

Friends and Family

It'd been too long since the four of us spent time together. Me, my wife, my sister, her husband. Back in the day, we'd been inseparable. A gang of friends that did everything together. One of us was ill and had to call in sick for school? The other would skip school and head straight to the ill one's home, spend the day there chatting shit and playing games. From kindergarten all the way to university, it'd been the four of us – always together, wreaking havoc.

Then adulthood came along and spoiled the fun. Responsibilities and duties. Different careers and jobs, being forced to spend less and less time as a gang, a pack divided. A few years in, and the four of us hadn't been in the same room together in months – and even then, it'd only been for a few scant minutes.

So, when my wife – Jen – told me her idea, I was all in.

A camping trip. The four of us. Me and Jen, Laura and Cole.

The old gang, back together again for a whole weekend.

We made the plans, set the date. And, from there, it was just a matter of waiting and counting down the calendar.

When the day finally came, I was tired and exhausted – yet still excited beyond reason. I hadn't been able to sleep the night before out of sheer excitement, hence the matching tiredness.

My sister and her husband pulled into our driveway, their car filled with all the gear we'd need – two tents, outdoor cooking stuff, food. Me and Jen slipped into the car, enjoying the warmth inside it. It was still early in the morning, long before sunrise and very much cold out.

"Alright," I grinned, taking a space in the back-seat next to my sister. My wife, old-school, paper map in hand, sat in the front passenger seat next to Cole. "Let's get going!"

Cole chuckled from behind the steering wheel.

"Someone's eager," he said, pulling out of the driveway. "Try not to wear yourself out before we get there, dude. It'd be a shame to drive all that way only to have you pass out once we get there. In fact, why don't y'all sleep for the drive? I'll wake you up when we get there."

Honestly, that sounded like a *great* idea to me. My wife started to complain about how Cole needed her to read the map, but was quickly shot down when Cole brandished his phone and gps app.

"No arguing, any of you. I'll drive, you sleep. And when we get there, I'll nap while you guys set camp. Fair is fair, right?"

Cole reached for the car's dashboard, pressed a few buttons.

Soft, soothing music began playing, melodic and soft.

"There," Cole said, voice sounding suddenly distant. "That should help you sleep. Just listen to the music and relax."

The music calmed my excitement, washed away my boyish glee. A wave of weary exhaustion washed over me, sleep beacons. I closed my eyes and let my mind go, let the music flow through me.

By the time the recorded voice started speaking, I was already gone.

I woke up just as the car engine shut off, eyes snapping open instantly.

"Are we there?" I asked, feeling neither tired or groggy, but wide awake. "Already?"

"Yup," Cole smiled from the driver seat. "We're here."

Outside, green surrounded us. We'd come to the end of a dirt road, forest and woodland on one side, fields and a lake on the other. Not a sign of human civilisation anywhere to be seen. The morning sun hovered over the horizon.

I turned, looked at my wife.

"Right then," I grinned at her. "Let's get set up!"

Laura smiled back at me, beautiful as ever.

Building the camp didn't take long. Each couple had one tent to erect, and everything else was shared. Cole dug a small firepit for cooking, I set up a little out-of-the-way potty for the ladies to use. Before long, we were all relaxing on sunbeds and towels on the edge of the lake.

For some reason, my chest ached at the sight of Jen and Cole cuddling together. A slight burst of pain, gone as quickly as it'd come.

I turned my eyes away from the couple, took in the sight of my wife instead.

Laura was wearing a black bikini. Thin straps and small triangles. Not the type of thing she'd ever wear in public, not with how much skin it showed – and not with the risks of wearing a skimpy bikini top with the size of her breasts. One heavy step, just a little bit of jiggling, and there was no way those melons wouldn't slip free of the scant clothing.

Had my wife always had such large breasts? Somehow, that felt off. Yet I knew it must be the case. Laura had always been on the busty side, a total opposite to the humble tits Jen possessed.

I shook my head, cleared it of thoughts.

Shouldn't be thinking of Jen's breasts, cute as they were. She was Cole's wife, my best friend's wife. I shouldn't be thinking about her body, not at all.

I forced my eyes back to my own wife's body. Laura. Saucy minx. That hourglass figure felt alien, naughty to look at. I drank in the sight of it, barely covered as it was. And, when my wife saw me looking, she smiled and winked, repositioned herself to give me a better view.

I held onto my wife, feeling unusually nervous.

What did I have to be nervous about? Wasn't like me and Laura hadn't shared a bed before. We'd been doing *that* since highschool. So why did I feel so awkward, having a hand on one of her full, juicy tits?

The moaning coming from the other tent. That must be it.

I'd never seen or heard Cole and Jen fucking before. Yet, somehow, those moans felt familiar. A distant memory perhaps? One I'd suppressed a long time ago.

They were fucking. My best friends. In the tent over from us.

The sound of orgasmic screams cut through the night.

Slowly, I began to squeeze my wife's breast.

At first, Laura didn't react. She remained motionless, pretending to be asleep. But, as my fingers began trialling her nipple, tweaking and tugging, a soft gasp escaped her lips. Her body was tense against me, warm in the sleeping bag we shared.

Why did this feel so strange? So different?

Large, bouncy breasts. Laura had always been busty. Always.

So why did it feel *new* to me to be playing with them?

I set the thought aside, let my lust and desire lead the way. My wife was awake and, as I touched her, she grew more and more aroused. Her even breathing transformed into breathy panting, her skin prickled at my touch – goosebumps sprouting all over her sensitive body.

In the tent next to ours, movement resumed. Cole and Jen weren't done. Didn't even seem close to being done.

My competitive spirit flared.

If Cole wanted to fill the night with his wife's moans, I'd do the same. Show him just how long I could keep going, how hard I could fuck the busty woman laying curled up with me.

My light squeezing became rough groping. My fingertips went from playing with

Laura's nipple to abusing it, pinching and squeezing and twisting. My huge-titted wife gasped loudly, groaned in pleased pain, didn't try to stop me. She liked it rough.

When I grasped her shoulders, one in each hand, and pinned her to the ground – me above her – the look in her eyes told me everything I needed to know.

Lust and wild abandon. Hunger.

I stared down at her body as she spread her legs for me. It was dark in the tent, lit only by the moonlight outside and a small, dim flash-light. Barely enough to make out the shape of my wife's body, let alone the details. The nightie she was wearing wasn't helping any.

I reached down, grabbed the fabric and yanked roughly, revelling in the sound of it tearing down the middle.

Tits bounced free, hard nipples standing out in the darkness.

My wife's eyes glinted in the moonlight, gazing up at me.

"Fuck me," she whispered into the night. "Please, honey. I need it."

My left hand found its way to my wife's hip, my right tugging down my trousers and grasping my cock. In the back of my mind, an odd, uncomfortable sensation fizzled. A heartbeat of uncertainty, a question I couldn't quite make out and didn't care enough to think on.

My wife needed fucking. What kind of a man would I be if I refused her?

When I pressed my cock to her opening, felt the wetness and excitement there, a shiver ran through my body. Slowly, firmly, I pushed forward – spreading her cunt wide open. Laura let out a loud whine, a satisfied moan.

Wet tightness squeezed around me, warm and inviting.

I pushed deeper, not stopping until I was fully inside her. My wife.

In the other tent, Jen screamed herself to another orgasm. The sound of shifting fabrics and slapping skin filling the otherwise quiet night. The sound was sweet, familiar. But not something I should be focusing on.

Cole was fucking his wife.

I should be fucking mine, too. Not thinking about his.

Slow thrusts at first, enjoying Laura's vice-grip tightness pressing on my from all sides. Then faster, harder thrusts. Hard fucking, unrelenting. Laura liked it rough. So that's what I'd give her. Rough.

Before long, the sounds in the other tent were drowned out by Laura's screams and moans and begging.

I swatted my hand, slapped her chest – her humongous tits. They bounced, jiggled. A beautiful sight.

I reached down, grabbed hold of her throat and gave it a firm squeeze. Desperation filled my wife's eyes, a hint of panic in a sea of arousal and ecstasy. She grunted, unable to moan. Her pussy clamped down even tighter on me, wanting to milk my dick dry. And, when I finally released her throat, my wife let out a loud, deep gasp. Her body shuddering and twitching beneath me.

I slumped down onto her, face planted between her melons.

My cock pumped burst after burst of cum inside Laura, filling her poor, abused cunt with my seed. No condom, no birth control. Might be, she'd end up pregnant after this camping holiday.

The thought sent cold shivers down my spine for some reason.

I ignored the sensation, relaxed until my cock began to harden once again.

"Hands and knees, baby," I whispered into Laura's ear. "I'm not done with you yet."

I climbed out of Cole's car feeling awake and alive, totally refreshed after our holiday. Jen slipped out of the car too, helped me as I went to retrieve our bags from the trunk. From the driver's seat, Cole wound down the car window and spoke loudly.

“Man, that was great. We should have joint holidays more often.”

I couldn't argue with that.

Jen nodded her head in agreement.

And, sitting in the back-seat of the car, Larua smiled and approved of her husbands suggestion. Thought with one small caveat.

“Another joint holiday would be lovely,” she said with a grin. “But, next time, can we not go camping? Beautiful as nature is, I'd much prefer to enjoy the sight of it from a nice hotel room.”

Cole chuckled.

Before we were even done grabbing all our stuff out of Cole's car, the four of us were already beginning to plan our next outing together. A weekend in Vegas together, or a short holiday somewhere tropical.

My wife and I waved my best friend and my sister goodbye as they drove away and, when Cole and Laura were gone, I turned to her.

Petite and beautiful. Sharing a tent with her for a weekend had been amazing. Like rekindling the passion in our relationship.

I couldn't remember much of the holiday, save for the fucking. And even then, a lot of that was blurry.

But I could remember Jen's loud moans and screams.

So, I think it was safe to say, my wife got one hell of a fucking over the last two days.

For some reason, the image of big, bouncing breasts entered my head. Odd, since my wife's bust wasn't exactly what one might call 'large'. I shook my head, ignored the thought. Who cared about big tits anyway? Jen was all the woman I'd ever need.