

Barbra's Friends (With Benefits)

By C. Jade Wyton

Kenneth Bloom is sitting alone in his hotel room while his wife Barbra goes to a party. He's been drawing in an attempt to relax, though he finds himself rather bored, instead. Then, when Barbra returns with two of her friends (with benefits) Ken gets the inspiration he was looking for.

Contains explicit sexual content.

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Barbra had gone out to a party with some friends, so Ken had taken the opportunity to sit and draw. It wasn't anything too complex; just things he could find around the hotel room stacked haphazardly on top of each other to create semi-interesting shapes....

Ken let out a sigh as he finished the still-life of a doorstop he had been working on, and flopped back limply in his chair.

He needed a break from everything.

From work. From people. From the world.

He wasn't sure how to recharge anymore— Barbra had her parties and her friends.... Usually Ken's artwork would help him feel better. But, lately.... It just *hadn't*.

It was always the same mundane selection of objects.

He needed something *new* to draw. Something *different*. Something *interesting*!

Perhaps he could go for a walk?

Perhaps he could go find Barbra....

Ken twitched an ear, listening out towards the hotel's courtyard and hearing the party downstairs was still in full-swing.

*Absolutely not!*

He decided quickly that he would rather stay in the apartment than head downstairs and risk seeing his coworkers.

He went back to drawing; turning on the little television in the corner of the room to Animal Planet and sketching out whatever creatures appeared on the screen.

He wasn't sure how long he drew for. Maybe an hour. Maybe two? Maybe ten minutes.

He didn't keep track.

All he knew was that it got boring very quickly, and felt more like a chore than something to relax himself with.

Then, a mimic appeared on screen. A stray, the documentary said. Living in the streets of London. The documentary was going to get a deeper look in on its life....

Ken switched it off.

He missed his daughter too much to watch a show about her favourite

animals.

Besides, the way she explained these things was *much* more interesting, and he'd rather hear it all from *her* on their next phone call—

His ears flicked up alert as he heard a familiar voice making its way towards his room, and he stood up with excitement.

It was his Barbra! His Barbra— Oh, *non!*

It was his Barbra and somebody else!

Another *two* somebody elses, by the sounds of it!

Ken sat back down, pulling up his legs nervously and fumbling with his sketchbook as he heard Barbra unlocking the door.

'Ken, honey!' she beamed as she entered the room. 'I'm back, and I brought Kathy and Miylaka with me!'

*Kathy and Miylaka*, Ken's brain echoed. *Not coworkers; but the much more bearable wives of his coworkers.*

'Hello, Ken,' Kathy greeted, grinning at Ken in that sultry way she did.

Ah.

*That's* what was going on.

That wasn't too bad.

'Hello, girls,' he greeted, shifting in his seat as he cast Barbra a look. 'Do I have to leave?'

'Why would you have to leave?' Miylaka asked playfully, as she wrapped her arms around Kathy and Barb. 'You know you're *always* welcome to join us, handsome.'

'I am too tired, today,' Ken said with an apologetic inclination of his head. 'Perhaps next time?'

Kathy blew Ken a kiss before being dragged to the bed; where the three women lay together.

They talked a little, at first, winding down from the party with a few jokes.

Then, Kathy kissed Barbra's neck. And a layer of clothing was removed.

And....

Oh? Miylaka had a new tattoo!

Ken cocked his head as he looked at it.

It was a brilliantly done image of a squirrel riding a goose like a war-horse; it brandished a sword in one hand and held the goose's reins in the other—

His view of the picture was obscured by Kathy's torso as she moved around the bed to run her tongue across Miylaka's back.

'Kathy!' Miylaka giggled, shifting and kicking out at the woman.

Kathy took the opportunity to grab Miylaka's leg, and Ken watched as she pulled herself close, pressing into Miylaka's hip, before bending down to kiss her.

Hm.... That movement.... He'd never challenged himself trying to draw something in motion like *that* before.

Ken flipped open his sketchbook and retrieved his pencil.

Some gesture drawings couldn't hurt.... They wouldn't mind. Knowing the girls, they'd probably want to take them home once they were finished!

Ken began to rough out the three women on the bed; working quick and loose so that, when they changed positions, he was able to just flip to the next page of his sketchbook and rough that out, as well.

Barbra lifted Kathy's leg, and Ken watched how her hips pivoted to accommodate Barbra's form.

Her knee was not quite touching her chest— but hovering just a few inches above. The angle was subtle; and Ken quickly sketched a curved line on his drawing, from Kathy's chest upwards into Barbra's, marking the placement of the woman's knee.

He saw his wife press a kiss into Kathy's calf; a decadent, half-lidded expression on her face that only lasted a moment but inspired Ken to scribble down what he had seen.

Then Miylaka pressed into Barbra from behind, wrapping her arms tight around Ken's wife and laying her head between her shoulders gently, and Ken added her to the drawing.

*This was much more interesting than drawing lions!* Ken thought as he began to etch in some slightly-finer details.

'Ken....'

He hadn't quite gotten Barbra's face right; he could *never* seem to capture just *how* beautiful she was....

'Keeenneth.'

Hm. The proportions of Kathy's arm there didn't seem quite right. He needed to fix that—

Suddenly, Barbra's nose was against his, and he jumped in his seat.

'Ken,' she said, softly. 'Put down the sketchbook and join us.'

Ken hesitated for a long, long moment before blurting. 'Do I... have to?'

Barbra snorted a laugh, as did the girls in her bed, and she slowly took the sketchbook from her husband. She backed up to the bed and lay down, placing the sketchbook over herself and splaying out playfully.

'What if I lay like this?' she asked. 'Would you join in, then?'

Ken felt himself blush.

He finally felt better after his drawings. And he was actually tempted to join in now....

He made his way over to his wife and carefully removed the sketchbook from her torso; depositing it back on the chair before sitting on the bed with her.

He felt Miylaka wrap her arms around him, and Kathy's hands found their way to the buttons of his vest; but he was too busy staring at Barbra to pay attention to the women as they undressed him.

She rolled over, posing for him with a cheeky grin, and Ken found himself enraptured by her beauty....

He was lucky to have her.

—END—

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