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Male harem

Modern eroticism

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Аннотация

Our days. A powerful (very rich) woman holds a harem of 10 men. A contract for 1 year, from which you can not refuse, costs a million dollars. Everything goes according to plan, but with the tenth husband there is a misfire. The lady falls in love with him and their romance ends in disaster. The story is full of eroticism.

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Once I got a call

– Is this Sergey Sergeevich? Hello, my name is Mikhail Anatolyevich, I need to meet with you urgently and talk about one very important matter.

– In what business?

– Our company offers you a very profitable contract for a year.

– What kind of company, what kind of work?

– This is not a telephone conversation, make an appointment.

– It's just that I'm not going anywhere.

– Sergey Sergeich, we are talking about the amount – one million US dollars.

I hesitated. I did not want to waste time for a meeting, where I will be “planted” for something. But the amount of a million dollars paralyzed my brain. I made an appointment in the evening

in a cafe, where I sometimes went. At the appointed time we met. They sat down at a table, my interlocutor handed out a business card, where it was written that he was working as a lawyer in a company with a hard-to-pronounce name. He told me literally the following:

– Dear Sergey Sergeevich, I am the representative of one very serious person who is ready to make you a very generous offer.

– What kind?

– You are offered a contract for one million dollars. The money will be transferred to you on the first day after the signing of the contract. I have a contract with me and you need to sign it right now.

– Why such a rush?

– My client insists on this.

– What is the work?

– The work is simple, but unusual. You have to be a husband.

– Husband? Whose?

– The husband of that person, the woman I represent.

– And who is she?

– Her name will not tell you anything.

– Is she very rich?

– She is very rich.

– And if I refuse?

– Wait to refuse, listen to me to the end. You are offered a full board. Free accommodation and meals.

– What should I do?

– You should please your high-ranking wife, occasionally entering with her into sexual contact.

– And why occasionally?

– Because you will not be her only husband, but the tenth.

– What! Are you kidding?

– No, I'm not joking, it's all very serious.

– Still, I refuse. Being on the maintenance of a woman, even very rich, is below my dignity.

– Do not refuse. I already told you that my client is a very serious person. Crush such a trifle as an ordinary person (like us with you), it will not be difficult for her. If you now refuse this offer, your life will actually be over. You will spend her rest behind bars or with severe physical injuries. Or maybe in a psychiatric hospital. This is how she will decide.

– Are you threatening me?

– No, I'm not threatening, I'm saying what's really there.

After that, he handed me the contract. The contract was big, serious, I read it and thought, on the very matter of this or somebody's joke. Right now, a filmmaker will jump out from somewhere and cry out: "Smile, you are hidden by a hidden camera."

– And who is she, why did she choose me?

– You met her some time ago and she liked it.

– And where?

– You will see the mistress, remember.

Exactly a week later, having settled personal and official

affairs, I stood in front of the massive iron gate of a large mansion. The guards let me in. At the front door I was greeted by a kind girl. Being engaged in my reception was her job. We walked around the house and entered it through an inconspicuous door. “It must be a door for servants,” I thought. “They told you that you do not need to take anything dear and valuable with you?” The girl asked. Yes, I was warned that all my things would be destroyed. Quarantine, their mother. We went into some dressing room. “Take off your clothes,” said the girl, “and go to the shower.” I undressed straight at her naked, she put all my things in a plastic bag. After the shower, the girl gave me clean clothes and a home (sports) suit. Then we went with her to my apartment – a small cozy apartment on the 4th floor with all the amenities. I was told that I would rest and wait for the Chief Manager. Soon the Chief Manager came. “Hello, Sergey,” he said simply, and sat down on a chair. – “My name is Peter, I’m here Chief Manager for husbands, that is, Chief Eunuch.” I chuckled, but Peter did not support my fun. “The money is contractually transferred to you, they are here,” and he handed me a bank card in an envelope. – Now about our orders. You can not go beyond the territory of the Mansion. And it does not work out, our security is serious. Drinking, smoking, drugs, all this is excluded. The regime of the day is iron. Everything happens here according to plan and regime. For infringers the system of punishments is provided. Medical examination and classes every day. There is one more specific nuance. To husbands, the

Mistress forbids masturbating without her order. Do not try to get around this ban. In addition to cameras that are everywhere, even in your toilet, the loss of semen will be noticed by the doctor. For the husbands of the Lady are not available telephones, televisions, computers. Here you are in complete autonomous navigation”, – Petr grinned.

My married days began. Hard mode, early climb, jogging, physical training, everything is like in the army. In the afternoon classes, dances, music, etiquette, special disciplines. Here we (husbands) studied the anatomy of the female body, psychology (women). We studied under the supervision of experienced teachers to give the Woman pleasure and joy. Days went by days, and the mistress (sorry, wife) I did not see everything. It was impossible to ask, for such a question one can not escape punishment. In general, the local rhythm of life has benefited me. In the mirror, I saw the results of hard training and a healthy lifestyle. In addition, we were engaged in good stylists and make-up artists, as well as master-cosmetologists. With other husbands, although we spent time together in class, we were not allowed to communicate, but I especially did not want to. We were kind of in a team, but all are lonely. We shared a wife, whom I had not yet had the opportunity to contemplate. But one day Peter summoned me to class and led me to the Mistress.

After passing several guard posts, we entered a large room. My wife sat at the table and wrote something. Seeing us, she made a sign to come closer. Peter led me to the table. Mistress

(so it was ordered to call her) left the table, took off her glasses. She was a slender, elegant woman of indeterminate age. She told me: “Undress.” I stripped naked, became smoother and looked in front of me, like at a doctor’s reception. The lady took from her desk a pen that she wrote, covered it with a cap, and lifted my penis with it. – “How are we with an erection?” “Coefficient 1.34”, – answered the army Chief Eunuch. “Is it good or not?” I thought. – “Change his toilet water, let it be softer, something marine.” “I’m listening.” – “And pick up a little whiskey, as it is now fashionable.” She examined me a little more critically, and then she said: “In the evening, let it be at dinner.”

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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