

Shemale Threesome

By: Crimson Rose

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“Hurry up would you,” Paul yelled up the stairs to his wife. “I’m leaving in five minutes with or without you.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Nina replied dismissively. “Don’t get your panties in a bunch; I’ll be down in a minute.”

Tonight was Paul and Nina Summerville’s tenth anniversary and they had the whole night ahead of them. They were both conservative businesspeople that rarely had time for a night out. They met while in college. Paul was a junior, Nina a freshman. They were both majoring in Business Management and Paul made some extra money tutoring math. Math was not Nina’s strong suit and so she hired Paul to help bring up her grade.

They started dating after the third tutoring session, and now, fourteen years later they have been happily married for a decade, and very successful in their careers. Unlike most men and women in their thirties, Paul and Nina preferred to stay in. They preferred spending a quiet night in each other’s arms rather than going to clubs and parties.

Thirty-three year old Nina Summerville is an olive skinned beauty of Brazilian descent. She is tall and, as Paul likes to call it, thick. She has a little meat on her bones; not like the wafer thin women parading the cat-walks proclaiming themselves the picture of beauty. She has curves in all the right places from her large ‘D’ cup breasts to her round hips and shapely ass and long legs. Her long black hair was naturally wavy and her blue eyes always sparkled.

Thirty-six year old Paul Summerville is in peak physical condition. He is 6’3” tall, 220 pounds. His body is toned and fit due to regular workouts and daily runs.

For 364 days out of the year the Summerville’s are as straight-laced as can be, but on October 25th, their anniversary, they let loose and have a night out on the town. They let their hair down for one night and throw caution to the wind. Tonight they had reservations at their favorite restaurant and passes into CLUB JOI, a nightclub so popular there is a six month waiting list to get through the doors.

Club Joi was located in a large, two story brick building with no windows, the front and back doors the only entrances and exits. Since opening just three years ago, it has become one of the most popular clubs; not only in Houston, but in the entire country. When Paul and Nina arrived there was a line snaking around the building and down the sidewalk for nearly two blocks. Most of the people in line had no chance of getting in, but that didn’t matter to them. The small chance of getting through the doors was enough to make some of them stand in line for days.

Inside, the music was thumping and the bodies swaying. More than a hundred people were drinking, talking, and dancing in the wild and crazy way the half drunk normally do. The layout was simple. Club Joi was designed to fit the most people into the space provided. To the left was a bar that could seat about twenty patrons. To the far right was a small stage where the DJ was positioned. The DJ of the moment was Les Jumo Selesao.

The lighting, as in most dance clubs, flashes in shades of red, green, blue, and white. Multi-colored laser lights danced a dance of their own.

Club Joi’s biggest secret was the type of people it attracted were not so much the twenty-something, college student looking to party and get drunk, but the mid-thirties businessmen and women who shared a common interest. And that interest was swinging. We’re not talking about sitting your butt on a wood plank, go back and forth swinging. NO, Club Joi catered to Husbands

and wives, boyfriends and girlfriends that were open-minded and secure enough in their relationship that they enjoyed swapping partners.

Paul and Nina learned this secret as so many before them had. They had enjoyed a few drinks and were feeling really good. They took a spot on the dance floor and moved their bodies to the music. Although they tried to stay together, they both found themselves dancing with complete strangers from time to time. That was just the way of Club Joi. Many on the dance floor were very touchy feely as well. That was also the way of Club Joi. Paul and Nina did their best to ignore the roaming hands and enjoy themselves.