

## Friends and Family

### Chapter 2

I stood next to me wife, Jen, as the car pulled into our driveway.

Cole and Laura. My best friend and his wife, my sister. Come to pick us up for another little holiday together.

Last time, we went camping. I couldn't remember many specifics about it, probably spent most of the time sleeping. But I did remember how much fun we'd all had. The trip had been a much-needed getaway from the stressful monotony of daily life. An escape from nine-to-five jobs and the burden of adult responsibilities.

When we'd all arrived home after that little holiday – feeling refreshed and invigorated – we'd *all* agreed to do it again.

Not camping. The girls hadn't enjoyed the glories of nature quite as much as Cole and I had. But another holiday. A little trip somewhere nice, just the four of us for a weekend. Where we could spend time together as friends, like we used to do so much before adulthood robbed us of our energy and free time.

For our second holiday together, we were going to the mountains.

As the car came to a stop before us, I grinned – waved to my best friend. He was in the driver's seat, of course. And Laura, his wife and my sister, was sitting in one of the back seats.

Jen, my darling, petite wife, always insisted on being the navigator.

Thankfully, it wouldn't be me she was nagging about missed turnings and wrong directions. Cole would have to suffer through that while I caught up with my sister in the back seat.

"Come on," Cole called from the driver's seat. "Snow angels don't make themselves. Global Warming's a-coming, at the rate you slow-pokes move, there won't be any snow left by the time we get there!"

I rolled my eyes at him.

"Someone's eager," I called back, smirking. "Try not to wear yourself out before we get there."

Cole let out a laugh, waved his hand for us to get in the car.

My wife quickly rushed to the front passenger seat, perhaps afraid that I'd take her place as 'navigator' if she didn't beat me to it. That woman was definitely the controlling type. Always had to be the one giving directions, leading the way.

And I loved her for it.

I walked to the car, opened one of the back-seat doors and slipped inside, sat next to my lovely sister.

In many ways, she was the total opposite of Jen. Where my wife was confident, almost domineering at times, Laura was far more meek and shy. Always smiling, more than happy to help. But always asked if you wanted her help first.

As opposed to Jen, who'd help you regardless of if you were asking for – or even if you wanted – her help.

"Great!" Cole said, pulling the car immediately out of the driveway. "Lets get going then. I can already feel the snow!"

"Wait," my wife said, positioning one of her maps on the dashboard in front of her. "I thought you didn't like snow, Cole."

Cole turned his head to face Jen, a grin on his face and a glint in his eye.

"I do!" He said, pressing a button on the car's music player. "Hate the stuff. Cold and wet and annoying. Can't stand it!"

"Then why so eager?" My wife asked as soothing music began to play.

"Because," Cole answered with a boyish grin, "I like the excuses it gives. Snow is shit, but one good thing about it..."

My mind didn't register whatever Cole said next.

I closed my eyes, not quite realising how tired I was.

That music. So soft and sweet, slow and melodic. It was like a temptress urging me to rest, to forget the world and just relax. Rest.

Sleep.

"We're here!" Cole spoke loudly, jarring me awake.

I opened my eyes, looked out the window and saw white.

Snow all around, slopes and peaks and white-covered trees and buildings. A lot of people in skiing gear, too. Most of them young and grinning, walking through the streets of a small resort town.

There were restaurants, cafes, hotels. Nothing overly classy, but simple structures that blended in with the snowy environments.

I shivered, feeling a lot colder upon waking up than I had been when I'd fallen asleep. How long had it been? Hours?

A glance over at my wife told me she'd been sleeping, too.

Blinking herself awake, Laura stared around in wonder. She took in the sights with sleepy eyes. And, as I stared at her, I found my eyes wandering. Specifically, they lowered to my wife's chest.

Her ample, full, delicious chest.

Big, huge tits.

It felt like so long since I'd had them in my hands, since I'd nibbled on her pretty nipples and groped those wonderful breasts.

Odd. I distinctly remembered having sex just the night before.

"Right then," Cole said from the driver's seat, grinning boldly. "Let's go check in. The room I got for us will be nice and warm, cosy too. From the pictures I saw, it has a nice view. And—"

"Room?" Cole's wife asked from the passenger seat beside him. "As in a singular room? Don't you mean 'rooms'?"

Cole's smile didn't falter.

"I thought I told you," he said sheepishly. "They were all booked up for the weekend. Only had one room available. A lovely room with two beds."

That was news to me.

"Wait," I said, snapping fully awake. "So we're all going to be sharing a room?"

Cole nodded his head.

"It'll be fine, though," he promised. "I mean, how long have we all known each other now? It's been like our entire lives, right? Sharing a room between the four of us for a few days should be fine. Not like we didn't see or hear things during the camping trip. It'll be fine!"

The sound of Jen's moans echoed in my head.

Between my legs, I felt a slight discomfort. My cock beginning to harden ever so slightly.

At the thought of my friend's wife.

The room was small. Not cramped, but definitely lacking in privacy. With a separate bathroom attached, we'd all be able to get changed without worrying about wandering eyes. But, save for that small luxury, we would – for the next few days – all be stuck in the same, small room.

Oddly, that didn't worry me as much as it should have.

We'd all known each other for practically our entire lives. We had spent the majority of our teenage years totally inseparable. In an unexpected way, I was almost grateful that we were all forced to share a single room. It'd be like a sleepover or something, only more

adult.

For the rest of the first day, me and Laura went out and enjoyed the snow – built a snowman or two, did a bit of light skiing. Cole and Jen stayed in the room, my best friend using the cold as an excuse to 'cuddle' his wife for 'warmth'.

Cuddling, I knew, wasn't the only thing they'd be doing in that room while me and Laura were out.

The sound of Jen's moans echoed in my mind once again.

Just as long as they didn't do it on my and Laura's bed, I was more than happy to let my best friend and his wife get down and dirty in our hotel room.

Hopefully, they'd make themselves scarce when it was *me* who wanted to give *my* wife a good pounding.

By the time evening came around, me and Laura were exhausted.

And when we entered the hotel room, we found our friends mutually worn out. Sweaty and ragged and grinning like idiots on their bed. And naked. They were both very much naked.

I averted my eyes politely, tried not to look at Jen's subtle, lean curves.

"Welcome back guys," Cole said with lazy contentment. "Did you have fun getting white stuff all over you? 'Cause I know Jen did."

Unable to resist the urge, I glanced at Jen again.

At the white on her face.

Had we walked in just as they were finishing?

"Uh," I found myself saying, forcing my eyes away from Jen. "Sure."

"Oh stop being so awkward," a voice laughed. Not Cole, but Jen. "Not like we all haven't seen each other naked before. Hell, during the camping trip I'm pretty sure we were all trying to *outdo* each other."

I remembered hearing Jen's moans in the tent next to the one I'd shared with my wife. Remembered how arousing it'd been, how aroused *I'd* been. I'd taken my wife, made sure to fuck her as hard as I possibly could. As *loud* as I possibly could.

We *had* been trying to outdo the other couple.

"We're all adults here," Jen continued. I heard shuffling, looked over at my best friend's wife as she lowered her face to Cole's crotch right there in front of us. "No need to act like virgins."

She opened her mouth, wrapped her lips around Cole's flaccid cock.

I stared from her to Cole, who looked just as surprised as I was. Though were I was in a state of pure shock, my friend was visibly pleased by this interesting turn of events.

"Don't mind us," Cole grinned, staring me in the eyes as his wife went down on him. "Make yourselves at home."

It wasn't mocking. It wasn't meant as a challenge.

My friend was just happy, enjoying himself.

He wasn't trying to goad me. Not even in the slightest.

Yet that's how I felt. Goaded. Challenged. There he sat with his sexy wife sucking his cock without a care in the world. The same wife he'd fucked so loudly when we went camping together. A wife who seemed to love being fucked so much. He might not have intended it, but it *was* a challenge.

Either I could do the same – have my wife right there and then – or I could not. I could be a man, fuck my beautiful, busty wife. Or I could be a boy, and let *him* have all the fun while me and Laura sat there twiddling our thumbs.

I turned to my wife wordlessly.

She stared up at me, eyes wide. She didn't know what to say or do. Blushing softly, pretty eyes staring into mine. Ridiculously huge chest standing outwards, begging to be grabbed and squeezed and played with.

I'd show Cole which of our wives moaned the loudest, begged the hardest.

Firmly, I planted my hands on Laura's shoulders.  
And guided her down, pushed her onto her knees in front of me.

My wife rode me. Cole's wife rode him.

Our beds were barely a few feet apart. I could hear every little squeak of the bedsprings, every groan of the wooden frames. I could hear every moan, ever soft pant, every sigh of delight.

I stared up at Laura, her huge tits bouncing beautifully. Her eyes closed, mouth open. Moaning my name as she rode my cock like a woman possessed. She must've enjoyed not being alone, having sex while Cole and Jen were in the room with us.

Momentarily, my eyes flicked to them. Cole and Jen.

Her small tits jiggled. Perkier than Laura's, delicate cupcakes compared to my wife's monstrous melons.

She rode him smiling, lean body rising and falling beautifully. Her moans were music to my ears. Soft and sweet. When she turned her head slightly, saw me watching her, I almost felt guilty for looking. But then she smiled wider, eyes intense, and began riding her husband with even more force and vigour.

"Cole," she gasped, bouncing hard. "Baby. Fuck me harder!"

Not to be outdone, I turned my attention back to my wife. My busty, sexy Laura. I slapped her ass, thrust into her harder and faster. She got the message, began riding as fast as she possibly could. Her tits danced in my vision, two huge globes that begged me to reach up and slap them – play with them.

If Cole and Jen wanted to get intense, I'd show them *intense*.

I stepped out of the car, stretched myself awake.

Again, I'd fallen asleep during the car-ride home. That was becoming something of a habit during these holidays. Me sleeping the journey away. Not that I was complaining.

I stepped over to the front passenger seat door, opened it and stood aside like a gentleman as Jen – my amazing wife – stepped out.

"We really," Cole said from the driver's seat, that same old wide smile plastered on his face, "need to do this again sometime. I can't remember the last time I've had this much fun. Don't you agree, babe?"

In the back-seat, my meek sister nodded her head.

"Yeah," she answered softly, a sleepy daze clear in her eyes and voice. "Yeah, I had a good time. I think. I can't seem to remember everything..."

Foggy. My memories of the trip were also fairly hazy.

I knew I'd had an amazing time. Knew *everyone* had. But the specifics of it all eluded me. For a moment, that was concerning - worrying, even – but I shrugged the thought away. I was just tired. We all were.

"Just let me know when you guys have a few days off again," I told Cole. "I'm sure we can work something out."

Another trip? Sign me up.

"Will do," Cole laughed.

I held my wife's hand as we watched Cole's car disappear down the road, the back of Laura's head in the rear wind-shield.

Yes. Another trip. Another little holiday with just me, my wife, my friend and my sweet sister. That sounded *amazing*.