll teach you even more,” Nicolas mentioned.

“I need to gather my things and fill the divorce back home,” Mary told Nicolas.

“In three days, you’ll return home, collect your things and file for divorce. In the meantime, I want you to inform your children that you’ll stay away for a week and will see them after you come back,” Nicolas instructed her.

“As you wish, my love,” Mary replied and did as he instructed.

At the market, Mary insisted on paying, and Nicolas let her. Once they returned with the groceries, he had her put everything away, and then Nicolas began slapping her across her face.

“Put your hands down and stay straight to get your slaps,” he ordered her when she tried to protect her face.

Mary was crying, but she didn’t protest.

Once satisfied, Nicolas French kissed her the sloppy way he liked, with lots of saliva exchanging, spitting off her face and open mouth, exposing Mary to some of his kinks he liked the most.

“I am falling for you, Mary,” he whispered, and she laughed in between her sobs as he lifted her on his broad shoulders and carried her like a baby lamb to his bed.

“I need clothing and clean underwear,” Mary protested quietly.

“I will make some rope underwear for you, but now it’s time for other things,” he said and for the next couple of hours, Mary was screaming and crying from getting painful lessons on sexual perversions.

“Stop being a baby and become my woman!” he scolded her, and Mary tried to obey him.

“So, these are the kinks you like? I am horny as hell,” she said when she got somewhat adjusted.

“There is so much more I will teach you, Mary. This is the reason I am single. It’s tough for a woman to satisfy me,” he explained.

“I will learn everything so you will never need another woman to get fully satisfied, my love,” she promised, and she gave herself to him with renewed passion while Nicolas was swearing.

“Here it comes the thundering,” Mary joked and Nicolas spat on her face.

“And after the thunders, the raining comes...” Mary added.

Nicolas took his time to teach her some nasty tricks and finish.

“Sorry, I never did this before,” she revealed and sprinted for the bathroom to throw up.

When Mary came out, she was clean and happy.

“The day after tomorrow, my friends are coming to visit me. You will cook for four and you go shopping a conservative businesswoman skirt suit on my expenses. After you move in to stay with me, you will get a job,” Nicolas informed her.

“Did you mean what you said when you were swearing and cursing me?” Mary asked.

“I like to abuse my women. Any problem with that?” he asked back.

“It hurt on the one side, but it aroused me on the other,” she confessed.

“So, you are a masochistic pig, then,” Nicolas concluded and smiled.

The rest of the day passed with both strolling around hand in hand and Nicolas searching for a job. Mary discreetly watched where Nicolas was sending his resumes and eavesdropped on his phone calls while she tidied up and cooked.

“Now that I think about it, Nicolas, I know nothing about you except your first name and address. Also, I noticed you have a mobile phone...” Mary began as soon as Nicolas hung up the phone.

“Are you telling me you surrendered yourself to a complete stranger and did all those things without taking basic precautions to avoid ending up with a sociopath who could chop you into pieces?” Nicolas pointed out.

“Can I have your mobile phone?” Mary asked hesitantly, ignoring Nicolas’ question.

“Do you want my cell phone number or the device as well?” Nicolas asked.

“Both!” Mary seized the opportunity.

Nicolas handed his phone over to Mary, and she started searching through his contacts and messages.

“There are no contacts or messages from women here,” Mary noticed with surprise.

“Did you find what you were looking for or anything else suspicious?” Nicolas asked.

“No, I was just curious...” Mary justified herself.

“Don’t apologize. It’s natural to grow suspicious when you’re used to lies,” Nicolas remarked.

“Are you implying that I lie?” Mary asked, feeling offended.

“If that’s the case, and I was wrong in my assessment, hand me your mobile phone or leave,” Nicolas demanded.

Mary tried to appease him, but in the end, she gave him her phone as she bit her lip.

Nicolas soon burst into laughter and started reading out loud the messages, showing texts with erotic photos that men had sent her. Eventually, he handed Mary her expensive mobile back.

“Sorry, but that was before I met you and you are the first serious and handsome man I’ve come across,” Mary explained.

“Mary, I don’t get jealous. I need nothing that someone could offer me, except for love and work,” Nicolas replied.

“I offer you love, and as for work, my children are running our industry and...” Mary started.

“I am an engineer, and I want to practice my profession as a freelancer. However, I am also a good programmer, and since it pays better than industry, I am searching for such digital age companies first,” Nicolas explained.

“If you need money...” Mary continued.

“I’ll find a fifty-year-old woman to house me,” Nicolas continued, and Mary laughed.

Their second day together, passed with food and another shopping trip. Mary introduced Nicolas to the secrets of Thai cuisine, and Nicolas introduced Mary to the pleasures of sadomasochism, which resulted in a diarrhea episode for Nicolas and receiving the first complaints from the building’s residents and nearly a visit from the police for a case of domestic violence for both of them.

“In the future, you’ll have to gag me until I get used to pain,” Mary suggested and received a slap from Nicolas’ back hand as they were making love.

“Discipline-Submission-Devotion. You can’t say I am not an excellent student of my Master,” were the words of a bruised Mary before they fell asleep.

On the third day, Mary woke up feeling sore from the beating she received the previous night.

“You have a heavy hand, my love,” she murmured as she got dressed and prepared to go out, but Nicolas pretended to be asleep.

As soon as Mary left for fresh bread, Nicolas got up and went to his computer. He checked his messages and dialed a number on his mobile phone.

“Good morning, yes, she’s ready. Should I expect the transfer in my account tonight?” Nicolas asked, and the person on the other end of the line said something that satisfied him.

“No, I haven’t mistreated her more than necessary... No, that will happen after I see the money in my account, because what you’re asking for costs, you know. I’ll leave you now to get ready,” said Nicolas and hung up the phone.

The afternoon found them exhausted in bed after another round of rough lovemaking.

“Why are you so harsh?” Mary complained.

“You have an angelic face and sky-blue eyes, and I like to degrade whores like you who trample on their vows and abandon their children for a piece of fresh meat,” Nicolas replied, yet Mary didn’t even hear it.

“Why don’t you let me help you? And why should I work at a supermarket when I have enough money to open my chain of supermarkets?” Mary asked, pouting.

Nicolas didn’t answer. Instead, she picked up his short bull whip from the drawer and she placed Mary to face the wall. He then gagged her with his neck-tie and he took a step back.

He started whipping the places on her buttocks where cellulite was forming with tempo and method while she was crying until her bottom was bright red.

“Lick my bull whip to clean it from blood and then go get dressed and prepare the dinner for our guests. I want you impeccable to impress my friends,” he ordered and called Mike on the phone to find when they will arrive.

“We could dine out so we can rejoice better with your friends. We need a break...” Mary complained as she rubbed her backside while setting the table and arranging the dishes on the veranda.

When she finished cooking the meals, she hugged and kissed Nicolas, then rushed to prepare and get ready as he instructed, while Nicolas stepped out onto the balcony for a cigarette.

At eight-thirty in the evening, the doorbell rang, and Mary ran to open the door to welcome Nicolas’ two large friends.

“Good evening. Is Nicolas here?” the taller one asked politely.

“Come in, he’s expecting you,” Mary replied and led them to the veranda.

“Nicolas! Why did you let your wife greet two strangers alone?” asked the shorter one.

“Cut the formalities, Mike... We’ll get to know each other well enough in time. Why are you wearing suits and ties?” Nicolas wondered.

“Aren’t you going to introduce us to your lady?” the tall one asked, turning to Mary.

“Luke Christie, madam,” he said, taking her hand to kiss it.

“Mike Banner, pleasure to meet you,” said the shorter one, shaking her hand.

“I’m Mary,” she replied shyly.

“Mary what?” Mike asked.

“Mary Silver...” she responded with her maiden name.

“Don’t be intrusive, Mike,” Nicolas scolded him.

“You are beautiful, Mrs. Mary,” Mike continued.

“Don’t mind him, madam. He has a thing for blondes,” Luke interjected, and they all laughed.

Then they took their seats at the table and started chatting while Mary returned to the kitchen to serve the dishes she had prepared for the guests.

Every time she approached, the conversation stopped, and she felt their eyes follow her every move.

“Are you a model? A flight attendant?” Mike asked.

“You flatter me...” Mary replied as she served him, and Mike turned to Nicolas and asked about his search for a job.

Nicolas replied he was still looking for one, but he had found nothing yet.

“You should move to our city. We’ll find you a job at the engineering office to get you started, learn to do projects. There are uncompleted projects, and they’re hiring engineers if you’re not interested in preparing essays,” Mike suggested.

“It’s also a romantic city, just so you know...” Luke added meaningfully.

“What do you say, Mary? Should we move?” Nicolas asked her.

“What can I say?” Mary pondered shyly.

“You can say if you’re a natural blonde,” Mike uttered, and Luke nudged him.

“Stop it, Mike!” Luke scolded, and Mary got up from the table and returned to the kitchen.

“You’ve lost your sense of humor in this gray city. Back in our town, we have a good time and fall in love freely, my dear friend. Tell Nicolas,” Mike pointed out, and headed for the kitchen.

Mary was tidying up and throwing out the trash. Mike grabbed her hand, and she pulled it away.

“Look at me, I asked you something outside, and you didn’t answer...” Mike said firmly.

Mary said nothing and returned to the table with the others.

Mike went to the bathroom, and when he returned to the table a little later, he sat next to Mary.

“Mary! Bring the kids’ cake,” Nicolas requested.

“Oh yes, sorry I forgot, my love,” Mary replied and ran to the fridge.

“I’ll go help the hostess,” Mike said and followed Mary into the kitchen.

Mike approached just as Mary was taking the cake box out of the fridge.

“Thank you, but I don’t need help, Mr. Banner,” Mary said, and as she opened the box, she gasped because the cake had a smiling photo of her as a decoration glaze.

“But how? You just arrived,” Mary wondered.

“Forgot the Internet? It was my idea, and it came to me when Nicolas sent us your photos,” Mike answered and asked Mary to let him help with the dessert plates.

A little later, Mary and Mike appeared, carrying the cake and plates to the table.

“Finally, banana cake!” Nicolas exclaimed excitedly, and they all dug into the dessert.

The time passed by with conversation and wine, and by two in the morning, the guests still hadn’t left. Mary discreetly looked at Nicolas, who showed no intention of asking his guests to leave, and when she realized this was not forthcoming, she got up and cleared the plates, then went to the kitchen to wash them.

Mike followed Mary, who seemed annoyed.

“Just a moment. I have to go to the bathroom and will be right back,” Mike said.

Nicolas invited Luke inside to show him something on his computer. Soon, they were laughing and whispering, while Mary was still making her chores like a housewife. Mike quietly approached Mary from behind.

“Let me help you with the dishes; we bothered you, and you took such good care of us,” he whispered in her ear, and Mary jumped, startled.

“You scared me. No, thanks, almost finished...” Mary informed him.

“You finish quickly everywhere?” he asked, winking in mischief.

“Don’t be intrusive. Your age doesn’t excuse everything,” Mary replied with tact.

“I’m sorry if I offended you. I really like natural blondes with blue eyes. You look like an angel to me,” Mike apologized.

“What are they doing over there, laughing like that?” Mary wondered as she glanced over her shoulders toward Nicolas.

Mike followed Mary, who approached to see what Nicolas and Luke were doing. When Mary saw what they were watching on the screen, she yelped, and Nicolas and Luke turned around to look.

“What’s wrong with you? Haven’t you seen a porn video before?” Nicolas asked.

“This one is different; it’s amateur! They’re doing it because they enjoy it, not for the money,” Luke added.

“If you like such spectacles, that’s your business,” Mary replied coldly and turned to leave, but as she did, she stumbled and fell into Mike’s arms.

“Sorry... my apologies. I would have fallen,” Mary stammered.

“The pleasure was all mine, and don’t blame us. We’re young, our blood is boiling,” Mike whispered and released her to join the others in watching the video on the computer.

Soon, the group of guys was shouting and cheering as if they were watching a football match.

“Would you like me to bring you something? A snack maybe?” Mary asked discreetly behind them, but they ignored her.

“I need nothing, love. Ask for our friends if they need something,” Nicolas answered without taking his eyes off the screen.

“Quiet now, we only need to focus here,” Luke said to Mary, who turned to leave disappointed, but Mike caught her hand behind the others’ backs.

This time, Mary didn’t pull her hand away, and Mike got up while the other two were watching the obscene spectacle, and pulled Mary back into the kitchen.

“You have a lot of nerve, you know that?” Mary angered, pulling her hand away from his and sitting down in a kitchen chair.

“Aren’t you going to give me a tour of my friend’s house?” Mike requested.

“There’s nothing special to show you; it’s just a small apartment, not a collector’s villa. Besides, you’ve already seen the bathroom, the kitchen, and the living room...” Mary replied.

“So, what’s left for you to show me?” Mike asked with a triumphant smile, grabbing her hand again.

“I think you’re abusing your friend’s hospitality and trust,” Mary answered.

“My friend is busy watching porn instead of paying attention to an angel like you... Stand up to show me around,” Mike demanded.

“I’m not going anywhere!” Mary said, dragging her hand back from Mike’s grasp.

“Very well! I’ll explore by myself,” Mike said, standing up in front of Mary, bringing his crotch level with her face.

His erection was jerking in his pants and this won't pass unnoticed by Mary.

Mike entered the bedroom, selected a video cassette to watch on video and then he undressed, lay down on Nicolas' bed and started pumping his cock, watching porn until the moment he noticed the wedding crowns of Mary nearby. He reached them and examined the soiled, once white, satin with the attached wedding ring.

He sniffed on it.

"Nicolas, you rascal!" he uttered, Mike and coiled the white satin ribbon with Mary's wedding ring attached around his cock before pumping his cock with renewed vigor until he fell asleep while the porn was still playing on video.

Meanwhile, the clock was showing three in the morning and Mary couldn't hold her head straight because she was sleepless while Nicolas and Luke were glued to the PC screen.

"If you excuse me, I need to rest," Mary said behind them, and they said Good night without even turning around.

Mary went in bathroom first, undressed, put her robe and entered the bedroom to rest only to discover Mike was on her bed naked and with her wedding crowns hanging from his still twitching cock.

She went back and straight to Nicolas and dragged him and Luke after her to the bedroom to protest about Mike's rudeness and they both broke in laughters with the spectacle.

Luke went over and nudged Mike to wake him up.

"What the hell, you assholes? Why are you waking me up?" Mike asked with anger.

"What the hell is this mess, Mike?" Luke asked him.

"You guys were watching porn inside. The lady didn't want to talk; what did you want me to do? I was watching some porn and fell asleep. I'm in our friend's house, not a stranger's..." Mike justified himself.

"You idiot, why did you defile the wedding crowns?" Luke asked him.

"I defiled nothing. I found them defiled with sperm and manure, and I wrapped them around my dick for a better jerk-off. It's not the end of the world. I'll buy you new ones, Nicolas. Sorry, brother," Mike apologized to Nicolas.

"Don't apologize to me, apologize to Mary. Those wedding crowns are hers," Nicolas replied, and he and Luke returned to the living room and the PC.

"A thousand apologies, Mrs. Mary. I didn't know those were your wedding crowns. Why didn't you invite us to your wedding, guys?" Mike asked Mary.

"Because when I wore those wedding crowns, you were a toddler. Stop the nonsense and give me back my crowns," Mary demanded coldly.

"Come and get them!" Mike replied, pumping his cock while looking at her.

"Get out of our bed, man... and stop being vulgar with my personal things. You're a guest; you'll leave soon. Why insist on making the worst impression?" Mary shouted, waiting for Mike to be moved and get up to leave.

Instead, she heard Nicolas' voice behind her.

"Mike, enough. Give Mary's crowns to Luke and move aside so we can all fit."

Mary turned and looked at him, taken aback, but said nothing.

Mike unwrapped the ribbon of the wedding crowns from his dick and handed it to Luke. Luke turned to Nicolas.

"Nicolas, I'm thinking of making her garters," he said, then turned to Mike.

"What do you think, Mike?" Luke asked.

“I say you better explain what options she has and let the lady decide what she wants to be done. I’m sleepy; let’s wrap this up so we can go to bed,” Mike grumbled.

“And you, Mary, what do you prefer I do with your wedding crowns? Garters, a bra, handcuffs, or a collar?” Luke asked, and Mary burst into tears.

Nicolas approached her and took her in his arms.

“What’s wrong now?” Nicolas whispered to her in a tender voice.

“I don’t understand what’s going on. Why all these absurdities, and especially, why do your friends need to sleep in our bed? I want to be your partner, for you to do whatever you want with me, not to be a toy to play with your friends. Please, I want us to sleep alone. Let me prepare the couches for your friends,” demanded Mary.

“Okay, Mrs. Mary,” replied Luke instead of Nicolas, turning to Mike.

“Come on, Mike, let’s sleep in the car and leave in the morning to return to our city. The lady doesn’t want us in her house, and it’s your fault with your pranks and crude behavior,” said Luke, placing Mary’s wedding crowns on the nightstand. They got dressed, bid the couple goodnight, and left.

Nicolas apologized to his friends and didn’t speak after seeing them off.

Mary felt awkward and tried to justify herself, but Nicolas told her it wasn’t necessary and that his friends acted like babies and overdid it because they don’t have girlfriends.

“It’s a shame. The only thing I regret is that I hoped they would take me into their technical office so I could learn to prepare engineering essays and technical reports as an engineer. Until now, I’ve been working as a programmer and I envy them a lot. Mike is finishing up as a gynecologist and prepares engineering drawings in Luke’s office to make pocket money, and he has more experience than me, an actual engineer. I’m unlucky!” Nicolas mumbled and burst into tears.

Mary widened her eyes and started running half-naked as she was, in her robe and slippers, into the dead of night to catch up with Nicolas’ friends, whom she had spotted out of the corner of her eye getting into their car.

She approached the spot where they had parked and looked inside. Luke and Mike had settled in and snuggling up to sleep.

Mary tapped on the passenger-side window and signaled to them with a smile.

“Hey, Mary, is something wrong?” Luke asked.

“Please come back upstairs,” she requested.

“No, Mary, it’s better here. We bothered you enough, but we came to celebrate with our friend who, after so many years, found a woman he really likes. We won’t spoil it for Nicolas,” Luke declined her offer.

“No, listen, I got scared. You know, I grew up in conservative times and a strict environment, but honestly, I apologize for my rude reaction. Truly, I want you in our home, and I won’t leave until you come back with me to sleep like proper people,” Mary insisted.

Mike and Luke followed her back to the house, and Mary prepared the couches for them to lie down for the night. When she turned to tell them that everything was ready and they could lie down, they weren’t there. Instead, they had gone and lain down in her bed.

When she saw all three of them under the blankets smiling at her, Mary returned to the couch to sleep, but couldn’t fall asleep. From the bedroom, she heard laughter, songs, voices, and teasing. In the end, she had enough and rushed to the bedroom to complain.

“Really! Are you making all this noise like you are in kindergarten? Calm down and be quiet so we can sleep!” she scolded them.

“Whatever you say... mom!” Mike quipped, and they all burst out laughing.

“Alright then! Make some space so I can lie down too, since you won’t quiet down otherwise! And don’t make a peep or else...” she threatened, and the three men made space to give room for Mary.

“Take off your robe,” she heard Mike saying, and she glared at him fiercely.

The way they were lying down, Mary was on the edge. Next to her was Nicolas, beside Nicolas was Mike, and on the other edge was Luke.

During the night, Luke got up to pee and when he returned, he lay down on Mary’s side, squeezing her towards Nicolas.

A little later, Nicolas got up to go to the bathroom, and Mike squeezed in next to the astonished Mary. Neither Luke nor Mike made the slightest move to touch Mary or make her feel uncomfortable about being in the middle.

The next day, Nicolas left early in the morning for an interview, and Mike and Luke got up later. When Mary returned, she found them sitting naked at the table, drinking their coffee.

“Mmm, it smells like fresh bread!” Mike shouted and ran to rummage through Mary’s groceries.

“Hold on, you starved beast! I’ll give you some! Get your filthy hands off the bread! Go wash your hands and face first,” said Mary. She went to the table and left croissants and cheese pies, and she sliced the bread, covering the slices with jam.

“We’ll go out to run some errands and leave you in peace, Mary,” said Luke.

“You don’t bother me. Just put on some underwear while you’re walking around here,” replied Mary.

“Does it bother you we stay naked? Haven’t you seen a naked man before?” Luke asked.

“I have, but only my man. I’m not interested in other men,” Mary scolded him.

“When you came to the car yesterday and invited us back, didn’t you tell us to feel at home? Well, that’s what we’re doing,” added Mike.

“Let’s get dressed and go to our meeting, Mike. Mary doesn’t want us underfoot,” said Luke.

Mary was left alone all morning, and around noon, she received a phone call from her husband.

“I’ve been calling, and you’re not home. The kid said he hadn’t seen you in three days. Where are you, Mary?” he asked.

“I need time to think about some things, and I’m not in the mood for drama. We’ve talked about this,” Mary replied.

“I understand, once again the housekeeper will take care of our child. Alright, Mary, whatever you want, but remember that we grew up and fought together for our family and that I love you. That’s all...” he said, and she heard his voice break before he hung up.

Mary felt a lump rising in her throat. She dialed Nicolas’ number and called him.

“Tell me you love me just the way I am!” Mary asked Nicolas.

“I love you like the first day of spring, baby,” Nicolas replied and informed her he will return late in the afternoon.

“Are you sure all of this will work out, Mr. Baras?” asked the middle-aged man sitting across from him, and Nicolas didn’t speak. He took a thick envelope, estimated its contents by eye, and left without saying a word.

At two 'o'clock, Mike and Luke showed up, sweaty and tired. They greeted Mary, who was about to lie down. They both got undressed and headed for the shower. Mary thought about lying down on the couch, but then became stubborn.

"No! You won't kick me out of my bed, you little bastards," she muttered as she served food onto plates.

Mike and Luke acted ravenously and dug into the food.

"Easy, you'll choke. Are you starving?" Mary laughed and placed glasses and water in front of them.

"Is there any wine?" Mike asked, and Mary brought out some chilled wine and served him.

Mike gulped down the glass in one go and looked at her before diving back into the food.

"You're an amazing cook, Mary..." said Luke.

"Thank you. I'm going to lie down. When you're done, put the dishes in the sink," she told them and went to lie down in the bedroom, but she couldn't close her eyes.

She heard dishes in the sink and then water running, understanding that Luke and Mike were washing the dishes and glasses.

Mary got up, she peeked towards the kitchen, and then took off her robe and slipped back under the blankets.

She heard their footsteps and pretended to be asleep. Luke and Mike lay down beside her, hugged her, and pressed firmly their naked bodies against hers like she was their baby pillow. After a few minutes of awkwardness, all three of them were sleeping in each other's arms. Mary expected the worst to happen any moment, but Mike and Luke started snoring on top of her.

When Mary woke up, she saw Nicolas undressing and lying down on the bed next to her. They started kissing and Nicolas undressed her, climbed on top of her, lifted her legs, and entered her, which was still painful for Mary.

"Slower, my love, don't rush..." Mary whispered in Nicolas' ear, but Nicolas ignored her, and Mary began to cry and scream.

"Don't be so rough with her, you fool. You'll wake up the entire building..." Luke said from behind Nicolas, and Mary tried to hide under Nicolas.

"I like it this way with Mary, Luke. You can ask your girlfriend for permission on how to take her. I take mine however I want. Isn't that right, Mary?" Nicolas asked, and Mary didn't respond.

"There's no need to remind me of the fact I don't have a woman and to show off your manhood in your house. Anyway, I want to ask Mary what I should make with her wedding crowns," Luke replied.

"I'm not showing off. It's just that if Mary allows it, you can watch live porn here instead of waiting on the internet for a low-resolution video that takes an hour to download and a few minutes to watch. As for what you should make with Mary's wedding crowns, ask Mary," Nicolas responded, much to Mary's surprise, as she saw Luke approaching.

In his hands, he held her wedding crowns and a rose. Nicolas picked up the pace and started thrusting into Mary with all his strength, and Mary was struggling to hold back from screaming in pain and wild pleasure in front of the stranger. Luke bent down and offered her the rose.

"Can we watch, Mary?" Luke asked.

Mary stared at Nicolas, who stopped bouncing on top of her.

"Don't look at me. Choose what you want," Nicolas said, trying to catch his breath, and Mary accepted the rose and smelled it.

Mike, who was holding the expensive video camera and filming the scene, pulled the sheets away in one move and revealed the intimate parts of the loving couple.

"I knew she was a natural blonde!" Mike exclaimed, getting tangled between their legs to capture the action from even closer and more interesting angles.

"Of course, I'm a natural blonde!" Mary shouted in her delirium.

"She has an untrimmed golden bush growing in every direction!" Mike exclaimed, dazzled.

"What should I make with your wedding crowns, Mary?" Luke repeated from the other side, trying to capture Mary's attention.

"Make something that hurts when I wear it and leave me alone to make love now..." Mary replied, clutching Nicolas tightly.

"Should I make it hurt your lover too, or just you?" Luke persisted.

"Yes! Leave me alone now, Luke, please, I implore you..." Mary meowed as Nicolas was plowing her.

Luke disappeared for two hours. Mike circled around the couple, taking the best shots he could, when suddenly he saw Nicolas stopping.

"Turn around and on all fours. I will take your ass," Nicolas ordered, and Mary cried.

"Not in front of others... please," Mary begged, but she turned around and assumed the position.

"Tell her to shake and show-off, first!" Mike motioned Nicolas.

"Mike! Might your business. Mary, grab some Vaseline, lay face down and lubricate your intestine slowly," instructed her, slapping her hard across her buttocks. Mary rushed to comply.

"A moment, please! Let her try what I made from the wedding crowns to perfect it before you continue," Luke shouted behind them.

"I don't stop for nothing. If you wish, make the adjustments on her as I stretch her asshole," Nicolas replied, waiting for Mary to finish with her lubrication.

Behind them, Mike was directing the action.

"Slow down the fingering, Mary. Clench your corn hole and caress your wild golden bush," he reiterated until Luke shouted to him.

"Mary, I took your wedding crowns and re-arranged them so that you can wear them as a collar, as garters, and also as a bra. Because they are of platinum, they will look amazing on you. Would you like to try them on, my dear?" Luke asked with politeness.

"Thank you, but as you understand, it's difficult for me right now," Mary replied.

"On the contrary, now, it's the perfect moment to try them out for the purpose they're intended for," Luke explained to Mary, and she nodded in agreement in the end.

Immediately, Luke had Mary put on each crown high on her thighs. He had opened the crowns and adjusted white straps on them to tighten as desired on the flesh, but also straps with clips to hang freely from them, able to hold socks or to be tied as a bra.

Luke secured the wedding crowns by tightening them on her thighs, then pulled and attached her nylon stockings to the wedding crowns. He then let the wedding ring that was attached to a white satin ribbon with a tie hitch knot, hanging between her legs like a pendant.

"How do you feel, Mary? Do you like it?" Luke asked.

"They hurt nicely, Luke. Thank you," Mary replied.

Nicolas took then the attached wedding ring that was hanging from her platinum garters, feeding it deep inside her intestine, stuffing along as much as white satin ribbon as he could before pushing hard his fat cock in. Next, he applied constant pressure until her rosebud gave up and let his member penetrate her anal sphincter.

Mary screamed in agony because no matter how much lubricant applied in her anal canal, it was not enough to prepare her for this attack and she hurled in pain, crying and begging.

“Shut her up, Luke, she’ll wake up the entire neighborhood!” shouted Nicolas, who neither stopped nor relented and continued to pound Mary.

“How am I supposed to do that? Why didn’t you gag her?” wondered Luke as Mary turned to him, her eyes pleading for him to stop the pain.

Luke bent down and kissed her tenderly on the mouth.

Nicolas remained still and slowly withdrawing from inside her, and then got off the bed without Mary noticing.

“Holy shit, look at the gaping hole he left behind... I can see inside her inner world,” muttered Mike, but Luke and Mary ignored him and continued kissing until Mary, as if awakening from a trance, lifted her head like a lamb seeking for its shepherd.

“What are we doing? Where’s my Nicolas?” she wondered aloud.

“Keep going, finish what you started now and don’t stop,” Nicolas shouted, encouraging her from the kitchen.

With little thought, Mary turned her face and continued kissing Luke. As they kissed, Luke pushed her on her back with a gentle move, climbed on top of her, broke their kiss and knelt between her legs. Luke pulled the soiled ribbon with the wedding ring from her bottom, and pushed the wedding ring and white ribbon deep into her vagina and then, he firmly thrust his shaft and with a grunt, plunged into Mary, who sighed.

“Do the wedding crowns hurt you, as garters, Mary?” Luke asked, looking tenderly into her eyes.

“They scratch and sting a bit, but it’s not bad,” Mary replied, and Luke pushed harder until he fully buried inside her. He then thrust and jerked, and Mary tried to find a rhythm with him, like a dance couple just getting to know each other on the ballroom floor.

Soon they were in sync, and as Mary felt herself nearing orgasm, she hugged him tightly and kissed him until they both climaxed at the same moment. Mary screamed while Luke roared like a proud lion marking his territory, even though he wasn’t as well-endowed as Nicolas or Mike.

Once Luke finished ejaculating inside her, he pulled out and posed his manhood next to her blonde bush, from which his seed was seeping and with her dazzled face in the background, as if he were on a safari posing with his trophy.

Mary buried her face in her hands, crying in shame. Then, Luke removed the garters from her feet, and while Mike filmed, he adjusted the wedding crown on Mary’s breasts, using the straps to fasten them like a bra.

“Why are you crying? Didn’t you like it?” Luke bent down and tenderly asked her, and she shook her head.

“Do you regret what happened?” Luke asked again, and she nodded yes.

Luke lay down beside her pillow, took her hands that were hiding her face, and held them with tenderness in his. She turned to his side, and they glanced into each other’s eyes for a few seconds before Luke kissed her again, and Mary reacted with passion.

“Did something hurt you, Mary?” Luke asked.

“I’m so ashamed...” Mary whispered.

“Wasn’t it beautiful for you?” Luke continued, and Mary hid her face again and started crying once more.

Nicolas entered the bedroom and lay down next to Mary.

“Are you two getting along well?” Nicolas asked them.

“Mary feels bad about us making love, and I’m trying to understand why,” Luke replied.

“Luke, did you feel bad about Mary? Did she do something wrong? Weren’t you satisfied with the sex she offered you?” Nicolas asked.

“What are you saying, Nicolas? Your wife is dynamite. She blew my mind. I saw stars, I’m telling you, and I think she liked it too because she hugged me and we finished together. What can I say? It’s the first time I felt the spasms of a woman’s orgasm on my cock, and dude, I’m the least endowed of the three of us. Nicolas, I truly envy you. I envy you so much for having such a fantastic woman all to yourself,” Luke replied enthusiastically.

“She’s a rare woman. I’ve waited for her for a long time... but she probably won’t stay for long,” Nicolas said with disappointment, and Mary screamed, turned, and grabbed Nicolas in her arms.

“Why, Mary?” Luke asked.

“Because Mary is married with three kids, and no matter how much she wants to, she’s torn between her love for me, or rather for us, and the love she has for her husband, who until recently was the only man she had ever known. Because Mary feels guilty for enjoying love instead of withering away in the duties of a wife and mother, and above all, because she realized she can never belong to just one man,” Nicolas explained.

Mary lifted her head and apologized.

“Don’t apologize, my love. I’m sorry that you have to mutilate your desires for your duties. Pack your things and go back home. It was beautiful while it lasted,” Nicolas said and teared up.

Mary looked into his eyes, kissed him, and they all got up from the bed.

“What are you still filming, Mike?” Luke scolded him.

“Stop the nonsense, let’s go watch some porn!” Mike shouted, and Nicolas and Luke followed him to the computer.

Mary had little to pack. She threw in a couple of clothes she had bought and approached the group.

“I have to go...” Mary said and took off Nicolas’ ring, leaving it on the table.

Nicolas got up, kissed her, and accompanied her to the door.

As soon as the door closed, the argument started.

“We’ll split the money fairly, right? Everything in three parts?” Mike said.

“After deducting the expenses,” Nicolas replied.

“Don’t fight, guys! We made a good profit,” Luke scolded them.

“No, Luke. Mike will also make money from the videos. Those need to be included in the split,” Nicolas complained, and they started arguing.

A week passed, and Nicolas, Mike, and Luke were fishing for women on the internet.

“Nothing’s biting, brother. I’m going out to unwind. Will you come out and try to pick up some old ladies to feed us?” Mike suggested.

“You guys go ahead. I still have work to do.” Nicolas replied.

“What work, Nicolas? You’re unemployed just like us...” Mike said, laughing.

“If we don’t land a serious appointment within the next week, we’ll really be unemployed,” Luke replied and followed Mike.

Nicolas’ phone rang while he was watching a videotape of the footage Mike had shot and simultaneously heard a knock at his door.

He opened it and was surprised to see Mary with two suitcases in her hands.

“What are you doing here?” Nicolas asked her, in confusion.

“Do you still want me?” Mary asked with phony anxiety.

“Of course not. You made your choice, and it’s over,” Nicolas replied coldly.

“Can I stay for a few days as a friend until I find a place?” she asked.

“Come in, leave your things in the living room, and if you’re hungry, there’s some food in the fridge,” he said and let her in. Nicolas went and lay down in the bedroom, thinking how to answer the phone that had been ringing constantly.

It was Mary’s husband, threatening and swearing at him.

He tried in vain to calm him down and finally had to hang up when Mary entered wearing a provocative negligee.

“How much do you charge for the night, boys?” Mary asked Nicolas with disarming innocence.

“Mary, I’m not in the mood. I told you I’m hosting you.” Nicolas replied.

“I know everything...” Mary said, but Nicolas didn’t respond.

“When I saw your phone number in my husband’s notebook, I realized something was wrong. When I checked his email and saw the messages you exchanged, I understood everything. Now, I don’t want you to regard me as a friend, but as the gigolo you are, and I will pay you well. So, how much do you charge for normal and how much for extras per hour?” Mary insisted.

Nicolas’ phone rang again.

“It’s not my fault if you’re naïve and left traces! She slipped through your hands, fool, and don’t threaten me!” he shouted and hung up.

Nicolas turned to stare at Mary, who was glaring at him. His gaze fell on the video of Mary’s hardcore porn that he had forgotten and left playing on mute. Mary turned and saw herself being taken anally by Nicolas before he had the chance to turn it off. She turned back and smiled.

“You replace life with its image so easily,” Mary said with bitter.

“He’s demanding his money or you back, otherwise he’ll pay the hit contract to have my head as a trophy in your library,” Nicolas responded indifferently.

“I’m not going back!” Mary asserted.

“Nor am I refunding any money,” Nicolas added.

“You still haven’t told me your rate...” she said, climbing onto the bed and approaching Nicolas on all fours.

“More likely, I’ll be paying you with my life, but I don’t give a dime,” he replied, pulling her on top of him.

“I’m angry with you,” Mary said, and they kissed.

Mike and Luke were stunned when they returned and found Mary sleeping in Nicolas’ arms.

“What the hell is this? What she is doing here?” Luke shouted.

“And I’m happy to see you too, Luke,” Mary laughed.

“Blame her idiot husband, who, instead of deleting the evidence, left everything out in the open for her to discover,” Nicolas explained.

“So what now?” Mike asked.

“Now you come to bed so we can all sleep together,” Mary answered.

“No, Mary, that’s not right...” Nicolas replied and gestured for Luke to get up.

“Don’t you want me?” Mary asked in surprise.

“First, you’ll take Mike, and then we can all sleep together,” Nicolas explained.

“And what if I don’t like Mike?” Mary asked, looking at Mike, who was already undressing. Mary hadn’t noticed before, but Mike was very hairy.

“Turn on the cameras, we’re going to the moon tonight,” Mike shouted, hopping on one leg as he was trying to take off his pants.

“He’s hairier than a baboon!” Mary complained.

“And more aroused than a gorilla, lucky you, my dear. So get up so I can prepare and decorate you as I like because I have many fetishes,” he said with a voice trembling from excitement and anticipation.

“I’m going to sleep on the couch because he’ll take all night long to finish. Why did you do this, Nicolas?” Luke complained and left.

“Good! You can go Luke; more fine pussy for me. Come on, Nicolas, take the camera and film us,” Mike pleaded.

Nicolas turned on the video camera and zoomed in on Mary.

“Just for the records. I don’t want this ape. I came back for you, you know,” Mary told him.

“Mike rarely puts down his video camera to experience something, and when he does, he’s so picky and perfectionist that he never manages to cum. So, you’re probably safe, since the perfect form and content he seeks to complete his mating ritual simply doesn’t exist,” Nicolas reassured her, and Mike reacted.

“Why do you do this, Nicolas, and belittle me? Have I ever judged you, buddy? Why are you ruining this for me?” Mike shouted in despair, ready to cry.

“Mike, you’re right. She’s all yours, and if you don’t want me here, I’ll leave,” Nicolas apologized.

“Get off the bed and stand up straight, completely still,” Mike ordered, but Mary didn’t move. She crossed her arms, tightened her lips, and stared straight ahead.

“Leave her alone, Mike. Let’s go out, and I’ll treat you to some hookers to have your fun,” Nicolas suggested after a minute of tension.

Mike turned and looked at Nicolas with teary eyes.

“Luke, we’re going whoring. You come with us too!” Nicolas shouted, and the three friends left for a night out and didn’t return until the next morning, exhausted, as if they had been digging all night.

“The brothels have gone downhill in this bloody metropolis,” Luke muttered.

“Keep it down. Snow White is sleeping,” Mike scolded as he undressed.

“Stop it and come to bed,” Nicolas said, and Mike was the first to rush to lie down next to Mary.

Luke followed, lying down next to Mary, who pretended to be asleep, leaving Nicolas to lie on the edge of the bed.

Mary, without saying a word, got up from the bed and stood in the middle of the bedroom with her arms crossed.

“Did you go to the hookers, Nicolas?” Mary asked, making an angry face.

“We went to the hookers, but we didn’t get up and in the end, we drank at a bar, and here we are,” Nicolas answered.

“Guys, no fights, please. Let’s just sleep,” Luke grumbled.

Mary went and lay down at the opposite end of the bed from where Nicolas was lying. Mike turned to her side, took her hand, and placed his member in her palm before pulling her on top of him.

“I told you I don’t want you—Nicolas, tell him to leave me alone, or I’ll go sleep on the couch,” Mary said, trying to save face.

“Mary, we won’t have peace until you give what he wants, and there’ll be complaints around here,” Nicolas replied.

“Come with me,” Mike said and pulled Mary into the bathroom. Nicolas discreetly followed behind them.

“First, you tell me if Nicolas went with a hooker, and then I will...” heard Mary asking Mike once inside the bathroom.

“Ask him yourself,” Mike replied and turned to Nicolas.

“No, neither I nor anyone else went with a hooker,” Nicolas reassured and pulled Mary into his arms.

“Nicolas, leave us and go. Do it for my sake, buddy,” Mike pleaded, almost crying.

Nicolas left the bathroom and heard the door lock behind him.

A month passed since that morning, and Nicolas was taking his coffee on the veranda when Mary, who had just gotten up, approached him.

He was still unemployed, as were his friends, and lost in his thoughts.

“Good morning, my love...” Mary said, kissing him.

“Good morning, Mary,” Nicolas replied.

“I’m going to the bathroom for a shower because yesterday...” Mary said.

“That’s how threesomes go. Haven’t you gotten used to them yet?” Nicolas replied.

“Nicolas, I want to talk...” Mary started.

“Now that the guys are leaving for their town, you want to follow them?” Nicolas guessed.

“Yes! I like what’s happening and what we’re doing,” Mary answered.

“It pays well, I admit, but why do you help them lure and drain cash mature women?”

Nicolas asked.

Mary didn’t reply; she turned and left.

The next day, Nicolas tightened the platinum wreaths around Mary’s breasts as tightly as she liked, pinched her nipples with the clips, and let the soiled ribbon with connecting the wreaths fall between her breasts where the attached wedding ring was resting.

“So, Mike? Are you just going to film or flirt with the lady?” Luke asked.

“No, I don’t want to...” Mary mumbled.

“What don’t you want, Mary?” Luke asked.

“I only want Nicolas,” Mary complained as she watched Mike undress.

Mary was silent as Mike grabbed the ribbon and the wedding ring and stuffed in Mary’s mouth.

Next morning, Mike, Luke, and Mary were gone, taking all the equipment with them and leaving Nicolas only a TV set.

Nicolas packed his CDs into a backpack and left the apartment to head to the nearby internet cafe to check his emails and send out new resumes.

In the hallway, he saw the elevator door open, and his blood ran cold when he recognized Mary’s husband stepping out with four goons. Thankful he didn’t use the elevator often, Nicolas quietly took the stairs and stood still in the dark. He heard his apartment door crack down and curses. He approached the entrance and saw a large guy keeping watch outside, so he opted to conceal himself in the stairwell and wait for them to leave, which they eventually did.

“I want you to cut off his legs,” Mary’s husband uttered.

“Don’t worry, when he returns, we’ll grab him and bring him to you so you can tell us what you want us to chop off,” the bodyguard replied.

Nicolas waited for them to leave, and after some time, he slipped out of the building and never returned.