

Friends and Family

Chapter 5

"The place is booked," I said, a bubbly brightness blossoming in my chest. "A lake-front cabin, two weeks from now."

"So soon?" Jen asked, though she was grinning. "It's only been a few weeks since the last trip!"

"I know, I know. I told Cole the same thing, but he figures we should have as many little holidays together as we can. A year from now, we'll have the little ones and it'll be impossible for us to find the time to hang out."

"I guess that makes sense," Jen said, her hand automatically moving to her tummy.

It was too early in our pregnancies for us to be showing; no baby bumps or anything just yet. But, in less than a year, we'd both become mothers. Me and Jen, both carrying children at the same time, due to give birth on the same date just about. It felt kinda like fate; best friends growing up, maid of honour at each other's wedding, practically sisters all our lives, and now ready to become mothers in the same month – maybe even the same *week* - as one another.

"You know Cole," I smiled. "Ever since we started going on these little trips and holidays, the four of us together, he's been so happy. As soon as one trip ends, he's off planning the next. Happy as he is about becoming a father, I think he's heartbroken that we won't be able to spend as much time together any more."

Jen nodded her head, knowing exactly what I meant.

"Andy's the same," she told me. "Honestly, it's been nice having the gang back together again. I hadn't realised how much we'd grown apart until the boys started dragging us along on these trips. I'm grateful."

It *had* been nice.

Sure, I couldn't remember all that much in detail. But I knew I'd enjoyed myself on all the trips we'd been on, knew that they'd been special and fun. Every time we got back from one, I felt like a teenager again – full of excitement and energy. It'd be a shame when they'd have to come to an end.

"After the babies come," I said softly, blushing a little, "I know it'll be difficult for us to hang out. Heck, it'll probably be impossible for us to find the time. But, even so, I want to at least *try*. I don't want us to drift apart again."

Jen smiled, nodded her head.

"Whatever it takes," she said. "We'll find the time. No way am I gonna let my shy-bean best friend disappear on me again."

"I didn't disappear," I complained, cheeks pink. "And I'm not a *shy-bean*, I'm a grown woman!"

"Grown is *one* way of putting it," Jen smirked, eyes falling to my chest. "I wonder how big *those* monsters are gonna get in a few months time."

I gasped, reflexively raised my arms to cover my chest – which, really, was kinda unnecessary considering I was already wearing a thick, woolly jumper. My face turned bright red.

"Oh, come on," Jen laughed out loud, "No need to get so embarrassed, *shy-bean*. I've seen you in much skimpier things than *that*."

My cheeks turned from pink to red to bright crimson in seconds.

Why, oh why, had Cole encouraged me wear all those skimpy outfits for the group trips? Revealing tops and naughty bikinis and the like.

"I'm *not* a shy-bean," I murmured softly.

Jen's laughter rang out, loud and clear.

And, just for a moment, it was like we were teenagers again; Jen teasing me for being meek and timid, encouraging me to hit on Cole while she flirted with my brother –

which, by the way, did *nothing* to help with my embarrassment.

As my best friend laughed, I couldn't help but smile.

Another group trip, just the four of us, didn't sound so bad at all. Nope. If anything, it sounded like a *wonderful* idea.

My husband wrapped his arms around me from behind, kissed my neck.

Instantly, I was blushing, eyes darting left and right in search of Jen or Cole. After a moment, I relaxed into Andy's embrace, thankful that we were alone in the small cabin.

No bedrooms in this place, it turned out. Just one big room that served as kitchen and dining area and bedroom and living area all at the same time. There were, thankfully, two king-sized beds. But, other than that little piece of separation, the four of us would be spending the next two days living and sleeping in the same exact space.

"Hey beautiful," Andy said, lips trailing up my neck to my pink cheek. "Wanna have a bit of fun while Cole and Jen are out?"

"I..." My heart fluttered in my chest. Some sexy alone time with my husband? It'd be nice, especially given the lack of privacy we'd have once the others returned. But still... What if they came back *while* me and Andy were at it? "I don't-"

Andy's hands moved from my waist, lifted up and grabbed hold of my breasts. I gasped, let out a soft moan.

"God," my husband said, pressing his crotch – his hard bulge – into the small of my back. "I love your tits."

I wanted it. Deep down, I knew I did.

For all my awkwardness, all my uncertainty, I wanted my husband to fuck me. Heck, I wanted it so much that I could barely think straight. All he had to do was kiss me and I'd-

He pressed his lips to mine. A sensual, lust-filled kiss.

We stood there, making out, for an eternity. Our tongues dancing, his hands exploring the soft curves of my body. Somehow, during that kiss, most of our clothes disappeared. His shirt, my top and bra. All of it magically forgotten on the floor.

The next thing I knew, I was atop of Andy, straddling him on our bed. Breathing heavily, hot and horny.

I wanted it. I *needed* it.

"We'll have to be quick," my husband panted. "Cole and Jen could be back any-"

"Shut up and fuck me."

God, I was horny. Heat spread to every part of my body, hazy warmth covering every inch of skin. Electrical tingles shot through me, hunger and lust and desire filling me completely.

Why was I so fucking *horny* right now?

I stared down at my husband, at his naked torso, at his handsome face. I saw the warmth in his eyes, the love and affection.

Andy. My Andy. Father of the unborn child growing inside me.

He grinned up at me, hands on my tits, and nodded his head.

He yanked down his trousers, whipped out his beautiful cock. I hiked up my skirt, tore off my panties.

And, mere moments later, he was inside me.

His cock spread me open. A fiery heat splitting open my tiny hole, filling it up inch by amazing inch. I quivered, trembled, my gasps and moans echoing around the large cabin. I lowered myself onto him, welcoming his intrusion with open arms and thirsty desire.

God, it felt *good*.

As I sank down completely, came to a stop on my husband's lap, his cock fully inside me, I could do nothing but shut my eyes and savour the sensation. Being filled completely, having his member inside me – a part of me – was unreal.

Why was the sex we had on these trips always so much *hotter* than sex at home?

"Andy," I moaned, swaying my hips gently, enjoying the feeling of his cock moving ever so slightly inside me. "Baby. Fuck me. Please."

And, being a good husband, he did just that.

Thrusting up from beneath me, ramming his cock into my deepest parts. It was *wonderful*.

With every thrust, there was a sharp pang, a spike of momentary pain followed by electrical pleasure. Andy's cock pounded my insides, battered parts of me that made my eyes roll and my mind fog over with pleasure.

"Fuck!" I gasped, my big tits bouncing wildly as I rode him, slamming myself down on his lap as he thrust hard upwards. "Fuck! Yes!"

For his part, Andy said very little. Mostly he grunted.

And those grunts, the animal hunger in them, made me tremble with arousal all the more.

I opened my eyes, screamed my husband's name out loud.

And froze, mouth wide open.

Jen stood in the cabin's doorways, eyes wide, hand over her mouth. Cole was nowhere to be seen, but there she was. My best friend. Watching as I rode my husband.

I was about to scream, try to cover myself, die of embarrassment.

Then I saw the pink in my friend's cheeks.

The shock and embarrassment in her eyes.

And, in that moment, the strangest thought occurred to me. A silly, stupid, lust-filled, insane thought.

Who's the shy-bean now?

It pushed me over the edge.

My eyes rolled back in their sockets as I slammed myself down hard on Andy's cock, impaling myself with his impressive length. I let out a howling, erotic scream, lifted myself up and slapped my ass down again as fast and hard as my body would let me.

I rode my husband like a woman possessed, not bothering to hold back my moans of pleasure even slightly.

"Oh God, yes! Fuck me baby! Harder! Destroy my pussy! Fuck me up!"

I had no idea if she was still in the cabin or if she'd retreated, had no idea if she could see or hear me. My eyes were shut, body bouncing harder and faster than I'd ever fucked before. In my mind, though, Jen was still there – watching with a red face as I gave my husband the fucking of a lifetime.

The heat of that thought, the naughtiness of it, was too much to bare.

Soon, I was screaming in orgasm – thinking of nothing at all, save for the feeling of my husband's hot cum pouring inside me. I collapsed down on the bed, dazed and delirious and grinning stupidly.

When my eyes flicked open, saw Jen still standing there in the doorway watching me, my grin widened even further.

Her hand wasn't covering her mouth any more.

It was between her legs, rubbing her crotch over her jeans.

When she saw my grin, she smiled right back at me.

And, in that smile, I saw a promise. A flirty, naughty challenge. Somehow, I knew she'd be riding her husband tonight. Bouncing on his cock just as hard as I'd been bouncing on mine. The four of us would be just feet apart from each other, with no walls or privacy. And she'd be fucking Cole with everything she had.

Well, I thought, face-planting my bed in exhaustion, *two can play at that game*.

"Another fun group holiday," Jen grinned, climbing out of the car's front passenger seat.

"We definitely need to do this again soon."

"How does next week sound?" Cole asked eagerly from the driver's seat.

"Sure," my brother chuckled as he got out of the car too. "I mean, we'll have to check our schedules and make sure neither of us work next weekend. But another trip sounds perfect!"

He walked around the car, stood next to his wife.

"I'll call you later," Andy said. "Or tomorrow!"

"Make sure you do!" Cole laughed.

Everyone said their goodbyes, then. All smiles and joy. Jen and Andy backed away from the car, walked to their home's front door and waved. Cole pulled out of their driveway, waved at the couple with a confident half-smile.

Then we were off, me and Cole driving back to our place.

"This weekend was fun," I said softly, staring at the back of my husband's head. "I can't remember the last time we got that intense in the bedroom."

"Huh?" Cole said, sounding momentarily confused. "Oh. Yeah, right. It was a blast honey. You sure rocked my socks off."

I wanted to sigh at that.

Why did he always seem so disinterested in kinky stuff after these trips? Was he all sexed out or something?

But no, it was something else. During the trips, we always fucked like rabbits. Especially when Andy or Jen were nearby. But, at home, he always seemed so uninterested.

I shook my head, forced myself to smile.

"I bet next weekend will be even better!" I said happily. If there was anything that could excite Cole, it was thinking about and planning our group holidays.

"Yes," Cole glancing in the rear-view mirror and flashing me a smile, "I'm sure it will be."